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**Date and Time: = 2025-05-19**

**Job Number: = 253231688**

**Documents (500)**

**Client/Matter:** -None-

**Search Terms:** "working class"

**Search Type:** NaturalAnd

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# [***HARD WORK RAISING THE QUALITY OF LIFE HERE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CHW0-01K4-90C0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

OCTOBER 27, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** REAL ESTATE; Pg. R01

**Length:** 1454 words

**Byline:** Alan J. Heavens, INQUIRER REAL ESTATE WRITER

**Body**

Istanbul has the Golden Horn. In Chicago, it's the Golden Mile.

Philadelphia's contribution to this world of glittering adjectives is found in a most unlikely spot: a stretch of Fifth Street between Lehigh and Allegheny Avenues known in Spanish as Bloque de Oro - "The Golden Block."

Along this stretch of blacktop is the business hub of the city's Latino community - 80 or so enterprises of every description. Stores catering to the daily needs of the people - food and medicine, clothing and furniture - stand brick-to-brick with ones that pump a steady flow of pounding salsa music into Fifth Street from morning to early evening.

Into the mixture goes a host of other ingredients: the pungent aromas of exotic dishes such as arroz con gandules (rice with pigeon peas) and roast pig and the familiar fragrance of cheesesteak from street vendors' carts and restaurants, the sounds of laughter and loud conversations and the honking horns of impatient drivers in search of a scarce parking space.

The Bloque de Oro - actually, three blocks - is the heart and soul of Fairhill, a traditional ***working-class*** neighborhood of nearly 25,000 people that runs from Front Street west to Germantown Avenue and from Allegheny Avenue south to Cumberland Street.

Fairhill was originally part of Northern Liberties, one of six townships above Vine Street, Philadelphia's original northern limit. The name is descriptive. It was settled within 20 years of the founding of Philadelphia in 1681. A long-disbanded Quaker meeting, Fairhill Friends, was built in 1702 near the Germantown Road (now Avenue) at what is now Cambria Street. Fairhill Cemetery, started shortly thereafter, remains at that location.

Like most neighborhoods along the Delaware River corridor, Fairhill was once heavily industrialized. In the 19th and early 20th centuries, its textile factories attracted thousands of workers from Ireland, Scotland, Germany and Italy. Street after street of inexpensive rowhouses were built to accommodate those workers.

But as with many Philadelphia neighborhoods, these factories either closed or moved operations to places where labor costs were cheaper. As jobs disappeared in the 1950s and 1960s, longtime residents moved out and a new generation of immigrants moved in.

But the mostly Latino newcomers found no jobs waiting for them. And Fairhill began to suffer from high unemployment and attendant problems.

According to the 1990 Census, 77 percent of the neighborhood's residents are Hispanic. The majority hail from Puerto Rico, but other countries are well-represented: the Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Nicaragua and Honduras among them.

The laughter and music are all-too-brief respites from the problems of urban life: drugs, crime, unemployment and substandard housing. The problems these immigrants face are not unlike those that past generations have had to contend with on the Lower East Side of New York or in the crowded and violent 19th century alleys of now-posh Society Hill.

Or even in Fairhill itself. In 1895, one five-block area of the neighborhood had 135 saloons. Public drunkenness and street fighting were a daily problem, according to newspaper accounts of the time. Domestic violence went unchecked. Truancy was rampant. And outbreaks of disease from contaminated drinking water and garbage in the streets were common.

As was the case with immigrant neighborhoods throughout American history, there are organizations and residents working hard to make Fairhill a decent place to live.

As president of the Hispanic Association of Contractors and Enterprises (HACE), Bill Salas has worked for years to create affordable housing for buyers and renters, focusing on a 12-block area of Fairhill next to the Golden Block.

Since 1980, Salas' group, formerly known as Corporacion Hispana de Servicios Bilingue, has rehabbed 150 units of housing, according to Linda Avila, HACE's project manager. That equals $10.7 million in completed projects, with an additional $21 million of projects in progress.

"This Latino population - which has increased by about 47 percent in the last decade - is among the poorest in the city," Salas said. "Fifty-eight percent of all households are headed by single women."

Salas' goal is to stabilize the neighborhood through homeownership. Many of the housing programs at work in Fairhill require buyers to live in their houses for 15 years unless they sell them to other low-income residents.

Efforts to improve housing and create homeownership opprtunities already have nudged real estate prices higher. In five years, the median sales price for a single-family home in the area has climbed from $19,000 to $26,000.

Working to improve day-to-day life and the bottom line for the businesses on the Golden Block are groups such as the Fifth Street Merchants Association and the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce, which has developed a loan fund to help start new enterprises.

Many businesses have been there for years. Lamboy Furniture opened for businesses in 1968. Diaz Meat Market and Gomez Pharmacy are almost as old.

The block was so christened, shopkeepers say, because the pioneer businesspeople saw it as a golden opportunity to prosper.

In those days, the sidewalks were painted with waves of blue, green and gold.

Since then, there have been good years and bad years, depending on the economy and the job picture. This appears to be one of the good times. In the last 1 1/2 years, more than a half-dozen new businesses have started up on the street.

And the parking situation, which business owners and patrons have complained about for years as a deterrent to shoppers, has been eased somewhat by the completion of a municipal lot at Fifth Street and Indiana Avenue.

By bringing new businesses into the Golden Block, the two associations are hoping to create more jobs.

Fairhill is home to St. Christopher's Hospital for Children, which employs many of its residents. The hospital has worked with groups such as HACE to improve housing and other services to the neighborhood.

In November 1995, Salas completed rehabbing 14 properties HACE purchased from the hospital, which had converted them from residences to office use. The houses, many of which had historic facades that had to be restored, were sold to low- and moderate-income residents.

Among them were Juan and Modesta Diaz, both in their late 70s, who celebrated the day by offering a sweet rice dessert dish to passersby - then inviting them inside for a tour.

Nancy Gonzales and her seven children now live in a five-bedroom, two-bath home of their own on Huntingdon Street. She had been paying about $365 a month in rent, but her total monthly mortgage payments will be $309.89.

"I'm so happy. It's wonderful," she said.

Projects underway now include Villas del Carib, at Hancock and Mascher Streets and Allegheny Avenue and Westmoreland Street, which will have 81 townhouses, a two-story community building, two tot lots and on-site parking.

Adjacent to the townhouse development will be Casa Caribe, a 52-unit apartment project for the elderly in a former warehouse.

And La Plaza, a retail and office complex, is rising on a 1.2-acre site in the 3100 block of North Fifth Street, now occupied by a lumberyard.

For 22 years, Taller Puertorriquenos and its executive director, Johnny Irizarry, have provided a place for Latinos to celebrate their culture. From its home in a building on the Golden Block, Taller offers a variety of cultural opportunities, classes and social services for adults and children, as well as summer jobs and organized activities for teenagers and young adults.

Since 1970, more than 45,000 Latinos citywide and in Fairhill have benefited from the efforts of Asociacion De Puertorriquenos En Marcha, which provides a wide array of mental and medical and social services.

And the Lighthouse, a settlement house at Lehigh Avenue and Mascher Street, continues the work it began 100 years ago: to help newcomers adjust to a different kind of life and prosper in spite of problems. The Lighthouse provides job counseling and placement; adult basic education; English and GED courses; emergency food, prescriptions and utility assistance; and day-care and tutoring.

Fairhill's leaders readily acknowledge they may never be able to spin the entire neighborhood into gold.

"But we think we've made a good start," Salas said.

VITAL STATISTICS Population: 24,000 in 1990.

Median home price: $26,000 in 1994.

Location: In North Philadelphia east of Broad Street.

Schools: Philadelphia public.

Mass transit: SEPTA buses along the numbered streets and on main east-west streets.

Shopping: A variety of stores and restaurants along Fifth Street between Lehigh and Allegheny Avenues.

Distance to Center City: Two miles.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO (1)

1. Jose and Laura Rivera were able to purchase their Cambria Street home via HACE, a Fairhill affordable-housing group. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, MICHAEL S. WIRTZ)

MAP (1)

1. Fairhill

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Candidates tapping their own accounts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-GNP0-00C6-D190-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 21, 1996, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1996 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1377 words

**Byline:** Mimi Hall

**Body**

Three hundred and fifty voters came out in Longview, Texas, for

Ed Merritt's fish fry.

It was a decent showing for a political fund-raiser, the people

were generous and Merritt was grateful. But the $ 35,000 the Republican

House candidate picked up that evening late last month won't go

far in a race that has him pitted against a millionaire businessman.

Democrat Max Sandlin already has spent more than $ 600,000 of his

own money, and has outspent Merritt nearly 4-to-1. Between now

and Election Day, Sandlin vows, he'll spend whatever it takes

to win.

Merritt, 39, a lawyer, says he's hoping his conservative ideas

will count for more than Sandlin's money. But he admits he's also

hoping voters will reject Sandlin just because he has spent so

much.

"I'm not saying Max is doing anything unethical or illegal,"

Merritt says. "But it has a tendency to turn the ordinary folk

off. They're thinking, 'How can this guy identify with us?' "

Sandlin, 44, a lawyer who made a fortune in oil and gas exploration,

says voters don't mind him spending his own money to try to win

the seat being vacated by retiring six-term Democrat Jim Chapman.

"People say, 'If you want to run . . . you need to make a personal

commitment,' " he says.

You also need to spend a fortune, it seems.

Two years after California millionaire Michael Huffington dumped

a stunning $ 28 million into his Senate campaign -- and lost --

and four years after Texas tycoon Ross Perot spent more than $ 60

million to run for president, more wealthy businessmen and women

are seeking political office.

Although individuals' donations to others' campaigns are limited

by law to $ 1,000 in a primary and $ 1,000 in a general election,

the Supreme Court said in 1976 that congressional candidates could

spend an unlimited amount of their own money on their campaigns.

The logic: Laws limiting candidates' personal spending violated

their constitutional right to free expression.

This year, it looks as if a record number are reaching for their

own checkbooks.

In Virginia, cell-phone magnate Mark Warner has sunk nearly $ 6

million into his Senate race. In Idaho, former timber executive

Walter Minnick has put up nearly $ 750,000 for a Senate seat. In

Georgia, Democrat Michael Coles, founder and CEO of The Great

American Cookie Co., has spent $ 1 million of his $ 30 million fortune

taking on Republican House Speaker Newt Gingrich.

It's not just the super-rich financing their own campaigns. In

Pennsylvania, state Rep. Ruth Rudy, a farmer who owns a real estate

firm with her husband and says she's worth $ 2 million to $ 3 million,

is putting $ 150,000 into a House bid.

In Texas, Merritt may be holding fish-fry fund-raisers, but the

image of a first-time candidate raising money dollar-by-dollar

"is fast becoming folklore," says Ellen Miller of the Center

for Responsive Politics, which monitors campaign spending. "The

wealthy have an extraordinary advantage."

Still, even those who can afford to finance their entire campaigns

seek outside donations as a demonstration of voters' support for

them.

"I could have done this race without my own money," says Sandlin,

who has raised $ 325,000 in outside donations.

But some potential contributors are reluctant to give money to

millionaires.

In Virginia, Warner is challenging three-term Republican Sen.

John Warner (no relation). Mark Warner, 41, has had trouble raising

money from people who know he's worth more than $ 100 million.

His $ 6 million has been augmented with $ 1 million in other contributions

-- not a lot in a big state.

John Warner, 69, also a millionaire since divorcing heiress Catherine

Mellon in the late 1970s, has raised $ 4.2 million. All but $ 200,000

of it has come from individual contributors and political action

committees (PACs).

Mark Warner is "trying to castigate the senator for accepting

PAC money as a screen for the fact that he's basically trying

to buy the election," says Eric Peterson, spokesman for John

Warner.

Mark Warner's millions helped him trounce his Democratic primary

opponent in April, but his money may not win him a Senate seat:

In some polls, he's 20 points behind.

The two biggest spenders of all time were Perot, who ran for president

last time as an independent, and Huffington, a Republican oil

fortune heir. They proved money can't buy elective office.

But it can buy credibility and the ability to put on a slick,

high-dollar campaign. That helps overcome the key advantages of

incumbency: name recognition and the PAC money that flows to someone

already in power.

"The most viable challengers are financing their own campaigns,"

Miller says.

In 1992, if Perot had been just another financially challenged

independent candidate, he probably would have received scant media

attention. His push for a balanced budget, an issue that now dominates

political discourse, might have been just another voice in the

wilderness.

And the flat tax? Without the family fortune that allowed Republican

Steve Forbes to spend nearly $ 35 million on TV ads in key primary

states, the magazine publisher's one-time rival Bob Dole might

not be describing his 15% tax cut proposal as a "fairer, *flatter*

tax."

But those who spend big bucks on political races also risk wasting

it all.

In Idaho, Minnick, 54, a Democrat challenging first-term GOP Sen.

Larry Craig, 51, is lagging in the polls. He says he could have

spent the hundreds of thousands he'll sink into his race on any

number of causes. But writing laws in Congress "has more social

utility than writing a check (to a charity) or serving on a nonprofit

board," he says. Besides, "you can't take it with you."

Scores of other candidates are spending at least $ 100,000 of their

own money on their campaigns.

In 1990, 71 congressional candidates spent more than $ 100,000.

By 1994, it was up to 131. By Election Day on Nov. 5, analysts

say a new record is sure to be set.

Some see cause for alarm.

"We are at a period in American history where money is king in

politics," says Jamin Raskin, author of *The Wealth Primary:*

*Campaign Fund-raising and the Constitution*, which advocates

campaign spending limits. "The democracy is in real danger. We're

drifting into plutocracy, the rule of the wealthy."

Because would-be candidates who don't have fortunes are reluctant

to go up against wealthy incumbents and challengers, "money is

being used to drive free speech from the political system," Raskin

says.

Now, he adds, "it's almost unthinkable that a ***working-class*** American

could run for office."

Ruth Rudy, 58, who grew up in poverty as the youngest of 10 children

on a Pennsylvania farm, says that having $ 150,000 of her own money

to spend, about half the cost of her campaign, made the difference

in whether she could run.

"Without having my own money to start with, I would have never

gotten the campaign off the ground," she says.

It's unclear how voters feel about self-financed campaigns.

In Virginia, Mark Warner says, "I've not had a single voter say

to me, 'Gosh, I wish you weren't investing your own money in this.'

"

Deep pockets don't assure a win

More wealthy candidates are reaching into their own wallets to

finance high-cost bids for Congress. In many cases, a fortune

helps a challenger run a strong campaign against a powerful incumbent.

But money doesn't guarantee success. The 1994 House and Senate

candidates who made the largest donations to their own campaigns:

(LOST)

1. Michael Huffington

-- California

-- Republican

-- Senate candidate

-- $ 28.4 million

(WON)

2. Herb Kohl

-- Wisconsin

-- Democrat

-- Senate incumbent

-- $ 6.9 million

(LOST)

3. Mitt Romney

-- Massachusetts

-- Republican

-- Senate candidate

-- $ 3 million

(WON)

4. Dianne Feinstein

-- California

-- Democrat

-- Senate incumbent

-- $ 2.5 million

(LOST)

5. Gene Fontenot

-- Texas

-- Republican

-- House candidate

-- $ 2.4 million

(LOST)

6. Richard Fisher

-- Texas

-- Democrat

-- Senate candidate

-- $ 1.9 million

(WON)

7. Enid Greene Waldholtz

-- Utah

-- Republican

-- House candidate

-- $ 1.6 million

(LOST)

8. William Brock

-- Maryland

-- Republican

-- Senate candidate

-- $ 1.6 million

(LOST)

9. Bob Schuster

-- Wyoming

-- Democrat

-- House candidate

-- $ 1.5 million

(WON)

10. Edward Kennedy

-- Massachusetts

-- Democrat

-- Senate incumbent

-- $ 1.4 million

From their own pockets

Number of congressional candidates who spent $ 100,000 or more

of their own money:

         House   Senate

1990      55       16

1992:     88       34

1994:     93       38

**Graphic**

GRAPHICS, B/W, Genevieve Lynn, USA TODAY, Sources: Center for Responsive Politics, Federal Election Commission, USA TODAY research (Bar graph, chart)(2); PHOTOS, B/W, AP (6); PHOTOS, B/W, USA TODAY (3); PHOTO, B/W, Wyoming Tribune-Eagle; Michael Huffington Mitt Romney Gene Fontenot Richard Fisher Enid Greene Waldholtz William Brock Herb Kohl Dianne Feinstein Edward Kennedy Bob Schuster

**Load-Date:** October 21, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Tales of love and war;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-BD70-003S-X41R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Basinger and Baldwin set off sparks;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-BD70-003S-X41R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'Marrying Man' leaves battle scars***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-BD70-003S-X41R-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 4, 1991, Thursday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1D; Cover Story

**Length:** 1235 words

**Byline:** Tom Green; Ann Trebbe

**Body**

Not many sets in recent moviemaking history have generated as much gossip about two troublesome leading stars as The Marrying Man, a Disney comedy opening Friday.

But then again, not many stars generate as much heat as Kim Basinger and Alec Baldwin - on-screen or off. Did you see them on Oscar night? They were like a prom king and queen - center stage, radiant and lovey-dovey.

The minute they kissed in Central Park on Earth Day last year, they became one of Hollywood's glamour couples. She visited him at his home in the Hamptons during the summer. Their families met each other over a Southern Thanksgiving dinner.

A gorgeous Georgia peach with one of the drop-dead handsome Baldwin boys? Too perfect. It began when the screen god and goddess signed to make a movie together.

But then the sweet fairy tale began to curdle.

Filming The Marrying Man ''was the worst situation anyone could imagine - ever,'' Basinger says. ''I've never seen anything like it and hope to never see it again.'' In fact, she hasn't viewed the finished product and doesn't plan to until it's out on video. Baldwin, in Chicago to film Prelude to a Kiss, isn't talking.

The set of The Marrying Man was a study in acrimony, according to most reports. The studio firing off memos right and left. Kim pouting about rehearsals. Alec bashing phones that wouldn't work.

She was notoriously late. He shed his good-boy reputation and threw tantrums. They wanted new dressing rooms. Demanded rewrites of the Neil Simon screenplay.

Basinger, 37, and Baldwin, 33, have said the reports are ''distorted or outright lies.''

But Premiere magazine editor Susan Lyne said she got ''numerous calls'' from crew members urging a piece about the couple's antics. The February issue detailed it all - right down to their ''unrepeatable'' sweet nothings overheard in a car between takes of a scene.

Hollywood was buzzing.

Finally, the film wrapped - until the producers decided to shoot new endings (the original one wound up being used). That's when producer David Permut ordered T-shirts reading ''I survived the re-shoot of The Marrying Man'' and sent them all over Tinseltown.

''One has to maintain a sense of humor about being in this business,'' Permut says.

Now, the wagons are circling around the couple on the eve of the opening of the movie - the story of a charming playboy who falls in love with, but can't stay married to, a sultry Las Vegas nightclub singer.

''I directed the picture and there were some bumps,'' Jerry Rees says, ''but I'm happy.''

''Alec is a nice guy, one of the brightest I've ever met,'' co-star Paul Reiser says. ''I don't know why the press made such a big deal.''

Blake Edwards, who directed Basinger in The Man Who Loved Women and Blind Date, and who has known her for 11 years, read the Premiere piece and fired off a letter defending her as a ''joy to work with.'' And Baldwin, writes The Hunt for Red October producer Mace Neufeld, ''is a dedicated professional who worked harmoniously with cast and crew.''

A classically trained actor who likes to play Dvorak in his trailer while working, Baldwin has been called a ''***working-class*** Cary Grant'' by Oliver Stone. Neufeld has said Baldwin reminded him of Kevin Costner at their first meeting - with the right stuff to be ''a major leading man.'' And Elizabeth McGovern, who worked with him on She's Having a Baby, found him ''really fascinating.''

Basinger left Athens, Ga., to model in New York, but soon decided she needed to head to Hollywood if she wanted to become a star. Described in a recent Cosmopolitan piece as ''an avalanche'' and a ''volcano,'' she did a nude Playboy spread in 1983 and went on to sweat a lot with Mickey Rourke in the steamy 91/2 Weeks. Earthy and enchanting, she has a big down-home laugh. Her eight-year marriage to makeup artist Ron Britton ended in 1989, about the time she co-starred in Batman.

Basinger has been building clout as an actress. But it's music that really gets her going. She planned to make an album with Prince, but it fell through. In The Marrying Man, she sings six songs herself, reminiscent of Michelle Pfeiffer in The Fabulous Baker Boys. A soundtrack album is in stores Tuesday.

Those involved in Marrying Man won't elaborate on the filming. Permut says the movie turned out ''just great'' and that's all that's important now.

As for how the hoopla may affect Basinger's and Baldwin's careers, co-star Fisher Stevens (Pfeiffer's steady) doesn't think it'll make a difference. ''Let's face it, they're hot. Hollywood forgets very fast. People forget. Like they say, history has no memory.

''I think they're both very talented,'' he adds. ''But hopefully (the controversy) will help ticket sales.''

Whatever transpired during filming seems to have done little damage to the finished movie. Early audience reaction is favorable. Time magazine's review says, ''You know the old show-biz saying: Bad rehearsal, good show. Or in this case, pretty good show.''

What is known is that Baldwin and Basinger somehow got themselves into an adversarial position with the powerful, cost-conscious hands-on Disney studio. So much so that Disney chief Jeffrey Katzenberg chided them publicly, calling them ''irresponsible actors.''

''When they asked me to do Marrying Man,'' Basinger says, ''it was not a story about a girl who could sing well. It was about a lousy lounge singer. I did not want to play that part.

''I wanted it changed. That started hell. … I thought hell was below us, but it fell right on my head.''

Other elements contributed. Basinger and Baldwin were major personalities. But so was Neil Simon, who wrote Marrying Man. ''It was an unhappy experience,'' Simon says. He wanted to rehearse as he does for stage productions; Basinger didn't. He walked off the set two weeks into shooting.

And Rees was a first-time director. An animation specialist, his last film was The Brave Little Toaster.

Rees describes Basinger as ''a very creative obsessive person'' who was saddened because production had to move so fast there wasn't time to nail every scene.

That his hot stars were in love on the set didn't bother Rees, he says. Nor did gossip that their trailer was moving between shots. ''I'm happy for people who find happiness. If they're in love, I think it's terrific.''

Rees adds that he was amused by rumors that swirled throughout production, including a whopper that he had had a nervous breakdown (he had pneumonia, he says. ''Ask my doctor.'') Two other favorites, neither true, he says: That Basinger walked naked to the set one day and that she and Baldwin had a fist fight.

Stevens, who plays a pal of Baldwin's in the movie, says Rees ''went through the ringer'' making the movie. ''He worked on this movie a year and a half. Now, he could handle a movie with Saddam Hussein.''

Basinger and Baldwin said in a statement at the onset of trouble that ''it was not the movie we agreed to do.'' That's why they are reluctant to do interviews for it now.

In one early Marrying Man scene, Baldwin first lays eyes on Basinger. She's onstage, singing in a tight gown. His jaw drops. His buddies can't break his stare. Finally tearing himself away, he tells his pals he has to leave, he has to get away from her.

He's hot for her, he tells them, and ''Hot has always gotten me into trouble!''

Contributing: David Patrick Stearns, Karen Thomas

**Graphic**

PHOTO; color, Ron Batzdorff

CUTLINE: TOO HOT TO HANDLE: Kim Basinger, as singer Vicki Anderson, and Alec Baldwin, as millionaire Charley Pearl, feuded with studio execs throughout filming of 'The Marrying Man.'

**End of Document**



[***Grief ripples beyond family's store;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47NV-KWT0-00J2-30RD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A South St. Paul neighborhood is shaken by the loss of a listener and friend: convenience store clerk Khaled Bakri, killed Dec. 22.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47NV-KWT0-00J2-30RD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

January 12, 2003, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1622 words

**Byline:** Chuck Haga; Staff Writer

**Body**

Night comes and a dark quiet settles over the ***working-class*** South St. Paul neighborhood that surrounds a little urban outpost called Sabreen's.

     A woman steps cautiously into the store and glances at each of the several men standing near the counter. For Tariq Bakkri, behind the counter, she has a sad smile, but he greets her with warmth and a string of phrases he picked up listening to his brother, Khaled, who was so good with customers and languages.

     "Buenas noches, senora."

     Trailed by a small boy, the woman picks out a few groceries, then returns to the counter.

   "Que pasa?" Tariq asks the boy playfully.

     "Nada."

     The woman begins to cry as she gathers her things to leave.

     "Muy triste," she says to Tariq. "Very sad. Your brother."

     Khaled's shrine of flowers, candles, scrawled testimonials and stuffed animals is crammed, as things are in a convenience store, into a space too small, a corner between coolers and toaster ovens for burritos and burgers.

     "Thanks for just listening sometimes," Stephanie wrote on her card.

     Khaled, 25, was shot in the head during a robbery Dec. 22. He was alone, minding the store so Tariq could spend the evening with his wife and newborn daughter.

     In the shrine are notes from customers who signed with the names that Khaled knew them by: Skid Mark, Cigarello.

     Another customer brought in a picture he had taken one peaceful night last winter: Khaled standing at the front door, smiling as snow fell.

     "Sorry," Halie Lynn, age 6, wrote carefully on her card. "I miss you. You were a good friend and so nice to me."

Vulnerable

     Long before the 1999 kidnapping of 19-year-old Katie Poirier from the convenience store where she worked in Moose Lake, Minn., quick-stop markets were a crime cliche.

     Criminals found them convenient for the same reasons customers did: mostly cash businesses open 24 hours a day, staffed by a vulnerable clerk or two, close to good getaway routes.

     Owners, especially the larger chains, responded with training programs for employees and changes in store operations, such as keeping only small amounts of cash in registers and using drop safes from which deposits can't be retrieved. Stores were outfitted with cameras and alarms and flooded with light, inside and out. Windows were cleared of signs and other clutter.

     Convenience store robberies nationwide fell from 33,401 in 1992 to 18,527 in 1998, according to FBI figures, a 45 percent drop.

     People in the industry continue to debate more controversial proposals: extra staffing and bullet-resistant cages. Independent studies have indicated that more clerks have little effect on whether robberies occur but mean more victims when robberies turn violent. And customers avoid stores that feel like prisons.

     But the economy and other factors appear to have reversed the trend of fewer store holdups. The National Association of Convenience Stores reports that robberies jumped by 19 percent between 2000 and 2001. Spokesman Jeff Lenard notes, however, that nearly 90 percent of all convenience stores reported no robberies in 2001.

     Statistics mean little now to Tariq Bakkri.

     Sabreen's has a drop safe, cameras and unobstructed windows. Khaled would have surrendered the money in the till right away, Tariq said. He was known to give money or groceries to people who came in \_ even strangers \_ and asked for help.

     "They killed him anyway."

A good fit

     Tariq, 23, was one of five children in a Palestinian family that moved years ago from the West Bank city of Hebron to Abu Dhabi, capital of the United Arab Emirates.

     In 1997, he came to Minnesota to study engineering. He met other Palestinians who had settled in the Twin Cities, including the previous owner of the South St. Paul neighborhood store, who had named it after his daughter.

     "Sabreen's Supermarket," the sign out front says. "Your friendly neighborhood store."

     "He said he wanted to sell," Tariq says, surveying the aisles of canned and frozen foods, snacks, household goods and notions. It is a modest domain but brightly lit, clean and tidy.

      "I liked the store," he says. "I asked him, 'How much?' "

     It was a good fit from the start. Easygoing, affable, a good listener and animated talker, Tariq quickly became a neighborhood favorite. And when Khaled arrived in 2000, customers soon were calling them "the twins" because they were so much alike.

     On Dec. 22, Tariq had to call Abu Dhabi.

     "Do you believe in Allah?" he asked his father, though he knew the answer was yes. "Do you have faith?"

     "What has happened?" his father asked.

     "Your son Khaled is dead."

     Tariq shudders at the memory of that conversation.

     "Then I cried and cried and could not continue," he says. "My father said, 'Do not tell your mother. She would die to hear it like this. I will tell her.' "

     The store was closed for five days. When Tariq reopened, customers came with flowers, cards \_ and tears.

     "I cried," Marlene Heinen says. "I had just moved into the area, so I didn't really know them. But they're so nice."

     Brian Williams cried for his neighborhood. "I feel betrayed," he says after stopping this day, three weeks after the killing, in what has become a defiant ritual.

     "I work at a company that has about 100 people, and every one of us has pledged to come in here at least once a day for our pop or newspaper or something," he says.

     "This is where a lot of us grew up. I'll be damned if anybody is going to chase this family out of this neighborhood."

A changed city?

     Witnesses reported seeing two men in hooded sweatshirts and ski masks run from the store to the alley, where a third suspect waited in a car. Police haven't made arrests, but the investigation continues.

     Neighbors have called an open meeting for 1 p.m. today at Central Square Community Center. "We need to get together to talk about what's happened in our neighborhood," their flier says.

     The support pleases Tariq, but it doesn't surprise him.

     "I know the city," he says, standing at the counter. "This is how the people of South St. Paul are. But this has changed South St. Paul. It's a feeling that you are not safe.

     "Before, I could go back and stock shelves and let my customers do their shopping. Now I have to be here always."

     A woman asks for a pack of Marlboros.

     "See how I reach now," Tariq says, his gaze still on his customer. "Now I will not turn my back."

     But then he scampers from behind the counter to help customers look for Velveeta and Drano, then guides another through the qualities of various soup beans. He steps outside with a Slim Jim treat for Abby, a customer's Doberman.

     "That's not your dog," a nervous 3-year-old tells him. "That's my dog."

     "Of course it is, Katie," Tariq says, smiling.

     A pregnant woman approaches and the sight of her gets him started on his daughter, who was born on Dec. 1.

     "You are going to be ahead of me now," Tariq tells her. "But I will have more children. I want some boys. I want three, four, five Khaleds."

     He tells with pride about how periods of mourning were held for his brother in four countries, including Jordan, where Khaled had been a student. His brother had wanted to become a certified public accountant and work for a few years in the United States, then return to the Middle East. He had a fiancee in Hebron.

     Another customer approaches with a bag of chips.

     "Put a smile on your face," she tells Tariq, but gently.

     "I am in shock from losing my brother," he says as she leaves. "I'm not in fear, but this has never happened to me before. My customers, they've never had this experience before. Now I'm pushing myself to be nice, to smile. They know. But they know my heart.

     "Sometimes when I'm at the cash register, I remember something my brother did or said and I start shaking, and I forget how to work the register. But it's not fear. I don't think it will happen again; my brother gave protection for everyone."

The beauty of life

     The night wears on, and other members of the Twin Cities Arab community stop to visit with Tariq and his other brother, Amjad, 27, who came to Minnesota for Khaled's funeral. The men exchange kisses and formal greetings and settle into long, intense conversations in Arabic.

     One, Tony Stallone, manages a tobacco shop in South St. Paul. His store was robbed at gunpoint a few days after Khaled was killed, prompting him to bolster security there.

     "Everybody I know with a store is putting in new alarms and bars," he said.

     Fahed Aljabari, who also grew up in Hebron, has a store in Owatonna, Minn.

     "Three months ago, Khaled was at my wedding, dancing more than anyone," he says. "My stomach is still eating me up. I keep thinking about it.

     "I don't want to work at my counter anymore. Everybody who works in a convenience store or tobacco store or little grocery store is nervous now. We are always careful, but to be honest, now we're afraid.

     "But I will have to come here to Sabreen's and work one day, by myself, for Khaled."

     Tariq prepares to close the store at 9 p.m., an hour earlier than he used to, but his friends linger, talking, and a few more customers slip in for frozen dinners, pop or cigarettes.

     Katharine, Tariq's wife, arrives with their daughter, bundled deep in blankets. Tariq the weary clerk and mourning brother becomes Tariq the father, beaming and bragging and showing off his sleepy girl.

     "It's good to see him smile," Katharine says quietly. "She helps pull him together.

     "Her name is Ayah. It means 'the beauty of life.' Khaled was so proud of her."

    \_ Chuck Haga is at [*crhaga@startribune.com*](mailto:crhaga@startribune.com).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** January 13, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Tight credit stalls car sales;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-BG80-003S-X29G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'People want to buy,' but need money***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-BG80-003S-X29G-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 12, 1991, Tuesday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1991 Gannett Company Inc.

**Section:** MONEY; Pg. 1B; Cover Story

**Length:** 1257 words

**Byline:** Micheline Maynard; Nancy Miller

**Body**

If you think the USA's auto sales slump has created a buyer's market for cars and trucks, forget it.

Default-wary banks, credit unions and the car companies' financing arms are giving buyers a hard time. National Automobile Dealers Association chief economist Tom Webb says 30% to 35% of car-loan applications are being rejected. The normal turndown rate: 10% to 15%. And, even if you qualify to get a loan, you might get the third degree anyway - and be given a shorter- term loan with more money down and a higher interest rate than you paid on your last car loan.

''It was almost like signing the document in blood,'' says Raymond Reed, a Phoenix postal service maintenance worker who bought a Chrysler Eagle Premier last week. ''Before, they would ask you, 'How long have you been on the job?' '' says Reed, 35. ''This time, they were asking, 'How long are you planning to stay on the job?' They want to know if you are going to be around for the last payment.''

Industry analysts think the auto credit crunch is contributing to the 21% decline in U.S. car and truck sales this year. Without a loan, most consumers can't buy: 80% of all new car and truck purchases are bought with borrowed money. It's critical to the economy because vehicle sales account for 20% of all retail spending.

''People want to buy cars, but they can't get the financing,'' says Millard Ripley, general manager of Bert Smith International, a St. Petersburg, Fla., luxury-car dealer. Eighteen months ago, 90% of Bert Smith's loan applications were approved, some for loans as long as 84 months. Now, Ripley estimates, just 60% are being approved - and loan lengths are limited to 48 to 54 months. A credit blemish - such as an unpaid student loan - can prevent even a wealthy buyer from qualifying. Washington, D.C., dealer Joe Gerard says difficulty finding financing for his ***working-class*** customers was one reason he was forced to close Northeast Ford last week.

The pullback in credit has been building for about 18 months, but it's getting attention now because more consumers - buoyed by the end of the gulf war and attracted by postwar sales pitches - are out car shopping. What's causing the crunch:

- Consumers' personal balance sheets are loaded with debt from the 1980s. Meanwhile, unemployment and personal bankruptcies are climbing because of the recession.

- Higher car prices mean lenders and consumers have more at stake. The average transaction price of a new car is about $ 17,000, including license, fees and tax. Car loans look like mini-mortgages instead of a simple, four- digit short-term loan, as they were 10 years ago, when the average new-car price was $ 7,574.

- Many of the most credit-worthy borrowers are no longer using traditional car loans, because the Tax Reform Act of 1986 phased out deductions for interest. They're paying for cars with tax-deductible home- equity loans or paying cash. That means borrowers of lower quality hold a greater percentage of car loans.

Car companies and banks are in bad financial health and can't risk higher loan default rates. General Motors Acceptance Corp., which financed 2 million cars and trucks in the USA last year, says its repossession rate rose to 2.3% in 1990 from 2% in 1989. Major banks, including Citibank and Bank of New England on the East Coast and Security Pacific in the West, no longer offer car loans through dealers, although most still make loans directly to consumers. John Campbell, one of California's largest dealers, says he used to finance 80% of his deals through banks, 20% through carmakers. Now it's the reverse.

On the surface, it seems car companies could solve the auto credit crunch problem simply by loosening their own purse strings. But they can't afford to. Finance units are vital profit centers at General Motors Corp., Ford Motor Co. and Chrysler Corp. Their earnings helped cover big losses last year at the companies' automotive operations. ''I think these guys have to realize that if they loosen up too far, they'll get hit with a big slug of non- performing loans,'' says Shearson Lehman Bros. analyst Joseph Phillippi.

Officials at GMAC and Ford Motor Credit Co. insist they're not rejecting qualified buyers and that loans are plentiful. ''We continue to provide financing for every customer with the willingness and the ability to make the payments,'' says Randy Kniebes, vice president of marketing at Ford Credit. GMAC spokeswoman Hilary Spittle suggests customers' personal credit situations might be more to blame. ''A difference in quality of credit would affect our approval of the application,'' says Spittle.

What car buyers can expect:

- Bigger down payments, shorter loans, closer scrutiny of credit histories. Connecticut National Bank in Hartford demands 15% to 20% down, in addition to trade-in value of an old car, vs. 10% to 15% a year ago. The bank's average loan is 53 months, down from 60 months last year. It used to be that a pay stub was enough to prove your income. Now, Vice President Donald Grigley says the bank wants stable job history and proof loans have been paid on time.

- Less loan money. Lenders are limiting the amount financed to the purchase price of the car, including taxes, fees and interest, minus the down payment. That's a big change from the past few years, when banks encouraged borrowers to trade in their cars before they had paid off their loans. Richmond, Va., dealer Haywood ''Huddy'' Hyman says lenders routinely tacked the unpaid loan balance onto the new loan. It wasn't unusual to carry $ 4,000 over from an old loan.

- Higher interest rates. Until last year, carmakers played ''how low can you go'' with financing plans, a limbo contest that Chrysler won with its zero-percent loans. Many lenders now use tiered lending plans in which interest rates go up as credit ratings drop.

Some dealers say standards are too tough. Hyman, who has Buick, Porsche and Saturn franchises, says he's cut back on his GMAC business because the financing arm's rates are sometimes two percentage points higher than at the local banks. ''Our customers have got to get the best rates that we can find them,'' says Hyman.

But rates at banks are no bargain, either. Since October, interest rates in general have fallen; the prime rate has dropped from 10% to 9%. But the average car loan rate at 50 major banks tracked by Bank Rate Monitor last week was the same as at the end of October: 12.1%.

There are still some loan deals. Some Ford dealers offer 3.9% on 48-month loans and special rebates for first-time buyers. Financing at 5.9% is available on two-year loans at Chrysler. And people with spotless records have little to fear, says Doug Crisp, senior vice president of consumer lending at First Union Bank of North Carolina.

''If they have the ability and the willingness to pay, they can always expect to get credit. And if they don't have either one, they shouldn't expect to get credit.''

Contributing: Joyce Harris

TEXT OF GRAPHIC

Cars' bigger bite

The average price of a new car is now half the U.S. family median annual income, increasing consumers' need for loans.

|  |
| --- |
| Avg. new          Median       Pctg. of |
| car price         income       income |
| 1970       $ 3,942             $ 9,867         40% |
| 1980       $ 7,574            $ 21,023         36% |
| 1990       $ 16,017           $ 32,000         50% |
|  |

Source: Commerce Dept., American Auto Datam

**Notes**

Accompanying stories; Terms tougher; Consumers squeezed by long-term loans

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC; color, Source: Commerce Dept., American Auto Datam; PHOTO; color, Denis Poroy, USA TODAY

CUTLINE: EMPTY LOT: Joseph Gerard says tight credit helped force him to close his Washington, D.C., dealership last week.

**End of Document**



[***Replacing Jim Rice;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9PK0-009B-P19R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***In a high-crime district, 7 candidates pledge hope // Five DFLers and two Republicans in a north Minneapolis legislative race are making crime their most important concern.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9PK0-009B-P19R-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 20, 1996, Metro Edition

Copyright 1996 Star Tribune

**Section:** News; Pg. 1B

**Length:** 1392 words

**Byline:** Wayne Washington; Staff Writer

**Body**

In the middle of a summer workday, the door to the Nefertiti Beauty Boutique is locked tight.

No walkin traffic wanted. Not here. Not in the middle of a crime-plagued stretch of Penn Av. N. in Minneapolis.

And who can blame Daisy Hagen, who has given women perms and weaves here for 13 years?

What looks to be gang graffiti is ominously spray-painted on a wall of the building next to Hagen's shop. Nearby houses have iron bars in front of their windows and doors.

"It was a little better business district when I first moved here," Hagen said. "But as the crime got high, other businesses got scared and moved away. I've thought about leaving, too, but somebody's got to stay. I'm trying to stick it out."

Seven people - five DFLers and two Republicans - would like to try to make Hagen's stay a little more pleasant by becoming the district's state representative. That job now belongs to Jim Rice, an old-style politician who has represented the poor and ***working-class*** district in the Minnesota House of Representatives for more than a quarter-century. But Rice, 70, is retiring, and the race to replace him is on.

The crowded field will be whittled down to two on Sept. 10, when both parties hold primaries.

In a district that has never elected a Republican since party designation was added to the ballot in 1974, the winner of the DFL primary will take a decided advantage into the general election in November.

For weeks now, multicolored lawn signs have been sprinkled throughout the district, a rectangular pocket of north Minneapolis just south of Brooklyn Center and east of Robbinsdale.

The candidates promise change and hope. Hagen and other residents of the district hope someone can deliver on those promises. They're tired of seeing groups of kids roaming the streets, intimidating residents and business owners.

Crime, it seems, is on everyone's minds. No wonder the candidates list that as a top priority.

Winning the right to address that priority will be a struggle. No DFLer won the party's endorsement this spring. Labor organizations, typically a strong source of support for the endorsed DFL candidate, have chosen to either sit the primary out or have divided their support among the field.

The DFL primary seems as much a test of where political power lies now as it is a test of ideas and vision.

Rice has lent his support to Joe Mullery, an attorney and political ally who is the district's DFL chairman. City Council President Jackie Cherryhomes is backing Brian Gorecki, the housing director of the Northside Residents Redevelopment Council, who managed her City Council campaign three years ago. And Richard Rainville is the son of longtime City Council Member Alice Rainville.

Only Orvin (Ole) Olson, a real estate broker and DFL activist, and Carol Ann White, a former Minneapolis school board member, aren't campaigning with the support of a well-connected district officeholder.

The Republicans

On the Republican side, William Rannow, a 28-year-old bank equipment repairman, won his party's endorsement in June. But that didn't stop another Republican, Mark Hatcher, from entering the race. Hatcher challenged Rice in 1992 and 1994 and was smashed at the polls each time.

In fact, after Rice barely beat back three candidates to win his first term in 1970, he never won by less than 12 percentage points.

Still, Rannow believes a Republican can win. He points to the scandals of high-profile DFL legislators and the fact that he is not a professional politician as reasons why he can win.

"I'm part of Generation X," he said. "It's time for the younger generation to have a say in how things are done. The media paint us as a group of people who don't care what's going on, but that's not true. We're tired of the same old same old, where people say they're going to help people and don't."

Rannow said he would not remain in office more than eight years if elected. During that time, he would fight for more mentoring and intervention programs as well as the death penalty to reduce crime. Rannow said he'd also push to change the way things are done at the Legislature. He said he would eliminate legislative pensions and make legislators ask voters - not themselves - for a pay raise.

Hatcher, who switched from the DFLers to the Republicans in 1994, said he wants to see more low-interest loan programs so the district's old housing can be repaired. He also wants to see stiffer penalties imposed on those who commit violent crimes.

The DFLers

Like Hatcher, the DFLers in the race are also concerned about crime and neighborhood revitalization.

White, who unsuccessfully challenged Rice as an independent in 1994, said finding a way to generate jobs would help revitalize the district. Mullery wants neighborhood mediation to help reduce juvenile crime. Rainville said education and welfare reform would mean less crime and a better district. Olson said he would call for more involvement from neighborhood organizations. And Gorecki said he'd call for more mentoring and continuing education programs as ways to increase employment opportunities, reduce crime and revitalize the district.

Certainly, the district could use that revitalization.

About 95 percent of the houses in the district were built before 1970. Only two of the 134 House districts in the state - one in St. Paul and one in south Minneapolis - have an older housing stock.

Jesse Fleming, who lives across the street from the Crystal Lake Funeral Home, knows firsthand just how hard it is to spruce up an older home.

Like some residents of the district, Fleming can't afford to get a bank loan for repairs. He turned to the Minneapolis Community Development Agency for help but found the process of getting help there "expensive and time-consuming."

Rice said he tried to head off some of the district's housing problems by pushing through the bill that put $ 200 million into the Neighborhood Revitalization Program. In addition to his work on housing, Rice was a major supporter of the arts, winning praise from that community by making sure it got ample state funding.

These days, Rice is looking forward to joining his wife on her summer trips to South Carolina and soaking in the success of his eight children.

Soon, the worries and frustrations of north Minneapolis residents will no longer be his to ease. That task will be picked up by somebody else.

House District 58A:

The candidates

Brian Gorecki (DFL): Age: 35. Occupation: Housing director, Northside Residents Redevelopment Council. Wants to: Study ways to reduce reliance on property tax revenue to fund schools, figuring that north Minneapolis' relatively low home values put the city's schools at a disadvantage. Put nonviolent offenders on home detention to free up jail space for violent offenders and use mentoring and continuing education programs to prevent crime.

Joe Mullery (DFL): Age: 52. Occupation: Attorney. Wants to: Increase funding and staffing of juvenile court system to reduce juvenile crime. Authorize certified neighborhood organizations to act against abandoned or problem homes.

Orvin (Ole) Olson (DFL): Age: 54. Occupation: Real estate broker. Wants to: Have the district join with University of Minnesota's School of Design to find ways to renovate and restore area's older homes. Dramatically reduce the reliance on property taxes for school funding.

Richard (Dick) Rainville (DFL): Age: 45. Occupation: School teacher. Wants to: Help the state determine how to respond to federal welfare changes. Improve instruction in public schools instead of having parents receive vouchers.

Carol Ann White (DFL): Age: 53. Occupation: Social worker. Wants to: Help the district generate jobs that pay livable wages. Improve education and training opportunities for district residents.

Mark Hatcher (R): Age: 31. Occupation: Reimbursement analyst for University of Minnesota. Wants to: Impose stiffer penalties for violent criminals and is ready to build another prison to accomplish that goal. Make it easier to get low-interest home-improvement loans.

William Rannow (R): Age: 28. Occupation: Bank equipment repairman. Wants to: Impose death penalty and strengthen sentencing guidelines. Make legislative pay raises subject to referendums.

Candidate forum

A candidate forum is scheduled to be held at the North Regional Library at 1315 Lowry Av. N. at 7 p.m. Thursday.

**Load-Date:** August 21, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Goodman's ascent;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-BJK0-003S-X0MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'King Ralph' crowns him a leading man***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJF-BJK0-003S-X0MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

February 18, 1991, Monday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1D; Cover Story

**Length:** 1179 words

**Byline:** Tom Green

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

Big John Goodman, the man who would be King Ralph, has a royal pain in his back and is slumped on a couch in his living room.

''I screwed up my back on Saturday,'' says Goodman, whose new movie about a Las Vegas pianist who becomes King of England opened Friday. ''I walked (a mile or so) from here down to Hollywood Boulevard and back up. Monday I had to crawl out of bed.''

And this was a week planned as an overdue vacation. Roseanne - the TV series that three years ago made Goodman, who plays Roseanne Barr's hubby, an overnight sensation isn't taping and he's been counting on a painless breather from an astonishing workload.

The Goodman grind looked untoppable two summers ago, when in a single day he finished shooting Stella in Toronto in the morning, flew immediately to Los Angeles and was in front of the camera for Always the same afternoon.

But last year, he did Roseanne and Arachnophobia simultaneously, then went off to England to do his first starring role in King Ralph, then hustled back home to do Barton Fink (due later this year) for Raising Arizona creators Joel and Ethan Coen.

Next up he's going to play two icons of pop culture: Babe Ruth in a biographical film about the New York Yankees slugger, and Fred Flintstone in a Steven Spielberg live-action movie based on the cartoon The Flintstones.

''They throw stuff at me that's difficult to turn down,'' says the 38-year- old Missouri-reared actor, shrugging. ''I'd hate to see anyone else make a dog's breakfast of it.''

The big guy's energy has not been sapped, however. With all that work, he found time to get married to Anna Elizabeth Hartzog. They have a 4-month-old daughter, Molly.

A big girl for her age, the baby becomes just the balm Goodman needs for his aching back. He hoists her onto his tummy and is quickly making goo-goo sounds in her face.

''The critter,'' he says with one of those grins that have helped make him one of the most endearing actors to burst on the scene in years.

''We think he's going to emerge as a major star of the '90s,'' says Tom Pollock, chairman of the MCA Motion Picture Group. MCA's Universal Studios has signed Goodman to a multipicture deal.

''Mainly because he's an actor. He's not a clown or somebody who does pratfalls. If you've seen him in Raising Arizona (he plays a career criminal), this is nothing like the lovable slob of King Ralph.''

Goodman shrugs off the challenge of doing his first starring role and says he's not looking to become a leading man. But Pollock says Universal ''intends to make movies with him in leading roles.''

David Ward (Major League), who directs Goodman in King Ralph, says the major component of Goodman's appeal is his likability.

''People see in him an essential American decency. … With the materialistic '80s, we didn't develop many ***working-class*** heroes. He's the closest we have right now.''

This is pretty highfalutin talk for Goodman, who quickly grows modest and stingy with words when confronted with praise: ''The character I play on Roseanne is a nice guy. That's what it boils down to.''

Terse conversation is a hallmark of most interviews with Goodman. If he can turn an answer into some kind of self-deprecating swipe at himself, he will do it. Example:

Are you really this nice a guy?

''I've been a nice guy in my time.''

For prolonged periods?

''It comes and goes like the moon.''

His wife, whom he calls Annabeth, says he is being nice indeed when it comes to fatherly duties with the baby.

''I change her oil,'' he says.

The three seem happy together in a modest home that does have a nice view of Los Angeles from the Hollywood Hills. They've also built a home on land next to her family's in Louisiana. Recently, they've been visiting there a lot because her father has been ill.

''I get homesick,'' says his wife, who was 19 when she met Goodman in New Orleans when he was filming 1988's Everybody's All-American. She uprooted two years later when they married and moved to glitzy Hollywood, ''but it's not as bad as I thought it would be. I've adjusted really well.''

Goodman has always said he'd like to relocate to St. Louis, where he grew up, but admits that won't happen very soon. He likes Louisiana now and is content ''to go out with her old man and fish.''

But the actor keeps his ties to St. Louis, where many of his friends and family members live. (''First in shoes, first in booze and last in the American League,'' he laughs, evoking a slogan from his boyhood.) He still telephones Howard Orms, his drama teacher at Southwest Missouri State in Springfield, when he has a sticky acting problem.

''I always knew all his moments off in the corner would end up with him doing something fine,'' says Orms, who taught Goodman along with classmates Kathleen Turner and Tess Harper.

''That whole gang in that period used to really work, battling each other for roles. John would sing and dance and mug. He does beautiful imitations of everyone, including me.''

Orms remembers a slimmer Goodman than the famous one who at times has tipped the scales at 300 pounds on his 6-foot-3 frame. In Destry as a drama student, he weighed 190 to 200 and had a flat belly. ''He cut a nice figure,'' Orms says, ''like John Wayne.''

His weight is one of Goodman's least favorite subjects. He does not want to be fat and is angered by media stories dubbing him a big guy sex symbol. ''Garbage,'' he says.

He lost some weight before filming King Ralph, then gained half of it back. But he recently has shed 40 pounds and needs to lose more to play Babe Ruth.

His mental health may be better around the Roseanne set because turmoil related to Barr's firing of producers and her battles with the tabloids have quieted significantly.

''We're laughing a lot,'' he says. ''We're having fun.''

Laurie Metcalf, who plays Goodman's sister-in-law on Roseanne, says: ''There are only a handful of people I know who can make me laugh out loud like he can. We can be rehearsing and he'll take off on a character and Roseanne and I will be lying on the floor. He'll even take requests.''

Roseanne executive producer Jay Daniel calls it a ''carefree'' set now. ''John always seemed to stand away from the politics of the set and would concentrate on the work.''

Early in the run of Roseanne, Goodman made noises that he'd like out. ''Fame was most uncomfortable then and I was afraid it was going to screw everything up.''

He is better adjusted to fame today, but it's clear that as his movie career booms, he'll be glad to see the series end.

''But there's not much choice about staying. I signed up for a long run (seven years), so make the best of it.''

For now he has other things to worry about. Like whether playing Fred Flintstone means he'll be tormented forever by fans going ''Hey, yabba dabba doo!'' Or, more pressing, whether he can actually hit a baseball like Babe Ruth.

''My last home run was in 1978 in Washington, D.C. (when he was appearing at Ford's Theater). I was playing for The Robber Bridegroom baseball team. I've got to start from scratch.''

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO; color, Robert Hanashiro, USA TODAY; PHOTO; color, Robert Hanashiro, USA TODAY

CUTLINE: GOODMAN: New movie is 'King Ralph' CUTLINE: WORKING MAN: New father John Goodman keeps rolling with an exhausting work schedule of films and work on TV's 'Roseanne.' 'They throw stuff at me that's difficult to turn down,' he says.

**End of Document**



[***Dunn's gifts come with roofs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47HJ-SBK0-010F-K462-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 24, 2002, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1513 words

**Byline:** Jarrett Bell

**Dateline:** ATLANTA

**Body**

ATLANTA -- Tanya James knows hard times on a first-name basis.

There was a divorce, then a broken engagement. Spousal abuse, then scars from a sexual assault.

It has taken a strong will for the 35-year-old receptionist to be head of her family. She learned sign language after her youngest child, 5-year-old Joshua, was born with hearing impediments. She battled to make ends meet, sometimes struggling to find work.

Seven years ago, the family was homeless, living in a shelter. A few weeks ago, they lived in a cramped apartment in a housing project.

Her family includes her brother John, a drifter missing for years until found in January, living under a bridge in Macon, Ga. He was near death, diagnosed with schizophrenia and severely frostbitten. To save him, doctors amputated his fingers and toes. His sister took him in.

So it seemed natural as James stood inside her new three-bedroom house in a modest, ***working-class*** neighborhood, greeting dozens of well-wishers in a bubbly scene reminiscent of the climax in *It's a Wonderful Life,* that her eyes became watery.

"I prayed for this," she said with a radiant smile. "God answered my prayers."

With help from Warrick Dunn.

The Atlanta Falcons running back made the down payment on the house presented to James wrapped in a red ribbon -- and saw that it was furnished.

It wasn't the first time Dunn made such a gesture, and it won't be the last. All in the name of helping women like his mother, now deceased Betty Smothers, who shoulder the burden of raising families alone.

Through his foundation, Dunn, 27, operates an ambitious program, "Homes for the Holidays," which helps single mothers become first-time homebuyers. Since launching the program in Tampa during his rookie 1997 season, Dunn has helped 39 mothers with 99 dependents achieve a slice of the American dream. "They are going to value this, cherish it and try to make their lives better," Dunn says, "so their kids don't have to struggle."

The program has inspired New York Giants cornerback Jason Sehorn and St. Louis Rams quarterback Kurt Warner to do likewise. And while he envisions expanding his program nationally, Dunn hopes to enlist more NFL players to follow his lead.

"This isn't about me," says Dunn, who helped four women in Atlanta, two more in Tampa and three in his hometown of Baton Rouge with home purchases in recent weeks. "It's about the women who have worked so hard and scrapped for their families. I just want to give them a boost."

His mom, a Baton Rouge police officer and his closest friend, was killed during a robbery in 1993 while working her second job as a security officer. A mother of six, Smothers was shot while accompanying a supermarket manager to a night deposit.

She died without reaching her goal: buying a house. "I hope I'm living right for her," Dunn says. "Everyone tells me she's looking down on me. That's what we believe, from believing in the Bible."

Recipients overcome plenty

Dunn vividly remembers life before the fame and multimillion-dollar contracts that came in football.

He lived in "four, five or six places," as his mother tried to improve the family's lot. Perhaps that's why Dunn, who picks the families, is most interested in helping those who help themselves.

His program requires that the mothers are employed for at least six months, complete an extensive course that addresses credit worthiness and prepares them for ownership, earn between 40%-80% of the median household income in their market and are approved for financing.

The homes Dunn helped buy this year were tough finds. They ranged from $ 55,000-$ 110,000, fitting within the families' budgets.

"Affordable housing is at a crisis level in the United States," says Hattie Dorsey, CEO of non-profit Atlanta Neighborhood Development Partnership, committed to improving housing for lower-income citizens. "It's a shame that politicians are not addressing it. For people priced out of the market, we just don't have enough housing that is quality-decent."

Before closing, Dunn steps in as a secret partner. He plunks down $ 5,000-$ 6,000 toward down payments, lowering their mortgages.

Then with help from merchants Dunn enlists, the homes are outfitted with new furniture, appliances and other basic needs -- some donated by the merchants, some purchased by Dunn at a discount. This is an important component, Dunn says, because research indicates that 90% of foreclosures are linked to overspending on household goods and needs.

Of all the families assisted by Dunn, not one has gone into foreclosure.

When James walked into her house two days before Thanksgiving, there were new sofas, beds, chairs, mirrors, even scented candles. The cabinets and shelves were overflowing with food and household items, and the refrigerator was stocked. A lawnmower and garden tools were in the backyard. There were fresh flowers, bedspreads -- even packs of toothbrushes in the bathrooms. On the kitchen table, an apple pie.

"This is the nicest housewarming party ever in the city of Atlanta," James said after touring her house. "All of this is just a dream come true."

Yet on Thanksgiving night, thieves stole items from her house and car and the moving van. The car also was stolen Sunday night. And James says someone on the street told her daughter, "Who do you think you are, moving into our neighborhood?"

"I think I'm being targeted because I'm a new person in the neighborhood," James says.

It's the first time any of this has happened in the program; items are being replaced.

"We'll take it as a learning experience and try to help her and help the neighborhood," says Stephanie Waller, who runs the foundation.

Getting others on board

Dunn expanded the program to Atlanta after joining the Falcons last spring on a six-year, $ 28 million contract. He credits Falcons owner Arthur Blank for helping him and prodding him to think of taking the program national.

He presented two mothers in Tampa with keys to their homes Dec. 10, three others in Baton Rouge on Dec. 17. Warner presented two homes in St. Louis on Dec. 17. Sehorn, who started his program in 1999 and like Warner worked with Dunn in the planning stages, presented two homes last spring in the New York area. Sehorn has assisted seven families headed by single mothers.

Dunn's former Buccaneers teammate, linebacker Derrick Brooks, is planning to launch a program in his hometown of Pensacola, Fla., next spring. And Dunn's agent, Leigh Steinberg, plans to do the same next year in Southern California.

"This has been the program that's touched the deepest emotional chord of anything that our athletes have ever done," Steinberg says. He will urge players to consider such programs and plans to make presentations next month when many in the league gather in San Diego for Super Bowl XXXVII.

Brenda Oshodin, an account analyst for Warner Publishing Services in Tampa, was among the first single mothers to be touched by Dunn's program in 1997. She had moved to Florida from Boston with three boxes and her son, Telson, but was kicked out of her brother's house after two months.

She had difficulty landing a full-time job, no car, mounting bills and a teenager left unsupervised for hours at a time at their apartment in the projects. When she received food stamps and government cheese, home ownership seemed out of the question.

Yet Telson has made it to college, and Oshodin no longer worries he'll get caught up with the wrong crowd. "One day, my grandkids can say, 'I'm going to Grandma's house' -- a stable home."

Looking after his family, too

In his rookie season, Dunn went to Waller, then the Buccaneers community relations manager, looking to establish a program specifically for single mothers.

Waller recalls her first suggestion: pay for repairs of costly items in the home, such as water heaters.

"His response was, 'Well, that sounds good, but I was really thinking about something more significant,' " Waller says. "He kept saying, 'I don't want to do toys that are going to be gone. I want to have an impact on somebody's life.' "

In April, Dunn plans to expand his program to Tallahassee, Fla. That's significant because it's where Dunn attended Florida State University and grew up fast after arriving on campus months after losing his mother.

Dunn routinely made the four-hour drive from Tallahassee to Baton Rouge to handle issues related to his siblings, who lived with their grandmother, Willie Wheeler, after Smothers' death.

After the Bucs drafted him in the first round in 1997, Dunn moved his siblings to Tampa and became legal guardian for the younger ones until they turned 18.

"Sometimes you're forced into a certain way and you just have to adapt," he says. "My brothers and sisters depend on me, as they would their biological fathers."

Derrick Green isn't surprised his older brother has become so community-oriented. Green, 25, recalls a particular visit home from college when Dunn, with $ 26 in his pocket, was approached by a homeless man on the street.

"Warrick gave the man $ 20. That tells you something. Between his skin and bones, his heart is the biggest thing on his body."

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, Color, Michael A. Schwarz, USA TODAY; PHOTOS, Color, Michael A. Schwarz, USA TODAY (2); PHOTO, B/W, Michael A. Schwarz, USA TODAY; Opening doors for a change: Warrick Dunn escorts Trista Tisdale and her daughter Tory, 5, into their new home in Atlanta on Nov. 26. Dunn helped with the down payment and made sure it was furnished. A room of her own: Dunn shows Jolecia Greathouse, 4, her bedroom in her mother's new house. That one's yours: Warrick Dunn directs Trista Tisdale, 28, to her new Atlanta home acquired through his Homes for the Holidays" program.

**Load-Date:** December 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***RESPONSIVE CHORDS OF HATE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:402S-2470-0094-532P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***WHITE POWER MUSIC EASILY FINDS AUDIENCE DESPITE OUTCAST STATUS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:402S-2470-0094-532P-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 16, 2000, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

Copyright 2000 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1575 words

**Byline:** KIM MURPHY, LOS ANGELES TIMES

**Dateline:** DETROIT

**Body**

The meeting point is a gas station 20 miles north of Detroit. As carloads of people from across the Midwest cruise in, a young man in a blue flannel shirt quietly signals them to follow him.

They drive past a line of watchful police cars, through suburbs dotted with strip malls and fast food restaurants. Finally, they reach ***working-class*** Shelby Township and turn left down a country road, where a Disabled American Veterans assembly hall advertises free admission to a flea market.

Car after car pulls in, and a parade of young men -- many with the trademark shaved heads, Doc Martens boots and swastika tattoos of neo-Nazi skinheads -- file into the hall. The front door closes, and the trouble starts.

Thundering guitars strike up an infernal rhythm. A call -- it might be a human shriek or the growl of a bear -- rises with the music: "Victory or Valhalla … We will never surrender." And then the crowd strikes up a chant that can be heard out on the street: "Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!"

Of the many underground music scenes in America, few are so forbidden that patrons arrive not knowing where the concert is. Then again, few rock 'n' roll bands sing anthems like "If you ain't white, you'll be dead."

White power music is virtually the only kind that no radio station will play, no club will book, few record stores will stock. In an industry that seeks profits in outrageousness, it is the music that goes too far.

Even the old guard of the white supremacy movement viewed the violent skinhead culture with dismay. But now they have begun to embrace white power music, realizing that a single compact disc can be infinitely more powerful a recruiting tool than a parking lot full of fliers.

National Alliance leader William Pierce -- whom human rights groups have identified as the most powerful and dangerous white supremacist in America -recently purchased Resistance Records and its accompanying magazine, setting up a warehouse and distribution center on his 350-acre compound in West Virginia.

Resistance expects to generate at least $ 750,000 in CD sales this year. That money, Pierce says, can be funneled into the National Alliance's expanding political network, and into development of new music genres that will subtly carry the white power message.

"While it may appear to the naked eye that this stuff isn't very prevalent, it has worked itself into a number of different youth subcultures," said Devin Burghart of the Chicago-based Center for New Community, which along with the Northwest Coalition for Human Dignity recently co-authored a report on the growing threat posed by white power music.

"They're trying to target music stores, get airplay. They're trying to move bands more toward the mainstream," Burghart said. "I think right now we're on the cusp of seeing a dramatic increase" in white power music's outreach.

While most record stores refuse to stock white power bands, racist labels have made inroads in at least two dozen retail outlets across the country. Anyone with access to the Internet can download and listen to songs like "Racially Debased" and "Bagels and Blood." And at the mainstream Milwaukee Music Festival last year, everyone entering the gate was handed a copy of Resistance magazine -- which since Pierce took over has become the Rolling Stone of the racist music scene.

One of the keys to the growing number of white power labels, industry insiders say, is that technology has made it easy -- and potentially profitable -- for almost anyone to operate a record company. All it takes is marginal studio equipment and a compact disc burner connected to a personal computer. And if nobody will stock the records, they can be sold -- at a better profit margin -- at concerts and on the Internet.

"A CD costs $ 2 to produce. You sell it for $ 14.88. Good profit," said one white power music industry observer. "But as far as Dr. Pierce's belief that this is going to be a means of reaching young people who are going to be part of his revolutionary vanguard? He's absolutely delusional… I think the excitement, the alcohol, the girls, the loud music, all that has much more appeal than the message does."

"It will never have mass appeal," echoed Michael Moynihan, whose Portland-based band, Blood Axis, and small publishing company have come under attack by anti-racist watchdog groups for their use of fascist symbolism and ideology.

"The No. 1 reason is that the musical quality is usually lacking," Moynihan said. "I don't think most people who listen to music as an art form are going to get excited about being yelled at with slogans."

But the managers of Resistance Records and Resistance magazine, which prints 12,000 copies quarterly, beg to differ.

"The key … is to make our views more fashionable than those that the system peddles," Resistance magazine said in an editorial.

"We are the ubiquitous 'rebels with a cause,' the champions of youthful aggression, the masters of controversy and excitement … and the perennial 'bad boys' of myth and legend."

Pierce points to a chart that, according to figures provided by outside watchdog groups, shows National Alliance membership up 49.7 percent in 1999 to 1,500 people after nearly a decade of flat numbers.

"The whole climate for our revolution has shifted toward more favorable conditions," Pierce asserted, with people losing jobs to minorities, fearful the future will render whites a minority in America.

Until his acquisition of Resistance Records, Pierce mostly used the Internet and radio to spread his message.

His weekly radio broadcasts, "American Dissident Voices," reach an audience of more than 100,000 around the world and allow him to pontificate on the American political scene from what he calls a "patriotic" perspective.

In recent weeks, he has taken on the defense of Atlanta Braves pitcher John Rocker ("The people who pretend to be shocked by … Rocker's expression of distaste for the denizens of Times Square and the New York subways are the same people who will never give an honest explanation of why they have fled the cities for the suburbs"); former Austrian Freedom Party leader Jorg Haider ("Democracy works just the way the Jews want it to work -- except when someone who isn't a member of the club slips through a crack and gets elected"); and white victims of black violence.

Pierce says it's clear those messages appeal to a certain number of white, middle-class men -- and some women -- who have been the traditional recruiting targets of the National Alliance. But he contends the acquisition of Resistance Records and its magazine opens the door to a wider audience.

White power music, Pierce says, must evolve into "a much broader category of resistance music" that could take in black metal bands with national socialist themes, traditional Germanic and Celtic folk music -- and more.

"We'd like to move into graphics, art, video; that's the media I'd like to get into most . . . Why not do documentaries, revolutionary drama? Just like TV entertainment is more effective in shaping people's opinions and views than TV news, I think video drama is the way to get people to accept your point of view."

The overall reach of Pierce's umbrella is small -- 1,500 dues-paying members are hardly going to launch a race war -- but some of his toughest critics say Pierce is shrewd when it comes to laying the groundwork.

"He is incredibly bright and … has long-standing and deep roots in the hate world," Brian Levin, head of the San Bernardino, Calif.-based Center on Hate and Extremism.

"Anywhere he can spread the message, whether it be over a radio show, or with these novels, or the Internet, or hate rock, he is almost like a one-man media conglomerate of the hate world, and arguably the most successful."

It's not easy to run a white power record label. Forget about the trouble of finding a place to play. What about simply finding a printer to put out a CD cover depicting swastikas and piles of Jewish corpses?

"To begin with, the music is politically incorrect, so you're going to run into problems. Freedom of speech only applies to people who aren't hurting anybody else's feelings," said Eric Davidson, the 39-year-old operator of the Minnesota-based Panzerfaust Records.

But in some ways, the forbidden nature of the music helps sell it, said Erich Gliebe, an ex-boxer ("the Aryan Barbarian") who has taken over management of Resistance Records and Resistance magazine. He also heads up the National Alliance's biggest chapter, in Cleveland.

Gliebe said Resistance is ready to make a major move into black metal music -- an eerie, Satanic-tinged genre of heavy metal that was linked to a wave of church arsons and murder in Europe through the 1990s. A few of the leading black metal bands now have openly nationalist and racist themes. Their music often evokes the kind of pagan Norse and Germanic mythology that has become popular in anti-Christian circles of the American far right.

Vincent Breeding, a guitarist, concert promoter and former marketing director for Resistance Records, said he has hired mainstream musicians, most working under pseudonyms, to develop a new generation of white power music -in genres ranging from rock to folk to country -- with a more sophisticated message.

"We are in a position where we own the only record companies that promote an entire genre of music," Breeding said. "It's getting ready to explode, and when it does, we'll be the cultural disseminators of this, and not our enemies."

**Load-Date:** April 19, 2000

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[***OUT OF FASHION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K17-MF10-TWX3-K37J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

May 23, 2006 Tuesday

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1956 words

**Byline:** Dianna Marder, Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

We said our formal goodbyes to Strawbridge & Clothier in 1996 when it was acquired by the May Department Stores Co.

We mourned again in 2005 when May was acquired by Federated Department Stores.

Technically, Strawbridge's hasn't been Strawbridge's for a decade. But as long as the brass nameplate remained on the store established in 1868 by the Quaker merchants Justus C. Strawbridge and Isaac H. Clothier, we could pretend nothing significant had happened.

But today the Eighth and Market Streets store is closing. The Lord & Taylor store (née John Wanamaker) across from City Hall was closed last week and will be refurbished before reopening as a Macy's in August.

Federated has said it will keep the famed Wanamaker organ and the eagle that was the site of so many rendezvous. And spokeswoman Elina Kazan said the company would "make every effort" to preserve key landmarks from Strawbridge's center city store, among them the Dickens Christmas Village and the wild boar sculpture.

*End of an era* is an understatement.

For nearly 50 years, Center City shopping was defined by the elegant retail palaces on Market and Chestnut Streets: not just Wanamakers and Strawbridge but Gimbel Bros., Lit Bros., and N. Snellenburg & Co. - mostly family-owned businesses that made employees and shoppers alike feel like part of the royal family.

Featuring marble floors and polished mahogany counters, wide aisles and gracious staircases, plush restrooms for the ladies and in-store fashion shows by Junior League debutantes, Philadelphia's grand department stores stood as beacons of style and set the tone for public decorum.

Strawbridge & Clothier was "as distinctively Philadelphian as Carpenters' Hall or the Betsy Ross House," this newspaper noted on the store's 75th anniversary.

The marriage of city and store was a nationwide phenomenon. For more than a hundred years, Marshall Field & Co. was synonymous with Chicago; Macy's and Bergdorf Goodman were central to New York; Rich's was the heart of Atlanta.

"The family-owned department stores had enormous impact in shaping civic identity," says Robert Thompson, professor of popular culture at Syracuse University. "You could tell where you were by what store you were in.

"These were gorgeous, architecturally important buildings, with window displays like Broadway stages," Thompson says.

Today, shopping is dominated by big-box stores owned by enormous corporate entities.

"Going downtown was a significant part of childhood," Thompson says. "We've lost that experience and nothing will take the place of it."

**Live radio broadcasts**

They came on the Reading Railroad and on PTC; by subway and by bus, on the Shopper's Special and the Frankford El.

Legions of shoppers embarked from City Hall to stroll from Wanamakers to Snellenburg's, Strawbridge & Clothier to Gimbels and Lits - stopping along the way at Blauner's, B.F. Dewees, and the Blum Store.

Men in starched shirts, women with hats and gloves, children with their hair combed and shoes polished - they all came. In the 1920s, families went to Strawbridge's live radio broadcasts. In fact, each of the big stores had its own radio station: Gimbels' was WIP, Wanamakers' call letters were WOO, and Strawbridge's WFI, later merged with Lits' WLIT to become WFIL.

On Saturdays, shoppers stayed for lunch - tea sandwiches in Wanamakers' Crystal Tea Room or Strawbridge's Corinthian Room; soup in the Jefferson Room at Lits or a hot dog and custard at the Wanafrost stand in Wanamaker's basement.

On Wednesday nights, they stayed late and on Sundays - when the stores were closed - they stayed home.

Phyllis Corsi Sockwell, who lives in Drexel Hill, remembers shopping downtown in the 1950s as "a gentler time, when people were so much kinder to each other."

From Germantown to Upper Darby, from Strawberry Mansion to Swarthmore, people shared a common experience. Listening to the organ in Wanamakers was free, and anybody could window-shop.

"The idea of the department store was to be all things for all people," says Marty Rogoff, who teaches business and marketing at Philadelphia University.

Yet each of the city's downtown stores had a distinct character.

"Wanamakers was very regal and glamorous," says Helene Kates of Broomall. "My father used to say that the rich people shopped there."

Lits and Gimbels were "more ***working class***," she says. "They had less frills, and the kind of sales depicted on the *Lucy* show where ladies fought tooth and nail at the bargain tables and sales racks."

And Strawbridge "was like *The Philadelphia Story* with Katharine Hepburn," says Stan Steinberg, now 77 and living in Dresher. "It had class."

The department stores hired and trained staff as salespeople, not mere cashiers, and required them to dress in dark, solid, sophisticated colors.

"Women wore high heels and they were never without stockings," says Mary Lawrence, now 79, who worked in Gimbels, Strawbridge and Dewees, a women's specialty shop.

Anything purchased could be delivered - initially in horse-drawn wagons - because the customer was king.

"If a customer wanted a straight pin wrapped and delivered, they would do that free of charge," says Rosalie Marta, now 63, who got her wedding trousseau at Wanamakers.

Many women got their first charge accounts at Strawbridge, in the pre-plastic era when the cards were cardboard with a metal insert.

The stores had clubs and modeling classes for teens and preteens who aspired to be young ladies.

Linda Small of Huntingdon Valley attended Strawbridge's Charm School in the 1950s.

"We were taught how to apply makeup, how to walk gracefully, and everything a young lady at that time needed to know," Small says.

In 1966, Elizabeth Hanson of South Philadelphia was crowned Miss Lit Teen. She was there the day the Supremes came to the store to kick off Liteen Week in the spring of 1967, between their performances at the Latin Casino.

And Claire Rosenstein, who grew up in Oxford Circle, was in Strawbridge's Sub-Deb club.

"There were fashion shows and speakers from Seventeen magazine. They even took us on field trips."

"I feel so awful," says Rosenstein, who is now in her 60s. "With this store, so much a part of my culture is closing."

**Culture of consumer desire**

Merchants like John Wanamaker and Marshall Field set out to create a culture of consumer desire, using all the bells and whistles at their disposal - from marching bands and light shows to celebrity appearances - in order to pull customers into their stores and keep them there for hours at a time.

"They created not just the desire for things but the concept of fashion - of not being out of date," William Leach wrote in *Land of Desire*.

More than that, the department stores became civic institutions. In Philadelphia, the Wanamakers, Strawbridges and other families of store owners demonstrated that they had a stake not only in the well-being of their employees, but also in the larger community.

Marie Ziegler Dankelmann, who started working at Strawbridge in 1944, remembers a War Bond rally in the store that was led by Lucille Ball.

A uniformed doorman helped shoppers in and out of taxicabs. And Stockton Strawbridge, his sons and nephews were akin to movie stars.

Dale Kessler, who worked in women's fine shoes in the 1960s, remembers the Strawbridge men in their three-piece suits.

"Oh, how I loved Strawbridge's then! The Strawbridges themselves - father and sons - would walk the aisles there every so often, and to me they were like royalty."

But the Strawbridge family was "never condescending," she recalled. "They were always warm in their approach."

In many ways, the store functioned like a small, civic-minded town. As early as 1880, Strawbridge workers formed a Relief Association to help each other through tough times. In 1882, the employee chorus performed at Willow Grove Park. In 1884, an Employee Savings Fund Association began. By 1907, Strawbridge & Clothier had an orchestra, and in 1910 the company established an athletic field in West Philadelphia for its baseball teams.

That same year, when Strawbridge hired 14-year-olds as "cash boys" to run purchases from counters to cashiers to wrapping desks, the store supported a Noonday Club - a half-hour of instruction in grammar, arithmetic, history and English literature for the boys.

Daniel D'Orazio, who worked at Strawbridge in 1959 when he was fresh out of college, got help when he needed it.

"My father suffered a severe illness and was hospitalized soon after my hiring. He was comatose and hemorrhaging profusely, and needed many blood transfusions. We had no medical insurance and were responsible for not only the hospital bill but also the blood transfusions, which totaled $1,200."

Even though D'Orazio was new on the job, the employee blood bank paid for the transfusions.

"I was always grateful to Strawbridge's for their generosity and thoughtfulness in my time of need."

**'Homogenization'**

During the reign of the downtown department stores, buyers sailed to Europe and Asia several times a year to select and order Parisian dresses, English raincoats and Chinese silks especially for their shoppers in Philadelphia.

Now, you can be in a mall in Seattle and find the same clothing you'd find in a mall in St. Louis.

Retail industry expert Rick Segel laments what he calls the "homogenization of America."

"It is too bad," he says, "that we've lost the individual identity that was possible before the department stores all merged."

But some elements of the past are worth walking away from.

Female employees, for example, were paid less than their male counterparts.

Irma Green remembers getting paid $65 a week at Gimbels in the late 1950s, "while the men were paid $85 for the same job."

And judging prospective saleswomen by their looks was company policy.

Strawbridge hired only "shapely blondes" as elevator operators, according to *Family Business*, a history of Strawbridge & Clothier by Alfred Lief.

"When they applied for the position they were measured against outlines drawn on a personnel office wall."

And although the stores may have had a leveling effect in bringing together people from different income levels, racial discrimination was insidious.

"Shoes and hats were the problem in the 1920s," says Grant Z. Freeman Sr., 97 now and retired.

"Only some places let you try them on. Others would discourage it... . You'd say what size you thought you needed and take the shoes home."

"Some things were just accepted then," Freeman says.

Our children and our children's children will never know what they missed, says Rogoff, of Philadelphia University.

By the late 1960s, shoppers sought intimacy in boutiques, shunning the larger department stores. And by the late 1970s, when the first big-box stores came on the scene, the department stores couldn't compete with the range of products they offered.

Now, the name Strawbridge's means nothing to Rogoff's students. "They don't have the emotional connection their moms and dads had."

And they've never experienced the level of customer service their parents now mourn. As a result, they have no problem shopping at the more anonymous big-box stores and using self-serve checkout registers.

Janet Young, who was a young mother when her husband's job brought the family from Kansas to Philadelphia, remembers a helpful saleswoman at Strawbridge in 1968.

"She asked if I had a credit card," Young recalled. "And I said no, but my husband does."

"Oh, my dear," Young remembered the saleslady saying, "every woman must establish her own credit. It will serve you well for the rest of your life."

"And later in life," Young says, "I always remember why I have credit."

"What we're saying goodbye to now," Young says, "is not what we've known all these years."

Contact staff writer Dianna Marder at 215-854-4211 or [*dmarder@phillynews.com*](mailto:dmarder@phillynews.com).

**Load-Date:** May 23, 2006

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[***ATA's Midway departure plans spark air war***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DV0-G5X0-010F-K3JR-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 19, 2004, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** MONEY;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1777 words

**Byline:** Marilyn Adams

**Body**

Chicago's little Midway Airport seems an unlikely battleground, but the backdoor to the USA's No. 1 domestic air market has become the site of an unprecedented, bare-knuckle brawl.

The airline that prevails could get up to 14 coveted gates there. Also in play are valuable landing rights at Reagan Washington National and LaGuardia in New York. The battle might take weeks to play out as a bankruptcy-court judge and government officials in Chicago and Washington sort competing claims.

The outcome has the potential to shake up the status quo not just for the discount segment of the industry that operates from Midway, but also for the financially struggling giants at Chicago's far larger O'Hare airport: No. 1 American and No. 2 United.

Indianapolis-based discounter ATA Airlines touched off the upheaval last month, filing for bankruptcy-court protection and announcing plans to stop flying from its Midway hub. ATA went to bankruptcy court with a deal in hand to sell its Midway business to rival discounter AirTran Airways.

Rival airlines question the legality of the deal and say they won't stand idle while Orlando-based AirTran establishes a hub on some of the most valuable real estate in aviation. Responding to ATA's imminent departure, discount leader Southwest immediately announced expansion plans to fill the void. Phoenix-based America West might file its own bid for some or all of ATA's assets to establish itself at Midway.

As for money-losing United and American, intensifying competition from discounters in a key market could push them deeper into red ink. United has been operating under bankruptcy-court protection for nearly two years. American narrowly averted bankruptcy in 2003 but continues operating at a loss.

Chicago's travelers might be the big winners as discount fares spread amid intensifying competition. Last year, the Chicago Department of Aviation says, more than 18 million passengers took off from or landed at Midway, while 70 million used O'Hare. In terms of domestic flight departures, Chicago is the nation's biggest air market -- larger than New York or Los Angeles.

A slump, then return

Built on one square mile of land, Midway is encircled by ***working-class*** neighborhoods on the city's southwest side. Originally opened in 1926 as Municipal Airport, it later was renamed for a decisive World War II battle in the Pacific. For years, Midway was the nation's busiest airport. But when O'Hare opened in 1960 with longer runways and new terminals, the big airlines abandoned Midway. It became a quiet backwater used primarily by private pilots, according to Chicagoan Christopher Lynch, author of a book about Midway's history.

Even today, Midway operates two short, intersecting runways, so planes can use only one at a time.

Midway's revival began in 1991, when Southwest began building operations there. ATA arrived the next year. Today, after a $790 million expansion completed this year, Midway is a modern, if compact, airport with 43 gates, a few restaurants and shops, and parking.

The short train connection to Chicago's downtown Loop business district -- about 30 minutes -- has given Midway a boost in competition with O'Hare.

"It's the old rule of real estate," says Lynch. "Location, location, location."

Location wasn't enough for ATA.

Last month, ATA, which roughly splits the business at Midway with Southwest Airlines, filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy-court protection. The filing follows aircraft deals signed by the airline in 2000 -- the peak of the boom -- to replace and expand its old fleet. Then, fares and aircraft prices were high. It chose bigger planes than other discount carriers flying to Midway. Fares and passenger loads plummeted after the Sept. 11 attacks. More recently, fuel prices have jumped, catching ATA in a bind between high expenses and low revenue.

At the time of the bankruptcy filing, AirTran, whose home airport is Atlanta, struck a $90 million deal with ATA to take over its leases on 14 gates and buy its Midway business. The deal is tentatively set to close Dec. 23.

If AirTran can close that deal, it would begin new Midway flights in January, initially using ATA's planes under contract. If AirTran's proposal is blessed by the bankruptcy judge and by Chicago and federal officials, AirTran plans to offer more flights and cities than the 142 a day ATA flies now.

The reaction from competitors to the proposed ATA-AirTran deal has been swift. Southwest, the nation's low-fare giant, announced an almost immediate expansion of flights at Midway. America West, which had been wooing ATA before the bankruptcy filing, is threatening to bid for ATA. Thursday, the bankruptcy judge ordered any competing bids to be filed by Dec. 10, so an assets auction could be held Dec. 13. It wasn't known Thursday whether either America West or Southwest will make a bid.

AirTran seems confident. But the hurdles are many. By law, ATA doesn't control its Midway gates; Chicago does. It's up to the administration of Mayor Richard Daley to approve any gate transfer to AirTran.

ATA can't transfer valuable landing rights it now uses at National and LaGuardia airports. They're controlled by the U.S. Department of Transportation, which will decide who gets them and under what conditions.

Southwest, which already leases 19 Midway gates, says it might need several of ATA's 14 to expand. Thursday, Southwest announced it will start 21 new Midway flights between January and March, and says it will add more later in 2005.

Midway "is a top priority for us now in light of ATA's bankruptcy -- our top priority," Southwest CEO Gary Kelly said recently.

If Southwest gets more than its current 19 gates at Midway, the remaining gates at the airport might be too few for any airline to establish a powerful hub there. In that case, Southwest might feel less competitive pressure, and its fares might be easier for United and American to match.

Another wild card is America West, which had been ATA's suitor before the AirTran deal was signed. America West says it's still considering filing a rival bid in bankruptcy court for some or all of ATA's assets, which could upset AirTran's deal, or force it to raise its bid.

A second Midway hub carrier such as America West would put more pressure on Southwest and tend to force fares down more at both Midway and O'Hare.

Frequent Midway user Jim Hanlon, an orthopedic equipment salesman, finds the uproar over his little airport amazing.

Says Hanlon, who travels all over the country: "It's a free-for-all. What was once a nearly shuttered airport is now the hot spot where everyone has to be."

Discount airlines have tended to stay off each other's turf, but the battle for Midway changes that because stakes are so high.

Midway "is *the* centrally located low-fare airport in America," says former Chicago aviation commissioner Jay Franke, now assistant director of Northwestern University's Transportation Center. Regardless of which airline comes out on top there, he says, "Consumers will be the winners."

ATA officials didn't respond to interview requests for this story. AirTran CEO Joe Leonard calls the proposed deal "a win for us and a win for Chicago." Leonard says his airline can succeed where ATA failed at Midway because, "We're a much stronger carrier, our costs are lower and our balance sheet is stronger."

Leonard says it's not in Chicago's best interest to let Southwest dominate Midway. If Southwest gets too many gates, "They will behave like monopolists" and raise fares, Leonard says.

Other hurdles

Across town, United and American face challenges of their own even without the rising threat at Midway. They've cut fares at O'Hare to compete with one another and with the discounters at Midway, which fly to many of the same major U.S. cities. But they face other problems that make the competition from discounters at Midway loom larger.

Pressured to cut costs, United and American have downsized planes they use at O'Hare and elsewhere, substituting smaller, less expensive jets for bigger ones. In many cases, this has meant farming out service on marginal-demand routes to regional airline affiliates with 50-seat jets, resulting in a faster rise in flights than in passengers, and a jump in flight delays.

Earlier this year, the Federal Aviation Administration pushed United and American to reduce O'Hare flights because of delays and safety concerns, limiting the carriers' ability to compete and expand.

Although the city of Chicago wants to add runways at O'Hare, and others tout a third airport, neither is likely to happen soon, if at all.

Adding to O'Hare's seven runways would require moving neighborhoods, excavating cemeteries and winning over angry neighborhood groups -- and would cost billions.

Nonetheless, neither United or American is expected to stand by quietly as Midway continues to grow.

"All of our planning for O'Hare assumes that someone, whether it's AirTran or Southwest or whoever, will be flying in most of the competitive markets out of Midway," says Henry Joyner, American's senior vice president for planning.

Competitors speak up

At United, Chicago's hometown airline and biggest player, Vice President Sean Donohue is openly skeptical of AirTran's chances of success. Its plan, he says, is far from a done deal.

"I think there's a lot of room left in this story," he says. "The city will have a big say in what goes down."

While Midway rivals duke it out, United says it's prepared for whatever emerges. Early this year, United launched Ted, its low-fare unit, which targets the same customers who fly Southwest and ATA. It also offers United frequent-flier miles and connections to regular United flights.

In June, Ted planes began flying from O'Hare to Las Vegas, Phoenix and Florida, top leisure destinations where United competes with discounters Southwest, America West, ATA and Spirit. Donohue says United has seen double-digit market gains on Ted routes, especially those to Orlando and Fort Lauderdale.

"We've seen we can draw traffic away from Midway," he says. Meanwhile, ATA's immediate future is precarious. It has landed $15.5 million in bankruptcy financing from Indiana and the city of Indianapolis, but could not get a bank loan. ATA told the bankruptcy-court judge this week that the Indiana money should be enough to keep it aloft until Christmas, by which time AirTran and ATA hope to close the deal.

Leonard says AirTran can break even at Midway the first year and be "highly profitable" the second, even if oil stays close to $50 a barrel.

He acknowledges things could go wrong, but says a shot at Chicago is worth it.

Says Leonard: "Chicago is the best place in America to put a hub."

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Contributing: Dan Reed

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY, Sources: Back Aviation Solutions, USA TODAY research (MAP); PHOTO, Color, John Gress, Reuters; PHOTO, B/W, Scott Olson, Getty Images; Changes in the air: An ATA airliner taxis at Chicago's Midway Airport on Oct. 26. ATA filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy-court protection last month and has said it plans to leave Midway. <>Still in the air: Customers check in for flights with ATA Airlines at Midway Airport on Oct. 26.

**Load-Date:** November 19, 2004

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[***A.C. RESIDENTS HOLD GROUND< THEY SAY THEY WILL MAKE WAY FOR CASINOS - FOR A FAIR PRICE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CG10-01K4-91D5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JULY 26, 1996 Friday CNEW JERSEY EDITION

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**Section:** SOUTH JERSEY; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1303 words

**Byline:** Amy S. Rosenberg, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** ATLANTIC CITY

**Body**

From the back deck of her immaculately restored turn-of-the-century Victorian Gothic house, Donna Roland-Leipold can look out toward a rugged stretch of water where the Atlantic Ocean meets the Absecon Inlet. Lying in her tub, she can hear the surf as it crashes under the Boardwalk. Her husband, Joseph, can walk a block with his dog, Reagan, to play a little beach Frisbee, not yet an Olympic event.

It is arguably one of the best views at the Jersey Shore, if not the entire East Coast. A house with a similar view at the opposite end of Absecon Island, in Longport, could cost more than a million.

But this is the South Inlet neighborhood of Atlantic City, a once-thriving seaside community all but decimated by poverty, arson, bulldozers and land speculators waiting nearly two decades for their casino ships to come in.

Here, you can buy up an old house with a spectacular view for a mere $30,000. Or, if you prefer, rent an apartment for as little as $400 a month.

But not many people do.

There are fewer than 150 occupied dwellings left in the South Inlet, a place with a bombed-out look that has repeatedly been singled out as an enduring monument to the failure of casino investment to spark an urban renaissance.

In other cities, urban pioneers like the Roland-Leipolds would be hailed as the first sparks of life for a neighborhood rebirth. But here, the couple and their scattered neighbors are being asked to make way for an enormous $700 million resort planned by MGM Grand and for an $800 million one being contemplated by the Bahamas-based Sun International.

And while most residents are prepared to move - they live, after all, on land zoned for casino development - they say they want to make sure they get treated fairly, and not bullied out by Mayor James Whelan's promise to use eminent domain if necessary to clear the land for redevelopment.

"Where else could I find a place like this?" said Donna Roland-Leipold, who is a blackjack dealer at Harrah's. "We're not trying to stop development. If you're rich and you make a good return on an investment, you're a success. If poor, ***working-class*** people expect to make money, we're greedy."

Even the handful of residents who have lived in the inlet since before it was rezoned for casinos say they are resigned to moving - for the right price.

"The casinos have sucked up so much money from the little people, they could afford to give someone something real nice," said Ruth Turner, whose family has lived on New Hampshire Avenue a block from both the ocean and the inlet since the 1950s.

MGM Grand chairman J. Terrence Lanni said that he was prepared to pay fair-market value. "A lot of those people have waited a lot of years to reap the benefits of owning their land," he said. "With the offers we're making, no one would be taking a loss."

The land that MGM and Sun are looking to acquire consists of 549 parcels in a 40-acre, L-shaped tract that runs from Connecticut Avenue to the Absecon Inlet, mostly along the Boardwalk, several blocks deep. MGM Grand has already begun buying up lots from eager property owners; it has not said publicly whether it's willing to divvy up the land with Sun. MGM also has an agreement to develop on part of the adjacent Uptown Renewal Tract, 30 acres next to the Showboat that will be home to an outlet mall, movie theater and skating rink built by the Forest City Ratner Cos.

"We're prepared to sell if they can give us what we have," said Diane McDevitt, who lives with her husband and four children in a six-bedroom house on Oriental Avenue, one block from both the inlet and the ocean.

"I mean, look around - people don't know what we have. There's the ocean breeze every night. There's no bugs. Where can you get a six-bedroom house this close to the water? We have the best-kept secret."

While few even among the residents of this neighborhood suggest that it be saved from casino development, some express unease at what this means for the city.

"One could look about and ahead and see maybe what's planned is the removal of all the citizens," said attorney Stanley VanNess, who represents residents of the Westside, a city neighborhood in the path of a tunnel being built to accommodate a $2.3 billion casino development.

"Then you would have a Pleasure Island kind of place with casino attractions and no more people," he said. "The city fathers may be putting themselves out of business."

Whelan, the mayor, says that sort of talk is ridiculous. He says the city is rebuilding other sections of town for home ownership. In the nearby Northeast Inlet, 300 townhouses have been built with casino-reinvestment money and sold, and some 300 more are planned.

The mayor says he hopes that property owners will get fair offers for their land, and that renters will be properly relocated. But he has strong words for anybody contemplating holding out for some great windfall.

The city, he says, is prepared to resort to eminent domain - in which the land is taken by the city and a market price negotiated by a court. Speculators who gobbled up the land in the years after casino gambling came to town were blamed for forcing out residents, burning buildings and stalling any hope of redevelopment.

"Let me be blunt here. Mike the Greek who owns the deli, he's been saying to me, 'Oh, Mr. Mayor you have to do something in the South Inlet.' We do something in the South Inlet, he says don't take my business. There are people there who want $500 a square foot."

Mike Krocos, owner of the deli and pizza shop on Oriental Avenue, has equally strong words to fire back. "If he gives a good price, he'll buy the land," Krocos said. "If not, I say go to hell."

City Council President Rosalind Norrell-Nance said she has stressed to casino developers the need to safeguard the residential areas that will remain, including a handful of high-rises in the South Inlet that city officials insist will remain zoned residential.

And she hopes that the new development - in addition to bringing jobs and work for local contractors - will put to rest once and for all the image of the oceanfront urban blight in the shadows of the gambling palaces.

"The national magazines and the trash television tabloids are not going to be able to come into Atlantic City and do a story about the bombed-out city," she said. "They will see nothing but great development, residential and commercial."

The Rev. Ronald S. Falotico, pastor for the last 11 years of the Church of the Holy Spirit on Oriental Avenue, says he and his dwindling flock are ready to move on. Much of the neighborhood has already moved offshore, to communities like Pleasantville and Absecon.

"The church is where the people are - we go with the flow," he said. "We welcome the development. The people have been waiting a long time. They've been very disillusioned.

"I've seen a lot of urban removal. Now, we'll see urban renewal. There's an economic boom. But equally, we hope there will be a quality of life renaissance for the people here as well.

"It would be hard to raise a family in this area," he said. "The good news is that the casino industry is employing 60 or 70,000 people, but there's not too much affordable or accommodating housing space."

For Anna Matos, who rents a tidy apartment in the 100 block of Dewey Place for $550 a month with an inlet view off her terrace kitchen, it was nice while it lasted. She experienced both the joy and the worry of living near the ocean.

"I liked the ocean and the water," she said. "I don't like the rain and flooding."

Howard Conroy, 63, saw his view of the ocean from his apartment in the 200 block of South Seaside get better and better as the surrounding rowhouses crumbled or were knocked down. Now, he's got a clear shot to the ocean from his $400-a-month apartment.

"I work all my life to retire, so I could live by the beach," he said.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Joseph Roland-Leipold renovated this house with his wife, Donna, in the South Inlet. They and their neighbors are being asked to make way for a resort planned by MGM Grand. (For The Inquirer, MICHAEL PLUNKETT)

2. Anna Matos, with her daughter, likes her apartment's low rent and inlet view but can do without "the rain and flooding."

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***State's mandatory fines are anything but;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9V50-009B-P1G0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Felons are required to pay to help victims, but enforcement is spotty at best***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9V50-009B-P1G0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

July 7, 1996, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1B

**Length:** 1407 words

**Byline:** David Peterson; Staff Writer

**Body**

If you commit a serious crime in Minnesota, you are supposed to contribute something - at least some small sum, even if you're poor - to cover the cost of helping your victim. It's the law.

But a computer analysis carried out for the Star Tribune has turned up huge differences in the extent to which judges around the state are enforcing that law.

In one county, 89 percent of felons are ordered to pay. In another, 98 percent aren't. And other counties fall somewhere in between.

Of the biggest and busiest counties, Hennepin has the spottiest record. Only 13 percent of its felons are being asked to pay a mandatory fine.

"I hate to use the word," said Denise Rowe, chief of victim services for the Minnesota Department of Corrections, "but the response to this law has been lackadaisical."

Some judges defend their record, saying the vast majority of defendants are too poor to pay. But the new chief judge in Hennepin County agrees that a problem enforcing the law exists.

"I cannot deny that judicial momentum may have played a role in forgetting about the imposition of the fine," said Judge Dan Mabley. "We so frequently have people that cannot pay, pretty soon it's easy to fall into the habit of not asking."

In Ramsey County, 38 percent of felons are fined, just over the statewide average of 34 percent. Dakota County, with a number of wealthy suburbs, is just below average at 32 percent. Anoka County, with more ***working class*** households, comes in at 57 percent.

The money makes a difference, said one Anoka County official. "It's $ 30,000 that we wouldn't have otherwise," said Marti Gustafson, director of victim services for the county attorney's office. "And it's a good and helpful way of generating revenue."

Some in Hennepin County are upset that fines are not being imposed.

"We are going door-to-door raising money every single night to support ourselves, and we have waiting lists for support groups for lack of resources," said Barbara Novy, director of the Sexual Violence Center, which serves Hennepin, Scott and Carver counties.

Novy added: "Why aren't judges imposing these fines? Is it the fact that women are the victims? It's a really big question why judges don't do these fines."

Even as some of the proceeds from fines are supposed to help battered women's shelters, Lowe said, most of the women seeking shelter from abusive men in the Twin Cities area are being turned away because of lack of funds for shelters. They are asked to impose on friends, go to hotels or stay the night in a homeless shelter.

The federal system has a similar fine to support victim services, and seems to be more strict about enforcing it. "You can't leave the federal courthouse without paying that $ 50," said criminal defense attorney Ron Meshbesher. "They make a big deal about it. I tell them all to bring a checkbook or $ 50. [Federal officials] have never shirked their responsibility for that $ 50."

And the state's mandatory fine? "Is there one?" he asked. "I don't do that many routine cases in state court anymore, but I didn't know there was one."

Where the federal fine is small and clear-cut - $ 50 per count - the state fines are complex and much larger, sometimes thousands of dollars. Hennepin County District Judge Patrick Fitzgerald recently hit a kidnapper with the minimum for that crime: $ 18,025.

Legislative attention

Realizing that most judges won't impose that sort of fine on most defendants, the Legislature in 1993 put it to them this way: Judges can reduce a fine if the money isn't there, but they can't waive it altogether.

"If offenders can spend $ 1 for cigarettes," Lowe said, "then they have a dollar for victims. If they can go to the casino, they can afford something for victims."

Proceeds from fines are to go to drug programs and the state's treasury as well as to local programs for crime victims.

The computer analysis was done at the newspaper's request by the staff of the Minnesota Sentencing Guidelines Commission. The cases used were those sentenced in 1994, the last from which the commission has complete statistics.

Most of the judges interviewed from counties with low enforcement rates emphasized the high number of indigent defendants in their counties. Judge John Hawkinson, in Grand Rapids, said he was surprised to hear that statistics showed only 2 percent of felons in Itasca County being fined. But he said he believes that more than 90 percent of defendants in his county have public defenders, making them unlikely sources of money.

The State Public Defender's office reports, however, that 80 to 90 percent of all felons statewide are represented by public defenders. So that alone doesn't seem to explain why some counties have followed the law more closely than others.

Hennepin response

Kevin Burke, who until last week was chief judge in Hennepin County, said of his county's low fine rate:

"We have made a renewed commitment to focus on the collection of restitution, so that victims of crime have the damage that has been done to them repaired. To the extent an indigent person has any money at all, our belief is that they should pay the victims of crime."

But other counties do that, too. Sentencing Guidelines Commission data indicate that about 80 of Minnesota's 87 counties had a higher restitution rate in 1994 than did Hennepin County.

Mabley said that something else may account for Hennepin County's low showing: "I would ask the question whether many of the smaller cities have the option available of community work service. When I worked in Dakota and Rice counties it was rarely used, but in Hennepin we have a well-developed and well-staffed program. [Offenders] can work off a fine."

Guidelines commission analysts say they don't have recent figures on community service around the state. But in a 1991 report they found that the percentage of offenders doing work service in Hennepin County (8 percent) was about half the average (17 percent) for the 37 counties examined. Both Dakota (14 percent) and Rice counties (13 percent) had higher figures.

Burke and Mabley said Hennepin County may do less fining because it has poorer defendants than other counties.

Not all defendants poor

But many defendants from wealthy suburbs are not asked to pay fines. A reporter drove by a sample of Eden Prairie residences in which these defendants lived, and found that most lived in suburban ranch-style houses, most with two-car garages.

Even when defendants are indigent, victim advocates say, judges should follow the law, perhaps by issuing judgments that defendants need not pay right away but would have to pay later if they got good jobs, inherited money or won the lottery and then tried to get a boat or car loan.

"Indigent defendants are not always going to be indigent," Gustafson said.

Mabley said that while the average dollar amount of fines in Hennepin County is well above the statewide average, he'd like to see some improvement in the number of fines paid. He said he has sent a memo to the county's Department of Court Services to that effect.

"We should analyze every defendant's ability to pay these fines and other mandatory payments," he said. "Even if it's only nominal, it's better than nothing. Let's make them pay a realistic amount rather than swear it off altogether."

To fine or not to fine?

Judges' felony fining practices around the state

No. of

cases % fined Ave. fine

Rice 56 89% $ 4,242.

Isanti 42 81 580

Wright 76 78 614.

Otter Tail 62 77 587

Kanabec 31 74 675.

Redwood 32 72 533

Sherburne 72 72 1549.

Chisago 36 69 838

Todd 34 68 630.

Nobles 37 65 1,144

Benton 59 59 1,126.

Anoka 338 57 1,771

Lyon 47 55 275.

Blue Earth 67 52 2,144

Mille Lacs 30 47 1,132.

Koochiching 30 47 950

St. Louis 345 47 1,083.

Kandiyohi 48 44 1,701

Morrison 34 44 1,600.

Washington 182 44 473

Carver 44 43 449.

Polk 95 42 689

Becker 34 41 629.

Nicollet 29 41 1,590

Pine 37 41 970.

Beltrami 46 39 1,014

Douglas 41 39 1,959.

Goodhue 42 38 409

Ramsey 1,338 38 2,933.

Carlton 38 34 2,098

Stearns 140 34 695.

Dakota 475 32 542

Pennington 45 24 918.

Clay 51 20 1,219

Scott 61 20 1,013.

Winona 59 19 955

Martin 30 17 579.

Mower 29 17 820

Olmsted 80 16 750.

Cass 65 15 2,050

McLeod 62 15 333.

Hennepin 1,650 13 2,615

Crow Wing 72 8 450.

Itasca 51 2 900

Note: Figures are felony cases sentenced in 1994 to which the state's 1993 mandatory-fine law applied. Counties included are those with at least 25 such cases. Metro counties are in boldfaced type.

Source: Minnesota Sentencing Guidelines Commission

**Graphic**

Chart

**Load-Date:** July 9, 1996

**End of Document**



[***MOVIES WITH HEART;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1M20-003S-W086-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Tender films warm studio coffers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1M20-003S-W086-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 4, 1990, Tuesday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1D; Cover Story

**Length:** 1235 words

**Byline:** Susan Spillman

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

This weekend, the heart-tugging romantic thriller Ghost, made for a modest $ 18.4 million, will become the only 1990 movie to top $ 200 million in ticket sales.

Its closest rival is Pretty Woman, a fairy tale romantic comedy made for $ 20 million.

And now Home Alone, a $ 15 million family comedy starring a virtually unknown 10-year-old, is beating up Rocky V and Predator 2 at the box office.

These three surprise smashes are all feel-good films, driven more by story than star-power. In addition, each cost less than the industry average ($ 23.5 million) in a year when bloated movie budgets have been riding a runaway train.

Their success is ''opening up a whole new realm of possibilities in terms of what Hollywood will or will not make,'' says David Kirkpatrick, president of Paramount Pictures Motion Picture Group. ''It shows you don't have to rely on heavy machinery and hugely expensive stars … . There used to be the feeling that you needed the big heavy action pictures to really succeed. We're now entering a whole new era of heartfelt pictures.''

20th Century Fox production president Roger Birnbaum agrees: ''We don't have to make these giant blockbuster films to succeed. The audience is saying, 'Give us a good story, nothing needs to explode. We want to laugh and cry.' ''

Projects like The Butcher's Wife, currently in production starring Ghost's Demi Moore and Arachnophobia's Jeff Daniels, are beneficiaries of the trend.

The script for the uplifting romantic comedy about a young clairvoyant (Moore) who marries a New York butcher and influences the lives of all she meets was bought by Paramount two years ago. But it wasn't until Paramount's Ghost hit that the studio said, '' 'Let's do it now,' '' says co-producer Lauren Lloyd.

''Hollywood is looking at the box-office receipts and saying 'OK, these movies make money,' '' adds her partner, Wallis Nicita.

That's not to say the pricey action extravaganzas that many studios have banked on over the last couple of years will evaporate. Terminator 2 Judgment Day and Aliens III are already in the works. And big-scale action movies' tremendous appeal in the lucrative foreign market guarantees their existence for some time.

Still, the latest emphasis at many studios and production companies is on more reasonable budgets and stories with heart.

''Material that moves you is very 'in' now,'' says David Friendly, senior vice president of motion pictures at Imagine Entertainment, which is making an as-yet-untitled summer tearjerker for Columbia Pictures about an 11-year- old girl who lives in a funeral parlor.

Other 1991 summer heartstring-tuggers: Touchstone's The Doctor, starring William Hurt as a surgeon who becomes more empathetic and grows closer to his family after being stricken with cancer.

20th Century Fox's Dying Young stars Pretty Woman's Julia Roberts as a ***working-class*** woman who falls in love with the wealthy leukemia victim she cares for.

''There will always be a place for big-budget action movies,'' says Friendly, ''but the important thing is that people want to feel again.''

Bruce Joel Rubin, who wrote Ghost, believes that's a big reason his summer smash hit keeps going strong. ''We've had lots of thinking. In the '90s people want to feel.''

Some moviemakers had sensed that before Ghost became a hit. ''These things happen almost by osmosis,'' notes David Hoberman, president of Walt Disney and Touchstone Pictures. But since getting a movie from script to screen typically takes at least a year, ''Once you've discovered or rediscovered a new genre, it's almost too late to start trying,'' he says.

Already on deck at Touchstone is Green Card, an odd-couple romantic comedy due out later this month, starring Andie MacDowell and Gerard Depardieu. Kim Basinger and Alec Baldwin star as another mismatched couple (she's a Vegas singer; he's a classy businessman) in Hollywood Pictures' The Marrying Man, expected in the spring.

Universal Pictures has a Holly Hunter-Richard Dreyfuss romance called Once Around, due in January.

Still, there's no denying that Pretty Woman's success and Ghost's continuing draw - it's still packing them in five months after its release - are fueling the ''let's feel'' trend.

New in development at Carolco Pictures is a feature being loosely adapted from the T.M. Wright novel Manhattan Ghost Story, a romantic thriller about a restrained couple who learned to express their love in the afterlife.

The script for The Cheese Stands Alone, a romantic comedy about a 31-year- old who thinks he can't fall in love, spurred a seven-way bidding war recently won by Paramount's $ 1 million offer.

''I don't think this script would have gotten as high a price before Pretty Woman and Ghost,'' says entertainment lawyer David Colden, who helped orchestrate the bidding session.

Story-driven films without mega budgets have become surprise hits before: 1987's Dirty Dancing and last year's Look Who's Talking and Driving Miss Daisy, to name a few. The odds are against this, though.

For starters, it's much more difficult to gain public and media awareness without a major star, especially in the competitive summer and Christmas seasons.

Touchstone's Hoberman says, ''One of the best things about this year is that Pretty Woman and Ghost show that a good story told well can be better than any one star.'' Still, he admits, ''It's going to be a terrific challenge to market Gerard (Depardieu) and get people to fall in love with him'' in Green Card.

History, too, has shown that bigger budgets typically make for higher- grossing films.

Research by Paul Kagan Associates, an entertainment research firm, indicates that in the past five years, movies with budgets from $ 5 million to $ 15 million have shown a slightly lower return rate than those costing more than $ 25 million.

Still, this year's box-office bottom line has moviemakers scrutinizing big- budget projects more carefully.

The crop of high-profile summer films costing between $ 30 million and $ 70 million generally didn't live up to expectations. In addition, the year's top box office draws - Ghost, Pretty Woman and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles - together cost less to make than Days of Thunder, Die Hard 2 or Total Recall alone.

''We won't be relying so heavily on one giant blockbuster next summer,'' says Fox's Birnbaum. Its Die Hard 2 made more than $ 100 million, but reportedly cost $ 70 million to make.

''It was a big shock at Paramount when Ghost surpassed Days of Thunder,'' recalls Lindsay Doran, a former Paramount exec, now president of the independent Mirage Enterprises. ''People everywhere were saying 'Gee, maybe it's not about movie stars and (opening) dates. It's not Eddie (Murphy) at Memorial (Day), Tom Cruise at Christmas time. You begin to see that there are other ways to make movies.'' She's producing a romantic thriller starring Henry V's Kenneth Branagh called Dead Again.

But the movie business, in its quest to satisfy public taste, is forever cyclical.

''If everyone does Ghost fantasy movies and romantic comedies, then that market will be overserved and whoever has the one big-budget action movie might have the hit,'' says Frank S. Kilpatrick, a Manhattan Beach, Calif.- based strategic planning specialist for the entertainment industry.

Paramount's Kirkpatrick concurs: ''Everything that's new again is old again in a few years.''

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO; color, Albert Ferreira, DMI; PHOTO; color, Peter Sorel; PHOTO; color, Touchstone Pictures; PHOTO; color, Elliott Marke

CUTLINE: DEMI MOORE: Spirit really moves 'Ghost,' 1D CUTLINE: HEAVENLY PROFITS: Demi Moore and Patrick Swayze star in the surprise blockbuster 'Ghost.' CUTLINE: RICHLY ROMANTIC: Richard Gere charmed Julia Roberts and lots of 'Pretty Woman' fans. CUTLINE: WHAT'S IN STORE: Jeff Daniels and Demi Moore in a new comedy, 'The Butcher's Wife.'

**End of Document**



[***Our critics pick Oscar winners***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YW8-6230-00C6-D2J8-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 24, 2000, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 1406 words

**Byline:** Mike Clark and Susan Wloszczyna

**Body**

Missing ballots. Purloined statues. Sneaky journalists prying

information out of unsuspecting academy members. So many mysteries

have unfolded in the weeks leading to Sunday's ceremony, it's

almost anticlimactic to try to solve what usually is the big question

of the night: Who will take home the Oscars?

Not that the race isn't close in most categories. And predicting

is especially precarious given the absence of a multinominated

favorite monopolizing the contest. So although *American Beauty*

looks to be sitting pretty to take best picture, expect the unexpected.

USA TODAY movie critics Mike Clark and Susan Wloszczyna

sniff out the clues and tell you who should win and who will

win in the top six categories. And if someone dares to snatch

the envelopes with the winners' names, at least we will be spared

those rambling acceptance speeches.

<>Mike Clark<>

Best picture

\* Should win: *American Beauty*'s wry portrait of

modern-day suburban malaise makes it a cutting-edge movie of its

time, while top-to-bottom cinematic brilliance is bound to give

it a shelf life. Take away the unnominated *Topsy-Turvy*,

and it actually is last year's best movie.

\* Will win: People keep saying that *Beauty*'s academy

support is ankle-deep, but I can't see what ammo any of the four

other nominees have to steal top honors. I don't think even Miramax's

deep pockets can buy a win for runt-of-the-litter *The Cider*

*House Rules*, which, if it won, would probably be the weakest

best-picture winner since 1931's *Cimarron*.

Best director

\* Should win: *American Beauty*'s Sam Mendes for

a spectacular screen debut.

\* Will win: Even if *American Beauty* is robbed of

best picture, I see Mendes taking the directing award -- a split

that sometimes happens when a cutting-edge film cuts too deeply.

An antecedent would be Mike Nichols' directorial win for 1967's

*The Graduate* when the best-picture honor went to the less

brilliant *In the Heat of the Night*.

Best actor

\* Should win: Kevin Spacey in *American Beauty*.

He's the nerve center of a movie so deep in merit that it could

have picked up more nominations than the eight it has.

\* Will win: Because it's a case of a popular actor in

what has the feel of a career role, I lean toward Spacey. A Denzel

Washington victory wouldn't strike me dead, but the actor has

to deal with the triple whammy of *The Hurricane*'s alleged

fact-bending, its merely good reviews and less than expected box

office success.

Best actress

\* Should win: With the year's field to choose from when

I cast my ballot in the National Society of Film Critics' voting,

my order-of-preference picks were Hilary Swank for *Boys Don't*

*Cry*, unnominated Kate Winslet for *Holy Smoke* and Annette

Bening in *American Beauty*. So that's how close I think

the "ought to" race is between Swank and Bening.

\* Will win: Six weeks ago, I would have said Swank. But

*Boys Don't Cry* is even less of an "academy" movie than

*American Beauty* is and just enough voters might like the

symmetry of seeing Bening get an Oscar the same night as husband

Warren Beatty gets the Irving G. Thalberg Award. I pick Bening

-- without confidence.

Best-supporting actor

\* Should win: My year-end picks considering all possibilities

were unnominated Jeremy Northam for *The Winslow Boy*, Haley

Joel Osment for *The Sixth Sense* and Tom Cruise for *Magnolia*.

Far be it from me to root against a likable kid in an all-things-equal

situation.

\* Will win: Again, Osment. I don't think voters are going

to ignore one of the greatest child-actor performances ever when

the movie involved was so beloved by the public.

Best-supporting actress

\* Should win: My own top three of last year were Cherry

Jones (*Cradle Will Rock*), Thora Birch (*American Beauty*)

and Emily Watson (*Cradle Will Rock*), so I'm not wild about

this pack. I'd probably go with Angelina Jolie, who's a kind of

MVP for an imperfect movie (*Girl, Interrupted)*.

\* Will win: This is the toughest category to call. *Sweet*

*and Lowdown* is such a flea of a movie that it would seem to

nix Samantha Morton. I don't see a Chloe Sevigny win for *Boys*

*Don't Cry* without a Swank win, and I think people are weary

of Jolie's squirrelly off-screen personality. That leaves Catherine

Keener (*Being John Malkovich)* and Toni Collette (*The*

*Sixth Sense)*, and something tells me that voters might savor

the prospect of having "mother and son" (Collette and Osment)

standing backstage together. Tortured reasoning, to be sure, but

it's all I have.

<>Susan Wloszczyna<>

Best picture

\* Should win: Remember, this will be the one that not only

caps a decade, but also draws the curtain on both a century and

a millennium. Which film is the souvenir that best captures the

'90s? Certainly not the coming-of-age period piece *The Cider*

*House Rules* or the Depression-era prison drama *The Green*

*Mile*. And the paranoia-fueled *The Insider* with its

attack on corporate monsters is pure '70s. *The Sixth Sense*

comes close: A kid from a broken home endures supernatural abuse.

But *American Beauty*'s approach to family dysfunction bursts

with the sort of thorny freshness and corrosive humor that makes

it the perfect rose-scented time capsule.

\* Will win: If it were a popularity contest, *The Sixth*

*Sense* would make sense. But *American Beauty* should

handily squeeze out its closest competitor, *The Cider House*

*Rules*.

Best director

\* Should win: The oft-times clueless academy proved

itself cool enough to nominate Spike Jonze, a first-timer with

a blistering imagination who blazed new trails of bizarreness

in *Being John Malkovich*. But Sam Mendes, a top-notch British

stage director in his big-screen debut, crafted the perfect arrangement

of dark humor, deft performances and penetrating insights with

*American Beauty*. Look closer and see a brilliant career

ahead.

\* Will win: Mendes catches the bouquet.

Best actor

\* Should win: Too bad about Jim Carrey, but this is one

of the most stellar lineups in ages. Sean Penn played his jazz

cad to fine-tuned perfection in *Sweet and Lowdown*. Russell

Crowe tossed away vanity and came out smoking in *The Insider*.

Richard Farnsworth's understatement was eloquent in *The Straight*

*Story*. And may we all have a midlife crisis so entertaining

(but maybe not as lethal) as Kevin Spacey's in *American Beauty*.

But although his boxing bio may have fudged facts, Denzel Washington

is guilty of only one thing in *The Hurricane*: a pow of

a performance. He should prevail.

\* Will win: No one would feel bad if either Farnsworth

or Spacey walked away with the little man. But how can the academy

ignore the chance to honor a deserving black lead actor for the

first time since Sidney Poitier's barrier-breaking win for 1963's

*Lilies of the Field*? Washington will come out the champ.

Best actress

\* Should win: Talk about your hot mamas. Annette Bening

was scary-good as a suburban shrew in *American Beauty*.

And Janet McTeer impressed as a big-boned and footloose Southern

gal in *Tumbleweeds*. But the breakout female performance

of the year had to be Hilary Swank in *Boys Don't Cry*. As

a gender-confused character living out her (his?) sexual destiny,

she lit up an ugly hate-crime tragedy with her beacon-bright smile.

\* Will win: Bening has come on strong of late, but Swank

was the very heartbeat and soul of her movie and will be rewarded.

Best-supporting actor

\* Should win: By any standards and not just kid-size ones,

Haley Joel Osment's haunted hush of a performance in *The Sixth*

*Sense* displayed the kind of maturity and prowess most grown-ups

can't even muster. But for pulling-out-the-stops bravura, no one

can match Tom Cruise's ego-engorged sex guru in *Magnolia*.

He was powerful enough to even make us forget his agonized acting

in *Eyes Wide Shut*.

\* Will win: Michael Caine could sneak in as the lone acting

triumph for *The Cider House Rules*. But Hollywood won't

skip a chance to acknowledge Cruise, one of its most steadfast

breadwinners.

Best-supporting actress

\* Should win: Angelina Jolie pickpocketed *Girl, Interrupted*

away from star Winona Ryder as if it were dime-store candy. But

she was more on her mark in last year's *Pushing Tin*. Let's

wait until she finds a bad-girl movie role that equals her efforts

in cable TV's *Gia*. As string-pulling predators go, Catherine

Keener was a nasty treat in *Being John Malkovich*. But give

the gold to the underappreciated Toni Collette, an Aussie who

not only nailed a Philly accent but also heightened the emotional

level of every scene she was in as *The Sixth Sense*'s distraught

***working-class*** mom.

\* Who will win: All will be *très* Jolie --

unless voters are frightened off by tales of her real-life wild

behavior.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Lorey Sebastian, Dreamworks; Want fries with that Oscar? According to USA TODAY critics, Kevin Spacey may not win as best actor, but his American Beauty will take best picture.

**Load-Date:** March 24, 2000

**End of Document**



[***MIKE TOMLIN A MAN OF HIS WORDS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4P7W-JSY0-TX33-C4BP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 22, 2007 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2007 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. A-1

**Length:** 2076 words

**Byline:** CHUCK FINDER, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Dateline:** NEWPORT NEWS, Va.

**Body**

This is the book on the new Steelers head coach.

It is an unpretentious, red-covered photo album. He picked the photographs and wrote the red-ink captions, including the description in his second album proclaiming: Greatest Runner on Earth.

"This boy ... he's sick. I'd never even read this book," his amused mother, Julia Copeland, was saying a month ago from her kitchen table.

This is a book about football and how it has molded my character, reads the hand-printed opening page.

Michael Pettaway Tomlin

3-15-72

The albums ended with his playing days, but new chapters in his football career continue to be written. He keeps logs of every coaching practice and game through his collegiate and National Football League sojourn. He's always read, from summer afternoons at the Boys and Girls Club to the National Honor Society in high school to his five years at the College of William and Mary to today.

"He is extremely well read," said Pro Bowl safety and Stanford graduate John Lynch, "and not just about football."

In a realm of sideline screamers and an alphabet consisting mostly of X's and O's, Mike Tomlin is a man of, for and about words.

Speaking them. Reading them. Jotting them down.

Carrying them out.

"He keeps old Franklin planners," explained his big brother, Ed Tomlin. "He's just meticulous like that. Details. He's a very creative guy and writes down everything. Probably has a photographic mind, too."

"Mike, he exhibited an aptitude . . . early on," added close friend and college teammate Terry Hammons, an Upper St. Clair native. But, he added, "he doesn't talk about how intelligent he is."

Talk? For the longest time, he didn't want it whispered, written or otherwise communicated publicly. His mother got one of those "Proud Parent of an Honor Student" bumper stickers from Denbigh High, and he ripped it right off her car.

"He didn't want anybody to know he was smart or making good grades. He wanted to be a Regular Old Joe Football Player like the rest of the kids, so they wouldn't call him a nerd," Mrs. Copeland recalled. "And he kept it well hidden ... until his junior year, he made straight A's, and they put it in the Newport News paper. So he was out of the closet then."

In his junior and senior years at Denbigh High, quietly tucked among the Geography Olympiad, Boys State and the Honor Society, he participated in a scholarly competition called Odyssey of the Mind. He and a half-dozen fellow students finished second in the state championship one year, yet he strived to maintain the strictest privacy about it -- swearing his teacher and partners to secrecy -- which isn't easy in a school of 2,000 or so.

Still, most of his football teammates didn't know. One of his favorite teachers, who taught him technical drawing, had no idea about this Odyssey of the Mind business for more than 17 years. Milton Cary paused last month and admitted, "He kept it a secret from me, too."

Bill Cowher's replacement tomorrow steps into the harsh sunlight of Steelers expectation, his coaching acumen front and center. He is a man taking over a team that won a Super Bowl 17 months earlier. He is a man arising from college-coaching backwaters and just one season as an NFL coordinator to become only the third Steelers head coach in nearly four decades.

He is the man who tomorrow afternoon, on Chuck Noll Field at St. Vincent College, opens his inaugural Steelers training camp and 2007 season with a rigorous conditioning test whose particulars he hoped to keep "something of a surprise."

There are words and images, unspoken and unseen previously around Pittsburgh, that reveal the man and provide a window on his makeup, his character, and his fast track to this high profile job at the age of 34.

Stories about how he came from a single-parent household where they played cards for recreation because they couldn't find the money for much else.

About the birth father he never knew and the stepfather, Leslie Copeland, whose coaching and nurturing developed into his stepson's involvement in All-Pro Dads.

About the growth in every direction from a 5-foot-3, 109-pound wisp of a high-school freshman.

About the trash-talking, passionate, intuitive receiver upon whom his college coaches relied.

About the keen football mind nudged into coaching against the wishes of his skeptical mother -- by her recounting, "I just went ballistic."

About his second thoughts, after his first college-coaching season, that maybe he should forget football and go to law school.

About the energetic young assistant welcomed into the successful NFL family of mentors and head coaches -- Tony Dungy, Lovie Smith and Herm Edwards.

These tales of Mike Tomlin all reach the same sort of ending: He's a man of his word.

"He already told me he was winning the Super Bowl," said Mrs. Copeland, and what son would fib to his mother? " 'I will be hoisting that trophy, and I won't be patient about doing it, either.'

"Those were his words."

After years of small doubts, she has learned to believe.

"Because everything you've said so far," she told him after he was hired as the Steelers coach in January, "you've done it."

'Napolean complex'

He was always small. Always fiery. Always loud.

"Audacious," concluded big brother Ed, who is three and a half years older and four grades ahead of Mike. Steelers fans should note, too, that Ed was a 1989 University of Maryland captain along with Super Bowl XXX scapegoat Neil O'Donnell. Yet still, as a high-school freshman, little brother Mike weighed a scant 103 pounds.

"My mother was concerned for his safety in athletics," Ed said. "But he was tough as all get-out. He had a Napoleon complex as a little child. He just grew to be 6 foot 2."

When Mike was 10 months old, his parents separated. His father, Ed Tomlin Sr., was a 10th-round draft pick in 1969 of the Baltimore Colts, from nearby Hampton Institute, and played fullback for one season with the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League. When he telephoned a little later in the boys' lives, Mike would answer and yell for all to hear, "Eddie, your daddy's on the phone." His mother would remind him Ed Sr. was his daddy, too.

For a time, the three of them lived with her parents, Edward and Catherine Pettaway, though Mike tired of taking part in his grandmother's prayer meetings and shucking his grandfather's butterbeans by the bucket. They moved nearby into a one-story home in the Beechurst section of the ***working-class*** Denbigh community.

Mother and big brother have indelible memories of Mike standing on a chair, wearing his pajamas, exulting at another victory in a card game of spades.

"I couldn't afford to take them out to the movies and things that they wanted to do, so I taught them games," Mrs. Copeland said. "He was so short that he had to stand up in the chair to slap the cards down. He'd beat both of us most of the time. Michael has to win no matter what he's doing. He'd have to rub it in, put his arms up, 'I'm the champ, I'm the champ.' Eddie would get so mad, he'd say, 'Mom, why'd you have to teach him how to play?' "

When Mike was 6, his mother married Leslie Copeland, whom Ed calls "the only father we know."

A former semipro baseball player around Hampton Roads, he began coaching his stepsons in a new game. Mike's team won the district championship that first baseball season.

"We got lucky," said Mr. Copeland, a sorter and 37-year employee of the U.S. Postal Service in Norfolk. Added Mrs. Copeland, "To tell you the truth, I used to feel sorry for Michael: He'd have to come home after the games with the coach. He'd have to listen to everything that was done wrong and not to repeat that anymore."

Ed continued: "He taught mentality."

They were lessons Mike lugged onto a different field.

Running for his life

Against Mrs. Copeland's wishes, Uncle Howard Pettaway stole away Ed one day to sign him up for youth football. Mike naturally had to follow once he turned 8.

Had to record it in an album, too.

It became just another way to differentiate himself from his big brother, to keep a record -- something that later became a daily habit.

69 pounds, No. 74, defensive lineman.

"Look at his size," Mr. Copeland said, pointing and smiling at a photo on the wall of their home in Suffolk, in a newer subdivision where they moved about a decade ago. "He stayed small for . . . a long time."

The mother watched football games only to make sure her baby survived. "I wasn't interested. He wasn't hurt? OK, that's good," she said. Whenever coaches marveled at his speed, she remarked how he was running for his life.

Meantime, the boy continued to take notes.

72 carries, 777 yards, two interceptions, 78 pounds.

1982, City champ, Best Runner on Earth.

The Newport News Daily Press mentioned his name in its sports story about that Pee Wee title game. He was all of 10, all of 84 pounds -- as he detailed.

"He was a demanding kid, too," his big brother said. "My mother would come home from work and he'd be waiting for her in the driveway with all his football equipment on, ready for practice. Here she's battled traffic, worked all day, left work, and the first thing Mike says to her is, 'Hey, we're late.' "

With her toiling on a 7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. shift, the boys were left to their grandparents or, for a spell, with the Peninsula Boys and Girls Club in downtown Newport News. One summer, the club had contests for kids to earn a currency known as Bargain Bucks, which could be used to purchase goodies. Big brother Ed sweated out games on the basketball court for Bucks; little brother Mike sat in the library reading books to earn his.

"And," added Ed, "he'd say, 'There's air-conditioning in that library, too.' He was definitely a practical and pretty cerebral kid."

The science of football

He built cities from Legos and Lincoln Logs, causing his mother and brother to consider him a future architect.

He rattled off the Notre Dame tight end's statistics and big catches from the previous season when he had a chance encounter with Mark Bavaro one day on a college break.

He begged his mother to give him the same trigonometry exams that she made to tutor his 11th-grade brother, and the seventh-grader finished them before Ed.

It wasn't until Denbigh High, though, that he began to understand the science of how a football when coupled with his intellect became a lever for his future.

"Always focused on what he needed to do," said Mr. Cary, the technical-drawing teacher.

"I always saw he could work well with people," added Gail Gunter, his geometry and trigonometry teacher and his counselor on that Odyssey of the Mind academic team, which completed mechanical projects in specified times. "But I never dreamed he would do as well as he's done."

While Mike and best buddy Bill Johnson openly aspired to play professional football, they wanted foremost to escape the hometown dominated by the shipyards and the military.

"That was the goal: Not coming back to Newport News, do something bigger than that," said Johnson, who lives two blocks from Ed Tomlin in Bowie, Md. Mr. Johnson is a pharmaceutical sales manager whose region takes in Pittsburgh, where he introduces his sales reps -- including the Ravens fan from Baltimore -- to his childhood chum the Steelers head coach.

"We wanted to be two guys who made it out, got college scholarships, became successful. There's nothing wrong with Newport News, 'cause that's where our families are. ... We just wanted to see more of what life had to offer. We created that destiny for ourselves."

Before retiring three years ago, Mrs. Copeland worked 32 years in the shipyards that dominate the city's 20 miles of James River coastline. With 18,200 employees building nuclear submarines and aircraft carriers for the U.S. Navy, with Northrop Grumman representing the state's largest private-sector and single-location employer, she was just another statistic in the military-industrial complex: One of every 10 Newport News residents toil in those shipyards.

"It's like a mill town," said Ed, who with his lawyer wife operates a real-estate investment, title and law firm in suburban Washington, D.C. "My mother retired from there. My uncle worked there 40 years. My other uncle retired from there. My mother was like, 'You guys are going to college, 'cause I don't want you in the shipyard.' A lot of our friends who weren't fortunate to excel athletically or academically went to the shipyard, or to jail. . ., or worse. That is a strange similarity between the two cities, Newport News and Pittsburgh."

**Notes**

FIRST OF TWO PARTS./ Tomorrow: Rising through the coaching ranks./ Chuck Finder can be reached at [*cfinder@post-gazette.com*](mailto:cfinder@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1724. {SERIES} MIKE TOMLIN: A MAN OF HIS WORDS

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Peter Diana/Post-Gazette: Mike Tomlin during his college days at William and Mary in Virginia. He was co-captain of the team.

\ PHOTO: The new coach's mother, Julia, and stepfather, Leslie Copeland.

\ PHOTO: In elementary school, he was small, and "he stayed small for a long time," says his stepfather.

**Load-Date:** July 23, 2007

**End of Document**



[***THE NEXT THREE MONTHS; MOVIE HIGHLIGHTS INCLUDE NEW 'HARRY POTTER' AND A TRIO OF FILMS SHOT IN PITTSBURGH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5101-XY21-DYRS-T0WM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 9, 2010 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. W-22

**Length:** 2397 words

**Byline:** Barbara Vancheri

**Body**

For Harry Potter fans, November will be the most magical month of the fall. It's when the first of two parts of "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows" opens, but for Pittsburghers, the period will be notable for another reason.

In the two weeks starting Nov. 12, three movies shot in Pittsburgh with Denzel Washington, Chris Pine, Russell Crowe, Elizabeth Banks, Jake Gyllenhaal and Anne Hathaway will open in theaters.

Dates could shift, but "Unstoppable" will test its title Nov. 12, "The Next Three Days" will bump up against Harry Potter on Nov. 19, and the day before Thanksgiving will be a feast for "Love & Other Drugs."

As usual, the fall promises Oscar bait, scares aplenty, pictures for more mature audiences, movies for the teens who line up every Friday or Saturday night (football games and homecoming permitting) and family films to coincide with Thanksgiving, which is where this list stops.

As always, dates are subject to change and titles likely will be added, subtracted or moved by turkey day.

-- Movie editor Barbara Vancheri: [*bvancheri@post-gazette.com*](mailto:bvancheri@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1632

b> SEPT. 10

"Resident Evil: Afterlife":

/b>Fourth installment of the franchise, again based on the video game series and this time in 3-D. Milla Jovovich leads the cast.

b>"Restrepo":

/b> Prize-winning documentary about the back-breaking labor, deadly fire fights and camaraderie as soldiers painfully push back the Taliban in a deadly Afghan valley.

"

b>Mao's Last Dancer":

/b> The story of a young poverty-stricken boy from China and his journey to international stardom as a world-class dancer.

b>"Jean-Michel Basquiat:

/b> The Radiant Child": Filmmaker Tamra Davis pays homage to her good friend who was known for his graffiti art, sold his first painting to Deborah Harry for $200, and became friends with Andy Warhol.

b>"Legendary":

/b>In one of the more eclectic casts of all time, Patricia Clarkson stars alongside John Cena, Danny Glover and young Devon Graye in the story of a teenage boy's journey to reunite his family 10 years after the death of his father, a state collegiate wrestling legend.

b>"Salaat":

/b> Kaz Rahman, who teaches at the Art Institute of Pittsburgh, explores and coalesces the intersection among Islamic artistic expression, the natural elements and contemporary culture.

b> SEPT. 17

"The Town":

/b> Crime drama about bank robbers, based on the Chuck Hogan novel "Prince of Thieves," directed by and starring Ben Affleck, along with Rebecca Hall, Jon Hamm, Jeremy Renner, Blake Lively and Chris Cooper.

b>"Easy A":

/b> After a little white lie about losing her virginity gets out, a clean-cut high school girl (Emma Stone) sees her life paralleling Hester Prynne's in "The Scarlet Letter" and uses it to her advantage.

"

b>Devil": Supernatural thriller about a group of people trapped in an elevator. Big deal? Well, one of them is the devil.

/b>

b>"Alpha and Omega":

/b> Animated adventure, in digital 3-D, about two wolves trying to get home after being taken by park rangers and shipped halfway across the country.

b>"I'm Still Here":

/b> Maybe director Casey Affleck will shed some light on a tumultuous year in the life of Joaquin Phoenix, who announced he was retiring from acting and reinventing himself as a hip-hop musician.

b>"Best Worst Movie"

/b>: Affectionate tribute to "Troll 2," a horror movie disaster doomed by ineptitude and the fractured English of its Italian director.

b> "Orlando":

/b> New print of 1992 film starring Tilda Swinton in her breakthrough role.

b> SEPT. 24

"Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps":

/b> Michael Douglas returns as Gordon Gekko, here emerging from a lengthy prison stint to find himself on the outside of a world he once dominated. In an effort to repair his damaged relationship with his daughter (Carey Mulligan), he forms an alliance with her fiance (Shia LaBeouf).

b> "You Again":

/b> A family wedding puts old rivalries in sharp relief in a comedy starring Kristen Bell, Jamie Lee Curtis and Sigourney Weaver.

b> "Legends of the Guardians: The Owls of Ga'Hoole":

/b> Animated fantasy about a young owl enthralled by his father's epic stories of the Guardians of Ga'Hoole, a mythic band of winged warriors who fought a great battle to save owlkind from the evil Pure Ones.

b>"The Virginity Hit":

/b>From the production company of Will Ferrell and Adam McKay, the story of four guys, one camera and their experience chronicling the loss of virginity.

b> "Farewell":

/b>Fictionalized account of espionage that helped cripple the Soviet Union. In 1981, a disenchanted KGB colonel decided to discreetly make contact with a French engineer and began passing on secret documents.

b>"Animal Kingdom":

/b>After the death of his mother, a 17-year-old boy is thrust precariously between an explosive criminal family and a detective who thinks he can save him in this Australian feature that took a prize at the 2010 Sundance Film Festival. Cast includes Ben Mendelsohn, Joel Edgerton and Guy Pearce.

b> "Gone With the Pope":

/b> Remastered 1970s exploitation movie about bumbling Italian gangsters and their plan to kidnap the pope and extract ransom from Catholics the world over.

b> SEPT. 29

"Surveillance":

/b> Jennifer Chambers Lynch (yes, dad is David) presents her film about two FBI agents, played by Bill Pullman and Julia Ormond, investigating a series of murders. A Pittsburgh Filmmakers event.

b> OCT. 1

"The Social Network"

/b>: The birth of Facebook and how it revolutionized communication, turned Mark Zuckerberg into a billionaire and created "friends" plus personal and legal complications are chronicled. With Jesse Eisenberg, Andrew Garfield and Justin Timberlake.

b>"Let Me In":

/b> American remake of the Swedish arthouse hit "Let the Right One In," a coming-of-age tale and gory vampire story, starring Kodi Smit-McPhee from "The Road," Chloe Moretz from "Kick-Ass" and the always dependable Richard Jenkins.

b>"Jack Goes Boating":

/b> Philip Seymour Hoffman stars and makes his feature directing debut with an adaptation of an off-Broadway play about two couples in ***working-class*** New York City.

b> OCT. 8

"Secretariat":

/b>Story of the 1973 Triple Crown winner and the woman, Penny Chenery (Diane Lane), who improbably guided the history-making horse.

b>"Buried":

/b>Ryan Reynolds plays a truck driver and family man who is buried alive with only a cell phone, a lighter and 90 minutes to live.

b>"Life As We Know It"

/b>: Katherine Heigl is a caterer and Josh Duhamel a network sports director who date, dislike each other and find themselves living under one roof to care for their orphaned goddaughter.

b>"My Soul to Take":

/b> Wes Craven picture set in a sleepy town where legend has it a serial killer swore he would return to murder the seven children born the night he died. Sixteen years later, people start to disappear.

b> OCT. 15

"Conviction":

/b>Hilary Swank stars in this true story of a Massachusetts woman whose brother (Sam Rockwell) was sentenced to life in 1983 for murder. Convinced of his innocence, she earned her GED and put herself through college, grad school and law school in an 18-year quest to free him.

b> "Red":

/b>Action-comedy about Retired Extremely Dangerous spies coming back to service, based on a graphic novel and starring Bruce Willis, Morgan Freeman, John Malkovich and Helen Mirren.

b>"Never Let Me Go":

/b> Keira Knightley, Andrew Garfield and Carey Mulligan appear in an adaptation of Kazuo Ishiguro's novel about a mysterious boarding school, love, loss and hidden truths.

b>"It's Kind of a Funny Story":

/b> Comedy-drama about a 16-year-old (Keir Gilchrist) who, stressed out from the demands of being a teenager, checks himself into a mental health clinic where he lands in the adult ward. Zach Galifianakis and Emma Roberts co-star.

b> "Waiting for Superman"

/b>: "An Inconvenient Truth" director Davis Guggenheim turns his attention to the public education crisis in the United States in this documentary.

b>"Jackass 3D":

/b>Johnny Knoxville and pals resume their daredevil comic stunts and, yes, it's in 3-D.

b>Pittsburgh International Lesbian & Gay Film Festival:

/b>In honor of the festival's silver anniversary, it will present classics along with new movies, such as "Baby Jane?" parodying the 1962 Bette Davis-Joan Crawford classic, "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?"

b> OCT. 22

"Hereafter":

/b>Clint Eastwood directs this story of three people -- a blue-collar American, French journalist and London school boy -- touched by death in different ways. Cast includes Matt Damon and Bryce Dallas Howard.

b>"Stone":

/b> Tale of parallel journeys of two men grappling with dark impulses. One is a parole officer (Robert De Niro) nearing retirement and the other a man (Edward Norton) in prison for covering up the murder of his grandparents with a fire.

b> "Paranormal Activity 2":

/b> Frightful follow to the spine-tingler about a California couple trying to document the evil spirits in their home.

b> "Soul Kitchen":

/b> When a young restaurant owner decides to fly to China to see his girlfriend, he leaves the Hamburg business in the hands of his unreliable ex-con brother who gambles it away. The girlfriend is lost but the eatery may not be in this madcap comedy.

b> OCT. 29

"Saw 3-D":

/b>As a deadly battle rages over Jigsaw's brutal legacy, a group of Jigsaw survivors gathers to seek the support of a self-help guru who is one of their own. Yes, it's in 3-D.

b> NOV. 5

"Due Date":

/b>Road trip comedy starring Robert Downey Jr. as an expectant father whose wife's due date is in five days. He's forced to hitch a ride with an aspiring actor (Zach Galifianakis) in this movie from "Hangover" director Todd Phillips.

b>"Megamind":

/b>Will Ferrell, Brad Pitt, Tina Fey and Jonah Hill lend their voices to this animated movie about a brilliant but failed super villain, a caped hero named Metro Man and a place called Metro City where chaos runs rampant.

"

b>127 Hours":

/b>Danny Boyle directs the true-life story of mountain climber Aron Ralston, portrayed by James Franco, and how he saved himself after a fallen boulder crashed on his arm and trapped him in an isolated canyon in Utah.

b>"For Colored Girls":

/b> Tyler Perry writes, directs and produces a movie adaptation of the Obie Award-winning play.

b>Three Rivers Film Festival:

/b>The 29th annual event, always cause for celebration, will open on this date and run through Nov. 20 at the Pittsburgh Filmmakers locations.

b> NOV. 12

"Unstoppable":

/b>Denzel Washington is a veteran engineer and Chris Pine a young conductor who team up to devise a plan to stop an unmanned locomotive loaded with toxic cargo that is roaring through the countryside. Filmed in Pennsylvania, including Pittsburgh, Ohio, West Virginia and New York.

b>"Morning Glory":

/b>Television news provides the backdrop for this romcom starring Harrison Ford as a legendary TV anchor who is paired with a former beauty queen (Diane Keaton) on a national morning news show. But he won't do fluff, she glories in it and their producer (Rachel McAdams) is trying to save her own relationship, reputation and the show itself.

b> "Skyline":

/b> Sci-fi thriller directed by visual effects artists and brothers Greg and Colin Strause, about a mysterious light force that draws people outside where they vanish into thin air. Cast includes Eric Balfour and Donald Faison.

b> NOV. 19

"Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows -- Part 1":

/b>The fat seventh J.K. Rowling book is being split into two movies, and this is the beginning of the end. Here, Harry, Ron and Hermione set out on a perilous mission to track down and destroy the secret to Voldemort's immortality and destruction -- the Horcruxes.

b>"The Next Three Days":

/b> Paul Haggis directed this suspense thriller starring Russell Crowe as an English teacher and father of a 6-year-old boy who masterminds a prison break in 2010 Pittsburgh. He's trying to spring his wife (Elizabeth Banks), convicted of murder and sentenced to life in prison.

b>"Fair Game":

/b>Naomi Watts and Sean Penn star in the real-life story of CIA operative Valerie Plame, whose career and identity were blown by a leak, and her diplomat husband Joe Wilson (Sean Penn).

b> NOV. 24

"Love & Other Drugs"

/b>: Jake Gyllenhaal is a pharmaceutical salesman and Anne Hathaway an artist who fall for each other in this movie filmed in Pittsburgh in late 2009. Based on Jamie Reidy's book, "Hard Sell: The Evolution of a Viagra Salesman."

b>"Tangled":

/b>3-D animated story of Rapunzel (voice of Mandy Moore), a teen with 70 feet of magical, golden hair, who sees a charming bandit on the run as her ticket out of the tower. With new songs and a score by Oscar winner Alan Menken.

b>"Burlesque":

/b>Christina Aguilera stars alongside Cher, Stanley Tucci and Eric Dane in a contemporary musical about a small-town girl (with a big voice, of course) who goes from cocktail waitress to star at the Burlesque Lounge in LA.

b>"Faster":

/b>Dwayne Johnson is a man freshly sprung from prison after a decade and looking to avenge the murder of his brother during the botched bank robbery that landed him behind bars.

b> TBA

"Catfish":

/b>A labyrinth of online intrigue provides the basis for what's being called a reality thriller. (October)

b>"Sicilian Girl":

/b> Dramatization of the true story of a 17-year-old Sicilian girl who broke the Mafia's code of silence and testified against the "family business" after her father and then brother were murdered. (October)

b>"A Woman, a Gun and a Noodle Shop"

/b>: Director Zhang Yimou remakes the Coens' "Blood Simple," giving it a Chinese flavor, sense of farcical humor and aesthetic style of an old Chinese opera piece. (October)

b>"Mesrine":

/b> Two-parter charting the outlaw odyssey of Jacques Mesrine (Vincent Cassel), the legendary French gangster of the 1960s and 1970s who came to be known as French Public Enemy No. 1 and The Man of a Thousand Faces. (October)

b>"Nowhere Boy"

/b>: A look at a teenage John Lennon, played by "Kick Ass" star Aaron Johnson, whose complicated family life is offset by the discovery of a kindred musical spirit in a young Paul McCartney, played by Thomas Brodie Sangster. (October)

b>"The Company Men":

/b>"ER" creator John Wells looks at how corporate downsizing affects three men, portrayed by Ben Affleck, Chris Cooper and Tommy Lee Jones. (October)

b>"The King's Speech":

/b>Colin Firth and Geoffrey Rush lead a star-studded cast in the story of King George VI and the maverick speech therapist who helped him find a voice in every sense of that phrase. (November)

**Notes**

FALL ARTS PREVIEW: Movies / WEEKEND MAG / Movie editor Barbara Vancheri: [*bvancheri@post-gazette.com*](mailto:bvancheri@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1632

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Denzel Washington in "Unstoppable."\

PHOTO: Rapunzel, voiced by Mandy Moore, in Disney's "Tangled."\

PHOTO: Russell Crowe stars in "The Next Three Days."\

PHOTO: Tina Fey as Roxanne Ritchi and Will Ferrell as Megamind in "Megamind."\

PHOTO: Daniel Radcliffe, Rupert Grint and Emma Watson in "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows -- Part 1."

**Load-Date:** October 23, 2010

**End of Document**



[***FROM 2 FRUGAL LIVES, MILLIONS FOR BELOVED INSTITUTIONS< HER HOUSE HAD NO HEAT, NO FRIDGE. SHE LEFT HER W. PHILA. PARISH $1 MILLION.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CDM0-01K4-90M9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 29, 1996 Wednesday SF EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1341 words

**Byline:** Marjorie Valbrun, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

She wore old, tattered dresses over cheap polyester slacks. She lived in a run-down house with no heat or air-conditioning, no telephone or television, not even a working radio.

In winter, she wore five coats and a worn, knit hat to stay warm. And every day, like clockwork, she took the 64 Bus down to South Philadelphia for free meals at the local senior center - and took the leftovers home.

When she died in February, at age 87, Mary McGinnis left all she had to her beloved church: Her tiny, dilapidated rowhouse. Furniture so old it looked as if it might break if you blew at it. Dusty piles of yellowed legal documents and junk mail.

And a cool million dollars.

"Mary lived about as meagerly as a person could live," said the Rev. Lawrence M. DiPaul, pastor of Our Mother of Sorrows Parish in West Philadelphia, "almost to the point where I didn't feel the way she was living was healthy. But she was always happy, always happy. And she always seemed to have this smile that said she was aware of something that I didn't know."

What Father DiPaul and other church members didn't know was that the slight, unassuming, elderly parishioner everyone knew simply as "Mary," who dressed like a bag lady but dropped $50 in the collection plate every Sunday, was loaded.

She left the church more than $1 million, about $33,000 of it stuffed into a tin box she hid inside her old-fashioned cast-iron stove.

The money will go toward a scholarship fund in McGinnis' name that will help pay tuition for needy children at the parish school.

Church leaders are thrilled and hope more people will follow McGinnis' lead, even if in more modest sums. Located at 48th and Lancaster, the 144-year-old church is in a struggling neighborhood where most families are headed by single mothers long on dreams for their children - but short on cash.

Our Mother of Sorrows draws its 276 students from modest rowhouses and nearby public-housing projects and, by many accounts, turns out young people who go on to college and successful lives. The students, pre-kindergartners to eighth graders, are all of different religions.

It was the idea of helping the children that got McGinnis thinking about what to do with all the money she had squirreled away over the decades. One day in 1990, Father DiPaul told church members about a scholarship endowment fund the church was starting with an $80,000 donation from an outside philanthropist, Harold Sorgenti, chairman of Freedom Chemical Co.

McGinnis took particular interest. Later she approached Father DiPaul and said she wanted to donate to the fund.

"When I asked her how much," Father DiPaul said. "She said, 'Oh, about $50,000.' "

That's when Father DiPaul began thinking that maybe McGinnis had money.

"But I thought maybe she had saved up $100,000," he said. "I can imagine an elderly, single woman with $100,000 in savings, but over a million . . ."

Then there was the time during the summer of 1993 when the church was having some repair work done, the broken stained-glass windows were being fixed, and the walls and outside doors were being painted.

McGinnis presented the pastor with a $10,000 check. "I hope this helps," she wrote in an attached note. Four months later, when the windows in the church sacristy were being replaced, she gave $10,000 more.

Both times the money was unsolicited, said Father DiPaul, pastor for the last eight years.

"When she wrote the check, I said, 'Mary, this is a lot of money for the way you're living.' I said teasingly, 'How much money do you have?'

"And she said nonchalantly, 'Oh, Father Paul, maybe like a million dollars.' There was a casual tone to her voice like she was telling me the temperature outside or about a sale at Clover's. My initial reaction was that I didn't believe her, but then another part of me knew this was a very intelligent and wise lady who had probably invested or used her money wisely.'

Father DiPaul surmised that McGinnis had gained her financial acumen working for 50 years as a secretary for the Philadelphia Businessmen's Association and her thriftiness from having lived through the Depression. She had attended business college for two years before going to work, he said.

"I think her reputation that she was this little Irish lady who came to church every Sunday gave no indication that she had all this money," Father DiPaul said.

"Mary didn't talk a whole lot about herself and if she did, it was about her memories growing up in West Philly, her parents and the church," he said. "She had a deep and abiding affection for West Philadelphia, and the parish was the center of her life."

So much so that McGinnis never once missed Sunday Mass and attended all church activities, even as the congregation, like the neighborhood, went from all white to mostly black, from middle and ***working class*** to working poor.

McGinnis was a member of Our Mother of Sorrows since birth. Her Irish immigrant parents were married there. Young Mary was baptized there. She attended grade school at the church from 1916 until 1924, when the neighborhood was made up of Irish immigrants with a sprinkling of Italians. She lived in the 900 block of North St. Bernard Street, two blocks from the church, in the same house where she was born and raised.

After her parents died, McGinnis and her brother, James, lived together in the house. Neither had ever married, and they remained very close, so close that newer church members confused them for husband and wife.

Together they shared a sweet, simple life that revolved around the church.

Every morning they attended the 8:15 Mass and then headed to St. Rita's Senior Center at Broad and Ellsworth in South Philadelphia for breakfast, lunch and recreation activities. Then they would take the leftovers and go home.

They ate supper at 4:30 in the afternoon and then said their evening prayers together, particularly the Rosary, Father DiPaul recounted. They would be in bed by 7:30.

"I don't think she or James bought clothing or food or any household items for years," Father DiPaul said, shaking his head and smiling. "In fact, we used to bring them frozen dinners."

They would have to use the frozen food right away, because their old gas refrigerator hadn't worked in years.

"She told me she could keep the milk and butter and jelly she got from the senior center on the kitchen table during the winter because it was cold enough in the house to keep them fresh," Father DiPaul said, laughing at the memory.

One day in 1991, as James and Mary walked to the bus stop to go to the senior center, James had a heart attack and died.

"She was very, very saddened," Father DiPaul said. "They had been together for 84 years, so after he died, there was a big void in her life."

But she still had the church.

Two years ago, Mary McGinnis started thinking about her own mortality and drew up a will leaving everything to the church.

"She had always told me that when she died there was a tin box with her important papers and belongings that she kept in the bread oven, and that I should go get it," DiPaul said.

After McGinnis' death on Feb. 8, he found it just as she said, inside an old-fashioned, cast-iron, wood-burning stove. In it were $450,000 in bonds and dozens of bank envelopes stuffed with money - "exactly $33,392 in cash," said church secretary Marie Broomall, who counted it.

The rest of the million was spread out among six checking and savings accounts. McGinnis' estate was valued at almost $1.4 million.

"When all was said and done, and her bills and legal fees taken care of, the Mary McGinnis Scholarship Fund was started with somewhere over $1 million," Father DiPaul said, shaking his head incredulously.

Mary McGinnis died of congestive heart failure at Misericordia Hospital. "She had a little bite of supper, she closed her eyes, and died in the early morning," Father DiPaul recalled. "She died peacefully, almost gracefully."

But first they prayed together, he said.

"Then I said, 'You're in good hands, don't worry about anything.' Then I said, 'God bless you.'

"And she said, 'Amen,' and she said it with a smile."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Mary McGinnis "lived about as meagerly as a person could live," said the Rev. Lawrence M. DiPaul, her pastor.

2. The Rev. Lawrence M. DiPaul said: "I can imagine an elderly, single woman with $100,000 in savings, but over a million . . ." (The Philadelphia Inquirer, APRIL SAUL)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***New Orleans home sellers high and dry; Upscale homes languish as Katrina recovery stalls out***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4P8G-X0K0-TX31-W4G0-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 25, 2007 Wednesday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** MONEY; Pg. 1B

**Length:** 1926 words

**Byline:** Kathy Chu

**Body**

NEW ORLEANS -- In ***working-class*** areas here, homes for sale have begun to move briskly. But in the ritzy Uptown district and other well-to-do neighborhoods, the picture is bleaker. "New Price" and "Reduced" signs adjoin grand Victorian homes -- symbols of a struggling upscale housing market.

They're the lingering effects of Hurricane Katrina. In coastal Louisiana and Mississippi, a glut of higher-end homes points to soaring property insurance costs that are pricing many people out of the market. It also speaks to the legions of doctors and other professionals who have left the area and have yet to return. The price of their exodus could be severe: Economic development experts warn that if these professionals stay away en masse, it could cripple the region's recovery.

For anyone with a stake in the region's recovery, the loss of higher-income residents -- and their job skills -- is alarming. The problem is compounded by the shortage of upper-income buyers willing to put down stakes to replace those who have left.

Doctors, bankers and other professionals are "the backbone of the community," says William H. Frey, a demographer at the Brookings Institution, a Washington think tank. "They're the people who will help the tax base. If they leave, they are going to be very hard to replace."

In New Orleans, sellers have begun dangling unusual sweeteners -- in some cases, a year's worth of home insurance premiums and state grant money -- to draw buyers. Insurance rates, which have as much as tripled since Katrina, are deflating sales and forcing some to downsize to smaller homes.

"Insurance has never been the type of thing that would make or break the decision (to buy a house), but now it is," says Peter Ricchiuti, a former assistant Louisiana state treasurer who teaches at Tulane University's business school.

In a healthy real estate environment here, an average supply of homes for sale might be five months' worth -- basically how long it would take to clear that inventory -- says Arthur Sterbcow, president of Latter & Blum, a major real estate agency on the Gulf Coast. Now, the New Orleans metro area contains nearly twice that supply of homes for sale.

The costlier the homes, the thicker the glut. The area includes a 10-month inventory of homes priced from $300,000 to $325,000. That compares with a 23-month supply of homes priced from $750,000 to $1 million.

"There are more homes on the market now than when there was an oil bust," Sterbcow says.

Throughout the USA, home sales have fizzled as interest rates have risen and buyers who are jittery, cash-poor or hampered by shaky credit have been locked out. The U.S. supply of homes is at a 16-year high, affecting all prices ranges, the National Association of Realtors says. But in large part because of Katrina, the biggest glut of homes in New Orleans and along the Mississippi coast is among higher-end properties.

Nearly two years later, even as New Orleans' population inches up -- the number of residents is now about 60% of the pre-Katrina level -- the loss of white-collar workers is striking. From July 2005 to March 2007, New Orleans lost almost 900 doctors, the Louisiana State Board of Medical Examiners reports.

"Professionals are moving away, and we're not adding the same jobs back," says Ivan Miestchovich, director of the University of New Orleans' Center for Economic Development and Real Estate Market Data Center. "The education, construction sectors -- they're coming, but those folks generally don't qualify for homes $500,000 and above."

Too slow of a recovery for many

Some who have held out until now have finally decided to leave, concerned that the region's prospects for a full recovery are dimming as time passes. In the New Orleans area, about a third of residents are considering leaving in the next two years, according to a March 2007 poll by the University of New Orleans Survey Research Center. That's virtually unchanged from the center's survey five months earlier.

Residents mentioned frustration with city government as a key reason why they'd leave. For the first time in 20 years, complaints about city government rival gripes about crime, the center's research shows.

Rodney Montz, an advertising executive, is among those thinking of leaving. Montz, 44, says he's tired of seeing vacant tracts of land marring the landscape and residents still waiting for state grants to arrive before they can rebuild.

One nagging concern that has kept Montz here -- at least for now -- is fear that he won't be able to fetch a decent price for his 2,700-square-foot house, which he spent four years renovating himself. A real estate agent has suggested that he put it on the market for $675,000 -- about 20% less than what he was told his house was worth a year ago.

But the earlier, higher price quote came soon after Katrina, when those whose homes had been damaged were hustling to find other housing. "There was a sort of urgency to buy anything that was standing and livable," says Lawrence Yun, a senior economist with the National Association of Realtors.

In the fourth quarter of 2005, displaced residents bid up median prices by 27% in the New Orleans area, the NAR says. But as sellers have increasingly outnumbered buyers, prices have been depressed for months. In the first quarter of 2007, the median plunged 10.9% from the same period last year, to $155,900.

Post-Katrina New Orleans has been strained by an overburdened transportation system and worries about crime, says Christopher B. Leinberger, a visiting fellow at the Brookings Institution. That's why many "upper- and middle-income households, who have a choice of where they live" have moved elsewhere.

In an interview, Mayor Ray Nagin acknowledged that "there are some people who are coming to a realization that this recovery is too hard, that they could move somewhere else."

Along the Mississippi coast, real estate prices have generally remained more stable than in other Katrina-affected areas. But they've started to fall in places such as Pass Christian, Miss., amid a swollen inventory.

A weak real estate market benefits buyers such as Melissa Carpenter, 37, who can wait as long as they need to find a suitable home. She and her husband, Brian, 32, who want to pay no more than $300,000 for a four-bedroom house, have been pleasantly surprised by what they've seen in their price range.

"There are houses everywhere you look," Carpenter notes. "A lot of people who are selling have not come back."

Pete Hamilton, who owns a New Orleans brokerage and appraisal company, says that "unless we get meaningful jobs that are beyond the service industry -- middle-income, upper-middle-income jobs -- that glut of homes will sit there for a long time."

A shortage of professionals in the health care industry has grown so severe that Louisiana has offered signing bonuses, loan repayment and moving expenses -- of up to $110,000 -- to retain doctors and nurses, and attract new ones to the Greater New Orleans area. So far, the state has approved such grants for 127 health care professionals.

Aaron Dare, a New Orleans real estate agent, says he's starting to see doctors from other parts of the USA trickle in to the city, along with some construction workers and property investors.

But money won't be enough to bring back people such as Frank Cerniglia, a native of New Orleans who moved away after Katrina.

"Just to get back to a pre-Katrina (state), it's going to take New Orleans 15 to 20 years," says Cerniglia, a pediatric urologist who now lives in Richmond, Va. "I don't have that time. I'm 52 years old."

In Mississippi, agents blame a drop in vacation-home sales, in part, for the glut of upscale homes in the Gulfport-Biloxi area.

"In addition to fewer people living and working here, we're seeing less snowbirds" buying second homes, says Jim Atchison of the Gulf Coast Association of Realtors.

High insurance costs a huge problem

Yet the high price of homeowners insurance "is the single most important factor in the decrease in sales," he says: "In most of the USA, insurance is secondary, or an afterthought. On the coast, the cost of insurance has driven up mortgage payments to the point where it's not affordable."

Atchison, who owns an agency in Biloxi, says some clients who have sought a $400,000-to-$500,000 home on the coast have received insurance quotes of $10,000 to $12,000 a year -- up to three times what they'd have paid before Katrina.

Larry Benefield, president of the Harrison County Board of Supervisors, says buyers also worry that, with the hurricane season underway, "Even if you could buy insurance, there's still the risk of, what if you had another storm?

"When you look at the destruction on the coastline," he says, "a lot of them were higher-end houses."

At the Oaks, a gated community adjoining a rolling golf course in Pass Christian, at least 10 of the 85 brick-and-stucco homes are for sale. The target buyers, says Jimmy Lowry, the developer, are business people, entrepreneurs and doctors. Homes in the Oaks range from $300,000 to $800,000. "Things have been slow for the past four or five months," he says. "One of the main things that's got everything stopped down here is the insurance issue."

The cost of insurance has become such a burden throughout the region that many agents now insert language into real estate contracts stating that the purchase of a house is contingent on the buyer finding affordable insurance.

"We started putting it in because we found people who were completely sticker-shocked by the price," Atchison says. "In many cases, we spend as much time shopping insurance rates and quotes as we do shopping for the house."

Sellers dangle premium offers

To make their homes more appealing, some sellers have taken to offering to pay the buyer's insurance premiums for a year or more.

In New Orleans' leafy Uptown district, red-and-white signs outside homes on Vendome Place and Audubon Street proclaim: "SELLER Will Pay 1st Year's INSURANCE."

Dick Buckman, 63, who's trying to sell a three-bedroom house he bought and renovated after the hurricane, is among a few sellers going so far as to offer two years' worth of insurance premiums.

"The house has been on the market for a few months, and I had been (told) that it might be advisable to reduce prices," says Buckman, who's listed the home at $334,000. "I thought giving this concession would be just as good."

Before Katrina, insurance on the house would have cost about $1,600 a year. Now, Buckman estimates he'll have to pay about $12,000 for two years' worth of premiums for the buyer. Yet so far, interest in the house -- even with his incentive -- has been tepid.

In Kenner, La., Tony Giusti, 48, is offering a more unusual incentive: $28,500 of money from a Louisiana homeowner's grant program. Under the program, the money can be transferred from seller to buyer if the buyer agrees to comply with building codes and insure the house for wind, water and other damage.

"Anything I can to make it stand out, I'm doing" to sell the house, Giusti says.

Debra Counce, who's trying to sell a three-bedroom house in an Uptown neighborhood near art galleries and coffee shops, has twice lowered her asking price since putting her home on the market in late March.

Her New Orleans-style house, with coal-burning fireplaces and 12-foot ceilings, is priced at $499,000. In New Orleans, Counce says, some sellers put an upside-down statue of St. Joseph in their backyard for good luck. She hasn't done that yet, though she explains, "I'll put the Virgin Mary out front if that will help."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Veronica Salazaar, USA TODAY, Source: Latter & Blum Realtors (LINE GRAPH)

GRAPHIC, B/W, Bob Laird, USA TODAY, Source: Latter & Blum Realtors (BAR GRAPH)

PHOTO, Color, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY

PHOTO, B/W, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY

**Load-Date:** July 25, 2007

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[***In Akron, Ohio, voters say stick with Clinton***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-H360-00C6-D0BG-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 5, 1996, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1249 words

**Byline:** Richard Benedetto

**Dateline:** AKRON, Ohio

**Body**

AKRON, Ohio -- Four months before voters select the next president,

many here seem to have barely focused on the day-to-day drama

of this year's presidential campaign.

And that's bad news for Republican challenger Bob Dole.

For in two dozen interviews with those in and around this former

tire-manufacturing capital, it becomes clear President Clinton

is being credited with at least trying to make things better for

average Americans like those working and living here.

Dole, on the other hand, has yet to convince enough of them that

he has what it takes to make the leap from Senate leader to president.

"Dole is well qualified, but I have concerns about his age. I

lean toward Clinton. Over the last four years he's done a good

job. I think he's going to win," says Gloria Koffman, 49, an

athletic apparel sales representative and divorced mother of two.

With the economy generally moving in a positive direction, the

national security relatively unthreatened and Clinton credited

with addressing the nation's most-pressing problems, voters here

seem reluctant to change leadership.

Ohio is a key battleground state, one that has given its 21 electoral

votes to the winner in every election since 1964. So if Dole continues

to run as weakly here as he appears to be now, his chances of

unseating Clinton appear slim.

Koffman is a good example. She has gone back to college part time.

Like many here, she talks about declining quality in public schools,

the cost of sending children to college and rising youth crime

-- issues she sees Clinton addressing.

Many here say a president needs eight years to make solid progress,

and that Clinton, despite character questions that could still

inflict political damage, has earned a chance to stay on another

term.

"I'm voting for him again," says Hao Chung, 25, a native of

Vietnam and a part-time waitress working her way through college.

She cited Clinton's support for student loans as a key factor

in her decision.

The improving economy, aid to education, health-care reform, student

loans and job development were key factors in discussions with

those now backing Clinton.

Cutting taxes, strong defense, crime and getting control of the

budget were often mentioned as important to those leaning toward

Dole.

And even though many express reservations about Clinton's personal

character -- charges of marital infidelity, draft evasion, sexual

harassment and a proclivity to play fast and loose with the truth

-- there seems to be a tendency to discount past indiscretions

as long as he seems to be performing reasonably well now.

"It would be nice to have the most perfect person as president,

but who's perfect?" asks Kay Heck, 47, a Jackson Township teacher

who voted for George Bush in 1992, but is undecided now.

And while scandals seem to dominate news from Washington, few

here pay close attention to details of the Whitewater real estate

deal in Arkansas or the flap over White House handling of FBI

background files of Republicans.

"What is Whitewater anyway?" asks Scott Thomason, 33, a construction

worker from Cleveland at work on a baseball stadium here.

Thomason, married and the father of two, says he has more practical

worries than getting caught up in the details of some complicated

financial deal in the Clintons' past.

Even the pounding first lady Hillary Rodham Clinton is getting

over her role in Whitewater, the White House travel office firings

and disclosures she had imaginary conversations with Eleanor Roosevelt

are showing signs of backlash.

"They should leave his wife alone and let him run the country,"

says Sara Ware, 65, a retired decorator.

Most dismiss scandal stories as politics, saying the more they

hear about them, the more they turn off.

"I can't get excited about it," says Akron lawyer David Lowry,

42. "And I'll bet if you talk to 10 people on the street, they've

going to say, 'I don't care about it. I'm sick of hearing about

it. Let's move on to addressing the real problems.' "

Lowry says Dole and Clinton should sit for a morning with him

in Common Pleas Court, where a continuing stream of poor young

men, black and white, are arraigned daily for a broad array of

violent crimes.

"These young people have nothing going for them, and Washington

doesn't seem to have a clue about what to do about them," Lowry

says.

In discussions with Republicans, it seems Dole's biggest problem

is energizing his GOP base. Many party regulars say they'll vote

for Dole because he's earned the shot, but without enthusiasm.

Some still want Colin Powell at the top of the ticket.

"I think Clinton's somewhat shady, but I'm not sure Bob Dole's

the greatest choice either," says Crystal King, 29, who with

her husband owns two suburban sporting goods stores, in Wadsworth

and Medina.

As a small business owner, she's concerned about business-tax

issues, and says Republicans are generally better on them than

Democrats.

Wadsworth jeweler Robert Thurber, 42, says he will vote for Dole

because he usually votes Republican. But he acknowledges Clinton

has sounded like a Republican in recent months by talking tough

on crime, supporting victim's rights and uniforms in schools and

opposing gay marriages.

"I listen to him and if it were coming from someone else, I'd

love it," Thurber says.

Also worrisome for Dole is that many traditional GOP voters like

Tyrone Turning, 54, a University of Akron administrator, don't

think he can win: "Clinton is a lightweight, but at least he

shows some compassion and warmth. Dole seems to have a mean streak.

No matter how often he appears in a T-shirt on the beach, he's

still Bob Dole."

Dole campaign spokeswoman Christina Martin suggests politics --

except for White House scandals -- has dropped out of the forefront

with summer vacations under way and the Olympics on the horizon.

"Once that time passes, the general election will begin in earnest

and Ohioans had better hold on to their hats as neighbor boy Bob

Dole sweeps into the forefront with his strategy and vision for

an America that's strong, proud and honest," Martin says.

Many on both sides express admiration for Dole's long years of

service in the Army during World War II and later in the House

and Senate. Almost as frequently, many say he should have stayed

in the Senate as majority leader and left the presidential run

to someone else.

There is unease with his age -- 72 -- and that he would be the

oldest first-term U.S. president ever. Some see him as having

a limited vision for the future. Others fear he, and other Republicans,

is more for the rich than the ***working class***.

"Republicans don't care about the working man," says Robert

Motley, 79, a retired butler chatting with friends on a downtown

street corner.

Furthermore, many like Cynthia Martin, 50, who is laid off from

her job as a packager, see GOP attempts to balance the budget

and cut taxes coming at the expense of programs that would aid

the poor.

"You can't just take people off welfare, you've got to have jobs

for them," she says from her front porch on the East side of

Akron.

However, the most common thread running through talks with people

here is the perceived decline in moral values across the nation.

But few say they had much confidence in the presidential candidates

or the federal government for turning that around.

Dennis Warner, 47, a former Marine who now owns his own window-cleaning

business in Wadsworth, was a Bush voter in 1992, but says he is

undecided now. He wonders where it all will end.

"We seem to have become an amoral society," he says, while loading

supplies into his pickup truck. "We're constantly setting lower

standards for ourselves."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, b/w, USA TODAY(Map); PHOTOS, b/w, Phil Long, AP(5); Clinton backer: Sales rep Gloria Koffman is 'concerned' about Dole's age. Traditional GOP voter: Tyrone Turning doesn't think Dole can win. 'What is Whitewater?' Scott Thomason, a construction worker from Cleveland, Ohio, who is working on a city baseball stadium, says he has bigger worries than getting caught up in some complicated financial deal in the Clintons' past. Defends Hillary Clinton: Retired decorator Sara Ware says naysayers should leave the first lady alone. Ware says she'll vote to re-elect President Clinton. Tired of scandal: Lawyer David Lowry wants to 'move on'

**Load-Date:** July 5, 1996

**End of Document**



[***'Middletown' is fed up;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1XF0-003S-W1MR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'People are tired of being stepped on';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1XF0-003S-W1MR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'This is like 1928, before Depression';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1XF0-003S-W1MR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A visit to Muncie, Ind.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1XF0-003S-W1MR-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 15, 1990, Monday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1990 Gannett Company Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A; Cover Story

**Length:** 1222 words

**Byline:** Debbie Howlett

**Dateline:** MUNCIE, Ind.

**Body**

For a taste of what ails the USA, pull up a stool to Frances May's lunch counter, around back of Haney's Pharmacy.

''They're taxing the poor people to death and the price of gas is so high. It just isn't right,'' says Brenda Ferguson. ''People are tired of being stepped on. Tired to death.''

An anger seems to be welling up across the land.

Gas prices rise to new highs. The stock market falls. Crime is rampant. As many as 200,000 troops stand ready in the desert of Saudi Arabia. The same Congress that last year managed to agree on a fat pay raise now struggles to agree on a budget and keep the government open.

In Muncie - long regarded as a window on Middle America - the outrage at all of this is as palpable as the chilly wind that blows the streets clean of fallen leaves.

''We are fairly typical,'' says Ray Scheele, political science chairman at Ball State University in Muncie. ''There's an increasing frustration with Washington.''

There is much to assail in Washington, D.C., especially when you live in a city where bedtime is 10 p.m. and $ 1.50 buys a hot lunch of ham, string beans and sweet potatoes.

''To these people, Washington is on the other side of the moon,'' says sociologist Alan Caruba of the National Anxiety Center.

The real numbers here are the ones that hit the pocketbook, not the ones over which Congress is wringing hands.

- That oil is up to more than $ 40 a barrel (up from $ 17 earlier this summer) means far less to Muncie than paying $ 1.34 a gallon for unleaded gasoline at Hoosier Pete's.

''Now they want to raise taxes on it,'' says Edna Kemmerer. Gasoline ''is like bread and milk for the ***working class***.''

- That the deficit is $ 293 billion is hard to grasp, but becomes very real when it translates into $ 12,500 in taxes for every man, woman and child in the USA.

''The way things look right now, it's not going to get any better,'' says Millie Abram, 52, wife of the city's school superintendent Sam Abram.

Raising taxes, she says, is ''something we're going to have to do. You don't like it, but you're going to have to do it.''

- That the budget will be cut $ 50 billion this year sounds painless until seniors realize that Medicare premiums could double to $ 150 a year.

''That has everybody upset,'' says Clyde Nicholson, president-elect of the Muncie chapter of the American Association of Retired People.

But not everyone has it so bad.

The city's largest industrial employer, the Ball Corp. - which made its reputation producing a U.S. staple, the glass canning jar - is trying to buy a European packaging firm that would triple Ball's size.

Duane Emerson, a Ball vice president who opposes luxury taxes as bad for business, says Muncie's captains of commerce feel less threatened than do factory workers. But, ''I feel the country is threatened if we don't get these issues resolved.''

James Abrams, a 44-year-old machine operator at an auto parts plant, is buying and restoring a huge five-bedroom Victorian house in the neighborhood where he grew up.

''From where I stand, it's not so bad,'' says Abrams. ''But a lot of people aren't in the position I'm in. I'm working overtime and bring home some good money. If it was only 40 hours a week, well, I might notice a lot of things.''

But beneath the veneer of pocketbook concerns is a deepening malaise that seems to be spreading.

''There's an enormous amount of resentment out there,'' says Caruba. ''Americans aren't just upset, they're angry. They've come to the sad conclusion there is a vacuum of leadership in Washington.''

Conventional wisdom in Muncie:

- It's time to fish or cut bait in Saudi Arabia.

''Peace in the Middle East is gone,'' says Joe Turner, the city police department's traffic sergeant. ''We might as well start shooting and get it over.''

- The economy is about to head for the dumper.

''This is like '28, before the Depression,'' says Martha Barlow, 75, a life-long resident of Muncie. ''Something's got to crack. We can't get much higher.''

- The haggling over the budget is not nearly as bad as the 1989 pay raise for Congress.

The pay raise, long forgotten in Washington, still rankles and is bitterly remembered here.

''Of course it is,'' says Barlow. ''They'd just like us to forget.''

Scheele, the political scientist, says some people already angry are mistaking Congress' messy budget process for ineptitude.

''I'm a big defender of Congress and I'm a great defender of James Madison. He designed the government with so many checks and balances it should be frustrating to govern. But people just see a big deadlock,'' Scheele says.

''I don't think you'll find much love of Congress at all, but you'll find a lot of support for the individual congressman,'' he says.

Though few seem inclined to blame Democratic Rep. Phil Sharp, the local, seven-term incumbent, the GOP is trying to capitalize on anti-Congress sentiment. Its new billboard slogan: ''Enough is Enough.''

Sharp's campaign is confident, but Sharp is shuttling between home and Washington as often as possible. This weekend, he attended three parades and two dinners at home.

But there is support for President Bush in Muncie, despite polls that show his approval rating nationwide has fallen as low as 60%.

''The president is doing OK. Congress is where to put the blame, especially right now,'' says Dave Jones, 37, a carpenter with a gold earring, who considers himself a liberal.

Such sentiment seems to be rising across the nation.

- Limitations on the terms politicians can serve are on the ballot next month in California, Colorado and Kansas City, Mo. One such limitation passed easily in Oklahoma last month.

And there is some thought that voters are in a mood for a wholesale shuffling of Congress.

Analysts wonder if the public is as angry as in 1982, when 23 incumbents lost seats in the U.S. House. The re-election rate for Congress was 98.5% in 1988.

Back at the lunch counter, diners are serving up a heaping helping of answers, as well as complaints.

''It seems I worked all my life and made do with what I had, cash on hand,'' says Frances May, arguing that Congress should learn to manage its finances the same way.

''What gripes me most is Congress giving themselves a pay raise. If you elect people that are already in there, you're just asking for trouble,'' says Ferguson.

''I can tell you how to solve this problem,'' says Frances Meyer, fresh from her weekly trip to the beauty parlor. ''They should give back that pay raise.''

Says Roy Haney, the bow-tied, white-haired pharmacist who's been in business 36 years: ''In the morning all the world's problems get solved.''

By supper, they're back again.

A visit to Muncie, Ind.

Made famous by the ''Middletown'' sociological study published in 1929, Muncie has been used by sociologists 3 times to study typical life in the USA.

Politics: Democratic Rep. Phil Sharp has represented district since 1974, winning last race with 53% of vote; 60% voted for Bush-Quayle.

Population: 79,000; 81% white.

Schools: Three high schools, one private. Central High, 10-time state basketball champion, was model for the big-city team that lost in the movie Hoosiers.

College: Ball State University, founded in 1918.

Median home value: $ 38,400.

Industry: Auto parts; Ball Corp. headquarters.

**Graphic**

color, USA TODAY (Map, Muncie, Indiana); PHOTO; color, Mary Ann Carter (Frances May); PHOTO; color, Mary Ann Carter (Millie Abram); PHOTO; b/w, Mary Ann Carter (Muncie, Indiana, James Abrams, Howard Jarvis)

CUTLINE: MAKING DO: Frances May, at her Muncie, Ind., lunch counter: 'I made do with what I had, cash on hand.' She says Congress should learn to manage its finances the same way. CUTLINE: NO BETTER: Says Millie Abram: 'The way things look right now, it's not going to get any better.' CUTLINE: RESTORATION: In the midst of fixing up an old house, James Abrams, right, goes over aluminum siding samples with salesman Howard Jarvis.

**End of Document**



[***SCHOOLS FOR PROFIT GET HIGH MARKS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-DRC0-0094-502N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***RADICAL REINVENTION OF EDUCATION MAKES CENTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-DRC0-0094-502N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

June 30, 1996, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1442 words

**Byline:** PETER APPLEBOME, THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Dateline:** WICHITA, Kan.

**Body**

It began with grandiose talk of thousands of private schools reinventing American education, quickly changed course into a radically different concept of public schools operated on a contract basis, and for a time seemed in danger of thudding to an ignominious end before its first school ever opened its doors.

Finally, four schools began operating last fall as the first experiments in the Edison Project, the brainchild of Christopher Whittle, the media entrepreneur. And, out of the national spotlight, something quite remarkable has happened at the schools, which include the Dodge-Edison Elementary School here.

At the end of Edison's first school year, local officials, teachers and parents in all four cities - Boston, Mass.; Mount Clemens, Mich.; Sherman, Texas, and Wichita, Kan. - are hailing the first Edison schools as rousing successes in educating students.

But Edison's brief history has been bumpy enough, and what it is attempting is so ambitious, that almost no one, including officials at the company, claim that its successes this year prove that this concept will work.

But at Dodge-Edison, for example, 320 families are on the waiting list, excited by extras like computers in each student's home, Spanish classes that start in kindergarten and the availability of extra tutoring. The school day and the school year are longer than at other schools.

The school board has decided to open a second Edison school, a middle school, next year.

The other three Edison schools also have waiting lists, and the company is expanding to 12 schools in its second year. Districts around the country are increasingly giving Edison a long look, and investors who once shunned the company are now showing so much interest that Edison seems destined to become a publicly traded company within a few years.

When Whittle announced the project in 1991, he talked about raising $ 1.2 billion to build 200 private schools by 1996. He hoped to have more than 1,000 schools up and running eventually.

In 1992, he lured Benno C. Schmidt Jr. from the presidency of Yale University to run the program. But building schools from scratch turned out to be unduly expensive.

And while Whittle was rethinking his Edison plans, his chief company, Whittle Communications, was undergoing disastrous, widely publicized reverses, which forced him to sell all the company's assets by 1995. Many people assumed that Edison, which has a separate corporate structure, would go down with it.

But Edison secured $ 30 million ($ 15 million from Whittle, $ 3 million from a group headed by Schmidt and the rest from investors) in financing in March 1995 to augment its $ 45 million in start-up funds, including financing from the Sprout Group, one of the nation's oldest and largest venture-capital firms. That allowed it to move forward.

These days, Edison's advocates and critics agree that it is far too early to make any judgments about the company's future. It will take several years to assemble definitive test results.

''When I considered bringing in the Edison Project, three things they said interested me,'' said Larry Vaughn, superintendent of the Wichita public schools. ''They promised to educate all kids, to do it to our satisfaction and to do it for the same price we were spending. I can't think of anything they've fallen short on.''

Edison's apparent success comes after Education Alternatives Inc., another for-profit firm, stumbled badly in efforts to run schools in Miami, Hartford, Conn., and Baltimore.

Edison contracts with school districts to operate individual schools for the same amount of money per pupil that is given to each district's other schools; it earns a profit if it keeps the cost of running a school lower than the amount of money it gets from the district.

In Wichita, Edison uses both union and non-union teachers. While unions elsewhere have been hostile to other for-profit ventures, Edison has attempted to cooperate with them and has largely succeeded in doing so.

The Dodge-Edison School, in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of modest cottages and unpaved streets, offers a school day one and a half hours longer than other district schools and a school year 20 days longer.

The computer given to each student's family allows parents to get messages from teachers, view homework assignments, converse with other Edison parents in their school or in different cities or send e-mail to Whittle or Schmidt.

This year, Dodge-Edison's attendance record was 96 percent, and the number of students leaving the school during the year dropped to 7 percent, as compared with 36 percent last year. Parents and teachers all but glow with satisfaction.

''I'm happier with school than I've ever been before,'' said Rosa Palacio, a mother of three children. She tutors at Dodge-Edison, where 75 percent of the students come from families poor enough to merit free or reduced-price lunches. ''The teachers seem to be able to get kids to focus on learning,'' Palacio said. ''They don't give up on any of them.''

''I'm tired - we all are - but it's been a great year,'' said Shawn Springer, who teaches first and second graders. ''Teachers are respected and valued here, and you can see the results. Every parent in my class is glad their kid is here.''

But many doubts remain. Although all the Edison schools get high marks, Dodge-Edison is regarded as the showcase. From its principal, Dr. Larrie Reynolds, on down, Edison has hired either top teachers or enthusiastic young ones, creating a level of talent most schools cannot emulate.

Keith Welty, president of the Wichita chapter of the National Education Association, said he doubted that Edison could deliver the same product over time.

''They will get into cutting costs, and when they do it, they won't have to answer to the public,'' he said. ''Most of what they're doing is just common sense. We just can't get the legislators to kick (in) the kind of money Whittle did.''

Janet Hickey, a general partner of the Sprout Group, said she rated Edison's first year overall an ''8 or 9'' on a scale of 10. She rated its movement toward financial goals a ''5 or 6,'' average for a start-up company.

She said that while each school had operated profitably, the cost of opening each school and the yearly support costs from the corporate headquarters had been higher than expected and that revenues at two of the schools - in Wichita and Boston - had initially been lower than expected.

''I'm not saying that after one year we can show we have the business model exactly right - we don't,'' she said. ''But I think we now know that coming up with one is not impossible as a lot of people thought a year ago.''

She said Edison would have no trouble when, as expected, it raises an estimated $ 25 million to $ 30 million for its third and fourth years of operation, beginning in the 1997-98 school year.

Reynolds said there were so many inefficiencies in the way schools were run that Edison could easily run schools for the same per-student financing as traditional schools while putting more resources into instruction and making a profit.

As examples, he cited $ 68,000 in payroll costs for services that an outside contractor provided for $ 3,000 and a painting job estimated at $ 43,000 that parents did for $ 500. Parents put in 11,925 hours of volunteer work this year.

For the 1997-98 school year, Schmidt said, Edison is in serious talks with 25 to 30 districts. Forty-five to 50 others have expressed interest, he said.

The company reports that each site - apart from the costs of the parent company - operated at a profit this year, and Whittle said Edison could operate profitably with 20 to 25 schools - a target that, with the current growth rate, would be reached by the 1997-98 school year (Hickey put the figure at 25 to 30 schools, but an exact figure depends on how fast the company expands). Edison's revenues were about $ 12 million this year.

''There were a lot of people who felt that when you've innovating across the board, you can't bring that off in a year,'' Schmidt said. ''So we have to feel very good about how this year went. The biggest single manifestation of that is that all the districts want us to expand.''

Whittle said the nationwide demand for educational options and the growing interest that investors are showing in education reflected an enormous potential market.

''I visited each of our sites 10 times on average, and I'm seeing a great acceptance of the idea that capitalism and caring are not mutually exclusive,'' he said. ''It may take two decades, but I think running thousands of schools is realistic. My original vision about what this company can do has not changed one bit.''

**Load-Date:** July 2, 1996

**End of Document**



[***City verges on bankruptcy;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1Y00-003S-W2D1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Philadelphia coffers may empty soon;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1Y00-003S-W2D1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Dollar drain in Philadelphia***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1Y00-003S-W2D1-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 11, 1990, Thursday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 8A

**Length:** 1209 words

**Byline:** Andrea Stone

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA

**Body**

'Philadelphia could be an example of what may happen in the 1990s to other major cities'

All eyes may be focused on the USA's budget battle, but the fallout is hitting cities hard. Squeezed by federal funding cuts, Philadelphia is scrambling to avoid a Dec. 1 date with bankruptcy. More than a decade after it almost went under, New York is in trouble again. Here's a bottom-line look at the financial condition of the nation's 20 largest cities.

PHILADELPHIA - From his perch atop rust-edged City Hall, a bronze William Penn gazes into the future of the city he founded. Below his sculptured eyes, lies a huge hole, a gaping, $ 33 million reminder of what was to have been a new courthouse - until the money ran out.

That grass-covered chasm is but a dimple, though, compared to the deep financial hole the nation's fifth-largest city finds itself in. A $ 206 million budget deficit threatens to plunge Philadelphia into bankruptcy if a solution is not found by Dec. 1.

Embattled Mayor W. Wilson Goode won't speculate what would happen if the city goes broke. But City Controller Jonathan Saidel has an inkling: ''The government may come to a standstill. … Trash pickup, cops, fire - all would stop.''

The causes of the current calamity are familiar. Federal aid has been drastically slashed - from more than $ 250 million in 1981 to $ 54 million this year. The city has lost nearly 500,000 residents since 1950 - most middle- class taxpayers moving to the suburbs. Those left behind need more help with rising crime, drugs, homelessness and other problems.

Philadelphia is ''trying to do too much for too many people with too little resources,'' says Republican mayoral candidate Samuel Katz.

It isn't the only one. ''Philadelphia could be an example of what may happen in the 1990s to other major cities,'' Saidel warns. Unlike earlier cash crunches, such as New York's in the mid-1970s, Philadelphia's comes at the start of a national economic downturn that could hit it and other Northeast cities extra hard.

So far, the economy here remains strong. But there are ominous signs. Office vacancies run 25%.

For now, there's mostly hot air blowing around town. ''The problem is as much political as it is financial,'' says Democrat Goode. ''Probably, it's more political.''

Says child care provider Deborah Jackson, ''if the city and state don't band together we're going under.''

That may be, but - despite city deficits back to 1988 - nobody's budging. State officials say the city spends too much money and mismanages what it has. Some leaders favor an outside advisory board like the one that salvaged New York in the mid-1970s.

State legislators ''think it's a very wicked, corrupt city and why should (they) throw money at it to bail it out?'' says Peter Binzen, a local author. Philadelphia says it doesn't want a bailout or an overseer. It just wants the state to pay its share for social services.

Goode also wants the state to allow the city to levy a 1.5% sales tax. Although state lawmakers haven't approved that tax, it's included in Philadelphia's current $ 2.1 billion ''balanced'' budget. Still, the city council opposes new taxes.

So do many residents. ''This is the most taxed city in the whole world,'' says Joe Giordano, a storeowner in the 9th Street Italian Market. ''Next thing you know they're gonna tax your breathing.''

Such comments explain why Goode - who by law cannot seek a third term in 1991 - is almost alone in favoring more taxes. Most fear voter wrath come November and rail against Goode's leadership. ''I would prefer the mayor be more aggressive,'' says Councilman and mayoral candidate George Burrell. ''The mayor has to step forward.''

Nonsense, says the usually-unruffled Goode, slamming his hand on a blue- bound copy of his 1988 fiscal plan. The mayor says this document could solve the city's money woes. But, he says, state and city officials have ignored it.

Others say reports aren't enough, that Goode's virtue is his vice.

''He disdains backroom politics, deal-making,'' says Katz, the GOP candidate. ''While that may make him a more honorable person than others, it's left the city in chaos.''

''It's unfair to blame me,'' Goode says. ''People will always look for a scapegoat and … the mayor is most visible.''

Some blame racism for fueling criticism of Philadelphia's first black mayor. Says the Rev. James Allen of Vine Memorial Baptist Church, which recently held a rally for Goode: ''The intent is to hurt the future of black political leadership.''

Motives aside, echoes of squabbling are being heard in the canyons of Wall Street, 88 miles away. Investors recently balked at $ 375 million in short- term ''junk bonds.'' They are needed to cover expenses until winter taxes arrive.

Bond rating agencies worry about the city's ability to pay debts: Moody's gives it a B rating, Standard & Poor's a CCC.

''Wall Street saw there was not the political will'' among elected officials, Goode says.

In the meantime, officials struggle to pay the bills. On one recent day Saidel stopped a $ 30,000 payment for legal services while approving $ 400,000 for police radios.

''There's now a priority system'' for payments, Saidel says.

There has to be. There's not much room for error.

The overloaded courts are on the verge of a breakdown. The criminal justice system, which routinely frees suspects to make room for the worst offenders, is considered by many as the USA's worst.

''Everybody's overworked. It's just too much to handle,'' says Stephanie Lowe, a probation officer. Now, she juggles 250 cases. A decade ago, she handled 25.

Since 1988, Philadelphia has slashed its budget by $ 400 million and laid off 2,200 workers, 8% of its workforce. Says Goode: ''We have cut all the things we can cut.''

Residents' reactions:

- ''It's terrible,'' says James Cawley. His neighborhood is ''filthy. Trash collection is always late. The cops are never around when you need them.''

- ''I've lived here 67 years and I don't think I've ever seen the city in such bad shape,'' says Lenore Fisher, who lives on Rittenhouse Square. Just around the corner, empty storefronts and ''for sale'' signs alternate with chic shops on Walnut Street.

Cawley says ''the priorities are in the center city'' - which has the tourist attractions. But take a close look there and you find that Independence Hall has a leaky roof.

Over on ***working-class*** Market Street, there are other concerns. ''I'm worried if I'm going to get paid,'' says Robert Taylor, a city license and inspections clerk. He may apply to a temporary employee agency, just in case. So far, Taylor has time. But that - and money - is running out. And not just here.

''The city's problems are not significantly different than most American big cities today,'' says Philadelphia magazine editor Ron Javers. ''We have a large population who require city services and a smaller population who pay taxes to fund them. When you have more takers than givers, you've got a problem.''

TEXT OF GRAPHIC

Loss of federal aid and population have Phildelphia onthe financial ropes. The nation's fifth largest city faces bankruptch if its budget problems are not solved by Dec. 1.

COMPLETE TEXT NOT AVAILABLE

**Notes**

Ribbon Label; MONEY TROUBLES IN METROPOLITAN USA; 3

**Graphic**

b/w, Jeff Dionise, USA TODAY (Graph); EAR PHOTO; b/w, AP (Wilson Goode); PHOTO; b/w, Tim Dillon, USA TODAY (Joe Silva); PHOTO; b/w, Tim Dillon, USA TODAY (Betsy Reveal); PHOTO; b/w, Tim Dillon, USA TODAY (Robert Taylor)

CUTLINE: DOGGONE: Vendor Joe Silva says city told Mayor Goode,''Hey we're broke!'' CUTLINE: BUDGET DIRECTOR: Betsy Reveal thinks 'political agreement' could have solved problesm CUTLINE: JOB WORRIES: Robert Taylor, a city license and inspections clerk, says he's concerned about whether he'll get paid.

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[***ALCOHOL INCENTIVE PROGRAMS DRAW CRITICISM < SMALL LIQUOR STORES ARE EXCLUDED WHEN TRIPS< OR CERTIFICATES ARE GIVEN TO THOSE WHO BUY IN BULK.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CDY0-01K4-922J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JUNE 12, 1996 Wednesday CNEW JERSEY EDITION

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**Section:** SOUTH JERSEY; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1330 words

**Byline:** Ewart Rouse, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

At Joe Canal's in Marlton, you can get a 1.75-liter bottle of Bacardi Silver rum for $1.50 less than you would plunk down for it at Timber Creek Liquor in Glendora.

"I sell large quantities; we make up in volume what we lose in unit prices," said Paul Canal, one of Canal's owners, whose 19,000 square-foot store is nearly five times the size of Timber Creek.

To get high-volume stores like Canal's to buy in large quantities, wholesalers generally offer an incentive. For example, for every 25 cases - 150 bottles - of 1.75-liter bottles of Bacardi Silver this month, wholesalers are offering a $150 American Express gift certificate.

The owners of smaller, mom-and-pop liquor stores like Timber Creek have formed co-ops enabling them to buy in large quantities and get the price breaks that come with such purchases.

But there is an exception.

The wholesalers have effectively frozen the co-ops out of their "retailer incentive program" by requiring the purchase of any item listed in the program to be on a single invoice.

Because a co-op divides each purchase among its members, the paperwork is considered a multiple invoice and therefore doesn't qualify for the program.

During two days of testimony before the state Division of Alcoholic Beverage Control in December, the individual small retailers and their trade groups blasted the "retailer incentive program" as a disguised kickback that is having a destabilizing effect on the liquor industry. Retailers called for its scrapping and for the wholesalers to level the playing field by providing deep discounts for everyone.

In response, the wholesalers contend that it makes business sense to limit the RIP to individual large retailers since such buyers are likely to devote floor space to the product. More floor space means higher visibility to consumers, which usually translates into higher sales. Co-op members don't provide that type of in-store marketing, the wholesalers said.

After six months of mulling over the testimony of more than 20 witnesses on both sides of the issue, the ABC says it will soon publish a proposed rule calling for an end to the alleged discriminatory practice.

"The program must be made available to the purchasing cooperatives; you cannot exclude them," John G. Holl, the ABC director, said of the proposed rule.

The proposed rule represents a victory of sorts for the smaller retailer, but whether it will lead to lower consumer prices is uncertain.

"Retail incentive programs don't add anything to the consumer," George Silverman, the proprietor at Timber Creek who favors scrapping the programs, said in an interview. "The retailer can apply it [the cash-back] to the cost of his product and pay taxes on it. Or he can put it in his pocket and run - and pay no taxes."

How consumers respond will be an individual decision, but given the options, the real incentive for the retailer is to "take the money and run," said Silverman.

In his view, the ideal situation is for the wholesalers to put the money that distillers make available for RIPs into reducing the cost to the retailer. Additionally, the ABC would create a truly free marketplace by allowing retailers to negotiate price deals with anyone, anywhere, including out-of-state suppliers, said Silverman.

Such a system, he said, should result in lower consumer prices.

But there's a danger to that, according to Holl.

"If you have alcohol too aggressively marketed and sold cheaply, there is the danger of increased underaged consumption," he said.

The ABC director pointed out that part of the ABC's responsibility is to protect the health, safety and welfare of New Jerseyans and to foster moderation in the use and consumption of alcohol.

As it stands right now, New Jerseyans raise their glasses with greater frequency than the U.S. population as a whole.

According to the Distilled Spirits Council of the United States, New Jerseyans downed 12.4 million gallons of liquor in 1994, the latest year for which figures are available. That translates into 1.57 gallons for every man, woman and child in the state, compared with a national per-capita of 1.29 gallons. That puts New Jersey 15th among the 50 states in per-capita consumption of alcohol.

Consumers in New Jersey provided retailers with $2.16 billion in liquor sales in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1995, according to state estimates.

Industry people will say that those kinds of numbers are not racked up without some sort of incentive to get the stock moving quickly through the three-tier system maintained by the ABC - from manufacturer, to wholesaler to retailer.

"You have to sweeten the deal," said John F. Vassallo Jr., a Willingboro attorney and former ABC director who now represents varying alcohol industry interests.

It wasn't always that way.

Prior to 1980, the New Jersey industry operated under a "fair trade" system which meant fairly uniform wholesale and retail prices.

Then came deregulation, hastened by court rulings on a variety of alcohol-industry issues. The ABC responded by restructuring the system, basically allowing the market to set the price.

To allow the small retailers to take advantage of quantity discounts, the regulations gave them the go-ahead to form purchasing cooperatives.

"This," Holl explained, "is the system that has been in effect for the last 15 years."

Now, the wholesalers have sought to "sweeten the pot" for their large, individual buyers by crafting RIP. The prizes initially ran the gamut - from trips to electronics. The norm today is an American Express gift certificate.

The program, according to the New Jersey Wine & Spirit Wholesalers Association, isn't something the wholesalers dreamed up themselves. Rather, it is part of an overall strategy developed with the manufacturers to increase in-store display of their products.

"If one retailer buys 50 cases, he is going to display it prominently so the customer will buy it," said Charles D. Sapienza, the association's executive director.

On the other hand, if a co-op buys 50 cases and shares them among its 30 or so members, each member gets less than two cases, and those cases may end up on a bottom shelf in the back of the store, he said.

"It undermines the purpose of the incentive programs" to extend it to the co-ops, he said.

Sapienza shrugged off the notion that the program is discriminatory.

"As long as the incentive is available to every single licensee I don't think it's discrimination," he said. "The co-op members can get the same benefit by buying individually."

But proprietors at small neighborhood stores say it doesn't pay for them to buy large quantities of a product, just to get the incentive, if that product doesn't turn over as fast as it does at a large discounter.

"It makes more sense for me to put my money where the product is turning over," said Silverman of Timber Creek.

While most of his consumers are unlikely to drive several miles to a large discounter in search of a better price for an item, "it affects me because when people have parties, and they are going to make big purchases, they make the trip," he said. "The big sales go to the big discounters."

Because the big discounters tend to be located in more affluent communities, Silverman views the net effect of the wholesalers' pricing system as "all [***working class***] communities like this, and all the inner cities, are effectively subsidizing the larger stores."

In addition to requiring that the RIP be made available to the co-ops, the ABC's proposed rule will say that the wholesalers must provide a cash-equivalent in instances where the prize is a trip or an item, such as a VCR, Holl said.

"A cooperative can't divide up a VCR or a refrigerator" as they can cash, Holl said.

The ABC will also propose that any purchase under the RIP be limited to 50 cases - a number that a small co-op can afford to purchase.

Furthermore, the wholesalers must make their offerings "available for everyone to see" by including them in the price lists that they normally file every month with the ABC.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. George Silverman, proprietor of Timber Creek Liquor, contends retail incentive programs give an unfair advantage. (For The Inquirer, ELLEN DiPIAZZA)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***PERES AND NETANYAHU IN DEAD HEAT< CHALLENGER IS SLIGHTLY AHEAD IN VOTE TALLY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CDM0-01K4-90RG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 30, 1996 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1463 words

**Byline:** Alan Sipress, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** JERUSALEM

**Body**

Prime Minister Shimon Peres was locked in a dead heat with right-wing challenger Benjamin Netanyahu early today after Israel's pivotal elections, casting into doubt the peace process launched three years ago.

Although initial exit polls conducted by Israel's two television stations gave Peres a 1 percentage-point edge, both later amended their projections to show Netanyahu as the likely winner. With 98 percent of the ballots tallied, Netanyahu was clinging to a lead of three-tenths of 1 percentage point, barely 10,000 votes.

The final results will rest on about 150,000 absentee ballots from soldiers. They may not be fully tallied until the weekend.

"We must not lose hope. We must have strong nerves," Netanyahu told his supporters, appearing briefly at the Tel Aviv fairgrounds at 1 a.m. today, three hours after the polls closed. "At this stage, we can only wait, hope, and pray, and say that we hope to see at dawn, a great hope, a good future, good news."

At stake in the elections is the course of negotiations between Israel and its Arab neighbors. Netanyahu's Likud Party has promised a new direction that threatens to sabotage the entire peace process. Among its proposals are renewing the construction of Jewish settlements in the occupied territories and sending Israeli troops into Palestinian cities now controlled by the PLO.

A Likud victory in the elections - which select a prime minister and 120-member parliament, both for up to a four-year term - could also further hamstring negotiations with Syria. Netanyahu has ruled out any Israeli withdrawal on the occupied Golan Heights, which Syria demands back as the price of peace.

The outcome of the election drew 79.7 percent of Israelis to the polls - El Al airlines reported all flights booked with Israelis returning to vote - and revealed a country dramatically divided over the peace initiative championed by Peres.

In the early morning hours today, the mood of the two camps changed decisively as the momentum swung toward Netanyahu.

At Labor Party headquarters in a Tel Aviv theater, the initial announcement of television exit polls showing Peres ahead provoked a vast sense of relief that quickly changed to jubiliation. Though Peres had led the race for nearly the entire campaign, opinion polls in recent days showed the contest had become too close to call, raising fears among Labor supporters that Peres would retain his image as a perennial loser.

Peres has lost four previous bids to be elected prime minister. He assumed his current position after the November assassination of Yitzhak Rabin by a right-wing Jewish zealot.

"I'm sure it's going to be Peres," Housing Minister Binyamin Ben-Eliezer of Peres' Labor Party said after the initial exit poll results were announced. "I don't have any doubt. Peres is going to form the next government."

But as that conclusion became more suspect with the revised exit polls and the actual vote counts, Labor supporters drifted home, leaving behind a darkened hall.

LIKUD'S MOOD RISES

At Likud heaquarters, however, activists continued to dance and chant into the predawn hours. Their earlier mood of defiance - and occasional tears - gave way to a rejuvenated sense of celebration.

"I think Bibi Netanyahu is asleep. But tomorrow, if he's prime minister, the people of the state of Israel will be able to sleep," Tsahi Hanegbi, a close Netanyahu adviser, told Likud supporters at daybreak. "Go on praying until the most beautiful morning of our life."

Election officials expected to finish counting most ballots early today. But if the results prove extremely close, the final tally might not be released until the weekend - after absentee votes by soldiers and hospital patients are counted.

If Peres pulls out a victory, the winning difference may be delivered by Israel's Arab population. Arab citizens overcame their reluctance to support either candidate and streamed to the polls in the final hours to vote overwhelmingly for Peres. The turnout among Arabs, who represent about 12 percent of the electorate, approached 80 percent, far exceeding that in previous elections. If Arab votes prove decisive, it is sure to provoke fury among right-wing Israelis.

The balloting was significant not only because it was the initial chance for Israelis to vote on the peace process. The elections also marked the first time Israelis have voted directly for prime minister, separate from the contest for the Knesset, or parliament.

The parliamentary election yesterday produced dramatic and unexpected results, according to the television polls. With voters now able to split their votes, both major parties, Labor and Likud, lost a significant share of seats to smaller parties. The Labor Party, which previously held 44 seats, may have been reduced to as few as 34. Likud and its allied Tsomet party saw their representation drop to as few as 31 seats, down from 40, according to projections.

RELIGIOUS PARTIES GAIN

The big gainers were the three religious parties, which boosted their seats from 16 to 24, and the Russian immigrant movement of former Soviet dissident Natan Sharansky, who led his party to seven seats in its debut elections.

The first task of the next prime minister will be to patch together a coalition in the Knesset. Analysts predicted that either candidate would face little problem in assembling a majority within the 45-day time limit.

The voting was carried out amid a massive security operation, characterized by police as the most extensive in Israel's history. About 25,000 soldiers and police were deployed around the country - at 6,500 polling stations and on public transportation - to guard against attacks by Islamic militants.

Israel imposed an absolute closure on the West Bank and Gaza Strip, confining the two million Palestinians to the occupied territories. The clampdown was more strict than the closure that has been in effect since 63 people died in suicide bombings in February and March.

Security was beefed up around Peres amid warnings that Jewish extremists were plotting to assassinate him. His travel schedule yesterday was kept secret. He was thronged by journalists, however, as he cast his ballot in Tel Aviv.

Netanyahu voted earlier in the day at a Jerusalem school, predicting victory despite surveys showing Peres with a slender lead.

In its last hours, the campaign developed a harsher, more jingoistic edge as hundreds of Netanyahu supporters blanketed the streets with banners and leaflets urging "Only Netanyahu is good for the Jews."

Labor Party activists reacted angrily, declaring that the last-minute electioneering was racist in a country where Arab citizens represent 18 percent of the population - exceeding, for instance, the 12.5 percent proportion of blacks in the United States. Israeli Attorney General Michael Ben-Yair said he would investigate whether the slogan violated laws against racism.

The last-minute campaign, orchestrated by Netanyahu's ultra-Orthodox supporters, seemed to create a backlash in the Arab community, which had been weighing whether to sit out the election. Many Arabs, though staunch supporters of the Labor Party's peace initiative, had said in recent weeks they would abstain to protest Israel's onslaught last month against Lebanon.

With Peres trailing slightly among Jewish voters, he needed near-unanimous support of Israel's Arab minority to win the election.

For Netanyahu to prevail, the broad backing of Israel's ultra-Orthodox Jews was essential. His bid was buoyed in the final hours as he won the endorsement from two of the nation's most venerated rabbis, both more than 100 years old.

Though Rabbis Yitzhak Kaduri and Eliezer Schach closed ranks behind Netanyahu, their followers remained locked in a bitter struggle for their respective Knesset parties. A clash between rival gangs of stone-throwing youths erupted yesterday in the ultra-Orthodox quarter of Mea Shearim.

The atmosphere in the ***working-class*** Jerusalem neighborhood of Katamonim was neither festive nor combative, but quietly dutiful. The local Jewish residents, mainly of Middle Eastern ancestry, have been loyal Likud voters, long before several were killed this winter in the series of Hamas bus bombings.

Yesterday, scarcely a single Peres supporter could be found at the local polling station.

In the United States, President Clinton reiterated his preference for Peres in a thinly veiled endorsement of the prime minister on election eve.

"The United States supports the peace process and we have made it clear that if further steps are taken that entail risks for peace, we will stand with the government and the people of Israel, the leaders of Israel in minimizing those risks," Clinton said Tuesday.

Those comments infuriated Likud party leaders, who called it undue interference in Israeli politics.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. The image and memory of Yitzhak Rabin, the late prime minister, were apparent as Labor Party supporters celebrated in Tel Aviv yesterday. The mood shifted as momentum swung to Netanyahu. (Knight-Ridder Tribune, WILL YURMAN)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Protestant voices need to be heard;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B080-009B-P1J9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***No lasting peace can happen without them***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B080-009B-P1J9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

May 23, 1996, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Northern Ireland; Pg. 27A

**Length:** 1435 words

**Byline:** Jim Boyd; Staff Writer

**Body**

An American coming to Northern Ireland brings along a strong perception that the Catholic minority is the group that needs the understanding and support. The Catholics, after all, traditionally have been the dispossessed, the objects of blatant discrimination, the oppressed.

But notes are beginning to be heard from another refrain: For peace to come to Northern Ireland, the Protestant tradition and its concerns must first be recognized, respected and addressed. Most people tend to think the "problem" in Northern Ireland is the Irish Republican Army violence, the end of the cease-fire. That is one problem. But the ultimate problem is that the unionists in Northern Ireland have yet to accept, as everyone else, including Britain, has now accepted, that change - peaceful, democratic change - must come. It will affect the way Northern Ireland is governed internally, its relationship with the rest of Ireland and its relationship with Britain.

Most of the peace process, now more than a decade old, has taken place behind the backs of the unionist leadership. They've never given what Americans would call "buy-in." Cynics would say, with some truth, that the unionist leadership, the unionist middle class, has indirectly employed ***working-class*** Protestants as members of the loyalist paramilitary, the foot soldiers protecting privilege and power that they themselves have never enjoyed.

To change that unionist mind-set requires that unionists first be heard and honored.

Ruth Dudley Edwards is a freelance writer specializing in Northern Ireland. Although from a Dublin Catholic background, she has strong feelings for the Protestant Unionist tradition, which she has studied closely. We met in London, and the first words out of her mouth were, "The burden is on the nationalists to do the understanding."

"You must remember," she said, "that the Catholic tribe in Northern Ireland is very articulate, while the Protestants think being articulate is self-indulgent. The Protestants are rotten at making their case, though they are very honest."

A case in point is Sammy Wilson, member of the Belfast City Council and press spokesman for the Democratic Unionist Party, the Rev. Ian Paisley's bunch. Wilson is a pleasant man of odd angularity, a second cousin to Ichabod Crane.

On the subject of the IRA, Wilson is adamant: "You've got to act against them, got to take strong military action, unleash the security forces. The British Conservative government hasn't the stomach for it. The Conservatives are liars. I'd like to see a Labor government; they're the only ones who ever cracked down. You've got to do it, and there's no nice, clean way to get it done."

On the coming election: "It's a travesty of democracy, a pointless election that allows the government to pick and choose who will represent whom at the peace talks."

On the talks: "If Sinn Fein is there, we won't be, cease-fire or no."

On prospects for compromise: "There is no common ground between republican and unionist interests, no common political ground and no common personal ground."

I asked him if he were Irish: "Oh, no, definitely not. I'm British. I'm an Ulsterman, but, no, I'm definitely not Irish."

Referring to the attitudes of people like Wilson, Dudley Edwards emphasizes that it's the nationalists who want change, and who will benefit; the unionists see only danger and loss in change, so it is the unionists who must be brought along.

The Protestant oppression of Catholics was real, she said, "but they didn't kill people. The Protestants have a siege mentality, but if 30 or 35 percent of the people don't accept the legitimacy of the state, you'd be paranoid too. You'd be careful about letting people into power. Paranoia can lead to mean-spiritedness."

The Protestant tradition in Northern Ireland has never been respected, Dudley Edwards said. Unionists have been seen in only a single dimension, as oppressors. The Protestants fear that their proud traditions, their faith, their history are at real risk of disappearing, leaving their children adrift in a Catholic sea. It's from that fear that the famous Protestant siege mentality grows.

One of Irish Prime Minister John Bruton's major contributions to the peace process has been his expression of respect for the northern Protestant tradition. In a recent speech, he reiterated: "This government is seeking a society in both parts of Ireland which has space for both viewpoints, unionist and nationalist, where neither viewpoint dominates the other, where this parity of esteem is reflected in the system of government, and where sectarianism and one-sided politics are things of the past."

"Parity of esteem" is a phrase you hear often in Ireland. In the South, Bruton's view is gaining currency, especially as the republic becomes more active in the European Union and Irish Catholicism is leavened with the cosmopolitan attitudes of Brussels and Paris. The Irish Republic's recent success in passing a law easing restrictions on divorce was seen as a major step forward in this movement toward Irish pluralism.

In their excellent new book, "The Fight for Peace," journalists Eamonn Mallie and David McKittrick write that as the South moved on to a new European focus, the republicans "found themselves losing their treasured victimhood. They were viewed as the real problem, not as a symbol of it, left behind by the tide of history, a murderous throwback to times gone by."

To their great credit, the republicans are adapting. Mallie and McKittrick report on secret meetings between leaders of the republican party, Sinn Fein, and several Presbyterian ministers, including the Rev. Ken Newell of Fitzroy Presbyterian Church in south Belfast. Newell told Mallie and McKittrick that over time the Presbyterians noticed Sinn Fein President Gerry Adams' "growing commitment to make peace and bring the violence to an end . . . . He had a growing respect for the Presbyterian and Protestant tradition, especially in its rugged independence of spirit, its sense of fairness, its democratic tendency and its willingness to take risks - embodied in the people who were there before him."

One of the most poignant examples of the Protestant need for recognition and respect came in a pamphlet I was shown on the Ulster Scots who emigrated to the United States. So much attention is paid to the Irish Catholic emigration of the 19th century. The pamphlet emphasized a much earlier Protestant emigration from the North, which contributed significantly to the development of the American nation. Ulster Scots, for example, claim more than half a dozen American presidents descended from their emigrant group.

It was such a touching claim for respect that at a dinner in Londonderry ("Derry" to the Catholics), I suggested one of the most powerful actions Americans could take for peace in Northern Ireland would be to host an Ulster Scots festival that celebrates the contributions they have made to the United States. Tony Crowe - a charming teacher, civic activist and member of the Protestant Apprentice Boys - grabbed my arm, bobbed excitedly and said, "Now, that's my boy; let's you and I talk."

A personal surprise

This Ulster Scot dimension also brought personal revelations for me. In my family tradition, emphasis has always been heavy on the Connolly and Kelly connections to Kildare and Kilkenny in Ireland's southern region. My father's name was James Connolly Boyd; he was born two years after James Connolly, hero of Irish nationalism, was executed for his part in the 1916 Easter Rising that eventually led to the Irish state.

I knew vaguely that Boyd was a Scottish name. Imagine my surprise at being told that James Boyd was a common Presbyterian name in Northern Ireland and Scotland, and that by my name I would immediately be taken for someone from the Presbyterian tradition. So I found myself coming to Northern Ireland as Everyman.

The idea of a U.S. festival honoring Ulster Scots was only half in jest. This is a very small community, there being only 1.6 million people in all of Northern Ireland, far fewer than in the Twin Cities. And they are very keenly aware of American attitudes. President Clinton's visit here last November caused a huge outburst of pride - in both communities, so deftly did he balance his attentions. Thus the notion of an American role in building the confidence of the Protestant tradition in the North is not far-fetched, balancing at least a bit the enormous, and deserved, emphasis in the United States on the Irish Catholic connection.

- Jim Boyd is deputy editor of the Star Tribune's editorial pages.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** May 24, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Faces of a recession***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VM3-9K41-2PKM-P0W7-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

May 3, 2009 Sunday

L2 Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 3

**Length:** 2182 words

**Byline:** By Sharon Cohen AP National Writer

**Body**

It's a rainy spring morning and Tamara Ogier plants herself at a table in a Spartan room in the Atlanta federal courthouse, computer and tape recorder at hand, ready to hear another day's stories of financial ruin.

Couples facing foreclosure. Down-and-out real estate agents. Merchants who've shut their doors. Some clutch folders, some couples hold on to each other as they sit on pew-like benches, waiting to tell the court-appointed bankruptcy trustee how they ended up deep in debt.

"I understand the assumption that we're the guys in the black hats," Ogier says, but "there are a lot of times when I'm actually able to do a lot of good."

It's a sunny morning 745 miles away, as Jerry Miller tools along Iowa's back roads, grumbling about folks who can't manage their money. He has just one credit card. He has no debts, but at almost 75, he feels he needs to keep working just to keep pace. He wonders, too, if he'll have to sacrifice for other people's mistakes.

"I can't believe because they got themselves in this situation, it's falling on us to pay it back," he says, heading to the first pharmacy where he'll make deliveries on this day. "Lord, you're going to set a college kid loose with a credit card? Buy a house that costs ten times your salary?"

He punctuates his disapproval with his favorite expression: Pffffft.

It's morning in America — but it's not a good morning.

The nation is suffering in a deep recession, there's no denying that: Unemployment is at its highest level in more than 25 years. The auto industry is on the skids. Foreclosure and for-sale signs are as common in some communities as streetlights.

And more bleak days seem to be ahead.

Many private economists expect the monthly jobless rate will climb to 10 percent by the end of the year — it already has surpassed that level in states such as Michigan, South Carolina and Rhode Island.

The bankruptcy rate is rising, too. Nearly 1.2 million debtors filed for bankruptcy in a year period ending in April, according to federal court records collected and analyzed by The Associated Press. In March, nearly 131,000 sought bankruptcy protection — an increase of 46 percent over a year earlier.

Those are the numbers. Then there are the people.

This is the story of one day, and how Americans spent those hours in the shadow of economic distress, from worried debtors in a Georgia courthouse to a prospective homebuyer in Michigan, from a worker in the Rhode Island food pantry to an Arizona contractor struggling to find jobs.

On this April day, no one person typifies hard times: In California, it's a homeless Army Reservist who joined up when he couldn't find work and sleeps in his 17-year-old car. In South Carolina, it's an unemployed factory worker who finds comfort in prayer.

And in Greenwich, Conn., home to hedge fund billionaires, it's David Rabin, who lost his $100,000 job last October as a senior vice president for a small financial services firm. He spends part of his morning in his basement, job hunting.

In better times, Rabin would be preparing for his annual spring golfing trip with three buddies at his condo in Myrtle Beach, S.C. Instead, the 48-year-old Rabin, wearing jeans, a blue hockey sweatshirt and white sneakers, is poring over Monster.com and other online job boards. He sends out 10 resumes a day, but has had few nibbles in six months.

A day earlier, he learned he didn't get a job recruiting members for a gym. That hurt.

"I didn't sleep a freakin' wink," he says. "If I don't fit that job, what the hell am I going to do?"

Rabin's wife, Lauren, has a marketing job. And he receives $476 weekly unemployment — about a quarter of his former salary — that runs out in July. Both checks keep them afloat.

"You have no idea how humbling all this is," he says. "It's extremely humbling. I'm ready to go to Stop & Shop and start bagging groceries."

"I've been in this situation before and I wasn't nearly as frightened," he says. "This is the Great Recession we're in."

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But watching Jim Juristy work, you wouldn't know that we're in hard times.

A nursing supervisor in Morgantown, W.Va., Juristy will spend his 12-hour shift at Ruby Memorial Hospital trying to fill jobs, calling, cajoling and charming nurses to come to work.

Not only is Juristy in a relatively secure profession, but he lives in a thriving area (the county's jobless rate is a relatively low 4 percent), home of West Virginia University and some recession-proof employers.

A former coal miner, the 54-year-old Juristy made the unlikely transition in the mid 1990s after his mine closed. With baby boomers aging, he thought health care would be a growth industry. So he went to nursing school.

"I figured I could adapt or become a dinosaur. And dinosaurs became extinct, so I thought I'd darn well better adapt," he says.

On this April morning when WVU Hospitals — which include Ruby Memorial — had 200 job openings, TV news is announcing higher-than-expected March unemployment rates.

Juristy doesn't hear a word. He's telling a supervisor: "We need seven nurses at 11, and we have three. It's a good day!"

He calls charge nurses and approves overtime. He tells his wife, Stephanie, a part-time clerical worker at the hospital, to start calling contractors, a pool of nurses from Maryland, Pennsylvania and West Virginia who earn $42 an hour (but no benefits) by working extra shifts.

When she starts dialing around 10:30 a.m., there are 11 jobs to fill.

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At the opposite end of the country, in Scottsdale, Ariz., 36-year-old Mark Zimmerman is struggling, too. The contractor's printer spits out an estimate for a project he never would have taken two years ago: replacing concrete blocks supporting a carport.

The numbers aren't pretty: Three days of labor. About $35 an hour for his workers. Another $250 in material. Zimmerman does some fast math on a hand-held calculator. He gets 10 percent, so he'll make a meager $109.

"That doesn't cover me for anything — not my time sitting and putting the bid together, not my time driving out to go look at it," he says. "I'm actually losing money."

But Zimmerman wants to make sure his two full-time workers don't leave to find other jobs before the construction industry picks up. He hands the estimate to his assistant.

"$1,594?" she asks, eyebrows raised. "That's it?"

The downturn in construction has rippled across the Sun Belt, from Arizona to Florida, where the pawnshop is often the stop of last resort.

At Best Value Jewelry and Pawn in the ***working-class*** town of Fort Pierce, manager Scott Herman first noticed trouble signs about 18 months ago. As construction dried up, so many workers wanted to pawn or sell tools that Herman had to stop accepting them.

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By late morning, Tamara Ogier, the Atlanta federal bankruptcy trustee, has wrapped up about 30 interviews.

She is a gentle-but-firm interrogator, sifting through the financial records of the debtors, looking for anything of value — a home, a car, a diamond ring — that can be sold to satisfy creditors.

It takes just five minutes to hear how a life has unraveled.

A 40-year-old former accounting consultant, looking forlorn and wearing a button-down shirt and dark pants, tells Ogier in a near whisper that his clothes are all he owns. His business fell off last summer.

"I'm just hoping things will turn around," he says later, adding that he plans to return to school to take more accounting courses.

A Vietnamese couple who owned a hair and tanning salon explain, through a translator, they have a staggering $600,000 credit card debt. The husband was getting free credit cards in the mail, and using one to pay off the other.

Over and over, Ogier calmly asks the same questions: Will they receive any life insurance or inheritance within the next six months? Have they bought a vehicle in the last six months?

These kinds of crushing debts are unimaginable to Jerry Miller, the frugal Iowan. He has never bought a new car and still lives in the house he got for $8,500 in 1960, the house where he and his wife of 54 years, Barbara, raised six kids.

This is a man who once logged every purchase he made in a year — down to a .29 cent pint of ice cream.

As the silver-haired grandfather heads toward another pharmacy on his five-stop, 160-mile route, Miller talks about fiscal responsibility. It's not just about money, he says. It's reputation, too.

"If you've got a good name, they can't take that away from you," he says, jabbing a finger in the air to make a point.

It would have been nice, he adds, if he had a choice about retirement. But Miller says he needs the cash from this 15-hour a week job to pay for health care for himself and his wife.

Just after 12:30 p.m., Miller arrives home in Conrad, Iowa and the veteran of many recessions has some parting words:

"This, right now, is something different," he says. "You've got to have faith in the system. But can you tell me, where did all the money go?"

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It's just past 1 p.m. in Morgantown, W.Va., and Jim Juristy still needs 10 nurses to cover all shifts.

No sweat.

"If you had 10 people call off in a coal mine, that's a whole unit," he says. We have the resources and the people we can call who are willing to come in. It's an opportunity to make more money. That's why people work."

The search goes on.

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In San Francisco, Khaaliq Parker, 32, is mounting his own search.

The unemployed auto mechanic is holed up in a cubicle at Career Link employment center in the Mission District, checking e-mail for responses to resumes he has sent out.

"The job market is really tough," he says. "It's crazy. I don't give up."

Parker was laid off a year ago and has been homeless since December. Until then, he had lived in Oakland with his wife and 4-year-old son and her parents, but he says they kicked him out when he wasn't making progress looking for work.

So he sleeps in his 1992 red Mustang.

Today is a good day, all things considered. Parker receives his first $422-monthly workfare assistance check; he washed city buses in the morning to help earn that. He also squeezes by with food stamps and $60 a month from the Army Reserve.

Parker, clad in a gray ARMY T-shirt, joined several months ago to bolster his resume and get job training. He may be headed to Afghanistan within a year. He's resigned to it.

Parker is far from alone. In March, the nation's jobless rate rose to 8.5 percent — more than 13 million Americans. The recession, experts say, has eliminated more jobs as a proportion of the work force than any downturn since 1958.

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As night approaches, Jim Juristy has four open beds and figures the 11 p.m. shift will get by OK if he can just get two more nurses for the West Virginia hospital.

"Actually, this has not been that bad a day," he says.

Enough people call in. At 6:35 p.m., he has reached his goal.

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Ten minutes later, Ballroom B at the DeVos Place convention center in downtown Grand Rapids, Mich., is humming with anticipation.

About 450 people are waiting to bid on nearly 75 foreclosed homes being auctioned off this night. For the right price, one family's misfortune can become another's American dream.

Auctioneer Mike Carr tries to break the tension with a mock auction, supposedly for a Las Vegas home. When the bidding stops at $1 million, a photo is flashed on a large TV screen — an old flatbed truck carrying a rundown shack. How could someone fork over $1 million for a house, Carr asks, without seeing it first?

Laughter ripples through the crowded ballroom.

Tonight's first property for sale is a mobile home on 3.62 acres. Its previous value: $199,900. The starting bid: a lowly $1,000. Within two minutes, the home is sold for just $15,000.

Next up is one of four houses that Marilyn Heidenfelder wants to bid on — three bedrooms, 2,280-square-feet, valued at $204,000. She's hoping to buy a place for her 41-year-old daughter, a school bus driver and mother of three, who recently lost her house when her mortgage increased $350 a month.

Heidenfelder hasn't told her daughter, so she wouldn't get her hopes up.

The 61-year-old retiree is bargain hunting tonight. She doesn't want to spend any more than $20,000. But the bidding quickly exceeds her limit. The first home she wanted goes for $105,000.

The auction continues at a breakneck pace, with tuxedo-clad men in the audience prowling the aisles, shouting the latest bids to the auctioneer as houses are flashed on five TV screens. Carr doesn't stop for an instant.

Heidenfelder is no more successful when the three other houses she had scouted out are sold. The cheapest one goes for $45,000 — more than twice what she was willing to pay. And it didn't even have a furnace.

Shortly after 7 p.m., she leaves with her $2,500 cashier's check — and without a home. There were $10,000 houses, she notes, but "they were trash."

Heidenfelder is disappointed. "There were too many people," she says. "It was too competitive."

Lynette Davis is heading home, too. Her Bible study is over, the hymns sung, the prayers spoken.

"This takes a lot of things off my mind," she says.

As she makes her way outside, the birds are singing, the leaden sky brightens and finally a glimmer of sun breaks through the clouds.

**Graphic**

Lynette Davis, 53, who has been out of work for nine months, is seen at her home in Marion, S.C.Former coal miner Jim Juristy, now a registered nurse and house supervisor, coordinates staffing and planning beds by monitoring a Sony LCD display panel and taking phone calls in Ruby Memorial Hospital in Morgantown, W.Va.Marilyn Heidenfelder, of Alto, Mich., sits outside a Real Estate Disposition home auction in Grand Rapids, Mich. Heidenfelder had four properties she was looking at but was outbid on all of them.associated press photos Khaaliq Parker looks for a job at the Mission Link Career Center in San Francisco.Jerry Miller, 74, of Conrad, Iowa, talks with pharmacist Charlene Reysack after making a delivery in Ackley, Iowa.

**Load-Date:** May 4, 2009

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[***BLACKWELL PREPARING FOR HIS BREAKTHROUGH; Conservative ignores conventional wisdom***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YMC-2NX0-0027-X2NB-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

February 20, 2000, Sunday,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS,

**Length:** 1492 words

**Byline:** John Keilman DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Body**

When Ken Blackwell took his first run at the all-white Cincinnati City Council in 1977, he got this advice: Don't run TV ads, and in the ***working-class*** white neighborhoods of the west side, leave your face off the election signs.

He ignored the tip. The voters, he figured, would eventually see that he was black. So he "ran like heck" on the west side, and he won. By the next election, he was the leading vote getter in that part of town.

"I had not listened to the racial strategy, and I had worked hard to make people more familiar with what I stood for, what I wanted for my family and for theirs," he said. "I'm a fundamental believer that once you break down the wall, 90 to 95 percent of the American people, they start to be for you or against you, not because of your race, but because of what you believe in or don't believe in."

So far, that belief has taken Blackwell, a conservative Republican, on a rocket ride to prominence. He has been a teacher, a professor, an investment banker, a mayor, a high-ranking federal bureaucrat, a corporate director and a diplomat.

In 1994, he was elected state treasurer, becoming the first black person in Ohio to win statewide administrative office. Four years later, he was the first black person to be elected secretary of state.

Now Blackwell has another goal. In 2006, he says, he will run for governor. If he wins, he will be Ohio's first black governor - and unless someone beats him to it, only the second in American history.

Like many black people who have accomplished great things, Blackwell has been a pioneer, a man who blazed a path in the face of great obstacles. He is one of the black Ohioans whose stories the Dayton Daily News will tell this week.

Eric Winston, a Wilberforce University official who has made an informal study of the subject, says black pioneers share certain characteristics.

"Not only were they . . . first, (doing) things no others had done, they were African-Americans and had the eyes of everybody on them," he says. "They had to prove they were capable of doing what they were first in."

DISTILLED AMERICAN DREAM

When Blackwell speaks before a crowd, which is often, he likes to tell the story of his youth, and no wonder. It's a distillation of the American Dream.

He was born in Cincinnati in 1948 and grew up in the Laurel Homes public housing project. His mother was a homemaker, his father a meat packer. Both impressed upon their two children the importance of education and civic duty, and young Ken listened.

"If you wanted better schools, if you wanted a more responsive government for your community's needs, if you wanted safer neighborhoods, you had to be involved. That was sort of an understanding of my family," he says.

A big, athletic kid, Blackwell earned a football scholarship to Xavier University, where he played linebacker, studied education and became active in student government. When he graduated in 1970, he was drafted by the Dallas Cowboys and turned into an undersized offensive lineman. But paltry pay, segregation in Dallas and an on-field clobbering from legendary defensive end Deacon Jones convinced him to seek his future elsewhere.

He returned to Cincinnati and became a teacher, quickly ascending to a professorship at Xavier University.

In 1975, he made his first political run, trying for a seat on the city's Board of Education. He fell short by 500 votes, but he was noticed. Two years later, before elections for the city council, all three parties - Democrat, Republican and Charter - approached him. The council at that point was all white, and a black candidate who had yet to form a firm ideology was most attractive.

Blackwell went with the Charterites, an independent reform party, and he was elected. After he won a second term in 1979, a coalition of Charterites and Democrats put him in the mayor's seat for a year (the council, not the voters, determined the mayor in those days). He was the second black mayor in Cincinnati history.

But soon, he realized that if he wanted to succeed in politics beyond Cincinnati, he needed to be in a mainline party. That, along with what he perceived as a leftward drift among the Charterites, convinced him in 1981 to join the Republicans.

He stayed with the party through an unsuccessful 1990 run for Congress, and his loyalty was eventually rewarded.

In 1994, Gov. George Voinovich named him to fill the term of the state treasurer, who had gone to Washington. Eight months later, he won the job at the polls. He was the first black person elected to statewide administrative office in Ohio.

However, he was already looking ahead. In early 1997, Blackwell declared his intention to run for governor. He travelled across the state to gather support, but the Republican hierarchy supported Bob Taft, then the secretary of state. Taft's $ 3.6 million war chest swamped Blackwell, convincing him to back off.

He decided to run for the same post Taft occupied, and after surviving a campaign in which his interest in the office was questioned, Blackwell became Ohio's first black secretary of state.

BLACKS HISTORICALLY LINK TO GOP

Conventional wisdom holds that black voters are Democratic voters. But Blackwell, whose memory for decades-old poll numbers and vote totals seems limitless, notes that that wasn't always the case.

For almost 100 years after the Civil War, many blacks identified with the party of Lincoln. Blackwell credits a phone call John F. Kennedy reluctantly made during the 1960 presidential race with turning the tide. Kennedy phoned Coretta Scott King to lend his support after her husband, Martin Luther King Jr., had been arrested.

'It sort of spread through the national grapevine of the black community,' Blackwell says. 'And in the final analysis, the Kennedy-Nixon split of the black vote was something like 65 to 35 (percent), or 60-40. But Nixon still got a third of the black vote. It was only by the end of the '60s that you started to see the realignment take its greatest shift and then start to harden. I think what you're seeing now is a thawing of that.'

Democrats, he says, are taking the black vote for granted, and Republicans are in prime position to capitalize. And while not everyone agrees with that assessment, Blackwell says the political landscape is bound to change.

"The issue (today) is familiarity, more so than race," he says. " . . . . A lack of interaction (historically) bred unfamiliarity, and that unfamiliarity either bred suspicion or lack of openness to folks of the other race. But as a consequence of greater social interaction . . . more and more people are becoming familiar with people of different races, and are basically creating the erosion of that wall."

PLANS TO RUN FOR GOVERNOR

Blackwell says he will run for the state's top job in 2006, at the end of what he presumes will be Bob Taft's second term as governor.

He will have had two terms in the secretary of state's office (assuming he is reelected in 2002), and a resume that includes stints as a high official in the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, and co-chairman of the U.S. Census Monitoring Board.

His role with the census has allowed him to travel the state to encourage participation among minorities populations experts say are usually undercounted, diluting their political strength.

The merits of the census job notwithstanding, the exposure can only help his future ambitions. But some political watchers think he is still not a strong candidate for the governor's office - and not because of his race.

"If he were running today, I can't imagine him surviving a Republican primary," says Robert Adams, associate professor of political science at Wright State University. "He's a self-described conservative (pro-life, pro-flat tax, pro-school vouchers), and I think that in Ohio politics, people at the extreme ends are a liability. They generally don't survive. So unless he moves toward the center, I just can't see him (as governor)."

And Rhine McLin, a Dayton state senator who is black, says black voters won't necessarily flock to Blackwell for the chance to make history.

"The thing we've got to take into consideration (is) are we going to elect people just because of their color or because of what they can do?" McLin said. "I'd like to see, as a Democrat, a Democratic governor, and I'd like to see a woman, if it's all possible. But I know Ken is ambitious, and I'm surprised he'll wait until 2006 to try this."

Blackwell says he doesn't expect to be handed the nomination in exchange for stepping aside for Taft in 1998. And he says he has no interest in shooting for national office: With an ongoing reduction in federal power, he said, the action is at the state level.

So if all goes as planned, Ohioans six years hence will see a new batch of campaign posters. And you can be sure Blackwell won't hide his face.

"I don't think it'll be my turn," he says. "It'll be my time."

**Notes**

BLACK PIONEERS: PREPARING THE WAY

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (2): (#1) SECRETARY OF STATE Ken Blackwell has been a teacher, a professor, an investment banker, a mayor, a bureaucrat, a corporate director and a diplomat. (COLOR) CREDIT: LISA POWELL/DAYTON DAILY NEWS (#2) OHIO SECRETARY OF STATE Ken Blackwell speaks at the Census 2000 marketing campaign at the Old Courthouse in Dayton earlier this month. (B&W) CREDIT: JIM WITMER/DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Load-Date:** February 21, 2000

**End of Document**



[***N. PHILA. NEIGHBORS FIGHTING SHELTER< THE CITY PLANS A 400-BED FACILITY FOR THE HOMELESS.< ENOUGH ALREADY, RESIDENTS SAY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CDF0-01K4-951Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 21, 1996 Tuesday SFCITY EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1322 words

**Byline:** Marjorie Valbrun, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

For years, Pat Bell and her North Philadelphia neighbors willingly made room for the poor, the sick and the troubled.

Boarding homes opened in the 1970s, and no one complained. Halfway houses followed in the late 1980s, and only a few residents resisted. Then came the homeless shelters in the early 1990s.

That's when the problems began.

"And they're still coming in," Bell said disgustedly.

Now the city plans to open a 400-bed shelter for homeless families in an abandoned warehouse at 2054 W. Clearfield St., more than doubling the number of shelter beds in Bell's community. Eight other city-funded shelters, with a total of 316 beds, are within a 10-block area.

As a result, the city's homeless-services office, neighborhood residents and the local church that owns the building - an old dental adhesive and appliances factory - are locked in a bitter dispute.

Church officials say residents vandalized the building. Residents say construction workers did the damage.

Residents vow to oppose the shelter until the city changes course. But that outcome looks doubtful.

"What's the alternative?" asked Bill Parshall, the city's homeless-policy chief. "We would be putting families out into the street, and we're not willing to do that."

Last week, there were about 1,588 families in the city's shelter system, an all-time high, Parshall said.

Nonetheless, the plan has brought accusations of racial discrimination from residents of the mostly black neighborhood. They say the city is using their ***working-class*** community as a dumping ground for the homeless, many of whom have drug or mental problems.

They say they have more than their share of shelters, as well as of private halfway houses and boarding homes - and of the crime, the litter and the loitering they bring.

What's more, they complain that because shelter residents are transients, they have no commitment to the struggling neighborhood.

Parshall said the four-story, 88,000-square-foot building was ideal because of its size, structural soundness, heating, sprinkler systems and location. Many entering the system are from North Philadelphia, he said, so it makes sense to place them close to home.

Money, not race, Parshall said, is driving the shelter proposal - specifically, pending state and federal budget cuts to welfare programs that could dramatically increase the number of the homeless.

"We're looking at this shelter being our safety valve if the bottom falls out and we have more families becoming homeless," Parshall said.

Smack in the middle of the dispute is the Deliverance Evangelistic Church, at 21st Street and Lehigh Avenue, which owns the building and runs a 30-bed shelter at 20th Street and Glenwood Avenue.

In December, the church signed an $854,000 contract with the city to convert the old warehouse and operate the shelter. The city left it up to church officials to get community comment, building permits and a zoning change. None of those steps was taken before renovations began.

"They must have gotten ahead of themselves," Parshall said.

Residents say they found out about the shelter only when construction workers descended on the property in February. They immediately complained to the city Department of Licenses and Inspections, which twice ordered work to stop. The orders were ignored. L&I inspectors also cited the church for 10 code violations.

Still the work continued.

On April 26, L&I posted a stop-work order at the entrance of the warehouse and told the church to get proper permits and a zoning variance. The matter is scheduled for a Zoning Board hearing at 2 p.m. tomorrow.

Angered about being left out of the process and about being "disrespected" by both the city and the church, residents plan to have their say at the hearing.

For years, Bell and other residents have grudgingly tolerated their come-and-go neighbors, trying to be patient with poor people struggling to make their way back into society.

Bell's neighborhood is a mix of roomy two- and three-story brownstones, both owner-occupied and rented. Some residents are third-generation owners. Others are young families unable to buy.

Most of the homes occupied by single families are in good shape, with fresh paint and manicured lawns outside and shiny wood floors and beautiful banisters inside.

Over time, though, the old-fashioned boarding homes run by elderly widows gave way to the group homes and the halfway houses.

"They started coming in little by little," said Bell, chairwoman of North Central Communities Inc., a coalition of block captains and community organizations that oppose the shelter. "Some we didn't even know about; some we had closed down because they were operating illegally."

The boarding homes and the halfway houses are easy to spot, interspersed among the neat homes with small flower gardens. They are mostly rundown, with garbage-strewn lawns.

"I remember these homes being so beautiful," said Bell, who lives in the 3500 block of North Judson. "We had doctors and lawyers living in them. Now when I look at them, I get depressed. You walk around the corner and you don't know what you're going to see."

Parshall is taking the heat for not getting community comment sooner. He's going from one neighborhood meeting to another and confessing, "I dropped the ball.

"Should I have been more proactive? Yes," he said during a recent interview. "In retrospect, did we make a mistake in not reaching out sooner to the community? Yes. But when we would have normally been doing that and staying on top of zoning, we were in the midst of the winter blizzard and making sure the shelters were running."

The community isn't buying his explanations.

"We're not interested in all these little details you're talking about," a very perturbed Patricia Mullen told him at a meeting last week. "You are placing this in our laps and we don't want it. When you go home at night, you go to sleep. We don't go to sleep. We have too many problems to deal with. It's not fair. It's not fair at all."

Residents were even less receptive at an earlier meeting. They shouted down the city representatives and booed Mayor Rendell so loudly that he gave up and left.

At the latest meeting, Anne Howard, who has lived in the neighborhood for 27 years, weighed in angrily: "I'm a case manager and social worker. I'm a woman and a mother and just a heartbeat away from being homeless myself. That building is in my backyard . . . and I want to know how you can even consider putting women and children in that building.

"That building is not even fit for human habitation. They're going to be living like horses in a stall. You're making money off the backs of the poor. I'm offended."

Responded Parshall: "If we take 'no' everywhere we go, we will have women and children sleeping on the streets."

Further complicating the controversy was the Health Department's discovery, after prodding by shelter opponents, of asbestos and peeling lead paint in the building - a dangerous combination for a place that is to house hundreds of children.

Parshall said that the asbestos had been safely removed and that the building would not open until all the lead paint was gone, too.

"Nothing will happen until zoning decisions occur," he said.

In the meantime, the church's strained relationship with the community is worsening.

"The church says one thing to us and then does something else," said Darryl Jones, the director of the South Lehigh Action Council.

Benita Ray, another longtime resident and president of the Forgotten Block Inc., a community association, placed a sign outside her house that reads "Broken Promise, God's Word Good, Deliverance's Word No Good."

Church representatives say they are being unfairly criticized.

"We're here to serve the will of God and do what's right," said Jesse Patterson, the church's secretary-treasurer. "If we knew all this controversy was going to come out of this, we would have never leased out the building. We could have done something else with it."

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO (1)

1. Debra Battis protests at the old warehouse proposed for a shelter. Residents say their community is being used as a dumping ground. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RICHARD M. TITLEY)

MAP (2)

1. Area of detail

2. Proposed shelter (The Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A CITY TO LOVE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-M470-0094-52H3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***AN INSIDER'S GUIDE TO PHILADELPHIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-M470-0094-52H3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 31, 1996, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1440 words

**Byline:** LEWIS BEALE, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA

**Body**

So near, yet so far: For many Easterners, Philadelphia might as well be Timbuktu.

I discovered this as a kid when, growing up in Philly, I realized that getting my New York-based relatives to visit the City of Brotherly Love was like asking them to submit to root canal. I've always attributed it to a certain Big Apple snobbishness - I can almost hear them saying, ''Everything's here. So why go there?''

The irony was, every time they came, they enjoyed it. In fact, I've never met anyone who didn't like Philly. It's physically attractive, has great restaurants, world-class cultural institutions and a historical district unrivaled in the United States. Plus, there's that nitty-gritty aura of ***working-class*** ethnicity - the ''Yo, Rocky!'' ''Yo, Adrian!'' thing.

Philly is more than the Liberty Bell, soft pretzels and Rocky Balboa dancing on the steps of the Art Museum. Interested? Here's an insider's guide that answers some key questions:

\* Where can you get the best cheesesteak? is the most important of all Philly queries. And the answer is: ''Nowhere but Philadelphia.'' Specifically, nowhere but Jim's Steaks at Fourth and South streets. This basic sit-down place with the art deco facade whips up the best combination of steak, cheese and Italian roll in town. Try it with mushrooms, if you must, but accept no substitutes. (Hours at Jim's: Mon.-Thurs., 10 a.m.-1 a.m.; Fri. and Sat., 10-2 a.m.; Sun., noon-10 p.m.)

\* What's a Palestra? Only the best place in America to see college hoops. Located on the University of Pennsylvania campus in West Philly, this medium-sized (seating capacity 9,200) arena was built in the 1920s, so it has the kind of quaint architectural touches that make present day hoops palaces look positively sterile. The Palestra used to be the home of the Big Five Penn, Temple, La Salle, Villanova and St. Joe's - but that series, with its packed houses, raucous cheers and intense competition, ended several years ago. The Penn Quakers still use this as their home court, so if you can catch them playing another city school, or Princeton, their Ivy League rival, shell out for the tickets. The atmosphere is unrivaled.

\* Who is Frank Furness? The Philly native is one of America's greatest 19th-century architects. Check out his masterpiece, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Broad and Cherry streets, built in 1876. This prime example of Victorian gothic has a fantastically lush interior: walls of gilt floral patterns on a field of Venetian red; a cerulean blue ceiling sprinkled with silver stars; gallery walls of plum, ochre and green. The facade's not too shabby either, and the museum collection is first-rate.

\* Where do all the hippies meet? The 1963 pop hit by The Orlons had the answer: ''South Street, South Street.'' Which, as it happens, is a real thoroughfare in South Philly, once the stomping ground of the counter-cultural set. Today, South Street from Front Street to about 11th Street is a jumble of hip restaurants, clubs, clothing, book and record stores, fast-food joints and at least one performing arts venue. A good time for a stroll is in the afternoon (Friday to Sunday night it's overrun by teen-agers), when its laid-back funkiness will remind you of Greenwich Village.

\* What do Madison Square Garden and the Philadelphia Museum of Art have in common? A 13-foot statue of Diana the Huntress, the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The sculpture once stood atop the old Garden, at Madison Square. After the Garden was razed in 1925, the statue went into storage until 1932, when it was given to the new art museum in Philly. Today, at the top of a monumental museum staircase, she stands guard over one of the finest art collections in the U.S. of A.

\* Why did the cowboy artist cross the road? To put a statue on the other side. Which is why Frederic Remington's ''The Cowboy,'' the artist's first and last - large-size bronze sculpture, sits on its rocky perch above Kelly Drive. Installed in 1908, site chosen by the artist himself, the bronze shows a rough-and-tough cowboy astride a galloping horse that has stopped just short of a precipice (the model was Charlie Trego, a Pennsylvanian who became manager of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show). The only thing wrong with ''The Cowboy'' is that it's a bit inaccessible, but make the effort to check it out.

\* Who's the most famous boxer to do road work on Ninth Street? Rocky Balboa, of course, who jogged through South Philly's justly famous Italian Market before his big title fight with Apollo Creed. Anyone else visiting this cornucopia of stores and awning-covered stalls, on Ninth Street between Christian and Wharton, will want to stay awhile. It may not be America's biggest urban market but it's certainly the most colorful. Check out A. Esposito Meats, Di Bruno Brothers cheese shop and Litto's Bakery (killer cannolis). Or stop in at one of the legendary red sauce restaurants, like Ralph's or Villa di Roma.

\* What does a real railroad station look like? A reminder of the grand old days of train travel can be found at 30th Street Station in Philly. Completed in 1934, restored in 1991, 30th Street is art deco architecture at its finest. The station has a huge marble-faced waiting room with a multi-colored ceiling. There are enormous columned entrances, monumental sculptures and several historical friezes. A new addition is a food court on the building's north side: just the place to get your Philly soft pretzel, some coffee, salads, sandwiches, whatever.

\* Where do the Amish sell free-range barbecued chicken? At Reading Terminal Market, Wednesday through Saturday. In its present location at 12th and Arch streets since 1892, the indoor market houses 80 merchants selling farm-fresh produce, meats, fish, baked goods and ethnic foods. Check out Bassett's Ice Cream stand. Or stop by Margerum's, a prime meat stall that's been in the market since it was founded. The place is especially bustling on Saturdays, when shoppers descend on it from all over the Delaware Valley.

What's happening . . .<

For visitors, it's the City of Brotherly Love . . . and hospitality, according to Philadelphia Hospitality, a nonprofit organization established in 1982. For example: Want to see the ''Cezanne'' exhibition (at the Philadelphia Museum of Art May 30-Aug. 18)? PH will arrange a special tour. How about visiting other cultural places of interest, and private access to elegant homes, gardens, art and antique collections? Want to meet distinguished Philadelphians? Call (800) 714-3287.

Here are some other reasons to visit:

PLEASE TOUCH MUSEUM (210 N. 21st St.) provides cultural/-educational hands-on experiences for children, age 1 to 7. Open seven days a week 9 a.m. 4:30 p.m. Admission: adults and kids over 1, $ 6.95; under 1, free. (215) 963-0667. Discount parking.

SPRING EVENTS: April 10 - World Figure Skating Champions, CoreStates Spectrum, Broad St. and Pattison Ave., (215) 336-3600; 12-17 - Philadelphia Antiques Show, 33rd St. Armory, north of Market St., (215) 387-3500; 28 Historical Event and Craft Fair, Fort Mifflin on Delaware, Island Ave. and Fort Mifflin Road, (215) 685-4192. For other events, exhibits and tours, call the Philadelphia Visitors Center, (800) 537-7676.

PHILLIES ALL-STAR WEEK - July 3-9: At Pinnacle All-Star Fanfest, go to bat against life-size video images of pitchers in video batting cages, Pennsylvania Convention Center, 12th and Arch streets. Major League Baseball's Workout Day, July 8, combines Old-Timers Game and a home-run hitting contest at Veterans Stadium. On July 9, it's the 67th major league All-Star game, at 8 p.m. (215) 463-1000.

GO 4TH: Sunoco Welcome America is a 12-day extravaganza of more than 55 free events, June 28-July 9. (800) 770-5883. Hotel packages at Embassy Suites Center City (215) 561-1776 and Doubletree (215) 893-1600. Ten percent off Amtrak, (800) USA-RAIL, fare X-653.

BRANDYWINE VALLEY'S Sampler packages offer discount coupons and free-admission vouchers. View the art of the Wyeth family at the Brandywine River Museum, see Henry Francis duPont's collection of American antique furniture and decorative art at Winterthur, visit the world of American 19th-century industry at Hagley - all at no cost if you stay in a participating hotel, inn or B&B. (800) 228-9933.

BUCKS COUNTY: Learn more about George Washington at Washington Crossing Historic Park, William Penn at Pennsbury Manor, Henry Chapman Mercer at the Mercer Museum, and Pearl S. Buck at the Pearl S. Buck Estate. Or visit the six state and 22 county parks, or the Bowman's Hill Wildflower Preserve. To receive the 1996 Bucks County Visitors Guide & Map, call (800) 836-BUCKS.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), PHOTO: (For two photos) Above, the gritty Palestra is still one of; the best arenas for college hoops. At left, the Philadelphia Museum of Art,; where Rocky Balboa stepped up to fame.

**Load-Date:** April 3, 1996

**End of Document**



[***BOMB PARTS FOUND IN MONTANA CABIN < UNABOMBER SUSPECT IS HELD WITHOUT BAIL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CC90-01K4-906F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 5, 1996 Friday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1351 words

**Byline:** Nicholas K. Geranios, ASSOCIATED PRESS, Inquirer staff writers Jeff Fleishman and, Carol Morello contributed to this article.,

**Dateline:** HELENA, Mont.

**Body**

Investigators found a partially assembled pipe bomb, chemicals and meticulous notes on making explosives in the mountain cabin of the former Berkeley math professor suspected of being the Unabomber, federal officials said yesterday.

Theodore John Kaczynski, 53, was charged yesterday with possessing the bomb components and was held without bail. Appearing before a judge, Kaczynski, bearded and thin, said he was mentally competent and could not afford his own lawyer.

The charge made no mention of the Unabomber's string of bombing attacks, which killed three people and injured 23 in 18 years. Federal officials said the charge was designed to hold Kaczynski while agents built a case.

The FBI again searched Kaczyn-ski's hand-built, 10-by-12-foot cabin yesterday. Federal officials said the search could last several days.

"It's going very slowly because we're not sure if it's booby-trapped," said a federal agent speaking on condition of anonymity. "We have an explosives ordnance team X-raying everything before we touch it."

Although agents stopped anyone who did not live up the road that led to Kaczynski's cabin, those who did live there came and went freely yesterday, and said agents had not asked them to evacuate.

The cabin that Kaczynski reportedly built in 1971 has no electricity and no running water. It is heated, said a census-taker who visited it in 1990, by a wood stove. He had a hand pump for water and an outhouse.

Agents had been staking out Kaczynski's cabin near the Continental Divide for several weeks, ever since his mother and brother notified authorities that they had stumbled across some of his old writings while cleaning out the suburban Chicago house his mother was putting for sale. The mother and brother found them similar to the Unabomber's anarchist manifestos.

Kaczynski was taken into custody by federal agents Wednesday in his cabin in the wilderness 50 miles northwest of Helena.

There were no answers to several questions, and federal agents mostly were maintaining silence. One question was where Kaczynski got the money to pay for groceries and wood - and for the material that agents said they found in his cabin.

Another was how someone with only a bicycle could mail packages from locations including San Francisco; Oakland, Calif.; Sacramento, Calif.; and Chicago. Other bombs were left in cities around the country.

Dick Lundberg, a neighbor, said he sometimes gave Kaczynski rides into Helena, and Kaczynski would stay overnight at a cheap motel and return the next day with him after a trip to the Helena grocery. Plane connections were available there, but Lundberg said he knew of no flights that Kaczynski made.

Asked about the possibility of accomplices, one federal agent said: "This guy is a loner. He wouldn't work with someone else."

FBI and Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms agents found a partially completed pipe bomb in a loft at Kaczynski's cabin, according to an affidavit by FBI agent Donald J. Sachtleben.

Ten three-ring binders were recovered filled with "page after page of meticulous writings and sketches which I recognize to be diagrams of explosive devices," Sachtleben said. The diagrams show cross-sections of pipe bombs and electrical circuitry.

In addition, agents found galvanized metal, copper and plastic pipes, four of them with copper plates sealing one end, "one of the first steps in the construction of a pipe bomb," Sachtleben said.

Also recovered were potassium chlorate, sodium chlorate, aluminum powder, lead powder and silver oxide powder, all of which can be used in bombs, he added. Three rolled-up pieces of paper appeared to contain "logs of experiments to determine the optimum pipe dimension and combination of explosive materials in various weather conditions," Sachtleben said.

Federal officials, who spoke on condition of anonymity, said searchers also found two manual typewriters. The Unabomber has sent a sheaf of typed letters over the last few years, and investigators wanted to compare those with the typewriters.

A former assistant professor of mathematics at the University of California at Berkeley, Kaczynski graduated from Harvard when he was barely 20, and received a master's degree and doctorate from the University of Michigan several years later. He was academically oriented, interested in difficult mathematics problems.

After retreating from academic life in the 1970s, Kaczynski lived in Utah, doing odd jobs.

Evelyn Vanderlaan, who was a neighbor of Kaczynski's family in the ***working-class*** Chicago suburb of Evergreen Park, Ill., said: "Teddy was unusually smart. I've never known anyone who had a brain like he. He made it through high school in three years. . . . I didn't see much emotion, just quiet."

In Schenectady, N.Y., a bank of television cameras and reporters camped outside the green-and-white house of Kaczynski's brother, David, who was believed to be inside behind drawn curtains.

David Kaczynski, a social services administrator at a youth center, and his wife, Linda Patrik, a philosophy professor at nearby Union College, did not answer the door. One neighbor said the couple were inside with Kaczynski's mother, Wanda, who a few weeks ago moved from the Chicago suburbs to Schenectady.

The move came shortly after the family provided a huge break in the case by alerting authorities to the writings of Theodore Kaczynski discovered in the family's former Chicago-area home.

David and Linda's neighbors struggled to figure out how two quiet, reserved people could be related to a bombing suspect.

"Linda was an excellent gardener and David dug out her flower beds," said neighbor Mary Ann Welch from a rocking chair in her house.

The couple were married in that garden five years ago, and yesterday reporters and neighbors trudged past the trellis and rosebushes that were wrapped in burlap.

David and Linda's unwillingness to break their silence - if they were inside the home - was notable as a newspaper and a delivery of flowers sat on the front porch all day.

"I'm speaking out," said Welch, "because I don't want David to be wrongly characterized. I don't want him to be lumped into something he's not. He is choosing to be silent right now, and that's his right."

Across the street, Esther Candrilli, who wore gray slippers and carried a home video camera on her shoulder, said: "No, I'm not with a TV station. I'm doing this on my own, for my family. It's interesting to do filming by yourself. Did you see who sent the flowers? My husband will be so proud of me."

At Michigan, professor Peter L. Duren, who served on Kaczynski's doctoral panel, described him as smart, independent and dedicated.

"He was unusually focused on math and spent all of his time doing it," Duren said. "I don't think he was political at that time. He was so busy, so involved in math, I don't think he did anything else."

At Berkeley, where Kaczynski's career veered off track with his resignation, spokesman Jesus Mena said that records show he submitted a letter of resignation in 1969. Department officials at the time filed a letter saying they tried to talk him out of leaving "but he was intent on resigning."

In court yesterday, Kaczynski appeared calm and spoke softly but clearly before U.S. District Judge Charles C. Lovell. He consulted frequently with his attorney, public defender Michael Donahoe.

When Lovell asked if he was unable to afford a lawyer, Kaczynski said, "Quite correct." He said "no" when the judge asked if he had any mental impairments.

Lovell told Kaczynski and his attorney to decide by noon today whether they wanted a preliminary hearing and a hearing to determine bail.

A federal grand jury is scheduled to convene April 17 in Great Falls and will decide whether to return an indictment, a federal law enforcement official said on condition of anonymity.

The Unabomber's first blast occurred at Northwestern University in suburban Chicago in 1978. The most recent of the 16 attacks came April 24, 1995, when a timber industry executive was killed in Sacramento, Calif.

The investigation was code-named Unabom because the bomber's early targets were universities and airlines.

**Notes**

THE UNABOMBER SUSPECT

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Theodore John Kaczynski is taken by U.S. marshals into the federal courthouse in Helena, Mont. He told a judge yesterday that he could not afford a lawyer and that he had no mental impairments. A grand jury is to convene April 17, a source said. (Associated Press, JOHN YOUNGBEAR)

2. Agents stand guard at a private road leading to the property of the suspect near Lincoln, Mont. Only neighbors are allowed to pass. (Associated Press, ELAINE THOMPSON)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***RANCID;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-M480-0094-52HM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***LOYALTY TO ROOTS AND EACH OTHER DRIVES THESE PUNK ROCKERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-M480-0094-52HM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 31, 1996, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; MUSIC PREVIEW

**Length:** 1256 words

**Byline:** SCOTT MERVIS, WEEKEND EDITOR, POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

''Hanging out with Lars down on 6th Street/He knew I was in trouble/I was feeling much like the devil/there was something burning deep inside of me.''

- ''Olympia, WA,'' Rancid

To Lars Frederiksen, there's more to punk rock than tattoos, ripped T-shirts and maintaining the perfect mohawk through rain, snow, sleet and humidity.

To the guitarist and second vocalist for Rancid, punk rock is about rebellion and aggression, but also about friendship and community. About hanging with your mates.

And, since Nirvana moshed into the MTV nation, punk rock also has been about selling records. These days, punk bands are moving product in quantities the Sex Pistols and Clash never imagined.

With their third record, ''. . . And Out Came The Wolves,'' Rancid found its way onto the charts, joining Green Day and The Offspring in a three-band punk revival. Of course, Frederiksen will tell you that punk never really went away. And he knows, because his bandmates have been playing in punk bands for the past decade.

The roots of Rancid are in Berkeley's ska-punk outfit Operation Ivy, formed in 1987 by lifelong friends Tim Armstrong, Rancid's lead singer-songwriter, and bassist Matt Freeman. Operation Ivy became the premier band at the now-notorious 924 Gilman Street Theatre, where Armstrong used to help another Armstrong, Billie Joe of Green Day, sneak in.

Operation Ivy eventually gave into Tim Armstrong's drug and alcohol problems, which left him temporarily homeless and sleeping at the Salvation Army, a period documented in Rancid's first MTV video, ''Salvation.'' Matt helped pull Tim together and talk him into forming Rancid in '91.

They recruited drummer Brett Freed and a young punker named Lars, who had done time with a revamped version of London's old U.K. Subs. Lars, now 24, is known to say that punk is his race and the color of his skin, before showing the letters ''P-U-N-X'' tattooed on his knuckles.

Together, Rancid captures the spirit of '77, creating with ''. . . And Out Came the Wolves'' nothing less than the long, lost Clash record. In fact, the Clash never had this much fun, and you'd have to go back to the British band's debut to find a record where they rocked this hard for the duration.

But Rancid's third, with its careening guitars and spitting vocals, is also catchy, with almost every song breaking into a big, anthemic chorus. Though Armstrong writes about street life with a tough edge, compared with the angst-ridden grunge of a Pearl Jam or Soundgarden, this is downright party music. The first hit, ''Time Bomb,'' was a rare taste of ska-punk for the mainstream airwaves, while the contagious ''Ruby Soho'' is like vintage Strummer and Jones.

In the buildup to its release, ''Wolves'' was a record in hot demand (thus the title). Madonna wanted it so bad for her Maverick label she sent the band a naked picture of herself from the ''Sex'' book. An Epic executive, offering $ 1.5 million, dyed his hair blue to try to seal the deal. In the end, Rancid stuck with its old indie label, Epitaph, which moved 5 million copies of The Offspring's ''Smash.''

Throughout its history, punk and platinum has gone together like stripes and plaids, and with ''Wolves'' nearing the million mark, you have to wonder whether a street band like Rancid can survive success.

Don't worry, says a groggy and politely soft-spoken Lars Frederiksen. The band members have the humble roots to handle it.

''Rancid comes from a ***working-class*** background,'' he says, from ''Rally,'' North Carolina. ''All of us basically come from single-parent homes, and we all watched either our mother or father get out there and bust their ass for a living. You learn from example. No one handed us anything at all.

''We've done 17 van tours. We've put out three records in 2, years. We've basically worked hard, and none of us ever expected this. It's the last thing we expected. We just wanted to be in a band with our best friends and play music. It saved Tim's life, kept him from getting back to the bottom with drugs and alcohol. It saved my life for the same reasons.''

Even with some cash coming in, Frederiksen says Tim and Matt still live in the same communal apartment they share with eight or so other punk rock kids in Berkeley. Life hasn't changed much for Rancid.

''I'm not a millionaire, you know. I don't have $ 100,000 and I don't have $ 50,000. I don't have $ 25,000. Just because we're on MTV doesn't mean we're rich people,'' he says. ''I got a little better place to live because I got evicted when I was in Europe, and I basically had to have someone find me a place. I'm not starving, you know, and I'm not on the street, that's the most important thing.''

And yet, one of the things that makes Rancid seem like the real deal in a sea of alternative copycats is that they came out of the punk trenches and fans know they have street credibility. Frederiksen doesn't think you can lose it.

''Nobody can take that away from you. Tim and Matt have been playing in punk bands for the past 12 years. That all of a sudden does not go away when you're popular. Credibility, that's something that politicians have, not musicians. You don't spend 24 years of your life on the street, and then all of a sudden, not have any street credibility left when you get popular.''

Rancid, currently on a tour of large clubs and small theaters, sold out tomorrow's Metropol show in a matter of hours, and probably could have filled the Palumbo Theater. In the summer, the band will find itself playing in the daylight in the sheds along the Lollapalooza tour.

Why would they hop on a superhyped alternative caravan headlined by, of all things, a metal band, Metallica? One reason, Lars says: ''The Ramones, man. The one thing I can tell you is that none of us know anything about any of those other bands and none of us have ever been to (Lollapalooza). All we really know about is The Ramones. We've been friends with those guys for a while, and we've been wanting to go out on tour with them. It was like now or never.''

Even with the Ramones along for the ride, it's a good bet Rancid, if given a decent time slot, will inspire the most ferocious mosh pit. And anyone going to Metropol tomorrow is advised to be prepared, because Rancid doesn't discourage mosh pits the way some hardcore bands, like Fugazi, have.

''I love it,'' says Frederiksen. ''I think it's a great place to be. If a kid's going to pay money to come see your band, it's his God-given right to do whatever he wants to do. The pit is a place where kids come to get their aggression out. Some people who saw Eddie Vedder do a stage dive on MTV maybe don't have a clue. You don't go to shows to beat the s--- out of each other; you go there to have fun and dance with each other.''

The guitarist says with the popularity of Rancid, they're seeing all types of people at their shows. One group they don't want to encourage are the racist skinheads.

''They come to everyone's shows,'' Frederiksen says. ''You hear horror stories from all kinds of bands. We don't really get too many of them. They know to stay away. I wouldn't give them the time of day. I'd probably give them a sock in the jaw.''

For the rest of his audience, as well as his bandmates, Frederiksen expresses an affection one would think uncharacteristic of such a, well, punk.

''We're getting all kinds of people, from all sides of life at our shows, and that's the place where we really wanna be.''

Rancid

Guests: Rocket From the Crypt.

Where: Metropol, Strip District.

When: 7:30 p.m. tomorrow.

Tickets: Sold out.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Frank Ockenfels :From left, Matt Freeman, Tim Armstrong, Lars; Frederiksen and Brett Freed. Says guitarist-vocalist Frederiksen: ''We just; wanted to be in a band with our best friends and play music.''

**Load-Date:** April 7, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Would Lasix ban bleed some dry?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2MR0-003S-W4MM-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 7, 1990, Thursday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. 1C; Cover Story

**Length:** 1201 words

**Byline:** Reid Cherner

**Dateline:** CHARLES TOWN, W.Va.

**Body**

It might be expected that trainers at this ***working class*** racetrack would be offended or angry at New York's claim to purity. Instead, they laugh with incredulity.

New York is the only state that disallows the use of medication on race day. That includes Lasix, a diuretic given to horses that experience respiratory bleeding that can range from traces to gushing. At many tracks across the USA, including Charles Town, some Thoroughbreds rely on it.

Because Preakness winner Summer Squall, a user of Lasix, is skipping Saturday's Belmont Stakes in New York, there won't be a rubber match between Summer Squall and Unbridled. Kentucky Derby winner Unbridled, also a Lasix user, will compete in the 1 1/2-mile race. His trainer believes for this one race only he can run without the medication.

Race-track medication always has been cause for a hot discussion, but in the last 30 days it has heated to a boil. A recent study by the Jockey Club suggested that Lasix had ''questionable efficacy'' to stop bleeding and that it improves performance.

Racing writer Paul Moran left no doubt of his stance when he wrote in New York's Newsday: ''Racing wears Lasix like a festering, self-inflicted wound on the end of its nose opened by the ax of greed and stamped with the imprimatur of every racing commission in the nation except New York's.''

Trainers at Charles Town aren't interested in theory or opinion, only reality.

''If they think they're cleaner than us, they're blowing smoke,'' said Charles Town trainer Bob Brothers, who disputes claims that New Yorkers have a greater appreciation for the sport. ''It's ridiculous. I am in this game because I love it.''

To guys like Brothers, racing is a business, one they work at seven days a week. They run for purses averaging $ 2,000-$ 6,000. They might cherish the work, but it is still a business. Lasix is a necessity of that business, not a topic of debate.

''You eliminate Lasix and I don't think I could survive,'' said Charles Town's George Whitehair.

Without Lasix, horses who bleed would be out for long periods of rest. With the medication, they are able to run more often, which means bigger fields, translating to better betting handles with money filtering back into purses.

''In this day and age, it saves thousands of dollars,'' said Bobby Hilton, one of the leading trainers at Charles Town. ''To say you can't use it is incredible. Only the NYRA (New York Racing Association) and the Jockey Club would dare to come up with something like this. These guys somehow got out of step with the rest of the racing industry. They are successful at driving their viewpoints down everyone else's throats. It should be a non- issue, but here we go again.''

Despite the New York attitude, it hasn't stopped the widespread use of the medication. The popular conception is that Lasix is abused at small tracks and tolerated at larger ones. That isn't necessarily so.

Charles Town has approximately 39 percent of its horses run on the medication. At Churchill Downs in Louisville on the day of the Kentucky Derby, 50 of the 85 horses that ran used Lasix. On Preakness Day at Pimlico Race Course in Baltimore, 60 of 87 horses ran on Lasix. And at Hollywood Park in Inglewood, Calif., 61 of 77 horses ran on the medication last Sunday when 1989 Horse of the Year Sunday Silence made his 1990 debut.

''I'd rather that everybody used it. I don't know why New York is so stubborn,'' said Hall of Fame trainer Ron McAnally, based in California. ''I don't know why they make an issue out there. I think it has really hurt New York racing. They have lost a lot of good players.''

And it will take more than a scientific study for trainers to believe that Lasix doesn't help their horses stop bleeding or that it improves performance.

''All it does is let a horse do what they are capable of doing,'' said Hilton. ''The study that says it doesn't stop them from bleeding is nonsense. And it doesn't make a horse go faster. It is not hop. To say you can't use it is incredible.''

D. Wayne Lukas, the leading money-winning trainer the last seven years, runs horses in New York and California.

''I don't believe in the bottom-line statement that Lasix doesn't help a horse stop bleeding when we see day in and day out that we have bleeders it does help,'' said Lukas. ''I just don't think it has any enhancing quality. If it does, I'd be surprised.''

The connections of Summer Squall believe his spring campaign was too rough to risk running in the Belmont without the medication.

''You couldn't catch me with a net if I was pointing him to the Belmont and not knowing what would happen,'' said trainer Neil Howard. ''I respect the rules. It is not nagging at me that we can't go. We're not trying to get away from the Lasix rule.''

Carl Nafzger, trainer of Unbridled, will take special precautions to prepare his colt for one race without medication.

''It won't be anything drastic. Just in the last 12 hours I will get the system as empty as you can get it. I will take his food and water away,'' said Nafzger.

With one top colt out of the Belmont and one having to compromise his normal schedule, many horseman are crying for equality in the rules. Either have everybody able to use medication or no one.

Purists believe that if no one used medication, it would be a truer indication of the best horse. Not everyone agrees. They would rather see all the top competition.

''When you have a horse like that son of a gun Summer Squall, it is not right not to let him run with the medication he needs,'' said trainer Frank Smith. ''It is detrimental to the best interests of racing, as far as I'm concerned.''

But the Belmont is only a drop in the ocean of racing. There were more than 82,000 races last year drawing more than 60 million fans who bet close to $ 10 billion.

The assertion is that without medication to help horses race, many tracks could simply put a ''For Sale'' sign out front.

Many horsemen in New York have the economic resources to rest a horse that bleeds. That luxury is not afforded to everyone.

''The New York stance is the rich man's stance. If one horse bleeds, bring in one that doesn't,'' said Maryland trainer John Hartsell. ''That is not an option for a guy with his last $ 10,000 invested. With Lasix, he can run.''

Dr. Dennis Dibbern, state veterinarian for West Virginia, thinks that economics and integrity can be coupled: ''Even without Lasix, people are still going to run their horses. And if the public can't reliably bet on them with the confidence they are performing to the best of their ability, then we are cheating them. That's why Lasix should be available.

''The public cannot see into the lungs of a horse before a race. They don't know if they had bled. With Lasix, you serve the integrity of the betting public. They know the horse is able to run to his capabilities.''

Said trainer Darryl Boyer: ''If for no other reason, Lasix should be available as a safety feature. If a horse can't breathe, he will fall. If that's not defrauding the public, what is?''

Still, the bottom line is the bottom line.

''If they won't let me use Lasix, I might as well go to the movies,'' said Whitehair.

**Notes**

Accompanying story; Lasix at a glance

**End of Document**



[***She rode the orphan train into history Suburban womanarrived in Chicago to a childhood of indentured servitude***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46R6-MBJ0-007M-42BV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

September 8, 2002, Sunday Cook,DuPage,Lake

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1563 words

**Byline:** Rukmini Callimachi Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

All that 90-year-old Helen Macior has left of her earliest years is a clouded memory of the white metal bars that enclosed her cot at New York City's Foundling Hospital.

In 1915, Macior, then a 2-year-old with a brown pageboy haircut and clad in a white smock, was sent to Illinois on a train filled with orphans - each of them tagged with their name, their age and the address of their future parents.

The train that brought Macior to Chicago was one of the so- called "orphan trains" - an ambitious rescue effort organized in the mid-1800s by Charles Loring Brace, an idealistic young minister whose attempt to find healthy homes for New York City's street children was a precursor to today's foster care system.

Macior, who now lives in Rolling Meadows, was an orphan - and is one of only two known orphan train survivors today in Illinois. The other lives in downstate O'Fallon.

Nineteenth century New York, with its poverty and disease, teemed with orphans and children left to their own devices - in the 1850s, more than 10,000 of the urchins crowded the alleys and abandoned stairwells. Between 1854 and 1929, when the trains ended, more than 150,000 of these children were sent westward by train to new homes.

Nationwide, only a couple hundred are still alive.

Macior's only memory of the train journey was the locomotive, which she saw for the first time when she alighted on the Chicago platform.

"It was like this big, black monster standing there … moaning and spitting - and I didn't know what it was.

"Suddenly, these two people took me by the hand and I just went along," she said.

Macior, who was dubbed Rose Green by the orphanage, had been adopted by a middle-class Polish immigrant couple, Stephen and Caroline Jazwiec, who lived in the ***working class*** Portage Park neighborhood on Chicago's northwest side.

They bought her dress shoes and changed her name from Rose to Helen - but they never quite allowed her to forget that she was not their own.

A bought child

The orphan trains weren't without their dark side.

Although she long ago lost the tag which identified her as the property of the Jazwiecs, Macior has for 88 years managed to hold on to a second document.

The three-page "indenture agreement" with her adopted family outlined the duties she was expected to perform in her new household, making it perfectly clear that until she came of age, her life would be less that of a daughter and more like an unpaid servant.

"What do you think people want other people's kids for?" asks Macior. "Every house back then needed a girl. The boys didn't do any work, so they needed me to wash the dishes, take out the trash, clean up."

Her memories of her first real home revolve around her daily chores, like scrubbing the floor. "We had white floors," she remembers. "You learned how not to leave 'moons,' - you know, the mark from the scrub brush," she said.

Historian Marilyn Irvin Holt, author of a 1992 book on the orphan trains, explained that in Illinois in the early 20th century, indenture agreements were the rule, not the exception.

"I actually found court records showing that when children were placed out in Illinois, they had to be indentured," Holt said. "It was required. The reasoning was that if you took an orphan - a high risk child - you could set him on the road to right by teaching him the value of work."

Holt, who in the early 1990s interviewed veterans of the orphan trains, said that in the worst instances, the treatment of the children bordered on slavery.

"The term 'putting up for adoption' actually comes from the orphan train phenomenon," she said. When the trains, filled with orphans, arrived in a station the children would often be placed on a raised viewing platform.

"One man I interviewed in Kansas said what he remembers most is walking down the sidewalk to the courthouse and suddenly there were all these arms, reaching out and grabbing him and the other children. Feeling his muscles."

In Illinois, said Holt, some concerned citizens wrote letters in protest to the local newspapers. "They said, this is no different from slavery," said Holt. "What was interesting is that because of the Civil War, people were very sensitive to doing this to a black child. That would have had the glimmer of slavery and the abolitionists would have jumped all over it. But doing it to a white child was still OK," she said.

Macior says her experience was not nearly as extreme - in part because she was a ward of the New York Foundling Hospital, an institution that sent children only to families that petitioned for them in advance.

Her adopted father, moreover, showed her genuine warmth - which sometimes aroused the ire of her adopted mother.

"Every time he took me out," said Macior, "he used to buy me another dress. We'd come home and my mother would say, 'Why did you buy that? She's going to outgrow it in a month.' And he used to cluck and say, 'Don't worry Momma, there are more where that one came from.'"

But Macior doesn't mince words when it comes to the reality of her early life.

"I'm just very glad they didn't send me to a farm - there the work was much more," she said. "But I have researched the word 'indenture.' It means that you own somebody. They were supposed to be my mother and father. But people had different ideas back then - you either belonged or you didn't belong."

And she never quite belonged. Especially after her ninth birthday, she said, when her father died, leaving her to the mercy of her foster mother and four adult brothers.

"They never beat me, but they constantly made me do things. Get up at 5 in the morning and get the bread from the bakery. Take the trash out. Clean up. They would make up stupid things to discipline me, like making me kneel on beads," she said.

Once, Macior walked past the parlor room, where her mother was entertaining lady friends over a cup of tea. She overheard her mother say, "She's not worth the price we paid for her."

Macior winces at the memory. "So I know that I was bought."

Bad blood

Like Macior, many orphans were embarrassed by their anonymous lineage and tried to bury the past, which might explain why, more than 70 years after the last train left New York, their story is still discussed only in academic circles.

"Nowadays, being an orphan is like getting the purple heart," Macior says, pinning an imaginary brooch on her lapel. "Then, it was the worst thing you could be. They thought maybe you were bad blood.

"Even now, after all these years, it's not something I like to tell people," she said.

Macior went on to marry and have two daughters of her own. Attending night school, she became a certified insurance broker, rising to become the first female insurance executive in Chicago. She owned her own firm, which she ran first out of Logan Square and later Rolling Meadows.

Meanwhile, it is the second- and third-generation descendants of the orphan train riders who are beginning to take an interest.

Becky Stuart Higgins of Streamwood, president of the Elgin Genealogical Society, discovered her great-grandfather was an orphan train rider taken in as a "bound boy" by an Indiana family in the mid-1800s.

Higgins, a board member of the Arkansas-based Orphan Train Rider Heritage Society, was so moved by his story that she now gives lectures to local groups in Streamwood and Elgin, impersonating orphan train riders, down to the details of their period dress, in an effort to keep the story alive.

'I want to know'

At 90, Macior is getting increasingly desperate to uncover her own history.

"I don't care if I'm a queen, a king or a beggar - I just want to know where I came from," said Macior, who for the last 30 years has tried, and failed, to get the New York Foundling Hospital to divulge the identity of her biological mother.

In the 1980s she went to New York to meet with the nuns of the foundling society.

"I thought that I would show up and the nuns would say, 'Here she is!' Instead, I almost had to force my way in. I told them that I had the memory of a white bed with bars."

The nuns, Macior said, showed her the cots, the color of milk, encircled by metal bars. They looked, she said, just like the image she had carried for so long in her mind.

But when she tried to ask about her mother, they showed her the door.

"They say that the records burned in a fire. I think they just don't want to admit that they sold children for money," said Macior.

But if she has failed for so many years to find answers to the question of her birth, Macior found a different answer to the question of her identity.

In 1989, she saw an article which described the second reunion of the Orphan Train Heritage Society of America. Macior scanned the article for names and began calling information for numbers.

She failed to locate all but one, Harold F. Williams, 89, of Magala, Calif., an orphan train rider who was also sent to a foster home in Chicago. He arrived in 1915, the same year as Macior, and lived in on Hamlin Avenue, not a mile from the Jazwiecs.

"We had never met - but our stories were so similar," said Macior, who went to the next orphan train reunion in Fayetteville, Ark.

"When I went to the reunion, there were all these people who had lived through the same thing as me.

"My life wasn't always easy - but it was exciting. I felt like I had come home," she said.

**Graphic**

Becky Higgins talks about the train transporting orphans who were abandoned in the East and relocated in the Midwest. Bob Chwedyk/Daily Herald Helen Macior, who lives in Rolling Meadows, has a photo of herself as a small child that was taken after she was sent from New York City. Joe Lewnard/Daily Herald

**Load-Date:** September 10, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Midwest voters hard to readRegion iffy for Clinton and Dole***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-HGN0-00C6-D3XY-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 18, 1996, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1996 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1327 words

**Byline:** Bill Nichols

**Dateline:** TAYLOR, Mich.

**Body**

TAYLOR, Mich. -- Until two weeks ago, James Riddle, the parks

director of this ***working-class*** Detroit suburb, couldn't tell you

who he'd support for president in November.

Then President Clinton came March 4, a campaign-style visit Riddle

worked long and hard to set up, but which surprised him with its

powerful effect. Riddle acknowledges, somewhat sheepishly, that

he was dazzled.

"When he enters a room, something changes," says Riddle, a Reagan

voter in the '80s who backed independent billionaire Ross Perot

in 1992. "I guess that's why he's president. It was kinda cool."

A year ago, you could hunt for days in this politically crucial

region and not find a single soul who would describe Bill Clinton

as even "kinda" cool.

Mostly, you found adjectives that couldn't be printed in a family

newspaper. And Clinton had won Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and

Ohio in 1992.

But in four days of conversations with voters around Detroit and

northern Ohio, Clinton's rehabilitation in the eyes of many --

at least for the moment -- becomes clear. So do a few other political

facts.

Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole, R-Kan., for example, should sweep

Tuesday's regional primaries. And he'll wield strong Midwest organizations

anchored by popular governors -- Illinois' Jim Edgar, Ohio's George

Voinovich, Wisconsin's Tommy Thompson and Michigan's John Engler.

But both Clinton and Dole, if he is the Republican nominee, face

a Midwest electorate this fall that continues to send confusing

signals and is fully capable of changing directions.

Both here in Taylor, a city of 72,000 full of conservative Democrats

who strayed from the party in the 1980s, and throughout the Midwest,

there is an uneasiness. At its core is economic insecurity and

continued distrust of government.

Political climate

So here's the political landscape for this region, rich in the

swing voters both parties agree will likely pick the next president:

-- Clinton's standing has dramatically improved, particularly

with voters who voted for him in 1992 but were disappointed with

his first two years.

"They did a lot of really bonehead things in the beginning,"

says Taylor Mayor Cameron Priebe. Clinton's emphasis on gays serving

in the military tops his list.

"But I think the president and his administration and his people

have grown into the job pretty nicely," he says.

But Clinton's support seems incredibly shallow and ready to plunge

at the first major crisis, like a tragedy in Bosnia-Herzegovina

or a Whitewater-related bombshell.

-- There is no evident passion for Dole, a finding consistent

with other areas of the country. Some political analysts see the

election as one Dole might not be able to win, but Clinton could

lose.

"Republicans have to draw hope more from what Clinton might do

and from things that happen to him than what they can do," says

Michigan State professor David Rohde. "I don't think there's

a lot that Republicans can do on their own."

-- Neither party has been able to attract significant support

from followers of Perot, who got strong support in 1992.

Perot voters still see no one who combines their demand for a

political outsider who will bring fiscal austerity while keeping

the government out of social issues like abortion.

Ralph Kramer, a 67-year-old Toledo roofing contractor, talked

to thousands of voters in an effort to get Perot's Reform Party

on Ohio's ballot.

"You can't get any closer to the people than we were," Kramer

says. "And what we learned was there's a lot of bitterness out

there. And there's anger and frustration and anxiety. And it is

*out* there."

Clinton comeback

At the moment, Clinton has clearly rebounded. Polls show him leading

Dole throughout the Midwest -- 50% to 38% in the latest statewide

poll in Michigan -- despite major GOP gains here in 1994.

Here, where the economy is geared to the auto industry, median

family income is $ 36,000. And voters see Clinton blocking GOP-backed

spending decreases in Medicare and Medicaid and offering a positive

alternative to the GOP-controlled Congress.

Clinton will "stand up and hold the line for seniors and I don't

think the other side will," says Herbert Condiff, 72, a retired

autoworker.

There is an overriding sense here of concern, not so much about

specific issues, but about the future in general -- education,

job security, retirement planning. Clinton seems to be seen as

the safe, stable choice.

"Baby boomers here in the Midwest have finally discovered that

they're going to get old," says pollster Ed Sarpolus. "The big

fear seems to be that government won't be there when we need it.

. . ."

Clinton's political skills also have won converts, particularly

those who experience his charisma personally. Priebe had met Clinton

before, but never spent time with him until his visit here.

The mayor said he confessed to Clinton before the event that he

"was a nervous wreck." Clinton put his arm around him, walked

him down two hallways to settle him down, then called his parents

over to have a picture taken.

"I mean, that's the president of the United States. He doesn't

need to do that. I didn't expect him to do that," Priebe says.

"I was really impressed."

GOP troubles

There also are signs of fissures within Republican ranks. Longtime

GOP activists seem half-hearted in backing Dole, while Buchanan

supporters are livid at GOP establishment attacks on their candidate.

"We may have a candidate just like George Bush, a centrist at

best, a wheeler-dealer who doesn't really focus on an issue or

stand for anything," says Mark Forton, the Macomb County GOP

chairman and one of Buchanan's state co-chairs.

Unless Buchanan's issues are addressed by Dole and "there's some

kind of inclusion . . . there's going to be major problems in

the Republican Party," Forton says.

There are danger signs for the White House, however. Beverly Hoefflin,

an Avon representative and an organizer for Perot's Reform Party

in Toledo, says when she and her husband used to pass hitch-hikers

on the street, "we'd say, 'Get a job and buy a car.' "

Now, Hoefflin says, "We look at those people and say, 'My God,

that could be our neighbor,' who's a displaced worker now. I don't

like that. I feel like that's a threat."

When so many voters see neither party as speaking to basic concerns

like that, predicting the fall election's outcome becomes risky

indeed.

Midwest shapes up as fall battleground

Four states in the upper Midwest hold Republican presidential primaries Tuesday. Sen. Bob

Dole is expected to win handily, putting him in position to clinch the Republican presidential

nomination March 26. The states are considered to be one of the key battleground areas for the

fall election. With Republican governors in each state, the GOP hopes to win back these areas

taken by Democrat Bill Clinton in 1992.

ILLINOIS

Population: 11.6 million

Governor: Jim Edgar, R

Senators: Paul Simon, D, Carol Moseley-Braun, D

Congressional delegation: 10 Republicans, 10 Democrats

1992 presidential vote: Clinton 49%, Bush 34%, Perot 17%

Republican delegates: 59 (To winner in each congressional district. 10 other delegates selected at

state convention later)

MICHIGAN

Population: 9.4 million

Governor: John Engler, R

Senators: Carl Levin, D, Spencer Abraham, R

Congressional delegation: 9 Democrats, 7 Republicans

1992 presidential vote: Clinton 44%, Bush 36%, Perot 19%

Republican delegates: 57 (Awarded in proportion to statewide primary vote)

OHIO

Population: 11 million

Governor: George Voinovich, R

Senators: John Glenn, D, Mike DeWine, R

Congressional delegation: 13 Republicans, 6 Democrats

1992 presidential vote: Clinton 40%, Bush 38%, Perot 21%

Republican delegates: 67 (10 delegates to statewide winner, three delegates to each

congressional district winner)

WISCONSIN

Population: 5 million

Governor: Tommy Thompson, R

Senators: Herb Kohl, D, Russell Feingold, D

Congressional delegation: 6 Republicans, 3 Democrats

1992 presidential vote: Clinton 41%, Bush 37%, Perot 22%

Republican delegates: 36 (9 to statewide primary winner, 3 to winner in each congressional

district)

Source: USA TODAY research

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Kevin Rechin, USA TODAY, Source:USA TODAY research(Chart, Pie chart); PHOTO, B/W, Dale Young, The Detroit News; PHOTO, B/W, Stephan Savoia, AP; In Taylor, Mich.: Mayor Cameron Priebe, right, listens as President Clinton speaks March 4. Clinton has made a comeback in the Midwest, but the region looks wide open for November's election.In Chicago: GOP front-runner Bob Dole faces reporters outside church Sunday. Dole brought his campaign to the Midwest, which is rich in swing voters who could decide November's election.

**Load-Date:** March 19, 1996

**End of Document**



[***She rode the orphan train into history Suburban womanarrived in Chicago to a childhood of indentured servitude***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46RC-FFJ0-007M-42SD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

September 8, 2002, Sunday Cook,DuPage,Lake

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1563 words

**Byline:** Rukmini Callimachi Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

All that 90-year-old Helen Macior has left of her earliest years is a clouded memory of the white metal bars that enclosed her cot at New York City's Foundling Hospital.

In 1915, Macior, then a 2-year-old with a brown pageboy haircut and clad in a white smock, was sent to Illinois on a train filled with orphans - each of them tagged with their name, their age and the address of their future parents.

The train that brought Macior to Chicago was one of the so- called "orphan trains" - an ambitious rescue effort organized in the mid-1800s by Charles Loring Brace, an idealistic young minister whose attempt to find healthy homes for New York City's street children was a precursor to today's foster care system.

Macior, who now lives in Rolling Meadows, was an orphan - and is one of only two known orphan train survivors today in Illinois. The other lives in downstate O'Fallon.

Nineteenth century New York, with its poverty and disease, teemed with orphans and children left to their own devices - in the 1850s, more than 10,000 of the urchins crowded the alleys and abandoned stairwells. Between 1854 and 1929, when the trains ended, more than 150,000 of these children were sent westward by train to new homes.

Nationwide, only a couple hundred are still alive.

Macior's only memory of the train journey was the locomotive, which she saw for the first time when she alighted on the Chicago platform.

"It was like this big, black monster standing there … moaning and spitting - and I didn't know what it was.

"Suddenly, these two people took me by the hand and I just went along," she said.

Macior, who was dubbed Rose Green by the orphanage, had been adopted by a middle-class Polish immigrant couple, Stephen and Caroline Jazwiec, who lived in the ***working class*** Portage Park neighborhood on Chicago's northwest side.

They bought her dress shoes and changed her name from Rose to Helen - but they never quite allowed her to forget that she was not their own.

A bought child

The orphan trains weren't without their dark side.

Although she long ago lost the tag which identified her as the property of the Jazwiecs, Macior has for 88 years managed to hold on to a second document.

The three-page "indenture agreement" with her adopted family outlined the duties she was expected to perform in her new household, making it perfectly clear that until she came of age, her life would be less that of a daughter and more like an unpaid servant.

"What do you think people want other people's kids for?" asks Macior. "Every house back then needed a girl. The boys didn't do any work, so they needed me to wash the dishes, take out the trash, clean up."

Her memories of her first real home revolve around her daily chores, like scrubbing the floor. "We had white floors," she remembers. "You learned how not to leave 'moons,' - you know, the mark from the scrub brush," she said.

Historian Marilyn Irvin Holt, author of a 1992 book on the orphan trains, explained that in Illinois in the early 20th century, indenture agreements were the rule, not the exception.

"I actually found court records showing that when children were placed out in Illinois, they had to be indentured," Holt said. "It was required. The reasoning was that if you took an orphan - a high risk child - you could set him on the road to right by teaching him the value of work."

Holt, who in the early 1990s interviewed veterans of the orphan trains, said that in the worst instances, the treatment of the children bordered on slavery.

"The term 'putting up for adoption' actually comes from the orphan train phenomenon," she said. When the trains, filled with orphans, arrived in a station the children would often be placed on a raised viewing platform.

"One man I interviewed in Kansas said what he remembers most is walking down the sidewalk to the courthouse and suddenly there were all these arms, reaching out and grabbing him and the other children. Feeling his muscles."

In Illinois, said Holt, some concerned citizens wrote letters in protest to the local newspapers. "They said, this is no different from slavery," said Holt. "What was interesting is that because of the Civil War, people were very sensitive to doing this to a black child. That would have had the glimmer of slavery and the abolitionists would have jumped all over it. But doing it to a white child was still OK," she said.

Macior says her experience was not nearly as extreme - in part because she was a ward of the New York Foundling Hospital, an institution that sent children only to families that petitioned for them in advance.

Her adopted father, moreover, showed her genuine warmth - which sometimes aroused the ire of her adopted mother.

"Every time he took me out," said Macior, "he used to buy me another dress. We'd come home and my mother would say, 'Why did you buy that? She's going to outgrow it in a month.' And he used to cluck and say, 'Don't worry Momma, there are more where that one came from.'"

But Macior doesn't mince words when it comes to the reality of her early life.

"I'm just very glad they didn't send me to a farm - there the work was much more," she said. "But I have researched the word 'indenture.' It means that you own somebody. They were supposed to be my mother and father. But people had different ideas back then - you either belonged or you didn't belong."

And she never quite belonged. Especially after her ninth birthday, she said, when her father died, leaving her to the mercy of her foster mother and four adult brothers.

"They never beat me, but they constantly made me do things. Get up at 5 in the morning and get the bread from the bakery. Take the trash out. Clean up. They would make up stupid things to discipline me, like making me kneel on beads," she said.

Once, Macior walked past the parlor room, where her mother was entertaining lady friends over a cup of tea. She overheard her mother say, "She's not worth the price we paid for her."

Macior winces at the memory. "So I know that I was bought."

Bad blood

Like Macior, many orphans were embarrassed by their anonymous lineage and tried to bury the past, which might explain why, more than 70 years after the last train left New York, their story is still discussed only in academic circles.

"Nowadays, being an orphan is like getting the purple heart," Macior says, pinning an imaginary brooch on her lapel. "Then, it was the worst thing you could be. They thought maybe you were bad blood.

"Even now, after all these years, it's not something I like to tell people," she said.

Macior went on to marry and have two daughters of her own. Attending night school, she became a certified insurance broker, rising to become the first female insurance executive in Chicago. She owned her own firm, which she ran first out of Logan Square and later Rolling Meadows.

Meanwhile, it is the second- and third-generation descendants of the orphan train riders who are beginning to take an interest.

Becky Stuart Higgins of Streamwood, president of the Elgin Genealogical Society, discovered her great-grandfather was an orphan train rider taken in as a "bound boy" by an Indiana family in the mid-1800s.

Higgins, a board member of the Arkansas-based Orphan Train Rider Heritage Society, was so moved by his story that she now gives lectures to local groups in Streamwood and Elgin, impersonating orphan train riders, down to the details of their period dress, in an effort to keep the story alive.

'I want to know'

At 90, Macior is getting increasingly desperate to uncover her own history.

"I don't care if I'm a queen, a king or a beggar - I just want to know where I came from," said Macior, who for the last 30 years has tried, and failed, to get the New York Foundling Hospital to divulge the identity of her biological mother.

In the 1980s she went to New York to meet with the nuns of the foundling society.

"I thought that I would show up and the nuns would say, 'Here she is!' Instead, I almost had to force my way in. I told them that I had the memory of a white bed with bars."

The nuns, Macior said, showed her the cots, the color of milk, encircled by metal bars. They looked, she said, just like the image she had carried for so long in her mind.

But when she tried to ask about her mother, they showed her the door.

"They say that the records burned in a fire. I think they just don't want to admit that they sold children for money," said Macior.

But if she has failed for so many years to find answers to the question of her birth, Macior found a different answer to the question of her identity.

In 1989, she saw an article which described the second reunion of the Orphan Train Heritage Society of America. Macior scanned the article for names and began calling information for numbers.

She failed to locate all but one, Harold F. Williams, 89, of Magala, Calif., an orphan train rider who was also sent to a foster home in Chicago. He arrived in 1915, the same year as Macior, and lived in on Hamlin Avenue, not a mile from the Jazwiecs.

"We had never met - but our stories were so similar," said Macior, who went to the next orphan train reunion in Fayetteville, Ark.

"When I went to the reunion, there were all these people who had lived through the same thing as me.

"My life wasn't always easy - but it was exciting. I felt like I had come home," she said.

**Graphic**

Becky Higgins talks about the train transporting orphans who were abandoned in the East and relocated in the Midwest. Bob Chwedyk/Daily Herald Helen Macior, who lives in Rolling Meadows, has a photo of herself as a small child that was taken after she was sent from New York City. Joe Lewnard/Daily Herald

**Load-Date:** September 11, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Mets' Leiter gives his all on, off the field***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46MM-CX10-010F-K557-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 29, 2002, Thursday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1565 words

**Byline:** Jill Lieber

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

NEW YORK -- After 11 years of marriage, Lori Leiter knows how to handle her husband Al's late-night obsession with C-SPAN.

She'll awaken to the cacophony of a Congressional debate, and there'll be Al, the New York Mets pitcher, glued to the TV screen, immersed in the crisis of the moment. Then, she'll do the only thing she can at times like this:

Go back to sleep.

"She'll say, 'I can't believe you watch C-SPAN,' " Al says, of the familiar scenarios.

"No, 'I can't believe you *enjoy* C-SPAN,' " Lori corrects, with a laugh.

Replies Al, apologetically, "I just can't help myself."

But how could he, when he's so wrapped up in helping everybody else?

Meet Al Leiter, a man who blows the stereotypes of today's athletes to smithereens.

If you've got an issue, he'll take a stand.

If you've got a cause, he'll offer a hand.

Since 1998, when he was traded to the Mets from the Florida Marlins, Leiter, 36, not only has been one of the most successful pitchers in baseball, but he also has won every humanitarian award in the game.

He has pledged $ 1 million over the four years of his contract to Leiter's Landing, his charitable foundation that helps children in need, and has initiated a dozen or so projects in his hometown of Berkeley Township, N.J., as well as throughout New York City.

He sits on the Board of the Directors of the Twin Towers Fund, which disperses $ 180 million to the 436 families of rescue workers who were killed in the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center.

He was selected by former New York City mayor Rudy Giuliani, who heads the fund.

He's actively involved in the administration of current New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg, having played the role of master of ceremonies at his inaugural on Jan. 1. A few weeks ago, Leiter returned home from a road trip at 4 a.m., then had to be at City Hall six hours later to support Bloomberg's Indoor Smoke-Free Air Act, which bans smoking in public places.

"Not only is Al the consummate team player, he embodies the spirit of New York, because when the stakes are the highest, he is at his best," Bloomberg says. "At a time when many professional athletes don't step up to the plate and contribute to society as a whole, it is refreshing to spend time and work with Al. "

Adds Larry Levy, president of the Twin Towers Fund: "It is unique to find a professional, in any occupation, with the determination, focus and talent to achieve great success in both their industry and their community. Al has been an ideal friend to the families of the Twin Towers Fund, sharing his time, money and compassion."

Showing humility

Why is Leiter's heart in the right place? Because he knows who he is, realizes where he is and understands how he got there. And he has a clear vision of where he wants to go.

\* He makes $ 10 million a year with the Mets, but he still feels like the blue-collar kid from the Jersey Shore who cut senior citizens' lawns for 75 cents apiece each summer.

\* He's got Bloomberg and rock star Bruce Springsteen on speed dial, but he still remains closest to Val Chevalier, his best buddy from seventh grade.

\* He's invited to a myriad of Manhattan events, but he still prefers to hang out with Lori and their three children, plan a surprise party for his mother's 75th birthday or reunite his six siblings and their families at a rented beach house.

"What's unique about Al is his humility," Chevalier says. "In a sport where ego is everything, he's grounded and down to earth."

A couple of months ago, Leiter showed up for an appearance at a Long Island bank, saw a line of 500 people wrapped around the building and asked in all seriousness, "Is something going on here?" He was told that the crowd was there for *him*.

"I was embarrassed," Leiter recalls. "Sometimes you don't connect to how people are all fired up to meet you."

Then, he gets serious.

"The celebrity world is insulating enough to not allow connections with fans," he says. "I park in a secured lot. I play in a ballpark with guards that keep people away. If you don't work at it, you might never connect."

As a way to remain firmly entrenched in the real world, he and Lori, an attorney, started Leiter's Landing in 1996. Their mission statement: To put smiles on children's faces. Their initial project: Hosting underprivileged children at Marlins games.

"It let them feel special for a day," Al says.

Some friendly help

Since there was no particular cause or disease near and dear to their hearts, the Leiters decided to concentrate their efforts on helping "underdog charities," small, unpublicized organizations that might not make it without a little help, where a $ 5,000 or $ 10,000 donation would go a long way.

Six years later, the Leiters have dispensed more than $ 500,000, helping an array of underdogs, including Amanda's Easel, an art therapy program for children coping with domestic violence, and the East Harlem School at Exodus House, a private middle school for gifted, low-income African-American and Latino children.

Because the Leiters are so adamant about spending every penny on needy children, they run their foundation out of their Upper East Side apartment, without any administrative help, and at little, if any, cost.

Together, they'll pore over grant proposals; meet with charity heads, architects and developers; and negotiate better prices for products, materials and labor.

Says Al: "Not to knock any charitable effort, but we're not about cutting a check, sending it off, saying, 'Good luck,' and turn our back to it. When we get involved, we get *involved*."

Best of all, when the projects are finished, the Leiters will drop by to see the children in action then dive in and help out.

And they'll bring along their children (Lindsay, 7, Carly, 5, and Jack, 2) to further impress the importance of giving back.

"You *can* make a difference," Leiter says. "No matter how small it is, or how large it is, whatever you do is better than nothing.

"I know my little place is to do as much as I can and give as much as I can. However many lives I affect, or change, or help, I'm doing what's right."

Says Lori: "To actually see where the money has gone, what it has done, is rewarding. We like to see the children's smiles. And no matter how much we're doing, we're never doing enough."

In fact, Lori gets so gung ho about giving, a few weeks ago she toured an Upper East Side facility that runs after-school programs for at-risk children and agreed to be on a committee to start a branch in Harlem.

Family influence

The youngest of seven children born to Alexander and Marie Leiter, Al was deeply affected by the heartbreaks and hardships of his ***working-class*** upbringing.

Alexander was a merchant seaman, who traveled to Europe and the Far East on cargo ships, away for six months at a time. He'd met Marie on a stop in Liverpool, England, when he happened into a department store where she was working.

"And that was it," Marie says.

They had something significant in common:

Alexander had been abandoned by his mother, and Marie was just 12 when she lost hers to cancer.

While Marie rebounded from the void, Alexander's bitterness manifested itself in his harsh treatment of his own children.

"He was very critical, very domineering," Marie says.

Says Al: "He was a tough guy who couldn't relate to the '70s or '80s. He preached that everybody who made it in the world were lying jerks."

When Al was 14 and a freshman, his father left home for good.

"Frankly, it was a relief," Al says of his parents' divorce.

Over the years, Al and his father never truly made amends. After he died in 1987, Al, in his first year in the majors with the Yankees, discovered that his dad had attended his games without telling him. One of Al's brothers went to pack up Alexander's belongings and found a Yankee Stadium give-away poster of Al taped to the refrigerator.

"He'd drawn a border around it," Al says. "Initially, I felt such emptiness. Then I was mad because we never had a chance to discuss the issues. So many people put things off. Once they're gone, they're gone forever."

After Leiter became a father, he made peace with his dad. "His hard love was still love," Al says.

Marie believes that the family's struggles made Al determined to bring joyful childhoods to others, that the tough love gave her son a soft heart.

"Al relates to the sadness in children," Marie says. "He has a lot of feeling about it."

'What a legacy'

Several months ago, Al and Lori cut the ribbon to open the $ 200,000 children's playroom they built at New York University Hospital/Rusk Institute.

Rusk helps children challenged by cerebral palsy, spinal lesions, strokes and arthritis.

With Leiter's help, the dreary, 50-year-old space was transformed into an interactive wonderland with a big-screen TV, an audiovisual system, a kitchen, lighting for crafts and a stage for visiting acting troupes and clowns.

The playroom was Al's brainstorm. He'd make hospital visits in the tri-state area and wonder aloud, "Where do these kids go to forget about their problems?"

In Rusk's joyful oasis, Leiter has his answer.

"Nobody is obligated to do these things, no matter how successful they are," says Joan Gold, Rusk's clinical director of children's services. "Al has a strong moral commitment to family, children and community.

"His children are going to grow up and be extremely proud of their father. His reputation for kindness is as strong as his reputation as a pitcher. What a legacy."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Todd Plitt, USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Norman Y. Lono, AP; Stepping up to the plate: New York Mets pitcher Al Leiter and wife Lori have given more than $500,000 over six years to help small, unpublicized organizations. A helping hand: Al Leiter plays Microsoft Baseball 2000 with Mariambe Magassas, right, and Amanda Gonzalez of New York's P.S. 7. Microsoft gave Leiter's foundation $25,000 after he homered" while playing.

**Load-Date:** August 29, 2002

**End of Document**



[***'Crusader for children' // Gung-ho effort tried in bid to 'fix' system***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4T-JD30-0003-F24F-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

February 7, 1996, Wednesday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1996 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A; Cover Story

**Length:** 1423 words

**Byline:** Marco R. della Cava

**Dateline:** SEATTLE

**Body**

The general locks onto his target.

"See those two kids out there?" says John Henry Stanford, 56, pointing across the street from inside his white Jeep. "One is smoking, the other is hanging around. Well, there are no lessons out there. If someone doesn't go after them, they'll end up in jail."

Stanford is after them. His timing is superb; polls rate the quality of education as the top voter concern. So while some consider the revival of public education Mission Impossible, in September this retired Army major general agreed to reform the city's 100 schools. And Seattle is reeling.

The new superintendent has shaken foundations by suggesting radical innovations, including school uniforms, grading parents on their supervisory skills and holding back students who fail a grade level. His objective is plain: "To create the best school system in this country, no excuses."

So far, his maverick attack plan has drawn mostly praise from local and national figures, ranging from a teen who sees in Stanford a man who cares about kids, to Gen. Colin Powell, who finds in his old friend and ex-colleague a "demonstrated record of performance and excellence.

"Kids want to be loved and led, not lectured and left alone. They want to respect their adult leaders," says Powell. "They will if they are tough and fair and loving. Stanford understands this instinctively."

Stanford has wasted no time making a mark, using a style that mixes politics with preaching. His assistant, Dorothy Dubia, attends to a 35-page list of speaking requests. She also hands the media a three-page flier titled, "Accomplishments: Sept. 1- Dec. 31."

On the concrete side is "reduced violence in schools by 500 incidents" and "launched reading/writing campaign" in which a Read-a-Thon has students collecting pledges for each book read, while local pro athletes do publicity spots.

Stanford also has raised "$ 600,000 worth of commitments from private donors that need to be finalized," says Dubia.

But there are many intangible entries, such as "produced hope among Seattlites." Some say he has.

"He's had a tremendous impact," says Alan Sugiyama, part of the seven-member Seattle school board that aggressively recruited Stanford. A headhunter was called to help in the search after former superintendent William Kendrick, 60, left after nine years to start an education consulting firm.

Stanford "jumps the gun sometimes, like when he proposed closing a quarter of the city's schools," says Sugiyama. "But his point is well-taken. . . . We need to be drastic. Besides, he's made my job easier. He's constantly out with the people. So they don't come to us, they go to him."

Mike Casserly, executive director of the Council of Great City Schools in Washington, D.C., warns against seeing Stanford as a "magic bullet" for education's woes.

After only five months, "It's too early to tell if (Stanford's) tenure will be successful," he says of a man who spent 30 years in the Army, including a planning role in the gulf war. In 1991, Stanford became Fulton County (Ga.) county commissioner. He has no background in school administration.

Casserly admits charisma helps rally financial and emotional support. "Anyone of his talent is welcome."

Today, the superintendent who likes to call himself a "crusader for children," is visiting Roosevelt High School, the city's largest with 1,652 students. As with appearances at 70 other schools, the commotion is worthy of a teen idol. "Students know who he is," says Casey Sixkiller, 18, student body vice president. "They know he will listen to us. Now that's new."

Stanford is as subtle as a tornado. He takes stairs two at a time, picks up every piece of trash he sees and says hello to everyone in his path. Usually, he says, he gets up at 6 a.m., "but yesterday it was 4. Five speeches. Now that was a long day."

Trim and barrel-chested, Stanford pops his head into Roosevelt's gym and dares two students to out-benchpress him. "You do it, and you get a week off," he says, smiling. "But I gotta go now." As he scoots out to teen laughter, he whispers, "I bench 295 lbs., so I figured I was pretty safe."

Down the hall, Stanford interrupts a Latin class and praises language skills by breaking into French and German. He tells a Chinese-American student he "has it made" because of his two languages, and the rest of the class that "if you don't communicate well, you won't succeed in work or with each other."

Says language arts teacher Judy Raymer: "He came to my church the other day and spoke. He said, 'I'll fight for your kids until hell freezes over. Then I'll fight on the ice.' " She smiles.

One of his fights is to launch an International School of Language and Culture, a two-year way station for immigrant students and their parents. They would learn English, share details about their cultures and then move into standard schools.

The district is home to no fewer than 77 languages and to issues endemic to inner-city schools nationwide: a large minority student body (58%), a stubborn dropout rate (14.5%) and low test scores (58th percentile in both reading and math).

"The public school system is the most important institution in our midst," says Stanford. "If we don't fix it, this city of Seattle will die, the states will die, the country will die. Because we will turn out an underculture that will not pay for itself."

Stanford often talks about education in financial terms; the more money spent in classrooms, the less citizens fork out down the line, he says. "As county executive, I saw costs skyrocket and taxpayers got no return for their money." Funds, he adds, were "paying for judges, juvenile courts, jails, sheriffs and counselors."

Stanford may not have come up through traditional education ranks - from teacher to principal to super - but he says that doesn't mean he's unfamiliar with the battlefield.

His passion for public education was born in ***working-class*** Yeadon, Pa., where he set family tradition by graduating from college, Penn State class of 1961. He earned a masters in personnel management from Central Michigan University, Mount Pleasant, Mich. He has been married to Patricia Corley for 32 years; they have two sons, Stephen, 29, and Scott, 24.

"Both went to public schools," says Dad, now back in the car with assistant Susan Llewellyn. "Both were Merit Scholars."

"Did you expect less?" quips Llewellyn. When Stanford leaves for another meeting, she says, "I worked for the former super and he was a good man. But in another time, John Stanford would be a king or an emperor. He is leadership."

Stanford will not disagree. "I was born to lead," he says. The tone is matter-of-fact. But the pace takes its toll.

"A constant theme at home is that I'm never there." His voice, normally booming, is hushed. "My wife says I shouldn't work so hard. I should slow down. But I can't."

Stanford tries. His hobby is fast cars and he has restored a 1969 Mustang convertible and is "adding power" to a '67.

But the cars are garaged now. There are more meetings to attend, kids to challenge. And he won't be here forever.

"I need to hit very hard here," he says, index finger stabbing the air. "I need to get us on the road to recovery. We're talking about five years." No fear of failure?

Stanford takes a breath. "A father of a student approached me recently. You know what he said? He said, 'You are my daughter's destiny.' Her destiny. That's powerful, that what I do here affects the destiny of 47,000 children. So you see, I've got to be fired up to succeed."

Ex-general's points of attack

Befitting a retired general, Seattle's new school superintendent, John Henry Stanford, has set six "strategic goals" he hopes to realize by 1999:

-- Boost overall student achievement through tactics ranging from exit exams at grades 5, 8 and 11 to revamping evaluations of school principals.

-- Improve grades and test scores by increasing parent/guardian participation and focusing resources on students with the poorest marks.

-- Recruit top minority talent to provide students with teachers who represent successful role models.

-- Ensure safe surroundings by keeping schools clean, violence down and intervention options open.

-- Work to reduce reliance on voter-based funding by seeking out consistent contributions, both in money and time, from the private sector.

-- Keep public education attractive to those considering private education by building a system that is accountable and accessible to parents and students.

**Notes**

Ex-general's mission; Turn Seattle schools around; Educators watch his appraoch, but warn it's 'too early to tell' if it works; See info box at end of text

**Graphic**

PHOTO, color, Jeff Reinking

**Load-Date:** February 8, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Another fiery populist from earlier political era;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B7J0-009B-P0TS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Echoes of Wallace emerge in Buchanan***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B7J0-009B-P0TS-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 5, 1996, Metro Edition

Copyright 1996 Star Tribune

**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1401 words

**Byline:** Carol Byrne; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Montgomery, Ala.

**Body**

George Wallace, hunched over in his wheelchair and chomping on a cigar, keeps track of the world on the big-screen TV that's always turned on in his suburban rambler - closed captioned because at a frail 76 years of age he has lost most of his hearing.

And so he knows that his name is in the news again.

Another populist rebel is setting the crowds afire with his scathing indictment of the established political order, and the comparisons are inevitable. Pat Buchanan, the commentators on the big-screen TV say, is another Huey Long, another Father Coughlin, another George Wallace.

It's a bit hard to imagine - an Irish Catholic George Wallace from Washington, D.C.? - but it's just fine with Wallace.

"I like Pat Buchanan very much," said the former Alabama governor, whose defiant stand at a schoolhouse door in 1963 came to personify Southern white resistance to integration imposed by the federal government. "He's not too conservative for me."

The comparison of the men works on several levels: Like Wallace in his heyday, Buchanan sounds the theme of states' rights and condemns an out-of-touch Washington elite. Like Wallace, he appeals to a frustrated ***working class*** that feels left out economically and culturally. And, like Wallace, he thrives on a confrontational style, using words as weapons to stir passions both for and against him and delighting in the controversy.

For Buchanan, all of this comes to a head over the next week, when his ability to win over Southern voters will be tested in presidential votes in Georgia, Florida, Tennessee and Texas.

Wallace's glory days

For Wallace, it provides a welcome opportunity to relive the glory days before May 15, 1972, when a would-be assassin fired six bullets into his stomach while he was campaigning for the presidency at a Maryland mall. The next day, as he lay in intensive care, he beat Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern in the Maryland and Michigan primaries.

Wallace returned to try again in 1976, but it was futile. The attack, which left him paralyzed from the waist down, removed him as a force on the national political scene.

These days, Wallace struggles with the paralysis and the near-constant pain that has accompanied it; he also is weakened by Parkinson's disease. He still combs his hair straight back, but it's gone totally gray.

Wallace spends his days far from his rural origins, living in an affluent neighborhood gracious with magnolias, fruit trees and large, nouveau-plantation homes. His red-brick rambler is easy to pick out: It's the one with the big fence, the dogs barking out back and the state trooper's car on guard in the drive out front.

On good days, the troopers help Wallace into his van and he sets off, perhaps for the doctor's, perhaps to drop in at his favorite restaurant. Often he ends up at the Lurleen B. Wallace Office Building, named for his late wife, who succeeded him as governor.

The building, a monumental block done in white marble, sits in the historical and political heart of Montgomery, next to the State Capitol, kitty-corner from the Baptist church where the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. led the civil rights movement, a few blocks from the Confederate White House where Jefferson Davis rallied the South during the early months of the Civil War. The building is the temporary home of a Wallace museum that will form the core of the George and Lurleen Wallace Center for the Study of Southern Politics, a $ 10 million project planned for 6 acres along the Arkansas River.

Tales for tourists

When he's able, Wallace likes to lead visitors on a tour of the exhibit. "The Happy Warrior," he said, pointing out a picture of Humphrey visiting his fallen rival in the hospital six weeks after the shooting. The accompanying Secret Service log says that Humphrey arrived at 6:46 p.m. and didn't leave until 8 - no surprise to Minnesotans familiar with Humphrey's way of talking and talking and talking.

"He was a good man," Wallace said. "Are any of his family still alive? Give them my greetings."

But the tour is heavy going. Wallace's hearing is so bad that visitors have to write out their questions in large block letters. His answers are frequently in a kind of verbal shorthand.

"Billy Graham," he'll say, and an aide will tell about how the evangelist said that he may have been the best religious speaker in America but that Wallace was the best political speaker.

"Newt Gingrich," he'll say, and the tale is about how George Jr. went to Washington and came home reporting that the House speaker told him that his father had in effect written the Contract with America in his speeches decades ago.

The speeches are vivid in Wallace's mind as he sifts through a pile of photos. Here's Dartmouth, where students tried to overturn his car. And Madison Square Garden, where the crowd was so big he had to speak twice and it took 3,000 police to control them all. And Minneapolis, where he says the mayor wrote him apologizing for the audience's rowdiness.

Delighting in protests

Confrontation and turmoil - they were part of Wallace's stock in trade. A Wallace rally was an emotional roller coaster. He was a master of ridicule and sarcasm, railing against the "phony intellectuals and social engineers with their unworkable theories" who have been "calling us peckerwoods and rednecks."

Everywhere Wallace went, he was met by protesters. He delighted in it, playing off the hecklers, using them to whip his followers to greater heights. He delights in it still, chuckling as he relives taking on some hippies: "I told them they had boll weevils in their beards."

Southern political historian Earl Black said that Wallace came from the region's "hell of a fellow tradition" in which politicians reveled in "larger-than-life performances on the stump," bragging about how mean they were, giving "full vent to the frustrations and irritations of their followers" and leaving them "in a defiant and fighting mood."

Wallace and Buchanan are "stylistically very similar, with basically the same appeal," Black said, "but Buchanan isn't in Wallace's league. Wallace in his prime was a lot more intense in how he would play on emotions."

Still, Black credited Buchanan with being "very much aware of what he's stirring up. He delights in being in that mean tradition. . . . It's good for solidifying your base, but it scares those who are not in it. It may be self-defeating, the way it was for Wallace."

Wallace said that he and Buchanan appeal to the same constituency: "My strength was the ability to understand the needs and wants of the common man - the working man - because I was one of them. So back then, when I was calling for welfare reform, law and order and less government, it was because that was what the common people wanted. I always listened to what the people wanted, and it wasn't who was shouting the loudest. It was who had the most voices."

For Buchanan, the question is whether his populist appeal can be put together with his social conservatism and translated into enough votes to win in the South. His economic nationalism is a double-edged sword: It appeals to industrial workers who have lost their jobs to foreign competition, but it flies in the face of the "New South" push for development into the global economy that has been so essential to the Republican surge in the region.

Buchanan has tried to widen his appeal across party lines, inviting independents and protectionist Democrats to join his "Buchanan brigades." In this, too, there is a parallel with Wallace, who started out a Democrat, ran for president as an independent in 1968, came back to the Democratic Party in his later presidential bids and terms as governor and today says that if he were entering politics now he'd most likely be a Republican.

No way is he going to vote for President Clinton: "He's too liberal on gays in the military, abortion and socialized medicine."

Instead, he has endorsed Bob Dole, but he likes Buchanan, too. "They'd be a good team," he said, and he'd like to see them both on the ticket, Dole-Buchanan or Buchanan-Dole, "either way, it doesn't matter."

How could this be, when Buchanan has called Dole an out-of-touch insider and Dole has called Buchanan an extremist with whom he's fighting for "the heart and soul" of the party?

Wallace smiled, the knowing smile of the lifelong politician.

"They're running against each other," he said. "It's politics."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** March 6, 1996

**End of Document**



[***TIMEPIECE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XX5-4VG0-0094-51N5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SMITHSONIAN EXHIBIT EXPLORES HOW WE'VE MEASURED, USED AND ABUSED TIME FOR 300;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XX5-4VG0-0094-51N5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***YEARS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XX5-4VG0-0094-51N5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 18, 1999, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 1544 words

**Byline:** MONICA L. HAYNES, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Once upon a time we didn't care about time.There were no airplane departures and arrivals, no buses to catch, no scheduled meetings, no shift work. There were no countdowns to liftoff, no clocks to mind, no watches to wind. Time was on our side.

Now, we divide our days into 30 and 60-minute increments - scheduling, appointing, allotting - while time just keeps on slipping into the future.

We use cellular phones and pagers so as not to lose time trying to find each other. We use e-mail and faxes because it's quicker than the U.S. mail, which is faster than the old Pony Express. We multi-task in an attempt to do as many things as humanly possible at the same time.

All to save this precious, fleeting commodity.

Time - how we have measured it, viewed it and used it over the past 300 years - is the focus of the new permanent "On Time" exhibit opening today at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History in Washington, D.C.

"It is not just clocks and watches, it's how people behave in time," said Carla Stephens, a curator in the museum's division of history and technology. "The big issue as far as I'm concerned is how the clock got to be so important in our lives."

The exhibit is sponsored by Timex and contains nearly 200 clocks, watches and other time-keeping devices, including Helen Keller's watch from the late 19th century and a 1792 Benjamin Banneker Almanac.

It replaces the Smithsonian's previous time display, which had stood on the floor of the museum since it opened in 1964. That exhibit dealt with the technical side of time and time-keeping. The new one suggests some of the ways the technology of time, time-finding and time-keeping intertwine with society's needs.

In keeping with that theme, the museum selected Nov. 18 as the exhibit's debut date because it's the 116th anniversary of Standard Railway Time and the beginning of uniform, national time in America.

Before the 1860s, there were more than 300 time zones in the United States. This posed scheduling nightmares for railroad companies. To solve the problem, about 100 railroad time zones were established.

Time eventually got even easier to keep track of with the creation of four times zones. Atlantic, Eastern, Mountain and Pacific time went into affect noon, Nov. 18, 1883. A year later, the International Meridian Conference in Washington, D.C. established 24 time zones all around the world starting at 0 in Greenwich, England.

While the number of hours in a day has remained the same, it's how we utilize our time that's changed, with technology allowing us to do things faster so that we can save time to do other things.

A section of the exhibit called Saving Time includes a 1930s refrigerator. This particular refrigerator came on the market around the same time the ice box began melting in popularity. Efficiency expert Lillian Gilbreth designed the inside, determining that storing the most frequently used items, such as eggs and butter, in sliding bins in the front would be more efficient than having to reach in the back of the refrigerator for them.

"Her whole thing was to save time and eliminate drudgery for housewives," Stephens explained.

Another section called "Time Machines" recounts the relationship between time and inventions such as the electric light, the telephone, phonograph, automobile and moving pictures.

"All these things altered the way late 19th century people thought about and behaved in time," Stephens said.

Electric lights helped to expand work and play times beyond daylight hours. The exhibit includes a spot light from a Baltimore public swimming pool used in the 1930s for night swimming.

The exhibit also includes some early movie shorts. When theaters first opened, movies ran continuously, a cheap form of entertainment for ***working class*** folks. Moviegoers usually stayed all day and often got very rowdy as the day wore on.

As a way to control the crowds, Stephens said, theater owners decided to schedule movie showings. They'd show a movie, clear out the theater and then have another showing, the way it's done today.

During the atomic age of the 1950s, time management became big business.

Morris Perkin, a lawyer from Allentown, Lehigh County, drew a calendar by hand that divided each hour into 15 minute intervals to keep track of time spent with his clients. In 1951, he joined Dorney Printers to form Day-Timers, Inc. Their first product was the Lawyer's Day organizer, a prototype of which is in the exhibit.

In helping to create the exhibit, Stephens said, she gained more insight into herself than she did into time.

"I learned that I will never have control of my own time. . . I suspected when I started that if I only understood why we are the way we are, I might be able to deal with what I perceived to be a common condition here at the end of the 20th century, that most people feel they don't have enough time to do what they want to do."

It wasn't always so.

From ancient times up to the early 19th century most people lived by the sun and the seasons. They used almanacs instead of clocks and watches to keep track of time. Banneker, a free African-American farmer, calculated tables for celestial events for a series of almanacs published between 1792 and 1797.

Watches and clocks were hand-crafted items that only the well-heeled could afford. Sometimes towns people pitched in to have a tower clock built. European settlers brought the practice of installing public clock towers to the United States. One of the earliest entities to be concerned with the scheduling of time, said Stephens, was the U.S. Post Office. "They were really quite focused on getting mail delivered with speed and certainty."

So important was the mail schedule to the Post Office that it took charge of scheduling the stage coaches. The exhibit contains an elaborate map and routing system for a 1790s postal route from Canada to Georgia.

With the industrial revolution came sweeping changes in our attitude toward time. More people began working in factories, and that meant they had to be more concerned with punctuality and getting things done quicker.

Mass production of watches in the 1850s by the American Watch Co. in Waltham, Mass., made it possible for more folks to own them and impossible to ignore the growing importance of measuring time.

During the Civil War, the company's watches were popular with the troops. U.S. Army Surgeon G.D. Farrell received a Waltham watch from his grateful patients at a military hospital in Pennsylvania.

Among the timepieces in the exhibit is a tall, mahogany case clock with dials on three sides built in 1769 by Joseph Ellicott of Buckingham, Bucks County.

There are also several 19th century clocks on display from the Waterbury Clock Co. It's one of seven companies founded in Connecticut that dominated the inexpensive, mass-produced clock industry beginning in the 1860s. There are also items from Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro., the company that helped popularize the wristwatch during the early 20th century and later became the Timex Corp.

Most of the timepieces are from the previous exhibit. But others, such as the quartz watches introduced in the early 1970s, are new. Interactive computer stations will "virtually" showcase another 150 objects. Among the hands-on activities is a giant pocket watch and tower clock that visitors can put together.

An intriguing component of the exhibit is the skeleton of "Lexington," a famous 19th-century racehorse. Horse racing, where fractions of seconds count, was key to the popularity of the stopwatch, Stephens said.

Running just seven races in the 1850s, he won an unprecedented $ 56,600 in purses for his owner and incalculable amounts for those who bet on him. In 1855, Lexington set the world's speed record for a four-mile race against the clock at 7 minutes, 19 3/ 4 seconds. The record stood for nearly 20 years until it was broken by his grandson Fellowcraft.

Lexington's career was cut short by blindness. He was put out to stud and, over 20 years, sired a number of champions. He was buried on a stud farm in Kentucky. Six months later, however, someone realized the remains of such a stellar racing specimen should not go to waste. The horse was exhumed and his bones sent to the Smithsonian, where they were on display in the Museum of Natural History until last month when they were appropriated for the new time exhibit.

Seconds, minutes, hours, days. The more we divide time, the more activity we try to stuff into it. We bowl at midnight, chat until dawn via the Internet and shop in stores that are open day and night for our convenience.

As evidence of a our 'round the clock lifestyle, the exhibit includes an Open 24 hours sign from Kinko's . "The whole 24-7 thing is recent and whether we are biologically up to it remains to be seen," Stephens said.

Have we reached our limit? Time will tell. Facts, comments about time Every second - and fraction of - counts in horse racing, and the sport helped fuel the popularity of the stop watch. That's why the new "On Time" exhibit at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History in Washington, D.C., features the skeleton of the famous racehorse Lexington, left. In 1855, Lexington set the world's speed record for a four-mile race against the clock at 7 minutes, 19 3/ 4 seconds.

**Load-Date:** November 18, 1999

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[***How affordable housing shortage could cost you -  Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46D7-XJJ0-007M-43CW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1579 words

**Byline:** Dave Orrick Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

Faced with increasingly costly turnover and a shrinking pool of workers, officials at Northwest Community Hospital in Arlington Heights last year decided to offer a juicy perk to their sought- after employees: They helped them buy homes.

But such a posh-sounding perk wasn't for surgeons, cardiologists or corporate vice presidents. The coveted workers were nurses, technicians and custodians.

"We see it as one way of solidifying our employee base," said Ron Buck, director of community services for the hospital. "When you look at health-care labor, it can be pretty transient, so if we could add a benefit to help people stay longer, it would save us money, and keeping workers can save a lot of money."

For example, for every $20,000-a-year worker that leaves, Buck estimates the hospital spends $15,000 to train a replacement.

So Northwest Community started doling out cash - a $2,500 tax- deductible chunk combined with a $2,500 state grant - to its workers seeking nearby homes.

So far, the pilot program has helped three workers buy their first homes, and 40 more applications are being processed.

Bank One Corp. has helped 32 people buy homes. St. Charles-based System Sensor, which pioneered the program, helped 35. The towns of St. Charles and Riverdale have signed on to help their employees. And two McHenry County companies are preparing to announce they're doing it, too.

It's called employer-assisted housing, and it's slowly catching on. But it's also about the only type of program that's shown measurable success in tackling one of the most vexing issues facing the suburbs: the dwindling supply of affordable housing.

Employer-assisted housing is just one of a number of ambitious reforms being recommended by a regional think tank.

In a report to be released today, Metropolis 2020, a non-profit advisory group helping with planning for the future of the Chicago region, urges a range of changes intended to stave off what it predicts will become a "crisis" within 20 years.

The 40-point "Workforce Housing Agenda" warns that what's at stake is nothing short of the future of the region's economy.

The recommended reforms would affect policy from the state level down to neighborhood planning. But despite being bolstered by gradually increasing support from government and business leaders, the report's authors acknowledge that some of the reforms are likely to be met with resistance.

Recommendations include throwing out suburban codes that encourage high-end homes in sprawling subdivisions, increasing incentives for high-density, reasonably priced townhouse and apartment complexes near mass transit, stepped up enforcement of anti-eyesore codes and a rewriting of the state's school-funding formula.

The report also recommends that codes be created to make sure revitalization efforts in downtowns and older areas don't price out the very workforce needed to staff the bustling merchant districts that revitalization efforts aim to create.

Planners generally agree that such reforms could lead to more moderately priced homes being built.

But the recommendations aren't revolutionary, and their track record thus far in the suburbs where they would matter - upper- middle-class stretches with large employers - is lackluster.

Two years ago, the Lake County board drew the attention of affordable housing advocates nationwide when it committed to creating a comprehensive program. In the end, though, the board balked. It drafted three proposals - each with a different tack - and voted each down.

Some statewide initiatives, such as the tax credit for employer- assisted housing, were passed, and Highland Park last year became the first Chicago suburb to enact a comprehensive affordable housing plan, although few believe the well-settled, tony North Shore community will be able to house the hundreds of low-wage workers of Northbrook Court shopping mall any time soon.

Local advocates have to point to distant areas in Minnesota and Maryland to find functioning plans that mirror their goals.

In many local communities, including Arlington Heights, Oak Brook and Grayslake, subsidized senior housing complexes have been built. But take away the "senior" part, and it's often another story.

"When you say 'affordable,' everyone thinks of subsidized, but that's not necessarily what we're talking about," said Nancy Firfer, an adviser for the report and former Glenview mayor. "All you have to do is look at your teachers, your firefighters and your policemen. A lot of them can't afford to live in their communities."

"Affordability" varies for each family. A family earning $53,000 a year can afford to buy a home priced between $132,000 and $160,000 a year. A family earning $40,000 should pay no more than $1,000 a month in rent.

Such digs exist, but they're rare for new construction, and the report says 158,400 such units are needed by 2020 to accommodate population projections.

Figures from the 2000 census show a decrease in the number of available renter units, an increase in the percentage of income suburbanites are paying for rent and mortgages, and an increase in commuting time.

And it all starts with traffic.

"Traffic, traffic, traffic," Firfer said. "That's the biggest complaint we hear. It's because there's a disconnection between where the jobs are and where the housing for those jobs are."

The report reasons that if people could afford a place to live near work, most would, and the growing sea of rush hour congestion that spews pollution and stews tempers would be a distant memory.

If they can't, sprawl and traffic will get worse, prohibiting businesses from expanding and strangling the region's economy, the report predicts.

It's a notion that was first sounded with the most recent wave of the suburban boom.

As suburbs from Lisle to Lake Villa sprouted over the last decade, spacious crisp-and-clean office parks were paralleled by spacious crisp-and-clean - and expensive - homes.

"Everybody wanted upscale, and by and large, they got it," Firfer said. "It surprised a lot of us even in (upscale) Glenview how expensive homes got."

Census figures show that between 1990 and 2000, home-ownership sailed, but so did the number of families stretching their budgets to pay for housing.

For those who couldn't stretch - especially working single mothers, young nesting couples starting out and those earning ***working-class*** paychecks - they drove. And they drove in droves.

For example, 25 percent of employees at Walgreen Co.' s Deerfield headquarters live outside Lake County, according to a company study last year.

But getting communities to allow - and the market to encourage - construction of affordable housing has proved a formidable task.

In neighborhood after neighborhood, suburban residents in flourishing communities frequently fill village hall to oppose high-density developments, especially apartments. The fear is their home values will fall as a result of new, cheaper homes being built nearby.

But the report insists the plan is "doable," and advocates remain optimistic.

"In the housing field, it's very important to make it clear to each constituency why affordable housing matters, and Metropolis 2020 can do that," said Robin Snyderman, housing director for the Metropolitan Planning Council, a related group that administers some of the programs Metropolis 2020 pushes. "With the business and community leaders on board, they can make a real difference."

The report's primary author, King Harris, said the success of employer-assisted housing programs shows that making people aware of the benefits is half the battle.

Harris, a regional mover and shaker, was CEO of System Sensor when it started the region's first such program.

"Before we talked to the (800-strong) workforce at System Sensor, no one had ever talked about this before," he said. "Then 100 of 800 people applied. Within two years, 35 people had bought their own home. That's worth something."

For Olga Alvarez-West, an assistant banking manager at Bank One in Chicago, her company's program put the out-of-reach hope of owning a home in her grasp.

"I didn't have the money before," said Alvarez-West, who used $5,000 of combined state and Bank One money on July 1 to close on her first home on Chicago's Southwest Side. "It's the greatest level of comfort I have ever had, being able to come home to my own home every day with my two kids."

GRAPHIC: Who needs 'affordable' housing in your community?

- Police, fire and emergency responders

- Teachers, counselors and other educators

- Nurses, therapists and other health-care workers

- Bank tellers, cashiers, restaurant staff and other service workers

- Assembly, packaging and other light industrial workers

What needs to be done

Advocacy group Chicago Metropolis 2020 is recommending a set of ambitious reforms to prevent what it perceives to be a crisis of affordable housing. Among the recommendations:

- Reform school funding so it's less reliant on property taxes.

- Reduce suburban residential codes that encourage large lots and low-density developments.

- Increase property inspections and enforcement of anti-eyesore laws.

- Get more federal, state and local incentives for affordable housing built near transit.

- Establish statewide housing rehab codes to make sure older areas get redeveloped but stay affordable.

- Expand employer-assisted housing programs and increase non- profit participation in them.

**Correction**

A story in some editions of Monday's paper should have said Northwest Community Hospital provides a $5,000 grant for each employee accepted into its emloyer-assisted housing program. The state provides an additional $5,000.  
**Correction-Date:** Jul 24, 2002 Wednesday

**Graphic**

housingcook-ne071902hesBC Townhouses at Canterbury Fields in Hoffman Estates are advertised as starting at $235,990, a price well above what experts say is needed to keep the Northwest suburbs affordable. Bob Chwedyk/Daily Herald housinglk-1ne071902grapv The recently completed Library Lane Senior Residence, an income-based senior housing complex in Grayslake, is an example of an affordable housing success. But experts say many more such developments are needed for residents of all ages. Paul Valade/Daily Herald housingdup-2ne071902wooBR AMLI at Seven Bridges apartments in Woodridge is advertising $1,197 a month for two-bedroom units. Affordable housing advocates say rents for newly built suburban apartments need to come down to less than $1,000 to be affordable to large portions of the workforce. Brian Hill/Daily Herald foxhousing-ne071902gilDT Houses at Timber Trails in Gilberts are being advertised starting at $186,990. Affordable housing advocates say not enough new homes below $160,000 are being built in the Fox Valley to retain its workforce for the next 20 years. Dave Tonge/Daily Herald GRAPHIC: Who's stretching their money and who's not? GRAPHIC: (text at bottom of article)

**Load-Date:** July 30, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Is God on our side?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MCP0-0094-54PD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Blessed are the Steelers, more so if they inherit the Super Bowl trophy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MCP0-0094-54PD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

January 21, 1996, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 1405 words

**Byline:** Dennis B. Roddy, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Body**

Let historians duly note that, in the year of our Lord 1996, the Rev. Joseph Marcucci once again donned his black-and-gold stole and offered the kind of Mass at which you could tailgate.

In a place where points-after are preceded by the prayers of Super Bowl-obsessed fans, and God is sometimes invoked less charitably when a Neil O'Donnell pass falls astray, a priest in Steelers vestments is not unprecedented.

''I started doing it in the '70s, when the Steelers first went to the Super Bowl,'' Marcucci said. ''Everybody got caught up in the pandemonium.'' He first wore the stole at Our Lady of Grace, in Scott, and the stole still carries the number 59, for then-parishioner and Steelers linebacker Jack Ham.

Now at Mary, Mother of the Church parish in Charleroi, Marcucci dusted off the black-and-gold stole from the glory days and will again ask the Almighty to loose the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift towel. If the Dallas Cowboys profess to be ''America's Team,'' John Marcucci hopes to make the Steelers God's team.

Welcome to Mass hysteria.

If Pittsburgh's return to the Super Bowl has taken on elements of a religious experience, there are sociologists who could have predicted it.

''It almost harbors on the mystical, this intense loyalty and commitment and this intense personal identification,'' said John P. Koval, a sociologist at DePaul University in Chicago. Koval, a former Notre Dame professor, became interested in how sporting teams take over the lives of entire societies when he found that, after each loss by the Fighting Irish, students turned up in the university infirmary with hand injuries. They'd been punching walls.

''We've run out of other places to invest our emotions,'' Koval said. As a result, he says, sports has become religion. He's not talking figuratively. Koval believes sports is now, in its weird way, a religion, and that championships have taken on such dimensions that next week, Pittsburgh's very spirit and soul will be placed on a national altar and the region's emotional health put up for grabs by the gods of completed passes and blocked kicks.

Consider the evidence, he asks:

-- Architecture: Religions have churches. The Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio, looks for all the world like a basilica.

-- Metaphysics: Religion used to seek mystical explanations for the unexplained. In America, we now have the ''Miracle Mets,'' and the ''immaculate reception.''

-- Role models: Religion has saints who are chosen by committees who seek, among other things, miracles. Sports has Hall of Famers, chosen by panels who look for, among other things, remarkable plays.

-- Artifacts: Religions have relics, be they a piece of the true cross or the shin-bone of a prophet. Venetian merchants traveled to the Holy Land to steal the body of St. Mark so they could build a Cathedral atop him. Ty Cobb's bathrobe recently went for auction at a starting price of $ 15,000. In the mid-1700s, Venetians lost track of just where beneath the cathedral St. Mark was laid. Maybe someone should check with Canton.

-- Liturgy: Religions have rituals, be it the Catholic Mass or Methodist prayer meeting. Who, Koval asks, cannot describe the run-up to the Super Bowl, from National Anthem, coin-toss to trophy presentation?

All of this strikes Jack Ham, once known to God as Number 59, as a bit too much.

''I think it's a stretch,'' says Ham, now an energy broker. ''To equate religious relics to people who want autographs?''

Still, Ham, who graduated 30 years ago from Johnstown's Bishop McCort High School and notes that he then attended ''that other religious institution, Penn State,'' knows sports has taken a sometimes disconcerting grip on the American psyche. He found out in 1976, after the Steelers had won their second Super Bowl. Ham and his wife were dining at a Downtown restaurant and he found other patrons all but climbing over the diner at the table next to him to get an autograph.

''The guy at the next table is Andre Previn,'' Ham said. ''This guy's a tremendous artist and I'm a linebacker and they don't know who he is but they recognize me.''

Sports can cause reasonable, even successful people, to behave bizarrely. Howard Hanna III, a wildly successful real estate broker, has taken to wearing what he concedes is a disconcertingly ugly sweater to every Steelers game.

On the weekend the Steelers vanquished Buffalo to move on to the American Football Conference championship, Hanna hosted a contingent of guests in his company's skybox. The invitations solemnly advised everyone to ''wear black-and-gold.'' Hanna turned up in a sweater that looks for all the world like a computer screen-saver.

''I just started wearing it back in the middle of the season and now I'm afraid not to wear it,'' he explained to puzzled guests. Because of a scheduling problem, Hanna doubts he'll make it to Tempe next Sunday for the big game. He'll have to watch at home.

Will he wear that godawful sweater?

''I will for sure, now,'' he said.

What is it about sports that has gripped Americans to the point that priests don team colors, linebackers are cultural heroes at the expense of composers, and a real estate magnate dresses like punchinello?

Much of the explanation, observes sports psychologist Steven Danish, can be found in the Pittsburgh of the 1970s.

''I do believe that period of time was the best time Pittsburgh ever had, because of their sports teams and because of the way it washed over into every other aspect of that community's life,'' says Danish, who spent 13 years watching Pittsburgh from a professor's chair at Penn State before moving to Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond.

Sports teams become the totem through which ordinary beings get a sense of belonging to something larger than their regular lives, said Danish. ''You feel like 'I am the Pittsburgh Steelers,' '' said Danish. ''In the Stargell era, they had that song 'We are Family.' I think everyone did feel like that.''

Indeed, when rock musician Norm Nardini fired up his amp at clubs like The Decade in Oakland 20 years ago, ***working-class*** people, still in the glow of steady employment, consummated their identities in the glow of powerhouse teams.

''It was a beautiful thing to see these half-educated people with jobs and money and lives,'' Nardini says. ''These were the people who really celebrated the Super Bowl. The gigs were like pep rallies.''

In a way, the sense of community runs deeper in a town of winners, even if the ways of doing it seem irrational in any other context.

''There's something great about losing yourself and being a part of a championship,'' said ex-Steeler Ham. ''All of a sudden, you've got accountants Downtown painting themselves up black and gold. It's kind of nice to lose yourself into that team.''

Whether those accountants who paint themselves up will have more to account for as a result of a championship is something the experts still debate. There are conflicting views on whether a sports team, and a subsequent championship, mean benefits other than psychological for a city.

The conservative Allegheny Institute recently produced a study that argued that the Pirates had little economic effect on the region other than to shuffle around already available recreation dollars. Still others, such as Danish, say a championship sports team, and the euphoria it produces, can create the optimistic environment in which things get done and to which potential employers will gravitate.

''It's hard to study something like that without massive research capabilities,'' says Richard Lapchick, of Northeastern University's Institute for the Study of Sport and Society.

Speaking unscientifically, sociologists interviewed for this article were able to gauge some potential ups and downs to a Pittsburgh championship bid:

Up -- Millions from around North America turn on their sets and find that Pittsburgh is a gleaming, modern city with inviting rivers and clean skies and water.

Down -- Pittsburgh loses and David Letterman trots out to give his ''Top Ten Excuses Pittsburgh Lost,'' and cynics begin to twin their Buffalo-loser jokes with Pittsburgh.

''We are so ingrained with a winner-take-all mentality in this country that if Pittsburgh doesn't win it, the tendency would be to suddenly say its a loser instead of the AFC champion,'' said Lapchick.

''There was a time in American sports history where simply making it to the Super Bowl would have been a dream come true.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, DRAWING, PHOTO: Darrell Sapp/Post-Gazette: Marco Tralongo of Baldwin Borough waves his Terrible Towel in front of his Terrible Truck -- a 1978 Chevy Blazer he customized in the Steeler tradition.; DRAWING: Stacy Innerst/Post-Gazette: (Fourstar edition only)

**Load-Date:** January 22, 1996

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[***WHEN THE PLAY'S THE THING, SHAKESPEARE IS STILL KING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TS5-WRX0-TX33-C01T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 7, 2002 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL; Pg. G-6

**Length:** 1807 words

**Byline:** JANE WOOLDRIDGE, MIAMI HERALD

**Body**

In New York, theater buffs line up for hours, perching on benches, grass and curbs around Central Park's Great Meadow, hoping to snag tickets to that day's free Shakespeare in the Park performance.

In the historic town of Staunton in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley, Shakespeare fans plop on wooden benches in a newly built re-creation of Blackfriars Playhouse, becoming part of the set when cast members stick Post-its on their foreheads -- a metaphor for messages carved on trees by the lovelorn Orlando in "As You Like It."

In Ashland, Ore., fans of the Bard will have the choice of 794 performances this year in one open-air theater or two enclosed ones at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. In Boulder, Colo., some 40,000 theatergoers will picnic on the green in the shadow of the Flatiron Mountains before settling down for a performance of "Macbeth" or "Richard III" in the Colorado Shakespeare Festival's amphitheater. In Stratford, Ont., more than 600,000 tickets will likely be sold for the Stratford Festival of Canada's 50th season, which includes a production of "King Lear" starring Christopher Plummer.

"We've had more than 11,000 at a performance," said Sidney Berger, producing director of the free Houston Shakespeare Festival and a past president of the Shakespeare Theatre Association of America. "The town gets Shakespeare-crazy."

The Bard may have died nearly four centuries ago, but for audiences at some 100 festivals around the United States and Canada, William Shakespeare's works are as robust, bawdy, insightful and revealing as when the playwright delivered the iambic pentameter in his own voice.

Most festivals mix plays by others as well. Some limit themselves to classical playwrights such as George Bernard Shaw and Anton Chekhov; others feature contemporary, even cutting-edge writers.

But for all, the headliner is Shakespeare, whose plays sold more than 10 million tickets in the United States and Canada last year, enabling several festivals to add additional stages this year.

The reasons for Shakespeare's endless run, say festival producers, are as simple and complex as people themselves. With exquisite language, clever humor and poignancy, Shakespeare peels back the skin on human nature with all its glories, vulnerabilities and foibles. And those qualities, they point out, seem timeless.

"The language is absolutely gorgeous. The themes are universal and timeless, particularly when the plays are staged in a more contemporary time period," says Amy Richard, public relations manager for the Oregon Shakespeare festival.

Shakespeare "speaks to every one, everywhere," says Richard Devin, producing artistic director of the Colorado festival.

"I've designed productions in Cairo, in Hong Kong in Chinese, to packed audiences. It seems to be that [Shakespeare's] references are based on conflicts of humanity rather than on any cultural specifics."

That was precisely the point legendary producer Joe Papp was trying to make in the mid-1950s when he loaded a stage and a troop of actors into a truck and carried them around to New York City parks, literally bringing Shakespeare to the neighborhood. The actors didn't try to dress in Elizabethan garb or affect a tony English accent; instead, they played the roles looking and sounding like New Yorkers of the time.

"It was a time of canonization of Shakespeare," says John Dias, associate producer of New York's Public Theater, founded by the late Papp. "Shakespeare was seen as highbrow and academic. [Papp] wanted to remind everybody that Shakespeare thought everyone was a member of the club. He was a ***working-class*** guy who wrote for a wide-ranging audience, from himself to the Queen."

Students forced to read Shakespeare in English class found the plays dry. Papp was convinced that if they could see the plays performed by quality actors, people would see their true quality.

His strategy worked. Last summer, some 95,000 playgoers packed the two plays staged at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park, the New York Shakespeare Festival's permanent home.

Papp's efforts have drawn first-rate actors. Over the years audiences have witnessed spectacular performances by Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, John Goodman, Michelle Pfeiffer, Tracey Ullman and Morgan Freeman.

In the aftermath of Sept. 11, funding has tightened, and this year the theater will stage a single production, "Twelfth Night," for six weeks.

"One of the reasons we chose it is that it relates to the situation. We wanted to give the city a joyous celebratory treat, which that play is," says Dias. In the beginning of the play, everyone is feeling low; Olivia is in mourning, the Duke is pining for her. "In comes the shipwreck of souls that brings in the joyous spirit that changes things all around."

As famous as Shakespeare in the Park has become, it is neither the oldest nor the biggest Shakespeare celebration.

The oldest is the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, founded in 1935 by a professor of what is now Southern Oregon University in the town of Ashland. During the eight-month festival season, 380,000 tickets will be sold to more than 790 performances of four Shakespearean works and seven other plays -- an economic impact of more than $118 million for this town of 20,000. The fest is so successful that organizers this year have replaced the smallest venue with a new black-box stage.

The largest is the festival in Stratford, Ont., a town of 28,000 on the spit of land between lakes Ontario and Huron. More than 600,000 tickets will likely be sold for this 50th festival season, with many performances held on its innovative Elizabethan thrust stage, an amphitheater with seating on three sides that was the first of its kind in the Americas. Among the offerings will be seven Shakespearean plays, including "Romeo and Juliet," "All's Well That Ends Well" and "King Lear," with Plummer in the leading role.

"There's an eternal fascination with the man and his work," says Kelley Teahen, media manager for the Stratford Festival. "Seeing [his works] performed live, you have to pay attention, to be actively engaged. It's not like watching a blockbuster with car crashes."

Ralph Alan Cohen, executive director of Shenandoah Shakespeare, agrees. While the Bard's plays have always been popular -- a study shows that the number of Shakepearean productions has grown each year since 1660 -- today the plays offer an antidote to the plasticity of the modern world.

"Lately I think his popularity has to do with the yearning that people have for theme-park alternatives," says Cohen. "Instead of going to a theme park, you get real theater -- theater of the imagination. It allows people to rediscover the joy of imagination."

If you go

Shakespeare festivals

More than 100 Shakespeare festivals are staged annually in the United States and Canada. Here's the scoop on a few of the best-known:

\* ALABAMA

Alabama Shakespeare Festival, Montgomery, Ala., year-round. The Alabama fest draws 300,000 playgoers annually to its two stages located in the $21.5 million Carolyn Blount Theatre. The calendar includes 14 plays annually, of which three are by Shakespeare. (The others are generally a mix of classic and contemporary works.) This is also home of the Southern Writers' Project, founded in 1991. This year's productions include Shakespeare's "The Tempest," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Hamlet," Ibsen's "A Doll's House" and Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Tickets: $10-$40. 1-800-841-4273; [*www.asf.net*](http://www.asf.net).

\* COLORADO

Colorado Shakespeare Festival, Boulder, on the campus of the University of Colorado, June 26-Aug. 24. Theatergoers come in their shorts and picnic on the grounds, listening to Renaissance music, before moving into the outdoor Mary Rippon Theatre, with 1,000 seats. Productions in this 45th season include "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Richard III" and "Macbeth." A fourth play, "Shakespeare in Briefs!," will be held on an indoor stage.

Tickets: $10-$40. 1-303-492-0554; [*www.coloradoshakes.org*](http://www.coloradoshakes.org).

\* FLORIDA

Orlando-University of Central Florida Shakespeare Festival, Oct. 11 through June 2003. Plays are held at the newly renovated John and Rita Lowndes Shakespeare Center in Loch Haven Park, home to the 300-seat Ken and Trisha Margeson Theater, a thrust stage, and the Marilyn and Sig Goldman Theater, or outdoors at the 936-seat Lake Eola Amphitheater.

Tickets: $10-$35. 1-407-447-1700; [*www.shakespearefest.org*](http://www.shakespearefest.org).

\* NEW YORK

Shakespeare in the Park, Delacorte Theater, Central Park, New York City; summer months. Patrons queue for free tickets at the outdoor Delacorte Theater, near the Great Lawn in Central Park (enter from Central Park West around 81st Street), on the day of performance. About 2,000 tickets are given out for each performance. This year, the New York Public Theater, which produces the plays, will stage only one production, "Twelfth Night," running through Aug. 10.

Tickets: Free. 1-212-539-8750; [*www.publictheater.org*](http://www.publictheater.org).

\* OREGON

Oregon Shakespeare Festival, Ashland, Ore., February through November. Founded in 1935, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival is the nation's oldest. This year, the fest stages 794 performances on its three stages: the 1,200-seat outdoor Elizabethan Theatre, the 600-seat Angus Bowmer Theatre and the just-opened New Theatre, which replaces the old Swan Theatre. Offerings this year include Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "The Winter's Tale," "As You Like It" and "Titus Andronicus," Robert E. Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight," Michael Frayn's "Noises Off" and Edward Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

Tickets: $21-$48. 1-541-482-4331; [*www.orshakes.org*](http://www.orshakes.org).

\* UTAH

Utah Shakespeare Festival, Cedar City, Utah, at Southern Utah University; through Oct. 19. Like many others, the Utah festival mixes Shakespearean with contemporary works, with plays staged in the outdoor Tudor-style Adams Shakepearean Theatre or the indoor Randall L. Jones Theatre. This year's season includes Shakespeare's "As You Like It," "Cymbeline," "Othello" and "Twelfth Night," plus Noel Coward's "Hay Fever" and Charles M. Schulz's "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown." In summer, playgoers can buy tickets to an Elizabethan-style Royal Feaste.

Tickets: $16-$44. 1-800-752-9849; [*www.bard.org*](http://www.bard.org).

CANADA

Stratford Festival of Canada, Stratford, Ont., through Nov. 10. Marking its 50th festival season, the it offers plays by Shakespeare and others in four venues, including the festival's famous thrust stage and its newly opened Studio Theatre. Plays this season include Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III," "Henry VI" (parts I and II) and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," along with Brian Bedford's one-man show, "The Lunatic, the Lover and the Poet." Christopher Plummer will play "King Lear," which runs Aug. 24-Nov. 3.

Tickets: $35-$100; family discounts, other packages available. 1-800-567-1600; [*www.stratfordfestival.ca*](http://www.stratfordfestival.ca).

Jane Wooldridge, Miami Herald

**Load-Date:** February 28, 2009

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[***PLAYHOUSE JR. DRESSES UP ' HOBBIT' WITH MUSIC, FUN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XVT-RGJ0-0094-50H2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 6, 1999, Saturday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; STAGE REVIEW

**Length:** 1492 words

**Byline:** MARY ELIZABETH DAVID

**Body**

The Playhouse Jr.'s production of "The Hobbit," based on J.R.R. Tolkien's novel and directed by Mark Calla, is a musical extravaganza and a lighthearted romp through the most exciting episodes. Despite some freedom with the text, Ruth Perry's book remains true to its spirit, enhanced by the melodic score by Allan Jay Friedman and the often clever lyrics by David Rogers.

The songs, ably accompanied by a piano and drums, range from the rousing entrance song of the dwarves to Bilbo's sweetly poignant ballad, "I Want to Go Home," and his Gilbertian patter-song, "Invisibility," with its many "ility" rhymes. Bilbo, Gandalf and Thorin all have pleasant singing voices, and the choruses of dwarves, trolls, goblins, spiders and elves do ample justice to their music.

The action begins with the wizard, Gandalf (an impressive Benjamin Eisenhardt) deciding to recruit a hobbit, Bilbo Baggins (Anthony Bishop) into a troop of dwarfs led by the equally impressive Thorin Oakenshield (John Biles) on a quest to recover their treasure and kingdom from a dragon. The home-loving hobbit is appalled at the idea, his stuffiness neatly suggested by his song "No Thank You" - but exhorted by Gandalf singing "are you a hobbit or a mouse?," he agrees to go.

Then follow the adventures with the trolls; the goblins, with their fight with the dwarves staged by Shaun Holly in a manner worthy of "Henry V"; Bilbo's finding of the ring of invisibility and his riddle game with Gollum (Nikitas Menotiades); the spiders and Wood Elves in Mirkwood; and finally, the dragon, Smaug.

In bringing to the stage so many different locales and creatures, special effects are necessary, and the production crew succeeds admirably. A ramped diagonal path serves as a path through the forest, the goblins' tunnel, or a passage in the Elven Queen's castle. On an oval screen are projected maps and depictions of the various parts of the forest or of the house Bilbo longs to return to.

Equally important are makeup (Jeffrey Warren Park and Michelle Gallegher) and costumes (Joan Markert), such as Gandalf and Thorin's impressive long white beards and splendid costumes trimmed in silver and brilliants. The elfish quality of the Elven Queen and her followers is suggested by the bluish tint of their faces, the sheer, shimmery fabric of their cloaks and the lavish jewels, especially the Queen's crown. The hobbits, who though barefoot do not have furry feet, are less sumptuously accoutered, as are dwarves and spiders. The great size of the trolls is effected by five-inch platforms attached to their boots, which in their song-and-dance number gives a new meaning to "clog-dance."

The dragon is represented by a disembodied voice from the back of the theater, speaking in a wickedly insinuating way and belting out "Breathin' Fire" in a growly Ethel Merman-like voice. The flames that flicker around Bilbo are red streamers wielded by the black-robed crew who also move the scenery.

The acting of the leads matches their singing, and the rest of the cast hurl themselves into their parts with enthusiasm and verve - for example, Thomas Troop's marvelously effete Turnkey who, when overcome by the wine, falls asleep with his thumb in his mouth, to the audible delight of the toddlers in the front row.

The producers advise that the play is for ages 7 and up, but the median age of the audience I was in was about 6. Nevertheless their attention was held throughout by the music and spectacle. No one seemed unduly disturbed by the violence of the battle scene, and the scary parts aren't all that scary.

Cast and crew are to be congratulated for carrying this ambitious undertaking off so well. What else can one ask of a musical besides spectacle, colorful costumes, catchy tunes and a famous story?

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Movies with a Pittsburgh connection are a highlight of this year's Three Rivers Film Festival. The biggest of them, Kevin Smith's locally produced comic-book religious fantasy, "Dogma," kicked things off as last night's festival opener. But it's not the only movie in the festival to offer a personal vision of the sacred and the profane.

Here are reviews of three films playing this weekend: one made in Pittsburgh, one photographed by a Pittsburgher (but set in Philadelphia) and one by New York filmmaker Hal Hartley foreseeing the coming of the millennium - and apocalypse.

"The Book of Life"

TWO 1/2 STARS

This is Hal Hartley's contribution to the "2000 Seen By … " series, a group of end-of-the-millennium films made for French TV and featured in this year's festival.

Jesus Christ (Martin Donovan), wearing a business suit and a world-weary expression, and Magdelena (indie-rock singer P.J. Harvey) land at JFK airport on Dec. 31, 1999. The apocalypse is nigh, only Jesus is having doubts about this whole judgment thing.

He's feeling peeved about having to do his Father's work, especially that part about destroying the human race except for those precious few whose names are inscribed in the Book of Life - except, this being the modern age, it's all on a Powerbook.

Can he really refuse and wreak havoc with God's plan, which the lawyers have all but signed and delivered? All he needs to do is open the dreaded sixth and seventh seals. Instead, he goes into a sulk and descends into a bar where he can hash it all out with Satan (Thomas Jay Ryan), who has been playing his game with atheist Dave (Dave Simonds). The Devil seems as blankly intense as Christ is implacable. Both of them, however, are arch and irked this is a Hal Hartley movie, after all.

Hartley shot "Book of Life" in digital video and converted the images to film, giving the movie a hazy quality that is meant to suggest that this is not life as we know it.

But you can say that about almost any Hartley film. And like much of his previous work, this one delivers some irreverent comic moments but tends to peter out toward the end, as Hartley runs out of inspiration and turns to easy philosophizing. At least it's short - just 63 minutes.

Harris Theater, today at 4:30 p.m., tomorrow at 7 p.m., Monday at 9:15 p.m. Shown with "Tamas and Juli."

"Cola for Tea"

THREE STARS

Pittsburgher Wen Hwa Ts'ao's first feature centers on Lin (Diong Chae Lian), a Chinese-American woman married to B.J. (Hong Hu), a college professor who is too pleased with himself. As the film begins, Lin has just been released from the hospital. It becomes clear that the problem was more mental than physical. As B.J. continues to ignore her, Lin starts breaking down.

Ts'ao takes her time building the story and developing the character of Lin, using sound to particularly good effect and dropping clues whose meaning becomes apparent toward the end of the film, when Ts'ao pulls everything together for a revelatory moment.

It is evident from watching the movie that it was shot on a low budget this is hardly glossy filmmaking.

But you can't put a price on competence, and Ts'ao cleverly tells us just what we need to know, leading us along to her strong, sad conclusion.

Harris Theater, tonight at 7 and 9:30, tomorrow at 2:30 p.m. Director Ts'ao will introduce the screenings, and a reception will be held between tonight's shows. For information: 412-681-5449. "The Parting Glass"

TWO STARS

Set in Philadelphia in 1949, "The Parting Glass" follows the divergent paths of two boyhood pals just back from the Army.

Franny (Randy Hock) gets a job at the foundry and settles into his cozy ***working-class*** neighborhood. Kevin (Tony Finn) dreams of getting rich quick, and thinks he's found the ticket - selling the newfangled inventions called television sets.

But Kevin is reckless and somewhat inept. He overextends himself and then makes his biggest mistake, borrowing money from Pete (Robert D. Macks), the fellow with the big car and the big cigar who does business from the back of the shoe store on the corner. Meanwhile, he's also trying to court Franny's sister, June (Lisa Connaughton), much to Franny's displeasure.

We know what has to happen - it's just a matter of when and how. And at the appointed time, writer-director John Connor employs much too heavy a hand, as Kevin realizes the implications of what television has since wrought. As T. S. Eliot put it, "Television is a medium of entertainment which permits millions of people to listen to the same joke at the same time, and yet remain lonesome."

Then Connor tops his tirade with an unlikely happy ending. The best part of the movie is its look - the neighborhood on Osbourne Street looks so nostalgically inviting that we might want to take a stroll there. Just watch out for the uneven acting and the sudden moral outrage.

Melwood Screening Room, tonight at 7:30 and tomorrow at 7:15 p.m. Director of cinematography Paul Van Haute, a former Pittsburgher, will introduce the screenings.

Mary Elizabeth David is retired head of the Children's Literature program at the University of Pittsburgh and a specialist in J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis.

**Load-Date:** November 12, 1999

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[***DR. WECHT WOULD BRING INSTANT CREDIBILITY TO OUR REGION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XS2-3B40-0094-545M-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 29, 1999, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 1492 words

**Byline:** WILLIAM F. CAYE; BROOKLINE; EILEEN STEWART; MOUNT LEBANON; LUCY HORTON; OAKLAND; JAMES COLLINS; OAKLAND; MARY LEWIN; SQUIRREL HILL; EDITOR'S NOTE: THE WRITER IS A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE TO SAVE KANE.; LISA SCALES; HEALTHY HARVEST MANAGER; GREATER PITTSBURGH COMMUNITY FOOD BANK; MCKEESPORT; J. WAYNE RICHTER; SWISSVALE

**Body**

The clear-cut choice for Allegheny County executive is Democratic candidate Dr. Cyril Wecht. Dr. Wecht is my choice to lead this region into the future for my children and my children's children. Dr. Wecht has served this region well and will continue to work for our progress.

He is a champion of the ***working class***, as well as the poor in this region. He has risen to prominence in Pittsburgh and has made his reputation in a region hard-pressed for attention outside professional sports.

Dr. Wecht's opponent has accomplished fame and fortune of a degree that is commonplace among the aristocracy. On the other hand, Dr. Wecht's accomplishments transcend commonality and can best be thought of as truly extraordinary.

If we as voters want to be looking for a candidate who lends instant credibility to our county and a commitment to becoming extraordinary, then in all honesty, Dr. Wecht is the choice.

Dr. Wecht is a prime example of the need to develop great talent among our own and to see that talent, in turn, contribute to the betterment of our region.

Dr. Wecht's plan to bring prosperity back to this region strikes at the heart of developing our talented youth here and making sure they will stay at home and contribute to our region's economy.

He, alone, represents this hope for the future and he can carry out this mission in time, in grand Wecht style.

WILLIAM F. CAYE

Brookline

Experience that counts

It is amazing that one would have to think for longer than one minute about whom to vote for in the county executive election. Republican candidate Jim Roddey is the only candidate in my opinion.

This region needs someone who knows how to market our region to the world. Plan B is a great beginning, as is adding jobs.

But as executive director for the International Association of Presentation Professionals, I think we really need someone with business savvy to market our region to the world in hopes of attracting international conferences and tourism. This will increase the potential for new business growth exponentially.

Roddey has accomplished similar tasks in his businesses. Has Dr. Cyril Wecht?

EILEEN STEWART

Mount Lebanon

A valuable team member

I write to urge Allegheny County voters to support Judge Susan Ruffner in her bid for a full 10-year term on Common Pleas Court. She currently is in Juvenile Court.

I do volunteer work that frequently takes me there, and I recently sat in on a hearing where Judge Ruffner presided. I was greatly impressed by the strong interest she showed in the teen-ager involved in the case before her. I have spoken to professionals who work in and around the court, and they praise Judge Ruffner. The word they agree would best characterize her is "thorough."

Anyone who has experienced Juvenile Court knows that it is crowded and chaotic. To those new to it, the sight of children in handcuffs and shackles is distressing. In the midst of this, we are lucky to have a team of dedicated professionals in Allegheny County who never lose sight of the fact that with the right breaks, today's troubled teen can be tomorrow's responsible adult.

Please keep Judge Ruffner on the team, where she belongs. We will all benefit.

LUCY HORTON

Oakland

Brentley's potential

The Post-Gazette's Oct. 22 endorsement of Ron Suber over Mark Brentley Sr. in the city's District 8 school board race ("School Board Rematch") is illogical. Brentley is described as an "intense, intelligent critic" of Suber and possessor of "interesting ideas." But the editors then go on to endorse Suber based on his "potential" rather than what he's done.

Fourteen years on the board, and we're still talking about Suber's potential? His potential can be found in the organized power of his supporters, especially those who have never been able to accept the integration of the city's public schools. In 1996, Mr. Suber thought he could detect which way the political winds were blowing, so he cast his lot with those elitists and isolationists who care only about the education of their own, rather than the entire city's children.

Suber contested the results of the May primary he lost to Brentley with a bevy of unsubstantiated charges. On that basis alone, he never should have been granted a hearing. But he was, and Judge James McLean proceeded to throw out Brentley's hard-won victory based on the testimony of just one "expert" witness. Brentley's attorneys weren't even given adequate time to call witnesses to refute this witness's claims.

Now Brentley, an outsider looking in, must again face an incumbent who has been given a second chance to marshal the considerable resources he commands. In addition, Mr. Brentley's name has now been tainted by accusations of fraud.

But as the Post-Gazette's editors implied, Mark Brentley is more in tune with the majority of parents in District 8 than is Ron Suber. That's why Brentley won the Democratic Party's endorsement for the primary and that's why he delivered a stunning defeat to his foe in May.

One uses the word "potential" to speak of future possibilities, and the future in District 8 belongs to Mark Brentley Sr. When speaking of Ron Suber's potential one has to add the qualifier "squandered."

JAMES COLLINS

Oakland

Kanes and privatization

The article "Kanes Bending Under Competition," (Oct. 11) positioned on the front page of the Post-Gazette so close to the county election, seems to be a thinly veiled attempt to advocate the Republican pro-privatization position.

Your article refers only to the overall occupancy rates for the Kane Regional Centers but fails to mention that the occupancy rates for three of the four Kanes exceed or approximate the average rate for private nursing homes. The Glen-Hazel center's occupancy rate is low, but plans are under way to create a unit for people with dementia who are critically underserved by the private sector that will increase its occupancy rate to an acceptable level.

As a caseworker at Kane in the 1970s and co-author of a report in the ' 70s that was critical of conditions at Kane and became a catalyst for major reforms, I believe that Kane's mission of providing care to the poorest and sickest citizens of this county will be compromised by privatizing Kane management and staff, even if the county retains ownership.

Kane provides care to people who can't get it from private nursing homes or who have depleted their savings to pay for the exorbitant cost of private care. The authors of the report that recommends the Kanes be privatized (Pittsburgh Care Partnership) are private nursing home providers and UPMC Health System. Should private providers with a potential to profit from the takeover of the Kanes determine its future?

A contract with a private provider to operate Philadelphia's public nursing home in 1994 resulted in a mass exodus of workers because of cuts in benefits and a rapid increase in the census. Conditions became so dangerous that the Justice Department brought a legal action to protect patients from harm.

Likewise, a series of privatization efforts affecting the elderly pushed through in Massachusetts by former Gov. William Weld, a Republican, in the early ' 90s had disastrous consequences. Privatization resulted in no improvement in services and cost the taxpayers millions in overbilling, fraud and waste. Legislation was passed that allows privatization of public services only when the cost will be less for equal quality with fair hiring standards.

No one disputes that the Kanes provide quality care. The future of the Kanes should be determined by a partnership between the county, senior citizens, professional organizations, community groups, Kane families and staff.

MARY LEWIN

Squirrel Hill

Editor's note: The writer is a member of the Committee to Save Kane.

Farmers' generosity< I was saddened to read about the theft of Tom Brenckle's pumpkins ("It's Not Like You Can Just Stuff ' Em Under Your Coat," Oct. 13). Mr. Brenckle has been a long-time supporter of the Greater Pittsburgh Community Food Bank. He has donated thousands of pounds of fresh vegetables to our organization.

Thanks to Mr. Brenckle's generosity (and the generosity of other local farmers), many of our hungry neighbors in Allegheny County now have access to nutritious, locally-grown produce.

I am familiar with the daily challenges facing our region's farmers. Those who toiled in the fields under the hot sun this summer do not need the added challenge of guarding against late-night raids.

LISA SCALES

Healthy Harvest Manager

Greater Pittsburgh Community Food Bank

McKeesport

Enforce the laws

Regarding the Oct. 18 article "Bill Allows Drug User to Sue Dealer": I am totally against this bill. This is just another way for lawyers to make more money and tie up the court system. When are people going to understand that we do not need more laws; we just have to enforce the existing laws? Very stupid idea.

J. WAYNE RICHTER

Swissvale

MARY LEWIN

Squirrel Hill

Editor's note: The writer is a member of the Committee to Save Kane.

**Load-Date:** October 30, 1999

**End of Document**



[***A CONSTRICTED CHINATOWN YEARNS NORTH FOR YEARS, THE COMMUNITY HAS WANTED TO EXPAND PAST VINE STREET. IT HAS PLANS FOR 51 HOUSES. THE PROBLEM IS, OTHERS - 78 OTHERS - CONTROL THE TARGETED BLOCK.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C7N0-01K4-94VG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 17, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1333 words

**Byline:** Suzanne Sataline, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Chinatown may be about to break out of its tight little neon corridor for the first time in 30 years.

If it is not stopped in its tracks by bureaucratic chaos of maddening proportions.

The neighborhood of 4,000 residents, constricted into six rowhouse blocks, is trying to make the great leap denied it for a generation - with a proposal to develop 51 new houses north of Vine Street.

Community leaders say the development between Eighth and Ninth Streets would be the kiss of survival for a bright ribbon of city life battered by urban renewal, most recently the behemoth that is the Pennsylvania Convention Center.

"If you look at Chinatowns across the nation, their success is that they kept growing,' said Cecilia Yep, executive director of the Philadelphia Chinatown Development Corp., a nonprofit developer. "If (Philadelphia's) Chinatown doesn't grow and develop, it will die."

The money, from government grants and a bank loan, is in place, the plans are in place. Chinatown's leaders have been ready to go for more than a year.

But the project has been visited by turf battles, bureaucratic spats, real estate snafus, accusations of state price-gouging, and delays that increase the project's cost.

The crux of the problem is that the one-block area has over the years been carved into 78 parcels controlled by a surreal labyrinth of state, local and federal agencies. Some of the parcels are thought to belong to people long dead.

Noel Eisenstat, executive director of the city's Redevelopment Authority, said the city and state owe Chinatown residents this project: "A commitment was made to them. People should live up to their commitments. This is just government at its worst."

\*

The subsidized housing for poor and ***working-class*** families would rise out of the prairie of gravel, glass and cattails sandwiched between Eighth and Ninth Streets just north of the entrance to the Vine Street Expressway.

The project would heal a great wound in the community by rejoining Holy Redeemer Catholic Church to Chinatown - the two were separated when the state split the area with the expressway.

But just try assembling the parts of this bureaucratic jigsaw. The Chinatown Development Corp. keeps scheduling groundbreakings for Chinatown North - and canceling each one as problems with ownership and control multiply.

The city's Redevelopment Authority wants to condemn the entire block at one time and turn it over to the Chinatown Development Corp., which would then sell the land to home buyers. But, as it turned out, the 2.9-acre tract is divided into 78 pieces controlled by different agencies. Each agency involved - the city, the state, the Federal Transportation Administration and SEPTA - has its own rules on how to sell off property.

"I feel if any private developer had to do this, they would've given up," Yep said.

By far the most exasperating problem has been sorting out the 17 pieces of land owned or operated by the state's Department of Transportation. Much of it was acquired before the expressway was built. PennDot wants $287,000 for the 13,100-square-foot piece - a highly inflated figure, Eisenstat said.

"They're trying to get as much money as they can out of the project," Eisenstat said.

Lois Morasco, a spokeswoman for PennDot, said state law was part of the problem. It mandates that the land be sold at "fair market value" - no matter how good or noble the reason, she said.

"We're not going to give it to you at a bargain basement price," she said.

And the state is purposely taking its time. "The last thing you would want," Morasco said, "is to sell property and then find out you need the land."

Recently, the Chinatown Development Corp. and the Redevelopment Authority hired their own appraiser.

His estimate of the value of the state's portion of the land? $65,000.

So the argument continues. Another delay.

On another contested portion of the block, the Redevelopment Authority and the Chinatown Development Corp. had to deal with SEPTA and the Federal Transportation Administration, which are responsible for the commuter rail tunnel that runs underneath the block. SEPTA demanded a 60-foot easement on either side of the tunnel - access that would allow room to make emergency repairs. The Chinatown Development Corp. had to scrap its plans and redesign the project. Now the plans call for building the houses on the outer edges of the land and leaving the exterior space for parking and playgrounds.

On it goes.

\*

Chinatown leaders say Chinatown North will help save a neighborhood crumbling inside and out.

The state of housing is so poor that it has pushed out the second and third generations, many of whom are professionals. Many, such as dentist Raymond Au, have settled in New Jersey, where he, his wife and their two children live in a three-bedroom house on a three-quarter-acre lot in Fort Washington, N.J., that he purchased for $160,000.

"As soon as I had children, I had to move to the suburbs," said Au, who still practices dentistry with his wife in Chinatown. His old home "is still a very old neighborhood with a lot of problems with roaches and rats," he said.

Some see the expansion of Chinatown as a way to stem what is becoming a diaspora.

"We are a minority, a small minority, and we're scattered," said George Moy, a member of the Chinatown Development Corp. board (and Yep's former brother-in-law). "We have quite a few families living in North Philadelphia, West Philadelphia, in areas where they're strange, they're different. They're locked in their houses night and day."

While the agencies bicker, people such as Fuzhen Xie Yu are waiting.

Yu was first a refugee from China. Then she became a refugee from the Convention Center. Her family is a classic example of why Chinatown North is essential.

Yu arrived from China 13 years ago. She was forced to move from her apartment seven years ago, just days after her second daughter was born. Her building was torn down to make way for the granite-and-steel convention fortress that dominates Chinatown. Not that she misses the old place. It was 700 square feet, loaded with bugs and rats and had recalcitrant plumbing. But it was $180 a month.

Now, she, her husband and two children live in a subsidized apartment for $690 a month, of which the government pays half. But it is tiny. Her door thuds against the bed in her room. Now the Department of Housing has asked her to move.

"It's been 13 years in Philadelphia and I don't have a permanent home yet," she said through a translator. "I'm always moving, place to place."

She is praying that hers will be one of the lucky families to move to Chinatown North - what is formally called Hiang Wah Yuen. The Chinatown Development Corp.'s plan is to build 51 townhouses - 36 of which will be sold subsidized for $47,000 to $72,000 and 15 that will be sold at market value for $140,000.

The developers plan to fund the endeavor with a $1.8 million grant from the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development, along with a $5.5 million construction loan from PNC Bank.

Ignatius Wang, a member of the Chinatown Development Corp. and the city's Planning Commission, said Chinatown North would spark interest in the factories and industrial strips long abandoned off Vine. With a bit of money and energy, a thriving community could grow - like the one fashioned by Koreans in a similar part of New York City.

"Flushing, New York, that is my model," Wang said. North of Vine "is just an ideal area for urban revitalization."

\*

Despite all the entanglements, the city's lawyers say there's been progress. "I don't accept the premise that this took enormously long," said Larry Copeland, a deputy city solicitor. "The project has been moving along."

Yep said things were moving, but by inches.

Project costs are climbing, she said. The original bank loan from PNC was going to be $3.5 million, but now the construction costs have risen by $2 million. All the while, she is pressed to keep the housing low-cost.

"I hope it's still affordable by the time we get through," she said.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO (1)

1. On this stretch between Eighth and Ninth Streets, Chinatown leaders want

to build subsidized housing. "If Chinatown doesn't grow and develop, it will

die," says one of them, Cecilia Yep. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, DIRK SHADD)

MAP (2)

1-2. Chinatown North housing project (The Philadelphia Inquirer, ROGER

HASLER)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***HOW SPENDING LIMITS CHANGE AN ELECTION'S TERRAIN TUCSON HAS DECIDED THAT EACH MAYORAL CANDIDATE WILL SPEND ABOUT 57 CENTS PER REGISTERED VOTER ON CAMPAIGNING. IN PHILADELPHIA'S RACE, THE FIGURE WILL BE MORE LIKE $7 OR $8.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-V8Y0-01K4-94F8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

OCTOBER 14, 1999 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1506 words

**Byline:** Robert Zausner, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** TUCSON, Ariz.

**Body**

Molly McKasson is driving up Broadway at rush hour, her white Corolla swerving slightly as she peers down at her lap to scrutinize the scribble in an overstuffed appointment book.

"Oopsie!" she exclaims as she zips past her turn, late for a campaign appearance. "I always get lost in my own city."

In another place - say, Philadelphia - McKasson, a former actress, part-time teacher and self-described "old hippie" with a rich sense of humor but only $1.05 in her pocketbook, would be considered little more than a footnote: "Also running for mayor . . . "

Or worse, a quixotic kook.

McKasson's campaign has a small office next to a tattoo parlor, a single phone line, a paid staff of one. She's got about $80,000 to spend on the general election.

But here, in the nation's 32d largest city, one with 460,000 citizens and spanning 195 square miles, McKasson carries a different title - frontrunner - largely because candidates are severely limited in how much they can spend.

While Philadelphia's two mayoral candidates could each spend $7 million or more, candidates in Tucson this year can spend no more than $154,638.96 for the primary and general elections combined. They can get half in matching taxpayer dollars.

Tucson is among about 75 cities - obviously, not including Philadelphia - that have acted to curb the high cost of elections. It is also in a state that is among the majority - not including Pennsylvania - that limits the size of donations.

Cities across the country have taken steps to limit the role of money in elections: Los Angeles, San Diego, Seattle, Oakland, Cleveland and Cincinnati. The measures differ. New York and San Francisco provide matching public funds for candidates who agree to voluntary spending limits. Fort Collins, Colo., has set the nation's lowest limit on individual contributions: $50.

The Philadelphia candidates, Democrat John Street and Republican Sam Katz, both favor contribution limits but differ on the issue of public financing for elections, the lure for voluntary spending limits.

Street supports public financing and spending caps; Katz opposes the use of tax dollars for elections.

A measure introduced by City Councilman Angel Ortiz would limit donations for a mayoral race to $1,000 and spending to $600,000. The bill has made little headway since its introduction in 1997.

Tucson was among the first to enact reform, putting the question of public funding to voters in 1985. The answer: resounding approval.

Though the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled it unlawful to limit candidate spending, Tucson gets around that by asking candidates to sign a contract voluntarily abiding by limits in order to get matching funds.

The system was put into place for the 1987 mayor's race and was immediately tested.

One candidate, Tom Volgy, a University of Arizona professor who led the move to enact reform, agreed to spending limits. His Democratic primary opponent refused and was outspending him 2-1, while a Republican who had rejected the spending cap awaited the winner.

Mayor Volgy took office the following January. He won, in part, because spending became an issue.

"We quickly developed a culture in which the public says: 'We've agreed to these limits. You can exceed them, but if you do, we're going to punish you,' " Volgy said. "Since then, everyone who has not agreed to the limits has lost."

On that losers' list are several Tucson council candidates, including one incumbent. The spending limit for council candidates is half that for mayoral hopefuls.

The rules in Tucson are strict: To qualify for matching funds, a candidate must get at least 300 donations of $10 or more. They must all come from city residents. Political action committee donations are excluded from matching funds.

The spending cap is set by a formula that allows each candidate to spend slightly more than 57 cents per registered voter. (By contrast, Street and Katz are each expected to spend $7 to $8 per registered voter in their contest.)

Should candidates exceed the cap, they must pay Tucson three times the amount they overspent.

There's no quick way to get to the limit, either. Arizona law limits individual and most PAC donations in non-statewide races to $320. (Those who gave Philadelphia candidates Street and Katz $320 or less account for only about 3 percent of their total contributions.)

One result of the Tucson system seems to be a level playing field, one upon which candidates without lots of money can still win.

Case in point: Molly McKasson.

She's a liberal Democrat not likely to attract big-business donations. She's not wealthy, earning $6,000 teaching public school last year plus modest income from freelance writing. Her husband, Richard, is a carpenter.

Without spending limits, says McKasson, who won council races in 1989 and 1993, "Someone like me could never win."

Said Volgy: "People no longer run by counting their money first, and so you end up with phenomenons like Molly McKasson."

And more candidates. In 1983, before the law was enacted, Democratic and Republican candidates were unopposed in their primaries. The three most recent mayoral elections (1991, 1995 and 1999) have seen 14 major-party candidates.

McKasson won the Democratic primary on Sept. 7 with 45 percent of the vote against three opponents, including current Councilwoman Janet Marcus, former Cincinnati Reds pitcher Patrick Darcy (who threw the pitch that Boston's Carlton Fisk hit for his famous home run in the 12th inning of the sixth game of the 1975 World Series), and Betsy Bolding, a former Bruce Babbitt aide who spent the most in the primary, nearly $106,000.

McKasson is favored to win because registered Democrats hold a 3-2 majority in Tucson.

The mayor's job is part time, though the current occupant of City Hall's 10th floor, George Miller, says he puts in 50-hour weeks. The position has limited power - the mayor gets one of seven council votes but does not have veto power or authority over the police or other city departments. The next mayor will be paid $42,000.

Miller, 77, who is not seeking a third term, believes that no election system is perfect, but contends that Tucson's is better than most. For one thing, he said, less campaign money means less potential for corruption.

Said Bob Walkup, the pro-business Republican now facing McKasson, about the contribution limits: "At $320, I absolutely, positively guarantee there's nobody in anybody's pocket."

Walkup said he easily could have raised more money but agreed to the limit to avoid the image that "Republicans are from the business community and raise lots of money and buy the election."

By last week, Walkup, a retired Hughes Aircraft executive, was already done with fund-raising. McKasson was almost there.

Both sides are counting pennies.

The campaign staff consists of two people at the Republican's headquarters. A secretary earning $8 an hour was let go to cut costs.

Walkup, who spent $42,000 in the primary, plans to use much of his remaining $112,000 for campaign literature, radio and TV ads.

McKasson spent almost $70,000 on her primary race. She has budgeted about $26,000 for radio and TV for the general election, said Lynn Wilson, the campaign's only paid staffer at $1,000 monthly.

Less reliance on TV means more time spent face-to-face with voters. The mayor's race here has too many debates, candidates forums and kaffeeklatsches to count.

No event is too small or trivial.

Walkup, for example, recently spent time with members of the Tohono O'odham tribe, even though most of its members reside on a reservation outside city limits.

The Republican also fielded 15 questions from two eighth-grade students about water supply. He gave unhurried and lengthy answers. When he was done he offered, "Invite me if your class needs me to explain it."

Walkup estimates he has been to 2,000 homes. McKasson has been to many more during eight years on council and in the mayor's race.

On one of her recent walking trips, this time to the homes of registered voters in Tucson's South Side, a poor and ***working-class*** area in which much of Tucson's 30 percent Latino population resides, most folks who talked to McKasson said they would vote for her.

"It's nice to see you out here talking to people," said William Romero, 50.

"It's good for me, too," responded McKasson.

McKasson approached one small house where two men were sipping from a quart of Budweiser as they worked on a car engine. The smell of beer and gasoline hung in the scorching late-afternoon air.

The men, suspicious at first, became talkative after McKasson introduced herself, shaking a pair of greasy hands. They complained about broken sidewalks, missing streetlights and nighttime shooting.

McKasson listened intently. "I hope you vote for me," she said.

Both men promised they would. One of them, his long, black hair streaming from beneath a baseball cap worn backwards, said why.

"You're the first one to come around here. Everybody else thinks they're too good to come around here, or they're afraid," he said, showing a smile for the first time.

"You're all right, Molly."

**Notes**

Mayor's Race '99: Money

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***How affordable housing shortage could cost you - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KS9-3T10-TWHS-41TG-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

July 22, 2002 Monday

All Editions

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2002 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1391 words

**Byline:** Dave Orrick, Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

Faced with increasingly costly turnover and a shrinking pool of workers, officials at Northwest Community Hospital in Arlington Heights last year decided to offer a juicy perk to their sought- after employees: They helped them buy homes.

But such a posh-sounding perk wasn't for surgeons, cardiologists or corporate vice presidents. The coveted workers were nurses, technicians and custodians.

"We see it as one way of solidifying our employee base," said Ron Buck, director of community services for the hospital. "When you look at health-care labor, it can be pretty transient, so if we could add a benefit to help people stay longer, it would save us money, and keeping workers can save a lot of money."

For example, for every $20,000-a-year worker that leaves, Buck estimates the hospital spends $15,000 to train a replacement.

So Northwest Community started doling out cash - a $2,500 tax- deductible chunk combined with a $2,500 state grant - to its workers seeking nearby homes.

So far, the pilot program has helped three workers buy their first homes, and 40 more applications are being processed.

Bank One Corp. has helped 32 people buy homes. St. Charles-based System Sensor, which pioneered the program, helped 35. The towns of St. Charles and Riverdale have signed on to help their employees. And two McHenry County companies are preparing to announce they're doing it, too.

It's called employer-assisted housing, and it's slowly catching on. But it's also about the only type of program that's shown measurable success in tackling one of the most vexing issues facing the suburbs: the dwindling supply of affordable housing.

Employer-assisted housing is just one of a number of ambitious reforms being recommended by a regional think tank.

In a report to be released today, Metropolis 2020, a non-profit advisory group helping with planning for the future of the Chicago region, urges a range of changes intended to stave off what it predicts will become a "crisis" within 20 years.

The 40-point "Workforce Housing Agenda" warns that what's at stake is nothing short of the future of the region's economy.

The recommended reforms would affect policy from the state level down to neighborhood planning. But despite being bolstered by gradually increasing support from government and business leaders, the report's authors acknowledge that some of the reforms are likely to be met with resistance.

Recommendations include throwing out suburban codes that encourage high-end homes in sprawling subdivisions, increasing incentives for high-density, reasonably priced townhouse and apartment complexes near mass transit, stepped up enforcement of anti-eyesore codes and a rewriting of the state's school-funding formula.

The report also recommends that codes be created to make sure revitalization efforts in downtowns and older areas don't price out the very workforce needed to staff the bustling merchant districts that revitalization efforts aim to create.

Planners generally agree that such reforms could lead to more moderately priced homes being built.

But the recommendations aren't revolutionary, and their track record thus far in the suburbs where they would matter - upper- middle-class stretches with large employers - is lackluster.

Two years ago, the Lake County board drew the attention of affordable housing advocates nationwide when it committed to creating a comprehensive program. In the end, though, the board balked. It drafted three proposals - each with a different tack - and voted each down.

Some statewide initiatives, such as the tax credit for employer- assisted housing, were passed, and Highland Park last year became the first Chicago suburb to enact a comprehensive affordable housing plan, although few believe the well-settled, tony North Shore community will be able to house the hundreds of low-wage workers of Northbrook Court shopping mall any time soon.

Local advocates have to point to distant areas in Minnesota and Maryland to find functioning plans that mirror their goals.

In many local communities, including Arlington Heights, Oak Brook and Grayslake, subsidized senior housing complexes have been built. But take away the "senior" part, and it's often another story.

"When you say 'affordable,' everyone thinks of subsidized, but that's not necessarily what we're talking about," said Nancy Firfer, an adviser for the report and former Glenview mayor. "All you have to do is look at your teachers, your firefighters and your policemen. A lot of them can't afford to live in their communities."

"Affordability" varies for each family. A family earning $53,000 a year can afford to buy a home priced between $132,000 and $160,000 a year. A family earning $40,000 should pay no more than $1,000 a month in rent.

Such digs exist, but they're rare for new construction, and the report says 158,400 such units are needed by 2020 to accommodate population projections.

Figures from the 2000 census show a decrease in the number of available renter units, an increase in the percentage of income suburbanites are paying for rent and mortgages, and an increase in commuting time.

And it all starts with traffic.

"Traffic, traffic, traffic," Firfer said. "That's the biggest complaint we hear. It's because there's a disconnection between where the jobs are and where the housing for those jobs are."

The report reasons that if people could afford a place to live near work, most would, and the growing sea of rush hour congestion that spews pollution and stews tempers would be a distant memory.

If they can't, sprawl and traffic will get worse, prohibiting businesses from expanding and strangling the region's economy, the report predicts.

It's a notion that was first sounded with the most recent wave of the suburban boom.

As suburbs from Lisle to Lake Villa sprouted over the last decade, spacious crisp-and-clean office parks were paralleled by spacious crisp-and-clean - and expensive - homes.

"Everybody wanted upscale, and by and large, they got it," Firfer said. "It surprised a lot of us even in (upscale) Glenview how expensive homes got."

Census figures show that between 1990 and 2000, home-ownership sailed, but so did the number of families stretching their budgets to pay for housing.

For those who couldn't stretch - especially working single mothers, young nesting couples starting out and those earning ***working-class*** paychecks - they drove. And they drove in droves.

For example, 25 percent of employees at Walgreen Co.' s Deerfield headquarters live outside Lake County, according to a company study last year.

But getting communities to allow - and the market to encourage - construction of affordable housing has proved a formidable task.

In neighborhood after neighborhood, suburban residents in flourishing communities frequently fill village hall to oppose high-density developments, especially apartments. The fear is their home values will fall as a result of new, cheaper homes being built nearby.

But the report insists the plan is "doable," and advocates remain optimistic.

"In the housing field, it's very important to make it clear to each constituency why affordable housing matters, and Metropolis 2020 can do that," said Robin Snyderman, housing director for the Metropolitan Planning Council, a related group that administers some of the programs Metropolis 2020 pushes. "With the business and community leaders on board, they can make a real difference."

The report's primary author, King Harris, said the success of employer-assisted housing programs shows that making people aware of the benefits is half the battle.

Harris, a regional mover and shaker, was CEO of System Sensor when it started the region's first such program.

"Before we talked to the (800-strong) workforce at System Sensor, no one had ever talked about this before," he said. "Then 100 of 800 people applied. Within two years, 35 people had bought their own home. That's worth something."

For Olga Alvarez-West, an assistant banking manager at Bank One in Chicago, her company's program put the out-of-reach hope of owning a home in her grasp.

"I didn't have the money before," said Alvarez-West, who used $5,000 of combined state and Bank One money on July 1 to close on her first home on Chicago's Southwest Side. "It's the greatest level of comfort I have ever had, being able to come home to my own home every day with my two kids."

**Correction**

A story in some editions of Monday's paper should have said Northwest Community Hospital provides a $5,000 grant for each employee accepted into its emloyer-assisted housing program. The state provides an additional $5,000.

**Correction-Date:** July 24, 2002

**Graphic**

housingcook-ne071902hesBC Townhouses at Canterbury Fields in Hoffman Estates are advertised as starting at $235,990, a price well above what experts say is needed to keep the Northwest suburbs affordable. Bob Chwedyk/Daily Herald housinglk-1ne071902grapv The recently completed Library Lane Senior Residence, an income-based senior housing complex in Grayslake, is an example of an affordable housing success. But experts say many more such developments are needed for residents of all ages. Paul Valade/Daily Herald housingdup-2ne071902wooBR AMLI at Seven Bridges apartments in Woodridge is advertising $1,197 a month for two-bedroom units. Affordable housing advocates say rents for newly built suburban apartments need to come down to less than $1,000 to be affordable to large portions of the workforce. Brian Hill/Daily Herald foxhousing-ne071902gilDT Houses at Timber Trails in Gilberts are being advertised starting at $186,990. Affordable housing advocates say not enough new homes below $160,000 are being built in the Fox Valley to retain its workforce for the next 20 years. Dave Tonge/Daily Herald

Who's stretching their money and who's not?

Who needs 'affordable' housing in your community? - Police, fire and emergency responders - Teachers, counselors and other educators - Nurses, therapists and other health-care workers - Bank tellers, cashiers, restaurant staff and other service workers - Assembly, packaging and other light industrial workers What needs to be done Advocacy group Chicago Metropolis 2020 is recommending a set of ambitious reforms to prevent what it perceives to be a crisis of affordable housing. Among the recommendations: - Reform school funding so it's less reliant on property taxes. - Reduce suburban residential codes that encourage large lots and low-density developments. - Increase property inspections and enforcement of anti-eyesore laws. - Get more federal, state and local incentives for affordable housing built near transit. - Establish statewide housing rehab codes to make sure older areas get redeveloped but stay affordable. - Expand employer-assisted housing programs and increase non- profit participation in them.

**Load-Date:** August 29, 2006

**End of Document**



[***WHEN THE PLAY'S THE THING, SHAKESPEARE IS STILL KING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:468J-88K0-0094-53S9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 7, 2002 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1815 words

**Byline:** JANE WOOLDRIDGE, MIAMI HERALD

**Body**

In New York, theater buffs line up for hours, perching on benches, grass and curbs around Central Park's Great Meadow, hoping to snag tickets to that day's free Shakespeare in the Park performance.

In the historic town of Staunton in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley, Shakespeare fans plop on wooden benches in a newly built re-creation of Blackfriars Playhouse, becoming part of the set when cast members stick Post-its on their foreheads -- a metaphor for messages carved on trees by the lovelorn Orlando in "As You Like It."

In Ashland, Ore., fans of the Bard will have the choice of 794 performances this year in one open-air theater or two enclosed ones at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. In Boulder, Colo., some 40,000 theatergoers will picnic on the green in the shadow of the Flatiron Mountains before settling down for a performance of "Macbeth" or "Richard III" in the Colorado Shakespeare Festival's amphitheater. In Stratford, Ont., more than 600,000 tickets will likely be sold for the Stratford Festival of Canada's 50th season, which includes a production of "King Lear" starring Christopher Plummer.

"We've had more than 11,000 at a performance," said Sidney Berger, producing director of the free Houston Shakespeare Festival and a past president of the Shakespeare Theatre Association of America. "The town gets Shakespeare-crazy."

The Bard may have died nearly four centuries ago, but for audiences at some 100 festivals around the United States and Canada, William Shakespeare's works are as robust, bawdy, insightful and revealing as when the playwright delivered the iambic pentameter in his own voice.

Most festivals mix plays by others as well. Some limit themselves to classical playwrights such as George Bernard Shaw and Anton Chekhov; others feature contemporary, even cutting-edge writers.

But for all, the headliner is Shakespeare, whose plays sold more than 10 million tickets in the United States and Canada last year, enabling several festivals to add additional stages this year.

The reasons for Shakespeare's endless run, say festival producers, are as simple and complex as people themselves. With exquisite language, clever humor and poignancy, Shakespeare peels back the skin on human nature with all its glories, vulnerabilities and foibles. And those qualities, they point out, seem timeless.

"The language is absolutely gorgeous. The themes are universal and timeless, particularly when the plays are staged in a more contemporary time period," says Amy Richard, public relations manager for the Oregon Shakespeare festival.

Shakespeare "speaks to every one, everywhere," says Richard Devin, producing artistic director of the Colorado festival.

"I've designed productions in Cairo, in Hong Kong in Chinese, to packed audiences. It seems to be that [Shakespeare's] references are based on conflicts of humanity rather than on any cultural specifics."

That was precisely the point legendary producer Joe Papp was trying to make in the mid-1950s when he loaded a stage and a troop of actors into a truck and carried them around to New York City parks, literally bringing Shakespeare to the neighborhood. The actors didn't try to dress in Elizabethan garb or affect a tony English accent; instead, they played the roles looking and sounding like New Yorkers of the time.

"It was a time of canonization of Shakespeare," says John Dias, associate producer of New York's Public Theater, founded by the late Papp. "Shakespeare was seen as highbrow and academic. [Papp] wanted to remind everybody that Shakespeare thought everyone was a member of the club. He was a ***working-class*** guy who wrote for a wide-ranging audience, from himself to the Queen."

Students forced to read Shakespeare in English class found the plays dry. Papp was convinced that if they could see the plays performed by quality actors, people would see their true quality.

His strategy worked. Last summer, some 95,000 playgoers packed the two plays staged at the Delacorte Theater in Central Park, the New York Shakespeare Festival's permanent home.

Papp's efforts have drawn first-rate actors. Over the years audiences have witnessed spectacular performances by Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, John Goodman, Michelle Pfeiffer, Tracey Ullman and Morgan Freeman.

In the aftermath of Sept. 11, funding has tightened, and this year the theater will stage a single production, "Twelfth Night," for six weeks.

"One of the reasons we chose it is that it relates to the situation. We wanted to give the city a joyous celebratory treat, which that play is," says Dias. In the beginning of the play, everyone is feeling low; Olivia is in mourning, the Duke is pining for her. "In comes the shipwreck of souls that brings in the joyous spirit that changes things all around."

As famous as Shakespeare in the Park has become, it is neither the oldest nor the biggest Shakespeare celebration.

The oldest is the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, founded in 1935 by a professor of what is now Southern Oregon University in the town of Ashland. During the eight-month festival season, 380,000 tickets will be sold to more than 790 performances of four Shakespearean works and seven other plays -- an economic impact of more than $118 million for this town of 20,000. The fest is so successful that organizers this year have replaced the smallest venue with a new black-box stage.

The largest is the festival in Stratford, Ont., a town of 28,000 on the spit of land between lakes Ontario and Huron. More than 600,000 tickets will likely be sold for this 50th festival season, with many performances held on its innovative Elizabethan thrust stage, an amphitheater with seating on three sides that was the first of its kind in the Americas. Among the offerings will be seven Shakespearean plays, including "Romeo and Juliet," "All's Well That Ends Well" and "King Lear," with Plummer in the leading role.

"There's an eternal fascination with the man and his work," says Kelley Teahen, media manager for the Stratford Festival. "Seeing [his works] performed live, you have to pay attention, to be actively engaged. It's not like watching a blockbuster with car crashes."

Ralph Alan Cohen, executive director of Shenandoah Shakespeare, agrees. While the Bard's plays have always been popular -- a study shows that the number of Shakepearean productions has grown each year since 1660 -- today the plays offer an antidote to the plasticity of the modern world.

"Lately I think his popularity has to do with the yearning that people have for theme-park alternatives," says Cohen. "Instead of going to a theme park, you get real theater -- theater of the imagination. It allows people to rediscover the joy of imagination."

If you go

Shakespeare festivals

More than 100 Shakespeare festivals are staged annually in the United States and Canada. Here's the scoop on a few of the best-known:

\* ALABAMA

Alabama Shakespeare Festival, Montgomery, Ala., year-round. The Alabama fest draws 300,000 playgoers annually to its two stages located in the $21.5 million Carolyn Blount Theatre. The calendar includes 14 plays annually, of which three are by Shakespeare. (The others are generally a mix of classic and contemporary works.) This is also home of the Southern Writers' Project, founded in 1991. This year's productions include Shakespeare's "The Tempest," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Hamlet," Ibsen's "A Doll's House" and Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Tickets: $10-$40. 1-800-841-4273; [*www.asf.net*](http://www.asf.net).

\* COLORADO

Colorado Shakespeare Festival, Boulder, on the campus of the University of Colorado, June 26-Aug. 24. Theatergoers come in their shorts and picnic on the grounds, listening to Renaissance music, before moving into the outdoor Mary Rippon Theatre, with 1,000 seats. Productions in this 45th season include "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Richard III" and "Macbeth." A fourth play, "Shakespeare in Briefs!," will be held on an indoor stage.

Tickets: $10-$40. 1-303-492-0554; [*www.coloradoshakes.org*](http://www.coloradoshakes.org).

\* FLORIDA

Orlando-University of Central Florida Shakespeare Festival, Oct. 11 through June 2003. Plays are held at the newly renovated John and Rita Lowndes Shakespeare Center in Loch Haven Park, home to the 300-seat Ken and Trisha Margeson Theater, a thrust stage, and the Marilyn and Sig Goldman Theater, or outdoors at the 936-seat Lake Eola Amphitheater.

Tickets: $10-$35. 1-407-447-1700; [*www.shakespearefest.org*](http://www.shakespearefest.org).

\* NEW YORK

Shakespeare in the Park, Delacorte Theater, Central Park, New York City; summer months. Patrons queue for free tickets at the outdoor Delacorte Theater, near the Great Lawn in Central Park (enter from Central Park West around 81st Street), on the day of performance. About 2,000 tickets are given out for each performance. This year, the New York Public Theater, which produces the plays, will stage only one production, "Twelfth Night," running through Aug. 10.

Tickets: Free. 1-212-539-8750; [*www.publictheater.org*](http://www.publictheater.org).

\* OREGON

Oregon Shakespeare Festival, Ashland, Ore., February through November. Founded in 1935, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival is the nation's oldest. This year, the fest stages 794 performances on its three stages: the 1,200-seat outdoor Elizabethan Theatre, the 600-seat Angus Bowmer Theatre and the just-opened New Theatre, which replaces the old Swan Theatre. Offerings this year include Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "The Winter's Tale," "As You Like It" and "Titus Andronicus," Robert E. Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight," Michael Frayn's "Noises Off" and Edward Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

Tickets: $21- $48. 1-541-482-4331; [*www.orshakes.org*](http://www.orshakes.org).

\* UTAH

Utah Shakespeare Festival, Cedar City, Utah, at Southern Utah University; through Oct. 19. Like many others, the Utah festival mixes Shakespearean with contemporary works, with plays staged in the outdoor Tudor-style Adams Shakepearean Theatre or the indoor Randall L. Jones Theatre. This year's season includes Shakespeare's "As You Like It," "Cymbeline," "Othello" and "Twelfth Night," plus Noel Coward's "Hay Fever" and Charles M. Schulz's "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown." In summer, playgoers can buy tickets to an Elizabethan-style Royal Feaste.

Tickets: $16-$44. 1-800-752-9849; [*www.bard.org*](http://www.bard.org).

CANADA

Stratford Festival of Canada, Stratford, Ont., through Nov. 10. Marking its 50th festival season, the it offers plays by Shakespeare and others in four venues, including the festival's famous thrust stage and its newly opened Studio Theatre. Plays this season include Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III," "Henry VI" (parts I and II) and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," along with Brian Bedford's one-man show, "The Lunatic, the Lover and the Poet." Christopher Plummer will play "King Lear," which runs Aug. 24-Nov. 3.

Tickets: $35-$100; family discounts, other packages available. 1-800-567-1600; [*www.stratfordfestival.ca*](http://www.stratfordfestival.ca).

Jane Wooldridge, Miami Herald

**Load-Date:** July 13, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THE KENNEDY kids;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3850-003S-W30H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Follow big footsteps, make 'own tracks';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3850-003S-W30H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***'Priorities' are family and service***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3850-003S-W30H-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

February 19, 1990, Monday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A; Cover Story

**Length:** 1160 words

**Byline:** Paul Clancy

**Body**

Ah, the Kennedys. The first family of money and politics always leaves a fascinated public hungry for more.

There's Kerry Kennedy, daughter of the late Robert F. Kennedy, who last week announced her engagement to Andrew Cuomo, son of New York Gov. Mario Cuomo. What about the couple's political plans, everyone is wanting to know.

There's John F. Kennedy Jr., apparently stuck for life with People magazine's Sexiest Man Alive title, working for the Manhattan district attorney, studying for his New York bar exam - for the second time - and unsuccessfully trying to avoid the gossip columns.

And again tonight and Wednesday (9 p.m. EST), ABC takes us back to the origins of the Kennedy dynasty with parts II and III of The Kennedys of Massachusetts.

The Kennedy family, especially the generation now coming into its own, seems poised to provide headlines well into the next century. They know - more than a dozen of them - that with their money, ambition and energy, every marriage, political move and miscue will make news.

They're into politics, public service, law and finance, coming of age in their 20s and 30s and not looking back much. Several have tried, or are thinking of trying, politics.

''How are ya, Michael!'' roars U.S. Rep. Joe Kennedy, 37, oldest son of Robert F. Kennedy. He's taking the call from his younger brother, in Africa buying oil for his thriving Citizens Energy Corp. They exchange family chitchat across an ocean. Joe's feet are on his desk, a Havana cigar in his ashtray. He's relaxed, chummy, confident.

Says Joe: ''My father's not here, my uncle's not here. Fact is you live a life, and that forces decisions and you end up cutting your own path, whether others recognize it or not.''

Redheaded Patrick Kennedy, 22, swivels in his chair in the ornate Rhode Island House of Representatives. Still a college student, but clearly on his own. Proud of his name and his father, U.S. Sen. Ted Kennedy, but creating a record.

''I want to follow my father's footsteps,'' he says, pausing reflectively, ''but leave my own tracks behind.''

Some of the Kennedy tracks are hard to follow. John Kennedy Jr., 29, doesn't grant interviews. Aside from reading from his father's Profiles in Courage for Good Morning America's Thanksgiving Day show last year - a family- approved appearance - John Jr. keeps a low profile. Family friends say he's in the process of maturing; when he feels he has something to say, he will.

Sister Caroline, 32, is president of the Kennedy Library Foundation and busy being mother to little Rose. With her, too, interviews are rare.

Among the Kennedy flock, there is a sense of competition - as if they're trying to break away from the pack. But it's friendly, they assure you.

And, says Joe, ''if anybody outside the family tries to get competitive with any of us, we close ranks pretty quickly.''

There's also a deliberate hunkering down, making sure that, between children and political ambition, children come first. It goes back to the dark days after RFK's death.

As his children struggled through life without a father, tragedy struck again. David Kennedy, Robert and Ethel's fourth child, died of a drug overdose at 28 in 1984.

Memories of this period - and his own family situation - changed Joe's mind about running for Massachusetts governor at this point in his twin boys' lives. He is separated from his wife and, ''seeing my younger brothers and sisters struggling through those early years without a dad around, I think it's important to try to get your priorities straight.''

There's a credo at work among the young Kennedys, who know by heart, even if they never knew him, President Kennedy's message that public service is noble.

''I don't look at myself as someone who is changing the world,'' says Robert F. Kennedy Jr., driving near the Hudson River in Upstate New York, for him an environmental battleground. ''I just hope to have an effect on my little piece of it.''

Robert, 36, who has worked to overcome his own widely publicized drug problems in the early 1980s, runs an environmental law clinic at Pace University in White Plains, N.Y. Under his guidance, law students learn how to take Hudson River polluters to court.

Nature, for him, is rooted in religion. ''The way that we know what God looks like is by looking at the entire fabric of nature,'' he says, pointing up at a circling redtail hawk.

''When we start to pull threads from that fabric, you know, we not only threaten the economic life of our progeny but we also threaten their ability to find out who they are and what they're doing. That's something we don't have the right to do.''

Now, from his home in Mount Kisco where he trains falcons and cares for sick and orphaned animals, to his law clinic where he sues polluters, Robert has found his cause. ''This is what I was cut out to do.''

What Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, oldest of Robert and Ethel's 11 children, will do politically isn't clear yet. She ran unsuccessfully for Congress four years ago.

For now, Townsend, 39, mother of three and resident of Baltimore, is running a program in Maryland public schools that encourages students to care about others.

At Patapsco High near Baltimore, she folds one of 1,500 items of clothing that a class will distribute to the needy. ''It's more than just putting clothing on their backs,'' says Kaycey Ryan, one of the students. ''It's so they can feel better about themselves.'' Townsend beams.

Since Townsend took over the Maryland Student Service Alliance two years ago, the program has grown from 100 to 1,400 kids. In her 1982 Buick ragtop, she travels the state, encouraging principals and teachers to offer course credit for community service.

Townsend believes it's the public schools' place to teach values.

''I think young people have so much to give, and too often we don't ask them to get involved,'' she says. ''So they don't contribute and feel lost in our society.''

For now, watch out for Patrick. He's not out of college yet because a spinal operation for a non-malignant tumor cost him some time. He's not as athletic as his cousins because of serious asthma.

But here he is, at 22, in his second term in the Rhode Island Legislature, a law on voter registration to his credit and several environmental bills with his name on them.

While a student, he worked as a legislative page and got the bug. For starters, he ran as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, went door to door in his ***working class*** neighborhood, and won.

He figures he visited all 1,300 people who voted for him in the Democratic primary for state representative.

Patrick was nervous in his first term, knowing people were watching, comparing, noting flaws. But he learned to play the game, made speeches and built his confidence.

From anyone else it might sound like a cliche, but Patrick Kennedy seems totally sincere. ''I feel good about my own ability to carry the torch.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO; color, H. Darr Beiser, USA TODAY (Joseph Kennedy); PHOTO; color, Stephen Lefkovits, USA TODAY (Patrick Kennedy); PHOTO; color, Walter P. Calahan (Kathleen Kennedy Townsend); PHOTO; color, Robert Deutsch, USA TODAY ( Robert Kennedy Jr.)

CUTLINE: JOE: The representative from Massachusetts relaxes in his Capitol Hill office. 'You end up cutting your own path, whether others recognize it or not,' says RFK's oldest son. CUTLINE: PATRICK: A Rhode Island legislator and student CUTLINE: KATHLEEN: Helps school kids care about community CUTLINE: ROBERT: Runs an environmental law clinic

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[***QUIET SIREN< MADELEINE STOWE, A STAR OF '12 MONKEYS,' EMBODIES PARADOX.< SHE'S A DELICATE-LOOKING COWGIRL, MARRIED TO AN ACTOR WHO'S HER OPPOSITE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C8D0-01K4-917T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JANUARY 4, 1996 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: LIFESTYLE; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1274 words

**Byline:** Carrie Rickey, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

Something about the dark, wide-set eyes, the alabaster skin and the coffee-colored hair that streams like a shawl around her shoulders makes Madeleine Stowe suggest a Picasso demoiselle come to life.

There's something ancient about the actress' face, also something very modern.

"It's a compelling face, a timeless face, a face you'd travel across time to see," says director Terry Gilliam.

So it figures that Gilliam cast Stowe in 12 Monkeys, his time-traveling thriller/romance curiosity co-starring Bruce Willis and Brad Pitt. The film opens tomorrow in Philadelphia, the town that supplied 12 Monkeys with its striking post-apocalyptic landscape.

On a recent morning, the timeless face wears a bright smile, as rare amid the Manhattan snowdrifts as a cactus flower. Stowe, 37, resembles both a madonna and a cowgirl. She is serenity in boots.

The delicate-looking creature speaks in a gruff alto, and it is this contrast that makes her register so powerfully. In life and on screen, Stowe comes on like a fine mist that, on closer examination, is made of iron filings.

The tall, serious actress, known for her roles in The Last of the Mohicans and Bad Girls, is amused by the interest people show in her relationship with Brian Benben, the small and antic actor with whom she's been involved for nearly 16 years.

"I met him in 1980 on the set of The Gangster Chronicles," she says of Benben, star of HBO's Dream On. "He played Meyer Lansky. I played his wife. The first scene was our wedding."

The casting was prophetic, for the pair almost immediately moved in together. They married in 1986 and live on a working ranch not far from Luckenbach, Texas. They're expecting their first child in June.

Temperamentally, they are opposites in many ways. She's reflective, he's active. She calls herself "recessive" and characterizes her spouse as a mixer. Benben loves having Stowe on the set, but, she swears, "I will not act in front of him. If Brian comes to the set he has to turn around before the cameras roll.

"There's something dishonest about presenting yourself as someone you're not," explains the actress. "You know when you have that guilty feeling about lying when you're telling the truth?"

When they're in Texas, which is most of the time now that Benben has completed the final season of Dream On, Stowe feels a sense of completion that she doesn't experience on the set: "On the ranch, where we raise cattle and have black buck antelope, with everything we do there's a physical manifestation at the end of the day. Hay cut and baled. Cattle herded."

Seeing the result of a day's work makes Stowe feel grounded, quite different from acting, "where I feel like I'm floating around."

What's more, says the Los Angeles-born beauty, she likes the "humor and sensibility" of those in the Lone Star State.

Unlike Texas, where the heritage is oil and ranching and manual labor, she says, "in L.A., the sense of culture is vague. It's as if people come there to erase their personal history. . . . My problem with Los Angeles is that the cultural identity revolves around cinema." Too much make-believe, not enough making real things.

Stowe's mother came to Los Angeles from Costa Rica. Her father, a civil engineer, came from Oregon. They lived in moderate-income communities such as Glendale. "My father was ***working-class***," she explains, "so I felt totally removed from Los Angeles."

She also felt increasingly removed from her schoolmates when she was a teenager and her father was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. "At the end, he was like an infant," she says.

Stowe's grit - and her current status as the thinking man's thinking woman - may be the end product of parental conflict.

"The principal thing in my life was music, but my father wouldn't allow it in the house," she recalls. "Nonetheless, my mother took care to get me music lessons. It was a strange war in the house. It taught me how to be covert." In other words, it taught her how to act.

It also prepared her for her role in Blink (1994), as a blind violinist who regains her sight and witnesses a murder she has no vocabulary to describe.

Talking about growing up on the fringe of the film capital, Stowe describes an "isolated" girl who hid from view with music, and later, at the movies.

"As I retreated in my adolescence, I'd sit around and incessantly watch all the old movies on TV," she recalls.

"I had a crush on Gary Cooper," Stowe says, making you think that the gunslinger she played in Bad Girls would have been a worthy adversary in a showdown with Mr. High Noon. Both are lean, laconic, iconic.

"But," she reflects, "I had - and have - mixed feelings about stars." Despite her admiration for the actor, she says, she couldn't reconcile the rugged screen idol with the sophisticated man-about-town she read about.

"These are people who are good at creating themselves. There's an ease they have in public," she says of actors.

Combine Stowe's natural reticence with her interest in film and you get a freshman who enrolled at the University of Southern California film school as a would-be director.

"I thought it was important for someone who wanted to direct to learn about performance," she says. So in 1977 she volunteered as a stage-hand at the Solaris Theater in Beverly Hills, where Richard Dreyfuss was appearing in Paddy Chayefsky's The Tenth Man.

"Dreyfuss' agent, Meyer Mishkin, 'discovered' me," she explains. She was 19, and her only paying work to date had been as a hostess, "and not a very good one," at the El Torito restaurant.

Thus was launched a career that began, unpromisingly, with a succession of "waif roles" on TV.

"I spent a lot of years doing a lot of bad work on TV," she says, apologizing for her professional debut on a Baretta episode. Likewise for a Barnaby Jones segment that, she remembers, "was Ed Harris' and Sean Penn's first work."

Among her earliest work was the 1978 telefilm of James Fenimore Cooper's The Deerslayer, in which she played Hetty Hunter. She would later, with more memorable results, incarnate Cora Munro in the 1992 film of The Last of the Mohicans, in which she starred opposite Daniel Day-Lewis.

As Dreyfuss was indirectly responsible for Stowe's discovery, he was likewise a catalyst for the launch of her big-screen career. She was the object of the actor's Peeping Tom affections in Stakeout (1987), in which she played the object of the cop's investigation.

Her choice of roles has been eclectic. She was the lust object of Kevin Costner and Anthony Quinn in the sex thriller Revenge (1990), the two-timing dame in The Two Jakes (1990), and a subversive jailed and tormented in the political allegory Closet Land (1991).

With her performance as the passionate and defiant Cora in Mohicans, directed by Michael Mann, Stowe graduated to first-rate directors. She received enthusiastic critical notice for her performance as the amused wife of a philandering cop in Robert Altman's Short Cuts (1993) and plaudits as the blind musician in Blink (1994).

"And now I've worked with Terry Gilliam. That's the top!" she says of her 12 Monkeys director.

After her baby is born, Stowe plans to star in cinematographer Philippe Rousselot's directorial debut, a Ken and Vivian Russell adaptation of Edith Wharton's The House of Mirth. The saga of doomed heroine Lily Bart was her "favorite novel growing up," Stowe says.

She admits that she feels more at home in costume than in contemporary dramas and looks forward to Lily Bart's taffeta gowns. Like a kid before her dress-up drawer, she believes that costumes are essential to the process of make-believe.

Madeleine Stowe is not from Planet Hollywood. Definitely someone from planet Earth.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Madeleine Stowe and Bruce Willis in a scene from Terry Gilliam's "12 Monkeys," which opens tomorrow in Philadelphia, where much of the time-travel fantasy was filmed.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Made in Mexico;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MKY0-0094-53MN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The native arts flourish in Mexican towns and villages as they have for hundreds of years***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MKY0-0094-53MN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 19, 1995, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

Copyright 1995 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1327 words

**Byline:** Jayne Clark, Travel Editor, Post-Gazette

**Dateline:** OCUMICHO, Mexico

**Body**

Nobody is certain exactly how Teodoro Martinez got the notion into his head. Nor are the townsfolk particularly hung up on the chronology of it all. What they will tell you is that 40 years ago, more or less, the now-deceased Martinez picked up a lump of clay and worked it with his hands, and out popped a devil.

Today, just about everyone in this isolated Purepechan Indian village west of Morelia makes devils. And saints and sinners and sunbursts and barnyard animals. All are hand-formed in clay, then fired and painted the most delightfully garish colors under the rainbow. And so when you ask the kids hauling bucketfuls of unpainted ghouls along the dirt streets of the town how they dreamed up these things, they just shake their heads and laugh.

They've always been here, they say.

Southeast of here in Santa Clara del Cobre, another Purepechan village, the sound of a pre-Columbian Anvil Chorus rings out over the countryside, smacked out on 20th-century equipment. Here, upwards of 4,000 coppersmiths ply their trade using essentially the same techniques as their forebears.

And on the Plaza de la Liberacion in bustling downtown Guadalajara, dozens of carvers are hunched over chunks of stone, taking part in an area-wide competition. The hypnotic chink-chink of iron splitting stone is as crystalline as church bells. Before long, their creations -- choir boys, eagles, skulls and fruit baskets -- take shape from the rock, as if they were always inside just waiting to be liberated.

In towns and villages all over the western central highlands of Mexico, the native arts are flourishing, thanks, in part, to the utopian visions of a man who arrived here more than 400 years ago. Vasco de Quiroga, an attorney turned priest who was deeply influenced by Thomas More's ''Utopia,'' was appointed bishop of the state of Michoacan in 1538. He encouraged the Indians to become self-sufficient by helping them to develop their crafts and establish markets.

Quiroga's legacy endures. Today, many villages in Michoacan are associated with the production of a particular craft and style of workmanship. And since the devaluation of the peso a year ago, folk art in these off-the-beaten-path places is less expensive than ever.

But what the economic mess in Mexico, in tandem with the ratification of the North American Free Trade Agreement, may mean to the survival of these traditional art forms depends on whom you ask.

In his workshop/office in a suburb of Guadalajara, Francisco Sanchez, owner of Citlali jewelry, says both the devaluation of the peso and NAFTA have created new markets for his work. A popular U.S.-based chain of import stores has requested 30,000 pairs of earrings from his shop -- so many, he'll have to call on friends for help if the deal comes through.

Conversely, in Patamban, a tiny Indian village between Guadalajara and Morelia, potter Ricardo Calderon sighs at the mention of Mexico's economic woes. Imported goods cost more since the devaluation, and because he doesn't export his pottery, NAFTA has nothing to offer him, he says.

In fact, he's been losing so many workers lately -- skilled potters who have moved north to work illegally in the citrus orchards and restaurants of the United States -- that production at his small cooperative can't meet demand.

''An American wanted 40 lamps. When he came for them two months ago, we had only 25. And why? Because half the workers had gone to the U.S.''

On the other hand, Calderon adds, Mexico's economic ills are actually forcing more of the unemployed to seek jobs in traditional crafts operations like his.

''The problem is we can't absorb it. We have no money for production, but if we were able to produce, we could sell it. So it's a ridiculous circle.''

Patamban has been associated for generations with a low-fired dark green pottery molded into intricate pineapples and other shapes. Calderon is bending that tradition, introducing high-fired techniques that make the pottery lead-free and safe to eat off of.

''Progress for the sake of progress is good,'' he says. ''We should be learning new methods of pottery.''

Other villages look to the past. In Santa Clara del Cobre, the American sculptor James Metcalf arrived in 1966 and discovered the local people were making copper utensils using methods that predated the Spanish arrival.

Centuries after Bishop Quiroga's death the artisans were adhering to his edict that they create only utilitarian objects, mainly cooking pots. Metcalf and his wife, Ana Pellicer, established an arts school here and encouraged the locals to expand their repertoire to include decorative pieces.

''Before that they had just done kettles,'' says Pellicer. ''Then Jim arrived with 50 hammers and started a revolution.''

Today the streets of Santa Clara sparkle a deep fiery orange, thanks to all the copper hanging outside the end-to-end shops. Prices at the school store range from $ 70 to about $ 100 for a good-quality copper skillet. Many of the other shops carry lower quality, less expensive goods.

Arguably the most skilled artisan in town is Abdon Punzo, who won best of show for one of his pots recently in a national arts contest. He lives and works at Avenida Morelos 449, the town's main street. Despite his skill, you can still find tiny vases in his showroom (really a room of his house) for under $ 1. The most expensive creation, a huge ornate copper pot, is priced at about $ 1,160. Punzo lives simply, but the signs of his success are visible in the late-model Volkswagen, the satellite dish and the workers who gather under his tin-roofed ramada out back, hefting their weighty hammers and smacking them down on the copper with a sure and steady rhythm that transcends the ages.

In Tonala, a ***working-class*** suburb of Guadalajara, pottery-making has been a mainstay since pre-Columbian times. Hundreds and possibly thousands of potters hand-craft burnished pots, most of them in soft, natural pigments of blue and terra cotta and decorated with nature scenes in a style that has come to be known as Tonala pottery. Among the best artisans is Jose Bernabe, who decorates his work in a petatillo style -- pointillist scenes of birds, fish and forests. His work isn't cheap. Bernabe charges hundreds of dollars for the platters, bowls and vases in his shop at Hidalgo No. 83. Others in town mimic the style with less success, but charge a fraction of the price. A set of three petatillo platters in one shop, for instance, was priced at about $ 12.

Nearby in a large, multi-story workshop in Tonala, Jesus Guerro creates one-of-a-kind ceramics based on Moorish-inspired Mexican designs from the 16th and 18th centuries. Many regard him as the finest potter in Mexico.

Unfortunately, his work is not widely available. He sells at three exhibitions yearly in Ciudad Juarez, Monterrey and Mexico City. However, some of his work is sometimes for sale at the Quinta Real Hotel in Guadalajara.

''People are beginning to appreciate that this is real Mexican heritage,'' Guerro says. ''But right now I think there's a crisis. A lot (of Mexican arts and crafts) are ugly. But there is good stuff being made like there was years ago. There are people trying to do the good stuff.''

Whether the clay devils turned out in virtually every mud hut in the village of Ocumicho constitute ''good stuff'' is best left to individual tastes. Certainly a group of goateed, horned devils feasting last-supper style on watermelon (a popular motif among the potters of Ocumicho) isn't what the good Bishop Quiroga had in mind when he spread his gospel of creative industry so many centuries ago.

But the work does stoke the creative urge that keeps the fires of imagination burning. It also provides a major source of revenue for this poor village and dozens of others in Mexico's highlands. And as long as it does, it's likely to continue.

''I don't think these arts will ever disappear,'' says Calderon, the potter from Patamban. ''After all, we have to make something.''

**Notes**

Jayne Clark is the Post-Gazette travel editor.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), MAP, PHOTO: Photos by Jayne Clark: Abdon Punzo, perhaps the most skilled artisan in Santa Clara del Cobre, a Purepechan Indian village, makes a copper pot.; PHOTO: A Purepechan Indian woman weaves a bag at a plaza in Patzcuaro.; PHOTO: A sculptor in Ihuatzio creates figures -- including these his-and-hers skeletons -- out of tule, a grass that grows near Lake Patzcuaro in Michoacan.; PHOTO: The annual Day of the Dead celebration in Patzcuaro draws artisans from throughout Michocan who sell their wares in the town's plaza.; MAP: Post-Gazette: (No caption)

**Load-Date:** November 27, 1995

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[***Banking on checks;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5KH0-002B-H4TX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***University National buys check-cashing store, then moves it into its bank lobby***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5KH0-002B-H4TX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 14, 1995, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Marketplace; Column one; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1423 words

**Byline:** Dee DePass; Staff Writer

**Body**

When Don Anderson was growing up near Seven Corners in Minneapolis, the Golden Leaf Bar used to cash checks for patrons.

"People would go in and cash their checks and then they would be obligated to stay and have a few drinks."

But those days are almost gone, said Anderson, president of the Minnesota Check Cashers Association and co-owner of Super Cash check-cashing stores in Bloomington and Richfield. His stores are one reason.

And in St. Paul, University National Bank is another. Last month, University bought the Cash Alot check-cashing store and moved the operation into its bank lobby at 200 University Av. W. It may be the first bank in Minnesota to move into this new arena, and onlookers are placing bets on its success.

In 20 years, check cashers nationwide have climbed from meager beginnings in liquor stores and smoky bars to stand-alone stores with bulletproof glass. Now they're moving into bank lobbies, a new plateau of respectability.

"It's a community service," said Tom Palmer, University National's president. "If we can break even, we'll be happy."

The move is sure to please bank regulators who toss out brownie points for community involvement.

University National, a small community bank with $ 15 million in assets, is different, said Charlene Komar Storey, editor of Checklist Magazine, a national trade publication for check cashers.

"This is among the most dramatic instances I have heard of," she said. "For someone to [buy a check casher and] bring it into their own bank, that is fairly unusual. There are other banks like Union Bank [in California], but they kind of started their own operation with the idea they would first have check cashing within the bank and then eventually go to a free-standing" store.

A unique operation

Pat McCarthy, spokesman for the Minnesota Department of Commerce, said Minnesota has 41 check-cashing stores, but none that operate within a bank. "We are unaware of any other banks with this similar sort of arrangement. It sounds unique in Minnesota."

While unique here, there are others across the country that are creating a hybrid of check cashing and traditional banking.

Last year Chemical Bank in New York opened eight check-cashing centers inside bank lobbies. Peter Grassl, Chemical's vice president for commercial and professional banking, said Chemical plans to open 16 more check-cashing operations in other branches. Since 1993, First Chicago Bank has opened two check-cashing facilities close to two of its downtown bank branches. Union Bank in Los Angeles boasts four operations inside its bank branches.

While these banks have toiled with inside operations, Continental Bank of Garden City, Long Island, in New York City, bought five check-cashing outfits. East New York Savings Bank bought three, and Liberty Bank in Connecticut and Union each bought one. All run independently from the banks and act as direct competitors to other check cashers in town.

Palmer's plan is to convert some noncustomers into the traditional bank customer role - complete with safe deposit boxes, checking and savings accounts, debit and credit cards and even car and home mortgage loans.

While critics bark that high bank fees and minimum balance requirements will hit the pocketbooks of regular check-cashing customers - the poor and middle class - University National officials say their new service will introduce those customers to traditional banking while providing a variety of nonbank services, such as check cashing for a percentage of the total check; deducting money from prepaid cash cards; money wiring and selling money orders, and selling bus passes and stamps.

Many banks offer some of these services, but with restrictions. For instance, a bank may cash the checks of noncustomers but only when the check is drawn on that bank and with a fee.

University National's new service is a way to get lower casher rates, free credit counseling and, if desired, a gentle transition back into mainstream banking, Palmer said.

While it sounds like a good idea, success is not guaranteed, said Henry (Hank) F. Shyne, executive director of the National Check Cashers Association in New Jersey.

'Hasn't worked very well'

"Several of the banks have tried it, and by their own admission, it has not worked very well," he said. "Union Bank and Chemical Bank have said there is no way it's as successful as they thought it would be.

"A bank prefers to have a single million-dollar customer. Check cashers are used to having a million $ 1 customers. This business is transaction-oriented."

But Richard Hartnack, vice chairman of $ 18 billion Union Bank, said he stumbled through his check-cashing experiment but finally discovered what cramps success: Lower rates alone don't draw customers. The lure of a free checking account proved an absolute turn-off. And Union's one stand-alone facility failed to snatch enough business from other check-cashing stores to cover the overhead, he said.

While that venture has been a revenue flop, Union's most successful check-cashing service recently opened inside a bank branch located in a supermarket. In general, it takes about 500 repeat customers for the service to be profitable, Hartnack said.

Cash Alot boasted 400 regular customers before being bought. Now University National is looking to win those customers over, and bank access may be a lure.

But Hartnack said he has his doubts.

"Surprisingly, most check-cashing customers have no interest in having a checking account even when you say, 'I will give it to you for free.' They don't want it," he said.

Customers' reasons for taking that stance include: Legal problems that meant garnished checking accounts, illegal immigrant status and California's poorer areas, where checks are not an acceptable form of currency. Landlords, grocers and vendors wanted cash, he said.

While University National officials might hope erroneously to pull nonbank customers into the mainstream banking family, the small St. Paul bank has an inherent recipe that might spell success, Hartnack said. It's in a ***working-class*** neighborhood, with immigrants and low- and middle-income earners.

"That's what you want," he said. "That will bring traffic. Plus using the existing branch instead of a separate facility will keep overhead low."

Trained staff and computers that quickly identify and approve nonbank customers is what is needed.

And that is exactly what the bank has, Palmer insisted.

Possible pitfalls

Still, University National is likely to encounter other woes. Its hours are shorter than most stand-alone check cashers. And many check-cashing customers perceive banks as being stodgy institutions with high fees and tough rules.

Indeed, when Sue Miskowic, former owner of Cash Alot and current manager of University National's check cashing service, showed up for work, she said, "I had one teller ask me if my check-cashing customers would offend the bank clients just by being in the same lobby.

"After a few weeks of my being here, I asked her if she could tell the difference, and she said she couldn't. There is no difference."

Bankers often misperceive check-cashing customers as only welfare recipients and bad credit risks, said Gary Dachis, president of Minnesota's largest check-cashing outlet, the UnBank Co. Now, banks are trying to muscle in to get customers they long have ignored, he said.

"They didn't want them in the lobby. . . . I don't see everybody rushing right over to University. . . . Plus, it can get very expensive for people who don't have all the skills that the rest of us have" to deal with a bank.

To combat that perception and play up the community service aspect, University National immediately lowered Cash Alot's fees on government checks and payroll checks from 2.5 to 1.5 percent and from 3 to 2 percent, respectively. To cash a personal check now costs 8 percent of the check amount instead of 10.

Nine of Miskowic's old customers have opened checking accounts since the bank bought her operation, and 22 new customers have used the facility. On average, she sees 30 customers a day, with the first of the month and Fridays bringing more people in the door, she said.

Palmer said he expects the experiment to boost bank business. Within the past four weeks, the new check-cashing operation endured a bus strike, a closed store and a new location that is partly under construction. Yet it still lured 50 percent of Miskowic's old customers to the new location, a mile from the former store.

"With all that going on, that's not bad," Hartnack said.

**Load-Date:** November 15, 1995

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[***DNA OPENS JAIL DOOR; OTHERS REMAIN CLOSED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4607-DCP0-0094-54YP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

June 2, 2002 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2002 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1542 words

**Byline:** SHARON COHEN AND DEBORAH HASTINGS, THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Body**

Their time in prison surpassed 1,000 years, and all were wrongly convicted. Then they returned to lives that had passed them by.

An Associated Press examination of what happened to 110 inmates after their convictions were overturned by DNA tests found that, for many of the men, vindication brought neither a happy ending nor a happy beginning.

"It destroyed my family," says Vincent Moto, unjustly convicted of rape and imprisoned for 10 1/2 years in Pennsylvania. "It cost me over $100,000 to get exonerated. That was my mom and dad's money to retire. They're struggling. I'm struggling."

Moto, a 39-year-old father of four, says his kids suffered psychologically and he still has nightmares of prison. He survives on odd jobs, welfare and food stamps.

"I have to live with these scars all my life," he says.

Richard Danziger is even less fortunate.

Wrongly convicted of rape and sentenced to life, he suffered permanent brain damage when his head was bashed in by another inmate. Danziger was released in 2001 after he served 11 years in Texas.

Now, at age 31, he lives with his sister, Barbara Oakley.

"He basically gets up, watches TV, goes to the park, and that's the extent of his day," she says.

Lesly Jean, a 42-year-old former Marine imprisoned in North Carolina for a rape he did not commit, struggles to rebuild his life.

"You know that old saying, 'When someone knocks you down, you need to get back up' ? Well," he says, "sometimes it's not that simple to get back up."

That's especially true when the released men find themselves in a new world where they carry few up-to-date job skills, limited education, and heavy, if not bitter, hearts. For many, being set free doesn't mean freedom.

In reviewing the cases of the 110, all men, the AP found:

\* About half had no prior adult convictions, according to legal records and the inmates' attorneys. While some were picked up for questioning because they were known to police, many had never been in trouble before.

\* Eleven of the men served time on death row; two came within days of execution.

\* Slightly more than a third have received compensation, mainly through state claims. Some have received settlements from civil lawsuits or special legislative bills. For others, claims or suits are pending; and some had lawsuits thrown out or haven't decided whether to seek money.

\* The men averaged 10 1/2 years behind bars. The shortest wrongful incarceration was one year; the longest, 22 years. Altogether, the 110 men spent 1,149 years in prison.

\* Their imprisonment came during critical wage-earning years when careers and families are built. The average age when they entered prison was 28. At release, it was 38.

\* Their convictions follow certain patterns. Nearly two-thirds were convicted with mistaken testimony from victims and eyewitnesses. About 14 percent were imprisoned after mistakes or alleged misconduct by forensics experts. Nine were mentally retarded or borderline retarded and confessed, they said, after being tricked or coerced by authorities.

Finally freed -- by determined lawyers or their own perseverance -- the men were dumped back into society as abruptly as they were plucked out. Often, they were not entitled to the help, such as parole officers, given to those rightfully convicted.

"The people who come out of this are often very, very severely damaged human beings who often don't ever fully recover," says Rob Warden, executive director of Northwestern University School of Law's Center on Wrongful Convictions.

"Lightning strikes, they come out," he says, "and they're in bad, bad shape."

Caught in a vortex

They represent many walks of life -- a homeless panhandler, a therapist, a junkie, a mushroom picker, a handyman, a crab fisherman -- but almost all were ***working-class*** or poor.

Of the cases reviewed by the AP, about two-thirds involved black or Hispanic inmates, roughly reflecting state prison populations' racial makeup.

"All of these people have a certain vulnerability. It may be race, class, mental health issues or personality problems," says Peter Neufeld, who co-founded The Innocence Project with attorney Barry Scheck at the Cardozo School of Law in New York. About 60 percent of the men were helped by the 10-year-old legal assistance program, the rest by other groups or private lawyers. The first DNA releases came in 1989, according to the Innocence Project.

"They sort of get caught in this Kafkaesque vortex," Neufeld adds, "and the rest is history."

Jeffrey Todd Pierce, for example.

He had never been convicted of a crime when at age 24, he was found guilty of rape. Oklahoma City Police Department chemist Joyce Gilchrist testified that hair found at the scene matched Pierce's, an analysis the FBI would conclude -- 15 years later -- was just plain wrong.

Pierce's wife divorced him and his twin sons, now 16, grew up without him. After Pierce was released last year, he reunited with his family in Michigan, though he can't bring himself to remarry.

"Prison made me look after myself, and I don't want to commit to anything that can be taken away from me at an instant," he says.

Or consider David Vasquez of Virginia.

The 55-year-old man was mistakenly identified by a witness who said he was lurking outside the home of a woman later found raped and murdered.

Vasquez, who is borderline retarded, confessed. Four years after his conviction, DNA testing identified the real killer, a serial rapist.

"They destroyed his life and mine," says Vasquez's mother, Imelda Shapiro. "My life stopped in 1984. My son and I just sit in this house."

Shapiro begins to weep. "We can't afford to go out, and I'm afraid to go out." Her son bags groceries part time.

"That's about as much as he can handle," she says. They live on his wages and $825 a month she secured through a special dispensation from the state.

For many exonerated men, re-entering society is baffling.

"Everything was a lot faster than it was when I went in," says Ronnie Bullock, 46, who spent a decade in an Illinois prison before being cleared of rape in 1994. "Pagers, cell phones, camcorders -- even going to the grocery stores was different."

So, too, was freedom.

After Kevin Green was released, he bought a cell phone and a pager so his family could keep track of him at every moment -- just to allay their fears.

Charles Fain struggled to stop pacing five steps forward, then five steps back -- the dimensions of his cell.

Tip of the iceberg?

Most of the 110 men whose convictions had been overturned because of DNA testing had been convicted of rape; 24 were found guilty of rape and murder, six of murder only. In criminal cases, the evidence most often tested for genetic identification is bodily fluids, which explains the high number of rape convictions overturned.

Legal experts differ on who these men represent. Neufeld says they're the tip of the iceberg.

From the late 1980s to the mid-1990s, before state and local police had their own labs for DNA testing, they sent the evidence to the FBI for analysis, he says. The results? The prime suspect turned out not to be a match in about 2,000 of 8,000 cases where there was enough material for testing, he says.

Errors that lead to wrongful convictions also occur in cases where there's no DNA to test, he says.

Some of the men whose cases the AP looked into had criminal pasts -- no fewer than seven had prior convictions for sex crimes. In addition, 11 who were freed have been convicted of new crimes and nine of those have been sentenced to prison.

Though genetic testing helped Albert Wesley Brown win release from an Oklahoma prison last year, he now admits he was guilty of the murder of a 67-year-old man.

At the other end of the spectrum, some of the freed men have been remarkably successful.

Mark Bravo recently graduated with honors from a California law school and plans to start a foundation for people who get caught up in similar predicaments. Anthony Robinson just finished his first year as a law student in Texas. Timothy Durham helps run his family's electronics store in Oklahoma. Edward Honaker has published two novels -- both written in a Virginia prison.

The pace of exonerations is quickening, keeping up with the availability of genetic testing. The Innocence Project reported 23 men were cleared last year by DNA, compared with six in 1992.

That increase has prompted much legislation giving inmates access to DNA testing to challenge their convictions. Twenty-five states now have such laws, all but two passed in the last three years, says Nina Morrison, the Innocence Project's executive director.

But some new laws have restrictions that she considers unreasonable -- such as a one-year period for inmates to seek DNA testing. That's not enough time to assemble a case, she says.

Meanwhile, the number of inmates begging for genetic analysis grows. The Innocence Project says it has 4,000 cases at some stage of investigation.

The biggest problem, Neufeld says, is the race against time.

In three-quarters of the Innocence Project's cases, physical evidence such as hair or blood has been lost, misplaced or destroyed. During a criminal trial, the disappearance of evidence can mean acquittal. After conviction, it can mean losing all chances to prove one's innocence.

**Graphic**

INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: J. Jurgensen, M. Murray/Associated Press: (Wrongly convicted, they paied in years)

PHOTO: Ralph Barrera/Austin American-Statesman: Richard Danziger is congratulated by realtives after his release from prison in March 2001. Wrongly convicted for a 1988 murder, he is brain-damaged from a beating by a fellow prison inmate. (Photo, Five Star Edition)

PHOTO: Chuck Berman/Chicago Tribune: Calvin Ollins, 14, is lead away in 1988 from a court in Chicago after his conviction for the murder of Lori Roscetti. Ollins was exonerated by DNA evidence and freed in December 2001. (Photo, Five Star Edition)

**Load-Date:** June 4, 2002

**End of Document**



[***GOOD, BAD, AND UGLY ARE ALL MYTHS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XD7-GGR0-0094-52BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 12, 1999, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,; ON LANGUAGE

**Length:** 1598 words

**Byline:** MARGALIT FOX

**Body**

Which of the following beliefs do you hold? There is a single standard variety of American English, distinguished by level Midwestern pronunciation, correct usage and logical grammatical agreement.

\* Varieties of English that differ greatly from the standard are best considered substandard dialects.

\* In the United States, as elsewhere, official encouragement of more than one language is an impediment to national unity.

All of these beliefs about language are widely accepted. They are advanced by educators, lawmakers and members of the news media. They inform public discourse and public policy, including the controversy over ebonics and successful attempts to curtail bilingual education.

And they are all myths, reflecting widespread popular misconceptions about how language works.

Nearly everyone has an opinion about language. In perhaps no other field, scholars who study social attitudes toward language say, is unscientific folk belief so consistently enshrined in high-level policy.

It is as if, they say, the federal government seriously entertained a plan to harvest cheese from the moon. "People would never pontificate about a physics issue because they would acknowledge that you need to consult an expert," says Donna Christian, the president of the Center for Applied Linguistics, in Washington. "But they wouldn't hesitate to pontificate about language."

In the past few years, a number of scholars have undertaken serious study of these grass-roots opinions, a discipline that Dennis R. Preston, a linguist at Michigan State University, calls "folk linguistics."

Examining what ordinary people believe to be true about language, they say, allows us to identify some of the deeper impulses beneath the public battles: among them, fear of the unfamiliar, insistence on language "standards" as a way of preserving the social status quo, and the condemnation of "substandard" speech as a coded expression of prejudice against the speaker.

Judged on purely linguistic grounds, all languages - and all dialects have equal merit. Why, then, are some dialects considered substandard?

The answer is simple: Judgments about relative worth - that Walter Cronkite speaks "better" English than, say, a black inner-city teen-ager - are socially determined.

Consider how the idea of socially stigmatized language played out in the ebonics debate, which began at the end of 1996 after the Oakland, Calif., school board publicly affirmed the variety of English spoken by the district's black students - known as African-American vernacular English, or ebonics and acknowledged its usefulness as a pedagogical tool in the teaching of mainstream English.

But the announcement from Oakland set off a firestorm. Commentators, including many African-Americans, excoriated ebonics as "broken" English. The Oakland board appeared to backpedal: A task force it appointed ultimately released a report in which the word "ebonics" never appeared.

To understand the level of outrage, it helps to tease out the two folk-linguistic beliefs at the heart of the debate: the myth of standard English and its corollary, the myth of substandard English.

Many Americans believe that there exists a single standard dialect - the one broadcasters use - kept free of regional and vernacular encroachments. But in reality, no one such creature exists.

"If you said to anyone, ' Here's a room; put the hundred people in there you think speak the best English,' you'd get people who speak all different kinds of English," the linguist Rosina Lippi-Green says. "You'd get Dan Rather, who has a little bit of Texan; you'd get Peter Jennings, who's Canadian. They wouldn't be stigmatized varieties of English, but they wouldn't be the same variety of English."

But if we allow all these diverse Englishes into the pantheon, how can we keep out the ones that discomfort us, like African-American vernacular or ***working-class*** Brooklynese? That is where language myth comes in.

One function of myth, as Lippi-Green points out in her book "English With an Accent" (Routledge, 1997), is to provide a rationale for preserving the existing social order.

Similarly with the myth of national unity. This folk belief, linguists say, underpinned ballot initiatives like Proposition 227, which effectively ended bilingual education in California last year. In reality, they say, there is no evidence that civic unity stems from sharing a single national language - look at Switzerland, whose three official languages don't seem to have done it any harm.

Why do language myths endure? They have, Lippi-Green says, a disturbing utility: "Right now, it's very hard for people to talk about race - they feel they can't say, ' I don't like black people; I don't like Asians.' But they are very comfortable saying, ' That person doesn't speak English to my satisfaction.' So it stands in for things we'd rather not talk about."

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The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven . . . if you can cross the president's palm with silver, or round up a few votes for his wife.

Shakespeare wrote tragedies and comedies. What the Clintons author is mostly farce, but with dangerous undertones.

Consider the president's decision to pardon Puerto Rican terrorists. Dick Morris, who knows the Clintons better than any other commentator, said: "Anyone who doesn't believe the timing, and likely the substance, of Bill's decision was linked to Hillary's courtship of New York's large Puerto Rican vote is too naive for politics."

To come up with a rationale for the pardons that does not involve politics, one must engage in a Clintonesque parsing of language.

From 1974 to 1983, two small terrorist groups, the Armed Forces of National Liberation (Spanish acronym FALN) and Los Macheteros, carried out at least 130 bombings, which killed six people and seriously injured dozens more. Eventually, 16 defendants were convicted on charges including armed robbery, bomb making and sedition. All received long sentences.

Clinton apologists say the pardons are justified because none of those offered clemency were convicted of planting the bombs. That is, committing robberies to finance the terror campaign, and building the bombs are much less serious offenses than placing the bombs. This is like saying the life sentence Terry Nichols got for his part in the Oklahoma City bombing was unfair because he was miles away from the Murrah building when the bomb he helped build exploded.

President Clinton has not heretofore been reknowned for his compassion for murderers. He interrupted his campaign for president in 1992 to return to Arkansas for the execution of a black cop killer who was so brain damaged he thought he was going to get a piece of pecan pie after his execution.

When it suited his purposes to appear tough on crime, Bill Clinton was hard against cop killers. But cop killing is not so bad, apparently, when the killers represent a sizable ethnic vote.

If justice, rather than politics, were the criterion for a presidential pardon, Clinton would be freeing the Branch Davidians who actually did receive sentences far in excess of the crimes for which they were convicted, and of which they may be innocent.

After the holocaust at the Branch Davidian commune, a jury in Waco found 11 survivors not guilty of murder or conspiracy to murder, but seven were convicted of aiding and abetting the voluntary manslaughter of a federal officer, five of carrying a firearm during commission of a crime of violence. Judge Walter Smith sentenced these five- to 40-year prison terms, to the astonishment of the jury.

A federal appeals court ordered Smith to review the sentences, because they appear to be too severe.

The convictions were based on the assumption that agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms were telling the truth when they said the Davidians had initiated the firefight in which four BATF agents were killed. The Davidians say the feds shot first. Evidence that may have clarified the issue was destroyed in the fire, which was convenient for the government.

It is reasonable to assume that if the Branch Davidians had started the shooting or the fire, they'd lie about it. But where the credibility of the Davidians can be compared with that of various federal officials, it's the feds who have been caught dissimulating.

Attorney General Janet Reno said she ordered the disastrous assault on April 19 because children in the compound were being molested. Untrue, says the Texas Department of Public Welfare. The BATF said it launched its original assault because there was a methamphetamine lab on the property. Untrue, says the county sheriff. Now we learn that the FBI was lying when agents said they didn't use incendiary devices, and the Army was lying when it said no soldiers from Delta Force were present.

Maybe these were innocuous deceits, and there is nothing more to be learned about Waco.

But if this is so, why is the BATF trying to prevent the Texas Rangers from sifting through the 24,000 pounds of evidence it gathered from the site, and why did the Justice Department try to prevent Judge Smith from seeing the memoranda that were written about the siege?

The BATF and the FBI say they assaulted the Branch Davidians in order to protect us. I suspect we have more to fear from the politicization of justice than from a tiny religious cult that never bothered anyone during the nearly 60 years it was in Waco.

Margalit Fox, an editor of The New York Times Book Review, writes frequently about language and linguistics. William Safire is on vacation.

**Load-Date:** September 14, 1999

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[***WORLD UP CLOSE: WALKING ON WASHINGTON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-CND0-0027-X0DM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

October 11, 1995, WEDNESDAY,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** INFOPLUS,

**Length:** 1375 words

**Body**

Monday's Million Man March promises show of solidarity

It was an event first greeted with skepticism. But anticipation and preparation has made the Million Man March on Washington, set for Monday, a reality .

With event organizers and government officials expecting a turnout of 500,000 to 1 million black men from throughout the country, the Million Man March might be the biggest demonstration since a 1969 rally to protest U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War. That rally drew an estimated 600,000 people.

The anticipated crowd would also surpass by far the 250,000 who marched on Washington in 1963.

Preparations for the Million Man March have not been free of controversy because its co-organizers are Nation of Islam leader Farrakhan, often called racist and sexist, and former NAACP executive director Benjamin Chavis, still criticized for his actions at the group's helm.

Although it has not attracted most civil rights groups, endorsement by organizations such as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and A.M.E Church have been enough to generate support inside and outside of the black community.

Athletes, entertainers, politicians and business leaders have indicated that they plan to attend. Maya Angelou will open the program Monday morning with a poem she wrote for the event. Featured speakers include Farrakhan, Jesse Jackson and Rosa Parks.

Newsweek reported this week that O.J. Simpson and his lawyer, Johnnie Cochran Jr., planned to attend the march.

Sending his regrets is retired Gen. Colin Powell, who is on tour promoting his autobiography.

''This march has struck a very resonant chord within the African-American community,'' said Earl Shinhoster, acting executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

This page looks at the people and purpose of the Million Man March.

Our focus is the plight of the black man in America, but our concern is for the entire black community. Benjamin Chavis, former executive director of the NAACP and co-organizer of the Million Man March.

CONCERNS AND CONTROVERSY

\* The popularity of the healing message of the Million Man March has largely overshadowed concerns about its two founders, Louis Farrakhan and Benjamin Chavis. ''We're not looking at personalities. We're looking at what the purpose is,'' said activist C. Delores Tucker. ''It's a noble purpose.''

\* Mainstream civil rights advocates have dismissed Farrakhan as a firebrand filled with sexist and anti-Semitic rhetoric.

\* Leaders of the National Baptist Convention and the Progressive National Baptist Convention, which represent more than 10 million members between them, have withheld support for the march citing religious differences and Farrakhan's role.

\* Although the Jewish community has acknowledged the positive message behind the march, they revile Farrakhan as a hatemonger who could use the march as a platform for anti-Semitism.

\* ''The question of supporting the goals of the march has not been particularly difficult,'' said Mark Pelavin, director of the American Jewish Congress' Washington office. ''But we had an obligation to say what it means to us to see people marching under Farrakhan's banner.''

\* Chavis has been criticized for his actions as head of the NAACP. Chavis was fired for using the organization's money to settle a sexual harassment claim without telling other officials. His efforts to broaden the dwindling base of the NAACP by reaching out to Farrakhan also called down the ire of executive committee members.

\* Although the NAACP agrees with the march's goals, acting executive director Earl Shinhoster said, ''The board did have some concerns, philosophical and otherwise,'' and for those reasons will not endorse the march.

\* In addition to the organization's desire to keep Farrakhan at arm's length, the NAACP and Chavis continue feuding about restitution money the group says Chavis owes it.

\* That the pair have united the black community so quickly does not bode well for mainstream civil rights organizations such as the NAACP, which are increasingly seen as elitist and out of touch with the ***working class***.

\* Julia Hare, executive director of The Black Think Tank in San Francisco, said middle-class blacks have always benefited from the efforts of established groups like the NAACP. But the ''grassroots don't really have a voice,'' she said.

\* David Bositis, senior researcher at Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies in Washington, said the march would give Chavis the opportunity to show he was right in his initiatives to reach out to the Nation of Islam while he was head of the NAACP. Farrakhan, on the other hand, could use the occasion to make himself acceptable to more blacks.

\* ''It will expand his influence in that there will be more people who are willing to listen to what he has to say,'' Bositis said.

JUST THE FACTS

\* The march is the brainchild of Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan, whose stern calls for self-reliance and spiritual renewal resonate with many blacks. The idea was first raised in the Nation's newspaper, The Final Call, a year ago and gained support through grassroots efforts.

\* Farrakhan describes the event as a gathering of ''disciplined, sober, committed, dedicated black men,'' ready to take responsibility for their families and their communities. He said he hopes this display of strength will negate unfavorable images of black men present in popular culture.

\* Farrakhan is also asking for an economic boycott. Black women, and men who can't come to Washington, are asked to stay home from work or school that Monday .

\* Some political leaders are seeking other results from the march. With economic upheaval and crime taking a heavy toll on blacks, and with a Republican-controlled Congress pursuing an agenda that many regard as hostile to civil rights, organizers hope the march will ignite new political urgency.

\* Farrakhan and co-organizer Benjamin Chavis began promoting the Million Man March nine months ago with little mainstream aid. But a wide array of black political and religious leaders have voiced support.

\* The Congressional Black Caucus endorsed the march last week. Washington Mayor Marion Barry is promoting the event. Baltimore Mayor Kurt Schmoke, who is black, and Philadelphia Mayor Edward G. Rendell, who is Jewish, also have given their endorsements.

\* ''People tend to come on board once there is clarity of purpose, once they see the cross section of constituencies,'' Chavis said.

\* Women are excluded, but organizations such as the National Council of Negro Women and the National Political Congress of Black Women have given the event their blessing.

WEEKLY NEWS QUIZ

1. Pope John Paul II urged Roman Catholics to remain loyal to church teachings during a visit to New York on Saturday. He spoke Mass at a racetrack in Queens, where a stiff breeze almost blew off his hat. What is the pontiff's hat called? (Saturday/A-section) This week's answers: 1.a, 2. b, 3. b, 4,a.

a. Mitre

b. Fedora

c. Kufi

2. Dayton rap duo Bossman and the Blakjak filmed a video for their new song Ghetto Parade this weekend on Dayton's west side. Their manager hopes their success will put Dayton back atop the music charts the city dominated in the 1970s. What is their manager's name? (Sunday/B-section)

a. Big Daddy Wilkinson

b. Ron Guy

c. Todd O'Neal

3. Thunder Gulch is being retired from horse racing after a career studded with wins at Belmont and the Kentucky Derby. Because of a leg fracture on Saturday, Thunder Gulch won't be able to challenge a competitor to a rematch in the Breeders' Cup Classic. What is the name of Thunder Gulch's competitor? Monday/C-section)

a. Honor and Glory

b. Cigar

c. Inside Information

4. Hispanic Heritage Month ends Sunday. Virginia Garcia, a nurse at Stouder Hospital's Upper Valley Medical Center in Troy, said she misses special celebrations like the ones held in Texas. What is the name of one of these events? (Tuesday/C-section)

a. Cinco De Mayo

b. Bastille Day

c. Boxing Day

Last week's answers: 1.c; 2.a; 3.b; 4.c

Sources of information for this page include Cox News Service, The Associated Press, New York Times News Service, Scripps Howard News Service, and the Dayton Daily News. Page compilation and design: Nichelle Smith, Jennifer Butler and Brad Lendon.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (1) Courting the masses: Organizers of the Million Man March are hoping for a turnout of black men four times larger than the March on Washington in 1963 (above), which was attended by 250,000 people., DAYTON DAILY NEWS FILE PHOTO, (2) Numbers grow: Benjamin Chavis said Monday that march organizers had mailed out more than 1 million information packets., DAYTON DAILY NEWS FILE PHOTO, (3) Play a part: As a component of the march, Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan is asking blacks to abstain from work, school and shopping in businesses that are not black-owned., DAYTON DAILY NEWS FILE PHOTO, (4) Pope John Paul II: Ended his U.S. trip on Sunday.

**Load-Date:** October 13, 1995

**End of Document**



[***LATINOS IN THE LIMELIGHT IN EVERY FIELD, LATINOS HAVE MADE THEIR MARK - AND THE REST OF AMERICA IS CATCHING ON.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-V620-01K4-92CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 26, 1999 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1526 words

**Byline:** Monica Rhor, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

One day, you're part of the invisible minority. The next day, you're a hot commodity.

All it took was a pair of swiveling hips. Ricky Martin's, to be precise.

His limber loins and catchy songs propelled him to the top of the English-language pop charts and along the way managed to do what centuries of cultural contributions by Latinos could not: Make facets of the Latino culture part of the mainstream.

Members of "Generation N" - young Latinos who are putting their imprint on U.S. culture - are greeting the celebrity with mixed emotion. On one hand, it's nice to be noticed, but on the other, they say: Ya era hora - it's about time.

This summer, pundits and style-watchers began hailing a Latino explosion in music, movies, food, clothes and marketing. Videos by Jennifer Lopez, Enrique Iglesias and nymphet newcomer Christina Aguilera went into heavy rotation. Tropical rhythms started sneaking into English-language television commercials. Tango and flamenco-inspired dance troupes packed houses. The VH1 music channel recently dubbed itself VH-Uno for a night. Presidential hopefuls Al Gore and George W. Bush are dusting off their Spanish in stump speeches.

Rock bands like Limp Bizkit, whose members do not speak any Spanish, have been sporting T-shirts with Hispanic motifs.

In culinary circles, Nuevo Latino cooking is the rage, evidenced locally by the spurt of new restaurants such as Pasion!, Sabooor and Azafran. Even premium ice-cream maker Haagen-Dazs has gotten into the act with Dulce de Leche, a new flavor taken from the caramel dessert long popular in Latin America. It is already the No. 2 seller in some markets, second only to vanilla.

Magazines, including People, Rolling Stone and George, have cranked out cover stories on young Latinos they deemed caliente - hot - though stories are often sprinkled with cliches such as fiery, hot-blooded and spicy. The cliches spill over into television, where the few Latino characters are criminals, sidekicks or domestics and come with a requisite thick accent.

Even non-Latinos are coopting the culture. Lou Bega, whose father is Ugandan and mother is Sicilian, has released a major hit single, Mambo No. 5, which is an updated version of Perez Prado's classic mambo from the 1950s.

It seems as though everyone is livin' la vida loca.

And it took only 500 years.

Latinos - and the Latino culture - were staking a claim on this continent long before the Pilgrims survived their first winter. The first European language spoken on these shores was Spanish.

So, for many Latinos, the breathless media hype is akin to a second coming by Christopher Columbus: It's a discovery of something that's far from new.

"It's something that's long overdue. We were here all this time, and now you're coming to recognize that?" says Marta Sierra, 29, director of the Asociacion de Puertorriquenos en Marcha (APM) and one of the coordinators of the Million Latina March planned for Sunday in North Philadelphia.

Sierra is bilingual and bicultural, born and raised in this country. She is the epitome of the famoso Generation N - pronounced en-yay - which takes its name from the letter that exists only in the Spanish language.

Sierra also is part of a new generation of leaders who are revitalizing the region's Latino community, which numbers more than 300,000.

This nueva generacion is young, educated, committed to community and adept at straddling the border between dual cultures.

"When you're Latino, you're also American. It balances out," says Evette Pena, 28, youth program coordinator for the GALLEI Project, a bilingual AIDS education and advocacy group. "You're learning about certain aspects in your community and you're also learning what's American. You take those two things and meet in the middle."

Like Marta Sierra, Pena was born and raised in Philadelphia, in a household that melded Puerto Rican and mainland American lifestyles, English and Espanol.

But not all young Latinos fit that profile. It is a group that is as diverse as it is fast-growing.

Since 1990, the Latino population has grown by 38 percent, to 31 million of the U.S. population of 273 million. By 2050, it is estimated that one in four U.S. residents will be Latino.

Latinos include first-generation immigrants from South and Central America, Puerto Ricans whose island has been a part of the United States for more than 100 years, and Mexican Americans whose families have been in this country for centuries. They form a potent consumer group, spending more than $300 billion a year.

The diversity was highlighted in a recent Newsweek cover story on the young generation of Latinos. The cover photo portrayed boxer Oscar De La Hoya, 26, writer Junot Diaz, 30, and singer Shakira, 22 - a Mexican athlete raised in California, a Dominican author from New Jersey and a Colombian entertainer of Lebanese descent.

Latinos in the United States have roots in more than 22 countries, each with unique customs and traditions. Some members of Generation N are fluent in Spanish, others speak none at all. Many slip easily into Spanglish - a hybrid of Spanish and English.

That's a far cry from the image presented in sitcoms or movies, where the occasional Latino usually has an accent resembling the labored English of Ricky Ricardo, and an ethnic identity lifted from old Carmen Miranda movies. Those portrayals have triggered protests from Latino groups, who are planning to boycott network TV in mid-September as part of Hispanic Heritage Week.

It all seems to confuse non-Latinos, who routinely group all Latinos into one cultural lump.

"We don't all eat tacos," points out Sierra, whose own Puerto Rican culinary traditions fall more along the lines of arroz con gandules (rice and pigeon peas) and pernil asado (roast pork).

In fact, salsa singer Marc Anthony (who just released his first English-language recording) bristled at the headline on a recent Entertainment Weekly story highlighting rising Latino stars. It read: "The New Hot Chili Peppers" and featured a photo of a jalapeno.

As a Puerto Rican, Anthony noted, he has never tasted a jalapeno.

Even the term Generation N is not embraced by all young Latinos. Mexican American writer Lalo Lopez prefers Generation Mex, which he coined in 1993 to describe himself and his peers:

"Born on the fence, not the Fourth of July, I represent the new generation son-of-an-immigrant that doesn't give a flying frijol what the wacked-out gringo's got to say," Lopez wrote in his declaratory 1993 essay. "My movement is the Pocho movement. The motley mixture of Mexican, Chicano, ***working class***, . . . and North American cultures creates a vibrant indigenous patchwork."

In his Los Angeles Weekly column, Lopez last month derided the current media infatuation with Latinos, calling it a regularly occurring phenomenom in which "the media that be declare a Decade of the Latino" without bothering to learn who Latinos really are.

Sierra and others, however, say the latest Latino frenzy could be positive - if it serves to deflate long-held stereotypes about a community that has always been part of this country, yet has often seemed invisible to the mainstream.

"We're not just the Colombian cartel being arrested. We're not just hot women. We're professionals," says Sierra. "We have to go beyond Charo, that image of a bombshell. There is more to us."

For every Ricky Martin, there is a Jeff Bezos, the founder of Amazon.com. For every Jennifer Lopez, there is an Eduardo Sanchez, one of the filmmakers behind The Blair Witch Project.

In addition to singers like Enrique Iglesias, and actors like John Leguizamo, there are Latino writers (Julia Alvarez, Sandra Cisneros, Ana Castillo); filmmakers (Robert Rodriguez, Gregory Nava); scientists (astronaut John D. Olivas and physicist Juan Maldacena) and journalists (Soledad O'Brien of NBC News and Christy Haubegger, publisher of Latina magazine).

Locally, young Latinos can be found running grass-roots organizations such as Congreso de Latinos Unidos, headed by Alba Martinez, 29, and GALLEI, where the executive director, Gloria Cazares, is 28. And they are running cities such as Camden, where Mayor Milton Milan and Councilman Frank Moran are both in their 30s.

Martinez believes that the attention to Latinos was inevitable, given the sheer population growth. But, she wonders, "will we be able to benefit as a whole community?"

And will Generation Ners be able to retain the unique dualism that is making them so marketable? Or will that identity start to fade through assimilation, as it has for so many other immigrant groups?

Not if they can help it, say young Latinos.

As a child, Marta Sierra belonged to folkloric dance groups and spoke Spanish at home. Now, with her own young daughter, she has incorporated Puerto Rican traditions ranging from rice and beans every day to celebrations of Los Reyes Magos (Three Kings Day).

And Pena, who remembers her family's pride in their heritage, tries to pass it on to the young Latinos she works with.

"A lot of these kids don't speak Spanish, but I always assure them that they are Latino," says Pena. "There's this rhythm in you, deep down in your heart. It makes you walk with your head held high."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Notable Latinos: singer Ricky Martin, filmmaker Eduardo Sanchez, entertainer Jennifer Lopez, boxer Oscar De La Hoya, singers Christina Aquilera and Enrique Iglesias and local leader Alba Martinez.

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***The saga of a soccer superstar***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45V1-9790-010F-K230-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

May 15, 2002, Wednesday,

FIRST EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1550 words

**Byline:** Stephen Mackey; Special for USA TODAY

**Dateline:** MADRID

**Body**

MADRID -- American soccer fans will have a chance today to see one of the main reasons the USA, Poland and South Korea likely face a three-way competition for one spot in the elimination phase of the upcoming World Cup: Portuguese superstar Luis Figo, who will be trying to add another dazzling chapter to his career when his club team, Real Madrid, meets Bayer Leverkusen for the UEFA Champions League title in Glasgow, Scotland (2:30 p.m. ET, ESPN2).

The 29-year-old midfielder has a lingering ankle injury, but his first appearance in the final of Europe's top professional club competition provides the ideal stage for him to show why he was FIFA's 2001 world player of the year. When healthy, his great ball skills, lightning change of pace, fierce shooting and competitive spirit are so coveted that he can't seem to change clubs without controversy. He came to Spain in 1996 after simultaneous agreements with two Italian clubs got him banned from the Italian League for two years. In 2000, Real Madrid paid a then-world-record $ 56 million transfer fee for Figo in a subplot-filled transaction with Spanish League archrival FC Barcelona.

Portugal has not had a player of such quality since Mozambique-born forward Eusebio, who led his adopted home to a best-ever third place in the 1966 World Cup. And Figo (Fee-go) has helped orchestrate a run of stylish, attack-oriented success highlighted by a powerful march to Portugal's first World Cup finals in 16 years. Portugal is not only an overwhelming favorite to be one of two teams to emerge from first-round group play against the Americans, Poles and South Koreans, but also a potential insurgent beyond the round of 16.

The quest begins June 5 against the USA in South Korea.

"I know people say that it will be an easy match, but you have to remember that the USA has reached the finals before," Figo said. "It's a team with experience, and that counts for a lot."

But Portugal made a captivating advance to the 2000 European championship semifinals, tying its best showing in that competition. It went 7-0-3 in World Cup qualifying, leading its group in goals (33) and goal differential (plus 26). Among its first six qualifying matches were a 2-0 road victory against the Netherlands, a 2-2 tie with them in which Figo scored in second-half injury time and a 1-1 tie with Ireland that Figo created with a 78th-minute goal.

These are just the latest achievements for a Figo-led nucleus of players that finished third in the 1989 under-17 world championship and won the 1991 under-20 world title.

Speaking about Portugal's prospects for the World Cup, Figo said: "Even if we don't win the competition, we can go a long way. We've all been together a long time, and we're more mature."

Figo's right ankle ligaments are clouding preparations, though. He has had a frustrating three months since being injured during a Champions League match on Feb. 19. Save for an 83-minute appearance in Real Madrid's Spanish Cup final loss to Deportivo de La Coruna on March 6, he did not play until April 7. And he has struggled to display his prowess since.

"I've had a serious injury," he said. "It would have been easy for me to pack my bags for two months, recover properly and be in great shape for the World Cup, but I didn't want to miss the final games of the season."

Antonio Oliveira, Portugal's coach, insists Figo will be shipshape when the World Cup begins.

"He's a very disciplined player, with a lot of personality," Oliveira said. "He overcomes difficult times through his strength of character, ambition and desire to play for the national team."

'He was special'

Luis Filipe Madeira Caeiro Figo was born in a ***working-class*** neighborhood on the south bank of Lisbon's Tagus estuary in 1972, the only son of a grocer.

His career began as a schoolboy with his local club Os Pastilhas, which he bought last year to save from extinction, before moving on to Portguese First Division power Sporting Lisbon's junior side.

Sporting's youth coach, Aurelio Pereira said last year Figo was special. "I could tell just by the way he tied his boots. Slowly. Concentrated. Always serene."

Figo's first international success was a winners' medal in the European under-16 championship in 1989, the year of his debut with Sporting Lisbon, and the third-place finish in the world under-17 tournament.

Two years later, he won the world under-20 title with the Portugal side known as the "Golden Generation," which included midfielder Rui Costa, defender Abel Xavier, forward Joao Pinto, defender Jorge Costa and forward Nuno Capucho. All are expected to play in the World Cup.

Figo made his full international debut that year against Luxembourg at 18 and scored his first goal for his country in a 2-1 win vs. Poland just over a year later.

Double signing

After six seasons with Sporting Lisbon, he attempted to move to the Italian League but wound up making agreements with Juventus and Parma. Italian officials resolved the matter by barring him from the league. So he joined Johan Cruyff's FC Barcelona for a reported $ 2.5 million transfer fee and over five seasons, helped the Catalan club to two Spanish League titles, two Spanish Cup trophies and the European Cup Winners Cup.

Figo caught eyes, too, in the international arena. His inspired displays lit up the Euro 2000 tournament. In its opening match, Portugal fell behind England 2-0 after 17 minutes but stormed back to win 3-2 with Figo scoring the first goal. Shutout victories against Romania, Germany and Turkey took Portugal into the semifinals. There it fell to champion France when a disputed call in overtime led to a penalty-kick goal by Zinedine Zidane, now Figo's teammate with Real Madrid, and the only soccer player who has brought a higher transfer fee.

Soon after the disappointment, Figo stunned the soccer world in July 2000 by making his move to Real Madrid, which in addition to paying the record transfer fee reportedly doubled his annual salary to $ 6 million.

"Moving to Madrid brought me better treatment, greater prestige, more money and the chance to play in a Champions (League) final," Figo said last week.

But there was much more to a story that Americans may find hard to fathom. The first part was easy. Under contract to Barcelona, Figo had pressed for a salary renegotiation and was rebuffed.

Meanwhile, Real Madrid was in the midst of a campaign among its membership for its club presidency. Unlike American pro teams, some European pro soccer teams are part of larger sports clubs that operate teams in other sports and have a voting membership of thousands, or in Real Madrid's case, the tens of thousands. Real Madrid, for example, also has a pro basketball team (Arvydas Sabonis played for it before moving to the NBA).

In summer 2000, Real Madrid President Lorenzo Sanz had called for a club-wide election and was being challenged by Florentino Perez, a construction magnate. Perez promised that if elected, he would acquire Figo, and he made an agreement with the player's agent under which Figo promised to join Real Madrid if the team was willing to pay the seemingly outrageous buyout fee included in his contract with Barcelona. Perez's promise won him the election, and Figo headed to Real Madrid.

Real Madrid fans were suspicious -- some whistled him in his early appearances -- and he instantly became a pariah in the eyes of his former worshipers.

Many doubted whether he would fit as a Real Madrid player. When asked early on if he felt the part, Figo replied in typically laconic fashion, "I feel Portuguese."

On his return to Barcelona three months later in Real Madrid's famous white shirt, he faced an earsplitting reception by 98,000 Barcelona supporters.

Chanting "Figo die!" they brandished giant replicas of peseta monetary bills and unleashed missiles in his direction whenever he neared the sideline. Real Madrid's usual taker of corner kicks, he never dared to during the game.

"Now I'm more determined than ever to triumph at Real Madrid," Figo said afterward.

Two months later, Figo won *France Football* magazine's Golden Ball for player of the year.

By the end of his first season with Real Madrid, the club had cruised to its first league title in four years. Barcelona finished fourth, 17 points behind.

Figo cheekily agreed to become the public face of a Portuguese bank's advertising campaign whose slogan was "Change is always good if it's for the better."

In December, he was voted the world's best player by 27 of 130 national team coaches, including the USA's Bruce Arena -- enough first-place ballots to win.

Earlier this month, Figo added further insult, helping Real Madrid defeat Barcelona in the Champions League semifinals.

Last chance at glory

The World Cup is perhaps his last chance of glory with the national team. He insists he will walk away from soccer when he retires and devote himself to other pleasures: his two children with Swedish model Helen Svedin, painting, reading, cinema and Japanese cuisine.

"I'll never be a coach or an agent. I've got higher aims. Soccer is not everything. I don't spend 24 hours connected to soccer. It's good to get away from it. I like doing other things," he said.

"Soccer is about how much people can get out of you. When you do well, you're fine and if not, you get dropped for someone else."Cover storyCover story

**Graphic**

PHOTO, color, Jamie McDonald, Allsport; PHOTO, b/w, Steven Governo, AP; Credit: Luis Figo says the USA will be a respectable first-round opponent. <>Pseudo-musical interlude: Luis Figo pretends to play the guitar for the Portuguese fight song before the team's World Cup quest.

**Load-Date:** May 15, 2002

**End of Document**



[***IN EARLY RETURNS, RHODES WINS RAVES / TO THE OWNERS, THE PLAYERS AND THE FANS, / THE EAGLES COACH HAS BEEN MAKING ALL THE RIGHT MOVES.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C4J0-01K4-90HK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

SEPTEMBER 17, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1251 words

**Byline:** Frank Fitzpatrick, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

In the beginning there was darkness. And Ray Rhodes looked upon it and said, "We stunk." On the second day, he moved into the face of the Watters. And when, by the eighth day, his offense was not yet fruitful, Rhodes stared into the void and said, "Let there be Rodney."

Ray Rhodes will get many more chances to fail. Coaching the Philadelphia Eagles is like traversing a mosh pit. Eventually the chaos will bruise you. A few losses or a single ill-timed comment and the lungs of war will be loosed.

Yet in just two regular-season weeks, remarkable for their controversy even by Eagles standards, the scrappy, straight-talking new coach - in the eyes of the team's owner, players and feisty, fickle fans - appears to have made all the right moves.

Embarrassed by a season-opening loss to Tampa Bay, Rhodes said so - angrily to his players, candidly to reporters. Minutes later, he quietly muttered an obscenity when informed of Ricky Watters' "For who? For what?" comments, met with the player the following day, and urged a blunt response. He benched Randall Cunningham in Game 2, watched the Eagles rally for a victory behind Rodney Peete, then informed the starter the job would be his the following week.

Rhodes, in short, proved that he can be tough, decisive and down-to-earth in a town where Rocky, Rose and Rizzo were loved for just those reasons. For those more used to Buddy Ryan's mean-spirited bluster and Rich Kotite's monotonous obfuscations, it was a startling change.

His rapid reaction to the Cunningham dilemma, which hangs over Philadelphia each fall like a storm cloud; his threat to Watters' playing time; his willingness to jettison free-agent tight end Reggie Johnson have, for the moment anyway, temporarily transformed Rhodes into the Saint of the 700 Level.

And through the early season tumult, Jeffrey Lurie, in need of some public relations repair, smiled.

"He's the kind of guy who can cut right through all the crap," said Lurie, as proudly as a father discussing his child's SAT scores. "There are no alternative agendas. There's no desire to convince the public or media that anything is different than what it is.

"With Ray, there is no attempt to sell himself like you get from some other coaches. If the team didn't play well, he'll tell you that."

Which is what, with Lurie and other club officials listening anxiously, Rhodes did in his first postgame news conference.

"I'm not surprised that when we played very poorly to open the season, that's the way he approached it," the owner said. "He just told it the way it was. I like that in a coach. When Ricky spoke out, it was unfortunate. But Ray talked with him and he came out and faced it and apologized. I like that. It's not about all these side agendas with Ray. The organization should just focus on the prize."

Several levels below Lurie's office, in the Veterans Stadium locker room, the feeling is similar. Among the players there have been no challenges yet to Rhodes' authority, not even from the prone-to-sulk Cunningham. And his assistants obey the same rule Rhodes observed in San Francisco: Let the head coach do the talking and take the heat.

"We don't test Ray," said rookie tackle Barrett Brooks. "He wants results. He wants wins."

In fact, so far in the Eagles' clubhouse, the only negative sounds about Rhodes come from players who secretly snicker at the coach's retro taste in clothing (Sansabelt slacks are big) as, arms clenched and extended out from his sides like a gunfighter, he strides among them.

"Ray's about business," said guard Guy McIntyre. "There's no time to play games. No dancing around. When he's faced with a challenge, he's going to be decisive."

He had to be. Lurie handed him a team that even the owner admits was suffering from a malaise on and off the field in the comfortable Kotite regime. Rhodes quickly turned over nearly half the roster and summoned ex- 49ers and ex-Cowboys, players accustomed to winning.

"There was a lack of discipline here," said Lurie, "a lack of commitment. I wanted him to establish an identity that was missing."

So the owner gave his new coach a mandate to transform the franchise. He felt that Rhodes' no-nonsense approach would fit well in this ***working-class*** city's sports ethic and that Rhodes' mania for discipline would straighten out the clubhouse.

"What I like is his ability to focus on a goal," said Lurie. "It's not based on satisfying the media, the fans or the players. His goal is to win the Super Bowl, and these decisions he's had to make already have been based strictly on that. Not how much money a guy is making or whether we signed him as a free agent and would be embarrassed because, like Reggie Johnson, we went out and paid good money for him."

The former 49ers defensive coordinator clearly was not Lurie's first, second or even third choice to replace Kotite, but the owner insists now that when he did finally settle on Rhodes, "it was one of those decisions that was clear as a bell."

"Just spend a couple of hours with Ray," said Lurie. "Just talk football with him. I talked football with him one night when I first met him for three, four hours. We got up the next morning and talked more football. I knew then he was everything I was looking for. High-energy. Very, very obsessed with winning Super Bowls and nothing less. A knowledge of the game. And someone who was coming from a very disciplined, professional approach under Bill Walsh."

Still, even as Lurie and Rhodes were affixing their names to the coach's five-year contract, the owner must have known that one day - perhaps not this early, however - Rhodes would come face-to-face with the Great Cunningham Enigma.

"I think that was a great example of the way Ray does things," said Lurie. "A lot of people would have said, 'Oh, Rodney played well.' And the popular thing to do would have been to start Rodney the following week. With Ray, the popular thing doesn't matter. It's what's the best way of beating San Diego."

McIntyre said that from the moment early in Sunday night's second quarter, when Rhodes motioned for Peete to begin warming up, the quarterback situation was a classic formula for dissension.

"He saw the situation and said, 'Well, what do I do? Do I let it go on or do I bring somebody else in to see what they can do' " McIntyre said. "And right after the game, Ray said 'Hey, you're going to be back in there next week. Just get your mind together. Don't worry about this. Go on. The main thing is we won and now we can start afresh.'

"If it would have lingered on, if Ray had said, 'Let's wait until Thursday,' then that would have created controversy," McIntyre said. "Here there wasn't any. Randall was reinstated right there and that was it."

Yet Rhodes' compulsion to work hard, his penchant for arriving at the stadium at 6 a.m. and often staying until 2 a.m., his absolute disdain for losing seem like a recipe for burnout.

He did, after all, leave the defensive coordinator's job in Green Bay after a single season because he couldn't stand the losing.

"I think Ray knows that the process takes time," Lurie said. "You inherit a certain roster and you make as many changes as you can and you add as many hardworking players as you can. That's not something you can instantly do. There's a lot of transforming the expectations. But he's smart enough to step back and take time. It's not something that would cause him to quit."

Or be fired?

"We could go through several games losing and I know deep down the key ingredients I want are here," Lurie said.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Ray Rhodes benched Randall Cunningham (right) against Arizona but will

start him today. In a tumultuous two weeks, the coach has been tough, decisive

and down to earth. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PAUL HU)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***On drug war's front line;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-22B0-003K-33SM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Cartels thrive in Medellin's 'narco-culture';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-22B0-003K-33SM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Cocaine's 'magicians' control city***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-22B0-003K-33SM-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 28, 1989, Monday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A; Cover Story

**Length:** 1225 words

**Byline:** William F. Nicholson

**Dateline:** MEDELLIN, Colombia

**Body**

''We've got a narco-culture here,'' says Santos. ''It's affected the economy. It's corrupted the military and political system. It's a presence permeating all levels, from elegant landowners playing polo at their clubs to rural peasants.''

From Medellin's airport, the Santa Elena, Las Palmas or the Medellin-Bogota road lead to Medellin, nestled in a wide valley. Each hour-long route is a gamble. Bullet-punctured bodies, victims of los sicarios, the cartel's assassins, can be found dumped along the red clay gullies bordering the narrow roads.

Medellin appears below. Tall office buildings cloaked with glass form the core of the bustling city of 3 million, Colombia's second-largest.

There were 5,000 murders in Colombia in 1986, one of the world's highest per capita murder rates for a country not at war. Half were here.

The commercial area melds into ***working-class*** neighborhoods, then slums. Higher, much higher, are sleek condominiums and luxurious mansions nestled in tropical greenery. You have arrived in the land of Los Magicos, the name given to Colombia's estimated 20,000 instant millionaires who, as if by magic, accumulated vast wealth overnight.

The riches came from cocaine. The Medellin cartel grosses an estimated $ 3 billion yearly supplying 75 percent of the USA's white powder.

Money and murder protect the cartel's market share. The system is called plata o plomo - silver or lead. Government officials, police and politicians are told to take the silver - bribes - or expect lead in the form of bullets. Since 1981, cartels have been linked to the murders of 220 officials.

The situation ''can be discouraging,'' says Eduardo Maldonado Quinche in the Bogota headquarters of the DAS, Colombia's FBI. ''We put these people in jail and then they get out. But we can't despair. We have to keep fighting this poison.''

Colombian authorities have launched anti-cartel campaigns before. But cooperative, or fearful, officials either tipped off cartel chiefs beforehand or engineered freedom for those who've been jailed.

More than anything, Colombia's cocaine traffickers fear extradition to the USA because they can't influence our courts. Cartel bosses chalked up a big victory in 1987, when a fearful supreme court overturned an extradition treaty with the United States. The cartel wasn't just above the law; it was the law.

But something happened in Colombia the last two weeks. Three murders in 48 hours - a judge who'd signed an arrest warrant for a cartel boss, a provincial police chief and, finally, a presidential candidate - sparked a national revolt against the drug trade leading to draconian measures against the cartel.

Hours after the candidate, Luis Carlos Galan, died, President Virgilio Barco announced seven presidential decrees. They reinstated extradition of drug traffickers to the United States and allowed troops and police to carry out mass arrests and seize property, bypassing the courts.

Cartel reaction was swift: A group calling itself ''The Extraditables'' bombed two political party offices here, killing one man, and set fire to two homes of Colombian politicians.

This latest anti-cartel campaign may fizzle, but Colombian officials seem determined.

The cartel bosses who operated openly here have fled to jungle hideouts or, according to news reports, to asylum offered by Panamanian strongman Manuel Antonio Noriega.

In the slums, many poor think of the cartel chiefs as Robin Hoods, stealing from the rich to help them. Millions in drug trafficking money, pocket change for the cartel, have paid for soccer fields, decent housing, parks and food giveaways.

''I pray every day for Don Pablo,'' says Esperanza Piedradita, 65, who lives in one of 400 tiny brick homes Pablo Escobar built free for some of Medellin's poorest inhabitants. Their previous residence: a garbage dump.

Cartel money spent in Medellin's slums - where strangers get hard stares from hard-looking young men standing on corners and in doorways - has created a fifth column for the drug traffickers.

A web of informers, from the corner shoeshine men to maids in Medellin hotels, provide raw intelligence. Sicario bands, with names such as the Terminator Gang, the Devils and the Rambos, recruit willing apprentice killers from the ranks of poor youths.

Still, perceptions seem to be changing. The drug traffickers may have become just too arrogant.

''We're all fed up,'' says Victor Manuel Villamizar, 51, a tourist company employee. ''We should cut the head off the serpents. The offensive has to continue.''

Despite the bombings and fires, the drug traffickers seem - at least for now - shocked by the harshness of the government's latest assault.

Luis Fernando Galeano Berrio, 39, identified as finance chief for Rodriguez Gacha, is one of a half-dozen detainees authorities describe as key, second-level cartel executives sought for extradition. He's in a cell at the Colombian Army's 4th Brigade here.

When Army commanders allow in a visitor, Galeano, clad in a dark blue warmup suit, jumps in fright from his cot. Army officers later say he thought the visitor was an agent from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration coming to take him away.

''I'm not one of the extraditable ones!'' he says, voice breaking with fear. ''I'm innocent. I don't know any drug traffickers. This is repression. I'm just here because they found me with a pistol, a revolver and a shotgun, all for my personal defense.''

The army moved swiftly, once Barco signed the decrees, raiding Los Magicos' palatial digs.

At the $ 2 million, five-bedroom mansion of Maria Lea Posadas, Jorge Ochoa's mistress, troops found a two-story, lavender Cinderella play castle for their 9-year-old daughter. It had a working bathroom, wooden moat and artificial lake populated by a family of black swans.

At a hilltop estate owned by Pablo Escobar, complete with barracks for 40 sicario bodyguards, stands a luxurious, two-story log cabin topped with a thatch roof.

The army says Escobar used the one-bedroom cabin as a weekend retreat. The closet still holds 38 of his Italian sport shirts. His toiletries - Scope mouthwash, Yardley shaving cream and large bottle of Pepto-Bismol - are on a shelf inside the bathroom, with a shower room big enough to handle a small party. Mirrors line the ceiling over Escobar's brass double bed.

Downtown, this latest battle against the drug traffickers is the talk of Medellin.

''What will happen to us if the money stops coming to Medellin?'' asks a woman shopkeeper, who pleads that she not be identified.

Medellin officials predict increased joblessness and more violence but say their city, once more famous for its exports of textiles, orchids and other flowers, must be weaned from the cocaine trade.

''This is war, and we must win,'' says Cesar Perez Berrio, spokesman for Medellin's city government.

On the Santa Elena road is a sign on a church building: ''No more violence. God give us peace.''

The sicarios can't help but see it on their way to another killing.

Raiding the drug lords

Property seized in 817 raids over the past three days: - 678 firearms - 3,303 rounds of ammunition - 1,161 cars and trucks - 4 tons of coca paste - 242 pounds of cocaine - 62 airplanes, 18 helicopters - 141 homes and ranches - 30 yachts, 13 motorcycles - 5,222 farm animals, pets

**Notes**

Accompanying story; Colombian may resign after threats

**Graphic**

color, USA TODAY (Map, Colombia); PHOTO; color, Vladimiro Posada, AP (Playhouse at Medellin mansion of Jorge Ochoa); PHOTO; color, Vladimiro Posada, AP ( Luis Fernando Galeano Berrio)

CUTLINE: DAUGHTER'S TOY: Drug kingpin Jorge Ochoa built a Cinderella playhouse, with working bathroom and mini-lake with swans, for his and his mistress' child at her Medellin mansion. CUTLINE: IN JAIL: Luis Fernando Galeano Berrio, 39, a Medellin cartel finance chief.

**End of Document**



[***Broadway IS big It's the road shows that got small***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X29-H370-00C6-D3MY-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 29, 1999, Thursday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1358 words

**Byline:** David Patrick Stearns

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

NEW YORK -- *Sunset Boulevard*'s Norma Desmond makes do with

a less palatial mansion. *Ragtime* robber baron J.P. Morgan

now mows down the ***working class*** from a railroad handcar rather

than crush them from a bridge above. *The Civil War* will

have fewer casualties.

So it is in the modern world of Broadway tours, with audiences

dying to be dazzled and producers struggling to sparkle on a viable

budget. Even *Titanic* the musical is getting by with fewer

ship decks. And critics aren't always pleased.

Normally Broadway's less-neurotic cousin, road tours -- once an

afterthought in the world of theater -- have become such an important

part of the business that tours of *Footloose* and *The*

*Civil War* were planned before those shows' respective Broadway

openings.

The most recent road season drew 26.5 million people, with box

office receipts of $ 1.3 billion (more than twice Broadway's numbers).

Though a tad down from last year, the figures are amazing considering

that there were one-third fewer tours.

The escalating costs of touring mean that the lavish productions

of the past will be far fewer, perhaps nonexistent. In fact, the

lavish national tours of *Show Boat* and *Ragtime* seen

only a year ago are impractical today. Both produced by Livent,

they bled money and were a factor in the company's financial meltdown.

"We've always said that you shouldn't be able to tell the difference

between the road tour and what's in New York," says Larry Wilker,

president of the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. "But to do

it right is very expensive. The most you can do is one a year."

These are the numbers: $ 400,000 is the standard weekly break-even

cost for a Broadway musical. On the road, you often have larger

theaters and a higher gross potential, but you have an extra $ 175,000

to $ 200,000 in local costs, pushing the break-even point toward

$ 600,000.

"People will book those shows as a loss leader," says Kevin

McCollum, who runs the Ordway Music Theatre in St. Paul, Minn.

"Then there's the pressure: They want to know, 'What do you have

that's cheap?' "

There are many answers.

After presenting Andrew Lloyd Webber with one of his few encounters

with red ink, the money-losing *Sunset Boulevard* turned

profitable this year in an acclaimed but slimmed-down tour with

Petula Clark. Likewise, the touring *Ragtime* is on a diet

and re-emerges in Houston in August.

McCollum is putting out a tour of *Buddy*, a Buddy Holly

bio that costs a mere $ 235,000 a week.

In East Haddam, Conn., the Goodspeed Opera is planning a tour

of *On the Twentieth Century*, a beloved Cy Coleman musical

that's ripe for revival.

The one new show is also the biggest failure of New York's spring

season, *The Civil War*, which tours next year. Understandably,

presenters are irate about being handed what appears to be a Broadway

reject.

The music by *Jekyll & Hyde* composer Frank Wildhorn

had its fans, just not enough passionate ones. And the show's

producer, Scott Zeiger of Pace Theatricals, vows that it will

be financially viable: "It won't need to do the kind of capacity

business that a more expensive musical has to do."

In effect, it's all a hangover from *Phantom of the Opera*.

Upon arriving in 1988, it signaled a new era in production values

that consolidated an appetite for Broadway entertainment outside

New York, one that had been cultivated by first-class tours of

*Evita*, *Cats* and *Les Miserables*.

But it created false expectations for other shows, Zeiger says.

Only Broadway's *The Lion King*, which has no plans to tour,

could hope to match *Phantom*'s road record.

But the appetite for musicals remains. It's neither small nor

polite. Jed Bernstein, head of the League of American Theaters

and Producers, calls the road "the hungry monster." It doesn't

devour just one show at a time; entire seasons are sold on subscription.

"They're not tourists coming to New York to see a hot Broadway

show. They're having an evening out in their community. If it's

well-sung and looks like a Broadway show, it's an evening out

with friends and fulfills expectations," McCollum says.

Thus, audiences for touring shows can be more easygoing. Even

what can seem to be the ultimate in cutting costs at the expense

of quality -- a cast that doesn't belong to the Actors Equity

union -- is not necessarily the case: The New Jersey Performing

Arts Center in Newark hosted a non-Equity *Smokey Joe's Cafe*,

and it was a hit.

That doesn't mean road appetites are indiscriminate. Familiarity

can sell a show -- for example, *Jekyll & Hyde*, with its well-known Robert Louis Stevenson story and a hit

song, *This Is the Moment*. But too much familiarity killed

*Big*, an amiable musical based on a popular film that didn't

leave people wanting more.

The current tour of *Titanic* -- though not based on the

hit film, it might as well be -- took a leap at the Kennedy Center

box office only when the marketing emphasis switched from the

ship to the songs.

A similar question hangs over *The Sound of Music*, starring

Richard Chamberlain, which kicks off Aug. 23 at Minneapolis' Orpheum

Theater -- not because of the film, but because Marie Osmond toured

with the show only two years ago.

Even more problematical is a show that is revived badly. Time

will tell how the acclaimed British production of *Jesus Christ*

*Superstar* fares this season in the wake of a touring production

a few years ago that left co-author Lloyd Webber rolling his eyes.

More such hit-and-run productions -- and producers -- could kill

Broadway's golden geese.

"There are a lot of people flitting in and out of the business,"

Wilker says, "and if there aren't a lot of people (consistently)

incubating shows, you have a difficult situation."

A bigger source of industry nervousness is the recent merger between

Pace Theatricals, which controls touring Broadway shows in 45

cities, and corporate behemoth SFX Entertainment. With so many

city theaters programmed by a large company with a short-term

profit motive, will there be mostly safe revivals of suspicious

artistic quality?

"They're allowing us to keep diversified; they green-lighted

me to produce the national tour of *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*

(an edgy, off-Broadway musical about a transsexual rock star),"

Zeiger says.

Independent presenters are less inclined to wait for New York,

London or Pace to supply future hits. At the Kennedy Center, Wilker's

pipeline includes Randy Newman's *Faust*, musicals of *Shane*

and *Little House on the Prairie*, and a revival of *The*

*Music Man*.

Two of the more closely watched upcoming tours are *Spirit*,

an evening of Native American dance with a company of 25 directed

by Wayne Cilento from *Tommy*, and *Gumboots*, a Pace

discovery featuring South African dance inspired by diamond miners.

Thanks to MTV, traditional plots are no longer mandatory in musical

theater. Thanks to *Riverdance*, *Lord of the Dance*

and even *Tap Dogs*, dance-oriented events can be big hits

without Broadway notices.

In fact, the road is taking on a healthy diversity -- highbrow

and lowbrow -- that's unthinkable on Broadway.

"I think we're going to see the lines between the performance

genres blurred," says *Spirit* producer Peter Holmes a Court.

"In the future, you might have a subscription with a new musical,

a play people want to see, something new like *Spirit* and

maybe a really hot touring ballet or interesting opera. If something

is good, it can get out there as long as we completely dazzle

them."

Traveling light

Show: *Cabaret*

What's missing: Nightclub seating, depending on the theater

What you'll see: Much the same as the New York production

Show: *The Civil War*

What's missing: Some soldiers; numbers to be determined

What you'll see: Much the same as the New York production

Show: *Ragtime*

What's missing: Three cast members and a spectacular bridge J.P.

Morgan stands on

What you'll see: J.P. Morgan on a handcar

Show: *The Sound of Music*

What's missing: At most, 10% of the Broadway set

Whay you'll see: Church altars and statues descending from the

ceiling rather than rising from the floor

Show: *Sunset Boulevard*

What's missing: Norma Desmond's huge floating living room

What you'll see: Something resembling a Hollywood set (aptly)

Show: *Titanic*

What's missing: Layers of ship decks and the ship's stern pushed

up hydraulically

What you'll see: A single ship deck and the stern pulled up from

above

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Joan Marcus; PHOTO, Color; PHOTO, Color, Joan Marcus; PHOTO, B/W, Diane Sobolewski; 'Titanic': In the touring version, the emphasis is on the songs, not the elaborate staging of the ship. 'Smokey Joe's Cafe': T.C. Rodgers, John Woodward, Christopher Morgan and Darryl Williams, clockwise from left, are a hit. 'Sunset Boulevard': As Norma Desmond, Petula Clark goes downtown in a less glitzy production. 'On the Twentieth Century': Donna English, as Lily Garland, and Mark Jacoby, as Oscar Jaffee, star in the Goodspeed Opera's Cy Coleman music fest.

**Load-Date:** July 29, 1999

**End of Document**



[***AMEN - TO ROCK PRIESTS SPRINGSTEEN, THEN DYLAN AND SIMON STRETCHED THE HITS OF THEIR GLORY DAYS, CASTING OUT SKEPTICISM WITH ROUSING CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-V2S0-01K4-92RV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JULY 19, 1999 Monday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. E05

**Length:** 1476 words

**Byline:** Tom Moon, INQUIRER MUSIC CRITIC

**Body**

There it was, the script for one of the cherished highlights of Bruce Springsteen and the E Street band's live shows, right on the back of a T-shirt: "Re-educated, re-animated, re-dedicated, re-invigorated . . . with the magic, the mystery and the ministry of rock and roll."

Seeing this proclamation Thursday night, at the opening of the Springsteen/E Street reunion tour on his home field, in the swamps of Jersey known as the Meadowlands, it was hard to avoid a twinge of dread. Wasn't this semiretired rock icon taking his mission a mite too seriously? Isn't such an aggrandizing marketing ploy a bit much for someone who hasn't electrified an arena since 1992 and hasn't performed with his revered band steadily since '88?

The shirt screamed of comeback calculation. But when Springsteen started to play, ripping through redemption-seeking rockers and interpreting newer works with a quieter, adult resolve, that reverent mumbo-jumbo about the mystery and the ministry started to mean something.

A similar sense of uncertainty hung in the air before the start of the Saturday show at the E-Centre in Camden. The occasion was the summer's oddest double bill - Paul Simon and Bob Dylan, alone and together. Here were two legends whose appearance was advertised with the image of trains heading down parallel tracks, whose primary common bond is their birth year (1941) and the times, long ago, when they crossed paths on the Greenwich Village folk circuit. It was tough to get one's mind around the programming logic: Was this a chance to savor the works of two of the guiding geniuses of singer-songwriter music, or a train wreck waiting to happen?

Taken together, these sets constituted a weekend-long crash course in the care and feeding of the rock-and-roll legacy.

At some point along the way, each of these Mount Rushmore figures has had to pore through his outsized catalog, searching for ways to honor the glory days without being enslaved by them. Each has had to decide how far to push fans who are buying expensive tickets to relive the hits. While only Dylan has issued strong new work in the 1990s, each veteran still retains a mythic grip on the pop-culture imagination and uses it in different ways: Dylan tramples everything familiar, starting from scratch every night. Springsteen looks for ways to have his familiar, ***working-class*** characters grow up. Simon ventures into exotic realms for inspiration.

Springsteen's return was an event. It's been more than a decade since the 49-year-old rocker toured with the E Street Band, a period that coincides with what many longtime fans consider to be a creative drought. He's made music in those intervening years - the two-disc Human Touch/Lucky Town, his stark The Ghost of Tom Joad - but has seemed just as intent on anthologizing. His four-disc box last year, Tracks, presented what amounts to an alternate history of his career, an inventory of roads taken and abandoned before they could see commercial release.

Thursday, Springsteen opened with one of those discards, a hurtling vow called "My Love Will Not Let You Down," and sprinkled several others throughout a heroic three-hour performance that made big statements about faith, honor and dedication even when he wasn't trying to. Starting with songs that have become sacred texts in rock's busting-loose canon, he used a preacher's fulminating fire to transform tales of carefree youth into symbolic pageants of yearning. And as things progressed, he listened along with the assembled throng of the older and wiser - who supplied every lyric and filled every audience-response opportunity as though they'd been in rehearsals all week - to see what the stories might reveal this time around.

The show celebrated two enduring - and surprisingly interdependent - facets of Springsteen's music: his image-rich narratives, which articulate varying shades of optimism and despair with surgical precision, and the assured grace and ballistic power of what is easily the world's most exciting rock-and-roll band. Still. After all these years.

When these elements came together, as they did frequently Thursday, the result was a rare kind of combustion. In the recorded version, "Youngstown," one of the Tom Joad odes, is sullen and unforgivingly bleak. But when the E Streeters got hold of it, the piece blossomed into a startlingly alive anthem driven by Nils Lofgren's sweeping, contorted guitar solo.

If the set's Cadillac-sized seaside shuffles (and a haunting, elegiac treatment of "The River") weren't enough to argue for the E Streeters as the only ensemble capable of realizing Springsteen's extra-large musical ambitions, two pieces in the extended encores did the job. One was a stirring version of "If I Should Fall Behind," the set's only song from Human Touch/Lucky Town, that involved many of the band's voices in a breathtaking round-robin. And the new "Land of Hope and Dreams" reinforced the theme of rock-and-roll salvation he'd been hammering all night long with stately gospel cadences.

It wasn't just the crisp execution of rare compositions and warhorses (like "Born to Run," which remains one bone-chilling chrome-wheeled ride). It was the emotional investment that oozed through Springsteen's every phrase and proclaimed music as less a diversion than a lifeline.

Paul Simon shares Springsteen's belief. He's just not so overt about it. The characters in his songs rarely make a beeline for the promised land; they mull questions slowly, and often leave them hanging in the air, unresolved.

Saturday at the E-Centre, Simon employed sly, intelligent rearrangements to nudge even his forthright hits in the direction of ambiguity. He opened with a treatment of "Bridge Over Troubled Water" that replaced the staid chamber lilt of the original with a more fluid, riverlike pulse. And after a brief aside about the disappearance of John F. Kennedy Jr. - during which he spoke about the impermanence of life and the responsibility to celebrate it - he turned "Mrs. Robinson" into a sauntering New Orleans parade march and goosed "Graceland" with an agitated horn-section interlude.

Almost every change Simon made to his well-known songs was in the arrangements; he blocked out percussion-section solos and individual moments in the spotlight, but kept a tight hold on the overall script. This contrasted sharply with the approach favored by Dylan, and made their brief duet, which came after Simon finished, strained and strange.

Their opening song was "The Sound of Silence," and from the very first phrase a pattern was established: Simon would start, then Dylan would enter, sometimes cramming the words together in a blurry heap that obliterated the melody.

These phrasing skirmishes set the tone for the pairing - less a summit meeting than a grotesque circus sideshow, complete with a surreal medley of rock oldies, "That'll Be the Day" and "The Wanderer." The joint set ended with a reggae version of Dylan's "Knocking on Heaven's Door" in which the two swapped verses but rarely connected; the most notable thing about it was Dylan's paraphrase of the children's taunt "nanny-nanny-boo-boo," which he repeated later, during his own set.

Dylan has done the most of anyone in rock and roll to wean his fans away from standard versions of the greatest hits. He's treated the songs as malleable clay, reworked every beloved melody into twisted knots or mangled echoes. He's rejected the stock arrangements to follow his muse in the moment, recontextualizing songs his fans know by heart as fodder for far-ranging improvisation. His never-ending tour is nightly proof that it's not only possible, but desirable, to uncover new meanings in old material: The lure of a Dylan show these days is to see how far he and his quartet can journey from the outline of a song and still retain its character.

That happened again and again Saturday - on the precise "Masters Of War," a frothy rendition of "Mr. Tambourine Man," and the wistful "Tangled Up in Blue," which Dylan introduced as "a love song we just love to play." With the help of guitarists Charlie Sexton and Larry Campbell, he created shimmering loud-soft contrasts throughout "It Ain't Me Babe," and participated in an earthy blues exchange on "All Along the Watchtower." And just when it seemed that all he wanted to do was riff, Dylan cast "Not Dark Yet" as a stately funeral march, his weathered voice finding every last ray of sunshine in a forbidding sky.

It was that insistence on exploration, on finding the scrap of newness on timeworn paths, that accounted for the highlights in each of these performances. A few weeks back, the prospect of watching these old masters at work seemed like a one-way ticket to a nostalgia marathon. But it became something else entirely - a re-dedication and a re-invigoration, from some of the high priests in the ministry of rock and roll.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO

Bob Dylan (left) and Paul Simon in Minnesota, July 2. They engaged in phrasing skirmishes Saturday at the E-Centre in Camden. (BOB LINKS)

Bruce Springsteen (right) and Nils Lofgren in the Thursday show, where a rare kind of combustion resulted. (BILL KOSTROUN, Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***NEIGHBORHOOD'S PLIGHT IN THE SPOTLIGHT RESIDENTS HAVE BEEN BATTLING PROSTITUTION. / THE OFFICER'S ARREST CALLED ATTENTION TO THEIR FIGHT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C440-01K4-9405-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 30, 1995 Wednesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1346 words

**Byline:** Suzanne Sataline, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The 4200 block of O Street is the kind of place where, after a neighbor died in a car wreck, the residents collected money for a donation.

Where, ever since the folks next to Elva Taylor moved out, her husband has

cut the grass, and she has weeded the garden.

Where every kid will stay away from Blanche Kinch's newly painted wrought- iron fence out of respect and pipe down when she asks because she is the unofficial mayor of the street.

In short, this block of Juniata Park is a little pocket of security and stability in a tough old city.

But it is also vexed by urban pressures pushing in from the surrounding streets. Where recycling bins are stolen, the new minivan lost all four of its hubcaps - twice - where sometimes, some angry kids with shaved heads and swastika neckwear drink and carouse. And where the prostitutes of Kensington Avenue can find respite from the police.

It is the last problem that has been the most troubling for the neighbors - and the one that threw a spotlight on their block Monday morning.

That day, two neighbors reported finding a man sitting in a van having a boy give him oral sex. When the couple confronted the man, they alleged, he told them he was a police officer, slapped the woman, brandished a revolver, and drove off, hitting their car. Early yesterday, the police charged Officer Thomas V. Collins, 44, a member of the department's Highway Patrol unit, with assault, endangerment and lewdness.

If the guy hadn't been a cop, if it had been one of the anonymous johns who filter through the back of O Street properties, it would not have raised an eyebrow, said Brian Donnelly, who filed the complaint with his wife, Eileen.

"It's disgusting," he said, "that it had to come down to him being a cop."

By happening in a place like Juniata Park, the Monday morning incident revealed all the troubles and frustrations of trying to keep a Philadelphia neighborhood strong.

For some neighbors, it will be a kind of landmark incident - like a fire or a murder in other places - from which point everyone will notice the decline.

From now on, people say, everyone will notice when someone leaves.

"It's what's going to cause ***working-class*** people to leave the city," said Rose Bandru, Ellen Donnelly's sister, who lives in Roxborough. All their siblings still live in the city, and all they talk about when they get together is whether to get out. "How many dual-income families can Mayor Rendell force out of the city? Is it coming to another Detroit?"

It wasn't the first time the Donnellys had found someone having sex out back. It's been going on for five, six years, neighbors said. Everyone has a story about seeing a stranger's car pull up to the old asphalt lot in back of the stretch of rowhouses and park next to the sullen, yellow brick building out back that is a cigarette distributorship, and watching someone engage in some sort of lewdness - while the toddlers pedal their Big Wheels a couple of dozen feet away.

By now the neighbors have grown used to the daily outrages - the condoms, the beer bottles, and the perpetual noise from the teenagers who slip down an embankment and smoke and drink along Frankford Creek.

"We put on rubber gloves every morning to pick up the condoms," said Kinch, a retiree who is the Donnellys' next-door neighbor.

Like Kinch, many of the neighbors are elderly and retired, many biding their time, knowing they can't recoup their investment, hoping that things won't get worse.

Several of them moved in 36 years ago, when the two-story brick rowhouses were newly built and sold for $10,000. They sculpted gardens with marigolds and roses and still keep their lawns trimmed to a fairway's length. It is a place safe enough that bars are not needed on bay windows and where people can feel confident leaving their garden hose curled up on the hook out front.

Most everyone agrees that the prostitution under the Frankford El is

finding its way to them. Several people on the all-white block make it a racial thing, blaming the neighborhood's change on the residents of Greenway Court Apartments, a few blocks away on Bristol Avenue, where blacks and Latinos have moved in.

But most of the O Street residents feel powerless against what's happening around them.

"We're too damn old," said Kinch, who moved with her husband from South Philadelphia when the subway was extended right past their house. "At least help the people trying to keep the neighborhood decent. . . . I guess they'll be happy down at City Hall when everything looks like Fifth and Diamond."

The way it starts, said Betty Boltersdorf , a young mother who lives a few doors away, is with the yard. First a lawn chair is stolen, or someone spray paints the back, or someone knocks out the glass on the front yard lamps and "you get tired putting new glass in, and you don't want to do it no more."

Boltersdorf once saw a girl run screaming down the street to her friend with no shirt on. Not even a bra. And then she heard a black man was beaten by some neighborhood kids.

So Boltersdorf and her husband and their daughter have settled on a house in Bucks County.

"I was happy here. I like my street," she said. "I do feel a little guilty leaving."

And she was born in Bensalem.

Her friend, Elva Taylor, is envious. She desperately wants to move so her children can go to public school. But most people say they will not be able to get much more than $45,000 or $50,000 for their homes, not enough to move anywhere.

The neighbors are not troubled so much that it was a police officer involved in the Monday incident. Cops here, as in most other parts of Philadelphia, are regarded with general suspicion, anyway.

There is a general feeling that police officers can't help them, or won't help them, that a shooting or drug deal on Kensington Avenue is more urgent than their concerns.

John Ullom, head of the Juniata Park Town Watch, has tried to encourage the block. He and his group of 15 devoted members patrol the neighborhood five nights a week - including the old supermarket parking lot behind the Donnellys'. Ullom said that he had tried to get more people interested, but that all the residents there gave him was a $200 donation from a block party.

"I've told people up there a hundred times," he said. "You've got 30 homes on the block. There's got to be 20 men there. If you got 20 men to walk around . . . there wouldn't be a problem.

"I'm from the old school," he said. "If you've got a problem, deal with it."

This also is a neighborhood where many men work at night, where some hold down two jobs, and where women are caring for young children. But far more residents - especially the elderly ones - voice the concerns of Taylor, a mother of two.

"I'm a big chicken," Taylor said. "People will just shoot you for the dumbest reason."

Brian and Eileen Donnelly said they were willing to take on the risk. They were committed to the neighborhood, committed to the house where Brian was born and raised, and determined to stay and raise a family there. That's why the man who is a house painter and the woman who is a nurse have endured fistfights and arguments and threats from johns and prostitutes.

"Our main objective," said Eileen Donnelly, a Jefferson Hospital nurse, "was to let these dirtbags know there's people living in these homes."

But in April it got to be too much. Eileen Donnelly said she and Brian came home for lunch when they confronted another john and his date. The guy began punching Brian, and the hooker began pulling her hair.

"All of a sudden I'm wrestling this person I don't even know, and I look up to find neighbors lined along the perimeters watching. And no one came to our defense."

She says she realizes everybody's scared, that they fear someone could fire a gun. And that came home to her when the cop waived his revolver in front of Brian.

"In retrospect it was stupid," she said. "We were angry, we were fed up. We went out completely unprotected. People call up and say how proud they are of me. But Brian could very easily be dead. It frightens me to think about it."

This month they put their house on the market.

**Graphic**

MAP;

MAP (1)

1. Juniata (The Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***'A long ways from nowhere'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CB6-6BS0-010F-K333-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

May 7, 2004, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1596 words

**Byline:** Gene Sloan

**Dateline:** JASPER NATIONAL PARK, Alberta

**Body**

JASPER NATIONAL PARK, Alberta -- As wonders of the world go, the Columbia Icefield isn't the most complex. Basically, it's a giant sheet of ice.

But just because it's simple in form doesn't mean it's not a marvel to behold. Sprawled among 12,000-foot peaks here in the Canadian Rockies, the largest accumulation of ice south of the Arctic Circle is more than 1,000 feet thick and covers an area more than five times the size of Manhattan.

"There's no doubt it's a once-in-a-lifetime experience," says Kevin Crampton, one of a dozen tourists who have paid $ 22 to ride a six-wheeled "ice explorer" onto a little corner of this frozen remnant of the Ice Age. Squinting at a group of climbers in the distance that appear as little more than dots on a sea of white, the 32-year-old technology worker from London says he can't quite get over the sheer vastness of it all. "It just makes us seem so incredibly small."

Indeed, the same could be said more generally about this park in the Canadian Rockies, which is roughly the size of Connecticut. A wonderland of snow-topped mountains, endless forests and sparkling lakes, Jasper is a place where everything seems larger than life.

Everything, that is, except the crowds. The UNESCO World Heritage site logged just 1.86 million visits last year, a fraction of the count at U.S. parks such as Yellowstone, Yosemite and the Grand Canyon.

While even the biggest U.S. parks have struggled to manage growing tourism in recent years, lesser-known Jasper is suffering from an opposite problem (or blessing, depending on one's point of view): a dearth of visitors. Tourist arrivals peaked in the 1980s, and even then the numbers never came close to those at Jasper's better-known Canadian sibling, Banff National Park. For Americans accustomed to maddening summer crowds at parks in the West, it has become a rare exception.

"We have far more hotel rooms and restaurant seats than we can fill," says George Andrew, a third-generation Jasper hotelier who blames the trend toward shorter vacations and the after-effects of 9/11 for slumping business.

With visitor numbers as low as they have been in a decade, Andrew and other tourism promoters in the Jasper area are hoping to get the word out this summer that this biggest of Rocky Mountain parks has plenty of room. But even the most optimistic among them concede it's an uphill battle. Jasper is more than 260 miles from Calgary, the gateway city for most visitors to the Canadian Rockies -- three times as far as Banff.

"Accessibility is a big issue," says Andrew, chatting over bison burgers in his virtually empty restaurant, Papa George's, which is within the park in the tiny town of Jasper. "We're a long ways from nowhere."

Which, of course, is exactly the allure for those who do come.

Unlike Yellowstone, known for its summer traffic jams, Jasper rarely feels congested. On a recent weekend, in fact, the roads were almost deserted, except for the dozens of elk and deer that came out at dusk to munch on the grassy areas near the pavement.

Ron Hooper, the park's superintendent, who stops by Andrew's table at Papa George's to say hello, notes that even at the height of summer, only the area around town gets busy.

"There are parts of this park where you can go at the peak of summer and not see another person for three days," says Hooper, noting that the park's 7,000-mile trail system is one of the most extensive in the world.

In many ways, Jasper is the wildest of the mountain parks in North America. Just a handful of scenic byways cut through its vast wilderness, leaving plenty of unmarked terrain for grizzly bears, mountain goats, moose and elk. More than 20% bigger than Yellowstone, the biggest park in the U.S. Rockies, Jasper also is the only mountain park in North America with its own herd of caribou, and in recent years it's seen a resurgence of the nearly extinct wolf, increasingly sighted near town and along roads.

"It's like the Discovery Channel sometimes around here," says Jan Schoningh, general manager of the historic Jasper Park Lodge, which sprawls along Lake Beauvert, a crystal-clear body of water in a lodgepole pine forest near town.

Pointing out a picture window toward grassy clearings that draw elk and deer, the Netherlands-born hotelier grows animated as he talks about the life-and-death struggles that have been taking place since the recent arrival of a wolf pack in the area.

"I haven't seen the actual kills, but I've seen the aftermath, and it's amazing," says Schoningh, who just arrived two years ago after running hotels in the Caribbean and still seems a bit in shock over the rugged environment. "Within 24 hours, there isn't a piece of the animal left. They pick it clean."

The Jasper Park Lodge is the park's grande dame, a 446-room resort made up of elegant cedar chalets and log cabins that date back to the 1920s. Sort of like an outdoors camp for grown-ups, the 1,000-acre hideaway blends pampering with a full lineup of woodsy activities such as horseback riding, canoeing and hiking, as well as golf.

The lodge is just down the road from the town of Jasper, a no-frills outpost where visitors will find a smattering of souvenir shops, modest hotels and restaurants. (Beef is popular here, although you'll also find everything from sushi to tapas.)

Founded by fur traders in the 1800s, the remote mountain village owes its existence to the westward march of the Canadian National railway, which cut through the Rockies here on its way to the Pacific Ocean. In fact, it was the railway that built the Jasper Park Lodge and first promoted tourism to the region as a way to fill trains heading West.

Still, locals are quick to point out that unlike Banff, which was developed by the competing Canadian Pacific Railway, the town of Jasper has always been more than just a tourist escape. For decades it was a major train-switching center, and it's still an important base for train crews, a ***working-class*** heritage that gives it both a more gritty and a more authentic feel.

"This was a railroad community, which is a whole different psyche than a tourist town, and some of that still exists," says Jack Pugh, 75, one of the dozens of locals packed into the Dead Dog, the town's most popular bar, on a recent Friday night. "This is more like what Banff was like in the 1950s. I'd say it's much more warm."

While Jasper's main street has none of the glitz of Banff, it offers a respite from the wilderness as well as a base for exploration. Outfitters such as Overlander Trekking & Tours tout everything from guided wildlife-viewing hikes to multi-day backcountry camping trips. And just outside of town is the Jasper Tramway, which delivers tourists to the top of 8,000-foot Whistler's Mountain for some of the best views in the Canadian Rockies.

Jasper also is the end point for the famous Rocky Mountaineer, a luxurious train that winds through the Canadian Rockies on a two-day trip from Vancouver. Arriving every few days, it deposits hundreds of globetrotters such as Peter Edward, 69, of Sydney, who is on a six-week trip around the world.

"Our mountains in Australia are little hills compared to these," says Edward, clearly delighted at the soaring terrain.

Edward and his wife, Janet, 60, have signed up for a half-day van tour up the winding Maligne valley to Maligne Lake, a stunningly beautiful, glacier-fed finger of water that even a few weeks ago was still covered in ice.

In just a few hours, they spot dozens of elk, deer and a lone coyote that bounds off when guide Trevor Lescard stops the van so the Edwards can snap a picture.

The highlight, however, comes a few minutes later, when a giant bald eagle soars within feet of the van, as if to sneak a better look.

"It's gorgeous, isn't it?" says Janet, craning to get a better glimpse of the majestic creature as it glides off toward a nest in the distance.

Back at the Dead Dog saloon, local Gordon Ruddy, 55, explains that such encounters are what makes Jasper special. And it's why the self-described most vocal of local environmentalists says he's worried about the push for more visitation.

"The question is: When is enough, enough? " he says. Still, "we haven't ruined it yet, and that says a lot. If there's any place where there's hope, it's here."

If you go…

Getting there: Most major airlines fly to Calgary, 265 miles southeast of the park. From there, Sun Dog Tours (888-786-3641; mountainconnector.com) runs shuttles to Jasper ($ 99 one way). Or rent a car and drive in along the Icefields Parkway, one of the most spectacular mountain roads.

Where to stay: The park's crown jewel is the historic Jasper Park Lodge (800-441-1414; fairmont.com), now run by Fairmont. Sprawled around an emerald lake, the resort offers 446 rooms, from $ 200, in log cabins and cedar chalets, a world-renowned golf course, horseback riding, mountain biking and canoeing. The nearby town of Jasper, also within the park, offers 1,300 more rooms in 14 small hotels such as the Astoria (800-661-7343; astoriahotel.com), which starts at $ 95 a night. The park also offers more than 1,500 campsites (780-852-6177; parkscanada.gc.ca) for $ 13-$ 30 a day.

Where to eat: Wild boar and bison are among Canadian specialties at Jasper Park Lodge's Edith Cavell, the area's finest dining (entrees, $ 19-$ 26). Bison as well as Alberta beef are on the menu at Papa George's, a casual eatery in the town of Jasper (entrees, $ 8-$ 18). An eclectic mix of other cuisines includes Japanese at Denjiro (entrees, $ 7-$ 17) and Spanish tapas at La Fiesta ($ 4-$ 8).

Information: 780-852-3858; jaspercanadianrockies.com.

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, Color, Dave Merrill, USA TODAY (MAP); GRAPHIC, B/W, USA TODAY, Source: National Park Service; Parks Canada (MAP); PHOTO, Color, Jasper Tourism and Commerce ; PHOTOS, B/W, Jasper Tourism and Commerce (2); PHOTO, B/W, The Fairmont Jasper Park Lodge; Small town, big vistas: The town of Jasper, Alberta (pop. 4,180), in Jasper National Park near the border with British Columbia, retains its frontier charm. <>Rapid-fire adventure: Whitewater-rafting enthusiasts have the Athabasca, Sunwapta, Fraser and Kakwa rivers to choose from. Trips range from two hours to multi-day. Adventure companies also offer float trips for those who want to take the easy way down. <>Wildlife extravaganza: Bighorn sheep are one of the many species that make their home here. Visitors can see elk, mountain goats and wolves.

**Load-Date:** May 7, 2004

**End of Document**



[***FOR YOUNG, FUN CAN BE DONE IN THE SUN IN PLAY, THEY PAY THE HEAT LITTLE MIND. WHEN ONE GAME ENDS, THE NEXT BEGINS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C3M0-01K4-91KY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 4, 1995 Friday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1191 words

**Byline:** John Woestendiek, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Russell Magyar woke up in his un-air-conditioned house about 6 a.m., stretched his lanky legs, said hi to his Dad, got dressed and watched cartoons with a bagel and a glass of water.

At the other end of the 3400 block of Meridian Street, Adam Yorke threw off his sweaty sheets about 7:30 a.m., jumped in the shower, hopped out, pulled a Phillies T-shirt with matching red shorts over his stocky frame, and ate a quick bowl of Frosted Flakes.

There were places to go, things to do and - no matter that the temperature was already 90 degrees by 10 a.m. - a schedule of sorts to keep.

Heat waves may lead adults to lie low, but childhood must go on. And so it did yesterday - at an only slightly less-frenzied pace - for two best friends on a tidy, ***working-class*** block in Northeast Philadelphia.

"First, we're going to play six innings of baseball, then we're going to take a water break, then we're going to play football," said Adam, 12. "I don't know what we're going to do after that."

The children on Meridian Street weren't worrying about the temperature (which would reach a high of 96), or the heat index (which would approach 110), or about warnings that the air was less than healthful.

They had a mission.

"Trying to keep a kid indoors is a joke," said Russ' mother, Debbie Magyar. "They want to be outside, no matter how hot it is."

So, by 10 a.m., most of the baseball gang was raring to go.

Ron MacMurray - an 8-year-old known as "the little muscleman" ("He works out," Adam said.) - came with a jug of water and the bat, a plastic one, stuffed with newspaper and wrapped with duct tape.

Russ, 11, brought the tennis ball.

Joey Aventt, 6, after crying when somebody told him he couldn't play, was there, too. "We call him 'Bones,' " Adam said. "He weighs, like, four pounds. You can pick him up by his pants."

At about 10:30, with 11 players rounded up - seven boys and four girls - they walked back to the baseball field. That would be the intersection of Meridian and Crispin Streets, where the corner curbs serve as bases.

They chose up sides, and argued about who'd play what position and which team would get to call itself the Phillies, before starting a game frequently interrupted by traffic.

"Hold up, guys! Car coming!" Russ shouted.

Boys got three strikes, girls got six. Russ and Adam hit homers, walking - not running - around the bases.

Fielding grounders on the hot pavement, Ron scolded his teammates in the outfield. "You guys have to learn how to move," he complained. "I'm the only one chasing these balls."

"It must be 110 degrees out here," says Russ' sister, Desiree.

"I can barely breathe," said another player.

The teams made frequent trips to the water jug and spent nearly as much time arguing as they did playing - safe or out, fair or foul.

Maybe it was the heat, Adam said later, though they argue a lot when it's cool, too.

When Adam threw a beanball at Russ, Russ threw the bat at Adam. The duct tape was coming off in the heat, and the stuffing of the bat was coming out. The call went out for more tape, but nobody wanted to walk home and get any.

By 11 a.m., with the temperature hitting 92, most of the boys had their shirts off. Hair stuck to necks. Sweat beaded up on brows and upper lips. When an angry driver honked at them, Russ launched into a DeNiro imitation. "You beepin' at me? Hey, you beepin' at me?"

Shortly after 11, the game fell apart. Adam had kicked out his 11-year-old sister Shannon for throwing a bat, and the pitcher and batter were arguing about the quality of pitches. The pitcher kept throwing. The batter kept watching.

Eventually the pitcher gave up: "I don't want to play anymore."

In the top of the third inning, with the score Atlanta Braves 8, Phillies 7, they decided to take a break.

"Anybody want to dunk your head in my pool, so you don't sweat?" Joey said, offering them use of the kiddie pool in his front yard. Instead, Russ picked up the hose outside his house, and the children misted each other.

Joey's mother, Eloise Aventt, provided refreshments - pink lemonade, juice boxes, ice pops, crackers, and a candy called Runts.

"Are we gonna get back to our baseball game?" one boy asked.

"Maybe," Adam said, sipping juice and leaning back in a lounge chair.

They played hand-slapping games in the shade, and the boys told the girls they had bees on them when they really didn't. After a half-hour break, the baseball game forgotten, the boys decided to play football. The girls were cheerleaders.

The game, played in a yard around the corner, had long time-outs. Players sat out entire series of downs. T-shirts piled up in a puddle on the grass. "It's too hot," Ron said. Tempers continued to flare.

"Hey," Adam said to another player, "You hurt Joey. That's unnecessary roughness. That's 15 yards."

Eventually the football game fizzled out as well, and it was back to their block for water and rest.

Although they seemed oblivious to the heat at times, the group of children seemed to know when to slow down, when to drink, and when to rest. During the heat wave, they say, they walk a little slower. They get a little testier. And they play a little lazier.

For Russ, who attends St. Matthew's, and Adam, who goes to Austin Meehan Middle School, the summer has been largely without air conditioning - Adam's family has it but rarely turns it on - and largely theirs to do with as they please.

Other than organized sports and Bible school, they've been mostly on their own (both have two working parents), mostly with each other, and mostly either playing sports or trying to cool down.

Sometimes, Adam said, they hang out in a sporting-goods store on Frankford Avenue "until we get kicked out." Other times, they hit the mini-mart, or the library, where, in a summer reading program, they can get free baseball cards once a week.

They headed there yesterday, along with Chris McCarry, 10, Tom Owens, 7, and Ron, who was ready for some air conditioning by then. The temperature was 92 at 2 p.m.

A cold blast of air greeted the five boys when they walked inside the Holmesburg branch of the Free Library. Ron walked up to the librarian, told her what he had read, and was given a bag of potato chips, baseball cards and a puzzle.

"We've had so many kids in this summer because it has been so hot," said the library's branch manager, Ella Singer. "Their mothers say the kids can't do anything else, so they're reading."

The boys sat at a table and opened their cards. Ron got Ken Griffey Jr. Adam wanted it. They talked trade.

After 15 minutes in the library, the group walked another two blocks to the air-conditioned A-Plus Mini Mart on Frankford Avenue.

They looked at baseball cards, browsed the candy and chip collections and decided on hot pretzels. Nobody bought a beverage.

From 3 to 3:30 - when the temperature reached its high of 96 - they sat under a tree, debating what to do next. Some voted for the pool at nearby Lincoln High School. Others wanted to continue the baseball game. Adam planned to start lining up players for an evening game of "manhunt," which is like hide-and-seek, only it's played with teams and involves putting people in jail.

That was later, though - after football practice.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. His shirt peeled, 8-year-old Ron MacMurray - known as "the little

muscleman" - clowns with Adam Yorke, 12, while playing baseball in their

Northeast neighborhood. The game fizzled after an hour, but about 30 minutes

later, near noon, they'd taken up football. (The Philadelphia Inquirer,

CHARLES FOX)

2. At the end of a chase, 11-year-old Shannon Yorke dumps water on her

brother, Adam. For the boys and girls of Meridian Street, kiddie pools and

air-conditioned libraries offer a bit of cool amid their play. (The

Philadelphia Inquirer, CHARLES FOX)

3. After blasting a home run, Russ Magyar jumps in celebration. But, as a

concession to the heat, he had walked the bases. (The Philadelphia Inquirer

, CHARLES FOX)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***RISING from RUINS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HR1-4S80-TWX3-K2DH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

December 4, 2005 Sunday

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 2020 words

**Byline:** Larry Eichel, Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

At 46th and Fairmount, in the downtrodden Mill Creek section of West Philadelphia, you can stand and watch the urban landscape being transformed.

Amid the abandoned buildings and the trash-strewn lots, an ever-expanding swath of inner-city suburbia is rising from the rubble.

Here are 120 freshly built townhouses and twins, with all-new streets, big backyards, rear driveways, and wrought-iron fences.

What's most remarkable about this improbable community is that all of it is public housing - just like the three grim, crime-ridden, 17-story high-rises that once stood on the site, deadening and stigmatizing an entire neighborhood.

And this sort of change is happening not only in Mill Creek.

Throughout the city, over the last 10 years, the Philadelphia Housing Authority (PHA) has demolished old projects and built new communities, with an impact that can be felt citywide.

"It's one of the major factors in the revitalization of the city's real estate market," said Jeremy Nowak, chief executive officer of the Reinvestment Fund, a nonprofit group that finances projects in low-income areas. "These places were liabilities before. They aren't now."

Spacious and open, the new developments are fully integrated into the city's street grid; their predecessors were separate and threatening worlds of dimly lit dead-end streets and litter-strewn courtyards.

In the immediate surroundings, crime is down, property values are up, and cautious optimism is rampant.

"Things are a whole lot better," said Sabrina Williams, 25, who grew up in the old Richard Allen Homes in North Philadelphia and now lives in the new version. "You got so used to hearing gunshots."

Experts say that this transformation qualifies as one of the most significant and least-noted changes in the city's overall look and feel.

"For a while, a lot of people didn't understand what I was doing," said Carl R. Greene, PHA's executive director, who, in nearly eight years at the helm, has made the quasi-independent agency into perhaps the city's leading force for neighborhood revitalization.

"We're not just building houses to be building houses. We're creating economic impact."

To what degree this approach is helping the city's most needy is another question.

The new low-density developments, which are expensive to build, have significantly cut the number of PHA-run units - at a time when the number of poor people in Philadelphia has risen dramatically and the waiting list for public housing has swelled to nearly 46,000 families.

Since 1996, PHA has put $1.2 billion - most of it from the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development and very little from city coffers - into the refurbishing, demolition, reconception and reconstruction of what had been some of its most notorious projects.

Tasker Homes, a rundown collection of boxes along the Schuylkill Expressway, is gone, replaced by Greater Grays Ferry Estates.

The Mill Creek Apartments, the towers that once stood at 46th and Fairmount, have given way to the Lucien E. Blackwell Homes. Southwark Plaza is now the Courtyard Apartments at Riverview.

Removing the old and building the new has caused property values to rise faster in those areas than in the city as a whole, according to a report done for PHA by Applied Real Estate Analysis of Chicago.

In the blocks surrounding the Martin Luther King Plaza development, just south of Center City, the average sale price of homes rose 161 percent from 1999 to 2004, almost three times the citywide increase.

What PHA has done is hardly the sole factor fueling the growth in property values and tax revenues. In some cases, the authority targeted neighborhoods that were well-situated for revival.

Residents appreciate all that has changed.

"It is so quiet," said Helen Gates, 68, who lives in a two-story, three-bedroom unit at Falls Ridge, the new PHA development in East Falls, along with her daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter. "The only thing you might hear is the sound of children playing, and you don't mind that at all."

Houses come equipped with dishwashers, garbage disposals, off-street parking, and central air-conditioning.

Eligibility rules have been changed in an attempt to create a more positive social environment. The aim is to keep out people with criminal records and drug histories while creating a larger complement of ***working-class*** families.

In some locations, homes are available for purchase at subsidized prices by families making as much as $55,000 a year, and demand has been strong.

"The implications are clear," said Mayor Street, who serves as PHA chairman. "Families are no longer running from public housing but are willing to live near PHA sites."

Over the last decade, other cities have made similar changes, taking advantage of a Clinton-era federal program known as HOPE VI, with HOPE standing for Housing Opportunities for People Everywhere.

Indeed, Philadelphia was something of a latecomer in terms of knocking down old projects and trying to replace them with something better.

But along with Chicago, Atlanta and Washington, the city has been among the most successful in securing multimillion-dollar grants from the program.

Other cities in the region, notably Camden and Chester, also have received HOPE VI money. In Camden, the housing authority used some of it to demolish an old-style project, Westfield Acres, and to replace it with a widely praised, suburban-style, mixed-income community known as Baldwin's Run.

PHA has been creative in finding other financing sources - such as private capital raised through the state-run, federally funded Low Income Housing Tax Credit program - to keep the transformation going.

While the new housing is universally considered a vast improvement over the old, the change is not without its critics. They say, among other things, that the new housing costs too much to build, that it looks too suburban, and that not enough of it is available to the people who need it most.

Construction of the new units runs about $250,000 apiece, according to PHA data.

"Can this approach possibly be cost-effective at $250,000 per copy?" asked Howard Husock, an expert on housing and social policy at Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government. "Not if the question is what's the best way to help the poor advance."

A study done for the Reinvestment Fund in 2002 found that the cost of government-subsidized residential construction ran about 23 percent higher than private work.

PHA officials say the average cost of the units themselves is roughly $190,000; the $250,000 figure includes the cost of new streets, underground utility lines, and community centers.

Greene calls the cost question a "valid concern" but urges a broader perspective.

"We're serving the poor, undoing the mistakes of the past, creating new assets, increasing property values," he said. "We think that when you look at all those benefits, you could have never gotten a private developer to do those projects and serve those public purposes."

As for the architecture, residents love the suburban feel of the new developments. But some planners say that the layouts seem out of place in rowhouse neighborhoods.

"In my mind, it's just inappropriate for its context," said Tim McDonald, a Kensington-based architect. "Good architecture and good urban planning begin with appropriateness."

Michael Johns, PHA's assistant general manager, says the suburban look at some sites is intentional and points to one phase of the Richard Allen Homes as an example.

"To get anyone to come to North Philadelphia, it better look like something done by Toll Bros.," he said. "It had to be dramatic if we were going to change people's notions about public housing. We were making a statement."

Advocates for the poor worry about the overall supply of affordable housing in Philadelphia. The old, demolished projects had twice as many units as the new ones.

To some degree, such reductions in numbers were inevitable; the density of the old projects helped make them unlivable. But at a time when demand for affordable housing is rising and PHA waiting lists are swelling, having fewer units is a problem for the city.

And there's the question of who gets to live there.

While 64 percent of PHA renters citywide have incomes of less than $10,000, two-thirds of units at some of the new sites are reserved for families making $20,640 to $34,400 (which is 30 to 50 percent of the area's median income for a family of four). Other rule changes also have opened the doors to those who, while far from rich, are not quite poor.

"This raises the broader issue: Who should public housing's customers be?" said John Kromer, a former city housing director. "In the late 1980s and early 1990s, the neediest and the homeless were the priority. Now, it's decent families."

This isn't the first time the nature of public housing in America has changed.

Long considered a policy disaster, the program was created during the Great Depression, with Philadelphia's first projects, including Richard Allen, opening in 1941.

The original concept was that the housing would provide temporary shelter for working people who had fallen on hard times. But it didn't work out that way.

By the early 1970s, many families had become permanent residents, and public housing was known for dehumanizing architecture, slipshod maintenance and racial segregation. Historian John Bauman called Philadelphia's projects "publicly owned slums."

In 1975 alone, the twin towers of Schuylkill Falls hosted three murders, four rapes, and 159 robberies or assaults. The high-rises were abandoned a year later.

"I'd go to work at Schuylkill Falls with a .38-caliber revolver in my belt and a big stick in my hand," recalled Joseph Petrone, a former PHA maintenance supervisor. "The stick was for the German shepherds people kept tied to their doorknobs. The halls were covered with trash because the dogs would tear up the trash bags. We'd find bodies in the elevator shafts; the kids would play there, get stuck, and fall or get crushed."

Conditions continued to deteriorate into the 1990s. No new projects were built. PHA developed a reputation as a dysfunctional agency - so much so that HUD took it over for a year.

Then along came HOPE VI. Enacted in 1992, the federal program for demolishing the old projects took off in the mid-1990s after it was reshaped by President Clinton's HUD secretary, Henry G. Cisneros. New regulations called for fewer units and more of an income mix.

"The vision was that concentrated poverty was damaging not just to the people living there but to the entire city," said Bruce Katz, who was Cisneros' chief of staff at the time. "This was a dramatic revolution in social policy."

Raymond Rosen in North Philadelphia was the first local project to be demolished, falling in 1995. Mill Creek was the most recent, coming down in 2002.

"In the old developments," Greene said, "people were forced to live like the castoffs of society because they were treated like castoffs. Today, they're treated like upstanding, contributing members of society."

PHA still has plenty of work to do.

The new Martin Luther King Plaza is only about half-complete six years after the old towers were demolished. Construction in East Falls has moved at a similar pace.

Asked for an explanation, Greene noted that in both of those cases PHA initially handed over responsibility for construction to a for-profit company, Pennrose Properties, and a nonprofit, Universal Community Homes. In 2004, PHA took over greater control of Martin Luther King, and it hopes to do the same in East Falls.

Over the next six years, plans call for building an additional 1,560 units, one-fourth of them to be sold to low- and moderate-income families, at eight locations.

With diminished federal funding, it's an ambitious plan.

And if reducing concentrations of poverty is the goal, Philadelphia still has miles to go.

A report earlier this year by the Brookings Institution found that 28 percent of Philadelphia's poor live in neighborhoods of extreme poverty, seventh-highest among the nation's 50 largest cities.

Contact staff writer Larry Eichel at 215-854-2415 or [*leichel@phillynews.com*](mailto:leichel@phillynews.com).

**Load-Date:** December 4, 2005

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[***'I'M A BALLAD MAN';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WTW-CFY0-0094-516G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ROBERT CRAY CAPTURES THE SOUND OF MEMPHIS SOUL ON HIS LATEST ALBUM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WTW-CFY0-0094-516G-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

June 24, 1999, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; THE BUZZ

**Length:** 1380 words

**Byline:** ED MASLEY, POST-GAZETTE POP MUSIC CRITIC; MARY THOMAS, POST-GAZETTE ARTS WRITER; FROM WIRE REPORTS

**Body**

Robert Cray had no intention of making a record as soulful as "Take Your Shoes Off."< He could feel it headed down that road, though, the day he began the recording by cutting a song by Al Green's legendary writing partner, Willie Mitchell. It wasn't the song itself so much as the drum sound producer Steve Jordan was able to get - "that Willie Mitchell-Al Green kind of sound," as Cray recalls.

The opening cut of the Cray Band's Rykodisc debut, "Love Gone to Waste" is vintage Memphis soul with horns arranged by the writer himself.

"We recorded his song and sent our copy to him," says Cray. "And he was floored by it, so he said that he would write a horn arrangement for it. And then, he called and said he wanted to come to Nashville to organize the horns in the studio. So he did, which was great - the first time ever getting the chance to meet Willie Mitchell."

His own attempts at capturing the sound of Memphis soul as a writer are no less impassioned, finding Cray the vocalist at his strongest on ballads like "That Wasn't Me."

With a laugh, he admits he's always gone for ballads over rockers.

"I'm a ballad man," he says. "That's always been a soft spot for me. That's why a lot of my favorite R&B singers are people like O.V. Wright, Otis Redding, Bobby Bland… Those are the songs where the guys really pour out their emotion."

Now that he's finished the record, he's out on the road with his band and the Memphis Horns, taking the sound to the people the way he's done for 25 traveling years as a bandleader.

And this time he's actually got a label supporting him.

Not like Mercury.

At Rykodisc, he says, "They work the record. On the big label, Mercury, we'd put out a record and it would just be there. And, you know, you really can't treat music like it's the flavor of the month. I think a lot of bands get hurt like that, with major record labels snapping up what's hot at the moment and then when it's not, if you're still under contract with them, you just get left there until your contract runs out. You still make records, but nobody pays attention to you anymore. So when our opportunity came to get out from under our contract, we took it, even though we were offered another one. We decided to go with somebody who would work with us."

It's important, he says, when you're out on the road.

"You want your record to be out there," he says. "You want a little bit of advertisement. We've gone into situations where people didn't know we had released the last two or three records."

So now that you know he's got a record out, you can see him perform it free at 8 p.m. tomorrow, with the Cray Band and the Memphis Horns, at South Park.

Ed Masley, Post-Gazette Pop Music Critic CHILD LABOR

"Let Children Be Children: Lewis Wickes Hine's Crusade Against Child Labor," a gritty exhibition of 55 black and white photographs taken by the famed American sociologist and photographer early in the century, is at the Silver Eye Center for Photography, South Side, through July 2.

Hine, who also documented immigrants and ***working-class*** people, was hired by the National Child Labor Committee in 1906 to take photographs of children in harsh working conditions to use to influence government and public sentiment against child labor practices. He captured a world where tuberculosis, crippling diseases and loss of limbs were facts of life until legislation against child labor was passed in 1938.

The photographs are from a collection of 10,000 of his prints and negatives at the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York. Mary Thomas, Post-Gazette Arts Writer

SHE HAS IT TOUGH

What do you call a person who is able to ignore all that is happening around her and just see what she wants to see? No, not delusional. You call her Nicole Kidman.

The actress was actually unprepared for the attention becoming Mrs. Tom Cruise would bring.

"I didn't realize the extent of his fame," Kidman, who married the actor in 1990 after co-starring with him in "Days of Thunder," tells Rolling Stone.

"I fell in love with the man. Tom would pick me up in his car and we'd go driving, listen to music and talk. It could have been the guy next-door. When I looked at this whole world around him, I thought, ' I can cope with this.' Then, a year later, I thought, ' Oh, this is tough.' I gave up my country [Australia], moved to another, couldn't see my friends because we were always traveling. I gave up a lot of what I was to be with him because I wanted to be with him."

So much sacrifice. And so little in return.

OLD MAN AND THE FEE

Scribner editors can't like what Lorian Hemingway has to say about their decision to publish her grandfather Ernest's fictional memoir, "True At First Light," next month.

In the July issue of GQ, Lorian writes that Hemingway's three sons - Jack, Patrick and her dad, Gregory - "are delighted to roll out a magic carpet of a manuscript every decade or so just to remain on the high end of solvency."

She accuses the publisher and the heirs of being "simply in the business of peddling Hemingway as if he were a QVC home-shopping-network item." They are "somehow confusing legacy with the benefits of early retirement." LEAVING BOSTON

Seiji Ozawa, the Boston Symphony Orchestra's longtime conductor and music director, will resign in 2002 to pursue a new love: operatic music.

Ozawa, 63, who has wielded the baton at the Boston Symphony since 1973, plans to become music director of the Vienna State Opera in Austria. The conductor is in Vienna touring with the Vienna Philharmonic, the opera's orchestra.

Ozawa has been the longest-running music director in the orchestra's 117-year history.

In a letter distributed to his colleagues, Ozawa cited a desire to perform more operatic selections as a deciding factor in accepting the job in Vienna, the Boston Herald reported.

"I would never leave the Boston Symphony for another orchestra. However, in my own growth as a musician, I increasingly have come to love the operatic repertoire."

The Vienna State Opera has been without a music director since Claudio Abbado left after succeeding Herbert von Karajan at the Berlin Philharmonic in 1989. , The feud between singers .

Last year, the performers shared what was then the Talk of the T.O.W.N. Theatre in Springfield, Mo., until Newton, whose company leased the building, allegedly locked Orlando out, saying Orlando owed him more than $ 2 million.

In April, Orlando sued Newton, claiming the lockout cost him $ 125,000 from 11 canceled shows, and millions more in projected earnings over the next two seasons.

Newton countersued on Monday, seeking more than $ 20 million in damages. His suit disputes Orlando's account, and accuses him of spreading false claims.

The countersuit also accuses Orlando of providing false information that led to their professional relationship, including claims of how many people he could draw to the theater.

Before the breakup, the two had been friends more than 30 years. But not good friends. PERISH THE THOUGHT

Jan-Michael Vincent says he never shot heroin between his toes. "Who wants to do some drug that makes you vomit?" the down-at-the-heels former "Airwolf" star tells Icon magazine. "Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, but not vomiting."

Now we're clear.

Vincent, who admits to being a recovering alcoholic, also denies panhandling in Long Beach, though he describes his present financial situation as "snake-bit, gut-shot, draggin' nine sucking puppies up a hill." "Curiosity killed the cat," he says. "I'm the cat."

If reading this item doesn't sober up Robert Downey Jr., nothing will.

COURTING

A flight attendant whose affair with Frank Gifford exploded into tabloid fireworks is suing the weekly Globe for $ 10 million.

Suzen Johnson, 48, said the Globe choreographed the scandal to boost profits and pressured her into seducing Gifford. Her suit alleges false imprisonment, negligence and slander. Gifford is married to talk show host Kathie Lee Gifford.

"All of the documentary evidence that has been introduced in all the other litigation has proven that she is a pathological liar," Globe spokesman Michael Kahane said. "I'm sure after I review this complaint we will again prove that she's a pathological liar."

When a woman who seduces a married man is pitted against a supermarket tabloid, how can you pick sides?

- From wire reports

**Graphic**

PHOTO(3), Photo: Robert Cray and his band will entertain at South Park tomorrow; night.; Photo: "Child Picking Long Island Potatoes" is part of the Lewis Wickes Hine's; photo exhibit at the Silver Eye, South Side.; Photo: Nicole Kidman: "I gave up a lot of what I was to be with [Tom; Cruise]."

**Load-Date:** June 29, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Going downhill fast and sober***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HNY-TG50-010F-K4X6-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 29, 2005, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2005 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** SPORTS;; Cover story

**Length:** 1811 words

**Byline:** Sal Ruibal

**Dateline:** SOUTH LAKE TAHOE, Calif.

**Body**

SOUTH LAKE TAHOE, Calif. -- Shaun Palmer lives for the hole shot, that starting-gun explosion of muscle and bone that shoots him to the front of the pack no matter the sport he's playing.

Winning at the highest levels of snowboarding, mountain biking and motocross blasted the angry, punked-out, tattooed bad boy out of the gritty trailer parks on the wrong side of this resort town. By 1998, his ability to take and hold the lead in any type of race made him a millionaire, a video game star and the nation's first action sports hero. A USA TODAY cover story asked, "Is this man the world's greatest athlete?"

"Palmer blurred the boundaries," says Pat McIlvain, global sports marketing director for Oakley Inc. "To do three completely different sports in his own style and intensity was unheard of."

Fast-forward to May30, 2005: Palmer was still flying high, but this time he was being airlifted by helicopter to a Reno hospital, near death after a Memorial Day overdose of alcohol, cocaine and prescription painkillers. In a rage because a deal to ride on a professional motocross team fell through, the multisport world champion drank and drugged himself into a near-fatal coma.

The decline and fall of Shaun Palmer were not sudden. The king of gravity sports began losing control three years earlier and spent the last year in what he says was an "extended bender."

Today he's clean and sober and still looking for the hole shot. This time he's aiming for a gold medal in the 2006 Winter Games in the new Olympic sport of snowboardcross, an event he practically invented and dominated in the X Games from 1997 to 2000.

"When I woke up in the hospital, I knew that I had to do something to turn myself around," says Palmer, 37. "I've always aimed high, and the Olympics is the biggest and highest thing in sports."

Because he hasn't competed in the sport in several years, it also might be his toughest challenge. Palmer will begin his comeback in the Dec.8 World Cup in Whistler, British Columbia, and plans to compete in every World Cup event and the Jan.28-31 Winter X Games in Aspen, Colo.

To ensure a place on the team, he'll have to earn a top-four placing in a World Cup event and be the top U.S. points winner on the World Cup circuit. He could slip in with lesser results, but the U.S. Ski and Snowboarding Association could bump him out of the Olympics for an athlete in another snowboard discipline if officials thought they had a better medal prospect.

Hitting bottom

His hometown on the California-Nevada border is thick with bars, "bottle stores" and casinos. For the army of ***working-class*** folk who clean up after the high rollers and resort skiers, life is less than luxurious.

Palmer grew up in and still lives near the trailer parks of "South Lake," as the locals call their side of town, but his stylish, small home on a wooded 1-acre lot is surrounded by a tall security fence and a spike-topped electric gate.

Vinny, a muscular pit bull who is fond of chewing on football-size pine cones, patrols the yard that contains two of the dozen vintage Cadillacs that Palmer owns and worships.

His one-bedroom home has heated granite floors and no interior doors. ("They just get in the way," he says.)

Girlfriend Nicole Cerasoli has softened the stone motif by tossing a thick animal skin rug over the large P logo embedded in the living room floor.

The room is dominated by a huge black-and-white photograph of punk rocker Sid Vicious and girlfriend Nancy Spungen. The Sex Pistols bassist fatally stabbed Spungen on Oct.12, 1978, and four months later died from a drug overdose.

If Palmer -- a former lead singer in a punk band -- recognizes the irony, it doesn't show. "The last year was one big bender," he says, eyes widening. "All I did was watch punk rock videos and (the Billy Bob Thornton film) Bad Santa."

He is initially reluctant to talk about the night he almost died, but the details seep out.

"I got really f----- on this deal with a pro moto team," he says. "And when it all fell apart, I started drinking hard. I was on a deep bender. In the hospital they told me I took coke and pills, but I don't remember any of that."

To make matters worse, his Los Angeles home was burglarized while he was recovering, and a thief made off with more than $60,000 of Palmer's possessions.

"The weird thing was, they left my X Games medals," he says. "That was rock bottom for me. I had to pick myself up."

Later, at one of the three coffee shops he'll frequent that day, Palmer says he's getting through all of this without entering a drug treatment program.

"I'm strong enough to do it on my own," he says. "And with her."

Cerasoli and Palmer grew up in South Lake and had mutual friends but didn't meet until last year. Unlike Spungen, who fueled her punk boyfriend's addictions, the 25-year-old wispy brunette works hard at keeping Palmer on the straight edge.

"I try to be a calming influence," Cerasoli says. "That's not always easy."

Growing up tough

Abandoned by his father as a child and estranged from his troubled mother, young Palmer was taken in by his maternal grandmother, Perky Neely.

"She taught me not to take crap off anybody," he said in the 1998 cover story.

Palmer ran with the neighborhood toughs and soon earned a reputation for having fast fists and a hard head. To this day, he scans local restaurants and other public places before he sits down, looking for past opponents who might seek a belated revenge.

Known in those days as "Mini-Shred," Palmer also began drinking and smoking marijuana. "That's what life was like there," he says. "No big deal. You party with your friends, and you take care of your friends."

When Grandma Perky died in 1992, his anger could not be quenched. Emulating his idol Sid Vicious, he became the frontman with a local punk band called Fungus and haunted the backstreets and seedy clubs of Los Angeles.

"You can't be sober and play for a bunch of drunks," he recalled in 1998. "You gotta get wasted, and I was the lead idiot."

Because of his tremendous natural athletic abilities, Palmer could party every night and rock the slopes the next day.

In 1985 he entered his first junior snowboard race: the World Championships in nearby Soda Springs. At 17 he swept the gold medals in halfpipe, slalom and downhill.

He later took on the emerging sport of boardercross (in the Olympics it's known as snowboardcross), a six-man downhill melee on snowboards that is closer to roller derby than to staid Alpine skiing. Aggressive and arrogant, Palmer again dominated.

In 1996 he founded Palmer Snowboards, a company that remains one of the most successful brands in the sport.

Later that year, his restless nature and always-simmering anger pushed Palmer into new directions and sports.

He took up downhill mountain bike racing, spending $60,000 of his money to finance his obsession. In his first season, he won the world championship in the dual slalom event and missed winning the overall downhill world championship by 15-hundredths of a second.

"I don't count silver medals," he said, sneering. "Only gold."

He quickly snagged a three-year, $900,000 contract with the Mountain Dew/Specialized Bicycles pro team and had a custom rock-star touring bus at his disposal. In a magazine ad touting Fox Racing gear, Palmer was photographed in front of one of his Caddies wearing dirty jeans, his tattoos and a snarl. The prophetic headline: "Just wait 'til I'm clipped in and sober."

But by the 1998 season he had lost interest in pedaling bikes and was moving on to the ne plus ultra of action sports: motocross.

He quickly qualified for the final of a national motocross event but never would dominate that sport despite making it his primary athletic focus after 2002.

His failure to succeed in motocross as Palmer had in mountain biking, the X Games (six gold medals), snowboarding (five world championships) and business (Palmer Snowboards and the multimillion-dollar-selling Shaun Palmer's Pro Snowboarder video game) gnawed at his insides for years.

Starting over

Rebuilding his professional career might take longer than regaining the hole-shot power in his legs.

Other than his eponymous snowboard company, he has no sponsors. For now he's paying for his comeback, but he recently signed with the Octagon sports management agency.

Palmer was wise enough not to squander his assets; he owns some of the best real estate in the area. But the rejection of longtime sponsors still stings.

"He has a distorted perspective about how it should be," says Bob Klein, Palmer's longtime agent and adviser.

"Because he was the top guy in snowboarding, he thinks sponsors should still give him top dollar. But none of his sponsors have believed in him as much as he believes in himself; they're not sure if he's really going to go out there and do something good or bad. He hasn't been competing, so they don't know what to expect."

Ron Semiao, one of the founders of the ESPN X Games and now senior vice president of ESPN Original Entertainment, says the action sports world will welcome Palmer's return.

"Shaun Palmer has been a snowboarding pioneer, a hero and an anti-hero to many," Semiao says. "His gold medal-winning performances in the Winter X Games are legendary due to the dominant way in which he won. We're thrilled the (boardercross) discipline has been added to the Winter Olympics, and we are rooting for The Palm to be on the U.S. team."

There hasn't been enough snow for snowboard training at the Nevada ski resorts, so Palmer has been thrashing himself on the mountain bike trails and honing his explosive sprints by powering a road bike up the steep roads that wind around Lake Tahoe. He finally got on his board Oct.15 for practice at California's Mammoth Mountain.

Snowboarder Seth Wescott, a leading contender for one of three possible spots on the Olympic squad, says Palmer's lack of recent competition could be the decisive factor in his comeback attempt.

"He hasn't been in a boardercross final since 2000," Wescott says. "The level of athleticism has progressed considerably. And at 37, who knows how age has affected him? He's still as competitive as ever, but because the action sports are so new, no benchmark has been set to show how old is too old."

Palmer also has other interests these days. Winning the Olympics is his main goal, but someday becoming a father is also something he thinks about.

"What kind of dad would I be?" he muses. "I would be there to talk to my kid about things, to show them how to do stuff and be there when they needed me. I never had any of that.

"But for now I'm devoted to winning an Olympic gold medal. A lot of people don't want me to succeed, but all that does is motivate me to kick their butts and show them I am still the world's greatest athlete. Clipped in and sober."

\*See more photos of Palmer in action and hear Wescott talk about the mental challenges of the sport at olympics.usatoday.com

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, Color, Jack Gruber, USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, Jack Gruber, USA TODAY; PHOTOS, B/W, Jack Gruber, USA TODAY (3)

**Load-Date:** November 29, 2005

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[***BON JOVI: ON THE ROAD AGAIN HE'S GOT A NEW ALBUM, "THESE DAYS," AND A TOUR THAT / COMES TO CAMDEN THIS WEEK. HE'S NEVER BEEN THE CRITIC'S PICK, HE SAYS, BUT "I DON'T LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER IT."***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C370-01K4-9099-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JULY 23, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. K01

**Length:** 1228 words

**Byline:** Dan DeLuca, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

"We've always been here," says Jon Bon Jovi. "And we'll always be here."

It sure seems that way. It's been 11 years since the former John Bongiovi of Sayreville, N.J. - a onetime floor sweeper at his cousin's New York recording studio - burst out with "Runaway," the escapist anthem that provided his namesake band the paradigm for a career's worth of arena-size, irony-free hits.

More than a decade on, Bon Jovi hits the road once again this summer in support of a new album, These Days (Mercury), that mixes grown-up consternation with chest-pounding music for the masses. It makes one wonder where Bon Jovi's pop-metal peers have gone. In this era of alterna-rock and hip-hop, where are big-haired, '80s bands like Motley Crue, Whitesnake and Cinderella, which once vied with Bon Jovi's Slippery When Wet (1986) and New Jersey (1988) for those suburban teen dollars?

They're not selling 12 million copies of a greatest-hits CD worldwide, as Bon Jovi did with last fall's Cross Road, that's for sure. They're not selling out three shows at London's 70,000-capacity Wembley Stadium, with Van Halen as the opening act. And they're not packing 'em in amphitheaters around the United States all summer long, as Bon Jovi will be doing on a tour that includes a show Tuesday at the Waterfront Entertainment Centre in Camden.

"It's about persistence," says Bon Jovi, now 33, calling from his cellular phone this last week as he cruises around Rumson, N.J., in a used Jeep that he bought from drummer Tico Torres. He's just back from the first leg of a tour that began last month in Bombay.

"We've always gone places that nobody else has gone," says the man who sang "I've seen a million places, and I've rocked them all." His 60 million records sold far outstrip the totals racked up by his Rumson neighbor, Bruce Springsteen.

Good looks and good hooks have always worked for Bon Jovi. The son of a hairdresser father and onetime Playboy bunny mother has done well by his easy, videogenic grin and tumbling, highlighted mane - trimmed to above-the-shoulder length since 1992's Keep the Faith.

But arena rock acts do not persist on sex appeal alone, and though the just-a-pretty-face comments used to sting Bon Jovi, he's well over it. "Back in the Slippery era, they used to say, 'Wow, look at his hair.' But every guy in the mall in New Jersey looked like that back then. And I obviously wouldn't be here 10 years later if it wasn't for the music."

And, indeed, it's Bon Jovi's way with a rousing anthem that's the key to his longevity. The man has never met a cliche he couldn't turn into a sincere- sounding sing-along.

His completely unself-conscious approach can triumph over triteness: For example, just-try-to-resist-it hookfests such as Slippery's "Livin' on a Prayer," or New Jersey's "Bad Medicine." Sometimes the result is inoffensive radio fodder, such as the over-the-top power ballad "Always," which fueled Cross Road's rise, or much of These Days, which strives mightily (sample title: "Hey God") with adult concerns and ***working-class*** frustrations.

And sometimes the overkill is cringe-inducing, as with "My Guitar Lies Bleeding in My Arms," inspired by a bout of writer's block. It would have been better off left unwritten.

But while he's never been a critic's favorite, "I don't lose any sleep over it," Bon Jovi says.

"All I've ever done is sat down to write music that I liked, and then other people liked it, too. Most critics' darlings are guys who play bars all of their lives. There are guys that I've loved through the years, like Elvis Costello or Graham Parker. But how many records has Elvis ever sold? . . .

"I've had No. 1 records and I've had No. 1 singles, more than any of my heroes. But so what? That's never what it's been about. It's about going out and kicking people's asses every night."

Although Bon Jovi has never seen his music take a serious downturn in popularity, his group went on hiatus after New Jersey, and while Bon Jovi was recording his 1989 Young Guns II soundtrack solo album, guitarist Richie Sambora recorded his Stranger in This Town solo album. They reunited for Keep the Faith in 1992.

"There was a real sense of accomplishment and unity with this record that we didn't have with Keep the Faith," he says. "Then, we were still living off the burn out of the late '80s, and we wondered if it was going to be worth doing anymore. But when we not only survived but triumphed in the age of grunge, there was a nice feeling, and that's still with us."

Bon Jovi lives in Rumson with his wife of six years, Dorothea Hurley, a New Jersey state karate champion. They went on their first date to the Fast Lane in Asbury Park, N.J., to see Sam & Dave when they were students at Sayreville High School. They're the parents of Stephanie Rose, who's 2, and Jesse James, 8 months. "It's really incredibly rewarding," Bon Jovi says.

Bon Jovi's bandmates all still live in the Garden State. Like Bon Jovi, keyboard player David Bryan married his high school sweetheart, and songwriting partner Sambora was recently hitched to Melrose Place star Heather Locklear.

And drummer Tico Torres is engaged to Wonderbra model Eva Herzigova. "Not bad, eh," says the proud bandleader. "Those guys did all right for themselves."

On Sept. 29, Bon Jovi is scheduled to make his big-screen debut in Moonlight and Valentino, scripted by Neil Simon's daughter, Ellen. He spent five weeks filming the movie last year. The rocker plays opposite Elizabeth Perkins, Kathleen Turner, Gwyneth Paltrow and Whoopi Goldberg. He's a housepainter who has a big effect on all four of the women. He already has another film shoot scheduled for January, but says he took the role in Moonlight only after studying acting for a number of years.

"It's a way of being artistic and being able to walk away from it when it's over," he says. "If they're all this much fun, I'll do some more."

Bon Jovi is excited about bringing his tour to Camden, because a fellow New Jerseyan, Southside Johnny Lyon, along with his Asbury Jukes, is opening. Back in 1990, Bon Jovi the singer took time off from Bon Jovi the band, and fulfilled a dream by playing rhythm guitar with the Jukes on an East Coast tour.

"That was amazing," he says. "Just being a Juke. Just gigging and being back in the bars again. It was the best.

"I love Johnny. He's The Truth. He's the epitome of what rock and roll is all about. He's goes out there when he's feeling good and when he's feeling bad. He's just all about honesty and integrity. I started hanging around bars like the Fast Lane and the Stone Pony in Asbury when I was quite young, and Johnny's been a big, big influence on me, personally and professionally."

And though Bon Jovi has achieved a far greater level of success than heroes like Lyon, he tries to maintain that same level of honesty.

"You've got to revert back to what you know," he says. "I tried to never change my life or get that elevated from the real world. I drive myself around, and go to the supermarket, have a beer with my friends, change my kid's diaper. There's a great misconception that if you're in a rock band that you have 10 bodyguards walking around all the time and people blow your nose for you. That doesn't happen."

IF YOU GO

Time: 7:30 p.m.

Price: $21.50 for lawn seating. Amphitheater sold out.

Place: Waterfront Entertainment Centre, 1 Harbour Blvd., Camden.

Tickets: 800-833-0080.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Keyboardist David Bryan (left), guitarist Richie Sambora, band leader Jon

Bon Jovi, drummer Tico Torres. Why is Bon Jovi still touring with his

namesake group when pop-metal peers have faded? "Persistence," he says.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Motor City Malaise***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4VFT-NBJ0-TWX3-K1KG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 25, 2009 Sunday

CITY-D Edition

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**Section:** BUSINESS; P-com Biz; Pg. D01

**Length:** 2119 words

**Byline:** By Maria Panaritis

Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

DETROIT - It was a 5-degree day in Motor City and Ronald Cook Jr. was a long way from the Maseratis on display at the international auto show downtown. A long way from his on-again, off-again life as an auto-industry welder. A long way from the prospect of an ordinary life in an extraordinary city on the rocks.

Bundled in a black parka with a fur-trimmed hood and a black-knit cap, Cook, 42, unemployed and out of sorts, had been pumping gas for a quarter here, a quarter there. After beckoning at a corner Valero station for bits of bus fare and a bite of next-day cash, his muscular hands had nearly frozen stiff from the blistering wind.

"Did you say your name was Ronald Cook?"

"Ronald Cook *Junior*," he proclaimed, before hopping into the passenger seat of a rented Chrysler to show an out-of-town reporter the way around his city of idled automotive plants, boarded-up houses, liquor-lotto stores and busted Big Three egos being stitched together with taxpayer dollars.

"Ronald Cook *Senior*," he said with a starchy pride bordering on hero worship, "is my father. He's a retired autoworker."

A short time earlier and a few miles away in this snow-covered city, John Adamo tended to the frozen-in-time flower shop his Italian immigrant father opened in 1946. The family continues to peddle petals here, even though the shop stands oddly alone on a stretch of now-vacant old buildings near a Chrysler factory.

Back in the day, Detroit was a magnet for the ***working class***, the envy of the manufacturing world, a place where a migrant from a Southern state or a far-off island like Sicily (Adamo's father) could build a better life. Today, most dreamers have gone elsewhere, and the once-invincible U.S. automakers that built this town - General Motors Corp., Ford Motor Co., and Chrysler L.L.C. - are begging for federal handouts after failing to change with the times.

"This was the neighborhood that built America," Adamo, 52, said with a sweeping smile before taking a seat in the cavernous shop that is now too big for the business that remains.

The shop on Conner Avenue fronts a broad boulevard intersected by residential blocks once brimming with working families in their own detached homes. Now, there are as many as 10 boarded-up houses on a single block around the corner.

"I get thanked at least once a week from customers who come into the store, thanking us for still being here," he said.

"Because everybody else," he said, "has left the city."

Cook and Adamo are very different men. But they share a similar story line. Like the automakers, like their city, like the millions losing their jobs in this national recession, they are victims and survivors of life. Of economic whims. Of the winds of change.

They offer different and sometimes harsh prescriptions for how to get their beloved city and adored automakers out of this mess that has been decades in the making. It's the same advice they follow themselves, sometimes with success and sometimes without it.

They wonder if anything will truly turn around in their lifetimes. But they agree that any prospect for recovery rests on this universal tenet: Change is inevitable. It is sometimes your friend, sometimes your enemy. And it has a mind of its own.

And how you deal with it makes all the difference in the world.

"I was born over this way - two streets over," Cook said as the car began to roll toward Hamtramck, a town unto itself in the center of Detroit. A Port Richmond-like enclave once home to Polish immigrants and sprawling factories, one of its remaining jewels is a massive, gleaming GM Cadillac plant that has been idled by a production pullback.

"This place used to be plush. I mean, businesses everywhere," he said, his voice crackling with laryngitis as the rental car coasted down Joseph Campeau Avenue. "But, you know, over time, businesses, they just leave."

Up and down Campeau there are empty buildings with faded signs that once tantalized workers who churned out most of the world's cars.

"That was a big furniture store. *Real* big," said Cook, rolling by yet another shell of a building, his voice rising with enthusiasm.

Cook got his start in the 1980s, spray-painting cars at a famous Detroit auto dealership in another part of town. He was a high school graduate who was raised to believe there would always be a future for a working man in Detroit.

That dealership, Porterfield-Wilson Pontiac, was among the nation's 10 largest black-owned enterprises until it shut down in the early 1990s. The Honda dealership that had been owned by Porterfield's wife? That's still in business just over the city line, with different owners.

For miles on end in Detroit, there are scant traces of the thriving economy that once made this a metropolis of nearly two million people by the 1950s. Instead, boarded-up, detached homes on tree-lined streets are the norm in a city that has shrunk to 875,000 people.

The urban grid is a carcass, having hemorrhaged half its population since the 1960s, as suburbanization siphoned out the upwardly mobile, race riots hastened their exodus and foreign competition ate away at the once-omnipotent Detroit auto empire.

"It looks like Hiroshima, like it was a war or something here," Cook said, as though noticing the blight for the first time after a long stupor. "In some of these areas there's so many abandoned houses, it's pathetic."

Cook spent the last 20 years welding in factories around Detroit, juggling $10-an-hour and $15-an-hour nonunion jobs against his sometimes self-destructive desire for a higher-pitched life of composing music (he plays lots of musical instruments and loves to DJ) and hanging with friends.

Today, he is flat broke and demoralized. His last employer let him go a few months ago. Cook hopes to enter the health-care field like his sister, a nurse, but it's been tough getting his head straight these last few months.

Cook was hustling for change a week or so ago at an East Detroit gas station after coming up empty for a job at a welding plant on the west side.

He had made only about $2 in change - enough for a $1.75 bus ride later in the week.

As the car went past a mammoth gear and axle manufacturing complex in Hamtramck, Cook spoke of how his father had worked there for years as a Chevrolet man before retiring with a United Auto Workers pension.

Then, as GM's gleaming headquarters came into focus on the horizon, Cook smiled.

"That's the GM building right there," he said, as though nodding toward a fabled baseball stadium.

"Are you proud of that?"

As quickly as it had puffed him up, the pride vanished.

"Well, I'm frustrated with GM and the way they handled their business," he said, turning reflective. "Not just GM - the whole industry."

Cook then scolded the automakers for not being smart. The same way, you could argue, that Cook got himself into his own mess by not saving money, by not thinking of the long term in a life that has included a few scrapes with the law and the missteps of an unfocused adulthood.

"They're making these doggone cars, these big old cars, or whatnot, instead of using their head and economizing, coming up with something sufficient, where they have to depend on this here gas and whatnot," he said.

"If it was me, I'd do something different so we could run on our own source," he said, echoing the refrain of alternative-fuel advocates. "We don't have to depend on that stuff.

"They've got the brains to do it," Cook said. "Why don't they do it?"

John Adamo and his family should have sold their Conner Avenue flower shop more than 20 years ago if they wanted to get a decent dollar for the building that paved the future for a Sicilian immigrant and his seven children.

But it wasn't until well after Detroit's economy had been gutted that the Adamos grasped the extent to which times had changed in a neighborhood once electric with the hubbub of working families.

Adamo tries not to think too much about lost opportunities. Or the sentimentality that he admits has played into the family's decision to hold on to the store his father, Vincent, a Sicilian immigrant, started after serving in World War II.

"You can't do anything about what's happened," said Adamo, who runs the business with his brothers and his mother, Rosemary.

Fortunately, the Adamos were smart enough back in the 1970s to do what many others in Detroit did: They moved out and diversified.

For a while, they snapped up other flower shops and formed a four-store business across the region. In the late '70s, they opened a Conner Park shop in the swanky suburb of Grosse Pointe. They moved that into an even bigger location in the swanky suburb right next door to Grosse Pointe - St. Clair Shores - eight years ago.

The idea, said Adamo, was to follow Detroit's customers. If they were moving into the suburbs, so should the flower business.

But the family didn't let go of the flagship in the city, even though it serves a neighborhood that has become a shell of its former self.

Today, the suburban store is helping subsidize the faded but beloved flagship on Detroit's east side.

"My father was raised just a couple streets over," Adamo said.

Here on Conner, Adamo learned the ropes as a child. One time, his father's workers locked him into a walk-in refrigerator as a prank.

"It's home," Adamo said. "A lot of people have come through here over the years."

Who can forget the '60s, when this shop on Conner would produce flowers for up to 20 neighborhood weddings a weekend?

Or New Year's Eve, when the workers would be there until almost midnight, "because everybody that went out had a corsage," he said.

"I can remember working here until 2 o'clock in the morning on certain holidays and coming back at 6 o'clock," Adamo said. "I was probably 16 at that time."

But Adamo, who has one son who is a legislative aide in Washington and another who is being groomed to help run the family business, does not bemoan the way times have changed.

He said he believed that people and businesses must move with the flow and readjust to survive. He will hang on to this shop and its tattered old facade until it becomes too expensive to keep open.

Not too long ago, he struck up a conversation with a funeral home director at a business-networking meeting. The pair then met at Adamo's Detroit store, where many refrigerators that once stored flowers are now often empty.

"He said, 'Wow, you have all this cooler space. I could use some of this cooler space,' " Adamo said. "Crazy as it sounds . . . I don't know that it'll ever happen. But it shows you can't not talk about that."

The U.S. auto manufacturers must display the same willingness to try new things, rather than simply clinging to memories of a glorious and well-worn past, he said.

"It is a crisis," he said. "The thing you've got to do is make changes to continue on. And that's everybody, anybody else, the companies - *everybody*."

It's a tough thing, trying to find a new way when old ways have stopped working. The impulse to hold on to broken but familiar patterns can duke it out with the desire to change overnight. Neither extreme seems to be very productive.

But as Cook and Adamo have witnessed here in their beloved Detroit, change comes and goes at its own enduring pace, and so the adjustment to change must be just as sure-footed and relentless.

"We've gotta see," Adamo said. "There are little glimmers of hope out there. They're talking about putting a battery plant here locally. You have a lot of engineering minds and manufacturing minds that are here, and things still have to be made. They don't just come at the snap of a finger.

"We have the people and infrastructure to do it here," he said. "We just need to be competitive with the rest of the world to do that."

Cook said he hoped to turn things around for himself this year and is trying to find strength in the Bible for the way forward.

"I see a lot of things said in the Bible coming true," he said, as the car approached an active Chrysler assembly plant just over the Detroit line in Warren, where the Dodge Ram is produced.

"Times with these industries and whatnot, all the wars and whatnot," he said. "It means for me to tighten up and become more, to get to know God better, and do the things of his will."

An hour later, Cook revisited the topic over a bowl of chicken noodle soup at a Coney's diner back in Detroit. He discussed his aspirations with a trace of fear until, in a flash, there at the booth, he recalled a saying that brings him comfort.

"Like my mama says," he began, raising downcast eyes from the hot-dog-joint table, "don't let your feet be in too much of a hurry to end up nowhere."

Contact staff writer Maria Panaritis at 215-854-2431 or [*mpanaritis@phillynews.com*](mailto:mpanaritis@phillynews.com).

**Load-Date:** January 25, 2009

**End of Document**



[***His Own Music;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45C1-M8P0-00J2-30XS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***After decades as a conductor and a popular classical-radio host, Bill McGlaughlin now spends much of his time composing, including a piece responding to the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45C1-M8P0-00J2-30XS-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** VARIETY / FREETIME; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1531 words

**Byline:** Michael Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

Here's how it usually goes: Composer sits in shabby garret sharpening his pencils and yearning for a grant to help pay the rent, his head filled with venomous envy for the conductor, who is rich and glamorous and always flies first-class. Eventually, composer turns to conducting.

     Bill McGlaughlin is going in the other direction. The one-time assistant conductor of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, McGlaughlin went on to spend 12 years as music director of the Kansas City Symphony, a position he gave up in 1998. He still waves a baton from time to time, and he continues as host of Minnesota Public Radio's "St. Paul Sunday," the most popular classical show on radio, according to its producer. He also produces records with his longtime companion, jazz singer Karrin Allyson, with whom he lives in New York City.

     But at 58, McGlaughlin's main occupation is to sit in a garret, shabby or not, and compose concert music, whether it be for orchestra, chamber ensemble or chorus. No more full-time orchestra positions. And so, as a celebration of its 50th season, the Civic Orchestra of Minneapolis will premiere McGlaughlin's "Angelus" in a concert this afternoon at Ted Mann Concert Hall.

    In a phone interview last week, McGlaughlin laughed at the suggestion that his career was moving against the current of convention. "Yeah, a financial advisor looking at this \_ giving up a music-director position, becoming mostly a composer and moving to New York \_ would say I have holes in my head.

     "I'd pretty much worked as a conductor for a quarter of a century," he continued. "I was joking with some people once at the New York Philharmonic. I said 'I never got to conduct the Mahler 7th.' But everything else of Mahler, I did. At a certain point, I can live without that. The truth is, I'm enjoying the relative freedom of schedule I have now. It's hard to think of my own music \_ or find it \_ when I have so much great music of other composers rolling around in my head."

Inspiration from a sad tale

     McGlaughlin started composing in the early '90s while still in Kansas City. The stimulus turned into a sad tale. Kevin Oldham, a gifted young pianist and composer from that city, sent McGlaughlin the score of a piano concerto he had written. McGlaughlin liked its spunky mix, with echoes of Gershwin, Ravel, Liszt and Tin Pan Alley. He wrote Oldham a note saying "This is great. We'll schedule it one of these days."

     "And I meant it," McGlaughlin said. "Then a guy I knew from the old Exxon conductors program wrote me and said 'I understand you might do Kevin's piano concerto. Don't wait too long. He's dying.' "

      Oldham was able to leave the hospital and play the concerto, McGlaughlin said. "I was actually holding him offstage. He could barely stand, but somehow he got through the piece." Oldham died of complications from AIDS at 32, before he could record his concerto. (The recording was made shortly after his death in 1993, with Ian Hobson as soloist.)

     A year later, McGlaughlin found himself working with two baritones \_ Thomas Hampson and Sanford Sylvan \_ who sang settings of American poets.

      "I thought, 'I like this. I want to do something like this,' " McGlaughlin said. "And it sort of went together with my thinking about Kevin."

     The result was a work for chorus and orchestra, "Three Dreams and a Question: Choral Songs on e.e. cummings," premiered to wide acclaim in Kansas City in 1997.

      "It's all about the turn of the times and the seasons," McGlaughlin said. "Both the chorus and the orchestra liked doing it, and the manager down there said 'Write me some more.' So I did."

      Among his recent works is "Aunt Eva," which Garrison Keillor has been performing with orchestras around the country.

     The work for the Civic Orchestra here came about through McGlaughlin's longtime friendship with Cary John Franklin, the orchestra's music director and himself a busy composer. The musicians themselves pooled their money and commissioned the piece. There's a nice symmetry to this: During his years in Kansas City, McGlaughlin commissioned four works from Franklin.

     As someone who mixes conducting and composing, Franklin understands why McGlaughlin is focusing on just one. "I think the music director's duties just got to be too onerous for Bill," Franklin said. "He started getting this composing bug, and there just wasn't time to do it all. Actually, there was a time when he didn't conduct at all. About a year and a half ago, he told me he missed working with people. I think he's glad to be back and starting to do a little more of it again."

     McGlaughlin laughed when he heard that. "It's true. I've gone from working with 80 or 90 players to being alone, and for a while that was great. I'd have to say composing is about the loneliest game in town."

Star-studded radio

     Franklin was also in on the beginnings of McGlaughlin's radio career. He turned pages for the guest pianist back in March 1981 when the first "St. Paul Sunday" was taped. A mix of talk and live performance, often by some of the biggest names in music, it has been a rousing success.

     Taped at MPR's studios in downtown St. Paul and aired locally on KSJN (99.5 FM, 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. Sundays), the show is distributed by Public Radio International to 224 stations with an estimated audience of 424,400, said executive director Mary Lee. In 1995, it won the prestigious George Foster Peabody Award.

      "We didn't know if we'd be on the air six months," said McGlaughlin, who had little previous radio experience. "It's been the greatest music lessons in the world for me. It opened so many doors, musically, emotionally." He recalled conducting last summer at a chamber-music festival where nearly every musician had been a guest on the show.

     Franklin, who presides over seven or eight of the shows each year as a free-lance producer, said McGlaughlin "has an uncanny way of getting at the core of the music and identifying what's important about it and then communicating that to the listener. Plus, he's got a wealth of information and ideas."

     Guests all get the same amount of money for doing the show. "It's a low fee, based on the union contract," Lee said. The show's success has meant that she doesn't have to plead for guests. They come to her.

     The biggest problem is coordinating schedules with guests who travel constantly. Last year, the show expanded to a live concert series, hosted by McGlaughlin, at Ted Mann. The guest ensemble for the March 28 concert at 8 p.m. will be the trio FOG, with pianist Garrick Ohlsson, cellist Michael Grebanier and violinist Jorja Fleezanis, concertmaster of the Minnesota Orchestra.

He hears an orchestra singing

     McGlaughlin, the oldest of six children in a ***working-class*** family in Philadelphia, didn't take up the piano and trombone until he was in high school. He learned fast. At 23, he was a trombonist in the Philadelphia Orchestra, after which he spent six years in the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, then led by William Steinberg, who encouraged his growing interest in conducting.

     He joined the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra in 1975, when Dennis Russell Davies was music director. Once married and once divorced, with two grown children, he met Allyson during his years in Kansas City. He co-produced and wrote the string charts for her Grammy-nominated CD "Ballads," a collection of songs recorded by saxophonist John Coltrane.

     Allyson was a little disappointed not to win a Grammy last month, McGlaughlin said, but the sting was lessened when she met Bonnie Raitt, who knew of her and her music.

     McGlaughlin, however, was eager to return to his garret to compose. Next on the drawing boards is a trio for flute, clarinet and bassoon.

            He began writing "Angelus" after the attacks on the World Trade Center. He said this is the simplest piece he has written. Near the end of the piece, the orchestra members sing with their lips closed for two minutes.

     "I thought of a lot of people singing, but you can't tell if it's a man or woman and certainly not what nationality they are," he said. "I thought, 'Some of what's gotten us into this mess is doctrine, all those words attached to songs.' I thought 'What if all of us all across the world started to sing at once?' That's the idea, but I'm not going to put that in a program note. I'm just going to let it happen."

     McGlaughlin has had such an unusual career, it's hard to predict what his next move will be or what his next composition will be like. Even longtime colleagues like Lee weren't surprised by his switch from conducting to composing. "That just shows what a diverse and open guy he is," she said.

    \_ Michael Anthony is at [*manthony@startribune.com*](mailto:manthony@startribune.com).

IF YOU GO

Civic Orchestra of Minneapolis

     What: Premiere of Bill McGlaughlin's "Angelus," plus Brahms Requiem, with Oratorio Society of Minnesota.

     When: 4 p.m. Sun. Talk with McGlaughlin and Cary John Franklin, music director of the Civic Orchestra, at 3:15 p.m.

     Where: Ted Mann Concert Hall, University of Minnesota, 2128 S. 4th St., Mpls.

     Tickets: $ 15. 612-343-3390, or [*http://www.ticketworks.com*](http://www.ticketworks.com)

**Correction**

- A story in Friday's Variety about composer Bill McGlaughlin gave the incorrect date for premiere of his "Angelus" with the Civic Orchestra of Minneapolis. The concert will begin at 4 p.m. Sunday at the Ted Mann Concert Hall, 2128 S. 4th St., Minneapolis.  
**Correction-Date:** March 15, 2002, Friday

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** March 15, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Fame holds Barr;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2PJ0-003K-306K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Will spoils of success spoil Roseanne?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2PJ0-003K-306K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Rumors fly in the face of her stardom***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2PJ0-003K-306K-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 11, 1989, Tuesday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1D; Cover Story

**Length:** 1094 words

**Byline:** Brian Donlon; Ann Trebbe; Susan Spillman

**Body**

Without even a close second, Roseanne is this TV season's single outstanding success story.

When the national Nielsen numbers come out today, they will show that ABC's Tuesday sitcom dynamo again walloped The Cosby Show last week, by nearly a ratings point. NBC's 5-year-old hit has sunk below the Roseanne steamroller three out of the four previous weeks. Tonight's episode - a traveling salesman dies on her kitchen floor - will determine how high she ranks for the year.

''Roseanne is clearly in the megahit category. It has constantly built (audience),'' says ABC's ratings expert Alan Wurtzel. ''Cosby is viewed as the gold standard, but on any criteria - be it ratings, demographics or qualitatively - Roseanne is right up there.''

While ABC cheers over the prospects of a long and prosperous Roseanne run, Roseanne Barr herself is going through the unique nightmare/dream only overnight prime-time succcess can create. Opportunities, perks, intrusions and rumors: TV's newest superstar is in the middle of the sort of rags-to-riches whirlwind not seen since Welcome Back, Kotter turned John Travolta into a sensation.

Associates say Barr remains unchanged.

''I think she might want things a certain way, but I'd have to tell you she's genuinely a nice person to deal with,'' says Dean Rod, talent coordinator of L.A.'s The Comedy Store, where she got her West Coast start. ''She still shows up to watch upcoming acts and kibitz with old pals. She just had the goods and it all happened so quickly.''

The prime-time glory brings more job security than the former comedy-circuit rider has ever known. ABC weeks ago renewed the sitcom, produced by the same Marcy Carsey/Tom Werner team that created The Cosby Show.

And her skyrocketing ascent comes complete with wish-fulfilling opportunities.

Barr, who has never acted in a movie before, begins work Wednesday on a feature film, She Devil. The newcomer shares the bill with one of the most acclaimed actresses of her generation, Meryl Streep.

''We had a list of possibilities of who could play the part,'' says producer Jonathan Brett, who hired the untested newcomer to play a maniacal abandoned wife. ''Quickly we realized that Roseanne was the very best one. We met her and fell in love with her at first sight just as America has. She has such a wonderful real presence, not a glamorous persona of what a woman is supposed to be.''

But the downside of instant fame also has become apparent to the year's most unlikely sudden celeb. The media - from GQ to National Enquirer - have stalked and sideswiped her. She's divorcing, crash dieting, confining her kids to an insane asylum, say the tabloid headlines.

In response to the unwanted scrutiny, she's taken a duck-and-cover stance. Aside from a segment on a Barbara Walters Special - on which she came across weirdly unnerved - she has not been giving interviews since the show's premiere last fall. She only recently signed with a major Hollywood public relations firm, relying on Roseanne's representatives to cover media requests and fabrications.

She's maintained that silence even as she became the focus of more damaging rumors. Midway through the season, Roseanne producer Matt Williams departed, a rupture interpreted widely as the result of power struggles with the star. It also encouraged already-circulating gossip that the show's success had created a monster.

Series co-star John Goodman insists he didn't see any trouble on the set. ''To be honest, I don't know,'' he says in May's Ladies' Home Journal. ''If there was trouble, I divorced myself from it and buried my head in the sand because I didn't want to know. I just ostriched out.''

''Roseanne's been criticized for being difficult,'' says Robert Osborne, celebrity columnist for The Hollywood Reporter. ''But they said the same thing about Barbra Steisand when she made her first movie, Funny Girl. With talent unique like Barbra or Roseanne you have to be careful. Who knows what works for Roseanne better than Roseanne.''

Osborne, who has been chronicling Hollywood careers for 40 years, predicts She Devil will be a wonderful opportunity for the TV star. It pairs her spontaneity and inexperience with Streep's studied craft - but Osborne does not anticipate sparks. ''Streep has great compassion for newcomers,'' he says. ''When Cher worked with Streep on Silkwood they became great friends. I'm sure Meryl will offer her tips and Roseanne is too smart not to take them.''

If she does transfer to the large screen successfully, Barr will again one-up Cosby. Since becoming the king of prime-time comedy in 1984, he has been unable to capitalize on his popularity in movies. His Leonard Part 6 was among 1987's biggest bombs.

Amid the rumors and speculation about success spoiling Roseanne, spin doctors at the other networks are busily churning out damage-control theories.

''Roseanne had the benefit of a great lead-in (Who's the Boss?) and is now in a time slot where there is not very strong competition,'' says NBC's Gerald Jaffe. ''When Cosby premiered it went against an entrenched top-10 show, Magnum, P.I., that in its previous season was sixth-highest rated.''

''The most amazing thing about The Cosby Show is its longevity and staying power,'' says CBS senior vice president David Poltrack. ''The question is, is Roseanne the new Cosby or is it another Moonlighting?''

Moonlighting, another ABC show that premiered four years ago to critical praise and high ratings, has become a dark star. It's been moved to Sundays at 8 and will probably die there following two years of creative problems.

ABC's Wurtzel says: ''For any new show that is a valid concern. Only time will tell, but I have no reason to believe that Roseanne won't last.''

The best indications that Wurtzel is correct may be Roseanne's audience composition. Last week, for women 18 to 49 - advertisers' prime demographics - Roseanne was No. 1, topping even the 61st Academy Awards show; Cosby ranked fourth. With men 18 to 49, Roseanne was second; Cosby fifth.

Back in September, just before the current season began, Barr talked about her show, already touted as the year's best contender. ''I just try to do my best until I'm allowed to do my best,'' she told USA TODAY. ''I just wish people would get out of my way and let me do what I know I can do.''

Her success is assuring that she'll get that wish - and just about any other. In fact, the only wish she may never get is to return to the time when paparazzi, gossip columnists and fans in the street could utter the words, ''Roseanne, who?''

Cliffhanger: A crisis

Unlike the trumped-up theatrics of soap-opera cliffhangers, the final episode of Roseanne - to air during May sweeps - will leave her family in a ***working-class*** crisis, says David Brokaw, publicist for the show.

Roseanne gets so fed up with her job at the plastics plant, she quits.

Her family, dependent on her paycheck as well as husband Dan's (John Goodman), is left worrying whether the mortgage will get paid.

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO; color, ABC (Television Programs, Roseanne, Roseanne Barr); PHOTO; color, Capital Cities/ABC ( Television Programs, Roseanne, Roseanne Barr, John Goodman)

CUTLINE: BARR: Beats 'Cosby' 3 or 4 weeks, 1D CUTLINE: IN HER CLUTCHES: Domestic goddess Roseanne Barr and TV husband John Goodman dish up extra helpings of blue-collar humor on ABC's 'Roseanne,' tonight at 9 EDT/PDT.

**End of Document**



[***Loss is blow to civic pride, but there's broader benefit;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WNN-J4Y0-00J2-31YT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Company plans to remain active in neighborhood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WNN-J4Y0-00J2-31YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 7, 1999, Monday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1638 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

The Twin Cities will lose another headquarters company, a superstar executive named Mike Bonsignore and up to 1,500 jobs in AlliedSignal Incorporated's acquisition of Honeywell Inc.

     Moreover, Minneapolis, and specifically the chronically struggling Phillips neighborhood will, at least on the face of it, lose a big catalyst for central city employment, housing and education.

     "This is a blow, an absolute blow to the South Side of Minneapolis and the Twin Cities," Minneapolis Mayor Sharon Sayles Belton said Sunday.

     But it is far from a mortal wound to the city or the state. In fact, plenty of evidence suggests that the Twin Cities has benefitted from global competition and consolidation.

   First, such companies as Medtronic, ADC Telecommunications, ReliaStar Financial, U.S. Bancorp and many others have added thousands of jobs locally as they have acquired countless firms around the country and the globe.

     Meanwhile, the state is experiencing record low unemployment, and much of the job growth is coming from such new fast-growers as Information Advantage, WAM!NET, Ceridian Corp., LifeUSA and dozens of other public and private firms that were starting up or didn't exist 10 or 20 years ago.

     Moreover, some of the local firms that have been acquired have done just fine under out-of-town ownership.

     For example, Pillsbury \_ which was acquired in a controversial $6 billion deal a decade ago \_ is now the U.S. headquarters for a much larger, more-populous company that's based in downtown Minneapolis.

     The acquisition had come after local management booted the franchise with several years of underwhelming performance. The now-larger Pillsbury gives away more money to local charities than ever before.

     When Norwest Corp. Chief Executive Dick Kovacevich negotiated Norwest's sale to Wells Fargo & Co. a year ago this week and started moving the headquarters apparatus to San Francisco earlier this year, he gave $1 million to the Minneapolis United Way, pledged to mitigate job loss and put longtime Norwest executive Jim Campbell, one of the Twin Cities most personable executives, in charge of all Minnesota operations \_ including image control.

     Campbell, an aw-shucks type from southern Minnesota, will have breakfast at 7:30 a.m. today with Kovacevich and hundreds of local Norwest employees. They're expected to discuss the pace of the merger, including the fact that layoffs have been minimal from the 13,600-person Minnesota work force, largely because of attrition. And business is booming in Minnesota.

     "We can't fill all the jobs we have open here," Campbell has groused around the office lately.

     Moreover, it's known that Kovacevich is considering moving some systems and other back-office jobs to Minnesota from the higher-cost San Francisco area. For one thing, a lot of Norwest people who were offered jobs in California declined because of the high cost of living and the fact they could find comparable employment here.

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Still, it hurts

      Still, today's news will hurt civic pride. And there will be a significant talent drain when Honeywell's brass moves to New Jersey.

     Bonsignore, 58, a chief executive who mixes well in world capitals and with the kids and ***working class*** who are Honeywell's neighbors, already has assured a handful of civic and government leaders that Honeywell will not diminish its community and philanthropic support.

     "Michael said his relationship with the city and me will not change, other than he will not be in our midst every day," Sayles Belton said. "The partnerships [with the city] will continue . . . in social services, education and the arts. We will miss a lot of personal involvement by Honeywell executives in the civic and cultural life of this city. That will change. I'm saddened, but we must move forward."

     Honeywell will retain more than 6,000 employees locally, including several hundred at its Phillips campus, where its big building-controls business also has its headquarters. It also will announce that it will continue to be a good citizen. That includes no diminution of its existing corporate-neighborhood partnerships and cash philanthropy of around $7 million annually.

      Bonsignore, an upstate New York kid who worked many years for Honeywell in Europe, also has a higher community profile of late than virtually any other Twin Cities executive. In addition to spending 50-plus hours each week running Honeywell, he is said to spend another 10 or so involved in hands-on advocacy behind Honeywell's inner-city housing, education and other initiatives with corporate, nonprofit and government partners.

     "I guess time will tell," said Steve Cramer, incoming head of the Minneapolis Community Development Agency and current executive director of Project for Pride in Living, which has collaborated with Honeywell on projects involving millions of dollars for jobs and housing programs in Phillips. "Honeywell has been a tremendous partner, particularly in the last few years. They've been quite strategic in their investments in the neighborhood. Much of that is fueled by Mike Bonsignore's personal experience in that neighborhood. And you're saying he's moving to New Jersey. That makes me nervous."

     Bonsignore, who lives only a couple of miles from the office and who walks city neighborhoods regularly, has presided since 1993 over Minnesota's eighth-largest publicly held company with $8.5 billion in sales.

     "Mike is a terrific executive, and he's doing a great job at Honeywell," said Bill George, chief executive of Fridley-based Medtronic Inc., and a friend and former colleague of Bonsignore's at Honeywell. "He's also taken a leadership role in the Phillips neighborhood. They have a huge investment in the community. They have so many businesses located here. Some things won't change.

     "But any time the city loses a company, it's a loss."

Allina Health System chief executive Gordon Sprenger said the loss of Honeywell's corporate headquarters won't spell the end of the Phillips Partnership collaboration.

     Sprenger hopes that Honeywell will continue to provide financial support to community improvement efforts, especially with Bonsignore being at the helm of the new company.

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Partnership to continue

          "There is no doubt about Michael's commitment to the Phillips neighborhood," Sprenger said. "The fact that he will stay in a leadership position in the new company gives us some hope. It would be different if he was suddenly going out in the sunset someplace."

     Sprenger worked closely with Bonsignore through the partnership, and Sprenger credited Bonsignore with pushing for programs to enhance livability in the Phillips neighborhood, including new housing and job creation programs.

     "I hope that won't change just because he moves his corporate headquarters," Sprenger said.

     Sprenger acknowledged that the neighborhood could feel pain if a large number of jobs are lost at Honeywell's Phillips office building, which is just blocks from Allina's Abbott Northwestern Hospital campus.

     "If we lost a major presence of Honeywell in that neighborhood, that certainly would not add to stability in that neighborhood. We've seen that when Sears closed," he said.

     Sprenger said he expects to hear more about Honeywell's plans for Phillips this week.

     "We would like to hear from the new company their continued commitment to Minneapolis and to Phillips," Sprenger said.

     Regardless of Honeywell's plans, Sprenger said Allina would continue to invest in the Phillips neighborhood.

     "While Honeywell was a very important part, the partnership just is not going to go away," Sprenger said. "We will continue to work diligently with neighborhood and the city in continuing to work to improve the livability of that community."

     Those should be comforting words for Maryellen Mikwold, a longtime Phillips neighborhood resident. She said Honeywell's involvement with PortlandPlace, a newly built affordable housing project, already has given the area new life.

     "Honeywell's presence here is very much needed," said Mikwold, the owner of Lee Brothers and Haga Photography, 2601 Portland Av. S. "And their participation is crucial for the survival of this neighborhood."

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\_ Staff writers Glenn Howatt and Terry Collins contributed to this report.

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The headquarters game

With today's acquisition of Honeywell Inc. by AlliedSignal Inc., Minnesota will lose another corporate headquarters. But there have been some Minnesota victories as the economy's merger and acquisitions boom continues.

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Departures

1. Norwest Corp. acquired Wells Fargo, took its name and moved to San Francisco, Calif. (June 1998).

2. AlliedSignal will acquire Honeywell and move headquarters to Morristown, N.J. (1999)

3. Conseco Inc. acquired Green Tree Financial Corp. The headquarters is in Carmel, Ind. (April 1998).

4. The Thomson Corp. acquired West Publishing Co. The headquarters is in Toronto, Canada (June 1996).

5. Federated Department Stores acquired Fingerhut Cos. Inc. The headquarters is in Cincinnati, Ohio (March 1999).

6. McClatchy Newspapers Inc. acquired Cowles Media. The headquarters is in Sacramento, Calif. (March 1998).

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Arrivals

A. First Bank System acquired U.S. Bancorp

of Portland, Ore., took its name and moved the headquarters to Minneapolis (August 1997).

B. Northern States Power Co. is in the process of acquiring Denver, Colo.-based New Century Energies. If approved, the headquarters will remain in Minneapolis and the name will change to Xcel Energy Inc. (March 1999, deal is pending).

C. Medtronic Inc. acquired Arterial Vascular Engineering of Santa Rosa, Calif.

(January 1999).

D. St. Paul Companies acquired USF&G Corp. of Baltimore, Md. (April 1998).

E. Medtronic acquired Safomor Danek Group of Memphis, Tenn. (January 1999).

**Graphic**

MAP; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** June 9, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Bush sets out to salvage 2nd term***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HFS-KGK0-010F-K2TT-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 31, 2005, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2005 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS;; Cover story

**Length:** 1884 words

**Byline:** Susan Page and Judy Keen

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

WASHINGTON -- An aide slipped President Bush a note during a staff meeting in the Oval Office on Friday morning with the news: Vice President Cheney's chief of staff would be indicted in the CIA leak case -- the terrible end of a very bad week.

After fumbling the nomination of a Supreme Court justice and defending an unpopular war that has now cost more than 2,000 American lives, Bush finds his presidency at a new low. A USA TODAY/CNN/Gallup Poll taken Friday through Sunday shows that a solid majority of Americans, 55%, now judge Bush's presidency to be a failure.

But his comeback strategy begins today.

Bush left Friday for Camp David with his mind almost made up about his next Supreme Court pick. An announcement as early as today aims to win back conservatives dismayed by his failed choice of White House counsel Harriet Miers. On Tuesday, he's scheduled to unveil a plan for combating a threatened pandemic of avian flu, an effort to demonstrate that his administration learned lessons from its faltering response to Hurricane Katrina.

But some outside the White House -- including senators from both parties and veterans of previous presidential staffs -- question whether Bush is prepared to order the far-reaching changes that presidents Ronald Reagan and Bill Clinton made after encountering serious setbacks in their second terms.

"The real question for President Bush is going to be: Is he going to be like (Richard) Nixon -- hunker down, get into the bunker, admit no mistakes," Sen. Charles Schumer, D-N.Y., said on CBS' Face the Nation, "or, like Reagan, who actually admitted mistakes, did a mid-course correction and brought in new people, bipartisan people, people above ethical reproach, into the White House."

Mississippi Sen. Trent Lott, a Republican, said on Fox News Sunday that Bush should be on the lookout for "new blood, new energy, qualified staff, new people in the administration."

White House aides say Bush hopes to regain equilibrium by focusing on issues he believes Americans outside Washington care most about: the economy, Iraq, immigration and the bird flu.

"A lot of the issues that we're going to be dealing with … affect the day-to-day realities of people outside the Beltway," says Nicolle Wallace, the White House communications director.

"We'll be going around the (media) filter to communicate directly with the American people about the things they care about."

Four presidential aides say there are no plans for dramatic policy shifts, staff shake-ups or public mea culpas. The aides declined to speak on the record because they aren't authorized to discuss internal affairs. Two described the scene at Friday's meeting when the president learned what special counsel Patrick Fitzgerald would do.

"An investigation lasting for almost two years is the equivalent of having a dagger dangling over you," Bush counselor Dan Bartlett says. "We are all saddened (about the indictment of Cheney aide I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby) and understand the seriousness of the charges brought forth by the special prosecutor, but it does give us an opportunity now to look forward."

But the skeptics note that Bush's plans to focus on immigration reform and a tax overhaul and to win confirmation of a conservative Supreme Court nominee would be difficult even for a president at the apex of his strength.

And they caution that rebuilding support among the public will take more than rhetoric and resolve. It will, they say, take results.

"It's difficult to know where President Bush goes for a major national or international initiative right now -- an initiative he can actually achieve," says David Gergen, an adviser to four presidents. He calls the situation "a Category 4 storm for the Bush White House."

Second-term curse?

Every second-term president since Dwight Eisenhower has faced some sort of catastrophe. But analysts describe Bush's quandary as harder to fix than the scandals that raised questions about Reagan's White House management and Clinton's personal behavior.

"With Clinton, people said, 'I may not want to be married to him, but I think he's doing a good job,'" Democratic pollster Celinda Lake says. "In Bush's case, they're saying, 'The job he's doing is what I'm having trouble with.'"

For Bush, the setbacks that have eroded his public support and political clout relate to developments that affect Americans' daily lives: Uncertainty whether the government will be there to help if a natural disaster strikes. Violence being faced by 159,000 U.S. troops on duty in Iraq. The price being paid for gasoline and home heating oil.

Financial pressures and economic unease are one reason Bush's ratings have fallen by 10 percentage points since he was inaugurated in January.

An analysis of 10 USA TODAY/CNN/Gallup Polls -- six surveys taken between the election and inauguration and four taken in recent weeks -- shows the drop has been particularly precipitous among the sort of ***working-class*** voters Reagan helped draw to the GOP. Bush's standing has fallen by 15 points among those who have only a high school education and by 14 points among those who earn between $20,000 and $30,000 a year.

In the USA TODAY poll taken this weekend, Bush's approval rating is 41%. That is lower than Reagan's standing at any time during the Iran-contra controversy or Clinton's rating during the Monica Lewinsky scandal.

When Gallup asked in 1993 whether the first President Bush's tenure was a success or failure, 53% called it a success even though he had been defeated for re-election a year before. During Clinton's presidency, a majority never called his tenure a failure. Only once, after the health care debacle in 1994, did a plurality say it was a failure, by 50%-44%.

In January 1999, after he had been impeached by the House and was awaiting a Senate trial, 71% called Clinton's tenure a success.

But in August, by 51%-47%, those surveyed by USA TODAY called the current Bush presidency a failure. That proportion grew to 55%-42% in the poll over the weekend.

The finding is consistent with a survey taken this month by the Pew Research Center. In that poll, for the first time since Bush took office in 2001, a plurality of Americans said that in the long run he will be viewed as an unsuccessful president. Just one in four said Bush would be seen as successful.

The USA TODAY poll found little optimism that Bush's turnaround strategy would succeed. By 55%-41%, those surveyed said the remaining three years of Bush's presidency would be a failure.

He has been on the defensive for nearly three months now -- ever since he went on vacation in August only to be bedeviled by Cindy Sheehan's anti-war protest near his ranch and then by Hurricane Katrina's devastation of the Gulf Coast.

"He's just had a series of awful bad breaks and bad news," says Charlie Black, a former Reagan aide who is close to the Bush White House. "You work your way out of this a little at a time. You try to stay on a positive agenda, addressing the issues that are on the minds of the average American."

There were feelings of relief at the White House on Friday, the aides said. Before the indictment was announced, because of fears that they would be called to testify, they held no crisis-management meetings on the probe and were afraid to discuss it among themselves.

And while Libby was an important figure in the White House, deputy White House chief of staff Karl Rove, Bush's most influential aide, was not charged.

Americans want to see their government succeed in addressing challenges such as reforming immigration and preventing a flu pandemic, Bartlett says. Bush's focus on those matters is meant to "demonstrate that the government is fulfilling its essential responsibilities both in execution and emphasis."

The State of the Union address Bush will deliver in three months is already in the works. Aides say it will give him a chance to reinvigorate his policy agenda before next fall's congressional elections.

"There is unity within the party about the broad goals we want to accomplish, and we have an opposition which is terribly fractured," says Ken Mehlman, chairman of the Republican National Committee. "The president is the first since Lyndon Johnson to enter his second term with a majority in Congress. There's still tremendous energy in the executive (branch) and an energetic agenda."

Bush's response when things turned sour in the 2000 campaign indicates he's unlikely to shake up his staff. After his devastating loss to Sen. John McCain in the New Hampshire primary, Bush met with his aides, including several who still work for him, and told them no one would be fired. He asked them to pull together and work harder.

Bush's team "always steps up to the plate when their backs are against the wall," says Mary Matalin, a former Cheney counselor.

"This president doesn't dance in the end zone when things are good, doesn't throw in the towel when things are bad," says Mark McKinnon, media director in Bush's presidential campaigns. He predicts: "Most of the madness is behind us."

Bush's decision not to make wholesale changes among his top advisers could be a mistake, says Leon Panetta, who was brought in as Clinton's chief of staff during a crisis in his first term, over his health care plan.

"He needs to take action, to shake things up," Panetta says of Bush. Particularly during a second term, when the advisers who have been with you from the beginning may be battered, presidents need "new people with some new ideas and new energy," he says.

Rove's presence could be problematic, Panetta adds. "This cloud is still going to be over his head."

History provides some comfort for Bush: Modern-day predecessors have managed to recover during second terms. While Nixon resigned in disgrace, Reagan ended his tenure with an approval rating of 63%, Clinton with one of 59%.

Landscape could improve

For Bush, the landscape may also improve, even in time for next year's congressional elections.

"You can imagine a scenario where the economy perks up, gas prices come down a bit, the rebuilding gets underway in the Gulf Coast," says Gary Jacobson, a political scientist at the University of California, San Diego. His study of Bush's presidency, A Divider Not a Uniter, is being published in February.

"Maybe Osama bin Laden is caught. The Iraqis have another election and seem to have a government in place and some progress seems to be visible on the war front."

But there's no assurance of that, Jacobson notes. After second-term setbacks, none of Bush's modern predecessors managed to score major victories on the domestic front. Reagan's biggest domestic achievement of his second term, tax simplification, was enacted before the Iran-contra scandal erupted. Clinton's hopes of reaching a deal with Republicans to ensure the long-term solvency of Medicare were abandoned when he was forced to rely on liberal Democrats to defend him during impeachment.

All of them turned their energies to foreign policy. Nixon built on his opening to China. Reagan negotiated nuclear arms agreements with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev. Clinton made a major effort to broker an Israeli-Palestinian agreement on settlements, though he ultimately failed.

And Bush? He has little choice but to focus on the situation in Iraq. And he leaves town again on Thursday. Destination: South America.

**Load-Date:** October 31, 2005

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[***TAKE AN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA JUNK FOOD JUNKET***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:457B-WWJ0-0094-5303-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 24, 2002 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1609 words

**Body**

Who says you can't have potato chips for breakfast? Not Herr's, the snack food behemoth based in the lovely little Pennsylvania town of Nottingham in Bucks County. With the town's stretches of farmland and horse-and-buggy crossing signs, I thought the company's factory would stand out like a black smear against the pale blue sky. Not so. In fact, I located it only by following one of Herr's trucks, which in this town are more ubiquitous than police cars.

I was on a junk food quest. I'd had my fill of organic, low-cholesterol, fat-free food served on a recycled paper plate. My eyes were blurry from reading too many dietary labels, wondering if phenylalanine would cause me to sprout horns. Basically, I was having a health food breakdown.

My cure, thankfully, was not far away: Southeast Pennsylvania is a bastion of snack food factories, with tours of the facilities and, of course, free samples. So off I went, skipping my soy milk and twig cereal one morning to spend two junk-food-jammed days with no guilt or concern about what those culinary do-gooders were having for lunch.

Herr's was founded by Jim Stauffer Herr, who bought the potato chip company in 1946 and eventually settled in Nottingham because, according to the short film that kicks off the company tour, it was part of God's plan. So was eating a tray of chips before noon -- but not until I had learned about pretzels, cheese curls and Funyuns (which, by the way, are not the trashy cousin of the onion ring but are actually puffed-up dehydrated potato flakes).

Our guide was a scruffy lad named Andrew, and our gang of seven children and two sets of parents, plus the odd grandparent, was called the "Red Hot Potato" group. We visited the pretzel room, where workers sliced blocks of dough into rods or squeezed them through twist-shape molds, then baked them at 500 degrees. And the corn room, where piles of Funyuns rose like ant hills, before rubber-gloved workers boxed the snacks by hand.

"At some point in the future, they will be replaced by automatic packers," Andrew explained about the human boxers, quickly adding that Herr's has a "no layoff" policy.

In the potato chip wing, I watched X-ray machines scan the boxed products for brown or green-edged chips, fried clusters or clumps of seasonings, ejecting the undesirables. I also witnessed the chip-making process from birth (raw taters) to death (crispy, greasy, eatable chips).

"This the best part, look, look," said a dad to his meandering knee-high daughter.

Donning a peaked paper hat, Andrew disappeared into the deafening factory floor and emerged with a tray of just-fried chips. It took six minutes to make these chips, and less than half that for us to lick the tray clean.

With our fingertips greasy and our stomach grumblings quieted, we were deposited at the gift shop and given two bags of free snacks. A call rang out for the "BBQ Chip" group to line up for the 11 a.m. tour.

If you start craving healthful produce, you can drive to Chester County, which is dotted with roadside stands and wineries. If you're still in tour mode, you can take a spin through QVC's studio in West Chester.

York

In York, the scent of Stauffer's fresh-baked animal crackers transported me back to kindergarten and quiet time with milk and cookies.

The baked-goods factory, established in 1871, sits at the end of a residential street; sadly, it is not open for tours, but if you stand in the parking lot and take a deep whiff, you can almost see -- and taste -- the animal crackers browning in the oven.

Stauffer's does, however, have a marvelous outlet store, where you can buy bucket-loads of candy and factory seconds -- defined as cookies that "do not have enough chocolate or are cracked in pieces." The worst casuality in my 79-cent bag of animal crackers was a broken butterfly wing. There are also samples sprinkled around the store, so you can eat while you shop.

To counter the sweetness of Stauffer's, I next headed south for the saltiness of Utz potato chips, landing at one of its three plants in the strip-mall section of Hanover, York County.

The Utz tour begins with simple displays telling the tale of Grandpa and Grandma Utz, who in the 1920s cooked potato chips behind their house, which still stands today on McAllister Street (though now a new owner uses the building to house antiques). Their humble chip endeavor has since bloomed into a complex factory assembly line, which I followed along a wall of vitrines that overlook the factory floor. As I moved from station to station, a voice-over guide described the sights below. On the way out, I got a free bag of chips.

Venture into the heart of Hanover, the so-called "snack food capital," for glimpses of its Germanic past. Check out Snyder's pretzels, just outside of town. In York, tour other factories, including the Wolfgang Candy Co., Frito-Lay and Harley-Davidson.

Hershey

Where can you order a Big Cow Brownie Sundae with your morning cup of coffee? Hershey, of course, in Dauphin County. I stopped by the town's eponymous chocolate company for a free Chocolate World tour and scored a chocolate bar (the factory is not open to visitors) before most of the waking world was even dressed.

Searching for an antidote to flashy, corporate Hershey, I next ventured into nearby Palmyra, Lebanon County, the humble headquarters of Seltzer's Smokehouse Meats.

Housed in an unremarkable ***working-class*** neighborhood, the bologna tour begins (and ends) in the deli shop, which is half the size of the typical supermarket meat counter. An employee named Sandy started the tour by turning off the lights (leaving shoppers in the dark) and switching on a seven-minute video, which I watched while leaning against the back wall.

The video covered the whole transformation of bologna, from its raw meat state to its smoked finish. (Beware: Explicit subject matter may not be suitable for vegetarians and Hindus.) Because of government regulations, tours of the fridges and smokehouses are not offered, except in special cases. But I scoped out the alleyway behind the house and spied stacks of hardwood and peaked, burnt-brown smokehouses.

Lititz

Onward, to Lititz in Lancaster County. Though the town was founded by a Moravian church, Lititzians certainly eat -- and indulge -- like heathens. First, there's the Wilbur Chocolate Co., where women seated behind a glass window dip marshmallows and pretzels into melted chocolate. Then, on the fudge counter, which is just before the displays of cocoa-related ephemera, sits a pot of Wilbur chocolate buds -- one per customer.

Lititz is also home of the Sturgis Pretzel House, which offers pretzel-twisting lessons. Standing above an L-shaped wooden table, an employee threw dough at our crew and taught us the tying techniques of this ancient art. In short order: Roll, form into a "U" shape (this is to ensure that children's prayers go to heaven; one visitor was reprimanded for her arch, which sent their prayers to hell), twist into a knot (symbolizing the ties of marriage), then flip down into a triple loop (an allusion to the Holy Trinity). The final product: a heavenly pretzel.

The unheralded secret of Lititz, though, is Regennas Candy Shop, on a leafy side street. For several generations, the Regennas family has been making clear toy candy from inside a mouse house. The latest generation to take up the candy cause is Erik Snyder, fifth-generation by marriage, and his wife, Nancy. Kids flock here after school for "candy scrapple," the confetti-colored chips of candy of recent mistakes. Tourists come to watch Erik stir and mix and pour molds into such fanciful shapes as an English bobby spanking a boy and a cycling frog.

If you ask nicely, Erik will let you pour a mold or plunk in a lollipop stick. He will even pull out old black-and-white photos, sticky from sugar droppings, of his ancestors and the old shop, as well as his cherished recipe box, which holds secrets from the late 1800s.

Leaving Regennas with a fistful of amber-colored candy turkeys, I had one final stop before heading home: Kready's Country Store Museum, a reassembled general store dating to 1840. I came for the hot cinnamon-flavored toothpicks, a much-needed purchase after a two-day junk food binge.

In the center of Lititz, you can take a breather at the duck pond -- and feed something besides yourself.

If you go

Factory tours

My junk food tour started in Nottingham, Pa., off I-95 and Route 272 north. I then took Route 30 west to York, then on to Hanover, about 22 miles southwest. I spent the night in Hershey, about 1 1/2 hours northeast of Hanover. The next day I drove to Palmyra, then south to Lititz.

Most of these places are working factories first, tourist attractions second, and are often open weekdays only (some not even on Fridays), so call ahead.

\* Herr's in Nottingham, 610-932-9330, [*www.herrs.com*](http://www.herrs.com), free; call for directions and reservations.

\* Stauffer's cookie outlet, Belmont and Sixth Avenue, York, 800-673-2473, [*www.stauffers.net*](http://www.stauffers.net); the factory is closed to visitors.

\* Utz, 900 High St., Hanover, 800-367-7629, [*www.utzsnacks.com*](http://www.utzsnacks.com); free.

\* Hershey's Chocolate World, 800-437-7439,, [*www.hersheys.com*](http://www.hersheys.com); you can't visit the factory, but there's a free tour.

\* Seltzer's Smokehouse Meats, 230 N. College St., Palmyra, 800-282-6336, [*www.seltzerslebanonbologna.com*](http://www.seltzerslebanonbologna.com).

\* In Lititz, Wilbur Chocolate Co. (48 N. Broad St., 888-294-5287, [*www.wilburbuds.com*](http://www.wilburbuds.com); free); Sturgis Pretzel House (219 E. Main St., 717-626-4354, [*www.sturgispretzel.com*](http://www.sturgispretzel.com); $2); Regennas Candy Shop (120 W. Lemon St., 717-627-3862, [*www.clearcandy.com*](http://www.clearcandy.com)); and Kready's Country Store Museum (55 N. Water St., 717-626-5684; $4).

Andrea Sachs

**Load-Date:** February 26, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Marginally mainstream;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WFP-G0C0-00J2-353R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***After 13 years of providing a safe house for the experimental, the edgy and even the established, Patrick Scully and his alternative cabaret have a big new home.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WFP-G0C0-00J2-353R-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

May 11, 1999, Tuesday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1536 words

**Byline:** Mike Steele; Staff Writer

**Body**

Patrick's Cabaret is a stealth performance space, swooping under the mainstream radar but leaving a decided impact on the artistic landscape.

     The alternative playhouse has just taken off again, this time to spacious new digs opening May 21 at 3010 Minnehaha Av. S. in Minneapolis. Again it skirts art-world fashion: neither downtown nor Uptown but sort of crosstown in the hardscrabble, multicultural, ***working-class*** Longfellow neighborhood. Anomalously, the cabaret has become venerable without losing its edge, and founder Patrick Scully intends for it to remain down and dirty.

     The cabaret is many things: the Twin Cities' leading alternative-performance space, a breeding ground of over-the-top performance projects, a laboratory for prominent artists to test new directions and a place for the marginalized to give vent to their world views, whether ranting or poetic.

   When the cabaret was launched on April 26, 1986, in the St. Stephen's School gym near the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, it was called simply the Cabaret. It was low-key, down-home, bargain-basement fare. The first revue cost $8 to produce (going for post cards to Scully's friends, 50 of whom came). The program then consisted of what would become a typical Patrick's lineup: a couple of dancers, a performance poet, a storyteller, a standup comic, a mostly off-key singer, the showing of a Scully film and what he described as "a lesbian Patsy Cline."

     What had started as a one-night event for Scully and his friends soon started branching out. Strangers approached him with performance ideas. He never auditioned them; his only requirement, even today, is that performers attend one cabaret show before they do their own, mainly so they can get a grip of its minimal resources.

     Scully, 45, presents the cabaret roughly every two weeks, two performances a weekend. Tickets have gone from $3 to $8. Expenses have risen, to about $1,000 for a weekend. Scully used to divide the proceeds between himself and the performers. Today, 100 percent goes to the performers and he supports himself and his cabaret through contributions from individuals and foundations. His largest contribution, an anonymous gift of $240,000 to buy the old firehouse where he just moved, came from someone he calls "my faerie godmother."

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Home, home

on the stage

     It is his third headquarters. After three years of one-Saturday-a-month performances at St. Stephens, the cabaret was moved to 506 E. 24th St., a former potato-chip factory and funeral home, where it became even more indelibly associated with Scully, mainly because he lived there.

     The cabaret earned national notoriety in 1994, after Walker Art Center booked it to present HIV-positive performance artist Ron Athey, whose routine included making ritual cuts into another man's body. After reports about the event made national news, Sen. Jesse Helms, R-N.C., and others used it to condemn the National Endowment for the Arts, less than $150 of whose money had indirectly supported the performance. The flap left Scully unflappable. "I was happy the Walker knew that Athey \_ a gay, HIV-positive, radical artist \_ would be unconditionally supported by me, a gay, HIV-positive, radical artist."

     For the most part, however, the cabaret has gone about its business quietly, offering a safe haven for performers ranging from the quirky to the weird to the well-established who wanted to try out new material away from critics and the demands of the box office.

     "I don't know how Patrick does it," said choreographer Cathy Young, "but he has created an atmosphere for exploration, a safe place where the audience is extremely generous yet very sophisticated. Whenever I have a wacky idea, I take it there first to try out."

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Not what he intended

     Scully never intended to be an impresario of the wacky. He is a native of Worthington, Minn., who grew up in Roseville, "a product of Catholic schools and conservative Republican parents." His aim was the University of Minnesota and medical school.

     Although he admits sheepishly that he was basically a good boy in school, during the Vietnam War era he did write the occasional student-newspaper editorial and organized issue-oriented forums.

     At 18, he told his family and friends he was gay. "Back then the biggest issue was to be sexual at all. It didn't seem to make much difference if you were gay or straight. I figured if you're going to jail for stealing a car, you might as well steal the car you want."

     He got good grades at the "U," majoring in biology and German, and earned a fellowship to study for a year in Berlin. He changed his mind about being a doctor and ventured into a modern dance class.

     "I was late maturing physically," said Scully, who stands 6-foot-8. "I was just starting to catch up. I could be physical but I wasn't competitive or athletic. I enjoyed having a body, but not competing. Dance was great for me."

     When he graduated from college in 1976, he decided to continue dancing. He began studying improvisation and worked with other dancers, but also began realizing that he couldn't express certain parts of himself through dance.   He began developing a movement-theater hybrid of a kind that came to be known as performance art.

     "I found out I was HIV-positive about that time," he said, "but my attitude was, 'Let's keep on dancing and see what happens.' I needed a place to work, so I talked to the nuns at St. Stephen's and it was decided that I would teach dance to their students in exchange for access to their gym during off-hours."

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Born of necessity

to fill out the bill

     He had work he wanted to show off, but not enough for a whole concert, so he asked some artist friends if they had work they wanted to show.

     Scully's idea of enfranchising artists of color, openly gay artists and anyone else who had been marginalized struck a wider chord. Audiences greeted this new-wave, radicalized vaudeville enthusiastically.

     Philip Bither, as Walker Art Center's curator of performing arts, sees Scully's broad effect on the community. "Patrick's was and is absolutely critical," said Bither. "He's been encouraging, nurturing. Marginalized voices always need a venue. Patrick's has been an almost subversive force. He's helped change the dialogue."

     Audiences were prepared to take what Scully gave them.   It could be a jazz vocalist who shrieked like a crow \_ one of the few acts that still make Scully wince \_ or an established artist such as Dorit Cypis, E.E. Balcos, Kim Hines or Linda Shapiro. Singer Leslie Ball performed at Patrick's Cabaret before starting "Balls," her own late-night performance cabaret. Former Walker performance curator John Killacky made his debut both as filmmaker and performance artist at Patrick's.

     More than 1,000 artists have performed there over 13 years.

     "It's a unique place," said Julie Voigt, performing arts program administrator at the Walker, who has been working with Scully since 1989. "It's intimate, non-judgmental, a safe place for often unsafe ideas. You never know what you'll see or who will be there. But you do know it will reflect diverse voices and be worth the time."

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Not up to code

     Patrick's was pulling in about 75 people a night until June 1996, when the city discovered that it was unlicensed. The area wasn't zoned for a cabaret but the city told Scully he could operate like an Elk's Lodge, open for members and guests. However, attendance would be limited to 49 people per performance. To get a license for bigger crowds would entail extensive, expensive changes to bring the building up to code.

     He tried to raise enough money to buy the building, but soon realized it was beyond him. One night in February 1998, a woman came up to Scully after the show and said she could give him $150,000 for the purchase. By that time, however, the owners had decided they didn't want to sell.

     Then he saw the "for sale" sign on the 1894 firehouse, which in the '60s had been home to the radical Firehouse Theater. \_ about $100,000 more expensive than the other building. He went to his anonymous donor, "and she said, 'Do you know what happened to the stock market today? There's a huge dip in the Asian economy. Things are terrible. But let's go look at the building.' She loved it, bought it and I signed a 20-year lease with her at $1 a month," Scully said. "She takes care of the exterior, I'm responsible for interior renovations. I won the lottery."

     Those interior renovations will not make the place posh. "I want to keep the intimacy and lack of pretense," said Scully. "I don't want it to become like a formal theater."

     As the avant garde keeps changing and new media emerge, Patrick intends to stay on top of what's happening.

     "We were doing performance art before anyone knew what performance art was," Scully said. "We loosened things up. Categories just aren't the same anymore. . . . The one thing that hasn't changed is that audiences still have no clue as to what will happen next. You can still see a naked performance artist followed by a classical cellist.

       "We're alive and thriving after 13 years," he said, "nurturing a community of artists."

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** May 12, 1999

**End of Document**



[***2046 a boomer odyssey***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HF4-N2K0-010F-K2P1-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 28, 2005, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2005 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** MONEY;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1952 words

**Byline:** Marco R. della Cava

**Body**

For most busy denizens of the early 21st century, contemplating the future means figuring out tomorrow's dinner.

But take a moment to journey forward to 2046, when 79 million baby boomers will be 82 to 100 years old. Thanks to lifestyle habits and medical advances, they probably will be the healthiest group of elderly in history. Thanks to extended employment spans, they will be the wealthiest. Thanks to their huge voting bloc, they will be the most powerful.

So just what kind of America will be forged by this crowd of geriatric goliaths? Talk to folks whose job it is to think decades down the road and two disparate visions emerge: one inspirational and the other downright creepy.

Using the revered boomer medium of film as a guide, the first story line offers a Cocoon-like world in which benevolent oldsters imbued with youth improve society by spreading their wisdom and wealth. The other scenario plays out more like Planet of the Apes, in which an impoverished underclass is unable to make its mark on a world ruled by domineering elders.

How will things play out? The script for 2046: A Boomer Odyssey is still in our hands.

"Right now we're facing a future in which this group either serves its own interests at the expense of the young, or it helps lead a multigenerational society in which they're exemplars of enlightenment," says Ken Dychtwald, president of Age Wave, a San Francisco-based firm that helps companies prepare for the coming gray reign. "Boomers still have the chance to be a contributory group, to give more than they take."

That's a noble goal. But when it comes to taking -- also defined as consuming -- boomers are Zen masters. Setting aside for a moment the philosophical questions that will define Boomerworld, much of the cultural landscape in 2046 will be shaped by the enduring spending power of folks who added "shopaholic" to society's addiction lexicon.

Food, houses, watches, shoes, electronics, entertainment, you name it. As boomer tastes go, so goes the marketplace. Interviews with futurists, marketers and designers offer a provocative picture of Future Street, USA, where we just might find that:

\*Most homes are single-story with interiors that feature so-called transgenerational design touches, such as levers and latches manipulated by the entire hand and not arthritic fingers, custom-height countertops and wider hallways and doors for wheelchairs.

\*Movie theaters virtually have disappeared as Internet-bred boomers browse through a tidal wave of age-appropriate Hollywood fare from the comfort of their posture-preserving couches.

\*Crosswalk lights stay green longer to allow this elderly army to safely reach sidewalks, and ads that showcase the hip octogenarian feature large typefaces and colors that acknowledge the aging eye's inability to distinguish between hues such as pink and yellow.

The change is already here

It's not so much that the young will be ignored by providers of goods and services; it's that the older crowd won't be.

"The demand from this large group of aging boomers will force products of all kinds to be designed without penalty to any age group," says James Pirkl, director of Transgenerational Design Matters, an Albuquerque-based non-profit that offers guidance on designing for the elderly. "In 2050, there will be 9million people over 85, or triple what we have now. So society's focus will definitely change."

Some of these ageist shifts already have begun.

The Recreation Vehicle Industry Association says members are keeping tomorrow's on-the-go boomers front and center as they design RVs that increasingly resemble movable homes. "Boomers are fanatical about their lifestyle, which is defined by freedom and flexibility almost regardless of any energy crisis," says association President David Humphreys, who is confident that the need to stay mobile will trump rising gas costs.

Today, upscale RVs run from $100,000 to $700,000; the high-end vehicles feature upscale furnishings and full Internet connectivity, a must for a group that likes staying in touch while being on the move in luxury. "Boomers may well make these RVs their permanent homes," Humphreys says.

At Boeing, engineers working on the company's 787 Dreamliner, which is due in 2008, have been acting like old folks so that the plane's interior fits boomers.

"We had them try and function in a Third Age Suit, which when you put it on reduces the flex in your knees, back, elbow and neck," says payloads engineer Vicki Curtis, referring to a movement-restricting costume the airplane manufacturer borrowed from Ford Motor. "You can't even move your knuckles."

The result: Expect more legroom, ergonomic seating and air systems that improve breathing.

But while "There will be many older folks using this 787, we don't want it to look or feel like a nursing home," Curtis says. "The older folks of tomorrow just won't act like the ones who preceded them."

Older but 'thinking younger'

As the architects of today's youth-obsessed culture, boomers proudly flaunt their Dorian Gray complex. When they look in the mirror, the years melt away both figuratively (it's hard to feel old if you're doing senior triathlons) and literally (between Botox and plastic surgery, it has never been easier to defy Mother Nature).

"Right now, 50 is the new 35, and that sort of thinking will just continue with this crowd," says Marshal Cohen, chief analyst at NPD Group of Port Washington, N.Y., a firm that studies consumer behavior. "Boomers are getting older, but they're actually thinking younger."

Marketers increasingly will cater to this group, Cohen says. Already The Gap has launched Forth & Towne, aimed at women over 35. The move comes in response to the success of Chico's, women's stores that size clothes with a varied population in mind.

Such specialized retail shops will proliferate and creep north in target age. "Right now, very few stores in malls are aimed at people over 65, but they'll soon represent about 20% of all stores," Cohen says. "Instead of going after the youth market, many manufacturers will grow with their customers. That is a huge change, away from the young and toward the old."

Well, now. Could it be that age might soon trump beauty?

Might the future Paris Hiltons of the world be forced to staff hotel front desks for their allowance as a grandparent-dominated society finds her antics uninteresting? Would 2046's sexiest man alive be an elegantly wrinkled George Clooney (85 on May 6), Hollywood's diva be grandma Eva Longoria (71 on March 15) and that year's president be Yoda-like tech guru Bill Gates (91 on Oct. 28)?

"Marketers, politicians, entertainment moguls -- they are all very awake to the shift that's coming," says Peter Sealey, former marketing chief at Columbia Pictures and co-author of Not on My Watch: Hollywood vs. the Future.

"Think back to the 15th century, when eyeglasses first appeared. That invention literally added 20 years to a person's life in terms of being able to function and be productive," Sealey says. "Well, we're going to see the same sort of enhancements going on this time around, a collection of devices that will make 95 look like 65."

Sixty-five. That signpost for retirement will be another casualty of the boomer era. Otto von Bismarck picked the age at which folks could dip into a social insurance program in the late 1800s, when many folks were dead by 65. In a 2046 brimming with medical breakthroughs, you might get takers if the retirement age were 95.

"Expect to see more ads featuring old boomers at work, because compared to the generation that went before them, these people will just not retire," says Peter Francese, demographic trends analyst for ad agency Ogilvy & Mather. "They're college educated, and they can continue to make a good living well past retirement age."

Age Wave's Dychtwald, whose latest book is The Power Years: A User's Guide to the Rest of Your Life, says boomers will see their golden years "as a playground of new beginnings. People will break away from the gravitational pull of aging. You might see 70-year-olds on campus with 18-year-olds. In my day, old people looked old. Not so now, and less so in the future."

What's more, looks are bankable.

"During the dot-com boom, we rewarded youth and suffered for it. (We now see) it's criminal to discard the experience of the old and that retirement is a big loss to society," says journalist Julie Winokur, who, along with her photographer husband, Ed Kashi, created the book and online documentary Aging in America: The Years Ahead.

"Back in the '70s, there was a true generation gap between the old and young," Winokur says. "But our work reveals that this time around, there is no gap, just a fluid transition between the ages."

Indeed, another part of the one-big-happy-family vision is the promise of bonding between book-end generations. "It can be a world where grandparents care about their children and grandchildren, and back up the chain," says Bill Novelli, CEO of AARP.

Novelli concedes it will take some societal reengineering to accomplish that, from restoring city centers (boomers will trade homes in the suburbs for the convenience and culture of urban life) to revamping the nation's health care system. ("If the costs continue to rise, we could well spend half our country's gross national product on health care, and that won't work".)

But overall, he is optimistic. "Just like the nation coped with all the babies born after World War II, America will grow older successfully," he says. "I don't see intergenerational warfare."

But others do.

"It will cost money to stay healthy and good-looking," says Konrad Kressley, professor emeritus at the University of South Alabama who specializes in future studies. "So you are likely to have wealthy, older Anglos on one end of the spectrum and ***working-class***, largely minorities on the other. Many scholars think a war between these groups could break out, a political war pitting privileged elders against the immigrant young."

There are ways to diffuse this "social dynamite," says Paul Saffo, director of the think tank Institute for the Future. His suggestions include a "life tax" requiring boomers to pay for the privilege of sticking around, taking some of the tax burden off the young.

Golden years in Goa, India?

Some boomers might simply leave the country, making room for the next generation to blossom, Saffo says. It would be a generational "cleansing" that, in the old days, was handled by an early death.

"I'm waiting for the first retirement cities to pop up in places like Goa, India," he says. "The weather's great, people speak English, and it's cheap. What more do you want?"

In fact, some boomers may want to take that advice one step farther -- into outer space. By 2046, if boomer airline tycoon Richard Branson has his way, there could well be ways to live out that Cocoon-like fantasy and head for another corner of the cosmos.

That would be so boomer. Big, brash and bold. After all, this is the intrepid generation that fought for civil rights, demanded an end to the Vietnam War, booted a president and revolutionized communications. Earth might not be enough for this crowd.

In his 2001 science-fiction novel Borrowed Tides, Paul Levinson sends two 80-year-olds on a mission to Alpha Centauri, based on the book's premise that people with active intellectual lives are the ones who live longest.

"Hey, that well could happen in real life down the road a few decades," says Levinson, who teaches communications at Fordham University. "And when they go, you can be sure these old folks will be blasting The Beatles or the Stones on their trip. Let's face it, boomers have dominated the culture so far, and they're likely to keep on doing it."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, Color, Web Bryant, USA TODAY (ILLUSTRATION); GRAPHIC, B/W, Web Bryant, USA TODAY (ILLUSTRATION); PHOTO, B/W, Reuters; PHOTO, B/W, Getty Images; PHOTO, B/W, Tim Larsen, AP; PHOTO, B/W, USA TODAY

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2005

**End of Document**



[***First-class winners from 2-year colleges The personal stories behind their achievements prove education's power to redeem***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W6D-B2W0-00C6-D02K-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 8, 1999, Thursday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1999 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1452 words

**Byline:** Tracey Wong Briggs

**Body**

Beverley Mas entered Palm Beach Community College at 59 to help

herself heal from her mother's murder and the suicides of three

other family members.

"It refocused my mind toward something more positive and productive

and offered me an open window to the future, which I thought had

been closed," she says.

Now she is applying to Harvard and Yale.

Mas is among 20 students being honored Friday as members of the

All-USA Community and Junior College Academic Team. As representatives

of all outstanding students at two-year colleges, they are examples

of the liberating and even redemptive powers of education. The

20 students on the First Team will get a trophy and a check for

$ 2,500 from USA TODAY at the American Association of Community

Colleges convention in Nashville.

In addition, 20 students each are named to the Second and Third

teams.

"These students are vivid examples of the extraordinary academic

talent and altruism that grace our two-year campuses," says Tom

Curley, president and publisher of USA TODAY. "We honor them

to remind the nation that success is achieved and good things

are happening at all levels of education."

The All-USA Academic Team members were selected for their academics,

leadership and service to others by a panel of educators convened

by Phi Theta Kappa, the honor society for two-year colleges. The

20 were chosen from 1,390 students nominated by their schools.

The First Team members have a grade-point average of 3.88 on a

scale in which 4.0 is all A's. Half are nontraditional students

25 and older, and five hope to be physicians. Ranging in age from

19 to 62, they represent not only outstanding achievement, but

also the diversity found on community college campuses:

\* Jaime Samuels, 22, had to leave college when rheumatoid

arthritis left her bedridden. Two years after her diagnosis, she

had to be pushed, literally and figuratively, into a literature

course at Sacramento City College. Reconnected to her love of

learning, she hopes to go to Stanford or Mills College and become

a college professor.

\* Cherra Pumphrey, 20, was a top student who earned 11

credits at Chipola Junior College in Marianna, Fla., while in

high school. A premed student with lots of educational costs ahead,

she continued commuting to Chipola after high school because she

was impressed with the school and wanted to keep her undergraduate

costs down.

\* Hannah Fernandez, 23, started college at a four-year

school but "wasn't completely motivated" and left after a semester.

A year of volunteer work with inner-city kids on the West Coast

and encouraging professors at Wilbur Wright College back home

in Chicago have inspired her to study to be a doctor and a professor.

\* Robert Cortner Jr., 29, is a 1993 graduate of Texas A&M

whose work with abused children in San Antonio and mission work

with the Ikoots Indians in Mexico persuaded him to return to school

to become a doctor and medical missionary. He is taking his science

prerequisites at San Antonio College.

\* Jimmy Epperson Jr., 39, entered Tyler (Texas) Junior

College to become a paramedic after working as a freight-dock

worker, a Marine and a hazardous materials expert specializing

in explosives.

At Tyler, professor Gene Gandy prodded him to think about becoming

a doctor. As a child, Epperson had always placed into advanced

classes, but he thought medical school was beyond ***working-class***

people like him. At junior college, he assumed he was too old.

"I went ahead and started to investigate it, and with each stone

I overturned, I found more opportunity." Though he will be at

least 48 by the time he graduates from medical school, "it doesn't

faze me now."

\* Sheila Isom, 48, was a high school dropout recovering

from substance abuse who entered Eastfield College in Mesquite,

Texas, to get certification to be a chemical dependency counselor.

Even picking up the financial aid form intimidated her. "I left

the car running, I was so scared."

At Eastfield, professor Gloria Terrell told Isom to think of her

missed opportunities and bad choices as an education money couldn't

buy. "She taught me that if you can dream it, you can achieve

it," says Isom, who plans to be a social worker specializing

in substance abuse recovery.

\* Rosalie Meijer, 32, entered Santa Barbara (Calif.) City

College after fleeing domestic violence 3,000 miles away. She

was a single parent and self-described "broken spirit" who possessed

little more than the knowledge that she couldn't go far without

a college degree.

"The more I succeeded in school, the more I wanted to work harder

to succeed," says Meijer, who graduated with a biology degree

and a perfect grade-point average. She is transferring to Nova

Southeastern University in Fort Lauderdale to become a physician's

assistant.

Their backgrounds vary, but what unites First Team members is

that two-year college has been a place that nurtured their talents

and opened their minds to a world of possibility.

"When I started community college, I was shaking in my shoes.

Now I'm standing in them. Maybe not as solidly as I wish, but

certainly more solidly than before," says Mas, who credits psychological

professionals with saving her life.

In 1991, Mas' troubled stepfather killed her mother and himself.

Earlier that year, there were two other suicides in the family.

"I kept going, waiting too long to accept it," Mas says. Relocation

from California to Florida and the nurturing environment of community

college were the answers to her prayers.

She wants to be a clinical psychologist and teacher, and she isn't

deterred by those who think 62 is too old to start. One of her

great-grandmothers, she says, lived to 110. "I figure I have

at least 30 to 35 years ahead (during which) I can be valuable

to society, and I plan to use them."

Mas has several full-scholarship offers but is waiting to hear

from Harvard and Yale. And she isn't the only First Teamer hoping

to make the leap from inexpensive two-year college to pricey four-year

school.

Meijer found that her junior college success not only opened the

door to a bachelor's degree, but gave her the confidence that

she'll be able to pay back the loans she took out to attend Nova

Southeastern.

Community college also taught Meijer that education is a sound

investment: "It isn't a gamble. It's a sure thing."

Jessica Supinski, 21, started commuting to the Community College

of Allegheny County in Pittsburgh two years ago because her first-choice

private college was out of her price range. She planned to transfer

after one year but stayed two, enticed by CCAC's small classes,

personal attention and diverse student body. "I could have gone

to a big school and not had the same level of opportunity."

Now, the move from community college to a school like George Washington

University in Washington, D.C., seems even better than it did

two years ago. Supinski, a broadcast journalism major, has saved

enough money and won enough scholarships to give herself options

beyond her dream choice of GW, where tuition runs $ 22,720.

And she has a clearer idea of what she wants from college than

she did two years ago. "After two years at community college,

really investing my time and money wisely, I want to go for the

best."

No one knows how many students transfer from two-year colleges

to expensive private schools. But it is possible, even at Ivy

League schools like Harvard. "We do have several from two-year

colleges every year," says Rosemary Green, associate director

of admissions, who heads the committee on transfer admissions.

"Community college students do look at highly selective institutions,

not in large numbers, but they do," says Andre Phillips of the

University of Chicago, where First Team members Hannah Fernandez

and Leandro Hernandez hope to go this fall. The University of

Chicago gets about 500 transfer applicants a year, one-fourth

from community colleges, and admits about 90.

Of those, perhaps 55 will attend, says Phillips, associate director

of admissions and transfer coordinator.

Two issues are transfer credits and cost. The University of Chicago,

for example, has a curriculum so specific that sometimes transfer

students have to take an extra quarter or two, Phillips says --

something that can be hard to swing at a school where annual tuition

for new students will run $ 24,000 next year. But "we do work

with students to help finance this venture."

And it can be done. He points to 1996 First Team member Jamie

Anderson of Harold Washington College, who decided to study public

policy when she was downsized from her business career at 33.

She is graduating from the University of Chicago this spring and

recently received a National Science Foundation Graduate Research

Fellowship worth $ 76,500.

"The ones who are the Jamie Andersons of the world go on to do

wonderful things," Phillips says. "I would love to see more

of them."

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, Color, Andrew Itkoff for USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, Andrew Itkoff for USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, David Branch, AP, for USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Todd Buchanan for USA TODAY; Beverley Mas: Spurred by family tragedy, the 62-year-old plans to become a psychologist and teacher. Jimmy Epperson Jr.: A premed student, he teaches pediatric life support to paramedics. Fernandez: Her professors have encouraged her to study medicine.

**Load-Date:** April 8, 1999

**End of Document**



[***OHIO SNIPER SUSPECT CAUGHT IN LAS VEGAS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BYN-PKF0-0027-X4YD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Man who shared pizza with McCoy made call to cops***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BYN-PKF0-0027-X4YD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

March 18, 2004 Thursday CITY EDITION

Copyright 2004 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. A1

**Length:** 1636 words

**Byline:** Laura A. Bischoff [*lbischoff@daytondailynews.com*](mailto:lbischoff@daytondailynews.com), and Mike Wagner , [*mwagner@daytondailynews.com*](mailto:mwagner@daytondailynews.com)

**Body**

COLUMBUS - After 114 consecutive days of weeding through more than 5,700 tips, it was a slice of pizza that may have ultimately led to capture of a man suspected of being Ohio's most notorious highway shooter.

Charles A. McCoy, Jr., 28, was arrested in Las Vegas by FBI and local police around 2:45 a.m. Pacific time Wednesday.

When Las Vegas resident Conrad Malsom offered leftover pizza to a dishevelled young man at the Stardust sports book on Tuesday, he recognized him as the man wanted by Ohio authorities, he told the Dayton Daily News Wednesday night.

"I knew it was him the instant I saw him, because his picture had been all over USA Today ," Malsom said.

Malsom said he watched McCoy for about an hour and then called Las Vegas police and the task force in Ohio.

"Initially there may have been some skepticism because I didn't have any hard evidence. He had walked away," he said.

Malsom said he saved a matchbook, a drinking glass and deli lunch packaging touched by the man and turned them over to the FBI around 5 p.m. in Las Vegas. Around 7 p.m. Malsom downloaded photos of McCoy off the Internet, became more convinced he had seen him and returned to the Stardust area at about 11:30 p.m.

He took a ride through the Budget Suites and came upon the car with the Ohio license plate as described by both the USA Today and on the Web sites.

"I was pretty calm the whole time, until I saw that car, and then I knew I'd really found the guy," Malsom said. He made another round of calls to law enforcement and a few minutes later the Las Vegas police arrived on the scene. McCoy had apparently left the motel. But about 20 minutes after local police and the FBI began surveillance, he pulled up in the green Geo Metro and fugitive detectives approached him and identified themselves as police, an FBI news release said.

At a Wednesday press briefing in Columbus, packed with reporters from around Ohio and the nation, authorities didn't close the door on whether others might have been involved in some of the 24 shootings.

When asked if McCoy is the only suspect, Franklin County Sheriff's Office Chief Deputy Steve Martin said, "That's the person we are specifically interested in right now."

Martin said the task force tip line would remain open.

Franklin County Prosecutor Ron O'Brien said it was not yet known how many charges would be filed against McCoy. O'Brien said he was currently more concerned about McCoy being returned to Ohio and processed on felonious- assault charge that has already been filed against McCoy for the Dec. 15 shooting of a home.

The charge is a second-degree felony which carries a maximum penalty of eight years in prison.

"At this time I am just concerned that Mr. McCoy is under arrest and is charged with one of the 24 incidents," he said.

Martin also said he couldn't comment on McCoy's mental state, how authorities were assisted by Malsom or anyone else, or on published reports that McCoy's father turned over a 9mm Beretta gun that was ballistically matched to some of the bullet fragments recovered in the shootings.

The bullet that killed the 62-year-old Gail Knisley of Washington Court House and eight other rounds have been linked through ballistics testing.

The shootings mainly occurred near a five-mile southern stretch of the Columbus I-270 outerbelt, but eventually spread to other areas in Franklin, Madison, Fayette and Licking counties. Targets of the shootings included many vehicles, a school, two school buses, a van sitting on a used-car lot, and a home.

"Throughout this entire thing . . . we have depended on the news media and the public and it so happens the public in Las Vegas helped us out," Martin said. "We still have a long job ahead of us, there is as much work to do now as there was before."

There is a $60,000 reward offered to anyone who provides information leading to the arrest and conviction of the shooter.

FBI Special Agent Todd Palmer said Malsom is the only tipster they know of in Las Vegas, and authorities are trying to confirm his version of events.

FBI agents held McCoy until officials from Columbus police, Franklin County Sheriff's Office, Ohio Highway Patrol and others arrived in Las Vegas around noon Pacific time, Palmer said.

Once Ohio officials finish questioning McCoy, he will be booked in the Clark County Detention Center and will go before a judge today or Friday, Palmer said. Ohio authorities have been questioning McCoy without a lawyer, but he will likely be appointed one in court, he said.

Franklin County Prosecutor O'Brien said if McCoy doesn't fight extradition, he could be returned to Ohio as early as Friday. O'Brien's staff and the task force will review evidence in all 24 shootings and determine the appropriate charges, he said.

Several Knisley family members attended the press conference to thank the public for its support and to commend the task force. The Knisley family, which lives in Washington Court House, has been flooded with cards, flowers and phone calls since the death of Gail Knisley. She was being driven to a doctor's appointment by her best friend when she was struck and killed by a bullet.

"As for our loss, words will never be able to describe the pain and loneliness we have felt since Nov. 25," Brent Knisley said. "She will never be forgotten and life in the Knisley family will never be the same."

The ***working-class*** neighborhoods of McCoy's mother and father were abuzz with television trucks, photographers and reporters asking questions and filing reports Wednesday afternoon. It is a scene that has been going on since Monday when police named McCoy as a suspect.

"Shocking. It's pretty shocking. It's all going on right here in the neighborhood," said Julie Caplinger, who lives with her two children two doors away from McCoy on Radbourne Drive in south Columbus. McCoy lived at the Radbourne house with his mother.

Caplinger said he met McCoy once and spoke with him for about five minutes. She described him as very quiet and very nice.

"You just didn't expect it. Very quiet people and you never expected it to be him," she said.

Other neighbors said they are tiring of answering questions about the shootings but are relieved police have McCoy in custody.

"We have been scared since the shootings started and that got even worse when we found out this guy lived right down the street," said Renea Lahr, a 35-year-old neighbor who lives five houses down from the McCoy home. "Now we are just glad it might be over."

Lahr, who has a teenage daughter, said she hopes McCoy is executed if he turns out to be the serial shooter.

"If he is proven guilty I hope he gets the death penalty," she said. "Gail Knisley didn't get to choose. Why should he?"

The Obetz neighborhood where McCoy lived with his mother was even drawing attention from other area residents who wanted to get a glance of the media frenzy and McCoy's home.

"We have been living with these shootings for months now, and I just wanted to get a look at all this," said James Reedy, a Grove City resident who was driving through McCoy's neighborhood. "This is the first day in a long time I haven't worried about driving on the interstate."

McCoy's house is a small vinyl home with dark shutters and resembles many of the other homes that fit tightly together in the small development. No one answered the door at noon Wednesday.

His father lives a few miles away in Groveport where a handwritten sign that says "we do not want to speak to the media" is posted on the front door.

Ardith McCoy has worked as a word processor at the Ohio Department of Corrections Division of Parole since 1996. Charles A. McCoy Sr. is a customer service assistant for the state Industrial Commission in its Springfield office. Neither has been at work this week, according to state officials.

Ardith McCoy filed a missing-person's report on her son with Columbus police on Monday, saying he had not been since since 4 p.m. Friday. She said in the report that he was upset about a possible move, withdrew $600 from his bank account and is mentally ill, paranoid of police and not taking medication for his condition. She also noted that he is an alcoholic and suffers from depression, according to the report.

McCoy's sister, Amy Walton, told the Dayton Daily News on Wednesday morning that the family is still coming to grips with police saying her brother is a suspect. "I, too, was scared for my children while the shootings were going on," she said. "Charlie has certainly had his troubles, but I would never use the word 'dangerous' to describe him. And we are shocked that police believe he is the shooter."

She said the family had been concerned McCoy might take his own life.

At a Speedway gas station at U.S. 23 and Interstate 270 - near where many of the shootings took place - people expressed relief that police have a suspect in custody and appear to be making progress on a case that has been dragging on for months and leaving motorists, school children and others on edge.

"We are concerned about the security of the people who work here and most travel around I-270 to get here," said David Walters, who is responsible for security at the Bob Evans Farms headquarters at U.S. 23 and I-270 where about 350 people work. He said he is happy that police arrested a suspect.

"I hope they make sure it is the end of it. I'd like to think it is but you're never sure," said Walters who stopped at a nearby gas station on Wednesday.

PIZZA, PERSISTENCE LEAD TO ARREST

Conrad Malsom (above), a tipster with an extra slice of pizza and

bulldog persistence, is credited with pointing police to the whereabouts

of the sniper suspect./

VICTIMS, MOTORISTS RELIEVED BY ARREST

Columbus-area residents share their relief with the arrest of sniper

suspect Charles. A McCoy Jr./

CHRONOLOGY OF HIGHWAY SHOOTINGS

A review of 24 shootings

in the Columbus area.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, JOE CAVARETTA/ASSOCIATED PRESS/ ,LAW ENFORCEMENT officers collect evidence from the Budget Suites Motel room that sniper suspect Charles A. McCoy Jr. was staying at near the Las Vegas Strip./ Sniper suspect Charles A. McCoy Jr. .

**Load-Date:** March 19, 2004

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[***Going against the grain;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BRJ-T3W0-00J2-314F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Ed Schultz, once a staunch conservative, is a rarity: A liberal talk-radio host. His show, out of Fargo, has a growing audience.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BRJ-T3W0-00J2-314F-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 19, 2004, Thursday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1B

**Length:** 1756 words

**Byline:** Chuck Haga; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Fargo, N.D.

**Body**

The office desk looms broad and busy, like the burly man who sits behind it and prepares for battle, his hands and eyes flitting from one stack of background papers to another.

     "A talk-show host has to have an innate ability to hit the hot buttons \_ to work an issue and find what it means to you, what it means to your family," Ed Schultz says."It's got to be edgy, entertaining and aggressive. It's got to have pace and energy, and it's got to be researched."

     Hoping to wrest AM radio listeners from Rush Limbaugh and other conservatives, liberals are touting an alternative: the Ed Schultz Show, a three-hour shootout that premiered last month.

   If the prairie's-edge setting seems unlikely, consider the man chosen as the great progressive hope: Big Eddie Schultz, a onetime football star turned apoplectic sports broadcaster turned rabidly conservative talk-show host \_ a guy who mocked the homeless and raged against illegal immigrants \_ until, he says, love and life knocked him clear across the political spectrum.

     He's on just a half-dozen small-market stations so far, but Schultz's goal is 40 to 60 by year's end \_ as well as making a mark in the Twin Cities.

     While baffling to some regional listeners, the transformation has been enough to land such guests as Democratic Sens. Dianne Feinstein of California and Hillary Rodham Clinton of New York (twice). Tom Daschle of South Dakota, the Democrats' leader in the Senate, was on Schultz's show the day President Bush's budget came out.

     "I'm a meat-eating, gun-toting lefty," he says, grinning. "I used to be a hard-line conservative. I had a real concern about my own wallet. I'm still hawkish on the military, and I've always been pro-life. Never done a show on abortion, though. I don't think it would be good radio."

     And don't confuse his guest list with being a tool for the Democrats, Schultz adds. "I've said that Howard Dean gives me the willies. And if I have a senator on the show, it's got to be because there's news."

     His conversion from rabid conservative to rabid progressive began in 1998 when he met Wendy, now his wife. A nurse, she was director of a health clinic for homeless people, and she introduced Schultz to the clients of shelters and soup kitchens.

     Wendy Schultz quit her nursing job to help produce Big Eddie's radio show.

     "I don't know if it's me that caused him to change," she says. "I just think Ed came to his senses and realized there's more to this world than just Ed."

     His red hair is thinning, his middle thickened, but Schultz \_ who played quarterback at what then was Moorhead (Minn.) State University and earned tryouts with pro football teams \_ still moves at age 50 with an athlete's poise.

     His desk is littered with papers \_ stacks of evidence, files of proof \_ and overseen by walleyes and northern pike mounted on the walls, except where a photograph of two airborne warplanes hangs.

     Schultz was recruited for the role by Democracy Radio, an advocacy group based in Washington, D.C., formed "to cure an imbalance that's overwhelming," said Tom Athans, a founder of the organization.

     "We surveyed the landscape to see who's out there on talk radio, and we found about a 3-to-1 ratio, conservative to liberal," Athans said. "Radio is supposed to be a public trust. The American people own the airwaves, but you wouldn't know that to listen to what's being broadcast."

     Only a few of the talk shows hosted by people who could be called liberal had good ratings, he said, "and at the top of that list was Ed Schultz. He's had just killer ratings."

     Democracy Radio committed to producing "The Ed Schultz Show" for two years over the Jones Radio Networks, a national syndicating company based in Washington, D.C. In addition to airing on stations in North Dakota, Montana and California, the show is broadcast from 2 to 5 p.m. weekdays on XM satellite radio and on the Internet at [*http:www.bigeddieradio.com*](http://http:www.bigeddieradio.com).

      (The local version of Schultz's show is on from 9 to 11:30 a.m. on KFGO, a Fargo station that can be heard in much of western Minnesota.)

     "I'd love to see Ed on 60 affiliates by the end of the year," Athans said. "I think that's a reasonable goal."

     So does Ron Hartenbaum, president of Jones Radio.

     For his company, the venture is economic, not political, Hartenbaum said, and he is not deterred by the failures of other talk shows from the left, including one hosted by former New York Gov. Mario Cuomo.

     "Mario Cuomo is a wonderful orator," Hartenbaum said. "He was a governor. He was not ever a radio personality. Ed's been working that microphone for years."

     More stations are poised to join, Schultz said, including one in Ann Arbor, Mich. "We're close to picking up some in South Dakota, Nebraska and Oregon," he said.

     Schultz would love to crack the Twin Cities market, and he says so with classic Big Eddie bravado: "If they'd put my show in Minneapolis, I'd win the time period."

     He'd like to go up against, say, Joe Soucheray's Garage Logic show on KSTP-AM?

     "I'd eat his lunch."

Real or opportunist?

     He can be as bombastic as Limbaugh, and the way his baritone voice wheedles and cajoles and grows tight with righteous indignation, there is an eerie similarity.

     But he is the anti-Rush. On his KFGO Web page, for example, he wrote about Bush's appearance Sunday at the Daytona 500: "I wonder how many of those middle-income NASCAR dads lost their jobs this year or saw their local taxes go up after the president failed to fund education under [No Child Left Behind]. We'll see more of the president at events like this trying to charm the ***working class***."

     Schultz is the man who 10 years ago joked about farmers peering into mailboxes for government checks. Now he defends farm subsidies as bedrock democracy.

     "Get a job," he used to chide the homeless. Now he reminds listeners that some of those people hold Purple Hearts.

     "I get nasty e-mails now and then from people accusing me of doing this only to advance my career," Schultz acknowledged. "But I've gained a lot of new friends, and I've mended some fences."

     North Dakota Democrats appeared to accept Eddie the Lefty at face value, approaching Schultz about running against Republican Gov. John Hoeven. Schultz considered it, but a national radio gig seemed a better fit.

     Did he really refer on the air to Hoeven as "an empty suit"?

     Schultz snorts. "He is an empty suit!"

     But back in his sneeringly conservative days, he called the state's three Democrats in Congress \_ Sens. Byron Dorgan and Kent Conrad and Rep. Earl Pomeroy \_ "the Three Stooges."

     All three, still in office, have been "highly supportive" of the new Ed Schultz.

     "I was wrong," he said. "I've learned a lot from our guys in Washington. If there was one thing I said back in the old days that I could take back, that probably would be it."

     Ryan Bakken, a columnist at the Grand Forks (N.D.) Herald who often spars with Schultz, admires the tactician but wonders about his motives.

     "Even I have to agree that he is an excellent talk-show host," Bakken said. "I know just about every radio in every tractor in North Dakota is tuned toward him.

     "He does his homework. He's well-informed on more issues than anyone I can think of in the state. And he gives callers a chance to make their point, even if he disagrees with them. He doesn't shout them down . . . like so many others do."

     But what drives Schultz, Bakken said, is ego.

     "I know of none bigger," he said. "So when he goes from the right to the left, I'm suspicious. Ed knows that no radio talk-show host gets any attention \_ or listeners \_ by being in the middle."

     Schultz's conversion coincided with Democrats waking up to the influence of talk radio, Bakken said. "Did Ed see that opening? He's certainly smart enough."

     Athans, of Democracy Radio, is convinced Schultz found liberal religion.

     "Ed has gone through a real transformation in his beliefs as a result of changes in his own life and changes that he's seen occur in this country," he said. "I don't have a moment's doubt that it's real."

'Got me energized'

     Schultz arrives at KFGO at about 6 a.m. and doesn't leave until after the national show ends at 5 p.m.

     The show's opening includes a clip of President John F. Kennedy's 1961 inauguration speech \_ "The torch has been passed to a new generation" \_ and an introduction both playful and pompous: "From high atop the American continent, it's the Ed Schultz Show."

     His first caller on a recent afternoon identifies himself as a truck driver \_ and a conservative. He's calling from the road somewhere.

     "You got my blood pressure up," he says, but he doesn't explain why or try to counter anything that Schultz has said. Rather, the caller sounds like a fan.

     "I'm out here doing my job, and you're sure as hell doing your job," he says. 'You've got me energized, that's for sure. You're easy to get hold of, too."

     Guests that day include Dorgan, talking from Washington about fraud in supplying troops in Iraq, and Tex Hall, chairman of the National Congress of American Indians, explaining from South Dakota how tribes plan to mobilize 1 million voters in the next election (and how 80 percent of those votes usually go to Democrats).

     The listener calls come from Alabama, West Virginia, Florida, California, Maine. A man, thanking Schultz for talking about health care, says he has diabetes and other ailments and can't find insurance.

     "I'm willing to pay, but nobody will sell it to me," he says, his voice breaking. "My fear, to be honest with you, is I'm going to die."

     Hang in there, Schultz tells him. And he says, "The U.S. government should get [insurance] for you."

     A conservative caller asks accusingly, "Do you believe socialism is superior to capitalism?"

     "No," Schultz says, but he's irritated.

     "You get so stuck in a rut, hung up in this philosophy," he tells the caller, his throat tightening and making him sound a little like Rush again. "When does dealing with the real problem overrun your fixation with ideology?"

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Chuck Haga is at [*crhaga@startribune.com*](mailto:crhaga@startribune.com).

     Ed on the air

    The Ed Schultz Show is on from 2-5 p.m. and is available in the Twin Cities on the Internet at [*http://www.bigeddieradio.com*](http://www.bigeddieradio.com) or on XM Radio (Ch. 166). The local version of his show can be heard on KFGO (790 AM) in Fargo, N.D., from 9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. That station can be picked up in most of western Minnesota.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** February 19, 2004

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[***COMING OF AGE - ETHNICALLY IN AN ERA OF ETHNIC PRIDE, YOUNG INDIAN AMERICANS HAVE CEMENTED THEIR TIES / TO THE COUNTRY OF THEIR PARENTS. IN DOING SO, THEY SOLVED AN IDENTITY CRISIS: / THEY'RE AMERICANS WITH ORIGINS IN INDIA.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TSD0-01K4-94HG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 15, 1999 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: LIFESTYLE; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1506 words

**Byline:** Lini S. Kadaba, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

As a young girl, Mika Rao always insisted on a hamburger before functions full of her parents' Indian friends. This child of the Main Line preferred American fare to the spicy curries and lentils of her heritage.

The pendulum swung. An adolescent Rao loved all things Indian after summer sojourns to her parents' native land, a rite of passage for a generation of Indian Americans in search of certain truths.

Now 24, she is claiming both the culture of her past and the culture of her future.

As Rao and other children of the 1960s and 1970s Indian immigration wave come of age, they are picking and choosing identities, even as they are shaping American society.

That journey, and the varied paths it can take, is explored in the exhibition "Live Like the Banyan Tree: Images of the Indian American Experience," at the Balch Institute for Ethnic Studies in Center City through the year.

On the surface, the collective experience of the more than 800,000 Indians in the United States - by last count 20,500-plus in the Philadelphia area- mirrors earlier groups. The first generation, which came after the Immigration Act of 1965 relaxed quotas, longs for home, it sacrifices for a piece of suburbia, and it clashes over cultural issues with its American-bred children.

But interestingly, this second generation of Indian Americans, through trips back, cultural organizations and college courses, deeply wants to explore and sustain ties to India.

Zahin Maneckshaw, 24, who traded Indian culture for American, wants to keep alive Gujarati, the language of his roots.

In a West Philadelphia rowhouse, Shivaani Selvaraj, 26, has created a simple bedroom altar to the Hindu pantheon.

And Rao, who plans another trip to India, has cemented connections to here and there by founding the national Indian American Political Awareness Committee.

"Something happens on those trips back," said folklorist Leela Prasad, guest curator of the Balch exhibition. "It starts you off. Where is the India in me? Or is there an India in me?"

The second generation's search for answers can be frustrating. Some find affirmation in Mother India, but many others confront alienation. They belong neither wholly here nor there.

The condition is common enough that children refer to themselves as ABCDs - American-Born Confused Desis. ("Desi" means "Indian" the way "Yankee" means "American.")

"It is agonizing, those growing up years," Prasad said.

But ABCDs, perhaps not all that confused, are shaping successful identities. Even as they throw out the pre-packaged "heritage" offered by parents via summer camps, ethnic enclaves and religious networks, they're inventing hybrid cultures. In urban clubs, the generation dances to bhangra rap, a fusion of hip-hop, rap, reggae, and Indian pop music.

"We're in a period where there's an opportunity to choose and pick from the menu of ethnic identities," said Daniel Friedman, an associate professor of psychology at Antioch College. "There is no single way to adapt."

Consider the Miss India Georgia pageant, the subject of a documentary film by Friedman and freelancer Sharon Grimberg. One teenage contestant twirled a baton to the Jewish folk song "Hava Nagilah"!

What does it mean to be American? Here are the stories of Rao, Maneckshaw and Selvaraj, three who have claimed distinct, yet all-American, identities.

"When I was growing up, I used to feel you either had to be one or the other. Either you were Indian or you were American," Malavika Rao, who long ago shortened her name to Mika, said over lunch. "I constantly felt the pressure to have to make that choice."

As she nibbled focaccia, Rao, a management consultant who lives in Bryn Mawr, wore the Gen X work uniform of black, flared slacks, white blouse, and chunky shoes. But her Indian roots dangled from her neck in the shape of the monkey god Hanuman.

In high school, "I personally didn't have any Indian friends of my own," she said. But Rao wasn't totally comfortable among her circle of white friends.

"I mispronounced certain words for years," she said. "I used to constantly feel that it was so obvious to others that I was different. . . .

"I remember being a 3-year-old kid and saying to my preschool friends, I'm Indian, not the wa-wa kind," she said, referring to American Indians, "but the other kind. As I got older, I remember explaining why my mother wore a dot [bindi] on her forehead, why she wore a sari. Explaining, explaining."

At first, Rao relunctantly visited India. But by age 11, something changed. She began to enjoy the lazy summers with cousins, the foods, smells, sights, and most of all, the connections.

"It was pride in my family," she said. "Something about the way people are in India. There is that love and attention, especially to children. . . . I think it also gave in me a feeling of self-confidence, a sense of self and identity, which I think was missing in me."

At the University of Pennsylvania, Rao, for the first time, had Indian American friends to share experiences: the lunchbox packed with chutney sandwiches; the taboos around dating; the constant, maddening label of foreigner.

"You don't have to make a choice," said Rao, who calls herself an accidental ambassador for the Indian culture. "There is something in between being Indian and being American, and that is Indian American, a community of people who have roots in India . . . but who really are forming a life here."

Zahin Maneckshaw arrived in New Jersey from Bombay at age 7.

While his mother worked in retail sales, his father, a cricket player, chased the American dream, toiling in a bread factory, pursuing corporate sales, and finally owning a business, the Palace of Asia restaurants in Fort Washington and Lawrenceville, N.J., where Zahin Maneckshaw has tended bar.

From the start, the family assimilated with a fervor reminiscent of early-1900s immigrants. Zahin and his younger brother were told to speak only English in public. His mother dressed in Western clothes, no saris, no bindis, no bangles.

"They forced us to adapt," he said. "The culture stayed in the house."

Unlike other Indians, the Maneckshaws, who moved to Montgomeryville, rarely participated in Indian cultural events. Zahin attended Catholic school, practicing his Zoroastrian faith at home on weekends.

"I stayed away from our culture for the longest time," he said, though he has maintained connections of religion and language, something he wants to pass to the next generation.

Now a second-year law student at Temple University, Maneckshaw says immersion into U.S. culture - and the trade-offs that entailed - allowed him to move quickly from outsider to mainstream American without the ABCD conflicts.

"I am an American," he said, easily, "but I have my origins in India."

As a toddler, Shivaani Selvaraj, skin the color of rich chocolate, hated one of her dolls, the black doll.

"I think early on I had an understanding that there was something bad about the color of my skin," she said, "and I didn't want to be associated with it."

Selvaraj, the child of biochemists, grew up in a ***working-class*** Irish neighborhood of Boston, her best friend the Korean girl across the way. Later, the family moved to white middle-class suburbia, but the racism followed.

Teachers assumed her the model minority, in no need of supports. She was a good student, and, in general, Indians do comprise one of the most highly educated and economically well-off ethnic groups in America. But racism exists, from the New Jersey "dot-busters" who viciously attacked Indians in the mid-'80s to more recent desecration of suburban Hindu temples and myriad cultural assumptions.

Selvaraj, like many Indian American youths, never quite understood her simmering anger. Then she became active in multicultural groups and with issues of racism. "I could start to put a name to what I was experiencing," she said.

On trips to India, she made certain cultural connections, but didn't feel Indian enough. "I just didn't belong there," she said.

Here, Selvaraj, who dates a man from Jamaica, identifies with people of color, a controversial choice given historical prejudices among Indians. "I feel I am totally connected to black young people because I was called nigger, you know," she says in the exhibit's catalog.

That said of her past journey, Selvaraj made clear her future:

"This is my country," she said, leaving no doubt. "It's true there is this history of struggle over not belonging. But I think at some point, you have to decide you belong."

To that end, Selvaraj, outreach coordinator for the Asian Arts Initiative near Chinatown, is building a simple Hindu altar. She has embellished a salvaged drawer with pictures of deities and placed it near a plaster bust of Durga, goddess of power. Each day, she burns incense and then, like her mother and grandmother before her, carries the fragrant stick through the house.

"It's just a way to have that daily connection with culture. I'm not a die-hard Hindu," she said, laughing.

"This is a part of me," Selvaraj continued. "It's about claiming and creating home."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Shivaani Selvaraj burns incense at an altar at home. Selvaraj, past the struggle of belonging, says, "It's just a way to have that daily connection with culture." (ERIC MENCHER, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Headache powders getting extra-strength exposure***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W24-XB60-00C6-D2RK-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 19, 1999, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1527 words

**Byline:** J. Taylor Buckley

**Body**

After driving in 1,156 races, surviving a hundred or more crashes

and taking a worse beating behind the wheel than a soft melon

caught in a cement mixer, NASCAR legend Richard Petty knows something

about headaches. "I'll tell you what," the undisputed king of

the stock car world says, "when you have a racing team, you'd

better have some headache powder."

Unless you live in the southeastern United States, have roots

there or know that Goody's brand of powder is the official NASCAR

pain reliever, it is nearly certain you haven't a clue of what

Petty is talking about. Unlike such regional wonders as bagels

and Buffalo wings that caught on everywhere, headache powders

somehow avoided being sucked into the mainstream of a mostly homogenized

nation. Kudzu has spread faster.

But that could be changing. "It's a hot time for things Southern,"

says Lisa Howorth, an expert on regional culture. "And people

here have relied on headache powder for generations."

NASCAR isn't the only force helping powders break out of their

Southern stronghold.

All three surviving brands, including BC and Stanback, have been

bought up by the same company, Block Drug Co. of Jersey City,

N.J. It is an $ 863 million-a-year business that is perhaps better

known for its Polident and Beano brands. But Block specializes

in pumping up niche-market products, and, though still viewing

powders as a regional specialty, has put them in such major national

chains as Kmart, Wal-Mart and Walgreen's.

Additionally, Block is expanding the franchise built on the basic

Goody's formulation of aspirin, acetaminophen and caffeine, lately

adding "extra strength" and "PM" versions. Only last month

it introduced Goody's Body Pain formula, which bows with a splash

April 18 as title sponsor of the Goody's Body Pain 500 at Martinsville,

Va., Speedway.

The NASCAR connection has been part of the Goody's strategy for

15 years, though neither party will discuss finances. As the world's

premier stock-car racing organization expands beyond the South

to major markets in Texas, Nevada and California, it carries the

Goody's banner into unconquered territory.

For each of nearly 70 races in NASCAR's Winston Cup and Bush Series

circuits the official pain reliever offers the Goody's Headache

Award, a kind of bad karma Miss Congeniality prize worth $ 3,500

to the driver with the worst luck. Via sponsorship of two Winston

Cup races, Goody's gets not only race week exposure to hundreds

of thousands of on-site fans, but its pace cars and grandstand

signage are seen by millions on TV.

That puts Goody's in elite corporate company. Only Pepsi, NAPA

auto parts stores, Jiffy Lube and banking giant MBNA have two

races with their names on them.

Meantime, for the people who think the term "take a powder"

is gangster-movie lingo for "scram," the concept of pain relief

in any form but a coated caplet remains the next thing to voodoo.

For believers, however, headache powders are the mint julep of

analgesics.

Down South, "taking a powder" means just that. You simply unfold

a Band-Aid size packet and dump its contents on the back of the

tongue, then pound it down with a big swig of cola. Any of the

big Southern brands will do. To millions, the ritual is second

nature, though there is no consensus on how it should be performed.

Some users mix the powder with liquid and drink it; others slide

it straight off the paper without benefit of a chaser.

Regardless of method, to many practitioners the power of powder

is religion.

The Goody's mystique

Mention Goody's in the same breath with BC and Stanback and you

have named "The father, son and holy ghost of modern medicine,"

according to newspaper columnist Teddy Allen. "My mother taught

me about Jesus, and my mother taught me about Goody's," says

Allen, a transplanted South Carolinian now writing for *The*

*Times* in Shreveport, La. "You never want to be far out of

reach of a powder."

Since their introduction during the industrialization of the South

in the early 1900s, headache powders like the one developed by

Winston-Salem pharmacist M.C. "Goody" Goodman evolved into trusted

institutions as well as legendary nostrums.

Peddled from "dope carts" in hot, noisy factories across the

South, powders caught on quickly with the ***working class*** because

they were cheap, handy and fast-acting. In the absence of a cart,

as legend has it, a pain-wracked factory worker signaling his

or her discomfort would be granted permission to leave the factory

floor with the phrase, "Go take a powder."

The foreman could always count on the worker's quick return, because

the remedies proffer a strong shot of caffeine along with aspirin

and acetaminophen.

The pain-relief gospel according to miners, mill workers and field

hands gradually won converts on all levels of society. Yet unlike

such Southern innovations as Coca-Cola, Holiday Inns and Fed Ex,

which sprang from regional roots into global giants, powders never

caught on in a major way outside the South.

And though they rate prominent display at every quick-stop from

Natchez to Norfolk, they remain a no-name asteroid in the vast

universe of over-the-counter pain relievers.

None of the manufacturers -- at one time dozens of concoctions

flourished under such names as Stop-Ayke, PDQ and Wink -- ever

got big enough to have much marketing muscle. And then there was

the persistent perception that they were blue-collar South.

Despite their expanding presence nationally, and despite brand

loyalty in the South that borders on fanaticism, headache powders

remain a very small business, claiming perhaps only 2% of the

$ 3 billion analgesic market. Goody's, the only brand mentioned

in Block's most recent 29-page annual report, rated but one sentence.

While pharmacological science strives for powerful relief compressed

into slick, pinhead-size pills, clunky old powders still have

panache.

Just take a powder and forget it

For Richard Petty, who spent 35 years knifing through gridlock

at 190 mph in the midst of smoking tires and head-banging engine

racket, Goody's was part of every pit stop before he retired from

driving. When the crew poked that pole through the window with

the cup of water on the end, Petty's water guy always had a powder

clamped to the pole. And when he couldn't stop, he always had

a few capsules, hand-filled with Goody's, taped to the dashboard.

"You don't want a headache to get too far gone," Petty says.

"You just take a powder and keep on truckin', if you know what

I mean."

Petty gets paid to promote Goody's now. But unpaid endorsers are

just as rabid.

Harold Knowles, a fund-raising officer for Liberty University

in Lynchburg, Va., is typical. He filled out a Goody's coupon

and won the drawing to be honorary starter for last year's Goody's

500 at Martinsville. "When I get a migraine, and that pain flashes

across my eyes, well, the powder doesn't taste that good but it's

fast relief."

Knowles buys in bulk.

He and the rest of the faithful believe powder has to work faster

than anything solid. "It's already dissolved when it hits your

stomach," Petty says. "A pill just lays there."

Block makes no claim that powders work faster than pills or capsules,

only that they work fast. Neurology professor Richard Lipton,

president-elect of the American Association for the Study of Headache,

says he's unaware of any study done on the speed of powder vs.

pills. "Powders are perfectly reasonable," he says, "but it

matters more what's in them that the form they are in."

He says the Goody's formula stacks up well but warns that taken

too frequently, anything with caffeine can cause withdrawal headaches

when consumption stops.

And powders are still comparatively cheap. For a few cents less,

a dose of Goody's delivers twice the aspirin and a trace more

acetaminophen than Excedrin "Migraine" formula. Excedrin has

twice the caffeine, though.

Relief the good old-fashioned way

Among devotees, powders pack as much mystique as good medicine.

Says Ted Ownby, associate professor of history and Southern studies

at the University of Mississippi and an unabashed Goody's user,

"there is growth in the desirability of something regionally

distinctive, whether being a fan of a Southern sports team to

die for or moving into a subdivision named Tara Woods or buying

products endorsed by NASCAR racers."

To Lisa Howorth, compiler of *The Official Encyclopedia of Southern*

*Culture Quiz Book*, Goody's represents "one of the last outpost

of good old American stuff. It's one of those simple things that

our grandparents grew up with and didn't require an expensive

prescription and hour of therapy."

With powders, it is also partly a taboo kind of feel to the whole

thing. And a manly factor. The preparation phase can involve a

lot of refolding much like rolling one's own cigarettes.

"It's that tough taste," Allen says. "And it looks like cocaine."

"It comes in a convenient format," Howorth says. "You don't

have to carry it around in some sissy-looking container. It's

handy. Like a condom."

But much of the allure is that of handed-down tradition. "People

will say, 'My grandmother or grandfather used to take that.' That's

part of what makes you feel good," says Dean Siegal, spokesman

for Block Drug.

"That said," he adds, "The active ingredients in Goody's are

well-recognized as safe and effective when used as directed."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, color, Tim Dillon, AP

**Load-Date:** March 19, 1999

**End of Document**



[***ON MINDS IN MINN. IS JESSE VENTURA'S ACT 2 / HOW THE EX-WRESTLING STAR WILL LEAD THE STATE AS ITS GOVERNOR IS UNCLEAR.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DN30-01K4-949B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 25, 1998 Friday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1482 words

**Byline:** Raad Cawthon, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** MINNEAPOLIS

**Body**

People still stop in at the small storefront in a ***working-class*** neighborhood north of downtown to pick up T-shirts bearing slogans such as "Jesse - The Governing Body - Ventura."

This bare-bones room, with its faux-wood paneling and shrill fluorescent lighting, is no bigger than a couple of walk-in closets. It is the only campaign headquarters Jesse Ventura had in the guerrilla campaign that seven weeks ago propelled him to Minnesota's governorship.

That campaign, mounted primarily on the strength of Ventura's celebrity as a former professional wrestler, action-flick bit player and talk-show host, jolted the world of conventional politics.

"All kinds of people missed the Jesse phenomenon," said Nancy Zingale, a political scientist and executive assistant to the president of St. Thomas University in St. Paul, Minn. "They didn't believe that the enthusiasm for him was political. They thought it was celebrity and nothing else, and they were wrong."

Now, as Minnesotans await the second act in this drama, they are trying to figure out how Ventura - who, most observers think, never believed he would actually win - will lead a state of 4.6 million people with a history of solid, progressive government.

In the weeks since his election, Ventura has charmed the professional pols at a National Governors' Association school for rookies in Wilmington, Del., drawn a good bit of warm national publicity, and, at least locally, assuaged many fears.

While he has signed a six-figure contract to write a book and this week set up a nonprofit corporation to license Jesse Ventura action figures and other official merchandise, he says no one should worry about his priorities.

"This is my main job, rest assured of that," Ventura said recently. "Governor comes first. Anything else will come second."

And he recently promised to appoint "a common-sense cabinet that champions new ideas, models a strong work ethic, and makes government work better."

Zingale, for one, thinks he may fulfill that promise. "The transition team has good people, solid good-government types from both parties," she said.

Ventura will take office Jan. 4; until then, he is spending his days consulting with departing Republican Gov. Arne Carlson, considering appointments and being briefed on policy minutiae. Last week, he toured the state, his increasingly familiar wrestler's physique and clean-shaven pate showing up in schools, taverns and community meetings.

In Duluth, where he did not run well, Ventura charmed the locals by proclaiming all was forgiven.

"Remember, I came from professional wrestling," he said. "I pulled hair, I pulled tights, and I even carried a foreign object at times. I've been booed many times, and it doesn't change my outlook. I hold no grudges."

Said Moonyeen Bongaards, deputy chairman of the Minnesota Republican Party: "There's no question that he has handled himself real well and sounds pretty darned good to folks. He has some real opportunities here if he can really get his act together."

But which act? The one in which he rises heroically to carry Minnesota's previously negligible Reform Party into office to stage a revolution from within? Or the one in which he refines some of his more ill-conceived campaign statements and becomes the middle-of-the-road governor many are hoping for?

"I think people in both parties will help him," Bongaards said. "Particularly if he works for some of the anti-big government things he has talked about."

But some of Ventura's most ardent supporters, unhappy with both parties, are already leery of the aura of consensus government that has sprung up around him.

In Ventura's shabby campaign office, still staffed with volunteers, his dependence on known political personalities to help get his beefy hands around the idea of governance is off-putting to some. His transition team is light on doctrinaire Reform Party members and relies instead on such known commodities as a former administrator for the state's Board of Regents and a prominent public-policy lobbyist.

Ventura will arrive in office facing expectations bigger than any opponent he ever body-slammed in the ring. His election, with 37 percent of the vote in a three-way race, stunned the state.

But within two weeks, an interesting thing had happened: The governor-elect, whose total political experience was one four-year term as mayor of the Twin Cities suburb of Brooklyn Park, began winning over some Minnesotans who had not voted for him.

"The first reaction by a lot of people was one of shock and some dismay," said Wyman Spano, a Minnesota lobbyist and editor of a political newsletter. "Then so many people got calls from friends all over the world saying, 'What's going on?' that there was kind of a coming together, kind of circling the wagons a little bit. Now I think he's got tremendous support, larger than you might expect."

A recent poll by the Minneapolis Star-Tribune showed that if the election were held today, Ventura would increase his share of the vote from 37 percent to 44 percent.

To Democrat Roger Moe, Minnesota Senate majority leader, the lesson is simple.

"In this last election the Republicans took a hit nationally, and they did it because of the way Washington is acting," he said. "Just when you think there couldn't be any less civility in Washington, they up the ante.

"People [nationally] were not happy with either party and they voted Democratic to punish the Republicans." But voters here, Moe noted, could do more: "In Minnesota, they had a third option, so just as they could punish the Republicans, they also didn't have to reward the Democrats."

Spano agrees. "Ventura's election was not a Reform Party triumph as much as it was an anti-partisan message. People in Minnesota are not happy with the impeachment debate. More strongly, I think, than other people, we feel the partisanship of the time is not a good thing. That is what Ventura appealed to more than anything."

Whatever the electoral dynamic, the result for Minnesota was unprecedented: The state's legislative branch will be split, with the Democrats controlling the Senate and Republicans the House, while the governor is of neither party.

Some fear gridlock. But members of both parties say they got the voter's message, at least for now.

"For this three-legged stool to work, we have to focus on the issues where we agree," said Steve Sviggum, the incoming House speaker. "We think Ventura will be willing to stand with us on several important issues."

It is in discussing issues, however, that Ventura has shot from the hip with regularity, making mainstream politicians hold their breath. He has made erroneous statements about the large budget surpluses that have resulted from settlement of the state's suit against tobacco companies, and has appeared to change position on direct state aid to college students.

Still, Minnesotans seem to forgive Ventura his lack of knowledge and his flip-flops - perhaps precisely because he is not, in their eyes, a politician.

"You have to remember he is an entertainer," Moe said. "He may be able to waltz through this if the economy stays good."

On some issues - such as whether he should be able to supplement his $120,000-a-year salary by playing on his celebrity - Ventura already has begun pushing the envelope in a state so squeaky clean politically that it is against the law for a lobbyist to buy a legislator a cup of coffee.

"The concern is if we make him live by normal rules, his getting bored is probably a problem," Spano said. "If he can't have some fun while he's doing this - and we have taken all of the fun out of the game around here - then who knows?"

So far, at least, Ventura seems to be having his fun. Last week, when he asked crowds if he should continue to endorse products, specifically by wearing a milk mustache, the result was resoundingly affirmative. And he has not ruled out pursuing his movie career while in office.

"It really is a 60-hour-a-week job or a 10-hour-a-week job," Spano said of the governorship. "There really aren't too many things you really have to be good at. You really only have to manage your public perception." And Ventura's public perception, at this point, is of a man who can do no wrong.

Take the Rolling Stones.

On their forthcoming tour, the Stones will play here and, recognizing a fellow celebrity, offered Ventura tickets. No dice; in Minnesota it is illegal for public officials to accept free tickets.

So Ventura, applying a celebrity solution to a celebrity problem, said he would proclaim "Rolling Stones Day" - and make the proclamation at the concert.

Problem solved. Case closed. People cheered.

"In other states that wouldn't happen," Spano said. "He would have just taken the tickets. Now, whether Jesse can find himself a way to live in those kinds of strictures, and whether we cut him some slack, may go a long way in determining what kind of governor he's going to be."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

An action figure of Jesse Ventura is licensed by a corporation he set up in one of his new deals. He says being governor is his main job. (CAROLYN KASTER, St. Paul Pioneer Press)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Short reviews of some of the first-week offerings. Short reviews of some of the movies being show in the festival's first week.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52MN-V821-DYRH-9316-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

April 15, 2011 Friday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 3E

**Length:** 2729 words

**Byline:** TOM HORGEN; COLIN COVERT; SARA GLASSMAN; STAFF WRITERS; ROB NELSON; EMILY CONDON; ERIK MCCLANAHAN; CHRISTY DESMITH, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

today

TRIUMPH67

two 1/2 out of four stars out of four stars

7 p.m. Fri. - also 4:30 p.m. Tue. - U.S.

Dunwoody College film instructor Mohannad Ghawanmeh makes an impressive acting debut as an Anglo-Palestinian sifting through his family history. After his charismatic older brother's death, he encounters a woman from their mutual past and learns that his memories are incomplete. To come to terms with his rootless present he must deal with old personal secrets. Poignant and moody, the film recalls "Blow Up" and such indie American classics as "The King of Marvin Gardens." Summertime Minneapolis and Lake Pepin sparkle in Jeremy Wilker's cinematography. (94 min.)

COLIN COVERT

CAMERAMAN: THE LIFE & WORK OF JACK CARDIFF

three out of four stars

7:15 p.m. Fri. - also 1:15 p.m. Sat. - U.K.

A pioneering practitioner of Technicolor in such vivid classics as "The Red Shoes" and "The African Queen," cinematographer Jack Cardiff gets his close-up in this admiring biographical documentary, which doubles as a clip-laden, starry peek at film history. A former child actor who remained sprightly in his 90s, the late Cardiff recalls his painstaking efforts to bring the tonal values of impressionist painting to the screen. Martin Scorsese is among the luminaries who contextualize the cameraman's style. (83 min.)

ROB NELSON

DAVID WANTS TO FLY

three out of four stars

7 p.m. Fri. - also 9:30 p.m. May 2 - Germany/Austria/France

In this entertaining documentary, geeky film-school grad and diehard Lynch devotee David Sieveking trails his idol through the inland empire of Transcendental Meditation, a practice Lynch claims can help deflate the "suffocating rubber clown suit of negativity" we're all wearing. Sieveking dutifully drinks the Kool-Aid, but, as in "Blue Velvet," there's something festering under the surface of nirvana. Complete with mood-alteringly Lynchian soundtrack, the documentary strikes a delicate balance between reverence and mounting skepticism as Sieveking follows the money sprinkled along TM's path to enlightenment. (96 min.)

R.N.

CURLING

three 1/2 out of four stars

9:30 p.m. Fri. - also 8 p.m. Sat. - Canada

This strange, sweet picture follows Jean-Francois (a terrific Emmanuel Bilodeau), a handyman who labors away in the sagging sadness of a roadside hotel/bowling alley, and his 12-year-old daughter, Julyvonne (the actor's daughter, Philomene Bilodeau). He's kept her largely isolated from everything most kids take for granted. As the narrative drifts and twists and turns, pathos mingles with delight. Some of the film's weirder moments -- a key one involves '80s teen sensation Tiffany's cover of "I Think We're Alone Now" -- linger long after the credits roll. (96 min.)

EMILY CONDON

CRACKS

three 1/2 out of four stars

9:45 p.m. Fri. - also 4 p.m. Sun. - England/Ireland

Ridley Scott's daughter Jordan combines her dad's visual flair with impressive insight in her directorial debut. Set at a 1930s girls' English boarding school, this high-toned melodrama stars Eva Green as the idolized swimming teacher who develops an intense relationship with an exotic new pupil, disrupting the dynamic in the elite, repressive school. Adoration turns to resentment and hatred with dire consequences. Juno Temple as a bossy teacher's pet and rising Spanish star Maria Valverde as the disruptive newcomer are standouts in the all-female cast. (104 min.)

C.C.

WE ARE WHAT WE ARE

three out of four stars

10 p.m. Fri. - also 9:30 p.m. Mon. - Mexico

Jorge Michel Grau's bitingly satirical thriller explores the family values of four Mexico City cannibals. Following the death of her hubby, poor Patricia (Carmen Beato) sternly directs her teenage sons (Francisco Barreiro, Alan Chavez) and daughter (Paulina Gaitan) to keep the clan's flesh-eating "rituals" alive. The entrees accumulate and a hungry detective (Jorge Zarate) starts sniffing around the family's fragrant abode. Strong-stomached viewers should sample this flavorful shocker before a watered-down American remake comes to the table. (89 min.)

R.N.

saturday

NOSTALGIA FOR THE LIGHT

three 1/2 out of four stars

12:30 p.m. Sat. - also 8:45 p.m. Mon. - Chile

Chile's arid Atacama desert is an ideal locale for stargazers and archaeologists -- and for military death squads to dispose of their victims. While astronomers study the skies for clues to the origins of existence, a group of old women sift through the dirt for traces of thousands of dissidents who vanished during the Pinochet dictatorship. This poetic and sensitive documentary draws touching parallels between these two teams of truth-seekers. The celestial visuals are breathtaking, as are the portraits of the women, still hopeful after 30 years of searching that they will find their lost loved ones' remains. (90 min.)

C.C.

TUCKER & DALE VS. EVIL

three out of four stars

11 p.m. Sat. - also 9:45 p.m. Wed. - Canada

Set in West Virginia (but shot in Alberta), this enjoyably silly sendup of hillbilly horror flips the scripts of "The Hills Have Eyes" and "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre": Here, the redneck good ol' boys are the victims of the usual batch of young, sexed-up urban thrill seekers. Played with tongues in cheek by Alan Tudyk and Tyler Labine, poor Tucker and Dale only want to spruce up their dilapidated shack, but when a frat boy's crush goes missing, they're instantly blamed -- and forced to take cover. Blood and belly laughs abound in director Eli Craig's cleverly lowbrow farce. (86 min.)

R.N.

STEAM OF LIFE

three out of four stars

7 p.m. Sat. - also 8:45 April 27 - Finland

"Sometimes it's good to talk." So says one of the Finnish men featured in this documentary in which a series of revealing vignettes show men spilling their guts in saunas. It is here where they feel most comfortable telling of their happiest and most tragic moments. Similar in style to last year's great festival selection, "Cooking History," "Steam of Life" is impressive in that the filmmakers were able to get this much raw emotion in a culture known for male stoicism. But it's not without a few cheesy sequences, like the closing. (81 min.)

ERIK MCCLANAHAN

HAPPY, HAPPY

two 1/2 out of four stars

3:45 p.m. Sat. - also 5 p.m. Sun. - Norway

Cosmopolitan couple Sigve and Elizabeth move to the country with their young adopted son, Noa, to make a needed change. When they meet their new landlords, Kaja and Eirik and their son, Theodor, they get more than they bargained for. Veering between light romantic comedy and a kind of social commentary, the movie struggles to find a consistent tone. That said, Agnes Kittelsen shines in the role of Kaja, a lonely woman delighted to have new neighbors across the way. (85 min.)

E.C.

MAD BASTARDS

two out of four stars

9:45 p.m. Sat. - also 9:30 p.m. Wed. - Australia

A harsh, realistic look at three generations of Aboriginal men trying to transform their lives. Ex-con TJ travels cross-country to meet the 13-year-old son he has never known, unaware that the boy has been sent to an outback bush camp for delinquents. TJ's father, a gruff cop, wants to help marginalized men in his frontier community with a discussion group. The film crosscuts confusingly between their stories, but once the focus emerges, the film covers familiar themes with honest emotion. (94 min.)

C.C.

INCREDIBLY SMALL

four out of four stars

9 p.m. Sat. only - U.S.

A splendid Minneapolis-made slacker comedy. Susan Burke and Stephen Gurewitz are a droll comic dream team as Anne and Amir, whose relationship disintegrates as they move into their first apartment. Their petty squabbles reveal volumes about their incompatible personalities, and they're spot-on funny, too. Enter handsome neighbor Tom (Alex Karpovsky), a passive-aggressive nightmare, undermining Amir at every turn. Writer/director Dean Peterson's smart microbudget doodle is more fully alive than the last 10 big-name Hollywood movies you've seen. (83 min.)

C.C.

sunday

POM WONDERFUL PRESENTS: THE GREATEST MOVIE EVER SOLD

three out of four stars

6:30 p.m. Sun. only - U.S.

Having gorged himself on quarter-pounders in "Super Size Me," comic documentarian Morgan Spurlock here overdoses on product placement -- to the extent that even the film's full title is bought and paid for. Funded by the corporations that the filmmaker hustles onscreen, this expose of ubiquitous American branding shrewdly proves that not even nonfiction is immune to sponsorship. Food for thought: How unsavory is it that this message is brought to you in part by Amy's Light & Lean? (90 min.)

R.N.

SMALL TOWN MURDER SONGS

three out of four stars

6:30 p.m. Sun. - also 9:30 p.m. April 24 - Canada

Local cop Walter (Peter Stormare from "Fargo") is put to the test when investigating a woman's murder in his small Mennonite community. We get glimpses of Walter's torrid past, which made his former lover leave and shack up with a violent thug. Walter questions if he's really content with his new life and if he can move forward. Writer/editor/director Ed Gass-Donnelly's film feels genuine, with captivating performances and a haunting score. (75 min.)

JIM BRUNZELL III

HELLO! HOW ARE YOU?

three out of four stars

9 p.m. Sun. - also 6:45 p.m. April 27 - Romania

A romance from a culture skeptical about happy endings. A timid married couple who have lost their spark meet anonymously in an Internet chat room and fall in love again. But this rueful Eastern European comedy takes unexpected twists. The couple's teenage son is a sex-crazed lout who despises his parents' vegetative existence and is already dictating his memoirs to the fans he expects to have as a porn star. The adult leads are amusingly woebegone. (105 min.)

C.C.

THE TENANTS

three out of four stars 9:15 p.m. Sun. - also 4:15 p.m. April 27 - Brazil

The ***working-class*** title characters live in crowded conditions that aren't quite slums, but packed too close to breathe. Marat Descartes suffers eloquently as Valter, a warehouse laborer who attends a night-school poetry class to better himself. His prepubescent daughter is getting swept up in sexualized street culture, three roughneck thugs are squatting next door, and his pretty wife is excited by their dangerous hypermasculinity. As Valter grapples with increasing alienation and paranoia, the film simmers with imminent violence. (103 min.)

C.C.

monday

BILL CUNNINGHAM NEW YORK

three 1/2 out of four stars

7 p.m. Mon. - also 9:45 p.m. April 26 - U.S.

To capture street style for the New York Times, octogenarian Bill Cunningham cruises city streets on a bicycle. He prefers shooting in the rain and snow, when he can catch people off-guard. "He who seeks beauty will find it," he said. Although he documents glamour, Cunningham wears the blue work shirt of French street sweepers and, at the time of the documentary's shooting, slept in a cramped space between file cabinets filled with every negative he has ever taken. Filmmaker Richard Press offers a humorous, touching and insightful portrait about a subject who clearly would have preferred to stay behind the camera. (84 min.)

SARA GLASSMAN

DOSSIER K

three out of four stars

6:45 p.m. Mon. - also 9:30 p.m. April 29 - Belgium

From the team that made the vastly underrated 2003 action/thriller "Memory of a Killer" comes another fast-paced police thriller with double crossings, leaked information, shootouts, solid editing and stunning cinematography. When two police detectives investigate a murder of an "Italian" middleman within the Albanian mafia in Antwerp, Belgium, they find themselves dealing not only with mobsters and assassins with lots of weapons but also trouble within their own precinct. The twists are fast and furious, and it is refreshing to find an emotional depth among these brutish characters. (121 min.)

J.B.

tuesday

DUMAS

two out of four stars

6:45 p.m. Tue. - also 6:30 p.m. April 23 & 4:30 p.m. April 27 - France/Belgium

French director Safy Nebbou re-imagines the relationship between 19th-century novelist Alexandre Dumas (Gerard Depardieu, pictured) and his ghostwriter, the meticulous Auguste Maquet (Benoit Poelvoorde). Prepare yourself for the film's yuck factor: The central plot line has these plump, middle-aged scribes lusting after a 21-year-old revolutionary (Melanie Thierry). And don't forget its handling of race -- Dumas was biracial, the grandson of a Haitian slave, though he's played here by a big-name white actor in a curly wig. Nonetheless, for Francophiles and lovers of period drama, "Dumas" provides decent entertainment. (105 min.) CHRISTY DESMITH

CONNECTED: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY ABOUT LOVE, DEATH & TECHNOLOGY

three out of four stars

9 p.m. Tue. - also 7:30 p.m. April 23 - U.S.

Like a cinematic mind-map, this documentary correlates dozens of historic events, social trends and scientific theories: Did the advent of human literacy lead to an epidemic of left-brain male thinking? Does technology cause humans to treat themselves as ever-available resources? Will total connectivity create a generation of more empathetic leaders? Whether or not you agree with her conclusions, filmmaker Tiffany Shlain has prepared a highly watchable thesis for criers and critical thinkers alike. Shlain's movie presents big-brain ideas with artful animation and plenty of heart. (82 min.)

C.D.

WEDNESDAY

Page One: a year inside the new york times

four out of four stars

9:15 p.m. Wed. - U.S.

As the Times struggles to reinvent itself in a world of iPads, extremist commentary, newsroom cuts and Wikileaks, its media columnist David Carr eloquently defends the virtues of old-school reporting in the Internet age. A confirmed skeptic and wiseguy, Carr is the battered but unbowed champion of an endangered species -- ass-kicking, name-taking mainstream journalists. His scathing coverage of the Chicago Tribune's ethical/financial meltdown in the hands of takeover artist Sam Zell makes a gripping morality tale of the newspaper industry's painful metamorphosis. This documentary is a must-see. (89 min.)

C.C.

thursday

13 ASSASSINS

four out of four stars

6:45 p.m. April 21 - also 9:45pm April 22 - Japan

Epic. Unforgettable. Relentless. Magnificently entertaining. Cult legend Takashi Miike sets aside his penchant for twisted modern horror to craft a classic period adventure, a "Seven Samurai" for the 21st century. In feudal times, a band of warriors undertake a suicide mission to slay a tyrant. This men-on-a-mission film is superbly cast, impeccably shot, riveting even in static dialog scenes, and overwhelming once the blades are unsheathed. The finale, a slashing 45-minute battle royal, is action moviemaking at its most agile, extravagant and incredible. J-pop youth idol Goro Inagaki is seriously creepy as the childish, sadistic nobleman. (141 min.)

C.C.

WINDFALL

four out of four stars

7 p.m. April 21 - also 11:45 a.m. April 23 - U.S.

Wind power was supposed to be the free lunch of green energy; Laura Israel's evenhanded documentary reminds us that everything comes at a cost. Focusing on an idyllic upstate New York farm town, she charts the community's growing disillusionment with the 40-story turbines. As the progressive locals learn about the giant fans' drawbacks -- flickering shadows, bird and bat kills and an incessant low-frequency hum -- town meetings turn contentious. The film isn't agenda-driven advocacy, but an invitation to think critically about an alternative energy source often presented as a panacea. (83 min.)

C.C.

LOUDER THAN A BOMB

three 1/2 out of four stars

9:15 p.m. April 21 - also noon April 24 - U.S.

This vibrant documentary follows several Chicago high school students as they navigate the country's largest teen poetry slam, aptly titled Louder Than a Bomb. On stage, their self-reflective poems paint stunning portraits of inner-city struggles and a turbulent school life where going to class means walking through metal detectors. The fast-paced filmmaking captures the comedy, drama and heartbreak of young people simply trying to find a voice. (99 min.)

TOM HORGEN

When: Ends May 5. -Where: St. Anthony Main Theatre, 115 SE. Main St., Mpls. -Tickets: $9-$11 for most films; $6 for ages 12 and under; discount passes available. -Info: [*www.mspfilmfest.org*](http://www.mspfilmfest.org).

Party tent: Mingle with visiting filmmakers and cinephiles all weekend at the Festival Central pavilion, across from St. Anthony Main. It opens at noon, with a cash bar beginning at 5 p.m. and no charge for admission until nightly parties at 9 p.m. -SEE OUR CRITICAL GUIDE to the festival, with movie trailers, showtimes and 70-plus reviews, at [*www.vita.mn/mspiff*](http://www.vita.mn/mspiff).

**Load-Date:** April 15, 2011

**End of Document**



[***What happened to the really big shows?; TV could learn a lot from its past successes. Our critic fervently wishes it would.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MK7-FNG0-TX31-W2R4-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 15, 2006 Friday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1967 words

**Byline:** Robert Bianco

**Body**

'Tis the gift-wanting season.

That acquisitive urge tends to take hold of viewers even in a TV season such as this one, which has given us gifts aplenty. We've already received at least two genuine hits in Heroes and Ugly Betty, and an unusually large number of good new additions, from Friday Night Lights, Men in Trees and Brothers & Sisters to Dexter and Studio 60.

And if, as always, a few of the better shows failed to catch on (alas, The Nine), at least the worst ones compensated by failing quickly.

Even the battered sitcom is making a tiny resurgence, a wavelet led by The New Adventures of Old Christine, My Name Is Earl, The Class, 30 Rock and The Office.

And that's not even considering the long list of returning (or soon to return) hits that have provided so many hours of pleasure, including 24, Grey's Anatomy, Lost, American Idol, Rescue Me, The Wire, Bones and CSI. The list could go on and on.

So naturally, we want more.

After all, even the best of seasons have their gaps, and even the best of TV times can learn a little something from the ghosts of seasons past.

You don't have to be prone to holiday nostalgia or the auld lang syne spirit to occasionally find yourself wondering why there seems to be no modern substitute for The Cosby Show, Ed Sullivan, Roots, M\*A\*S\*H or Gunsmoke.

Getting the TV industry to shift its production patterns is never easy. Still, as any Santa-writing child knows, we'll never get what we want if we don't ask for it.

So I'm asking. Here are seven things I'd like to see on TV in 2007:

1

A few more

family sitcoms

As in more than one: Everybody Hates Chris. Amazing as it may seem, a genre that has produced some of the most popular shows in TV history, from such fondly remembered classics as Leave It to Beaver and Father Knows Best to more recent, dominant hits such as Roseanne, Home Improvement and The Cosby Show, now has only one representative, and that one is lost over on CW.

Outside of Chris, children have almost vanished from the sitcom sphere. And when they do appear, they're on comedies that are aimed at a much older audience, such as Christine and Two and a Half Men. Funny shows both, but neither is suitable for full family viewing.

What has happened? In their drive to attract a young-adult audience, the networks have ceded the youngest viewers to cable. Once there, the youngsters flock to sitcoms aimed specifically at them, such as Hannah Montana.

You also can credit the family decline to the current affection writers and viewers have for "edgy" humor. The only way to do an edgy family comedy is to either push the children into the background, as in Everybody Loves Raymond, or turn them into a target of prepubescent jokes, as on Men or The War at Home -- a typically nasty Fox take on the family format.

Granted, we should all be grateful that TV now encompasses a fuller range of American life and living arrangements, a blessed change from the days when TV only visited two-parent households filled with joke-cracking kids. But as so often happens, the televised pendulum has swung too far the other way. Yes, everyone doesn't have a "traditional" family; everyone never did. But many people do, and surely those people have as strong a desire to see their lives reflected on TV as everyone else.

As Roseanne and Cosby proved, it is possible to do shows the whole family can watch without destroying brain cells. But you know, Mom and Dad, if you want a show the family can all watch together, you may have to make some sacrifices. Thousands of parents used to dutifully watch The Brady Bunch with their kids. They survived -- though to be honest, the experience does seem to have warped some of their children.

2

A better appreciation of economic realities

How many people do you know who hold jobs that leave them struggling to pay current bills and worrying about their futures? How many of those do you see on TV?

Far too few. In fact, once again, the list is led by Everybody Hates Chris -- unless you count the struggles of the rich family on Brothers & Sisters to stay rich, and I don't.

Otherwise, life on TV is, with rare exceptions, one of ceaseless prosperity. True, Christine faced financial problems on Christine, but they were quickly put aside by a business loan from her best friend. There are also obvious money problems facing Betty's family in Ugly Betty, but as distinctive as those scenes often are, they play second fiddle to the more glamorous world at work.

If you're seeking something other than the rich at play, you can turn to My Name Is Earl, which to its vast credit focuses on the American underclass in a way we've seldom seen on network TV. Yet as terrific as the show can be, it doesn't take those problems particularly seriously. Earl is a modernized God's Little Acre trash fantasy that treats poverty both as a joke and as an apparently deserved punishment. Compare that with the way Roseanne at its height tapped into the insecurities of the ***working class***.

You will find some of those Roseanne-ish issues at play in Friday Night Lights, which has based one of its better subplots on the everyday monetary pressures of small-town life. But the example to emulate is The Wire, a show that spent the entire fall examining the cost poverty and neglect exact on children left behind in the inner city.

No, that topic is not a safe path to popular success, but then neither is loading the schedule with nothing but wish-fulfillment fantasies. At any rate, this is a critic's list, not an investor's. We'll let network executives worry about profitability, since that is what they do most if not always best.

3

A time other than our own

Speaking of unprofitable, the conventional wisdom is that period pieces don't play on network TV, an assertion backed up by the intermittent failed attempts to revive the Western. It's certainly true that most shows set in the past haven't worked of late, and shows set in the future only seem to work on cable. But here's the thing about TV: What's true today isn't necessarily true tomorrow, and sometimes people don't know what they want until you give it to them in a form they find palatable.

Why bother? For one thing, as the producers of M\*A\*S\*H can testify, setting a show in the past allows you to examine thorny contemporary issues from a safer distance. (M\*A\*S\*H may have been set in the Korean conflict, but we all assumed we were watching Vietnam.) That kind of transfer can't always be accomplished -- it's hard to imagine a safely distant American conflict that can stand in for Iraq -- but it can be pulled off more often than some might imagine.

There are other advantages. In a landscape in which so many shows look alike, a well-done show spruced up in period clothing can easily stand out. Which makes you wonder why ABC is reportedly considering moving Raymond Chandler's '40s private eye Philip Marlowe into the present, when leaving him in the past would seem to make so much more sense. At least you'd be able to pick him out of the CSI crowd.

There's another bonus to revisiting the past, even beyond the joys of anachronistic jokes about old clothes and music (as witness, once again, Everybody Hates Chris). Our detachment from history has its advantages; it has allowed us to leave some of the violence of our past in our past, as opposed to the Old World habit of extending enmities for centuries. But it also seems to have created the currently popular "woe is us" attitude that assumes no one has ever suffered as we think we're suffering now.

It couldn't hurt to have some televised reminders to the contrary.

4

Music from professionals

Yes, American Idol -- a variety show for our times -- can be great fun. But how many cover versions of songs can you hear before you start yearning to hear them sung by the original performers?

You can blame television's slavish devotion to demographics in general, and younger demographics in particular, for turning prime-time music over to young amateurs. To judge from the incredibly well-done but age-challenged Tony Bennett special, young viewers seem to have almost no interest in performers who were born before their time -- and the acts they like have almost no interest in making TV appearances. Throw in the networks' own limited interest in older viewers and you have a landscape that is, outside of rare specials and too-frequent awards shows, music free.

These limitations rob us all. There were obviously downsides to the old days of three networks per TV and one TV per household, but the combination did force us all to learn something about each other's tastes. Ed Sullivan offered The Beatles for the kids, Judy Garland for their parents and opera for their grandparents. To get to one, you had to sit through the other. It broadened the younger generation's musical tastes, and it gave the older generation some clue as to what their kids were listening to up in their rooms.

Both would still be very good ideas.

5

An actual miniseries

How can the networks let a genre that has given them so much artistic and commercial success go moribund?

What's truly odd is that the same networks that have abandoned the format insist on forcing miniseries ideas into a series hole, with either slight success (Prison Break) or none at all (Vanished and Kidnapped). Wouldn't it have been wiser to structure Kidnapped as a 13-week miniseries, and then renew it if it worked, rather than try to sell it as a series that most viewers rightly suspected would be canceled long before the story reached its conclusion? Maybe if people thought a guaranteed end was in sight, a few more would have watched.

The pity is that there are a multitude of fabulous books, from classics to current best sellers, that cry out for miniseries treatment, as opposed to being crammed into a feature or cherry-picked for a series. Pick up one of Janet Evanovich's best-selling Stephanie Plum novels and see if you can't immediately envision a series of miniseries (each, since we're wishing here, with Lauren Graham in the lead). The same thing can be said for Steven Saylor's brilliant string of mysteries set at the fall of the Roman Republic -- which would also satisfy that visit-to-the-past requirement.

6

A mission for PBS

As long as PBS has to beg, it will continue to focus on shows that make people open their wallets, an erratic mission that is hardly in the larger public's interest. So to be fair, before we can ask anything of PBS, we have to provide our struggling Public Broadcasting Service with a reliable source of funding.

And PBS is worth funding, even in this era of a thousand channels. What it does best, no one else does as well or as often, if at all -- from specials devoted to the arts, to educational programming for children, to hard-hitting documentaries.

Which is why -- and here comes the controversial part -- PBS should stop doing things other networks now do better. And that means giving up on Masterpiece Theatre, a co-produced project that soaks up far more of PBS' scarce resources than can be justified. Perhaps the reason PBS can't find a corporate funder is that corporations realize the show has outlived its public-service usefulness.

What would we be losing if we lost this Theatre? The best of the programs, like Prime Suspect, would almost certainly end up elsewhere, and the worst won't be missed. And who knows, if PBS weren't sending so many dollars over to Britain, it might even have enough left over here to fund an American drama.

7

Class

Yes, I know: Vulgarity has always been TV's stock in trade. But really, must the America that TV projects into our homes and around the world so often be stupid, whiny, greedy, crass and cruel? Is that all we are? Is that all we want to be?

Showing us a better version of us might not be the most fun gift television can give.

But it could be the best.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, AP

PHOTO, B/W, Bob D'Amico, ABC

PHOTO, B/W, 20th Century Fox

PHOTO, B/W, NBC

PHOTO, B/W, Hopper Stone, NBC

PHOTO, B/W, Michael Desmond, CW

PHOTO, B/W, Michael Desmond, Fox

**Load-Date:** December 15, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Beyond welfare;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VF6-V5S0-009B-P01D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***A year later under the new system // After turbulent relationship with system, she's moving on***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VF6-V5S0-009B-P01D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

December 27, 1998, Metro Edition

Copyright 1998 Star Tribune

**Section:** Welfare to work; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1509 words

**Byline:** Jean Hopfensperger; Staff Writer

**Body**

Misti Volk said good riddance to welfare on December 1, an occasion that might have been cause for celebration.

But Volk, sitting on the couch of her trailer home outside Mankato, wasn't uncorking any champagne. She'd just survived several tumultuous months - losing her apartment, her job, her car and a big slice of her welfare check.

Life finally looked up last month, when she unexpectedly rekindled her relationship with the father of her children. They now share a home, and his income disqualifies her from cash welfare benefits.

"It feels good to be off," said Volk, who still feels bitter about her benefits being cut because she wasn't working full time. "Even when I was working [part time], it wasn't good enough for them. You were supposed to attend all these meetings, turn in your check stubs, keep looking for another job.

"I'm just glad I don't have to deal with it anymore."

The tough new rules have been a source of frustration - and motivation - to the about 49,000 parents enrolled in the Minnesota Family Investment Program, the state's new welfare system launched in January. It requires parents to work, look for work, or enroll in job training for 35 hours a week. In exchange, they receive subsidized child care, health care and, if they're working, a wage subsidy. Those who don't follow the rules, such as Volk, lose up to 30 percent of their benefits - and most of what's left is paid directly to their landlords.

Volk agrees that working is important. But she thinks it's unrealistic to believe that single mothers with few job skills can suddenly maintain a full-time job and juggle all the transportation, child care and emergency logistics that come with it.

She's apparently not alone. Only about 4,800 of the about 49,000 parents on welfare were working more than 35 hours a week in August, according to the Minnesota Department of Human Services. About another 10,000 were working part time and sometimes also looking for more work, taking classes or receiving job training. An additional 29,000 parents were doing those things without working.

State welfare leaders said they aren't thrilled with the small percentage of women working full time, but say that it's a good start to a new program.

"We would like it to be higher," said Ann Sessoms, codirector of the Families with Children Division of the Human Services Department. Sessoms, however, says the first step was to move parents into jobs or prepare them for jobs. The next step, she said, is to find them "better jobs" and full-time work.

World implodes

Working is nothing new to Volk, 23, a strong-willed woman who grew up in Albert Lea, Minn., a ***working-class*** town of 18,000 people about 90 miles south of Minneapolis. She has worked on and off since she was 17, mainly in factories or doing housekeeping. But the jobs always ended after complications with transportation, child care or illness. Welfare was the safety net she always used until she was back on her feet.

Until this fall, she had been living in a comfortable townhouse near downtown Albert Lea with her 6-year old son and 5-year-old daughter. She was waitressing part time and receiving about $ 160 a month in welfare subsidies.

But Volk's world began imploding in late summer. In August, her welfare check was cut by 10 percent. In September, her benefits were cut by one-third, and most of the rest was sent directly to her landlord. The reason: she was working only about 20 hours a week, and she wasn't spending an additional 15 hours looking for work, as required by law.

Volk ended up with $ 28 a month cash.

"I wanted a job where I could be at work when my kids were in school and home when they were home," she said, explaining why she wasn't looking for more hours. "I wanted to be there for my kids."

Next, she was evicted from her townhouse because she refused to fill out a wage information form required to continue her subsidized housing. As a result, her rent soared from $ 38 a month to $ 514 a month.

"I told them [the apartment managers] the hours I worked, and I showed them the check stubs," Volk said. "But they wouldn't take my word for it. I figured, screw you. "

Then her 1986 Ford broke down. And finally, Volk had to quit her waitressing job, which she enjoyed, because she had no home and no transportation.

On a warm September weekend, Volk's father backed a pickup truck next to her front door. He and Volk hauled furniture and other household items onto the truck, which her father then drove to his home in a nearby town. Volk and her kids followed, moving in with her parents.

The scene was repeated around Thanksgiving. This time it was Volk's boyfriend who drove the truck and moved his family to a small town outside Mankato.

A new life

At 3:20 p.m. on a recent Monday, the door to Volk's trailer home whipped open. It was her two kids, flinging off their school backpacks and raring to play.

A mellow Volk had spent much of the day watching TV and waiting for a phone call from a retail store where she had applied for a job. Suddenly the energy level cranked up dramatically.

"Hey, there's presents under the tree," said her daughter, spotting some newly wrapped boxes.

"Don't you open that until Christmas," warned her mother, as the girl began fiddling with a box.

"I'm hungry!" yelled her son.

The kids are happier these days, said Volk, who credits her reunion with their father (who does not want to be identified in this article). Their new relationship is evident in their home. His weight-lifting equipment consumes much of the kitchen; her porcelain doll collection fills a table. His entertainment center covers one wall of the living room; her flowered couch and loveseat line the other two.

Many fathers are returning to the family fold these days to help with child care and other support while the mother works, welfare workers say. The new system has made families more interdependent, they say.

But Volk said welfare changes had nothing to do with her decision to reunite with the father of her children. The two had separated about five years ago but stayed in touch, she said. This fall, they started to get along well. About the same time, he landed a good job in the Mankato area.

"Everything just sort of happened all of a sudden," she explained. "I got evicted from my apartment. Then we started working things out. We talked about living together.

"It's going to be nice to do this together," she said. "Raising two kids is hard. Finding day care was hard. It's nice we can make decisions together and we can raise our kids together. It makes a huge difference."

Views on welfare

Volk started the year feeling positive about the welfare changes, hoping they would give her the support she needed to work. That optimism has turned into skepticism. Now all she wants is to be left alone.

"I think it [the new welfare system] has its good points and bad points," she said. "The bad parts are you have to meet with your job counselor, fill out job search forms every week - saying where you went, who you talked to, how many hours you spent in class, at work, looking for jobs.

"You were supposed to have [documented] 40 hours of this," she said. "If you didn't, you got [your benefits] cut. . . . It was like there was always someone watching you."

On the positive side, she said, it paid for car repairs and for her sister to baby-sit while she worked. The county picked up the tab.

"All I can say is I'm glad to be off," she said. "I have no fear of being off welfare and working."

She's left the system using up only 18 months of her five-year lifetime limit, which kicked in July, 1997.

Said Volk: "At least I know if something happens, I have that time left."

For Misti Volk, it just didn't work out

Feb.

- Meets job counselor.

- Takes GED class, but quits after she and kids get sick.

March

- Starts part-time waitress job.

April

- Welfare check cut by 10 percent, or $ 76, for not spending 40 hours either working or looking for work.

July

- Check cut 10 percent again for failure to comply with 40-hour rule.

Aug.

- Check cut 10 percent again for same reason.

Sept.

- Check cut by 30 percent; remaining sent directly to landlord.

- Loses subsidized housing for failure to fill out forms; moves in with parents.

- Quits jobs because of lost housing.

Nov.

- Moves in with father of her children.

- Receives her last welfare check.

Dec.

- Welfare case closes.

- Hopes to still recieve medical assistance.

- Looks for another job.

Then and now

A year into Minnesota's new welfare system, more families are working and more have seen their welfare checks reduced. The 1997 data reflects yearly averages, while 1998 data is for the month of August, the most recent data available.

Monthly cases

(families)

1997: 55,132

1998: 48,922

Percent working

1997: 10 percent

1998: 33 percent

Average hourly wage

1997: N/A

1998: $ 6.50 part time, $ 7.50 full time

Penalized financially

Penalties were different under previous welfare system

1997: 3 percent

1998: 7 percent

Source: Minnesota Department of Human Services.

**Graphic**

Chart; Chart; Chart; Chart; Cartoon; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** December 29, 1998

**End of Document**



[***MISERY STALKS HONDURAS A MONTH AFTER MITCH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VB1-HYG0-0094-548C-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 13, 1998, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 1998 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1489 words

**Byline:** SHELLEY EMLING, COX NEWS SERVICE

**Dateline:** TEGUCIGALPA, Honduras

**Body**

It's been well more than a month since Hurricane Mitch walloped Central America.

Yet the storm's wrath didn't end with the rains for the shell-shocked people packed like animals inside an emergency shelter at the Leovigildo Cardona Elementary School.

In one tiny classroom, a pregnant Aida Celeste sleeps on a piece of cardboard, without a pillow, on the cold, cement floor.

She shares the damp space, which is marked off by desks, boxes and stacks of old clothes, with at least a dozen strangers.

Thanks to relief workers, she has all the tins of tuna fish and cans of green beans she could possibly ever want.

Now what she really needs is money to rebuild her makeshift house, swallowed by a mudslide during the storm.

"I didn't take anything with me when my house fell down; I just ran for my life," said Celeste, 23, a shy, soft-spoken woman with a 2-year-old son. "I sit here each day with my son, wondering if I will ever have a place to live."

Her predicament is all too common.

Hurricane Mitch meandered over Honduras and neighboring Nicaragua, for nearly six days in late October, destroying or damaging tens of thousands of homes and leaving displaced nearly 2 million people, or 40 percent of the population.

Most are holed up in the unaffected houses of family and friends.

But more than 200,000 people have been herded into temporary shelters, mostly in schools, but also in churches and hospitals.

In Tegucigalpa alone, at least 20,000 people have been squeezed into the close confines of 130 shelters, where they live in almost unbearable conditions, with no privacy.

In San Pedro Sula, the country's second-largest city, thousands have been packed into the new soccer stadium, which has been turned into a refugee camp.

Cramped quarters force healthy people to live alongside sick ones suffering from rashes, infections and conjunctivitis, and women must sleep beside men they hardly know.

No one is sure what will happen once many of these shelters are closed in January to prepare for the beginning of school in February.

Relief workers worry that absolute poverty - no home, no income - will give these people little choice but to live on the streets.

"At some shelters, men who don't belong there have come in and tried to rape the girls," said Brenda Martinez, who works for CARE, an Atlanta-based relief organization. "I don't think anyone has succeeded, but it is just not a good situation for the women."

The Honduran government, with the help of foreign aid, plans over the short-term to build at least 3,000 new homes in and around Tegucigalpa, the country's capital city.

But that's not nearly enough to accommodate the country's legion of homeless, meaning it may take years before many lives return to normal.

At the shelter at the Jorge Roberto Maradiaga Elementary School here, Paula Valladares, 23, shares a cot and one blanket with her three children, ages 5, 3 and 1, while her husband sleeps on the floor beside them.

They live with three other families in a dingy classroom that's no bigger than a living room in a typical home in the United States.

They hang a torn bedspread from the ceiling when they want to discreetly change clothes, and heat rice and beans over an open fire.

"I used to make tortillas and then sell them for money, but now I don't have any materials to make tortillas," said Valladares, who wears one of the few garments she owns, a flimsy, see-through nightgown. "My husband is trying to do some construction work, but I don't know how we will find money to build a house."

For now, they have no choice but to remain at the school, which provides shelter to more than 120 other people.

With no electricity or running water, the smell from six overflowing toilets is almost suffocating.

Fortunately, relief workers deliver several barrels of water to the shelter weekly.

Women wash their mostly tattered clothing by hand, hanging it on ropes to dry in the sun.

In the courtyard, dozens of children, many wearing only flip-flops and oversized T-shirts, chase each other and toss a ball back and forth, seemingly oblivious to their surroundings.

Babies crawl at their feet, most with runny noses and no diapers.

Their parents, on the other hand, look dazed as they sit on the ground swapping stories for the umpteenth time about the torrential downpour that attacked like a biblical plague.

"The walls of my house started cracking, and it was nighttime, so it was dark, but still I just knew that the house was going to fall down," said Olga Vaquis, 22. "I grabbed my two children out of bed and just started running, and it was muddy and, we fell, but we just kept going because we were scared."

Most of the families are from Colonia Soto, a ***working-class*** neighborhood overlooking the Choluteca River that virtually buckled under the weight of the rains.

Before the storm, the community included 800 homes. Today, there are fewer than 50.

Already the second-poorest country in the Western Hemisphere, after Haiti, Honduras bore the brunt of Hurricane Mitch, which killed 10,000 people across Central America.

At least 5,657 people are dead, 8,058 are missing, and 12,272 are injured in Honduras alone.

Total losses are estimated at $ 4 billion - or roughly the gross domestic product.

"In 72 hours, we lost what we had built, little by little, in 50 years," said Honduran President Carlos Flores.

Food and supplies have poured in from around the world, so much so that relief workers now warn that it could destroy the local market.

More goods have been flown in to Central America than during the Berlin Airlift of 1948, when the United States was forced to drop food from airplanes when the Soviets blocked the German city at the beginning of the Cold War.

The U.S. government, which has sent more than 3,600 troops to Central America to help distribute supplies and rebuild infrastructure, has handed out 2.3 million pounds of food and 863,000 pounds of medicine in recent weeks.

U.S. aid to the region now totals more than $ 280 million.

"Certainly the best way to have an immediate impact now is to give a cash contribution because it can be directed toward the most urgent needs, such as providing permanent housing for all those people who need it," said Mark Schneider, assistant administrator for Latin America for the U.S. Agency for International Development in Washington, D.C.

That sentiment was echoed by actor-activist Edward James Olmos, who spent five days touring the devastation in Honduras last month. "I've helped after Hurricane Andrew and other disasters, but this was the worst thing I've ever seen," said Olmos, a spokesman for Unicef. "We have 20 to 30 years of work to do in Honduras to get that country back to where it was just six weeks ago."

Meanwhile, Tegucigalpa, a city of 1.3 million, appears deceptively normal these days, at least on the surface.

Burger Kings are bustling with customers, and Nissan dealerships are overflowing with crowds.

Water service has been restored to many neighborhoods.

But the cliff-like hills that ring the city look like they've been blasted by a bomb, with houses replaced by piles of mud, stones and scattered tiles.

Nestled in a bowl-shaped valley, poor migrants for years have built settlements on steep mountains when they couldn't afford flatter, safer land.

They've destroyed trees and vegetation to have building sites, fuel to cook with and construction supplies.

When the storm hit, the rains triggered landslides along the deforested hills, gobbling up everything in their paths.

To prevent a recurrence of this tragedy, a new law has been passed that prohibits the rebuilding of houses in dangerous zones.

But it remains to be seen how well this rule can be carried out in a country where so many people are eager to build homes.

One person who might have helped was Mayor Cesar Castellanos, who worked for years to move people out of unstable areas but was killed in a helicopter crash last month while surveying the hurricane's damage.

Many businesses and nonprofit groups plan to help with reconstruction efforts.

Atlanta-based Home Depot, for example, has given CARE a credit of $ 10,000 for building materials.

"But this is going to be a hard, long-term effort because we have to create whole new communities, since we can't put people back where they were," said Marc de Lamotte, CARE's director in Honduras. "Meanwhile, I ask myself whether I would be able to live with my family in a shelter under such poor conditions, and I really don't think I could."

TO HELP: These organizations are accepting money to help Hurricane Mitch victims in Central America.

Make checks payable to each organization, and mark it "Hurricane Mitch Disaster Relief."

You can get more information on places to donate money by calling the U.S. Agency for Interna tional Development at 1-800-USAIDRE(LIEF).

CARE, 151 Ellis St. N.E., Atlanta, Ga., 30303.

American Red Cross, P.O. Box 37243, Washington, D.C. 20013.

U.S. Committee for UNICEF, 333 E. 38th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

**Load-Date:** December 15, 1998

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[***McDonald's CEO could be one to copy -- or console***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B96-5M00-010F-K2TJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 23, 2003, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2003 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** MONEY;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1628 words

**Byline:** Bruce Horovitz

**Dateline:** OAK BROOK, Ill.

**Body**

OAK BROOK, Ill. -- McDonald's boasts one of the most familiar mascots in the world. And one of the least familiar CEOs.

That's about to change.

It wasn't Ronald McDonald who turned the $ 41 billion company on a dime in 2003. It was freshman CEO Jim Cantalupo. After taking over a year ago, he did it the hard way: holding growth in check and fixing toilets and menus that were broken. By all rights, he could be a candidate for CEO of the Year.

After the chain shocked Wall Street in January with its first-ever quarterly loss, for the previous fourth quarter, its prospects looked bleaker than those of a steer in a company stockyard.

But McDonald's has now seen eight consecutive months of comparable-store sales growth in the USA. Total return to shareholders is about 56% since Cantalupo took over. And after steadily losing millions of disgruntled customers, it's now averaging an additional 1 million customers a day globally at stores open at least a year.

Then again, Cantalupo could be a candidate for the more dubious honor of 2004's CEO With the Most Left on his Plate.

Even with sales up, overall customer service at McDonald's still lags the industry. Sales in much of Asia and Latin America continue to struggle. The promised removal of artery-clogging trans fat from its french fries never happened. And in April, the hit Premium Salad line that drove this year's sales growth reaches its first birthday. That means a higher bar to top in subsequent months and has led to expectations that same-store sales growth systemwide could be chopped in half.

Who is Cantalupo? For the first time since he returned to the company as CEO one year ago, Cantalupo -- who is painfully private -- agreed to talk about himself at the chain's headquarters. Yet he deflects all credit for this year's success. "We don't ring up sales here in Oak Brook," he says. "Not one penny."

'I'm declaring momentum'

His is the tale of a ***working-class*** guy from Chicago's west side who took the decidedly American brand of McDonald's and steered it around the globe into an international powerhouse. Disillusioned, he left the company after he was publicly passed over for the CEO post -- then was summoned from retirement to save McDonald's from its missteps.

He doesn't have the name recognition of Jack Welch. Or the technical wizardry of Bill Gates. Or the media savvy of Steve Jobs.

Or, for that matter, the aura of McDonald's Corp. founder Ray Kroc. Although Cantalupo formerly worked with Kroc, their dealings were mostly limited to phone calls from Kroc -- when Cantalupo was controller -- to ask about the latest customer counts. Kroc is a legend. Cantalupo is still learning.

But if the remarkable turnaround at McDonald's continues through 2004, Cantalupo's hands-on, back-to-basics leadership style might become an industry standard, if not Kroc-worthy.

"When I took this job, some people sent me condolences instead of congratulations," says Cantalupo, his piercing gray eyes the color of the wintry Chicago sky. "I'm not declaring victory yet. I'm declaring momentum."

It has been a long road back. But after 30 years at McDonald's, Cantalupo, 60, knows there's an even longer way to go. Among the things he has on tap for 2004: national introduction of the Adult Happy Meal (entree salad, bottle of water and pedometer); expansion of domestic McCafe coffeehouses well beyond the current 10; and remodeling of thousands of McDonald's stores with a hipper design inside and out.

All this for a brand that turns 50 in two years. "We're going to be 50, but we don't want to look 50," Cantalupo says. "The McDonald's brand is forever young."

At least, it's desperately trying to be. Cantalupo is forever looking for the ketchup stains. Underneath that wide smile, he scares the bejesus out of marginal McDonald's store operators with his frankness. His obsession with the basics is relentless: fast service, hot food and clean restaurants.

He has a passion for walking into McDonald's restaurants unannounced, then handing the store manager a no-holds-barred score card. It's clear the often-damning score card came from Cantalupo -- he has hundreds of score cards printed on the backs of his business cards.

"When I see something wrong, someone's gonna hear about it," Cantalupo says. During an unannounced stroll he recently took through Chicago-area restaurants with Charlie Bell, worldwide president, the two spotted some McDonald's stores that made them cringe. Cold food. Slow service. Dirty bathrooms.

Time for a trip to the woodshed?

In fact, that's what's engraved into a nameplate that Cantalupo has posted on a tiny conference room tucked into the rear of his office.

"Jim and I don't get stressed," says Bell, who is Cantalupo's heir apparent. "We give stress."

Just ask Jan Fields, president of the 4,300-store McDonald's central region. At Cantalupo's request, she presented him with a plan to revamp most of the Chicago-area McDonald's restaurants within 18 months. His response: Do it in six months.

"I thought it was a big plan," Fields says. "But all he wanted to know was: How can you do it bigger and faster?"

Or ask Shelly Lavin, CEO of the chain's biggest meat supplier, OSI Group. About 12 years ago, when McDonald's was opening its first restaurant in Beijing, Cantalupo was head of international operations. OSI was running into all kinds of snags to meet the opening-day deadline -- including a fire in the plant that was being built.

Cantalupo didn't bend on the opening date. Not by one day. "He believes in the old McDonald's principles," Lavin says. "He lives and breathes the business."

Dry cleaning to fast food

Those who know him best say he has the nicest way of asking people to do very difficult tasks. "Jim's DNA is into serving customers," says Arthur Martinez, a former Sears Roebuck CEO who named Cantalupo to Sears' board of directors in 1999. "And he has a wonderful way of asking the toughest possible question in the most agreeable way."

Maybe that's the Chicago in him. Or the work ethic. The Chicago native -- raised in military housing projects until he was in fourth grade -- took his first job at 13. He worked part time pressing clothes at a dry cleaner. The owner soon gave Cantalupo keys to the store so he could close it alone.

The trusting owner one day left Cantalupo a note in the cash register: Pay yourself. His wage: $ 12 a week.

At 15, Cantalupo took a part-time job as a grocery stock boy. Before he was 20, he was the store's manager. He spent most of his off hours and his summers working. "It isn't as if we took vacations to Nantucket," says Cantalupo, who now owns a boat that he occasionally captains outside his waterfront home in Lake Geneva, Wis.

College changed everything. At the University of Illinois, Cantalupo lived with some buddies at the poorest fraternity on campus. "We didn't even know what a fraternity was when we got there -- we thought it was a gang," recalls Jim Curto, a McDonald's owner-operator in Sonoma County, Calif., who has known Cantalupo since he was 10.

A year later, Cantalupo was president of the fraternity. Never mind that the fraternity was so poor it had to borrow decorations from other frat houses for its Christmas party.

Cantalupo initially studied architecture but switched to accounting when it struck him that he might go somewhere as a CPA.

It was a good move. He was hired by Arthur Young, where he worked for eight years. It was the only company he worked for before McDonald's, which he was assigned to audit.

Back then, it wasn't frowned upon to hire your auditor. McDonald's doubled his salary and hired him at 30 as controller.

Once he was eyed as top management material, he was sent to oversee various districts, regions and zones. In 1987, he was named president of McDonald's International. He turned the division upside down and sideways. When he began, McDonald's had about 2,000 units in 40 foreign countries. When he left, it had 15,000 units in 120 other nations.

"You don't serve the global marketplace by opening two stores a year in France," he says. "There's not another brand with the presence we have around the world."

So it was of some surprise when the man who made McDonald's an international behemoth said, after being tapped CEO in January, that his plans were to slow growth and focus on basics.

"Will we ever open 3,000 stores a year again?" he asks. "I don't think so."

Critics say Cantalupo has more luck than pluck. His takeover at the top slot coincides with an economic uptick that's lifting the entire restaurant industry, says Richard Adams, a former McDonald's restaurant owner who is a franchise consultant. What's more, Adams says, new product hits like Premium Salads and McGriddles breakfast sandwiches were in the pipeline long before Cantalupo took over.

But if the torrid sales growth continues for another year -- few think it will -- Adams vows, "I'll say he's fixed McDonald's."

Cantalupo dismisses the notion that McDonald's is fixed. That'll take at least another year. Or two. Or three. After that, many executives believe, he'll step aside and let the 43-year-old Bell take over.

"I want to leave knowing that the company is in a position to deliver sustaining results," he says.

Cantalupo doesn't mind being pegged as boring. He can't play golf. He can't carry a tune. He can't name a hobby that excites him. He'd rather stick his nose into a McDonald's store than into a board meeting.

"I still get excited about a lunch rush," he says.

It's not talking to the owner or manager of a McDonald's restaurant that charges him up, he says. "I'll never leave until I've talked to a real customer."

But nothing's more telling than his taste buds. Even with the newfangled salads on the menu, his McMeal of choice remains as old-school as he is: a double cheeseburger.

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Marcy E. Mullins, USA TODAY, Sources: McDonald's Corp: CSI (LINE GRAPH); PHOTO, Color, John Zich, USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Getty Images; PHOTOS, B/W (2); Back to basics: Jim Cantalupo, 60, made McDonald's a global presence when he was international president, taking the division from 2,000 restaurants in 40 foreign countries to 15,000 in 120 other nations. Now, as CEO, he plans to slow growth.

**Load-Date:** December 23, 2003

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[***REPPING THEIR TOWN; HOW WIZ KHALIFA, MAC MILLER AND GIRL TALK BECAME THE NEW FACE OF THE MUSIC SCENE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52HB-1601-DYRS-T27C-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 31, 2011 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; COVER STORY; Pg. W-12

**Length:** 2459 words

**Byline:** Scott Mervis, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

Throughout the history of pop, there have been times when lightning strikes in a bottle, when a city grabs hold of a "sound."

Detroit caught it a number of times, first spectacularly with Motown, then with heavy garage rock. Philly and Memphis both had soul, Chicago had blues, San Francisco hippies, New York punks, Seattle grunge, Nashville twang and LA has been split between surf rock, folk rock and hardcore.

Pittsburgh?

A fertile jazz scene back in the day and a flurry of doo-wop -- Del-Vikings, Skyliners -- but nothing that amounted to a signature "Pittsburgh sound."

The closest we came was the late '70s City of Champions renaissance when the Iron City Houserockers, Silencers, Donnie Iris and Norm Nardini churned out hard-edged bar rock with a shot of rhythm and blues. It was a perfect fit for the Steel City's gritty, ***working-class*** shot-and-beer image, right along with three yards and a cloud of dust.

Despite some of those artists still grooving along in their 50s and 60s, that scene is history now. The city's image has evolved from steel mills to high-tech, and with it, our hottest exports are a pair of jet-setting rappers -- Wiz Khalifa and Mac Miller -- and a guy called Girl Talk who rocks houses with a laptop. All are prone to repping their town with black and yellow (or gold, if you prefer) Pirates, Pens and Steelers gear.

The most recent issue of XXL Magazine, a leading hip-hop publication, not only has Mac on the cover as part of the 2011 Freshman Class, it has a page devoted to Pittsburgh as the Freshman City, deeming it "hip-hop's latest hot spot."

Before that, it was loooow profile.

"I'm not so familiar with Pittsburgh in general, especially the music scene," says XXL editor Vanessa Satten. "Wiz and Mac make the city more relevant than it has been in a long time, if ever, which is a great thing for the music genre because it brings a new location, cast of character and artists, sound and feel to the music, like Toronto did last year and Houston did a few years ago. I look forward to seeing what else comes from Pittsburgh because with Mac and Wiz you already can see the diversity in the music. It's exciting."

Ryan Dombal, an editor at the taste-making music site Pitchfork, says, "Honestly, I didn't have much of a perception of Pittsburgh music before Girl Talk or Wiz came out. So they didn't change it as much as they introduced me to the idea in general. And, based on those acts' music, the scene seems pretty fun-loving -- and possibly weed-friendly."

b> THE STORY SO FAR

/b>

The new XXL-style crew, of course, wasn't the first to mess with the city's bluesy, bar-rock reputation, which ruled the weekends three decades ago at the Decade. Even in the heyday, there were bands like Carsickness, The Five and Cardboards making sure we had our own versions of British and New York punk. They forged a raw, rival scene at the Electric Banana and managed to infiltrate the Decade on weeknights.

Although those bands were fierce and creative, they never made many waves beyond Pittsburgh, in part because that kind of career ambition was anathema to the movement.

When the college-rock scene got more polished in the mid-'80s, and R.E.M., U2 and the Cure became the model, a new breed of bands rose up from the Graffiti Showcase. Bands like Hector in Paris, the Affordable Floors and The Clarks, still obviously a major draw in the 'Burgh. A few got signed to major labels or subsidiaries, but no real stars emerged as they did in similarly smaller markets, whether Minneapolis or Athens, Ga. (One exception might be The Cynics, which became iconic worldwide in garage-rock circles -- and still are.)

Nationally, the '90s brought a strange mix of Seattle grunge, gangster rap, punk and hippie-rock revival. Pittsburgh made a modest contribution to the rap scene, but not within the 412 itself. Producer/rappers Sam Sneed and Mel-Man went west to help Dr. Dre pioneer his Aftermath sound, and New York-born RZA, who grew up in the Hill District, went back to NYC to form the Wu Tang Clan.

On the jam side, the city produced Rusted Root, an uncharacteristic "tribal acoustic band" that amassed a huge, colorful fanbase that the majors couldn't ignore. Root went multi-platinum, thanks in part to a single, "Send Me on My Way," that never actually charted, and still draws college crowds. Erupting from the underground were influential math-rock band Don Caballero and political punk poster-boys Anti-Flag, who have played all over the planet.

Later in the decade, we popped a genie out of the bottle named Christina Aguilera, who was nurtured through the musical theater community and ended up part of the Mickey Mouse Club. Her coming-out show was the Lilith Fair tent at Star Lake, so it wasn't like she was ever a mainstay of people's weekends.

b> THE NIGHT RIPPER

/b>

Based on his unique approach, it might seem like digital crusader Girl Talk (aka Gregg Gillis) came out of nowhere, like a cyber-genie, but that's not the case.

The 29-year-old played in indie bands as a student at Chartiers Valley High School and then, inspired by Negativland, John Oswald and the like, he ventured into the experimental electronic scene, playing for small handfuls of serious-minded people.

Then, combining computer savvy with his infectious love of pop, rap and indie-rock, the bio-medical engineer (by day) unleashed a frenetic cut-and-paste collage on the album "Night Ripper." It landed in Pitchfork's influential Best New Music section in 2006, and when word spread that he was also a gregarious wild man on stage, the party was on. Girl Talk started banging at festivals and parties all over the world, and the fever has yet to die down.

"Pittsburgh has always had a vital music scene with a bunch of diverse bands who are doing their own thing. Girl Talk is a classic example," says Sam Matthews, a veteran of such bands as Carsickness and the Crow Flies. "He had a unique take on an old idea -- DJs have been doing this for years -- and he figured out a way to translate it to the masses while staying true to his idea."

b> WIZ KID

/b>

As for Khalifa, he was a Rolling Stone Artist to Watch in 2009 and The Source's Rookie of the Year for 2010, but the buzz on him locally started in 2005 when he was a 17-year-old phenom at Allderdice High School selling mixtapes in the hallways.

In some ways, the odds of his success were even more remote than Girl Talk's given that he was working in a field with a clear geographical bias that had already excluded Pittsburgh. Rappers came from LA, New York, Atlanta and, occasionally, St. Louis. Wiz had the nerve to show up with a song called "The Pittsburgh Sound" that never made it clear exactly what the Pittsburgh sound was.

What he had going for him -- besides long, tall talent, charisma to spare and that happy, dope-smoking persona -- was Benjy Grinberg. A fellow Allderdice alumnus and Penn grad, he had interned with music honcho L.A. Reid and when he started a label called Rostrum, he knew what he was doing.

Still, despite the good buzz on Wiz and albums like 2006's "Show and Prove," obstacles went up all over the place.

Before Rostrum cut that first deal with Warner Bros. in 2007, Mr. Grinberg says, "labels that were sort of interested in Wiz would say things like, 'We really like him. Maybe we would put him under one of our other labels,' like Def Jam has DTP, which is Ludacris' label. Or 'Pittsburgh isn't really known for anything, so we need to give him some kind of co-sign, so people have some way to relate him to the rest of the hip-hip world.'

"We were always fully against that, because Wiz is a new artist from a new city, and we're not afraid of that and we'll take the longer road to make sure we fully represent that, instead of going under someone else's wing, like Atlanta. I felt like that whole era of needing gatekeepers and needing co-signs was coming to an end anyway. We didn't care about the gatekeepers. What was important to us was the fans. We never paid attention to 'Oh, this important DJ, you should give him money, so he'll do this.' We were like, 'We're not really interested.' We're going to go right to the fans through the Internet and have the fans tell the DJ this is what we wanna hear. It was not an easy road."

The Warner deal didn't pan out, and he departed two years later without an album. But with the "Kush and Orange Juice" mixtape going viral and tours selling out, he hooked up with Atlantic to send "Black and Yellow" to No. 1 and now release his national debut, "Rolling Papers."

"Wiz and Gregg have been at it for a long time," says Chris Daley of the pop-punk band Mace Ballard, "and they actually did it the way you think that it should happen, by working hard in their hometown, constantly in the studio and at shows, then having someone who believes in them be their advocate. That joint effort -- no pun intended, Wiz -- pays off with national attention.

"I also have to say they are two people that are out in front of some of the social media marketing, like the way GT was one of the first to give away his album for pay-what-you-will and Wiz's massive Twitter following. It's not a formula, though. If it was a formula, we'd all be doing it and Rolling Stone would have to be a weekly magazine, so there is that element of surprise and mystique to their success as well."

b> THE NEXT CLASS

/b>

Rostrum's rise doesn't end with Wiz. It has a second Allderdice product in 19-year-old Mac Miller -- a white, Jewish, one-man Beastie Boy with mad mike skills and a supple musical touch. His buzz has spread through his mixtapes, "KIDS" and "The High Life," millions of views of his playful, well-crafted videos on YouTube and his lively, sold-out national tours.

When he released "Best Day Ever" for free on the Internet earlier this month, it did nearly 200,000 downloads in one weekend. While Wiz has that whopping 1.3 million Twitter followers, Mac has nearly 230,000 -- more than Hines Ward and Troy Polamalu combined.

Mr. Grinberg says they were able to break Mac using the same network as Wiz. Is there a third, fourth, fifth hip-hop act to be found in our midst?

Perhaps.

There are contenders, like Jasiri X (one of the nation's most outspoken political rappers), the hard-edged Boaz, Taylor Gang member Chevy Woods and rap crews Formula 412 and Common Wealth Family.

"There's a lot of talented people here, but they have to know what to do," says Dwayne Muhammad, who runs the Pittsburgh Hip-Hop Awards and similar ones across the country. "There's several people trying their best. You've got labels like Rovalike, which should be the next label to go in and go. They got the artist 2GZZ. They're putting out a lot of videos, are just a motivated group of guys. You have another label, Steel City Records, which has Big Lyfe, one of the best new artists coming out of the city. They're traveling around the country to different music conferences, learning how to take it to the next level. Everyone's been waiting for the doors to open. The doors are open now, and we're looking for the next superstar to come out of here."

Rostrum hasn't signed any other local rappers, because, Mr. Grinberg says, "we don't want to take our eye off the ball and we don't want to spread ourselves too thin." But he says the label is building its infrastructure now to handle more acts.

One artist already on the Rostrum roster is female-fronted pop-rock band Donora, which has catchy songs made for radio. The label is putting the plan in place now for Donora's sophomore release, but Mr. Grinberg says breaking a rock band will be a whole different game from the rappers with a completely different network of contacts.

b> EASY AS 1,2,3?

/b>

Maybe Donora could be the start of something, because Pittsburgh's band scene has some weight behind it. There are release shows every week, local bands selling out at clubs like the Brillobox and Thunderbird, and lots of vans heading out of here.

Lohio, which toured with Donora in February and then hit SXSW in Austin, Texas, has long been a contender for recognition, and a national buzz is growing. Another heatseeker is dreamy indie-pop band 1,2,3, led by former members of Takeover UK, including Nik Snyder (son of Iron City Houserocker Gil Snyder). It's signed to Frenchkiss, the indie imprint behind such bands as the Hold Steady, Les Savy Fav and Passion Pit.

"They were creating all of this buzz down at SXSW this year," says Lohio's Greg Dutton. "People who didn't even know I'm from Pittsburgh were coming up to me and talking about them."

From that stable of East End indie bands, we also have the likes of Big Hurry, New Shouts and Meeting of Important People.

"There's definitely a lot of talented bands," Mr. Dutton says. "With Wiz, you have this extremely talented artist, but you also have Benjy helping to create opportunities -- helping to land him at the level he's at right now. More of those type of people would have to be present in order to raise the profile of the Pittsburgh scene."

"To me, it's criminal that more Pittsburgh rock bands haven't gotten the attention they deserve," Mr. Matthews says, throwing out the Cynics and Kim Phuc as examples. "But I've always held the position that music is about creating something unique and true to yourself and not pandering to the latest flavor of mass taste. Personally, I really can't 'rally around' Wiz or Girl Talk because they're not my thing, but I'm happy for them and their success. And if it means people from the outside world are going to scratch deeper in our music scene, I'm all for it. I've always said Pittsburgh has the best bands in the world. People just don't know about them on a mass scale."

Ask the band people here how they feel about non-instrumental acts like Wiz and Girl Talk being the new face of Pittsburgh, and they all have a similar reaction.

"As far as making it out of Pittsburgh, hey, God bless anyone who can make anything in the music business," says Joe Grushecky of the Houserockers. "Pittsburgh has never been an easy town to break out of because we've never really been noted as a music town. So I'm all for them. I'm rooting for all of them."

Norman Nardini echoes that: "I think it's cool that guys from here can find success. They're doing something different and their goals are different."

Mr. Daley says when Mace Ballard plays out of town, they hear a lot of "Black and Yellow" talk from fans, a sign of Wiz's grip on the national music mindset.

"There are a lot of deserving bands in the Pittsburgh music scene to take the next step, and there isn't one obvious path to do so. The fact that we are using the word 'next' is something we can all thank Wiz and Gregg for, but the rest is up to us and every band themselves. Which reminds me, I have an album to go finish writing lyrics for ...."

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG / Scott Mervis: [*smervis@post-gazette.com;*](mailto:smervis@post-gazette.com;) 412-263-2576; Twitter: @scottmervis\_pg; Blog: [*www.post-gazette.com/popnoise*](http://www.post-gazette.com/popnoise). /

**Graphic**

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: Ben Howard/Post-Gazette:

b>REPPING FOUR ONE TWO

/b>/How Wiz Khalifa, Girl Talk and Mac Miller Became The Face Of Pittsburgh Music. (Photo Illustration, Page W-1)\

PHOTO: Ian Wolfson: Mac Miller\

PHOTO: Paul Sobota: Girl Talk \

PHOTO: Darren Ankenman: Wiz Khalifa.\

PHOTO: No Caption\

PHOTO: Steve Mellon/Post-Gazette Benjy Grinberg, left, and Wiz Khalifa, pictured in 2005, were not afraid to take the long road to stardom.\

PHOTO: Donora, from left, Jake Churton, and Jake and Casey Hanner, could be the next up-and-coming band from Pittsburgh.\

PHOTO: Rapper Mac Miller has nearly 230,000 followers on Twitter.

**Load-Date:** April 1, 2011

**End of Document**



[***Bitter campaign for governor leaves many undecided***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NYF0-0094-53CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 6, 1994, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** STATE,

**Length:** 1372 words

**Byline:** Dennis B. Roddy, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Body**

One eye on his bingo cards, another peering with distrust at the parade of strangers, Theodore Zourelis tightened his ball cap and frowned at the thought of Tuesday's vote for governor.

''I don't know. The two are fighting all the time. Maybe I'll vote for the woman,'' he said.

The two fighting are Democrat Mark S. Singel, who on this night is cruising the aisles of St. Benedict the Moor's weekly bingo at a Monroeville fire hall, and Republican Tom Ridge, who had spent the previous day prowling the bloodier spots of the North Side on a crime tour.

The woman is Peg Luksik, a staunch conservative from Johnstown who is anti-abortion and against outcomes based education.

And ''don't know'' is a term much in vogue on this night and many others in a gubernatorial contest in which two men have spent $ 16 million to depict each other as soft on crime, out of touch, mad, bad and dangerous to know.

The Singel-Ridge contest has been a seesaw of accusations, character attacks, conflicting polls and allegations so withering that a convicted child molester has sued one of the candidates for defamation.

The two men have wrestled the momentum from each other in dramatic moments: Ridge with an ad in which a rape victim tells of her ordeal; Singel in a live debate counterpunch that accused Ridge of botching a rape prosecution and naming names; Ridge with an ad that told the story of a convicted murderer whom Singel voted to pardon and who then went on a crime spree; Singel with an unprecedented ad that tries openly to steer anti-abortion votes to Luksik.

With two days remaining, both Ridge, a congressman from Erie, and Singel, the lieutenant governor, insist that they are in a dead heat, with Luksik, a day care provider, a walking question mark about whether anti-abortion Republican conservatives will jump from Ridge to her -- and possibly the same about many anti-abortion Democrats. Also in the running, but showing only marginal support, are Libertarian Patrick Fallon, and Westmoreland County dentist Tim Holloway, the nominee of the Patriot Party.

This week, major candidates returned to friendly turf and familiar themes: Singel drew class distinctions between himself and Ridge, Ridge portrayed Singel as too liberal on crime and Luksik sought out GOP defectors in conservative Lancaster County.

''We're on the side of the bus drivers, not the bankers,'' Singel told a midnight rally in Greensburg, seat of staunchly Democratic Westmoreland County. ''We are on the side of working families, not the wealthy few.''

''It's about time we take these criminals off the street and put them in jail, exactly where they belong. As governor, that's exactly what I'm gonna do,'' Ridge said, standing outside the ball field at Northview Heights, scene of a deadly gang rampage last year. The tour was engineered to highlight what Ridge has said is a difference between himself and Singel, whom he has spent millions depicting as soft on crime.

''No matter what happens Tuesday, everybody from my campaign can walk way with their heads up. The other candidates can't say that,'' said Luksik, who has kept an air of disdain toward the feuding men.

In a state where Democrats have a 500,000 edge in registered voters, Ridge, a product of his party's moderate tradition, must lure voters from Singel's party. Statewide newspaper polls have put him ahead in the past week, with other surveys calling the race even.

Political observers have theorized that, much like Zourelis, voters have been repulsed by the negativity and will waver to the very end, making each candidate's support paper-thin and the numbers game wholly unpredictable.

''Most people, I would say, have been paying a little attention with much disgust,'' said Tim McCormick, a Greensburg lawyer and state committeeman.

''Any time you have negative campaigning, a bunch of people make up their minds on those negatives, but then when they think about it, they swing back to undecided and then they make up their minds again,'' said Dante Bertani, a former Democratic chairman in the same town.

''Whoever wins them back over the weekend, wins the governor's race.''

The bitterness of the fighting between Singel and Ridge comes, ironically, between two men with strikingly similar stands on significant issues. Both favor major cuts in the state's business taxes. Both support capital punishment, promising to sign death warrants. Both favor legal abortion. Both have endorsed a ban on military- style ''assault'' weapons.

It has been left to the candidates to sort out distinctions. While the two are apart from each other on the question of school vouchers -- Ridge for, Singel against -- the lines of difference have been etched on questions of judgment and character.

Early in the campaign, Ridge's strategists laid out a plan to depict Singel as a political lightweight whose six-month tenure as acting governor last year, during Gov. Casey's recuperation from a heart-liver transplant, produced little and whose judgment was suspect. Singel's plan was to draw class distinctions between himself and Ridge, depicting the Erie congressman as a favorite of monied interests who would cast aside the needs of the state's ***working class***.

The campaign's most dramatic turn came in October, when Reginald McFadden -- whom Singel, head of the state's Board of Pardons, had voted to free from a life sentence -- was arrested on charges of rape and kidnap and named as suspect in a New York murder. Ridge's campaign already had ads on the air attacking Singel's past votes on the board, and quickly adapted them to include the McFadden case. Singel, who had held a slight lead up to then, plummeted in the polls. His negative ratings shot up and, after a week of silence within his camp, he came out swinging, portraying Ridge as the ''king of plea bargains'' during his year as a part-time assistant district attorney in Erie.

After that, the campaign settled into a pattern of attack and counterattack, with little detailed discussion of education, welfare reform, and economic development.

Voters, not surprisingly, find it alienating.

''Do you think they really have to do all that cutting up?'' asked Doris Lapka, who traveled from Latrobe to Monroeville to play bingo with her friend, Sue Little. ''I mean, can't they be nice?''

''I don't believe they're ever going to change all that's wrong,'' Little chimed in.

Neither woman knows how she'll vote. The scorched-earth campaign, they say, hasn't helped them decide.

Nor has there been help from other quarters. Gov. Casey, estranged from his lieutenant governor over a number of things -- most notably Singel's change in positions in favor of abortion rights -- has given little help to the ticket this year.

At a stop in Pittsburgh this week, Singel was asked if Casey would appear with him before Tuesday's vote. Singel tried humor.

''I don't know. I really don't know. Who knows?'' he pointed to the building outside which he was standing. ''He might be in the men's room? I'm not sure. That's his choice, not mine. I don't control his schedule.''

Alan Gould, the taciturn young New Yorker who has guided Singel's campaign since summer, gave little indication that the campaign had made headway with the governor, who can deliver votes in the state's northeast.

''The governor stands on his principles and Mark respects that,'' Gould said.

Ridge, for his part, has tried to make inroads with some traditional Democratic blocs. Last week, he stopped outside Risen Lord Elementary School on the North Side to accept the endorsement of a school choice PAC headed by a longtime Democratic fixture and former aide to the late Mayor Richard S. Caligiuri, Mark Zabierek.

The group, called REACH PAC, includes a large number of ethnic Catholics, a longstanding component in Pennsylvania's moderate Democratic party.

''He's the candidate who's been on our issue like a laser beam,'' said Zabierek, who called the Ridge endorsement ''a matter of more than mere partisanship.'' Later the same day, Ridge accepted the endorsement of the Guardians, an organization of black law enforcement officers.

In his final weekend, Singel worked to turn out his base in the state's west, and produced Steeler Hall of Famer Franco Harris during the Greensburg rally.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), Martha Rial/Post-Gazette: Lt. Gov. Mark Singel, right, and his running mate, Tom Foley, hit the campaign trail together in Pittsburgh.; Bill Wade/Post-Gazette: Rep. Tom Ridge greets voters waiting for buses on Grant Street during the evening rush hour.; GOVERNOR

**Load-Date:** November 9, 1994

**End of Document**



[***COLO. SKI TOWNS HAVE JOBS, BUT OTHERS SUPPLY HOUSING / LEADVILLE LOST ITS MINING BUSINESS AND MANY RESIDENTS, BUT THE HOMES REMAINED AFFORDABLE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DM80-01K4-91GF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 7, 1998 Monday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1482 words

**Byline:** Gwen Florio, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** LEADVILLE, Colo.

**Body**

Weekdays, this onetime mining community resembles the ghost town it nearly became.

The few adults on the narrow streets, lined by Victorian cottages in various stages of preservation or disrepair, are either tourists or the shopkeepers who serve them. Everybody else in Leadville has gone "over the hill," making the tortuous 37-mile drive that switchbacks through two-mile-high mountain passes to the ski resort of Vail.

More than half the town empties out each day, headed for jobs in Vail and the other wealthy resorts that glitter like the metals once mined here.

"Honestly, we couldn't live without them," said Steve Marantino, principal of Leadville's Lake County High School, of the ski towns.

Nor, he added, could the resorts live without towns such as Leadville to help house the armies of service workers that keep the ski lifts running, the faux-Tyrolean hotels clean, and the shops and restaurants fully staffed.

Similar symbiotic relationships exist between communities all over Colorado, where expensive resort towns are the main source of employment in remote, otherwise poor areas. Many of Aspen's workers live in Glenwood Springs, 42 miles away, or even in Rifle, an additional 29 miles down the road. People in tiny Kremmling, a onetime ranching town, drive about 40 miles to work in places such as Loveland and Keystone.

That few resort staffers can afford to live where they work has been the subject of hand-wringing for years in those ski towns, where affordable-housing plans are often debated but rarely implemented.

In the meantime, housing costs rise relentlessly. The median home price in Aspen hit $2 million last year, while an efficiency apartment - in the rare event one becomes available - now commands $900 a month, a 50 percent increase over three years ago.

Vail isn't far behind: Most of its homes are condos with a median price of $210,000, or duplexes fetching $530,000, said Andy Knudtsen, the town's housing director.

Help-wanted ads filled 8 1/2 pages in a recent issue of the Vail Daily newspaper, but rental properties - typically going for about $1,500 a month - took up just over a single column.

Those prices are out of reach for ordinary folks. People cope by quadrupling up in cramped apartments, or vying for the dormitory space Vail Associates Inc. provides to 40 percent of the 7,000 workers it hires at four resorts in the height of the ski season.

Such imperfect solutions are bearable for young singles, who say the trade-off is worth it for the free lift tickets that often are part of their pay package. But what about families?

"They find housing in the closest town, and they commute," said Pete Moore, mayor of Leadville - the closest affordable town.

\* It wasn't always this way.

Leadville once stood prosperously on its own, first as a silver-mining boom town in the late 1800s, when the population was 60,000 - 20 times what it is today.

Meyer Guggenheim and Marshall Field made their fortunes in Leadville. Here, Horace and Baby Doe Tabor used some of the millions from the Matchless Mine to build an opera house that hosted everyone from Houdini to Oscar Wilde. Doc Holliday moved here after his gunfight at the O.K. Corral, and died not far away, in Glenwood Springs.

Silver crashed, but Leadville held on into this century, thanks to the success of the Climax Molybdenum Mine, which employed 3,000 people. (Molybdenum - pronounced moe-LIB-de-num, and commonly called "molly" - is used to harden steel alloys.)

Not that life was ever easy. Leadville's location, about 100 miles west of Denver in a high mountain valley between the Sawatch and Mosquito Ranges, means its residents dig out from more than 200 inches of snow each winter. At 10,152 feet, it is the highest incorporated community in North America. Babies here routinely receive oxygen when they are born.

But the high-paying mining jobs made the difficulties worthwhile.

Everything changed, however, in 1982, when Climax shut down and laid off all but a skeleton crew of 100. Overnight, Leadville's tax base dropped from $250 million to around $45 million, said Lake County Commissioner Jim Martin.

So many people left town that one of Leadville's elementary schools closed. Those who lingered found themselves trapped in houses whose values had plummeted, unable to move out.

"It was just devastating," said Peg Portscheller, superintendent of the Lake County schools. "They had to take the job that they'd just lost and replace it with two or three lower-paying ones."

To find those jobs, residents looked over the hill, as people say here when they talk about Vail, or the ski resorts of Copper Mountain and Breckenridge, to the northeast.

The jobs were not as good as the ones they had had, and there was that awful commute over the Continental Divide, but at least they could stay in their homes.

Still, Leadville's dependency on the resorts rankles.

It is hard for officials here, who struggle to provide services on a hugely reduced budget, to look down the mountain and see all that wealth just out of reach. Vail is in the next county, and its 3,500 year-round citizens reap the fruits of an industry that caters to a transient populace. Vail housing director Knudtsen said 72 percent of his town's residences are second homes, occupied no more than four to six weeks each year.

"We essentially are subsidizing people who live in our community and work in theirs," Martin said of Leadville. "This affects everything - social services, law enforcement, the courts, our school system. Everything."

\* To understand Leadville's love-hate relationship with Vail, imagine a town all but devoid of breadwinners - except those who serve children or tourists - during the day.

"We're talking families who are basically on the move from 4 in the morning until 10 or 11 at night," said John Ozzello, director of health and human services for Lake County. "We get a lot of stress-related violence, whether it's domestic violence or child abuse. You've got parents away from home 10, 12 hours a day, driving over snow-packed roads. They get home and the wife or kids says something - and it's not the right time to say it."

Slowly, however, the town has adjusted to its new reality, he said.

"This is a challenged community, but a strong community," said Portscheller, the school superintendent.

An example: Marantino, the high-school principal, schedules parent-teacher meetings late into the evening, often with a chili or spaghetti dinner served in the cafeteria.

"It's for our parents who come up that mountain from Vail. We kind of meet them halfway, so they don't have to go right from work to school for the event, and then go home and fix dinner at 8 or 9 at night," he said. "It's a way of life here."

Leadville's main day-care operation, The Center - which is run out of the school that closed when Climax shut down - opens at 5:30 a.m. and closes as late as 7 p.m., or until the last child has gone home, said its principal, Kathleen Carothers.

The Center serves upwards of 300 children a day, ranging from infants to pre-teens enrolled in its before- and after-school program.

Among them are Corey Burke, 5, and his brother, Kyle, 10. Their mother, Lisa, said that her sons sometimes are the first children through The Center's doors when they swing open before sunrise.

Lisa Burke is a sales coordinator at Copper Mountain, and her husband, Dean, is a plasterer in the Vail Valley. Before they moved here five years ago, they lived in Minturn, a ***working-class*** community just outside Vail.

There, they could afford only a house trailer, and even that became tough when Lisa quit work after Corey was born because day-care costs consumed her entire salary.

In Leadville, the Burkes were able to buy a house, and the sliding scale set by The Center lets Lisa keep some of her paycheck.

For them, the commute is worth it. "We knew it would be part of our life," she said. "But we can live in a house-house now, with a garage and a basement. You'll never hear us whine."

But she added quickly that she and her husband were lucky to have moved here when they did. They bought their house, in a development of modest ranches, for $65,000 five years ago. This past summer, two homes in the neighborhood went for more than $100,000.

Moore, the mayor, worries that newcomers - people priced out of Vail but wealthier than the average Leadville resident - will skew housing prices. He's seeing it already.

"People like teachers who are just starting out are finding out that they can't afford housing," he said. "We've hired a couple of police officers who have the same problem. Some of them live in trailer courts."

The rental situation is no better: The average Lake County rent rose 50 percent in the last two years - and the vacancy rate of 0.5 percent rivals the 0.3 percent of Eagle County, where Vail is located.

"Leadville is becoming very attractive," Moore said, "and for us, that could be very tough."

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

Some of Colorado's highest peaks can be seen from Leadville, where many in the state's ski resort industry find housing more affordable than in pricey towns such as Vail and Aspen. (DAVID MANZE, For The Inquier)

Lisa Burke drops off her son Kyle, 5, at The Center, a child-care facility in Leadville, Colo. Burke commutes to Copper Mountain. (DAVID MANZE, For The Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***ROGER DALTREY FINALLY PLAYS ROCK 'N' ROLL SCROOGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VBP-6B50-0094-50HH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 26, 1998, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 1234 words

**Byline:** DENIS HAMILL, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

Guess who's playing Scrooge this year in Madison Square Garden's "A Christmas Carol?"

Roger Daltrey, that's Who.

Last week, the man who is one of the top five rock singers of all time, took time between rehearsals to chat about his famous Dickens role, about music, the movie he's producing about Who drummer Keith Moon, acting, family, Christmas and life in his 50s.

Q. How did you come to play Scrooge?

A. I was offered it about three years ago, I was busy, and they've offered it to me every year since. And due to the Who work, I couldn't do it. This year, I wasn't doing anything so I thought, well, let's give it a shot. I've never done any live stage acting before, so it's my kind of debut in that area. And I don't think there's a better first part to be playing onstage. It's just a great family show.

Q. Coming from a ***working-class*** London background, working as a sheet-metal worker before your rock fame, I suppose you can identify with Dickens.

A. Very much so. The themes in Dickens are timeless because they're about people, and what goes on within them. That's what's so great about the show. Within the show, people will see bits of their own lives, some they're not quite so proud of. Whether it's New York today or London in the last century, poverty and struggle are still the same. The story still matters.

Q. Last summer, you agreed to do the British Rock Symphony tour when you realized there were kids from New York City's housing projects involved in the show.

A. I did get paid for it, but I don't think the money alone would have sustained me in that show. What made it worthwhile for me was that we were taking these young people around the country, showing them the potential that was out there for them. To give young people that chance made me feel lucky to be part of it. I'm now toying with the idea of making that kind of idea into a foundation, and I would tour with kids like that every year. Because I was so impressed with the changes in those young people. The kids that came back to New York were completely different than the ones who left. They grew up so much. Their confidence grew. A lot of them had never been out of New York before.

Q. Did they realize that New York and America were two different places?

A. Tell me about it. This ain't Dayton, Ohio. If you're stuck there, you're really stuck.

Q. You've performed live before millions, but is the prospect of doing live theater nerve-wracking?

A. It is and it isn't. I'm not too overwhelmed by it. It's like everything I do - I just trust in the fact that it will all work out. What attracted me to this part was that it didn't have a long run. My worst fear of all the theater jobs I've ever been offered is being stuck every day for like, a six-month period, and I can't get out of a play I don't like being in. That to me would be the ultimate nightmare. I might as well go back to being a sheet-metal worker.

Q. You like to do something, and then move on?

A. Yes. You see, rock 'n' roll has given me incredible freedom. You're traveling every day. You move on, you're a gypsy. And there's something about always moving - especially if you think you've done a bad show one night that kicks you back up there to do it better. So I've always had this fear of being stuck in one place. And even though this is a short run, I'm a bit nervous about the amazing number of shows we have to do. There are some days we do four shows - six hours of stage work. That's a lot for anyone. But if Tony Randall could do it, I better find the key.

Q. Some of the people who come to this show - especially kids - will have their very first theatrical experience.

A. That's another reason I chose this show. Back in England, we have a tradition called pantomime during the holiday season. I can still remember the first time I was taken to the theater to see a pantomime. It had an effect on me. I also think it's very difficult now for young people to have wonder in their lives. I suppose there's wonder in animated cartoons and films and things. But today, the kids know how it's done. But when they actually see it in three-dimensional live theater, I think it stirs their imagination again. And it's one of the few theater experiences where the whole family can go together.

Q. How hard is the transition from rock star to actor?

A. It's not an easy move, I'll tell you that. You have to work bloody hard, be dedicated, take a lot of knocks. Especially if you're famous already.

Q. Pete Townsend said he wrote songs in the third person so that you could interpret them and make them your own as you sang them. That's like stepping into a script isn't it?

A. Yes, and I obviously have the natural ability to do it. But still, I have to learn the craft. It's not just a matter of being yourself. You have to bury yourself in a character, understand that character and develop that character within you. In this case, I have to bury Roger Daltrey and become Scrooge. I think I've achieved it. I've got to say that, haven't I?

Q. Do you study acting?

A. No, I don't think anyone can teach you to act. I think everyone has the ability to act. It's all a matter of whether they can lose their self-consciousness and get on with it. It's a matter of being prepared to stand up and make it. And not many people are prepared to do that.

Q. What's going on musically in your life now?

A. Nothing, really. I've got an offer to do an album, but I haven't signed a deal. I have an idea what I want my next album to be about, and I'm searching around for music.

Q. What about The Who?

A. I'd say it's probably over now. But with Townsend, you never know. We all thought that, and then "Quadraphenia" happened. But I think it's over. Still, it was a great time. I feel really good about it all, and we all get along really well these days.

Q. Have you invited Townsend to see "A Christmas Carol"?

A. I don't think it would be his cup of tea. It's a family show, you know, and he's not a family man anymore.

Q. How have you managed to remain a family man?

A. I owe it to the tolerance of my wife more than me, I think. In the business I'm in, it's hard. But it's her tolerance and the fact that we still really LIKE each other a lot. That always helps.

Q. I understand there's a movie being discussed about Keith Moon, although you're not involved in it.

A. There's a film attempting to be made by Tribeca, which is not really about Keith Moon, but about his roadies. I wish them all the best with it, but I don't think it's about Keith Moon. It's based on a book by one of Keith's roadies. I've been working on a film about Keith Moon for the past eight years, and our film will be announced within the next month. I'm co-producing it.

Q. Any other films coming out?

A. I have an independent film called "Romantic Moritz" with Christopher Lloyd, which is being released this spring. I play an old Texas hippie bass player in a ' 60s band, and he plays a singer who's dying of cancer.

Q. Speaking of old hippies, you once said playing rock songs in your 50s isn't quite the same as when you first sang them.

A. The meaning of life just changes all the time as you grow up, doesn't it? Things you thought so positively about when you were 19, you're not so sure about when you're 40. And you certainly change your take in the next 30 years. So the way you sing the songs is different. You sing the same words, but the motivation behind them becomes different with age.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Roger Daltrey: "Things you thought so positively about when; you were 19, you're not so sure about when you're 40. … So the way you sing; the songs is different."

**Load-Date:** December 18, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Parties' progress: // A brief history***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-7330-002B-H11P-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 24, 1994, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Pg. 15

**Length:** 1593 words

**Byline:** Eric Black; Staff Writer

**Body**

1789: Parties basically don't exist in U.S. politics, and most of the founders hope they never will. James Madison calls them a "mortal disease." Thomas Jefferson calls them an "avenue to tyranny." George Washington calls them a source of "frightful despotism." Washington wins every vote in the Electoral College.

1793: Differing on several issues, Treasury Secretary Alexander Hamilton and Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson become leaders of factions that soon harden into the Hamilton-led Federalist Party and the Jefferson-led Democratic Republicans. Historians call this the First Party System.

1796-1800: The first presidential elections organized along party lines. Federalist John Adams wins the first one. Jefferson wins the rematch, marking the first peaceful transfer of power from one party to the other in U.S. history.

1800-1820: Federalists never win another presidential election, and dwindle into a regional party with no support outside New England. The Democratic Republicans generally choose their candidate by a caucus of party leaders. Because there is no other party, being chosen by the caucus is tantamount to election. By 1820 (known in history books as the "era of good feelings"), partisanship has disappeared. James Monroe runs for president in 1820 without opposition. He gets all but one electoral vote. That one is deliberately cast by an elector who feels that no one other than Washington should be chosen unanimously.

1824-28: The one-party system falls apart. Five men, all Democratic Republicans, seek the presidency in 1824, but four of them refuse to abide by the decision of the caucus. Andrew Jackson gets the most popular and electoral votes but loses in the House of Representatives to John Quincy Adams. In preparing for the 1828 rematch, Adams supporters call themselves National Republicans while Jackson supporters called themselves Democratic Republicans. Jackson's victory in 1828 and his aggressive use of government jobs to reward supporters creates the first mass-based party. They are known, unofficially at first, as "Democrats."

1832: The first national nominating convention is held by a short-lived third party known as the Anti-Masonic Party. The Democrats hold their first convention and haven't missed a quadrennium since.

1836-52: All anti-Jackson elements coalesce into the Whig Party. The Whig-Democrat dichotomy, known to historians as the Second Party System, lasts for two decades. Presidential elections between 1836 and 1852 are won respectively by Democrat, Whig, Democrat, Whig, Democrat, indicating a fairly even division. The rise of two mass-membership parties contributes to a stunning rise in voter participation as follows:

1824 27%

1828 57%

1840 80%

1840: First party platforms.

1848: First national party committees.

1856: The Whigs disintegrate, handing the election to Democrat James Buchanan. Former Whig supporters divide between the anti-immigrant American Party, nicknamed the "Know-Nothings," and the newly emerging Republican Party, which opposes the expansion of slavery into new territories.

1860: The Lincoln-led Republicans carry the entire North and West. Democratic nominee Stephen Douglas carries one state, but a splinter party of proslavery Democrats sweeps the South, where Lincoln isn't even on the ballot. Some historians believe the cause of the Civil War was the breakdown of the two-party system. Some think it's the other way around.

1860: In its first election after statehood, Minnesota goes Republican, as it would in 17 of its first 18 presidential elections through 1928.

1864-1888: The Third Party System emerges, featuring the emergence of the "solid South" (all Democratic). But the North, Midwest and West remain solidly Republican, enabling the GOP to win six of seven presidential elections (although they had to steal the one in 1876). Third parties, such as Greenbackers and the Prohibition Party, never get above 4 percent.

1892: The Populists (officially, the People's Party) mount one of strongest challenges ever to the two-party system, gaining 9 percent of the popular vote, carrying four states and winning 11 House seats. But they will lose their independent status starting in 1896, when they endorse Democratic nominee William Jennings Bryan.

1896: The emergence of the modern liberal Democratic Party can be traced to the 1896 convention, when William Jennings Bryan and the pro-silver faction captured the party. Likewise, the Republican effort on behalf of William McKinley, organized by Ohio millionaire Mark Hanna, established it as the explicitly probusiness party that it has been ever since.

1900-1920: ***Working-class***-based socialist parties change the political map of many European states. In the United States, the Socialist Party vote grows from less than 1 percent in 1900 to 6 percent in 1912, but runs out of gas and declines back to less than 1 percent. Why socialism never gained a foothold in the United States remains a topic of scholarly and political debate.

1900-1916: The progressives of this era hold as dim a view of parties as did the founders. Progressives see parties as fundamentally corrupt, run by big-city bosses whose interests are graft and patronage. Some of the reforms of this era, such as primaries, the Civil Service system, and the Australian ballot (which protects privacy and permits ticket-splitting), deal blows to the power of parties from which they never recover.

1912: The biggest schism in 20th century party history occurs as ex-President Theodore Roosevelt tries to come back from retirement but his former protege William Howard Taft won't budge. Roosevelt wins the primaries, but Taft wins the Republican nomination, leading Roosevelt to bolt the party. Roosevelt's Bull Moose ticket (officially the Progressive Party) is the strongest independent candidacy ever, winning 27 percent of the popular vote (to Taft's 23 percent) and carrying six states (to Taft's two). But the inevitable beneficiary of the Republican schism is Democratic nominee Woodrow Wilson, who, through the magic of the Electoral College, turns 42 percent of the popular vote into 82 percent of the electoral vote.

1920: Voter turnout falls from 62 percent in 1916 to 49 percent in 1920. The chief reason: Women have the franchise for the first time, but many don't exercise it.

1920: How solid was the solid South? When Warren G. Harding carried Tennessee in 1920, it was the only instance in 11 presidential elections (1880-1924) when any of the 11 states of the former Confederacy gave its electoral votes to a Republican.

1924: Running as a Progressive, Wisconsin's Robert LaFollette captures 17 percent of the popular vote but only one state.

1932-44: Franklin D. Roosevelt assembles the New Deal coalition, which will dominate presidential politics for decades. The new Democratic coalition includes the solid South and its border states, organized labor, the boss-run machines of the biggest cities, Catholics, Jews (who had been a reliably Republican voting group through 1928), ethnic voters of southern and eastern European ancestry, and blacks (who had voted Republican since emancipation). Over four elections, FDR defeats his Republican opponents by 1,876 to 248 electoral votes.

1932: Minnesota gives its electoral votes to a Democrat for the first time, and then becomes almost as solidly Democratic as it had been Republican. A Democrat has carried Minnesota in 13 of the past 16 presidential elections.

1936: The Republicans make John Hamilton of Kansas the first full-time, salaried chairman of either party.

1948: Strom Thurmond bolts the Democrats to form the segregationist Dixiecrats (officially the States' Rights Party). Henry Wallace bolts to launch an independent candidacy on the Progressive ticket. But incumbent Democrat Harry S Truman somehow survives the defections. Neither new party is heard from again.

1964: The last Democratic landslide elects Lyndon Johnson with 61 percent of the popular vote and an electoral margin of 486-52.

1968-92: Various elements of the New Deal coalition become less reliable or less important. The Democratic solid South has been liquid at best or turned into a Republican stronghold in presidential elections. Political analysts are still arguing about whether 1968 or 1980 might have been another historic realignment of the party coalitions or whether politics still operate within the New Deal context.

1968: George Wallace, running as a states' rights segregationist and complaining that there's "about a dime's worth of difference" between the major parties, runs under the party name American Independent and captures 13.5 percent of the popular vote and five southern states.

1970-78: A series of reform commissions tinker with rules for Democratic delegate selection. Insider caucuses and winner-take-all primaries are banned, and delegations balanced by race and gender are mandated. Primaries become steadily more common and the power of traditional party bosses steadily declines.

1980: After falling behind in the Republican primaries, U.S. Rep. John Anderson launches an independent candidacy. Although polls in June and July show him in the 20s, he ends up with 6.6 percent of the popular vote and no electoral votes.

1992: Texas billionaire H. Ross Perot challenges the two-party system, securing a place on the ballot in all 50 states and paying for an expensive media campaign out of his own funds. Some polls put him in the lead in May and June, but he ends up third with 19 percent of the popular vote and no electoral votes.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Chart

**Load-Date:** October 27, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Daniel Craig focuses on James bond; He resisted the iconic role at first, but now he's committed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TVY-9WG0-TX31-W10N-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 7, 2008 Friday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 9D

**Length:** 2132 words

**Byline:** Anthony Breznican, USA TODAY

**Body**

BEVERLY HILLS

James Bond needs a day off.

In the latest 007 thriller, Quantum of Solace, Daniel Craig continues to explore the depths of the iconic superspy, this time (his second) revealing a man consumed by his job.

It just so happens that his work is saving the world.

"It's no moral judgment," Craig says, sitting with his right arm in a sling, the result of 007 action work aggravating an old injury. "If there's ambiguity to the character, then you'll have a better time. It's as simple as that.

"There's no kind of self-conscious idea to make him a deep, meaningful human being. I just think, well, he's a spy and kills people for a living. There might be some consequences for him -- and everybody around him."

By now it's well known that Quantum (opening Nov. 14 in the USA) picks up moments after the conclusion of 2005's Casino Royale, which rebooted the franchise.

In the sequel, Bond nearly self-destructs in his quest to uncover the Quantum organization behind the money-laundering in the original story. The lines of justice and revenge become so blurred, his own MI6 handlers fear he is too wrapped up in the mission to pull it off.

Even this film's Bond girl, Camille (Ukrainian-born model Olga Kurylenko), is so devoted to her own quest for vengeance that together they are all business -- no time or energy for any between-the-sheets action.

Craig, 40, jokingly compares his Bond's big flaw -- total immersion in his duties -- to the e-mail-checking, cellphone-addicted, always-on-call culture of the modern workplace.

"You're never away from the office. That's very true of people, isn't it?" he says. "We're driven to do that, and maybe that's wrong. Maybe we should all step back, put it down for an hour a day and be out of the office."

Craig adds: "That said, it is a Bond movie." His day job involves high-speed, cliff's-edge car chases, speedboat escapes and exploding desert hotels.

After six Bonds and 22 films, audiences still dig it. Casino Royale ultimately grossed $594 million worldwide, topping Die Another Day's $431 million record. Quantum already had a record-breaking debut in Europe, with about $40 million.

With this installment and future ones, Craig's challenge is to keep the fan base rejuvenated.

Thomas Huffner, who runs the fan website BondMovies.com, says he wants the franchise to continue Bond's anti-hero qualities. "He's human, and the more human you make him, the more believable the character and the more successful the movie," he says. "He's far from perfect, but that's what makes him interesting."

International man of mystery

For all the exposure 007 has given Craig, his own life remains a kind of secret identity.

He has been divorced since 1994 and has a teenage daughter from that marriage, but he doesn't like to discuss her. ("I've spent my whole career protecting her," he says. "As soon as I talk about it, that's out there.")

He has been in a relationship with film producer Satsuki Mitchell for several years, and was dogged during Quantum production by rumors of an engagement. His standard answer: He's not a member of the Royal Family, and therefore owes the public no confirmation or denial.

Craig does say this: He tends to see flaws in his Bond work, but Mitchell is still impressed. "I'm looking at myself and say, 'I got away with that ... I didn't get away with that ... I kinda got away with that.' My girlfriend is more than forgiving," he says with a laugh.

In contrast to his brooding Bond, Craig is animated and prone to jokes in person. He is hesitant to talk about his past, but gradually opens up when talking about how his early experiences help shape his most famous character.

He grew up in Wirral, along the northwestern English coast outside Liverpool, a ***working-class*** area that was hit with economic troubles during his youth in the '80s. "I had a fairly relatively normal background. My parents are divorced, but that's hardly unusual," he says. "I was brought up by my mother and got into acting very early on, inspired by the fact that there's a fantastic art scene in Liverpool, good directors and great writers. That had an indelible impact on me."

Craig had family friends who worked in theater and would let him watch stage shows from behind the scenes. "The truth of it is, I watched these plays, some of which were way beyond me as a kid. ... I could sit backstage and watch all the mechanics and all these people. These big, larger-than-life people would get up on stage and shout and emote and do all these things ... and then they'd go get drunk in the bar afterward -- which was probably the biggest draw to me," he says with a laugh. "'Ahh, you can do this and enjoy yourself as well!'"

School was more of a struggle. "I didn't have an academic persuasion at all," he says. "I was wandering slightly, as every teenager does, and my mother gave me a gentle nudge, and said, 'Go and do it, try and have a go.'" He left home at 16 to work in London theater.

Not interested -- at first

Like Bond, his adult life has been consumed by his job. He was a low-profile working actor until Bond came along, a dependable performer in big-budget movies such as Lara Croft: Tomb Raider and more serious fare such as Steven Spielberg's Munich.

007 made him a household name, but initially even he resisted. His first meeting with Eon Productions' Barbara Broccoli and Michael G. Wilson, whose family has overseen the Bond films since Sean Connery in the 1962 original Dr. No, is one Craig describes as "a failure."

"I turned around and said 'Thank you very much, but no,'" he says. "They joke about it now, but I genuinely was like, 'This is not even on my radar.' I never even considered in my professional life that I should play James Bond. All the reasons people thought I shouldn't play it, I thought too. It's like, I'm blond. Why would you?"

They eventually won him over with Casino Royale's darker, more emotional take on the character, and he has since pushed to go even further: Quantum has an art-house-heavy roster of talent for a $230 million action film.

It was directed by Marc Forster, known for intimate dramas such as Finding Neverland and Monster's Ball. Paul Haggis, Oscar-winning writer-director of Crash, co-wrote both of Craig's Bond movies. And the villain this time, a faux-eco entrepreneur named Dominic Greene, is played by French star Mathieu Amalric, who played the paralyzed writer in last year's The Diving Bell and the Butterfly.

It's a team with unusual integrity for a special-effects-heavy popcorn movie. "Cinematic integrity is not bad," he says, then cracks: "It's debatable where the moral line is there, though."

Craig's defining characteristic as Bond is his toughness, not just physically but also emotionally.

"Bond doesn't verbalize a lot of what's going on, so it's a challenging role," says Broccoli. "He is able to show the chinks in the armor, and that makes the character stronger. There's a tension within him, that the way Daniel plays him, you don't think he's going to snap, but you know he's going to bend."

Craig says he would have played the character differently when he was younger.

"The older I've gotten, the more I've understood what being hard is about, or being tough. It's less about fighting and physicality," he says. "The strongest people I know are women and not-huge men, let's put it that way. The strongest people have been the ones who genuinely have got it inside. If you don't have it inside, you're weak."

So how does Craig define toughness?

"I wish I knew," he says. "I fight to find out. I spend my life trying to be strong. As a man, you have to look after your family. Having good people around you and looking after them, it's that strength you draw from as well.

"Barroom brawls?" He shrugs. "I've done maybe two or three, and I've never been particularly successful at them. They're always very quick, and then suddenly you're outside and you don't know quite how you got there."

When he was first considering the Bond role, he says: "I never considered myself particularly tough. I had played rugby as a kid and played lots of contact sports and done all that. I'm never afraid of throwing myself around," he says (the arm sling serving as testament). "But when I came to do this, I knew Bond was tough. But it's the other stuff that's more interesting, that's worth playing around with and having a look at. That was my approach, but I nicked it from Ian Fleming, who wrote it on the page. He wrote this guy who was tough, hard, but (messed) up."

He has a similar counterintuitive approach to the character's sex appeal, hewn from the fact that many actors agree that one bonus of the business is the ability to attract.

"You get into acting for the chase. It's dressing up and showing off. Let's be honest about it, at it's basic level," he says, laughing. "But it's when you start believing in all that, you're in deep trouble. People talk to me about 'How's it feel being sort of looked at as being sexy?' And I'm going, 'I have no idea what you're talking about.' That sounds like false humility, but it's not. Anybody who starts to think they're sexy immediately becomes unsexy."

It's far from over for this busy actor. His Holocaust resistance drama Defiance opens Dec. 31; he plays a Lithuanian Jew who leads rebels on a guerrilla war against the Nazis rather than go to a concentration camp.

It was another demanding, intense role; Craig isn't one to toss off a less intense part. That's something he picked up from a late actor who worked with him on 2002's Road to Perdition.

"The best thing I can say about Paul Newman was he worried about his craft and worried about what he was doing. He talked it through, and when he got it right it pleased him and when he got it wrong it really (ticked) him off," Craig says. "I thought, 'You're in your 70s, this is the twilight of your career; other people would be sitting back and saying, "I'll show up, say the lines and take the check."'

"But no, it absolutely meant as much to him then as it had always meant. I thought, 'God, if you're still getting a thrill out of your job, still getting that much out of your profession at that age, that can't be a bad thing. You've probably got to work toward that, make yourself feel that."

An exit strategy

Craig is signed to at least two more 007 films, but if audience feelings change and his stripped-down version of Bond no longer appeals, he'll definitely bow out. "Adapting to that is not my job. I can only go with what I know. If attitudes change across the board, then I'll have to think of something else to do."

Many Bond-isms were deliberately withheld from Quantum so they can have impact when they emerge in future movies. And Craig says longtime side characters such as gadget-master Q and the lovelorn secretary Miss Moneypenny may also reappear.

"I'd love to bring them back in," he says. "But I don't think you can employ a really good actor and say, 'We want you to play Q and can you go do an impression of (the late) Desmond Llewelyn?' It would be offensive. I'd go, 'Look, this is Q, these are the premises, why don't you make something up, and we'll have a brand-new idea?' Suddenly it will be an enriched character again. Maybe we'll give it legs, maybe they'll make another 10."

Craig hesitates, nods at his arm sling and adds quickly: "Not with me they won't, but maybe they'll give it another 10 years."

---

Get your James Bond intelligence estimate

Write the number and letter next to the corresponding Bond.

In honor of the 22nd James Bond movie, Quantum of Solace, we look back at the ingredients that have been essential to the formula: the Bond girls and bad guys. To test your knowledge, match each nemesis and love interest to their superspy. (Answers on 15D)

Sean Connery

(1963-1983)

\_\_\_\_ Bad guy

\_\_\_\_ Babe

George Lazenby

(1969)

\_\_\_\_ Bad guy

\_\_\_\_ Babe

Roger Moore

(1973-1985)

\_\_\_\_ Bad guy

\_\_\_\_ Babe

Timothy Dalton

(1987-1989)

\_\_\_\_ Bad guy

\_\_\_\_ Babe

Pierce Brosnan

(1995-2002)

\_\_\_\_ Bad guy

\_\_\_\_ Babe

Daniel Craig

(2006-present)

\_\_\_\_ Bad guy

\_\_\_\_ Babe

---------

Answers to Bond quiz on 10D

•Connery: The bad guy is really a gal, 5. Lotte Lenya; and the babe is D. Daniela Bianchi of 1963's From Russia With Love, the second official Bond flick.

•Lazenby: The baddie is 1. Telly Savalas; and the gal, B. Diana Rigg of 1969's On Her Majesty's Secret Service. Rigg is best known for playing Emma Peel on TV's The Avengers.

•Moore: The baddie, 6. Yaphet Kotto; babe, C. Jane Seymour of 1973's Live and Let Die, Moore's debut as Bond.

•Dalton: Baddie, 3. Robert Davi; babe, F. Carey Lowell of 1989's Licence to Kill. Davi later starred in TV's Profiler and Lowell on Law & Order.

•Brosnan: Baddie, 2. Robert Carlyle; babe, E. Denise Richards of 1999's The World Is Not Enough.

•Craig: Baddie, 4. Mads Mikkelsen,; babe, A. Eva Green, from 2006's Casino Royale.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Robert Hanashiro, USA TODAY

**Load-Date:** November 7, 2008

**End of Document**



[***IN SMALL-MARKET EDMONTON, NHL PLAYERS TAKE A HIT IN WESTERN CANADA, LIFE WITHOUT HOCKEY IS NO JOKE. AND THE PLAYERS ARE THE REASON NO ONE IS LAUGHING.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P5P0-01K4-907J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

October 19, 1994 Wednesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1380 words

**Byline:** Gary Miles, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** EDMONTON, Alberta

**Body**

Once they were the greatest team in the National Hockey League. They had Gretzky and Messier and Fuhr. They captured five Stanley Cup championships in seven seasons and planted this prairie town on the North American sports map in big, bold Canadian letters.

Looking back, however, the Edmonton Oilers' success might have been the worst thing that could have happened to hockey in this town.

The Oilers, like baseball's Pittsburgh Pirates and San Diego Padres after them, became victims of their own success. As the Stanley Cup titles mounted, so did owner Peter Pocklington's payroll.

Pocklington, a car salesman who had become a corporate giant, was unable to pay the multimillion-dollar salaries his star players demanded. So they were shipped away to teams that could.

Last season, the Oilers, with the lowest payroll in the league, missed the playoffs for the second straight season and were so colorless that only 7,000 people signed up for season tickets this fall.

That, said Pocklington, is exactly why he and his 25 fellow owners have refused to start the season until the league and the NHL Players Association reach a collective-bargaining agreement.

Teams like Edmonton, small-market clubs with limited revenue sources, cannot pay the huge salaries their wealthier counterparts in St. Louis, Los Angeles and Detroit dole out.

So, Pocklington said, if the players don't agree to some form of salary control, the unthinkable may result.

"We won't be able to afford hockey in Edmonton," he said. "The fans will be priced out of the market."

And now fans here are getting a taste of life without hockey.

\*

The Sherlock Holmes, a popular bar in this quaint downtown, has lost about $4,000 in business since the NHL shut down on Oct. 1.

Some nights, Champions, an athletic clothing store at the nearby mall, closes with a single dollar bill in the cash register to show for its trouble.

At Foot Locker, the sports shoe and clothing store at the other end of the mall, the joke is that the shop won't have to decorate for Halloween because there already are plenty of cobwebs on the hockey merchandise.

As funny as that may be, life in Western Canada without hockey is no joke. Fans here take the game seriously - especially when it affects their paychecks as much as their hearts.

These hockey nuts say they have had just about all they can stand in this labor dispute.

The Oilers were scheduled to host the Mighty Ducks of Anaheim tonight at the Northlands Coliseum. Instead, the fans at the Sherlock Holmes will be treated to bowling tournaments and dog shows on TV.

No kidding.

Who's to blame?

In this part of the NHL territories, the players are the ones taking the heat.

On a talk show this week, callers supported the owners overwhelmingly. And not one Oilers sweat shirt, cap or bumper sticker was spotted in the busy downtown on Monday.

"It's to the point now where we want a salary cap," said 20-year-old Ian Koch, a salesman at Champions. "Everyone I know is definitely mad at the players. We all agree that they're getting greedy."

\*

The Sherlock Holmes is the kind of bar hockey players love. It is cozy, dark, friendly and within walking distance of their hotels. Indeed, the bar is within a weak slapshot of the Westin and the Hilton, the hotels where visiting teams and officials usually stay.

The Sherlock Holmes also is strategically placed between two subway stops. So it is usually jammed with thirsty fans on their way to the games at the Coliseum, which just happens to be a short walk at the end of the line.

In the back hall at the Sherlock Holmes, behind the grimy Oilers pennant, seven huge photo collages hang on the wall. Pictured there, among the hockey legends, are Wayne Gretzky and Michel Goulet at New Year's Eve and Halloween parties during happier times.

This month, however, there have been no parties, and bartender Vanessa Bellamy couldn't decide whether she was more angry than troubled as a result of the lockout.

On the one hand, the 27-year-old Bellamy was upset because she had been forced to juggle her budget. Thanks to the absence of hockey, she said, business hadn't been this bad since the heavy rain last summer nearly washed away her veranda out front.

Thank heaven, she said, that the Rolling Stones came to town earlier this month, and then she wondered out loud: "Do rock bands have labor disputes?"

Bellamy was angry at the hockey players, many of whom had run up three- figure tabs at her place. Some of them seem to have forgotten their love of the game, she said. All this squabbling about money - it's not as if they're still struggling to make ends meet, she said.

"Everybody is just miffed," Bellamy said. "No one is happy with either side. It's like February around here. By that time, we're all saying, 'We've had it with winter.' Well, we've had it with this.

"It's going to be a really ugly winter if there is no hockey."

\*

Ian Koch was all alone as the mall traffic bustled outside his store at Eaton Center downtown. Champions is owned by the Oilers and peddles hats and shirts and other things from every team in the NHL.

On Monday, it was as quiet as a graveyard.

Koch, bending over his lunch of Chinese noodles, was wearing an Oilers sweat shirt. It was the only piece of merchandise he had even unfolded all day. Worried that the store might be forced to close during the lockout, he was glad to have the company of a visitor.

"Basically, it's been dead," Koch said. "Some nights we close with $1 in sales. People will see the Oilers stuff on the rack and come in just to complain. Hey, I'm with them. Without the games, we've been forced to tape junior games and play them over and over on our TV up there. If I have to watch that Rock 'em, Sock 'em video one more time . . ."

Koch said he wasn't alone in his financial distress. His friends in the hockey-card business were suffering, too. Who wants to buy cards of players who are fishing and hunting and playing golf?

This ***working-class*** town of about 750,000 has trouble feeling sorry for athletes who earn a half-million dollars a year, Koch said.

"Compared to doctors and lawyers, who go to school for years, the players have a pretty good deal," Koch said.

At Foot Locker, two young salesmen, both dressed in black-and-white referee-style shirts, said they couldn't give away Edmonton hats or jackets these days. NBA and NFL stuff, meanwhile, has been jumping off the racks, they said.

Things are so out of whack around here that people will march in and ask the salesmen what's going on with the lockout.

"They think we know because of our shirts," one of them said with a laugh. "All we know is that no one is saying anything good about hockey anymore."

The trouble here is that without the Oilers, there isn't much else to do. The Eskimos of the Canadian Football League are 11-4 and have clinched a playoff berth but still can't fill more than half their stadium.

The university has a hockey team, and Red Deer, about an hour and a half away, plays in the Western Hockey League. But they are poor substitutes for the Oilers.

"I hope both sides learn from all this," Koch said. "The world hasn't come to an end without hockey."

But it sure has changed.

AN UNEVEN RINK

Payroll figures, in millions, are taken from the Hockey News and are based on NHL Players Association figures. Franchise values, also in millions, are taken from Financial World magazine.

TEAM TOP EXECUTIVES PAYROLL VALUE

Anaheim Michael Eisner $12.6 unavailable

Boston Jeremy M. Jacobs $12.7 $88

Buffalo Seymour H. Knox 3d $19.0 $55

Calgary Harley N. Hotchkiss $14.0 $50

Chicago William W. Wirtz $17.8 $80

Dallas Norman N. Green $14.7 $46

Detroit Mike Ilitch $19.2 $104

Edmonton Peter Pocklington $ 9.2 $46

Florida H. Wayne Huizenga $11.7 unavailable

Hartford Peter Karmanos Jr. $15.1 $46

Los Angeles Joseph M. Cohen $23.4 $85

Montreal Ronald Corey $12.9 $82

New Jersey John J. McMullen $16.5 $51

N.Y. Islanders Robert Rosenthal $12.7 $53

N.Y. Rangers Neil Smith $18.0 $81

Ottawa Rod Bryden $ 9.3 $50

Philadelphia Ed Snider $14.1 $69

Pittsburgh Howard Baldwin $20.1 $62

Quebec Marcel Aubut $13.5 $43

St. Louis Michael F. Shanahan $23.5 $59

San Jose George Gund 3d $11.3 $52

Tampa Bay David LeFevre $10.5 $39

Toronto Steve A. Stavro $16.5 $77

Vancouver Arthur R. Griffiths $17.2 $69

Washington Abe Pollin $13.6 $47

Winnipeg Barry L. Shenkarow $14.1 $35

**Graphic**

CHART;

CHART (1)

1. An Uneven Rink

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A tale of two cities***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GR4-KSP0-TWHS-42DW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

July 24, 2005 Sunday

All Editions

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1859 words

**Byline:** Tara Malone, Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

Illinois' second-largest school district faced a worsening debt. To plug the budget gap, officials unveiled an ambitious new boundary plan. No one imagined where the new map might take them.

Editor's note:

In 1989, a group of Rockford residents filed a federal lawsuit claiming the school district discriminated against minorities.

On Thursday, a federal judge will rule on whether a lawsuit accusing Elgin Area School District U-46 of discrimination has the merits to continue.

Eerie similarities link the two cases.

When Rockford was sued, it was the state's second biggest school district. U-46 now is the state's scond largest district.

Both lawsuits followed the release of plans for a massive district makeover, involving a new school boundary map, school openings and closings and generally great change.

Both lawsuits claimed the district illegally stacked some schools with poor minority students, and others with better-off white students.

The law firm representing the plaintiffs in both cases is the same.

This report outlines how the Rockford case unfolded. Twelve years and $238 million later, the case took a serious toll on the district, its taxpayers and the community at large. It had, in the end, eroded parent involvement, faith in public schools and racial unity.

First of two parts.

Controversy grips Illinois' second-largest school district.

The respected veteran superintendent is gone, his reputation tarnished.

Financial problems crop up almost overnight. Suddenly, the district is deeply in debt.

The replacement leader responds with a dramatic new vision for the district.

The plan outlines a new school boundary map, the closing of some schools, the opening of others and change for nearly every single student.

Some hate the plan, some applaud it, but all district taxpayers, schooled in skepticism, bristle with apprehension, wondering if the changes will help - or just cost more.

On the night school board members plan to have their final say, residents pack the board room.

On a blustery winter night, they fill every seat and spill into the hallway.

All are drawn by the ambitious plan to revamp the district. Whether they agree or disagree, they know it will affect schools, neighborhoods and the community itself.

But no one knows, no one imagines, how long the controversy will dominate the northern Illinois school district divided by a river, history and, ultimately, federal courts.

The Rock River rambles lazily through Winnebago County, dividing east from west.

History here has long followed the river's lead.

The area's first settlers were divided, by race and class. In 1834, white Germanicus Kent arrived with a black slave, Lewis Lemon.

The city they started got its name and its ways from the river, with people separated as surely as the land.

The immigration that followed in the 1850s brought a wave of Swedes to the east side.

The next wave, Irish and Italian during the 1920s, landed on the west side.

The Great Migration of the 1940s that brought blacks to the west side made clearer the divide between east and west.

East siders tended to be Protestant; west siders tended to be Catholic.

East siders tended to work in the factory office; west siders on the factory floor.

But as long as there was work, there was prosperity for those toiling in the office or the plant. And there was plenty of work.

"Get fired in the morning, get hired in the afternoon," went the unofficial slogan of the booming factory town.

Until the 1980s.

Gas shortages and soaring inflation during the 1970s weakened Rockford. When the recession of the early 1980s hit, the city's financial floor caved.

Unemployment hit a staggering 19.2 percent in 1982 and kept climbing. The city lost 8,000 jobs by the end of the decade.

The ***working-class*** west side was hit the hardest.

The families who could afford to leave did, moving east or away from Rockford entirely.

The school system, however, straddled the river, and unable to leave one side or the other, it staggered under the weight of the city's collapsing economy.

In late 1988, the district responded to a sudden deficit of $7.3 million with a sweeping plan detailing many changes.

The plan was titled "Together Toward a Brighter Tomorrow."

But it did little to lift the darkness shrouding a city suffering from economic devastation.

That the district would close 10 schools, however, annoyed neighbors of each building.

That six of those schools would be in black neighborhoods chafed the whole minority community.

That more than 1,800 black and Latino students would be funneled into a single mega-school spurred talk of ghettos.

But plans to shut West High - the revered center of the city's west side, complete with a state-championship basketball team - were too much.

Unwittingly, the district had built a bridge across the city's divisions, uniting neighbors in a fight to keep West High open.

"In an east-west town, that was the worst thing they could have done," says Rockford native Nancy Layng, who met her husband in the halls of East High 50 years ago. "You were talking about our traditions. You destroyed something in closing that school."

Who would lead the fight?

A black man forced as a teenager to pay his own way on a bus over the river under the banner of integration?

A board president of the city's only black-owned, black-run community center?

A single 32-year-old Ivy League-educated business man with no children?

In Rockford, it just happened to be the same guy.

His name was Ed Wells.

Filing suit

Rockford's black leaders muster on a Saturday morning in February 1989.

Ministers, aldermen, community activists and anyone with political sway on the west side meet in the Booker T. Washington Community City, a worn white building atop a hill overlooking miles of abandoned rail yards.

Closing West High would be bad, on that point all agree, but what should be done?

"If you want to fight, I'll show you how to fight," Wells says. "You can only push so far, and Rockford pushed people so far. It got to a point where the community had to stand up and say, 'No, you're not going to do this.' "

First, Wells approaches district leaders, explains the group's concerns with a proposed reorganization and asks them to reconsider.

Wells plans to engage teachers, too. He tries to get Rockford city leaders, especially the newly elected Mayor Charles Box, to sign on with the group.

Nothing works. Months of knocking on the district door lead to one meeting with school officials.

Determined to stop what they begin to see as racial discrimination, the group presses forward under the name "Rockford People Who Care."

Wells hunts for a lawyer.

Rebuffed by Rockford attorneys, he travels to Chicago. Wells meets with attorneys at Bell Boyd & Lloyd. They too decline, but steer him toward an attorney renowned as a civil rights expert.

Bob Howard takes the case.

In May 1989, the group files a federal lawsuit accusing Rockford schools of racial segregation.

"Ask a lot of east-side white people and the lawsuit split us apart. We already were torn apart. It's just blacks weren't complaining."

-Venita Hervey, civil rights attorney

The accusations were not entirely new.

Black students from the west side long had received a separate education, unequal to that of their white, east-side peers, a federal lawsuit said in 1970.

Black students dropped out more often than whites.

Minority students ready for the rigors of a gifted class were placed in a separate program reserved for blacks and Latinos.

Latino students bused to bilingual classrooms in white neighborhoods were kept on parked buses until school doors opened each morning. Outside, white kids played.

Venita Hervey knew the short end of the stick.

"We got leftover textbooks," said Hervey, who grew up a few doors down from Ed Wells. Hervey went on to earn a law degree and partnered with the Futterman and Howard law firm on the Rockford case. "We got leftovers if we got it at all."

Hervey and Wells were among the first wave of black students shipped across town to East High, a concession to court-ordered racial integration during the 1970s.

As a football player, Wells was shielded from many challenges his west-side peers encountered at East High.

"I pretty much played by their rules," Wells said, shrugging his shoulders and spreading his hands wide over a burger at a Rockford diner.

"As long as you were important, playing football at East, your life was OK," Wells said. "If you didn't play sports, if you weren't important, your life was pretty difficult."

Guidance Counselor Connie Goode remembers it well.

"East had a certain kind of reputation," said Goode, now 66 and a retired Northern Illinois University professor. "They were not pleased with the arrival of children who were culturally different."

Concessions

Two months after People Who Care filed federal charges, Rockford school officials make small concessions.

They shelve the mega-school idea. They do not budge on closing West High.

Talks sputter. The legal battle presses on.

In 1991, People Who Care and district leaders negotiate a deal, the price tag of which floats between $22 million and $60 million.

A new elementary school would be built on the west side. An east side school in a largely white area would reopen with a makeover. Some $2 million would be funneled toward schools with concentrations of minority, at-risk students.

West would reopen, but only as a middle school. On that point, district leaders hold fast.

Wells signs the deal, and with it signs away much of his support within the People Who Care camp.

A power struggle ensues. The group's attorney, Howard, persuades the court to grant class action status on behalf of Latino and black students.

"It spiraled from there," recalls Molly Phalen, who headed Rockford's teachers union for 18 years. "The original idea of the plaintiffs was not a desegregation suit. It was equity. If a school over there has computers and all this equipment, then the school over here ought to have that as well."

Having lost control of the lawsuit he set in motion, Wells breaks with the group.

"I didn't need a trial to say this district was guilty," Wells says. "A trial, I knew would only further alienate the community and have them at each others throats. Some said 'yes, they did it' and others said 'no, you didn't.' And that doesn't solve anything."

The People Who Care lawsuit landed on the desk of U.S. federal magistrate P. Michael Mahoney in 1993.

A hearing lasted less than a month.

But those 24 days chronicled 20 years of racism in Rockford schools.

Forty people were called to the witness stand. Their words yielded more than 3,500 pages of testimony. Some 20,000 pages of exhibits were submitted to the federal court as evidence.

From this cascade of paper emerged Mahoney's 747-page desegregation order.

By contrast, the Supreme Court's landmark "Brown v. Board of Education" decision that ended racial segregation in schools, by comparison, was eight pages.

Today, 12 years after Mahoney's ruling, its final 36 words haunt Rockford still.

"It is the story of a school district that at times has committed such open acts of discrimination as to be cruel and committed others with such subtlety as to raise discrimination to an art form."

**Graphic**

The history of Rockford has always followed the flow of the Rock River - and bridging east side and west side has never been easy. Dave Tonge/Daily Herald Ed Wells led the community fight to stop the Rockford school district from closing West High and five other schools on the city's west side. His fight gave rise to a federal desegregation lawsuit that lasted 13 years and cost $238 million. Dave Tonge/Daily Herald

**Load-Date:** July 26, 2005

**End of Document**



[***RIDGE AND SPECTER COAST TO VICTORY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DKB0-01K4-91SS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

NOVEMBER 4, 1998 Wednesday SF EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1511 words

**Byline:** Russell E. Eshleman Jr., INQUIRER HARRISBURG BUREAU, This article contains information from the Associated Press.

**Body**

Gov. Ridge and U.S. Sen. Arlen Specter easily turned aside feeble challenges from their underfunded and overwhelmed Democratic opponents last night and won reelections by landslide.

The Associated Press declared Ridge and Specter the winners at 8:01 p.m., one minute after the polls closed, based on exit interviews with voters across the state. Their opponents conceded early in the evening.

Ridge, 53, a former congressman from Erie who was elected governor four years ago with less than 50 percent of the vote, beat Democratic State Rep. Ivan Itkin of Pittsburgh by a nearly 2-1 ratio. Constitutional Party candidate Peg Luksik of Johnstown was a distant third.

Speaking to reporters in his room at the Avalon Hotel in Erie shortly before 9 last night, a smiling Ridge said: "It sure is easier the second time around."

He said he respected Itkin for "slugging it out," but added: "Obviously, he lacked even the slightest kind of organizational or financial support" from Democrats.

Specter, 68, who narrowly won his last race, in 1992, became the first U.S. senator from Pennsylvania to be elected four times. Specter won six out of every 10 votes cast against State Rep. Bill Lloyd of Somerset.

In the region's hottest race, for the 13th Congressional District seat in Montgomery County, Democrat Joseph M. Hoeffel, a county commissioner, ousted two-term Republican Jon D. Fox. It was Hoeffel's fourth attempt. Two years ago, he lost by a mere 84 votes.

In other congressional and statehouse races in Philadelphia and the suburbs, incumbents all won new terms.

In the battle for the state's two open congressional seats, Democrat Patrick Casey, son of former Gov. Robert P. Casey, appeared to have narrowly lost to Republican Don Sherwood, a car dealer, in the 10th Congressional District of northeastern Pennsylvania, and Republican Pat Toomey, a restaurateur, beat Democratic State Sen. Roy Afflerbach for the 15th Congressional District seat, centered in the Lehigh Valley.

Republicans also retained control of the state legislature.

In addition, voters approved a pair of constitutional amendments sought by prosecutors - to give district attorneys the right to request jury trials and to give judges permission to deny bail in cases involving crimes punishable by life in prison.

Except for areas with hotly contested seats, experts were predicting that fewer than 1 in 2 voters would go to the polls, which is low for a year in which the governorship and a U.S. Senate seat are at stake.

Even before the year began, pollsters, political operatives and politicians themselves were predicting that the Democrats had no chance of retaking the governor's mansion or of forcing Specter into retirement.

For starters, Ridge and Specter entered 1998 with mammoth campaign war chests - Ridge with nearly $5 million, Specter with almost $3 million. The two Republicans also had the advantage of being incumbents with solid records and the good fortune of standing for re-election at a time of economic prosperity.

Facing those realities, potential first-tier Democratic challengers stayed away in droves. Mayor Rendell, State Auditor General Robert P. Casey Jr., former Lt. Gov. Mark Singel, and former state cabinet secretaries Linda Rhodes and Tom Foley all decided to wait for another day.

That left the little-known Itkin and Lloyd, two respected but charisma-deficient state legislators, to square off against two of the most successful Republican politicians in Pennsylvania history.

In the primary, Itkin beat former State Auditor General Don Bailey, and Lloyd defeated a pair of virtual unknowns.

But lack of money was their biggest problem and kept them from ever being contenders.

By the last campaign expense filing date, in mid-October, Ridge had spent $8.8 million this year, while Luksik had spent $528,668 and Itkin just $455,437 - less than some candidates for Congress. Lloyd fared even worse.

As a result, Itkin was able to afford only a smattering of commercials on Pittsburgh TV and some cable stations that were drowned out by a tidal wave of Ridge ads. Specter was all over television, too, even though Lloyd could not afford a single television ad anywhere.

To make matters worse, leading Democrats even crossed the line - or went up to the line - to support Ridge and Specter.

Democratic Mayor Stephen Reed of Harrisburg endorsed Ridge outright. Pittsburgh Mayor Tom Murphy gave a glowing testimonial to Ridge. And Rendell, who was Itkin's campaign chairman, spoke nonetheless of working with Ridge in a second term. He also praised Specter at a news conference and ended up in one of the senator's ads.

Abandoned by their party, and practically broke, Itkin and Lloyd were unable to elevate issues they deemed important.

Itkin accused Ridge of setting policy on the basis of campaign contributions by cutting business taxes to reward corporate executives who donated to his campaign. He said Ridge had done nothing to slow the flow of out-of-state trash into the state and had hurt ***working-class*** taxpayers by raising the state's gasoline tax at a time when the state had a large surplus.

Lloyd tried to convince voters that, although Specter might be moderate, a vote for Specter was also a vote for the arch-conservative philosophies of Republicans such as U.S. Sen. Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) and U.S. Sen. Strom Thurmond (R., S.C.).

In both cases, Ridge and Specter were able to ignore the sniping.

Ridge boasted repeatedly of living up to his 1994 promises - something he was able to do because he was working with a Republican-controlled legislature.

On crime, he pointed to three dozen bills that he pushed through the legislature - including a "three-strikes" measure; a Megan's law, requiring the registration of sex offenders; and a law opening up juvenile court proceedings to the public in cases of violent crimes.

Ridge also campaigned on changes in education. Though he failed twice to get lawmakers to approve a school voucher proposal, he won passage of charter school legislation and a variety of other changes.

Ridge's relationship with Philadelphia was bittersweet. The governor's failure to negotiate successfully with German shipbuilder Meyer Werft to revive the closed Philadelphia Naval Shipyard in 1995 was nullified two years later when he got the legislature to approve $182 million for Norwegian shipbuilder Kvaerner to set up operations at the yard.

Specter developed his campaign around a critical fact - that seniority in the U.S. Senate equates to goodies at home. If reelected, Specter said, he would use his seniority to secure funding for Pennsylvania for everything from road construction to economic development.

In 1994, Ridge defeated Singel 45 percent to 40 percent (Luksik had 13 percent), becoming the only governor since 1910 not to win at least 50 percent of the vote.

Ridge, a former six-term congressman and prosecutor and a Vietnam War hero, whom supporters view as a politician with the potential to become part of a national GOP ticket, was attempting to keep intact another record: Since the state constitution was changed in the late 1960s, permitting Pennsylvania governors to serve a second consecutive term, no incumbent has been turned out of office.

Itkin, 62, was the first state legislator to run for governor directly from the General Assembly since 1954, when Democrat State Sen. George Leader of York did so - and won.

Luksik, 43, by getting 13 percent of the vote in 1994, became the most successful third-party candidate since William H. Berry of the Keystone Party in 1910, who got 38 percent and finished second to Republican John K. Tener. The Democrat, Webster Grim, finished a distant third at 13 percent.

Specter, who beat Democrat Lynn Yeakel by just three points in 1992, has become the first U.S. senator from Pennsylvania since the notorious GOP boss Boies Penrose in the early 1900s to serve four terms. The difference was that Penrose's first two terms came at a time when the legislature, not voters, picked U.S. senators.

GOVERNOR

(99% of voting districts)

Ivan Itkin (D) - 927,427 31%

Ken V. Krawchuk (L) - 33,074 1%

Peg Luksik (C) - 310,671 10%

\*Thomas J. Ridge (R) - 1,716,407 57%

SENATOR

(99% of voting districts)

Jack Iannantuono (L) - 46,120 2%

Bill Lloyd (D) - 1,012,666 35%

Dean Snyder (C) - 70,115 2%

\*Arlen Specter (R) - 1,792,826 61%

\*Incumbent

KEY: C, Constitutional; D, Democratic; L, Libertarian; R, Republican.

AREA VOTE FOR GOVERNOR County Ridge (R) Itkin (D) Luksik (C) Krawchuk (L)

Philadelphia 105,088 175,183 13,075 3,164

(97% of districts)

Bucks 93,795 39,204 9,125 2,431

(100% of districts)

Chester 68,421 21,313 9,772 1,717

(100% of districts)

Delaware 97,401 41,847 10,048 1,708

(100% of districts)

Montgomery 128,306 62,271 14,933 3,577

(100% of districts)

AREA VOTE FOR U.S. SENATOR County Specter (R) Lloyd (D) Snyder (C) Iannantuono (L)

Philadelphia 113,560 170,655 4,177 3,882

(97% of districts)

Bucks 91,825 42,977 3,145 3,194

(100% of districts)

Chester 71,363 24,574 2,519 2,714

(100% of districts)

Delaware 101,273 44,139 2,420 2,198

(100% of districts)

Montgomery 138,838 59,905 3,857 4,609

(100% of districts)

**Notes**

Election '98

**Graphic**

PHOTO, MAP AND CHART;

PHOTO

Arlen Specter greets supporters at the Ritz-Carlton. He became the first U.S. senator from Pennsylvania to be elected four times. Specter had played up the benefits of having a senator with seniority. (RON CORTES, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Peg Luksik casts her ballot at the Westmont Recreation Center near Johnstown. She was running a distant third in the race for governor, trailing incumbent Tom Ridge and Democrat Ivan Itkin. (DAN LOH, Associated Press)

After voting, Monessen residents John Snyder (right) and his son Keith are greeted by Democratic gubernatorial candidate Ivan Itkin (left), who failed to make progress with an underfunded campaign. (GENE J. PUSKAR, Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***VENTURA WINS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V1S-7430-009B-P1KW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Populist campaign brings out throngs of young voters // Historic first for Reform Party***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V1S-7430-009B-P1KW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 4, 1998, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1573 words

**Byline:** Dane Smith; Robert Whereatt; Staff Writers

**Body**

Jesse Ventura, a ***working-class*** Minneapolis kid who made a name as a professional wrestler and a minor actor in action movies, ambushed Minnesota's political establishment Tuesday by becoming governor.

He is the first Reform Party candidate in the nation to be elected governor. None has been elected to the U.S. Senate.

"It's overwhelming. We shocked the world," Ventura said around midnight at his victory party at Canterbury Park racetrack in Shakopee. "Nobody thought we had a chance."

He was declared the winner by Voter News Service, based on interviews as voters left the polls Tuesday.

The exit poll projected that Ventura would get about 37 percent of the vote, Republican Norm Coleman about 34 percent and DFLer Hubert Humphrey III about 28 percent.

Ventura's is the biggest victory by a third-party candidate in Minnesota since 1930, when Floyd B. Olson, a populist Farmer-Labor candidate running at the outset of the Depression, swept aside Democrats and Republicans.

Ventura's victory immediately drew national attention. NBC anchor Tom Brokaw asked him whether he should be addressed as Gov. Jesse Ventura or Gov. Jesse (The Body) Ventura.

The governor-elect replied that he doesn't go by that "moniker" anymore. Now he is Jesse (The Mind) Ventura, he said.

Later, he declared his immediate priority:

"My first agenda item, if I'm the winner, is to take a week off," he said to raucous cheers from his supporters.

Ventura's victory is a humiliating blow to both the Republican and DFL parties. Coleman and Humphrey each assumed that Ventura would draw more support from the other than from himself. They consistently regarded him as an amusing novelty and paid him the ultimate indignity by refusing to criticize him, which played right into Ventura's hands.

Early in the general election campaign, when Ventura was still fighting to get access to all the major debates, Humphrey refused to enter debates unless Ventura was on the platform.

It turned out to be an enormous favor. Ventura was, by consensus, the star of most of the debates. He was easily the funniest man on the stage, the plain speaker of homespun wisdom. He came off as a bit raw and uninformed at times and even that worked for him. He took great pride in noting that when he didn't understand the details of some issue or policy, he would proudly admit it. Ordinary working folks could look at Ventura, see that he sounded a lot like them, and root for him.

Ventura attributed his stunning upset to voters who "realized they wanted some honesty, and they were not getting that . . . from politicians in Washington and at home."

As wave after wave of results rolled in showing Ventura in the lead, Coleman told his crowd at the St. Paul Radisson to "keep the faith."

Humphrey, at the DFL Party's gathering at the Minneapolis Hilton, professed optimism after about half of the vote had been counted. "We're just coming around the corners. . . . I think they're going to be showing a Humphrey victory."

Coleman conceded the election at 12:45 a.m. "I will work with Jesse Ventura to move this state forward," he said.

Humphrey conceded at 12:50 a.m. He said he and his running mate had "spoken with Jesse, and we have congratulated him personally . . . and we want to wish him the very best in his new administration. The people have spoken, and we believe and trust in the people."

Humphrey aides who were analyzing results clearly were shocked by the outcome. Vic Moore, a top aide to Sen. Roger Moe, Humphrey's running mate, said Ventura carried the Fourth Ward in Minneapolis. "Those aren't young voters," said Moore, referring to Ventura's broad support among young voters and Humphrey's presumed appeal to older voters.

"If Ventura wins, it would be an astounding upset. They won't be talking about our weather anymore," Minneapolis City Council Member Jim Niland said earlier in the evening.

"So far, Ventura's numbers are just shocking."

As the night wore on, some DFLers expressed betrayed shock and even anger.

State Rep. Wes Skoglund, DFL-Minneapolis, said Ventura became a media favorite because he was considered unconventional and "a fun guy." He was critical of the media for not pressing Ventura.

"I never heard a reporter ask him a hard question. . . . Nobody really went after him," he said.

State Sen. Jane Krentz, DFL-May Township, said that Ventura had a lot of charisma and that people responded to his appearance of honesty.

"Skip is honest, but he's not as flashy," she said of Humphrey. "I'm embarrassed. . . . It'll be on 'Letterman' for the next week."

No help in Legislature

Ventura will take control of state government in January with no members of his Reform Party in the Legislature and little administrative experience among his top advisers.

Republicans, under new chairman Bill Cooper, raised unprecedented millions of dollars from the state's business establishment to help Coleman succeed Gov. Arne Carlson, who was one of Coleman's most ardent backers.

The DFL had the premiere name in Minnesota politics with Humphrey. He had high favorability ratings from his years as a consumer advocate, and he was coming off a big victory over tobacco companies, winning a $ 6.1 billion settlement for the state.

Ventura, never ahead in any statewide poll, mobilized tens of thousands of younger voters and broke many of the rules of conventional campaigning.

He shrugged off controversial ideas and statements, defended the idea of legalized drugs and prostitution. Played the macho working stiff unapologetically and thumbed his nose at political correctness. Even election night, he told his supporters that "It ain't over - shall we get sexist? - until the fat lady sings."

Analysis

A preliminary look at the results in several regions indicated that Ventura was running particularly strong in several metropolitan counties.

In Anoka County, he was outpolling Humphrey and Coleman combined. He was beating Coleman in Ramsey County, Coleman's home turf. And in Hennepin and Dakota counties, he ran ahead of Humphrey while Coleman trailed in third place.

In Olmsted County, with Rochester's rock-solid Republican base, Coleman led Ventura. Humphrey was third with more than half of the vote counted. Humphrey, though, led in St. Louis County in northeastern Minnesota, a traditional DFL stronghold.

The GOP mailed absentee ballot applications to 750,000 households identified as sympathetic to Republicans, a tactic intended to increase Republican turnout. But while many counties reported a higher-than-usual absentee ballot count, some county election officials said those Minnesotans would have voted anyway.

Heavier-than-expected turnout was reported in many precincts.

"This is loony tunes here," said Eileen Corry, an election judge at a precinct on St. Paul's East Side, at Edgerton St. and Wheelock Pkwy. More than 600 people had voted by 6 p.m., Corry said; 120 of them were new registrants and counting machines had broken down twice. Corry, who has been an election judge for 25 years, said the turnout was larger than she's ever seen for a nonpresidential year.

However, one of the state's top election officials was reluctant to predict a stampede.

"I think it's fair to say, anecdotally, we're on track with Secretary of State Joan Growe's prediction of 53 percent" turnout, said Joe Mansky, state election director for the secretary of state office.

Fifty-three percent of eligible voters for a midterm election would be common, he said. "That's what we had with Perpich and Carlson in 1990," he said referring to the late Gov. Rudy Perpich and Arne Carlson, who won that election and who is leaving office in January.

Many of Ventura's supporters are thought to be nonvoters, so a larger-than-expected turnout could be a sign that he would do well. Officials in the secretary of state's office said it would be late today or early Thursday before the number and percentage of new registrants could be determined.

Changing script

In late June and after the party endorsing conventions, the most common scenario envisioned by candidates and their advisers, top party officials and the media, went something like this:

DFLers, with five strong candidates - three sons of famous politicians and two other formidable candidates - would wage an internecine war.

They would be tightly bunched on primary election day, and the winner would have to face a strong, unified Republican Party under Coleman in the general election.

Ventura all along was considered a powerful factor, a spoiler, the biggest name ever put forward by the Reform Party since its inception in 1992. But almost nobody expected him to exceed 15 percent of the vote in the general election.

That's not the way it turned out.

- Staff writers Rob Hotakainen, Pat Doyle and Kevin Duchschere contributed to this report.

What's next:

- Inauguration: The governor-elect will be sworn in at noon Monday, Jan. 4, a date preselected by the state Constitution. Chief Justice Kathleen Blatz is expected to lead the ceremony at the State Capitol rotunda. It's up to the governor-elect whether to schedule other inaugural activities, such as a ball, for that week.

- Cabinet: The governor-elect must select more than 20 department heads, who, along with the lieutenant governor, make up the governor's cabinet.

- Legislature: Members of the new state House of Representatives will be sworn in on Jan. 5, the first day of the biennial session.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** November 5, 1998

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[***The Reel World;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P1W0-0094-519T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***This year's Three Rivers Film Festival will retain its international flavor with nearly 30 features that span the planet.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P1W0-0094-519T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 17, 1994, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 1401 words

**Byline:** Barbara Vancheri, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Body**

The Boys of St. Vincent,'' a controversial Canadian drama about sexual abuse at a Catholic orphanage, is among the nearly 30 features booked for the Three Rivers Film Festival. The 13th annual event will be Nov. 4-17 at the Fulton Theater and Annex Downtown, Beehive in Oakland and Rex on the South Side.

The lineup also includes Michael Tolkin's ''The New Age'' with Judy Davis, the funky fashion feature ''A La Mode,'' and ''What Happened Was … ,'' about an awkward first date. The festival will have its usual international flavor, with entries from New Zealand, Mexico, Italy, Senegal, Japan and Russia.

Although fictionalized, ''The Boys'' was inspired by real accusations of abuse at a Newfoundland orphanage. A drama of moral darkness and difficult justice, the movie is divided into two parts. The first part is a detached look at the boys and their ordeal, and the second, set 15 years later, examines what happens when an abandoned investigation is reopened.

''I think 'The Boys of St. Vincent' is probably our large premiere, since that film is not playing commercially anywhere in the country. It played in New York for about 12 weeks to sold-out audiences,'' says Gary Kaboly, director of exhibitions for Pittsburgh Filmmakers, one of the festival sponsors. Other sponsors are the Three Rivers Arts Festival, WRS Motion Picture and Video Lab, In Pittsburgh newsweekly, KDKA-TV and WYEP Radio.

Kaboly and other programmers are working this year with a budget of $ 25,000. Tickets again will be $ 5 a movie, with a $ 40 pass good for admission to 10 films.

This is the second year that the festival will be held in the fall, to avoid competing with early summer activities. Last year, however, the opening weekend coincided with Halloween and a freak snowstorm, which is why this year's dates have been pushed back a week.

In addition to ''The Boys,'' the following movies have been scheduled. Some late entries could be added in the next three weeks. Times and places will be published closer to opening weekend, or you can call Filmmakers at 681-5449:

-- ''A La Mode'' -- French designer Philippe Guillotel provides the freewheeling fashions -- a suit made of grass, a vest fashioned from money -- for this story about a 17-year-old orphan who apprentices with a traditional Jewish tailor in 1960s Paris but ends up creating some outrageous outfits.

-- ''Atlantis'' -- Filmmaker Luc Besson spent two years documenting life under the sea for this visual adventure.

-- ''Bhaji on the Beach'' -- The term ''Bhaji'' refers to anything that originally was Indian but has taken on a new identity in England. This film follows three generations of women on a day trip to a middle-class beach resort to celebrate ''Women's Amusement Day.'' Along the way, the topics of mixed relationships, separation and divorce are explored.

-- ''The Cement Garden'' -- Based on the 1978 novel by Ian McEwan, this is an unsettling tale of the confusion that arises among four siblings left alone after the deaths of their parents. They break the taboos of accepted family relationships and create their own warped code of morality.

-- ''Cronos'' -- This vampire movie with a twist dominated the 1993 Ariels, the Mexican Oscars. It took nine awards, including best picture and director.

-- ''Desperate Remedies'' -- Set in a highly stylized 19th-century colony, this story focuses on a dressmaker, her live-in companion and her opium-addicted sister. A love triangle soon multiplies to embrace six people.

-- ''Fiorile'' -- This story about purloined gold and a centuries-long curse is from Paolo and Vittorio Taviani. It skips from the time of Napoleon to the modern day.

-- ''Freaked'' -- The hero of this tale, sent to South America by an evil conglomerate to promote a toxic fertilizer, stumbles upon a freak show run by a demented Texan. He's turned into a mutant in this film that also features appearances by Keanu Reeves, Mr. T, Brooke Shields and Larry Melman.

-- ''Freedom on My Mind'' -- Winner of the 1994 Sundance Grand Jury Prize for best documentary, this examines the turbulent events of 30 years ago when blacks and their allies tried to reform racist Mississippi and -- in the process -- the Democratic Party.

-- ''Guelwaar'' -- A comic portrait of contemporary Africa by a Senegalese filmmaker, this movie looks at what happens when a pillar of the Christian community is mistakenly buried in a Muslim cemetery.

-- ''High Lonesome'' -- The evolution of bluegrass music is celebrated through documentary interviews, performances, archival footage and lots of tunes.

-- Horrifying Student Films -- Who needs Freddy Krueger when a local student cooks up ''Cold Haul,'' in which three friends refuse to stay dead, preferring to drink cheap beer, argue and kill each other for eternity? That's one of the films from students at Pittsburgh Filmmakers.

-- ''I Don't Hate Las Vegas Anymore'' -- Director Caveh Zahedi re-enacts his family's annual Christmas trip to Las Vegas, working with the premise that if God is all-powerful, He will make sure this unscripted, underfunded film is entertaining.

-- ''Ivan and Abraham'' -- Two boys in Eastern Europe, one a Jew the other a Christian, hopscotch between nationalities, religions and identities during the tumultuous years just before World War II.

-- ''Legend of the Overfiend'' -- Festival programmers call this a vile, sexually twisted, despicably violent animated tale. It's the story of a three-dimensional world that revolves around the Overfiend, a being brought into existence every 3,000 years to create order through disorder.

-- ''The Lost Words'' -- Natrona Heights native and CMU graduate Michael Kaniecki does more than just star in this Scott Saunders feature: He co-wrote the screenplay and wrote and performed most of the soundtrack. Kaniecki plays a man who videotapes his life and relationships in an attempt to gain understanding.

-- ''Luna Park'' -- The Clean-Up Squad, a nationalist group determined to ''purify'' Russia, targets Jews, homosexuals and dropouts as victims of their violence. When squad leader Andrei discovers he's of Jewish descent, he sets off in search of his father. Once reunited, Andrei finds that his father fraternizes with the types of people his squad would destroy.

-- ''Mazeppa'' -- The French director Bartabas based this film on the life of French Romantic painter Theodore Gericault and a 17th-century myth that inspired Romantic artists from Byron to Hugo.

-- ''Mod F--- Explosion'' -- Two teens try to fall in love in a troubled, outrageous world fashioned by director Jon Moritsugu, whose films express a kind of kids-in-the-'90s nihilism.

-- ''My Life's in Turnaround'' -- After years of creating and performing bizarre theater pieces that open to horrible reviews, two men turn their talents to filmmaking. Among the cameo players are John Sayles as a schmoozing producer.

-- ''The New Age'' -- Judy Davis and Peter Weller are wealthy hypersophisticates who open an upscale mom-and-pop luxury boutique called Hipocracy in this film from Michael Tolkin, who wrote ''The Player.''

-- ''Raining Stones'' -- Director Ken Loach (''Riff Raff'') again chronicles the struggles of Britain's ***working class*** with this story of a man on welfare who goes to great lengths to feed his family and get his daughter a proper First Communion dress.

-- ''The Secret Adventures of Tom Thumb'' -- From Great Britain comes this twisted version of the fairy tale,this time set in a world of shadowy tenements, high-tech labs and landscapes littered with garbage and ruins -- all done in the pixilation animation technique.

-- ''La Vie de Boheme (Bohemian Life)'' -- Director Aki Kaurismaki turns Puccini's opera into a postmodern blend of kitsch, satire, slapstick and tragedy as he examines bohemian life in Paris.

-- ''Virtual Love'' -- Subtitled ''A Love Story for the '90s,'' this film wraps philosophical probing inside a bizarre thriller about a shy woman who works in a virtual reality lab and appropriates the image of a blond bombshell to woo a man.

-- ''Wings of Honneamise'' -- Director Hiroyuki Yamaga describes the look of this animated epic as ''retro-future,'' It's the story of one man's search for meaning in a world ravaged by war and unrest.

-- ''What Happened Was … '' -- A darling at the Sundance Film Festival, Tom Noonan's picture examines the first date between a legal secretary at a Manhattan law firm and a paralegal colleague.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), (For two photos) Top left, Johnny Morina and Henry Czerny in ''The Boys of St. Vincent,'' a Canadian film about sexual abuse in a Catholic orphanage. Above, ''Freedom On My Mind,'' a documentary about the civil rights movement.

**Load-Date:** October 27, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Pelosi to be first woman to lead Congress; Bush, California lawmaker vow to leave behind partisan rancor and rhetoric***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M9G-KK00-TX31-W2VY-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 9, 2006 Thursday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 6A

**Length:** 1978 words

**Byline:** Andrea Stone

**Body**

WASHINGTON -- Nancy Pelosi wasted no time making clear who's in charge now.

"Democrats are ready to lead," the San Francisco congresswoman declared at a news conference Wednesday, hours after her party reclaimed control of the House of Representatives to end 12 years of Republican rule.

And prepared to lead the Democrats is an Armani-clad daughter of an old-fashioned Baltimore politician about to become the first female speaker of the House -- two heartbeats from the presidency.

Voters "spoke out for a new direction," said Pelosi, who promised to be "the speaker of the House, not the speaker of the Democrats." She reached out to Republicans, saying she seeks bipartisanship: "Democrats are not about getting even."

President Bush responded in kind. He pledged to work with Democrats and leave behind the harsh campaign attacks exchanged by both sides. "If you hold grudges in this line of work, you'll never get anything done," he said.

How the two will get along is anyone's guess, given their diverse personal and political backgrounds. What is clear is that Pelosi has been preparing for this day.

During a campaign stop in Albuquerque on Oct. 28, a man asked what a female speaker is called. "They say 'Madame,'" she replied, "but you can call me Nancy."

To take gavel in January

Next week, the new Democratic majority elected on Tuesday plans to choose Pelosi to wield the speaker's gavel. She would officially take it from Republican Rep. Dennis Hastert of Illinois in January.

That would put her in the constitutional line of presidential succession behind Vice President Cheney and make Pelosi, 66, the highest-ranking woman in U.S. history.

"My first excitement is that there will be a Democratic speaker," Pelosi said in a pre-election interview.

She learned politics in the front room of her family's corner row house in Baltimore's ***working-class*** Little Italy. Like her five older brothers, "Little Nancy," as they called her, took turns keeping a "favor file" for her father, Thomas D'Alesandro Jr., a Democratic congressman and mayor.

Now, Pelosi is about to reach the top rung of a ladder that Montana's Jeannette Rankin began climbing 90 years ago when she became the first woman elected to Congress.

"It's tough. You talk about the glass ceiling. This is the marble ceiling," Pelosi said. Her ascendance, she said, tells women "they can handle power at any level, that we can breathe air at this altitude," and it "bodes well" for a woman to be elected president.

As polls in the campaign's final days pointed to a Democratic victory, Republican TV ads and e-mails demonized the House minority leader as a San Francisco liberal.

Former House speaker Newt Gingrich, who led the GOP revolution that ended 40 years of Democratic rule in 1994, circulated an e-mail to news organizations and Republican activists that said her "left-wing values are rejected by most Americans."

The message apparently didn't resonate. Nearly half of those surveyed in a USA TODAY/Gallup Poll last month never heard of Pelosi or had no opinion about her.

Pelosi's San Francisco district is one of the most liberal in the country -- 14% voted for Bush in 2004 -- and she makes no apologies for her constituents' values.

She says conservative critics are "afraid of the fact that every child in San Francisco has health insurance, that our minimum wage is over $8 an hour." As one of her first acts, she has vowed to push for a hike in the federal minimum wage, now $5.15 an hour.

Vin Weber, a GOP strategist and former Minnesota congressman, warns, "If Republicans believe this caricature of Nancy Pelosi as a wacked-out San Francisco liberal, they're going to find out it's not true and (will) underestimate her. ... She comes out of a family famous for having extraordinary practical political skills."

Thomas D'Alesandro III, Pelosi's brother and also a former Baltimore mayor, says, "She knows how to read people. She got that from my father. She's not confrontational. She tries to seek a consensus."

That doesn't mean the mother of five (who awaits the birth of her sixth grandchild this week) is a pushover, according to those who've worked with her.

Former Texas congressman Martin Frost says he learned that firsthand when he opposed the then-No. 2 minority leader for the top Democratic post in 2002. Pelosi easily defeated the moderate lawmaker. He compares her to Margaret Thatcher, Britain's first female prime minister, who he says was "very steely."

$50 million for Democrats

Pelosi moved into the leader's office promising a four-year plan to move back into the majority. She made good on her vow in part by raising more than $50 million this election cycle, the most of any Democrat other than former president Bill Clinton and his wife, New York Sen. Hillary Rodham Clinton.

She let Democrats know that their chances to chair plum committees "would be determined by how loyal they were and how active in fundraising," Frost says. She made it clear there would "be consequences" if they weren't, he says.

It was a change from Pelosi's predecessor, Missouri congressman Dick Gephardt. Frost said Gephardt would "try to get (Democrats) to do the right thing with the carrot rather than the stick. She's more into the stick."

Gephardt, whom Pelosi criticized for supporting the resolution in 2002 that authorized military force in Iraq, said in an interview that when he stepped down from his post to run for president, "the caucus was ready for a little more disciplined approach, and she brought that."

House Democrats under Pelosi's prodding voted together 88% last year, according to Congressional Quarterly, the most unified stance in the past half-century.

Michael Franc of the conservative Heritage Foundation says Pelosi "found ways to inject an animal spirit that melded together the moderates with the most traditional liberals in ways I have not seen before. It was the shared mission that if we all stick together, our odds of recapturing the House go up immeasurably."

It wasn't easy. Pelosi and other Democrats clashed over:

\*Social Security. When the White House pushed for Social Security individual accounts last year, some Democrats such as Florida's Robert Wexler wanted to present their own plans to fix the retirement program. Pelosi brushed them aside to focus on defeating Bush's plan. She succeeded: It was shelved without coming to a vote.

\*Iraq. The war has divided Democrats, but Pelosi put the best public face she could find -- that of a highly decorated former Marine, John Murtha of Pennsylvania -- out front. Murtha, a strong supporter of the military, called last year for a swift withdrawal of U.S. troops from Iraq. He said the war was wearing out the military.

Murtha had the behind-the-scenes blessing of Pelosi, who he says kept liberals "quiet" so the Vietnam War veteran could neutralize GOP charges that Democrats were weak on defense. "She's tougher than hell," Murtha says. "I heard her tell one guy, 'If you're not with us, we're not with you.'"

\*Ethics. Pelosi angered the Congressional Black Caucus when she pushed to remove caucus member William Jefferson of Louisiana from a powerful committee. She acted after the FBI said it found $90,000 in a freezer during a search of his home for a bribery investigation. She said she wanted to contrast her action with GOP leaders. They did not punish any members tied to lobbyist Jack Abramoff, who has pleaded guilty to corruption charges.

\*Payback. When John Conyers of Michigan, in line to chair the Judiciary Committee, suggested Bush be impeached, she squelched the idea. "There's not going to be any impeachment. That would make the Republicans' day," she says. "What we are about is the future."

Pelosi says she won't emulate Republicans who froze out her party from shaping legislation. "We're talking about opening Congress. It may have worked for them to consolidate their power, but it isn't right and it isn't what the American people expected."

Dick Armey, a former Republican House majority leader who worked with Pelosi, says of her and the Democrats, "She will try to be more inclusive. One of their complaints is they've been left out of the process, cut off, ignored. They are going to try to demonstrate we are bigger than that."

Some moderate Democrats hope they won't be left out, either. "There (have) been instances where she hasn't been as inclusive as she should have," says Rep. Adam Smith of Washington. "It would be a mistake, but I'm optimistic that won't happen."

The first 100 hours

Pelosi says she has big plans for the first 100 hours of a Democratic majority. Among them: "Sever unethical ties between lawmakers and lobbyists," enact the recommendations of the 9/11 Commission and negotiate lower prices for Medicare prescription drugs.

Political scholar Stephen Hess of the Brookings Institution, a Washington think tank, says Pelosi "is no Newt Gingrich. She really isn't intellectually interesting. Gingrich came up with ideas. ... With her, I don't know whether that's true or not. We have to see if she is really ready for prime time."

Weber says Pelosi "is capable of being an effective speaker but faces significant constraints" from "the very energized, very angry" liberal base of her party, some of whom are in no mood to work with Republicans. "There's a good chance almost nothing will get done in the next couple of years," he says.

A divided Senate, even a narrowly Democratic one, and the need to attract independent voters for the party to win the White House in two years will require Pelosi to reach out to Republicans. "The way she governs will be absolutely critical for the Democratic Party in '08," says Bruce Cain, a political scientist at the University of California, Berkeley. "She's got to find the right balance."

That means working with a still-Republican White House. Pelosi appealed to Bush "to work together to find a solution to the war in Iraq."

Days before the election, she said three letters she and Senate Minority Leader Harry Reid, D-Nev., sent Bush offering to do that went unanswered. "I feel a little bit like Paul to the Corinthians. Paul wrote to the Corinthians all the time, but it's a mystery to all of us whether the Corinthians ever wrote back," said Pelosi, who attended Catholic school. "I hope (Bush) would respect the office of speaker" and write back next time.

Wednesday, Bush picked up the phone and invited Pelosi to lunch today at the White House.

TEXT OF BIO BOX BEGINS HERE

The Pelosi file

Age: 66. Born March 26, 1940, in Baltimore.

Education: Bachelor's degree, 1962, Trinity College in Washington, D.C.

Family: Married to San Francisco investment banker Paul Pelosi. Five children, five grandchildren and a sixth due any day. Owns a second home and vineyard in Napa Valley.

Political pedigree: Her father, Thomas D'Alesandro, served in Congress and was mayor of Baltimore from 1947 to 1959. She worked her way up party ranks to become chairwoman of the California Democratic Party before winning a special House election in 1987.

Congressional career: Followed father onto House Appropriations Committee and later became senior Democrat on Intelligence Committee. Elected as minority whip in 2001. Became highest-ranking woman in Capitol Hill history the following year when Democrats chose her as minority leader.

From staff reports

Democrats' new direction

Democrats have outlined a new direction after 12 years of Republican rule. They have vowed to:

\*Strengthen ethics rules to sever ties between lawmakers and lobbyists.

\*Increase the minimum wage from $5.15 to $7.25 an hour.

\*Enact all recommendations of the 9/11 Commission to toughen port and border security.

\*Allow the government to negotiate lower prescription-drug prices for those on Medicare.

\*Reduce the cost of college tuition by making it tax-deductible and cutting interest rates on student loans.

\*Require "pay as you go" budgeting to reduce the federal deficit.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Chip Somodevilla, Getty Images

**Load-Date:** November 9, 2006

**End of Document**



[***ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS; INDIE HIP-HOPPERS FROM MINNEAPOLIS MAKE A RECORD FOR OUR TIMES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TPG-3VG0-TX33-C1GB-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 16, 2008 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; MUSIC PREVIEW; Pg. W-13

**Length:** 1920 words

**Byline:** Scott Mervis, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

Sean Daly, aka Slug, describes "When Life Gives You Lemons, Paint that S--- Gold" as "the most optimistic record" Atmosphere has ever made.

What he doesn't say is that you might have to seek out that optimism with a microscope and tweezer.

The sixth record from the acclaimed indie hip-hop duo from Minneapolis is riddled with characters struggling to make ends meet, manage their relationships, hold down jobs, fret over health insurance, raise kids as single parents and fight off the temptations of drugs, alcohol, materialism and other forms of escape.

Daly, an emcee who's built a rapt audience with his passion and gift for language, turns phrases like "All of us cut from the same damn cloth/Some of us never cut the price tags off."

The ***working-class*** poetry of Springsteen comes to mind when Slug raps, "Pull up to the bar to politic and tap the power/Ain't nobody all that jolly at your happy hour/But I don't want to go home yet/So I'm gonna talk to my cigarette/And that television set/It doesn't matter what brand or station/Anything to take away from the current situation."

Befitting the content, "Lemons" is a huge sonic leap for Slug and producer Ant (Anthony Davis), who broke from the emcee/DJ formula to flesh out the soulful, funky, textured sound with live musicians.

Their reward was debuting at No. 5 on the charts in April, a pretty lofty perch for an indie hip-hop act with no chance of radio play.

In advance of Atmosphere's show on Monday, Slug talked about what went into painting that [stuff] gold.

This is very deep record and it couldn't be more timely. Did you set out to make a concept about people coping with their daily struggles?

It's funny. All the records we've ever done have kind of been concept records but no one could tell because the concept was ... me. I can't say we were trying to make this any different. It's just that I needed to break the first-person narrative cycle and learn how to rap in the third person. So many people were starting to think that all of these stories were true stories of things I've lived through. If those stories were true, I'd be dead from tequila poisoning by now or something. There is an intentional narrative going on, but the point wasn't to make a kind of Hold Steady record, but to break the mold of what I was doing, teach myself another trick or two, so I don't have to have an eighth-grade style for the rest of my life.

It's funny you mention Hold Steady because I was going to go back to their biggest influence and say it's almost like a Springsteen record in terms of content.

People have mentioned that, which is why I try to beat them to it and crack a joke about The Hold Steady. People have mentioned the Springsteen thing, and it's funny 'cause I started to listen to Springsteen right around the time we started making this record. I really didn't know much about the dude until about two years ago. Anyway, I didn't want the Springsteen thing to be obvious, which is why I bring up the Hold Steady.

Springsteen usually brings a little more sentimentality, a little more hope to these stories.

I totally see that. The funny thing is, this is kind of my version of hope or optimism or ... resolution, I guess would be the word. At the end of "[In Her Music Box]' Springsteen would have made sure to let you know that the girl grew up to be a psychologist or something. In mine, it's just, we all have our own version of escapism, and that's it.

He also wouldn't end a song with "Go ahead and hate the world, girl/you've earned the right." That's kind of a hard message to swallow.

I don't know. I feel like it's actually a positive message, because there are people out there who are really negative and upset and I've been one of them. And -- not that I'm a shrink or anything -- but the cycle comes from feeling guilty about being mad at the world because that's where you end up being mad at yourself. This says, it's OK to be mad at the world, you don't have to feel guilty. In fact, don't. That's what's going to lead you to drinking, that's what's going to lead you to escapism. Embrace that you're mad at the world and use that energy to go do something productive instead.

You do this all shying away from grander political statements. Is it more interesting to you to keep it at a human level?

I don't like preaching to the choir. A lot of the kids that listen to my [stuff] or my more political contemporaries, they already know, they already believe in the [stuff] we have to say. I'll never get to be Chuck D. I'm not going to be the one to open kids' eyes to the fact that the black community is [screwed] over. I'm not going to be the one to open these kids eyes to 'Oh yeah, we need health care.' And so instead, I try to lace it in there. There's a song there called "Your Glasshouse,' which sounds like it's about a hangover but it's not. It's about waking up from this stupor we're all in from this current administration. But I don't want to be the guy who comes out and says '[expletive] Bush.' That's a Warped Tour thing to do. I've seen every pop-punk band, including Fat Mike from NOFX, do it. If Fat Mike says it, I don't need to say it. It's done. Instead, I have this thing where I try to do my political thing, but I try to make it a metaphor. I'm 36. I've been paying attention to politics for about 24 years. This is the first time I feel like, collectively, everyone is kind of going, 'Whoa, God, did that just happen?' It was like a big collective hangover.

You're giving people a lot of credit as listeners in an age where they pluck a song or two for their iPods.

I don't know. I don't know what people do. I know how I listen to music and I can't imagine that 16-year-olds or 56-year-olds do it like me, but all I know is me, so that's all I can really do. Me and Anthony make this [stuff] for ourselves and people who are like us. Then we go on the road and try to find those people. It's kind of a kick-ass job, really. But I know people are going to make up their own meanings and interpretations once it leaves my basement. If I really did try to think about what people were going to grab from it, wouldn't it become so much commerce and so less art?

I do feel like it's important to communicate, but you can't hold yourself responsible for what they take from it. As long as you yourself know that what you're putting into it is good, it's positive, it's productive, you're not trying to get kids to go out and shoot each other, you're not trying to glorify crack or heroin. As long as you're being real with yourself, beyond that, you can't carry the burden of 'What if they misinterpret this?' I've been so neurotic about it in the past -- what these 15- or 16-year-olds are taking from what I'm saying -- that it's made me scared to say some things, and I've had to get away from that, too.

It sounds like there are a few musical nods, though. A song like 'Shoulda Known' could almost be a G-Unit song?

I think the beat makes it like that. I think G-Unit would never do those words I did on it because it's too complicated. That's not a diss to them, because they don't make music for that purpose. They make music for you to bump in your car on your way to work to escape from the fact that you hate your job. On your lunch hour, you can listen to them stab and kill everybody so you don't go back in and kill your boss. They make music for you to listen to in the club and dance and enjoy your life. They make music to help you forget about your problems. Groups like me and Sage Francis and Mr. Lif, we make music to remind that you got [bleeping] problems. It's just a balance factor.

Musically, I see what you're saying. I can see them rapping over that beat. Many times, I've popped in a new G-Unit or 50 Cent and been like 'God, I wish I had that beat to rap over. That beat is deadly.' I think people want to separate and draw lines between artists like me and them. But we don't draw those same lines. I have to listen to their records and study them to go, 'I can do that' or 'Whoa, that was awesome, I can't do that.' At the end of the day, it's still communication. But Ant would be happy to hear you say that.

I'm going to skip over the Gnarls Barkley question and ask you This record is pretty sophisticated musically? How would you say you guys have grown musically?

We're getting better at painting our music. In the past, we used to base it all off of mood. Now we're learning moods, but we're also learning colors. A song like 'Shoulda Known' is very purple on the pallet. Then a song like 'You," which I assume is where you were going with Gnarls Barkley, is very yellow. I can't say we know what we're doing, but we're getting better at trying to figure it out.

Are there some people who want the rawness of '[Bleep] You Lucy'?

Yeah, but if I was to continue making that, it would mean I haven't learned from my influences. The kids that want to hear that are going to have to learn how to go make that. I can't keep myself in [bad] situations and [bad] relationships just to appease fans. I used to drink heavily back in the early 0's. I feel like it kept me from pushing myself to progress in my life much less in my music. I had to break out of that. I'm 36, I'm never going make another '[Bleep] You Lucy' because I'm never going to be in another 26-year-old [crappy] co-dependent relationship. It's over.

I have that argument with kids sometimes, usually on myspace. It's not my job to give you what you want. Yeah, sure you supported us, and that's beautiful, but if I respect you, it's my job to figure out how to challenge you and challenge myself. If I just continue to feed you what you want, that's not a sign of respect, that's a guy trying to pay a mortgage.

How would define your approach in terms of using live musicians?

This was our first attempt at using fully live instruments. In the past we've tried to work them into songs. This is our first attempt to abandon samples and use live musicians. I can't say this was the greatest mark on the world, but it's a baby step towards where we're going. We didn't want to make another record that was so linear. A lot of hip-hop, especially underground, is very linear because all the samples are sampled into two tracks, generally mono, there's not much room for up and down. The only way to bring anything epic into the song is on the vocals or the drums alone. I remember listening to Chuck D speak about the Bomb Squad breaking the linear mode back in 1983. I'm like [Damn], it's 2006, can we try? They were doing the [stuff] 20 years ago, we should try to catch up. Kanye is killing it incorporating live instruments. I want to learn some new things.

What was it like being an 'underground hip hop act' debuting at No. 5 on the charts?

It was weird, awesome, it got us a bunch of attention, got us on Letterman. It was awesome, but I'm not spooked to be behind the curtain. I'm part of the blue-collar entertainment industry, so were also a little cynical. I see what it is. It had less to do with our record than a) having a dedicated group of fans, and b) we had a really good week to come out in. A couple of rap records and an R&B record and we would have been bumped down to 12. Who was our competition? It was Mariah Carey and Flight of the Conchords. I promise you, there was not a single kid in the country stranding there with all three records trying to figure out which one to go home with.

'ATMOSPHERE'

\* With: Abstract Rude, Blueprint

\* Where: Mr. Small's, Millvale

\* When: 8 p.m. Monday

\*Tickets: $22; 1-866-468-3401

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG/ Scott Mervis can be reached at [*smervis@post-gazette.com*](mailto:smervis@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-2576.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Hip-hop duo Atmosphere's sixth album is riddled with characters struggling to make ends meet and fighting off the temptations of drugs, alcohol, materialism and other forms of escape.

**Load-Date:** October 17, 2008

**End of Document**



[***THE LATEST MIX IN THE CITY'S MELTING POT / ALBANIANS, USED TO COMMUNISM, ARE CHANGING FISHTOWN, EVEN AS THEY STRUGGLE TO FIND THEIR WAY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DJ90-01K4-91PG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

SEPTEMBER 27, 1998 Sunday DCITY EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1543 words

**Byline:** Lini S. Kadaba, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The old sidewalks of Fishtown are coming alive with the neighborhood's newest residents, Albanian immigrants who step out regularly for a leisurely, after-dinner shetitje.

In Albania, the shetitje, or walk, is a social tradition in a country where many enjoy strolling and friends drop by to warm welcomes. Here, it means even more.

It is one sign of a quiet transformation taking place in this historically ***working-class*** neighborhood of narrow rowhouses, front porches, and Irish, Polish and German stock.

Albanian immigrants, fleeing violence and economic collapse in their native land, are pouring into Fishtown. As they rent or save to buy houses, all along York Street, here and there on Tulip, Dauphin, Memphis or any number of Fishtown-area addresses, they are remaking entire blocks.

Albanian arrivals are changing the face of social-service agencies, bolstering school honor rolls, and swelling attendance at churches.

"They've kept coming and coming," said the Rev. Dennis Rhodes, director of St. John Chrysostom's Albanian Orthodox Church, a Center City institution where the congregation has doubled and the Sunday school has grown from only a dozen immigrant children to nearly 60 in the last three years.

Newcomers, such as Vlashi and Natali Plaku and their two young children, have followed in the footsteps of a generation that settled in such affordable ethnic enclaves as Fishtown or West Philadelphia in the early 1900s. That original group, nearly 400 families, worked in a variety of trades or opened shops and restaurants.

But the flow stopped during World War II because of Italy's invasion of Albania and later Albania's communist rule, considered the most oppressive of the Eastern bloc, all of which left the original U.S. immigrants cut off from their roots.

Now, a new generation is rediscovering those connections, making its way to neighborhoods populated by friends or family.

About 300 Albanians live in Fishtown. Most have arrived since 1996 from such coastal towns as Fieri and Vlore in a country perhaps best known recently for its role in Wag the Dog, a movie about a U.S. president embroiled in a sex scandal. Albania also recently made headlines as political instability - armed opposition forces set government buildings ablaze this month - rocked the tiny, mountainous country long mired in poverty.

(About 30 families with ties to Gjirokaster, in southern Albania, also have settled here, in Upper Darby.)

But even as they transplant some traditions, the Albanians, more than some other immigrant groups, face intense cultural adjustments.

"They have a huge struggle," said Jacqueline Hall, executive director of the Lutheran Settlement House, which serves Fishtown and Kensington.

Albania's communists and notorious secret police engendered a deep suspicion of institutions and even of the motives of neighbors, experiences that Albanian immigrants bring with them, making them reluctant to trust others and build networks.

"The big problem [is] we don't have a good organization to help these people, to take them here, there and give them jobs," said Hasan Risilia, 73, a retired foreman who emigrated from Vlore in 1945 and lived as a refugee in Italy before settling in Fishtown.

Under dictator Enver Hoxha, who ruled for four decades until his death in 1985, public worship was squelched and parents were not permitted to give their newborns religious names.

"The terror was so deep," said Andrew J. Rubis, a third-generation Albanian American and a Settlement House caseworker hired last year to serve this growing community. "I know this one woman who taught her children this particular ceremony with water. She told them what to do, [but] she never told them why, that it was a link to the baptism of Christ."

Though the original Albanian immigrants, primarily Orthodox or Muslim, practiced their religions, the newcomers often attend religious services more for social than holy sustenance. Even Albanian Muslims go to St. John's each Sunday because of the after-service coffee hour. Others visit the Albanian American Moslem Society on Girard Avenue.

By the early 1990s, communism had unraveled. But the country was still suffering, from pyramid schemes, economic turmoil and general lawlessness, prompting in this decade an exodus of more than 700,000 Albanians, nearly a quarter of the country's population.

For the thousands who have come here, American ways - finding a job based on merit, not connections, securing health care, competing for a good education - have been "a big, big culture shock," said Mike O'Brien, chief of staff for State Rep. Marie Lederer (D., Phila.), whose 175th district includes Fishtown.

"They tend to come to us for things taken for granted in Albania," O'Brien said, noting that a steady stream asks for health coverage.

Perhaps inevitably, some Albanian immigrants have clashed with their American neighbors.

"I think they need to learn to participate in the American way of life," said Marion Gaudinski, a York Street resident and landlord who has Albanian neighbors and tenants.

A nurse by training, she has helped many Albanians with health-care issues. But she also has criticized them for preferring soccer to baseball or Albanian to English.

"When my grandparents came, it was a disgrace to show your ethnicity," said Gaudinski, a third-generation Lithuanian American.

To ease the transition, the Lutheran Settlement House has scrambled to hire Albanian speakers, such as Rubis and a receptionist, add English classes, and offer workshops.

Not all efforts, though, succeed among a people used to communism. For example, the agency recently held a program on entrepreneurship, and "no one came from the Albanian community," Hall said. "They're not from a capitalistic society."

That may help explain the noticeable lack of Albanian businesses or restaurants in this ethnic stronghold.

The Plakus, who emigrated from Fieri in 1995, have faced their share of hurdles. In Albania, Vlashi was an anesthesiologist and Natali a schoolteacher, an especially prestigious occupation there.

"We didn't know much about America," said Natali Plaku, 45, wearing a flowing print skirt, her dark hair pulled neatly back.

Like so many others in Albania, the family applied for American visas through a lottery system designed to encourage diversity among U.S. immigrants. About 50,000 permanent-resident visas are made available each year to natives of countries as varied as Australia, Ethiopia and Singapore.

The State Department estimates that since the first lottery in 1993, 14,800 Albanians have received these much-prized U.S. green cards. Many have settled along the East Coast, mostly in Boston and Worcester, Mass.

When the Plakus won, they immediately uprooted their comfortable lifestyle for the promise of America.

"All over the world, all the people dream to come to America," said Natali Plaku, who taught English back home. "We think life will be easier here.

"But it's not so easy," she said. "It's very hard, especially for our age."

Despite their education, the Plakus, who stayed at first with friends, could not find work before ending up at a local factory, sorting cassette tapes.

"We worked from morning until night," Natali Plaku said. "Our kids were alone."

She offers a smile of resignation. Although her plight has improved - she is a substitute teacher now in the Philadelphia School District, grappling with discipline problems unheard of in Albania - her husband, less skilled at English and typical of many Albanian professionals, still works the assembly line, unable to pass the exams necessary to practice his medicine.

Even Albanian welders must overcome a technology gap. Others come from more rural areas with few transferable skills, forcing them to accept menial jobs.

Step by step, though, the Plakus have gained ground. Natali Plaku sits in the nicely furnished living room of her corner rowhouse on Dauphin Street, a house they bought a year ago. After work, her husband, also 45, attends classes at the Community College of Philadelphia and studies his medical textbooks.

But like so many immigrants everywhere, this family's hopes and dreams rest with its children. Erkanda, 13, and Ervis, 10, have readily mastered English and American ways. One evening, Ervis, wearing a Flyers cap and Nike T-shirt, showed off skateboard stunts out front, while his sister, who prefers to be called "Erica" (sounds more American), rolled her eyes.

They straddle two cultures. Their mother insists that the children speak only Albanian at home and says she wants to teach Ervis how to read and write his mother tongue. The family already has made one trip back to Albania and proudly attends Philadelphia's annual Albanian Flag Day in November.

Erkanda, an eighth grader, gets straight A's at Alexander Adaire Public School. Like many Albanian students, she finds math and science particularly easy - a vestige of the strong schools under the communists.

Ervis also gets good grades and, like his sister, wants to study medicine, perhaps even start a family clinic with his father.

"Here, in America," Natali Plaku says of her children while waiting for her husband to return from the grind of the factory, "they can go anywhere and be someone, if they will work. I think they will become someone."

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

Natali Plaku and her children, Erkanda, 13, and Ervis, 10, on East Dauphin Street. Fishtown is the city's No. 1 Albanian community. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, CHARLES FOX)

Ervis Plaku's Americanization includes skateboarding with friends in front of his Fishtown house. He'd like someday to start a clinic with his anesthesiologist father.

An eighth grader used to a more rigorous system back in Albania, Erkanda Plaku, who likes to be called "Erica," gets straight A's here. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, CHARLES FOX)

A hooded policeman guards the center of Tirana, the capital of Albania. Fleeing violence and economic collapse, Abanians flock to Philadelphia. (Reuters, OLEG POPOV)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

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[***Election 2004;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B06-H1Y0-00J2-32BB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Dick Gephardt;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B06-H1Y0-00J2-32BB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Champion of working folks in the heartland;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B06-H1Y0-00J2-32BB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Blue-collar strategy works well for him in the Midwest***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B06-H1Y0-00J2-32BB-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 9, 2003, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Election 2004; Pg. 21A

**Length:** 1889 words

**Byline:** Kevin Diaz; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Bevington, Iowa

**Body**

Standing on Bob Bell's farm on the outskirts of town, Dick Gephardt found himself wedged between a pair of teleprompters and a field of golden corn, mingling with large men in seed caps and union jackets.

    Gephardt's idea of heaven? Yes, it's Iowa.

    Voters here will make or break the Missouri Democrat's presidential hopes come the first-in-the-nation January caucuses, which he won 15 years ago in his first White House bid.

    "Iowa voters are very good judges," Gephardt said between campaign stops. "This is a good place to start the process."

  No state is more critical to any other Democrat than Iowa is to Gephardt \_ save perhaps for what New Hampshire means to Massachusetts Sen. John Kerry.

    And no other state is more symbolic of Gephardt's blue-collar strategy for delivering the White House to the Democrats. It's a prospect that he hopes will make caucusgoers and primary voters see him as the most likely Democrat to knock off President Bush..

    "He's from the Midwest," said Bell. "He understands our problems better than some of the East Coast candidates."

    Gephardt grew up in the ***working-class*** St. Louis neighborhood that he has represented in Congress since 1976. His father was a milk truck driver \_ a Teamster. His mother was a secretary.

    Unlike his parents, Gephardt finished high school. He went to Northwestern University, and then to the University of Michigan Law School. He did it with the help of his family, church scholarships and student loans.

    He often tells his life story to reinforce his belief in community \_ and government \_ in improving people's lives.

    "I didn't do it alone," he tells audiences all over America.

    Gephardt's life story also informs his signature universal health care plan. Without health insurance, he says, he might have lost his son, Matt, who as an infant had what doctors feared was terminal cancer.

    His stump speech also mentions his daughter, Kate, a teacher whose college loans he could still be paying off from the White House.

    On occasion, he also speaks proudly of Chrissy \_ a social worker and perhaps the most famous of his three children, largely because she is openly gay.

    To Gephardt, his family's experience \_ its origins, its career choices \_ reflects a larger social tapestry he says he would strengthen as president. "We're all tied together," he says.

    He contrasts that view with Bush economics, which he calls "survival of the fittest."

    Gephardt's politically formative years came during the social upheavals of the Vietnam War. From 1965 to 1971 he served at home in the Air National Guard. Then he was elected a St. Louis alderman in 1971.

        Political life took for Gephardt. He won a seat in Congress five years later, and rose to be House Democratic leader in 1989.

    His first major legacy as a congressional leader was passage of President Bill Clinton's economic recovery plan to slash the national deficit. His second was losing Democratic control of the House to Newt Gingrich's 1994 "Republican Revolution."

    Gephardt's lasting legacy may be decided by this election. He failed to win the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination. Now, at 62, he is not running for reelection to Congress. This could be his last shot in politics.

Strategy

    Gephardt's view of the 2004 presidential election is easy to map out: He puts New York and California solidly in the Democrats' column. The real battle, as he sees it, will be for the industrial Midwest, starting with Missouri \_ which nearly always picks the eventual winner \_ and Iowa, where the race begins.

    Gephardt's problem is that polls have him running neck and neck in Iowa with former Vermont Gov. Howard Dean.

    Dean seemed to come out of nowhere in September to claim 23 percent of likely Democratic voters in Iowa. That compared with 17 percent for Gephardt, according to a nonpartisan Zogby International poll. Kerry trailed in third place with 11 percent.

    More discouraging for Gephardt, Dean even had an edge with union members.

    Even before Dean's September surge, Gephardt was a constant presence in Iowa. Since then, the state has become his home away from home. And some recent polls have put him back in the lead \_ narrowly.

    Tromping across Iowa, Gephardt seems most at home in the union halls and factories.

    "This is a party man who has been a champion of working folks and labor his entire career," said Steve Dailey, chairman of the Jasper County Democratic Committee in Newton, Iowa, home of Maytag washers.

    In Newton, Gephardt railed against free trade and corporate monopolies that he said have hurt Midwestern manufacturing workers and farmers.

         Nor did he neglect to mention that Dean and the other Democratic leaders were latecomers to the cause of protectionism, having originally supported the North American Free Trade Agreement with Canada and Mexico.

    Gephardt's standard stump speech positions him solidly on the labor wing of the Democratic Party \_ and in some respects to the left of Dean.

    "I'm going to say no to the Bush tax cut, and yes to health care for every American," Gephardt says. "No to free trade, and yes to fair trade, so we can get our workers on a level playing field."

    In debates and speeches, he frequently reminds voters that Dean joined Gingrich in opposing a $270 billion expansion of Medicare in 1995.

    Dean has decried the tie to Gingrich as a "flat-out falsehood."

    Pressed, Gephardt acknowledges that Dean does not advocate privatizing Medicare but says Dean has sharply criticized it over the years.

    Gephardt, in many ways, has espoused some of the most far-reaching Democratic proposals of the campaign, notably one to rescind three years of Bush tax cuts and put the money into universal health coverage. Broad health care coverage, he argues, would do more to stimulate the economy than Bush's tax cuts.

    He also proposes expanded Medicare prescription drug benefits, new government education programs, a "teachers corps" program, renewable-fuel subsidies and higher homeland security spending.

    Altogether, his is an agenda that looks more like the activist government of the New Deal than the centrist New Democrat policies of the Clinton years, which (with the exception of NAFTA) he helped push through Congress as the House Democratic leader.

    In recent months, Gephardt might be best known for his mantra depicting Bush as "a miserable failure." The phrase is calculated to distinguish him as the most anti-Bush in the Democratic pack.

    But Gephardt has been taken to task by some Democrats for failing to stand up to Bush's war plan in Iraq. Although Gephardt criticizes the president's inability to win the cooperation of the United Nations, he led Democratic support last year for a congressional resolution that permitted military action in Iraq with or without U.N. approval.

    Gephardt does not mention the war on the stump. If the question comes up, he says America can't walk away from Iraq. But, he adds, the Bush administration's oil-industry ties prevent it from dealing effectively with what he sees as the root cause of terror: Saudi petrodollars, which he says are funding terrorist organizations.

    But the issue is unlikely to become the centerpiece of a Gephardt candidacy.

    "The issues that people most care about are issues that affect their everyday lives," he said in a recent interview. Translation: He plans to focus like a laser on the struggling Bush economy.

    Getting people to focus on Gephardt, though, seems to be a bigger challenge.

    He is saddled with the perception that, as the consummate Washington insider with the perfectly coifed hair, he has all the TV charisma of Al Gore \_ who narrowly won Iowa in 2000 and just as narrowly lost the presidency.

    Up close, Gephardt gets points for being personable, delivering common-sense lines.

    "At first, I thought he was just old stuff, the guy who lost the House," said Kris Moorman, a Democratic precinct chairwoman in Ames. "But I've rarely seen somebody so comfortable in their own skin. People have to see him."

    Gephardt rallies, however, tend to rely heavily on party regulars, particularly the labor faithful. Hence his passionate rhetoric against NAFTA.

     His research on Dean has turned up a 1999 letter Dean wrote to Clinton urging him to overcome union objections to China's entry into the World Trade Organization.

    There are signs that this line of attack may resonate in Iowa, where job losses to overseas factories have taken a toll.

    Still, conventional wisdom in Iowa holds that the January caucuses will be won by whomever brings in the most new voters. That seems to favor Dean.

    But Gephardt's campaign is hoping to play the tortoise in the race.

    That hope rests on college students such as University of Iowa junior Katie Finn, who has been to four Dean rallies but remains unconvinced.

    "A lot of my friends are Dean supporters," said Finn, 20. "But when you ask them what it is they like about him, they can't tell you."

    Sue Dvorsky, wife of Democratic state Sen. Bob Dvorsky of Coralville, suggests that party loyalists who turn out for caucuses on a cold January night are also less likely to be swayed by outsider appeal.

    "I don't want to hear about outsiders," she said. "I want somebody who knows what they're doing."

    In the end, Gephardt seems destined to rise or fall on the strength of the labor and party activists who brought him this far \_ people such as Larry Oppermann, who would rather have an old friend than a fresh face.

     "I support Gephardt, myself, because he's taken some real tarring and feathering for us," said Oppermann, a UAW election coordinator in Marshalltown, Iowa.

    Gephardt still lacks the chief labor prize \_ the endorsement of the AFL-CIO, which hasn't yet made a decision. More troubling, he watched last week as Dean got the backing of the Service Employees International Union, one of the most politically powerful unions in the country. Another, the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees, is expected to follow suit on Wednesday.

    But Gephardt does have the support of Teamster President James Hoffa Jr., who could deliver many of the union's rank and filers who don't usually vote Democratic.

    Whether organized labor can carry Iowa for Gephardt remains an open question. But there is little dispute that he can't carry Iowa without labor.

    "If he does not have labor, he can't make it," Oppermann said. "The unions are the legs of the Democratic Party in Iowa. They're the grunts."

Kevin Diaz is at [*kdiaz@mcclatchydc.com*](mailto:kdiaz@mcclatchydc.com).

PROFILE

Dick Gephardt

    Born: Jan. 31, 1941, in St. Louis.

    Hometown: St. Louis.

    Education: Bachelor's degree, Northwestern University, 1962; law degree, University of Michigan, 1965.

    Religion: Baptist.

    Career: Attorney, 1965-77, served in the Air National Guard from 1965-71. Elected as a St. Louis alderman in 1971. Elected U.S. representative in 1976. Candidate for Democratic presidential nomination in 1988. Was elected House Democratic leader in 1989 under House Speaker Tom Foley. Was the House minority leader from 1994-2002.

    Family: He and his wife, Jane, have three children: Matt, a software developer; Chrissy, a social worker, and Kate, a teacher.

    Web site: [*www.dickgephardt2004.com*](http://www.dickgephardt2004.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** November 11, 2003

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[***PHILANTHROPY'S NEW FACE FORGET THE GLITZ, PITTSBURGH FOUNDATIONS FIND BASIC ANSWERS TO BASIC PROBLEMS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P710-0094-5283-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

SEPTEMBER 7, 1994, WEDNESDAY,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 1614 words

**Byline:** CLARKE THOMAS

**Body**

The city official leaned across the luncheon table to confide:

''Do you know who really is making things happen in this city? Not local government, not with our deficits. Not the Allegheny Conference. Not the universities. It's the foundations.''

Maybe he expected me to be shocked. The philanthropic foundations -- those kings of the mountain waiting imperiously for grantseekers with begging bowls? Those reminders of the baronic families who dominated Pittsburgh's history?

Actually, I wasn't surprised. I had become aware in recent years of major shifts within philanthropy here. So, following up on that luncheon-table comment, I began further explorations and interviews, mostly with the promise of anonymity to gain forthrightness.

What has happened is that a number of the so-called family foundations have moved away from safe grantmaking to risk-taking in efforts to find answers for Pittsburgh's deepest problems. Why?

-- The decline of manufacturing and consequent job losses. This, coupled with the Reagan-era cutbacks in federal funding for human services, has resulted in what a recent report calls the ''convergence of two different histories of poverty -- endemic family poverty institutionalized in public housing and the more recent economic dislocation of ***working-class*** families in the steel valleys.''

-- The growing realization by many foundation trustees that Pittsburgh faces basic problems, not peripheral, that are jeopardizing the quality of life for everybody. One foundation executive pointed to a University of Pittsburgh survey commissioned by the Howard Heinz Endowment and Allegheny County that showed that almost a third of the children in Pittsburgh live in poverty, up sharply from 24 percent as recently as 1979.

''We're shocked at just how poor so many of our children are. Everybody's scared,'' this executive said. ''The trustees want to do something, but they know it won't be glitzy; there's no silver bullet.''

-- The lessening of corporate-foundation impact in Pittsburgh. That's partly because the recent recession hurt their company-stock portfolios (the Alcoa Foundation, with its own endowment, is an exception). Also, as these companies' national and international interests have grown, they've felt they needed to spread their grants beyond just Pittsburgh.

So, like some giant aircraft carrier making a wide turn, a number of family foundations are focusing away from single-project approaches and seeking ''strategic'' answers. They are turning proactive, rather than reactive, going to agencies and communities with ideas and money, rather than waiting for grant proposals. Increasingly, this means foundations working collaboratively with communities and governmental agencies, and with each other in community development, public education and human services efforts. ''In such 'investments,' you want to spread the risk,'' an executive explained.

The new approaches have been helped greatly by these developments:

-- There is much more money available in the foundations, thanks to the stock-market gains in the 1980s. One knowledgeable executive estimates that the assets of local family foundations have doubled in the last decade.

The latest available figures are for 1989; totals undoubtedly are much larger now. The Directory of Pennsylvania Foundations lists the 318 foundations in the 14-county southwestern Pennsylvania region as having total assets of $ 3.9 billion. Eight of these foundations have assets of more than $ 100 million; 11 have assets between $ 25 million and $ 100 million; and 88 have assets between $ 1 million and $ 25 million. (The statewide total for 1989 was approximately $ 12 billion; Philadephia's share was $ 7 billion.)

-- Foundation executives also point to the receptivity of Mayor Murphy's administration in working with the foundations on everything from human services to Downtown and riverside development. ''It's the best since the (Mayor Dick) Caliguiri days,'' one executive told me. Couple this with the ongoing collaborations with the county through the Department of Human Services headed by Robert Nelkin, and the combinations are powerful.

-- But, I firmly believe, the most important element in the changed environment is what I'll call ''the new kids on the block,'' persons with expertise who have moved to the top of many local foundations. They are following in the footsteps of the risk-takers of the past, such as Philip Hallen of the Maurice Falk Medical Fund, A.L. Wishart Jr. of the Pittsburgh Foundation, Ronald Wertz of the Hillman Foundation, Doreen Boyce of the Buhl Foundation, and the late Theodore Hazlett of the A.W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust.

And, in the past, one should include the Allegheny Conference, vehicle for Pittsburgh's leading industrialists, which with corporate and family foundation grants sparked important business/education partnerships with the Pittsburgh public schools that were emulated elsewhere and spurred the community-development corporation movement, especially in the Mon Valley, which has spawned more than 30 CDCs in the region.

Obviously, the most important newcomer to the scene is Teresa Heinz because of her leadership with two of the largest foundations, the Howard Heinz and the Vira I. Heinz, with assets of more than $ 1 billion, plus the locally- oriented Pittsburgh Foundation. The directions taken by these foundations, with their highly regarded staffs of program officers, are key in the local picture.

Let me give my list alphabetically of the new breed in executive positions:

-- Henry Beukema, executive director of the McCune Foundation, brought over from the program staff of the Heinz family foundations when the McCune leaders, the McCune and Edwards families, shifted away from bricks-and-mortar grants largely to hospitals and colleges to risk-taking, particularly in community development.

-- Jane Burger, executive director of the Grable Foundation, itself a powerful new philanthropic force here. Based on the fortune of Errett Grable, founder of the Rubbermaid Co., a plastics manufacturer, the foundation's assets mushroomed to $ 200 million following the settlement of his widow Minnie's estate after her death in 1990. Ms. Burger was brought over by the Grable heirs, including the Burke family of Pittsburgh, from the Henry Clay Frick Education Commission, where she helped launch a number of the innovative projects that have kept Pittsburgh schools viable.

-- Karen Feinstein, president of the Jewish HealthCare Foundation, whose assets came from the sale of Montefiore Hospital to the Pitt Medical Center. Ms. Feinstein came from the United Way, where she played a major role in moving the allocation process toward promoting more innovation in agencies.

-- Franklin Tugwell, brought in a year ago by Ms. Heinz from Winrock International, a global environment and economic development foundation, to be executive director of both the Howard Heinz and the Vira I. Heinz Endowments, easing somewhat a period of uncertainty as to Ms. Heinz's intentions, with particular fears that her international interests might slight Pittsburgh. The endowments are concentrating upon five fields -- the arts, community and economic development, education, environment and health and human services. The emphasis this past year was on analyzing the environment, with numerous conferences to find some consensus among business, environmentalists, government and philanthropies. Next annual emphasis: Community development.

-- Michael Watson of the R.K. Mellon Foundation, who came out of the real estate end of the Mellon interests to become a welcome newcomer in the philanthropy field because of his creative concern with Pittsburgh's deepest social problems, at the same time as he sees the potential for economic development here.

A snapshot of what all of this has meant came in a recent report by Kate Dewey and Robin Kaye, consultants, concerning grants to communities in Pittsburgh and the mill valleys included in a City/County Empowerment Zone proposal going to the federal government.

Dewey & Kaye found that local foundations in the past 12 months have allocated more than $ 80 million for projects in those communities. That figure represented 45 percent of the total charitable dollars distributed by Allegheny County-based philanthropies in that time period.

What does this mean for other grant-seekers?

The emphasis on meeting the burgeoning needs of the Mon Valley and the other ''inner cities'' has meant restrictions on the proportion of money going to the arts, for example. That may remain true in the future, except for outreach programs to educate children and build audiences, such as in the African-American community. One example is the Heinz philanthropies' successful Arts on Tour program, which provides matching money for communities in southwestern Pennsylvania that want to stage performances by Pittsburgh arts organizations.

Higher educational institutions and hospitals may fare less well. One executive said he hadn't seen anything out of the universities pertaining to these basic problems, except from Pitt's school of social work. Because of prospective health-care reform, the local hospital situation with too many beds, is chaotic right now, a reason for grantmakers to go slow.

And the foundations have shown little interest in efforts to enhance the international outlook of Pittsburgh and Pittsburghers.

To me, the new trends in philanthropy here are exciting. Don't expect instant solutions; indeed, that is the point of the present approaches, that of finding basic answers to basic problems, rather than glitz. Pittsburgh is fortunate in having this changing philanthropic interest.

**Notes**

Clarke Thomas is a Post-Gazette senior editor.

**Load-Date:** October 14, 1994

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[***HOLLYWOOD SURPRISE HELLO, I'M FORREST GUMP AND I'M A CONSERVATIVE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P9W0-0094-513W-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

AUGUST 8, 1994, MONDAY,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1994 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 1330 words

**Byline:** PATRICK J. BUCHANAN

**Body**

Is there some tiny cell of conservatives burrowing deep inside the Hollywood cultural elite? The question comes to mind, after coming out of the movie sensation of the summer, ''Forrest Gump.''

For this film about the life of a crippled Alabama boy with an IQ of 75 is a morality play where decency, honor and fidelity triumph over the values of Hollywood. ''Forrest Gump'' is, at its core, a conservative film.

The story opens in the early '50s with Forrest's mom, a strong loving woman played by Sally Field, refusing to let them put her boy in a ''special school.'' She does not whine or complain; she will do anything for her son. Not only does Forrest (Tom Hanks) return his mom's love, he reveres her and quotes her maxims all his life.

On his first ride on the school bus, the shy boy in leg braces is befriended by a gorgeous little blonde, Jenny, daughter of a drunken, abusive father. Forrest will love Jenny all his life, forsaking all others. The separate roads they travel, and the conflicting values by which they live their lives, are at the heart of the movie.

Chased by hazing classmates, Forrest runs, and breaks out of his leg braces. He continues to run until he becomes a college all-American at Alabama, invited with the all-star team to visit JFK. Meanwhile, Jenny fantasizes about being another Joan Baez.

Where Forrest is faithful, waiting outside her dorm for Jenny to come home from dates, Jenny is amoral, sluttish. When Forrest is drafted, she set outs for Haight-Asbury.

In the Army bus Forrest is befriended, by Bubba, a simple black youth from Louisiana who dreams of becoming a shrimp boat captain, and offers Forrest the job of first mate.

Sent to Vietnam Forrest's platoon is ambushed. Told to run, he runs, then remembering his best friend, runs back through the fire to find Bubba. He rescues every survivor, including Lt. Dan, who, wounded and resisting, screams it is his destiny to die there. Finally, Forrest finds Bubba.

In Vietnam, Forrest shoots no one; his fellow soldiers commit no atrocities; they are not bitter at being there; they are decent, ***working-class*** kids, faithful to their country's call to serve, doing their job.

While wearing his uniform and medal Forrest stumbles into an anti-war rally led by Abbie Hoffman, and meets again the love of his life, who takes him to meet the peace movement leaders.

They are a sorry lot. And, as Forrest, wounded war hero, stands silent and erect in his uniform, Medal of Honor around his neck, a pair of Black Panthers rant and rail about how horrible America is. The contrast is too striking to be unintentional.

No, friends, this is no accident. Forrest Gump, though simple and retarded, always does the decent, honorable thing. He lives by the Golden Rule. So doing, he becomes an all-American, a war hero, a world ping-pong champion, a shrimp boat captain, owner of Bubba Gump Shrimp, a world-famous runner and one of the world's richest men who gives away his money. And Jenny?

As the Washington Times' Richard Grenier writes: ''Jenny buys into the counterculture, lock, stock and barrel; nudity, sex, drugs, acid, Haight- Asbury, the hippie world, utopian rock, the peace movement, intravenous drugs, two suicide attempts … ''

''Stupid is as stupid does,'' is Forrest's retort to all who call him an idiot. That is the movie's message. Beautiful and intelligent, Jenny follows the trends of the '60s and '70s, lives in sadness and sorrow. The stupid way. Forrest, crippled, with an IQ of 75, does what is right, and wins fame, wealth, honor, love.

''Forrest Gump'' celebates the values of conservativism, of the old America, of fidelity and family, faith and goodness. And the way of life this film holds up to be squalid and ruinous is the way of Woodstock. In ''Forrest Gump,'' the white trash are in Berkeley and the peace movement; the best of black and white are to be found in little towns in the South, and in the Army of the United States.

How on earth did this film get through the PC screeners?

WANTED: GREEN, ANDERSON, D.J.

Postcards from the second-floor ledge:

-- Although it's obviously dangerous to draw conclusions from the first Steelers exhibition game, remember that we spit in the face of danger here at the Post-Gazette, so here are some.

In the mercifully uneventful 24-14 loss to Miami (uneventful meaning no major injuries), the Steelers looked, oddly enough, like a fairly decent club that would benefit from the presence of an accomplished place-kicker and a big-time tight end. Know any?

Additionally, the D.J. Johnson-less secondary that helped Miami go 10 for 15 on third down should have an even zanier time Saturday when the Los Angeles Raiders shoot James Jett, Tim Brown and Rocket Ismail into it.

-- It's been several weeks now, but the major television networks continue to field angry phone calls from people complaining that soap operas apparently have pre-empted the O.J. Simpson hearings.

-- The counter argument to the baseball owners' claim that nothing less than the financial health of the industry is at stake in contract talks with the union is two words: Josh Booty. That's the name of the Florida Marlins' top pick in the June draft. Josh is currently the richest man in the Gulf Coast League. He got $ 1.6 million to sign and report to Melbourne on a contract that calls for $ 1.75 million total and guarantees he'll play in the majors no later than 1997. So when's the telethon?

-- Coupla bulletins from the mailbag for ya:

The Carquest Bowl has moved the date of its game from Jan. 1 to Jan. 2 to avoid a conflict with the NFL playoffs that Sunday. Whew. Thank you so much.

Mauna Lani Resort on the Kohala Coast, Island of Hawaii, has announced several staff changes at the Francis H. I'i Brown Golf Course. Well, I'll be taking a hard look at developments before I take my business back there.

-- Midre Cummings, who has played all of 20 games in 1994 but did enough in the first 10 to make people put him in center field for the next 15 years, is 3 for 29 and hitting .247.

-- The following is an actual headline: ''New York City to host Goodwill Games.'' Beirut the runner-up?

-- Preseason football rosters reveal that the Los Angeles Raiders have nine players with a body weight of 300 pounds or more, which is five more than the Steelers have, but only three more than the football team at West Virginia University.

-- Dream Team II can't help but be unimpressive considering the way they talk and the way they are so relentlessly and annoyingly marketed. Based on those factors, I was hoping they'd get whacked by the Chinese about 93-50.

-- If the baseball season ends Friday, only about 15 players will be able to say they stole more bases in 1994 than the New York Mets, and fewer than 10 will be able to say they had more homers than Andy Van Slyke had RBIs. It's a pity.

-- The Stingers drew 2,011 to the Civic Arena for Saturday night's indoor soccer game, roughly what you'd draw around here if you had a fender bender on the Parkway.

-- MCI, the telecommunications giant that somehow finds itself in the business of measuring home runs, says the longest homers this season, on average, were hit in Comiskey Park, the shortest in Candlestick Park, and that those hit in Three Rivers Stadium ranked sixth in terms of length.

Unfortunately, this is not an atmospheric or structural comparison, unless you mean the atmospherics and structure of the Pirates' pitching staff. Opposing hitters have launched 56 percent of the homers at the local yard this summer, and MCI says visiting homers are running 13 to 14 feet longer than your average Bucco homer. No Pirate has homered into the upper deck since Bobby Bonilla in 1987.

-- The average ticket price for an athletic event at the 1996 Summer Olympics in Atlanta will be $ 40, with the best tickets for the opening and closing ceremonies running $ 600. Billy Payne, president of the Atlanta organizing committee, told reporters, ''We based our prices on fairness, equity and affordability.'' Thank goodness.

**Notes**

Patrick J. Buchanan's column is syndicated by Tribune Media Services.

**Load-Date:** October 14, 1994

**End of Document**



[***PITTSBURGH LENDS CLEANUP EXPERTISE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TN3-M3N0-0094-5268-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 6, 1998, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** WORLD,

**Length:** 1554 words

**Byline:** DON HOPEY, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** OSTRAVA, Czech Republic

**Body**

Cleaning up the Old Country

Central Europe is the ''Old Country'' for tens of thousands of southwestern Pennsylvanians. A new day dawned in the Old Country when communism was given the boot nearly a decade ago, and the first waves of exhilarating change have given way to the heavy lifting of young nations where democracy remains a novelty and capitalism an exciting opportunity.

Cleaning up the environment, abused during 40 years of communist rule, has emerged as a major issue. Industrial cities still sometimes resemble the smoke-bound Pittsburgh of the 1950s, and villages struggle to keep their water clean, their traditions intact.

The front porch running the length of the Hostalkovice Sporting Club looks out over a clean, emerald green soccer pitch.

The club's back windows, facing east toward this gritty city of 330,000, frame a hazier picture.

This view - from the club's main activity room, where trophies line the walls, some of the world's best pilsner is drunk and American-style country line dances are held - is often clouded by a pall of sulphurous smog.

A dozen red-and-white striped smokestacks rise from chemical factories, a power plant, two coking operations, an incinerator, and two steel mills to dominate an otherwise low-profile city skyline. They belch noxious fumes.

If smoky Pittsburgh in the 1860s was ''Hell with the lid off,'' Ostrava, in the heart of the central Moravian coal basin 170 miles east of Prague, may be the next worst thing.

From steel to coal to coke to chemicals, parallels between the two cities are striking. Even Ostrava's belated efforts to show a cleaner face trace Pittsburgh's tracks.

Libuse Wronova, 54, who lives in a ground-floor apartment at the Sporting Club, said the view to the east is much clearer than three years ago. That's when residents switched from coal to natural gas to heat their homes. Pittsburgh made that transition by the mid-1950s.

''We used the coal sludge because it was the cheapest fuel available, but with the yellow smoke coming out of everyone's homes the smell and dirt were terrible,'' Wronova said. ''I'd say the atmosphere has improved by 70 percent.

''For people to be 100 percent satisfied will take one or two generations. But I think our grandchildren will remember our generation for making good decisions on the environment.''

Scarred by industry

That Wronova's generation is giving any thought to the environment represents a change unimaginable only a decade ago.

Ostrava grew to city size in the 19th century around coal mine portals - an industrially opportune but environmentally disastrous bit of urban construction. Wronova's generation spent 40 years under a communist government that piled the dirt higher and allowed no complaints.

''In the past we were used to a different style of living.'' she said. ''The air was dirty, the rivers smelled. We didn't know better or different and came to accept it.''

Air pollution hung low and brown over Eastern Europe's ''Metal City.'' Its rivers - the Odra and Ostravice - became too dirty for trout. Contaminated fields of coal wastes, toxic sludge ponds, abandoned industrial sites and mountains of fly ash and slag grew in the city.

Those industrial scars haunt Ostrava's future. The last of Ostrava's six in-city mines closed only two years ago, but subsidence from two centuries of digging continues. A royal example is a castle near the Ostravice River, built in the 13th century to guard the former border between Moravia and Silesia. It's fallen more than 40 feet.

''The castle was in the hills and now it's in a valley,'' said Mojmir Sonnek, Ostrava's architect and planner. ''Now all the hills are slag piles.''

After the downfall of Communism in 1989, Czechoslovakian society was transformed. With freedom of speech and open government, people began to complain about the environmental degradation.

The Czech Republic passed environmental laws based on U.S. Environmental Protection Agency regulations. City and citizen committees negotiated cleanup schedules and emissions limits with many industries. A phased-in enforcement program kicks in next year.

Sonnek said the city's air is already much improved and, like southwestern Pennsylvania government and business leaders, blames continuing problems on inversions - weather conditions that trap pollutants over the city - and pollution blown in from other parts of Europe on prevailing winds.

''It's not a problem in Ostrava only,'' he said, ''but throughout Central Europe.''

Sonnek said the stricter environmental laws of the European Union, which the Czechs hope to join in 2003, are pressuring industries and utilities to clean up or close. Changing markets and aging facilities also play a role in such decisions.

Several steel mills have shut down, and steel production has fallen to half its 1989 level. Many coking operations have closed too. Thousands of workers are idle.

The Karolina coking plant, less than a mile from Masarykovo Namesti, the city's central square, was pulled down a few years ago but pumped toxic emissions over the historic shopping district for more than a century. Today the coke works property, just past Ostrava's Opera House, is barren and black with oil, coal residue and heavy metal contamination. The city wants an office tower built there - Ostrava's first skyscraper - but the soil must be cleaned first.

It's not an isolated problem. The city has identified 51 abandoned ''brownfield'' industrial sites in met-ropolitan Ostrava. The biggest is the 160-year-old Vitkovice coal mine, coke works and steel mill, slated to close in December. Soil is contaminated to a depth of 25 feet, and greenish-brown, cancer-causing coke oven gases still billow from the ill-fitting doors on the coke batteries.

Ostrava's planning office recommended the mill's shutdown because it's near residential areas and downtown.

''There are hardships, but we can see the necessity of closing down some of these operations,'' Sonnek said. ''Other sources have taken some measures to reduce pollution, and the city's environment is improving as a result.''

One house at a time

In Ostrava's middle-class blue-collar Hostalkovice district, environmental improvements are coming one house at a time.

The 1,500 residents of this well-tended neighborhood of wood-frame and stucco houses are getting a crash course in the environmental and financial benefits of home weatherization and energy conservation, courtesy of the ''Nice Place to Live Project.''

The project is an experiment to see if ***working-class*** Czechs will spend money to insulate their homes to save money and energy in the long-run. It's funded by the Howard Heinz Endowment and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, and patterned after the Green Neighborhood Project that operates in Carrick, Knoxville and Lawrenceville.

Energy audits are conducted to identify a house's age, construction, size, and utility costs. Then the type of insulation needed is recommended - door sweeps, floor or attic insulation, window seals. Auditors have been through the Sporting Club, Wronova's apartment and about 20 homes in Hostalkovice.

''It's a good idea because the price of electricity continues to grow,'' Wronova said. ''It's good for the people to know how much operation of public buildings and homes costs and how much they can save.''

Jan Cernota, Hostalkovice's personable mayor, has put his dervish-like energy and environmental interest - he pushed through the coal-to-natural-gas-conversion and municipal garbage pickups - behind the project.

He does commercials for the ''Nice Place'' project on the city cable channel, where updates feature the names of residents who have had energy audits done, and the locations of the next audits.

''Now the people getting the audits are doing it because they're curious,'' Cernota said. ''Later, they'll hear by word-of-mouth from neighbors how doing the weatherization can save them money.''

Hostalkovice residents spend about a third of their income on utilities. Despite the self-interest angle, the weatherization program has been a tough sell.

But it wasn't easy to start in Carrick, either, said Zdenek Jakubka, executive director of ''Nice Place,'' who visited Pittsburgh two years ago see the Green Neighborhood Program in action.

''This project is a gate to an improved environment. It's about what people are interested in - how to save money and stay healthy,'' said Jakubka, who founded an environmental group named VITA, for ''life,'' in 1991.

Environmental groups flourished after the 1989 revolution, but most have since died. VITA lives, working with teachers to set up environmental programs in schools and overseeing the Heinz-sponsored residential energy conservation program.

''The Czech environmental movement is growing,'' Jakubka said. ''But our people don't know yet how to push the government to make good environmental choices. We will learn. We are learning.''

Tomorrow, he describes the challenges facing two rural towns and an industrial city in eastern Slovakia. Don Hopey, Post-Gazette environmental reporter, recently spent 10 days in the Czech and Slovak republics to see how the cleanup is going. He traveled with representatives of the Howard Heinz Endowment, which funds projects in Central Europe that make use of the environmental expertise of Pittsburgh businesses, universities and nonprofit organizations.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC, PHOTO: Don Hopey/Post-Gazette photo: Though cleaner than it used to; be, the Ostrav skyline of red- and white-striped smokestacks is still often; obscured by pollution and smog.; INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: James Hilston/Post-Gazette; CIA Factbook Online: (Czech; Republic Vital statistics)

**Load-Date:** September 17, 1998

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[***Mall offers a sense of place;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GWS-0790-0190-X00K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***For residents, it is a gathering spot and a suburban identity.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GWS-0790-0190-X00K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

OCTOBER 16, 2003 Thursday ADVANCE EDITION

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**Section:** WHERE WE LIVE-REPORT ON LIFE IN CHERRY HILL; Pg. H04

**Length:** 1609 words

**Byline:** Amy S. Rosenberg INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

By the end of his life, the visionary architect Victor Gruen had renounced Cherry Hill Mall and his other mall children for falling far short of his dream of bringing European-style arcades of commerce, community and culture to the American suburbs.

But hey, so what? In the faux-factory, climate-controlled ambiance of the mall's PicNic area the other day, sunlight streaming down from the skylights, the Bucks County Coffee kiosk still a controversial replacement for the fountain, things couldn't be better for the regulars who call themselves the Prostate Club.

"It's lovely," says Tony Alongi, 81, nursing one of the eightsome's 52-cent coffees from McDonald's. "We have a nice camaraderie here. It's the greatest thing for senior citizens. We have no other place." (See? Community.)

"We discuss everything, world affairs, everything," says Vincent LoBascio, 78. (A little culture, maybe even?).

"You do a lot of unnecessary talking," interrupts Carmen Falco, 83. And shopping, he does not have to add.

They are, as always, surrounded by a blur of shoppers, passing by like some sort of time-lapse photography, backward-riding newborns morphing into preteens on an urgent all-day flirt-fest, into teens with their own cash, into mothers and grandmothers passing the time, and right on into the cheap-coffee food court regulars.

"It's like therapy," says Ayesha McCargo, 23, of Lindenwold, shouldering bags from NineWest, Express and Lerner's. She's been taking the 404 bus from Camden since she was 12.

Cherry Hill, once on the cutting edge of American consumerism, one of the earliest enclosed malls to revolutionize the way people shop, to define how people in the suburbs behaved and thought of themselves, to give the spread-out, lawn-and-driveway masses a place to congregate, a place in which to be observed and to consume conspicuously, now feels a bit more throwback than visionary.

But Cherry Hill at 42 is still a top performer, still a player in an industry where big-box stores, Imax theaters and the cobblestoned, integrated-parking, upscaled promenades encroach. It contributes more than $6 million a year in taxes to the township and employs more than 1,000 people in 165 shops and 25 kiosks. It outperforms three-quarters of the malls in the country. It records 12 million visits every year, many by people like Erin McHugh, 17, who comes twice a week for hours at a time and has for, oh, like 17 years.

Just ask Brian Florence. He runs the Web site deadmalls.com. Cherry Hill is not on his radar. Nearby Echelon is. "I don't know much about the mall in Cherry Hill, NJ because it appears to be doing well," he wrote in a recent e-mail.

People in Cherry Hill like to tout the mall's somewhat dubious historic significance - the first (totally) enclosed mall east of the Mississippi. (They're not ready to concede that they live in a township named after a mall, though the township did change its name a month after the mall's Oct. 11, 1961, opening.)

But in truth, as time goes by, Cherry Hill Mall, like the old midcentury motels of Wildwood that once were tacky and now are kitschy chic, starts to seem downright historic.

"It becomes the symbol, correctly so, of the new suburban America," says local historian Jeffery Dorwart. "It does dramatically change the way we live, the way we travel, the way we shop. It's covered. It's open at night. It becomes a culture unto itself. Cherry Hill identified very early with the culture of the suburban mall. It becomes the focal economic point of the county."

As an old-style mall, Cherry Hill lacks the space to bring in huge amusements or theaters, but its new owner, Pennsylvania Real Estate Investment Trust, has plans to - literally - break out of the box. It plans on adding restaurants to the recently opened, $3.2 million Bahama Breeze and the Bertucci's that front Route 38 to create a Main Street Restaurant Row - and to acknowledge that the mall would do itself a favor by turning a bit of itself inside out.

The trust owns malls and commercial strips across the country, and the people there feel a bit paternalistic about taking over the mall that the Rouse Co. and the Strawbridge family built and presided over for four decades.

"The township changed the name to be named after the mall," enthuses Joe Coradino, retail honcho for the trust, which purchased Cherry Hill and five other malls in the spring from Rouse Co. "It's like Mom and apple pie in the community." (Memo to Joe: The township does not cop to that.)

Coradino is not worried about any competitive threat from the fancy new shops in Marlton or the big boxes nearby (of course the trust owns some of those as well). He says Cherry Hill has updated, and will continue to update, its tenants. "The Cherry Hill Mall is like beachfront property," he says.

He is hoping to add some "first-in-market" stores in Cherry Hill, a favored testing ground in the industry. He wants to keep a mix of higher-end chains down one row (NineWest, Banana Republic, Abercrombie & Fitch, Ann Taylor, Steve Madden, H&M, M.A.C.) and typical middle-brow mall mostly down the other (City Blue, Clair's, Express, Gap). The Bistro, with its wide polished counters and sunken interior (so the waiters are eye-level with the seated diners), tries for a bit of cosmopolita in mid-concourse suburbia. The marketing folks may also try to replicate June's performance by Michelle Branch that drew 2,000 people to the mall's Center Court (outside Strawbridge's).

With communal spaces featuring plants, benches and sunlight, it is tempting to think of the mall as a substitute for a downtown. But the mall is still private space. Just ask anyone who has tried to stage a demonstration or hand out leaflets. (The result: a 1994 New Jersey Supreme Court decision that forced the state's malls to allow a reasonable amount of free speech.)

Or ask Harvard professor Lizabeth Cohen, author of A Consumers' Republic: The Politics of Mass Consumption in Postwar America. She tried to set up a book reading at the mall last spring but was thwarted by a pricey fee. "You have to pay thousands of dollars," she says. "Because it's legally private space. If we have a mall rather than a town square or downtown, it's not the same thing."

Cohen writes that malls such as Cherry Hill created public space in postwar America that is "commercialized, privatized and feminized." Malls "enhanced women's claim on the suburban landscape," she writes, but also limited their power by hiring them in low-paying jobs.

The malls brought consuming and leisure together in a communal experience that increasingly defined middle-class suburbia.

"If those '50s and early '60s malls mean anything, it's a way that people learned to be middle class," says M. Jeffrey Hardwick, author of the forthcoming book Mall Maker, a biography of architect Gruen. "You have these urban, ***working-class***, white immigrants who get these cheap mortgages and move out there. It's teaching you how to shop and behave in public. It changes the way white Americans think of themselves. They end up thinking of themselves as white middle class."

Gruen imagined that by centralizing commerce and community, by creating an all-weather paradise on the inside and a nondisruptive exterior, he would prevent suburban sprawl. But the landscape of South Jersey shows just the opposite.

"In some ways, it stopped Cherry Hill from developing a true outdoor walkable downtown," says former Mayor Susan Bass Levin.

And even those who relish the mall as a gathering space, as a defining community landmark, are hard-pressed to say what exactly is Cherry Hill-ish about Cherry Hill Mall.

"The cherries?" asks Bass Levin.

"We don't think about this as Cherry Hill," says mall regular LoBascio, who tried a little old-fashioned marketplace bargaining with the Bucks County Coffee people but failed to persuade the $1.49-a-cup chain to cut a deal. "We think of this as the mall."

A generation ago, guys like him would have been in the corner bars and marketplaces of South Camden and South Philly, or chatting with neighbors on their front steps. Two or more generations ago, they would have gathered in the piazzas in Italy. "We don't have piazzas," says LoBascio. "This is our piazza."

Contact staff writer Amy S. Rosenberg at 609-823-0453 or [*arosenberg@phillynews.com*](mailto:arosenberg@phillynews.com)

Mall Minutiae

Cherry Hill Mall opened with 75 stores on Oct. 11, 1961. As of this morning, there are 165.

Best people-watching: Two wooden benches at the upper-level escalators between Penney's and the food court. Under orange neon arches and hundreds of little lights, the location has a strange, out-of-place casino feel.

Strangest paradox: At the mall's Camden County Board of Freeholders Store, you can pick up a free magazine called Wisdom.

The food court (opened 1985) used to be the site of a Japanese-style building for A Shop Called East.

Best incidental art: Eight underlit or backlit collections of elegant vinegar and oil bottles at the corners of the Bistro at Cherry Hill, in the middle of a mall pedestrian "street." Four collections are overhead, four are knee-high.

Through the end of August, of the 110 cars stolen in Cherry Hill this year, 27 were at the mall, police say. The mall has 6,420 parking spaces.

Best downtown park feel: Two areas of circular benches, each under its own tree, on the main level between Macy's and Strawbridge's. The mall's 49 trees include 34 palms.

Best mall value: Daily free samples at Gertrude Hawk Chocolates, on the upper level.

Is Cherry Hill diverse? Consider the ingredients of the eight-piece Cherry Hill roll ($5.97) at Yanagi Too in the food court: tuna, yellowtail, salmon, fluke eel, caviar, cucumbers and scallions.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, MAP AND CHART;

AKIRA SUWA, Inquirer Staff Photograher

Cherry Hill Mall on a busy Saturday afternoon. The mall has economic and social significance for Cherry Hill. It contributes more than $6 million a year in taxes to the township and employs more than 1,000 people. It is meeting place and hangout for many residents.

David McRae, 16, and godmother Monique Baldon, both of Willingboro, browse through basketball jerseys at a mall kiosk. Cherry Hill Mall has 165 shops and 25 kiosks.

Chi Cheng (left), 21, and Linh Pham, 18, both of Pennsauken, examine sample dishes at Yanagi Too in the mall food court.

Gita Patel (left) and her father, Haresh Patel, carry her son Sherrmad, 4 months, during a mall shopping trip. Accompanying them is her son Vaishvick, 4. They live in increasingly diverse Cherry Hill.

MAP

Cherry Hill Mall Then and Now (SOURCE: Camden Courier Post archives, Cherry Hill Mall; The Philadelphia Inquirer)

CHART

Mall Minutiae

**Load-Date:** August 17, 2005

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[***A ZOMBIE ON HIS OWN THE FORMER LEADER OF WHITE ZOMBIE IS NOT WHAT HE SEEMS. BEHIND THE GOTH, HEAVY-METAL EXTERIOR IS A MAN WHO FOLLOWS THE DOINGS OF HIS RIVALS AS CLOSELY AS FORD FOLLOWS GM AND WHOSE AGENT HAS TO URGE HIM TO SPEND MONEY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DHS0-01K4-948X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

SEPTEMBER 1, 1998 Tuesday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: LIFESTYLE; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1339 words

**Byline:** Karen Heller, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

In the garden lobby of the Four Seasons, a trio of mothers and their 1-year-old boys were having a birthday party, balloons and all. Two diminutive grandmothers, propped up with pillows, minced salads. And in the corner, we took tea with Rob Zombie, maestro of the heavy-metal macabre and nightmare to them all.

Zombie - Mr. Zombie? - was here promoting Hellbilly Deluxe, "13 Tales of Cadaverous Cavorting Inside the Spookshow International." The album contains the single "Dragula," a surfeit of inspirational lyrics ("Meet the creeper/Dig in deeper"), and not a single slow song. Missed him last week? He'll be back Oct. 26 in concert.

Hellbilly (Geffen) is Zombie's maiden solo effort, his first record since White Zombie's monstrous 1993 Astro-Creep: 2000, which spawned a 350-date tour that lasted 2 1/2 years. "Touring almost makes you miserable," he said, "but the minute you stop, you want to do it again." However, he keeps doing it. The band took to the road for a thousand days for its previous effort, La Sexorcisto: Devil Music Vol. I.

Zombie is at the top of the goth-metal heap. As the mastermind of White Zombie, he sold seven million albums, mostly from the last two recordings. Now it's just Rob Zombie, fronting his own loud group. He's what you might expect in a heavy-metal star: very tall, very thin, shrouded in black. His distinguishing characteristics are yard-long dreadlocks, seven colorful tattoos, and a penchant for worry.

"I worry about everything." It's hell working in the Hell business.

"There's no security in this business," he said. "You're your own boss. It's not like you can sit back and have someone else take care of it. Everyone I know who is successful worries about it all the time. If I was a really good dentist, I would always be busy, because people will always have bad teeth."

We're having trouble imagining Zombie as a dentist.

"I do everything to guard against doing anything else, to ensure this will keep going."

Zombie is 33. He was raised as Rob Cummings in suburban Boston, attended Parsons School of Design, dropped out in short order, and landed a job as production assistant on Pee-wee's Playhouse.

Then, 14 years ago, he found music. Zombie's music is huge with teenage boys, Beavis & Butt-head, Howard Stern, and Barbra Streisand, who played it outside her wedding to keep the paparazzi at bay. Younger brother Mike is the front man for the metal band Powerman 5000. How do their parents - a furniture builder and a saleswoman - feel about their sons' life choices? Zombie shrugged. "They're amused by it all."

Foes have accused him of everything from devil worship to sacrificing animals. "It's just fun," he said. "Most people who criticize the music haven't listened to the music."

The truth is, the music on Hellbilly is thrashy and the lyrics are goofy. "She's a thriller/She's a killer, spookshow baby." They're as menacing as a B horror pic.

"My big obsession in life is the movies," Zombie said. Universal horror flicks from the '30s, Russ Meyer and Herschell Gordon Lewis (Scum of the Earth) movies from the 1960s, everything. He had seen Saving Private Ryan the night before and declared it great. Of course, it does score high in the gore department. White Zombie was named for the 1932 Bela Lugosi thriller. Past shows have included clips from horror favorites, and Hellbilly samples dialogue.

"The music has the same sensitivity. It's spooky and creepy and weird. When I listen to this record, it seems like a movie" said Zombie, giving the highest accolade he can offer. Like everyone else in Hollywood, what Rob Zombie would really like to do is direct. He directs his videos, and was signed to helm the third installment of The Crow. Like most movie deals, it fell through.

Movies, old movie posters, and stage sets are the only items that cause Zombie to part with his earnings. He has Depression-era values. He could be his own grandfather. He's the Jack Benny of heavy metal. He rents. If cheese on a sandwich costs an extra 30 cents, he skips the cheese. "My accountant keeps saying, 'Could you please spend some money?' " He bought luggage this day and shopped the sales. "Last week I was happy with $40 boots. Why do I now need $800 boots? The worst thing about money is that people adjust their needs to spend all of it."

About money, Zombie is amazingly sane. About most things, he's amazingly sane. He's a prudent businessman with his own imprint, Zombie A Go-Go, on Geffen. Everything could end tomorrow. Living in Los Angeles, Zombie has observed as scores of rockers crashed and burned. He has no intention. He scours the charts, the tour schedules of other bands.

"I'm completely aware of what people are doing, to the point that it makes me sick."

When it comes to worrying, is he giving Woody Allen a run for the money?

\* South Street smelled like baked Budweiser. A few hundred fans snaked the block last Wednesday, virtually all shrouded in black, most of them male, under 25, and garnished with multiple body piercings and festive tattoos.

Rob Daugherty, 15, from Fairton, N.J., had arrived at Tower Records 12 hours earlier with his aunt and uncle, even though everyone was guaranteed to get in. No one spent more than 10 seconds with the man.

"I've been listening to his music since I was 5," Daugherty said. "It just gets you so hyper."

Heavy metal, never easy on the eardrums, doesn't get much radio airplay. It's not something you're likely to hear at the dentist's office or while shopping aisle 4 at the supermarket. Its disenfranchised, fiercely loyal, largely ***working-class*** listeners stand outside music's mainstream, feeling misunderstood and often ignored.

"The Bible-beaters don't listen. They don't know," said Chris Maher, 20, of Warminster, who was in line and works at a Coconuts record store. "They just see evil. Metal gets a lot more attacks than gangsta rap, and yet you never hear Rob Zombie say he's going to kill someone."

To keep the fans happy, heavy-metal acts tour constantly and drum up album sales with in-store promotions. Philadelphia was the second stop in a nine-city promotional trip.

"His shows are theatrical. They're shows, not concerts, full of pyrotechnics," observed Mike McGinty, who has been to six of them. McGinty, 25, of Sewell, works at a BJ's Wholesale Club.

"He's awesome. He don't give a damn what anyone else thinks," said Patricia Gordon, 22, of Philadelphia, who works at a Wawa. She was holding her 7-month-old, Alexis Smith, who has been suckled on the dulcet tones of White Zombie. "I can't deal with that lullaby stuff," Gordon said.

For the appearance, Zombie had donned more black: a black jacket, sunglasses (which he never removed), and a leather buckled hat that, quite frankly, looked more Mayflower than satanic.

Zombie was accompanied by his girlfriend, Sheri Skurkis. She's what you might expect: very tall, blond, hipless, and, as Zombie's former boss Pee-wee might say, Bo Dereky.

Skurkis chewed gum while sipping red wine. She wore a leather hiccup of a skirt and a leopard-print pimp hat that was very Superfly. She's a go-go dancer in his show.

Skurkis, like a loyal candidate's wife, remained by Zombie's side for much of his two-hour appearance, during which he shook the hands of 490 fans and sold 250 albums. It was like a political campaign. Zombie posed for a battalion of cameras, his fist held up Jesse Jackson style. He was a sport. He patiently signed everything: CDs, posters, cigarette packs, T-shirts, a calf, a bra, its wearer. He dried up several Sharpies.

You would think Zombie might get tired of this. But when Chris Walter, 18, of Jenkintown, with his mauve lipstick and fishnet tights, showed him a book full of accomplished Zombie portraits, the rocker shook his head in wonder. Zombie was clearly overwhelmed. He's a softie - intense, but a softie nonetheless.

This is Zombie's job. Record, sell, tour, worry.

"No one ever quits," he said intently. "Look at the Stones. They're all pushing 60. Alice Cooper is 50. The only way anyone quits in this business is by dropping dead."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Rob Zombie is on the road promoting his first solo album, "Hellbilly Deluxe." He was in Philadelphia last week. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, SUSIE MING HWA CHU)

Zombie gets ready to meet fans at Tower Records on South Street. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, SUSIE MING HWA CHU)

Fans gathered early for Rob Zombie's appearance Wednesday. The goth-metal rocker shook hands with and signed autographs for 490.

Rob Zombie fan Kevin Kelly, 17, of Willingboro, waits on South Street, decorated with a bloody eyedrop. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, SUSIE MING HWA CHU)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

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[***ADDITIONAL LEGISLATION ON REPLACEMENT WORKERS MISSES THE POINT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-PFP0-0094-51M5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

JUNE 29, 1994, WEDNESDAY,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 1472 words

**Byline:** ERIC R. WIETHORN GREEN TREE

**Body**

Your editorial supporting legislation banning the hiring of permanent replacement workers is biased and panders to the widely held opinion that unions' bargaining positions have weakened (''Striking a Balance,'' May 31).

The current labor-relations laws combined with a public sympathetic to the vast majority of union positions, creates a bargaining atmosphere clearly propitious for the union. Your reference to the Diamond Walnut workers dispute in California is an extreme example to justify your opinion.

A more common scenario involving the hiring of replacement workers is the stoppage of the publication and distribution of The Pittsburgh Press. When temporary replacement workers were hired to distribute the newspapers, piles of returned copies from union-supporting subscribers piled up at the front door.

The point is, when companies attempt to hire even temporary replacement workers, or scabs as they are at times referred to in the impartial media, the public usually boycotts that company's products or services. This is a consequence that companies are more often than not unwilling to accept. This is a key in the balance of power that exists in the labor/management arena.

Union leaders undoubtedly feel that the passage of this law will strengthen their bargaining position. With the recent passage of the North American Free Trade Agreement, however, employers will have one more reason to look south of the border when talks reach an impasse or when considering new plants or expansion.

Support for unions is not the question, rather how best should the current balance of power between labor and management be maintained. The PG claims ''fairness and justice'' in employment should be further legislated, but you fail to see the larger issue of whether unionized employment within this country will remain to be legislated.

OUT WITH RACISTS

Upon reading ''Racial Remarks Aimed at Evans on Budget Handling'' (June 14), referring to the remarks made by state Rep. Terry Van Horne, D-Lower Burrell, I was immediately prompted to respond to this blatant, insensitive, irresponsible public official.

His statement, ''I don't use that word lightly,'' is not taken lightly. In fact this inner-city nigger, if I may use Mr. Van Horne's term, will not accept racist remarks from anyone.

For an elected official to publicly state or repeat such offensive language is unacceptable. As a race of people, we know of the jokes told behind our backs. We also are aware of the plots to keep us in our place and the other clandestine actions persons like Mr. Van Horne participate in.

This man and any of his colleagues who feel the way he does are unfit to represent the people of this commonwealth.

How can African Americans expect fair consideration on any bill that would come before legislators who feel that we have graduated from house and field niggers to inner-city niggers? This racist has to go!

Editor's note: This letter was signed by 23 other people.

FESS UP, PG

Why only a photograph on the June 14 gun-rights rally in Harrisburg? With 8,000 people in attendance, why did the PG deem it unworthy of even a few paragraphs?

Could it be because those present at the rally -- including the many legislators who addressed the peaceful crowd of men and women, children and elderly, ***working-class*** and professional -- did not fit the ugly stereotype of the ignorant, redneck gun owner that the PG tries so hard to perpetrate?

If the crowd had been unruly or in any way characteristic of the negative picture your paper tries to promote of gun owners, it would have made front- page news. Give up the pretense, PG -- you have no interest in reporting the truth about gun owners, or reporting what is truly newsworthy. On the gun issue you have only one purpose: to distort the truth to promote your own political agenda of disarming the honest citizens of Pennsylvania.

Editor's note: The writer is a member of the Pittsburgh-based Haiti Solidarity Committee.

IT'S TIME FOR PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN HAITI

Many people who are concerned about the situation in Haiti and the United States response to it are opposed to military intervention. Such people, as well as those who support intervention, have a responsibility to put forth alternative solutions.

The possibility for serious passive resistance exists in Haiti. When that possibility is grasped, it becomes as compelling as any other alternative. The lack of positive development in this area is evidence, for anyone who has thought through nonviolent/non-military alternatives, of the dominance of the logic of violence.

Some may say that it is no longer time to think, but to act. When crisis, often artificially enhanced or enforced, seeks to dominate political action and understanding, when the language of war is the language of political slogans, perhaps the most responsible and courageous thing we can do is refuse to be at the beck and call of the crisis mongers dominating our news media and politics.

The crisis mentality is a convenient way to organize the world. But the price we pay for it is just too great.

THERE IS NO HEALTH-CARE CRISIS IN AMERICA

I am strongly opposed to President Clinton's health-care reform plan and to any bill that would use my tax money to pay for abortions. The president's proposal is just another ploy to require tax-funded abortion on demand. Our elected officials should vote against any attempt to abolish the Hyde Amendment, which prohibits funding of most abortions.

I think that the majority of Americans do not want health-care reform. There is no health-care crisis in this country. We do not want health care regulated by the government. We do not want socialism, fascism or communism in any form. Our elected officials must speak for the majority of the people, not the apparent socialists who live in and operate the White House. The health system needs cost containment and only a few minor reforms.

I worked for more than 30 years for my health insurance. The Constitution does not guarantee any American free health care. Health care is not a right! Welfare and jobs are not rights! If one wants health care and continual handouts -- including training and jobs by the federal government -- he should work for it! MEDICAL SOCIETY NORTH SIDE

WHO'S COMPLAINING?

My thanks for publishing the article ''How Much Pay Is Too Much?'' (June 13). It reported the results of a Veterans Affairs Department study which discovered that primary-care doctors -- and even medical specialists -- had a lower rate of salary return relative to educational costs than business school graduates, lawyers and sometimes, dentists.

These findings are significant because physicians are perceived as a big part of the health-care cost problem. In reality, physician services represent only 19 percent of total health-care spending! That percentage, incidentally, has not changed significantly in 30 years. It also leaves a whopping 81 percent left over, a vast pool of potential cost savings.

As for physicians just plain making too much money, believe me, there are easier ways to make it. No other profession I'm aware of requires 11 to 17 years of schooling, being on call evenings and weekends, and often providing service for free. Almost 64 percent of physicians provide an average of three hours of free care and 3.6 hours of reduced-fee care each week. This adds up to about $ 6.8 billion a year in care that is never billed.

But we're not complaining. The rewards of building relationships with patients and keeping them healthy have far outweighed the sacrifices. Unfortunately, health-system reform threatens to reduce patients to commodities and make health care one big assembly line. The public should be much more concerned with how this will impact the quality of their care, not physicians' salaries. TEACHERS SOUTH SIDE

COVER EVERYONE

While teachers and other school employees have health-care coverage as a result of collective-bargaining agreements, they encounter on a daily basis children and young adults who do not receive the medical attention they badly need. Because their parents or guardians do not have health-care coverage, many of those students and their families receive medical attention almost exclusively in hospital emergency rooms. For them, reform of the health-care system is an absolute necessity.

Congress must give all Americans the kind of health care that many of us now enjoy. First and foremost, every American must be covered. Everyone must be able to choose his or her own doctor. Every job must come with health benefits at least partially paid by employers. Small businesses should get help, and the unemployed should receive health benefits from the government.

Furthermore, insurance companies must no longer get away with abuses, such as denying coverage because of preexisting conditions or severe illnesses.

**Load-Date:** September 15, 1994

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[***Looking for a private club that fits;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44B7-GP70-0190-X3MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Some are pricey, some are exclusive, some are well, snooty.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44B7-GP70-0190-X3MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***But a surprising number are accessible.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44B7-GP70-0190-X3MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 5, 2001 Sunday CITY-D EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. D11

**Length:** 1597 words

**Byline:** Joe Logan INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

So you play enough golf that you have begun to wonder if maybe it's time to explore joining a private club.

But which club? Where? How do you know if that club in your neighborhood behind the tall hedges is right for you? Aren't all private clubs snooty? Would they have you? How much would it cost? And how do you go about joining a club anyway?

If you've pondered any or all of those questions, if you always regarded the world of private clubs as too mysterious, too snobby and probably too pricey, you might be surprised.

Here's a primer, a little Country Club 101.

The myths. The first thing you have to know about the 100 or so private golf clubs and country clubs in the region is that, no, they are not all ultra-private, secretive enclaves of discrimination and privilege.

To be sure, there is still some of that out there, perhaps too much. There are clubs around Philadelphia - no names, please - at which even a multimillionaire will never get invited to join, not if he or she didn't graduate from the right schools, doesn't work in the right business, doesn't move in the right social circles, and isn't the right color or religion.

So what? That's their prerogative. Whether you like it or not, private clubs are entitled to exclude whomever they wish.

Meanwhile, at many other clubs, times have changed, and attitudes are different. Scattered across the region are private clubs with good to excellent golf courses where they couldn't care less about your color, creed, heritage or gender, much less where you went to school or what you do for a living.

Take Ashbourne Country Club in Cheltenham, for example. For much of its 90-year history, Ashbourne was a predominantly Jewish club. Several years ago, it went semi-private, welcoming daily-fee play by nonmembers.

Two years ago, Ashbourne went private again, but this time with a more open-door policy.

"We have no restrictions on membership, and we pride ourselves on our diversity," said Mike Milenko, general manager of Ashbourne, where the 300 members with full golfing privileges ($3,000 annual dues) include a healthy mix of African Americans, Asians, Jews and Christians.

At Commonwealth National in Horsham, a top-drawer club with one of the area's best golf courses, the annual dues ($4,500) are higher, and there is also a hefty initiation fee ($24,500). But the admission policy is the same.

"We are nondiscriminatory," said Terry Tumolo, general manager of Commonwealth. "It makes no difference about your color or your sex."

Fact is, said Craig Ammerman, president of the Golf Association of Philadelphia (GAP), the alliance of 114 golf and country clubs in the area, the stereotype about private clubs is often a myth.

"Most private clubs are a reflection of the communities and neighborhoods in which they are located," said Ammerman, a member and former board member at Riverton Country Club. "If you're comfortable living in your neighborhood, you'd probably be comfortable at the club in the neighborhood, because that is where most of the members come from."

These days, private clubs run the gamut.

"I know of one club in GAP where the members handle most of the work on the course . . . the mowing is handled by retired members who volunteer," Ammerman said.

The club for you. Every golf club, every country club has a culture of its own.

There are snooty clubs at which every member seems to own or run a company, and they want you to know it. And there are ***working-class*** clubs at which members are relaxed, casual, unpretentious.

There are clubs at which the wife and kids are welcome at the pool, the tennis courts and the restaurant. And there are clubs that are golf only and guys only. There are clubs at which the members gamble for high stakes every weekend. And there are clubs at which it's gauche to propose more than a $2 Nassau.

So, how do you know what a certain club is like? And how do you get your foot in the door?

As for the most elite and exclusive clubs - Merion, Pine Valley, Aronimink, Philadelphia Country Club and perhaps 10 or 12 others - if you don't already know that you fit into that world, you don't.

Besides, the only way to get a glimpse at the inside of those places is to make it your business to meet a member and wrangle an invitation for the day. Then and only then will you - and they - know whether you're a prospective member.

At those most exclusive clubs, the admissions process is a subtle and discreet dance presided over by the members and a membership committee. To join, you must be proposed by another member, then seconded by one or more members, then approved by the membership committee. Even if you're a fit, the process can take months, even years. Good luck.

Just below that closed universe of the elites, however, are several layers of dozens of clubs, less exclusive and more relaxed and affordable in varying degrees, at which a simple phone call might get you a look at the inside.

At many of those clubs, you still must be sponsored by a member, and a membership committee makes the final decision. Even if you don't know a member, the general manager of the club is often empowered to talk to you about the club, perhaps even invite you over for a visit. You know you've made a good impression if he offers to introduce you to a member who might potentially sponsor you.

"If you don't know a member at a club, call the general manager," said Jim Sykes, former executive director of the GAP and a member of Pine Valley and Commonwealth.

"Ask him about the procedure for joining. If he won't help you in any way or if he's rude, you have to ask yourself if you'd want to join that club anyway."

At still other clubs - Ashbourne, Commonwealth National, Talamore at Oak Terrace, Jericho National among them - a corporation or individual owns the club, and the general manager more or less serves as a one-man admissions committee.

"You don't join over the phone, but we'll tell you about the club and what it cost - that screens out some people," Tumolo said. "We'll find out if you know any members, and we'll often encourage you to come for a visit to see the facility."

If Tumolo believes you're serious, you might even get an invitation to meet several members and play a round of golf.

The cost. No doubt about it, the money involved is what keeps many golfers from joining a club. It can be expensive.

At most clubs, the up-front money for the initiation fee can range from $9,000 to $90,000. Many clubs allow new members to pay the initiation fee over two or three years. Often, the initiation fee is partially or totally refundable, should you ever leave the club.

At most member-owned clubs - "equity" clubs - the initiation fee goes toward the purchase of a share or partial ownership in the club. If you leave the club, you sell the membership back to the club, often at a profit if the initiation fee has increased since you joined.

(As an extreme example, charter members of one exclusive club that opened several years ago in Bucks County paid $25,000 for a membership. Those same memberships are now said to be selling for $90,000, a substantial return on the investment.)

At Ashbourne, there is no initiation fee, which is rare. At Commonwealth, a non-equity club, the initiation fee is $24,500, payable over two years. Members who leave are refunded all but $5,000. Many clubs also have lesser initiation fees for members under 35 or over 55.

In addition, of course, there are dues that can range from $500 to $5,000 a year, restaurant charges, perhaps extras for the swimming pool and golf carts and the annual member-guest tournament.

Equity vs. non-equity. Historically, private clubs were equity clubs, owned and operated by the members. Members were entitled to voting rights and a say in how the club was run.

But with that partial ownership also came certain liabilities. If a majority of the members wanted to spend millions to build a new clubhouse or add another 18 holes, they could vote to do so. Any member who opposed the expense had no choice but to quit the club to avoid increased dues or "assessment" fees that could run into the thousands of dollars.

In recent years, however, there has been an increase in the number of non-equity clubs such as Commonwealth, Ashbourne and Talamore that are not owned by the members.

The upside for members is that they not liable for additional capital expenses, assessments and lawsuits against the club. The downside is the owners can increase dues when they want, and members have little say in how the club is run.

Pros and cons. Only you know whether you can afford a private club or whether you would get enough out of it to justify the expense.

If you play golf only once a week, it's hard to write that check each month. It also doesn't make sense if playing the same course over and over bores you.

On the other hand, it is nice to know that the first tee is almost never crowded, you'll always have a game with a buddy, and you'll come to know every nuance of the golf course.

Joe Logan's e-mail address is [*jlogan@phillynews.com*](mailto:jlogan@phillynews.com).

Top of the line

Here are the most exclusive golf clubs in the region.

Merion Golf Club, Ardmore

Pine Valley Golf Club, Pine Valley

Philadelphia Country Club, Gladwyne

Aronimink Golf Club, Newtown Square

Gulph Mills Golf Club, King of Prussia

Saucon Valley Country Club, Bethlehem, Pa.

Wilmington Country Club, Wilmington, Del.

Lancaster Country Club, Lancaster, Pa.

For a complete geographical list of golf and country clubs in the region with contacts at those clubs, go to the Golf Association of Philadelphia's Web site, [*www.gapgolf.org*](http://www.gapgolf.org), then click on "Member Clubs."

- Joe Logan

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

JOAN FAIRMAN KANES, Inquirer Suburban Staff

John Robinson fires a shot at Commonwealth National Golf Club in Horsham. The top-drawer club is open to all - at a hefty price.

**Load-Date:** October 31, 2001

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[***PUTTING WOMEN IN THEIR HISTORIC PLACE A CONFERENCE AIMS TO SHOW THAT WOMEN'S ROLES WERE MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN YOU'VE BEEN LED TO BELIEVE. /***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P1R0-01K4-93DW-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:** 1327 words

**Byline:** Susan Caba, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Quick - name a local historic site with strong associations to a woman.

And, no, the Betsy Ross House doesn't count. (Because, for one thing, historians aren't positive that she ever lived there.)

Stymied?

Here are some hints:

What local, family-owned department store grew out of a woman's hat shop - even though the name suggests it was founded by men?

Who wrote the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, and struggled unsuccessfully for 54 years to get it ratified?

What popular Philadelphia tourist attraction exists primarily because of the efforts of women to preserve it? (This one's easy - there are several correct answers.)

The fact that many - probably most - people don't know the answers is, indirectly, the reason for a national conference that begins tonight at Bryn

Mawr College and continues to Sunday. Sponsored by the Alice Paul Centennial Foundation Inc., The Preservation Coalition of Greater Philadelphia and Women's Way, the conference will focus on reclaiming women's history through historic preservation.

Call it retro-feminism.

The aim is to bring women out of the shadows - very dark shadows - of history so that their contributions to the development of the country can be recognized. For too long, say the conference organizers, the main narratives of history have focused on the roles of "rich white men," and women have been reduced to nothing but "fingerprints" in the book margins.

The conference grew out of the struggle of a group of women to save Paulsdale, the South Jersey home of Alice Paul.

"There was no network out there of people who have done the same thing," said Barbara Irvine, president of the Alice Paul Centennial Foundation.

"There were very few resources that identified women's historic sites - and historic sites and public monuments are very significant because in our society they are what identify what we consider to be important. So what does that say about what our society believes about women?"

By now, you may have guessed that Alice Paul, who died in 1977 at the age of 92, wrote the Equal Rights Amendment.

Paul also bridged the gap between American women who struggled to gain the right to vote and those who sought to expand women's opportunities in the late 1960s. Her house, Paulsdale, is a National Historic Landmark - part of the 5 percent of such landmarks that commemorate women or their accomplishments.

The conference is also about the reinterpretation of historic sites and their surroundings that are primarily identified with men.

Take, for example, Franklin Court, the site of Benjamin Franklin's house and print shop near Fourth and Market Streets. A new publication, Women in the City of Brotherly Love . . . and Beyond, points out that Franklin's wife, Deborah, and his daughter, Sarah Franklin Bache, contributed to Franklin's success. Deborah kept the family's print business going during her husband's frequent absences, and Sarah - as a member of the Ladies Association - helped raise $300,634 to support the Revolutionary cause.

And the Franklin women were not all that unusual: Jane Aitken, a neighbor of the Franklins, learned and inherited a printing business from her father - and in 1808, published the first American version of the Bible.

In fact, one historian says that, during the Colonial period, half the

families in Philadelphia were at least partially supported by women who worked outside the home.

"They ran businesses. They managed businesses until they could hire somebody to take it on, or until their sons were old enough to take it on," says Stephanie Grauman Wolf, senior fellow of the Philadelphia Center for Early American Studies at the University of Pennsylvania, and former director of the Winterthur Program for Early American Studies.

The 1790 census, Wolf said, shows that women headed between 10 percent and 20 percent of the households in Philadelphia. "A lot of men died. A lot of men 'went west,' a lot of men went to sea," she said. Women in the City, written by Gayle Brandow Samuels with Lucienne Beard and Valencia Libby, attempts to reinterpret area landmarks to include not only prominent male figures but also all people - women and men, diverse in class and culture - who helped develop the region.

Case in point: 126 Elfreth's Alley, a typical house on the oldest continuously inhabited residential street in the city.

The tiny rowhouse was home to three dressmakers between 1762 and 1813. Mary Smith, a single woman, bought the house with money inherited from her father. At the time, only 19 percent of Philadelphia families owned their homes.

Smith shared the house with her sister-in-law, Sarah Melton, a widow. Melton inherited the house when Smith died in 1766; she took in boarders to defray costs. In 1790, another dressmaker, Elizabeth Swobes Carr, separated

from her husband and moved in with Melton.

As the city developed, Elfreth's Alley faced the same threat that destroyed other ***working-class*** neighborhoods. It was saved through the efforts of the Elfreth's Alley Association, organized in 1934 by Dolly W. Ottey to save the historic street. (Women's roles in preserving history - even when it wasn't necessarily their own - is yet another topic of the conference.)

"Somehow women disappear from historic sites in a truly remarkable way," Wolf says. She recalls one review of her most recent book, As Various as Their Land: The Everyday Lives of Eighteenth-Century Americans.

The critic liked it, with one exception. He wondered why it didn't have a chapter on the lives of women.

"He didn't get it," Wolf says. "Women are in there in the index, but they aren't in there in their own little chapter. They appear throughout the book, as they do in life.

"History has traditionally looked at the realms of politics and finance - and these were the areas in which men were most visible," Wolf said.

"Women's activities were concentrated in the areas of social issues. . . . They were not visible because no one took note."

In a way, women have played a role in their own historical obliteration. Often, it was women who worked most diligently to preserve historic sites.

Cliveden, a National Historic Trust property in Germantown, is known primarily as the location of the pivotal battle of the Revolutionary War. But in the past few years, historians at the house have gone through what executive director Jennifer Esler calls a "handwringing process" - aimed at highlighting the roles of the women of the house.

In particular, visitors now learn that Anne Sophia Penn Chew - granddaughter of Benjamin Chew, who built Cliveden - spent five decades of her live preserving Cliveden and interesting other Chew relatives in carrying on the work after her death in 1892.

\*

Which brings us to the relevance of this reinterpretation of history and historic sites. Who cares, anyway, besides the historians? Haven't we reached the point where women's contributions are recognized almost as soon as they're made?

"Oh, I think there is a lag," said Irvine, of the Alice Paul foundation. "I'm very concerned about the lack of recognition."

The level of national discomfort with Hillary Rodham Clinton's policy- making influence is just one example that the country isn't aware of - or accustomed to - the roles women have played in shaping the nation from pre- Revolutionary days.

"There were other first ladies, way before Hillary Clinton, who had significant roles to play in policy," Irvine said. "But it's always been

somehow hidden in the mists. It was never written about, it wasn't discussed."

"It's still that separate chapter that people are looking for," Wolf says. "We still need women's studies programs, not one month a year, but throughout the year."

Some people are looking to the retro-feminist movement to change all that.

"It will create a more visible appearance for women - less of a feeling that it's 'peculiar' if women do X, Y or Z."

FOR MORE INFORMATION

\* For more information about the conference, call 215-526-5534 or 215-527-4470.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (4)

1. Anne Sophia Penn Chew spent five decades preserving her grandfather's

estate, Cliveden. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, VICKI VALERIO)

2. Jennifer Esler, executive director of Cliveden, says historians are

highlighting the role that women played in preserving Benjamin Chew's estate.

Chew's granddaughter was the main force. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, VICKI

VALERIO)

3. Period furniture, including a Chippendale sofa built by Thomas Affleck, is

situated in the parlor at Cliveden.

4. Lit Bros. was started in 1891 by Rachel Lit Wedell, who trimmed hats for

free.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***SOCCER EXCITEMENT KICKS IN WITH ARRIVAL OF WORLD CUP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-DMX0-0027-X45K-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

June 12, 1994 SUNDAY,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS,

**Length:** 1420 words

**Byline:** Kevin Lamb, DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Body**

Americans sure like to play the game. More preteens play soccer than any other sport besides basketball. The question is why such a popular sport for kids doesn't have much more spectator appeal than a sundial.

Maybe it's like woodworking or napping, one of those things that is more fun to do than to watch. The rest of the Western world doesn't see it that way, though. Compared to the way other countries cover their World Cup teams, Americans don't hype the Super Bowl much more than a city council meeting.

Or maybe it is so culturally different that plugging soccer into American society is like trying to work harps and cellos into a marching band. Soccer offers graceful elegance to American sports fans who prefer bumps and bruises. Soccer serves up unselfish teamwork to a country that salutes flash and dash.

Is it that Americans don't understand the game? Or that they understand it just well enough to know that they don't care to understand it any more?

As it happens, soccer is most popular in countries that have no other traditionally popular team sports. It could be that soccer arouses such passion that it is hopeless for baseball or football to lure away its fans in, say, Europe.

But in the Caribbean and Central American countries where soccer and baseball coexist, baseball is typically the most favored sport. Could it possibly be that the secret behind soccer's allure is the lack of choices on the sporting smorgasbord?

Blasphemy, say those who worship at the shrine of the hexagon-splattered black and white ball. To know soccer is to love it, they say. The problem with Americans is what most of them see when they watch a soccer game: a bunch of skinny guys running around on the field with no apparent interest in kicking the ball into the goal. The only soccer they've seen on TV lately is that commercial where Deion Sanders defiles a referee's yellow warning card by signing it.

World Cup in America

All 52 World Cup games will be on American television when the quadrennial championship begins Friday. They'll even all be in English. It is a big step, say soccer fanatics in this country, toward creating an American soccer league that will play to more spectators than empty seats. People won't swoon over soccer until they understand the game and find its stars, and they won't do that until television explains the game and exalts its stars.

It takes patience, though, just like soccer itself. Television prefers to deliver pre-fab heroes. Letting the first generation of soccer stars ripen just isn't as easy as dishing out the studio creations of American Gladiators, with their big breasts and big biceps, striking big blows in big battles.

The first purveyors of American soccer could not wait. Shortly after forming the North American Soccer League, they brought Pele, the game's Babe Ruth, out of retirement to the New York Cosmos in 1975. Other franchises loaded their rosters with fourth-division English players who were just barely good enough to keep American natives from making the team and catching the public's eye.

"You've got to build that flagship league and stock it with Americans," said Terry Nicholl, who coaches the Dayton Dynamo in the Major Indoor Soccer League.

People will watch players they care about. They watch a ham-handed, singles-hitting right fielder play Double-A baseball because his name is Michael Jordan. "Be like Mike," the kids say, even when they aren't on camera. Soccer needs to develop its own Mikes.

How do you do that?

"You can turn on a basketball game, a football game, a baseball game, and kids can mimic that," said Charles Van Der Sluijs, a son of Dutch immigrants who plays on the Dayton Aviators adult team. "They can go out in the back yard and say, 'Hey, I saw this shot.' They don't have that in soccer. It's hard for them to see how the game is supposed to be played."

Chris Pfau, a Dynamo player and soccer teacher, started playing at 5 in suburban Washington, D.C. That was 22 years ago, when youth soccer was still embryonic. His parents coached him but didn't know much more about soccer than they could find in books. When Pfau starts coaching his children, he'll be able to answer their questions.

"Hopefully, that's when soccer's going to take off," he said. "Guys who played youth soccer will be dragging their kids to watch soccer games. Now the kids are dragging their parents."

Soccer parents are buying World Cup tickets. Thirty-nine of the 52 games are sold out, with less than four percent of the domestic ticket allotment remaining, and most of the tickets have gone to affluent suburbs rather than ***working-class*** ethnic neighborhoods.

Kids playing soccer

The game's grass roots are in place. For children, soccer is a relatively safe vehicle for terrific exercise. It has age groups from 4 through 19, making soccer the most widely available sport for sub-varsity athletes.

Youth registration in the Ohio South Soccer Association, covering southwest Ohio up through Columbus, has tripled in the last nine years to 44,000. In Ohio high schools, the number of boys teams has doubled in the last 10 years while the girls teams have tripled.

No matter how many American kids grow up to be soccer stars, soccer will still be an espresso taste in a country that buys its coffee at drive-through windows. Soccer is never going to have a lot of 11-10 scores. The 1-0 game is widely viewed as a lullaby that American fans will not tolerate.

"A lot of American sports are measured more by explosiveness, where possession is more of a key in soccer," Nicholl said. But baseball is hardly played at an MTV pace. Nicholl notices a strong similarity between baseball and soccer fans. They both appreciate the subtle reasons for moving a player a few feet one way or another.

American fans also have shown some appreciation for sport that is bloodless and balletic. Van Der Sluijs said soccer and basketball are comparable in the ways they reward both grace and teamwork.

The biggest obstacle to big soccer crowds, said Pfau, is that baseball, football, basketball and hockey blanket the calendar so thoroughly. "People are afraid if they watch a new sport, something else is going to have to give."

Football transplant

The National Football League began assimilating a new sport into England eight years ago when the Chicago Bears and the Dallas Cowboys played an exhibition in London. British fans complained that it was boring because the action stopped for a team conference every few seconds. "Did we cheer at all the wrong times?" Nicholl said.

They yelled incessantly, like a soccer crowd. They sang their songs and chanted their ditties with no regard to whether the referee was walking off a penalty or Walter Payton was running down a pass. To an American, the sustained noise was more disorienting than seeing cars zip around the left curb.

As the NFL showed more and more of its games on British television, the natives began to understand football. The NFL gave London a minor-league team, and fans soon developed loyalties to their own players. They prefer their own team to the carpetbaggers, so for the first time since 1986, London will not have an NFL exhibition this summer.

It is possible to transplant a sport overseas, then. Nicholl said his countrymen especially admire "the precision timing it takes for a wide receiver to take off on his route, turn, and as he turns, the ball is already on that path to hit him."

American fans tend to prefer the moment a second or two later, when the linebacker cleans the receiver's clock and leaves him looking through the earhole of his helmet. Finesse or fury. Either way, they watch the game.

And someday, Americans will be watching soccer in full force, too.

WORLD CUP

What: International soccer championship held every four years. Teams representing 24 countries are divided into six groups of four. Each plays the three teams within its group during the first round, which eliminates eight teams.

Where: Chicago; Dallas; Pontiac, Mich.; East Rutherford, N.J.; Orlando, Fla.; Pasadena, Calif.; Stanford, Calif.; Foxboro, Mass., and Washington, D.C.

When: First round is June 17-30. Single-elimination tournament play follows, ending with championship at Pasadenia, Calif., at 3:30 p.m. July 17. U.S. team's first-round games are at 11:30 a.m. Saturday against Switzerland, 7:30 p.m. June 22 against Colombia and 4 p.m. June 26 against Romania.

TV: ESPN, ESPN2 and ABC will carry the games. The final game is expected to attract 2 billion viewers worldwide, 40 percent of the planet's population.

**Graphic**

COLOR PHOTO, Peter Hitzeman, 11, heads a ball, , BILL REINKE/DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Load-Date:** September 1, 1994

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[***Group travel in China Discover the pros and cons of an escorted tour***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43HJ-FV00-007M-43MP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

July 15, 2001, Sunday, Cook,DuPage,Fox Valley,Lake,McHenry

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**Section:** Going Places;

**Length:** 1647 words

**Byline:** David Aldrich Daily Herald Correspondent

**Body**

Here's what our tour guide told us to do when we wanted to photograph someone in China: Catch their attention, smile, then hold up your camera. If they smile back, feel free to take the picture.

Fine, but the guide didn't tell us this: The Chinese just as often wanted to take our picture.

Within our first hour in Beijing's Forbidden City, four Chinese families asked to take their photo with my wife and me (to tell the truth, mostly with my wife). We guessed that our new friends were visiting from the countryside and seeing Westerners up close for the first time. We couldn't speak Chinese, and they couldn't speak English, but through smiles and gestures, both parties managed to communicate and to enjoy the experience.

Many of our new friends were part of a tour group, and so were we - our first ever. Before leaving home, we harbored mixed feelings about tours. After returning home, we still had mixed feelings about tours. Some of the advantages and disadvantages are obvious, some not so obvious.

A huge advantage is that, except for luxury tours (which ours wasn't), costs are significantly lower than traveling on your own. All arrangements were made for us - flights, hotels, bus and boat trips, museum tickets, etc. -and the jam-packed itinerary took us to places we might not have gotten to on our own, at least not easily, such as the Peking Opera and the Li River cruise.

We gave up the experience of ordering most of our own meals and we ate in large groups, but the restaurants were carefully selected for quality and hygiene. Hotels were first class and much better than what we normally can afford. Our guides were helpful and knowledgeable. Finally, we didn't lack for companionship because we were traveling with two dozen other people.

A big disadvantage: We were traveling with two dozen other people.

Although our fellow travelers were friendly and cooperative, we did have to stick together, troop together through temples and museums, and then wait together for the laggards to catch up. We had little choice of what we saw and how long we could see it. We felt rushed through places where we wanted to linger (only 30 minutes for Tiananmen Square and 45 for the Shanghai bazaar and its celebrated Yu Yuan teahouse).

In addition, we devoted hours to packing and unpacking suitcases and traveling to and from airports. Most of us found the pace exhausting. Finally, we felt removed from our surroundings and could not meet individual Chinese as much as we wanted. We saw much of China through a bus window.

Do we regret going? Not a bit. It was the trip of a lifetime and we're satisfied with the tour (although it's probably our last). You can arrange a visit to China on your own if you limit your itinerary, but to duplicate a tour would be a logistical nightmare and perhaps three times as expensive.

Most tours follow similar routes: We spent four nights in Beijing, three in Shanghai, five on a Yangtze River cruise, two in Xian, two in Guilin and three in Hong Kong (for a total of five flights within China). In the process, we saw many of China's grand offerings: the Great Wall, the Three Gorges Dam, the Yangtze River gorges, the Terra-cotta Warriors, Hong Kong harbor from Victoria Peak and much, much more. We saw numberless temples and gardens, palaces and pagodas. We saw the guidebook China.

We preferred the other China, the everyday China. We liked the open markets with their pyramids of green melons, meat slabs suspended from hooks, and rows of children's red canvas shoes. We enjoyed watching middle-aged couples engaged in sober ballroom dancing early mornings on the quay in Guilin, and we had a delightful hour-long conversation with a young couple who taught English in a village school. We were impressed by how healthy and well-dressed people looked, especially the children who were so tall and frisky in their red, blue or yellow school uniforms. As for other uniforms, in our three weeks we saw not one Mao jacket, and in fact saw Mao's portrait in public only a half dozen times.

Seeing so much construction in Beijing and Shanghai surprised us. Depressing, stained, crumbling gray apartment buildings ("Stalin style," a guide labeled them) were being shouldered aside by colorful new high-rises of a whimsical and sometimes puzzling style that I could label only as "1940s Futurama." The explosive growth and economical potential of eastern China astonished us.

And the pollution appalled us. The air never seemed crisp. Gray haze dulled and dimmed buildings, temples and mountains. Shanghai's sky remained grayish-white throughout our stay, giving the city a strange, gauzy appearance. When China's economy improves enough for the automobile to take over, its pollution will be the worst on the planet … if it isn't already.

For now, the bicycle rules. Every street flows with bicycles, all moving at the same speed, wheel to wheel, handlebar to handlebar. All stop together at a light; all start together when the light changes. It resembles an organism: silent, obedient, well-mannered. Bicycles pull carts with amazing loads-couches, refrigerators, several family members. Surprisingly for a country with several hundred million bicycles, most of them are clunky, chipped and dented - depended upon, but not outwardly loved.

Bicycles and agile little red taxis rule the streets, but people, people and more people fill the sidewalks. Because housing in big-city China is so crowded, much of life takes place outdoors. Shirtless men sit on stools across from each other and lean into mah-jongg boards. Families squat in circles and with their chopsticks skillfully eat rice and vegetables from bowls held under their chins. Streets contain rows of one-person, one-room stores often no larger than 10 feet square, their fronts fully open and tight against the sidewalk. These micro-shops sell everything: clothing, audio cassettes, hardware, food and soccer balls dangling in twine sacks.

Most of Beijing is new and unattractive, thrown up fast to house a growing population, but parts of the ancient city, the Hutong, remain. This area northeast of the Forbidden City has changed little in hundreds of years. Millions still live in this compressed ***working-class*** neighborhood of constricted streets and one-floor homes grouped around a common courtyard. Vendors spread blankets on the sidewalks and sell onions, melons, fish and litchi nuts (we bought a bag and found them juicy and semi-sweet). Most visitors tour the Hutong in pedal rickshaws powered by friendly teenage boys who joke, shout and cut each other off.

We enjoyed seeing the countryside and wished we could have spent more time there. In some places we saw flat fields of corn that could have been the American Midwest. In other places we definitely knew we were in China because we saw women in conical straw hats stooped over in brilliant green rice paddies and men tending fish ponds and lotus patches.

During the Yangtze cruise, we saw water buffalo wallowing in the shallows, bamboo along the shoreline, tiny hillside cabins with tiny fields of corn and a shirt flapping on a clothesline. Of course, we also saw the incomparable, magical, green misty peaks for which the Yangtze is famous, and which will be partially flooded when the Three Gorges Dam is completed in 2009.

A three-week tour cannot do justice to China, nor can a brief article. Everything in China seems outsized - land mass, population and the things the Chinese build: the Great Wall, the Forbidden City, and now the Three Gorges Dam, largest in the world.

China is a busy, bustling place, and it's exhausting to tour. When we reached home, we both remarked on how tired we looked in our trip photos, and we guessed that we looked just as tired in the photos of us being pasted into scrapbooks throughout China.

And we also wondered, did our photographers go back to their villages with advice on photographing foreigners? ("Catch their attention, smile, then hold up your camera. If they smile back, feel free to...")

If you go:

Costs: Most three-week, all-inclusive tours cost $ 2,500 to $ 4,000 per person (a great deal), with luxury excursions $ 8,000 to $ 10,000. Tour prices include all flights inside China and to and from the United States, hotels, most meals, museum tickets, transfers to and from the airport and just about everything else. Many companies offer tours - look on the Web or visit your travel agent. Prices depend on city of origin, season, luxury and group size.

Transportation: Try for a direct flight from the United States to avoid changing planes in Seoul or Tokyo. On flights within China we found the Chinese aircraft were brand new and the service superb.

When to go: China is a furnace in summer, we learned, although all our hotels, buses and restaurants were nicely air-conditioned. The streets were not.

Food and lodging: Our hotels were excellent, and we greatly enjoyed the food. Often we ate off of a lazy Susan, with a server bringing in one dish after another every minute or two. Invariably, someone would dangle a morsel of the newly arrived food on chopsticks and ask, "What's this?" After wild guesses around the table, we'd all dig in. We had a few Western meals and a few special Chinese meals (Peking duck, a dumpling banquet).

Health concerns: Several months before leaving, check with your doctor about possible inoculations.

Shopping: Small items such as kites, straw hats and fans are dirt cheap. Silks, rugs and paintings fall in a broad range of prices and quality. Hong Kong is famous for its clothing, jewelry (especially jade) and electronics. Prices are generally marked in stores, but you can bargain for items sold on the street, where prices are often wildly inflated for foreigners. Our sympathies went out to the trinket sellers that appeared wherever we went, especially the children, but they did eventually become bothersome.

- David Aldrich

**Load-Date:** July 17, 2001

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[***DUTCH CRACKDOWN SHUTTING OUT REFUGEES POLICY SHIFT IS BREAKING A NATION'S TRADITION OF TOLERANCE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P0X0-01K4-90FM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

May 20, 1994 Friday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1385 words

**Byline:** Dick Polman, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** AMSTERDAM, Netherlands

**Body**

Coskun Coruz is a native of Turkey, but he feels very Dutch. He speaks Dutch, and he says he even thinks in Dutch. But he doesn't look Dutch, and that could be a big problem after the first of June.

Then the Dutch police will have the authority to stop people at random and demand to see their identification papers.

It's all part of an ambitious crackdown on immigrants, and Coruz is convinced it spells trouble in a land with a reputation as a tolerant haven for the world's homeless.

"Who will they stop?" asked Coruz. "The first reason they try will be

because of the skin. Look at my hair. It is dark. And look at my skin. They cannot see, in my head, if I am a foreigner or a Dutchman, so they will focus on my outside."

Echoing the xenophobia that has spread through much of western Europe, the renowned Dutch open door is slamming shut - much to the delight of many white locals, who believe that recession-racked Holland, the most densely populated nation in Europe, has run out of room for newcomers.

The identity checks are aimed primarily at illegal immigrants. But the legal rights of all refugees seeking political asylum are also being systematically eroded, and the government is readying a plan to return them to the first "safe" country through which they passed.

And in a break from Dutch tradition, the latest arrivals aren't allowed to live in the communities while their cases are heard; instead, they are housed, four to a room, in 80 converted hotels and hospitals.

"What are we supposed to do?" shrugged an Iraqi, marooned in a hotel on the bleak eastern outskirts of Amsterdam. "I had no answers about where to go, so I came to Holland because I was told it was the best. I don't know yet if it is true."

If the developments in the Netherlands seem to echo recent events in Germany and France, it is no accident. Those two nations, the heart and soul of the European Union, toughened their immigration laws in 1993 to dissuade refugees from seeking entry. The United Kingdom did the same. Their efforts worked, and the numbers of immigrants dropped.

So the refugees looked for other borders to cross. Holland has drawn a disproportionate number - primarily from Somalia, Bosnia, Iran and Iraq - and has suffered a rare outbreak of racism among its host population.

"The 'tolerant' image is rapidly disappearing," said Coruz, an immigrant community activist who has tried unsuccessfully to break into politics. "The refugee figures are doubling and tripling, year in and year out, and suddenly there is an atmosphere of panic. All kinds of solutions are welcome, and the consequences don't matter to the politicians. What matters is to somehow decrease the numbers."

Refugee specialist Maarten van Traa, a member of the Dutch parliament, said, "There is a dangerous slippery slope, on which everyone is trying to take a tough position that will satisfy the public mood. But just being on that slope means that everybody is slipping down."

There is common talk that the Netherlands is being "swamped." Actually, only 5 percent of the nation's 15 million are foreign-born. But the number of political asylum-seekers has certainly swelled. Many are economic immigrants looking for work, but since Holland has virtually shut the door on job- seekers, they instead seek entry for alleged political reasons.

As recently as 1988, only 7,500 asylum-seekers tried to enter. By 1992, the figure was 17,450. Last year, after the German, French, and British crackdowns, the number doubled to 35,400. The latest projections point to another doubling, perhaps more. And nobody knows how many immigrants have entered the country illegally.

The newly intolerant public mood is best voiced by Hans Dijkstal, vice chairman of the VVD, a free-market, conservative political party. With his gray suit and silver hair, he looks like a banker. He is respected, his party is respected, and until recently, he would never have been caught dead echoing the anti-foreigner rhetoric of Holland's right-wing extremists.

But times have changed. Interviewed in the Hague, he said: "If everyone else is tightening up their procedures, we have to do the same. . . . Compare it to a stream of water in the mountains. It will always flow from the high point to the low point."

The best solution, he suggested, "is that people from Somalia shouldn't come all the way to Europe. A place should be found for them in their own region. They should go back to where they're coming from. Our first obligation should be only to take other Europeans."

These days, that's the polite way of putting it. On the street, the judgment is harsher.

"This was a real nice neighborhood," said unemployed Mark van Jensen, driving down his street in northwest Amsterdam, "but now you got these people here who stink. I mean, literally, they smell. You can smell the food, and it's just weird, and they make a lot of noise. . . . And I have a lot of buddies out of work. There's not enough jobs to go around, and we don't need all this competition."

In a ***working-class*** Amsterdam neighborhood, community worker Wylly Reedyk said, "For the first time, people are talking about their own frustrations in terms of the foreigners. If the street's dirty, it's because of foreigners. If there are no geraniums in the window, it must be a foreigner, and they should go back to their country."

A big issue is money. The Dutch authorities don't let everyone into the country - about half the '93 asylum-seekers were admitted - but the screening process is costing $500 million a year, at a time of deep recession and high budget deficits. So the Dutch are trying to speed it up, and discourage rejected asylum-seekers from appealing their cases.

Until this spring, asylum-seekers could file appeals in 19 courthouses, in convenient locations around the country; the number has been cut to three. And until this spring, if the initial appeal was rejected, there was a national court of last resort; not any longer.

Van Traa said, "I fought a whole battle on these legal questions, and I have lost it. There is this tinkering of the laws to bend reality, by those who want to sell the public on the idea that they're stopping foreigners."

Even the police are worried about the identity checks.

Jos Put, chief of the Dutch immigration police, said in an interview, "I have warned the politicians that we could be building a police state. . . . My officers are not afraid of doing their duty, but we would be very unhappy about having to . . . stop cars, intercept people on the streets for questioning at random, perhaps because of the color of their skin."

But few believe that calls for a crackdown will ebb. Tinus Heijmans, who works with refugees in Utrecht, where racist extremists now hold four seats on the town council, thinks the mainstream political leaders will continue to capitalize on the public mood.

"They may say they are only responding to the mood, but what they're doing just makes that mood stronger," he said. "They are making it respectable for people to think racist thoughts. People can then say, 'You see? We are not extremists for feeling like this.' "

Hans Dijkstal, the respectable conservative, shrugged off the critics. "For too long," he said, "we have tried to ignore these refugee problems, and we can't anymore. It's not our aim to make racism respectable, but the risk of that can't be a reason for us to be silent. We have our own responsibilities."

His party picked up nine new parliament seats in the May 3 national election; it now controls 20 percent of the chamber. Even the right-wing extremists, who support the burning of refugee housing, won three seats of their own.

So it's no surprise to find a sense of fatalism at the refugee hotel in eastern Amsterdam. The tenants lingered over their beef and rice, lost in thought. And the Iraqi refugee tried to insist that the attitude of the Dutch really didn't matter, that he'd seen much worse, like the time he came home

from the war and found his house demolished and his parents dead.

"If Holland tells us we must go away, then we go away, that's it," he said. "If they want that we will go to another country, fine, but we would have the same problem. I would only like to stay here until life improves back home, so that I could then say, 'Thank you very much, Holland, for your hospitality.' "

**Graphic**

CHART;

CHART (1)

1. Refugees in Europe (SOURCE: United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees;

The Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***DELCO'S RAMBO OF RESPONSIBILITY HE'S IN THE FACE OF DEADBEAT FATHERS AND RICH OFFICIALS. MEET THE NEW COUNCILMAN.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NX90-01K4-94KH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

March 25, 1994 Friday PENNA EDITION

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**Section:** NEIGHBORS MAIN LINE & DELAWARE; Pg. MD01

**Length:** 1293 words

**Byline:** Reid Kanaley, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** MEDIA

**Body**

Wally Nunn pours himself another water. He fidgets. He rests his chin in the palm of his hand. The newest member of the Delaware County Council is sending a message about the day's business, which has included votes to shop for wax pellets and storage carts; to apply for a library grant, and to buy kitchen equipment, four police cars and two trucks.

"Boring," he confirmed after Tuesday's council meeting.

Those, after all, were not the kind of issues that drew Wallace H. Nunn, 50, former chairman of the Philadelphia Regional Port Authority and chief of the public-finance department at Smith Barney Shearson's Philadelphia branch, into elected office for the first time this year.

No, this very conservative, outspoken, anti-abortion, Vietnam-vet-turned- high-financier wants to do a lot more from his new soapbox than review requisitions and pose for grip-and-grin photos.

"Society finds excuses for almost any kind of conduct, from cutting somebody's penis off to killing your parents," he explained in an interview.

"We're destroying ourselves. . . . I have to explain to the general population what's happening."

Nunn has developed what he calls his "Dan Quayle speech" for speaking engagements. In unabashed reverse political correctness, he suggests that welfare mothers should have birth-control implants and that absentee fathers might do with a stint in boot camp to learn some responsibility.

So far, he said, he has been well-received.

"I'm too long in the tooth to cringe," said Council Chairwoman Mary Ann Arty.

This week, a leading local Democrat called Nunn "the Zhirinovsky of Delaware County" - a reference to Vladimir V. Zhirinovsky, the Russian ultranationalist leader.

"I mean, I think he makes good copy," qualified the Democrat, party vice chairman Joseph Merlino.

Paul G. Mattus, a friend and colleague on the all-Republican council, said Nunn was a "philosopher" who "calls me a liberal, but I'm kind of like a moderate, and he's kind of like an ultra-conservative."

Since taking his council seat in January, Nunn has wondered aloud if foster care could be replaced by orphanages and observed that "you can't pray in school but . . . can give out condoms."

Departing somewhat from the council's tradition of public displays of unity, Nunn has questioned hefty legal fees paid by the county and, this week, chided his colleagues for being upset at a published report. It showed that one county official, Solid Waste Authority executive director Matthew J. Hayes, earned salary and bonuses totaling $150,000 last year.

"If you're upset, you shouldn't have done it to start with," Nunn said.

And hoping to "re-interject personal responsibility," Nunn took the opportunity last month to upbraid a deadbeat father who appeared before County Council.

Marcus A. Stenson of Chester showed up Feb. 1 to complain about the county Department of Children and Youth Services after Stenson's son was found dead and mummified in a crib at the home of the infant's mother in November.

When Stenson said he would be back the next week, Nunn had a question: "Mr. Stenson, when you come here, will you bring the money you owe us?" He said Stenson owed $8,700 in child support for a daughter he had had with a second woman.

Nunn said later that he had inquired about Stenson's complaint days earlier, after Stenson sent notice of his impending appearance to the county, and that the child-support figure was a matter of public record.

"I don't want to stigmatize the children, but I don't mind stigmatizing the parents," said Nunn. "Parents, I'm fed up with."

Stenson is still seething about the incident. "I'm not ashamed about it," he said of the unpaid child support. "When (Nunn) tried to dish out what he did, it was a scapegoat attack," Stenson said. Ever since, "I've been looking for the skeletons in his closet."

\*

Nunn said he came by his views honestly. He is the son of ***working-class*** parents. He was 15, the oldest of four children living in an Indianapolis neighborhood called "Little Appalachia," when his father died of a brain tumor.

"I know what it's like to be poor. I know what it's like to be out of work. I know what it's like to watch a mother that has to work come home and take care of four children. And I know what it's like to live in a great country that has opportunities for those that want to go out and do it," he said.

But times have changed dramatically for the worse, he added.

"When I was a young person, it would not have occurred to me to make a girl pregnant because I would have understood that I was going to have to leave school, marry the girl and get a job.

"And I also knew that there would be a general shunning or thinking less of me by the larger community.

"I think that those reasons have been lifted from the backs of young people. We now excuse any kind of sexual conduct on the part of the young. We also (through various government programs) lift the burden largely of having to provide for children born out of wedlock.

"So what we've taken from young people is their right to act responsibly."

The answer?

"We don't have the right to legislate morality," said Nunn. "But I think we do have the right, when asked to pay for things, to ask for certain things in return."

What kind of things?

"I'll give you some . . . that'll no doubt get my house blown up."

For failing to support a child, a man should be sent to boot camp to be trained and educated "until such time as he can get a job to support that child," said Nunn.

A mother who asks for public support of children should be required to name the father and take parenting classes, he said. "And I think we have to think in society about the possibility of asking somebody that has had this happen and who is now asking us to support them whether or not we should not consider the use of something like Norplant" - a long-term contraceptive.

"These are philosophic questions that I'm just throwing out," said Nunn.

Nunn said he was not stone-hearted. "There are times . . . when there are people who genuinely need the help of government . . . but the definition of who needs government help has gotten far too wide, and it's far too easy to define yourself as a victim anymore.

"I mean, I'm not Attila the Hun."

Nunn's wife, Irene, is an artist; the couple have an 8-year-old daughter. He has lived in the Drexel Hill section of Upper Darby for 12 years.

Nunn said his heroes were Winston Churchill ("a man of great courage") and Margaret Thatcher ("she had tremendous guts, didn't she?"). But Nunn's most-lavish praise went to his own political sponsor, Upper Darby Republican boss John F. McNichol.

He described McNichol as "a tremendous political leader who you know loves Upper Darby and stays there and tries to keep Upper Darby that great little community that it is." He said McNichol was shy, religious, a "brilliant thinker," but much misunderstood.

McNichol, who is also Delaware County's data-processing director, said yesterday that he was "flattered." He described Nunn as "more than politically correct: He's morally correct."

Nunn said he was making no plans for a political future. Still, he said, "whatever comes up, I do. . . . I've never really thought, 'What's next?' and I hope I never do."

But a supporter, David Horowitz, said this week, "There's a mood in the country that will respond positively to somebody like Wally." Horowitz, of Los Angeles, is president of the conservative Center for the Study of Popular Culture, which publishes a magazine, Heterodoxy, to lambaste political correctness. Nunn serves on the organization's board of directors.

Democrat Merlino takes a different view. "I don't see him going very far," he said of Nunn. "He has such strong opinions, some of which are extreme, that he'll wind up being the lightning rod for opposition."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. A Republican colleague calls new Councilman Wallace H. Nunn an

ultraconservative; a Democrat calls him "the Zhirinovsky of Delaware

County." Nunn says his controversial proposals are meant simply to "re-

interject personal responsibility" into life. (For The Inquirer, JOAN

FAIRMAN KANES)

2. Boring" was Nunn's take on a council meeting. The Vietnam veteran is used

to more action: He headed Philadelphia's port authority and is now with Smith

Barney.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***DENIS LEARY GUNNING FOR THE TOP HE PACKS A LOT OF PISTOLS IN HIS FIRST FILM ROLES, BUT DON'T TYPECAST THE ACTOR. HE'S AIMING HIGHER: AT BEING MASTER OF HIS OWN HOLLYWOOD FATE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NWY0-01K4-939V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

March 14, 1994 Monday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. E05

**Length:** 1210 words

**Byline:** Steven Rea, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

Denis Leary, gun for hire.

Literally.

In attempting the career leap from cable TV personality and Nike pitchman to movie star, it was beginning to look as if this venom-fueled social observer - whose rat-a-tat tirades about dinosaur rockers and ubiquitous supermodels were featured in one-minute rants on MTV a couple of years ago - had been permanently typecast: a hot-headed heavy, waving a firearm in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

In Judgment Night, a forgettable 1993 nightmare-in-the-inner-city movie with Emilio Estevez as a suburbanite waylaid by druggies on the wrong side of town, Leary was a psycho gangleader with a reptilian sneer, delivering mild- mannered threats: "I'm going to ventilate your cranium."

In Gunmen, the Christopher Lambert-Mario Van Peebles urban action film that opened earlier this year, Leary played a deranged Celt with a gleefully deadly disposition.

And even his stint in a flat-out farce - National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1 - found Leary as a felon, albeit a lounge-singing one who belts the Kinks' "You Really Got Me."

So when the image of Leary clad in black, sporting some beatnik beard action, casually holding an automatic over a tied-up Judy Davis and Kevin Spacey began appearing in those ads for The Ref, it looked as though the 36- year-old's fate was sealed: Have gun, will travel.

"I guess it does look like that," Leary, clean-shaven and froggy-voiced, acknowledges. "But I don't think of it that way. At first, you have to make the movies that you're offered. To get started in this business, you need to just get on screen and establish yourself. And then once you get some control, you can start making choices."

And anyway, he adds, there was The Sandlot, last spring's kids' movie in which Leary went weaponless in the small role of a father trying to teach his son the ins and outs of baseball.

What's different about The Ref - despite the fact that Leary plays (1) a crook and (2) a crook with a gun and (3) a crook with a gun and a really foul mouth - is that it does represent a step up the Hollywood ladder for the Manhattan-based performer.

For one thing, Leary gets top billing in the picture, in which he plays a burglar who holds a belligerent, madly dysfunctional couple hostage on Christmas Eve. The Touchstone Pictures release opened Friday to mixed (including some heartily positive) reviews.

And for another, while Leary's title character is pretty much an extension of the angry persona he established on MTV, the actor was given the chance to collaborate closely with The Ref's screenwriters (The Fisher King's Richard LaGravenese and LaGravenese's sister-in-law, Marie Weiss) and the film's director, Ted Demme.

WORKING WITH A FRIEND

Demme, nephew of Jonathan, was the guy who shot Leary's MTV commentaries - scorching, satire-spiked diatribes in which Leary held forth on such subjects as the Bee Gees ("One down, three to go"), racism ("Racism isn't born, folks, it's taught. I have a two-year-old kid, and you know what he hates? NAPS! End of list") and Cindy Crawford (Leary envisioned a 24-hour all-Cindy network, in which the leggy supermodel would be featured "eating Eskimo pies naked on the roof of the Empire State Building").

"Working with Ted was one of the good things about making The Ref, one of the things that made it a different sort of experience for me," says Leary, who's holed up in a Park Avenue hotel during a couple of days' worth of back- to-back interviews. "The director this time is a good friend of mine. Somebody I trusted. And we had a blast."

Leary and Demme met in the early 1990s, a couple of years after Leary moved

from Boston (he's a Massachusetts boy, raised in Worcester and schooled at Emerson) to New York. The son of ***working-class*** Irish-Americans, Leary had been struggling in show business - acting, writing, taking unsuccessful stabs at stand-up ("my problem - I can't write jokes"), teaching workshops at his alma mater - as he held down a variety of day jobs, from pizza delivery boy to office temp.

PREMATURE BABY, HIT SHOW

On a trip to London, the first of Leary and his wife's two children was born prematurely. The couple couldn't fly home for five months. A friend suggested that Leary put together a one-man show for the annual Edinburgh International Arts Festival. He did. It won a grand prize. Thus was born No Cure for Cancer, which Leary took back to the States with him - and which ran for six months straight, to standing-room-only crowds and rave reviews, Off- Broadway in 1992.

The show, in which the blue-eyed Leary paced the stage like a crazed, caged animal, puffing away on his Marlboro 100s, spawned a book, an album and a 1993 Showtime special. (Some of his cigarette jokes: He wants a tracheotomy so he can smoke two cigarettes at once; he wants throat cancer so he can get a voice box, pull up to a McDonald's and have a synthesized argument with "the drive- through clown" inside.)

"Ted was doing Yo! MTV Raps," recalls Leary, "and I was doing No Cure for Cancer. He wanted to do something else at MTV. So he came up with the idea of trying to do some one-minute spots. Then he directed No Cure for Cancer for Showtime. Then this script, The Ref, came along. So it seemed like the perfect thing for us to collaborate on."

(In the wake of the MTV spots, Leary was signed on for those fast-talking Nike ads, featuring Bo Jackson, Deion Sanders and the tag line, "I think you hear me knockin' and I think I'm comin' in.")

PROJECTS IN THE WORKS

These days, Leary is preparing another film for Disney's Touchstone division: a script he wrote called Two If By Sea. The project's in development, and Leary hopes to nab a director (it won't be Demme - he's getting married) and a female co-star for a late spring shoot.

Leary's pitch: "It's about a guy and his long-term live-in girlfriend, and his inability to commit and her decision, ultimately, to say, 'Look, you need to make up your mind. We're in our 30s, it's time, and if you're not the guy, I need to meet somebody to have kids with. This is ridiculous, grow up.' "

Of course, the guy also happens to be a small-time thief, and the action takes place on "the worst day of his life," when he's being chased by the cops, hiding out and - in the middle of all this - issued an ultimatum by his girlfriend.

Leary, who marks the profane comic Richard Pryor high on the list of his influences, has another script in development. And he's been taking a ton of meetings out on the coast.

He's also been taking notes. You can be sure that his next one-man show will include more than a few scabrous insights about the agents, producers and hangers-on who populate Tinseltown.

But the performer - who, like a lot of people who make their living being funny, isn't particularly funny in conversation - has also been playing the game. His cynicism is tempered by his own ambitions.

"You've got to make hay while you can," he says, "and I'd like to get control for as long as I can to the point where I can be involved in all aspects of making a film. That way, you take responsibility for it and in the end if it was bad, it's your fault.

"But if it was good, it's good because I was able to put my all into it and be in control of almost every aspect of it, as opposed to just being a gun for hire."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Denis Leary is trying a segue from MTV commentator and Nike pitchman to

movie star. His latest role is in "The Ref." (For The Inquirer, CORI WELLS

BRAUN)

2. Denis Leary's big break was "No Cure for Cancer," a one-man show that

drew standing-room-only audiences.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Some cities looking more adult In San Francisco, Seattle, parents fear losing clout as the children's percentage of population falls***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:438C-HDR0-010F-K49R-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 13, 2001, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1642 words

**Byline:** John Ritter

**Dateline:** SAN FRANCISCO

**Body**

SAN FRANCISCO -- At Mission Dolores Park in the heart of this

city that celebrates tolerance, dog owners and parents are at

war. Parents complain that dogs run wild, intimidate their children

and foul the grass. Nonsense, dog owners say, we pick up the poop,

and our pets have as much right to public open space as kids.

The two sides can barely share a room. A meeting last fall degenerated

into screaming and name-calling. "It was really awful," says

Becky Ballinger, of the city Recreation and Park Department. "In

all my years working on community issues, this is by far the nastiest."

Dog issues fester in other cities, but there's a sense here that

dog owners have gained the upper hand because of a shrinking population

of children. Outnumbered and less organized, parents think politicians

favor the dog owners.

San Francisco has the smallest proportion of children under 18

of any major U.S. city -- 14.5%, down from 16.1% in 1990. Seattle

is a close second at 15.6%, down from 16.5%. San Francisco gained

53,000 residents in the 1990s and hit a record population of 776,733.

But its under-18 population shrank by more than 4,000. Seattle

added nearly 3,000 kids, but their share fell as the city grew

by 47,000.

The West Coast's two adult cities are a class alone: Only five

other cities among the top 25 had declining child percentages,

according to Census 2000 data, and the decline was small in each.

Overall, the nation's under-18 population rose slightly to 25.7%

of the total.

But urban experts say a few other big cities share the child-resistant

characteristics of San Francisco and Seattle, although not to

the same degree. Prominent among them: Boston (19.8% under 18),

Honolulu (19.2%), Portland, Ore. (21.1%), Washington, D.C. (20.1%),

Miami (21.7%), Raleigh, N.C. (20.9%), Austin, Texas (22.5%) and

Denver (22%).

"We're having a revival of cities, just not as places with lots

of young children," says Joel Kotkin, author of *The New Geography:*

*How the Digital Revolution is Reshaping the American Landscape*.

"It's a revival for singles, childless couples, divorced people,

gay people. And it's happening in a lot of places where you would

never expect it -- pockets of it in Charlotte, pockets of it in

Houston."

Squeezing out kids

The turf battle here over parks is only one manifestation of the

drop-off in kids, child advocates say. Public schools struggle

under declining enrollments. Budgets for child services feel pressure.

Families, the foundation of most communities, become a smaller

minority. Neighborhoods lose their identities. Singles, childless

couples and seniors predominate, changing the city's character

in subtle ways.

"It's a potentially very scary phenomenon," says Margaret Brodkin,

executive director of Coleman Advocates for Children and Youth,

a local non-profit group. "Children are 100% of the future, 100%

of the people who will be native San Franciscans, who will carry

on a whole history of what San Francisco is and an understanding

of the city and a commitment to the city."

The same forces are squeezing children out of San Francisco and

Seattle: steep housing costs, gentrification of ***working-class***

neighborhoods and underperforming schools. Booming information

economies poured new wealth into both urban areas and drew singles

and couples in their 20s and early 30s. But the affluence fed

hotly competitive housing markets that drove up prices and worked

against families.

San Francisco, in particular, is a dense city with not much space

for building. New affordable housing has not kept pace with losses

to gentrification. Since Gold Rush days, the city has been a magnet

for the young and upwardly mobile, dot-commers being only the

latest wave. "That's been part of our history -- they come here,

try their stake and then move on," says Deborah Alvarez-Rodriguez,

director of the city's Department of Children, Youth and Their

Families.

Seattle is similar. "There's not something in the water that

dries up the eggs and sperm," says Pepper Schwartz, a sociology

professor at the University of Washington. "It's incredibly expensive

here."

White flight to the suburbs after court-ordered busing in 1978

hastened Seattle's drop in children, still evident in declining

public-school enrollment. "It's a truism that when the prosperity

of a community goes up, the size of families goes down," schools

Superintendent Joseph Olchefske says.

Both cities, trendy and liberal, have sizable gay -- and childless

-- minorities. San Francisco and Seattle rank No. 1 and 2 in percentage

of childless households. Among California counties, San Francisco

has the smallest share of households with married parents with

kids, 12.2%. Seattle has 13%.

Other factors are at play, too. Asian-American populations grew

substantially in both cities, while Hispanic growth was slower.

Asians have low fertility rates; Hispanics tend to have larger

families. Asians are now 36% of San Francisco's youth, compared

with 22% Hispanic. Seattle's youth are 15% Asian, 9% Hispanic.

Hispanics spur growth

Los Angeles, by contrast, is almost half Hispanic -- 47% -- and

its child population rose in the 1990s to 26.6%, above the national

average.

That was true in all but one of the 10 largest cities as Hispanics

fueled increases in the under-18 component. In several cities

with burgeoning Hispanic growth, children are more than 30% of

the population. Those cities include El Paso and Fresno, Bakersfield,

Riverside and Santa Ana, Calif.

The percentage of children dropped in many cities simply because

baby boomers aged. By now, even the early boomers' kids are adults.

In 1960, 35.8% of the population was under 18. By 2000, that figure

had fallen to 25.7%.

But experts aren't sure that has been a bad thing. "I can't say

this is a tragedy," says Andrew Cherlin, a Johns Hopkins University

sociology professor. "If families are moving to the suburbs where

the schools might be better, it's hard to see it as a big social

problem."

Kids bring energy and change to a city, child advocates contend.

But so do young adults. "I think the vitality is strongest where

you have the most people in their 20s," says Dowell Myers, a

University of Southern California demography professor. "They're

young, they're adventurous, they're energetic, they have jobs,

they spend money on new things, innovative things."

Hip, urban, well-off young singles and couples clearly set a tone

in San Francisco and Seattle. But despite the under-18 slump,

both cities kept strong commitments to their children.

Seattle launched a "Kids Place" initiative in 1985, and voters

twice approved tax levies providing $ 10 million a year for teen

health centers, family support counselors, before- and after-school

programs and preschool aid. Last year, based on indicators such

as education, crime, economics and health, Zero Population Growth

named Seattle America's most kid-friendly city.

In 1991, voters approved an amendment making San Francisco the

first city to set aside part of its budget for children's programs.

The measure passed again last November with 74% of the vote and

raised the annual amount 20%. This year, children's programs are

assured of $ 23 million, including more than $ 9 million for one

of the country's broadest child-care initiatives.

San Francisco's troubled school system remains a deterrent to

keeping families in the city or attracting new ones. Teacher pay

is less than in most other districts in the region, resulting

in high turnover, a high vacancy rate and many teachers without

full credentials. "This is a very broken school system," Superintendent

Arlene Ackerman says.

San Francisco is California's only metropolitan school district

with declining enrollment, which means less aid under the state's

formula. The school board looks for new cuts year after year.

"We have to make really hard choices. For instance, do we maintain

neighborhood schools or close them?" says Cathy Vogel, the district's

chief financial officer.

The dogs vs. parents imbroglio is more evidence that kids need

a higher political profile, child advocates say. Parents want

the city to enforce a leash law and confine unleashed dogs to

enclosed "runs" in each park. But with only nine animal control

officers, enforcement is spotty, Ballinger says.

Mary Beth Pudup says opposition from dog owners forced the city

to shelve plans for a $ 950,000 playground at Mission Dolores Park.

"There are fewer children and people consider their dogs as equivalent

to children," says Pudup, who takes her 6-year-old and 2-month-old

to the park. "They're offended if maybe you suggest they're not

the same. It's like we have a dog park that we let people use."

Dog owners say their pets don't bother kids because most children

stay in the playground, a sandy area surrounded by a sidewalk.

And they say leash laws and runs don't permit enough exercise.

"I pay taxes. I have a right to use this park. I have a right

to let my dog use this park," says Hollis Phillips, who brings

her dog, Cooper, to the park several times a week. "This park

is big enough for everyone."

San Franciscans pride themselves on living in a diverse community

but forget that age diversity is crucial, says Brodkin of Coleman

Advocates. "It's not something that the city has thought a lot

about, what it means to not have any kids around," she says.

\*\*\*

Contributing: Patrick McMahon in Seattle and Paul Overberg in

Washington, D.C.

Percentage of those younger than 18 in most-populous cities

19902000

San Francisco16.1%14.5%

Seattle16.5%15.6%

Boston19.1%19.8%

Washington19.3%20.1%

Denver22.0%22.0%

Nashville 22.9%22.2%

Austin, Texas 23.1%22.5%

San Diego23.1%24.0%

Columbus, Ohio23.7%24.2%

New York23.0% 24.2%

Baltimore24.4%24.8%

Philadelphia23.9%25.3%

Indianapolis25.6%25.7%

Chicago26.0%26.2%

San Jose, Calif.26.7%26.4%

Dallas25.0%26.6%

Los Angeles24.8%26.6%

Jacksonville, Fla.26.1%26.7%

Houston 26.7%27.5%

Memphis26.9%27.9%

San Antonio 29.0%28.5%

Milwaukee27.4%28.6%

Phoenix 27.2%28.9%

El Paso31.9%31.0%

Detroit 29.4%31.1%

USA25.6%25.7%

Source: Census Bureau

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Jack Gruber, USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Martin Klimek, USA TODAY; Dogs have their day in park: Curt Grisham of San Francisco takes Chico, center, to Mission Dolores Park to play with other dogs. Families want their share of turf: Children and adults enjoy the playground at Mission Dolores Park.

**Load-Date:** June 13, 2001

**End of Document**



[***PEDALING A 'CENTURY' TO GET TO SAG HARBOR FOR DINNER / THE CHALLENGE WAS TO CYCLE THE LENGTH OF LONG ISLAND.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DH00-01K4-901J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JULY 19, 1998 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES TRAVEL; Pg. T01

**Length:** 1406 words

**Byline:** Steven Rea, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** ON LONG, LONG ISLAND

**Body**

It's dawn on 23d Street in Manhattan (don't worry, we'll get to that dateline soon enough). A clutch of Friday night revelers stands outside La Nouvelle Justine, the S&M cafe (its motto: "If you have reservations, stay home") adjacent to the Chelsea Savoy Hotel, blinking in the nascent Saturday sun.

I roll my bicycle through the hotel's lobby, saddlebag packed with Hagstrom maps of Queens, Nassau County, and Western and Eastern Suffolk Counties. After a quick bagel and coffee at the deli across the street (the Krispy Kreme Donuts isn't open yet), it's on the bike, riding mostly empty avenues toward the Queensboro Bridge. It's 5:50 a.m., and the destination on this hot and humid summer day - soon to get a whole lot hotter and more humid - is Sag Harbor, the old whaling village and Hamptons adjunct nestled in Little Peconic Bay on the south fork of eastern Long Island.

According to the Web route planner Maps On Us ([*www.mapsonus.com*](http://www.mapsonus.com)), it's a 103-mile drive from the epicenter of New York City to Main Street in Sag, via Route 25A, to Greenport on the north fork, then over to Shelter Island by ferry and onto another ferry and the final few miles of the trip. It's a longer haul than taking Route 27 straight to the south fork, but it's also a less trafficked one. And when you're riding a self-propelled two-wheeler, the less traffic the better.

Compelled by a mix of Sir Edmund Hillary-ism (you know, because it's there), cycle-obsessiveness and the determination to log my first "century" (100 miles in one day), I am indeed self-propelling a two-wheeler. Call me nuts, call me Ishmael, call me late for dinner . . . Long Island, here I come!

The surface of the bike/pedestrian lane of the Queensboro Bridge, a.k.a. the 59th Street Bridge, is metal grid: look down and you can see the East River's churning current. Midway across the span, I stop to take in the dramatic view of Manhattan, the ritzy townhouses of Sutton Place, and the Citicorp scraper gleaming in the first rays of sun. On the Queens side of the bridge, it's dark again: you're under an el and channeled into the flow of cars and cabs, which, thankfully, isn't too intense at this early hour. But there's a road crew tearing up the first stretch of Northern Boulevard, with those concrete cattle chutes and giant steel plates making the ride a little tricky.

After a few blocks it's over, and I'm sailing through Dutch Kills into Jackson Heights - a section of Queens that is ***working class***, a mix of Hispanic, Asian and Indian communities, with used car dealers and take-out eateries, a Cuban restaurant here, a Korean church there. Northern Boulevard is the start of 25A - the road I'll be on, or paralleling, most of the day - and it snakes along Flushing Meadows, past Shea Stadium, out into the farther reaches of Queens: Auburndale, Douglaston, with its big downhill approach to Alley Pond Park, and a view of Little Neck Bay. By 8:15 a.m., I'm officially out of the city, in Great Neck, Nassau County. I pull into Manhasset Valley Park, sit by Whitney Pond, drink some water, eat an apple, and break out the map.

Manhasset is an upscale suburb, a fact easily discerned by the sudden change in retailscape: Gone are the strip malls and fast fooderies, and looming large on the right is the Americana Mall, a magnet of high-end consumerism whose shops include Prada, Mondi, Abercrombie & Fitch, Burberrys and Williams-Sonoma. I already feel too dirty, too sweaty to drop into this place (and anyway, no room for a Giorgio Armani suit in my saddlebag), so I continue on. A flashing temperature/time sign affixed to a bank says it's 85 degrees. As for the humidity, I'm beginning to feel like I'm biking through the middle of a cloud.

Sometime after the Rosyln Viaduct, the manicured green of country clubs and college campuses begin to dominate: there's the New York Institute of Technology and C.W. Post, Muttontown Golf and Country Club. Hereabouts, Northern Boulevard turns into North Hempstead Turnpike, and I turn off for smaller roads, winding through Muttontown and Syosset and streets of pleasant suburbia, with yard sale signs posted on trees and kids playing Little League.

I'm on Pulaski Road now, it's noonish, and I'm in Suffolk County - New York State's largest (a fact borne out by Hagstrom's need for two county maps). Around Huntington I get a craving for an Egg McMuffin, ask a cop where the nearest McD's is and get sent on a 2-mile detour to the Jericho Turnpike (a.k.a. Route 25) for a fix of muffin, meat and egg. Then it's back up New York Avenue to Pulaski, which parallels the Long Island Railroad's Port Jefferson line. In towns like Kings Park, the shops are clustered around the commuter train stations.

The heat and mugginess are killing, and in Smithtown I stop at a 7-Eleven, load up on liquids, fruit and Snickers, and sit beneath a big tree by the parking lot.

Main Street leads into North Country Road. I stop again under another big tree - this one planted on the grounds of the Museums at Stony Brook, a complex of colonial buildings housing a duck decoy collection, 19th-century American art, and 250 historic horse-drawn carriages, a mode of transport that sounds pretty tempting to me right now.

Back on the bike and around a bend away from the village of Stony Brook, just past the New York State University campus, I turn onto the charmingly monikered Lower Sheep Pasture Road, on which, alas, I spy nary a single sheep, lamb nor ewe. But something is beginning to happen (in addition to my mounting fatigue): fewer houses, more land, even some fields, orchards and a couple of modest roadside fruit and veggie stands. It's taken a good eight hours, but urbia and suburbia are finally giving way to something that looks, well, vaguely rural.

At Port Jefferson - which a mile or so in from the harbor is a pretty bleak town - I get back onto 25A for a 10-to-15 mile stretch of smooth-paved shoulder but darn dull terrain.

Traffic gets heavy around Mattituck, site this weekend of the annual Strawberry Festival - a fairground full of Ferris wheels, amusement park rides, hoedowns and whatnot. I turn north a bit onto Middle Road (State Road 48), which is a few miles out of the way but a lot easier to deal with than Route 25, the north fork's main artery, whooshing with speeding convertibles, trucks and SAVs (Suburban Assault Vehicles).

Somewhere east of Mattituck the air coming in off the Sound is cooler. I pass an old farm with a sign advertising fertilized geese eggs, and another sign offering geese for rent. I think of where I was at sunup, surrounded by glass and steel spires, the noise of garbage trucks collecting dumpsters full of trash, a hooker wobbling up 34th Street.

It's about 30 miles from Wildwood State Park to the ferry at Greenport Harbor, and it was a long, long 30-mile ride. There is, after all, something to be said for the automobile, but there's something too to be said for a vehicle that takes you along between 10 m.p.h. and 20 m.p.h., requires no fossil fuels, emits no pollutants, and gives you a very real sense of the land that you're passing through.

They charge $3 for a bike on the Shelter Island ferry. You wheel it on, watch the gulls over the water and the tourists in their cars, and then you're on Chequit Point at the north end of the island, facing a 3-mile ride down Route 114 to the south ferry to North Haven. Then it's another 3 miles to Sag Harbor, where, on Main Street - a bustling block or two of antique dealers, sushi bars, boutiques, a movie house and an old five-and-dime - the traffic cop tells me I have to get off my bike and walk through town.

I'm tempted to toss him a disdainful laugh and say, "Hey pal, this morning I was jockeying with cabs on Third Avenue and navigating jack-hammer crews in Queensbridge, and you're telling me I can't ride through your quaint little village with its Range Rover traffic jam and cell phone-toting pedestrians? Gimme a break!"

I'm tempted to say this, but, in truth, at 6:50 p.m. I don't have the energy. With 13 hours and 120-odd miles (wrong turns and detours added to the mileage) under my belt - a belt I've had to cinch a couple of holes tighter thanks to all the calories burned and sweat dripped - I get off the bike. I push it feebly through town.

A couple of minutes later I arrive at my destination, greeted by family and a wonderful dinner which I manage - if I remember correctly - to remain entirely conscious for.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Steven Rea begins his 13-hour, 120-mile trip at Seventh Avenue and 23d Street. (For The Inquirer, CONNIE REA)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***SHAZAM. HE'S A STAR BRITISH ACTOR DAVID THEWLIS SHOT INTO VIEW WITH THE FILM "NAKED." TO MEET HIM CLOSE IS TO APPRECIATE THE VIRTUOSITY OF WHAT HE ACHIEVED ON THE SCREEN.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NW60-01K4-911T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

February 22, 1994 Tuesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1278 words

**Byline:** Desmond Ryan, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Body**

It began with an argument between two loud guys on a North London street and quickly escalated from curses and insults to flying fists and kicking feet. Cars stopped. People in nearby houses opened their windows to watch. Someone called the police.

When the cops from nearby Maryleborne police station moved in with truncheons to break it up, a short, stocky man raced across the road to explain that this was only a movie he was directing and the combatants were his actors.

One of the bobbies looked around, then triumphantly demanded, "Oh really, sir? Then where are the cameras?"

London crime being what it is these days, the constables could be forgiven for not believing Mike Leigh, whose movies have won a slew of awards at film festivals around the world.

"They just didn't (understand) that we were rehearsing and the cameras weren't necessary," recalled David Thewlis, star of Leigh's Naked. "We had to all go back to the rehearsal room and show them the credentials and permits to straighten it out."

The bobbies can also be forgiven for thinking that the fight between Thewlis, as Johnny, a sadistic drifter, and Ewen Bremner, as Archie, a violent Scotsman, was the real thing. Leigh, who begins his improvisational rehearsals months before cameras roll, does not want his actors to play a part. He expects them to become the part.

Thewlis, a gangly 30-year-old from the ***working-class*** resort of Blackpool in the economically depressed north of England, took to this almost symbiotic process like a natural. The volcanic portrait of alienation he drew from his own anger and the imagined sources of rage in Johnny yielded a stunning performance that won him last year's actor award at Cannes (Leigh also won as best director) and critical superlatives everywhere that Naked has played. His lack of an Oscar nomination early this month may simply be the result of two better-known English stars - Anthony Hopkins (The Remains of he Day) and Daniel Day-Lewis (In the Name of the Father) - crowding him off the list.

On a recent visit to Philadelphia to talk about Naked, now playing at the Ritz at the Bourse, Thewlis presented such a stark contrast to Johnny that one could fully appreciate the virtuosity of what he had achieved on screen.

He looks pretty much like what you'd expect of a fellow who was lead guitarist of a Manchester rock band just 10 years ago. He is both bewildered and gently amused by the hype of promoting a movie and finds himself staying in luxury hotel suites far bigger than his apartment back in Soho, London's red-light and nightclub district. When he started having to make the rounds of awards shows and banquets, Thewlis had to rent a tux.

Sitting in a Center City restaurant, Thewlis made it clear that he was taking it all with a chunk of salt. The endless dinners in posh restaurants here and in Europe make up for the truly rotten food on the set of Naked, which was shot in six weeks on the mean streets of London that tourists never see. Leigh works on a shoestring and there's little money for luxuries such as food; the cast and crew took to eating in a Middle Eastern restaurant to avoid Leigh's caterer.

But for the challenge of working with Leigh, said Thewlis, eating shish kebab for breakfast is a small price to pay.

Leigh, whose biggest successes here have been High Hopes and Life Is Sweet, has developed a method that major studio executives would consider madness. He starts out with a general narrative framework. In Naked it hinges on Johnny's journey from Manchester to London in a stolen car. There he looks up an old girlfriend, beds her roommate and wanders the streets, encountering various strangers who are as emotionally dislocated as he is. "It's easily the darkest, bleakest thing Mike's ever done," suggested Thewlis.

When he auditions actors for such vaguely defined roles, Leigh is not one for resumes or readings.

"I didn't know what he was looking for when he told me about this," said Thewlis. "When he sits you down, I suppose he's looking for someone who's going to talk about the right things and is able to describe what they consider important. I spoke in great detail about how I grew up and that's what he seemed to be looking for. (It's) the same process you're going to use to build up your fictional character."

Over the months, Thewlis drew on his memories of childhood friends to compile an exhaustively detailed picture of who Johnny was.

"If you asked me when he lost his virginity, when he smoked his first cigarette, what he got for Christmas 20 years ago, I could tell you. It's basic things like what his dad did for a living right down to the littlest things.

"All through this, Mike and I were also discussing behavior as well as background," he added. "We take what we know about him as the basic inspiration."

Once on the set, Leigh knows precisely what he wants and has a firm structure for each scene - even though there is no written script. It may seem a laborious, even artistically perilous, way of creating a movie - one that courts disaster and incoherence. But Leigh makes it work, and his defiantly maverick stance yields characters of such depth that you feel you've known them for years. The level of realism is what makes a charismatic jerk like Johnny such a frightening presence on screen.

A good instance of how this works comes during a scene in which Johnny talks to his ex-girlfriend Louise in her bathroom. In a traditionally conceived film, this would be the moment for a bit of exposition, or what screenwriters call back-story. But in Naked it's a sequence of raw pain and tangled feelings that has a devastating impact.

"That's because we spent three weeks on what their relationship had been like in Manchester," Thewlis pointed out. "We did long improvisations on how they had first met, where they made love for the first time, everything they would know about each other."

The fuel that propels Naked is Johnny's highly articulate rage. He is a paradox of a man - well-read in many fields, but disdainful of finding a job that could use his considerable intellect and offer him material comfort. He tends to direct his anger at women and those not literate enough in fields such as psychology and religion to answer him back with confidence. When there's any prospect of real connection with another human being, Johnny runs for the nearest exit.

To prepare for the part, Thewlis dressed as Johnny and hung out in the blighted areas of London where the homeless, the squatters and those barely eking out an existence congregate.

"There's a lot of what makes me angry going on through Johnny," said Thewlis, who is married to actress Sarah Sugarman.

"I got a few things off my chest about the haves and the have-nots with this film. His anger comes from my feelings, and from my exploration of what happened to him in his childhood and the abuse he suffered."

Johnny's tirades against the world and its sins have carried Thewlis from small roles to the big time. He is considering several offers, but we can next expect him as a gay pimp in Prime Suspect on PBS's Mystery series in April, and this summer, as a tubercular cabdriver in Hollywood's remake of Black Beauty.

Johnny would doubtless sneer and call his alter ego a sellout. But Thewlis regards his suddenly flourishing career as heady progress for a guy who got into acting so he could be a musician.

"When I was in technical college, I was in a band. Of course, everybody was in a band back then," he recalled. "(When) two of the chaps in our band decided they wanted to go to Guildhall Drama School, I went along, too,

because, I didn't want the band to break up.

"I ended up in acting just because of that."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. David Thewlis plays a sadistic drifter in "Naked," a dark British film

about alienation. His portrayal won an award at the Cannes film fete.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THE SOLUTION IS LESS GOVERNMENT SPENDING, NOT MORE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-PY90-0094-506D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

FEBRUARY 15, 1994, TUESDAY,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 1387 words

**Byline:** THOMAS A. PORTANTE O'HARA

**Body**

I take great exception to Stephanie Mencimer's conclusions about using government funding for abortion to help poor women avoid having children (''Welfare: Pay Now or Pay Later,'' Forum, Jan. 23).

I am personally opposed to abortion on moral grounds but, this being America, I believe that the forces of government and other outside pressure groups should not dictate their moral or philosophical standards to the individual. I also think that if a woman elects to abort her child, she should pay for this herself.

The premise of Ms. Mencimer's article is that poor women don't have the ability to avoid pregnancy and therefore need the government to bail them out when they do become pregnant. This implies that these women are incapable of protecting themselves from pregnancy in the first place. With the avalanche of public information about the avoidance of unwanted pregnancy, it is inconceivable that so many women can't protect themselves.

The only logical conclusion is that these women don't want to avoid becoming pregnant. Ms. Mencimer notes that many women can't afford birth control. This is ludicrous. A condom costs less than a dollar -- and is usually bought by the man anyway.

The problem here is that Ms. Mencimer thinks that the cost of either the abortion or the resulting child should be paid by the government. Stating the problem in such a way, however, gives us a clue to its solution: When we take away the financial cushion of both government-funded abortion and government support for the resulting child, these women will find some other solution for their problem.

PRAISE FOR PECORA …

I have to respond to your article ''Pecora Weighs 2 Options to Boost Career'' (Jan. 14).

State Sen. Frank Pecora served Penn Hills and surrounding communities with integrity and honor. Now that he is at the crossroads of his political career and may want to continue serving, he is being criticized -- not because of his voting record, which well represents the views of the ***working class***, but because of his party affiliation.

Whatever his endeavors, Sen. Pecora will always be held in the highest esteem by his constituents and all who know him.

… AND FOR SINGEL

Lt. Gov. Mark Singel's candidacy for governor should be heartening to all Democrats of Western Pennsylvania -- especially baby boomers.

A native of nearby Johnstown, Singel is familiar with the hard-scrabble economic and social environs that plague Western Pennsylvania. And 1992 was not so much the ''Year of the Democrat'' or the ''Year of the Woman'' as it was the ''Year of the Boomer.''

Singel himself, with a half year's experience as acting governor under his belt, may well be the favorite to become Pennsylvania's quintessential baby boomer -- our next governor. ASSOCIATION SPRINGDALE

RACHEL'S LEGACY

I was heartened to read your Feb. 1 editorial ''Classroom Pest.'' Rachel Carson, who was born and raised in Springdale, eloquently warned of the health and environmental hazards of pesticides in her 1962 best seller ''Silent Spring.''

In addition to preserving Rachel Carson's birthplace, the Rachel Carson Homestead Association educates the public about the effects of pesticides on health and the environment and about alternatives to their use in the home, garden and our schools.

In April 1993, the RCHA presented an all-day symposium on Integrated Pest Management in schools. We held this conference in 1993 because we thought the Pesticide Notification Act would be introduced in the state Legislature at that time. What is taking it so long?

Even if we don't care about our own health, we can't ignore our responsibility to the health of our children. Their immature organ and immune systems are much more susceptible to harm from toxins than those of adults. House Bill 988 is an important step in the right direction, and I applaud you for giving this issue prominent exposure.

PRAISING PARK

I want to write to give the Park Corp. the credit it deserves.

People need to realize that Park is in the business of renovating vacant industrial buildings and leasing space. Today, it has more than 10 million square feet of space around the country. Five thousand jobs have been created as a result its renovations. It is also in the business of buying financially distressed or bankrupt companies and turning them around -- such as the former Mesta Machine facility in West Homestead, which now employs some 450 people.

This brings us to the purchase of the former USS Homestead Steel Works. Over the past five years, Park has demolished more than 9 million square feet of usable buildings, selling machinery, removing asbestos, taking down bridges and rehabilitating buildings -- transforming what was once the largest steel mill in the world. Completing what some people say is the ''largest demolition job ever'' has not been easy. Park should take credit for doing this with private money.

From a planning perspective, Park has been working diligently on access. Construction on a new bridge serving the east end of the site will start in June 1994 and the engineering for a new ramp off the Homestead High Level Bridge will also begin soon. A third access road in the center of the site is being planned as well. These access improvements are critical for the future of this site.

From a historical perspective, Park has committed to keeping the pump house and water-tower structures where the famous Homestead Strike of 1892 occurred. It has also been holding the Carrie blast furnaces for five years and has assumed all the risk during that time. It has donated the 48-inch mill in its entirety, along with miscellaneous equipment throughout the site, allowing access to records so that many historical groups who are interested in preservation could document what was there.

Today, there are several goals the company is concentrating on. Preparing and beautifying the site for future customers is a priority. It is very difficult to sell something unattractive. Also, Park must continue to focus on funding for access roads and utilities with the state and county.

As someone who has worked closely with the Park Corp. on its development of this property, I can say with confidence that the people of Allegheny County should be happy with its work.

PRAISING PARK, PART II

In regard to your Feb. 4 editorial ''Parking a Project'':

As a born-and-raised Pittsburgher, I know full well the historic significance the steel industry had in molding our region's character, and I support the need to commemorate this heritage in some manner. However, I object to the Steel Industry Heritage Corp.'s desire to dictate what should be done with the ''Big Shop.'' The ''Big Shop'' has no true historical significance.

Furthermore, I believe the Post-Gazette is doing its readers a disservice by not fully presenting Park's side of the story and acknowledging its efforts to redevelop the former USS Homestead Steel Works site. This will create jobs and opportunities in the six municipalities in which the property is located.

As a professional who works with companies interested in expansion and as an active member of business and real-estate organizations promoting quality growth and development, I've come to realize one very basic principle: In order for southwestern Pennsylvania to become globally competitive, we must adopt a business friendly, service-oriented philosophy.

AND PANNING PARK

In response to your article ''Protesters Halt Demolition of USX's 'Big Shop' '' (Jan. 27):

People in the towns around here have spent the last few years trying to get the Park Corp. to sell a few of the buildings of the former USS Homestead Steel Works to the Steel Industry Heritage Corp. so that we can have a place to teach our grandkids about how steel was made.

All 180 members of our organization worked at the Homestead Works. Some of us have more than 40 years of service. Many of our parents and grandparents were steelworkers here, too. We worked in the 48-inch mill, the last steam- driven mill in the United States. The Steel Industry Heritage Corp. asked us to help it salvage that mill -- and it was saved; now it's in storage, waiting to be reassembled. Park has known all along that we want to use the ''Big Shop'' to display the 48-inch mill. So why did it try to tear it down?

We are for keeping our heritage alive. If we don't do it, who will?

**Notes**

The writer is a member of the 48-inch Mill Reunion Committee

**Graphic**

PHOTO, The Amity Street gate of the USS Homestead Steel Works, circa 1957

**Load-Date:** September 15, 1994

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[***DRIVEN BY RAGE FROM PRISON TO PRINT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NW00-01K4-909M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

February 16, 1994 Wednesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. E01

**Length:** 1344 words

**Byline:** Kevin L. Carter, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

If you really want to get writer Nathan McCall angry, mention the crime bills legislators are trying to pass in the nation's capital these days.

Crime is on the minds of many here, including President Clinton, members of the Senate and House, and those who work and live in the District of Columbia, where the per-capita murder rate is the highest in the country.

McCall agrees that it's time to discuss the growing problem of crime, which disproportionately affects African Americans, who are the vast majority of the city's population. It's the approach society takes that makes him wanna holler.

"America's response to what is happening in the streets with young black men killing each other is 'Lock them up and throw away the . . . key and forget about them.' Man, when I hear that, it makes my flesh crawl.

"It makes me feel like I am losing years of my life. The anger churning inside me may eat me alive, man. . . . But that's America. That is very, very characteristic of the approach they take in dealing with us."

McCall speaks from experience. The 39-year-old father of three is a reporter for the Washington Post, where he last covered the District of Columbia corrections system.

He is also a convicted felon. For three years he was in the custody of the Commonwealth of Virginia, serving a 12-year sentence for an armed robbery he committed as a 20-year-old in Portsmouth, Va.

Furious, plain-spoken and blessed with an ironic sense of humor, McCall recounts the spiritual and intellectual rebirth he underwent while incarcerated in the just-published memoir Makes Me Wanna Holler: A Young Black Man in America (Random House). He will give a reading from his book at 2 p.m. Sunday at the Community Education Center in West Philadelphia as part of the 10th Annual Celebration of Black Writing.

"I am driven by my anger," says McCall, a wiry man whose dark eyes burn with intensity, even when their owner laughs, which is often. "The difference is that now, it's focused anger. I know how to direct it now."

Stories such as Makes Me Wanna Holler are not new. But McCall's is nonetheless well-told, a narrative that chronicles, in hard-hitting language, the desperation, alienation and pain McCall felt growing up in his ***working***- ***class*** black neighborhood in the Tidewater area during the '60s and '70s.

He came from a strong, two-parent family that preached the value of hard work. But the man who had made the dean's list during his freshman year at

college ended up running the streets with a gang, dealing drugs, pulling small heists that progressively got bigger and bum-rushing white boys on the other side of the tracks.

We all took off after him. We caught him on Cavalier Boulevard and knocked him off the bike. He fell to the ground, and it was all over. . . . My stick partners kicked him in the head and face and watched the blood gush from his mouth. . . . With each blow delivered, I gritted my teeth as I remembered some racial slight. . . . F-ing up white boys like that made us feel good inside.

McCall takes the reader through incidents such as that, which formed his young world-view. He lived in a place where men could not afford to show their feelings and where women were objects to be brutally toyed with.

"The life" caught up with McCall when he was caught holding the gun after an ill-conceived robbery and he was sentenced to prison.

Miraculously, it was in jail, where the code of the streets was law, that McCall began to find himself. He delved into Christianity, then Islam. He began to read books such as Native Son and Manchild in the Promised Land and The Autobiography of Malcolm X, and the work of contemporary philosophers. And he began to change his outlook on life.

"(The books) made me think about things I never thought about before," McCall said. "A lot of the philosophy I read helped me learn how to think as opposed to what to think."

After his parole, McCall won a scholarship and returned to Norfolk State University, a historically black institution near his home town. He received a degree in journalism, then landed reporting jobs at the Virginian-Pilot and Ledger-Star in Norfolk, the Atlanta Journal and Constitution and, in 1989, the Washington Post. It was not until the 1980s, in Atlanta, that McCall met a white man he could honestly call a friend.

I asked him tough questions about whites. He asked me tough questions about blacks. I respected his sincerity - so much that I even confided to him that I'd been to prison. I hadn't told anyone else about my prison past, not even other blacks. . . .

After a long period of silence, Danny came at me with another question. "You're pretty angry inside, aren't you, Nate? . . .

"Naw, Danny Boy, I'm not angry. I'm . . . furious.

Danny frowned. "God, Nate, you think about race all the time. Give it a rest, man. It ain't healthy."

I told Danny I didn't have a choice. . . . I can't get past race, because white folks won't let me get past it. . . . I stay so mad all the time because I am forced to spend so much time and energy reacting to race. I hate it. It wearies me. But there's no escape, man, no escape."

McCall took a two-year leave from the Post to complete Makes Me Wanna Holler, a project he began in 1991 when an autobiographical commentary piece he wrote got overwhelming response from the paper's readers. Director John Singleton (Boyz N the Hood) has optioned the book for a possible film.

McCall writes honestly about his feelings. He's not afraid to tell the reader about times when he was scared, when he cried and when he felt remorse about things he did.

"One of my goals in writing this book was to be brutally honest, and to do something that black men don't often do, which is to really, really talk about my feelings, my fears. We often don't want to do that. And because we don't do that, I think it feeds into stereotypes about us being hard, cold-blooded, devoid of feelings.

"That's just not true. Black men are probably more sensitive than most people. We're strong, but we're very fragile. . . . People don't understand that we do some of the crazy things we do because we are hurting so bad inside."

That pain, caused by generations of self-loathing, is one reason that black men are murdering one another so readily, McCall believes. It shows that the self-hatred among the younger generation may be more of a problem than the racism that helped spawn it.

Still, McCall has a lot of admiration for today's young black men.

"People talk about how bad this generation is, but I admire the spirit of the young folks," he said. "They are not afraid of the white man or anyone else. And I think this is the posture blacks in this country need to take. When we're afraid, and think we have something to lose, we don't get anything done. . . .

"The other thing I like about them is that they haven't bought into the values of my parents' generation, the notion that you have to work twice as hard to get half as much. This generation is even less inclined than mine to even think about trying to join the establishment."

For their own sanity if nothing else, African Americans need to rethink the assimilationist ethic and to do for themselves economically, McCall said.

"We should do what the immigrants who come to this country have done. They don't waste a hell of a lot of time trying to fit into the mainstream. Many of the Koreans who come here, for instance, have master's and advanced degrees. But they didn't bother trying to fit into corporate America."

"Our orientation has always been a bit different, and that's understandable. We go to the best colleges and universities in the country, and acquire all this knowledge and all the skills, and we're using it to benefit somebody who is oppressing us. It doesn't get any crazier than that. It's insane."

IF YOU GO

\* Nathan McCall will give a one-hour reading from Makes Me Wanna Holler at 2 p.m. Sunday at the Community Education Center, 3500 Lancaster Ave. The event, held in conjunction with the 10th Annual Celebration of Black Writing, is free but registration is required. Information: 215-735-9598.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Nathan McCall, reporter, ex-convict and author, will read from his book

Sunday in Philadelphia. (For The Inquirer, MICHELLE FRANKFURTER)

2. His aim as an author, Nathan McCall says, was to bare his feelings,

countering stereotypes of black men as "cold-blooded." (For The Inquirer,

MICHELLE FRANKFURTER)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***AIKMAN AND SIMMS: A PAS DE DEUX OF QUARTERBACKS TOGETHER, THEY'LL GO INTO THE PRO BOWL, WITH AIKMAN AS A STARTER. / BUT FIRST HE MUST FACE SIMMS ON THE GIANTS' TURF.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NS90-01K4-90HT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 2, 1994 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. D04

**Length:** 1267 words

**Byline:** S.A. Paolantonio, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The old man and the quarterback.

Both have gone to the Super Bowl - and won. Both have gone to the Pro Bowl. And, this season, they will be teammates on the NFC squad. Troy Aikman - the consummate modern NFL quarterback - will start, the top vote-getter in the first year of fan balloting. Phil Simms - the old man still calling the signals after everybody had given up on him - will be Aikman's understudy.

But before that happens, Simms hopes to take Aikman to school today at New Jersey's Meadowlands as the New York Giants take on the Dallas Cowboys for the NFC East title and the home-field advantage throughout the playoffs.

Aikman, the GQ quarterback, leads America's Team, which has 11 Pro Bowlers and a coach with bulletproof hair and a knack for winning the big game. Simms, a quarterback only a Teamster could love, leads the over-achieving, ***working***- ***class*** Giants, whose coach has been eaten alive in three Super Bowls.

The old man doesn't have a chance, right? Well, maybe he does.

True enough, Aikman has the highest completion percentage in the NFC (68.2). And he has been picked off only six times in 362 passing attempts.

But Simms has one more touchdown pass (15), and he has thrown for nearly as many yards (2,831) as Aikman (2,920).

And Simms has been without his deep threat - Mike Sherrard - for two months, while Aikman has had at his disposal a trio of speedsters in Michael Irvin, Alvin Harper and Kevin Williams. Not to mention a Pro Bowl tight end (Jay Novacek) and halfback (Emmitt Smith). The Giants' starting running back, Rodney Hampton, missed a month with a bad knee.

New York does not have a receiver in the top 12 in the NFC. Yet Simms is the third-rated passer in the conference.

"We've just found a way to get it done," he said. "It's been work. But it's worked."

Simms said he wouldn't trade his numbers for Aikman's. He might like to trade paychecks now that the Cowboys quarterback is the highest-paid player in the NFL. But he'd probably settle for a W today.

IN THE RED ZONE. Want to know why Aikman makes more money than Smith? The same reason Erik Kramer has been worth more money than Barry Sanders to the Detroit Lions. Since being inserted as the Lions' starting quarterback three weeks ago, Kramer has completed 61 of 85 passes for 700 yards and seven touchdowns and thrown only one interception. That's a cosmic passing rating of 118.8. And Detroit has jumped back into the playoff hunt.

Where has Sanders been? Nursing a knee injury.

This is what Bill Clinton should have scrawled on the blackboard at his campaign headquarters: "It's the quarterback, stupid."

TRIVIA QUESTION. Who was president the last time the Eagles beat the San Francisco 49ers?

TWO MINUTES WITH . . . Reggie White.

Background: You remember him. Minister of Philadelphia's defense for nine seasons before Norman Braman let him walk - right into the most lucrative free-agent contract in NFL history. In Green Bay, there were whispers that White was out of shape. He had huffed and puffed his way through the first four games of the season. Then he turned it on. He now leads the NFC in sacks with 13 - without Clyde Simmons at the opposite defensive-end position. And the Packers, who will be playing for the NFC Central title today at Detroit, have the No. 2 defense in the league.

Question - How much is it a motivational factor for you guys to beat Detroit to set the stage to get to the Super Bowl in Atlanta?

Answer - It's a big motivation. We want to win the division and come back here and play at least one playoff game in Green Bay.

Q - The team is peaking, having shut out the Raiders last week. Is it too soon?

A - That's the way the coaches would like it to go. We're excited about being in the playoffs, but we've got another game left that we definitely want to win.

Q - Do you think that Green Bay is ahead of schedule, that maybe it would have taken a year or two more after you came to make the postseason?

A - I think we are where we should be. The only teams that really beat us this year are Dallas and Minnesota when Minnesota played us a few weeks ago. There were a couple of games we gave away. We had opportunities to clinch our division, but we didn't play as well as we could have, and we ended up beating ourselves.

Q - You'll be facing one hot quarterback this week in Erik Kramer.

A - He's real poised. He stands back there and gets the ball to his receivers real quickly. I think he adds another dimension to their offense.

Q - You've never won a championship. How do you lead this team having never won per se?

A - I think leadership comes through your performance and how you play. Once you go out there and play, then you can talk to some of the guys and let them know what's to be expected out of everybody.

Q - With the No. 2-ranked defense in the league, you've probably surprised some people. How does it compare to the old Eagles defenses you were with?

A - You can never compare defenses, mainly because you have different players and you have different attitudes. We're playing with a lot of intensity right now. In Philly, we played with a lot more high emotions

because of the type of guys we had. The guys here are not real emotional. Most of the guys are relaxed. We were relaxed in Philly. But when we got on the field, our intensity level just shot up.

Q - Do you think your free-agent experience inspired Seth Joyner and Clyde Simmons to test the market?

A - I can't speak for them. But I think they are smart to test the waters.

RUMBLINGS AND FUMBLINGS. Since the 1970 AFL-NFL merger, this is the first time there have been two head-to-head season finales to decide division crowns. . . . Talk around Houston is that Buddy Ryan wants only one year as defensive coordinator - whether the Oilers win the Super Bowl or not. That suits the rest of the Houston coaching staff just fine. Offensive coordinator Kevin Gilbride is tired of Ryan carping about how much the offense has turned over the ball. Ryan has even complained during the team's 10-game winning streak. Ryan wants a head coaching job. He has hinted that he would be interested in coaching Phoenix if owner Bill Bidwill finally does fire Joe Bugel. But few owners are said to be interested in putting up with Ryan's antics - made famous in Philly at the expense of Norman Braman. Besides, there is another defensive coordinator in the league said to be on everybody's short list of prospective head coaches - Ray Rhodes of the Packers.

SAY IT AIN'T SO. With a victory over the lowly Indianapolis Colts, the Buffalo Bills can secure home-field advantage throughout the playoffs, which would mean that the Oilers would have to travel through the frozen tundra of Rich Stadium to become AFC champions. Not a happy thought for those dreading a possible Dallas-Buffalo rematch in the Super Bowl. . . . The Miami Dolphins, who need a road victory over the New England Patriots to make the playoffs, have not lost in Foxboro since 1988, and they have beaten New England 10 straight times. But the resurgent Patriots have won three straight. And the whole organization - from coach Bill Parcells and quarterback Drew Bledsoe on down - is playing as if it's trying to market itself for a new home under the dome in St. Louis. . . . Herschel Walker is about to become the first player since Wilbert Montgomery, who did it in 1980, to lead the Eagles in rushing yards and receiving.

TRIVIA ANSWER. The Eagles' last victory over the 49ers came when Joe Pisarcik replaced injured Ron Jaworski at quarterback and engineered a come- from-behind 22-17 victory at Candlestick Park in 1983. Ronald Reagan was in the White House.

**Notes**

NFL NOTES

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1-2. Leading the NFC into the Pro Bowl as the quarterbacks will be Dallas'

Troy Aikman, at left, and his backup, the Giants' Phil Simms, above. Today,

their teams will square off to decide the NFC East championship.

3. Ex-Eagle White leads the NFC in sacks for the Pack.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***NANCY SAVOCA FEELS FOR THE MAGIC AND THE SECRETS OF LIFE IN HER FILMS IN "HOUSEHOLD SAINTS," SAVOCA'S THIRD FILM, SHE SAYS, "YOU CAN ALWAYS FEEL . . . THAT HIDDEN CURRENT THAT MOVES US."***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NTY0-01K4-93KF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 30, 1994 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1242 words

**Byline:** Ann Kolson, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

Nancy Savoca's third, and latest, movie is not about the usual things. In Household Saints, long-buried husbands appear, Jesus drops by while you're ironing shirts, dead flowers spring to life. Sausage acquires miraculous powers. (The film credits include a "sausage consultant.")

Adapted from the 1981 Francine Prose novel by the same name, Household Saints, which opened in Philadelphia on Friday, is a fable about three generations of Italian American women in New York's Little Italy.

It begins during a 1949 heat wave when a charming neighborhood butcher, Joseph Santangelo (Vincent D'Onofrio), wins his plain young bride, Catherine Falconetti (Tracey Ullman) in a pinochle game. They live with Joseph's mother Carmela (Judith Malina), a woman so mean-spirited and superstitious that when pregnant Catherine sees a turkey being butchered, Mama predicts that she will give birth to a chicken. Eventually, the Santangelos have their child, Teresa (the radiant Lili Taylor), a strange, otherworldly girl who longs to become a saint.

Savoca, 34, the film's director, comes from a devout Catholic household of immigrant parents in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of the Bronx. (Her mother is Argentine, her father, Italian.) Both of Savoca's grandmothers went to church every day. They had altars at home and so did Savoca's mother: To this day her mother lights a candle before her only daughter travels. The filmmaker found herself drawn to Prose's mystical story immediately.

To convey the book's fairy-tale quality on the screen, Savoca (who co-wrote the script with her husband, Richard Guay), knew what she had to do.

"Anything that was the ordinary - cooking, eating or making love or having a baby - had to become magical, had to become extraordinary. And vice versa. If your dead husband comes back to have a conversation with you, if Jesus shows up while you're ironing, then those things have to be very normal."

There is much gentle humor, too, in Savoca's not-always-coherent film. When chaste Teresa is seduced in her boyfriend's apartment, he pleads, "Let me do this and I promise I'll never do it again." Lying there, Teresa wonders, "God has led me to Leonard's bed, but why?"

Like her earlier projects - 1989's True Love, about a Bronx couple about to be married, and 1991's Dogfight, about a young Marine (the late River Phoenix) headed for Vietnam and the girl he meets on the eve of his departure (again portrayed by Taylor) - Household Saints is small, quirky and about what is secret.

Says Savoca, "In this movie you can always feel . . . that hidden current that moves us."

Life's most compelling elements she believes, are the "fantastical, what lies between what is seen and unseen."

Sunk deep into a sofa in a cluttered Manhattan office, the exuberant Savoca, with her tangle of coppery curls, seems more earth mother than dreamer. She has been married to Guay since she was 21 and they have three young children - her third born six weeks after Household Saints was completed.

"We started young," she says matter-of-factly. "A lot of times people told me being married would hold me back, but, in fact, it's actually helped me."

Savoca wanted to make movies from the time she was small. She had a life plan: "It involved making movies and having a family and da-da-da, and it would all happen by the time I was 25. I knew it. Of course it didn't!" (It took six years to make the $850,000 True Love.)

Little encouragment came from home, she says, "because there was really no understanding of what this (business) is. There's no one in my family that has remotely anything to do with the arts professionally. So it's a very, very scary thing for parents, especially for their daughters: 'What do you know? You don't know anyone.' "

Her parents advised her to "take a government job, something safe with benefits, until I got married. Something to fall back on."

She and Guay, whose family is also from the Bronx, attended New York University, where he studied accounting and she took filmmaking. They have moved to Upstate New York but nearly all of their family remains in the borough. "Like everybody," Savoca says, laughing. "My mother-in-law, sister, mother, literally next to each other!"

The couple's creative partnership - he produces her films also - "happened quite by accident," the director says. "He was going to go his way and I was going to go my way and we were going to meet over dinner. But we realized we didn't like not being together. And the more wrapped up I got in film - it was really sucking me in - he just jumped on board."

To Savoca, being a director is much like being a mother of three. Plenty of chaos and confusion, never-ending demands.

"Directing's so feminine to me; it's so nurturing taking care of people," she says. "It's making them feel good enough so they can bring out the best of themselves. . . . I always imagined the guy with the megaphone telling people what to do, and for me it's not like that." Cast and crew brought offspring onto the the set of Household Saints. Also listed in the film credits are a "production midwife" and "child-care providers."

With moviemaking a family enterprise, work never gets left at the doorstep.

"It's all-encompassing," Savoca says. "But I don't have a problem with that, because it's not work to me. It's like my life, as much as my children are my life.

"I can literally go from one to the other in half a sentence - which is what's wonderful about working with Rich. 'Where are the new pages for the screenplay?' and 'Who's picking up Ken from preschool?' and 'What time did the baby nap?' It's all mushed up together, quite by accident."

Their relationship is "very 50-50. But it didn't start out that way," Savoca says. "We had to keep evolving."

While on the set of Household Saints, the director recalls, a writer pressed her, "But really, who sets the play dates for your children?"

Replied Savoca: "I'm working, like, 16 hour days. Do you think I have time to get on the phone? Between my babysitter and my husband, that's how it gets done."

Savoca has never had a true commercial hit. Conventional stories hold little attraction. "To read a screenplay and to know that on Page 10 they're going to have the argument, and then they're going to get together, I mean, what's the point? I might watch a movie like that late at night just to comfort me. 'Oh, everything is OK with the world,' " she says, then she loudly snores.

But, she adds, "I'll never close the door on doing a big movie because there are some things that I think would be such a blast to do. . . . I would love to do Zorro. I would love to go out and have fun."

She was actually approached to do Wayne's World, but conceded that she just didn't get it: "I said, 'I don't think you know what you're doing. It's not going to be funny.' "

Savoca knew that Household Saints was not for a mass audience, that it would never play shopping malls. But she believes that there's an audience that wants to "get taken to places that are new. And to me it's a movie that makes you think and gets you emotionally. And I love movies like that."

Her personal vision is what drives her. "It's what makes you say crazy things like 'I'll turn down that job that's offering me a million bucks.'

"It's a curse. It's this incredible desire to look at these things I haven't seen before on the screen. And that's the problem: If I'd ever seen these movies before, I could sell them easier - and I'd get paid more money, too!"

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Nancy Savoca hunkers down by paintings behind the Museum of Modern Art in

Manhattan. (For The Inquirer, ROBERT CLARK)

2. In Nancy Savoca's "Household Saints," Judith Malina (left) is a

superstitious resident of New York's Little Italy and Tracey Ullman is her

plain daughter-in-law.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***HATRED, MISTRUST TAKING TOLL ON GIS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:491J-47N0-0094-5049-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***FRUSTRATION, ANGER ON BOTH SIDES REFLECTED AT BAGHDAD POLICE STATION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:491J-47N0-0094-5049-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 6, 2003 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** WORLD,

**Length:** 1604 words

**Byline:** ANTHONY SHADID, THE WASHINGTON POST

**Dateline:** BAGHDAD, Iraq

**Body**

To Staff Sgt. Charles Pollard, the ***working-class*** suburb of Mashtal is a "very, very, very, very bad neighborhood." And he sees just one solution.

"U.S. officials need to get our [expletive] out of here," said the 43-year-old reservist from the North Side of Pittsburgh, who arrived in Iraq with the 307th Military Police Company on May 24. "I say that seriously. We have no business being here. We will not change the culture they have in Iraq, in Baghdad. Baghdad is so corrupted. All we are here is potential people to be killed and sitting ducks."

To Sgt. Sami Jalil, a 14-year veteran of the local police force, the Americans are to blame. He and his colleagues have no badges, no uniforms. The soldiers don't trust them with weapons. In his eyes, his U.S. counterparts have already lost the people's trust.

"We're facing the danger. We're in the front lines. We're taking all the risks, only us," said the 33-year-old officer. "They're arrogant. They treat all the people as if they're criminals."

These are the dog days of summer in Mashtal, and tempers are flaring along a divide as wide as the temperatures are high.

Throughout the neighborhood, as in much of Baghdad, residents are almost frantic in their complaints about basic needs that have gone unmet -- enough electricity to keep food from spoiling, enough water to drink, enough security on the streets. At Mashtal's Rashad police station, where Pollard's unit is working to protect the police and get the Baath Party-era force back on its feet, the frustrations are personal and professional.

Many of the Iraqi officers despise the U.S. soldiers for what they see as unreasonable demands and a lack of respect. Many of the soldiers in Pollard's unit -- homesick, frustrated and miserable in heat that soars well into the 100s -- deem their mission to reconstitute the force impossible.

The Rashad station, where a new coat of paint has done little to conceal unmet expectations, is an example of the darker side of the mundane details of the U.S. occupation. While perhaps not representative, it offers a grim, small window on the daunting task of rebuilding a capital and how the course of that reconstruction, so far, has defied the expectations of virtually everyone involved.

"I pray every day on the roof. I pray that we make it safe, that we make it safe home," Pollard said. "The president needs to know it's in his hands, and we all need to recognize this isn't our home, America is, and we just pray that he does something about it."

Pollard is a 22-year veteran, and he had thought about retiring before his Iraq tour. Now, he says, he doesn't know when he will return to his job at the maintenance department at a community college, and that uncertainty nags at him.

Asked when he wanted to leave, he was blunt: "As soon as we can get the hell out of here."

Monday morning, in a dusty second-floor room with sandbags piled against the windows, helmets hung on nails over flak jackets and a sprawling map of Baghdad on the wall, Pollard's unit debated that question. Gossip swirled.

"There's a rumor going around that we'll be here for two years," Spec. Ron Beach said.

Others rolled their eyes and shook their heads. "You can put me up in a five-star hotel, and I'm not going to be here for two years," said Sgt. Jennifer Appelbaum, 26, a legal secretary from Philadelphia.

They started talking about what they lacked: hot meals, air conditioners, bathrooms a notch above plywood outhouses and something to do on their 12 hours off other than sweat. Electricity is on one hour, off five. Staff Sgt. Kenneth Kaczmarek called his flak jacket an "Iraqi weight loss system" and said he had shed at least 15 pounds. Pollard said he had lost 18.

Pollard's second granddaughter was born this month, but he hasn't been able to call home to learn her name. Kaczmarek's daughter, Isabella Jolie, was born May 28 -- eight days after he arrived in Iraq as part of an advance team.

"It makes life miserable," Pollard said. "The morale, it's hard to stay high with these problems."

Once largely undefended, Rashad police station -- 12 tiles missing from its blue sign -- has taken on the look of a bunker. Two cream-colored, armored Humvees are parked outside; another Humvee with a .50-caliber machine gun is at the side. Pollard said he wants barbed wire strung atop the cinder-block wall behind, and an engineering team is preparing to heighten the brick-and-cement wall in front. In coming days, he said, he would put sand barricades along the street outside the entrance.

Shots are fired every day at U.S. troops in Baghdad, and on Friday night, an ambush on a military convoy down the road killed one soldier and left at least one other wounded. As Pollard recalled, the blast shook the entire block. He said he suspects everyone. Two Iraqi journalists, one with a camera, visited two weeks ago, and he was convinced the men were casing the station.

He once sat at a desk outside, then moved indoors. "Let the Iraqis guard the gate," he said, next to a sandbagged window.

The way Pollard sees it, the Iraqi police should be taking the risks, not his 13 reservists at the station.

"It's not fair to our troops to build a country that's not even ours and our lives are at risk," he said. "They've got to take control. They may have to kill some of their own people to make a statement that we're back in control. No doubt."

For the most part, the Iraqi police and Pollard's soldiers say little to each other -- and even then it's done through interpreters. The Iraqis dislike Pollard, and he has little regard for them. The neighborhood is dangerous, he said, and fighting crime here might require twice the 86 police officers they still have. But of the 86, he said, at least half should be dismissed for corruption or ineptitude.

"This is a crooked cop sitting here," he said, pointing to a major who didn't understand English.

He walked through the station, leaning into a room with two officers busy at a desk. "Here's a room where they're acting like they're doing real important paperwork," he said. He walked outside to a balcony where three officers were sitting on newspapers and a green burlap sack, one with his shoes off. "This is a couple more lazy cops, sitting down when they should be outside," he said. They all greeted Pollard with cold stares, forgoing the traditional greetings that are almost obligatory in their culture.

Near an iron gate, where residents gathered in hopes of filing a complaint, Shoja Shaltak, an Iraqi lieutenant, brought a brown folder with an order from a judge to release three men. Pollard suspected a bribe.

"Tell him he can go, go, go," Pollard said to an interpreter. "I don't jump at their requests."

The lieutenant protested, insisting that the order came from a judge. The interpreter, Ziad Tarek, answered on his own. "The judge has nothing to do with this anymore," Tarek told Shaltak. He pointed to Pollard, "He's the judge now."

Jalil, the veteran Iraqi policeman, watched with disgust.

"It's embarrassing. It's embarrassing for us and for the lieutenant," he said. "We are police and they don't respect us. How is it possible for them to respect the Iraqi people?"

His complaints were aired by virtually all the station's officers: They don't receive the flak jackets the Americans wear, they have to check out rifles from the soldiers, they have no uniforms, they have no badges and they don't like Pollard.

Asked if he was afraid to go on patrol, Jalil shot back angrily, "The opposite.

"They're the ones who are scared," he said. "I'm ready to go out alone, but they should give me the equipment."

Jalil said he was so frustrated that he planned to quit in days. He said he can't support his parents, wife and 8-month-old daughter on a salary of $60 a month. He spends half of that on daily lunches and the 30-cent fares for a shared taxi to and from work.

With water in short supply or of poor quality, he buys a bottle of mineral water every two days for his daughter -- a cheap variety but still another 50 cents. Sewage floods daily into his home, where four families totaling 30 people share six rooms. And, with electricity running no more than six hours a day, Jalil worries that his daughter will become ill from the heat.

"The truth has become apparent," he said.

"The Americans painted a picture that they would come, provide good things to the Iraqi people, spread security, but regrettably" -- his voice trailed off.

"Iraqi people hate the Americans," he said.

The one thing on which everyone agrees is that Mashtal is a tough neighborhood. Gunfire crackles at night. A chop shop is down the street. Parked outside the station are six stolen cars recovered by the police. Kaczmarek called it "Chicago in the ' 30s" and said he saw someone the other day toting a tommy gun. Jalil called murder the easiest crime to commit. Last week in his neighborhood, an Iraqi hit his 28-year-old ex-wife with a bicycle, then, as she lay on the ground on a hot afternoon, shot her in the face with an AK-47 rifle.

"People just watched," Jalil said. "If they interfered, they would be killed, too."

Outside the police station's gate, Qassim Kadhim, a 30-year-old day laborer, had been waiting for hours to report a stolen motorcycle. On Thursday, three thieves broke into his house, a two-room shack where he lives with his wife and four children. He said he knew who they were, and when he went the next day to confront them, one of them beat him with a rifle butt. He still had a black eye.

"There's no security, there's no stability in Iraq," he said. "I swear to God, things are going to get worse."

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Wally Santana/Associated Press: Members of the U.S. 2nd 501st Aviation Regiment and coalition soldiers from Australia and Britain run a 10-kilometer race to celebrate the Fourth at Baghdad International Airport.

**Load-Date:** July 9, 2003

**End of Document**



[***East Side poised to show conservative clout Tuesday***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8FV0-002B-H14P-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 28, 1993, Saint Paul Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1410 words

**Byline:** Anthony Lonetree; Staff Writer

**Body**

In St. Paul, the political tremors are coming from the east.

The East Side, long viewed by its residents as a forgotten entity in City Hall, is in a position to join the blue-collar North End in propelling DFL maverick Norm Coleman into the mayor's office Tuesday.

While Coleman builds on his back-to-basics message, Andy Dawkins has struggled to rally the forces that traditionally support progressive DFL-endorsed candidates and help lock support in the high-voting precincts west of Lexington Pkwy.

"My sense is that things are shifting Andy's way, but they have to go a long way in a short period of time for him to win," said Susan Kimberly, executive director of the St. Paul Coalition for Community Development and a Dawkins backer.

Coleman's campaign manager, Erich Mische, said his polls show Coleman could capture most of the city's seven council districts.

Dawkins is hoping for the final-hour magic that lifted Paul Wellstone to the U.S. Senate and silenced the drive to repeal gay rights in St. Paul. Campaign workers say volunteers are eager to work the 60 phones that will be available for get-out-the-vote efforts in the next five days.

"The field effort is how we are going to win the campaign," said Kurt Errickson, a Dawkins spokesman.

But forces are at work that could find Coleman enjoying such large margins of victory on the East Side and North End that he nullifies any success Dawkins achieves to the west.

A Coleman victory would validate concerns that East Siders have been expressing for years. The issues shaping this year's mayoral race - crime, jobs and taxes - are rooted in part in the ***working-class*** anxieties of the East Side.

Four years ago, block clubs sprang up after five people were slain on the East Side in one week. The closing of the Whirlpool plant still is a vivid memory for many people. Community activists bemoan the lack of stability caused by absentee landlords and a newer, transient population.

Residents have vented their frustrations in recent elections. Two-thirds of East Side residents supported the move to a part-time City Council two years ago, a vote perceived to be a slap against government and a potential money saver. Every East Side precinct rejected a proposed school referendum last year.

The conservative nature of the two East Side districts also was evident in the 1991 gay-rights vote. The repeal was supported by 7,763 voters in those districts, compared with 4,232 against. Coleman opposed the repeal effort, but he has attracted many of the same voters with his antiabortion stance.

In last month's primary election, Coleman swept the East Side and the North End precincts. He said that he's not favoring any area over another, but acknowledges he's counting on East Side votes Tuesday: "If we dominate the East Side, it calls on Andy to dominate the other side of town. And if he can't, he loses."

But Dawkins is conceding nothing. He says he is closer in personality and values to the average East Side resident: "I am a street fighter. I'm a pool player. I'm a lifelong Democrat. I'm a union man."

Coleman comfortably outpolled Dawkins and three other major candidates in the primary. His campaign signs are posted along every major East Side street. Citizens can drive blocks without seeing a Dawkins campaign sign.

The ingredients to Coleman's East Side success include a number of factors: the conservative trends in East Side votes, the community's willingness to reject the DFL party line, fears about crime and the strength of Coleman and his campaign.

Dawkins' proposals demand a lot of patience. He has scored points by advocating gun control, but he'd have to fight for it at the Legislature. His budget ideas could force lengthy battles with unions and Ramsey County. A housing program requires union investments and contracts with citizens that they will be law-abiding.

In many ways his dedication to specifics - which Coleman generally avoids - could blunt Dawkins' appeal. None of his ideas has the resonance of Coleman's simple pitch for 30 new police officers. Coleman's message has been clear - it's safe streets and jobs.

"In the block clubs, the most common complaint I hear is, 'We don't have enough of a police presence,' " said Susan Omoto, community organizer for the Dayton's Bluff Community Council. "At every meeting they ask whether they can have a cop there.

"If there's any way to get more cops on the street, that is the guy they are going to vote for."

Three weeks ago Dawkins presented an anticrime agenda that also included 30 new police officers. He has not mentioned that aspect of his plan in recent forums, focusing instead on gun control and the root causes of crime.

Coleman has talked about adding police officers since the summer. He did not explain in detail how he would pay for them - he since has mentioned a federal grant that the city already has applied for - but his proposal shows the depth of his personal connections with East Siders.

He opened his first campaign office at Payne and Case Avs. in the Lower East Side. His main operations have shifted to the West End, but he relocated his East Side office to Arcade St., where volunteers build campaign signs and prepare mailings.

He's been a regular at church booyas and spaghetti dinners. Recently he recalled a visit to St. Casimir's Church during which five people approached him with the same story. They said that they were considering leaving the city, and they cited fear about crime as a major reason.

"I told them, 'Stay with me, stay in St. Paul,' " he said. "If I had told them that statistics show they have reason to feel safe, they would have just walked away from me."

In addition to pushing for more police officers, he has said he is committed to exploring government mergers and the privatization of services and has vowed not to raise taxes.

Coleman's success in the East Side and the North End, which also are home to the antiabortion forces that side with him, has apparently discouraged Council Members Janice Rettman and Marie Grimm - like Dawkins, DFL-endorsed candidates - from actively promoting Dawkins.

Party officials are not pleased. Unity is a sore subject. In the past week, two prominent DFLers, Attorney General Hubert Humphrey III and St. Paul City Council President Bill Wilson, have endorsed Coleman. Two unsuccessful mayoral candidates, Ray Faricy and John Mannillo, have not endorsed anyone.

"A blessing from Ray Faricy would have been real helpful," said Richard Shields, a former Fourth District DFL Party chairman.

Errickson, the Dawkins spokesman, dismissed the Wilson endorsement, saying the outgoing council member lacks widespread support in his district.

Dawkins also lost several other endorsements that generally belong to DFL-endorsed candidates. Coleman was chosen by the editorial boards of both the Star Tribune and the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Dawkins failed to win the support of the Trades and Labor Assembly, an umbrella group of unions.

That endorsement would have brought volunteers and phone banks, as well as a computerized list of 36,000 union members.

"The endorsement can make or break a candidate," said Louie Greengard, business agent for the assembly. "Norm had the money and Andy needed the names."

Last Saturday, U.S. Rep. Bruce Vento commended Dawkins' emphasis on community policing to fight crime.

"Vento and Wellstone have been recognized as national leaders who have made Minnesota a great place to live," Errickson said Wednesday.

Meanwhile, Dawkins supporters have been working to build a populist fervor. They're bringing Wellstone to town this weekend. Yesterday they charged that an antiabortion group had begun calling voters on Coleman's behalf. Coleman said that he did not ask for their help.

"I do not want them to make any calls," he told reporters. "I have communicated that to them."

While Rettman and Grimm sit out the mayor's race, another East Side council member, Dino Guerin, has relished his involvement. Guerin, the council's lone political independent, is supporting Coleman.

His confidence in Coleman's election chances was clear at a recent council meeting. Guerin told DFL colleagues that he couldn't wait for the day when he'd have the full cooperation of the mayor's office.

"I don't want to pit the East Side against the rest of the city, but I think Norm knows the problems and knows we need the resources," Guerin said. "I don't want my area neglected because of a lack of clout."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** October 29, 1993

**End of Document**



[***IN OHIO, WELFARE REFORM SOWS SEEDS OF CLASS WAR AT THE BOTTOM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3T-KG60-0094-51TS-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 22, 1998, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1505 words

**Byline:** MELISSA HEALY, LOS ANGELES TIMES

**Dateline:** CLEVELAND

**Body**

Call it the gathering cold war between the welfare poor and the working poor.

So far, it is no more than a faint rumble heard in ***working-class*** neighborhoods across the United States: an offhanded complaint over the chain-link fence. A whispered epithet on the job site. An exchange of suspicious glances between job seekers applying at the front desk.

But in places such as Cleveland, where welfare reform has taken hold more quickly than in other locales, the clash is growing ever louder as low-wage workers and welfare recipients find themselves in stiff competition for government benefits, official attention and employers' favor.

To people like Tracy Earnhart, an unemployed mother of three who has helped hold her family beyond destitution's reach with a string of low-paid jobs, it looks like the welfare crowd is winning.

''They go and get a job, and everything is handed to them on a silver platter!'' said Earnhart, who figures that she and her husband will support their family on a little more than $ 23,000 this year. ''I'm working hard. I'm trying to benefit myself and my family. Why am I not entitled to the kind of help these people get?''

As welfare reform picks up steam in states across the land, many of the nation's working poor find that when Washington overhauled public assistance, they were unexpectedly affected - and in unexpected ways.

In many states, the intensive effort to wean welfare recipients from dependency has cut into funds that traditionally had been used to help the working poor stay off the dole. In Ohio and a few other states, for instance, welfare recipients have been given first dibs on child-care subsidies, leaving many working poor out in the cold.

Beyond that, those who have struggled to stay off welfare by toiling long hours in unskilled jobs at low pay have begun to encounter a new source of stress: On hiring lines, in waiting rooms and at front desks, they compete for jobs against welfare recipients armed with everything from government-provided bus passes to vouchers for day care to tax breaks for the companies that hire them.

Unless states such as Ohio move quickly to defuse the competition between welfare poor and working poor, experts warn that welfare reform could add poison to a long-simmering brew of resentment among the nation's poor. At its worst, it could set off a class war on the lowest rungs of the economic ladder.

In Ohio, welfare reform has been under way for more than two years, propelling tens of thousands of aid recipients into the labor market even as other states were still laying their plans. Beyond that, Ohio is one of several states that have decided to give welfare recipients precedence over the working poor in providing some child-care subsidies. The result is that tens of thousands of working-poor families that once could rely on state aid to help with child-care costs have been cut off.

Suzanne Lairson of Vandalia, Ohio, is one of those parents. For her, the state's action has stoked a powerful resentment of the people who now command the benefits she once got.

''I guess you could say they've added another class to affirmative action,'' said Lairson, a 30-year-old mother of four who was told recently that her family's $ 28,000 income was too high to qualify her for any help with child-care expenses.

''You know, in this country, the rich people get all the tax breaks. These (welfare recipients) people - now they're getting all sorts of special breaks too. And the people in the middle, we get nothing!''

The competition does not end with child-care subsidies.

As thousands of welfare recipients have begun applying for jobs at Cleveland's small factories, stores and health care centers, they are encountering a population of low-wage workers whose only advantage, it seems, is that they were there first.

But that advantage, fear the low-wage employees, can pale in comparison to the arsenal of benefits and services that welfare recipients are armed with as they vie for entry-level jobs.

Consider the very different circumstances of Earnhart and another Cleveland resident, Eleanor Clark.

Clark, 23, is a single mother of two who has collected a welfare check since her first child was born seven years ago. Her aid receipt has entitled her to a spot in one of the nation's most innovative and successful welfare-to-work programs, Cleveland Works, which is readying Clark for employment with everything from life-skills classes and legal advice to reading and math tutoring and vocational skills training.

When she is deemed ready to succeed in the workplace, Cleveland Works will send her to interview for job openings with any one of the 700 area employers that compete enthusiastically for graduates of the program.

Employment specialists with Cleveland Works will see to it that Clark gets a shot at jobs with health care benefits, at no less than $ 7 per hour and on a bus line she can get to easily. After she's hired, Clark will continue to have access to counselors to ensure that a string of tardy arrivals, a harsh word from the boss or a day care snafu does not result in the loss of her job.

What Cleveland Works does not do to try to ensure Clark's transition to employment, the state of Ohio or the federal government will. Until she makes almost $ 20,000 a year, the state will cover virtually all day care expenses for Clark's children, including daily pickups and drop-offs. It also will pay for her and her children's health care coverage for a year after her welfare check stops.

In addition, the company that hires Clark off the welfare rolls will be eligible for a $ 2,100 tax break from the federal government. If an employer wanted to train Clark in a special skill, the company could join with similar companies and get the county welfare office to sponsor the training, or hire Clark provisionally for several months, paying her nothing while she is trained and still receiving a welfare check.

Earnhart's package of government-funded assistance is considerably more modest. It barely exists, save for a few monthly food vouchers she receives through the federal Women, Infants and Children program.

Earnhart is not eligible for Cleveland Works because she is neither a current welfare recipient nor a former criminal offender. In principle, she could get some employment training under the federal Job Training Partnership Act. But there too, she would be competing with welfare recipients for a limited number of slots.

The difference between the two women's support systems - and their job prospects - is not lost on Earnhart. She has a sister who receives a welfare check, and many of her neighbors in the frayed Slavic Village section of Cleveland are recipients. She has heard them complaining about their checks, and about the new requirements of welfare reform.

She's not very sympathetic.

''Why should they get all the breaks, when we were ahead of them?'' asked Earnhart. ''You know, you live your life and you do certain things because you feel you should. And then the government steps in and says, 'We have to do for these people first.' It's aggravating.''

It is still a matter of debate whether welfare recipients - even those armed with generous benefits and employer inducements - look like better prospects to those doing the hiring. But in Cleveland, welfare reform and urban revitalization have galvanized the employer community as much as they have the county's social service organizations.

As a result, there is growing evidence that welfare recipients are gaining considerable ground - and in some cases, a clear edge - in the employment sweepstakes.

For low-skilled job seekers looking to the public for employment, prospects appear bleak. Across the country, officials at all levels of government are eager to demonstrate their commitment to welfare reform and have vowed to hire off the rolls. That has given welfare recipients a virtual lock on many entry-level job openings in city, county, state and federal governments.

Cuyahoga County, where Cleveland is located, is no exception. At a time when officials have sought to shrink the county's work force, 87 welfare recipients have been hired. Carolyn Milter, a spokeswoman for the county employment department, said the county requires its officials to ''look at'' welfare recipients first.

While Ohio and some other states have made decisions that pit welfare poor against working poor, a handful have plotted a very different route. Oregon, Illinois and Wisconsin are trying to craft ''seamless'' systems of public aid that condition program eligibility on applicants' income level, not on their welfare status.

That approach doesn't come cheap. To create a system of child-care subsidies that would serve anyone making less than $ 25,975 per year (for a family of four), Illinois last year had to increase its state spending on child care almost 80 percent. By making the working poor eligible for many of their programs, Wisconsin and Oregon have almost doubled their spending on public assistance even as welfare rolls have plummeted.

**Load-Date:** February 26, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Dasburg found savior status fleeting***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42FJ-SNW0-00J2-33MP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 25, 2001, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** BUSINESS; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1644 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

John Dasburg flew Northwest Airlines back from the brink of bankruptcy to record profits.

     In some ways, that was the simple part.

     As Dasburg closes out his decade-long run as head of the nation's fourth-largest air carrier to try to launch a turnaround of Burger King Corp., he leaves an NWA where labor peace seems as elusive as ever. And the future of one of Minnesota's largest and most visible companies is something of an open question.

     Northwest is still recovering from the pilots strike of 1998 and its mechanics are threatening to walk off the job after months of fruitless talks. Meanwhile, NWA is considered merger bait for larger American Airlines or Delta Air Lines as the industry looks to consolidate in response to the planned marriage of United and US Airways.

   Dasburg's legacy is straightforward to some, particularly regarding his early years at NWA.

     "Dasburg brought Northwest back to life," Paul Walsh, chief executive of London-based Diageo, Burger King's parent company, said last week.

     "He may have had some unpalatable decisions to make along the way, but he is credited as being the savior of that airline," Walsh said.

     Dasburg, 58, an engineer and MBA who nearly was killed in combat in Vietnam as a young naval officer, gave NWA management a new face and diverted the public from California financiers Al Checchi and Gary Wilson, whose 1989 leveraged buyout of the airline for $3.65 billion put NWA on a financial razor's edge.

     "The one thing that Checchi and Wilson did right was bring Dasburg in and let him run with the ball," O.C. Miller, head of the pilots union during critical pay-concession talks in 1993, said in 1994. "There was no way they knew how to run an airline."

     Dasburg, aided by former NWA general counsel Ben Hirst, persuaded employees and Minnesota legislators to loan NWA more than $1.2 billion so that the airline could pay its lenders and avert bankruptcy in 1993.

     A quick study and strategist, Dasburg developed a survive-then-prosper plan. He passed on a planned move into hyper-competitive East Coast routes and instead had NWA concentrate its efforts on critical, high-yield business travelers and markets where the carrier could claim a commanding share.

     In 1994, Dasburg led a public offering of NWA stock that resulted in employees owning more than 20 percent of the company in exchange for $850 million in wage concessions spanning three years.

     That year, he also thanked Minnesota taxpayers for the state's bankruptcy-averting $400 million loan and negotiated an agreement with key politicians that resulted in a new maintenance base and reservations center that employs more than 1,000 people in northeastern Minnesota. Showing an appreciation for appearances, he also gave back a $750,000 bonus from NWA's board early that same year when employees protested that he shouldn't be enriched when they were enduring pay cuts.

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Labor strife arises

     The next three years brought record profits, a successful international partnership with KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, and a more than fourfold rise in NWA's stock price, from $13 to $60 per share by early 1998.

     And then all the goodwill and momentum started to slip away \_ fast.

     Dasburg faced a work force that wanted what it saw as its rightful share of the rewards and a flying public in Minnesota that had grown more concerned about service problems, rising prices and NWA's dominance in the Twin Cities than with sticking by the hometown airline in its hour of trouble.

     Some of his decisions angered union members and baffled other NWA managers. It didn't take long for internal critics to begin calling for his departure.

     For example, as NWA's stock hit a record early in 1998, Dasburg and other executives exercised stock options worth tens of millions of dollars. The move came while critical negotiations with the powerful pilots union were pending. Many infuriated pilots saw the move as a bid by executives to cash out in advance of labor trouble. In contrast, most of the shares held by NWA employees were locked in a long-term trust and would decline in the event of a strike.

     Both sides dug in. A late-summer strike cost the company an estimated $1 billion in the second half of 1998, along with an untold amount of customer anger. The stock has yet to recover. NWA also has been hit with periodic job actions by mechanics that have made for numerous flight delays and cancellations.

     It's uncertain whether any executive could have navigated the past three years at Northwest without trouble.

     "I'd give him a 'B' overhaul and an 'A' for the early years," said Ray Neidl, industry analyst at ING Baring in New York City. "He pulled it out in 1993.

     "But [he] probably hasn't been as public as he should have been and he's been faulted for poor service at Detroit, but I don't fault him for the strike. President Clinton should have intervened, but he was tied up with his own problems" \_ the Monica Lewinsky situation.

     Dasburg, who got a 12 percent pay raise in 1999 that brought his compensation to $3.65 million, reinvigorated union animosity in 2000 when he told a newspaper reporter that unhappy workers could vote with their feet and leave.

     Steve MacFarlane, the local president of the Aircraft Mechanics Fraternal Association, responded by calling Dasburg a "cold, callous man who profits at the expense of the people who really make the airline run."

     Dasburg issued a public apology to the work force and thanked them for their role in helping NWA grow and prosper in the 1990s, but the damage seemed done. Meanwhile, the business community, which rallied to help save NWA early in the 1990s, was complaining about rising fares out of NWA-dominated Minneapolis and Detroit and sharp-elbow tactics to suppress competition.

     The tone became personal at times.

     Union leaders complained not only about Dasburg's compensation but also his luxury homes and seaside condos, and the time he spent in 2000 training for a mountain climbing expedition in Argentina.

     Dasburg said his biggest regret is that the rancor with the unions has been felt by NWA's customers.

     "I'm not talking about giving the unions everything they demand \_ that's uneconomical \_ but that we would stay within the law and not disrupt the customers. And now we're grafting onto the Railway Labor Act the use of the courts. In the next decade, customers will become totally intolerant of this."

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Leaving a legacy

     Dasburg said he's proudest of Northwest's record as one of the safest carriers in the world. Despite the renewed labor tension, he said the past two years have brought critical progress, including the development of Chief Operating Officer Richard Anderson as his successor and continuing investment in NWA's fleet and facilities.

     "The last two years were not particularly difficult in contrast to the 1991-94 period," Dasburg said.

     Anderson, Dasburg's successor, is seen as a more visible and public figure. Dasburg is a sometimes reserved family man, rarely seen engaged with folks in the halls at NWA's headquarters or on the union-shop floors.

     In that respect, Dasburg might have been more suited to the triage and decisive moves that Northwest demanded a decade ago than the consensus-building needed during a time of prosperity.

     "He's very focused on what he does," said Duane Benson, an acquaintance and president of the Minnesota Business Partnership, a business lobbying group. "John isn't a social gadabout. He spends most of his time with his family. He's a smart guy, polite and soft spoken. He's not hard to like.

     "Anderson is probably a bit more engaged with the people."

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Familiar challenges

      Dasburg had joined NWA as chief financial officer in late 1989, burned out at Marriott Corp. and still grieving the loss of a 6-year-old daughter killed in a school bus accident in suburban Washington, D.C., in 1988.

     Two years later John and Mary Lou Dasburg had a third child.

     "I consider it the actions of man that took my daughter from me," Dasburg said in a 1994 interview. "I think it was a miracle of God that allowed us, at the age of 47, to have another child."

     His move to Burger King will take the Dasburgs back to Miami, where John Dasburg \_ the son of ***working-class*** parents \_ was raised, educated and spent much of his career.

     At Burger King, Dasburg will face some similar challenges, the differences between Boeing 757s and burgers notwithstanding.

     He will be the seventh chief executive since Diageo bought parent company Pillsbury in 1989. Burger King has struggled for years and the plan is to kick start the operation and set the stage for a public offering of the company to separate it from Diageo.

     Dasburg, who oversaw food operations while at Marriott and is a long-time observer of the fast-food industry, believes the No. 2 hamburger chain to McDonald's has a great future.

     "In the broadest sense, I'm going to focus on operational excellence and programs that leverage the brand so that we can drive the top line," he said. "If we follow that approach, then we'll be able to improve our margins and improve unit [per store] economic. And once you have good unit economics, you can add units and you can take market share.

     "It's absolutely essential that Burger King take market share."

     As he works on the turnaround, Dasburg could find that his experience with Northwest's unions comes in handy.

     There are no rancorous mechanics or pilots at the non-union Burger King. But the chain is known for its outspoken and often disgruntled franchisees who have regularly criticized what they consider Diageo's mishandling of critical food and marketing issues.

     With such mavericks as his frontline troops, it seems likely that Dasburg won't always have things his way.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** February 26, 2001

**End of Document**



[***'New Brooklyns' replace white suburbs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48MP-H9P0-010F-K0R9-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

May 19, 2003, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1763 words

**Byline:** Rick Hampson

**Dateline:** ANAHEIM, Calif.

**Body**

ANAHEIM, Calif. -- One day in the early 1950s, Walt Disney pulled his car onto the new freeway running south from Los Angeles and drove until he came to a village surrounded by orange groves. Here he decided to build "the happiest place in the world" -- Disneyland.

Over the next three decades, the community that grew up outside the park became as much a refuge from reality as anything inside it. People moved here to escape the crime, congestion or complexion of Los Angeles. Very conservative and very white, Anaheim epitomized the bland bedroom suburb where nothing ever happened and no one wanted it to.

Today, however, Anaheim has changed into something even Disney never imagined: a sprawling yet congested city with more people than Cincinnati, only a third of them Anglo. It is represented in Congress by a female Democrat named Sanchez and filled with people who weren't born in the USA and don't pray, curse or gossip in English.

In its diversity, its growth -- even the chip on its shoulder -- Anaheim is "the new Brooklyn," says Robert Lang, director of the Metropolitan Institute at Virginia Tech.

It's not the only one. A whole class of traditional, white-bread suburb has turned into a new kind of city that helps reshape the nation by effectively importing immigrants and exporting native-born residents. The latter move to communities farther out on the metropolitan periphery, contributing to sprawl.

In Anaheim, for example, whites are steadily giving way to large, poor, hard-working immigrant families -- much like the ones who settled in Brooklyn a century ago and helped to make it famously diverse and vibrant.

There's no official definition of the New Brooklyns. But here are some common characteristics:

\* They are surprisingly large -- more than 100,000 residents. Santa Ana, Calif. (population 338,000 in 2000) and Anaheim (328,000), which anchor Orange County south of Los Angeles, are more populous than such traditional big cities as Cincinnati (331,000), Buffalo (293,000) and Newark (274,000).

\* They're fast growing, with population increases of at least 10% in each decade since being classified "urban" by the Census Bureau. Moreno Valley, Calif. (population 142,000) wasn't even incorporated until 1990. But it already has more people than Bridgeport, the largest city in Connecticut, and its population is expected to double in 20 years. Pembroke Pines, Fla., grew 110% between 1990 and 2000 to 137,000 residents, making it the fastest growing New Brooklyn.

\* They are racially and ethnically diverse. The percentage of residents who are foreign-born or speak a language other than English at home far exceeds the national rates (11% and 18% respectively). Three quarters of the residents of Hialeah, Fla., were born outside the USA, and nine in 10 don't speak English at home. That out-Brooklyns even Brooklyn, where in the last Census 38% of the residents were foreign-born and 47% didn't speak English at home.

Ethnic diversity usually is associated with large cities of the Northeast, not the suburbs of the Sun Belt. But the New Brooklyns turn this assumption on its head: Compare Fremont, Calif. (37% foreign-born) and Coral Springs, Fla. (21%) with cities such as Cleveland (5%) and Pittsburgh (6%).

Although the New Brooklyns were once new settlements on the suburban frontier, they're getting old. Their housing, accordingly, is more attractive to immigrants looking for bargains and less attractive to longtime residents who can afford to trade up.

Sometimes, though, there is friction between newcomers and old-timers. In Irving, Texas, a member of the parks board created a stir last year when she claimed the rise in immigrants was "killing this city." Some New Brooklyns have been slow to adjust to the changes. Although three quarters of the residents of Santa Ana are Latino, less than a quarter of the municipal library books are in Spanish. Pembroke Pines, which is more than a quarter Hispanic, did not appoint its first Hispanic police sergeant until last November.

\* They're not No. 1. At least one other community in the metro area is larger and better-known. Chula Vista, Calif. (population 174,000) is the same size as Providence, R.I., or Knoxville, Tenn., but is dwarfed by neighboring San Diego. Anaheim, larger than 32 of the 50 state capitals, is just another town in the vast Los Angeles area.

\* They get no respect. It's another characteristic they share with the original Brooklyn, which was looked down on by haute Manhattan for its strange accent, odd foods and lowbrow enthusiasms. The New Brooklyns are often unknown, underrated or misunderstood. Lang calls them "stealth Brooklyns" -- more populous, more diverse and more happening than commonly thought.

Anaheim suffers from this kind of image problem. It has become the opposite of the homogeneous, xenophobic community its critics detested. It has a Boeing facility, a larger convention center than Los Angeles, San Francisco or Seattle and two major league sports teams -- baseball's world champion Angels and the National Hockey League's Mighty Ducks, who are in the Stanley Cup finals. Still, Mayor Curt Pringle complained this year that "Anaheim hasn't gotten its due."

During the World Series last fall, a newspaper columnist explained the difference between the two host cities: San Francisco has everything but parking, he wrote; Anaheim has nothing but parking. Mayor Willie Brown said he wished his Giants were facing the Yankees: "Can you imagine the embarrassment if we lose to *Anaheim*?" When the Angels beat the Giants to win their first World Series, Pringle's predecessor, Tom Daly, called it "redemption day."

There was much to be redeemed.

Founded in the mid-19th century by German winemakers, the community by 1924 had fallen under the sway of the Ku Klux Klan, which secretly gained control of the city council. People started calling the town "Klanaheim" -- a tag that stuck even after the council members were ousted.

Disneyland, which opened in 1955, transformed Anaheim's economy far more than its outlook. The city became a bastion of the arch-conservative John Birch Society and a favored destination of Angelenos fleeing urban crime and congestion. Meanwhile, Disney kept drawing more tourists, which meant more workers were needed to clean the park and make the hotel beds. Most of them were not Anglos.

Anaheim became a hotbed of anti-immigrant sentiment. City voters supported state ballot initiatives to make English the official state language and deny children of illegal immigrants access to schools.

But Anaheim kept changing. Between 1990 and 2000 the Anglo population dropped by nearly 25%, and the Latino population nearly doubled. In 1996, Rep. Robert Dornan, one of the most conservative Republicans in Congress, was defeated by Democrat Loretta Sanchez, who a few years earlier couldn't even get elected to the Anaheim city council.

Today Anaheim is about half Latino, a tenth Asian and about a third Anglo. Its people speak more than 60 languages, and one study concluded that the city has more integrated and diverse neighborhoods than Los Angeles.

"You just get used to everybody being different than you," says Meghan Shigo, 26, a real estate agent who lives with her husband and baby in a 1923 Mission-style home in Anaheim's historic Colony District. "Some people don't like it, but I do."

In the older ***working-class*** neighborhoods, cars are parked bumper-to-bumper along the curb; a bicyclist is as apt to be a man riding to work as a kid at play; large extended families spill out of small, aging houses onto sagging front porches and into dusty yards.

These neighborhoods seem to get more crowded by the day. The city's average household size (3.34 people) is 29% higher than the national average, and the percentage of families with children under 18 is a third higher. People are poor but generally hard-working. For example, 75% of students at Anaheim High School, one of eight that serve the city, are eligible for school lunch aid, but only 6% of the school's families are on welfare.

Jorge Solares, 34, an immigrant from Guatemala, moved here from Los Angeles for reasons the settlers of the 1960s would understand: He wanted to get away from gang violence and airport noise. He likes it here, even though he wasted thousands of dollars putting stucco on the bungalow he bought in the historic neighborhood where the town was first settled. His new neighbors informed him that stucco, a fixture in Latino architectural styles, was not appropriate. He agreed to strip it off. "That's how they do things here," he says. "So I go along. It's still better than L.A."

Not everyone is so enthusiastic. Ellen Lavalle, 42, who lives less than a mile from Solares, said she will soon move to one of the newer desert communities to the east. "It's gotten too crowded here -- too many people on the street, too much noise," she said.

Although Latinos still are far less likely to register or vote than Anglos, the city's demographic changes have been reflected in politics. Last November, voters for the first time elected two Latinos to the five-person city council. And this week, the Angels pass into new ownership when Latino businessman Arturo Moreno becomes the first minority with a controlling stake in a major league baseball franchise.

When Disney's Tower of Terrorthrill ride opens later this year, those who ride to the top will, for a few seconds before they plunge back toward earth, look out on the great panorama of Anaheim, the new city of Angels. But they won't see any sign of the village that once charmed Walt Disney.

Contributing: Bruce Rosenstein

The 'new Brooklyns'

Several traditional suburbs have become rapidly growing, ethnically diverse cities that help launch immigrants toward the middle class. Like Brooklyn, the borough of New York City that played a similar role a century ago, these cities far exceed the national averages for residents who were born outside the USA and who speak a language other than English at home. Ten such communities:

<>City 2000 pop. Metro area Foreign-born pop. English is 2nd language<>

Hialeah, Fla. 226,000 Miami 72% 93%

Santa Ana, Calif. 338,000 Los Angeles 53% 80%

Daly City, Calif. 104,000 San Francisco 52% 66%

Sunnyvale, Calif. 132,000 San Francisco 39% 46%

Anaheim, Calif. 328,000 Los Angeles 38% 55%

Chula Vista, Calif. 174,000 San Diego 29% 53%

Pembroke Pines, Fla. 137,000 Miami 29%37%

Irving, Texas 192,000 Dallas 27% 38%

Bellevue, Wash. 110,000 Seattle 25% 27%

<>Aurora, Colo. 276,000 Denver 16% 23%<>

<>U.S. average 11%18%<>

Sources: Census Bureau and USA TODAY research

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, color, Karl Gelles, USA TODAY(Illustration); PHOTOS, color, Dan MacMedan, USA TODAY; PHOTO, b/w, Dan MacMedan, USA TODAY; Then and now: A page from Anaheim High School's 1954 yearbook contrasted with a page from the school's 2002 yearbook tells the story of Anaheim's transformation over the years into an ethnically diverse city.<>Melting pot: A strip mall sign in Anaheim reflects a new diversity.

**Load-Date:** May 19, 2003

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[***Ventura is charting his own course;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:427K-8YH0-00J2-3440-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***After two years in office, he says his bare-bones budget steers closer to his governing philosophy.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:427K-8YH0-00J2-3440-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

January 28, 2001, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1666 words

**Byline:** Dane Smith; Staff Writer

**Body**

Something like an epiphany came to Gov. Jesse Ventura as he was signing bills and wrapping up the 2000 legislative session last May.

     After winning a stunning upset election in 1998 on promises to "give it all back," and after two sessions of working complex deals with the Legislature that returned much of the state's record-setting budget surpluses in rebates and tax cuts, Ventura said he realized that he had also presided over double-digit growth in state government over two years.

     Unless he hit the brakes very hard, the state was headed, "under my watch, for over 25 percent government growth over four years.

     "That is unacceptable. Cut and dried. End of story. That's what I told my commissioners. I told them that I will not have as my legacy that government grew over 25 percent, permanent growth, in four years. Unacceptable."

   In the wake of his budget and tax proposals for 2002-03 this week, the prevailing theory at the State Capitol is that the Independence Party governor, one of only two third-party governors in the nation, is transforming himself from a DFL sympathizer in his first two years in office into a hard-nosed, fiscally conservative Republican for the second half of his term.

     "There's a New Jesse in Town," proclaimed the headline of this week's Politics in Minnesota, a newsletter that focuses on state politics and government.

     Theories also abound about the motivation for the rightward veering on fiscal matters. Some say he's clearly preparing for 2002.

      "This was the first sign he's running for reelection," said state Sen. Dean Johnson, of Willmar, a convert to the DFL Party who has the perspective of having been a Republican for most of his life. "It is, in fact, popular to come up with lean budgets for the general public."

     In a rare interview last week on a flyaround through southern Minnesota to tout his "Big Plan," Ventura insisted that his new budget philosophy isn't prompted by reelection considerations and that he hasn't really changed. What Minnesotans see, he says, is the original and authentic Jesse Ventura who is finally in control of the state budget process and free to chart his own course.

     "The shift is more of me now saying, 'Wait a minute, this is not what I really am about.' I am not going to allow a 26 percent permanent growth in government in my four years. I do not believe that government should grow faster than the private economy grows."

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The learning curve

    No Minnesota governor in modern times had less formal education and less experience in government than Ventura, a former professional wrestler who served one term as a suburban mayor before his election.

    He says he had run a simple campaign based on two basic promises: "to give it all back," referring to budget surpluses, and to limit government growth. There also was a distinctive angry populism in his message, a notion that a strong-minded, independent champion of ordinary people could kick in the doors and show the professional party hacks how to do government, better and for less.

    But after his improbable victory, Ventura also knew that his rather outrageous resume had created fears that he was unqualified to serve, and worse, that he would be a bull in a china shop. On the morning after his election victory, almost the first words out of his mouth were that he was "a little bit awestruck" and that he didn't intend to tear up the system.

    Looking back on the first two years, Ventura compares the experience to "discovering total new territory, like Columbus sailing across the Atlantic. And of course he made the mistake that he thought he was in India \_ he didn't even know this big body of land existed."

     Without acknowledging any big mistakes, Ventura makes the case that he first had to show he was a stable and reasonable leader. He went about the first few months putting together a highly praised and professional cabinet and he tended to make cautious, middle-of-the-road decisions on key policies. He spent hours and days visiting state agencies. He says he now has an appreciation and understanding of government that he lacked before.

     He has said frequently in recent weeks that his first budget was essentially a slightly modified version of the status quo. He now strongly advocates altering the budget cycle.

      "I really wish they'd change the process so a governor isn't faced with putting a budget together two weeks after you take the oath," he said.

     At the same time, Ventura really did believe that public schools were hurting from years of comparative fiscal neglect, and he pushed in his first budget for a $1.3 billion increase in funding, which he says is now built permanently into the base. A firm believer in mass transit, he backed a light-rail system, again taking the side of DFLers against Republicans.

     "I knew there had to be an injection in the public schools because they had been neglected for a very long time, so that's why we made that huge commitment that first year."

     Now he says: "I can't make that type of commitment every year or we will be raising taxes. . . . At some point you gotta look in the bottomless hole and say, 'Wait a minute, no amount of money is ever enough.' "

     Steven Schier, a political science professor at Carleton College in Northfield, Minn., analyzes the Ventura administration this way: "He initially came in and discovered that there were some areas that actually needed spending increases. But his basic instincts are frugal and libertarian, and after making compromises and cutting some deals to accommodate the Legislature, he feels he's done enough and is reverting to his prior form."

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Confusing the enemy

     Another shift in policy from 1999 and 2001 that feeds the idea of rightward-turning Ventura is the income tax. Two years ago, he sided with DFLers in supporting income-tax cuts only in the lowest tax brackets, which put an effective limit on how much could be cut. He also joined DFLers in pushing for tax rebates based on the sales tax rather than income tax.

     At one point in his first few months in office, Ventura candidly said that he was primarily interested in advancing the interests of the non-poor and the non-rich, the blue-collar ***working-class*** folks who elected him, those who made less than $100,000.

     In contrast, his 2002-03 tax plan calls for across-the-board income-tax cuts, which would give unlimited benefits to the most affluent households.

     Ventura argues that this isn't really much of a change, that he eventually agreed with Republicans to across-the-board income tax cuts, faster than DFLers wanted, in 1999.

     And his philosophical defense of his latest proposal for across-the-board cuts sounds very much like Republican Gov. Arne Carlson's frequent criticisms of liberals for "punishing success." Ventura has made quite a bit more money in the past few years from book publishing and entertainment deals.

     "If you're very successful, government sticks it to you. If you're unsuccessful, government bends over backward to help you out and make it easier for you," Ventura said.

     Middle-class folks, such as an unnamed close friend who is a tool-and-die maker, are also intensely interested in income-tax cuts, Ventura said. "This tool-and-die man, he always says to me, 'In today's world you support two families, one you know, and one you don't know.' . . . And this is a man who is not rich, who works 50 hours a week, overtime every day."

     At the same time, Ventura said he still has no use for antigovernment conservatives who want to do nothing but "cut cut cut." His experience as governor has led to an appreciation for a government role.

     Sounding a bit like those who criticized him in 1998, Ventura says conservatives "should have a little knowledge before they come out with big, brash statements about what we can do with or without. . . . Just because you can do without it doesn't mean other people can do without it.

     "It just amazes me how people say cut government, except what touches me. Don't cut what I get, but cut everybody else."

      Ventura has few kind words for those who dismissed him as a phony fiscal conservative in his first two years.

     Conservatives, especially "right-wing radio hosts," he said, "ripped me apart, saying I'm nothing but a Democrat and it would have made no difference if Hubert Humphrey [III] had been elected.

     "Now I've come in with my new budget and the Republican House speaker [Steve Sviggum] is saying I'm not spending quite enough on education. [Republicans and conservatives] are upset because they'll have nothing to run on, if I outconservative them, what are they going to run on?"

     And he admits he gets a kick out of confounding Republicans and DFLers about where he is on the spectrum and what he'll do next.

     "I was trained in the [Navy] SEALS to confuse the enemy; what they're dealing with here is a person that's an expert at guerrilla warfare."

     His triangulating between the parties, he said, has left him right where he wants to be.

     "I guess it all means that I am what I am, a centrist, right in the middle. I'll be a Republican when the need's there, I'll be a Democrat when the need's there. I'll take the best of both worlds. . . . I'm not that much different from Arne Carlson, fiscally conservative and socially liberal."

     Ventura is emphatic, however, that his perceived evolution from DFL leaner to Republican leaner was not calculated for reelection. He has made it clear in recent months that he isn't sure whether he will run and probably won't decide until late in 2002, just before filings close in July.

     "I am truthfully not making these decisions to achieve a positive or negative with the voters. . . . I'm making decisions based on what I think is the right thing to do. . . . And if I seek reelection and the people feel I've done a good job, they'll reelect me."

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     Dane Smith can be contacted at [*rdsmith@startribune.com*](mailto:rdsmith@startribune.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** January 29, 2001

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[***HOT AS THEY WANNA BE / THE SPICE GIRLS, A WHOLLY MANUFACTURED POP SENSATION, KNOW THAT FAME IS FLEETING. THEY'RE JUST HAVING A GOOD TIME - ESPECIALLY IN THEIR NEW MOVIE, MAKING FUN OF THEMSELVES.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DC90-01K4-92NT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JANUARY 22, 1998 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1459 words

**Byline:** Dan DeLuca, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

The questions from the 60 or so members of the media, including many teenagers set to file for publications aimed at the Spice Girls' core audience of prepubescent girls, are coming fast and furious.

Like one that goes more or less like this: Now that you've pulled off a celluloid foray that's sort of kitschy-clever in a Wayne's World-meets-A Hard Day's Night way, will you make another?

Ginger Spice - who created a furor in British tabs when she once told a journalist that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was "the pioneer of our ideology, Girl Power" - speaks up first, as usual.

Ginger, otherwise known as Geri Halliwell - she's the redhead, who dresses like a trapeze artist and is unofficially known as Sexy Spice - is seated to the right of Emma "Baby Spice" Bunton, Melanie "Scary Spice" Brown, Melanie "Sporty Spice" Chisholm and Victoria "Posh Spice" Adams at a Midtown news conference to hype the British fivesome's first film, Spice World, which opens across America tomorrow.

Making a movie, Ginger says, even one as frothy and suitable-for-all-ages as Spice World, is an arduous task. It requires much concentration and toil.

And as any parent or fan of the Spice Girls will know after seeing the movie - which follows the double-decker Meat Loaf-driven Spice Bus for five often-laugh-out-loud-funny fictionalized days - the Spice Girls maintain an insanely busy schedule. (That's "shed-jool," mind you, in the English fashion.)

What with jetting from Pepsi commercials in Taiwan to concerts in Turkey to photo shoots in New York, these ladies - whose debut, Spice, was the top-selling album on the planet last year - work hard. After they get through promoting Spice World, there's the preparation for a world tour that comes to the United States for three months, beginning in June.

So, please, chides Ginger, "when a mother has just given birth, you don't ask her if she wants to have another one. You go through all that trauma and the pain of producing it."

"But, dear," says Scary Spice, interrupting her loquacious mate with impeccable comic timing. "You've never had a baby."

It's at such moments when you realize that, while you may not love the Spice Girls, it's silly to hate them.

Many do loathe them, of course. The Internet is loaded with Anti-Spice sites, including the infamous Slap a Spice Girl page ("2 million hits to date"). Fashion maven Mr. Blackwell placed them atop his 1997 Worst-Dressed List and quipped that they are "the only spice on the planet that has no taste."

But so what if the Girls are the Village People crossed with watered-down Madonna? And that they sing with anonymous, near-indistinguishable voices, except for Sporty, the would-be soulstress who belts her parts out so loudly you wish she'd stick to kickboxing?

And, yeah, the "Girl Power!" credo that has made Ginger, Baby, Scary, Sporty and Posh the massively mainstream beneficiaries of the '90s girl-culture explosion is as crassly opportunistic as it gets.

But even if you never want to hear them again, you have to admit that singles such as Spice's "Wannabe," and the song "Stop" from the Spice World album, which has sold 1.2 million copies in the United States since November, are delicious bubblegum delights.

Like any wholly manufactured teen-pop sensation (the Spice Girls came together in March 1994 in response to an ad placed in the British teen magazine Stage, which asked "R.U. 18-23 with the ability to sing/dance. R.U. streetwise, outgoing, ambitious and dedicated?"), the Girls are almost certain to go the way of the New Kids on the Block.

The Spice Girls, all 5-foot-5-ish, claiming to be in their early 20S and not one a supermodel lookalike, know it. And they aren't in danger of taking themselves too seriously.

In Spice World, the group members burst the Spice bubble themselves. Their personas - Posh, the fashion-conscious sourpuss; Scary, the tongue-pierced party girl; Baby, the lollipop-sucking innocent; Sporty, the soccer-obsessed tomboy; and Ginger, the hubba-hubba chatterbox - are roundly mocked.

The movie, which was "based on an idea by" the Spice Girls and screenwriter Kim Fuller (brother of recently fired manager Simon Fuller), makes goofy references to big-screen blockbusters from Mission: Impossible to Speed. Elton John, Bob Geldof, Bob Hoskins, and Elvis Costello have cameos.

In the postmodern spirit, the movie disarms the group's critics in advance. There's a tabloid newspaper plot to take down the Spice Girls, and much talk of the Spice backlash. And as the Girls' beleaguered manager, Richard E. Grant plays one of the film's many male buffoons, declaiming such lines as "I love you like a wildebeest loves five lionesses chewing at his legs."

It's a sendup of the Spice Girls, says Ginger, and is being promoted with fashion shows and Spice Girl look-alike contests at malls around the country. "We saw it as an opportunity to make fun of ourselves."

"We took all the criticism," says Bob Spiers, the veteran director of British TV comedies such as Fawlty Towers and Absolutely Fabulous, "and decided to put it in the movie.

"Each one of those girls is sharp," he says. "They know what they want, and they know how to get it." As for reports the girls are ditzes who needed repeated takes to recite the simplest lines, he says, that's "absolutely complete nonsense."

Naturally, Spice World leaves out parts of the Spice story. In real life, only four of the five grew up ***working-class***: Posh comes from a wealthy family. Posh, Ginger, Sporty and Scary answered the ad in Stage and were chosen, along with a girl named Michelle, as members of a group initially known as Touch. The lost Spice Girl departed due to an illness and was replaced by Baby.

Aware that there has been a long line of successful male British pop groups, the Girls' original managers thought they might hit it big with a girl group in which each member had a distinct personality.

Shortly after the fivesome changed its name - inspiration that struck Ginger and Sporty while they were "bouncing around" at an aerobics class - the group members, who play no instruments, sacked their managers. They signed on with Simon Fuller, who handled Annie Lennox and soon orchestrated their path to the top.

Starting with "Wannabe," the first four singles from Spice went to number one on the British pop charts. The teen magazine Top of the Pops came up with the monikers we know them by today, including the unfortunate idea of calling the only black member Scary.

The Girls have been the subject of tabloid coverage ever since. Many an ex-boyfriend has told all. Ginger's pre-Spice nude modeling has been thoroughly discussed.

"When the British papers don't have a story, they just make one up," says Posh. She and Scary deny reports that they're engaged. And on the topic of the children she allegedly has hidden away, Scary says, "It's not true, I haven't got any," in the lovely Leeds accent that is a key factor in one man's making her the answer to the popular question: Who is your favorite Spice Girl?

Director Spiers says the Girls' public personas are exaggerations of their true characters. And sure enough, they live up to their images at the news conference.

Cutesy Baby jokes that the group is just a bunch of girls with "fat bums" who want to get across the message that "it's OK to be yourself. . . . It's OK to wear a Wonderbra." Asked if she feels burdened by fame, Posh says: "It's nice to be recognized when you're shopping." And saucy Ginger, a big Leonardo DiCaprio fan, says that Titanic is so good that even though it's more than three hours long, "you don't recognize your buns are getting hard, and it goes really quickly."

In November, after their movie was completed, the Girls fired manager Fuller. It has been widely rumored that Ginger was behind it and that she is now managing the group. The Girls deny the report and say they're doing it together.

Though their lyrics are squeaky clean, the quintet has been criticized for conveying an overly sexual image to fans not yet in middle school. Scary, however, says the Spice Girls serve as perfectly good role models.

"We're quite normal," she says. "We're not 6-foot-tall, skinny models who've got, like, an eating disorder. To look at us, you think you can make the most of yourself. If you want big hair, have big hair. If you want to wear your trackies [sneakers], wear your trackies."

Even if it turns out that the Spice Girls' success comes to an end sooner rather than later, they've enjoyed the ride.

"We started out doing something we believed in, and we've gone everywhere," says Scary. "It's mad!"

"If we ended tomorrow, I'd be bloody proud that me and my four friends have got this far," says Ginger. "Who cares if it's 15 minutes or it's 2? We're proud of what we're doing."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

The Spice Girls - Baby (left), Scary, Ginger, Posh and Sporty - have a new movie, "Spice World," and live by the credo "Girl Power!"

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

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[***PUBLIC UNIVERSITIES HONE COMPETITIVE EDGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44B7-G8V0-0190-X51H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JANUARY 31, 2001 Wednesday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1749 words

**Byline:** James M. O'Neill, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Tom Geroulo was one who got away.

He graduated in the top 5 percent of his class at Scranton High School and was coveted by many private colleges. The University of Scranton and Gettysburg College both offered him scholarships - $13,000 and $9,000, respectively.

Yet today, Geroulo is a sophomore at West Chester University.

The state school did not dangle a scholarship. It didn't need to. West Chester's tuition, room and board total $8,979 a year - considerably less than Geroulo would have spent at Scranton or Gettysburg, even with the scholarships.

"Would I really get three times the education for three times the price?" said Geroulo, 19, whose family could have afforded one of the higher-priced schools. "I didn't think so. Today, I'm sure I'm right."

Throughout the Northeast, small private colleges, already burdened by budget deficits and eroding enrollment, are losing top prospects to large public universities.

Cost and quality are major reasons. State schools were always cheaper than the privates, but the disparity is growing. At the same time, many public universities have improved their academic offerings significantly.

"Our biggest competitor is West Chester University, not another private college," said Sister Marie Roseanne Bonfini, president of Immaculata College, a small Catholic school in Chester County. "Our tuition can't possibly match theirs. There's no debate if money drives a student's choice."

The trend poses a grave danger for struggling private colleges. Many of the students they are losing can pay full tuition, the main source of revenue for most small schools.

To keep up enrollment, some colleges are taking in more lower-income students, even though they need financial aid that the schools are hard-pressed to provide.

In effect, a role reversal has occurred in higher education. Small private colleges are educating more of the lower-income students who once would have attended state universities. The state schools are capturing the kind of high-achievers from well-off families who used to prefer private colleges.

Median family income for students at public universities nationwide is now higher than for students at private colleges - and the gap is widening.

"People react in their own best interest, and today we have more upper-middle-class people going to state schools," said State Rep. Edward H. Krebs (R., Lebanon), a former professor who chairs the Pennsylvania House subcommittee on higher education. "That's a good decision for them, but it does put pressure on the privates."

Leaders of private colleges complain that taxpayer-subsidized public universities have strayed from their traditional role of educating those who cannot afford private colleges.

"In effect, the state schools are no longer educating the students they were built to serve," said Sister Carol Jean Vale, president of Chestnut Hill College in Philadelphia. "Taxpayer dollars are going to subsidize students capable of paying more."

Paying more is exactly what many families seek to avoid by opting for public schools.

Nationwide, tuition at private colleges increased 5.2 percent this academic year, to an average of $16,332. At state schools, tuition rose only 4.4 percent, to an average of $3,510.

STUDENTS SAVING NOW

SO THEY CAN PAY LATER

Though private colleges are trying to ease the tuition burden by raining scholarship money on desirable applicants, the publics have begun doing the same thing.

They also have been strengthening their academics. Pennsylvania State's undergraduate business and engineering programs, for instance, now rank among the top 20 nationally - ahead of those at some prestigious private schools.

These changes dovetail with a shift in how consumers of higher education view undergraduate degrees.

Increasingly, high school graduates and their parents are choosing to spend less on undergraduate tuition so they can save money for an advanced degree that could lead to a high-paying job.

"They know that today the baccalaureate degree is no longer a distinguishing feature," said Margaret M. Healy, president of Rosemont College on the Main Line.

Temple University is an example of how big taxpayer-subsidized schools have raised their academic standing and appeal.

The North Philadelphia university, aiming to reverse an enrollment decline, started an aggressive marketing campaign a few years ago to lure students, particularly from the suburbs. Temple recruiters targeted academically strong suburban high schools that they had not previously visited.

Freshman enrollment grew dramatically, by 42 percent in two years, and many of those students came from the region's wealthier suburban counties.

But Temple officials say they have not retreated from the university's mission to ensure college access for people of all incomes. Temple's financial-aid budget increased by 11 percent this year, to $16.4 million.

"Sure, we're getting better kids from the suburbs," said Tom Maxey, vice president for enrollment management. "But they're still ***working-class*** kids in most cases. The fact remains, we give more access than any institution in this state, and we're proud of that."

Temple's success has been mirrored at other taxpayer-subsidized institutions. West Chester's freshman enrollment has jumped more than 25 percent since 1995.

Rowan University, a state-run school in Glassboro, N.J., has enjoyed a similar burst of popularity at the expense of private schools.

"Our competitors are the private colleges in Pennsylvania," said Ed Ziegler, marketing director at Rowan, where out-of-state tuition is a relatively modest $9,487 a year.

Over the last five years, applications to Rowan have grown 8 percent. And those who enroll are more affluent than ever. In 1996, average family income for Rowan freshmen stood at $64,000. Today, it is $77,000.

As they attract more applicants, public universities can be more selective. The median combined SAT score for Temple freshmen, for example, has risen 50 points in the last five years, to 1,030.

Rowan freshmen now come from the top quarter of their high school classes, on average, compared with the top third five years ago.

At the College of New Jersey, a state-run school in Mercer County, applications rose 10 percent last fall. Average freshman SAT scores increased 17 points, to 1,237.

Some private colleges, in contrast, have seen SAT scores stagnate.

When they fail to enroll high-achievers, smaller private colleges also lose out on wealthier students, because statistics show that academic achievement and family income are closely related.

"There's been a complete disassociation from the publics' original mission to serve those with low incomes," said Dorothy Gulbenkian Blaney, president of Cedar Crest College in Allentown. "There's no means test. That makes it tough to compete with the publics."

COMPETITION BASED

NOT SOLELY ON PRICE

Cost is not the only thing that makes state schools attractive. Many of them are copying a key selling point of the privates: small size.

Small classes, individualized attention, and easy access to professors have long been major selling points for small colleges.

Now, the large public schools are touting "honors colleges," specialized programs for outstanding students that aim to re-create the intimate scale of a private college within a university setting.

Chris Griffin, a 1997 graduate of Germantown Friends School, considered several private schools, including Washington University in St. Louis and the University of Rochester in New York, both of which offered him scholarships.

Instead, Griffin chose Penn State's honors program.

"Penn State gave me $2,200 a year in academic aid," said Griffin, now 21. "That was a big chunk off the already-low cost of tuition here. I'm actually paying less than I was at Germantown Friends. And cost is a serious consideration, because you're looking at four years."

Instead of finding himself in a regular Penn State chemistry class of 300, Griffin took an honors chemistry class with 40 classmates.

Claire Marrazzo, 21, another Germantown Friends graduate, chose a big public school for a different reason: to save money for further education.

Marrazzo, a Mount Airy native, considered several prestigious private schools, including Boston University and the University of Pennsylvania.

Her family could have afforded those schools, but Marrazzo settled on the University of Delaware. Her tuition, room and board come to about $19,000 a year - compared with about $33,000 at Penn or Boston.

"I went in thinking I'd get an advanced degree after college, possibly at an Ivy League-caliber school," said Marrazzo, 21, a Delaware senior. "I felt that spending the money for my undergraduate degree would not be the best choice, since I might get a master's from a marquee school."

Large public universities are encroaching on the privates in other ways. Penn State recently allowed some of its two-year campuses - including those in Abington and Delaware County - to offer more four-year degree programs. As a result, upper-class enrollment rose 7 percent this year at Penn State campuses.

Heads of private colleges say the growth came at their expense.

Laurence W. Mazzeno, president of Alvernia College in Reading, said that after Penn State's Berks County campus doubled its dormitory space and offered a four-year business degree, Alvernia's share of business students dwindled, and its transfers from the Berks campus dried up.

Officials of private colleges say that Pennsylvania legislators should consider establishing graduated tuition for state schools, based on family income, so that wealthier students would pay more. That would narrow the tuition gap with the private schools.

But the idea of helping private colleges by reining in the publics appears to have little support in Harrisburg. Sen. Allyson Y. Schwartz (D., Phila.), a Beaver College trustee and the senior Democrat on the Senate Education Committee, said that, ultimately, students and their families - not the legislature - should determine which private colleges make it.

"We're going to have to leave some of this to the marketplace," Schwartz said. "Not every private institution may survive."

James M. O'Neill's e-mail address is [*joneill@phillynews.com*](mailto:joneill@phillynews.com).

TOMORROW

Small colleges are trying to attract students with high-tech classrooms, well-appointed dormitories, and other costly new facilities.

On the Web:

Read the series and access a database of detailed financial information on the region's private colleges at [*http://inquirer.philly.com/go/survival101*](http://inquirer.philly.com/go/survival101).

**Notes**

Survival 101

Small private colleges on the financial brink

Fourth of six parts

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO

Tom Geroulo spends less at West Chester University than he would have at the University of Scranton or Gettysburg College, despite their offers of aid. (RON TARVER, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Claire Marrazzo considered Boston University and the University of Pennsylvania, but she chose Delaware.

**Load-Date:** October 31, 2001

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[***5 lessons for picking a running mate; Why choosing a No. 2 is a delicate mix of politics and personality***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SRB-D7T0-TX31-W0R0-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 11, 2008 Wednesday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 2282 words

**Byline:** Susan Page

**Body**

Barack Obama and John McCain have clinched the Republican and Democratic presidential nominations but hardly have time to catch their breath, what with party factions to unite, key states to target, debates to negotiate, money to raise and TV ads to launch.

Of them all, no move will be more closely chronicled or subjected to more fevered speculation than their choices of running mates.

"It may be the most important decision they make -- or at least one of the most important of their presidency -- and it's the one thing that they basically control," former vice president Walter Mondale, 80, said in a telephone interview from his law office in Minneapolis. He has seen it from both sides, being tapped by Jimmy Carter to join the Democratic ticket in 1976 and choosing Geraldine Ferraro as his running mate in 1984.

"But it is risky," Mondale adds, "because if you make a mistake, a serious mistake, it's like a bad marriage. Only you can't get a divorce."

There are some guidelines to follow, forged by the hits and misses of the past. John Kennedy's reluctant choice of Lyndon Johnson in 1960 reassured Southern Democrats and helped Kennedy win Texas. On the other hand, George H.W. Bush's surprise pick of the youthful, relatively obscure Dan Quayle in 1988 bombed at the Republican convention and forced his campaign into damage control.

Even so, Bush won that November over Democrat Michael Dukakis, who had chosen highly respected Texas Sen. Lloyd Bentsen for his ticket, evidence that a smart vice presidential pick doesn't ensure victory. But he or she can help -- or hurt.

President Ford picked Bob Dole in 1976 to win back the Farm Belt -- which Dole did -- Ford adviser Stuart Spencer said. Twenty years later, Dole chose Jack Kemp "mostly because he would give a big shot of energy to the ticket," campaign manager Scott Reed recalled, though the ticket was doomed as Bill Clinton was sailing to re-election. In 2000, Democrat Al Gore sought to signal a move toward the center with Joe Lieberman, strategist Ron Klain said, a choice still being debated eight years after Gore's narrow loss to George W. Bush.

For the perspective of insiders, USA TODAY interviewed former presidential and vice presidential candidates -- Mondale, Kemp and Geraldine Ferraro -- and strategists who helped run presidential campaigns for Ronald Reagan, Bill Clinton, Bob Dole, Al Gore and John Kerry. The presidential recordings and oral history archives at the University of Virginia's Miller Center of Public Affairs also were tapped.

President Lyndon Johnson, a former vice president himself, took a dubious view of the whole process in a 1964 conversation caught on his White House taping system with aide Sargent Shriver -- who would become George McGovern's running mate eight years later. Shriver stepped in after Thomas Eagleton was forced to step down amid controversy.

"I think a man (who) runs for vice president is a very foolish man," said Johnson, who was considering his own choice of running mate at the time. The "man who runs away from it is very wise. I wished I'd run farther away from it than I did. ... And don't you ever be a candidate and don't let anybody else be a candidate, and tell them anybody that runs for it never gets it."

Based on interviews with those who have been involved in the process before, here are five lessons for picking a vice president:

1. A 'dream' may not be

They're called "dream tickets" because teaming top rivals is seen as a way to unite the party, and the Kennedy-Johnson ticket generally is cited as a model. This year, buzz centers on whether Obama will pick New York Sen. Hillary Rodham Clinton, the Democratic rival who ended her primary campaign Saturday. A website called VoteBoth.com, boosted by Clinton supporters, promotes the idea.

"If Obama is this year's JFK, is Hillary Clinton this year's Lyndon Johnson?" asked Bill Galston, a top aide to Mondale in 1984. Like Obama, Kennedy ran on a message of generational change, Galston noted, and yet tapped the most powerful representative of the Democratic establishment as his running mate -- and someone the Kennedy clan didn't particularly trust or like.

Still, presidential nominees tend to be wary of dream tickets -- there hasn't been one in a generation -- because of scars from old battles and qualms about loyalty.

In 1964, Johnson moved to squelch pressure on him to offer the No. 2 spot to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, brother of the slain President Kennedy but a Johnson nemesis. The month before the Democratic convention in Atlantic City, LBJ called New York City Mayor Robert Wagner and urged him to tell reporters that party leaders saw the choice as LBJ's alone.

Wagner could say "that they don't want the president to be required to sleep with anybody he doesn't want to sleep with, and he ought to have a man with vice president that he trusts and likes and can work with him," Johnson said. His message: "'We oughtn't to have a divided ticket to start.'"

A few weeks later, he chose Minnesota Sen. Hubert Humphrey.

The prospective "dream ticket" in 1980 was in the GOP. Intermediaries for nominee Ronald Reagan and ex-president Gerald Ford held talks about a "co-presidency," seen as a way to reassure voters concerned about Reagan's age (then 69) and conservative ideology.

Reagan aide Lyn Nofziger was relieved when the idea collapsed.

It "would have been a terrible mistake, an awful mistake," Nofziger, who died in 2006, said in a Miller Center interview. "It would have indicated to everybody that Reagan didn't think he could handle the presidency. I don't think Reagan could have been elected under those conditions."

2. Do no harm

Eagleton is the most dramatic example of a running-mate pick gone awry. In 1972, the Missouri senator failed to mention to Democratic nominee George McGovern's team that he twice had undergone electric-shock treatments for depression. He dropped out after the story surfaced, but the episode raised questions about McGovern's judgment and competence.

The negative reaction to Bush's pick of Quayle in 1988 led Spencer, who had been assigned to handle the vice presidential campaign, to "bury" Quayle by sending him to "every burg in America," places too obscure to warrant news coverage. In a Miller Center interview, Spencer said he explained to Quayle: "'You got off to a bum start, and it's not your fault. But ... you can't do anything but be a problem for George Bush.'"

After the Eagleton episode, Carter became the first presidential candidate to put prospective running mates through more stringent and systematic vetting, a practice that McCain and Obama are following. Each has appointed high-profile teams to the task.

Concern about unwelcome surprises could weigh against choosing someone who hasn't previously run for office -- for example, former CEOs Carly Fiorina of Hewlett-Packard or Meg Whitman of eBay, possibilities for McCain. And the finances of spouses are on the table, a possible factor for the Clintons. The former president has refused to disclose such information as the list of contributors to his presidential library.

Mondale and Spencer offered identical advice: Leak the name before you make your decision final.

Bush "should have made sure that Quayle's name was leaked so that it could be bounced around, so that the press could go do their vetting," Spencer said.

"Leak the name and let it be around for a while," Mondale agreed. "See what you might learn, just to be sure."

That alone isn't enough, though. Mondale's choice of the first woman nominated for national office by a major party electrified the Democratic convention in San Francisco. Then his campaign was surprised and distracted when a furor erupted over the financial dealings of her husband, a real estate developer in New York.

3. Mind the gap

A running mate can help mollify a voter bloc, put a state in competition or fill a gap in experience. George W. Bush's choice of Dick Cheney in 2000 gave the GOP ticket Washington experience the Texas governor lacked. Kerry's pick of John Edwards in 2004 might have put Edwards' home state of North Carolina in the Democrats' reach. (Bush carried it anyway.)

This year, gender balance might be a factor. Obama could reach out to female voters unhappy about Clinton's failure to win the nomination by putting another woman on the ticket: Kansas Gov. Kathleen Sebelius, perhaps, or Arizona Gov. Janet Napolitano. If Obama doesn't, McCain could try to exploit those hard feelings among Clinton supporters and attract their votes by choosing a female running mate.

Obama "has to look at someone who might be able to draw in those Democrats who aren't with him right now," including some women and ***working-class*** whites, Ferraro said in an interview.

She said McCain "definitely needs a woman on the ticket" to inject excitement on his side as he runs against a groundbreaking Democratic competitor, the first African-American to presumably be nominated by a major party for the presidency.

Ferraro's suggestion: Texas Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison.

McCain's choice also could try to address concerns about his age. At 72, he would be the oldest president inaugurated for a first term. He "really needs a vice presidential candidate, a partner with him who I would suggest is a young up-and-coming governor with executive experience who could help balance, obviously, the age issue," Kemp said. "It's no secret."

The possibilities who fit that description include Minnesota Gov. Tim Pawlenty, 47, and South Carolina Gov. Mark Sanford, 48.

McCain needs to be careful not to go so far in trying to balance his age that he underscores it, Reed cautioned. "He really has to think about the picture" of the running mates standing side-by-side. "The initial picture says a thousand words, and he's got to be careful that his choice doesn't look like a son or a grandson."

And Obama?

The first-term senator, 46, faces the opposite problem. He could use his choice of running mate to address concerns about his depth of experience, especially on national-security issues. That could point to Senate Foreign Relations Chairman Joseph Biden or New Mexico Gov. Bill Richardson, a former United Nations ambassador. The campaign is considering former top military leaders, North Dakota Sen. Kent Conrad said Tuesday after meeting with his vetting team.

"I think the public has to be reassured that he can handle international problems and security challenges," Mondale said of Obama. "One of the things he should be looking for is a running mate who reassures the public he's got that very much in mind."

4. Agree on the duties

When the talks with vice presidential prospects get serious, the nominee and the potential running mate need to agree on the job description, say those who have gone through the process.

That could be a particular issue in the wake of Cheney's service as the most powerful vice president in U.S. history, Bush's central adviser on issues from the invasion of Iraq to energy policy.

Obama and McCain indicated during primary debates they envision giving important but more limited responsibilities to a vice president -- returning to the role of a senior adviser played by vice presidents Mondale and Gore.

In 1976, Carter and Mondale spent time talking about the job during a visit in Plains, Ga., Mondale aide Richard Moe recalled.

"They both agreed that for most of history, the vice presidency had been a wasted asset," Moe said in a Miller Center interview. "The dynamics of that conversation" were "the key determinant in Carter's decision to pick Mondale."

Discussions between Obama and Hillary Clinton about a joint ticket could have an additional facet: What's the job description for her husband?

5. It's not 'a buddy film'

In the end, insiders say, the choice should turn on cold political calculations of how to get to the 270 electoral votes needed to win. "This ought to be a bottom-line decision," says Bob Shrum, a top strategist for Gore in 2000 and Kerry in 2004.

"We try to turn this (into) a buddy film," Klain, who led the process of choosing a running mate for Gore, said in an interview. "You know -- Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, the Lone Ranger and Tonto, Batman and Robin. But that's not what it's like. It's more like a CEO picking a COO (chief operating officer), an editor-in-chief picking a managing editor. You need someone you can work with ... and you need someone who is a potential successor in the event of crisis or calamity."

And someone who can help you get to the White House.

That's why Kennedy overruled his inner circle to tap Johnson and why Reagan swallowed his lingering resentment of George H.W. Bush to choose him in 1980.

The day Reagan flew to Detroit for the GOP convention, he was still railing against his primary rival, steaming over Bush's description of Reagan's tax and budget proposals as "voodoo economics."

Spencer told Reagan that the very conservative platform being adopted by the convention meant he needed someone like Bush to reassure the party's moderate wing.

"At the end of the day, he wasn't mad at George Bush; he could select him," Spencer recalled. "He could live with him because he was going to help" him win in November, and that's what mattered.

Contributing: Jill Lawrence

No 'dream' here

Lyndon Johnson resisted calls to pick a rival, Robert Kennedy, as his No. 2 in 1964.

A damaging pick

Thomas Eagleton, George McGovern's pick in 1972, quit amid controversy.

Not quite enough

John Edwards was tapped in 2004 to help Democrats win North Carolina. They didn't.

No. 2, and more

Vice President Cheney has been granted broad authority in the Bush administration.

Not a ‘buddy' pick

George H.W. Bush was selected by a reluctant Ronald Reagan in 1980.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, AP

PHOTO, Color, Getty Images

PHOTO, B/W, 1972 AP photo

PHOTO, B/W, 2004 photo by H. Darr Beiser, USA TODAY

PHOTO, B/W, 1960 AP photo

PHOTO, B/W, AFP/Getty Images

PHOTO, B/W, AP

**Load-Date:** June 11, 2008

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[***Preserving a perservationist Photographer Richard Nickel was killed trying to salvage ornaments from the rubble of Louis Sullivan's magnificent Chicago Stock Exchange. A new play memorializes Nickel's devotion to the city's architectural heritage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7P-XFW0-007M-41H7-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

November 06, 1997, Thursday

Copyright 1997 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** Suburban Living;

**Length:** 1442 words

**Byline:** Jack Helbig Daily Herald Correspondent

**Body**

On April 13, 1972, a 48-year-old architectural photographer named Richard Nickel was poking through the gutted remains of what had once been the proud Chicago Stock Exchange Building. The building had been designed and built in 1893 by the then prestigious firm of Adler and Sullivan.

But that was a long time ago. By the '60s, the city, competing with the flourishing suburbs, was in a mad rush to modernize, and lots of Chicago's older buildings were being hauled down and replaced by shining towers of steel and glass.

The fact that the Chicago Stock Exchange Building was an exquisite, gracefully designed, flawlessly executed building hardly mattered. In those days, nothing stood in the way of progress, least of all beauty.

Which is why Nickel was there. A quiet, bespectacled man with an intense look in his eyes, Nickel dedicated his life to documenting Sullivan's buildings, making detailed sketches of them, capturing on paper the floor plans and the exterior walls, and then photographing them with a lover's passion and care.

When the word went out (as it often did in those days of feverish growth and urban renewal) that yet another Sullivan building was being knocked down, Nickel hurried over to salvage what he could. Ornamental pieces mostly. Decorated doors. Terra cotta panels. Brass fittings. Huge sections of ornate tile.

He was in the Chicago Stock Exchange doing just that on that April evening when silently above him a steel girder gave way and he was suddenly engulfed in an avalanche of plaster, wood, stone and steel that fell through the floor, and through the floor beneath that, down, down, into the building's debris-filled sub-basement. He was killed instantly.

For the last three years, Jessica Thebus, a Chicago teacher, director and playwright, has been working to bring the story of this difficult, enigmatic man to the stage. She considered him a pioneer in historic preservation. He was the man, after all, who saved thousands of artifacts from Louis Sullivan's buildings, including the whole Chicago Stock Exchange's trading room, which was moved in its entirety to the Art Institute. He also was the first martyr in the field of historical preservation.

Thebus first heard about Nickel on a talk show on WBEZ radio while driving to one of her teaching jobs. Local host Mara Tapp was interviewing journalist Richard Cahan about his new book, "They All Fall Down," a biography of Richard Nickel and his "struggle to save America's architecture."

Immediately taken with the man, Thebus turned off the highway and drove directly to the closest bookstore and purchased Cahan's book.

Having recently finished a play based on the life of Isabelle Eberhardt, a Russian woman who lived for years in Algeria disguised as an Arab man, Thebus was casting about for the subject of her next play. What she heard about Nickel on the radio gave her hope.

She began reading Cahan's book in her car and was not disappointed. The Nickel who emerges in those pages is a fascinating figure, the kind of intense, quirky character who seems tailor-made for the stage and screen.

A ***working class*** Catholic, the son of Polish immigrants, he seemed at first glance utterly unremarkable. But looks were deceiving.

Beneath that mild-mannered exterior raged a man obsessed with the preservation of great buildings, most notably the buildings of Chicago architect Louis Sullivan.

Nickel had first become obsessed with Sullivan in art school, where he studied with internationally renowned photographer Aaron Siskind, and he literally dedicated the last 25 years of his life to Sullivan.

"His life story was like an opera," Thebus notes, "Even his friends said this, saying his was like some medieval hero, referring to him after his death as someone with a mythic dimension."

Certainly it helped that Nickel was consumed by Louis Sullivan, a mythic figure in his own right and one of the giants of Chicago architecture .

Today, Sullivan is recognized as a visionary architect and the mentor of Frank Lloyd Wright. But in the '50s and early '60s, when Nickel first became interested in him, Sullivan's reputation was at its nadir.

Sullivan had been dead almost 30 years, having done his best work before the first world war. To make matters worse, a catastrophic fire had destroyed Adler and Sullivan's records, so no one was even sure how many buildings in the Chicago area had been designed by the prolific Sullivan. The monumental buildings where known - the Auditorium Building, the Chicago Stock Exchange, and the Carson, Pirie, Scott building - but there were also hundreds of smaller, more modest buildings. Two- or three-story homes, small stores, modest office buildings.

Inspired by his teacher, photographer Aaron Siskind, Nickel spent his every spare moment seeking out and photographing these "lost Sullivans." Discovering a new Sullivan sent Nickel into ecstasy.

But each discovery seemed to lead inevitably to heartache. Many of these lost buildings, unfortunately, were located in blighted areas to the west of the Loop, areas slated for demolition. Too often Nickel's rediscoveries came only months before the buildings were wiped off the face of the earth.

"Think about it," Thebus explains. "He spends months tracking down a building. He photographs it. And it's wrecked. Sometimes there were two or three buildings going down at a time around Chicago."

No wonder Nickel spent so much time and effort documenting every building he discovered. And no wonder, when these little gems were going down, Nickel began to break into the demolition sites to carry off as many of Sullivan's trademark ornamental features as he could fit into his car.

"Today those ornaments are worth a fortune, but at the time, no one cared," Thebus says. If Nickel didn't get them, they would have gone directly to the landfills.

Nickel carefully documented his every move, making detailed notes, keeping copies of every letter he wrote. "And Nickel was an obsessive letter writer who wrote sometimes 10 letters a night," Thebus adds.

In reconstructing Nickel's life, Thebus threw herself into reading all the material available by and about Nickel.

Not just Cahan's book, but also the transcripts to Cahan's interviews, which Cahan allowed Thebus to read. Thebus then turned to Nickel's voluminous letters, which she quotes in her play.

"His voice in these letters is very dramatic," she says. "He had an inner conflict but he's very articulate about his feelings. And about art."

Then, following Nickel's lead, Thebus began reading everything she could by and about Louis Sullivan.

Such a wealth of research material might stifle a lesser playwright. And Thebus was at first a little daunted, especially by the subject matter.

"Somebody told me that this line, I think its from Dorothy Parker, that trying to write about music is like trying to dance about architecture. Sometimes," Thebus laughs nervously, "I feel like I am trying to dance about architecture."

But Thebus, a student in Northwestern's Performance Studies Department, had studied at the feet of such noteworthy Chicago masters of stage adaptation as Frank Galati, Mary Zimmerman, and Paul Edwards.

She knew that if you work with the material long enough, as Louis Sullivan himself said in "Kindergarten Chats," his seminal book on architecture, the material tells you which way it wants to go.

Having previously distilled shows out of the writings of Collette, Charlotte Perkins Gilman and the urban legends surrounding such infamous Chicago ghosts as Resurrection Mary, Thebus was an old hand at turning apparently non-dramatic literature into theater.

Tempted to do a full out stage biography of Nickel, Thebus backed away from that, arguing, "even if I wanted to do a full realistic biography, how could I get that right?"

Instead, Thebus settled on a structure borrowed from the movie "32 Short Films about Glenn Gould," and from Louis Sullivan's last essay, "A System of Architectural Ornament."

"In that essay Sullivan has a prelude and 20 drawings of architectural ornaments and an epilogue," she says. "As you turn each page, each page gives you something new. My play is made up of 20 scenes in Nickel's life. It's like 20 drawings from the life of Richard Nickel. Or 20 photographs. The first scene: a childhood memory. Next scene: Nickel writing a letter."

Another scene is about Nickel and Sullivan. It's like I give you 20 scenes about Richard Nickel and you take your own thing from it."

"Building Sympathy" opens Nov. 9 and runs through Dec. 21 at the Center Theater Ensemble, 1346 W. Devon, Chicago. Performances are at 8 p.m. Fridays; 6:30 and 9 p.m. Saturdays; and 7 p.m. Sundays. Call (773) 508-5422.

**Graphic**

Jessica Thebus, author of a play about Richard Nickel, admires the trading room from the Chicago Stock Exchange, which the Art Institute reconstructed after the landmark building was torn down in 1972. Nickel was instrumental in persuading the Art Institute to preserve the room, designed by Louis Sullivan. Daily Herald Photo/Bill Zars

**Load-Date:** November 21, 1997

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[***'MESSENGER' AMONG FILMS BRINGING MOVING PERFORMANCES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7X33-KHY1-2R4Y-Y07N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 12, 2009 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; MOVIE REVIEW; Pg. W-14

**Length:** 2420 words

**Byline:** Barbara Vancheri, Sara Bauknecht, Elham Khatam,Barry Paris,

**Body**

A sampling of reviews of movies playing during the second week of the Three Rivers Film Festival:

b> 'THE MESSENGER'

\* Critic's Call: Three-And-One-Half Stars

/b>

A mother slaps one of them, while her son's pregnant girlfriend wails hysterically. A bitter, distraught father challenges, "Why aren't you there? Why aren't you dead?" and spits in the visitor's face.

Welcome to the Army's Casualty Notification service. It's as if an emotional IED goes off every time an officer knocks on the door of an unsuspecting stranger about to become the NOK or next of kin.

Staff Sgt. Will Montgomery (Ben Foster), still recovering from injuries received in Iraq, has a few months left in the service when he is assigned to the team and Capt. Tony Stone (Woody Harrelson). A commanding officer tells Will, "The mission is not simply important; it is sacred."

Director and co-writer Oren Moverman has found a way to harness Foster's volcanic power, hands Harrelson one of his best roles, and manages to convey tension among troops, the disorientation of returning home and (through a character played by Samantha Morton) the fissure that can open in a marriage with each tour.

As with "The Hurt Locker," this is a searing portrait of war but told entirely from the heartbreak of the home front.

R for language and some sexual content/nudity.

-- Barbara Vancheri, PG movie editor

b> 'AMERICAN HARMONY'

\* Critic's Call: Three Stars

/b>

"American Harmony" follows more than a dozen men's journeys to the Super Bowl of barbershop singing.

The 86-minute documentary, directed by Aengus James, takes audiences to the International Championships of Barbershop Singing, an annual event that has brought barbershop's best under one roof for more than the past 70 years.

The film highlights the 2005-08 competitions but focuses on the 2006 event, regarded by many as the most competitive and controversial competition in the Barbershop Harmony Society's history.

In 2006, Max Q, a quartet of former barbershop champions, is seeded first heading into the competition. Newer groups OC Times and Vocal Spectrum are hot on their heels, charming crowds with their suave looks and savvy vocals. Thirty-year veteran quartet Reveille hopes a gold medal is still within reach despite a member's declining health.

A win at internationals means a quartet's name will go down in barbershop history. Will Max Q finally seize the gold after years of falling short? Will the newcomers win in an upset? Suspense builds with every chorus these quartets belt out.

G in nature. Local barbershop quartets will sing in the lobby prior to screenings.

-- Sara Bauknecht, PG staff writer

b> 'THE BAKER'

\* Critic's Call: Three Stars

/b>

The Welsh village looks as if it should be dusted with snow and transported to a Christmas card. But when hitman Milo (Damian Lewis) hides out there, masquerading as a baker, the villagers wonder what he's really up to.

It turns out the prospect of a professional assassin in their midst is as appetizing as, well, a homemade chocolate cake. This dark comedy explores grudge matches and crazy competitions in the gardening and assassin worlds, unhappy marriages and, most of all, second chances.

British actor Lewis ("Band of Brothers," NBC's "Life") plays Milo with a light touch and his brother, Gareth Lewis, directs the same way. The entire movie is like a tray of doughnuts dipped in a sugar glaze. Even when someone bites the dust, the villager is so loathsome that you can't help but cheer and not feel a lick of guilt.

R in nature because of subject matter.

-- Barbara Vancheri

b> 'FREEDOM HOUSE: STREET SAVIOURS'

\* Critic's Call: Two-And-One-Half Stars

/b>

"Don't send the police. You send us them Freedom Boys," callers in life-threatening distress would say back in the day.

From the late 1960s to 1975, the "Freedom Boys" were pioneering paramedics from Freedom House Enterprises Inc. who served the Hill District and Oakland and also transported fragile patients from outlying areas. They were life savers and anything but the label once applied to them: unemployable.

Under the tutelage of Dr. Peter Safar, "the father of CPR," these men brought the hospital to the street instead of relying on the "scoop and run" strategy.

They were a largely African-American corps who went into housing projects, shooting galleries and the homes of white Pittsburghers, such as the heart-attack patient who refused to be touched by the black men who ultimately saved her. In 1975, the city decided to launch its own ambulance network and many trailblazers were, essentially, kicked to the curb.

Although "Freedom House" relies on some archival stills and footage, it's hobbled by too many talking heads. Nevertheless, the filmmakers were lucky to document recollections of some participants who have since died.

And it's an eye-opener about a momentous chapter of medical history that laid the groundwork for what happens today when someone calls 911 and a well-staffed and stocked ambulance (not a station wagon or hearse) rolls up, ready and able to save a life.

Unrated but PG in nature.

-- BarbaraVancheri

b> 'LAILA'S BIRTHDAY'

\* Critic's Call: Three Stars

/b>

On his daughter Laila's birthday, Abu Laila -- a serious, middle-aged judge who drives a taxi to make a living -- just wants to finish work in time to buy his daughter a present and cake and get home by 8 p.m. to celebrate with his family. But in the Palestinian territories, where they live, such normalcy isn't easy to come by.

That's the message of "Laila's Birthday," written and directed by Rasha Masharawi. The film follows Abu Laila (which literally means "Father of Laila") as he encounters numerous small disasters that hinder his job and jeopardize his daughter's birthday celebration. "Laila's Birthday" is also a dark comedy that brings wry humor to these disasters -- an explosion, a lost cell phone, a brief spat with a passenger -- that make life in the West Bank insufferable. In a memorable scene, when Abu Laila nearly runs over a pedestrian, the alarmed man shouts, "Run me over to free me from this life!"

Abu Laila's situation is far from normal. Though he lives in a handsome house with ample room, the former judge is forced to be a taxi driver to make ends meet. He visits the Ministry of Justice every day, seeking a judicial post, but he is always faced with the same answer from government officials, "Come back tomorrow." By the end of the film, his heretofore annoyed yet accepting attitude reaches a breaking point.

Interestingly, Masharawi doesn't include any Israelis in the film, choosing, instead, to focus on the Palestinians and the problems they must deal with every day. Toward the end, we see that, although Palestinians are undoubtedly affected by their neighbors, they alone must take control and decide their fate.

Not rated. In Arabic with English subtitles.

-- Elham Khatami for the Post-Gazette

b> 'SOMERS TOWN'

\* Critic's Call: Two-And-One-Half Stars

/b>

As odd couples go, Marek and Tomo make Oscar and Felix look like the Doublemint Twins.

Uh ... a little too much cross-cultural referencing there? Let's try again:

Two lonely 16-year-olds -- one small for his age, the other big -- do some unlikely bonding in "Somers Town," a charming little British dramedy with a gritty city setting. Both boys are newly arrived in central London, and there their similarities end.

Tomo (Thomas Turgoose) is the artless dodger, a homeless runaway from the Midlands. Polish immigrant Marek (Piotr Jagiello) lives with his dad in Somers Town, a ***working-class*** district bordering on the vast old St Pancras and Kings Cross train stations. After their chance introduction, Tomo invites himself to take up residence in Marek's flat -- as long as he can keep hidden from Marek's hard-drinking father.

When not dodging dad, our odd couple get a couple of odd jobs for a very odd neighbor (sanding and peddling stolen beach chairs -- in London?) while mooning over sexy French waitress Maria, who sweetly tolerates their attentions.

Boredom, bullies, booze -- alienation and love trouble -- fill the crisp 70 minutes of this coming-of-age tale, shot by director Shane Meadows in "living" black and white with many long, continuous, single takes. The semi-improvised performances by Jagiello -- his gentle, tentative Marek struggling with proper English -- and Turgoose -- his blustery Tomo's face and furrowed brow looking far older than his years -- won them a joint "Best Actor" award at the Tribeca Festival.

"Somers Town" has the surface look of '50s British angry young men pix but sans most of the anger. So you fall in and out with your mates, your girl and your dad. Father Knows Least here. You just might fall back in with them by the time of a sentimental fairytale ending.

-- Barry Paris, PG film critic emeritus

b> THREE RIVERS FILM FESTIVAL SCHEDULE

/b>

The 28th annual Three Rivers Film Festival opened last week with sold-out screenings and continues through Nov. 21 at: Regent Square Theater, 1035 S. Braddock Ave., Edgewood; Harris Theater, 809 Liberty Ave., Downtown; and Melwood Screening Room, 477 Melwood Ave., Oakland.

For tickets, $8 each, call 412-394-3353 or see www. proartstickets.org.They also will be sold at theaters 30 minutes before showtime. For a full schedule, go to www.3RFF.com.

b> TODAY

REGENT SQUARE

/b>

7 p.m.: "Bronson" -- A true story inspired this drama about the metamorphosis of Mickey Peterson into Britain's most dangerous prisoner. Tom Hardy stars.

9 p.m.: "Thirst"-- A selfless priest, given tainted blood, becomes a vampire in this Korean box-office hit.

b>HARRIS

/b>

5:30 p.m.: "Freedom House: Street Saviours" -- Documentary about pioneering Pittsburgh paramedics. Director Gene Starzenski to attend, and $25 reception afterward at August Wilson Center will celebrate retirement of Assistant EMS Chief John Moon.

8 p.m.: "Youssou N'dour: I Bring What I Love" -- Music-infused cinematic journey about the power of one man's voice to inspire change.

b>MELWOOD

/b>

7 p.m.: "Blue Angel"-- Marlene Dietrich is at her most seductive as a nightclub singer who destroys a repressed school teacher (Emil Jannings) in this landmark 1930 release.

b> FRIDAY

REGENT SQUARE

/b>

7:15 p.m.: "American Harmony" -- Documentary about International Championships of Barbershop Singing.

9:15 p.m.: "How Much Does the Trojan Horse Weigh?" -- Time-travel comedy about a 40-year-old woman transported back to 1987 that uses the device to chart Poland's transition from communism to capitalism.

b>HARRIS

/b>

7:15 p.m.: "Somers Town" -- Two teens, newcomers to London, forge an unlikely friendship over the course of a hot summer in this black-and-white film.

9 p.m.: "The Paranoids" -- Offbeat comedy about an aspiring screenwriter in Buenos Aires who learns his best friend has produced a TV show inspired by his life.

b>MELWOOD

/b>

10 a.m.: Three Rivers Film Symposium -- Day-long exploration of the question "Is film dead?"

7 p.m.: Canyon Cinema Presents, with Dominic Angerame -- Experimental Super 8mm, 16mm, 35mm and digital works.

9:30 p.m.: "Mazes" -- Filmmaker Ben Russell joins musician Joe Grimm in an experimental art performance.

b> SATURDAY

REGENT SQUARE

/b>

2:15 p.m.: "American Harmony"

4:45 p.m.: "Tahaan" -- A fable about an 8-year-old boy's journey to find meaning and purpose and his pet donkey, seized from his family in the Kashmir valley.

7 p.m.: "The Messenger" -- Ben Foster is an Army casualty affairs officer who, with a partner (Woody Harrelson), informs next of kin about combat deaths. Against all rules, he befriends a soldier's widow.

9:30 p.m.: "Serious Moonlight" -- Cheryl Hines makes her directorial debut with a screenplay by Adrienne Shelly ("Waitress") about a lawyer, a philandering husband, his younger girlfriend and drunken burglars.

b> HARRIS

/b>

4 p.m.: "Laila's Birthday" -- Comedic portrait of a day in the life of an experienced judge turned taxi driver trying to navigate life in contemporary Ramallah.

6 p.m.: "Somers Town"

8 p.m.: "No. 4 Street of Our Lady" -- The story of Francisca Halamajowa, a Polish Catholic woman who risked her life to save 15 Jews during the Holocaust, including eight members of filmmaker Judy Maltz's family. She and her fellow filmmakers are full-time Penn State faculty members.

b>MELWOOD

/b>

4:30 p.m.: "Earth Days" -- Robert Stone documentary about the dawn and development of the modern environmental movement.

7 p.m.: "Rachel Is" -- Charlotte Glynn chronicles a year in the life of her sister, Rachel, who is mentally disabled. Shot in Pittsburgh.

9:15 p.m.: "Let Each One Go Where He May" -- Thirteen 10-minute-long tracking shots of two unnamed brothers tracing the footsteps of their ancestors who escaped from slavery 300 years earlier.

b> SUNDAY

REGENT SQUARE

/b>

3 p.m.: "How Much Does the Trojan Horse Weigh?"

5:30 p.m. "The Baker" -- Dark comedy about a hit man who starts over as a baker in Wales but runs into complications when the villagers learn his identity and want to hire him. Damian Lewis and Michael Gambon star.

7:30 p.m.: "Serious Moonlight"

b>HARRIS

/b>

2 p.m.: "Youssou N'dour: I Bring What I Love"

4 p.m.: "The Paranoids"

b>MELWOOD

/b>

2 p.m.: "No. 4 Street of Our Lady"

4:30 p.m.: "Earth Days"

b> MONDAY

REGENT SQUARE

/b>

7 p.m.: "Tahaan"

9 p.m.: "The Baker"

b>HARRIS

/b>

7 p.m.: "Munyurangabo" -- Modern-day Rwanda provides the backdrop for this tale of friendship and forgiveness.

9 p.m.: "Laila's Birthday"

b>MELWOOD

/b>

7:30 p.m.: "Died Young, Stayed Pretty" -- Rabble-rousing documentary about graphic designers and artists behind renaissance of indie-rock concert posters.

b> TUESDAY

REGENT SQUARE

/b>

8 p.m.: "Carpet Racers: A Crash Course" -- A Film Kitchen look at adults who race radio control cars (as big as a shoebox and capable of reaching 60 mph) for a living. Reception at 7 p.m.

b>HARRIS

/b>

7 p.m.: "Munyurangabo"

9 p.m.: "General Nil" -- Drama honoring the tactical skills and bravery of forgotten World War II hero Emil Fieldorf, code name "Nil."

b>MELWOOD

/b>

7:30 p.m.: "The Joy of Singing" -- French spy comedy about secret agents who go undercover in an opera class to get closer to a woman who may have a valuable USB key sought by international thugs.

b> WEDNESDAY

REGENT SQUARE

/b>

7:30 p.m.: "In Service: Pittsburgh to Iraq" -- First presented as a live performance in fall 2007, this hour-long film allows Western Pennsylvanians to share their wartime experiences.

b>HARRIS

/b>

7 p.m.: "General Nil"

9:15 p.m.: "Lake Tahoe" -- Escape is the theme of this Mexican film about a teen who crashes his family's car and whose search for help leads him to an eclectic cast of characters.

b>MELWOOD

/b>

7:30 p.m.: "The Joy of Singing"

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG / THREE RIVERS FILM FESTIVAL / Movies are rated on a scale from one (bomb) to four (classic) stars

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Woody Harrelson and Ben Foster star in the movie "The Messenger."\

PHOTO: Nour Zoubi as Laila in "Laila's Birthday."

**Load-Date:** November 13, 2009

**End of Document**



[***DELIGHTFUL DILEMMA;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-FMC0-0094-2561-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***INCLUDING ''PHANTOM OF THE OPERA'' IN ITS SCHEDULE BOOSTED SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-FMC0-0094-2561-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE CIVIC LIGHT OPERA, BUT IT ALSO CREATED SCHEDULING PROBLEMS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-FMC0-0094-2561-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 23, 1993, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** ENTERTAINMENT,; STAGE PREVIEW

**Length:** 1280 words

**Byline:** RON WEISKIND, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Every opera -- and that includes the Civic Light Opera -- now likes to have a ''Phantom'' to call its own. But while several local arts groups will share in this summer's Pittsburgh presentation of Andrew Lloyd Webber's monster hit, the creature from the catacombs is wreaking organizational havoc on the CLO.

''It's the kind of problem we like to have,'' said Charles Gray, CLO executive director and general manager, approaching Tuesday's start of yet another season of musical theater.

Subscriptions are up more than 10 percent, topping the 20,000 mark, Gray said. He attributed the increase largely to CLO's getting two of the nine weeks that ''Phantom of the Opera'' will spend in the Benedum Center. But the show's July opening has forced CLO to start its season three weeks earlier than usual.

''That has compressed everything, including ticket processing,'' Gray said. ''The increased volume of subscribers has made our lives more difficult.'' Because CLO has sold out its portion of ''Phantom,'' some recent subscribers will see only five musicals this summer. The sixth play will be the December production of ''A Christmas Carol.''

CLO also has less time to find performers for the summer productions. ''We can't start our casting process in New York much earlier than we do now,'' he said. It begins in March because actors won't make any commitments before then. ''Nobody knows what else they will be doing in the summer.''

But these concerns pale beside the challenge that CLO and other arts organizations faced last summer, when Pittsburgh's newspapers were on strike.

''In terms of total attendance, we slightly beat the previous year,'' Gray said. ''But it cost us a lot of money to do that. We had to spend more on radio advertising and on TV. It cost us $ 70,000 more to equal the previous year's attendance. But we were helped by the fact that people know if it's summer, it's CLO. It's less of a hump we had to overcome.''

But the Civic Light Opera faces more competition than it used to, including the Pittsburgh Broadway Series, which is responsible for ''Phantom'' coming here in the first place.

''We've been able to hold our own, even in terms of head-to-head bookings,'' Gray said. ''The difficulty with competition is in the using up of material. So few new shows are on national tours that, more and more, (the touring productions) are revivals.'' Once one of those musicals plays Pittsburgh, he said, ''We can't bring it back for five, six, seven years. It's a ferocious threat and a very real one.''

One solution is to create new musicals, a daunting prospect even on Broadway. But CLO will offer the nearest alternative in its first show this year, ''Fame,'' about students at the High School for the Performing Arts in New York. Reversing the usual process, ''Fame'' was adapted for the stage after beginning as a movie and metamorphosizing into a television series.

'' 'Fame' is basically a new show,'' Gray said, citing only two previous productions. ''It's in its final form, so we don't need to get into the arena of having the creative team involved in the production.'' Not only is that expensive, last-minute changes require more time than the CLO can provide.

But some tinkering is always necessary. When CLO couldn't find someone to fill the role of a trumpeter but came up with a first-rate saxophonist, the character changed instruments. ''We're talking to the authors and they are coming down for the show, as are 10 or 12 producers from other theaters. This is the first major, full-out production in English. The show is a big hit in Stockholm.''

Don't expect to hear the songs from the movie, except for a version of the title tune. It seems the characters in the play have seen the movie version of ''Fame,'' and one of the teachers tells them, ''If you think you're going to be dancing down 46th Street on cars and living forever, forget it.''

On the theory that everything old is new again, CLO will offer its first production of ''Fiorello!,'' the Pulitzer Prize-winning musical about former New York City Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, who may be remembered outside the Big Apple chiefly for the airport that bears his name.

''It's an extraordinarily intelligent show with a lot of good music,'' Gray said. ''It was moderately appropriate to this election year when Pittsburgh will be electing a mayor.''

But, he acknowledged, some theatergoers may indeed ask Fiorello who? ''Sheldon (Harnick, the show's lyricist) is rewriting some stuff in the initial scenes to deal with that problem,'' Gray said.

No one would dare rewrite ''South Pacific,'' this year's CLO warhorse. To be sure, the musical's denunciations of racial discrimination remain valid today. But how does one freshen up the other elements of a show that has been produced so often?

''Rob Marshall (the Pittsburgh native who helped choreograph Broadway's new ''Kiss of the Spider Woman'') is directing and doing the choreography. He has a concept scenically that I think is quite different from the original. It uses a lot of materials of the place, a lot of magical transitions in and out of Bali Hai. You look at it from a different point of view,'' Gray said.

The season's family show is ''The Wizard of Oz,'' a production last staged just five years ago. And therein lies another problem in terms of available material. ''There are not a lot of shows we can do where families can bring their kids,'' Gray said, naming perhaps half a dozen. He said CLO has commissioned a rewrite of ''Hans Christian Andersen'' that could run as soon as next year.

Rounding out this season's summer schedule is ''The Pirates of Penzance,'' which Gray called his favorite Gilbert & Sullivan work. ''It was a hoot in its time. But times have changed and the context for stylistic fun is different. It needs to be reinterpreted'' -- as it was when it became a Broadway hit in the '80s with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt.

The CLO production will be ''slightly irreverent,'' he said. And ''Pirates'' will have its own ''Phantom of the Opera'' flavor in that Mark Jacoby, currently playing the masked man on Broadway, will take the role of the Pirate King, and Dale Kristien, who plays Christine in the Los Angeles production of ''Phantom,'' will portray Mabel.

That takes care of 1993. But what about the future? Gray said the average age of the CLO's audience has been dropping in recent years, with shows like ''Phantom'' and ''Fame'' aiding that process. The CLO's three-show ticket series, new in 1990 when the season was expanded from six weeks to nine, also was designed largely to appeal to younger people, who may not have as much money to spend and as much time to devote to theatergoing.

The other question comes back yet again to material. Of the four musicals nominated for Tony Awards this season, only one -- ''The Goodbye Girl'' -- can be classified as the standard type. The others are ''Tommy,'' a rock musical; ''Kiss of the Spider Woman,'' which features a gay character in the lead and is set in prison; and ''Blood Brothers,'' a ***working-class*** tragedy that starts with two dead bodies. Is this potential CLO material?

''I think I would get a lot of complaints if I were to put on a show like 'Spider Woman' now,'' Gray said. ''But if I had put on 'Sweeney Todd' when it first came out, I would have gotten a lot of complaints.

''I don't want to rub my audience's nose in distasteful subjects. But I do think I have an obligation, if a show is good, to give them a variety.

''Musical theater needs to get involved with the rock, pop and country-and- western people because the traditional Broadway writers, except for Sondheim and Kander and Ebb and people like that, really don't exist anymore.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (3), Allen Hidalgo: One of the stars of ''Fame'', Melissa Bell: Also starring in CLO's ''Fame'', Thomas Ondrey/Post-Gazette: Charles Gray is happy that subscriptions for the Civic Light Opera are up 10 percent over last year.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Outward mobility;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:488G-D960-00J2-32R9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***As outer-ring communities grow, expensive houses share wide-open spaces with mobile-home parks, which provide suburbs with diversity and affordability.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:488G-D960-00J2-32R9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 30, 2003, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** BUSINESS; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1913 words

**Byline:** Larry Werner; Staff Writer

**Body**

On a late-winter afternoon, when the temperature was flirting with spring, Michelle Smithson took her three kids for a walk on the trail that separates North Creek Mobile Home Community from Harris Acres, a development of $300,000 houses on the east side of Lakeville.

     When Smithson and her husband, Mark, agreed to buy their four-bedroom, two-story house in Harris Acres, they didn't even notice their neighborhood was adjacent to a large mobile-home community.

      "Not that that's such a big deal," Smithson said. "It wouldn't have stopped us from moving here, but we didn't know that's what they did \_ all these nice new homes next to the mobile homes."

      As her year-old son wailed for Mom to push the stroller, Smithson said she understands that the mobile-home park provides housing for those who can't afford homes like hers. And in fast-growing Lakeville, she added, such housing diversity doesn't seem to be hurting the value of her property or that of her neighbors.

   "Prices keep going up," she said.

     In Lakeville, Blaine, Chaska, Lake Elmo and some other Twin Cities suburbs, big new houses are sharing wide-open spaces with mobile homes \_ lots of them. The mobile homes are there because these communities used to be rural places with inexpensive land for such housing.

     Now that these places have become less rural and more expensive, public officials want the mobile homes to remain because they provide "workforce housing" for residents who can't afford the executive homes that are multiplying like jackrabbits on the exurban fringe.

     "They play an important part of meeting our life-cycle housing component," Lakeville City Administrator Bob Erickson said of the community's 977 mobile homes. "Many of these residents meet an important need for semi-skilled positions at Airlake Industrial Park," he said.

     Airlake employs more than 4,000 factory and office workers just across Hwy. 50 from Ardmor Village, another of the city's mobile-home communities.

    Right next to Ardmor, Laukka-Jarvis Inc. is preparing to break ground on Spyglass, 88 rolling acres of homes that will sell for $350,000 and up. Peter Jarvis, who, with his partner, Larry Laukka, has developed upscale projects such as Centennial Lakes and Coventry homes in Edina, admits that he had some concerns about whether 146 expensive houses belong next to more than 300 mobile homes. But, he said, the mobile homes were there first, and the Lakeville market is too hot for a developer to pass up.

      "It is certainly not an issue with me personally," Jarvis said, "but there is evidence in the marketplace that people making the largest investment in their lives tend to be concerned about locational attributes."

     However, he said, the city of Lakeville didn't consider such concerns an issue, and by late summer, the first residents of the Spyglass subdivision will be moving in on high ground overlooking one of Lakeville's five mobile-home communities.

     Other cities, including Blaine, are promoting new executive housing nearby \_ if not next door \_ to developments that used to be known as trailer parks. Brian Schafer, Blaine's city planner, said builders are having no trouble finding buyers for $400,000 homes in a community where almost 15 percent of the housing units \_ 2,362 \_ are mobile homes.

      "We certainly recognize, as Lakeville does, that it is a housing choice for people with more limited incomes," Schafer said.

     Because suburbs will absorb most of the million new residents expected in the metro area by 2030, many of whom won't be able to afford new, expensive, site-built houses, public officials are working to preserve and upgrade these aging communities of affordable manufactured homes.

     Dennis Welsch, community development director for Roseville, said mobile homes were a focus of a housing study done recently by the I-35W Corridor Coalition, a planning group for seven northern suburbs \_ Roseville, Blaine, New Brighton, Arden Hills, Shoreview, Mounds View and Circle Pines. Those suburbs have a total of about 4,000 mobile homes.

      "Mobile homes make up a significant part of the affordable housing mix in the communities, and we did not want to lose that asset because one of the goals of the coalition is to match jobs with housing," Welsch said. "If jobs have moderate wages, we wanted to make sure we retain housing that can be afforded by people who work there."

     John Carpenter, a consulting demographer for the coalition, said many factors argue for preserving mobile-home communities in the outer suburbs. Communities such as Blaine and Lakeville have a shortage of apartments, he said, and a shortage of young workers for whom mobile homes might provide the alternative that apartments represent in other communities.

     Inner-ring suburbs used to provide low-priced single-family houses for young working families, he said, but the value of such housing is being driven up as empty-nesters buy small houses in the inner ring in order to downsize and shorten their commute to the core cities.

     Carpenter and others have concluded that upgrading mobile homes is as important as preserving them.

     "A lot of those parks have been around for a long time, and a lot of the issue is keeping [the units] up to code," Carpenter said.

     The I-35W Coalition has developed a manufactured-housing rehabilitation program in cooperation with Ramsey County, Welsch said. It's now being tested in Mounds View.

     In the southern suburbs, the Dakota County Community Development Agency has offered its home-rehabilitation loan program for mobile-home owners, and 92 mobile-home units \_ 11 percent of the homes fixed up under the program \_ have been upgraded under this no-interest, deferred-payment plan. Mobile homes have represented 27 percent of the Dakota County CDA's weatherization grants, and in Apple Valley, the CDA has sponsored a "manufactured home replacement program" that has allowed 20 families to replace their aging homes with new ones.

     Mark Ulfers, executive director of the Dakota County CDA, said mobile homes, which might cost $50,000 to buy plus $350 a month for lot rent, are more expensive than the rental housing built by his agency and others. But he acknowledged that with mounting budget deficits at all levels of government, the funds for public housing will decline, and mobile homes might be the only option for many suburban families.

      "We ought to assess our need for manufactured housing, and maybe the CDA and the cities should collaborate on a study," Ulfers said. "Where would families go if we didn't have that resource?"

     John Fraser Hart, a geography professor at the University of Minnesota, said many ***working-class*** people would much rather live in mobile homes than in Ulfer's government-run apartments.

      "Apartments are un-American," said Hart, who co-wrote a book entitled "The Unknown World of the Mobile Home." "We want our own house and our own yard, and even the small property around a mobile home means something. My belief is probably the mobile home is the best form of affordable housing. You're getting twice as much for the money as a stick-built house."

      Thayer Long, director of state and local affairs for the Manufactured Housing Institute in Washington, D.C., said, "Two thirds of all the affordable housing added in the '90s happened to be manufactured housing. It's much more efficient to produce a home in a factory environment than site-built."

     Long's association works at dispelling negative stereotypes about manufactured housing, objecting to terms such as "house trailer" and even "mobile home."

      "In cities where land costs become prohibitive, manufactured housing can cut down on your housing costs," Long said.

     But Erickson, Lakeville's city administrator, said it takes civic effort to create compatibility between manufactured housing and executive housing. The Ardmor Village mobile-home community, neighbor to the Jarvis-Laukka Spyglass development, generated almost 600 police calls a year as recently as 1997, and its residents lacked access to a storm shelter, an important safety feature for mobile-home dwellers.

     Community policing and code enforcement, Erickson said, were among the initiatives that helped turn the city's mobile-home parks into better neighbors, and the city forced construction of a storm shelter at Ardmor through a hard-fought lawsuit. Last year, police calls to Ardmor were down to 106.

      "The police and planning and building inspections addressed some of the cause-and-effect relationships of the crime that was being experienced," Erickson said. "We increased our involvement with park owners, managers and residents. We had the advantage of one of our council members living in a mobile home."

     When the Harris Acres development was proposed next to the North Creek mobile-home park, he said, the city was able to assure the developer that North Creek would be a good neighbor to the large, two-story homes across the bike trail. Mobile homes have become an important part of the city's housing mix, Erickson said, and it takes a team effort to maintain the peaceful coexistence between neighborhoods such as Spyglass and Ardmor, Harris Acres and North Creek.

      Said Erickson: "The industry is building a better unit, and we're providing a better environment, and [park] owners are providing better management."

   But even if communities work with park owners to maintain this type of housing, market forces might prevail over the need to preserve it.

     Jim Solem, a senior fellow at the University of Minnesota who studies affordable-housing issues, said rising land values in the suburbs might price mobile-home parks out of the land-use market.

      "Whoever owns that mobile-home park has got a pretty valuable asset \_ the land," Solem said. At some point, the land might be worth more as a big-house development or big-box retailer, and the park owner might decide to sell.

        A Minnesota law requires a nine-month notice of a park closing and gives the residents 45 days to match a purchase offer. In addition, an advocacy organization called the All Parks Alliance for Change (APAC) will work with the residents to assemble the financing for such a purchase. However, some land becomes too valuable to support mobile homes, the experts said.

     Even though Erickson has worked to keep such housing in his community, he expects that two of the five parks in Lakeville will be sold for another use eventually because they are located along Interstate Hwy. 35.

      "It's the land value thing," Solem said, "like the farmers who find out subdivisions are worth more than corn and soybeans."

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Larry Werner is at [*lwerner@startribune.com*](mailto:lwerner@startribune.com).

     HUNDREDS OF SUBURBAN FAMILIES LIVE IN MOBILE HOMES

     The 2000 census provides a glimpse of the importance of mobile-home parks to fast-growing suburbs, where executive housing has become the norm. A sampling of four outer-ring communities shows that the percentage of housing units represented by mobile homes ranges from 7.1 percent in Lakeville to 17.8 percent in Lake Elmo.

     - BLAINE: Total housing units - 16,170. Mobile homes - 2,362 or 14.6% of total.

     - CHASKA: Total housing units - 6,228. Mobile homes - 659 or 10.6% of total.

     - LAKEVILLE: Total housing units - 13,799. Mobile homes - 977 or 7.1% of total.

     - LAKE ELMO: Total housing units - 2,389. Mobile homes: 426 or 17.8% of total,

**Graphic**

CHART; MAP; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** April 1, 2003

**End of Document**



[***FINALLY, AN ARREST, BUT THE FAHEYS' ORDEAL GOES ON / LOVED ONES TRY TO COME TO GRIPS WITH ANNE MARIE FAHEY'S MURDER - AND AWAIT THOMAS CAPANO'S TRIAL.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B720-01K4-94HG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

NOVEMBER 16, 1997 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1488 words

**Byline:** George Anastasia, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** WILMINGTON

**Body**

There is a wooden bench in Brandywine Park, not far from where Anne Marie Fahey used to live, that has been dedicated to her memory.

It is in a quiet, rustic spot, off a path at the base of a wooded slope. Nearby, the Brandywine Creek drops slightly, and so, in the background, there is the constant and pleasant sound of water running over rocks.

"It's a nice place to kind of go and be with her," Jackie Steinhoff, an old friend of Anne Marie's, said recently.

Steinhoff, who once shared an apartment with Anne Marie near Trolley Square, was one of nearly a dozen close friends who came up with the idea of the bench. It was dedicated at a ceremony in September.

"There was no cemetery we could go to, no tombstone," Steinhoff said. "We wanted something we could remember her by."

The bench, the park and the rustling creek offer a refuge of sorts from the blare of publicity around the investigation into the June 1996 disappearance of Anne Marie, 30, the appointments secretary to Gov. Tom Carper.

To the Fahey family and to friends like Steinhoff, the bench is a reminder of the person Anne Marie was. That is something they fear will be lost in the tale of violence, lust and treachery that has emerged from the investigation.

Her family and friends may need that refuge in the days to come.

On Wednesday, Thomas J. Capano, a prominent lawyer and political power broker who was Anne Marie's secret lover, was charged with murdering her.

Capano, 48, had been a suspect almost from the start of the 17-month investigation. His arrest had been predicted by his own attorneys.

And fresh shock waves reverberated through the tight-knit political and social circles in which Capano and his well-heeled family traveled when it became clear who had implicated him: two of his brothers, Louis Jr. 46, and Gerard, 34.

Gerard Capano told authorities that he was present when his brother Thomas dumped a body in the Atlantic some 60 miles off Stone Harbor, N.J., on the morning of June 28, 1996, the day after Anne Marie was last seen alive, dining with Thomas Capano in Philadelphia.

The arrest ended the first phase of what many believe is one of the most sensational murder investigations in Delaware history. Now, for everyone involved, a grueling second phase begins.

Capano is in Gander Hill Prison. Through his lawyer, he has declared his innocence and vowed to fight the charges. A preliminary hearing is set for Thursday. In the offing, there are a murder trial and a possible capital-punishment case that will likely pit his brothers against him.

And there will be testimony that could include as much about the victim's private life as that of the accused.

"It's not pleasant," Robert Fahey, Anne Marie's oldest brother, said in an interview earlier this month, reflecting on how his sister's life had become public fodder.

"Many things which we would have preferred were not made public have come out. But you get numb to it. . . . It is what it is."

\* She was a pretty young secretary who lost her parents at an early age. She had an infectious laugh and a smile that friends say could light up a room.

He was successful, well tailored, close to power and money.

Thomas Capano "dazzled" Anne Marie Fahey, her brother Robert believes.

"In order to understand why my sister was easily manipulated by a guy like Tom Capano," Robert Fahey said, "you need to understand the frailties of her nature."

The youngest of six children, Anne Marie was 8 when her mother died of cancer. Her father, who suffered from alcoholism, "didn't handle our mother's death very well," said Kathleen Fahey-Holsey, Anne Marie's sister.

Twelve years later, when their father died of leukemia, Kathleen said, Anne Marie was the only sibling who had reconciled with him.

"That's to her credit," Kathleen said. "I couldn't have done it."

The Faheys, four brothers and two sisters, came from ***working-class*** roots. They largely supported each other growing up. Anne Marie lived with her two older brothers her final year in high school.

Kathleen, a physical therapist, speaks with pride about how she and three of her siblings finished college. One brother teaches. Another is an executive with a big Philadelphia real estate firm.

Anne Marie graduated from Wesley College in Dover, spent a semester in Spain, and learned to speak Spanish fluently. She hoped for a career in government or diplomacy.

Soon after college, she landed a job in the Washington office of then-Congressman Carper. When he was elected governor in 1992, she moved back to Wilmington to be his appointments secretary.

People who knew them believe that Capano, a lawyer who moved in the highest levels of the state's political network, met her while visiting Carper's office on business.

At first, they met for lunch. Then came dinners, usually in Philadelphia. Eventually, sometime in the winter of 1994, according to her diaries, they started a secret affair.

"She was a beautiful woman," her brother Robert said, "but she had insecurities that were, let's say, higher than average. . . . He dazzled her. He gave her access to things she never had on her own."

For Capano, law-enforcement investigators now contend, this was a pattern he had repeated with at least one other woman in the past.

Anne Marie had her own troubles, family and friends say. There were bouts with insecurity and an eating disorder that at times left her 5-foot-10 frame rail thin.

She was seeing a therapist, to cope with those problems and to deal with her feelings of guilt over her relationship with Capano, a married man with four young daughters.

It was a sporadic relationship, and, by the following year, when Capano separated from his wife, friends say, Anne Marie was already trying to muster the resolve to break it off.

Fahey family members say they learned all this after the fact. At the time she was seeing Capano, Anne Marie confided in only a few close friends, at first saying she was flattered and intrigued by the suave, articulate and much older lawyer but later acknowledging that she was troubled and even fearful of him.

In one of her last diary entries, dated April 7, 1996, she referred to Capano as "a controlling, manipulative, insecure, jealous maniac."

Anne Marie was last seen alive having dinner with Capano at Ristorante Panorama, a trendy bistro at Front and Market Streets in Philadelphia, on June 27, 1996, a Thursday night. When she failed to show up at her brother Robert's house for a family dinner that Saturday, relatives reported her missing.

Her disappearance became big news, partly because she had achieved some prominence of her own. She worked for Carper and knew top local Democrats. An offer of federal assistance in the investigation came from President Clinton.

Within weeks, federal authorities had taken over the investigation from local and state officials and quickly focused on Capano as a suspected kidnapper and murderer.

The theory, which FBI agents and city police detectives began working on within days of opening the case, was that Capano had killed her in a rage at his home in Wilmington after returning from dinner that June night.

Investigators allege that he disposed of her body and removed evidence, including a bloodstained sofa and carpet, from the house.

In the aftermath of Capano's arrest last week, the Fahey siblings were angry. They said Capano's brothers should have come forward sooner. They said they had been told that Capano commented to someone late last summer that the uproar over Anne Marie's disappearance might blow over after Labor Day - and that the Faheys were "white trash."

It may be that Capano never said such a thing. Still, the rumor stuck in the Faheys' craw.

"She was young and impressionable," her brother Kevin said last month. "He took her to fancy restaurants, gave her gifts. . . . She got in over her head. She got in with the big boys, and, unfortunately, she paid with her life."

\* In the summer of 1996, when Anne Marie had been missing just a few days, friends, family members and volunteers helped police search for clues. One place they searched, fruitlessly, was Brandywine Park.

Two months ago, several of those friends returned for a memorial service to dedicate the bench.

One read a poem entitled My Spirit. Among the lines are:

I am the swift uplifting rush

of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft star that shines at night.

Do not sit at my bench and cry.

I am not there, I did not die.

A small plaque mounted on the bench reads:

"Anne Marie Sinead Fahey, In Our Hearts Forever, Te Queremos, God Bless, Family & Friends, 1997."

On Friday, authorities said that they might try to locate Anne Marie's remains in the ocean. Experts say those chances are remote.

Robert Fahey said he and other relatives believe the memorial may be as close as they will ever come to a burial service.

"We've been robbed of that ritual," he said.

"Not having the opportunity to say good-bye and bury her," Robert Fahey said, "that's been the hardest thing."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Anne Marie Fahey

Thomas Capano, a political power broker in Delaware, was turned in by two of his brothers. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***BRITAIN GOES ABROAD TO FILL CRUCIAL JOBS SHORTAGES OF NURSES, DOCTORS, POLICE AND TEACHERS PROMPT AGGRESSIVE RECRUITING.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:452W-P0N0-0190-X23S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 10, 2000 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** BUSINESS; Pg. E01

**Length:** 1589 words

**Byline:** Andrea Gerlin, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

Two days after stepping off an 18-hour flight from Manila, 25 nurses from the Philippines sat jet-lagged but enthusiastic in a conference room at Royal London Hospital. They had already opened bank accounts and were preparing to brush up on their English.

The nurses were about to start 12 weeks of preparation to work in government hospitals in ***working-class*** East London. They are the third such group to arrive here recently from the Philippines, and are part of a growing influx of skilled foreign workers. They are also part of Britain's best hope for combating a deficit of workers in a variety of public-sector jobs.

Hampered by low pay and an aging population, the country's ranks of nurses, physicians, police and teachers have grown thin. Recent labor shortages in those professions have prompted an aggressive national recruiting drive and, in some fields, widespread hiring from abroad.

The effect of the shortages has been devastating: Flu clinics overwhelmed; rehabilitation wards forced to close; waiting lists for basic surgeries in a country famous for universal health care.

"We need skilled nurses to get us through the next couple of years, and we can't afford to wait a couple of years until more are trained," said April Brown, a recruitment officer for the Barts and The London NHS Trust, a three-hospital system.

The 25 nurses who arrived late last month joined 49 others from the Philippines, as well as smaller numbers of nurses from Zimbabwe and Australia, already working or undergoing training under two-year contracts with the Trust's hospitals.

Another contingent of 71 nurses is expected to arrive in February. They will be joined by nurses from Spain, which signed an agreement last month to supply up to 5,000 nurses to Britain. Similar discussions are taking place with China.

Arguably, Britain is reaping what it sowed. Training slots for nurses and midwives in British medical schools were reduced by 28 percent from 1992 through 1995, when there was a surplus of people trained for these jobs. Now the National Health Service wants to erase the deficit of 20,000 nurses and midwives within its 300,000-member nursing workforce.

Britain is facing competition for its own nurses from Australia; recruiting agencies from Down Under have been trolling for and attracting British nurses in the Plymouth, England, area and in Northern Ireland. The agency that gives background information about British nurses to employers abroad says it got 5,000 such requests this year, compared with about 3,500 in previous years, indicating that more U.K. nurses are seeking work overseas.

Last year, hospitals around the nation experienced staffing shortages that left hospital beds unattended. Britain's Department of Health is hoping to head off a repeat crisis this winter. But already, two stroke-rehabilitation units at Stobhill Hospital in Glasgow, Scotland, had to be closed in October because of a lack of nurses. Patients were transferred.

Last month, Derriford Hospital in Plymouth canceled scheduled operations in its neurosurgery unit because it did not have enough specialist nurses to care for patients. A spokeswoman for the hospital said that help was on the way: 27 nurses arrived from the Philippines in August, 10 more arrived last week and another 59 are scheduled to land next year.

The government announced a winter plan for the NHS on Monday in which it said it would continue to recruit nurses from abroad but did not expect that, even with other measures, it would be enough to stem a crisis from the underlying bed shortage this winter.

Britain is also facing a shortage of doctors, especially in anesthesia, radiology and oncology, and some hospitals have been recruiting them from abroad.

In addition to recruiting foreigners, British authorities are taking steps to solve the problem at home. The government has promised to train an additional 2,000 general practitioners in the next five years and plans to open medical schools in Warwick, Durham and Plymouth.

But the British Medical Association claims that at least 9,000 general practitioners are needed.

The country now has 36,000 GPs and 63,000 specialists. That gives Britain only 1.7 doctors for every 1,000 people, compared with 2.9 in France, 3.4 in Germany and 5.5 in Italy. The United States has 2.7 doctors for every 1,000 people.

With teachers in short supply, too, some state-supported schools are searching as far away as Australia to fill vacancies.

And police are also feeling the pinch. The chief of the Metropolitan (London) Police said last weekend that the department is 3,000 officers short in London alone. And Britain's Home Office estimates it needs 3,500 more bobbies on forces around the country and is spending a hefty $10 million this year on an advertising campaign to attract recruits. Among the proposed changes: Applicants who fail aptitude tests would get a second chance.

Police forces cannot recruit from abroad because applicants must be United Kingdom residents.

James Nadin, a Scotland Yard spokesman, said the London police department was considering hiring retirees to staff front counters in police stations, answer routine inquiries and take initial crime reports, as some county police forces have done successfully.

Though government employers dispute it, unions and economists point to low pay as the principal reason for the shortages. "Relative wages have fallen - particularly for nurses and teachers - compared to 20 years ago," said Steve Machin, professor of economics at University College London.

London, where the cost of living rivals that of New York, is especially hard-hit. Police here already receive an extra $9,000 annual allowance on top of their starting pay of $24,000 to help offset higher expenses. In April, nurses and other health-care workers in the capital will begin receiving annual supplements of up to $1,400.

The allowances are meager in a region where average home prices exceed $250,000. The nurses who arrived in East London last month are paying $450 to $500 a month to live in subsidized housing in Plaistow, a hard-scrabble neighborhood 30 minutes from Royal London Hospital.

But their wages are much higher than what they would receive in the Philippines, said Vicki McIntosh of Nursing Connections Ltd., the agency that recruited them.

In Britain, they are paid a minimum of $25,000 a year, about the same as their British colleagues and easily 10 times what they would earn at home - if they could find jobs there.

"They seem grateful for the economic opportunity," McIntosh said. "They all send money home to support their extended families."

Jason Ortiz, a nurse who arrived last month from the Philippines, said he and many of his colleagues had to do voluntary stints to maintain their skills during an eight-year freeze on nurse hiring in the Philippines, which has a surplus of about 15,000 nurses, nearly as many as Britain needs. Most of the nurses among the recent arrivals have three to 20 years of experience. One was close to obtaining an M.B.A. A few had previously worked in Saudi Arabia or Taiwan.

Sherman Tan, who worked as a bank teller when he couldn't find nursing work in the Philippines, said he was startled to learn of Britain's waiting lists for routine operations. In the Philippines, a poor developing country, he said, "they could have these services right away."

During a tour of the Royal London Hospital's neurosurgery ward, Tan and the other nurses were impressed by the presence of modern equipment not found in hospitals in the Philippines. But they were surprised to see so few family members visiting patients. At home, relatives are a constant presence at the bedside and assist staff with the more mundane aspects of patient care, they said.

Jesusito Fidel, a nurse on the ward who arrived in August with a previous group from the Philippines, said he had found hospital culture somewhat different in Britain. Nurses here don't just carry out doctors' orders but bear more responsibility.

"We're given more autonomy in doing our jobs," he said. "Here we're making the decisions."

After adjusting to new terminology and coding systems for medical services, Fidel was recently certified as a nurse in Britain. It is not always easy for new arrivals, though. April Brown, the hospital recruitment officer, whose mother emigrated from the Caribbean to work as a nurse in Britain during a similar recruitment drive in 1969, said "there is an underlying xenophobia in the country" toward foreign workers.

That was evident in September when a community health council official in Staffordshire infuriated medical personnel by saying: "We do not want people who are imported. We want people of our own type who understand our own communities."

Britain, along with other European countries, keeps tight control over its legal immigration. Last month, the European Community warned its member countries to end their "fortress Europe" policies and admit more legal immigrants each year to address the labor shortages holding back their economic growth.

Tracy Hepworth, a British nurse who works on the same ward as Fidel, said he's an obvious example of why Britons who oppose the presence of needed foreign workers ought to be grateful for them. Her Filipino colleagues work hard, they speak impeccable English and patients respond warmly to them, she said.

"They're not taking anybody's job because we don't have the nurses to fill the jobs," Hepworth said. "They're doing us a favor by coming here."

Andrea Gerlin's e-mail address is [*foreign@phillynews.com*](mailto:foreign@phillynews.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Nurses from the Philippines - (from left) Ava Marie Jauod, Rochel Villamar, Sherwin Tan, Jason Ortiz and Rodel Sustituya - visit a London hospital. They are training to work at hospitals that have staff shortages. (CARLOS LOPEZ-BARILLAS, For The Inquirer)

Jesusito Fidel, left, a nurse who came to England in August, explains procedures at Royal London Hospital to nurses (from left) Jason Ortiz, Rochel Villamar, Sherwin Tan, Rodel Sustituya and Ava Marie Jauod. (CARLOS LOPEZ-BARILLAS, For The Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** February 5, 2002

**End of Document**



[***FILMMAKERS CAN'T RESIST PITTSBURGH'S STAR QUALITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-FKS0-0094-2518-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 23, 1993, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** SUNDAY MAGAZINE,

**Length:** 1431 words

**Byline:** PATRICIA LOWRY

**Body**

The cage Hannibal Lecter escapes from, after disarming and quite literally defacing one of his guards, is in the center of a large, otherwise empty room in Maryland's Shelby County Courthouse.

Or is it?

To Pittsburghers, Shelby County Courthouse is better known as one of Oakland's grand, monumental buildings: Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall.

To the rest of the world, our city is any city: a convincing backdrop for the illusion movie makers want to create.

In film lingo, Pittsburgh has ''cheated'' for New York and Washington, Detroit and Scranton -- and even Europe.

In ''Citizen Cohn,'' the Grand Concourse became a New York restaurant in 1935. With its pavement hidden under dirt, Beech Avenue became a street in 1894 Chicago for ''Darrow,'' while Ben Avon metamorphosed into Chevy Chase, Md., in the 1970s in ''Lorenzo's Oil.''

Are we still looking for an official slogan? How about ''Pittsburgh -- Someplace Else.''

More and more, though, Pittsburgh is playing itself.

''Three Rivers,'' shot here last summer, was written for Pittsburgh. ''Innocent Blood'' and ''The Cemetery Club'' both were written for New York, but rewritten for Pittsburgh when their makers decided to shoot here.

Whether Pittsburgh plays itself or cheats for someplace else makes a big difference in how much of the city appears on screen. When Pittsburgh subs for another town, directors limit themselves to individual buildings or streets, with lots of interior scenes. When Pittsburgh is called for, cameras can roam the skyline, the neighborhoods, the rivers.

Not that they always do.

''Bob Roberts,'' set in Pennsylvania, was shot in about 30 Western Pennsylvania locations, but not much of Pittsburgh is recognizable, even in the few scenes where the city plays itself.

But in ''Three Rivers,'' the Allegheny, the Mon and the Ohio have starring roles (OK, Bruce Willis has a minor role).

Director Rowdy Herrington, an East Liberty native, takes advantage of the natural and built environment in the opening scene of the film, a car chase through the streets of Pittsburgh.

''It's an incredible scene that really shows off the city,'' said Robert Curran, director of the Pittsburgh Film Office. ''It gets you into Pittsburgh immediately and into this hunt for the serial killer. This is the first time a director is really going to show the world Pittsburgh as a backdrop.''

But for many other movies, the city's architecture -- especially its historic buildings -- plays a huge role in getting producers and directors to set up shop here.

When director Danny DeVito was researching ''Hoffa,'' he found nothing in the Teamster leader's past that indicated he should shoot here.

''But I looked at this city and found it so charming and rich. Wherever I looked I could see the '30s and the early days. … Troy Hill and those great old buildings,'' DeVito said during filming.

''There's a complex texture to the architecture,'' said George Miller, director of ''Lorenzo's Oil,'' before filming began here. ''It's like a big back lot with everything right here. There are so many extraordinary-looking places. It's so European. You've got hills, rivers, ***working-class*** suburbs … ''

And Oakland, with a bounty of Classical institutional buildings. It's stood in for Washington, D.C. in the HBO movie ''Citizen Cohn,'' as well as in ''Hoffa'' and ''Lorenzo's Oil.''

The exterior of Mellon Institute, our Parthenon, was a courthouse in ''Hoffa'' and ''Cohn.'' Inside, it's a warren of offices and laboratories; nobody's filmed there (yet). But The Carnegie Museum of Art's Hall of Sculpture, just down the street, is modeled after the Parthenon interior. Someday, perhaps, some savvy location scout will marry the two, and an actor will walk up the steps of Mellon Institute and into the Hall of Sculpture.

For now, the hall and its marble statues must be content with cameos, like when welder/dancer Alex Owens (Jennifer Beals) ran through it after getting cold feet before an audition in ''Flashdance.''

Oakland's Syria Mosque is gone, except on film. In ''Bob Roberts,'' the partially demolished building becomes a failed savings and loan office in the background of a TV reporter's story. H.H. Richardson's masterpiece, the Allegheny County Courthouse and Jail, has a starring role in ''Mrs. Soffel.''

In the opening scenes, its granite stones are washed in a gray, dismal light, setting the stage for the gloomy events to follow. It is the consummate jail, high-walled, rough-textured, medieval, foreboding -- with the bonus that the events portayed in ''Mrs. Soffel'' actually took place there, a rarity in films.

County and federal courtrooms have appeared in several films; the County Courthouse's restored courtroom has been especially popular. But the Federal courthouse is now off limits to filmmakers, due to a recent ruling affecting several eastern states. Working in a county (and a country) with a backlog of court cases, location scouts must find spaces that look like courtrooms, but aren't.

So it was that in City Council's Chambers, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were convicted, and Clarence Darrow defended Eugene Victor Debs. In ''Bob Roberts,'' Council Chambers is the office of Democratic Sen. Brickley Paiste, played by Gore Vidal. Pittsburghers can recognize the room because the city's seal usually can be seen, out of focus, on the wall.

Pittsburgh's many mansions also have proven a draw for filmmakers. Sunnyledge, the former McClelland home at Fifth and Wilkins avenues, became Clarence Darrow's home in Chicago during his second marriage. Despite its name, the house is darkly Victorian, especially the oak- and pine-paneled first floor. The second floor became the much brighter apartment Ruby Darrow lived in before her marriage. Holmes Hall, the Brighton Road mansion restored by John DeSantis, the city Historic Review Commission chairman, appears in a night shot as the exterior.

It's the diversity of architecture that attracts filmmakers, Curran said, not just the mansions and institutional buildings.

''A lot of times film companies aren't looking for the most pristine and beautiful locations. What really convinced DeVito to come here (for ''Hoffa'') was that Pittsburgh had the look and feel of old Detroit.''

DeVito used the North Side's Chestnut Street in ''Hoffa'' for a scene originally blocked for the corner of Samponia and Arch streets. He liked the look of a narrow street, paved in red bricks, and the claustrophobic feel of the architecture.

When introducing producers and directors to Pittsburgh, Curran said, he has their attention from the time they exit the Fort Pitt Tunnel and see the city suddenly spread out before them. Now that Pittsburgh's gotten to star in its own movies, several directors have chosen to open with a wide-angle view of the Point. ''Dominick and Eugene,'' ''Innocent Blood'' and ''Groundhog Day'' all start that way, though ''Groundhog Day'' doesn't linger long in the 'Burgh before heading to Punxsutawney. (Actually it isn't Punxsutawney at all; it's Woodstock, Ill.)

For Pittsburghers, watching movies made here can be a little disconcerting.

In ''Flashdance,'' Alex visits her mentor/friend Hannah by taking the incline up to Mount Washington. But Hannah's house is in the South Side flats, on South 21st Street. You can see the old Duquesne Brewery clock, in its Stroh's incarnation, in the background.

In ''Dominick and Eugene,'' a distraught Nicky seeks solace at his church. But some Pittsburghers must wonder why an Italian who lives on the South Side and can't drive would cross the Mon to attend a Polish church.

The reason, of course, is that Immaculate Heart of Mary's illuminated altar, outlined with dozens of 7-watt bulbs, makes a spectacularly photogenic interior.

Transplanting a church to a different neighborhood is creative license, but directors risk breaking the laws of architecture when they substitute one church's interior for another.

That's what happened in ''Innocent Blood.'' Allegheny West's Gothic-style Calvary Methodist Church, blackened with decades of Pittsburgh soot, is the perfect backdrop for Marie, the vampire with a French accent, who at one point swoops down from a gargoyle and lands on the roof of a car. The church's Tiffany windows, illuminated from inside, look magnificent. But when a detective enters the church hot on her trail, there's no sign of the windows -- no sign of anything that resembles a Gothic church. Instead of pointed-arch windows, we see the round-arch windows of Troy Hill's St. Anthony's Chapel, chock full of statues and relics -- enough to turn a soft-spoken vampire into a bat out of hell.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), Bob Donaldson/Post-Gazette: Art imitates life: The Community Presbyterian Church in Ben Avon is burned in ''Lorenzo's Oil,'' just weeks after an actual fire destroyed the church., Paramount: Actress Jennifer Beals checks out the Carnegie Music Hall in ''Flashdance.'', Joyce Mendelsohn/Post-Gazette: A Studebaker is parked on Fifth Avenue, across from Mellon Institute in Oakland, for the filming of a courthouse scene in ''Hoffa'', Mark S. Murphy/Post-Gazette: The Allegheny County Courthouse and Jail is scenery for ''Mrs. Soffel.''

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***HIS DEMONS QUELLED, TROUBADOUR REGAINS TOUCH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B6R0-01K4-92KF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

OCTOBER 28, 1997 Tuesday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1456 words

**Byline:** Dan DeLuca, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Steve Earle isn't the guy he used to be.

"Not only am I 42," says the clean-shaven yet still scraggly-looking Texas troubadour, "but I'm 42 and I was very nearly dead three or four years ago. So I do have sort of a new lease on things."

That revised outlook has coincided with the start of a stunningly productive period. The just-out El Corazon (Warner Bros.) is Earle's third commanding album since he served two months in prison and a drug rehab center following a 1994 arrest for possession of crack and drug paraphernalia.

Since getting out - and getting clean for the first time since he tried heroin at age 13 - Earle has formed the E2 (E-squared) record label with Jack Emerson. He's produced albums by young artists such as the V-Roys and Jack Ingram, made cameo appearances on albums by Buddy and Julie Miller and Indigo Girls, and contributed "Ellis Unit One," maybe his best song ever, to the Dead Man Walking sound track. Plus, he completed five short stories for a debut collection to be published next year.

Earle being Earle, he also found time to get married for the sixth time - to Lou-Anne, who was also wife No. 4 - and begin proceedings to get divorced again.

Earle was recently in Philadelphia to tape a World Cafe segment for WXPN-FM before an obviously charmed audience at Tongue & Groove Studios. He performed acoustic versions of songs from the richly varied El Corazon, last year's inspired I Feel Alright, and 1995's bluegrass-flavored Train a Comin'. And he reached back to his brilliant 1986 debut, Guitar Town, the galvanic album that - combined with concurrent efforts by Randy Travis, Dwight Yoakam and Lyle Lovett - he remarked, "set off the great credibility scare of the mid-'80s in Nashville."

Afterwards, in a Center City hotel lounge stocked with an arsenal of free booze, he drank a polite Coke, resisted the temptation to light up a cigarette (he's trying to quit), and waxed philosophical in a tart San Antonio twang higher than his gruff singing voice.

"The main difference between now and before I went to jail is that I guess I appreciate just, uh, sucking air more than I used to," he says.

The world, these days, seems like a pretty simple place.

"When you're really young and you feel like you're immortal, you have this black-and-white take on things," says Earle, who lives outside Nashville with a new girlfriend; his parents; 15-year-old Justin Townes, the oldest of his three children; and two dogs.

"But that has to do with not understanding the consequences of what you do. This feels like I understand consequences really well."

Achieving that self-knowledge took Earle decades of hard living.

Once the 3-year-old Earle saw Elvis Presley on TV, he pretty much knew he didn't want to be a fireman. He taught himself to play guitar listening to the Rolling Stones' "Mother's Little Helper." He steeped himself in Bob Dylan, Tim Hardin and Tim Buckley, and dropped out of high school at age 16, whereupon he met Townes Van Zandt.

Van Zandt, the rambling genius of a songwriter who died Jan. 1 at 52, had a profound effect on Earle. He inspired El Corazon's coda, "Ft. Worth Blues," and is the subject of the album's dedication, "See you when I get there, maestro."

"I've tried to do the same thing that Townes did," Earle says. "And that was to be an artist, and be an artist impeccably."

Besides being an impeccable artist, however, Van Zandt was an alcoholic. ("Great teacher, lousy role model" Earle says drily.) And though he assigns no blame - "I'd have been an addict if I'd been a carpenter" - Earle believes his descent was hastened by working "in a business where being a heroin addict was socially acceptable."

Earle moved from Texas to Nashville in 1974 and struggled until Guitar Town. The album's pumped-up mix of Springsteen ***working-class*** eloquence and old-school twang topped the country charts and laid the groundwork for the country explosion to come.

After Guitar Town, he followed a more rocking muse, and continued to make good records. Exit 0 (1987), Copperhead Road (1989) and even The Hard Way (1990) hold up. But while he previously satisfied himself with "whatever prescription pills I could find," he started using heroin heavily in the late '80s.

After The Hard Way bombed commercially, he began to spiral downward. Soon Earle, whose confrontational manner had alienated nearly all his friends in the music business, was without a record deal and headed toward a "Nowhere Road" of his own making.

Eventually, he would pawn nearly everything he owned, guitars included, and hang out in the Nashville ghetto near Murfreesboro Road. It's a place he refers to in Corazon's graceful "The Other Side Of Town," which warns, "No matter what you do, don't let night fall like a shroud, and catch you on the other side of town."

"I never saw anybody that I knew, other than a few people I would borrow money from. I saw no white people at all. . . . I was incapable of being further away than a few blocks from where the drugs were," he says, remembering the low points with clear-eyed horror.

Earle says that he never considered suicide, "though I knew I was dying, and sometimes I wondered why it was taking so long."

"Without a doubt," he says, if he hadn't been arrested, "I'd be dead. Going to jail is what saved my life."

Thanks to prison, Earle says, he was physically removed from drugs long enough for the fog to clear. And then "something happened."

"Maybe I got in touch with that part of me that wrote all those songs," he says. "Or I got close enough to it that I knew I really wanted to change."

Within weeks of his release in November 1994, Earle began to throw himself into his work with a zeal that matched his previous efforts at self-destruction.

First, he recorded Train a Comin' with Norman Blake, Peter Rowan, Roy Huskey Jr. and Emmylou Harris. While that album consisted mainly of pre-Guitar Town songs, I Feel Alright, recorded soon after, contained 12 new tunes that emphatically confirmed Earle's return.

El Corazon suffers in comparison, but only because I Feel Alright peaked so high. The new album's opener, "Christmas in Washington," is a stirring call for social protest (Earle describes his politics as "just slightly to the left of Mao Tse-tung"), but it doesn't explore the injustices that spur Earle's anger, leaving his salvo sounding somewhat hollow. Other songs, such as the forboding rocker "Taneytown" - told from the perspective of a 22-year-old retarded black man - lack the narrative detail to live up to Earle's lofty ambitions.

But the album is as scrappy and heartfelt as its title - "the heart" in Spanish - would have you believe. There are a clutch of excellent love songs, and Earle collaborates successfully with garage-rockers the Supersuckers, gospel's Fairfield Four (on the sparkling, bar-hopping single "Telephone Road"), and the Del McCoury Band.

"I make the records for me and for the 100,000 people that buy any Steve Earle record," he says. "They expect me to write about stuff that I really care about because that's . . . where I'll go as deep as I need to go."

"Going deep" - to unflinchingly chronicle every aspect of life, no matter how painful - links Earle to plainspoken country songwriters going back to Hank Williams and beyond. And it's gotten him in trouble from time to time.

"There was a time when I thought . . . if I wasn't in pain, I wouldn't have anything to write about. I don't believe that anymore," says Earle, who has beefed up considerably since overcoming his addiction. "Now I believe that I abused a gift - and I really do believe that it was a gift, and that it was God-given. I abused that and I believe that when you do that, bad things happen to you. And I believe that if I started abusing it again, bad things would start happening to me and the people around me again."

So, instead, he gets up and writes - either his book or his songs - every day.

He's among the many producers who have worked on Lucinda Williams' much-delayed album. ("Lucinda gets to second-guessing herself, and she forgets how good she is.") He recently completed work on the E2 debut by Cheri Knight, which he promises to be "a monster." And he has tentative plans for an album with bar-band savants NRBQ and another of hard-core bluegrass tunes with the McCoury Band.

"I've always loved hanging out with bluegrass players because they have such a commitment to their craft," he says. "It's the original alternative-country music. Those guys know that they're never going to get rich. It's a calling."

From here on out, says Earle, the best he can do is to respect his own calling, and remain committed to it.

"I can't make up anything to anyone else," he says. "And I can't really make up anything to myself. Everything I do is about now."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Steve Earle rehearses before a recent Philadelphia gig. The country-rocker has been on a creative roll since leaving prison. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PETER TOBIA)

Steve Earle autographs a guitar for a fan. Drug addiction helped derail the Texas native's original rise toward stardom. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PETER TOBIA)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***RETHINKING REVITALIZATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41SH-FW40-0094-53K2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HIGHLAND RIDGE RESIDENTS CONCERNED ABOUT PLANS TO OVERHAUL AREA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41SH-FW40-0094-53K2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 26, 2000, Sunday,

WASHINGTON EDITION

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**Section:** METRO,

**Length:** 1692 words

**Byline:** JOE SMYDO, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Unwilling to risk a mugging in the neighborhood, a local pizza shop won't deliver to Paul Brice's home.

Customers don't want to walk in the area while their cars are serviced at Lou Lombardi's garage.

When a woman with daughter in tow came to look at a house on her street, Ruth Merritt rushed to the rescue. "You don't want to rent that, honey," she told the woman. "It's not fit to live in."

While they agree on the need for revitalization, some who live and work in Washington's Highland Ridge neighborhood have misgivings about the plan city leaders and their consultants unveiled in June.

Proponents hope the removal of blighted properties will chase drug peddlers from a neighborhood that lays like a tattered welcome mat at the door to the city's business district.

The $ 10 million, five-year plan calls, in part, for the construction of 24 homes east of Ridge Avenue, the creation of a tree-lined "grand boulevard" along Highland Avenue in the community's center, and the acquisition, rehabilitation and sale of six homes along Locust Avenue. Other homeowners would be offered incentives to spruce up their properties.

But Brice and others worry that revitalization will mean displacement or gentrification in this predominately black area.

Will demolition or renovation work force poor families from their homes? Will renters be driven from the neighborhood by a bullish real estate market that could follow revitalization?

For reassurance, some skeptics are looking to white mayor, Ken Westcott, who grew up in the community and made a focus on neighborhoods the cornerstone of his campaign last year.

Westcott said he had had to put his foot down once already, when a planner suggested forcing Washington Christian Outreach from its lot at 119 Highland Ave. The charity distributes clothing and other items. Westcott said it will remain where it is, within walking distance of homes.

Outsiders wrote a significant portion of the plan before asking people in the neighborhood for their views, said Brice, who lives at 249 Locust Ave., and Carl Ivery, who lives at 120 Poplar St.

The residents' cynicism is compounded by what some residents described as the city's long-term neglect of the neighborhood.

Running ominously like a coal seam beneath the revitalization buzz is the notion that trees, fresh paint and window boxes will not be enough to invigorate the neighborhood, which had an unemployment rate of 10 percent last year. The community, home to 28 percent of the city's minority residents, has no black doctor, dentist or lawyer.

The black population here is not large enough to support black professionals, and white people provide little business, said Harold D. Burch, who owns a mortuary at 121 Ridge Ave.

Instead of bulldozing block after block, the plan advocates a surgeon's delicate approach, cutting carefully into the community to remove malignancies, leaving the neighborhood largely intact and stronger than it is now. So far, city officials and the agencies helping them have lined up about $ 3.8 million for the revitalization efforts.

Highland Ridge is bordered by Murtland Avenue on the north, by Chestnut Street and Central Avenue on the south, by Locust Avenue and Main Street on the west and by Forest Avenue and Pine Street on the east. It is 1 square mile with 1,045 people, 580 of them black.

Highland Ridge is home to the Terrace housing project, the local branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Safe Haven homeless shelter, a senior citizens high rise called Washington Arbors, an Elks Club with a largely black membership and streets named Oats, Wheat and Rye.

The neighborhood has as many as eight houses of worship, from the imposing red-brick St. Paul African Methodist Episcopal Church atop a hill at 16 Ridge Ave., to the Temple of God, constructed of mustard-yellow block, at 505 E. Hallam Ave. in a residential area called Linn Town.

"There are some real strengths of this community that people tend to overlook because of what they see at first glance," said Bob Griffin, president of the Washington branch of the NAACP and the Highland Ridge Neighborhood Development Committee.

When Griffin grew up here, Highland Ridge was a ***working-class*** neighborhood where people owned the houses they lived in and spent evenings chatting with the neighbors on the adjacent porch.

Some of those homeowners remain, even if they don't put the porch furniture out anymore. A person can't make conversation with overgrown lots, boarded-up windows or the raccoons squatting in vacant houses. When elderly residents die, their houses sometimes sit empty for years and fall into disrepair.

Nearly 80 of the 455 structures in the neighborhood are vacant. Merritt's neatly kept home at 36 Erie St. stands in stark contrast to abandoned houses up the block and across the street. The retired teacher said motorists must wonder where they've gotten to when they make a wrong turn into Linn Town from the Route 19 commercial district above.

In Linn Town, the revitalization plan calls for the construction of 24 homes. The three-bedroom houses with porches and garages would cost about $ 3.3 million, and the consultants recommended the city build about four or five a year, taking advantage of vacant lots and parcels with run-down houses.

Parcels in Linn Town are small, however, raising concern that some people will be forced out of old houses to make room for new ones. Brice said his brother lives in a house listed in the revitalization plan as "ready for demolition."

If there is displacement in Linn Town, "I don't think it's going to be anything widespread or large scale," city Administrator Joseph R. Thomas said. Westcott said the goal of revitalization isn't to force people from the neighborhood but improve the place in which they live.

The consultants raised the possibility of giving the developer a subsidy or cut rate on the land because construction costs are likely to be higher than the sales price of the homes, recommended to be $ 95,000. Brice said he doubts many in the neighborhood can afford a $ 95,000 house; if they could, Ivery said, they'd move to one of the surrounding townships.

Planners say they'll offer financial incentives that will enable people in the neighborhood to step up to better houses and perhaps become property owners for the first time. But they also speak of improving the neighborhood by bringing in people with higher incomes.

Some homes originally meant for single families now have three or more doors facing the street, evidence that there are many renters in the area.

Only about 30 percent of the houses in Highland Ridge are occupied by their owners, a figure 45 percent lower than the county average. Without revitalization, a stagnant real estate market likely will force more owners to make houses into apartment buildings, according to the revitalization plan.

The consultants recommended restricting the number of apartments along Locust Avenue, where Victorian houses have been subdivided without regard for architectural beauty. The plan calls for the city to acquire, rehabilitate and sell six houses. Owners of eight other houses would be offered incentives to renovate them, possibly returning them to single-family homes.

Here, Thomas said, there might be some displacement of families renting apartments. Rich Cleveland, community and economic director with Washington County Redevelopment Authority, said his agency would relocate renters who lose their homes because of property taken for the revitalization.

Brice said he worries that revitalization will cause a rise in property values and rents, forcing other people out of the neighborhood long after the redevelopment authority has finished its work.

The Highland Ridge revitalization would dovetail with the state Department of Transportation's plans to narrow Lincoln Street to one lane around Washington and Jefferson College, south of the neighborhood, and to make College Street into a two-way street from Highland Avenue south.

To reconfigure the intersection at Highland, the state Department of Transportation has raised the possibility of razing the Highland Lounge and a former gas station nearby. However, revitalization planners say enough land would be left over to build an "urban square" on one parcel and a cafe on the other, helping to turn Highland Avenue into a "grand boulevard."

Right now, Highland is known as a drug area. The traffic lights are said by nervous motorists to be the longest around. Some avoid the area at night.

City officials say it makes little sense to proceed with a proposed revitalization of the business district if Highland Ridge, the gateway to the downtown, leaves visitors with a bad first impression.

Although the city began considering a Highland Ridge revitalization in 1998, it was not until late 1999 that a meeting was scheduled to gather community input, Brice said.

By that time, Brice and Ivery said the consultants seemed to have the plans largely written. Lombardi, who owns the auto garage at 140 Highland Ave., said planners gave only a "vague" overview of their plans.

The neighborhood has been known as "Sixth Ward," as "Highland Erie," and as "Five Points," because of the unusual intersection in the community's center. The new name, "Highland Ridge," reflects the two streets forming the backbone of the neighborhood.

Instead of using the old Highland Erie Neighborhood Committee as a vehicle for resident input, city officials and their consultants created the Highland Ridge Community Development Committee. Brice considers that group a puppet, though he said he is serving as the organization's secretary so he can have as much input into the revitalization project as possible.

Thomas, the city administrator, maintains residents' input will drive the project. "If they desire that none of these proposals comes about, then none of them will come about."

Proponents and skeptics of the revitalization plan might take note of a sign in the basement of John Wesley United Methodist Church, 35 Central Ave., where Brice convened a community meeting recently. "Nothing great," the sign says, "was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC, PHOTO: Robert J. Pavuchak/Post-Gazette: Looking down Highland Avenue; from Lincoln Street, one can see part of the Highland Ridge area scheduled for; massive redevelopment. The $ 10 million, five-year plan would finance; construction of new homes, create a tree-line "grand boulevard" and offer; other incentives to residents for home improvements.; PHOTO: Robert J. Pavuchak/Post-Gazette: Ron Moore of "Keep Your Head Up"; barber shop brushes Michael Bryants' hair after a haircut.; INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: By Post-Gazette: (Proposed revitalization of Highland; Ridge).

**Load-Date:** November 29, 2000

**End of Document**



[***A RESORT LOST IN INTEGRATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-H7X0-0094-52K9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***EX-BLACKS-ONLY BEACH SEEKS TO RECLAIM ITS GLORY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-H7X0-0094-52K9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 2, 1997, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1514 words

**Byline:** DEBORAH WORK, FORT LAUDERDALE SUN-SENTINEL

**Dateline:** AMELIA ISLAND, Fla.

**Body**

American Beach, one of the last historically black oceanside resorts in the nation, comes into view off A1A. Turn off the main road leading south through Amelia Island at the hand-lettered sign beckoning you to stop for boiled peanuts, $ 2 a bag. That's Lewis Street.

More than 100 cottages line the sloping street, which coasts into the 2,500-foot beach. Look at the spectacular twisted oaks, the unfolding shore, the shifting dunes.

Some of the older homes, built in the '30s and '40s, are disheveled, unkempt. The couple dozen or so owned by year-round residents are tidy. Picturesque, even.

Two little girls skip down toward the beach. You wonder what folks do for entertainment around here.

''Everything,'' the girls say happily, shrugging. ''Play on the beach. Roll in the sand. Anything you want.''

A man and a woman wade out knee-deep into the surf, cast their lines. The beach is quiet except for the rush of the waves, the rustle of the sea oats. Where Lewis meets the beach, a woman stands next to a mobile home.

She is dressed in black sweat pants, flip flops and a poncho cut from fleece bought at Kmart. Her nails are painted with hot pink polish and, on the left hand, curve to 14 inches. In her other hand she holds a 10-pound ball of her hair - the end of one vast Rasta-style lock which rises from her head and flows down her back, following the shape, she says, of the Niger River. She's turned her mobile home into a black history museum.

''We're having a renaissance,'' MaVynee (pronounced Mah-VINE) Betsch says, throwing back her head, opening her arms wide to the sun and sea air. ''American Beach is evolving. Black folks are rediscovering their pride.''

As unofficial mayor of American Beach, MaVynee is black history in this northeastern-most corner of Florida. Calling herself Beach Lady, she is an icon in this community, a reminder of black buying power.

Abraham Lincoln Lewis, MaVynee Betsch's great-grandfather, was one of seven founders of Jacksonville's Afro-American Life Insurance Co., as well as one of this country's first black millionaires. They bought 200 acres of property here in 1935, the year MaVynee was born. Eighty acres remain today.

On Amelia Island, 30 miles north of Jacksonville, American Beach was a refuge for black families in the segregated South, when they were kept from sharing whites-only beaches. They risked harassment, violence even, if they tried.

It became a retreat for the wealthy and ***working-class*** alike. Black folks came from Jacksonville, Atlanta, even Alabama. School buses brought in thousands in a single weekend. There were restaurants, nightclubs, vacation homes, a motel. Why, the place was jumpin', what with Cab Calloway and Ray Charles performing. Bathing suit contests and dance parties were the rage.

But then the '60s brought integration. Beaches in Nassau and Duval counties became accessible, nearly wiping out activity at American Beach. The droves of beachgoers fell off as blacks flocked to try out beaches they'd been denied for years. Businesses failed. Homes were abandoned. Today, American Beach still stands, though worn and frayed about the edges.

MaVynee stands ankle-deep in the water, looking back at the shore. She dances at the water's edge, dips her toes and recalls the Sunday ritual of her childhood.

''Ooh, baby, life was sweet,'' she says, describing her family's weekend trek from Sugar Hill, the Jacksonville suburb for well-heeled blacks, to their beach. It was a world of chauffeurs, and valets. Of picnics, and kite flying.

''Baby, we lived,'' says MaVynee, turning her face to the sky. ''Oh, just to think of it. We lived.''

But as she tells her story, she gazes at the Ritz-Carlton to the north. To the host of expensive condominiums, Amelia Island Plantation, to the south. She takes in tiny, unincorporated American Beach, sandwiched precariously in between. Takes in the boarded-up buildings. The American Beach Villas, in need of a sound and thorough face lift. The unoccupied one- and two-story beachfront homes.

It's tough to think of the beach without reckoning with integration. With how it beckoned black people away from their beach, their mecca, to other oceanfront playgrounds.

And she can't ignore how developers swooped down upon Amelia Island, building swanky resort homes and golf courses on one side of her beach, then on the other.

At the foot of Lewis Street lies a vacant lot, and the only business still open: the Ocean Rendezvous, a bar. On Sunday nights, when American Beach still has the power to draw a crowd, the lot fills with cars. Police and complaining residents estimate the crowds sometimes swell to 3,000. Sometimes the revelers get rowdy.

''Unfortunately, the younger generation isn't interested in keeping it together. They didn't see what they had,'' says Willie Mae Ashley, 74, a member of Amelia Island Museum of History.

Born and raised in nearby Fernandina Beach, Ashley says American Beach is a part of her being, part of her heart and soul. ''That beach is life itself.''

Didn't have to swim, she says. Just wade. Pick up shells. Drag your feet in the beautiful sand. Let the quiet get to you. Go down with chairs, and just sit and talk. When the waves come up, just move your chair.

Then integration came. Everyone flocked off to other beaches. To white beaches.

''We thought the grass was greener elsewhere. We found it wasn't. You want to come home. But there's not much home to come to,'' Ashley says.

She sighs.

''I'd think there would be lots of black folk around who'd love to own a piece of this beach, to buy and develop this,'' she says.

But so far, that hasn't happened.

''If this beach doesn't become a jewel for people of vision, it will cease to be. It can't weigh in the balance forever.

''It anchors a piece of our history. Right now, it's blowing in the wind.''

Quentin Jones, president of the American Beach Merchants Association, calls himself the ''conscience of American Beach.'' He recalls his young days spent here during the beach's heyday in the mid-1960s.

He was 5 years old then, helping his brothers unload tourists' luggage from Greyhound buses at his aunt's hotel. The hotel is long gone. But after graduating from college, Jones returned ''to keep the family property going.'' He is about to reopen El Patio, a club for teens. ''We need restaurants, dance clubs, motels. We need to begin again.''

But American Beach residents worry the encroaching resorts will eat up the dunes and woods to make room for tennis courts and golf courses.

They worry with good reason.

About 1,700 property owners live in Amelia Island Plantation, the resort community built up in the past 25 years on the southern tip of the island. Fancy condominiums. Large homes surrounded by oak trees.

Those who don't own land can travel north, stay at the Ritz Carlton.

Now, Amelia Island Plantation has planned the development of another 83 wooded acres just south of American Beach. The land had been on the market for a decade. Developers have committed to preserving valuable features, such as the dune. The residents plan to hold them to it.

MaVynee winces when she speaks of the development. She fears her great-grandfather's creation will be gobbled up by miles of resorts and mansions. But she is philosophical.

''These are not hard times,'' she insists. ''We are simply in a transition state. We're moving from a resort site, to become a historical site.''

Perhaps American Beach is witnessing a resurgence of sorts. Leander Shaw, the state Supreme Court justice, is one of several affluent black professionals buying property here. Others are making inquiries.

And American Beach is gaining recognition for its special place in history. It's been included on the state's Black Heritage Trail. It's also in the process of being named to the National Register of Historic Places.

Most nights, weather permitting, MaVynee sleeps beneath the stars on an old plastic lounge chair.

If not there, look for the former European opera diva in her mobile-home-turned-museum, a gift from younger sister Johnnetta Cole, president of Spelman College in Atlanta. If not there, try looking atop Nana, a giant sand dune, and great place to meditate.

At least twice a week, MaVynee tours the beach with those seeking a historical perspective.

''We want something black folks can look at and say, 'We did this on our own,' '' she says.

''That's important. Blacks have made all kinds of contributions that kids will never read about in a textbook. So I reach out to children. I tell them the history. They are overwhelmed.

''I'm taking care of this beach,'' she says. ''If you love something, you care for it.''

If you go . . .

Getting there: Cross the intracoastal over the Thomas J. Shave Bridge, from Yulee (north of Jacksonville) stay on A1A to historic downtown Fernandina. Travel east on Centre Street (which turns into Atlantic Avenue) to the beach, and back onto A1A. Follow A1A south, even as it twists and turns, to Lewis Street. Take a left on Lewis and head to the water's edge. You've found American Beach.

Information: Call the Fernandina Chamber of Commerce at (904) 261-3248.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Michael Mally/Philadelphia Inquirer: MaVynee Betsch, whose; great-grandfather co-founded American Beach, Florida, wants it to be placed on; the National Register of Historic Places. The black resort community of; American Beach is on Amelia Island.

**Load-Date:** November 5, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Turning fame's 15 minutes into 15 years Jon Bon Jovi's moment in the sun could have expired years ago, but he surprised everyone - including himself - with a huge comeback album and a promising movie career***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41R1-C790-007M-414J-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

November 16, 2000, Thursday, Cook/DuPage/Fox Valley/Lake/McHenry

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**Section:** Suburban Living;

**Length:** 1447 words

**Byline:** Amy Carr Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

If anybody's career should have been over by now, it's Jon Bon Jovi's.

The Spandex pants. The hair. The black leather fringe. The hair. The head-banging, fist-pumping stadium anthems. The hair …

For better or worse, Bon Jovi - and his band of the same name - personified the glam rock era of the 1980s.

The band's megahit "Slippery When Wet" sold more than 10 million copies and launched a string of Top 40 hits. When members of the group went on the road, they strapped their front man into a harness and sent him flying out over an explosion of pyrotechnics and a crowd of screaming - mostly female - fans.

It was all soooooo eighties.

Flash forward to 2000. The big-haired rockers who once shared the limelight with Bon Jovi have either disappeared or been relegated to the humbling community festival circuit.

There's a whole new generation out there and its members want Limp Bizkit and Eminem. They want Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera. They want cutesy boy bands that harmonize and perform synchronized dance moves. And, apparently, they want Bon Jovi, too.

Just when you least expected it, Bon Jovi, the band, and Bon Jovi, the man, are back.

"Crush," the band's first album in five years, has gone platinum. The first single off of the album, "It's My Life," climbed as high as No. 13 on the Billboard Top 40 charts last month. And a world tour is drawing huge crowds to stadiums everywhere, including next Monday's sold-out show at the Allstate Arena in Rosemont.

Sure, the boys from Jersey gave up the Spandex and retired the hair spray long ago, but figuring out where they fit into today's pop scene is such a stumper even Jon Bon Jovi himself can't put his finger on it.

"I don't know that we do fit in and I don't know that we try," he said. "I don't know how to dance and I'm not going to learn. I'm not going to put a rapper or scratch guys on the record and get the baggy jeans and say, 'OK, I've been hanging out with Fred Durst now.' There's a place for Limp Bizkit and there's a place for Britney Spears, so there's a place for Bon Jovi."

It's his life

If the band is hot, its drop-dead gorgeous lead singer is even hotter.

The acting career that started in the 1990s with small parts in small films has escalated to include small parts in high-profile films like "U-571" and "Pay it Forward," and the upcoming lead in "John Carpenter's Vampires: Los Muertos."

The 38-year-old rock star threw his hat into the political ring this fall when he grabbed his guitar and hit the stump with Vice President Al Gore. Bon Jovi, who has performed at the White House a half dozen times for the Clintons, continued to espouse his political views by hosting a high-profile Gore fund-raiser at his New Jersey estate.

But the piece de resistance came just two weeks ago when People magazine brandished him the "sexiest rock star alive."

Wow. Life is good.

"I'm surprised," he said, referring to the resurgence of his career. "I'm pleasantly surprised. I'm really just enjoying the moment."

Exactly how he managed to pull off this moment remains a bit of a mystery.

Few pop icons have the staying power to last 15 years or more. Madonna has done it by becoming a chameleon and changing her look and music to keep up with the times.

Today's Bon Jovi - complete with Hugo Boss suits and short, slightly tousled hair - is decidedly more GQ than the '80s teen idol version, but his music remains virtually unchanged.

"Crush" is filled with the same mix of simple, tender ballads and heart-pounding, ***working class*** anthems that made the band famous. Musically, it's not a stretch, Bon Jovi admits, but it seems to be what the fans want.

"With this record, I think it came full circle," he said. "For some reason, people relate to the stories I write about. Madonna continued to reinvent herself as a brilliant, marketing, image- conscious entertainer. All we ever were was a garage band, but there was more in there that people found than just that. Fortunately for me, I still get to be here."

When the floor dropped out on the '80s rock scene, Bon Jovi didn't panic about the possible end of his career. In fact, he says he and the other band members didn't give it much thought at all.

"We had three huge albums back to back to back ("Slippery When Wet," "New Jersey" and the "Young Guns" soundtrack), then our genre gets shot in the back of the head by Seattle's grunge scene," he said. "But instead of dying, we didn't even think about what that was about. I just got socially conscious and wrote a song called "Keep the Faith" that happened to work and then "Bed of Roses" was a big Top 40 hit. It wasn't conscious. It just happened."

What about that hair?

Maybe the band endured because of a song about hanging tough in a troubled society. Or maybe Jon just cut his hair at exactly the right time.

Both happened in 1992, and though Bon Jovi prefers to credit his song writing, he has heard enough about his haircut to know it mattered to a ridiculous number of people.

"For some reason, people paid enough attention to it that it was reported on CNN," he said. "I happened to get older. I cut my hair, wrote a socially conscious song and people went 'Boy, he's brilliant.' No, I'm not. I just was growing up. It was just part of growing up in public."

The good looks of Jon Bon Jovi and guitarist Richie Sambora probably didn't hurt the band, but without something else, they all would have disappeared long ago, he said.

"If you don't have a song, you're either a supermodel or you go away," said Bon Jovi, who has modeled for Versace and others. "Who is going to want to hang up the picture? What's the point? There had to be something more. Nobody would have cared if I had a haircut and no songs."

Bon Jovi claims he's paid little attention to image building, but he clearly tries to distance himself from the '80s rocker image. His record label refuses to release photos from the "Slippery When Wet" days - photos Bon Jovi now refers to as his "baby pictures."

"All we ever did in the mid-'80s period was look like every kid in the mall in New Jersey," he said. "It wasn't like anyone sat around and said, 'Let's get the pouty one, the tough one, the this, like these boy bands do. We were a garage band from New Jersey, for Christ's sake. So he gets a haircut. Great. My baby pictures are public. Yours aren't."

He's not old, just older

Oddly enough, those baby pictures came out when some of his newest fans were just babies.

It's a point that became painfully clear to the married father of two while he was promoting the film "U-571" at the Venice Film Festival earlier this year. A woman from a teen magazine warned him that some of her questions might sound silly and then said:

"Our first question is from a reader who is 16 years old who says, 'Who are you and where did you come from?' "

"I said, 'Ask your mama, she was there the first time.' "

The experience was eye-opening, to say the least.

"That's when I guess I realized that this song has brought a new generation, a second generation of people, which is amazing," he said.

Having a Top 40 hit clearly is preferable, but what if it all went away tomorrow? Could we expect to see Bon Jovi performing at the Naperville Ribfest one day?

"No, no, no, no. Never. No," he said, adding, "No."

Even when the band wasn't making records together, its members kept busy. Sambora released a solo album. Drummer Tico Torres embarked on an art career. And Bon Jovi, of course, turned to acting.

All of that helped when it came time to head back into the studio.

"The band is home, but all the peripheral stuff is what makes it fresh," he said. "Regardless of what we did in the past when it was our only outlet, as glorious as any chapter of that may be, you didn't have anything else to talk about because you all experienced it together.

"By doing Tico's artwork, Richie's solo record, my movies, we can all bring new knowledge back and have something to say as individuals," he said. "And that, in and of itself, is priceless."

If he had to choose between the movies and the music, he couldn't, so he plans to keep doing both.

"I'm able to juggle it," he said. "I'll do 50 shows and go do a movie. Fortunately, I'm in a position to do that."

This tour is considerably shorter than the 240-show tours during the band's heyday. Crowds won't see Bon Jovi flying around in a harness ("I sold that along with the hair spray," he said). The band members are older and more sophisticated, but Bon Jovi is quick to point out that they're not dead yet.

"I think that no matter how old you are, you still think you're 18," he said. "I don't feel old. It's not like put the fat guy in the suit again and let's roll him out again. This is more like Elvis in '69, not '77."

**Graphic**

Fifteen years later, a decidedly more 'GQ' Bon Jovi is proving he was more than a flash in the pan. Daily Herald Photo/Mark Welsh Then … In the 1980s, the hair was the thing for Jon Bon Jovi, second from left, and his band. And now … Older and restyled, Bon Jovi is suited for the 21st century. Jon Bon Jovi is second from right.

**Load-Date:** November 22, 2000

**End of Document**



[***STILL NO WINNER CONFUSION IN FLA. VOTE LEADS GORE TO RETRACT CONCESSION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:452W-NXF0-0190-X2HK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

NOVEMBER 8, 2000 Wednesday SFCITY EDITIONCorrection Appended

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1583 words

**Byline:** Steven Thomma, INQUIRER WASHINGTON BUREAU

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

The nation was in suspense this morning as Republican George W. Bush appeared to win the presidential election after an electoral-vote cliff-hanger, but a handful of uncounted votes in Florida kept the outcome in doubt.

Democrat Al Gore initially called the Texas governor about 2:30 a.m. to congratulate him. But little more than an hour later, the vice president called back to retract his concession after a pencil-thin Bush margin in Florida triggered that state's automatic-recount law.

That recount could take days. Absentee ballots could also be at issue.

At 4:05 a.m., Gore campaign manager William Daley addressed supporters in Tennessee, telling them: "We simply cannot be certain of the results.. . . Until the recount is concluded . . . our campaign continues."

Florida's 25 electoral votes were critical to either candidate's achieving the 270 needed to capture the presidency.

With 97 percent of Florida precincts counted, Bush led by more than 59,000 votes. But by 3:40 a.m., when the count reached 99.9 percent, Bush's margin had shrunk to 1,210 - 2,904,198 votes to Gore's 2,902,988.

Republicans retained control of both houses of Congress in yesterday's voting. If Bush were to hang on, this would mark the first time since 1954 that the GOP would control the White House, the House and the Senate all at once.

Bush, 54, the grandson of a U.S. senator and son of the nation's 41st president, sought to become the first American to follow his father into the presidency since John Quincy Adams did it in 1825.

Gore, 52, was trying to succeed Bill Clinton, the man he has served as vice president for eight years.

The Texas governor had promised voters a new, more congenial style of politics. Gore ran as the steward of peace and prosperity.

Late into the night, the election came down to a handful of key states, most crucially Florida, governed by Bush's brother Jeb. It was 2:18 a.m. - hours after polls closed in the state - before television networks, and The Inquirer, declared Bush the winner. But by 3:40 a.m., the results looked less clear.

At that hour, Wisconsin and Oregon had also not yet been called for either candidate. But the 2000 race promised the closest Electoral College count since 1976, when Democrat Jimmy Carter won 297 electoral votes to President Gerald R. Ford's 240.

The tightest modern-day popular vote was recorded in 1960, when John F. Kennedy edged Richard Nixon by 118,000 votes. Bush led the popular vote by a slim margin with almost 90 percent of the popular results in.

Across the country, election officials had reported higher-than-expected turnout as voters chose between Gore and Bush.

The next president will succeed two-term Democratic President Clinton, whose policies helped the country soar but whose tenure was marred by scandal and impeachment.

From the start of his campaign 17 months ago, Bush struck a nerve with many Americans when he promised to restore honor and dignity to the office.

During his campaign, Gore shunned the man who he once said would go down in history as among the nation's greatest presidents. He all but abandoned the White House, and refused to approve of Clinton visiting battleground states on his behalf.

Exit polls showed Bush winning among men, white voters, married couples and the wealthy, and Gore winning among women, black voters, Hispanic voters, singles and those with incomes below $30,000.

Bush won across the South, in his home state of Texas, across the Great Plains and into the Rocky Mountain states. Gore held the Democratic base in the Northeast and industrial Midwest as well as California, but lost several historically Democratic states - including his home state of Tennessee.

The last major-party presidential nominee to lose his home state was Democrat George McGovern of South Dakota in 1972.

The House and Senate remained in GOP hands; the precise party splits hinged on uncalled late races, though the Democrats looked to make gains in both chambers. And Congress is certain to have many new faces, among them that of Hillary Rodham Clinton, who won her historic bid for a Senate seat from New York, becoming the only first lady ever elected to public office.

In perhaps the nation's strangest contest, the late Gov. Mel Carnahan outpolled Republican incumbent John Ashcroft for a Senate seat from Missouri. Carnahan's widow, Jean, has said she will accept appointment to the seat in place of her husband, who died in an Oct. 16 plane crash.

After a grueling presidential campaign that saw opinion polls seesaw between Bush and Gore, they ran so closely that the prospect had arisen of one man winning the electoral vote - and thus the presidency - while losing the popular vote.

Both candidates started the day with a solid base of support around the country, but looking for enough victories in the swing states to rack up the needed 270 electoral votes.

Early network projections had given Gore the prize of Florida, but it returned to the undecided column later in the night.

The election pitted two princes of American politics - one a longtime officeholder, the other a relative newcomer to such a role - in a struggle to lead the government and the nation into the new century.

It forced the country to choose between two men who each had offsetting strengths and weaknesses, at a time when peace and prosperity left many Americans content with the direction of the country.

One additional wild card was the upstart campaign of Green Party candidate Ralph Nader, which threatened to affect the outcomes in several states.

Nader, the longtime consumer advocate, had hoped to win 5 percent of the nationwide popular vote, enough to win public financing for his party in the 2004 presidential race. With most of the vote counted nationwide, he was drawing about 2 percent.

The once-promising Reform Party slipped toward oblivion as nominee Patrick Buchanan registered below 1 percent in the voting.

Gore's victories in the hard-fought states of Michigan and Pennsylvania stemmed from high turnout among African American voters. He also benefited from lopsided support from women.

Gore, who ran with Connecticut Sen. Joseph I. Lieberman, awaited the voters' verdict in his hometown of Carthage, Tenn., with his wife, Tipper, and their family.

The vice president did not arrive in Tennessee until well into the day yesterday after waging a marathon campaign race around the electoral map. That marathon ended with a 4 a.m. session in Tampa, Fla., and phone calls to radio stations just in time to catch early-morning commuters on their way to work.

Bush appeared more relaxed yesterday, rising about 6:30 a.m., and feeding the family pets at the Governor's Mansion in Austin, Texas. He phoned his parents, former President George Bush and Barbara Bush, and later called West Coast radio stations.

"We poured our hearts and souls into this campaign," Bush said as he met with reporters in an open-collar shirt, slacks and cowboy boots. "We've done all that we can do."

Later, he canceled plans to watch returns at a hotel suite with a large group of family and friends, going back to the mansion with his immediate family. At 9:50 p.m., with CNN's camera trained on him and his parents sitting at his side, Bush took a call from Gov. Ridge.

He told reporters that Ridge was "not conceding anything, and I'm not either, in the state of Pennsylvania," or in Florida.

Gore, straddling a splintered party, promised to use the nation's prosperity to expand government help for the poor, children and the elderly, and to defend cherished programs of the Democratic agenda. He also embraced the politics of confrontation, promising to fight in Washington to fulfill promises such as expanding Medicare to cover the cost of prescription drugs.

The approach helped Gore appeal to the country's ***working class***, the millions of families with annual incomes between $25,000 and $50,000 a year. This pivotal group has held the key to the White House for every president since Nixon in 1972.

Yet Gore struggled to find his voice throughout the campaign, switching advisers, pollsters, slogans, even clothes as he searched for the right way to win the office he first sought in 1988.

Bush, while capitalizing on an old name, gave his party a new voice. Setting himself apart from the scandals of the Clinton White House and partisan gridlock in Congress, he said he had "no stake in the bitter arguments of the last few years."

He pointed to a record of working with Democrats in Texas as a sign of the way he would reach across the political divide in Washington, and promised "a fresh start after a season of cynicism."

He built his campaign around the notion that he was a different kind of Republican, a "compassionate conservative" who could hold his party's base while reaching out to independents and even Democrats.

Bush appealed to traditional Republicans with calls for tax cuts and a strong national defense, positions that helped him lock up a solid base in the party.

At times, Bush struggled to assure the country he was smart enough for the job. But when he faced the largest audiences of the campaign - during the summer's national convention in Philadelphia and during the fall's three debates with Gore - he appeared more surefooted and confident.

The next president will be sworn in on Jan. 20, closing out the presidency of Bill Clinton. Last night, in New York, he was already on the sidelines, cheering for the first-time election victory of a different Clinton - his wife.

Steven Thomma's e-mail address is sthomma

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Vice President Gore and wife Tipper after voting in Tennessee. Early today, Gore conceded but retracted after the Florida vote count further narrowed. (J. SCOTT APPLEWHITE, Associated Press)

rwashington.com

This article includes information from Inquirer wire services.

**Load-Date:** February 5, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Meth: 'Drug of choice in Midwest' Easy-to-concoct drug often makes users turn violent***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-FDB0-00C6-D063-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

September 10, 1997, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1997 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1516 words

**Byline:** Debbie Howlett

**Dateline:** INDEPENDENCE, Mo.

**Body**

INDEPENDENCE, Mo. -- Lynn Yazel's eyes settle on the modest house

just across Short Street as police carry out boxes of camp fuel,

glass jars, coffee filters and red phosphorous. Individually,

the items have little meaning. Together, they make up the components

of a methamphetamine lab.

"This was a nice neighborhood a few years ago," Yazel laments.

"It's a damn shame."

Yazel's sentiments are echoed in communities throughout the Midwest,

which is fast becoming the nation's new center for the illicit

manufacture of methamphetamine -- a substance so odious that National

Drug Policy Director Barry McCaffrey calls it "the crack of the

'90s."

Just six years ago, police didn't even tally meth lab seizures

in the nation's heartland because there were so few. Last year,

the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and local police seized

450 labs -- almost half the national total -- in the 11 states

between the Rockies and the Mississippi River. The drug's rapid

spread through the sprawling suburbs and rural communities of

middle America has been accompanied by an alarming surge in drug-related

crime, violence and fear.

"It's totally overwhelming us," says Shirley Armstead, a spokeswoman

at the DEA field office in St. Louis.

In 1993, authorities seized 12 meth labs in Missouri. Last year,

the DEA and local police seized 235 labs. That's 50% more than

were seized in California, a state with nearly six times the population

and where meth emerged more than a decade ago as the favored drug

among motorcycle gangs. And Missouri's numbers continue to rise

sharply. The first eight months of this year, authorities raided

333 labs. Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas also rank among the top

10 states for the production of methamphetamine. The DEA lists

Minnesota and Iowa among the top 15.

"No question about it," says Lt. Dennie Jensen, who heads the

Independence Police Department's narcotics unit. "Meth has become

the drug of choice in the Midwest."

A potent form of speed that can be snorted, smoked or injected,

meth produces the same sort of effect as crack cocaine: an intense

"rush" followed by a state of high agitation that can lead to

volatile behavior. And meth's effect can last six to eight hours,

far longer than the 20-minute high of crack.

"What makes methamphetamine users dangerous in their communities

is that prolonged use can result in paranoid delusions," says

Carol Falkowski, a drug abuse researcher with the Minnesota Department

of Human Services. "The users behave in erratic ways, sometimes

violently."

Authorities can't say precisely what the meth explosion is doing

to Midwest crime rates. The DEA still tracks meth use only among

criminals in Western cities. But in Portland, Ore., San Jose,

Calif., and Phoenix, Western cities with histories of methamphetamine

use, one in five people arrested test positive for the drug.

John Bolger of the Minnesota state police says crack use is so

common in his state that police officers are instructed how to

deal with delusional, or "tweaking," meth users: stay 10 feet

back, speak in a low pitch and don't shine bright lights.

Bolger points to a 1995 murder by an Arizona man as an example

of how dangerous the drug is. In that case, Eric Smith -- high

on meth for 24 hours -- stabbed his 14-year-old son 29 times and

then cut off the child's head. He told police he thought the boy

was possessed.

Easy as baking a cake

Throughout the 1980s, meth was largely a West Coast phenomenon.

Motorcycle gangs hired "cooks" with solid chemistry backgrounds

to concoct batches of the crumbly white powder in sophisticated

labs.

The key ingredient, phenyl-2-propanone, was outlawed by the federal

government in 1988. Meth cooks then turned to substances like

ephedrine, which is available in over-the-counter asthma and cold

tablets. Making meth from ephedrine requires removing one hydrogen

and one oxygen molecule from the drug's chemical makeup. The process

is as easy as baking a cake.

"It's so simple any clown can do it," says Mike Shanahan of

the Jackson County (Mo.) Drug Task Force.

More than 50 meth "recipes" are in circulation, many of them

available on the Internet. All involve adding household acids,

camp stove fuel, black iodine, red phosphorous or even lye to

crushed cold tablets and cooking the brew over low heat. The "juice"

is then left to stew in glass jars where the meth separates from

the other chemicals. A $ 200 investment in materials can produce

about $ 2,000 worth of meth.

The ease and relative low cost of making the drug launched a cottage

industry. And the Midwest has proved an ideal location to do business.

Police forces in major cities have long targeted drug operations.

But meth labs located in quiet suburbs, small towns and rural

areas of the Midwest are less likely to attract scrutiny. The

Midwest also offers an attractive customer base. Meth users are

typically white, ***working-class*** men in their 20s or 30s.

"If you look at the demographics, we have a heavy population

of that type," says Scott Rowland, general counsel for the Oklahoma

Bureau of Narcotics, which prosecutes many meth cases. "There

are a lot of remote areas that lend themselves to meth manufacturing."

Now there is growing concern that meth's appeal has begun to spread

to college campuses and Midwest urban areas.

'Like shooting fish'

Nowhere in the Midwest is the meth problem more acute than here

in Independence, Harry Truman's hometown and now a city of 112,000

in the shadow of Kansas City.

The city's drug enforcement unit has shut down 82 meth labs so

far this year, a quarter of the state's total. "Per capita, there's

more meth here than anywhere in the United States," Jensen says.

There are so many labs in operation that police have turned to

a tactic called "knock and talk" to gain access to suspicious

sites without waiting for a search warrant. Detectives simply

walk up to a suspected house, tell the occupants that they have

had complaints about possible drug activity and ask if they can

look inside. Amazingly, four of five suspects let them in.

"It's like shooting fish," says detective Ron Franks, a burly

officer with cropped hair.

Acting on a tip, Jensen and three detectives parked on Short Street

near the wood-frame house with its sagging porch. As they got

out of their cars, a woman pulled out of the driveway in a beat-up

Chevy Blazer. The detectives followed her.

Three blocks from the house, they stopped her on a traffic violation.

After a 10-minute conversation, police persuaded her to return

to the house and let them in. In the home, which the woman first

said was empty, police found three men in the basement surrounded

by all the equipment needed to make meth. A fourth man was hiding

in the attic. All five were arrested. Charges are pending the

results of tests on three jars of liquid seized in the raid, which

was legal because one of the occupants gave police permission

to come inside.

"It's getting so you don't even want to live in your own neighborhood

any more," says Yazel, who has raised four children during her

35 years on Short Street.

Meth carries with it the same sorts of crime problems that attend

all addictive drugs, including higher burglary rates and violence.

The large number of people arrested are crowding Midwest jails.

And the mixing of volatile chemicals in the manufacturing process

creates a fire and explosion hazard.

In a tragic case the day after Christmas in 1995, three toddlers,

ages 1, 2, and 3 were burned beyond recognition when a meth lab

in their Riverside County, Calif., trailer exploded. Studies by

police in Western states have shown that as many as one of every

four labs seized had signs of explosions and fires.

Noxious fumes also pose a health risk. Police wear respirators

and protective clothing whenever they handle chemical evidence

from a meth lab. A hazardous materials unit from the fire department

must oversee lab clean-ups.

"It's basically a toxic waste site," says Shanahan, a former

FBI agent who runs the Jackson County Drug Task Force.

'Dungeon of death'

The spread of meth has become a huge community concern. When a

local sales tax was about to expire two years ago, voters in the

Kansas City metropolitan area agreed to extend it and use the

money to help pay for the drug task force, community education

programs and additional drug treatment facilities. In Oklahoma,

the state has instituted a 40-hour training course for police

that helps officers recognize the components of mom-and-pop meth

labs that might otherwise be overlooked. The Partnership for a

Drug Free Iowa has produced public service announcements showing

an officer in toxic-waste gear searching a basement lab. A voice

over describes the lab as a "filthy dungeon of death."

Zilli Slaboda, who leads an epidemiology working group sponsored

by the National Institute on Drug Abuse, has studied drug use

in 20 U.S. cities for three decades. The spread of meth into the

Midwest is one of the clearest trends she has found. And she says

the drug's popularity is likely to continue its push eastward.

DEA statistics show no meth lab busts last year in the 14 states

along the East Coast, but 12 labs were shut down in Pennsylvania.

That's the same number of labs seized in Missouri just three years

ago.

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, b/w, Julie Stacey, USA TODAY, Source:U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration(Bar graph, Map); PHOTO, color, Ed Zurga for USA TODAY

**Load-Date:** September 10, 1997

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[***WOMEN'S WORK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-HS40-0094-541S-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 20, 1997, Wednesday,

SOUTH EDITION

Copyright 1997 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** METRO,

**Length:** 1450 words

**Byline:** MARY NIEDERBERGER

**Body**

Years ago, when artist Mary Culbertson-Stark told her parents she wanted to study art at college, her father agreed on one condition: she had to study education, too.

He figured his daughter could make a more secure living as an art teacher than as an artist.

Culbertson-Stark followed her father's directive, graduated from the University of South Carolina and began a teaching job with the Bethel Park School District in 1975. But she discovered that even teaching can be insecure. It was during her second layoff in 1984 that she decided to pursue her art in earnest.

Today, her work is in more than 300 collections across the United States and her multimedia pieces, which often explore the pleasures and pains of womanhood, have won many awards and honors. She recently received a Grumbacher Art Award for outstanding achievement from the Grumbacher Co., which supplies artists materials, and one of her works will be displayed on 10 billboards throughout the city to promote Magee-Womens Hospital 1997 Celebration of Women in October.

''When I finally broke loose and started doing this, it felt great,'' said Culbertson-Stark, whose studio is in the basement of her South Fayette home.

She is still a teacher at Bethel Park High School, which is also her alma mater. This spring, the district honored her for bringing exhibition arts into the classroom.

And, a group of high school students, under the direction of English teacher Bea Nogar, are trying to raise money to purchase ''A Christmas Memory,'' the work that won Culbertson-Stark the Grumbacher award. The work is based on the story written by Truman Capote about his visit to a distant cousin when he was a boy. It will be hung in the high school library to commemorate Culbertson-Stark as a former student, teacher and artist.

Although she's had much professional success, she said she also loves the classroom.

''I loved teaching the kids. I've taught at every single school in the district. I had a lot of kids in first grade and then had them again in middle school and high school,'' Culbertson-Stark said.

''I think the kids respond to her beautifully and they really get a lot out of her teaching,'' said Margo Barriclough, a retired Bethel Park art teacher who is a board member of the artists group South Arts.

''I have been just fascinated watching Mary's work grow. She started out doing portraits of people - line drawings - and her work has evolved into what it is now. It's something very introspective.''

Barriclough said she has always been impressed by Culbertson-Stark's willingness to perform community service even though she works what amounts to two full-time jobs.

Several years ago, when South Arts asked local artists to donate a piece of artwork for cards they hoped to sell as a fund-raiser, Culbertson-Stark was the first to come forward. In addition, she helped to produce a local cable television show for children called ''It's Elementary,'' and led efforts to paint murals in some of the district's schools.

Another of her volunteer efforts, as art director of WQED-TV's Great Television Auction in 1986, helped to launch her professional career. Through the position, she met a number of art dealers in the city, who later helped her to show her work at galleries. She's also exhibited at the Three Rivers Art Festival, Pittsburgh Center for the Arts and the Carnegie Museum of Art.

Her first shows were at the former Carson Street Gallery on the South Side. Her first published piece came in 1988, when she was one of 12 artists whose work was included in the 1988 Contemporary Women Artists calendar. The calendar carried a copy of her piece titled ''Misha,'' a portrait of a woman she had observed at her health club.

The portrait shows a tired-looking, suntanned woman, hair wild and straps sagging on her shoulders, standing in front of a tile wall.

When she got serious about her artwork in 1984, she said she ''had to figure out what I wanted to say and how I would say it.'' She decided she wanted her art to revolve mainly around ''the nature of being a woman.

''A lot of it comes from my personal experiences. I know the venue that I am putting down is my experience as a woman, as a young woman and as a woman who is growing older,'' Culbertson-Stark said.

Among her pieces are an illustration of a woman, sitting in a chair with a hand over her face in what looks like a hospital room. She painted it after she was treated for cervical cancer at age 25.

After she lost a baby in her sixth month of pregnancy in 1990, she did a whole series of work depicting mothers and babies, called ''Women and Children First.'' One particularly poignant piece is a self-portrait of her getting a call from her doctor telling her that her baby is in distress.

A lighter piece is a sketch of a styrofoam coffee cup with pink lipstick marks on it called ''The ***Working Class*** Chalice.''

She's also done shows on her travels with her husband, including series on Scotland, Southern California and England. She hopes to visit Alaska next.

Since her ideas come from everyday life, she carries a sketch pad with her everywhere.

''I draw every day. I have bushel baskets full of sketch books,'' she said.

She is known for working in mixed media. She creates portraits as well as sculptures and pillows. She did a series of chairs. One, called ''The Witness Chair,'' represented how she felt about the Bethel Park teachers' strike several years ago. It is a chair wrapped in bandages to represent wounds, with lips drawn on the seat.

''A lot of people came forward during that strike and were very vocal and said a lot of things against the teachers. But my stance was to sit quietly and watch and not say anything back, even though I wanted to,'' Culbertson-Stark said.

In 1995, the chair won the artist an award of distinction from the Hoyt Institute for Fine Arts in New Castle.

The piece Magee-Womens Hospital will use to promote its event is a portrait titled ''When Joni Went Mingus,'' described by Culbertson-Stark, as ''a kind of funky piece that refers to when Joni Mitchell started using the music of Charles Mingus.''

It wasn't the topic of the piece that attracted hospital officials, said Sarah Williams, coordinator of the hospital's Celebration of Women events. It was the woman's appearance.

''If you look at her features, she is really cross-racial. She represents all women and that's what we are trying to do with our conference,'' Williams said.

Magee also used one of the Culbertson-Stark's portraits in its 1996 annual report.

With each piece of artwork she sells, Culbertson-Stark provides a written explanation of what the work means to her.

''Although I try not to give so much detail that it interferes with what it might mean to them,'' she said.

Her piece ''A Christmas Memory'' was inspired by her love for Capote's story, which she first read in high school.

''It's a wonderful story about . . . when he was young and he went to visit a distant cousin. She was an older woman who lived in Appalachia who was sort of a black sheep of the family. At Christmas time, they made 50 fruitcakes to give as gifts. They form a friendship that is beautiful,'' Culbertson-Stark said.

The picture, which was created by etching into 15 layers of vellum, which is tracing paper, shows an old woman with a young boy and dog, pushing a baby carriage that they use to collect pecans for the fruitcakes.

Culbertson-Stark said she is thrilled that the piece will be purchased by her students. She said she often takes her work into the classroom for student feedback.

''The youthful perspective is great. They'll tell you if it means anything to them or if it moves them. I can help them and they can help me.''

They also work on projects together. In 1990, she and her students made Christmas postcards to send to the troops in Saudi Arabia. They were instructed not to include religious messages on them so they worked around that by using lyrics from Christmas songs.

Culbertson-Stark's card showed an angel, wearing a long flowing dress of stars and strips resting on green mountain tops. The original artwork for ''Sleep in Heavenly Peace'' was later sold at a show to the mother of a Desert Storm veteran.

Katie Wagle, a 1993 graduate of Bethel Park High School, said Culbertson-Stark was a ''teacher, mentor and friend,'' to her and some of her classmates. She keeps in touch with Culbertson-Stark as she works toward a bachelor's degree in fine arts from the Cleveland Institute of Art.

''She provided a lot of inspiration to me,'' Wagle said. ''Officially, she was a very good teacher who provided a lot of knowledge and information about the field. Unofficially, she is a very good friend.''

Mary Niederberger is a free-lance writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), PHOTO: (For two photos) Mary Culbertson-Stark works on a sculpture,; above, made from old dress patterns. Below, her mixed media work, "When Joni; Went Mingus," which Magee-Womens Hospital will use to promote its 1997; Celebration of Women.

**Load-Date:** August 22, 1997

**End of Document**



[***The boom in dot-com riles neighbors 'E-victions' anger families, artists***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41FM-GWV0-00C6-D445-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 18, 2000, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1619 words

**Byline:** Jon Swartz

**Dateline:** SAN FRANCISCO

**Body**

SAN FRANCISCO -- The Mission District, with its sun-splashed streets

lined with palm trees, is an unusually cheery setting for ground

zero of the anti-dot-com movement. Bustling open-air vegetable

stands and Mexican eateries mark the longtime enclave of the Latino

***working class***.

But signs of discontent over the explosive growth of the high-tech

industry are everywhere.

"Protest to stop displacement" and "Gentrification is a hate

crime" are spray-painted on sidewalks. Two city propositions

on the November ballot would limit high-tech growth, which is

altering settled neighborhoods and lifestyles.

The song is the same for the city's music industry, which is livid

over the ouster last month of 2,000 musicians, including singer

Chris Isaak, from the largest rehearsal facility to make room

for a telecommunications center.

A dot-com backlash is on the rise in high-tech hot spots from

Seattle to Austin, Texas, to Chicago. The industry, which has

helped fuel a robust U.S. economy in the past decade, has triggered

a construction-and-renovation boom. But it has also ushered in

a wave of gentrification. Rising rent and escalating "e-victions"

are driving out lower- and middle-income families, artists, non-profit

groups and small businesses. And while planners, politicians and

developers herald the shimmering new economy as a golden opportunity

to upgrade cities, many longtime residents are outraged or resigned.

"The level of grieving is palpable," says Robin Rather, a high-tech

executive who also is a member of Austin Network, a coalition

of 20 CEOs that grapples with affordable housing, traffic and

land use in Austin.

It also is widespread:

\* Seattle's 42-story Smith Tower was once a paean to social

activism. Today, it is a temple to capitalism. Where county agencies

and non-profits once occupied offices, Internet start-ups flourish

as part of a $ 28 million renovation. The 86-year-old tower's transformation

symbolizes the latest cycle in the evolution of Pioneer Square,

the city's most historic and funky neighborhood. Two blocks away,

70 artists were booted in May from the 110-year-old Washington

Shoe Building. "The new economy is creating a disparity between

the rich and poor, white and non-white, yuppies and seniors,"

says John Fox, coordinator of Seattle Displacement Coalition.

\* In Austin, musicians grumble that Hire.com, which took

over the city's legendary Opry House club, now has board meetings

on the stage where Janis Joplin, B.B. King and Willie Nelson once

performed. Protests also are planned in East Austin, where renters

in a dozen buildings recently were given a month to make way for

a shimmering tech complex and expensive condominiums. The forced

migration prompted 2,000 homeowners to petition the city to slow

growth. "We're not at the same stage as the (San Francisco) Bay

Area, but we're getting there," says Katherine Stark, executive

director of the non-profit Austin Tenants Council.

\* In Chicago, the gargantuan ePort high-tech complex is

replacing low-income housing. Demolition of the Cabrini-Green

housing projects will displace scores of African-Americans, and

activists are gathering to fight on behalf of residents to stop

further growth.

\* In San Jose, Calif., protesters are digging in for a

battle against networking giant Cisco Systems, which plans to

build a $ 1.3 billion, 20,000-worker campus. Critics claim the

sprawling "city" will drive up housing and worsen traffic and

air quality in ocean-side Monterey, Salinas and other nearby cities.

'This is a class thing'

Even in Silicon Valley, birthplace of the Internet industry, there

is dot-com overload. San Mateo, Palo Alto, Redwood City, Menlo

Park and San Carlos have all recently enacted or are considering

moratoriums to limit commercial development, much of which is

high-tech.

If the Internet companies were Wall Street investment banks, the

reaction would be much the same. But few industries have expanded

so fast, created so much wealth and gotten so much positive media

attention as the Internet industry. In many ways, that has fed

the backlash, especially among low- and middle-income groups that

dot-coms are pushing out.

"This is a class thing. A race thing. A job thing," says Luis

Granados, executive director of San Francisco's Mission Economic

Development Association.

In San Francisco, much of the wrath has fallen on Bigstep.com,

whose recent move into the 1960s-era Bay View Bank building squeezed

out two dozen non-profits and small businesses. Last month, several

dozen protesters held a sit-in, resulting in 15 arrests.

Citywide, housing evictions have doubled since the Internet boom

started in 1996, according to the San Francisco Rent Board. Last

year, 2,761 tenants lost their homes, compared with 1,354 in 1996.

Over the past two years, rent has risen fivefold, city officials

say. Residential vacancies are less than 1%.

"Dot-coms have contributed to a devastating homeless situation"

in San Francisco, says Jennifer Friedenbach, project coordinator

of Coalition on Homelessness.

Susana Rojas, 28, is being evicted -- along with her 7-year-old

daughter and disabled 64-year-old mother -- from their Mission

apartment building, which went on the market last month. "What's

happening to us is common," says Rojas, a social worker and seven-year

Mission resident. "My daughter keeps saying, 'Mommy, I don't

want to be homeless.' "

The Rojas family can't afford the city's $ 2,000-per-month studios

and will probably move to a city several hours away, where rent

also has soared but isn't as high.

Rojas isn't alone. Last month, two dozen Bay Area families camped

out several days to make bids on homes in South Sacramento, which

is 80 miles east. "I resent the Internet start-ups and developers

who are doing this," Rojas says. "But what can you do? Not everyone

can work at a dot-com."

'It's a bit ironic'

As chairman of Bigstep.com, Andrew Beebe sits astride the dot-com

DMZ. "It's a bit ironic, isn't it?" says Beebe, 28, a self-described

"New York progressive liberal" who in 1990 occupied an administration

building while attending Dartmouth College to protest its investment

in South Africa. "But we're here for the long haul," he says,

noting that the company provides 150 jobs.

With battle lines drawn, Gail Donnelly, watching from the fifth-story

window of her Chicago-based Internet firm, can literally see the

social economic war being played out in Cabrini-Green. Even though

she works in the industry, Donnelly says those displaced by the

ePort high-tech complex need more of a voice. That's why she is

forming a grass-roots organization to lobby on behalf of displaced

residents and shopkeepers. She hopes a nationwide network of such

groups will eventually emerge. "It all started in San Francisco,

and we want to spread the word nationally," says Donnelly, CEO

of Nomadic Web Design.

So far, the effort is fragmented. "We've got our hands full in

Seattle, let alone fulfilling a national agenda," says Fox, of

that city's displacement coalition. Complicating matters: Most

local governments are often lukewarm to the concerns of local

activists as they pursue the riches of Internet companies.

Despite frustration with city officials, the real villains, activists

say, are real estate speculators. Many of them, eager to cash

in on the dot-com craze, sell their property for exorbitant fees

to commercial developers, who lease the property to cash-rich

Internet firms.

Commercial developers, several of whom asked not to be identified,

argue they are simply feeding a burgeoning economy by restoring

crumbling, underused buildings.

East Palo Alto, Calif., is a striking benefactor of the era of

gilded gentrification. It has long been separated by a freeway

from tony Palo Alto, the birthplace of the high-tech industry.

Now, blocks of the ethnic, low-income neighborhood -- once deemed

the "murder capital of the United States" -- are home to a sparkling

new shopping center and private schools. Houses that went for

$ 200,000 five years ago fetch $ 400,000 now.

Developers say some of their critics are politically motivated

rabble-rousers who discount the benefits of the high-tech boom.

"People don't like change. Even historic preservation riles them,"

says William Justen, real estate director of Samis Land, owner

of Smith Tower and Washington Shoe Building. Seattle-based Samis

is spending about $ 100 million to remodel 10 of the 14 buildings

it owns in Pioneer Square.

Stepping up to the plate

And more change is coming. Despite a rash of dot-com layoffs as

investors cool to Internet start-ups, San Francisco could easily

fill 4 million to 6 million square feet to accommodate Net firms.

"We either get calls from companies across the country trying

to move here or firms here looking for more space," Chamber of

Commerce spokesman Jim Mathias says.

Dot-coms, however, are increasingly mindful of the backlash and

have "stepped up to the plate to prove ourselves a member of

the community," Bigstep's Beebe says. His company set aside $ 100,000

to finance community projects. It hired a neighborhood liaison.

It cleared space on one floor of its building for non-profit groups.

"This is an opportunity to improve the situation," says Beebe,

a five-year Mission resident. "We can bridge the digital divide

or we can push it further." Across town, the 2,000 evicted musicians

were given $ 125 each and $ 500,000 to find a new location.

In Austin, meanwhile, Hire.com CEO Jim Hammock has preserved a

recording studio inside the Opry House club and lined its walls

with photos of past performers. A Buddy Guy concert kicked off

an open house June 4.

But if the response from Granados, of San Francisco's economic

development association, and other community leaders is any indication,

such gestures will not be enough to stave off the building dot-com

wars. "The deeds are not in scale to the damage," he says.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Martin Klimek for USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Anne Ryan for USA TODAY; Digital divide: Andrew Beebe's San Francisco dot-com is trying to win over neighbors with $100,000 for community projects.

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Helping the old country and the old neighborhood One man works to create opportunities for Poles here and in Poland***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DYY-K930-TWHS-43D2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

November 12, 2004 Friday

All Editions

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 11

**Length:** 1801 words

**Byline:** Jack Komperda, Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Series:** The Path from Polska

**Body**

KWIKOW, Poland - Joseph Policht could not have imagined the surprise waiting for him last year at the fire station in his hometown.

As he walked into the station's newly remodeled upstairs banquet hall, dozens of former neighbors stood and gave him a hero's welcome.

Balloons hung from the ceiling, sausage and beer overflowed from plates and cups, and, for the first time at the station, everyone was able to use indoor bathrooms.

For nearly three years, Policht led the effort to help pay for a $25,000 overhaul of the firehouse, which quickly was turning into a relic.

While the celebration was welcome after years of planning, it was a brief respite.

Prospect Heights resident Policht knew he had to follow up the firehouse project with work on a larger Chicago meeting place for a weekend Polish language and culture school.

Like many transplanted Poles, Policht made it his mission to help out in both the homeland and in the city parish that once was the core of his community.

The Kwikow fire station, built in 1968, had no indoor plumbing, cramped living quarters and a kitchen without plates, spoons and forks.

"We needed to upgrade to the 21st century," said Zofia Kozak, Policht's sister who serves as a liaison to the relief group in the small, rural town 30 miles east of Krakow.

And back in a meeting hall in the Chicago neighborhood where Policht first settled, children in 12 different grade levels came every Saturday to learn about their heritage in one of a half-dozen makeshift classrooms.

Blackboards were rolled into offices or halls to instruct as many as three different grades at once.

"How do you teach classes like this?" Policht said. "It doesn't make sense."

Bothered by the chaotic environment, Policht rented an old convent in his parish, Chicago's St. Stanislaus Bishop & Martyr Catholic Church.

Now he had to convince the Polish community, which largely had moved out of the neighborhood over the past decade, that sending children to the school still made sense.

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Much of the social life of early Polish settlements centered on the church, said the Rev. John Nowak of the Congregation of the Resurrection.

By 1928, 43 Polish-language Catholic churches were built in Chicago, mostly through donations from ***working-class*** immigrants.

The churches were not simply places to worship and pray. Their leaders also ran schools, credit unions and social clubs.

Many of these original church clubs evolved into relief groups, sending money to Poland and lobbying to free the occupied country when it was wiped off the map for 123 years by Russia, Prussia and Austria.

Efforts to help the homeland grew as the Polish population did in the United States. About $170 million in food, supplies and money was sent abroad during both world wars.

By the mid-1980s, about $600 million was being sent annually between family members, a sum then equal to one-tenth of Poland's entire foreign export earnings.

"It was kind of a natural behavior," said Donald Pienkos, author of "For Your Efforts Through Ours: Polish American Efforts on Poland's Behalf, 1863-1991."

"Many of these people had close relatives," he said. "They were aware and concerned about the situation."

Today, experts estimate at least $200 million in money and supplies is sent from the United States to Poland each year, mostly between individual family members.

For nearly 87 years, Policht's organization, the Society to Save Kwikow, existed largely to benefit people in his native Polish village.

While the group has sent only $120,000 since its inception, it has been enough to help pay for the installation of gas, water and electric utility systems in the town of nearly 250 people. It also funded construction of a church rectory and the renovation of the firehouse.

"I've tried my best," he said, "to add in my own bricks to each building project."

Kwikow now has the modern conveniences of gas, electricity and cars, but little else has changed since Policht relocated to Chicago in 1971, or even since the first immigrants from the region reached Chicago nearly a century before.

Horse-drawn carriages still pull hay bales along roads. Farmers place canisters of milk outside barns to sell to dairy distributors. And children in the surrounding township of 10,000 often make mile-long commutes on foot to school.

During the 1880s, overpopulation in the Austrian-occupied territory created a mass shortage of jobs that started a stream of immigration to Chicago that continues to this day, local officials said.

In a less-than 40-year period starting in 1873, immigrants from the region helped boost the number of Poles in Chicago tenfold, to 210,000.

And of the nearly 250 people who live in Kwikow now, local officials estimate an equal number also reside in the Chicago area.

"People have either been to the United States, live there now, or are planning to go there," said Marian Zalewski, president of Szczurowa Township which includes Kwikow.

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In the township, most of the villages still are composed of small farms. Narrow plots are scattered along the countryside, the result of generations of dividing land among heirs.

Nearly 90 percent of villagers survive on tiny harvests of grain, beets and potatoes, government subsidies and money earned abroad or sent home by family living in the United States, Zalewski said.

For Policht, the choice to leave was simple.

When his wife's family received their green cards, he followed.

Once in the United States, they sponsored him and helped him get his own green card. He found a job as a baker, scrimped and bought his own bakery eight years later.

Now 61, he recently sold his business and devotes his free time to helping both St. Stanislaus and Kwikow.

For Kozak, Policht's sister, the money earned from just two years of working in Chicago-area fast-food restaurants was enough to build a two-story, red-brick home in Kwikow.

Kozak followed Policht shortly after he arrived in Chicago. Posing as a tourist, she worked 10-hour days at a fried chicken stand.

But unable to get permission to stay, Kozak returned to Poland with her earnings and now serves as treasurer for her brother's group.

The evergreen bushes and red roses on her delicately manicured front lawn are evidence of a lifestyle she never could have afforded without working in America.

She blushes when asked about the satellite TV dish attached to the second-floor balcony, a luxury not usually seen in her village.

"It's for my children," she admitted.

On the side of Kozak's home, a large yellow utility box is marked "GAZ."

Before 1994, villagers burned peat or coal in ovens to heat their homes. But a $6,000 donation from the relief group helped install gas lines to every village home.

The group also helped pay for telephone lines and water mains to each home.

Policht's group recently chipped in $6,500 with other relief groups within the township to aid an area church.

With two vicars set to move in at the end of the month, the pastor of St. Bartholomew the Apostle Catholic Church in Szczurowa turned to the Chicago groups to help finish construction of a new rectory.

As for the renovated fire station, a picture of members of the Society to Save Kwikow takes a prominent position on a wall near the banquet hall's stage as a thank-you for their efforts.

"Thank God for the initiative of these members," Zalewski said, "because I don't know how we could do half the projects in this area."

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Last year, Policht began a Polish Saturday school, even as most of the immigrants in his old city neighborhood continued to move to suburbs like Mount Prospect and Des Plaines.

This year, the school enrolled 86 students, 15 of them traveling from the suburbs.

The number of suburban students nearly doubled from the previous year, a result of the trend of Polish families moving out of Chicago.

"People at our end-of-year ceremonies were amazed to see children born here who speak and sing Polish so beautifully," Policht said.

They come back because of past church connections or because of their relationships with Policht and other members.

Matthew Kurnat makes the hourlong trip every weekend from Huntley to Elzbieta Adamczyk's second-grade class.

Until earlier this year, the 7-year-old spent much of his youth living just blocks away from the parish.

Adamczyk hands him a piece of white paper and asks him to draw something he did this past summer.

"I'm going to draw myself playing my PS2," Kurnat says in English, referring to his Sony PlayStation.

"You need a gun," another student suggests, as Kurnat starts furiously scribbling.

"Mow po polsku," Adamczyk reminds the children. "Speak in Polish."

But it's too late. As the recess bell rings, the kids chatter in English as they scamper down the hallway and outside where salsa music is heard blaring from a car across the street.

Salsa is the musical style of choice in this neighborhood now. These days, there are few signs of any Polish community around St. Stanislaus.

The church is located in the Belmont-Cragin neighborhood, about 11 miles northwest of the Loop, and is bordered roughly by Belmont and Armitage avenues to the north and south, and Cicero and Narragansett avenues to the east and west.

According to church records, Polish settlers helped build the neighborhood around St. Stanislaus. A commercial area eventually formed along the main thoroughfare. And farmland gradually gave way to development.

Now, the remaining Polish immigrants largely occupy the northern part of the neighborhood near Belmont and Central avenues.

A package shipping company and clothing store are among the few remaining Polish-owned establishments along Fullerton Avenue, the main road near the church.

Replacing them are a Hispanic social service agency, travel bureaus offering deals to Mexico and a host of taco stands and corner groceries.

The Hispanic population in the neighborhood has exploded in growth over the past two decades, from about 6 percent of the total in 1980 to nearly two-thirds now, according to census figures.

Neighborhood leaders say gentrification in established Hispanic communities such as Pilsen and Logan Square has pushed Hispanics westward into the neighborhood.

Many of the Polish parishioners who attend Sunday Mass come from the suburbs. And the numbers are dwindling, according to the Archdiocese of Chicago.

Still, Policht returns week after week to St. Stanislaus. In addition to his work at the Polish school, he volunteers his time as a lector and is planning to open a day-care facility catering to Polish immigrants.

The efforts on behalf of his Chicago church and his Polish village are done for one simple reason: to ensure that the next generation of Poles has the best possible opportunities.

"This is a new life in a new world for me," Policht said. "I have this need to create something in America for the good of Poland and my family."

**Graphic**

Prospect Heights resident Joseph Policht collects registration money during the first day of the Polish language and cultural school he helped establish at St. Stanislaus Bishop & Martyr in Chicago. Brian Hill/Daily Herald Six-year-old Adam Cygan of Chicago stands alongside his Hispanic classmates as they graduate from kindergarten at St. Stanislaus' elementary school. The Chicago school, which closed this past spring, long taught children of Polish immigrants. Brian Hill/Daily Herald Carpenter Josef Stec hammers wooden floor panels at the new rectory of St. Bartholomew the Apostle Catholic Church in Szczurowa, Poland. The building will be completed thanks to a donation from a group led by Joseph Policht of Prospect Heights. Brian Hill/Daily Herald

**Load-Date:** December 7, 2004

**End of Document**



[***WRITER MELDS MYSTERY, HISTORY IN HER NOVEL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-HSJ0-0094-54HV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 17, 1997, Sunday,

VOICES EAST EDITION

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**Section:** METRO,

**Length:** 1404 words

**Byline:** KATHLEEN GANSTER

**Body**

Karen Rose Cercone of Trafford recently had her first historical mystery, Steel Ashes, published by Berkley Publishing.

Cercone is a professor at Indiana University of Pennsylvania where she teaches Historical Geology, Geochemistry and Hydrogeology. While on a sabbatical three years ago, she researched and wrote this book. Steel Ashes is the first in a series of mysteries set around Pittsburgh at the turn of the century.

Although this is Cercone's first mystery, it is not the first book she's had published. She and a co-author, fellow Trafford resident Julia Ecklar, have published several Star Trek books.

Now 39 years old, Cercone has lived in Oklahoma, New York and points in between. She shares her home with her dog, two cats and four geckos. Cercone recently talked with correspondent Kathleen Ganster about her new novel and the similarities between historical geology and mystery writing.

My life has taken a circular path: after graduating from Penn-Trafford High School, I went to Philadelphia to college at Bryn Mawr College and received my degree in geology. After graduation, I worked at Gulf Research Center in Harmarville for one year. I realized I needed more than a bachelor's degree to do what I wanted to do - teach college. So I went to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, and received my doctorate in geology.

In 1984, I went to teach at the State University of New York (SUNY) in Stoney Brook, Long Island. While I liked the work, it was too far from home.

What happened next was just a series of remarkable coincidences. One week-end, I was home visiting my mom and dad in Trafford. They have always done a lot of landscaping and often drove to Indiana to buy shrubs and trees.

As we were driving through Indiana, I said, ''This is just the kind of town where I would like to teach.''

After I went back to New York, I was reading a newsletter for women scientists and there was listed a teaching position in geology at Indiana University of Pennsylvania. I had just joined the organization that sent the newsletter and it was my first newsletter from them.

I applied for the position and got it in 1986. After a couple of years, I realized that I could live in Trafford and commute, so I had a house built very close to where I grew up.

Teaching historical geology is not so different from solving mysteries. Science is a mystery - scientists use the evidence and clues left behind to piece things together to determine how and when something happened. That is how a mystery is written, connecting pieces to discover and solve a crime or story.

Steel Ashes is an historical mystery. I am lucky because this is the first mystery that I have written.

Many historical mysteries have the tendency to have the upper class or at least the upper middle class be the focus of the story. I wanted to look at things from a different slant and used steel mill families and the ***working class***. I come from that type of family, those who work with their hands.

I had started writing a science fiction book years ago, and was having a hard time finishing it. In 1990, I joined a science fiction writer's group in Delmont. Four of us decided we would write Star Trek books. One member, Julia Ecklar, had already written a couple of these books and it was very profitable. The four of us decided that we could practice our writing skills, divide the work and because it was so profitable, we would do well financially.

Well, one had to drop out when she got pregnant and another moved. So Julia and I ended up writing them ourselves under the name L.A. Graf.

Our writing styles really compliment each other because Julia wrote the scary, science fiction stuff and I put it all together to make sense.

Because of this experience, I knew I had the writing tools to do a book. I wanted to do something on my own and decided to do a mystery.

In 1993, I took a sabbatical from IUP to recharge my batteries and to do some research. Part of my duties at IUP are to be sort of the expert in environmental geology. I decided to be a faculty volunteer with the Army Corp of Engineers in Pittsburgh to do research on environmental issues. They were happy to have me and I was happy to be there.

The first thing I learned with the Corp was historical research. Every site needs to be researched before any kind of environmental work can be done on it. We need to know what types of businesses had been there and what happened to them so that we can determine what types of environmental problems could be there. There could be all sorts of materials that leaked or were buried in the ground, or be in buildings still standing. For example, a photographer in the early part of the century may have used mercury and that could have leaked into the ground. Those are the things we looked for.

When I went to the library to do the research, I found all of these wonderful maps that had not only the streets, but the buildings and what they were used for. I could actually visualize what the streets looked like in 1905, so I felt that I could envision that area for my book. I used the South Side area for this first book.

I did a lot of the research for the book while I was doing this internship. Then in the spring of 1994, I went to Oklahoma to do research for my faculty position. It was a secluded place where I didn't know anyone and I just took one of my cats with me. I would do my research during the day, and then just write during the evenings and weekends.

I really learned the discipline of writing. It is like a marathon, not a sprint. Actually, it is more like the Ironman triathalon. I learned how to write five or six pages a day, just sitting at the computer with no distractions. Now I know how to write without going to such extremes, but it really helped me learn and become disciplined.

In the first three months of 1994, I finished the first draft of Steel Ashes. I already had an agent so I gave it to her.

I also did a couple of revisions. I would show it to three friends, then make suggestions that they would suggest, then show it to another three friends. I have some really good friends, several who are mystery writers.

I also have friends who are not writers. A very good friend in California just devours mysteries and she knows plot so well. She can read the manuscript and pick up on a mistake immediately. I mail her a manuscript, she makes suggestions and sends it back. It is so helpful.

Another friend who is not a writer is also very helpful because she tells me what is wrong, but she doesn't try to fix it. Many of my writer friends tell me how to fix or change something without first identifying what is wrong. This range of different views is extremely helpful.

My agent then sent the manuscript to an editor. As luck would have it, this editor was having her office painted and had absolutely nothing with her except my manuscript. She sat in an empty office and read the whole thing. She told me that usually she would only read the first few chapters and those were what she liked least about my book, so normally she wouldn't have finished it. She gave me several suggestions to make it a much better book.

In 1996, I read the galley proofs and it was finally published in June of this year.

When the publisher says yes, if it is a series book, they want other ones on the shelf as soon as possible so people don't forget about book and the characters. I already have completed the second of the series, Blood Tracks. It will be published in March. Both books feature Helen Sorby and Milo Kachigan as the main characters. Sorby is a reporter and Kachigan is a detective.

I will continue using Pittsburgh areas for the settings. Although I only have a contract to do three books with this publisher, I am hoping to do at least six in the series.

This fall, I am also starting a Masters in Fine Arts in Writing at the University of Pittsburgh. I figure that I should know what I am doing. So, I will be teaching three days a week, then I will take one course at Pitt, and I'll be working on my third book in this series. It will keep me busy.

\*

Cercone will be signing copies of her book, Steel Ashes on Tuesday from 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. at the Barnes and Noble book store in Cranberry. Signed copies of her book are also available at the Mystery Lovers Bookstore in Oakmont.

For more information about the book or to read a sample chapter, access Cercone's web page at [*http://www.westol.com/kcercone/*](http://www.westol.com/kcercone/).

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), PHOTO: Tony Tye/Post-Gazette photos: (For two photos) Karen rose; Cercone has just published her first historical mystery novel, ''Steel; Ashes'', left. The novel is the first in a series of mysteries set in; Pittsburgh.

**Load-Date:** August 17, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Joe Pytka makes the ads // He's a real commercial success***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V890-0021-S40D-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

February 2, 1993, Tuesday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1993 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** MONEY; Pg. 1B; Cover Story

**Length:** 1296 words

**Byline:** Martha T. Moore

**Body**

Imagine a 54-year-old guy, flowing gray hair, 6-foot-5, but not exactly trim, driving the lane on Charles Barkley and Michael Jordan.

Joe Pytka is a tough guy. And that's before he gets behind a camera.

One of the most admired - and feared - directors in advertising, Pytka has been behind the camera for most of the high-profile, high-budget, high-gloss commercials you can think of. His Super Bowl ad for McDonald's, starring Jordan and Larry Bird, earned the highest rating in the five-year history of USA TODAY's Super Bowl Ad Meter. He has directed four of the Ad Meter's five top-rated ads - two for Nike, one for Diet Pepsi and one for McDonald's - and eight of the top 15.

He knows Bo. He got Ray Charles to say ''Uh, huh.'' He put the baby in the speeding walker for Du Pont Stainmaster and made the lights come on in Hungary for General Electric. He defined colors for Levi's Dockers. He got Bartles & Jaymes to say, ''Thank you for your support.''

In a climate of cautious advertising and crumbling budgets, Pytka is almost a caricature of a director: a temperamental perfectionist, a tantrum thrower, a control freak, a no-compromises artiste who does his creative thinking while shooting hoops on the set. Outspoken? Oh, kind of.

''All beer advertising is truly awful. Uniformly dreadful,'' he says. ''Aside from Pepsi, most of the soft-drink stuff is awful. There used to be good wine advertising, there isn't anymore. There's no good car advertising.''

And he's not finished. ''You never see a well-written dialogue commercial. The guys that do Hallmark are brilliant. But past them, we aren't seeing great dialogue.''

While directors like Ridley Scott and David Lynch make movies as well as commercials, Pytka, after an unhappy experience with the 1989 film Let It Ride, directs only ads and music videos. In Super Bowl XXVII, he had six ads for four clients: Lay's, Pepsi, Nike and McDonald's. But he works only with a chosen few ad agencies, including BBDO, for clients Pepsi, Du Pont, Frito-Lay and General Electric; Leo Burnett for McDonald's and Hallmark; and Wieden & Kennedy for Nike.

He picks his jobs, ads with budgets topping $ 1 million, for the people involved. ''It's totally on a personal relationship with the creative people. It doesn't have anything to do with the concept,'' he says. ''We've been used to doing good work for a long time and we don't like to do less.''

He likes them, and they like him, to the tune of $ 15,000 a day plus costs. His production company, formed with his brother John, also a director, brings in $ 18 million to $ 20 million annually. ''He's not for the meek of budget or meek of heart,'' says Frito-Lay's Steve Liguori.

According to Pytka, an ad shoot is like a sinking ship. Unless somebody's in charge, ''you're going to bleed lots of money through the holes.'' That somebody is him. So a day on the set with him ''can be a bit like the experience of a root canal,'' says Cheryl Berman, a group creative director at Leo Burnett. ''It feels really good when it's over.''

But this is advertising, where creative talent and constant tantrums generally are believed to go together. Jim Riswold of Wieden & Kennedy, who has written most of Nike's Jordan and Bo Jackson ads, says he gets along fine with Pytka. After all, ''a lot of people accuse me of being an a--hole, too. It's a mutual a--hole admiration society.''

''Sometimes a poor (ad agency) guy will get massacred, but it's simply to keep the tension up and to have some fun and to keep people anxious,'' says Marina Hahn, Pepsi's advertising director. ''The more tension, frankly, the more high stress, the better the product, because people are really on their toes.''

That's what makes Pytka worth the aggravation and the money: the final product. A ***working-class*** high school jock from Braddock, Pa., he elicits humorous, naturalistic performances from millionaire athletes. He makes children charming. He can handle ads as straightforward as Hallmark's ''Hanukkah'' spot, in which an elderly man simply tells the story of his immigration to America, or as technologically elaborate as Nike's Bugs Bunny- Michael Jordan cartoons.

''I've seen him do it with children, and I've seen him do it with old people and I've seen him do it with athletes - break down the nervousness and get a performance out of people,'' says Berman. ''You know, Larry Bird isn't exactly an actor.''

To Pytka, part of coaxing a good performance out of athletes is giving them the right cues. ''A lot of it is shaping the material to fit their ability. If there are complicated lines, maybe they shouldn't do them,'' he says. And there's the control thing. ''Athletes have an attention span of a sporting event, three or four hours. You have to program your day so you use them carefully.''

Pytka wants to make an ad great, his fans say, and he goes to any lengths to do it. He's flexible - Bird's ''No dunking'' line to Jordan in the McDonald's ad was made up on the spot - and imaginative. ''He doesn't just look at your storyboards and say, I can shoot that,'' says Liguori. He'll even sometimes swallow costs to make it the way he wants it. ''We don't always get it done in the time we planned,'' says Nike's Scott Bedbury, ''but Joe will get it right, if necessary on his own dime.''

For Hallmark's ''Hanukkah'' ad, ''He said, 'What are you coming to this Polish Catholic for?' '' Berman says. But Pytka found Everett Greenbaum, the lead actor for the ad, and checked detail after detail to make sure Jewish traditions were accurately represented. ''We had a Hanukkah hot line going. He was incredibly patient with it, because he didn't want to do it wrong.''

An ad he directed for Pepsi, in which Cindy Crawford knocks back a can of soft drink in front of two awestruck boys, was originally supposed to take place on a beach. ''Next thing you know, we're in the middle of the desert, it's 100 degrees and we're all sweltering,'' says Hahn. ''Next thing you know, he's building a (roadside) cafe, next thing you know we're winning a Clio (award). Joe definitely brings magic to the set.''

He also brings a basketball, even when he's not shooting for Nike. Pickup games double as brainstorming sessions - at least for him.

''We're biting our nails and hating him for leaving us to play basketball,'' says Hahn. ''But he always comes back. If he plays hoops and he's creaming some 15-year-old (actor), he comes back and he gets the shot in the can in 15 minutes.''

''Basketball has been played with great intensity even on a Hallmark shoot,'' says Brad Moore, Hallmark's vice president of advertising. ''There's always a hoop there.'' Riswold, who has worked with Pytka on more than 20 commercials, quit wearing basketball shoes to the set. ''I have sore knees and I don't want to sacrifice them to Joe's ego just so he can beat me,'' Riswold says. So Pytka plays Jordan instead. ''Michael toys with him.''

Nike's Bedbury is more diplomatic. ''He holds his own in the key against people like Charles, but I don't think I'd bet on him in a lengthy one-on- one game against Michael. But I tell you, he loves the game as much as any NBA player.''

About Joe Pytka

- Age: 54

- Position: Commercial director

- Well-known work: Ads for McDonald's, Hallmark, Pepsi-Cola, John Hancock, Nike, Levi's Dockers.

- Family: Wife Emmanuelle and daughters Sacha, 4, Arrielle, 2.

- Quote: ''I like stuff to be vivid. The bigger the better for the people. They just want to be entertained. You're talking about reaching millions of people and just giving them joy. Things that just sell I'm not interested in. You're taking people's time. You should give them something even if they're not interested in the product.''

**Notes**

See bio box at end of text

**Graphic**

PHOTO, color, Rob Brown, USA TODAY; PHOTOS, color (2)

CUTLINE: THE ARTIST: Joe Pytka directed four of five USA TODAY Ad Meter winners. CUTLINE: HIS WORK: Pytka has directed scores of hits, including McDonald's new ad with Michael Jordan and Larry Bird, left, and a 1991 Diet Pepsi ad starring Ray Charles, right.

**End of Document**



[***WOMAN'S WORK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-HRY0-0094-53SP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 21, 1997, Thursday,

WEST EDITION

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**Section:** METRO,

**Length:** 1450 words

**Byline:** MARY NIEDERBERGER

**Body**

Years ago, when artist Mary Culbertson-Stark told her parents she wanted to study art at college, her father agreed on one condition: she had to study education, too.

He figured his daughter could make a more secure living as an art teacher than as an artist.

Culbertson-Stark followed her father's directive, graduated from the University of South Carolina and began a teaching job with the Bethel Park School District in 1975. But she discovered that even teaching can be insecure. It was during her second layoff in 1984 that she decided to pursue her art in earnest.

Today, her work is in more than 300 collections across the United States and her multimedia pieces, which often explore the pleasures and pains of womanhood, have won many awards and honors. She recently received a Grumbacher Art Award for outstanding achievement from the Grumbacher Co., which supplies artists materials, and one of her works will be displayed on 10 billboards throughout the city to promote Magee-Womens Hospital 1997 Celebration of Women in October.

''When I finally broke loose and started doing this, it felt great,'' said Culbertson-Stark, whose studio is in the basement of her South Fayette home.

She is still a teacher at Bethel Park High School, which is also her alma mater. This spring, the district honored her for bringing exhibition arts into the classroom.

And, a group of high school students, under the direction of English teacher Bea Nogar, are trying to raise money to purchase ''A Christmas Memory,'' the work that won Culbertson-Stark the Grumbacher award. The work is based on the story written by Truman Capote about his visit to a distant cousin when he was a boy. It will be hung in the high school library to commemorate Culbertson-Stark as a former student, teacher and artist.

Although she's had much professional success, she said she also loves the classroom.

''I loved teaching the kids. I've taught at every single school in the district. I had a lot of kids in first grade and then had them again in middle school and high school,'' Culbertson-Stark said.

''I think the kids respond to her beautifully and they really get a lot out of her teaching,'' said Margo Barriclough, a retired Bethel Park art teacher who is a board member of the artists group South Arts.

''I have been just fascinated watching Mary's work grow. She started out doing portraits of people - line drawings - and her work has evolved into what it is now. It's something very introspective.''

Barriclough said she has always been impressed by Culbertson-Stark's willingness to perform community service even though she works what amounts to two full-time jobs.

Several years ago, when South Arts asked local artists to donate a piece of artwork for cards they hoped to sell as a fund-raiser, Culbertson-Stark was the first to come forward. In addition, she helped to produce a local cable television show for children called ''It's Elementary,'' and led efforts to paint murals in some of the district's schools.

Another of her volunteer efforts, as art director of WQED-TV's Great Television Auction in 1986, helped to launch her professional career. Through the position, she met a number of art dealers in the city, who later helped her to show her work at galleries. She's also exhibited at the Three Rivers Art Festival, Pittsburgh Center for the Arts and the Carnegie Museum of Art.

Her first shows were at the former Carson Street Gallery on the South Side. Her first published piece came in 1988, when she was one of 12 artists whose work was included in the 1988 Contemporary Women Artists calendar. The calendar carried a copy of her piece titled ''Misha,'' a portrait of a woman she had observed at her health club.

The portrait shows a tired-looking, suntanned woman, hair wild and straps sagging on her shoulders, standing in front of a tile wall.

When she got serious about her artwork in 1984, she said she ''had to figure out what I wanted to say and how I would say it.'' She decided she wanted her art to revolve mainly around ''the nature of being a woman.

''A lot of it comes from my personal experiences. I know the venue that I am putting down is my experience as a woman, as a young woman and as a woman who is growing older,'' Culbertson-Stark said.

Among her pieces are an illustration of a woman, sitting in a chair with a hand over her face in what looks like a hospital room. She painted it after she was treated for cervical cancer at age 25.

After she lost a baby in her sixth month of pregnancy in 1990, she did a whole series of work depicting mothers and babies, called ''Women and Children First.'' One particularly poignant piece is a self-portrait of her getting a call from her doctor telling her that her baby is in distress.

A lighter piece is a sketch of a styrofoam coffee cup with pink lipstick marks on it called ''The ***Working Class*** Chalice.''

She's also done shows on her travels with her husband, including series on Scotland, Southern California and England. She hopes to visit Alaska next.

Since her ideas come from everyday life, she carries a sketch pad with her everywhere.

''I draw every day. I have bushel baskets full of sketch books,'' she said.

She is known for working in mixed media. She creates portraits as well as sculptures and pillows. She did a series of chairs. One, called ''The Witness Chair,'' represented how she felt about the Bethel Park teachers' strike several years ago. It is a chair wrapped in bandages to represent wounds, with lips drawn on the seat.

''A lot of people came forward during that strike and were very vocal and said a lot of things against the teachers. But my stance was to sit quietly and watch and not say anything back, even though I wanted to,'' Culbertson-Stark said.

In 1995, the chair won the artist an award of distinction from the Hoyt Institute for Fine Arts in New Castle.

The piece Magee-Womens Hospital will use to promote its event is a portrait titled ''When Joni Went Mingus,'' described by Culbertson-Stark, as ''a kind of funky piece that refers to when Joni Mitchell started using the music of Charles Mingus.''

It wasn't the topic of the piece that attracted hospital officials, said Sarah Williams, coordinator of the hospital's Celebration of Women events. It was the woman's appearance.

''If you look at her features, she is really cross-racial. She represents all women and that's what we are trying to do with our conference,'' Williams said.

Magee also used one of the Culbertson-Stark's portraits in its 1996 annual report.

With each piece of artwork she sells, Culbertson-Stark provides a written explanation of what the work means to her.

''Although I try not to give so much detail that it interferes with what it might mean to them,'' she said.

Her piece ''A Christmas Memory'' was inspired by her love for Capote's story, which she first read in high school.

''It's a wonderful story about . . . when he was young and he went to visit a distant cousin. She was an older woman who lived in Appalachia who was sort of a black sheep of the family. At Christmas time, they made 50 fruitcakes to give as gifts. They form a friendship that is beautiful,'' Culbertson-Stark said.

The picture, which was created by etching into 15 layers of vellum, which is tracing paper, shows an old woman with a young boy and dog, pushing a baby carriage that they use to collect pecans for the fruitcakes.

Culbertson-Stark said she is thrilled that the piece will be purchased by her students. She said she often takes her work into the classroom for student feedback.

''The youthful perspective is great. They'll tell you if it means anything to them or if it moves them. I can help them and they can help me.''

They also work on projects together. In 1990, she and her students made Christmas postcards to send to the troops in Saudi Arabia. They were instructed not to include religious messages on them so they worked around that by using lyrics from Christmas songs.

Culbertson-Stark's card showed an angel, wearing a long flowing dress of stars and strips resting on green mountain tops. The original artwork for ''Sleep in Heavenly Peace'' was later sold at a show to the mother of a Desert Storm veteran.

Katie Wagle, a 1993 graduate of Bethel Park High School, said Culbertson-Stark was a ''teacher, mentor and friend,'' to her and some of her classmates. She keeps in touch with Culbertson-Stark as she works toward a bachelor's degree in fine arts from the Cleveland Institute of Art.

''She provided a lot of inspiration to me,'' Wagle said. ''Officially, she was a very good teacher who provided a lot of knowledge and information about the field. Unofficially, she is a very good friend.''

Mary Niederberger is a free-lance writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), PHOTO: Post-Gazette photos by Joyce Mendelsohn: (For two photos); Above, Mary Culbertson-Stark works on a sculpture made from old dress; patterns. Left, mixed media artwork by Stark titled ''When Joni Went Mingus.''; This piece was chosen by Magee-Womens Hospital to appear on billboards to; promote women's health.

**Load-Date:** September 11, 1997

**End of Document**



[***2 STOPS ON A TRAIL OF BODIES / SOUTH BEACH, FLA.: VERSACE'S EDEN WAS ONE OF A KIND.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B4X0-01K4-93TM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JULY 20, 1997 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1482 words

**Byline:** Raad Cawthon, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** MIAMI BEACH, Fla.

**Body**

South Beach, stylish though it may be, has not learned to do death well.

Flowers, putrefying in the heat, clutter the steps of fashion designer Gianni Versace's mansion on Ocean Drive. Votive candles melt in the afternoon sun. There are crucifixes, newspapers, hand-scrawled missives of grief, makeshift wreaths - an untidy mess hurrying toward decay.

In the neighborhood that Versace's presence helped make the epicenter of chic, the display had a sort of desperate, thrown-together look.

Small wonder. South Beach, the tip of Miami Beach, is a seven-mile-long tropical greenhouse of sexy, youthful, burnished bodies that has become a smorgasbord of cultures, mixing Latin verve and French insouciance with American hustle.

Life, not death, people here are quick to tell you, is what SoBe is about.

"South Beach is about coming alive every day and realizing you are alive," Ernesto Lopez, a waiter and model, said. "There is so much energy here . . . . You feel like anything can happen."

What happened Tuesday morning, police say, is that Andrew Cunanan came here to kill. Versace, a man who embodied the essence of South Beach, was shot twice in the head while opening the front gates of his mansion. Police believe he was the fifth victim in a series of murders that include that of William Reese, a cemetery caretaker in Pennsville, N.J., in May.

Despite the exploding crime rate just five miles and the width of Biscayne Bay away, in Miami's Overtown section, South Beach had seemed set apart, somehow protected.

While the City of Miami has talked of dissolving itself in the wake of bankrupting financial scandals, South Beach had returned overconfident from the late 1970s, when drug dealers, dilapidated and out-of-style hotels, and terrorized elderly residents were the hallmarks of a faded beachfront.

"We have crime here, sure," said Eddie Bianchi, who arrived in front of Versace's mansion Tuesday only moments after the killing, while the designer, face up and bleeding, still lay sprawled on his steps, "but nothing like this."

Versace's public killing rocked the world of South Beach, an area in the midst of a 15-year renaissance that has changed a once-fading Art Deco district, where thousands of retirees lived in battered residential hotels, into a must-see destination for many of the 9.5 million visitors in south Florida each year.

Versace moved here in 1992 and found it unlike anywhere in the world. Like so many others, he was drawn by the South Beach style, a melange of cultures with a strong dollop of brazen sexuality.

In the restaurants and bars of SoBe, the air is filled with a ragout of languages and accents - French, German, Caribbean patois, Spanish, British-inflected English - everything, it seems, but the stolid, ***working-class*** sounds of the United States. The result is exotic, giving the humidity-soaked air a feel of the faraway.

Versace's $2.6 million, 13,250-square-foot mansion, the fence of which is crowned with his trademark gold Medusa-head medallions, was ground zero of that chic.

With a pool surrounded by luxuriant palm trees, an old observatory dome, gold bathroom fixtures, and a bronze statue of a nude young woman on one knee, her head lowered and a hand to the back of her neck, just within the front gate, the house served as evidence that one of the most fashionably attuned beings on the planet wanted to be here.

"Whenever I had friends in from out of town, I would take them by there and casually say, 'This is where Gianni Versace lives,' " said Craig Streeter, whose apartment is two blocks away. "Now you can tell them that is where Versace died, like John Lennon being killed outside the Dakota in New York."

South Beach represents a riotous, late-night, high-heeled, string-bikinied lifestyle that blatantly and profitably ignores any thoughts of a new American conservatism.

"There are two things you can't make these European women stop doing - smoking and taking their tops off on the beach," said Gibby Taylor, who runs a beach-concession business.

At the south end of the wide, sandy beach, just before the rock jetties that mark the opening of Government Cut, the main ship outlet between Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, is the "official, unofficial topless beach."

"Sometimes the lifeguards try to influence the topless sunbathers to move in that direction, but, mostly, it doesn't work," Taylor said. "And, mostly, no one cares."

South Beach also represents a vital and open gay lifestyle. Couples stroll its sidewalks hand in hand, openly displaying their affection. Many of the pricey, neon-swathed Ocean Drive boutique hotels cater to a gay clientele.

Versace was very much part of that scene, the fashionable, monied crowd that appears after dark, climbing out of sports cars and double-parked limos to frequent VIP rooms in such places as the bar at the Warsaw Hotel - which has a Versace room - Salvation, a gay dance "cathedral," or Bash, where the action cranks up well after midnight.

Versace, often with friends like the singer Elton John or his blond, vivacious sister, Donatella, in tow, frequented those places and others.

"It was never an entourage," Gerry Kelley, co-owner of Bash, said. "It was always friends. And he never had security. Never. Why should he? Who would want to hurt someone who designs frocks?"

Versace, who once referred to himself as a fashion "Marco Polo," had homes in Italy and New York but spent about a third of each year in South Beach. When friends or relatives visited, which was often, they would cross the 200 yards to the Atlantic to swim, preceded by servants who would fold out chairs and spread beach towels festooned with Versace designs.

"No one bothered him," said Kelley, adding that he knew him for years. "He was a kind, almost shy, man. He loved it here, and we loved him."

South Beach and Versace became an item in 1991, the year he crawled into a cab at Miami International Airport, while waiting on a multihour layover for a flight to Cuba, and told the driver to take him "someplace where something is happening."

The next year, Versace bought and renovated a three-story South Beach apartment building that was built in 1930 and fashioned after a 16th-century castle in the Dominican Republic. He spent almost $2 million making it over into his home, then bought the hotel next door.

He tore that down to provide space for a pool so lavish that he once floated in it a huge birthday cake for Madonna, a friend and frequent houseguest.

"It was love at first sight," he said of South Beach in a 1993 interview with the Miami Herald. "It makes people relax. The mood is very, very easy. . . . I don't find that mood anyplace else in the world."

That kind of validation had an impact. Versace headed an $800 million-a-year company and was considered by many the most exciting fashion designer in the world, a man who tapped the pulsating excitement of American pop culture to reinvigorate haute couture. His presence helped kick-start the local fashion industry.

He owned four Miami boutiques and used the beaches and businesses as backdrops for fashion shoots. He even designed a line of riotously colored clothing based on South Beach. It is still considered de rigueur among those in the know.

Now some worry that South Beach's moment may be passing, its glittering edge threatened by factors having nothing to do with the death of one man.

"I think it has already peaked," said Tara Pelli, a marketing consultant who lives in Cocoanut Grove. "Even now, you are seeing the chain operations moving onto Ocean Drive. That's a sure sign that the hipness is already being watered down.

"South Beach has withstood a lot of exposure and can stand more, but a lot of people were already wondering if the area isn't sliding too much toward a kind of T-shirt-and-beer-bust sleaziness. This might be the end of an era. We might look back on Versace's death as the end of something."

One night last week, a sense of sadness seemed to settle over South Beach. But Aldo Mann, a New York-based photographer, was busy shooting fashion photographs on an Ocean Avenue sidewalk.

Why South Beach?

"You see the same tired, old stuff coming out of New York," he said. "Here, it's alive; the colors are popping; you can see the energy. It's all like Versace - you know, maybe a little flamboyant, a little over the top, but hot and fun."

In the circle of the photographer's portable lights, his model and sister, Anna, looked cool and calm despite the hot, salty breeze. She was languid and seemed oblivious to the blaring music and surging, multihued, bare-midriffed crowd around her.

"I come here three or four times a year, either on vacation or to work," Aldo Mann said. "The killing was a shock, but I still don't think one guy going down will end this place.

"But I will tell you this, the guy who did it knew what he was doing - because by shooting Versace, he put his bullet right into this place's heart."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Andrew Cunanan in FBI photos.

Gianni Versace's brother, Santo, carries the designer's ashes alongside his sister, Donatella, and a priest during a private ceremony Friday in Moltrasio, Italy. Back in Miami, Versace's former neighbors mourned his death and perhaps an era's. (Reuters, VINCENZO PINTO)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

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[***COURT OF BEST RETORTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3NX0-002B-H066-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

December 20, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Entertainment; Television; Pg. 1F

**Length:** 1425 words

**Byline:** Noel Holston; Staff Writer

**Body**

"CIVIL WARS" HAS BEEN CALLED THE SUCCESSOR TO "L.A. LAW," BUT THE COMPARISON DOESN'T DO IT JUSTICE. WHAT KEEPS "CIVIL WARS" FROM BEING JUST A HIGH-CLASS "DIVORCE COURT" IS ITS REGULAR CHARACTERS - AND GREAT WRITING.

I'm beginning to think divorce doesn't hold much appeal as a spectator sport.

How else to explain the persistently poor ratings of "Civil Wars," ABC's Wednesday night series about a Manhattan law firm that handles mostly divorces?

It can't be the writing. "Civil Wars" is the best-written series in prime time - a fair match for the drama of "I'll Fly Away" and "Law & Order" and the whimsy of "Northern Exposure."

It can't be the acting. The five regular cast members are outstanding, and "Civil Wars" makes shrewder use of guest stars than any series since "Hill Street Blues."

The problem has to be the touchy subject of d-i-v-o-r-c-e itself.

If that's all that's kept you away, give "Civil Wars" another try. There's much more to it than divorce, especially since series creator Billy Finkelstein started to lighten things up.

Finkelstein is the son of divorce lawyers and a veteran of the writing staff of "L.A. Law," where his favorite character was - who else? - divorce lawyer Arnie Becker. When Steven Bochco, the creator of "L.A. Law" and "Hill Street," was looking for series ideas to fill his 10-show deal with ABC, he turned to Finkelstein.

Finkelstein came up with a concept that can incorporate an almost infinite array of themes and issues. On "Civil Wars," cases can be as topical as an installment of "Oprah Winfrey," as tricky as anything King Solomon had to judge.

Take, for instance, the lesbian who sued her ex-partner, trying to win at least occasional visitation rights to see the woman's daughter.

Or the sitcom writer who grudgingly sought to end his 11-year marriage to his writing partner, a clinically depressed woman who was making his life miserable, yet refused to take her prescribed medication. Her dilemma: When she was happy, her joke-writing lost its edge.

What keeps "Civil Wars" from being just a high-class version of "Divorce Court," however, is its regular ensemble of characters:

- Charlie Howell (Peter Onorati), a short, dark, powerfully built New Jerseyite who looks like a well-dressed mob enforcer.

- Sydney Guilford (Mariel Hemingway), who's as reserved as Charlie is impulsive. She's a tall blonde from Wayzata (yes, Wayzata, Minn., and they even pronounce it correctly) who decided to practice law in New York as a way of asserting her independence from her possessive family.

- Eli Levinson (Alan Rosenberg), a Jewish New Yorker who stopped handling divorce cases after suffering a nervous breakdown. He's very smart, very kind-hearted, a little shy, more than a little lonesome.

- Denise Iannello (Debi Mazar), the lawyers' brassy secretary, a Queens native with an accent worthy of Archie Bunker and a fondness for two-inch nails and three-inch heels.

- Jeffrey Lassick (David Marciano), a poet and bicycle courier who met Denise while making deliveries and subsequently married her. He actually comes from a wealthy family but chose a bohemian lifestyle.

When "Civil Wars" premiered late in 1991, it was primarily about Charlie and Sydney - who, in standard TV fashion, were emitting sparks you knew would lead to a romance - and their legal cases, which tended to be downers. Wisecracking Denise provided what little comic relief there was.

ABC urged Finkelstein to make the series lighter and earthier, more populist. Denise's role was enlarged, as was Eli's. He is the series' most lovable character, thanks to his beatific manner and his big, sad eyes. He's the kind of hapless nice guy who represents a stripper in a sexual harassment suit and then, when she expresses romantic interest in him, gives her a big talk about professional ethics, self-esteem and male-female friendships. After he wins her case, he decides to pursue her, and she quotes his self-esteem lecture right back to him. He's too much of a gentleman to argue against her rejection.

Finkelstein and his writers respect both the characters and the audience. When Denise took Jeffrey to meet her ***working-class*** family, they grilled him about his line of work and his poetry. During a tense dinner, her father, convinced Jeffrey was a flake, cajoled him into reciting one of his poems. The first pleasant surprise was that it was beautiful. The second was that Denise's father was moved by it - even before he knew about Jeffrey's trust fund.

Finkelstein also cooled Charlie's and Sydney's romance, leaving them free to find new loves and heartaches. "Civil Wars" is actually less about people splitting up than it is about people desperately needing to share their lives with someone.

It's difficult to pick a favorite episode. A Halloween installment in which Sydney represented the husband of a woman who claimed to be a witch played wonderful, spooky tricks on the audience. The episode that featured the sitcom-writer couple (Wallace Shawn of "My Dinner with Andre" and Fran Dresser of the CBS comedy "Princesses") was tinged with irony and tragedy; it rivaled Garry Shandling's brilliant "Larry Sanders Show" on HBO in its satire of showbiz.

Asked to describe how anti-depressants affected her, Dresser's character said, "I lost my anxiety. I lost that sense of impending doom. I was happy all the time. . . . It was horrible."

But isn't being happy what most people want? her lawyer asked. "I'm not like most people," she said. "I'm a comedy writer."

An episode called "Below the Beltway" shows how ingeniously the "Civil Wars" writers can juggle three or four plots in a hour. Televised the week before the presidential election, it included:

- Charlie's representation of a high-ranking Clinton campaign staffer in venomous proceedings against his wife, a Bush campaign advisor.

- Sydney representing a pregnant young woman whose husband was attempting to get a restraining order to stop her from getting an abortion.

- Sydney's own possible pregnancy.

- Jeffrey and Denise's efforts to buy a co-op apartment in a Central Park West building full of snooty "old money" neighbors.

The election campaign had taken its toll on the Clinton-Bush couple, who had once been admiring adversaries. Among other things, he claimed she had arranged to have a drawbridge get stuck so Clinton would miss a meeting with labor leaders. She accused him of sending a group of gay blacks to campaign for Bush in conservative Arizona.

During the depositions, she left White House stationery where she knew her husband would swipe a few sheets, then had him busted for unauthorized possession - a felony. He responded in court by loudly naming "George Herbert Walker Bush" as co-respondent in his divorce, claiming that the president alienated his wife's affections.

The stationery provided an amusing twist ending to the Jeffrey-and-Denise subplot. They feared their interview with the co-op board had been a disaster. Denise had talked about maybe putting carpet over some of the marble floors, and was annoyed when she found out parties must be limited to 10 guests. "So basically you're sayin' that if Jesus Christ lived in your building, he wouldn't be able to invite all the apostles over to his house for the Last Supper. Am I right?"

They were accepted, however, thanks to the letter of recommendation the board received from President Bush - whose signature bore a striking resemblance to Denise's.

The episode's serious subplot, meanwhile, considered a woman's right to terminate a pregnancy. Unaware that Sydney might be pregnant, too, her client begged her for advice about having an abortion. Sydney gently declined, reiterating to the young woman that only she could know what was right for her. Ultimately, the young woman decided that she couldn't handle having a child.

Sydney, on the other hand, knew she wouldn't have an abortion if she were pregnant, not even after her boyfriend said he wasn't ready to be a father. The episode ended with Sydney in her apartment with a pregnancy test kit in her hand. Her boyfriend wasn't around the following episode, when she learned that she wasn't pregnant.

"Civil Wars" has been called the successor to "L.A. Law." As good as "L.A. Law" was in its prime, the comparison doesn't do "Civil Wars" justice. "Civil Wars" may revolve around lawyers but it's a much warmer, more compassionate series. It's more of a piece with "thirtysomething" and "Family" - both series that found drama in people's ordinary lives and loves. The bonus is, "Civil Wars" is funnier.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** December 22, 1992

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[***STATE BECOMES KEYSTONE FOR GORE, BUSH;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415W-PJR0-0094-51K0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THEY'VE PRACTICALLY TAKEN UP RESIDENCE IN PENNSYLVANIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415W-PJR0-0094-51K0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 10, 2000, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2000 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** STATE,

**Length:** 1716 words

**Byline:** R.W. APPLE JR., THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Dateline:** SCRANTON, Pa.

**Body**

"Battleground Scranton," said a banner headline in The Tribune on Tuesday.

"It's beginning to seem as though they're running for president of Pennsylvania," commented the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette on Thursday.

Little wonder. Last week alone, Vice President Al Gore campaigned in Philadelphia on Sunday, Pittsburgh on Monday and the Scranton area on Thursday. Gov. George W. Bush of Texas was in Allentown and Scranton on Tuesday, Scranton on Wednesday, Pittsburgh on Thursday and Warrendale on Friday. Lest anyone's attention wander, Dick Cheney, Bush's running mate, hit the Philadelphia suburbs.

By early last week, the Democrats and the Republicans had each spent over $ 5 million in Pennsylvania, in soft money and hard, on television advertising. By late last week, Bush had been to the state 14 times and Gore had made no fewer than 17 campaign visits. On the most recent one he pleased local chauvinists by commenting, "I believe that this state is literally the Keystone State, and I'm going to continue to spend an enormous amount of time here."

Hyperbole aside, Pennsylvania is one of the handful of states -- six, eight, maybe 10, depending on who's counting -- where the presidential race of 2000 will be decided. Even after decades of population decline, it still casts 23 electoral votes, more than any other closely contested state. So when public and private polls suggested the start of a slide toward Gore, Bush stormed in to try to halt the slide, and the vice president arrived to try to keep the momentum going.

"No question about it," Gov. Ridge, a Bush confidant, said in an interview. "Gore got a huge bump out of his party's convention. It was very surprising, an enigma to me. But I'll tell you, we're not in such bad shape. Even or a few points behind, running against the vice president when times are good, a strong economy and no war -- sign me up, I'll take a shot."

Ridge said he thought Bush needed to "maximize voters' chances to see him personally, because he's the more likable of the two candidates, close up." Bush seems to be moving in that direction, with his staff's promises on Thursday to hold town meetings like the ones he had in the primaries.

What Ridge did not say, but virtually every other politician in the state has been saying for weeks, is that Bush has been handicapped by his vice presidential choice. Had he chosen Ridge, the pros here say, he would have won the state with ease and gained ground in other states that are witnessing hand-to-hand political combat this fall, like Michigan.

But instead of making that choice, said Joseph DiSarro, chairman of the political science department at Washington and Jefferson College, "he chose Dick Cheney, who has been a dud."

"No excitement at all," DiSarro added. "Two white Anglo-Saxon Protestant males, which doesn't put much of a fresh face on the Republican Party. Whereas the Democrats chose Lieberman, who's perfect for Pennsylvania -- a very personable but unconventional and socially conservative Democrat."

This is a somewhat unconventional state, politically speaking. It has relatively few registered independents. It has almost half a million more registered Democrats than registered Republicans, but the Democrats are an unorthodox breed -- more conservative than most in their party and much less supportive of ideas like abortion rights and gun control. Bill Clinton carried the state easily in 1992 and 1996, but Republicans control the governorship, three of the four other statewide offices and both Senate seats.

Paradoxically, given the paucity of officially independent voters, party-lining does not play well here. A candidate is "better off here to be viewed as an independent," Ridge said, "because up-and-down anything -liberal, conservative -- is not good."

Pennsylvania's population of 12 million is older than that of most states; many of its young people leave, and few come here from elsewhere. Only 13 congressional districts have older populations than Rep. Paul Kanjorski's district, centered on Wilkes-Barre, a weary anthracite coal town a few miles southwest of Scranton, and all 13 are in the retirement havens of Florida and Arizona.

In Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, hardscrabble places with scores of vacant and boarded-up buildings downtown, people count on Washington for help. For decades they got it from their men in Washington, Reps. Daniel Flood and Joseph McDade, but both left office under clouds of scandal. Some local people still say of them, "If they stole, at least they stole for us."

So issues like Social Security, Medicare and especially prescription drugs, important everywhere this fall, are critical in this region and this state. Both candidates have shown commercials about health care in Pennsylvania, and next month a group from Scranton and elsewhere in the state is taking a bus trip to Canada to buy drugs, because they are cheaper there.

Kanjorski, a Democrat, recently held eight town meetings on health issues and drew the largest crowds of his career -- more than 500 people in some cases, many of them recently left in the lurch when two of the area's major managed-care plans, run by Blue Cross and Geisinger, were closed.

Under pressure for weeks to state a detailed position on prescription drugs, Bush did so on his visits to Allentown and Scranton, proposing a plan that would rely much more heavily than Gore's on the states and on the big health-care providers.

Ridge had been among those pressing him in private conversations, and he enthusiastically supported the new Bush plan. Pennsylvania already has the largest state prescription-drug program, paid for by state lottery money; it will cost $ 290 million this year.

Mindful of the need to attract uncommitted voters, who here as elsewhere tend to be turned off by excessive partisanship, Bush repeatedly promised a bipartisan approach to the health-care problem and mentioned Democratic senators with whom he said he could work well, like John Breaux of Louisiana.

"We are in a very critical week," said Kathleen Hall Jamieson, dean of the Annenberg School of Communication at the University of Pennsylvania, which studies news coverage. "The question is: Will Bush get the traction he needs on this issue? The proposals are complicated, but what emerges from the media is pretty simple: Both have plans now; Gore would spend more money."

One of those who lost coverage, Jacob Nykaza of Jermyn, near Scranton, told The Tribune: "We have to decide who has the better program. Either one should be better than nothing." His medications cost $ 35 a week.

Bush did something else here that could have a considerable impact among the large numbers of Roman Catholic voters in Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, most of whom strongly oppose abortion, as does Bush. There are no abortion clinics in Lackawanna County (Scranton) or Luzerne County (Wilkes-Barre). Although he said nothing publicly about abortion, Bush paid a well-publicized 40-minute call on Bishop James C. Timlin of Scranton.

The bishop, an outspoken opponent of abortion, said afterward that the visit had nothing to do with politics. But it certainly sent a message, especially since he had forbidden a planned appearance earlier this year by Gore, an abortion rights supporter, at the Catholic Mercy Hospital here.

"This means the church has given its tacit approval to Bush," said Steve Corbett, a columnist for The News-Leader in Wilkes-Barre. "That's how people will interpret it. You're in the heart of anti-abortion country."

This area is not nearly as populous, of course, as Philadelphia or Pittsburgh. But it is closely balanced in partisan terms. Rep. Donald Sherwood, whose district is centered on Scranton, won by only 515 votes in 1996, defeating Patrick Casey, a son of former Gov. Robert Casey and a brother of the state auditor, Robert Casey Jr.

Casey, a Democrat, is running again, which should guarantee a big turnout and a close presidential contest in a district that President Clinton won in 1996 but lost to President George Bush in 1992.

"This election is about two things," said G. Terry Madonna, a professor at Millersville University. "Can Gore hold onto the socially conservative ***working-class*** Catholics in the hard-coal country in the northeast and the soft-coal country in the southwest, the ones you call Reagan Democrats and we call Casey Democrats? And can Bush hold onto the weakly leaning Republicans, fiscally conservative but not anti-government, in the suburban counties around Philadelphia, especially the well-educated women?"

A poll taken for KDKA-TV on Sept. 5 and 6 and released on Thursday put Gore at 53 percent and Bush at 42 percent, with 4 percent opting for other candidates and 1 percent undecided. The survey questioned 800 likely voters, pushing them to state a preference even if they were unsure; the margin of sampling error was plus or minus 3.5 percentage points.

Madonna, a pollster himself, said he thought Gore's lead was more like 4 to 6 percentage points. He said that because he did not believe the race had settled yet, he had delayed a new poll until later this month.

All the polls show big gender gaps. A poll taken for WPXI indicates that Gore's entire margin comes from women. And they all show Bush fading in the pivotal suburban counties that surround Philadelphia -- Bucks, Montgomery, Delaware and Chester.

Neil Oxman, a Democratic campaign consultant in Philadelphia, said the Republican National Convention, held there, was the catalyst. Polls that Oxman had taken for local and regional candidates, he said, showed that both Bush and Gore have now consolidated 92 percent to 93 percent of their bases, which yields Gore a significant advantage, given the big Democratic registration edge.

Bush was doing nicely, Oxman said, "and then bam, this yawning gender gap opens up, and you suddenly have Gore running strongly in the Main Line, especially among the moderate and upscale women there."

With that constituency, abortion is hurting Bush, Jamieson of the Annenberg School said. Although he mentioned the subject only briefly in his acceptance speech, she said, his position, the platform position and that of Cheney were all discussed at length in the local news media during the convention.

"Voters here know just where he stands," she said.

THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE

**Load-Date:** September 12, 2000

**End of Document**



[***CUTTING SEUSS LOOSE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4128-6FC0-0094-52J3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TWO PITTSBURGH NATIVES PUT THE RHYTHM AND RHYME IN 'SEUSSICAL'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4128-6FC0-0094-52J3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 25, 2000, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; ON STAGE

**Length:** 1635 words

**Byline:** JOAN ANDERMAN, THE BOSTON GLOBE

**Body**

It's 10 o'clock on a warm summer morning, and the haphazard flurries of activity in a certain light-filled rehearsal studio in lower Manhattan are like something out of a surrealist novel.

At least six things are happening simultaneously. A pair of young men are singing scales as they promenade across the floor, a small group of dancers twists their bodies into pretzels, several serious-looking people are hurriedly scribbling notes, a pianist and drummer play in the corner, two children are enthusiastically ripping foam rubber into chunks (later to become a field of clover), and a small army is trouble-shooting the persistent problem of General Ghengis Khan Schmidt's drooping crop.

This cacophony of movement and sound is, in fact, something out of a book -- or rather a pile of books that are stacked on a long wooden table bisecting a corner of the studio. Bound in apple greens and cherry reds, each is filled with impossible creatures, incredible adventures, and several hundred rhyming vocabulary words. It is perhaps the unlikeliest source material for a multimillion-dollar theatrical production since T. S. Eliot's feline-inspired poetry gave us the ubiquitous musical "Cats." But it soon becomes clear that these slim, well-thumbed volumes also supply the indomitable spirit and surprising soul of the monumental undertaking called "Seussical."

Two years in the making, "Seussical" -- which comes to the Colonial Theatre in Boston Aug. 27 for three weeks of previews before opening on Broadway at the Richard Rogers Theatre in November -- is a musical reweaving of some of Dr. Seuss' most famous stories and characters. Written by Pittsburgh native Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens, the Tony Award-winning team behind "Ragtime," the play's central character is Horton the Elephant, played by Kevin Chamberlin. Although the honorable pachyderm may not be as deeply ingrained in the cultural conscience as the wily Cat in the Hat, or the irrepressible culinary curator Sam-I-Am of "Green Eggs and Ham" fame, Horton emerged early on as the logical star of the show.

"Both 'Horton Hears a Who' and 'Horton Hatches the Egg' are stories with dramatic structure, with beginnings, middles, and ends," says Ahrens, chatting in an airy annex adjacent to the rehearsal studio. "There's a conflict, there's a hero, there are bad guys. It just seemed like the perfect framework."

Supporting characters and cameos abound. Mere mention of the names -Mayzie, Gertrude McFuzz, Yertle the Turtle, the Lorax, JoJo (the tiniest Who in Whoville, who co-stars with Horton in "Seussical"), and the iconic Cat, a roving master of ceremonies played by theatrical clown and Dorchester native David Shiner -- bring a smile to the face of anyone -- and that includes most of the Western world -- who's read Seuss.

In 1998, Ahrens, Flaherty, and Monty Python alumnus Eric Idle, who conceived the show together, shut themselves up in a room for a week batting around ideas and reading the books out loud to one another. "Just hearing the words, the language, the rhymes, the rhythms . . . there's something about the pure pleasure of the sound," says Flaherty. "All of a sudden the language came alive with the sense of what the show could be."

But full of mirth and whimsy as this production is, by definition, its creative team is bound by a proportional sense of reverence for the material and its creator.

"I think that people are beguiled by the playfulness of the images and the nonsense of the language," says director Frank Galati, whose Tony Award-winning adaptation of "The Grapes of Wrath" and many opera stagings seem a world away from "Seussical." But Galati can hardly manage to finish a sandwich between heartfelt proclamations about the depth of meaning in Springfield native Theodore Geisel's deceptively simple tales. "People are not as conscious of the fact that almost all of his stories have a moral center. They have an emotional current, and are about the most profound human values. ['Seussical' ] is about the steadfastness of the human heart. It's about keeping a promise."

After lunch, the cast gathers around a television to watch Esther Williams videos. They ooh and aah over the synchronized swimmers, alternately giggling at the kitsch and concentrating on the fluid motion they'll be asked to incorporate into their dancing during the McElligot's Pool scene, a ballet for fish that choreographer Kathleen Marshall, another Pittsburgh native, is staging. Marshall wants it soupy, she says. Hands open. Palms up. She is hoping to inspire her dancers to move in a way that looks more like skimming water than passing through air.

"Everything's a little off, a little odd, slightly from another planet," says Marshall. "We're not locked to a specific time of place or style. It's not New York City in the 1940s. So this is not necessarily movement that you would see in a traditional musical."

Indeed, the fish ballet is intricately off-kilter, and crooked as it is graceful. It's purposely nonsensical and oddly purposeful all at once.

The characters may have flippers for hands and speak in nursery-school verse, but the topics covered in Seuss books span prejudice, environmental havoc, and escalation of arms. And everyone involved with this musical, it seems, is honoring the extraordinary blend of childlike wonder and adult consciousness that Geisel crafted with a handful of words and as many primary colors.

The whole of the parts

Maintaining the integrity of what is perhaps the world's most familiar and beloved children's literature, while at the same time creating a fresh, original piece of theater, is as great a challenge, all agree, as it is a privilege.

"I think first we had to recognize as a team that we had to satisfy certain expectations, that we couldn't turn our backs on the millions of fans who know what the characters look like, how the Cat in the Hat behaves, that he has a big red bow tie and a striped hat." says Galati. "If you know that the Jungle of Nool is red and green, why go elsewhere?" Galati refers to a model of the Jungle of Nool perched on a table in the corner. In fact, four red leaves and one enormous green leaf hang down into black space.

But that's where the transliteration stops. Surrounding the set model, the studio walls are plastered with sketches of costume designs that fall somewhere between the pages of Seuss, the pages of Vogue, and a shopping mall on Mars. Flounced, fringed, feathered frocks come in candy pinks and inky blues. Skirts fall up. Shirts hang sideways. Headpieces jut into the air like confused appendages. Four-fingered gloves, or fins, or silky claws, cover hands. Horton, however -- a ***working-class*** guy, Galati points out, a beast of burden -- will be wearing gray sweats and work boots. Rhyme and reason have been skewered with a distinctly Seussian sense of nonsense, and the collision makes perfect sense to Galati.

"One thing that's fundamental, to me, in Dr. Seuss is that there's a clean edge of page around every composition of images. There's never a frame, there's never a border. The world that's evoked on the page goes off beyond the page, so that the characters, if they leaped any further, are going to be off in the void. In a very subtle way, it invites the reader into a world that's way bigger than what can be contained on the page."

Jumping off

By Flaherty's calculation, more than 95 percent of the play -- both book and music -- is written in rhyme. "Dr. Seuss has such a strong literary style that if you were to hear a naturalistic scene, all of a sudden it wouldn't be Seuss anymore," he explains. "So the challenge is trying to do something in the spirit of the books, to not write the same thing but to use the books as a jumping-off point."

To that end, Flaherty composed music that's painted in the same, wildly bright colors as the sets and costumes. "Basically, there are no rules in Seuss, so you can make any musical choice and it would be valid," says Flaherty, who says that "Seussical" is "the most pop thing I've ever done. The jungle world is a whole variety of funk sounds, for example, sort of an Isaac Hayes thing. In the world of the Whos, those drawings are a lot like little wheels that talk, they have these gizmos and this sort of free-associating, and Spike Jones crossed my mind -- the idea that he would have these very idiosyncratic musical sound effects. Gertrude McFuzz, she's more of a . . . "

"Joan Baez!" Ahrens interjects.

"Exactly. I have this vision of her strumming a guitar in a coffeehouse."

For her part, Ahrens biggest apprehension was how she was going to match the work of a master. "He's one of the world's greatest lyricists," Ahrens says, "and I took such liberties." Her fears were quelled, however, when Geisel's widow, Audrey, attended a workshop for "Seussical" last summer in Toronto. "She told me that she couldn't tell where his voice left off and where mine began," Ahrens recalls.

The actors, as well, profess an inordinate identification with their roles -- never mind the fact that they're playing animals. "I'm simple like Horton," says Kevin Chamberlin, a Tony nominee this year for "Dirty Blonde." "I'm very outgoing and honest and open emotionally. I've always been Mr. Nice Guy, and I've been taken advantage of, too."

While Ahrens marvels at David Shiner's uncanny Cat smile, and Flaherty can't believe how his eyes are always moving -- Shiner himself (a veteran of Cirque du Soleil and a creator, with Bill Irwin, of the Broadway show "Fool Moon") says the connection with the Cat in the Hat is more than skin-deep. "The Cat is a trickster, sort of mysterious and sort of Zen," he explains. "He comes in and freaks the kids out and then fixes it in the end. He causes anarchy and makes you think. You never know what he's up to. He's very, very clown."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Photo: Theodor Geisel, aka Dr. Seuss, with his signature character,; the Cat in the Hat, in 1984

**Load-Date:** August 26, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Answering their calling; Love of craft, not paycheck, is motivator***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JGB-0X80-TX31-W2SF-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 13, 2006 Monday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1820 words

**Byline:** Marco R. della Cava

**Body**

ESCONDIDO, Calif. -- Ladies and gentlemen, pleeeeease welcome, Mister Kevin Johnson!

Polite applause washes across the small theater like a soft rain. A spotlight is tripped. Its blinding beam bounces off a few hundred white-haired heads until it reaches its target, a 35-year-old man who knows in his gut that he was born a few generations too late. Which is why his Wednesday night gigs are here, at the Lawrence Welk Resort.

"Hey there, folks!" Johnson's grin splits his boyish face. "So, I was 9 when I first heard voices ..."

Johnson is a ventriloquist. In fact, a right fine ventriloquist. Two years ago, an international theme park association named him best male park performer in the world. Yet in this age of insta-Idols and millionaire Survivors, he's off the cultural radar. Or worse.

"Puppet boy, the guy with socks on his hands. Yeah, yeah, I hear it all. I can't let it bug me. It's all I ever wanted to do." Johnson shrugs. "Maybe this is the year of change."

Maybe. Johnson has come close, pitching a children's show to cable featuring his alter egos, Matilda and Clyde, cockatoo and buzzard puppets who bicker like children while Johnson mediates. "But producers keep telling me the same thing: 'People will think it's fake, that the voices are taped, so why do we need you?'"

That's rich. Did the question come up when Edgar Bergen and his dummy, Charlie McCarthy, stormed radio (think about that one) in the 1930s? And how about Shari Lewis and her Lamb Chop? A 40-year streak of TV fame.

But these days, throwing your voice could mean tossing your talent away. Yet Johnson, puppets in hand, paddles upstream. Why?

Mastering a craft can be a challenge, but get close, and it's like a drug. You float into a zone whose seductive high can erase the need for big paychecks or impressive titles. It's just you and your muse.

"At a time when many of us work mostly because it pays, to find meaning in what you do can be a radical stance," says Po Bronson, author of What Should I Do with My Life? "Some job choices might seem out of step with the times, but the question is, does it provide fulfillment?"

If the answer is yes, the price often is worth it.

Danielle Acerra had a nice thing going, using her college art degree at a wallpaper manufacturer where she helped brighten homes with her renditions of fruits, vines and other suitably subdued designs: "I felt, you know, that I'd made it," says Acerra, 29, of Ocean Grove, N.J.

Until another voice in her head piped up, the one that wanted to unify communities with mural art in the spirit of the great Diego Rivera. So three years ago, she and a partner formed The Muralists. They do brighten public spaces, but much of their time is spent in nurseries and dens, cranking out visions of ducklings in ponds and revelers at the beach.

"Sometimes I think, 'I can't paint any more palm trees in this life!'" she says. Other career hazards include loud working conditions (think mall restaurants) and knee pain (from squatting). "But I'd be miserable doing anything else."

Johnson was camouflaging his misery just before the Welk performance. Pre-show jitters. Every now and then, in a nervous tick sort of way, he'd bark out a seal-like honnnnk followed by a whispered What-evah, the Blanche DuBois meets Valley Girl signature line of his "bird" Matilda.

But as soon as the laughs started flowing from the crowd -- his crowd, folks who know who Bergen is! -- he is determined to wow them. After all, Bergen had only one dummy.

First, gruff Clyde yodels like a three-pack-a-day smoker, only to be topped by Matilda, who belts out a glass-shattering God Bless the USA. Thunderous applause.

In the lobby after the show, a couple wait for Johnson near a life-size cardboard cutout of Welk. "It's a shame you don't see more of this, it's such good, clean entertainment," says Marillyn Thomas, who has escaped the cold of Great Falls, Mont. "And this young man is so good. I mean, he could be on a cruise ship."

Johnson has heard that grandmotherly advice before. The money would be good, but it would mean weeks away from his family. And though it's a nice compliment, cruise entertainer is not his definition of The Big Time. "I think I'd go a bit crazy on a boat," he sighs.

With Matilda and Clyde in the back of his battered Saturn, Johnson drives a half-hour to his home in Vista, picking up Mexican food along the way. When he gets home around 10, sons Cameron, 7, and Cody, 3, want to hear about the show. It's tough for wife Cherie, 29, to get the two to bed. It doesn't help that Dad, wired after his gig, keeps gabbing.

"I want to be on TV," he says.

It's a mantra, really. If he says it enough, maybe it will happen. He also knows he wants out of this place, a rental home that's no more than 1,000 square feet in a dusty ***working-class*** neighborhood.

"I want more for my sons, and I know I can make it. But I don't belong in this age. Now you have to do so much to impress people. My art, maybe it's just too simple." He sighs. "But I was born to do this."

Some feel the pull from the cradle.

Franklin Graham could have avoided the pulpit, but with the Rev. Billy Graham as a father, the die has been cast. And what of Arlo Guthrie? With a dad like Woody, a legend who moved a young Bob Dylan to become a singer, it's unlikely he considered much else.

Following in such footsteps isn't easy. And sometimes people beg you to avoid a profession that would appear to offer a long row to hoe.

When a young Miller Williams, the son of an eloquent Arkansas minister, told a college adviser he wanted to major in languages, he was told he had no aptitude for it and diverted to biology. After a dozen years of teaching college sciences, Miller, who had never stopped writing his beloved poetry, was hired in 1961 as a teaching poet at Louisiana State University.

So he followed his bliss. He even was invited to read his work at Bill Clinton's second inauguration. But true fame has eluded the man. Which is fine by him.

"All that's really important is going to bed with joy," says Williams, 75.

His daughter took that advice to heart; she also writes. But by putting those words to music, three-time Grammy winner Lucinda Williams has slain obscurity.

In the recesses of his backyard shed, Johnson keeps a piece of the past that signaled his destiny.

"This," he says, "is Raymond," hauling out a black chest and snapping back the lid to reveal a dummy dressed like a train engineer.

Johnson's grandfather, a sheet-metal engineer who did magic on the side, made the Howdy Doody-like sidekick for him; by age 13, Johnson was opening his shows.

Johnson kept at it during college, after which he worked a series of odd jobs and briefly considered a life in the ministry. But the pull of the puppets was too strong.

"Well, howw-dy," Raymond drawls, eyes clicking faintly as they dart from side to side. Johnson's boys are riveted; they've never seen Raymond. After the dummy's eerie gaze spooked kids at a birthday party in 1991, Johnson benched him for good.

But neither of Johnson's sons is put off; in fact, the 3-year-old keeps tapping the dummy on the leg to get his attention. Through Dad's skill, this hunk of wood and fabric is alive. "Kind of magical, huh?" Johnson says.

The boys have the bug; each has his own array of hand puppets. They might even have a showbiz gene: Johnson's homemaker mother played a clown at parties, while Cherie was Snoopy at Knott's Berry Farm and then a Lego character at Legoland, the theme park where the couple met and where Johnson draws a steady paycheck.

"It's hard to see him struggle," Cherie says. "People who've seen him at Legoland come up to him and say 'Oh, you're the bird guy!' But he can't get a bigger break. The age of technology doesn't seem to go with ventriloquism."

But Johnson isn't giving up. He has had worse jobs, notably a miserable gig as a forklift driver. "At least I'm not there," he says as Raymond's eyes lock on the horizon.

Never underestimate the power of a cruddy job to inspire a dream.

"We've all had bad jobs in our lives, which is good because they help us focus on doing something that we love, even if sometimes that thing is strange," says Justin Racz, who cataloged a bizarre array of metiers in 50 Jobs Worse Than Yours. Oddest included maggot wrangler and garbage barge skipper. "What's interesting is they all loved their jobs."

So does onetime newspaper delivery man Bryan Bowers, who left that job behind for a life on the streets playing the autoharp, that odd contraption made famous a half-century back by country music's Carter Family.

Bowers is now in the Autoharp Hall of Fame (yes, there is one) and has cut records with big Nashville stars. But that's only after decades of the minstrel's life.

"I'd play all morning outdoors in Seattle's market, then head over and perform at a church, then a coffeehouse, and finally over at the rough bars ending up with all the drunks," says Bowers, 65, of Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

He still relishes the challenge of luring a few coins from passersby.

"Once I played a job for $1,000. But I put that check in my pocket, hit the street to play and in a few hours had $17 for a steak," he says. "That was the best-tasting steak I ever had. It reminded me that back when I had nothing, I could still put food in my stomach doing what I loved. I'm lucky."

The morning sun spreads out across San Diego County like a golden blanket. Not a cloud for miles. Johnson is back in the Saturn headed for Legoland in Carlsbad.

On the wall of the dressing room are photos of performers who hope their shtick here will soon lead somewhere, preferably up the 405 Freeway to Hollywood.

"Anthony Edwards came up to me after a show once because his wife didn't believe I was really throwing my voice," Johnson says of the former ER star. "He always says hello when he comes back. That's a nice friendship."

But it hasn't led to any TV work. So for now, Johnson's audience remains antsy kids, three shows a day, five days a week. These tots don't know Candice Bergen, let alone her father, Edgar, and yet they eat Johnson up.

Maybe it's the puppets and their Punch-and-Judy war of words, or maybe it's the goofy way Johnson shoots one eyebrow skyward, Jim Carrey-like. What-evah. It's 20 minutes of open-mouthed guffaws.

Matilda asks to sing.

"Go ahead," Johnson says.

Matilda: "Did you just call me goathead?"

The kids howl. Pure gold.

Afterward, Tom Emrick, 78, takes a break from sweeping up the theater. "I tell you, Bergen would move his lips. Kevin never does," he booms. "And you couldn't find a nicer guy. He'd go like gangbusters on, say, a cruise ship."

Johnson doesn't hear this. Better that way. He's on a high from an ad-libbed bit where Clyde croaked "Take me with you!" to a dad hauling off a crying kid. Big laughs.

"Moments like that feel great." Johnson shakes his head. "Man, if I could have just been around during vaudeville. Or on The Ed Sullivan Show. Those were the days."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Robert Benson for USA TODAY

PHOTOS, B/W, Robert Benson for USA TODAY (3)

PHOTO, B/W, Dimtri Chrysanthopoulos, Cob Web Studios

PHOTO, B/W, Jym Wilson, USA TODAY

PHOTO, B/W, Donald Kallaus

**Load-Date:** March 23, 2010

**End of Document**



[***American Center in Paris hit by squabble***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3PV0-002B-H0YH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

December 13, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Entertainment; Pg. 1F

**Length:** 1507 words

**Byline:** Mary Abbe; Staff Writer

**Body**

Martin Friedman, former director of Minneapolis' Walker Art Center, is not accustomed to being fired. But when the American Center in Paris recently shelved the inaugural show it had hired him to curate, Friedman took the rebuff gamely.

"In a sense it's back to square one," he said of the exhibition, on which he had worked for two years.

In France, culture wars are waged with a ferocity Americans usually reserve for football games or corporate board meetings. The latest squabble, to which Friedman fell victim, has embroiled the American Center, a venerable outpost of American culture laced with Minnesota connections.

Faced with a financial crunch brought on in part by the worldwide recession, the American Center's board recently fired its entire artistic staff, including Friedman and former Walker curator Adam Weinberg. Their departures leave the organization with no future programs and no opening show, only 10 months before it is scheduled to move into a high-profile new building designed by Los Angeles architect Frank Gehry (who is also designing the University of Minnesota's new art museum).

Various parties in the fracas offer different interpretations of what went wrong and why. They blame everything from the French recession to the devaluation of the dollar vs. the franc, to overruns on art programs. Others cite failed leadership, an outright betrayal of artistic mission and the desire to court French government patronage.

Dismissed staffers say the American Center's leaders - including Henry Pillsbury, its Minneapolis-born executive director - jettisoned an adventurous program designed specifically for the new building and are grasping for financial success at the expense of art.

"I think it's too bad, but when finances are tight people make financial decisions," said Weinberg, who became the center's artistic and program director in 1990. He assembled the curatorial team that was just fired and, with Pillsbury, drafted its recently discarded artistic program.

By firing its entire artistic staff, the center has risked alienating potential supporters and jeopardized its relationship with other arts organizations by canceling joint ventures already in the works. It also faces possible legal problems under France's tough labor laws.

The New York Times recently described the center's administrative staff as "desperate" to put a positive spin on the situation. A film series the center had planned with the Jeu de Paume museum already has been canceled, and plans to send a show to the center from Walker Art Center are in limbo.

The center's ties to Minnesota make it appear something of a European satellite of the Twin Cities art scene. Besides its director and two curators, one of its chief supporters also has Minnesota roots: Frederick R. Weisman, the Minneapolis-born art collector who launched Minnesota's University Art Museum with a $ 3 million gift, gave $ 5 million to start an American Center endowment.

Even the center's programs had a Minneapolis flavor. Weinberg, who moved to Paris after heading the Whitney Museum of American Art at Equitable Center in New York, had planned a program reminiscent of the Walker's mix of film, video, music, dance and visual arts.

Friedman's show "Landscape as Metaphor" was to include work commissioned from 14 young artists. Designed for specific spaces in the center's new building, it was planned as an indoor-outdoor event occupying terraces, lobbies, theaters and even a roof garden. It followed the formula Friedman pioneered at the Walker more than 20 years ago, and on which he built the Walker's reputation.

Friedman is now negotiating with several American museums about presenting the show, and continuing to solicit corporate and foundation money for it.

"I hope the American Center will be able to work through its administrative and artistic problems because the building is an incredible beachhead for American culture," said Friedman by phone from New York.

In fact, critics say the future of the $ 40 million Gehry building has been jeopardized by the recent troubles. Without high-profile, innovative programs that complement Gehry's bold cubistic design, the building will be little more than a curiosity, they claim.

"The center, which had the potential to be a presenting organization in Paris on the scale of the Centre Pompidou or the Bastille Opera, is going to be marginalized," said Michael Tarantino, an American-born free-lance curator dismissed from his part-time job as the center's adjunct visual-arts curator.

Speaking by phone from Brussels, Belgium, Tarantino added, "They'll always be able to find programs featuring American artists and have an American presence on the board, but will they have a program that lives up to the potential of that building, or will the building be a kind of white elephant which anybody can rent?"

Pillsbury was eager to smooth ruffled feathers when reached by phone at his Paris townhouse. He said he was developing the center's programs and would announce them in February. He even spoke of salvaging Friedman's show. "Martin and I are working in real harmony," he said, "and there's a possibility that a stripped-down version of the show could come to the American Center later."

Chattering virtually nonstop for more than an hour, Pillsbury outlined the center's history, described its financial pinch and talked about the difficulty of straddling American and French cultures. His various justifications for dismissing the staff ranged from Paris' delays in completing a park around the new building to the changing patterns of leisure activity in France. He cited the difficulty of competing with heavily subsidized Parisian arts organizations and "a slowdown of the world economy which meant the [board's] executive committee had to exercise financial prudence."

(The center's French and American board has raised $ 9 million in pledges toward a $ 25 million endowment goal, but Pillsbury said payments have been slower than expected. The center's annual budget at the new building is expected to be about $ 5 million.)

Founded in 1931 as a social club for wealthy Americans abroad, the center offered American English classes and was for many years a low-key forum where American artists could present their work in France. Pillsbury spoke with pride of its a long tradition of self-support, noting that 85 percent of its income has come from classes and ticket sales.

Five years ago, it sold its rundown quarters in a fashionable Left Bank neighborhood for $ 40 million and hired Gehry to design a new building in the ***working-class*** Bercy area, which the city is rehabilitating. Gehry's building includes a mix of commercial and noncommercial facilities - galleries, gift shop, restaurant, performance studios, a theater/ convention hall and 26 apartments for visiting artists.

Pillsbury said the center's artistic mission requires a staff of multi talented people with international connections. When pressed, he admitted that description fit the staff members who were fired. Friedman's exhibitions have been shown throughout Europe and Japan; Tarantino recently curated a show for the Prado museum's new contemporary art wing in Madrid; Weinberg just finished a film, performance and visual-art show called "TransVoices" that debuted this fall simultaneously in New York City and Paris. The other dismissed curators have similar expertise.

Although Pillsbury praised "TransVoices," he said it "went way, way over budget, and the board said, 'We will not do this anymore. We will do things at cost.' "

Some ex-staff members privately blame Pillsbury for the center's present difficulties, saying he ignored staff offers to cut back programs and prune budgets, choosing instead to fire the staff.

Pillsbury denies that allegation and insists the staff was dismissed when financial troubles prompted the center's board to shift its emphasis from the artistic program to "developing membership and participatory programs.

"That is very different from saying that the programs looked expensive and therefore we need to get rid of them," he said.

Disgruntled former staff members said Pillsbury has also ceded artistic authority to Michel Reilhac, the general manager and second-in-command. Reilhac, a Frenchman well connected with the nation's arts bureaucracy, is drafting a new program.

Pillsbury contends that Reilhac has been unfairly maligned. But he added that it was essential that the center have a "close working relationship" with French governmental institutions and said, "There is no question that with the political dealing involved, there must be French people at the top." Pillsbury said the center is assembling a team of French and American advisers to guide programs and finances.

Former staff members thought that was what they had been hired to do. "They've wasted a lot of time and energy of people whose job it is to put together a professional program," said Tarantino. "That is, to me, the worst part of what is going on there: the waste of it all."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** December 15, 1992

**End of Document**



[***WHERE PLAYING BY THE RULES MEANS GOING TO THE EXTREME. X GAMES COMPETITORS DON'T TAKE THE EDGE OFF***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:452N-TRG0-0190-X0T4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 20, 2000 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1655 words

**Byline:** Karen Heller, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** SAN FRANCISCO

**Body**

Corri Gibson drove seven hours to see her friend Shawn Highland compete in step-up motocross at the 2000 X Games. Step-up is a new event at this Olympics of extreme sports, one of the wildest in a lunatic menu of once-renegade pastimes that have become a billion-dollar industry - skateboarding alone accounted for $900 million last year.

Step-up is a misnomer. It's really fall down: motorcyclists plow down a 15-foot dirt hill, then jump over a hurdle raised 35 feet, the height of a three-story rowhouse, before crashing back to earth.

"I would have to say that Shawn has broken just about every bone in his body," Gibson said.

Moments later, as he was carried off the field below the Bay Bridge, it appeared that the 25-year-old former millworker had added a few more fractures to his collection. "He'll try anything," said Gibson, who traveled seven hours from Medford, Ore.

Apparently that's true. Highland started racing motorbikes at age 3 and has jumped from a three-story building. Without the bike.

Sponsored by ESPN, the cable sports channel, the X Games are a mecca for slacker outlaws, generally scrawny guys who never did well at team sports. The sports they feature fuel the hoop dreams of mostly white, mostly ***working-class*** male athletes who can jump, usually on a skateboard, a BMX bike, a motorcycle or a pair of inline skates. The best in their fields earn six-figure incomes in product endorsements and exhibitions. The stars, like cyclists Ryan Nyquist, Mat Hoffman and eight-time gold medalist Dave Mirra, and skateboarders Tony Hawk, Andy Macdonald and Bucky Lasek, are millionaires.

This is the sixth summer for the games, which began 28 hours of coverage Saturday on ESPN, ESPN2 and ABC, and are shown in 180 countries and 21 languages. These are the perfect sports for viewers with short attention spans: No run lasts longer than 65 seconds. Top-ranked Philadelphia skateboarder Kerry Getz - who specializes in "park" skating, down ramps and handrails - will compete for a $16,000 prize tomorrow, the day before the games conclude. Only three years as a pro, he has seven corporate sponsors.

"These are the sports of the 21st century," said ESPN's Jack Wienert, who oversees all aspects of the Games save broadcasting. "The skateparks are the new Little League parks. This is a sport that kids can do without their parents, teams and totally by themselves."

Last summer, the event attracted 270,000 fans to the piers below the San Francisco Bay Bridge, where the X Games are staged. And it pulled in more than five million ESPN viewers - including 37 percent of all male teenagers, according to A.C. Nielsen research.

It also made history when "vert" skateboarder Tony Hawk, the Michael Jordan of extreme sports, completed a "900" - 21/2 airborne revolutions - off a U-shaped, 12-foot-high ramp called a "half pipe." It took him 11 tries.

Today, Hawk retains five stockbrokers and the William Morris Agency, owns part of several companies, manages a 12-member skateboard exhibition team, and is too big to compete in anything save for yesterday's vert doubles, an event in which two skateboarders take to the pipe at the same time. He has a reported $1 million deal to appear exclusively on ESPN, a valuable signing for the network after NBC launched its Gravity Games last fall.

Extreme sports are particularly attractive to males 12 to 34, who exhibit less interest in organized team sports than their fathers, preferring the head-banging individual style of street luge (wherein contestants, lying on wheeled sleds, roll atop urban streets); wakeboarding (a hybrid of waterskiing and surfing in which the contestant stands on a surfboard pulled by a boat); and sky surfing (in which the contestant bails from an airplane and free-falls while surfing atop a Boogie Board).

That age group constitutes 38 percent of ESPN's regular viewing audience but more than half of the viewers of extreme sports, which are continually shown again. Even with multiple corporate sponsors, these athletes appear more accessible than ballplayers (and here, they are, signing autographs for the many who ask), their success more attainable. Those Generation Y males 12 to 25, with annual spending power of $650 billion, make an event like the X Games rich in black ink.

If a network owns the sporting event, as ESPN does the X Games, it doesn't have to battle other networks for broadcast rights while generating 28 hours of programming through Aug. 29, the dog days of sports. (The timing is not by accident; it's when kids have returned home from TV-free camp.) Consider what ESPN doesn't have to spend to buy the rights: NBC and Turner Network Television will pay $726 million to the National Basketball Association this coming season. The success of the X Games, which have won the cable channel six Emmy Awards, has made ESPN programming vice president Ron Semiao golden, and now hoarse from cheering.

"When I came up with this idea in 1993, it wasn't the general opinion that these were real athletes participating in real sports," he said. Since then, the events have become so well-known they have been depicted on U.S. postage stamps.

The X Games are so huge that next year organizers will stage trial events on five continents. The free family event - it's a festival, really - features no alcohol and relatively inexpensive refreshments including, this being San Francisco, cafe latte. The names of the 16 corporate sponsors, who have kicked in $2 million or $1 million in support, are affixed to everything here, even to a robotic camera on a wire that traverses the carnival-like setting on the bay. The games are projected to generate $30 million to its host city.

Which is why Philadelphia officials, coming off the Republican National Convention, so eagerly want to play host to this very different kind of global event in August 2001 and 2002. The city is bidding against five other sites for the privilege, which is awarded on a two-year basis.

The athletes have more complicated feelings about the X Games. These are individual, rather than team, sports. To impose order on anarchy, some say, ruins the whole thing. Every few years the sports change; some were barely in existence before the Clinton administration.

The fans, racially diverse but overwhelmingly male, young, pierced and tattooed, will talk about bicycle stunt racing's "old days" 17 years ago, before the advent of, say, the Superman Seat-Grab (where the rider takes his feet off the pedals in a mid-air jump and stretches his legs behind the bike while one hand rests on a handle and the other on the seat).

Of course, they weren't alive then.

Televised sports offers commentary on everything, from motocross freestyle to wakeboarding, though the activity's original attraction was, and remains, that it is free from rules or preconceived notions. (The commentators here, yelling over rap and hard-core music, tend to sound more like DJs than Al Michaels.) The competitors are often miffed, loving the crowds, loving less the battery of cameras capturing every wipeout.

"This is a TV event. It's not an event for skateboarders," said Rune Glifberg, 25, one of the world's top skateboarders. "This is controlled by the cameramen."

Originally from Copenhagen, the former European champion has 10 sponsors and now lives in Southern California, the epicenter of summer extreme sports. "I want to do good, but it's not like the end of the world," he said before placing fifth in the vert finals.

The top 100 skateboarders, such as Glifberg and Philadelphia's Getz, tour the world and get paid by sponsors whether they compete or simply stage demonstrations. Stevie Williams, a rising street skater from Philadelphia, makes a good living without competing.

Even critics reluctantly agree that the X Games' huge audience translates into more fans and money for the athletes, as well as increased respectability, which they oddly like. Due to prosperity and a booming Generation Y, there are now 200 skateboard companies (a fully loaded board running about $150).

The current issue of TransWorld Skateboarding is fatter than Vogue. There is even a growing specialty in skateboard graphics on boards and shirts in the booming extreme apparel industry. Ironically, these sports without uniforms have spawned one - baggy knee-length shorts, long-sleeve T-shirts, fat-soled sneakers worn with buzz-cut hair - that is the dominant look of a generation.

In terms of injuries, skateboarders fare better than motocross bikers - everyone fares better than motocross bikers - even though park or street skateboarders don't use helmets or knee pads ("weighs me down," Getz said), which are worn by vert skaterboarders. In 14 years, Glifberg has broken only a finger and an ankle. In a dozen years, motocross phenom 16-year-old Travis Pastrana, who will try to nail the freestyle gold today for a second year, has broken 26 bones.

Despite their appearance and too-cool-to-care aura, extreme athletes seem old-fashioned. Many are exceptionally young fathers - babies are everywhere. So are extreme groupies, enough to rival any rocker's retinue. But few extreme female athletes are invited to compete. Only six inline female skaters made the cut, compared to 20 men. The women's top prize is $8,000; the men's, $14,000.

"These are very chauvinistic, male-dominated sports," said Donna Vano, who competes as a snowboarder in Lake Tahoe, Calif., during the winter, and as an inline skater in the summer.

A former national amateur snowboard champion, Vano is sitting out the games after breaking her arm. She's here to cheer on the women inline skaters, including Brazilian sensation Fabiola DaSilva, who yesterday won gold medals in two inline competitions.

Then again, Vano is 46 in a sport that attracts teenagers. She took up blading 10 years ago, and eventually quit a $100,000 real estate job. "It was too much fun not to."

Karen Heller's e-mail address is [*kheller@phillynews.com*](mailto:kheller@phillynews.com).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** February 4, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Undecided voters weigh the issues***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S6P-88G0-TX33-C14M-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 3, 2008 Thursday

SOUTH EDITION

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**Section:** METRO; Pg. S-1

**Length:** 2183 words

**Body**

Pennsylvanians may not actually determine who is the eventual Democratic presidential nominee, but it sure won't be for lack of trying.

With the April 22 primary just 19 days away, it's hard to travel anywhere in this state, let alone the South Hills, without hearing a scandal du jour, recycled sound bite -- or a bar or beauty salon argument -- about the merits or demerits of New York Sen. Hillary Rodham Clinton and Illinois Sen. Barack Obama.

Of course, Republicans here, or anywhere in the nation, aren't arguing, at least out loud. The party has a presumptive candidate, Arizona Sen. John McCain, for the big presidential contest in November.

The Clinton campaign continues to tout Pennsylvania as the place for a climactic showdown that tests her big state appeal essential for victory in November. The Obama camp says our state is just another chapter in a complex delegate section process -- the math of which is dizzying -- in which Mr. Obama has a formidable delegate lead.

Pundits, percentages aside, the polls here say Mrs. Clinton is the early favorite in Pennsylvania; the Obama folks say it all ain't over till it's, well you know. Of course, some in the Obama camp are also saying Mrs. Clinton can't win the nod even if she wins our home state.

Still, following the cliche "all politics is local,'' -- and basking in the Keystone state's unprecedented time in the spotlight -- we asked some undecided Democratic voters in the South Hills to help us out. This week and right through primary election day, we're following five residents through the sometimes scintillating and fairly fatiguing process of making an informed decision.

Staff writers Mary Niederberger and Maria Sciullo will track this group of undecided Democratic voters and report on them and the issues that will determine how they vote later this month. This week Ms. Niederberger introduces our panel, which includes a husband and wife. Then, in South editions on April 10 and 17, we'll follow up on how the headlines are affecting their decisions.

Remember, the road to the White House -- and the primary that appears perpetual -- goes right through the South Hills.

Martin J. Flaherty

Age: 69; Mt. Lebanon

Owner M.J. Flaherty Plumbing

While Mr. Flaherty remains undecided on which Democrat will actually get his vote, he said this week he was ''leaning a little bit toward Obama."

"I think he really reminds you a little bit of [John] Kennedy in that he is able to lift people up," Mr. Flaherty said. "But I could be swayed ... .''

Mr. Flaherty, the father of three grown children, has operated his plumbing business for 40-some years out of Scott. Health care is a top priority for him since it's one of his highest costs of operation.

He has seven employees to whom he provides health care, a number not big enough to get the types of discounts available to large corporations. Increased health costs mean employers have to offer lower wages and fewer other benefits because they simply can't afford them, Mr. Flaherty said.

"I really think that both of these candidates could solve that problem if they would pick business people to come up with a plan and keep the insurance companies out of it," he said. He's waiting to hear final versions of what types of health care plans the candidates offer.

He is also worried about the economy and wants to hear specific plans on how to turn it around. Though he said his business is still surviving on repairs, he's not getting calls for luxury jobs, such as updating bathrooms and kitchens.

"Emergencies, they are still calling for those. But people are conscious of what they are spending. They are not seeking the extra stuff," said Mr. Flaherty, a lifelong Democrat and volunteer fireman for 30 years.

He's also concerned about conditions on Wall Street and the problems of the mortgage industry. He believes there should be more oversight of lending, but as with health care, believes Wall Street professionals should be kept from the process of creating reforms.

On the war in Iraq, Mr. Flaherty has mixed feelings. "I think you go in there to win and not fool around. I think now we are just fooling around. I'd like to see them hit it hard and then come home," he said.

He's frustrated with the news media and its coverage of the Democratic primary because he believes too much attention was given to issues like Mr. Obama's preacher and Mrs. Clinton's reported embellishments of the story of dodging sniper fire while on a trip to Bosnia.

Janice Matyasovsky

Age: 58; Liberty

Auto production worker

This is the first time since she was able to vote that Mrs. Matyasovsky said she has no idea which candidate she will choose.

"I'm not happy with either Democratic candidate. In this whole big country there have to be others," she said.

Mrs. Matyasovsky said she is considering writing in a vote for John Edwards, whom she would like to have heard more from earlier in the campaign, but he "just got overshadowed. It was kind of decided early on that it was going to be between Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama."

Now, she's waiting to be moved by one of the candidates. She was disgusted both by Mrs. Clinton's exaggeration of danger during a trip to Bosnia in 1996 and by the comments made by Mr. Obama's preacher, the Rev. Jeremiah Wright. "He had to be sitting there when those things were said and he didn't back away. But now that he's campaigning he's backing away," she said.

She also questioned Mr. Obama's experience level. "I mean where did he come from all of a sudden?"

She thinks the most important issue is the economy and the current mortgage crisis and is worried about her own job at the General Motors metal stamping plant in West Mifflin, which had been slated to close at the end of 2007.

A new buyer, an investment group, is looking to take over the operation, but Mrs. Matyasovsky said workers who have continued to stay on the job and be paid under the conditions of their previous contract, aren't certain if they will keep their jobs and same wages and benefits when the new owner takes over.

In general, she said, she believes many ***working class*** jobs are disappearing from the economy, often forcing both fathers and mothers to work full time to support their families.

She believes the lifestyle that she and her husband enjoyed -- he worked full-time as an electrician at the General Motors plant while she stayed home to raise their three children -- is disappearing for many.

Mrs. Matyasovsky also wants to see the candidates find a solution to the health care crisis as she and her husband find themselves bearing more of the costs of their health care each year.

She also thinks finding a way to bring the troops home from Iraq must be a priority for the next president, but she doesn't believe that either Mrs. Clinton or Mr. Obama have a firm plan for that.

John Matyasovsky

Age: 60; also Liberty

Retired electrician

This week, Mr. Matyasovsky admits to a slight preference in the race: "I'm leaning toward Obama, but I could be swayed," he said.

He said he didn't like the fact that early in the campaign Mrs. Clinton complained about the media asking tougher questions of her than it was asking other candidates. "For someone in politics as long as she has been, she is crying a lot," he said.

Mr. Obama, on the other hand, said Mr. Matyasovsky, "tried to be as honest as he could" in answering questions. "That looked stronger and better," Mr. Matyasovsky said.

He is also bothered by Mrs. Clinton's ardent support of abortion rights. "That's tough for a Catholic to deal with," said Mr. Matyasovsky, who is Catholic.

Mr. Matyasovsky disagrees with his wife on the candidates' plans for withdrawal from Iraq. He believes that both candidates have stated that they support a gradual withdraw of the troops.

"I think that sends a message over there that if either of these two is elected, we will make a change," he said.

On the economy, Mr. Matyasovsky said he is grateful that he was able to work much of his career for the same company and retire early. But he's uncertain if that will happen for his children's generation.

He worries about the ups and downs of the stock market and the fact that banks have allowed people to borrow more than their incomes can comfortably afford for mortgages and would like to see more oversight of the banking industry.

He also believes there is collusion between the White House and "Big Business" that has allowed gas prices to climb above $3 a gallon.

He believes it will take a Democratic president to stop the escalation.

He also said that the next president must find a way to provide health insurance for all and he said he admires Mrs. Clinton's longtime commitment to the issue. But, he said, he is not in favor of universal government-sponsored health insurance, such as provided in Canada.

Alex Pazuchanics

Age: 18; Whitehall

Senior at Central Catholic

Alex is excited to be a first-time voter and to be able to experience something even his parents have never experienced: casting a vote in a Pennsylvania primary that could have an effect on who will be the Democratic nominee for president.

"This is historic. And, this could be a make-it-or-break-it state for Hillary Clinton."

He believes both of the Democratic candidates are "viable" against Mr. McCain, but he's leaning toward Mr. Obama at this point because of his ability to draw in youthful voters.

"Enthusiasm builds around Obama. He seems to capture the imagination of a new generation," he said.

Alex said he's followed the national media coverage of the candidates but now is looking forward to hearing issues pertinent to Pennsylvania discussed in the coming weeks as both candidates woo voters here.

Alex, too, is worried about the economy but says the concerns of his generation are different. Given the current crunch in the banking industry, he's anxious about the cost and availability of the student loans he knows he will need to get through college.

In his initial research on student loans, he has found interest rates higher than he expected and he is worried they will continue to rise as he goes through college.

He's hoping to attend either the University of Chicago or Villanova or American universities and to study economics and public policy.

Even more worrisome, he said, is whether he will be able to find a job after he graduates, deep in debt with student loans.

Alex said he believes that both Democrats are weak in foreign policy and either, if nominated, will have to find a running mate with a strong foreign policy background.

He also believes their platforms are similar, including calling for an eventual, but not immediate withdrawal of troops from Iraq. He said he believes the Democratic candidates' stance on Iraq is more palatable to voters than Mr. McCain's.

Unlike the other undecided Democrats in this series, Alex said he favors universal health care.

Dan Tatomir

Age: 35; Mt. Lebanon

Financial consultant

For Mr. Tatomir, the father of three children ages 6, 4 and 2, finding a way to end the war in Iraq is one of the top issues in the presidential race.

"The losses of American lives has to stop. I opposed the war from the beginning. The case they made for going to war was based either on bad information or outright lies," he said.

Yet, he is now torn on the best way to get American forces out of Iraq.

"While I want the troops home as soon as possible, we've created such a mess over there, I'm torn about leaving," he said.

He said he respects the fact that Mr. Obama was "against the war from the get-go" and he doesn't like the fact that Mrs. Clinton "can't come out and say she made a wrong decision" to vote for the war.

But, he said, he can't tell which of the candidates has a better plan for ending the war.

Mr. Tatomir likes Mrs. Clinton's stance on health care and the fact that she wants to provide it "for all Americans."

Like the other uncommitted voters in this series, he had concerns about the economy, but he believes some of those problems are tied to the war. The current administration, he believes, has "increased spending through the roof to fund the war."

He also wants to see the candidates come up with a way to lower gas prices. "You go to the gas pump and you have to pay $50 to fill up the van. You see food prices increasing as well. Just talking to people, they've expressed not getting cost of living increases in recent years and not being able to save what they want."

Though he didn't have to rely on student loans for his college education, Mr. Tatomir said he knows a number of others who did, and he's concerned about the cost and availability of loans for those now in college.

Mr. Tatomir said he also wants to see the candidates address the No Child Left Behind legislation so that schools are truly educating students and not just teaching to standardized tests.

He said he currently has no preference between the two Democrats, but from Mrs. Clinton he'd like to see more ''sincerity'' and from Mr. Obama, he wants "inspiration.''

"I want to know that he can back up the rhetoric with action,'' Mr. Tatomir said.

He said he believes that either Democrat can beat Mr. McCain in the general election.

**Notes**

Mary Niederberger can be reached at [*mniederberger@post-gazette.com*](mailto:mniederberger@post-gazette.com) or 412-851-1512. Maria Sciullo can be reached at [*msciullo@post-gazette.com*](mailto:msciullo@post-gazette.com) or 412-851-1867.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Dan Tatomir

PHOTO: Alex Pazuchanics

PHOTO: Martin J. Flaherty

PHOTO: Janice Matyasovsky

PHOTO: John Matyasovsky

**Load-Date:** January 24, 2009

**End of Document**



[***S-Type opens doors for Jaquar***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:411V-0NC0-007M-44XF-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

August 19, 2000, Saturday, Cook/DuPage/Fox Valley/Lake/McHenry

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**Section:** Auto Showcase;; Drive-thru review;

**Length:** 1727 words

**Byline:** Dave Boe

**Body**

Background: It's one of the first Jaguars built for a mass audience in the United States. And dare we say, a starting price that falls within reach of many ***working class*** suburban families.

When Jaguar debuted its all-new, 2000 model year S-TYPE mid-size sedan in the spring of 1999, it marked an anniversary of sorts. It was a decade earlier that Ford Motor Co., the world's second- largest automaker, purchased the British car company, a precursor to the merger mania that hit the auto world like a ton of bricks in the late 1990s. At the time the joke circulating throughout media circles was that Ford wanted to buy a Jaguar so much, it purchased the whole company.

Ford's influence over Jaguar is now beginning to show with the S-TYPE debut. Both S-TYPE and another Ford product, the Lincoln LS sedan, share some platform characteristics while remaining visually and mechanically distinct. The sharing of automotive platforms allows manufacturers to control costs more efficiently.

For the 2000 model year, Jaguar includes three rear-wheel-drive model lines in the United States. In addition to the mid-size S- TYPE, Jaguar markets the larger XJ and smaller XK Series. Jaguar manufactures the S-TYPE at a new production complex near Birmingham, England.

Engine and trim levels: The rear-drive S-TYPE is available in one basic trim level, with two powerplant selections: a 3.0-liter AJ V-6 or larger, 4.0-liter AJ V-8. The 32-valve, double overhead cam V-8 delivers 281 horsepower, features four valves per cylinder, air-assist fuel injection and was first introduced in the XK8 coupe and convertible in 1996. This powertrain propels the sedan from zero to 60 miles per hour in 6.6 seconds. The V-6 delivers 240 horsepower and is a derivative of Ford's versatile Duratec engine that's manufactured in Cleveland.

Safety features: Both engine sizes include dual reduced force air bags, four-wheel anti-lock brakes, traction control, seat- mounted side air bags, energy-absorbing front and rear crumple zones, security system, child safety rear door locks and remote keyless entry

Also available is a rear sensing device ($ 400) Ford first introduced in the Winstar minivan last year which emits stuttered beeping sounds when the vehicle transmission is in reverse and bumper-mounted electronic sensing devices detect an object within three feet of its path.

Price: While $ 42,000 may seem a bit steep when pricing Chevrolet Cavaliers or Dodge Neons, in the world of Jaguar this dollar amount is downright affordable. Without S-TYPE in the equation, the next least expensive Jaguar, an XJ8 sedan, retails for more than $ 55,000.

The $ 42,000 reflects the starting price of V-6 editions. Our test-vehicle of the week was a V-8 model which added $ 6,000 to the starting price. When figuring in the deluxe communication option ($ 4,300), upgraded sound system ($ 1,500), rear sensing device ($ 400) and sport packaging ($ 2,300) the bottom line added up to a more hefty $ 57,095 including the $ 595 destination charge. The $ 57,000 price represents the high-end of S-TYPE selections. Comparatively speaking, pricing falls in the neighborhood of the Mercedes-Benz E-Class and BMW 5 Series.

Standard equipment: Because S-TYPE resides in the luxury classification, many popular items are standard including: power rack-and-pinion speed sensitive steering; dual front temperature zones with air conditioning; cruise control; steering-wheel-mounted secondary radio functions; power mirrors, locks and windows; rear- window defroster; intermittent heated front windshield wipers; telescopic steering wheel; five-speed electronic automatic transmission; AM/FM/cassette and fog lights.

A five-speed electronic "J-gate" automatic transmission also comes standard. Drivers can choose between "sport" and "normal" mode depending on the type of experience desired. Selecting "sport" moves the automatic transmission shift points higher for a more aggressive driving.

The J-gate, floor-mounted transmission acts as an automatic transmission when shifting on the right side, but when moving the knob to the far left, the transmission can be used as a clutch-less manual transmission with drivers controlling when and where the gears shift.

Drivers can choose between "sport" and "normal" mode depending on the type of experience desires. Selecting "sport" moves the automatic transmission shift points higher for a more aggressive driving.

Options: One of the more intriguing options Jaguar offers is the in-dash, $ 2,000 global positioning navigation system providing audio and LCD screen information involving road mapping and directions. Many other manufacturers including Honda, Mercedes-Benz and General Motors have experimented with similar GPS systems during the past five years, bringing high-tech satellite mapping and directional technology down to the automobile level.

It helps to be somewhat computer literate when operating these devices. Each incorporates its own unique tutorial outlines when programming in desired destinations. While the in-dash GPS system provides mapping and verbal directions to a predetermined location, it's not always the quickest or most convenient route to take. Common sense plays a part when operating these devices and following said instructions. The most useful aspect may be the aerial, in-motion map showcasing nearby road names, rail road tracks and forest preserves.

A multi-disc compact disc changer (located in the glove box), power sun roof, electrochromic rear view mirror and memory seating are also optional and available in special packaging. Also available is a $ 1,100 sport package including larger, 17-inch sport wheels and computer-controlled suspension which improves ride and handling over bumpy roadways. .

Jaguar is one of the first manufacturers to offer an optional deluxe communications package featuring a voice recognition system allowing drivers to tune the radio, set a temperature or operate the mobile telephone through voice commands (as well as the old- fashion punch-a-button routine.) The system activates when pushing a steering wheel-mounted button. An occupant than gives a verbal command such as "Radio tune 91.5 FM" and the system changes radio frequencies to the aforementioned station. The voice recognition system worked as advertised for the first couple of tries, which was impressive, but had challenges distinguishing between "5s" and "9s" during a few days of troubleshooting even when speaking clearly.

The radio can be turned on or off and volume increased or decreased through voice commands. Interior temperatures can be raised and lowered as well. It's a nice toy to fool around with, but from a practicality stand point, using the secondary audio controls on the steering wheel to change radio stations or volume is quicker and more accurate. But kids will love it.

Interior: Leather seating surfaces are standard and very comfortable even after traveling in excess of three hours. In between the front bucket seats and resting on top of the transmission floor hum traversing the floor of the interior is a single beverage holder, parking brake and flip-top storage bin hinged in the back and home to the portable phone.

Front windshield wipers activate from a right-side steering column extension while headlights operate from a dial on the dashboard's far left side. Directly beneath are buttons unlocking the trunk and fuel door. The driver's door is home to power window buttons controlling all four windows, power outside mirror buttons and small map pockets. Other doors also have power window controls for their own window.

Wood trim enhancements adorn the steering wheel, doors and dashboard. The central dashboard features a U-shaped console housing the radio, dual climate control settings, heated seat buttons and optional GPS navigation system. The instrument panel includes a traditional look with larger, analog semicircle tachometer and speedometer in the middle flanked by smaller fuel and temperature gauges. Along the bottom of the panel rests digital displays of odometer, radio station frequency displays and assorted other messages.

Exterior: With an elliptical vertical-bar front grille, long contoured hood, leaping cat hood ornament and four-headlight face, S-TYPE features one of the more unique-looking exteriors in the mall parking lot. The elongated hood and short trunk design contribute to a sporty look.

Flush-mounted door handles and fold-in side-view mirrors are both body colored while the radio antenna is built into the rear window design. Sixteen-inch alloy wheel come standard (17-inch sport wheels are optional). The locking, circular fuel tank is found on the right passenger-side fender. Chrome trim surrounds windows.

Target market: The S-TYPE buyer is a bit younger than the traditional Jaguar purchaser in his/her mid-forties to mid-fifties. Shoppers between 35 and 55 are making up the bulk of S-TYPE consumers. Half are women and seventy-five percent are married. Seventy percent have graduated college.

Fuel economy: Our 4.0-liter, V-8 test-drive S-TYPE generated 17 miles per gallon in city travel and 23 m.p.g. along the highway, on par with similar V-8 import competitors. The V-6 version chalks up a bit more range at 18 m.p.g. in the city and 26 m.p.g. along the highway. The fuel tank holds 18.4 gallons of fuel and premium unleaded is recommended for both engines.

By comparison a V-8 BMW 540i sedan registers 15 m.p.g. in the city and 23 m.p.g. along the highway while a Mercedes mid-size CL 500 registers 16 m.p.g. city and 23 m.p.g. highway.

Dimensions:

Wheelbase: 114.5 inches

Overall length: 191.3 inches

Overall width: 71.6 inches

Overall height: 55.7 inches

Curb weight: 3,770 pounds

Final thoughts: With the introduction of S-TYPE, Jaguar continues to expand its customer base, some long-time Jaguar owners may feel Jaguar is watering down the cache of tooling around in a vehicle with a leaping cat as a hood ornament. But in order to survive as a division of Ford Motor Co., Jaguar will need to be a bit more visible and turn a tidy profit.

Generous window trim contributes to excellent sight lines and little blind spot worries. The computer-enhances suspension enhances an ultra-smooth ride and plenty of power is in reserve when pushing the pedal to the metal. In the 2000 model year, approximately 88,000 S-TYPES will be built for sale worldwide.

**Load-Date:** August 24, 2000

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[***Hanging on through dry spells, fire, floods;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-8PV0-009B-P046-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***For generations, Whitey's Cafe has been the place to meet. Now it's cold, dark and dank. But the owner has vowed to rebuild.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-8PV0-009B-P046-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

May 13, 1997, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Reclaiming the Forks; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1360 words

**Byline:** Chuck Haga; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** East Grand Forks, Minn.

**Body**

In the 1880s, logs came rushing down the Red Lake River from Minnesota's north woods, and wagons loaded with grain came to barges on the North Dakota side of the Red River.

This was a crossroads. On "the east side," it was a wet, lusty crossroads.

"In the nearly 70 years since then," a newspaper reported in 1947, "the Polk [County] town has been the mecca of hundreds of the thirsty from long-dry Dakota across the river, and from inland on its own side of the stream. Its night lights, its gambling spots which flourished in the earlier days and 'slots' and dice boards of the latter era made it a night spot which overshadowed the larger towns around."

In 1916, a county vote closed the saloons. But it didn't, really. "Speaks" continued to operate behind closed doors with peep-holes despite periodic crackdowns by local authorities and, after Prohibition, federal agents.

Prohibition ended in 1935. When Polk County's ban on liquor sales was finally lifted in 1947, there were dozens of joints already operating - 14 in just the first block of DeMers Av. east of the Sorlie Memorial Bridge.

Only five were granted licenses. Those that weren't - Stan's, Rybaski's, Eddie's and others - closed or faded away.

One of the favored few was Whitey's Cafe. It's the only one of the five that remains downtown.

Whitey's is a survivor.

On Saturday, a waitress-turned-salvage worker found me at the bar, the stainless-steel, horseshoe "Wonderbar" that dominates the cafe.

It was noon, but I was alone at the storied bar, remembering the one time in my life I ever knocked somebody down. It was a young fellow, a friend perfectly capable of whipping me, but he had pulled my beard a second time despite my clear objection the first time.

"You were serious," Brian said, looking up at me from the floor. We remain good friends, in part because he hasn't pulled my beard again.

"Greg's out back, Chuck," the former waitress said.

Wearing his customary floppy hat and the now customary rubber boots, Greg Stennes leaned against a truck in the back parking lot, taking a break from gutting his bar and restaurant. He smiled a welcome and then fished a cold beer out of a portable cooler.

"Let's go stand at the bar," he said.

It was THE place

We picked our way back inside, through river muck and shattered glass, to the bar that once was called the finest west of Chicago. It was photographed for Life and the Saturday Evening Post and written up everywhere.

It was, for generations of people in and around these river towns, the place to meet, to make fishing plans, to propose marriage.

Now it was cold, dark and dank, the booths and bottles smashed. In the side bar, the fat fish in the aquarium were dead and rotting. In the back bar, the pool tables had floated in 5 feet of surging water that came over the dike out back "like a waterfall" on April 19 and engulfed Whitey's the way college students used to on a weekend night.

"We had eggs in the back bar and pool cues in the kitchen," Stennes said, and we laughed. "Not so unusual, actually."

I took another long look around.

"What would Whitey say, Greg?" I asked.

Whitey Larson was the legendary saloonkeeper who operated this place from Prohibition days until he sold it to Stennes and two partners in 1973. When Whitey died in 1992, a local reporter called to check on a rumor that there was a safe in the basement - to be opened only at the time of Whitey's death - that might link Al Capone to the business. There was a safe, but no smoking tommy gun.

"You know, this place burned in 1942," Stennes said. "Whitey told me about it many times.

"It was a busy Saturday night. The fire started in the kitchen, and people wouldn't leave. They were having too good a time. When the firefighters finally booted them out, the crowd all moved across the street and sat in Karn's and Walski's and watched the fire from there. Whitey bought drinks."

Stennes looked up, his jaw set.

"He bounced back from that," he said.

Whitey's is a survivor.

After a meeting last week between city officials and business leaders, Stennes is sounding more optimistic than he was when he first walked into his bar after the flood and cried.

"We have to have faith that we'll get the help we need to get it going again," he said. "Of course, it'll be a block down, or two blocks down."

It could even be across the river in North Dakota, which would be ironic. (Back when North Dakota was closed up tight on Sundays and certain holidays, Good Friday was known rather irreverently at Whitey's as Great Friday.)

Wrong side of the line

Whitey's, just a few yards from the river, almost certainly won't be able to reopen on its historic site downtown. It falls on the wrong side of the lines being drawn for a new superdike.

"But we have given some thought to rehabbing the place and getting it going on a limited scale while we build a new place," Stennes said. "Relocation of the dike will take a couple of years, and we have to get back in the saddle as fast as we can. The community wants us open.

"We need to save the Wonderbar, and then we'd rebuild this room in a new facility. Whether we can re-create the magic - well, that's a tricky question."

With the right help, financing and encouragement from the city, "I would guess we could have this place flying again by July."

Stennes started working at Whitey's as a waiter in 1968. When he became manager in 1973, he made few changes.

"People told me, 'You're wise not to change anything,' " he said. "Really, I didn't know enough to make changes. And I liked the place the way it was."

The way it was. On Saturday evenings, it was common for begowned wedding parties to swoop through - and stay. Sunday afternoons were "biker Sundays," with Harleys parked for blocks outside and bikers mixing inside - nicely more often than not - with farmers and college students.

One Whitey's legend - and Greg says Whitey insisted this was true - has Clark Gable coming in for a meal one night in the late 1930s or 1940. His acting double was with him. Word spread, and the place soon was packed, with Gable signing autographs in the front - and his double signing (as Gable) in the back.

There's supposed to be one of those autographs - from the real Clark Gable - in one of the boxes of Whitey's records and memorabilia that were stored forever in the basement. Just before the flood, Stennes moved everything to the first floor. Now it's all soaked and caked with river mud.

Most of the time, Whitey's wasn't a Planet Hollywood, celebrity sort of place, but just familiar, reliable, a ***working-class*** Cheers where everyone knew your trade, if not your name.

"The appeal of the place was that it was so unassuming," Stennes said. "People seemed comfortable with each other.

'Same thing with the staff. We had a lot of college students on our crews. They'd stay a year or two, then move on. New guys picked up on the feeling from the old guys. But you know that."

My son, Pete, was a bartender at Whitey's. His girlfriend, Rachelle, was a waitress.

Wendy Keena, 42, the assistant manager, started working at Whitey's when she was 19.

"I grew up here," she said. "And Grand Forks and East Grand Forks watched me grow up. And people from Gilby and Crookston and Stephen and Drayton.

Gramps was here

"We got people in all the time who said their dad came here, and their grandfather. People come in to point out the booth where they met in 1936.

"It's scary to think there'll never be another Whitey's."

The thought scares Stennes even more.

He had as much flood insurance as he could buy on the building - $ 500,000 - but not nearly enough ($ 50,000) on contents.

"I lost $ 250,000 in contents," he said. "To replace everything, I'm sure we'd put a million bucks into it.

"They're talking about some grant money and some low-interest loans, so we'll see."

He has his house to think about, too. It was a big house, set higher than his neighbors' homes, but it was on 1st St., next to the river. He had 40 inches of water on the main floor.

"It's hard to think of digging myself a big new hole at this stage of my career," he said. "But it would be harder to walk away from Whitey's and see it disappear."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** May 13, 1997

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[***DOES RIDGE FIT VP MOLD? GOVERNOR WOULD BRING PLUSES AND MINUSES TO BUSH'S;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40RH-ST80-0094-5333-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TICKET***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40RH-ST80-0094-5333-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 16, 2000, Sunday,

REGION EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1723 words

**Byline:** JAMES O'TOOLE, POLITICS EDITOR, POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

So, Gov. Bush, what are you looking for in a vice president?

"The most important criteria is, can a person be president and can we have a working relationship that is strong and viable; that would be an added bonus if a candidate could help in a big state," the Republican standard bearer said this week. "I want to make sure that the person I pick to be vice president is someone with whom I can get along, have a good working relationship. I don't want to have to be looking over my shoulder or worrying about my back."

The man standing inches to Bush's left on Thursday, at least in the Texan's view, fit most of those criteria.

If Bush determines that Ridge fits them well enough, the two governors will again be standing side by side in the first week of August on a confetti-drenched podium in Philadelphia. Ridge, of course, is only one of several names speculated upon as potential partners for Bush, but he is so far the only one that Bush has named as being under consideration for the job. Other speculative "short list" fixtures include Gov. Frank Keating of Oklahoma, Sen. Chuck Hagel of Nebraska and Dick Cheney, a former Cabinet official and Bush adviser supervising the search process.

The tantalizing GOP vice presidential question has hung over Ridge for more than four years. Ridge's was one of a handful of names that Bob Dole hinted at as potential running mates before the party's 1996 convention. Perhaps courting the ire of his wife, Elizabeth, a vice presidential candidate in her own right, Dole said this week that he thought Ridge would be Bush's strongest choice this year. Since Ridge's landslide 1998 re-election, he has been among the select group of GOP figures consistently mentioned as potential members of the 2000 ticket.

Elsie Hillman, the former GOP national committeewoman who is the honorary co-chair of the Bush campaign in Pennsylvania, talked to both governors on the day of their Green Tree appearance this week but ended up as much in suspense as the legions of others puzzling over Bush's choice.

"I don't think he knows," Hillman said of Ridge. "He told me whatever [Bush] does is OK with him."

There are several obvious arguments in favor of Ridge's candidacy. There is at least one strong one against it.

The pluses start with a sterling political resume: ***Working class*** kid gets a scholarship to Harvard. Unusually, for an Ivy Leaguer, he serves in Vietnam as an enlisted man and wins the Bronze Star for his role in a firefight with the Viet Cong. After law school and a stint as an assistant district attorney, he narrowly captures a congressional seat in an overwhelming Democratic district. After 12 years in Congress, he manages close victories in a multi-candidate Republican gubernatorial primary, then in a general election against former Lt. Gov. Mark Singel.

The rising tide of national prosperity washes over his first administration, allowing him to cut taxes. In 1998, he trounces a weak Democratic nominee to win a second term by an overwhelming margin. Add to that a personal rapport with Bush that dates to a time when neither of them figured in anyone's speculation about national politics. Ridge first met Bush working while campaigning for his father 20 years ago.

In stressing the need for a strong personal and working relationship this week, Bush may have been taking lessons from his father's experiences as president and vice president. Dan Quayle, his father's surprise pick in New Orleans, was widely viewed as a political liability. Before that, while he occupied the second spot, Bush Sr. demonstrated unwavering loyalty to former President Ronald Reagan. But Reagan's biographer, Edmund Morris, reported that Bush, at least on a personal level, often felt slighted by Reagan. Gov. Bush and Ridge, by all accounts, have an easy, relaxed personal relationship.

The arguments against Ridge's candidacy start with his position on abortion but, to many Republicans, don't end there. Ridge voted against restrictions on abortion while in Congress. While he supports Pennsylvania's strict abortion law and is no favorite of abortion rights groups, he has consistently described himself as pro-choice and opposes moves to overturn the landmark Supreme Court decision, Roe vs. Wade.

That position courts opposition from two overlapping groups. A Ridge choice would be anathema to some of the Christian conservative activists who form an important part of the Republican Party's grass-roots base. Some argue that that is not all bad -- that if Bush were to flout the wishes of hard-line conservatives, that would help him with the middle-of-the road voters who will be a crucial battleground in November.

The relatively weak showing of conservative Reform Party hopeful Pat Buchanan makes it unlikely that the Republican right would desert the party in significant numbers. But, according to some activists and political experts, there would still be a damaging risk that a Ridge choice would sap the willingness of conservatives to battle for the ticket at the grass roots.

"If you look at some of the real avid conservatives, they won't be going to Gore certainly, I don't think they go to Buchanan, but they might not work as hard," said Ed Murnane, a Chicago lawyer, who was a key figure in Dole's Illinois campaign four years ago.

John Bibby, a political scientist and scholar on presidential elections at the University of Wisconsin, notes that thirst for victory has tempered conservatives' attitudes toward Bush in much the same way that liberal Democrats were willing to line up behind the relatively moderate Bill Clinton in 1992.

"There's some risk there," Bibby said of a Ridge choice. "But thus far the more conservative elements have been willing to grant Bush an awful lot of leeway. Whether they'd go that far, I don't know."

Another land mine on the road from a GOP convention that would nominate Ridge involves his Catholic faith. While his religion can be viewed as a plus in terms of the ticket's ability to reach out to some swing voters, it also courts the potential of public denunciations of his abortion position from the church's hierarchy -- similar to those faced by Democrat Geraldine Ferraro, the last pro-choice Catholic on a national ticket.

Some conservatives fault Ridge's positions on other issues as well. A recent article in the conservative catechism, National Review, criticized his voting record and positions on issues including gun control, defense, and taxation.

One argument for a Ridge selection comes from an unlikely source. Ed Rendell, the general chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has said that his Pennsylvania neighbor would be an excellent choice for Bush, for geographic reasons and for the moderate tint that he would lend to the ticket. But the former Philadelphia mayor consoles himself with the belief that the choice isn't going to happen.

"They're just showing Ridge," he said dismissively.

Rendell's skeptical view is that Bush and his aides are encouraging speculation about Ridge to appeal to moderates, but that they won't risk upsetting the party's conservative cadres when the time for an actual nomination arrives.

Bush said this week that beside himself, the only people who are privy to the specific names still under consideration to be his running mate are his wife Laura, and Cheney, the former defense secretary who has supervised the review of the potential GOP running mates. But if there is a dearth of genuine inside information, that hasn't stopped the tidal waves of speculation in Washington and elsewhere. In the speculative forums of talk shows and pundits, Ridge was at one point viewed as the odds-on favorite for the job. More recently his prominence has receded somewhat in favor of Gov. Frank Keating of Oklahoma and Sen. Chuck Hagel of Nebraska.

Despite the conventional wisdom that Ridge's luster has dimmed, GOP pollster Frank Luntz said the governor still has a good chance at the No. 2 spot because of his Washington background and his experience leading one of the largest states.

Gore appears to be in a strong position in the two largest states, New York and California. The Republican nominee looks strong in the next largest states, Texas and Florida, each governed by a son of the last Republican president. That leaves Pennsylvania as the largest state considered up for grabs in November.

"The geography thing is overrated, because people vote for the president, not the vice president, said Wisconsin's Bibby. "But I think Ridge would be as asset in reinforcing the moderate image."

"I think in the end he'll be one of the last two or three people" in the running, Luntz said, while naming Keating and Hagel as the other probable finalists.

And one senior Republican lobbyist said that Bush's advisers have yet to give up on Colin Powell, even though Bush said this week that he takes the retired general at his word that he is not interested in the job.

"He's the only person in either party you could put on the ticket who would enhance the nationwide voter turnout," the lobbyist said.

The same lobbyist said that Keating of Oklahoma has been "subjected to more intense interview process than the others."

Until Bush makes his decision public, speculation and rumor can only intensify. But a caution once offered by a prominent Democratic operative probably applies to this process as well. When the late Gov. Robert Casey was casting around for a Senate nominee after the death of Sen. John Heinz, Casey's confidante, James Carville, had this advice: "Those who know aren't talking, and those who are talking don't know."

Republican figures have said that they expect Bush to finally end the suspense on July 24 or on then eve of the Philadelphia convention that opens July 31.

Bush said this week however, that he was till weighing the timing as well as the identity of his choice.

"In '76, '80 and '88, the Republican presidential nominee named the vice president at the convention. Sen. Dole named [former HUD Secretary Jack Kemp] prior to the convention. Democrats have named prior to the convention. I'm looking at both models, I'll let you all know pretty soon."

In the meantime, if anyone out there does know what Bush's plans are, they may feel free to send an email to [*jotoole@Post-Gazette.com*](mailto:jotoole@Post-Gazette.com).

Post-Gazette correspondents Rachel Smolkin and Jack Torry contributed to this report.

**Load-Date:** July 16, 2000

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[***A shift in financing;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4470-002B-H1B4-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Amid government retreat, companies step in to back low-cost housing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4470-002B-H1B4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 23, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Marketplace; Column six; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1496 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

The financial muscle behind last week's groundbreaking for the renovation of 130 units of low-cost rental housing near downtown Minneapolis underscores the shift in the financing of such housing from government to the private sector.

The renovation of three dilapidated buildings, called Opportunity Housing, will be financed by companies motivated by good works, good public relations and good long-term tax breaks.

The project is financed by the nonprofit, Chicago-based National Equity Fund (NEF), which pools money raised by businesses to help build low-cost housing around the nation. NEF's chairman is David Stanley, chairman of Payless Cashways in Kansas City, Mo., and a former Twin Cities executive long identified with advocating business involvement in social problems.

"The federal government doesn't want to make direct appropriations because it shows up on the budget," said Alan Arthur, head of the Central Community Housing Trust, the nonprofit development company spearheading the $ 7.6 million Opportunity Housing project. "But it's good to get these corporations involved."

The Feds, who provided $ 21 million to Minneapolis through various low-income housing subsidies in 1980, sent only $ 12 million this year for housing to the Minneapolis Community Development Agency.

As federal funding waned in the 1980s and cities spent more development money to attract and retain commerce, small inner-city developers, such as Arthur's trust, turned to corporations.

"We attempt to give our investors an 18 percent annual rate of return over 15 years," said Doug Guthrie, president of NEF. "These are tax credits and deductions [available to investors who stay in for the full 15 years]. It also puts emphasis on everybody to invest in long-term, good long-term housing for 15 years."

The St. Paul Companies provided the financial oomph for the Opportunity Housing project, beginning with renovation of the Continental Hotel on 12th St. The St. Paul upped its 1991-92 NEF contribution from $ 7 million to $ 10 million to get the deal done.

In addition, First Bank System pledged $ 10 million over five years to NEF. NWNL Companies pledged $ 1 million, and others invested, too.

Opportunity Housing almost didn't fly with the NEF, a unit of Washington, D.C.-based Local Initiatives Support Corp., a community development finance and support organization.

An aggressive gaggle of neighborhood-based developers already has attracted $ 34 million in NEF development equity since 1987, putting the Twin Cities second behind California and New York. Twin Cities developers have gotten back $ 2 from NEF for every $ 1 local corporations paid in, so NEF was reluctant to contribute the $ 4 million in equity necessary to complete the $ 7.6 million Opportunity Housing mix without an increase in local corporate investments into the national NEF pool.

"Basically, if the St. Paul hadn't been willing to increase their level of investment, we would not have been willing to do Opportunity Housing," said Paul Fate, director of the St. Paul office of Local Initiatives.

The St. Paul was among 10 financial service companies honored last week in Washington, D.C., by the Social Compact, a consortium of 200 chief executives of financial firms who promote industry investment in low-income neighborhoods.

The St. Paul has contributed $ 7.4 million over the past decade to community development efforts and an additional $ 18.7 million through the federal low-income housing tax credit program, including Opportunity Housing.

"We have funded neighborhood organizations for 20 years," said Mary Pickard, community affairs officer at the St. Paul. "Those people told us that housing is a critical need and that there needed to be more capital available for housing development. When NEF came along [in 1987], they kind of became the financial glue that put it all together."

Maintaining an adequate supply of lower-cost rental housing has been tough over the past decade.

In 1981, Congress passed a law that greatly increased the tax benefits for individuals to invest in rental properties. Buildings could be substantially depreciated - the acquisition cost deducted from the investor's income - over about eight years. And "paper" losses on rental property could be used to offset taxes on personal income earned elsewhere.

Rental property became one of the biggest tax shelters available, particularly for wealthy Americans who invested directly or through partnerships. It spurred a building boom - commercial and residential. Real estate prices soared.

Arthur said the price of one La Salle Av. building that his firm bought a couple of years ago rose from $ 150,000 in 1980 to $ 350,000 in 1984.

As downtown-fringe buildings were sold among profit-seeking owners, rents soared from an average of less than $ 200 monthly to nearly $ 400 for a small unit. That was too much for folks making less than $ 7,000 a year. There were hundreds of them living around downtown.

Partly as a result, the inner-city homeless population started to soar. Many dwellings fell to the wrecking ball in the 1980s to make way for commercial buildings and upscale housing downtown.

In late 1986, Congress abruptly curbed real estate tax laws as part of a major tax overhaul, only five years after liberalizing them. Using paper losses to shield other income, and rapid depreciation, were out.

"Surgeons could no longer shelter their $ 300,000 income with real estate investments," Arthur said.

Investors folded, values fell and prospective buyers balked. Many buildings in tougher neighborhoods fell into disrepair or were abandoned.

However, Congress provided one investment avenue as part of the reform: Corporations could use the low-income housing tax credit to offset taxes owed on their base businesses.

"The Local Initiatives Support Corp. wisely recognized an opportunity, and they set up the NEF to be the vehicle through which corporations could channel the money," said Tom Fulton, president of the Family Housing Fund of Minneapolis and St. Paul. For 12 years, the fund has been a corporate-backed financier of neighborhood housing projects and a partner in the Opportunity Housing project.

"It takes what would could be a chaotic system and makes it orderly," he said.

But the NEF isn't the only route companies take to invest in housing.

Some make direct contributions to housing deals, and others have set up their own partnerships. For example, First Bank and NWNL were general partners in two investment syndicates in 1989 and 1990 that raised $ 18.5 million for Twin Cities housing. They threw in last year with NEF.

"We have confidence in them," said Cheryl Rantala, vice president of community relations at First Bank. "We will be involved in the advisory board, and we understand the projects, but we don't have the direct fiduciary responsibility that we did to our limited partners. . . . "

In a typical deal, a general partner not only invests but oversees management of the project and is responsible to other investors. A limited partner is liable only for its stake.

Piecing together subsidized deals like Opportunity Housing can take months to years. It's an often-messy process, which involves local government, banks, other funders and sundry neighborhood factions.

"I've found it very intriguing, this corporate involvement with grassroots nonprofits," said the NEF's Guthrie, a former federal housing official in Minneapolis and Chicago. "Many of the corporate executives are learning a lot more about the problems of the inner city, and they've gotten involved in other works, sometimes personally."

Many housing advocates are heartened by Opportunity Housing, the largest such effort in years in the loop. But they're disturbed by an inability to provide decent housing for more ***working class*** and homeless in a landscape dotted by vacant condominiums and boarded-up houses.

A civic-government task force that led to the 130-unit Opportunity project identified a need for 800 apartments for the working poor around downtown and for people who need in-building support services, such as chronic alcoholics and those with mental deficiencies.

"Low-income housing tax credit programs are providing four times as much housing as all federal housing programs combined," said Arthur, whose organization is the most active downtown-area developer. "Tax credits are an inefficient way, but right now it's the only way."

Arthur dismisses government ownership similar to the old "public housing" programs of the 1960s and 1970s or returning to the tax breaks of the early 1980s that spurred speculation.

He believes that more independent landlords would improve and open their buildings at lower rents if they could get federal breaks targeted at low-income clientele, such as relief from soaring property taxes.

"It's a complex issue," Arthur said. "Right now, neither the private housing market or the public housing market is working like it's supposed to for these people."

**Load-Date:** September 25, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Emerging middle class reshaping China***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:476M-3R20-010F-K11V-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 12, 2002, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1727 words

**Byline:** David J. Lynch

**Dateline:** SHANGHAI

**Body**

SHANGHAI -- Elvis is crooning a love song as the young couple usher a visitor to a couch of supple black leather. A silver Dell laptop is parked on the glass-topped coffee table, not far from one of three remote controls that command the color television and compact-disc and digital-video players. The couple's 8-year-old son, already in his pajamas, is curled in a chair reading a glossy soccer magazine.

Welcome to Communist China. More than half a century after Chairman Mao led a peasant revolt aimed at creating an egalitarian utopia, another revolution is brewing here. This economic upheaval, on display in the apartment of Chen Xiaowen and his wife, Xu Yan, has produced a fast-growing "middle class" estimated at more than 130 million people amid a population that once was united in poverty and uniformity.

As Beijing holds its Communist Party Congress this week, during which leaders are expected to transfer political power to a new generation, the rise of the middle class is remaking China. Class warfare, a doctrine central to Maoism, has been out for a long time. But now, China's Communists are reinventing themselves as a party of the prosperous city-dweller as well as the poor peasant. The party will install new leaders this week, but whether the political apparatus can keep pace with the dramatic changes in society is unclear.

"If there's going to be political stability in the transition from a backward to a modern society, then they have got to modernize the party," says Richard Baum of the University of California-Los Angeles. "They have got to admit these people" to the party.

Mao used to hang landlords; his heirs celebrate them. Before China introduced free-market reforms in 1979, someone living a middle-class lifestyle here would have faced ostracism or worse as a "counterrevolutionary" or a "capitalist roader." Consumer comforts were almost non-existent. Now, the party congress is expected to rewrite its constitution to embrace such people, under the banner of "China's advanced productive forces."

With economists forecasting a middle class of more than 400 million people in 10 years, China's 66 million party members really have no choice.

"Twenty years ago, everybody in my town had about the same income, so life was about the same for everybody," Chen says. "During recent years, some people are getting more and more rich while some people still have a hard life."

Most of China's 1.3 billion people remain poor, but the growing number of *xiao kang*, or "little rich," live comfortable, even affluent lives. Because costs are low, a family with an annual income below the U.S. poverty threshold of about $ 14,000 can enjoy middle-class comforts, including stylish clothes, Chinese-made color televisions, DVD players and cellphones.

In the past five years, Chen, 36, a marketing manager for a Chinese maker of liquid crystal displays, and his 33-year-old wife, who heads the finance department of a transportation company, have seen their household income double to a combined $ 30,200. That's more than enough for middle-class status in a country where the 2002 per capita income is $ 840.

Nowhere is China's surging prosperity more evident than in Shanghai, historically the country's commercial and entertainment mecca. All over this vibrant city, modern apartment towers, sheathed in bamboo scaffolding, are rising above a city of 16 million nascent consumers. In the gleaming Pudong district, the Super Brand Mall opened earlier this month with Gucci, Christian Dior and Mont Blanc stores alongside the ubiquitous Starbucks and McDonald's franchises. Its 1.2 million square feet of floor space make it the largest retail venue in Asia.

Shanghai today bears ironic witness to the late Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping's claim that communism does not equal poverty. Private property -- the bedrock of a middle class and the antithesis of classic communism -- plays an increasingly powerful role in the local economy. From virtually nothing in 1990, real estate grew to more than 7% of local output this year, according to the Shanghai Housing Resource Management Bureau. Residential property prices here are up 16% since 2000, and once reluctant state-owned banks are beginning to offer mortgages with enthusiasm.

At Da'An Garden, a cluster of modern 18- to 30-story apartment buildings in central Shanghai, sales manager Pan Ciming, 45, touts dwellings at prices from $ 50,000 to more than $ 210,000. Amenities such as a swimming pool, sauna and health club attract local doctors, lawyers and business executives to the development of more than 3,000 units.

About 90% of the condo dwellers are Chinese, and close to three-quarters finance their purchase with a mortgage, something almost unheard of until just a few years ago. More than half of the buyers own their own car. "Life around here has really changed," Pan says. "All the people in Shanghai are living a better life than before."

The emergence of affluence poses a challenge to the Communist Party. Thirteen years after the bloody crackdown in Tiananmen Square, the party needs to co-opt the well-off before their growing ranks prompt demands for changes in how China is governed.

In February 2000, the party's general secretary, Jiang Zemin, issued "the three represents," a doctrinal shift that called for admitting to the party representatives of China's new middle class. Then, in a landmark July 1, 2001, speech, Jiang added private entrepreneurs to the invitation list. The proposal to redefine the ***working class*** gave traditionalists fits, but it will be written into the party constitution this week.

In today's China, the ambitious no longer see a party card as essential. But this is still a country where personal connections or *guanxi* often matter more than formal regulations. So membership has its privileges. It can help individuals climb the ladder of state institutions or speed the bureaucratic approvals that businesses need.

For now, there is an implicit bargain here between ruler and ruled. If the government keeps the economy booming at 7% annual growth, then the Communist Party can keep its iron control of politics. But navigating from the old command economy to a true market-based system is treacherous. Chinese leaders know that most revolutions occur when rising expectations are disappointed.

Already, there is a riptide of popular anger, especially in rural areas, over the yawning gap between rich and poor. In the 1990s, protests over layoffs at state-owned factories, government corruption or rapacious local tax collectors, quadrupled to an annual 32,000, says Minxin Pei of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. On Sept. 12, 30,000 sugarcane farmers stormed a local government office in Yizhou, in southwestern Guangxi province, angry over low prices and delays in refinery payments, according to the Hong Kong-based *China Labor Bulletin*.

So far, Beijing has isolated such discontent through a strategy of media controls, selective arrests and partial concessions.

The party's continued monopoly on political power and its secretive internal processes also mean materialism, not politics, animates China's swelling middle class. "Now we have everything: movies, bowling, karaoke. The biggest change is the quality of life, better food, better clothing, bigger houses and apartments," says Ji Sixiu, 56, who works in a Xerox factory. "For the first time, our quality of life is close to what we see in the Western countries."

Wearing a taupe tunic with a black handbag and matching pumps, Ji strolled through the Super Brand Mall on one of its first business days. Designed by the architect responsible for the Mall of America in Minneapolis, the 10-story shopping complex offers a nine-screen movie theater, more than 30 different types of cuisine and 350 retail stores.

Yet Shanghai also illustrates the unfinished dimensions of China's economic transformation. On busy Tianjin Road, stylish women in leather skirts glide past a small cart resting at curbside carrying half a dozen squat wooden buckets. The traditional *ma tong* pails carry human waste from city center homes that lack indoor plumbing.

Indeed, prosperity in today's China is far from universal. Hu Angang, a researcher with the Chinese Academy of Sciences, says China now has about 20 million urban poor. With surplus farmers and laid-off employees from state-owned enterprises flooding into major cities, the number has shot up by more than one-third in three years. "China is now into a new stage," he says. "That means winners and losers."

Han Chengli, 34, and his wife came to Shanghai a little over a year ago from nearby Anhui province looking for work. He found it, delivering goods by motor scooter for about $ 150 each month. The couple left their two children, ages 7 and 5, at home with their parents. Now Han and his wife live in a one-room apartment that costs less than $ 30 a month.

Han's modest earnings were enough to buy an inexpensive color television and DVD player. But like so many others here, he knows the towering apartment buildings rise for someone else. "I would never be able to save enough money to afford (to buy) an apartment," he says. "I think only the *bai ling* (white collars) can afford to buy an apartment like that."

This resurgent class consciousness carries lingering political overtones, which are evident in interviews with both academics and the well-off. Some experts substitute the term "white collar" for middle class; others refer to the "middle part of society." Says Yin Kunhua, head of the real estate research center at the Shanghai University of Finance and Economics: "Politically, we avoid saying the word 'middle class.' "

Even Chen, whose combined household income of more than $ 30,000 makes him unquestionably affluent in China, insists his worries over financing his son's college education disqualify him from middle-class status.

Millions of middle-class Americans would probably disagree. And Chen's parting remarks betray a distinctly middle-class perspective. "If you're willing to work for what you dream," he says, "then some day I'm sure your dream will come true."

*TEXT WITHIN GRAPHIC BEGINS HERE*

China's shifting population

China's urban population grew about 52% in the 1990s, which the rural population declined:

(in millions)

1990

Urban: 302

Rural: 841

1995

Urban: 352

Rural: 860

2000

Urban: 459

Rural: 808

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, Color, Mac R.L. McCowan, Getty Images (2); GRAPHIC, Color, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY, Source: Shanghai Housing and Resource Management Bureau (LINE GRAPH); PHOTO, B/W, Mac R.I. McCowan, Getty Images; GRAPHIC, B/W, Frank Pompa, USA TODAY, Source: China National Bureau of Statistics, China Statistical Yearbook, 2002 (BAR GRAPH); The new China: Chen Xiaowen and his wife, Xu Yan, watch their son, Chen Liyao, 8, enjoy his laptop computer inside their apartment in Shanghai. <>Signs of change: The growth of a middle class has resulted in a surge in property buying by individuals in Shanghai. High-rise apartment towers are sprouting throughout the city. <>Economic new order: High-rises in Shanghai reflect the relatively recent encouragement of mortgages.

**Load-Date:** November 12, 2002

**End of Document**



[***PUTTING A CHECK ON THE CASHERS / FEES AS HIGH AS 13.6% ARE REPORTED. TWO BILLS ARE IN THE WORKS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B3G0-01K4-91MW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 4, 1997 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** BUSINESS; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1511 words

**Byline:** Ken Dilanian, INQUIRER HARRISBURG BUREAU

**Body**

During a break from his job in the Boscov's department store one recent afternoon, Arcadio Rodriguez walked a few hundred feet to the check-cashing window wedged inconspicuously near an entrance in the giant Franklin Mills outlet mall.

A regular customer, his photo and identification were already on file, so it took only a few minutes to cash his weekly $120 paycheck. It cost him $3.30, or 2.75 percent of the total.

"It adds up every week," he said of the check-cashing costs. "Big time."

But the 31-year-old father said he doesn't maintain a checking account because he's unable to keep a minimum balance and can't wait for his paychecks to clear. His wages go immediately to pay bills.

Longtime fixtures of the inner city, check-cashing businesses are an increasingly prominent link in a burgeoning "fringe banking" system that serves not just the very poor, but a growing segment of low-income working people, experts say. There are more than 200 check-cashing outlets in Philadelphia and several more in ***working-class*** suburbs like Norristown, Chester and Upper Darby.

Yet, in Pennsylvania, unlike many neighboring states, the check-cashing industry is unregulated. The businesses are not required to post their rates, and they can charge what they please.

The payroll check that cost Rodriguez 2.75 percent to cash in the mall would have cost him 1 percent at many outlets throughout Philadelphia, a random check of a dozen agencies showed. Personal checks can cost from 5 percent to 10 percent, sometimes more, to cash.

That scenario would change under a bill that passed the state House last month.

The measure, sponsored by Rep. Curtis Thomas (D., Phila.) and supported by Gov. Ridge's banking department, would cap check-cashing fees at one-half percent for government checks, 2 percent for payroll checks and 5 percent for personal checks.

The bill also would require check-cashers to be licensed with the state, to open their books to regulators, to display their corporate affiliation, and to post their rates and fees.

"Go out here on this block," Thomas said from his district office on Girard Avenue near Broad Street, a stone's throw from at least two check-cashing outlets. "You'll get three different rates for the same check. They might charge you one rate, and then me, standing in line behind you, a higher rate."

If that happens, check-cashers respond, it is the exception, not the rule. While many said they don't mind being licensed by the state, they bitterly oppose the fee ceilings in the Thomas bill.

"If that kind of severely restrictive bill goes through, it will wipe us all out," said Joseph Ranieri, who owns an agency on Roosevelt Boulevard and one at Sixth Street and Girard. "We don't go after the consumer. If they didn't need the service, they wouldn't walk in the door."

Consumer advocates say the current buyer-beware system allows unscrupulous check-cashers to take advantage of people with poor language or math skills.

In March, a mentally disabled man who cashed a $1,100 check from the law firm that acts as his legal guardian said he was charged $150 by a check-cashing company - a 13.6 percent rate.

After the man's mother complained to Rep. Curt Schroder of Exton, Schroder became a cosponsor of the Thomas bill.

The Thomas bill has passed the House two years in a row. But the industry so far has staved off regulation in the Senate.

Check-cashers enlisted Sen. Frank Salvatore, a Republican from Northeast Philadelphia, who for the last two years has offered his own regulatory bill.

Like Thomas' bill, Salvatore's measure would require check-cashers to be licensed with the state and to post their rates. Salvatore's bill also sets up a fund from which defrauded customers could recover some of their money.

But Salvatore's measure would cap fees only on government checks - at 4 percent. Unlike the House bill, it would not ban felons from securing licenses. And it includes a variety of what regulators consider protectionist provisions, such as barring new check-cashers from opening within 2,000 feet of existing ones.

"We could not recommend that the governor sign [Salvatore's] bill," state banking regulator Paul Wentzel said.

Salvatore sits on the Senate Banking Committee, where Thomas' bill would have to gain approval before going to a floor vote. Thomas said the existence of Salvatore's bill has blocked his measure from consideration.

But in an interview last week, the Senate committee chairman, Edwin Holl (R., Montgomery), said he would schedule a committee vote on the Thomas version Tuesday.

The Thomas bill, Holl said, "provides what appear to be reasonable limits. It's a better bill. It will protect the consumer from price-gouging and a lot of other problems."

While check-cashers have their lobbyists and seek to flex some political muscle in Harrisburg, their political contributions appear to fall far short of those given by banking, insurance and utility companies.

Both Salvatore and one of his bill's cosponsors, State Sen. Vincent Fumo (D., Phila.), have received contributions from Michael Carlone of Fort Washington, president of the Westside CashAmerica chain of agencies in Philadelphia.

Carlone contributed $10,000 to Fumo's campaign committee and $3,600 to Salvatore's last year, state records show.

Salvatore also received a $600 donation last October from Steven Burmingham of Orange, Calif. Burmingham was listed as the chief executive officer of Anykind Check Cashing, which has several Philadelphia stores.

At least two advocates of the Thomas bill received campaign money from an executive of one of the top check-cashing firms. Holl's campaign received $300 in 1995 from Stephen Weiss, chief executive officer of Berwyn's Dollar Financial Group, the second-largest check-cashing network in the country. Weiss also donated $2,500 to Ridge's campaign in 1995, records show.

Salvatore, through an aide, Fran Cleaver, declined to discuss the issue. "I'm the one that helped write the [Salvatore] legislation with members of the industry," said Cleaver, "and I don't know what Michael Carlone or anyone else gave the senator."

Gary Tuma, Fumo's spokesman, said Fumo cosponsored the Salvatore bill because it includes some pro-consumer provisions. Tuma said he didn't know whether Fumo was aware of Thomas' bill.

Check cashing has become big business.

Dollar Financial Group operates 427 outlets in 14 states. Those stores posted $91 million in revenues during the fiscal year that ended June 30, 1996, according to a recent company prospectus.

The prospectus, on file with the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, offers an explanation for the phenomenal five-fold growth in the industry over the last decade.

"The company believes that industry growth has been fueled by . . . a decline in the number of households with bank deposit accounts, an increase in the number of low-paying service-sector jobs, and an overall increase in the lower-income population," the document says. And, the company added, it expects the trend to continue.

Research shows that about 5 percent of the population uses check-cashing outlets to conduct most financial transactions, said Swarthmore College economist John Caskey, author of Fringe Banking: Check-Cashing Outlets, Pawnshops and the Poor.

People who use the outlets typically are employed but earn less than $25,000, and as many as one-third have bank accounts, he said. Of those who avoid banks altogether, the most common reasons they cite are the same ones expressed by Rodriguez: inability to maintain minimum account balances, fear of bounced-check fees, and a need for immediate access to their money.

Someone with a $20,000 annual income would pay a typical Philadelphia check-casher about $400 per year to cash the paychecks. That is at least one-third more than bank service fees, studies have shown.

The problem, Caskey said, is not that bank branches have abandoned poor neighborhoods. That is borne out in North Philadelphia, where there are a number of bank branches open just blocks away from busy check-cashers.

"It's financial access, not physical" access, the economist said.

There are an estimated 5,600 check-cashing outlets nationwide, and at least 17 states have imposed some regulation on the industry, according to SEC filings by the nation's largest chain, Ace Express, of Texas. Among the toughest states are New York, New Jersey and Delaware. New Jersey caps fees at 1 percent for welfare checks, 1.5 percent for Social Security checks, and 2 percent for everything else. Delaware caps all fees at 2 percent, New York at 1.1 percent.

No state has placed the ceiling on government checks as low as one-half percent, as the Thomas measure would do. Philadelphia check-cashers say that might force them to stop cashing government checks, which they say are often subject to fraud.

"The key is to find a number that prevents overcharging but allows check-cashers to make a profit," economist Caskey said. The Thomas measure, he said, "seems reasonable. A few of the marginal operators may not make it, but it shouldn't have more than a modest impact."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Dawn and Ronald Patterson waited in line for 2 hours to get into Financial Exchange Co., a check-casher at 919 N. Broad St. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PETER TOBIA)

A sign above the opening tells what services Girard Avenue Check Cashing offers.

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Election finds Mexico between two worlds***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40N2-0NH0-00J2-3328-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

July 2, 2000, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 19A

**Length:** 1772 words

**Byline:** Dave Hage; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Mexico City, Mexico

**Body**

It's morning rush hour on the Paseo de La Reforma, Mexico's great boulevard of history and revolution. Traffic streams by in six lanes, shiny new Hondas jostling with the city's signature green Beetle taxicabs. Schoolgirls lugging book bags wait at bus stops with bankers bearing briefcases. In the Bosque de Chapultepec, joggers in stylish Adidas sweat suits weave among the eucalyptus and palms.

     Plainly, this is not the impoverished Third World nation pictured in North American stereotypes.

     Down a sidestreet, however, the scene is not so genteel. Guards with rifles stand at every bank entrance. On the sidewalk near a hotel, two forms lie sleeping under a grimy blanket. They might be homeless men, the same vagrants you see on U.S. streets, except that a doll, clutched in a small fist, peeks out from under the frayed wool.

   So this isn't quite the First World either.

     For most of a decade, Americans have debated whether trade with Mexico is good for the United States. In January I went to Mexico with a group of North American journalists to see how free trade is working out for Mexicans.

     It's not an idle question. In the post-Cold War world defined by President Clinton, trade policy has become foreign policy and economics has become the chief tool of American diplomacy. In the recent debate over trade relations with China, the White House didn't emphasize job creation in America; it emphasized social reform in China. If we can export capitalism, the argument goes, we can export such American ideals as the rule of law, contested elections and middle-class prosperity.

     Spend an hour on the streets of Mexico City, and this lofty debate takes on a visceral quality. You want to know what free trade can do to house that mother nursing her baby on the sidewalk, or to feed that 4-year-old beggar who works the rush-hour traffic, sobbing steadily, under the supervision of his 6-year-old sister.

     As it happens, the same question confronts Mexicans today as voters choose a new president for the next six years. There are other pressing issues in the election \_ whether the ruling party has tamed corruption, whether electoral reform has taken root. But voters will also pass judgment on their government's ideology of openness toward the United States.

     In five days of interviews with politicians, labor leaders, development experts and business owners, we heard lots of statistics about trade and prosperity. But one number stood out. The U.S. State Department estimates that 10 million to 12 million Mexican-born people live in the United States today. Considering that Mexico's population numbers 98 million, this means that roughly 10 percent of Mexicans do not live in Mexico.

     It's as if every resident of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and the Dakotas simply pulled up stakes and left the United States for a better life in Canada.

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Tapping U.S. wealth

     This is the core dilemma facing any Mexican leader, and it goes a long way toward explaining the gradual economic opening that began in the mid-1980s and was cemented with the North American Free Trade Agreement in 1994. President Ernesto Zedillo and his predecessors have gambled that by lashing themselves to the U.S. economy, they can share its wealth \_ importing its capital to build factories and exporting their products to rich American consumers.

     "The long-term answer to the migration problem is economic development in Mexico," Zedillo said during an interview at the presidential palace. "As long as there is such a huge differential in wages [between Mexico and the United States], the culture of migration will exist."

     The question is: Has the trade strategy worked? Did it produce the prosperity that free-traders promised, or the penury that skeptics predicted?

     My sense is that NAFTA's critics were mostly wrong, but that its advocates were only half right \_ so far.

     NAFTA's critics by now must concede that American workers suffered no great damage from the trade agreement. The U.S. Department of Labor says that NAFTA has cost Americans about 300,000 jobs since 1994 \_ or about as many jobs as the U.S. economy creates every month. Today the case against NAFTA is that it has exploited and impoverished Mexican workers.

     It is true that average Mexican wages are lower than they were six years ago, and that inequality has grown worse. But blaming NAFTA both exaggerates its impact and misunderstands history. Most of the damage to Mexico's ***working class*** occurred during a bruising currency crisis in late 1994, when the peso collapsed and Mexican wages plunged by 50 percent.

     But Mexico has had a peso crisis every six years for two decades, usually coinciding with presidential elections. The question is how Mexico has recovered from this one, and how NAFTA has contributed. On both counts, the news is good.

     After the last peso crisis of comparable severity, in 1982, Mexico turned its back on the world, closed its borders to imports and nationalized several industries. That didn't work. It took five years for the economy to fully recover, and seven years for investors to return. Mexicans call the 1980s the "lost decade," according to economist Tim Kehoe at the University of Minnesota.

     After the 1994 peso crisis, by contrast, exports rebounded quickly, foreign investors returned within months, wages started rising and economic output regained precrisis levels by 1996. One reason was NAFTA.

     "The fact that Mexico retained its economic openness is one of the reasons why the economy recovered so quickly," says Pablo Rosales, an engineer who heads the Mexican unit of Honeywell, a sprawling business with 7,000 employees and about $150 million of sales in Mexico. Honeywell Mexico took a hit during the 1994-95 recession, but its sales had fully recovered within a couple of years.

     "By sticking to the rules set out in NAFTA, the government improved our ability to export and raised the credibility of Mexico as a safe country to make investments," says Rosales.

     Mexican authorities didn't merely open their markets, they opened their books. Anthony DePalma, a New York Times correspondent who visited Minneapolis recently as a guest of the Minnesota International Center, says that it's much easier today for investors in New York or London to get good data about Mexico's economy and government finances. That raises international confidence and lets investors make better decisions.

     "The genius of capitalism is that it demands information," says Daniel Lund, a prominent pollster and political scientist in Mexico City. "It is demanding information from Mexican authorities, and they are complying."

     These reforms still have a long way to go. Mexico's banking system is a mess and police corruption remains widespread. Still, the world financial community likes what it sees. Since 1994, Mexico's trade deficit has fallen by two-thirds, its government budget deficit has dropped by three-fourths, and inflation has greatly subsided.

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Rich vs. poor

          These developments look quite promising from Los Pinos, the leafy presidential compound where Zedillo, a Yale-trained economist, presides.

     They don't look so good from Mexico City's impoverished suburbs, a vast network of slums that climb the city's mountainsides and are known as "gray cities" because of the primitive concrete-slab construction and the drab life of people who lack water and electricity.

     However impressive Mexico's export performance, the benefits have not trickled down to the day laborer in a way that would fulfill the larger promise of free trade. Perhaps half of Mexico's people still live in poverty, and by some measures economic inequality has grown worse since NAFTA took effect.

     One problem is that only about 30 percent of Mexican workers have jobs in the booming export sector. The other 70 percent work in small domestic enterprises \_ construction firms, shops, handcrafts \_ that have been starved by weak demand and lack of bank credit.

     A second problem is weak labor unions. Mexico's main labor federation is closely aligned with the ruling political party, which in turn is aligned with the country's business elite. An independent union that bargains aggressively soon finds it is displaced by an employer-favored union with a sweetheart contract, according to Bertha Lujan, a labor organizer who works along the U.S. border.

     A third problem is that fiscal austerity, required to shore up Mexico's finances after the peso collapse, has left the government with little money to invest in schools, roads and other social projects.

     Dave Elling is a Minnesota businessman who builds low-cost housing in Mexico from precast components. His simple materials and engineering allow him to build a one-bedroom house for $12,500, and in the early 1990s he was building 500 to 600 of them each year under contract to the Mexican government, which subsidizes housing for Mexican workers. But cutbacks in federal spending have caused Elling's business to dwindle sharply.

     "When they cut back on government contracts, they cut the people who aren't educated and aren't connected \_ the people who don't vote," Elling says.

     If this is frustrating to Americans who support free trade, it is galling to many Mexicans. And yet there is no great backlash against the government's free-trade policies. Francisco Labastida, heir apparent to Zedillo and the chosen candidate of the ruling party, is leading in most polls. That could simply be due to the party's huge patronage machine. But the candidate running a close second is Vicente Fox, a charismatic business executive \_ he once ran Coca-Cola's operations in Mexico \_ who also embraces free trade. The social liberal in the race, the candidate most critical of NAFTA and the United States, is Cuauhtemoc Cardenas, and he is running a distant third.

     Assuming that pattern plays out in the election itself, it's as if Mexican voters are willing to give the protrade, promarket strategy a little longer to work. I can't blame them. It's not that Americans have some superior social or economic formula, or that global investors deserve to write the rules for nations like Mexico. But no poor country has gotten rich without investment from its wealthy partners.

     Yet even Fox and Labastida promise, if elected, to spend more on the nation's schoolchildren, laborers and poor farmers. Perhaps this will be the election in which Mexico translates its hard-earned credibility abroad into much-deserved social reforms at home.

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\_ Dave Hage is a Star Tribune editorial writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** July 4, 2000

**End of Document**



[***AMID CHANGING HOMELAND, BROTHERS' PATHS DIVERGE / AS A POLITICAL SHIFT PUSHED THEM APART, ONE DECIDED TO FLEE, THE OTHER TO FIGHT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B360-01K4-9045-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 19, 1997 Saturday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1416 words

**Byline:** Jennifer Lin, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** HONG KONG

**Body**

They were born the same day, one year apart. They squabbled a lot as kids and went their separate ways after high school.

Andrew To, 31, got swept into a world of politics and protests, becoming an outspoken activist for Hong Kong's progressive Democratic Party.

His younger brother, Joannes, took a safer, more predictable path. Forgoing college for a good government job, he worked in immigration, inspecting passports at border checkpoints.

Then the course of history pushed their lives even further apart.

With Britain preparing to return Hong Kong to Chinese rule on July 1, the cautious Joannes saw too much uncertainty in the future to stick around. He moved to Toronto in 1994 and took a low-paying job as an apprentice mechanic.

But Andrew, whose life has been a series of gambles, is staying put, and staying active. He wants to fight to protect Hong Kong's way of life after it is ruled from Beijing.

The To (pronounced Toe) brothers are typical. For a century, Hong Kong has been a city of refugees and risk-takers. After every upheaval on the Chinese mainland, thousands spilled across the border to safety in Hong Kong. People ran from Japanese troops during World War II, Communist rebels in 1949, starvation in the late '50s, and the Red Guards in the 1960s. More than a third of Hong Kong's 6.3 million people came here this way.

They built new lives in the British territory, though only a handful became the millionaires for which Hong Kong is famous. Most of them, and their children, joined the vast middle class, becoming shopkeepers and secretaries, accountants and teachers, policemen and restaurant owners. Now they don't want to lose what they worked so hard to gain.

The prospect of Hong Kong's becoming a "semi-autonomous region" of China presented these people with a choice between two risky alternatives. Unlike the rich, whose wealth could command equal influence in China or elsewhere, or the poor, who had no choices, the middle class had to pick. Stay or go? Fight or flight?

More than 500,000 in the last decade have chosen to emigrate. Like Joannes To, they think it's better to pick up and start over in a strange land than hang around to see if China's Communist leaders have any intention of keeping their promise to let Hong Kong run its own affairs.

But the vast majority, like Andrew To, have stayed. They hope Hong Kong will be too valuable an asset for China to stifle with repression.

Either way, there is a risk. Either way, the place that the To brothers call home will never be the same.

\* No rally is too small, no demonstration too hopeless for Andrew To.

It was pouring rain the day after Hong Kong's incoming government announced a proposal to roll back freedom of assembly and certain other liberties. Undeterred, Andrew and a dozen other Democratic Party members took to the street in front of the Citibank tower at noontime on April 10. Fists punching the air, they chanted in Cantonese: "Protect human rights and civil liberties!"

With as many local reporters covering the march as there were protesters in it, the demonstration hardly registered with the hurried crowds. As a demonstrator read a statement, buttoned-down office workers, running to grab a bite for lunch, looked quizzically at them from behind thick glass walls.

Andrew was unfazed. He is about as radical as a person can get in Hong Kong. Fluent in English, academically ambitious, confident and headstrong, Andrew only works part-time so he can devote time to politics. He belongs to the Democratic Party, the most popular political group in the city, which makes persistent demands for broad civil liberties and human rights, direct elections, and a strong voice for citizens in government.

Andrew sits on a district board in a ***working-class*** neighborhood, attends graduate school for public administration, and works as an aide for a Democratic legislator.

"If we keep quiet, there will be no voice for people in China," he said after the midday protest.

He knows that he's not making as much money as his peers and that in the eyes of some people, he's trouble. When the Chinese government put him on a blacklist, banning him from the mainland, a businessman who used to hire him to do research stopped sending him work.

Andrew's wife of a year, Jackie, used to work with another Democratic politician. But she quit her job for a more lucrative post selling real estate in China to Hong Kong investors. "Someone has to support the family if there is a problem," Andrew said.

A problem such as getting arrested.

Andrew works with the Hong Kong Alliance for the Patriotic Democratic Movement in China, an umbrella organization that grew out of those hopeful days in 1989 when Beijing students gathered in Tiananmen Square thinking they could change the direction of China's authoritarian leadership.

After the government squelched the protest, killing about 5,000 demonstrators and injuring thousands more, the alliance worked to smuggle dissidents out of China.

Every year it organizes a Tiananmen memorial on June 4 in Hong Kong's Victoria Park. This year's could be its last. After July 1, such rallies will need police permits.

"They regard us as an organization trying to overthrow the Chinese government," Andrew said. "We just want those who killed students to be held responsible, to be overthrown. It's very simple."

Over the years, Andrew's family in Hong Kong has dwindled. Brother Joannes is gone. One uncle lives in Vancouver, another in Toronto. His parents are planning to leave, too. "They have no trust in Hong Kong," Andrew said. "I still have a commitment."

So he and Jackie stay. Recently, Andrew went to the U.S. consulate near the governor's mansion to apply for a visa. The clerk said offhandedly as she stamped his travel papers, "If you people all emigrate, the future of Hong Kong is hopeless."

Recalling the moment, Andrew said: "Remarks like that are a reminder to us that the future of Hong Kong is very precarious."

\* To this day, Joannes To has never talked to Andrew about his decision to leave Hong Kong. He left it up to his father to break the news to his older brother.

Joannes - the name is pronounced Jonas - still speaks halting English, though he moved to Canada three years ago. In a telephone interview from Toronto, he said he emigrated because it was "maybe more safe."

"I quite worry about the Chinese government," Joannes said. "I hear all things from my dad and mom."

Joannes and Andrew are distant and not just because of geography. The last time they spoke was in June, when Andrew married Jackie and invited his younger brother to the wedding. Joannes couldn't make it.

Joannes admits that his brother's activism was a cause for concern when he lived in Hong Kong.

Their Chinese names are very close: Joannes is To Kwan-ching. Andrew is To Kwan-hang. What if there were a mix-up and police went after the wrong To?

Life in Canada hasn't been easy for Joannes. It's one thing to immigrate as a middle-aged man with savings in the bank; it's quite another to try to start anew as a young newlywed.

"If you brought a lot of money, it's easy here," Joannes said. "If you are 40 or 50, it's very enjoyable. But I can't get a good job. When I want to have a child, I will have to worry about whether I have enough money."

Joannes has had a hard time finding a job as secure and well-paying as the Hong Kong civil-service job he left. After a stint as a waiter in a Japanese restaurant, he found work as an apprentice mechanic for a Chinese boss. It will take him three years to graduate to full mechanic.

The pay isn't great, about $8 (Canadian) an hour. It's a stretch to make ends meet, but he said his options are limited.

The week of the handover of Hong Kong will mark Joannes' third year in Canada. At that point, he will be eligible to apply for citizenship, but it could take another year before he gets a passport.

After that, Joannes will be free to return to Hong Kong as a Canadian citizen. "I have to decide whether or not I want to go back to Hong Kong," he said.

Joannes lives with his wife, Kim, in a Chinese neighborhood in Toronto. With so many Hong Kong transplants living there, he can buy hometown newspapers and watch Hong Kong news on television. Often, he spots Andrew among a group of demonstrators.

He never told Andrew about his fear of backlash from his activism. "He knows. I think he knows, but I didn't tell him," Joannes said. "I don't want to affect what he wants to do. That's his life. Maybe he's doing right, maybe I'm doing wrong."

**Notes**

Hong Kong Countdown

One in an occasional series on the

transfer of a British colony to China.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Andrew To takes part in a protest in Hong Kong. His younger brother, Joannes, moved to Canada. (For The Inquirer, PAUL HU)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

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[***Same ol' Fritz, only different;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:474X-RKW0-00J2-3562-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Mondale's years as a diplomat and business leader have changed his style, but he retains a liberal streak and a common touch.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:474X-RKW0-00J2-3562-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 3, 2002, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 12A

**Length:** 1840 words

**Byline:** Sharon Schmickle; Staff Writer

**Body**

Customers at the Little Wagon restaurant in Minneapolis often do a quiet double take when they see Walter Mondale eating a turkey on rye at one of the tables.

     As vice president of the United States, Mondale dined on plates bearing the seal of the world's most powerful leader. As U.S. ambassador to Japan, he hosted elegant meals. As a private citizen in Minneapolis, he's comfortable at meatloaf and hamburger joints such as the Wagon, where Metrodome fans mingle with hacks from nearby courthouses and newsrooms.

     Mondale has made a niche for himself in many worlds. Now his respected record in national politics has propelled him into an unexpected campaign, succeeding fellow Democrat Paul Wellstone in the U.S. Senate. Wellstone and his wife, Sheila, died Oct. 25 in a plane crash.

   If elected, Mondale would not be the same politician who joined the Senate in 1964. Nor is he the same man who suffered a humiliating defeat in a 1984 bid for president.

     The Mondale who is asking Minnesotans to vote for him on Tuesday has been shaped in part by the two decades since he held elected office. He has been a businessman who served on corporate boards, a lecturer and an active partner in a prominent law firm. On Friday, he said he has resigned from the boards and left the law firm.

     "Those years have changed me," he said. "When I first arrived at the Senate, I was awfully sure of everything."

     His bedrock views remain solid, he said, but now he is "more anxious to hear what others have to say, and more interested in finding some kind of civil common ground."

     He also is an ordinary Minnesotan, doting on his grandchildren, walking his dog around Lake of the Isles and slipping into the daily life of downtown Minneapolis.

     "I've seen him stand in line waiting for a table during the lunch-hour rush," said Mary Jane Kirkpatrick, a waitress at the Little Wagon. "He never comes in with a swagger saying, 'I'm important. Seat me first.' "

     Some Republicans translate that relaxed image into geriatric terms, saying the 74-year-old Mondale can't catch fire with today's voters.

     Age alone is not a turnoff, said Leah Sand, a senior at Macalester College in St. Paul, but Mondale's challenge is to convince young voters that he shares their visions. Other students said they would have preferred to pass Wellstone's torch to a rising star.

     Mondale's foes say he carries the liberal baggage that voters rejected in 1984, giving Ronald Reagan a landslide victory. Former House Speaker Newt Gingrich said recently on "NBC Sunday" that Mondale would bring to office "a long history of raising taxes."

     Indeed, Mondale was damaged in 1984 by his blunt prediction that deficit spending was making a tax increase inevitable. Reagan's successor, George Bush, was forced to renege on his "read my lips" pledge never to raise taxes.

     Critics, including Gov. Jesse Ventura, also ask how Mondale's corporate involvement squares with his party's traditional loyalties: Can voters trust someone who cut his political teeth in union halls and later sat on corporate boards?

     Then there's the wooden Norwegian factor. Mondale expresses passion for progressive ideals, but he rarely flashes it. Even admirers admit that the restrained son of a music teacher and Methodist minister can seem boring in an era when politics is part show biz. Political cartoonist Pat Oliphant once joked that he had voted for Reagan because, "Who would want to draw Walter Mondale for four years?"

     Last week, Oliphant depicted a rumpled, napping Mondale being awakened from retirement by a frantic Democratic donkey.

     Walter Frederick (Fritz) Mondale was born in Ceylon, Minn., and moved to Elmore, Minn., where he was a high school star in basketball, track and football.

     As a student at Macalester, he met then-Minneapolis Mayor Hubert H. Humphrey and caught political fever. He graduated cum laude from the University of Minnesota in 1951, served as a corporal in the U.S. Army, returned to the university to earn a law degree and entered private practice.

     Mondale said at Macalester last week that his greatest moment on that campus was a blind date with Joan Adams, the daughter of a campus chaplain. They married and had three children \_ Theodore, Eleanor and William.

Change from within

     Now the Mondales have pledged that "Paul and Sheila's fight for the working people and the forgotten people of Minnesota must go on." But it would be silly to think that Mondale would serve simply as Wellstone's stand-in, said seasoned Congress watchers.

     "Walter Mondale is not Paul Wellstone with wrinkles," said Steven Gillon, resident historian for the History Channel and author of a book about Mondale.

     Wellstone identified himself as an outsider, even in his own party. Mondale's strength has been forging change from the inside.

     Mondale was appointed to the Senate in 1964 to fill the vacancy created when Humphrey became vice president. He advanced his reputation as a civil rights warrior by pushing passage of a ban on housing discrimination. In 1969, he reversed his position on the Vietnam War and called it "a military, a political and a moral disaster." He also played a prominent role in investigating the FBI and CIA in the wake of the Watergate scandal.

     After Jimmy Carter chose Mondale to round out his ticket in 1976, the team became known as "Fritz and Grits."

     Mondale assumed more meaningful duties than many vice presidents. He traveled as an advocate for U.S. policies in Asia, Africa and Europe. Yet as Carter struggled to set a clear course for his presidency, Mondale was deeply frustrated, historians reported. Whatever his feelings, Mondale never aired them publicly.

     Last weekend, Mondale got a phone call from his old boss. Mondale said they exchanged expressions of grief over Wellstone's death. Then Carter added his voice to the others urging Mondale to run for the Senate. Mondale has pledged to serve a full six-year term. His doctors said last week that he is healthy.

     When Minnesota Democrats chanted, "We want Fritz," at their endorsing convention Wednesday night, the call echoed through the decades to an earlier era.

     Today's attack-style television campaigns are out of touch with his emphasis over the years on straight talk about issues. He refuses to attack his opponents, and he has never mastered sound bites. In a culture where Homer Simpson is a sage, he quotes Shakespeare.

     In 1984, Mondale did score a memorable one-liner facing a Democratic rival, Colorado Sen. Gary Hart. When Hart claimed to be the candidate of new ideas, Mondale borrowed a line from a hamburger chain's TV commercial: "Where's the beef?"

     Later, Mondale grabbed headlines by choosing U.S. Rep. Geraldine Ferraro of New York as his running mate, the first \_ and, so far, the only \_ woman on a major party ticket.

     After the stinging defeat, Mondale faded from the limelight. He practiced law and launched policy studies at the University of Minnesota's Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs.

A senior statesman abroad

     In 1993, President Bill Clinton asked Mondale to serve as ambassador to Japan. Mondale was 65, the age when most Americans retire. Instead, the Mondales moved to Tokyo along with their spaniel, Digger.

     The assignment dramatically expanded Mondale's understanding of government and foreign affairs, said Edward Lincoln, a foreign policy expert with the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C., who was a special economic adviser in Japan.

     It took a while for the straightforward Midwesterner to learn to maneuver in Japan, where the person with clout might not be the highest-ranking government official, Lincoln said. Mondale gained not only new insights but also strength as a negotiator. "He's not somebody who pounds the table," Lincoln said. "But he's no pushover, either. He is determined and forceful."

     The Reagan and Bush administrations had banged on Japan's trade doors for years, but Clinton attacked them in his campaign for failing to open Japan's markets. Thus, trade was a top priority for Mondale. Under his watch, more than 20 new accords were forged.

     Beyond trade, it fell to Mondale to calm Japanese anger after U.S. servicemen raped an Okinawan schoolgirl. He won respect from the Japanese by apologizing in person to the family and the prime minister.

     When Mondale asked to leave Japan in December 1996, he said he wanted to come home to Minnesota, cut down a Christmas tree with his three grandkids and go fishing.

     Back home, he became a director for nonprofit organizations, including the Mayo Foundation, Minnesota Public Radio and the University of Minnesota Foundation.

     Goldman, Sachs & Co. hired him as senior Japan adviser. His old law firm, Dorsey & Whitney, made him chairman of its Asia group. And he took positions on the corporate boards of BlackRock Funds, CNA Financial Corp., Dain Rauscher Corp., Northwest Airlines, St. Jude Medical Inc. and United HealthCare Corp.

     Mondale said he will disclose personal financial information, but as of late Friday he had not done so.

     Mondale rejects the criticism that his corporate involvement throws him out of step with ***working-class*** voters.

     "You can't have a healthy state without healthy business," he said. "And you can't have a healthy state without employees. . . . Being able to resolve issues requires somebody who has walked both sides of the aisle."

     Mondale's words ring true with Irving Weiser, chief executive of the brokerage firm RBC Dain Rauscher.

     "If you've been vice president of the United States, lived overseas as an ambassador and gained experience in the private sector, it may not change who you are and what you are," Weiser said, "but it would give you a better understanding of how issues affect different constituents."

    Mondale's track record helps neutralize any controversy, said Mike Erlandson, Minnesota DFL Party chair.

     "I know that if Walter Mondale sat on any corporate board, the first thing he would be concerned about would be the workers," Erlandson said.

     Mondale does agree on many major issues with Wellstone. He would have voted against a resolution authorizing President George W. Bush to use force in Iraq without international support. He also pledged to fight for women's rights to abortion, saying, "I will vote against any nominees for justice on the Supreme Court who are not right on that issue."

     He promised to carry on Wellstone's crusades to curb tax breaks for the wealthy, help "the little fella," stop the "mindless assault on our environment," and make corporations more accountable.

     In a party that often moves like a herd of cats, some Wellstone loyalists still may sit out the election, said state Rep. Phyllis Kahn, DFL-Minneapolis. But, she added, "There also are people who were afraid of the Wellstone message and will be much more comfortable with Mondale."

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    \_ Sharon Schmickle is at [*sschmickle@startribune.com*](mailto:sschmickle@startribune.com).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** November 4, 2002

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[***STRATEGIC (RE)VISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40J0-5W00-0094-50XH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PITTSBURGH IS ON THE BRINK OF ANOTHER RENAISSANCE, SAYS MAXWELL KING, BUT IF;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40J0-5W00-0094-50XH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***EVERYONE IS TO BENEFIT TOUGH CHOICES WILL HAVE TO BE MADE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40J0-5W00-0094-50XH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

June 18, 2000, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 1606 words

**Byline:** MAXWELL KING

**Body**

One of Pittsburgh's powerful assets, it seems to me, is the hard-working, good-natured optimism of its people. There is a strong, middle-American resilience here that steers instinctively away from self-pity and defeatism, that embraces innovation and renewal.

As a newcomer here, I will allow myself one indulgence in metropolitan psychoanalysis, and then I'll hold my peace and consider myself a Pittsburgher (of course, it'll be 30 years before real Pittsburghers consider me one, but that's OK -- I'll earn it).

So here is my analysis:

A city, like a person, develops a certain character over the years. Pittsburgh's character is about creativity and invention, about fierce pride in its history and traditions mixed with a ready willingness to innovate its way out of difficulty. This southwestern Pennsylvania instinct for invention and entrepreneurial creativity has worked time and again.

In the 25 years after World War II, Pittsburgh cleaned up the air and water -- long before there even was a federal agency to tell people to do that. Pittsburgh initiative cleared the Point, the meeting place of its three great rivers, for an extraordinary urban park. And it re-engineered the Golden Triangle into an arresting cityscape of modernistic new structures side by side with traditional, historically valuable streets and buildings.

This early renaissance capitalized on the city's distinctive blend of forward-looking innovation and deep loyalty to the past.

That character will serve us well in the years ahead, as Pittsburgh struggles to find its place in the modern economy. But to make the most of it, we must be willing to ask ourselves tough questions about the sort of community we want to preserve and to create. Today, Pittsburgh is embarking on another great period of renewal.

It is reclaiming its riverfronts for commerce, residence and recreation. It is rebuilding the Downtown business district and many of its neighborhoods. It is expanding one of the nation's most dynamic cultural communities, building on the early success of the remarkable Pittsburgh Cultural Trust.

It is beginning to evolve a distinctive blend of urban and rural environmentalism, capitalizing on the close proximity of an intensely urban core to the stunning wilderness of Western Pennsylvania. And it is striving to build a new, truly regional economy on the strong intellectual base of the region's universities and high-tech and biotech companies.

This region has a direct, openhearted, straight-from-the-shoulder culture that has relied as much on artistry and intellect as it has on persistence and hard work. It is a wonderful place to work, particularly now, when this renewed sense of community momentum, of possibility, has most folks in town believing Pittsburgh can once again be among the most dynamic and interesting regions in the world.

I have no doubt that, in the future, Pittsburgh will ride this current wave of momentum to yet another era of prosperity. The major question for me is not whether this great city will prosper, but how.

Will it continue, as it has in the past, to be one of the great American examples of an egalitarian society? Will it remain in the 21st century what it came to symbolize by the end of the 20th, an America dedicated to the partnership of management and labor and the ability of capitalism to shape a truly equitable society for all? Or will it become another modern-day example of a society divided on class lines?

Pittsburgh comes late to the great American economic expansion of the last decade. Because this region lost so much of its powerful industrial base in recent decades, it has not participated until recently in the tech-fueled boom of recent years.

Now we're beginning to feel that surge, and the question for us will be the same as it is for the rest of this robust country as it feels the growing muscles of a new economy: Will this new era divide us along class lines? Will it drive a wedge between the haves and have-nots of a 21st century technological era? Will the so-called digital divide deliver a society in which the wealthy few -- plugged in and fully invested -- try to isolate themselves from a larger, disadvantaged society?

Elsewhere, the first signs are already there. For many American workers, real wages adjusted for inflation have been declining for much of the last two decades. Nearly one quarter of the children in the United States are being raised in families that live at or near the poverty level.

Most Americans in the bottom half of society, in economic and educational terms, live and work in conditions in which they are barely able to make do, usually saving nothing from wages and often forced to work two or three different jobs to make ends meet. And increasing numbers of wealthy Americans live in fenced and gated communities that isolate them from the crime and disadvantage that often collect in urban areas.

There is a legitimate fear that America's great legacy of equity and fairness -- its place as the greatest egalitarian society in history -- will be at risk. This should be seen as a particularly important challenge here. Pittsburgh started the 20th century as a center of class strife, workingman pitted against industrial baron, and yet it came to be a symbol of ***working-class*** prosperity. That should be our goal again, once more to show the way to a more equitable society.

The fact that we got a late start on the current economic expansion ultimately can give us a little more time to plan and shape a prosperity that is broad-based and shared by all segments of our metropolitan population. It is a challenge for all of us.

In its largest sense, the question we should be asking ourselves is: What kind of society do we want tomorrow? What are the initiatives we should create, what are the programs we should be developing and funding, that will help shape the sort of society we want to live in when the future arrives?

These questions call for discipline. They ask us to be strategic and deliberate enough that we are not supporting the programs for the past, or even the present, but are developing the right goals and programs to fit the needs of the future.

This is hard work. As we encounter the people, institutions and needs that are right around us in the immediate present, it is always easier to respond to those felt pressures, to meet those requirements that are being pressed on us at the moment.

Much more difficult is to be able to see past those immediate needs to a vision of a strong community and to craft the right strategies to achieve it. But for Pittsburgh to achieve its full potential, we must be willing to take the hard path and call upon ourselves to be truly strategic and visionary.

What we cannot afford is haphazard, let's-do-something-for-everybody thinking. We cannot afford the sort of leadership that strives merely to balance all the competing interests in the community and keep them as happy as possible.

Our efforts should be based on a thoughtful, complex vision for the future. It should encompass a whole series of well-crafted initiatives than can get us there. And it must be courageous, which means we must be prepared to say no to ourselves as often as we say yes, to reject perfectly good ideas and programs because they are not strategic and do not advance a community vision.

As we have been grappling with these realities in our work at the Heinz Endowments, we have taken our cue from two sources: the communities themselves, and the strong values of the Heinz family, which so closely reflect the values and spirit of the region.

What we are finding is that nothing is more important in this exercise of envisioning a future community than an emphasis on preserving and strengthening a fair, balanced and equitable society. Developing a common vision of what that looks like will be difficult, but absolutely essential to our region's future.

Without a shared vision, our community can make, at best, only incremental and haphazard progress. No business today could be run successfully without long-term goals and a set of strategies to reach them, and neither should our community proceed day-to-day without a clear vision, either.

If we are committed to a prosperous, healthy and egalitarian society, then we must be tough-minded in the pursuit of that society. For a philanthropy as for a community, that means we must be prepared to say no and to cull out programs that, however worthy, don't support that strategic pursuit. It means we must be willing to seize opportunity when it comes, and let go of old ideas when their time has passed.

For a metropolis like Pittsburgh, which has long shared those values of fairness, equity and prosperity for all, anything less would be inadequate. This time of renewal, this next renaissance for Pittsburgh, is a time for all of us to set our sights as high as we can, to set goals and standards that are worthy of a city that has a history as illustrious and exciting as any in America.

This is a place of great ingenuity, of invention and rebirth, of artistry, culture, industry and innovation, of steel and coke and glass, of architecture, engineering, theater and music. We should set our sights on a high horizon and possess the imagination to reach it.

Maxwell King came to Pittsburgh a year ago to live and work for The Heinz Endowment. He spent 30 years in Philadelphia, including seven and a half years as the editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer. This is the first in a series of articles dealing with the sense of commnunity in Pittsburgh. The second will discuss philanthropy and the process of strategic planning at The Heinz Endowment.

**Graphic**

DRAWING, DRAWING: Stacy Innerest/Post-Gazette:

**Load-Date:** June 20, 2000

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[***TRANSGRESSING THE GIBBERISH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-JFP0-0094-52P6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 13, 1997, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 1583 words

**Byline:** MICHAEL SCHNEIDER

**Body**

It hit the front page of The New York Times last May when Alan Sokal, a professor of physics at New York University, revealed that his article ''Transgressing the Boundaries: Toward a Transformative Hermeneutics of Quantum Gravity'' was a joke. With a title like that, you might ask, who thought otherwise?

The editors of Social Text aren't laughing. Their prestigious journal has been a leading voice for the influential brand of thought that, broadly speaking, goes under the rubric ''postmodern critical theory.'' Prominent intellectuals all, they published Sokal's article as serious scholarship, failing to notice its purposefully silly statements about the philosophical import of quantum physics and general relativity.

Nor did they notice anything unusual about its exaggerated style and worshipful references to the stars of their field, such as Jacques Derrida, the guru of ''deconstruction,'' psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan and Stanley Aronowitz, known for critical writing about science and technology. He's also a co-founder of Social Text.

When Sokal revealed his hoax, Aronowitz and his colleagues compounded their embarrassment. Rather than acknowledging that their scholarly pants were at their ankles, they attacked Sokal, accusing him of bad ethics. Aronowitz said in the Times that Sokal was ''ill-read and half-educated.'' These responses fanned the flames, as you'd expect, and the ensuing commentary - article after article in newspapers and journals of opinion cheering Sokal's hoax - showed that he'd struck a responsive chord.

On March 21, the Sokal affair - as it's come to be called - arrived in the flesh in our home town. An intellectual event of the first order, sponsored by the University of Pittsburgh Cultural Studies program, brought together Sokal and Aronowitz for their first face-to-face encounter.

No blows were exchanged, but there was plenty of sound, a little fury, and it signified more than you could have gathered from Bill Steigerwald's magazines column on March 27 (''The Hoax at Social Text Will Not Die'').

Steigerwald took the predictable tack of thumbing his nose at the intellectuals. Fair enough. Sokal's major league, all-American stunt is good for a laugh at professors. Ironically, however, the Sokal affair highlights how some university intellectuals make it easy for the rest of us to write them all off as alien life-forms.

The value of Sokal's parody goes beyond a few chuckles. It dramatizes the folly of a fashionable style of writing and talking which, in its extreme forms, diverges so far from norms of intelligible, rational discourse that it defeats its self-professed aims to influence wider culture. And that's our loss.

\*

I view the Sokal affair from an unusual vantage, having crossed and recrossed the divide - chasm? - between science and the humanities.

After an engineering degree and several years working with computers, I spent six years almost getting a Ph.D. in literature at the University of Pittsburgh. Running low on money and motivation, I landed back on the other side - as a science writer at Pittsburgh Supercomputing Center - where I interview scientists in many fields, from molecular biology to quantum physics, and write about their work for general audiences.

From my perspective, it's easy to see that postmodern critical theory, especially its forays into criticism of science, was a bubble waiting to be burst. Colin MacCabe, co-director of Pitt's Cultural Studies program, made the same point when he introduced the March 21 debate. Consider this morsel from Sokal's article:

The pi of Euclid and the G of Newton, formerly thought to be constant and universal, are now perceived in their ineluctable historicity; and the putative observer becomes fatally de-centered, disconnected from any epistemic link to a space-time point . . .

The central claim - that the value of pi and the acceleration of gravity are not universal truths but, in critical lingo, ''culturally determined'' is laughable to scientists, as Sokal intended it to be. That this passed muster with reputed intellectuals in the humanities, who published it without even checking the scientific arguments with a scientist, points to a problem. Sokal calls it ''sloppy scholarship'' within an academic subculture. I'd say that's an understatement. Nothing Aronowitz said on March 21 suggested otherwise.

The verbiage stating this claim is also good for a wry laugh and shaking of the head, something like Wow, do they really write like that?

They do. Here's another example, from a well known (within her field) feminist deconstructionist: ''The law produces and then conceals the notion of a subject before the law' in order to invoke that discursive formation as a naturalized foundational premise that subsequently legitimates that law's own regulatory hegemony.''

The problem here is not just big words. This verbose, wickedly abstract style can leave even sympathetic readers - I speak from personal experience with the disorienting feeling of trying to gather sense and meaning where there is none. Or precious little. This passage discusses the (to deconstructionists) intriguing question of ''the self'' and whether there is such a thing outside language and social convention.

At book length, this writer says there isn't. It's an old idea (at least as old as Zen Buddhism), with - I suppose - a somewhat new take, yet stripped of the layers of abstraction, the idea loses its allure and sounds almost like conversation with a friend. Conversational prose, however, doesn't get published in academic journals of cultural theory.

If you're a graduate student or young professor, perhaps you opt for the obscurantism of theory partly out of a sense of showmanship, partly out of anxiety. Clarity may reveal you don't really have much to say.

Harsh? At a drama conference years ago, I heard a paper on Shakespeare by an untenured young professor from a prominent university. The paper was laced with deconstructionist jargon, and it struck me that the professor showed little conviction for his argument, whatever it was. At a reception later that day, I listened to him, in a small circle of conversation, explain that yes, he didn't really understand what he was saying either, but that's the game you have to play.

In my position as a science writer, I sit in on seminars where scientists describe their research to colleagues. They nearly always use visual aids overhead transparencies, slides and video - to help drive their key points home, and they talk off-the-cuff, using notes to guide them, preserving as much as possible the animation of face-to-face discussion. In graduate school, I attended many similar seminars by cultural critics. Standard practice is to read their prose, often as abstruse as the examples here, from the page.

On one side, I see an earnest desire to convey information. On the other, I see a communication style that puts up unnecessary barriers, making it more difficult to evaluate claims and enter constructively into dialogue.

Are there valid reasons? It's interesting to me that the idea of a deconstructionist with visual aids seems almost ludicrous - it could be a New Yorker cartoon. Deconstructionist thought is characterized by its convictions about the elusive, slippery nature of truth, meaning and reality, and an avowed deconstructionist, I expect, would say that visual aids imply the kind of static (''instantiated'') illusion of truth that language all too easily leads us toward.

Lost yet? Me too. My capacity for intellectual abstraction fails at about this point, and fundamentally I believe in truth, meaning and reality.

They are useful and necessary concepts. Sokal is, too. His parody broadly lampoons pronouncements by cultural critics to the effect that scientific ''truths'' are cultural convention, ''constituted'' by language.

If you don't believe in scientific truth, says Sokal, you have nowhere to stand in countering socially debilitating pseudo-science, such as Charles Murray's ''The Bell Curve.''

Much of Sokal's complaint about postmodern critical theory, in fact, is that it claims to be politically progressive. ''I confess that I'm an unabashed Old Leftist,'' he has written, ''who never quite understood how deconstruction was supposed to help the ***working class***.''

I value much of the thinking that goes under the cultural theory label, and I think no serious person would argue with the emphasis on multiculturalism, bringing new voices into the mix of university literature study, it has fostered.

But there are also rich ironies. Dogma is not lacking among deconstructionists. There's no such thing as ''truth'' they say, and if you think otherwise you're wrong. They talk and write about the need to democratize knowledge in ways that exclude all but the select few, perpetuating the class divisions they claim to be breaking down.

\*

Thanks to Reaganism and Rush Limbaugh-ism, progressive social thinking the kind we traditionally associate with universities - has fallen into disrepute, and there has seldom been a greater need to feel the influence of university intellectuals in the wider community.

The bewilderingly windy and arcane style of communicating that has become a prominent feature of the university landscape, however, only plays into the hands of the Limbaughs of the world, who excel at nothing so much as deceitfully simple answers to our most pressing problems. Michael Schneider is a writer living in Edgewood.

Michael Schneider is a writer living in Edgewood.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Robert J. Pavuchak/Post-Gazette: Say what you mean, mean what; you say: Alan Sokal at Pitt on March 21.

**Load-Date:** April 15, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Voters can't see the forest for the trees;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-48M0-002B-H081-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Call it spinelessness or strategy, but the 'great national discussion' of issues never quite measures up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-48M0-002B-H081-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 23, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; What's at stake; Pg. 19A

**Length:** 1496 words

**Byline:** Eric Black; Staff Writer

**Body**

According to democratic theory, a presidential campaign is supposed to be a great national discussion of the most important issues we face. The candidates are supposed to lay out competing solutions to the nation's most pressing problems. The media are supposed to keep the politicians and the public focused on issues. The public is supposed to read, listen, sift, weigh and award its mandate to the ticket that communicates the clearest and most convincing vision of a better future.

So much for theory. In reality, the discussion of issues that reaches the electorate is woefully short of being clear, coherent, relevant, elevating or substantive.

Here's why:

Spinelessness

Many issues are not discussed adequately because the candidates lack the courage to tackle them. Take, for example, the federal deficit.

According to President Bush's proposed budget for fiscal 1993, the government will pay $ 215 billion in interest on past debts while adding $ 352 billion in new debts, bringing total indebtedness to about $ 4 trillion.

Because of interest payments on the debt, about 15 cents of every tax dollar disappears into a black hole that builds no road, educates no youngster, relieves no suffering.

Bush and Democratic nominee Bill Clinton both say they would like to reduce the deficit over the next four years, but much of what they say about deficit reduction comes from that nether world of political rhetoric that lies between half-truths and outright bunkum.

Bush favors a balanced budget constitutional amendment. But the amendment would take effect five years after ratification, which prompted Bob McIntyre of Citizens for Tax Justice, a nonpartisan think tank to say: "Bush's latest position is that he wants to get rid of the deficit after he leaves office."

Furthermore, Bush has not proposed the tax increases or major new spending cuts that would be necessary to balance the budget whether or not the Constitution is amended.

Clinton says his economic plan will cut the deficit in half over the next four years, to which McIntyre replied: "It feels like he has borrowed Reagan's calculator and two plus two equals seven. . . . Clinton says it would be desirable to bring the deficit down but not at the expense of raising taxes or cutting spending."

That last McIntyre remark isn't strictly fair. Clinton does propose new taxes and spending cuts deeper than Bush does. The problem, from a deficit-reduction standpoint, is that Clinton commits most of the new revenues and savings to pay for new programs and new tax relief. Very little of it would be available to reduce the deficit.

Clinton sometimes tries to fuzz this up a bit, but when pressed he acknowledges that his program is based on the belief that over the next four years economic stimulation, job creation and long-term investment are more important than deficit reduction.

Bush can hardly afford to emphasize the deficit because it grew from about $ 50 billion at the end of the Carter administration to almost $ 400 billion last year.

Clinton doesn't want to emphasize the deficit because his economic plan doesn't do much about it and because the only things he could do about it - higher taxes and deeper spending cuts - are politically unpalatable.

The last presidential candidate who straightforwardly advocated a tax increase was former Vice President Walter Mondale in 1984. Mondale ended up losing 49 states. According to Kathleen Hall Jamieson, dean of the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania, "The lesson everyone learned from Mondale in 1984 is: Tell the American people the truth about the deficit and you'll never be elected."

Campaign strategy

Clinton's strategy is to emphasize change, especially in areas where Bush is wedded to an unsatisfactory status quo. Bush's strategy is to portray the world as a dangerous place, requiring a trustworthy, seasoned statesman at the helm.

That means we'll be hearing about Clinton's ideas for invigorating the economy. And we'll see pictures of Bush coolly steering through troubled international waters.

Fine, but many issues don't complement their campaign strategies.

Take homelessness, for example. It would not be fair to say that Clinton has no position on homelessness. He has one and his campaign staff will fax it to you within the day if you call them. He proposes to turn 10 percent of all HUD-owned housing units over to churches and other nonprofit organizations and to use barracks in closed military bases to house homeless veterans.

But it is fair to say that Clinton seldom brings up the homeless unprompted. It's a depressing problem and candidates generally prefer to be associated with upbeat themes. It's the type of issue that, if you talk about it much, you might be portrayed as a liberal Democrat who wants to throw money at the nation's problems.

Bush will not emphasize homelessness because the problem mushroomed during the Reagan-Bush years.

Or take the broader issue of race. A key goal of Clinton's strategy is to woo back the so-called Reagan Democrats who have voted Republican in recent elections partly because they believe the Democrats stand for too many programs that take tax dollars from the white ***working class*** for the benefit of the disproportionately black poor.

And both campaigns know that this year, for the first time ever, the majority of voters will be suburbanites. For reasons like these, don't expect issues of race, poverty and inner cities to receive a clear, fearless, substantive discussion during the campaign.

The 30-second problem

Then there are issues that aren't fully discussed during the campaign because they are too complex. Take the tradeoff between environmental protection and jobs.

Bush claims to have a good environmental record and cites the passage of the 1990 Clean Air Act as one of his major accomplishments. Clinton and running mate Al Gore, who has a strong interest in environmental issues, argue that Bush insisted on weakening the Clean Air Act before he would sign it.

Bush disagrees but replies that in their environmental extremism, Clinton and Gore would embrace regulations that cost American jobs. Gore argues that environmental protection is actually good for the economy and would become itself a growth industry for America's future.

This exchange works reasonably well at the level of charge and countercharge. One can imagine the 30-second ads by which Clinton will try to paint Bush as a friend of polluters while Bush will imply that Democrats care more about habitat for spotted owls than jobs for Americans.

But what if someone actually wanted to make their own reasoned judgment about which of the tickets would strike the right balance between environment and economy. The candidates could trade sound bites on the evening news between now and November and it would hardly leave a citizen in a position to vote knowledgeably on the issue. Nor is it really fair to blame the candidates for the shrillness or shallowness of the discussion that does occur. If they issued extensive, footnoted monographs on their respective positions, we would hardly expect press and public to drop their fascination with adultery, momentum or the latest personal attack.

The narrow spectrum

Unlike most other democracies, we have only two parties of national consequence and they normally compete to see which can squeeze closer to the ideological middle.

After the conventions, we have only two candidates to choose from and they generally agree in more areas than they disagree. That leaves many issues that are not talked about because the candidates agree.

Bush and Clinton agree that the United States was right to bomb Iraq. The almost-candidate who disagreed, Ross Perot, never quite got into the race, so there'll be no discussion of that question.

Or consider the argument that the political process has been fundamentally corrupted by moneyed interests. Jerry Brown's diatribes against the corrupting influence of money in politics touched millions of voters this year. But with Brown finally silent, we are left without a candidate strongly pledged to shake up the system of campaign finance.

Bush and Clinton will try to make hay off their differences on cuts in military spending. Bush advocates about $ 50 billion in cuts over the next four years. Clinton favors $ 100 billion. Clinton will portray Bush as too timid in cutting defense, still wedded to a Cold War mentality. Bush will argue that Clinton's cuts are reckless and show Clinton's untrustworthiness on national defense.

In fact, most of the other Democratic candidates in the primary field, as well as erstwhile Republican challenger Pat Buchanan, favored deeper cuts in defense than either Clinton or Bush. Both the Clinton and Bush plans would leave the United States with the largest military budget in the world by a large margin. Those who believe the United States could get by with less firepower in a one-superpower world are unrepresented in the debate.

**Load-Date:** August 25, 1992

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[***DEMOCRATS VIE FOR CONTROL OF HIGH-STAKES N.J. SENATE / CHANCES OF UNSEATING GOV. WHITMAN ARE SLIM. STILL, THE SENATE RACE COULD UPSET HER FUTURE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-9Y10-01K4-94FX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

FEBRUARY 16, 1997 Sunday CNEW JERSEY EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1530 words

**Byline:** Thomas Turcol, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

For many New Jersey Democrats, hope springs eternal as they prepare for the uphill fight to deny Gov. Whitman a second term.

But while they put up a brave front, most Democrats believe it would take a minor miracle to unseat Whitman. Thus, they are focusing instead on what could be the major battleground in 1997: the fight for control of the state Senate.

Driven out of both houses of the legislature after the tax debacle of 1991, the Democrats are within striking distance of recapturing the Senate and are mounting an aggressive effort to give the Republicans a run for their money.

Although that, too, will be an uphill battle, some in both parties give the Democrats at least an outside shot at pulling it off. A Democratic takeover could give a reelected Whitman fits if, as many expect, she tries to use her second term as a springboard to a spot on the GOP's presidential ticket in 2000 or later.

With the Republicans holding a 24-16 advantage, the Democrats need a net pickup of four seats to tie for control and five seats for a takeover. The high-stakes battle will turn on the results in as many as 12 of the 40 districts throughout the state, with the campaign cost expected to run as high as $1 million in some of those races.

"That's the ball game this year," said one Democratic Party official. "It's a pipe dream at this point to think we can beat Whitman, but the Senate is another story. The Republicans don't have a lock on this thing."

Behind the scenes, Democratic Party officials are recruiting candidates, raising money, and trying to develop a theme that will hit home with the suburban voters who ousted them, as well as with the party's core urban constituency.

Fueling the Democrats' optimism in the legislative contests is the party's resounding success last year, when New Jersey voters delivered landslide victories to President Clinton and the Democratic U.S. Senate candidate, Robert G. Torricelli.

Democrats have also made strides in the last two years at the local and county levels. They have recaptured freeholder boards in places like Union, Middlesex and Mercer Counties, and reasserted their historical claim on legislative seats in some vote-rich parts of the state, including Middlesex County.

Republican infighting in a few key districts has also given Democrats reason to believe they can reclaim the state Senate - even in the face of a potentially lopsided loss to Whitman by their party's gubernatorial candidate.

Republicans counter that the Democrats will have a hard time winning back either house of the legislature as long as the state GOP's stance on taxes remains popular with the voters.

"We feel good not only about keeping our majority but even enhancing it," said Gregg M. Edwards, executive director of the Senate Republicans. "We have several opportunities to defeat incumbent Democrats."

The Republicans also start out with a huge financial advantage. The most recent reports on file with the state show the Republican Senate campaign committee with nearly $1.9 million already in the bank, compared with a paltry $85,000 for the Democrats.

The Democrats hope to build a competitive war chest of their own by throwing a flurry of fund-raising events over the next several weeks, with the highlight being the annual Democratic Senate ball later this month.

As the campaign approaches, the best chance for Democratic breakthroughs are in districts that, until this decade, historically favored Democrats, normally competitive districts, or areas in which Republicans are battling among themselves.

The Democrats, for example, are targeting the 34th District seat now held by Sen. Joseph Bubba in Passaic County. Bubba has fallen out of favor with the Passaic GOP and faces a potentially divisive primary fight.

A Republican primary also is shaping up in the 23d District, which includes parts of Hunterdon and Mercer Counties. The incumbent, William Schluter, is too moderate for the taste of many of his more conservative GOP colleagues.

Other vulnerable Republican incumbents include Sen. John Scott, whose 36th District includes Lyndhurst and other ***working-class*** towns that have Democratic allegiances; Jack Sinagra, whose predominantly Middlesex County district has returned to the Democratic fold by voting in two Democrats to the Assembly; and Peter Inverso and Richard LaRossa, whose predominantly Mercer County districts comprise a large concentration of state employees angered by Whitman's anti-union policies and eager to vote against Republicans this time around.

In South Jersey's Fourth District, which includes parts of Gloucester and Camden Counties, incumbent Republican John Matheussen could be in trouble if Assemblyman Sean Dalton, a Democrat, decides to move up and run for the Senate.

The Republicans are not without their targets. In Burlington County's Seventh District, GOP Assemblywoman Diane Allen is expected to challenge the Senate Democratic incumbent, Jack Casey. In the Sixth, which includes Cherry Hill and other parts of Camden County, Assemblyman John Rocco is being urged by the GOP hierarchy to challenge incumbent Democratic Sen. John Adler.

Farther up the state, the Republicans will press Democrat Gordon A. MacInnes in the historically GOP-controlled 25th District in Morris County.

Although the Democrats have a fighting chance to recapture the Senate, their prospects are much poorer in the Assembly, where all 80 seats will be contested this year. There, the Democrats would have to make up a 50-to-30 deficit to win control.

In gearing up for the legislative races, the strategies could not be more different for the parties. The GOP will run its Senate campaigns from the top down and hope that a large Whitman victory pulls enough endangered Republicans in to keep its legislative majority.

Voters will hear it over and over again throughout the year: Whitman proposed the big income-tax cuts that made her a national political figure, but she could not have done it without the votes of the Republican legislature.

"Our overall message will be consistent with the governor's," Edwards said. "We'll be talking about reducing taxes, holding the line on spending, and welfare reform. Particularly in [competitive] districts, her coattails will help."

The Democrats, by contrast, must localize the races as much as they can, making their opponents in each particular district the issue while trying to deflect attention from the income-tax cuts.

At the same time, the Democrats are likely to go after their GOP counterparts for their alleged indifference to matters such as education, auto-insurance reform, and property taxes. As much as they can, the Democratic Senate candidates will try to ignore what is going on at the top of the ballot, which will amount to a referendum on a popular incumbent governor from the opposition party.

"We can't obsess about the governor's race if we want to win legislative seats and rebuild the party," said Tom O'Neil, a lobbyist and veteran Democratic Party operative. "We have to pay attention to our backyard and build from the bottom up, not the top down."

The Democrats are counting on two things going their way. First, even in the face of a potential Whitman landslide, local issues often can carry the day in state legislative races. They also believe that voters may decide to split their tickets and opt for divided government, such as they did last year on the national level by electing both Clinton and a Republican Congress.

Even some Democrats concede, however, that they cannot lose sight of what happens in the gubernatorial race. Their prospects for making major gains in legislative races could be severely undermined by a Whitman blowout at the top of the ballot.

Although seizing control of the Senate would be a major coup for the Democrats, it could have major implications for Whitman's political future as well. Losing the Senate could jeopardize the governor's attempt to showcase a New Jersey agenda on everything from education to welfare to auto insurance reform. Her success on those kinds of issues could help determine whether Whitman can vie for a spot on the GOP presidential ticket.

Should she lose control of the Senate, Whitman also would have to deal with the Democrats on literally hundreds of appointments that require Senate confirmation. Those appointments cover everything from judgeships to key positions on state agencies and commissions.

What's more, every time Whitman leaves the state, a Democrat - the senate president - would be acting governor, with all the potential for mischief that that implies.

Unlike states such as California and Massachusetts, where governors at times have left the state at their own political risk, New Jersey has no such tradition for chicanery when the governor and senate president are from opposite parties. But with Whitman on the national radar screen, the Democrats may have just enough incentive to try to embarrass her while she's away.

Even if the Democrats fall short in their bid to reclaim the Senate, coming close could make them serious players in Trenton by forcing Whitman to compromise with them. As one Democratic insider put it, "The more seats you have, the more you can deal."

**Notes**

Campaign '97

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

At risk in the election are Gov. Whitman's chances of gaining a spot on the presidential ticket.

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***OUT OF THE COCOON THE FILM "GIRLS LIKE US" FOLLOWS FOUR SOUTH PHILLY TEENS THROUGH FOUR CRITICAL YEARS - / THE YEARS WHEN CATERPILLARS BECOME BUTTERFLIES.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B090-01K4-90YG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 6, 1997 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1410 words

**Byline:** Carrie Rickey, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Body**

Catch the 411 on that new girl group from South Philly? You got Anna, who's the brains. De'Yona, she's the voice. Lisa is the looker. And Raelene, she's the mama hen.

They've already won an award - which arrived a month before these young women, who grew up within a 20-block radius, even met. And though only one of them sings, they could be the hottest thing since Salt-N-Pepa.

Their heritages - European-American Indian, African, Italian and Vietnamese - make them look strikingly different. Kind of like Salt-N-Pepa-N-Marinara-N-Soy.

Yet the internal struggles of Raelene Cox, De'Yona Moore, Lisa Bronca and Anna Chau have a remarkably similar flavor. Those conflicts, which include if and when to have sex, are tenderly related in Girls Like Us, a candid and winning chronicle of four years in the lives of four South Philly teens.

The $300,000 documentary by Jane C. Wagner and South Philadelphia homegirl Tina DiFeliciantonio was voted the grand jury prize at the Sundance Film Festival in January. It premieres locally tonight and tomorrow at International House.

Girls Like Us may be only an hour long, but it's four lifetimes, this film diary of that most sensitive time in a womanchild's life. It's a time of proms and pregnancy tests. When feelings and hairstyles change hourly, when love is a preoccupation and a vocation, when school is a jail and a launching pad, when caterpillars become butterflies.

When first we meet our quartet, they're too old for toys and too young for boys. But over the years they put away childish things, and two have children. Although abortion was available, it was a choice neither Raelene nor De'Yona could make in good conscience.

Anna, De'Yona, Lisa and Raelene are coming to terms with the fact that confessions made in private are about to enter the public domain. For not only will their frank views on love, sex, family, ambition and teen parenthood be heard in theaters - Girls Like Us is on the brink of getting a distributor - they will be broadcast nationally on PBS this summer.

"I don't regret anything I said," says Lisa, 19, a St. Maria Goretti grad who is now a freshman at Widener University. While this no-regrets attitude was prevalent among the three Girls stars who met Sunday at the cozy Forrestal Street home of DiFeliciantonio's parents, at least one butterfly was having butterflies.

When Anna quietly admits that friends think she's stupid for baring her soul on camera, De'Yona firmly counsels, "Get yourself some new friends, then. You are not stupid. The way I talk when I try to sound intelligent is the way you talk ordinarily. Repeat: You are not stupid." This visibly boosts Anna's spirits.

Conceived at the apex of Madonna mania in 1991, Girls Like Us sets out to explore whether girls are still defined as either virgins or whores and how the women's-liberation discourse about sexual freedom has filtered down to ***working-class*** girls of the next generation. The filmmakers, both 35, are nonjudgmental; not so their subjects. The girls are keen judges of character - each of her own, as well as those of the other three.

In Girls Like Us and in the DiFeliciantonio den, Lisa, Anna and De'Yona have much to say about many things. (Raelene, now 20 and married, is the stepmother of two and the mother of two, with another on the way. She lives in the Poconos and couldn't attend Sunday's conclave, but hopes to be at the premiere tonight.)

It stuns the girls that, though they grew up so close to one another, their lives never touched before. And it overwhelms them how touched they are by one another's stories.

But the biggest surprise may be how much each learned about herself.

"It's interesting for me to see how I let my friends talk more than me at the beginning," says Anna, 18, who is a first-generation American. "The movie makes me see how, over the years, I develop my own voice."

Anna will graduate from Archbishop Carroll in Radnor in June. Next month, she will hear where she's been accepted to college. She has applications in at Boston University, the University of Pennsylvania, Haverford College and Swarthmore College.

"It's strange to watch yourself become your own person," muses De'Yona, 19. In the film, she evolves from a giggly girl to a sober young woman mourning the death of her beloved cousin.

Now a graduate of Gratz High and the mother of Comese, an 11-month-old son who is as active as his mother is effervescent, De'Yona possesses the full-bodied singing voice of a young Aretha Franklin. She remains in a relationship with Comese's father and works as a cashier at a Save-A-Lot at 23d and Snyder.

\* "There are a lot of studies about teen pregnancy," says Wagner.

"But we never hear the voices of teenage girls," adds DiFeliciantonio, a Girls High graduate who received her bachelor's from Drexel and her master's from Stanford, where she met Wagner.

The filmmakers, who live in New York, are partners in life and in work. (They've just completed an HBO documentary about the comedian Reno.) With Girls Like Us, they wanted to hear the stories behind the statistics.

Wagner and DiFeliciantonio "discovered" Lisa by hanging around outside Goretti. Raelene's sister baby-sat Tina's niece. Anna was discovered through her karate teacher. And De'Yona they found through the Point Breeze Performing Arts Center.

"Sex, these days, is a real big issue," De'Yona declares, articulating the documentary's theme.

There are many revelations in the film, not least of which is that, when the subject of sex comes up, the talk is of disease, not desire.

"Because I went to Catholic school, we didn't learn about sex and we didn't learn about sexually transmitted diseases," explains Lisa.

Although in the movie Lisa flaunts her sex-ed notebook, with its anatomically correct drawings of the reproductive system, these diagrams were as abstract as algebra equations. "I learned about sex from my mom and my sister," she explains.

"Everything I learned about sex, I learned from my grandma," says De'Yona, who also got her candor and clarity from Mrs. Juanita Moore. In the film, Mrs. Moore is firm about the rules of engagement, insisting that De'Yona use what she impishly calls "condos."

Despite this sage counsel, De'Yona - like at least one other girl in the film - engages in unprotected sex.

What Anna's family teaches her about sex can be summed up in three words: Don't do it. If the curious and intelligent young woman wants more information, she must seek it elsewhere.

If they could send a message to Gov. Ridge or Mayor Rendell about what teenagers need to learn about sex, what would they say?

"That sex education should be taught in Catholic and public school," says Lisa. "And that we should learn more than just about body parts."

"That we should learn about diseases, too," adds De'Yona.

"And that we should learn in an environment of trust and love. A lot of love," emphasizes Anna.

Though sex is the pretext of Girls Like Us, other forms of intimacy dominate the movie.

"What surprised us was how important family is to these girls," says Wagner. "The mother-daughter bond and girlfriend-girlfriend bond are very powerful," DiFeliciantonio observes.

"When I watched the movie, I realized my relationship with my mom was so close," reflects Lisa.

"I envied that," says the more reserved Anna, who told DiFeliciantonio that her immediate reaction to the film was "to go hug her mother."

De'Yona, whose maternal figure is Mrs. Moore, visibly thrives on her grandmother's love and warmth. In fact, when the time comes to tell Comese the facts of life, "I'll let my grandmother tell him," she says.

And if there is a Girls Like Us five-year reunion, where does this gaggle of gigglers expect to be?

"I see Lisa as a teacher," predicts De'Yona.

"I see Anna more confident in herself, studying to be a doctor," says Lisa.

"I see Raelene being a better mom to her children than her mom was to her," muses Anna.

"I see De'Yona's singing talent being discovered through this film," prophesies Lisa.

"When I'm famous, I won't forget about you all," chimes in De'Yona, mock-haughtily, with a hearty laugh.

Neither will anyone who sees the film. Quite simply, the girls in Girls Like Us are unforgettable.

IF YOU GO \* Girls Like Us will be screened tonight at 7:30 and tomorrow at 1 and 8:15 p.m. at International House, 3701 Chestnut St. Tonight's program will be followed by a discussion with the filmmakers and their subjects. Tickets: $6.50; $5.50 for students and seniors. Information: 215-895-6542.

**Graphic**

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PHOTO

Some of the "girls" gathered with filmmaker Jane C. Wagner (center) to see her work, on TV screen. The documentary's stars are (from left) De'Yona Moore (with her son, Comese), Anna Chau and Lisa Bronca. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, CHARLES FOX)

The film's creators are South Philadelphian Tina DiFeliciantonio (left) and Jane C. Wagner.

Lisa Bronca (right) in a scene from the film, which will premiere locally tonight at International House. It won a prize at the Sundance Film Festival.

De'Yona Moore and her son, Comese. "It's strange to watch yourself become your own person," she says of "Girls Like Us." (VLADIMIR HARTMAN)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Young, hip & moving away; Some say the housing hassle that comes with big city life is no longer worth the price***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HXC-N060-TX31-W2ND-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 29, 2005 Thursday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1904 words

**Byline:** Haya El Nasser

**Body**

Young, single people usually love the excitement of big cities, from the vibrant nightlife to the noisiness and frenzied pace of urban existence. They love it so much they're willing to pay a stiff price for cramped quarters and communal living.

For some, the price is getting too steep. The draw of the bright lights and big cities is dimming now that housing costs have hit exorbitant heights. Some who grew up fantasizing about life in the "big city" are settling in less glamorous cities and even suburbs.

"For a lot of young people, especially growing up in the Northeast, there are two cities: New York and Boston," says Nick Lentino, 31, a native of western Massachusetts.

So where is Lentino living? Hartford, Conn.

It's a far cry from the cosmopolitan, fast-paced ambience of New York and Boston -- but far cheaper. Lentino just bought a one-bedroom, 750-square-foot condominium in a converted 1950s apartment building a half-mile from downtown. Price: $95,000.

"I have to be honest. There were certain times I would've loved to have been in Boston or New York," says Lentino, assistant to the director of enrollment at Goodwin College in Hartford. Even so, whenever he has pangs of regret, he goes to New York for a weekend and visits friends who are spending twice what he spends on his mortgage to rent a place half the size of his.

"I can't imagine how people are able to a) save money or b) live paycheck to paycheck all year," Lentino says. "It's the same thing in Boston. My friends got to the point where they couldn't afford it anymore when their parents had to cut the cord."

Research is starting to document the housing squeeze for young people in New York and other high-octane metro areas. The Center for an Urban Future, a New York policy research group, and Mt. Auburn Associates, an economic development consulting firm, released a report recently that concluded: "The high cost of work space and housing in New York has prompted increasing numbers of artists and creative workers to decide it's simply not worth it to stay here -- especially as other cities offer enticements to relocate."

The report cites New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg's push for 65,000 units of new housing across the city and support for the creation of space for cultural organizations.

Robin Keegan, co-author of the report, says New York may still attract young, creative types right out of college, but the question is whether they'll stay. "They get to a juncture where the cost of living is really crucial," she says.

Philadelphia, sometimes the butt of jokes for its lack of cachet compared with nearby New York, is being marketed by some former residents of the Big Apple as the "next borough." It is attracting small numbers of artsy young people from expensive neighborhoods in Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Cities get hip, costly

The young haven't stopped flocking to urban jewels such as San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and New York. A recent study by CEOs for Cities, a Chicago-based organization of urban leaders, shows that young people ages 25 to 34 in the 50 largest metropolitan areas are three times more likely than they were in the 1980s to live within 3 miles of the city's center. The research is based on 2000 Census data, taken before real estate prices soared.

"They're very economically important to cities," says Joe Cortright, a Portland, Ore., economist who did the research for the CEO group. "They're the dream demographics of HR (human resources) departments of fast-growing companies."

Even the most deeply rooted older suburbanites are rediscovering the joys of cities. Developers are converting old factories and offices into expensive lofts, and aging baby boomers with fat retirement funds and empty nests are snapping them up. ***Working-class*** city neighborhoods are being redeveloped and turning upscale.

The resurgence of cities' popularity among people of all ages is making urban living less affordable for the young and less affluent.

"Let's face it, bright lights aren't as bright as they used to be downtown," says William Frey, a demographer at the Brookings Institution, a think tank. "The high priority is to have an affordable house."

Several factors are pulling the young in other directions.

\*The cost of housing. The U.S. median price of a single-family home was $218,000 in October, according to the National Association of Realtors. It's more than three times that in the San Francisco area ($721,900), more than twice that in New York ($461,100, and that's not including Manhattan), and about double in Boston ($430,900). Rental prices are climbing, too.

People earning the median income can afford only 2% of the homes in the Los Angeles area and 24% in Boston.

"The worst enemy of a true urban renaissance has been an overhyping and overspeculation in the central city market," says Joel Kotkin, senior fellow for the New America Foundation, a think tank, and author of The City: A Global History. "They build these condos, and they're so overpriced. ... A lot of these places are not being built for young people."

Laris Kreslins, publisher of Arthur, an arts, culture and political magazine, says he got into debt living in New York. He moved back home, into the basement of his parents' house in Gaithersburg, Md., a suburb of Washington, D.C.

"It was a way to get back on my feet," he says. He worked part time at a private school and ran the magazine. Then he and his girlfriend, Kendra Gaeta, discovered Philadelphia. They bought a four-bedroom home near the Philadelphia Museum of Art earlier this year. Now they run a website -- movetophilly.com -- that links viewers to housing bargains and hip districts there.

"In my age group and demographics, what I'm hearing is that most people work a lot, but they haven't amassed a lot of savings because most of the time they're renting and living in places like L.A. and New York," says Kreslins, 30. "They're asking, 'Why am I renting when I could be putting that same amount of money in a mortgage?'"

\*Work flexibility. Employers in expensive housing markets are responding. Bill Trenchard, chief executive of LiveOps, a teleservices company based in Palo Alto, Calif., in the San Francisco Bay Area, says the company now is willing to have employees work from just about anywhere in the USA.

"Wherever the brains are, wherever the talent is," he says. "That's a real change in attitude from five years ago, even two years ago when we thought there were huge advantages to having people in the building."

LiveOps has workers based as far away as Ohio. The company's employees tend to be young, many of them in their 20s and 30s.

"You've got these housing markets that are completely out of whack," says Richard Florida, professor at George Mason University in Fairfax, Va., and author of The Rise of the Creative Class. "There's no point of entry for young people anymore."

Florida has argued that creativity plays such a big role in the 21st-century economy that cities must adapt to the needs of creative thinkers -- whether they're artists or engineers. Letting people work where they can afford to live is one way.

Seattle native Elizabeth Howie, 27, was determined to live the city life. What better place than San Francisco? A science major and graduate of UCLA, she found work with a biotech company in South San Francisco. "It was very important to live in the city, to just being young in the city ... to live in an area that had lots of restaurants and bars," she says.

She was willing to pay the price: $4,200 a month rent for a three-bedroom apartment she shared with two roommates. She commuted 30 minutes to work.

"It was insane, but we knew we would be paying for living in the city," Howie says.

Leaving San Francisco

The rental market softened when the high-tech bubble popped in 2000, but she was still paying $1,100 a month and sharing a place with two others.

"I saw a lot of my friends who were not living in San Francisco buying homes," she says. "I couldn't do it in San Francisco," even though her salary is in the $60,000s. "If I continued to live in the city, I don't know when I'd be able to buy a house."

Howie quit as an account manager for LiveOps and moved 90 miles away to Sacramento, the state capital that's not known as an exciting hub. She bought a three-bedroom house with a yard for $390,000. The house appreciated $50,000 in six months. She lives with her boyfriend, who opened a restaurant that appeals to the discriminating palates of Sacramento residents who fled the high cost of living in coastal California.

And LiveOps gave her her job back. She works from home in Sacramento and goes to the Palo Alto office every other week.

\*Urban suburbs. Most jobs now are more than 3 miles away from city centers, in suburbs and exurbs. When more people work where they live, bedroom communities take on the feel of 24-hour cities. "If your job is in the outer beltway of Houston, living downtown becomes less appealing," Kotkin says.

In the far suburbs of Washington, D.C., near Dulles International Airport, high-tech companies such as America Online, Oracle and others have created thousands of jobs for young professionals.

"You now have options in suburbia that never existed before," Kotkin says. "If you're nomadic in the tech world, you're really moving from one suburb to another."

Condos, apartments and town houses are going up around town centers on the far edges of suburbs around Washington; in Naperville, Ill., west of Chicago; and in Long Beach, the California port city south of Los Angeles. Bars, restaurants, coffeehouses and movie theaters -- the ubiquitous mainstays of bohemians and techies alike -- are sprouting in suburbia. Some of the funkiest vintage stores and boutiques are in old suburban strip malls where rents are still cheap.

"You can find a little slice of bohemia everywhere -- not just in suburbs, but in second-tier and third-tier cities such as Utica (N.Y.)," says Robert Lang, director of the Metropolitan Institute at Virginia Tech.

\*Desire to leave home. Jill Markward, 25, grew up on Long Island, in the shadow of Manhattan. After college, she worked in marketing, but "I had to live at home because it was too expensive."

Markward loves New York's museums and arts scene, but she knew that she would have to live at home if she stayed in the area. When she got a job as a flight attendant for JetBlue Airways, she was offered two options for a home base: John F. Kennedy International Airport, 20 minutes from her parents' house, or Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood International Airport.

Markward chose Florida. She shares a two-bedroom apartment with a couple in a complex near the airport that has a swimming pool, hot tub and gym. Her share: $400 a month.

"If I were on Long Island, I might find a two-bedroom apartment for $1,200, but it would be in someone's basement in a suburban neighborhood," Markward says. "It would just be a room. No washer or dryer."

A survey by researchers at Stony Brook University in New York, found that 70% of Long Island residents aged 18 to 34 are considering leaving, up from 62% last year. The reasons include expensive rents because of a shortage of apartments and homes so pricey that they can't hope to buy a first home.

The percentage living with family went from 31% last year to 45% now.

"It's not New York City," Markward says of her new home in Hollywood, Fla. "But I can drive to Miami in 30 minutes. ... There's less traffic. The weather is nice."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC,b/w,Julie Snider,USA TODAY,Source:National Association of Home Builders(Bar graph)

PHOTO, Color, Steve Yeater for USA TODAY

PHOTO, B/W, Stan Godlewski for USA TODAY

**Load-Date:** December 29, 2005

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[***TRYING OUT A NEW SPIN ON THE OLD RAG TRADE / THE NONPROFIT NEW THREADS WANTS TO TURN OLD CLOTHES INTO SMALL BUSINESSES AND JOBS FOR THE POOR. WHETHER IT'LL WORK IS ANYBODY'S GUESS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-9XK0-01K4-92G1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JANUARY 27, 1997 Monday SF EDITION

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**Section:** PHILADELPHIA BUSINESS; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1463 words

**Byline:** Jane M. Von Bergen, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Rags to riches would be nice - it certainly sounds good - but Marilyn Wood would settle for something more modest:

Rags to renewal.

In Wood's world view, that moth-eaten sweater jammed in the back of your dresser drawer can become a creator of jobs, a builder of communities, a reason for hope.

Through the nonprofit New Threads, the former government worker wants to spin profits from old clothes and weave them into work for the downtrodden.

"Our first commitment," she said, "is to employ people who are coming out of the shelters and who are ready to work." They start at $7 an hour, and her goal is to increase that to $10 an hour after six months.

Not riches, to be sure, but enough perhaps to renew hope.

Swell up the music, and cut to a dark, nearly vacant factory in Kensington, where light filters through gray-grimed windows covered in plastic. Woods, the director of New Threads, huddles in a tiny office in the corner, shivering when a factory loading door screeches open.

A worker trundles in a bin about a quarter of the size of a compact car, pulling it onto a scale. He's weighing bags and bags of used clothing collected from around the city.

Out on the floor, two workers sift through women's shirts - beige linen-looking blouses on one pile, silk on another, cotton on a third, knits on a fourth. Little mounds of men's pants, arranged in categories, flank a concrete pillar.

When Wood looks at the mountains of clothes piled high on the factory floor, she sees opportunity. "We are trying to create as many jobs as we possibly can and spin off as many small businesses as we can," she said.

Wood's goal is to generate enough profit from the closet castoffs to increase her staff of 9 to 17 by year's end, and then to 30 by the end of 1998. She hopes entrepreneurs will see New Threads as a source of textiles to create products such as hats or handbags.

Whether it'll work is anybody's guess. A for-profit competitor thinks her goals are unrealistic. Unless, he said, she continues to be subsidized by grants, the economics aren't there. Profit margins are simply too tight, said Jerald Usatch, who runs Dumont Export Corp., the city's largest textile recycling company.

In 1996, grants accounted for 85 percent of New Threads' budget of $294,000. The other 15 percent, or $44,000, came from sales of products.

The rag business - as it has been called - dates back centuries. Taking old clothes and finding new uses for them could be as simple as cutting a child's dress from her mother's skirt.

Nationwide, textile recycling is a $700 million industry, employing about 20,000, according to a trade group, Secondary Materials and Recycled Textiles, in Washington, D.C.

Workers collect old clothes or textile mill ends. The best secondhand clothes - about 5 percent - wind up in thrift stores or upscale resale boutiques.

About half of the rest is exported to Third World countries, where it isn't uncommon to see a child in a small African village wearing a Los Angeles Lakers T-shirt.

The rest - material that is no longer usable as clothing - ends up in a variety of incarnations. A big chunk becomes industrial wiping cloths. Some garments are chewed up into fibers that can be rewoven into rug padding or the gray lining in car trunks, among other uses. Some fibers even show up in American greenbacks.

Traditionally, the rag business has been fragmented, with nonprofit groups, such as the Salvation Army, collecting old clothes, and for-profit rag graders, such as Dumont, sorting, brokering and distributing the leftovers.

Those lines are now blurring. Everyone wants unsorted clothes because the highest profits in the rag business come from second-hand clothes sold in thrift stores.

To gain that access, more and more rag traders have signed contracts with municipalities to introduce textile recycling programs, said Bernard Brill, executive director of the Washington trade group.

New Threads, the nonprofit, wants to integrate all the phases of the business and add a few little twists of its own.

"We're reinterpreting an old industry in a new way," said Wood.

Going door-to-door, New Threads collects old clothes and other textile castoffs such as mill ends, old towels and raggedy curtains. It also has landed a contract with the City of Philadelphia to pick up textiles at several community-run recycling sites in neighborhoods.

New Threads gains access to the prized unsorted textiles, while the city saves a $125-a-ton fee by not having to haul the cloth to the landfill. In return, for running the neighborhood recycling centers, the community groups receive $80-a-ton from the city.

In the New Threads operation, all the collected materials will be trucked to its Kensington factory for sorting.

Some will be sold to brokers for export or for conversion for other uses, some will be sold in stores, and some will be fashioned into new products.

The cream of the castoffs - vintage garments and very high-fashion items - will be sold at its factory to buyers seeking to stock their upscale resale stores. Other high-end clothes will be stocked at New Thread's store on Germantown Avenue in Mount Airy.

On the second floor of the factory, seamstresses at a bank of sewing machines experiment with new products from old cloth. Weavers are experimenting with rag rugs and placemats. A seamstress tries to work donated mill ends into fashionable handbags.

Last Christmas, New Threads offered $20 lined mittens and $10-to-$18 hats stitched from old sweaters. One national store chain ordered 360 pairs of mittens for the holiday season.

Christmas mittens, export-grade rags, industrial wipes - it's a big change for Marilyn Wood.

A little more than two years ago, Wood, 48, was a government bureaucrat, albeit a lofty one, to be sure. As the regional director of the Pennsylvania Department of Community Affairs, she worked with economic development issues.

"I had been frustrated working for the department," she said. "Training was not leading to jobs. All the community development money was going into housing, and the economic development money was going into bricks-and-mortar projects like the Avenue of the Arts.

"It doesn't build back the fabric of the community," she said.

Meanwhile, out in the suburbs, a maverick travel agent, Hal Taussig, famous for his "untours," had read a newspaper article about a clothing-recycling plant in Belgium that employed 240 marginalized workers and generated a profit of $10 million.

Taussig, a failed cattle rancher and a none-too-successful professor, had made a niche for himself in the travel business by helping tourists skip the bus tour rat race. Instead, his company, Idyll Ltd., would set travelers up in chalets in Switzerland, equip them with a rail pass and encourage them to explore the region from one home base instead of skipping around.

As his business grew, he established a foundation - Idyll Development Foundation.

"All the profits from my business go into this foundation," he said.

Growing more concerned about the "maldistribution of income and the growing erosion of center city areas," he looked for something that might help.

Taussig hopped a plane, visited the plant, and decided to set up something similar here. The foundation hunted for a director for New Threads and found Wood, just as a shift in political power in Harrisburg meant she'd be out of work.

New Threads began on Jan. 10, 1995, with a $40,000 loan from the foundation. The factory opened in September 1995, and the store opened the next December.

Taussig said he was heartened by Wood's projections of profitability in a year and her hopes to add 21 workers.

"I feel there is no such thing as profit unless we solve these problems," he said. "If I want to do something for my grandkids, I have to do something that will reverse the real critical maldistribution of wealth in this country."

The factory itself is another story, another part of the fabric to be woven here. A two-tower five-story building, it once housed the textile factories that made Kensington a solid and stable ***working-class*** neighborhood.

The last owner donated it to the New Kensington Development Corp. for a dollar, achieving a tax writeoff in the process. For a time, New Threads gets it rent free, in return for improvements to the building.

Eventually, the community group wants to add more factory tenants and room for community services and youth programs. Wood sees the two uses as warp and woof. Her workers can tap into the community services. The community service network can help her find workers.

"There'll be a healing in the community," said Idolia Rosario of Kensington, who, as New Threads director of operations, spends her day managing the factory. "So many textile factories have gone from this area. This will bring back a textile piece to the community."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Having fun with old clothes is Marilyn Wood, director of New Threads. She hopes entrepreneurs will see the business as a source of textiles for their products. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, WILLIAM F. STEINMETZ)

From swimsuits to sweaters, they have it. New Threads is partly an attempt at community development, says director Marilyn Wood. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, WILLIAM F. STEINMETZ)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Gather round: Fall TV is for family***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46T9-JMR0-010F-K1ST-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

September 20, 2002, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1663 words

**Byline:** Robert Bianco

**Body**

For fall, TV has rediscovered the family.

Families, of course, never went away -- from America or from our TV screens. But as in all genres and subjects, family shows have gone in and out of favor, depending on the mood of the industry and the perceived desires of the audience.

Convinced that the demand for family shows was minimal at best in an age when families no longer spend the evenings glued to the same TV set, the networks have spent the past few seasons chasing the same, elusive, young audience. The predictable result of so much product aimed at so few viewers was ratings collapse -- particularly at ABC, which is now determined to reclaim the glory days of *Full House* and *Home Improvement*.

Still, don't let such things as WB's revival of the kitsch hit *Family Affair* fool you: This isn't the '60s (though nostalgia for the decade is rampant this season). Family TV is no longer limited to white suburban couples living a married-with-children existence. In reality, American families were never that monolithic; it just took TV a few decades to notice.

Which means you'll be seeing many different types of families in many different kinds of family shows when the fall season officially begins Monday. Not all of them are appropriate for all the members of *your* family. Some are too mature for younger children or too immature for older ones. Some will delight a wide range of viewers, some will please a targeted few, and some will send any rational human being screaming from the room.

In other words, there's something for -- and *not* for -- almost everyone. The trick is knowing which is which.

That brings us to this guide, which sorts out the major family debuts according to their primary target audience. Categories are neither exclusive nor all-inclusive: It's possible to enjoy *Family Affair* if you don't have kids, and it's possible to hate it if you do. But this should give you a rough idea of whether a new show is right for you and yours.

At the very least, it will give the family something to talk about. You might discover you have more TV tastes in common than you knew.

For families with very small children

Family Affair (WB, Thursday, 8 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: It's the same as in the original. Three children move in with their gruff-but-goodhearted uncle and his English manservant. Think *Heidi* with more orphans and a richer relative.

\* The family guide: If you can look past the mild sexual allusions (most of which will fly over young heads), this show offers a fairly harmless pre-bedtime snack for children and for those adults who have excessively fond memories of the show from when they were young. The cutoff line will vary from house to house, but any child whose thoughts might turn to dating Sissy or Uncle Bill, rather than hugging Mrs. Beasley or dropping a water balloon on Mr. French, is too old.

For families with preteen girls

*What I Like About You* (WB, Friday, 8 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: Teenage girl (Nickelodeon star Amanda Bynes) goes to Manhattan to live with her beautiful big sister (Jennie Garth of *Beverly Hills, 90210*).

\* The family guide: The general assumption is that children watch shows to see who they could become, not to see who they are. Shows set in college are usually most popular with high school kids, and shows set in high school are usually aimed at junior-high kids. So it is with *You*, which allows preteen girls to fantasize about living in the big city with a loving but not controlling big sister. Teen girls already know it ain't gonna happen.

For families with teen girls

*8 Simple Rules for Dating My Teenage Daughter* (ABC, Tuesday, 8 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: John Ritter stars as a flummoxed father trying to raise two teen daughters -- one smart, one pretty -- with the help of his wiser wife (Katey Sagal).

\* The family guide: ABC hopes *Rules* offers something for the entire family. Parents are supposed to identify with the parents; kids are supposed to identify with the kids while marveling at how stupid Dad really is. As a bonus, there's a certain nostalgia factor in watching Ritter, who became a star as a man comically undone by a houseful of women, playing an older, married version of the same guy. Thankfully, this time there are no annoying downstairs neighbors. And nobody snorts.

For single-parent families

*Everwood* (WB, Monday, 9 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: When his wife dies, a famous doctor (Treat Williams) gives up his lucrative New York practice and moves his teenage son and wise-beyond-her-years young daughter to Everwood, Colo.

\* The family guide: Designed to appeal to the audience that loves *7th Heaven*, this show is built for family viewing. Like all WB series, there's a strong teen girl fantasy element running throughout, best personified by breakout star Gregory Smith as the doctor's soulful, outcast son. (Only on WB are outcasts this good-looking.) There also is something for parents in Williams' well-portrayed struggles as the single dad. Those parents had better have a high tolerance for rising sap, however, because *Everwood* pours it on by the gallon.

For Latino families

*Greetings From Tucson* (WB, Friday, 9:30 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: Mexican dad and Irish mom guide their teenage son and daughter through the culture clash of modern America.

\* The family guide: This is only the second sitcom built around a Latino family. And like every under-represented minority in America, Latino families have longed to see themselves portrayed on television. As with those other minorities, that usually means they'll accept any reasonably positive portrait, even if it lacks humor or reality and even if it contains stereotypes they might find offensive in other contexts. *Tucson* isn't much of a sitcom, but its good intentions are never far from the surface, and that might be enough.

For no-longer-empty-nest families

*In-Laws* (NBC, Tuesday, 8 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: Tough economic times force newlyweds to move in with the bride's mom and dad (played by TV veterans Jean Smart and Dennis Farina). There's one complication: Dad despises his new son-in-law.

\* The family guide: If you have children who are considering the same living arrangement and you don't want them to do it, show them *In-Laws.* That should scare them out of it. Otherwise, it's recommended only for people who are or were in a similar situation and want to shudder through a re-creation of it.

For blue-collar families

Still Standing (CBS, Monday, 9:30 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: ***Working-class*** couple (Mark Addy and Jami Gertz) try to balance the budget while balancing the sometimes conflicting demands of marriage and parenthood.

\* The family guide: Families who enjoy the other sitcoms in CBS' Monday prime-time lineup (King of Queens, Yes, Dear and Everybody Loves Raymond) should be primed for Standing, which is a much better fit than Becker was. But perhaps those families can answer this question: Are all overweight men in America married to slim, beautiful women? Because they sure seem to be on TV.

For boomer families

American Dreams (NBC, Sunday, 8 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: Teenage girl in 1963 wants to dance on Bandstand; strict Catholic dad disapproves. Luckily for her, Dad has other problems: His eldest son, a star athlete, wants to quit football (there goes that scholarship to Notre Dame); his younger son is fighting polio; and his wife has discovered the nascent women's movement.

\* The family guide: If the failure of Freaks and Geeks proved anything, it's that kids today are not interested in their parents' nostalgic yearnings for yesterday. Then again, parents weren't interested in Freaks either, because it was a far-too-accurate reproduction of a past many of us would prefer to forget. No such problem with Dreams, which buries even the worst problems of the '60s under a steady Bandstand beat. If you have missed seeing groups lip-sync to Motown hits, this could be your idea of a TV dream.

For stepfamilies

Half & Half (UPN, Monday, 9:30 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: Rich, pampered daughter from dad's second marriage moves into the building occupied by bitter, poorer daughter from dad's first marriage. The girls might learn to get along; their mothers never will.

\* The family guide: Like Tucson, Half's primary appeal probably will be to an ethnic audience -- in this case, the black viewers who have made a success out of UPN's Monday night lineup. It would be a shame, though, if no other families tuned in. Half isn't the funniest sitcom you've ever seen, but it's a sweet show that imparts some gentle lessons about sibling and parental rivalries. You don't even have to be a child of remarriage: Anyone who has ever said "Daddy loved you best" will get the point.

For time-traveling families

Do Over (WB, Thursday, 8:30 p.m. ET/PT) and That Was Then (ABC, Friday, 9 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: Two shows with the same plot -- thirtysomething loser gets a bolt from the blue and wakes up back in high school in the early '80s. The main difference is Over is comedic (sort of) and Then is dramatic (sort of).

\* The family guide: Well, all right, the shows do hope to attract a larger audience than just time travelers. What you really have here is one plot aimed at two generations: a look at mom and dad's life in the '80s filtered through modern teenage sensibilities. The odd thing is, there are apparently at least two people in Hollywood whose entire lives hinged on a badly delivered speech in high school. That's something only their families needed to know.

For overly familiar families

Bram and Alice (CBS, Sunday, 8:30 p.m. ET/PT)

\* The family plot: Dad (Alfred Molina) mistakes his daughter (Traylor Howard) for a former one-night stand and hits on her. Luckily for network standards and practices, the mistaken-identity plot is untangled before he actually moves in for the sexual kill.

\* The family guide: If this actually reflects your family, do us all a favor. Turn off the TV. Seek professional help.Cover story

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, Color, AP; PHOTO, Color, H. Armstrong Roberts, Corbis, color by Suzy Parker, USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, Randy Tepper, WB; PHOTO, Color, Chris Haston, NBC; PHOTO, B/W, Gail M. Adler, UPN; Good intentions: Pablo Santos and Sara Paxton star in Greetings from Tucson, aimed at Hispanic audiences. Complications: Elon Gold, left, Dennis Farina in In-Laws.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 2002

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[***Dreaming of their own Final Four;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5020-002B-H2W3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Stardom is a goal, a mirage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5020-002B-H2W3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

April 1, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1363 words

**Byline:** Suzanne P. Kelly; Staff Writer

**Body**

Gangly teenagers, wearing jeans, T-shirts, sneakers and Starter jackets, reclined against the walls of the Phyllis Wheatley Community Center in Minneapolis, waiting for the gym to open.

Boisterous and full of teenage braggadocio, they talked basketball: the state high school championship. The Final Four. Which of them had the sweetest moves.

No talk of spring training here. No concern about the looming NHL strike.

"Basketball," explained 17-year-old Allen Draughn, "is it!"

On urban playgrounds and in city recreation centers, basketball is it. It embraces the minds and imaginations of kids as young as 4 or 5, and its magic lingers long after a player's knees are gone.

This weekend a few dozen college students living out their playground fantasies will descend on the Metrodome for the NCAA's Final Four tournament. But as thousands of fans cheer Duke, Michigan, Cincinnati and Indiana, a debate continues over whether the game that so many love has hurt more kids than it has helped.

Chances are slim for success in the sports arena, and many kids may be honing their athletic prowess at the expense of academic achievement.

Basketball requires no special equipment - only a rim, sneakers and a ball. In return, it offers the chance to test the limits of gravity, to match skills one-on-one or team-against-team. The best become legend.

Some play for the passion - the rush that comes from pulling up 20 feet out and lofting a ball that just kisses the net. For Draughn, it's penetrating to the middle.

"You know, when the game is coming down to the wire and you do that Jordan fake move, then go to the basket," said Draughn. "It's all about playing to win."

For others, the exertion of crashing the boards and running full-court is a way to release tension.

And then there are the kids who play the game, join leagues and practice endlessly because they believe they can be the next Michael Jordan or Magic Johnson or Larry Bird. For them the sport can be a seductively advertised road to million-dollar contracts, nice cars and respect.

Black youths, in particular, have been vulnerable to the lure of the blacktop and the disillusionment that can result when dreams of adulation and professional contracts collide with reality. Just as with hockey in many ***working-class*** neighborhoods in Minnesota and Canada, the idea of using sport as a ticket to college, the pros, and a better life continues to be a deceptive myth.

For that reason, many coaches and parents encourage kids to pursue other interests.

"Sport, in general, has hurt more people than it's helped," said Kenny Williamson, assistant coach of the Florida State University basketball team.

Jay Coakley, author of "Sport in Society," said that even in sports where blacks are highly represented - basketball, football and baseball - opportunities for advancement are minuscule. In the NBA, where 75 percent of the players are black, there are only about 200 opportunities.

Overall, he estimated, only about 3,000 blacks make their living in pro sports. "Since there are over 30 million blacks in the United States, this means that only 1 out of every 10,000 is employed in professional sports," said Coakley, a professor at the University of Colorado.

He said changes in eligibility requirements have forced many high school and college athletes to take their studies more seriously. But the people who pay the most attention to the odds against turning pro continue to be parents, teachers and "responsible" coaches.

"Most of the athletes still think they are going to be the exception to the rule," said Coakley. "Particularly those who are standouts in their high school or region because they feel already that they are the exception. So you can quote the odds to them all day long and it won't have a major impact on their aspirations."

Many experts acknowledge the statistics, but say sports still serve an important role for youth, teaching them skills that can be applied in other areas.

Dr. Larry Hawkins, director of the Institute for Athletics and Education at the University of Chicago, says that for many youngsters, sports can be magic. He is among those who see sports participation as a way to help youths better themselves and said sports are often what motivate kids to start thinking about college.

"It is fair for a student to think about sports as a vehicle to get to college," said Hawkins. "It is just as normal as telling a kid to shoot to become a great surgeon. You have far more kids who want to be great heart surgeons than will actually become surgeons, but it is important for them to shoot for that. When the goal is at the apex and you reach out for it and work toward it, even if you don't hit it, you will hit something quite high."

Kenneth Foxworth, a former Gopher football player and coordinator of African-American services at the University of Minnesota-Duluth, agrees that sports can be a springboard but said the possibilities are limited.

"Yes, some kids will get athletic scholarships," said Foxworth. "But there is tons of money for engineers to go to school, tons of money for math majors, tons of money to be teachers . . . and yet we don't push those options for our kids."

Foxworth said that many youths, especially boys, are influenced by advertisements that idealize athletes. Because ads showing other kinds of role models are not as prevalent, he said, young people often get a lopsided view.

He added that unless kids have positive influences at home and good coaches who can help translate concepts such as teamwork, discipline and perseverance to real life, sports ultimately have little benefit.

"Many coaches aren't trained to do that," said Foxworth. "They are pushing them so hard to win that they don't understand that winning and losing are a part of the total experience."

Jamesrobert Logan, who coaches several youth league basketball teams in Minneapolis, said he understands more than most the consequences of placing basketball over books, and of not preparing for life without sports.

Watching his team run laps and shoot layups one recent afternoon, he reflected on his mistakes, and on the role of a good coach.

"I stress the books with them because I know how it can be," said Logan, 22, who graduated from Roosevelt High School. "I missed out on my chance. I was good enough to play in college, but I slacked off [in high school], so I never got the chance. That's why I try to give them something more than basketball. I try to talk to them about responsibility, leadership, self-image. . . . "

Logan, who benches players who fall behind in school, said there are a half-dozen boys on his team who have a decent shot at playing for a Division II college. A few may even have what it takes to make it to Division I. They'll have a chance, he said, as long as they keep their grades up and stay disciplined.

"There are still some guys who think they can make it just playing ball," Logan said. "They just haven't gotten the message."

Marcus Zackery, 13, is on Logan's squad. The seventh-grader, like many boys his age, said he loves the game and wants to play for several more years - in high school and maybe college. For now, he often practices five days a week, two hours a day. He spends about an hour each day doing homework.

"My favorite move is the reverse layup," said Marcus, who attends Franklin Junior High School. "I taught myself how to do it."

Does he emulate Michael Jordan? "Well," said Marcus, "somewhat."

Marcus' mom, Bennie Zackery, has had four sons fall in love with basketball. She's told each of them the same thing: Follow your dream, but have a solid education and another career path to fall back on.

"Marcus would love to be a Magic Johnson," she said. "I'm telling him, 'You know what you have to do.' I can't say he won't be another Magic, because I think we have to encourage our kids. But it is important that I tell him that he has to have something in case he doesn't make it."

Zackery thinks sports can boost self-esteem and provide such life skills as discipline, working cooperatively, and learning how to handle loss. "It gives some kids the first opportunity to believe, 'I can really do something.' "

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** April 3, 1992

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[***A town wonders: Does crime run in families?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46P4-FK50-010F-K0GJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

September 5, 2002, Thursday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1718 words

**Byline:** John Ritter

**Dateline:** OREGON CITY, Ore.

**Body**

OREGON CITY, Ore. -- When Ward Weaver was a teenager, his father murdered a young couple and buried the woman in his backyard, sealing the grave with concrete. More than two decades later, Weaver is the prime suspect in a crime with the same grisly ending: the murders of two young girls, one of them buried under a backyard concrete slab.

The case that has shocked this close-knit, ***working-class*** city is not Weaver's first brush with the law. He had served time for assaulting a babysitter with a 12-pound concrete block. His father sits on death row in California for the double murder in 1981. His 19-year-old son was sentenced to juvenile detention for shooting another teenager.

Now, many in this city of 25,000 at the end of the Oregon Trail are wondering whether violence runs in the Weaver family. They're also wondering whether investigators, knowing the family history, could have pursued Weaver more aggressively and perhaps even saved the life of one of the girls.

The Weaver case, one of several highly publicized child abductions around the country this summer, dusts off a long-running debate over the roots of violent crime that appears in the same family from generation to generation.

Nearly half of all inmates have close relatives who have been in prison, according to Justice Department statistics, but there is no consensus on why the proportion is so high.

Some experts say social factors -- poverty, dysfunctional homes, poor schooling, bad role models, lack of opportunities -- are to blame for repeated cycles of criminality in families. Others say the capacity for criminal behavior is inherited from parents, like eye color or bone structure.

"The argument has been going on for decades," says Peter Smerick, a former FBI agent and criminal profiler. "The jury is still out."

Ward Weaver III, 39, was jailed Aug. 13 on charges, unrelated to the girls' disappearances, that he raped his son's girlfriend. The bodies of Ashley Pond, 12, and Miranda Gaddis, 13, were found last week behind the one-story house Weaver rented. Miranda's body was in a shed, Ashley's in a barrel buried under a concrete slab.

Ashley and Miranda lived in an apartment complex near Weaver and were classmates of Weaver's daughter, Mallori. Both girls had slept over occasionally with Mallori, and Ashley had grown particularly close to Weaver, friends of hers say. Although her family denies it, Weaver says Ashley lived in his house for a few months and he treated her like a daughter.

Prosecutors say they'll seek an indictment. Weaver has denied involvement in the killings.

Ashley was last seen Jan. 9, Miranda on March 8. The FBI searched Weaver's house and property with dogs soon after Miranda disappeared, but investigators now say her body might have been moved to the shed from elsewhere after the search.

In light of information that has surfaced about Weaver, many here are asking why a search wasn't done earlier.

"They should have been all over him way sooner," waitress Elizabeth Hooper says. "I'm not a cop, but I think they should have been looking at that concrete slab. Those girls lived just down the street."

In July 2001, authorities now acknowledge, Ashley told an aunt that Weaver had molested her, but FBI spokeswoman Beth Anne Steele says investigators can't say why the accusation didn't come to their attention sooner. Weaver was not charged.

Weaver's former wife Kristi Sloan says Weaver had an explosive temper and a history of violent behavior. She says she told FBI agents in the spring that they should dig under the freshly poured concrete slab. "It just makes me so sick that it took the FBI so long," she told Portland's *The Oregonian* newspaper*.*

As Weaver became the focus of the investigation this summer, he gave interviews freely and projected an image of a working man and doting father. He told *The Oregonian* that he poured the slab because he planned to install a Jacuzzi. In an appearance on *Good Morning America* in July, he admitted that he had failed a lie-detector test about the girls' disappearance and complained he was being targeted because his father had a criminal record.

Weaver's father, Ward Weaver Jr., is on death row in San Quentin prison for clubbing a stranded motorist to death with a pipe, then raping and strangling the man's fiancee before burying her under concrete. The FBI's Steele declines to say when agents learned of Weaver's father's record and whether it influenced the investigation of the missing girls.

In addition to the assault conviction against Ward Weaver III, both of his former wives had filed for restraining orders against him. Sloan says he once beat her with a frying pan while she slept and threatened to kill her.

Son implicates father

After his girlfriend was allegedly raped, Weaver's son, Francis, called 911 and said his father had admitted raping and killing Ashley Pond and Miranda Gaddis.

Francis, too, has had run-ins with authorities, according to Rodney Weaver, Ward's half brother. Rodney says that Francis lived with him and his wife for more than two years in Shoshone, Idaho, and that the teenager was involved in a graffiti incident and was kicked out of school. Francis also pleaded guilty to aggravated assault in 1999 after firing into a group of teens and wounding one. He was sentenced to six months.

But Rodney Weaver, 31, scoffs at the notion that crime runs in his family. He says he has always been law-abiding and points out that neither he nor Ward lived with their father past a young age. His father and his first wife, who produced Ward, split when Ward was 4. When the father was jailed for the double murder, he had started a second family in Oroville, Calif. Rodney, his son from that marriage, was 10. Ward was living in the Portland area.

"In my opinion, it's a bunch of bs," Rodney says. "For there to be a cycle, wouldn't the son need to be around the father?" The elder Weaver has five children; the three others are girls who've never been in trouble, Rodney says. "I have no idea what happened to Ward," he says of his half brother. "I don't know how he was raised."

Rodney was 10 when he helped his father dig the hole where he buried the motorist's fiancee. He says he thought they were looking for a broken sewer pipe. "My father was actually a good influence on me. He taught me a lesson -- I'm not going there," Rodney says. "Statistically, I should have been a criminal."

But researchers who think heredity plays the key role in perpetuating criminal behavior in families say it's irrelevant how much time a child spends with a parent.

"It's pretty clear there's a significant genetic component to antisocial behavior," says David Comings, director of medical genetics at City of Hope National Medical Center in Duarte, Calif. "So it should come as no surprise that criminal behavior can run in a family."

Comings says that no single gene accounts for such behavior and that many different genes must come together to produce it. Social factors contribute, he says. For example, a criminal father is more likely to marry a woman who has her own problems and produce children more at risk for antisocial behavior. "I'm not saying environment is not a factor," Comings says. "But to discount genes as a factor is probably being excessively politically correct."

Others disagree.

"It's very tempting to say it must be biological," says Dina Rose, director of research and policy advocacy for the Women's Prison Association and Home, a New York non-profit group that tries to ease the transition of women from prison to freedom. "But it's not convincing unless you can expose families to different kinds of social environments and they behave the same way."

Rose says when a father goes to prison, the family's standard of living often drops and the children suffer the stigma of having a criminal parent. Other issues -- learning problems, drug or alcohol addiction, abuse -- can influence children left behind.

Parenting in prison

Awareness is growing that a way to stem the cycle of family crime is to teach prisoners to be better parents and to encourage healthy relationships with their children while they're still behind bars.

"Kids with parents in prison are five times more likely to become criminals themselves," says Ben de Haan, director of the Oregon Department of Corrections and creator of a pioneering program aimed at reducing the number of children who follow their parents into crime.

The phenomenon became more pronounced as the nation's prison population nearly doubled since 1990. De Haan says he can't settle the debate over genes vs. environment, but he knows this: The prison system can't change heredity, but it can help change a family's environment.

Oregon's program to teach inmates to be better parents is too new to show results because none of 170 inmates who have received parenting training has been released. But de Haan is encouraged.

Inmates are not only changing how they relate to their children but also are examining their own adolescence to understand the forces that propelled them toward crime. At Oregon's women's prison this fall, a Head Start grant will allow mothers to spend time helping their kids learn to read.

Part of the training is role-playing with surrogate children, in this case teddy bears. Inmates must treat their bears as they would their kids, arranging day care when they go to prison jobs, for instance. And they take the role seriously. One female inmate refused to let her bear be in the presence of convicted sex offenders.

"There are some who would ask, 'Why is a prison system getting engaged in this kind of stuff?' " de Haan says. "Our mission requires us to reduce the likelihood of future criminal conduct."

The program is a bargain for the taxpayers, de Haan says. His department estimates the average cost of incarcerating a repeat offender at $ 57,000 compared with a few hundred dollars to give an inmate parenting training.

In one notorious Oregon family, 28 members of the Bogle family, including grandchildren of patriarch Rooster Bogle, went to prison. Estimated cost: at least $ 3 million.

De Haan attends graduations for inmates who finish training. "It's a pretty moving experience to see hardened convicts, covered in tattoos, sitting cross-legged on the stage reading to their children for the first time in their life," he says.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, Color, AP (2); PHOTO, B/W, Greg Wahl-Stephens, AP; PHOTO, B/W, Marv Bondarowicz, The (Portland) Oregonian, via Agence France-Presse; Father: Buried woman in his backyard in 1981. Son: 2 bodies found in his backyard last week.<>Makeshift memorial: Luana Elliott ties a pair of handmade wings above the crime scene tape on a fence. The memorial is for Ashley Pond, 12, and Miranda Gaddis, 13. Their bodies were found in Ward Weaver's yard.<>Investigators in the yard: FBI agents dig behind Ward Weaver's rental house in Oregon City on Aug. 26. He denies involvement in the killings.

**Load-Date:** September 5, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A murderer, or just a misfit?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:538W-BJ31-DYJT-251J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

July 10, 2011 Sunday

WEB Edition

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**Section:** WEB; Inq Special Reports; Pg. WEB

**Length:** 2855 words

**Byline:** By John P. Martin

INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Nearly 95 percent of all major criminal cases

end in a plea deal, an arrangement that gives prosecutors a conviction, defendants a shot

at leniency, and the system a tidy resolution.

But sometimes, doubts linger.

CLEVELAND, OCT. 9, 2003

The hearing lasts barely 20 minutes.

The judge follows a routine script, reeling off questions to make sure there's no doubt about the charges and consequences: Murder. Arson. Possibly life in prison.

In an orange prison jumpsuit and handcuffs, the defendant spits out mostly two- or three-word replies.

"I understand," Daniel Montgomery tells the judge eight times. "I plead guilty," he says twice.

His parents sit tensely in the front row, numb from his decision to plead and the seven-hour drive from their longtime King of Prussia home to see it. Next to them, their older son stifles an urge to jump, yell, somehow halt the proceeding.

The rest of the courtroom is filled with friends and relatives of William Gulas, 68, a Franciscan priest found scorched beyond recognition with a bullet in his back. They wear buttons with his photo. Gulas' cousin speaks. He is angry.

"I will never shed a tear thinking about what you will suffer in prison," he tells Montgomery. "You took him away from a community that loved him. And he loved you, Dan. And you sit there - and you stare."

Montgomery locks his gaze on the judge. It's his turn to break a 10-month silence, maybe explain why he, an honors student, pacifist, and friar, morphed into a killer.

He can't describe what he doesn't know - about the gun, the money, the cellphone. He says little.

"I want to say how truly sorry I am that this happened," he says. "I especially wish to apologize to the family of Father Gulas and the Franciscans. And I sincerely hope and pray that I may be rehabilitated."

They don't sound like the words of an innocent man.

MARION, OHIO AUGUST 2009

Vending machines line two walls. The floor is off-white linoleum with flecks of brown and tan. Twin girls in pigtails, white shirts, and green scotch-plaid uniforms squeal and play in the kids' corner, under a mural of a tree and balloons.

To be sure, this isn't a school cafeteria. Armed guards sit in other corners, peering at the 30 or so prisoners and visitors crammed into assigned seats at square brown tables.

There are 2,300 inmates here at the North Central Correctional Institution, about 45 minutes north of Columbus, Ohio. Most are medium-security criminals, more likely to be here for drug-dealing and burglary than murder.

I'm at one of the vending machines, waiting for a cup of coffee, when I turn and see Montgomery standing near my designated seat. As I approach, he thrusts his palm toward me. It's unnerving, though I'm not sure why. There's nothing wrong with a handshake, I tell myself.

Montgomery folds his gangly frame into a blue-plastic chair. He speaks rapidly, almost unintelligibly fast.

Just as he did in high school.

"I didn't fit in," he says.

Montgomery is talking about his religious order and the Cleveland parish where he lived. He could have been talking about Archbishop Carroll High School in Radnor Township.

We were classmates there. The teachers often sat students in alphabetical order. We were both M's.

We had many courses together, but weren't friends. Since our graduation in 1984, I had seen Montgomery once, at a 10-year class reunion. I don't recall talking to him then, and can't think why we would have been. Not the way we are now - one on one, about a murder.

He was arrested in December 2002, a Franciscan friar accused of shooting a beloved pastor, then torching the rectory to hide the killing. That the crime occurred as the sex-abuse scandal was roiling the church only heightened interest in the case.

I followed it from afar, stirred by personal and professional curiosity. I had spent years covering crime and courts.

The Montgomery I recalled seemed an unlikely killer: a lanky, nerdy, straitlaced teen. He excelled academically, usually ranking in the top 10.

Socially, he struggled.

He had to move his locker to escape bullying. His older siblings and their friends had to arrange his prom dates. At school dances, he flailed, sometimes alone, across the floor, seemingly oblivious to the snickers. Disco Dan, some called him. I know because I was there, snickering with the others. In the teen caste system, kids like Montgomery reassured the rest of us by helping to establish the pecking order. Mocking was always better than to be mocked.

Not that he deserved it.

More than anything, I recalled the way Montgomery talked: at hyper-speed, as if worried he might lose his thought or you might lose interest before he conveyed it. And he spoke with a distinct, almost theatrical affectation, as if he was auditioning, chin up, at the community playhouse.

He doesn't look too different now, sitting hunched over table No. 5 in the prison visiting room. Older, of course. More wrinkles, less hair, none of the painful-looking acne that once plagued him.

But the same face, same mannerisms. And that same Tommy-gun, staccato way of talking that made him seem so tightly wound - traits perhaps of a person who one day might snap.

Had he? I assumed so. He confessed to Gulas' murder hours after Cleveland police began questioning him. He pleaded guilty 10 months later and was sentenced to 24 years to life in prison. If he was lucky enough to win parole on his first try, he could be free by age 61.

Prosecutors had suggested that Montgomery erupted in a rage after learning his Franciscan superiors wanted to reassign him. I didn't know all the details. The three lines he read at sentencing marked his only public comments on Gulas' death.

So I had written to Montgomery, proposing a visit. My goal was a deeper look at why, when, and how the National Honor Society member who sat near me in English and calculus and history had become a murderer.

His reply was a six-page, single-spaced letter. I was struck by how long, well-written, and frank it was. Montgomery poured out more details of his life, including some I preferred not to know, than I had gleaned during four years walking the same school halls. But I understood that one thing inmates have is time, and pen pals can be hard to come by.

The letter recounted the experiences he said had shaped him, his path to becoming the friar known as Brother Dan. He also detailed his medical problems: seizures, bouts of depression, suicidal thoughts. And, briefly, his account of what happened in Cleveland.

Montgomery said he hadn't killed Gulas.

The confession? Crafted by police, signed by him in a mentally unbalanced state, he wrote. The guilty plea? The result of bullying by indifferent defense attorneys who ignored his assertions of innocence and gave him no options.

"My lawyers told me repeatedly that I would get the death penalty if I took my case to trial," he wrote to me.

It ended: "So as you see, there has been a major injustice here, and I hope you can get the truth out there so I can go free."

Sitting across from me in the visiting room, he tells me his version again. More details, but never drifting from the outline of his letter.

The story I had envisioned wasn't so complex. Sorting his facts from his fiction might be more draining, and lead nowhere. A part of me had hoped I could just sit in front of him and recognize a killer. Another part of me doesn't want to stare.

I say little, except that I'd like to keep talking, and maybe learn more about his case.

Privately, I have my doubts: An inmate who recants a confession? Facing life in prison, who wouldn't?

CLEVELAND DEC. 7, 2002

The 911 call comes in at 12:30 p.m.

"Yes, I'd like to report a fire at St. Stanislaus rectory located at 3-6-4-9 E. 65th St., corner of East 65th and Forman," Montgomery tells the dispatcher.

"Right, got it up here," is the reply.

Fire engines roar to the scene. In a city with deep Catholic roots, St. Stanislaus is renowned. Its century-old church is as grand as a cathedral, a tour-bus magnet, and worthy of the National Register of Historic Places.

As important, the church anchors its southeast Cleveland neighborhood.

The area, nicknamed Slavic Village, was once an enclave for ***working-class*** Polish and Czech immigrants. Then the mills closed, and the jobs disappeared - replaced by ever-encroaching poverty, drugs, and crime.

Some fled. St. Stan's is the reason others have stayed. Its school is an oasis, its church a reminder of better times. One Sunday Mass is still celebrated in Polish, the bulletin printed in two languages.

Smoke billows from its rectory as firefighters swarm.

Montgomery stands outside, directing crews toward a side door into the building.

More engines arrive, as do TV news cameras. A crowd builds on the sidewalk, watching the struggle to contain the blaze.

Marilyn Mosinski is a few blocks away, helping her mother decorate for Christmas, when her father calls to report the rectory in flames. Mosinski bolts down the block, not bothering to grab a jacket on a frigid day. Her thoughts turn to Gulas.

If St. Stan's is the ship that keeps the community afloat, Father Willy is its beloved captain. In nearly a decade at the parish helm, Gulas has overseen a $1.5 million renovation of the church, a surge in parish membership, and the creation of a corporation to buy dilapidated property and rehab the neighborhood.

A native of Hazleton, Pa., Gulas had also served as the leader of the Franciscan chapter in Wisconsin - called the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary Province - that staffs parishes, missions, and schools in seven states. That included Philadelphia's largest Catholic high school at the time, Archbishop Ryan.

Mosinski, 37, is tight with Gulas. Just the night before, she went with him to a holiday gala downtown. Their outing ended after midnight with Gulas laughing as they dropped him off at the rectory gates. Mosinski and the others watched the white-haired priest climb the steps into the brick building.

Now, black smoke pours from its windows - and no one knows where Gulas is. Not even Brother Dan, who escaped the flames.

If Father Willy is the captain at St. Stan's, Montgomery is a mere deckhand, and not a skillful one at that. He arrived five months earlier, after almost five years with the Franciscans. Friars in the order take vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and are known as much for their devotion to the poor and downtrodden as for their brown robes and sandals.

Montgomery isn't from Cleveland and doesn't speak Polish. Some parishioners find him painfully awkward or aloof. His motormouth has so exasperated his superiors that they once sent him to a speech therapist, hoping he could be taught to slow down.

Nothing worked, at least in Cleveland. Brother Dan, 37, knows that parishioners and school officials complain about his quirky behavior, his social ineptitude.

"My time as a Franciscan may be numbered," he had scrawled in his journal late one night. "Check out Temple, Widener law schools."

That was a month ago. Then came the news he feared but had expected: The order was transferring him to a retirement villa in rural Indiana to care for older friars. He sensed it was something more - the first step toward his dismissal.

In the days since, Brother Dan had largely stayed to himself, holing up in his second-floor bedroom. That was where he was when the blaze broke out, he tells firefighters.

A ringing phone woke him. He answered it, went downstairs, noticed the flames, tried to extinguish them, then called 911. He tells them he thought he was alone in the building.

Watching the smoke pour from the rectory, Mosinski has a bad feeling. Gulas isn't answering his cellphone. She thinks of that damn toaster oven, the one Father Willy could never get to work right.

Then a buzz goes through the crowd. About a body.

Firefighters find Gulas' charred corpse splayed near the doorway of his first-floor office. The smoke is so thick, they nearly trip over it. One firefighter, Justina Saxby, sees what looks to be blood on Gulas' face and notices that the priest is shirtless.

When the flames are extinguished, rescue personnel wheel the body out to a waiting ambulance. Mosinski and others huddle to pray over Gulas as Brother Dan leads them in the Our Father.

Later that night, Cleveland Police Officer Bonnie Simmerly sits in her patrol car outside the church. A teenage girl approaches.

She is crying.

"I think Brother Daniel did it," the girl tells the officer.

Why? Simmerly asks.

"Brother Daniel got caught hurting a girl," the teen replies, "and he was supposed to get fired."

The next day, arson investigators wait for Montgomery after the 11:30 a.m. Mass and ask him to come downtown. They say they have questions about the fire.

GROVE CITY, OHIO DECEMBER 2009

The store at the Marathon Oil gas station on Broadway here is largely indistinguishable from most of its competitors. It boasts racks crammed with candy bars, nuts, beef jerky. The clerk and cash register are walled behind double-paned glass. The restroom key dangles from knotted rope.

But the station, 150 miles south of Cleveland, might give me something the others do not: information about who killed Gulas.

It's a bitterly cold night, seven years after the murder. Station owner Amer Alahmad stands in blue jeans and a red sweater, smoking a Marlboro Light. Alahmad, a Jordanian, and his relatives own three mini-markets in Ohio, including one in Cleveland called K&S, four blocks from St. Stanislaus.

Alahmad glances at a copy of Montgomery's confession, a two-page, typed statement that the friar signed in 2002. I had found it in a thin court file.

I was curious to find out if Alahmad knows what it says: that Montgomery bought the murder weapon at his store. Prosecutors listed Alahmad as a potential trial witness.

In the confession, Montgomery says he had never been to K&S market before, but heard it was the scene of "drug dealing and other illegal activities."

The day before the fire, it says, he walked to the store and asked the counter clerk, a medium-build black man about 30 years old, where he could get a weapon.

"The guy reached under the counter and pulled a gun out. He said, 'How 'bout this one?' " the confession states. It was a .38-caliber snub-nosed handgun, black with tan grips. And it was loaded. According to his statement, Montgomery paid the man $40 and left.

To me, the account sounds implausible.

Montgomery was a pacifist with no criminal record, history of violence, or ties to firearms. He lived under a vow of poverty, talked oddly, and typically wore his brown friar's robe and sandals - in other words, he was a memorable character.

Wouldn't the weapon purchase have been easy to verify? And wouldn't prosecutors have pounced on the chance to charge whoever had sold the gun used to kill a popular priest?

They didn't. In fact, they never found the weapon - or mentioned where Montgomery had gotten it.

Alahmad says the confession is flawed. He says that he didn't sell weapons. And that he had banned his employees from arming themselves after his uncle was shot trying to foil a store robbery.

Besides, he says, Montgomery's description of the cashier doesn't make sense. On the afternoon before Gulas' murder, a young girl, not a middle-age man, was working the counter, he says.

Like all his employees, she was white. "I just hire white people there at that time," Alahmad tells me.

He says he told the police the same thing.

I ask him if he has any thoughts on how an introverted white friar living on $200 a month might have scored a gun in that neighborhood.

Alahmad is not sure. He says he recently paid $600 for a gun, and that was a legal purchase. It's hard to imagine an illegal one being cheaper.

Then again, he says, maybe Montgomery stole it from someone he knew, or pilfered it from a car, or found it. If you believe Alahmad, most Americans carry a gun. And the ones who snap always seem able to get one.

"I know stories weird like this," Alahmad says in slightly mangled English. He tells me about a man in his homeland who had been molested as a child by a teacher but kept it secret. "And the guy, he doesn't say nothing," Alahmad says. "When he was 27 years old, he went and shot the teacher."

Maybe he's right, I think. Montgomery snapped.

But why confess to a murder and fire, then lie about where you got the gun? And would someone who "snaps" and buys a gun wait almost a full day to use it?

Alahmad shares another detail before we part. He motions to a cramped room to the left of the cashier's glass cage in his market.

On a table sits a video-monitoring system. Next to it is a week's worth of surveillance tapes from cameras strategically placed inside and outside his store.

Alahmad says it's the same setup he has at K&S market in Slavic Village. The same setup he showed police after Gulas' death. "They see I have the cameras, so I told them," Alahmad says.

He tells me he offered to let detectives review the tapes, which would prove Montgomery hadn't visited the store.

Alahmad can't remember if they did. But after investigators left his store, he says, no one called to ask him about the murder again.

Contact staff writer John P. Martin

at 215-854-4774 or [*jmartin@phillynews.com*](mailto:jmartin@phillynews.com).

**Load-Date:** July 10, 2011

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[***LABOR'S CLOUT STILL INFLUENCES ELECTIONS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46NM-47J0-0027-X1Y6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Unions play important role on campaign trail***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46NM-47J0-0027-X1Y6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

September 1, 2002 Sunday CITY EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. A1

**Length:** 1776 words

**Byline:** William Hershey Columbus Bureau

**Body**

COLUMBUS - Dayton resident Ron Bryant, a union member, plans to make phone calls, knock on doors and do anything else he can to help Democrat Tim Hagan boot Republican Bob Taft out of the governor's office in the Nov. 5 election.

Gary Schaeffer, Columbus-based leader of a major statewide labor organization, also expects to be busy as the campaign heats up, but Schaeffer is trying to help Taft get re-elected.

On the eve of Labor Day 2002, Bryant, a member of District 1199 of the Service Employees International Union, and Schaeffer, secretary-treasurer of the Ohio State Building and Construction Trades Council, represent two major themes in an election-year dance between union men and women and candidates across the ballot.

Bryant's eagerness to volunteer for the campaign trail - in addition to working as a recovery services coordinator at the Dayton Correctional Institution - signifies the important role union members continue to play as grass-roots volunteers, usually for Democratic candidates.

In Ohio, union members last year made up 17.7 percent of the work force, down from the days - as recently as the early 1970s - when union members made up one third or more of all workers.

Still, according to a study based on the federal government's Current Population Survey, overall union membership last year totaled 899,100 in Ohio, providing a potential pool of already organized volunteers.

"Of course it's effective," said economist Leo Troy of Rutgers University. "You've got people knocking on doors, taking people to the polls."

Schaeffer's support for Taft, however, reflects the inroads the Republican governor has made during the past 3 1/2 years with organized labor.

Taft's union support comes despite a family history that would suggest otherwise. His late grandfather, former Sen. Robert A. Taft, was co-author of the 1947 Taft-Hartley Act, which restricted some union activities and made the senator a villain in union halls across America.

"I do think from the historical point of view it is ironic," said political scientist John Green of the University of Akron. "His grandfather would have been reviled by labor unions."

Grassroots workers

Bryant, 54, a graduate of Wilbur Wright High School, now a middle school in Dayton, and Antioch College in Yellow Springs, is not a newcomer to knocking on doors and making phone calls on behalf of Democratic candidates. Recently, he has volunteered in mayors' races in Dayton, Cleveland, Columbus and Detroit, as well as the governor's race in Illinois, said Bryant, who works in drug and alcohol education programs at the Dayton prison.

Last year's Sept. 11 terrorist attacks reminded him of how vulnerable working people are to outside forces, he said.

"If the little man doesn't get up off his butt and do something, we're going to lose everything we've got. Our heads are in the sand," Bryant said.

He said he considers Hagan the champion of the "little man's" causes and Taft the friend of "corporate greed" and "big money."

Linda McKenna, 40, a member of Local 101 of the American Federation of State County and Municipal Employees in Dayton, also plans to walk the neighborhoods, drop literature and make phone calls this fall on behalf of Hagan and other Democratic candidates.

"We need to get the right people in office to help the little people. I'm a single mother and I've got two kids," said McKenna, a deputy clerk at the Montgomery County Common Pleas Court.

Dennis Lieberman, chairman of the Montgomery County Democratic Party, said volunteers like McKenna and Bryant played a big role in Democrat Rhine McLin's win in the 2001 Dayton mayor's race over Republican incumbent Mike Turner.

"The key to the grassroots is to identify those who are your voters. Not everybody in labor is a Democrat. It's not just getting out the vote. It's identifying those who (support) you and persuading (them to vote)," Lieberman said.

As public employees, McKenna and Bryant represent the part of the labor movement that is on the rise, as well as the union members who have the most direct stake in how government spends the taxpayers' money.

The percentage of Ohio public employees belonging to unions increased from 39.3 percent in 1983 - the first year the U.S. Census used sample sizes large enough to provide reliable state-by-state breakdowns - to 50.2 percent last year.

During the same time period and mainly due to the decline of manufacturing jobs in Ohio, the percentage of private-sector workers in unions declined from 22.5 percent in 1983 to 12.4 percent last year.

Looked at another way, public employees made up 40.1 percent of total union membership in Ohio last year, up from 24 percent in 1983.

Not just about Taft

Not all labor volunteers come from public employee unions. Tim O'Hearn, 43, is business agent for Local 162 of the Plumbers, Pipe Fitters and Refrigeration Workers in Dayton.

O'Hearn said he and other members helped McLin in the mayor's race and joined union members across Ohio in the unsuccessful effort to capture the state for Democrat Al Gore in the 2000 presidential election.

This year, O'Hearn said, the local probably will focus most of its efforts on state legislative races, not the governor's race.

The local is part of the Ohio State Building and Construction Trades Council, one of several labor groups, including the Ohio Conference of Teamsters, that has endorsed Republican Taft over Hagan.

Most labor organizations, however, have endorsed Hagan.

"I am depending upon labor," Hagan said. "It's very clear the top corporate people in this state, they've all given to Taft. The Republican Party is the party of the corporate interests and my goal is to make the distinction here."

The trades council, an umbrella group for unions with 90,000 members, endorsed Democrat Lee Fisher for governor over Taft in 1998, said Schaeffer, the council's secretary-treasurer.

Taft met with him soon after taking office and discussed building trades' issues, Schaeffer said.

"He (Taft) threw a notebook down on the desk and just started writing," Schaeffer said.

Taft's decision to hire former Dayton resident Ted Brown as his special liaison to organized labor and to appoint a labor advisory council that meets regularly also has helped, Schaeffer said.

Brown, 56, a member of the millwrights' union, has done a good job of advocating for labor with the Taft administration, Schaeffer said. "He's been a great labor liaison," he said.

Brown, who earns $75,000 in his job, said he attends meetings of labor groups and takes their concerns to Taft.

Not everyone is pleased with Taft's decision to put Brown on the state payroll.

"He's a paid political pimp," said Ohio Democratic Chairman Denny White. "You know, for labor. . . . He is a nice guy, but his job description is to go out and pimp Bob Taft to labor and he's done a good job at it."

Taft brushed aside White's criticism.

"Maybe it's a compliment to Ted's effectiveness in maintaining a relationship there where we hear their views," Taft said.

Even William Burga, president of the Ohio AFL-CIO, said Taft has listened to labor.

"He's not been anti-union or gone out of his way to harm us," Burga said.

Still, Burga's organization, a federation of 1,600 local unions with an estimated 850,000 members, has endorsed Hagan.

"We get along with the governor. We think Tim Hagan would be a better governor for the working families of this state. That does not mean we're fighting with Gov. Taft," Burga said.

It also does not mean that a strong case for getting rid of Taft can't be made, Burga said.

"Look at the issues in this state. The income is down. People are moving out of state. Jobs are disappearing. Tuition for higher education is going through the roof. The state is really cracking at the seams and needs to be rebuilt. I think the (union) people understand this and are supporting Hagan," Burga said.

For Michelle Gray of Springfield's Northridge area, it's "ludicrous" for any union or union member to support Taft, and current conditions aren't the only issue.

"His grandfather was Taft of Taft-Hartley," said Gray, a registered nurse at the Corrections Medical Center in Columbus and a member of District 1199 of the Service Employees International Union. "Look at it, folks. Take a look at what his family has done to the ***working class*** people. Need I say more?"

Burga said the governor's race isn't the labor federation's only priority this year.

"The priorities would be (state) Supreme Court and governor. You can call it co-equal," said Burga.

The race for Supreme Court, in fact, is expected to become a business-labor battleground, as it was two years ago, with the business community lining up behind the Republican candidates.

Republicans control the court 5-2, but a 4-3 majority has provided unions with favorable decisions in cases affecting workers' rights and related issues, Burga has said. The four justices in that majority are Democrats Alice Robie Resnick and Francis Sweeney and Republicans Paul Pfeifer and Andrew Douglas. Douglas is retiring this year and Republican Maureen O'Connor, the current lieutenant governor, is running for the seat against Democrat Tim Black, a Hamilton County Municipal judge and the AFL-CIO-backed candidate. The federation also is backing Democrat Janet Burnside, a Cuyahoga County Common Pleas judge, against Republican incumbent Justice Evelyn Lundberg Stratton.

"We'll provide as much money as the law allows," Burga said of the court races. Also, local unions will be encouraged to pass out fliers promoting Black and Burnside.

"We will have direct mail and we will have telephoning," Burga added.

Contact William Hershey at [*william\_hershey@coxohio.com*](mailto:william_hershey@coxohio.com) or (614) 224-1608

MORE ON 2002 ELECTIONS CAN GOP 'THREEPEAT' IN OHIO?

PAGE B3

HAGAN GOES NEGATIVE EARLY

PAGE B6

ELECTION 2002

Union Membership Statistics

2001

NATIONAL

Percent of workers in unions

All workers

13.5%

Private sector workers

9.0%

Public sector workers

37.4%

Breakdown of union workers

Private sector

56.1%

Public sector

43.9%

2001

OHIO

Percent of workers in unions

All workers

17.7%

Private sector workers

12.4%

Public sector workers

50.2%

Breakdown of union workers

Private sector

59.9%

Public sector

40.1%

1983

NATIONAL

All workers

20.1%

Private sector workers

16.5%

Public sector workers

36.7%

Breakdown of union workers

Private sector

67.6%

Public sector

32.4%

1983

OHIO

All workers

25.1%

Private sector workers

22.5%

Public sector workers

39.3%

Breakdown of union workers

Private sector

76%

Public sector

24%

Source: Federal Government Current Population Survey; Barry T. Hirsch and

David A. Macpherson

CREDIT: JOHN HANCOCK/DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, (1) OHIO GOV. Bob Taft, the endorsed Republican, has been in office since 1999 and is running for re-election.,CREDIT: ASSOCIATED PRESS,(2) TIM HAGAN, a former Cuyahoga County Commissioner, is the Democratic candidate for Ohio governor.,CREDIT: ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Load-Date:** September 3, 2002

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[***A murderer - or just a misfit?; Daniel Montgomery, a Montco native who joined the Franciscans, admitted killing a priest in 2002. Now he says he didn't do it. Some clues don't add up.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:538W-BJ31-DYJT-252M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

July 10, 2011 Sunday

CITY-C Edition

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**Section:** NATIONAL; P-com News for PC Home Page; Pg. A01

**Length:** 2893 words

**Byline:** By John P. Martin

Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

Nearly 95 percent of all major criminal cases

end in a plea deal, an arrangement that gives prosecutors a conviction, defendants a shot

at leniency, and the system a tidy resolution.

But sometimes, doubts linger.

CLEVELAND, OCT. 9, 2003 The hearing lasts barely 20 minutes.

The judge follows a routine script, reeling off questions to make sure there's no doubt about the charges and consequences: Murder. Arson. Possibly life in prison.

In an orange prison jumpsuit and handcuffs, the defendant spits out mostly two- or three-word replies.

"I understand," Daniel Montgomery tells the judge eight times. "I plead guilty," he says twice.

His parents sit tensely in the front row, numb from his decision to plead and the seven-hour drive from their longtime King of Prussia home to see it. Next to them, their older son stifles an urge to jump, yell, somehow halt the proceeding.

The rest of the courtroom is filled with friends and relatives of the Rev. William Gulas, 68, a Franciscan priest found scorched beyond recognition with a bullet in his back. They wear buttons with his photo. Gulas' cousin speaks. He is angry.

"I will never shed a tear thinking about what you will suffer in prison," he tells Montgomery. "You took him away from a community that loved him. And he loved you, Dan. And you sit there - and you stare."

Montgomery locks his gaze on the judge. It's his turn to break a 10-month silence, maybe explain why he, an honors student, pacifist, and friar, morphed into a killer.

He can't describe what he doesn't know - about the gun, the money, the cellphone. He says little.

"I want to say how truly sorry I am that this happened," he says. "I especially wish to apologize to the family of Father Gulas and the Franciscans. And I sincerely hope and pray that I may be rehabilitated."

They don't sound like the words of an innocent man.

MARION, OHIO AUGUST 2009 Vending machines line two walls. The floor is off-white linoleum with flecks of brown and tan. Twin girls in pigtails, white shirts, and green scotch-plaid uniforms squeal and play in the kids' corner, under a mural of a tree and balloons.

To be sure, this isn't a school cafeteria. Armed guards sit in other corners, peering at the 30 or so prisoners and visitors crammed into assigned seats at square brown tables.

There are 2,300 inmates here at the North Central Correctional Institution, about 45 minutes north of Columbus, Ohio. Most are medium-security criminals, more likely to be here for drug-dealing and burglary than murder.

I'm at one of the vending machines, waiting for a cup of coffee, when I turn and see Montgomery standing near my designated seat. As I approach, he thrusts his palm toward me. It's unnerving, though I'm not sure why. There's nothing wrong with a handshake, I tell myself.

Montgomery folds his gangly frame into a blue-plastic chair. He speaks rapidly, almost unintelligibly fast.

Just as he did in high school.

"I didn't fit in," he says.

Montgomery is talking about his religious order and the Cleveland parish where he lived. He could have been talking about Archbishop Carroll High School in Radnor Township.

We were classmates there. The teachers often sat students in alphabetical order. We were both M's.

We had many courses together, but weren't friends. Since our graduation in 1984, I had seen Montgomery once, at a 10-year class reunion. I don't recall talking to him then, and can't think why we would have talked. Not the way we are talking now - one on one, about a murder.

He was arrested in December 2002, a Franciscan friar accused of shooting a beloved pastor, then torching the rectory to hide the killing. That the crime occurred as the sex-abuse scandal was roiling the church only heightened interest in the case.

I followed it from afar, stirred by personal and professional curiosity. I had spent years covering crime and courts.

The Montgomery I recalled seemed an unlikely killer: a lanky, nerdy, straitlaced teen. He excelled academically, usually ranking in the top 10.

Socially, he struggled.

He had to move his locker to escape bullying. His older siblings and their friends had to arrange his prom dates. At school dances, he flailed, sometimes alone, across the floor, seemingly oblivious to the snickers. *Disco Dan*, some called him. I know because I was there, snickering with the others. In the teen caste system, kids like Montgomery reassured the rest of us by helping to establish the pecking order. Mocking was always better than to be mocked.

Not that he deserved it.

More than anything, I recalled the way Montgomery talked: at hyper-speed, as if worried he might lose his thought or you might lose interest before he conveyed it. And he spoke with a distinct, almost theatrical affectation, as if he was auditioning, chin up, at the community playhouse.

He doesn't look too different now, sitting hunched over table No. 5 in the prison visiting room. Older, of course. More wrinkles, less hair, none of the painful-looking acne that once plagued him.

But the same face, same mannerisms. And that same Tommy-gun, staccato way of talking that made him seem so tightly wound - traits perhaps of a person who one day might snap.

Had he? I assumed so. He confessed to Gulas' murder hours after Cleveland police began questioning him. He pleaded guilty 10 months later and was sentenced to 24 years to life in prison. If he was lucky enough to win parole on his first try, he could be free by age 61.

Prosecutors had suggested that Montgomery erupted in a rage after learning his Franciscan superiors wanted to reassign him. I didn't know all the details. The three lines he read at sentencing marked his only public comments on Gulas' death.

So I had written to Montgomery, proposing a visit. My goal was a deeper look at why, when, and how the National Honor Society member who sat near me in English and calculus and history had become a murderer.

His reply was a six-page, single-spaced letter. I was struck by how long, well-written, and frank it was. Montgomery poured out more details of his life, including some I preferred not to know, than I had gleaned during four years walking the same school halls. But I understood that one thing inmates have is time, and pen pals can be hard to come by.

The letter recounted the experiences he said had shaped him, his path to becoming the friar known as Brother Dan. He also detailed his medical problems: seizures, bouts of depression, suicidal thoughts. And, briefly, his account of what happened in Cleveland.

Montgomery said he hadn't killed Gulas.

The confession? Crafted by police, signed by him in a mentally unbalanced state, he wrote. The guilty plea? The result of bullying by indifferent defense attorneys who ignored his assertions of innocence and gave him no options.

"My lawyers told me repeatedly that I would get the death penalty if I took my case to trial," he wrote to me.

It ended: "So as you see, there has been a major injustice here, and I hope you can get the truth out there so I can go free."

Sitting across from me in the visiting room, he tells me his version again. More details, but never drifting from the outline of his letter.

The story I had envisioned wasn't so complex. Sorting his facts from his fiction might be more draining, and lead nowhere. A part of me had hoped I could just sit in front of him and recognize a killer. Another part of me doesn't want to stare.

I say little, except that I'd like to keep talking, and maybe learn more about his case.

Privately, I have my doubts: *An inmate who recants a confession? Facing life in prison, who wouldn't?* CLEVELAND DEC. 7, 2002 The 911 call comes in at 12:30 p.m.

"Yes, I'd like to report a fire at St. Stanislaus rectory located at 3-6-4-9 E. 65th St., corner of East 65th and Forman," Montgomery tells the dispatcher.

"Right, got it up here," is the reply.

Fire engines roar to the scene. In a city with deep Catholic roots, St. Stanislaus is renowned. Its century-old church is as grand as a cathedral, a tour-bus magnet, and worthy of the National Register of Historic Places.

As important, the church anchors its southeast Cleveland neighborhood.

The area, nicknamed Slavic Village, was once an enclave for ***working-class*** Polish and Czech immigrants. Then the mills closed, and the jobs disappeared - replaced by ever-encroaching poverty, drugs, and crime.

Some fled. St. Stan's is the reason others have stayed. Its school is an oasis, its church a reminder of better times. One Sunday Mass is still celebrated in Polish, the bulletin printed in two languages.

Smoke billows from its rectory as firefighters swarm.

Montgomery stands outside, directing crews toward a side door into the building.

More engines arrive, as do TV news cameras. A crowd builds on the sidewalk, watching the struggle to contain the blaze.

Marilyn Mosinski is a few blocks away, helping her mother decorate for Christmas, when her father calls to report the rectory in flames. Mosinski bolts down the block, not bothering to grab a jacket on a frigid day. Her thoughts turn to Gulas.

If St. Stan's is the ship that keeps the community afloat, Father Willy is its beloved captain. In nearly a decade at the parish helm, Gulas has overseen a $1.5 million renovation of the church, a surge in parish membership, and the creation of a corporation to buy dilapidated property and rehab the neighborhood.

A native of Hazleton, Pa., Gulas had also served as the leader of the Franciscan chapter in Wisconsin - called the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary Province - that staffs parishes, missions, and schools in seven states. That included Philadelphia's largest Catholic high school at the time, Archbishop Ryan.

Mosinski, 37, is tight with Gulas. Just the night before, she went with him to a holiday gala downtown. Their outing ended after midnight with Gulas laughing as they dropped him off at the rectory gates. Mosinski and the others watched the white-haired priest climb the steps into the brick building.

Now, black smoke pours from its windows - and no one knows where Gulas is. Not even Brother Dan, who escaped the flames.

If Father Willy is the captain at St. Stan's, Montgomery is a mere deckhand, and not a skillful one at that. He arrived five months earlier, after almost five years with the Franciscans. Friars in the order take vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and are known as much for their devotion to the poor and downtrodden as for their brown robes and sandals.

Montgomery isn't from Cleveland and doesn't speak Polish. Some parishioners find him painfully awkward or aloof. His motormouth has so exasperated his superiors that they once sent him to a speech therapist, hoping he could be taught to slow down.

Nothing worked, at least in Cleveland. Brother Dan, 37, knows that parishioners and school officials complain about his quirky behavior, his social ineptitude.

"My time as a Franciscan may be numbered," he had scrawled in his journal late one night. "Check out Temple, Widener law schools."

That was a month ago. Then came the news he feared but had expected: The order was transferring him to a retirement villa in rural Indiana to care for older friars. He sensed it was something more - the first step toward his dismissal.

In the days since, Brother Dan had largely stayed to himself, holing up in his second-floor bedroom. That was where he was when the blaze broke out, he tells firefighters.

A ringing phone woke him. He answered it, went downstairs, noticed the flames, tried to extinguish them, then called 911. He tells them he thought he was alone in the building.

Watching the smoke pour from the rectory, Mosinski has a bad feeling. Gulas isn't answering his cellphone. She thinks of that damn toaster oven, the one Father Willy could never get to work right.

Then a buzz goes through the crowd. About a body.

Firefighters find Gulas' charred corpse splayed near the doorway of his first-floor office. The smoke is so thick, they nearly trip over it. One firefighter, Justina Saxby, sees what looks to be blood on Gulas' face and notices that the priest is shirtless.

When the flames are extinguished, rescue personnel wheel the body out to a waiting ambulance. Mosinski and others huddle to pray over Gulas as Brother Dan leads them in the Our Father.

Later that night, Cleveland Police Officer Bonnie Simmerly sits in her patrol car outside the church. A teenage girl approaches.

She is crying.

"I think Brother Daniel did it," the girl tells the officer.

Why? Simmerly asks.

"Brother Daniel got caught hurting a girl," the teen replies, "and he was supposed to get fired."

The next day, arson investigators wait for Montgomery after the 11:30 a.m. Mass and ask him to come downtown. They say they have questions about the fire.

GROVE CITY, OHIO DECEMBER 2009 The store at the Marathon Oil gas station on Broadway here is largely indistinguishable from most of its competitors. It boasts racks crammed with candy bars, nuts, beef jerky. The clerk and cash register are walled behind double-paned glass. The restroom key dangles from knotted rope.

But the station, 150 miles south of Cleveland, might give me something the others do not: information about who killed Gulas.

It's a bitterly cold night, seven years after the murder. Station owner Amer Alahmad stands in blue jeans and a red sweater, smoking a Marlboro Light. Alahmad, a Jordanian, and his relatives own three mini-markets in Ohio, including one in Cleveland called K&S, four blocks from St. Stanislaus.

Alahmad glances at a copy of Montgomery's confession, a two-page, typed statement that the friar signed in 2002. I had found it in a thin court file.

I was curious to find out if Alahmad knows what it says: that Montgomery bought the murder weapon at his store. Prosecutors listed Alahmad as a potential trial witness.

In the confession, Montgomery says he had never been to K&S market before, but heard it was the scene of "drug dealing and other illegal activities."

The day before the fire, it says, he walked to the store and asked the counter clerk, a medium-build black man about 30 years old, where he could get a weapon.

"The guy reached under the counter and pulled a gun out. He said, 'How 'bout this one?' " the confession states. It was a .38-caliber snub-nosed handgun, black with tan grips. And it was loaded. According to his statement, Montgomery paid the man $40 and left.

To me, the account sounds implausible.

Montgomery was a pacifist with no criminal record, history of violence, or ties to firearms. He lived under a vow of poverty, talked oddly, and typically wore his brown friar's robe and sandals - in other words, he was a memorable character.

Wouldn't the weapon purchase have been easy to verify? And wouldn't prosecutors have pounced on the chance to charge whoever had sold the gun used to kill a popular priest?

They didn't. In fact, they never found the weapon - or mentioned where Montgomery had gotten it.

Alahmad says the confession is flawed. He says that he didn't sell weapons. And that he had banned his employees from arming themselves after his uncle was shot trying to foil a store robbery.

Besides, he says, Montgomery's description of the cashier doesn't make sense. On the afternoon before Gulas' murder, a young girl, not a middle-age man, was working the counter, he says.

Like all his employees, she was white. "I just hire white people there at that time," Alahmad tells me.

He says he told the police the same thing.

I ask him if he has any thoughts on how an introverted white friar living on $200 a month might have scored a gun in that neighborhood.

Alahmad is not sure. He says he recently paid $600 for a gun, and that was a legal purchase. It's hard to imagine an illegal one being cheaper.

Then again, he says, maybe Montgomery stole it from someone he knew, or pilfered it from a car, or found it. If you believe Alahmad, most Americans carry a gun. And the ones who snap always seem able to get one.

"I know stories weird like this," Alahmad says in slightly mangled English. He tells me about a man in his homeland who had been molested as a child by a teacher but kept it secret. "And the guy, he doesn't say nothing," Alahmad says. "When he was 27 years old, he went and shot the teacher."

*Maybe he's right*, I think. *Montgomery snapped.*

But why confess to a murder and fire, then lie about where you got the gun? And would someone who "snaps" and buys a gun wait almost a full day to use it?

Alahmad shares another detail before we part. He motions to a cramped room to the left of the cashier's glass cage in his market.

On a table sits a video-monitoring system. Next to it is a week's worth of surveillance tapes from cameras strategically placed inside and outside his store. Alahmad says it's the same setup he has at K&S market in Slavic Village. The same setup he showed police after Gulas' death. "They see I have the cameras, so I told them," Alahmad says.

He tells me he offered to let detectives review the tapes, which would prove Montgomery hadn't visited the store.

Alahmad can't remember if they did. But after investigators left his store, he says, no one called to ask him about the murder again.

ONLINE EXCLUSIVES

www.philly.com/FriarDan

VIDEOS: A murder in search of a criminal; awkward adolescence at Archbishop Carroll; and the murky origins of a missing gun.

**PLUS:** His journal entries and more.Contact staff writer John P. Martin

at 215-854-4774 or [*jmartin@phillynews.com*](mailto:jmartin@phillynews.com).

**Load-Date:** July 10, 2011

**End of Document**



[***ELITE SCHOOLS STIR A DEBATE OVER EQUALITY / BOSTON TRIES TO DEAL WITH THE END OF AFFIRMATIVE-ACTION PLANS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CJW0-01K4-906G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 16, 1996 Monday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1657 words

**Byline:** Henry Goldman, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** BOSTON

**Body**

For 361 years, the Boston Latin School has been this city's educational jewel. The students of this high school, the oldest in the nation, have included Ben Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and five other signers of the Declaration of Independence. Ralph Waldo Emerson went to school there. So did Joseph P. Kennedy. And Leonard Bernstein.

For many years, it served this city's Yankee elite. Then it became the path to success for waves of immigrants: Irish, then Jews.

Its headmaster, Michael Contompasis, son of Greek immigrants and a 1957 graduate, calls the place "a breeder of democracy . . . a gateway."

The status of Boston Latin and two other elite high schools as gateways has stirred a contentious citywide debate about racial equity, fairness and education reform that has ramifications far beyond Boston and its population of 580,000.

The Boston School Committee, under court-ordered desegregation guidelines throughout the school system since 1974, has been forced to scrap its affirmative-action quotas, which had ensured that 35 percent of students at Boston Latin and the other schools were black.

Under a proposed new policy, which is intended to satisfy the concerns of the judge in the case and is slated for a vote on Wednesday, the admissions formula would change, reducing the percentage of black and Hispanic students from its current 35 percent to about 22 percent. More white and Asian students would get in. Half the students would be admitted because of test scores and report cards, and the remainder based on the highest grades and exams within each racial group represented in the school population, including whites.

About 200 parents, black leaders, and former and current students packed the School Committee's downtown headquarters for a public meeting last Wednesday, and while they kept the proceedings orderly, the intensity of their comments made it clear just how divisive the issue is.

Dozens rose to take the microphone over the three hours of the meeting, all demanding the school officials do it their way. The only consensus seemed to be that no one would be satisfied, no matter what admissions policy emerged. And speakers on both sides threatened the School Committee with lawsuits.

"You are dismantling the gains that blacks and Hispanics have realized," scolded Nora Toney, assistant principal at Mattahunt Elementary School in Boston, and head of an advocacy group called the Black Educational Alliance. She was a dissenting member of the task force that drew up the new guidelines.

Latoya Foster, a 1994 graduate of Boston Latin Academy, founded as an all-girl companion school to the Boston Latin School, called herself "a poster child for success," of the system of racial preference. Now on the dean's list at Emerson College, she turned to the committee and exclaimed: "I thank you! You made me! But now, if you change this policy, I'm afraid that people like me will disappear."

Others, like Bill Sinnett, an assistant U.S. attorney in Boston who has four daughters, warned school officials that any preference shown toward minorities represented "a slippery slope" that would reduce academic excellence and expose the school system to litigation and conflict. "The only way to pass constitutional muster is to not engage in race-based admissions," he said.

"It's no secret that excellence comes from keen competition," added Jim Gilooley, who has a son at Boston Latin School and a daughter about to take the admissions exam. He equated performance on the exam with merit, and said he had sent his children to parochial schools "to better prepare them for BLS."

Proponents of the policy change argue that it is the best way to value the elite character of the school and ensure ethnic diversity. Because the system includes white students in its formula, officials think it could withstand a court challenge, although no one is sure.

When Contompasis went to the school as a freshman in the 1950s, a student who sought admission merely showed up with a recommendation from a school official or an alumnus and a good report card.

For years, admission to the school was determined through an unspoken system not only of what you knew, but whom you knew. In the 1960s, as pressure to get in increased, the school stopped taking tuition-paying students from outside the city. Entrance exams were instituted in 1964. The result was that enrollment was more than 95 percent white.

Many blacks and Hispanics did not know the school existed, and still don't.

Rashan Martin, 18, a senior at the school who is an African American from the racially mixed, ***working-class*** neighborhood of Dorchester, said he took the exam on a lark after it was announced to his sixth-grade class that a test would be given.

"I never knew anything about it. . . . Never even heard of it," he said. "I wanted to go to school in a different neighborhood, and take the bus."

He took the test with three friends - another black student, a white and an Asian - and he said they all got in partly because they had benefited from gifted classes in elementary school.

A member of the student council, Martin hopes to attend Boston College next year and hopes for scholarship money from Boston Latin School's considerable alumni endowment and other sources. Like headmaster Contompasis, Martin would be the first in his family to attend college. Virtually every graduate of Boston Latin does.

The affirmative-action quota system was instituted in 1975 after a federal judge found widespread systemic segregation throughout Boston's schools. In a city that is 35 percent black, only about 3 percent were attending Boston Latin and two other elite public schools - Boston Latin Academy and the John O' Bryant School - which had based their admissions policies soley on achievement test scores.

School officials were forced to scrap the policy after the parents of a 13-year-old girl sued the system, complaining that their daughter had not been admitted even though she had scored higher on her entrance exam than 103 minority students who had won admission to the school based on a system that attempted to ensure that the school population mirrored the racial mix of the city.

U.S. District Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr., who had ordered sweeping desegregation efforts through a quota system 22 years ago, ruled that Julia McLaughlin must be admitted, setting into motion the jarring reevaluation of admissions policies. The judge said quota systems were now undesirable, while at the same time insisting that the system maintain diversity. This has opened old sores of racial division and prompted a sweeping review of the serious problems facing Boston's entire school system.

That these elite schools offer such opportunity makes the admissions process such a contested prize in Boston, where budget cuts have forced other high schools to cut advanced math and science, art and music.

Contompasis said he had to get money to pay for a music teacher out of a Boston Latin School alumni fund created to pay for "exotic subjects." The 2,300-student school is equipped with state-of-the-art computers, and holds to rigorous academic standards. Students must take at least one foreign language, and the school offers French, Spanish, Italian, German, Chinese and classical Greek.

Some 69 percent make it through to graduation: 78 percent of the white students, 76 percent of the Asians, 55 percent of the Hispanics and 50 percent of the African Americans.

Those graduation numbers have been seized upon by both sides. Some whites said they show the failure of affirmative action. Others, both white and black, asked whether elementary schools have prepared students for the work at Boston Latin, and called for more tutorial and emotional support for minority students.

"It's a school's responsibility to do everything it can to support all students it accepts through to graduation," said Joan Wallace-Benjamin, president of the Urban League of Eastern Massachusetts, who holds a doctorate from Brandeis University.

It's generally accepted that, if the city's other high schools offered a similarly challenging curriculum, there would be less pressure to get into Boston Latin School and its two lesser-known fellow exam schools.

"The Boston public schools has experienced a history of racial exclusion, recognized by everyone two decades ago," said Charles Ogletree, a Harvard Law School professor who was a cochair of the school committee's task force. "The city crafted a plan that addressed discrimination and its vestiges, and now that plan is not desirable in the present state of affairs."

Ogletree, who is black and a nationally known expert on discrimination issues, said he supported the new plan as the most workable way to ensure some racial diversity at a time when affirmative action is under attack. But he said the plan won't mean anything unless the system adopts sweeping reforms that will improve all the schools, creating more educational choices and better preparation for all students.

School officials, including Superintendent Thomas W. Payzant, former undersecretary of education in the Clinton administration, also acknowledge that, if city elementary and middle schools were better, African Americans and Hispanics, who make up more than three-quarters of the public school population, would be better prepared for achievement tests that determine who gets in. Right now, a disproportionate number of Boston Latin School students come in from private and parochial schools.

Payzant told the overflow crowd at Wednesday's meeting that admissions to the elite schools must be decided with an eye toward rewarding past achievement and ensuring diversity of the student body, as well as predicting student success. Above all, he said, the system must be fair.

Just how to get there will not be easy to determine, he said. "There's tremendous pressure to apply a simple calculus, but there is no simple calculus around these issues."

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Dennis Mathisen built a nationwide lending giant in the Twin Cities, until ... it all came tumbling down Collapse of a loan powerhouse; Under Dennis Mathisen, the Marshall organization became a lending giant, selling off loans to small banks around the country. Its fall was felt far and wide.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:50X2-KCT1-JC8F-K1C6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 29, 2010 Sunday

METRO EDITION

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**Section:** BUSINESS; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 2860 words

**Byline:** JENNIFER BJORHUS; STAFF WRITER, STAR TRIBUNE (Mpls.-St. Paul)

**Body**

Ocean Tower was supposed to be a luxury condo high-rise with stunning views of the Gulf of Mexico and Laguna Madre.

But before anyone could call it home, the 30-story tower, developed by a company that had never built one before, started sinking. Doomed by a fatal construction flaw in the foundation, Ocean Tower was going back into the sugary sand of South Padre Island in Texas.

Gravity and more than 1,000 pounds of dynamite brought down "the Leaning Tower of Padre" last fall in about 9 seconds.

In all, about 30 community banks from Arizona to Wisconsin took a hit on the fiasco. They had invested in the condo tower on a far-off sand bar largely on the marketing of the Marshall organization, a Minneapolis-based group of related financial companies that financed the $74.5 million project and sold them all pieces of the loan.

Ocean Tower was one of scores of loans worth about $5 billion that Marshall entities originated between 2005 and 2007 as it financed resort, hotel, housing and condo projects coast to coast.

A loan machine in a niche industry that was largely invisible, it was the largest syndicator of commercial real estate loans to community banks in the Upper Midwest during the boom.

With a South Dakota bank called BankFirst at its center, Marshall entities sliced and diced the loans, selling pieces to small banks in places like Baraboo, Wis., and South Trevezant, Tenn.

Marshall collected the fees, offloading much of the risk -- a process known as loan syndication.

Lots of banks syndicate loans, which is a long-standing practice. But in the small universe of lenders devoted to originating commercial real estate loans to sell to community banks, only a limited number operated on the scale of the Marshall organization.

A complicated lending hybrid -- part regulated bank (BankFirst), part unregulated investment company (Marshall Group and other entities), the organization dealt with as many as 1,000 banks around the country, including about 100 in Minnesota before regulators shut down BankFirst last summer and the Marshall organization closed shop.

The reverberations of its aggressive expansion are still being felt. In addition to the failure of its own banks -- BankFirst and Marshall Bank -- Marshall loans helped wipe out at least six other small banks across the country so far, including another one in Minnesota, according to bankers and federal regulators.

One veteran banker close to the situation likened Marshall to a contagious cancer. "It might take three years to kill you. It's cancer, but you got the cancer from Marshall Group."

Not all of the Marshall organization's loans went bad, of course. And few failed as spectacularly as Ocean Tower. Still, by the time bank regulators closed BankFirst last summer, a whopping 50 percent of that bank's commercial real estate loans were delinquent or in default, according to Oakland-based Foresight Analytics. The industry average for such portfolios at U.S. banks: 6 percent.

Marshall's driving force, Chairman Dennis Mathisen, staunchly defends the organization as a victim of the country's real estate collapse, nothing more.

But interviews with bankers who worked with the organization, former employees, a growing cache of court documents and the reviews of bank regulators themselves show that the organization's problems went much deeper. BankFirst, for instance, had a "large volume" of poorly underwritten loans in an 18-month period that started shortly after Mathisen bought the bank, regulators concluded.

Court records show that some loans were done with little or no due diligence on the borrower, an accusation regulators made too. One particularly prolific loan originator said in a deposition that he never verified the most basic information about a borrower's financial wherewithal.

One of the bankers who bought into the loans said he feels "duped." A California banker who bought banks with Marshall loans called the underwriting "shameful" and blamed participating banks for failing at any due diligence of their own.

'Dennis the Menace'

BankFirst had several lives since it was founded in 1928 as Bank of Toronto in South Dakota. But it was lawyer-turned-financier Denny Mathisen who gave rise to BankFirst the loan syndicating machine.

Mathisen, born and raised in south Minneapolis, lives in Colorado, Arizona and Nevada. But he still keeps an art-filled office in the Hopkins headquarters of Jacobs Trading, the company owned by his longtime friend Irwin Jacobs. He is short and nimble, an avid art collector who, at 70, still bikes the long Ride the Rockies cycling tour every year. Only his flinty blue-gray eyes hint at the lawyer and strategist who, some say, ruled with an iron fist.

Mathisen, whose father emigrated from Norway at the age of 24 and ran a small painting business, grew up in a ***working-class*** family. After finishing law school at the University of Minnesota, he worked for years as a securities lawyer at Lindquist & Vennum in Minneapolis. He left for an illustrious career with corporate raider Irwin Jacobs, becoming his strategist and partner in a string of investment deals.

Mathisen had been buying and selling banks since the early 1970s, some with Jacobs. He figures he's bought and sold "a couple of hundred" over the years.

In 2001, Mathisen and a group of investors bought the loan syndication unit out of the failed Miller & Schroeder Financial Inc. in Minneapolis. He renamed it the Marshall Group Inc. -- his middle name and the street where he and Jacobs once had offices. The investment bank focused on commercial real estate and commercial equipment loans that it sold off to community banks.

But Mathisen was restless, a former colleague said, earning the nickname Dennis the Menace for his penchant for micromanaging and mulling big ideas. One recalls a staff meeting where Mathisen labored over whether the M in "Marshall" should go inside or outside the mountain depicted in its logo.

This time he wanted to roll Miller & Schroeder's loan syndication business into a common, regulated community bank, opening a door to the vast market of small banks that only felt comfortable buying into loans originated by a like-minded regulated bank. The banks, many in rural areas with a paucity of loan options, were hungry for deals.

In 2003, under Mathisen's leadership, Marshall snapped up a small Minnesota bank for its charter, easier to buy than get from scratch, and renamed it Marshall Bank. In early 2005, Marshall bought BankFirst in Sioux Falls, S.D., a much larger bank with a large portfolio of subprime credit cards, and then sold off the cards, giving the organization $500 million to invest.

'This is crazy'

Mathisen's two-headed lender quickly entered its golden era. Mathisen said he viewed it all as one organization, and while part of BankFirst remained in South Dakota, most employees eventually moved into the haloed Capella Tower in Minneapolis, one of the city's tallest buildings.

Mathisen helped decorate the company's three floors with about 300 oil paintings from a Las Vegas art dealer.

Inside, the organization was scrambling like mad to keep up with its rapid growth. In less than two years, BankFirst's loan volume increased more than tenfold -- from $36.6 million in March 2005 to $431.8 million by the end of 2006.

"Chaos," said one employee.

But it made money, for a time. On average, BankFirst held on to just 10 percent of the loans it originated, meaning it held little of the risk. Other Marshall entities that originated loans over the years held no stake at all. But the organization retained loan servicing rights, collecting fees for handling all the payments.

Critics accuse the Marshall organization of reckless lending. Whether a loan failed didn't affect the organization's upfront fees or commissions to the team that originated the loans or the team that sold them to participating banks -- a point regulators made when they reviewed BankFirst's failure.

Former Marshall organization insiders, participating banks and borrowers such as developers disagree about whether the group was just aggressive and sloppy or had crossed the line into negligence or fraud. One former senior-level employee, who insists he saw no evidence of fraud, said the bank simply suffered the moral hazard that afflicted Wall Street: If lenders insulate themselves from risk by parceling it out to other banks, they'll take more chances.

The Savoy deal

The Savoy was one of the poorly underwritten loans that regulators found. A 1930s-era Art Deco hotel in Miami's South Beach, the Savoy has changed hands multiple times. In 2005, a group of investors called the Savoy Hotel Partners (SHP), led by London businessman Abraham Werjuka, bought it and a parking lot next to it for $28 million intending to sell it to another developer.

A Florida broker convinced SHP to develop it themselves as a hotel-condo complex, and introduced Werjuka to BankFirst. In 2006 BankFirst refinanced SHP's mortgage with a one-year, $39.5 million loan. The bank, which was responsible for creating the prospectus with the borrower's financial information and for marketing the loan, sold parts to more than 35 banks, including eight in Minnesota.

Werjuka defaulted and BankFirst foreclosed in court. But SHP countersued with a racketeering complaint, accusing BankFirst of hoodwinking participating banks with a fraudulent prospectus that, among other things, inflated the property's value and Werjuka's financial strength, even while highlighting him as a selling point.

"It was a big scam," said Michael Bowe, a lawyer for SHP at Kasowitz, Benson, Torres & Friedman in New York.

Former BankFirst executives deny any wrongdoing. The FDIC, as receiver for BankFirst, is fighting the case.

Mathisen dismissed the lawsuit as a meritless delay tactic driven by a new partner in SHP, Manhattan real estate investor Eric Hadar. Hadar has a history of making "strident, very inflammatory claims in a variety of lawsuits in which he is involved," he said. He called the Savoy a "high quality credit" when the loan was made.

In depositions, Werjuka said he repeatedly told BankFirst he could not provide British tax statements and suggested nixing the deal. But he said BankFirst's loan originator, Ron Sweet, told him that didn't matter.

The prospectus puts Werjuka's net worth at $43 million -- $5 million in liquidity and nine properties overseas. But Werjuka said in a deposition the assets attributed to him are actually a compilation of properties he was involved with "directly and indirectly" via trusts, other companies and other people.

Sweet repeated in depositions that he never verified any of Werjuka's financial information, although he was responsible for due diligence on the deals. Asked whether he ever verified financial information with borrowers themselves on any of his loans, Sweet said, "Not that I can recall."

Sweet, who was paid a percentage of the dollar value of loans he originated, did not return multiple phone calls for this story.

The level of due diligence on the Savoy loan was typical of BankFirst loans, according to both Sweet and his supervisor, Rick Burnton, in court documents. What mattered, they said, was that Werjuka had about $13 million of cash equity in the Savoy.

The prospectus also lists the as-is value of the Savoy Hotel and parking lot as of January 2006 as $54 million, with a prospective value after development at $143 million. Just five months earlier, in August 2005, the properties had been appraised by the same appraiser at $52 million and $138 million, according to documents SHP obtained by subpoena from Miami-based AppraisalFirst Inc.

Two months earlier, in June 2005, Werjuka paid $32 million for both, court documents show.

One Wisconsin banker said in a deposition his bank wouldn't have taken part had it known BankFirst didn't get financial basics like tax returns.

BankFirst pocketed nearly $1 million in origination fees alone on the Savoy loan, according to a copy of the loan closing statement. The broker earned $500,000. Participating banks ate big losses.

Werjuka's lawyer said his client won't discuss the case.

'A live issue'

The Marshall ripple effect is still on the FDIC's radar, said an FDIC official, speaking on condition of anonymity. He said regulators have identified five failed banks in which bad BankFirst loans were a "material" percentage of the bank's capital and played a role in their demise: Bank of Wyoming in Thermopolis, Wyo.; Venture Bank in Lacey, Wash.; Mutual Bank in Harvey, Ill.; MetroPacific in Irvine, Calif., and First State Bank of Flagstaff, Ariz.

That list doesn't include tiny 1st American State Bank of Hancock, Minn., whose capital was wiped out by losses on 22 BankFirst loans it had on its books.

More than 500 banks around the country still have Marshall organization loans on their books, loans the organization held no part of. About half of the loans in that $1.5 billion portfolio are in default, a source familiar with the portfolio said.

"This is potentially a live issue out there," the FDIC official said. "I can't really put my arms around it yet."

Neither can Glenn Cray, but he bought two failed banks linked to BankFirst deals. After plowing through MetroPacific's books, the CEO of Sunwest Bank in Tustin, Calif., was ready when he traveled to Arizona to look at First State Bank's books.

"Uh-oh, here's some more Marshall loans," Cray recalled thinking. "We knew what to expect."

He called underwriting of the BankFirst loans he reviewed as "sloppy" and "shameful."

"It's the same thing that happened to the syndication of mortgage loans. There's a lack of ownership," he said.

Greg Lovell, CEO of Idaho First Bank in McCall, a town of 3,000, said his bank lost $1 million in two BankFirst deals.

"If we had that million dollars in capital still, we might not be in a consent order," said Lovell, referring to the increased scrutiny the bank is getting from regulators.

Lovell recalls getting so frustrated trying to communicate with BankFirst that he flew to Minneapolis in 2007 to talk with executives face to face. He was "stonewalled," he said. But the Marshall organization made an impression: "I was surprised at how opulent their offices were when they were having such problems."

'Internal control deficiencies'

In 2007 regulators ordered BankFirst to stop syndicating loans. Another, unregulated Marshall entity took up the baton until it, too, quit in 2008, insiders said. Last summer, regulators shut BankFirst down for good.

"At the end of the day, putting a $2 billion-per-year origination business within a $500 million community bank did not work as intended," said Scott Anderson, president of the Marshall Group, in a letter to clients dated Aug. 13, 2007.

Regulators saw it differently. BankFirst's losses stemmed from "pervasive internal control deficiencies," according to a damning 37-page report that the internal watchdog arm of the Federal Reserve Bank released in February.

The problems included such things as not managing risk, poor loan underwriting and a pay structure that rewarded excessive risk-taking. Loan originators were paid commissions based on the size of the loans, not on quality and with no repercussions if the loan went bad.

The report also blames regulators for not braking the runaway train earlier. Examiners from the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis had checked BankFirst's books six times by 2007 when they finally restricted it from making more participation loans, the report noted.

Not broke 'by a long shot'

Considering that his crowning achievement just exploded, Mathisen is remarkably calm.

"It's the story of life," Mathisen said. "You can't be in business and not have ups and downs. This is a bigger down than I would have liked."

Mathisen is downsizing. He sold his three-bedroom New York condo for $2.8 million. The eight-bathroom mansion he built in the mountains near Vail is on the market for $7.9 million. He has mothballed his eight-seater Falcon jet. But he's not broke -- "not by a long shot," he said.

And he still has business plans that include financial products and more commercial real estate. He's also working to manage his rare blood disease, a form of leukemia.

Mathisen dismisses as a formality the letter the FDIC sent him and other BankFirst executives and directors in March, demanding that they help pay for the losses that the FDIC's insurance fund incurred as a result of the bank's failure. The accusations are as broad as possible to make a claim on BankFirst's insurance policy, he said. If the government pursues a legal case against him, he will defend himself.

He is adamant that the implosion of the commercial real estate market brought down BankFirst, not poor internal controls or quixotic underwriting.

The bank's loan packages were as "good or better than most," he said, adding that the bank rejected many deals. Yes, originators were paid to make the loans, he said. However, the bank's loan committee approved them and they were paid on straight salaries and had no incentive to agree to bad deals, he said.

"Ultimately, the people that made these credit decisions were the banks we sold the loans to," Mathisen said.

Jennifer Bjorhus - 612-673-4683

**Load-Date:** August 30, 2010

**End of Document**



[***Museum-quality collections***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HNY-TG50-010F-K4XC-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 29, 2005, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 2058 words

**Body**

USA TODAY's music critics survey this year's box-set bounty

Pop and rock

The Band, A Musical History

(Capitol, 5 CDs/1 DVD, $90)

The Band's rich history is documented from 1963-1976 in 111 audio and video tracks, 37 unreleased. A 108-page hardcover book adds photo treasures.

The Beau Brummels, Magic Hollow

(Rhino Handmade, 4 CDs, $90)

There's more to the trailblazing folk-rock group than first hit Laugh Laugh, as shown in this definitive 113-song set.

Chicago, At Carnegie Hall

(Rhino, 4 CDs, $45)

This update of the 1972 four-LP set captures all the original hits played live plus a fourth disc of unreleased performances.

Try for the Sun: The Journey of Donovan

(Epic Legacy, 3 CDs/1 DVD, $50)

The second Legacy Donovan box expands with plenty of live and studio rarities and an unreleased film on the DVD.

Eagles Box

(Asylum, 9 CDs, $130)

All their best-selling albums nesting in a box along with the two tracks of a never-on-CD Christmas single.

Genesis, Platinum Collection(Rhino, 3 CDs, $25)

First anthology to combine the band's early prog-rock with Peter Gabriel and its more successful Phil Collins-led material.

Grateful Dead Fillmore West 1969

(Rhino, 3 CDs, $35)

Expansion of Live/Dead album cherry-picks a four-day San Francisco home stand.

Billy Joel, My Lives

(Columbia Legacy, 4 CDs/1 DVD, $60)

Joel has been boxed before, but this one reaches back to the beginning of his career with the Lost Souls, The Hassles and Attila, and adds many demos and an unreleased concert DVD.

Rickie Lee Jones, Duchess of Coolville: An Anthology

(Rhino, 3 CDs, $32)

One of rock's most influential and coolest troubadours, in her prime and in cahoots with Dr. John and Bill Frisell.

Tony Orlando & Dawn, The Yellow Ribbon Collection

(R2, 6 CDs, $84)

A cornucopia of '70s pop: six albums plus assorted oddments.

Ozzy Osbourne, Prince of Darkness

(Epic Legacy, 4 CDs, $50)

The 49-track chronicle of the metal mascot's 25-year solo career boasts hits and collaborations as well as 10 new covers, including Ozzy-fied versions of John Lennon's ***Working Class*** Hero and the Rolling Stones' Sympathy for the Devil.

Elvis Presley, Hitstory

(RCA, 3 CDs, $40)

Latest slicing-and-dicing of the King's catalog combines 30 #1 Hits and 2nd to None hits collections with more hits in new anthology The Story Continues.

Weird Tales of The Ramones

(Rhino, 3 CDs/1 DVD, $65)

The influential and star-crossed punk outfit is traced in three career-spanning discs and a mock EC Comic book, plus a documentary-and-video DVD.

The Rolling Stones, Singles 1968-1971

(Abkco, 9 CDs, $60)

In addition to the CDs, packaged to resemble the original 45s, this third and final singles box has a DVD with videos and an Ed Sullivan Show appearance.

Sir Douglas Quintet, The Complete Mercury Masters

(Hip-o Select, 5 CDs, $100)

Texas' Doug Sahm and band show their range in six albums, mono singles, Spanish recordings and outside productions.

Talking Heads, Brick Box

(Rhino, 8 CDs, $150)

Modern rock's artsiest and most rhythmically sophisticated band reintroduce their eight albums as bonus-sweetened Dualdiscs.

Yes, The Word Is Live

(Rhino, 3 CDs, $50)

At least the sixth live set from this prog-rock warhorse, it encompasses 10 concerts, 18 years and six different lineups.

Anthologies & series

Cameo Parkway 1957-1967

(Abkco, 4 CDs, $54)

A 115-track collection from the Philadelphia indie labels. The long-out-of-print catalog includes hits from Chubby Checker, Bob Seger and Bobby Rydell, plus novelties, R&B, garage rock and British Invasion sounds.

Children of Nuggets: Original Artyfacts from the Second Psychedelic Era 1976-1996

(Rhino, 4 CDs, $65)

The celebrated original Nuggets set of garage rock gave rise to this collection of post-punk, power pop and neo-garage sounds inspired by those early bands. The 100 tracks include rare cuts by The Cramps, Teenage Fanclub, The Posies and Screaming Trees.

Chronicles

(Universal, 3 discs, $30)

Basic boxes combine three original albums, sometimes with bonus tracks, by the likes of Bryan Adams, Aerosmith, the Allman Brothers Band, Asia, Carpenters, John Hiatt, Elton John, Tom Jones, Lynyrd Skynyrd, the Moody Blues, Rod Stewart, Tears for Fears, the Velvet Underground and Whitesnake.

The Great American Baseball Box

(Shout Factory, 4 CDs, $60)

The game is saluted in discs categorized by music (John Fogerty, Bob Dylan), game broadcast excerpts, player interviews and radio/TV miscellany.

Just Say Sire: The Sire Records Story

(Rhino, 3 CDs/1 DVD, $65)

Seymour Stein's label spawned a diverse roster, showcased in tracks by Madonna, The Ramones, Depeche Mode, k.d. lang, The Pretenders and many more.

The '60s Rock Experience

(Shout Factory, 3 CDs, $50)

Inspired by a PBS show, the 59 songs are culled largely from the latter third of the decade for soul, rock, pop, folk and psychedelia by The Kinks, Strawberry Alarm Clock, Edwin Starr, Dion and more.

This Is Southern Rock

(Universal, 3 CDs, $30)

No Allman Brothers, but most of the other '70s/'80s contenders (Lynyrd Skynyrd, Molly Hatchet, The Outlaws, and even the more contemporary Drive By Truckers).

Whatever: The '90s

Pop & Culture Box

(Rhino, 7 CDs, $106)

The decade is lovingly and mercilessly traced in 130 songs, from M.C. Hammer's U Can't Touch This to Sinead O'Connor's Nothing Compares 2 U.Also out: Boxes from Fairport Convention, Fleetwood Mac, Jerry Garcia (two), the Grateful Dead (two more), Dobie Gray, Rupert Holmes, King Crimson, U. Utah Phillips, Phish (live, out Dec. 20), Allan Sherman, Spanky & Our Gang, Stereolab, Rod Stewart (standards), The Tremeloes, Yo la Tengo and the '70s all-star War of the Worlds.

Jazz

Count Basie, The Complete Clef/Verve Fifties Studio Recordings

(Mosaic, 8 CDs, $136)

Count Basie re-forms his big band with an updated post-Swing Era sound.

Nat King Cole, The Complete Capitol Transcription Sessions

(Blue Note, 3 CDs, $35)

Trio sessions for radio broadcasts from 1946 to 1950.

Miles Davis, The Cellar Door Sessions 1970

(Columbia Legacy, 6 CDs, $89)

This band marked Davis' permanent switch from acoustic to electric bass in his working groups, but it never did any studio recordings. A four-night stand at the Washington, D.C., club documents Davis' move.

Tommy Dorsey, The Sentimental Gentleman of Swing:Centennial Collection

(RCA, 3 CDs, $40)

A portrait of the legendary horn player and bandleader, from sideman to performances with Ellington, Sinatra and Elvis.

Bill Evans, The Complete Village Vanguard Recordings, 1961

(Riverside, 3 CDs, $25)

The late jazz pianist's oft-packaged 1961 trio recordings find their fullest release here, with the addition of one cut that was interrupted by electrical problems.

Billie Holiday,The Complete Verve Studio Master Takes

(Verve, 6 CDs, $55)

The jazz singer's work from 1945-1959 is captured on 100 tracks.

The Jazz Crusaders,

Pacific Jazz Quintet Studio Sessions

(Mosaic, 6 CDs, $102)

The early work of the venerable band that included pianist Joe Sample, tenor saxophonist Wilton Felder, drummer Stix Hooper and trombonist Wayne Henderson.

Jelly Roll Morton, The Complete Library of Congress Recordings

(Rounder, 8 CDs, $115)

Folklorist Alan Lomax recorded Morton playing and reminiscing in 1938, comprising a colorful history of early 20th-century New Orleans and its music.

Buddy Rich, The Complete Argo, Emarcy and Verve Small Group Sessions

(Mosaic, 7 CDs, $119)

The drum great is captured in various settings between 1953 and 1961, when he was at his creative peak.

Anthologies & series

Columbia Small Group Swing Sessions

(Mosaic, 8 CDs, $136)

Columbia opened its doors for impromptu recording sessions for New York's thriving jazz scene's finest musicians.

Concord Picante

25th Anniversary Collection

(Concord Picante, 4 CDs, $25)

Afro-Cuban big bands, bossa nova, charanga and calypso, with tracks from Cal Tjader, Charlie Byrd, Eddie Palmieri and percussionists/bandleaders Poncho Sanchez, Mongo Santamaria and Tito Puente.

Mosaic Select sets(3 CDs, $39)

A series reissuing neglected jazz recordings, featuring boxes from Andrew Hill, Art Pepper, Johnny Richards, Fred Slack, Charles Tolliver and Pacific jazz piano trios.

Progressions: 100 Years of Jazz Guitar

(Sony Legacy, 4 CDs, $40)

This set spans 1906-2001 and includes Django Reinhardt, Charlie Christian, Les Paul, Wes Montgomery and Grant Green.

A Quiet Revolution

(Windham Hill, 4 CDs, $40)

The label celebrates 30 years of smooth jazz with tunes from such artists as George Winston, Will Ackerman and Jim Brickman.

The Complete Verve

Remixed Deluxe Box

(Verve, 4 CDs, $36)

The set compiles all three Verve Remixed compilations, featuring tunes reinvented by leading DJs and producers, plus a fourth CD/DVD of videos and four unreleased tracks.

R&B, soul, reggae, Latin

Jimmy Cliff, Better Days Are Coming: The A&M Years, 1969-1971

(Hip-o Select, 4 CDs, $75)

The reggae giant's UK recordings yielded four albums, three of which A&M chose not to release in the USA. All 46 tracks are here, including Many Rivers to Cross, Wild World and Struggling Man.

Don't Fight the Feeling:

The Complete Aretha Franklin

and King Curtis Live at Fillmore West

(Rhino Handmade, 4 CDs, $90)

The three-night stint presented in its entirety here yielded two outstanding live albums in 1971 -- one from Franklin and another from one of the greatest soul bands ever committed to tape, led by saxophonist Curtis (who would be murdered the month the original album was released).

Heaven Must Have Sent You:

The Holland/Dozier/Holland Story

(Hip-o, 3 CDs, $40)

Arguably Motown's most successful '60s producing/writing team, Eddie and Brian Holland and Lamont Dozier are immortalized in a lavish assemblage of the hits they created.

Bob Marley & The Wailers,

Soul Revolutionaries:

The Early Jamaican Albums

(Trojan, 4 CDs, $41)

This set collects four albums -- The Best of The Wailers, Soul Rebels, Soul Revolution and Soul Revolution 2.

Lee Perry: I Am the Upsetter

(Trojan, 4 CDs, $40)

The rugged-individualist reggae and dub producer gets an exhaustive salute.

Toots & The Maytals, Roots Reggae

(Trojan, 6 CDs, $50)

Straight repackage of six early albums, most long unavailable, including classics 54-46 Was My Number and Pressure Drop.

Anthologies

Caja Cubana: The Cuban Box

(Empire Musicwerks, 3 CDs, $18)

Varied compilation of Cuban artists with CDs of salsa, divas and lounge.

Doo Wop Vocal Group Greats

(Shout Factory, 3 CDs, $50)

Top 10 hits from the likes of the Moonglows, Duprees, Jive Five, Skyliners, Cadillacs, Drifters and others.

The Motown Box

(Motown/Shout Factory, 4 CDs, $60)

Three discs of '60s smashes, plus one of more obscure items by the hit factory's biggest stars.

The Motortown Revue Collection

(Hip-o Select, 4 CDs, $70)

All four live albums from Motown's 1960s package tours, in an oversized book jacket with a repro vintage poster.

Old School Soul Party

(Shout Factory, 3 CDs, $50)

R&B, soul and funk classics from The Commodores, Parliament, Chaka Khan, the Isley Brothers and more.

Country

Garth Brooks, Limited Series Box Set

(Pearl, 5 CDs/1 DVD, $25)

Available only through Wal-Mart outlets, this budget-priced box contains the albums Sevens, Scarecrow and Double Live, along with a disc of 11 previously unreleased recordings and a DVD of music videos, live performances and interview footage.

Johnny Cash, The Complete

Sun Recordings 1955-1958

(Time Life, 3 CDs, $40)

The 61 sides that Cash cut for the Memphis label during the earliest years of his career come complete with false starts but have been stripped of later overdubs. Colin Escott's excellent liner notes trace the subtle evolution of Cash's boom-chick sound.

You Ain't Talkin' to Me: Charlie Poole and the Roots of Country Music

(Columbia Legacy, 3 CDs, $40)

Jimmie Rodgers and the Carter Family often get credit for birthing country music, but this set makes a strong paternity case for North Carolina banjo man Poole. At the least, he's country's equivalent of Robert Johnson, a larger-than-life figure whose early death increased his mythic status.

Turn Back the Years:

The Essential Hank Williams Collection

(Mercury, 3 CDs, $40)

Three thematically arranged discs -- Honky Tonkin', Cold, Cold Heart and I Saw the Light -- don't cover every major song in Williams' catalog. But after more than half a century of repackaging, they at least offer a fresh perspective on one of country's great songwriting voices.

Not in stores: Mosaic jazz sets are available through the label: 203-327-7111; [*www.mosaicrecords.com*](http://www.mosaicrecords.com). Hip-o Select available at hip-oselect.com. Rhino Handmade available at rhinohandmade.com.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, B/W (3)

**Load-Date:** November 29, 2005

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[***3Taking the Maryland waters;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46F7-8W40-0190-X3XS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Everything Eastern Shore - the boats, the shellfish, the Southernish locals, the country simplicity - beckons again and again.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46F7-8W40-0190-X3XS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

August 4, 2002 Sunday ADVANCE EDITION

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**Section:** Pg. M01; news

**Length:** 1669 words

**Byline:** Susan Spano Los Angeles Times

**Dateline:** OXFORD, Md.

**Body**

You see them everywhere on Maryland's Eastern Shore, the weekend sailors. They are unmistakable with their deep tans, their baggy shorts, their frayed polo shirts, their Top-Siders worn without socks. Some might not even own their own boats, much less win regattas, but they are inexorably drawn to the Chesapeake Bay.

It's all about the water here, beginning with the sprawling but shallow bay, 200 miles long and up to 20 miles wide. Forty or so rivers flow into it, yielding more places to mess around in boats and a world of soggy marshes beloved by fishermen, kayakers and birds.

Then there's the convoluted shoreline, 8,000 miles of it meandering along Maryland and Virginia, where people who don't want to get wet can gaze hypnotically at the water.

By coincidence, Handel's Water Music was playing on the radio recently as I crossed the Bay Bridge on my way from Washington to Rock Hall, Md. It's about an hour-and-a-half drive - provided you're not traveling east on a Friday afternoon or west on a Sunday afternoon, when traffic can be gruesome. I planned to spend four nights in the bayside hamlets of Rock Hall and Oxford, partly because this part of the Chesapeake shore is close to Washington, partly because these villages are Eastern Shore classics: historic, pastoral and on the water.

Even though the area is a popular getaway spot for weekenders and my trip was spur-of-the-moment, I was able to snag reservations at two appealing inns - a colonial reproduction in Rock Hall and the genuine article, built in 1700, in Oxford. I planned to spend my days boating, eating as many Chesapeake Bay blue crabs as possible, and making a little study of Eastern Shore locals.

For city folk like me, they're interesting, even exotic - the weather-beaten crabbers and oystermen called "watermen," gentlemen farmers and sharecroppers, boat builders, antiques dealers - all of whom sound like Southerners with mouthfuls of marbles when they talk. (In some ways Maryland, a slave state that fought on the Union side during the Civil War, is more Southern than history and geography would suggest.)

Retirees and city people with summer homes have flocked to the east side of the Chesapeake, making true Eastern Shore natives seem like a dying breed. Still, locals - above all the watermen who ply the bay for increasingly scarce crabs and oysters - give these flatlands their color and prized backwater feeling.

In summer, the Chesapeake Bay sailing set arrives, cousins of New York yachties who favor Long Island Sound and Bostonians who have boat slips on Cape Cod or in Marblehead.

Lacking boats of their own, tourists get out on the water however they can or simply sample the pleasures of country life. They bike with picnic baskets, crack open steamed crabs in dockside restaurants, and stay in graceful bed-and-breakfast inns that smell of boxwood and furniture polish.

One of the country pleasures I enjoyed on the way from Rock Hall to the Inn at Osprey Point was being stopped by a policewoman for going 39 m.p.h. in a 30-m.p.h. zone. "You better slow your butt down," she said, and then gave me a warning, not a ticket. Later, a woman in a Rock Hall marina shop commiserated with me about the incident. "We don't have much to do around here," she said.

That's Rock Hall. The town sits near the mouth of the Chester River, just north of the Eastern Neck Island National Wildlife Refuge. It's sleepier and scruffier than other Eastern Shore havens, such as chic St. Michaels, and it has but one traffic light, a tiny business district, a grocery store, a rusty water tower, modest ***working-class*** homes with a surprising array of lawn ornaments, a cafe that opens at 4 a.m. (presumably for watermen), half a dozen or so marinas, and water on three sides.

I explored the marinas, such as Spring Cove, where there's a sailing school, and Haven Harbour, where a sailing shop called the Ditty Bag sells everything from Boat Zoap Plus to fast-dissolving toilet paper. The shop also keeps the key to the minuscule Waterman's Museum next door, where I learned that "peelers" are soft-shell crabs (harvested during molting season, from May until early fall, after they've shed their hard shells and can be eaten whole). Small as it is, the museum beguiles, especially the re-creation of one of the portable shanties used for shelter by watermen in winter.

The Inn at Osprey Point, just down the road from Haven Harbour, is a copy of the 18th-century Coke-Garrett House in Virginia's Colonial Williamsburg. My room on the second floor had the elegant, spare look of the Revolutionary War era: burnished wood floors covered with Oriental rugs, white walls with green trim, pictures of sailing ships and three windows overlooking the water. The owners are a group of Philadelphia businessmen, so the place doesn't feel as homey as B&Bs that have on-site owners, but it's a popular spot for weddings. It has a handsome restaurant (with undistinguished food, alas), a pool, bikes, whirlpool tubs, and views of Osprey Point Marina, where a family of swans cruise and sailboats are moored.

At breakfast I got to talking with Jerry Messina, one of the inn's owners, who was there for a meeting. He's a lawyer in Philly who owns a good bit of property in Rock Hall and, as a past winner of the bay's vaunted Huntingfield Cup regatta, clearly knows his way around a boat.

Besides sailing, there are plenty of ways to enjoy the Rock Hall area, on and off the water. I took a kayaking tour with a company that also sells rowing shells. The sky was stormy, but owner Tom McGlinn said that "the man" - the TV weathercaster, in Eastern Shore vernacular - was predicting it would soon blow over. My guide, Dean Ramon Gardels, and I pushed off from Skinners Neck boat ramp and tootled around Grays Inn Creek watching for great blue herons and ospreys while the ambivalent current changed with each new gust of wind.

Another day, I biked about eight miles from Rock Hall to Eastern Neck Island National Wildlife Refuge, an easy trip because the Eastern Shore is so flat.

A bend in the two-lane highway, Maryland 445, took me past Trumpington Manor (part of a 1658 English land grant), then over a wooden bridge where a man was fishing for white perch. The wildlife refuge is a popular spot for bird-watchers, but at the visitors center near land's end, I only saw butterflies flitting above allergy-provoking fields of ragweed and Queen Anne's lace.

Toward the end of the day, the sky blackened and dangerous-looking clouds pushed in from the bay. I was driving on a country road when it started to rain and hail, so I pulled over to watch the show. On the radio I heard that tornadoes had been sighted and, later, that high winds had blown over the 460-year-old Wye Oak, an Eastern Shore landmark about 20 miles east of the Bay Bridge.

The storm left behind a soft, pearly sunset, which I enjoyed from the deck at Waterman's Crab House in Rock Hall, a casual waterfront place with picnic tables. Steamed blue crabs are served on brown paper, not plates, and wooden mallets are provided for breaking open the shells. Extracting the meat is a messy business but more fun than a food fight. Nevertheless, that night I had the easier-to-handle crabcakes, filled with huge, succulent lumps.

To find out how the shellfish delicacy is harvested, I went to Oxford, about a 45-minute drive east of Tilghman Island, to go crabbing on the Miss Kim, a motorboat out of Dogwood Harbor. Capt. Wade H. Murphy Jr., who has worked on the bay for 45 years, told me to get there at 5:30 a.m. The four-hour trip costs $30, or $60 with a bushel of crabs, if we caught them.

Capt. Wade is a spry, sunburned showman of about 60 who can steer a boat, net crabs, and eat a banana at the same time. From a family of bona fide watermen going back three generations, he claimed to have once taken 78 bushels of blue crabs out of the Chesapeake in a day. Of late, though, he has found catering to tourists more lucrative. On this trip there were four of us, me and three ministers from Ohio, who had come east to attend sailing school in Annapolis.

On our way out of the harbor, the captain explained how crabs reproduce, told jokes, and denounced the state of Maryland for its conservation policies, which he believes have done little to increase the dwindling number of oysters and crabs in the bay. Then he laid out a fishing line half a mile long, called a trotline, baited with chicken necks. As he began reeling it in, he used a long-handled net to scoop up the crabs that had latched onto the chicken parts, dumping them into a bushel basket. We all got a chance to try, while Wade encouraged and harangued. If we missed one, he fumed, "You didn't go deep enough."

East of Tilghman Island, in St. Michaels, I had oysters on the half-shell at the Crab Claw, apparently a required stop for all tourists but lacking the down-home atmosphere of Waterman's in Rock Hall. I also visited the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (a complex of boats and buildings at Navy Point), and spent a little time in the town's touristy shops. Bellevue Road is the scenic route from there to Oxford, crossing the wide Tred Avon River on the Oxford-Bellevue ferry, established in 1683. It lets you off at the doorstep of the venerable Robert Morris Inn, with a colonial-style restaurant and taproom.

Oxford is leafy, quiet and lovely, the sort of place where couples get engaged. It's full of marinas, boat stores and 18th- and 19th-century buildings, of which the yellow Robert Morris Inn, founded about 1700, is the crown jewel.

I stayed in one of the inn's summer cottages, with waist-high wainscoting, a step-up king bed, a screened porch overlooking the water and a polished white claw-foot tub in which I took bubble baths as often as I could. Or I occupied an Adirondack chair on the lawn, watching sailboats come and go, wondering precisely why we're magnetically drawn to the water.

It was a deep riddle, I decided, that no doubt would require many more visits to the Eastern Shore to solve.

**Load-Date:** August 4, 2002

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[***PUTTING IT ON THE LINE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-BP80-0027-X54J-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

October 25, 1996, FRIDAY,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS,

**Length:** 1394 words

**Byline:** Tom Archdeacon; SPORTS FEATURE COLUMNIST

**Dateline:** CAMDEN

**Body**

Pam Rader remembers one of the first days of two-a-day football drills at Preble Shawnee last season. She had come to the practice field to watch her foster son, Joe Clevenger.

It was Joe's first time mixing with the local high school athletes and the first time a kid like Joe had tried out for the sport at this school in the heart of rural Preble County.

"Joe might not be fast … but I figured he'd try hard,'' Pam said quietly. "I just had no idea how hard he'd try. The other boys had finished running and he was the last one out there. He couldn't do what the others had done, but he wouldn't quit. And so he'd drop down and start crawling and when he could, he'd pull himself back up and run some more. As I watched him trying to do everything just to be one of the guys, well, I just busted out bawling.''

It's a season later, and Wednesday afternoon Alan Kilbourne, a Dayton-based social worker who works with Joe and the Rader family, was on the sidelines of a Preble Shawnee practice watching Joe, a 247-pound reserve lineman, as he and the rest of the Arrows prepared for tonight's game with Middletown-Madison.

"Joe's kind of like that Rudy guy they made a movie about a few years ago,'' Kilbourne said. "Rudy beat the odds to play at Notre Dame. That's Joe, except the obstacles he's overcome are so much greater.''

Daniel "Rudy'' Ruettinger was a scrawny, ***working-class*** kid who was told by everyone in the mid-1970s that he had neither the brawn or brains to go to school and play for the Fighting Irish. After helping tend to Notre Dame's football field, sleeping on a cot in the groundskeeper's room and studying nightly at a nearby school, he finally was accepted into Notre Dame and given a lowly spot on the team.

Still, Rudy had a red-carpet cakewalk compared to the often inhumane path 16-year-old Joe Clevenger has had to traverse. He's been in foster care the past four years, but has had county agencies stepping into his home life almost since the day he was born to a central Ohio woman who didn't even know she was pregnant.

His father died in an auto accident when Joe was five and the years that followed were filled with neglect, abuse and ridicule. Add to that the fact that Joe is a special needs child who is mentally challenged and you begin to see what he has overcome. Since the parental rites of his mother were taken away four years ago, Joe has been up for adoption. In the meantime, he's bounced through a few foster care families and the emotional roller coaster left him with little self-esteem. That made him aggressive at times, reclusive and barely able to communicate most of the rest of the time.

And then Pam and Gary Rader stepped into the picture. Soon after, the Preble Shawnee Arrows did the same and now, said football coach Rick Newsock, "Joe's something of a celebrity in the school.''

And so one of the greatest victory stories in Miami Valley football this season is playing out on a team that has won just once in eight games. But this account has nothing to do with what's found on a scoreboard. This is about what can be found in the heart. More than simply a tale of sweeping sports sentiment, this has become a small, powerful illustration of human spirit.

But along with the wonderment, there still are warts. "Don't got thinking this is Forrest Gump, where everything is beautiful,'' warned Kilbourne. "This is the real world. There were - and still are - some very tough times for Joe.''

Marilyn Davis, a central Ohio social worker, has known Joe since before his foster care days: "I'm not at liberty to go into details about his early life, but I can say he received some real cruel treatment from some children along the way.'' With foster care came certain protection, but adjustments were difficult and Joe lived briefly with families in Sidney and Eaton, while being schooled first at Roth Middle School then National Trail.

About this time, the Raders, who have two grown children of their own, were deciding to become a foster care family. "With my kids pretty much gone and my husband's job taking him out of town a lot, I kind of felt like I was deserted,'' Pam said. "I grew up the 11th of 12 kids, so I'm used to having people around. And Gary and I had been thinking about foster care for some time. He lived in foster care when he was in middle school, so he felt this was one way to pay back what someone once did for him.''

Joe was the first child they were offered, but immediately Pam said she started hearing negatives from people who had known him in his last foster care situation. "The worse picture they painted, the more I wanted to see for myself,'' she said. "Right off, we saw you've just got to understand Joe. He's really a loving kid with a great big heart.''

Over the past 2 1/2 years the Raders have handled Joe's emotional ebb and flow, while always pushing to make his situation better. First Pam worked to get him in an Individual Education Program - with its mentally and developmentally handicapped classes - at nearby Preble Shawnee, rather than having him bussed to Dayton. Next she pushed for him to ride the regular school bus instead of a handicapped bus.

"It's just that I see so much for him,'' said Pam, who now is raising three other foster children as well. "I feel like there's steps in life and Joe can climb up a lot higher than people give him credit for.''

In the Rader home, Joe responded and showed that along with music, he liked sports. His first attempt was a community baseball team in Camden, which took a while for adjustments on both sides. Then he decided he wanted to try football. Thanks to two understanding coaches - Jeff Hood, who was the Arrows' head coach last season and especially Rick Newsock this year - and their staffs, the experiment has worked out for everyone concerned.

"Our kids have done a great job watching out for Joe, helping him along and having fun with him in the right way,'' Newsock said.

In the beginning Joe had some things to learn - everything from how to put his pads on - to moving forward, not backwards, when the ball was snapped. He plays on the Arrows reserve team this season, has dressed for the varsity games two years in a row and played in two varsity games, one last season and one this year.

"I like to hit people,'' Joe said. "I remember one good hit. In the Dixie reserve game on No. 71.''

Willie Lynch is one of the senior defensive stars on the Preble Shawnee team. He's also a foster child and understands Joe better than most: "I know what it's like to be a foster child. Everybody looks at you. They want to know your life story and what you did to get into this situation. Most of the time, it's not what you did, but what someone did to you.

"Joe's got that and all the other limitations. That's why I've got a lot of respect for him. He's paid more of a price to get where he is than anyone at this school.''

Marilyn Davis remembers Hood telling her last season: "If we had a whole team of Joes - guys who had that kind of attitude and outlook - they'd take us to the state championship.''

Newsock agreed: "Joe is good for our kids. So many times you take for granted what you got. He reminds the guys what some people have to overcome.''

As for Joe, Davis said the dividends have been "marvelous. It's done wonders for his self-confidence and interacting with people. He communicates now.''

""He's a character,'' said Arrows team captain Steve Kurtz. "He's having a good time this year.''

You gather as much when Joe tells of everyone he danced with at the recent homecoming dance and how he got flowers and candy from some girls in school prior to Sweetest Day. And then you watch him as he walks through the hallways at school, high-fiving schoolmates, talking to everyone, all while wearing his bulky red and black Preble Shawnee school jacket that has last year's football letter sewn onto the front.

"He feels like he's found a home here,'' Pam Rader said.

Joe agreed: "I love this place. The guys on the football team are all my friends. And I love the crowd and the cheerleaders at the games. Yeah, I really love Friday nights.''

And that's led to a new discussion in the Rader home, Pam said:

"Joe came to me the other night and said, 'Mom, can I play basketball?' I said, 'Joe, do you think you can handle basketball?' He said, 'Yep Mom, I think I can do it.'

''And I told him, 'Joe, then go for it.' ''

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Joe Clevenger, a special-needs youth and 247-pound reserve lineman for the Preble Shawnee Arrows, accepts congratulations from team members after helping out on a tackle., PHOTO CREDIT: MARVIN FONG/DAYTON DAILY NEWS, PHOTO: Joe Clevenger, PHOTO CREDIT: None

**Load-Date:** October 28, 1996

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[***Best Buy's Schulze tops list of wealthiest Minnesotans***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YGV-0XW0-00J2-323F-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 4, 2000, Friday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** BUSINESS; ON BUSINESS; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1799 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

A high school graduate who opened a stereo shop in St. Paul that would become Best Buy Co. has shot past the late Curt Carlson's family, banker Carl Pohlad and the heirs to the Cargill fortune as Minnesota's fattest cat, according to Corporate Report's most-recent ranking of the "50 Wealthiest Minnesotans," to be announced today by the magazine.

     Richard Schulze \_ we reported that the St. Paul Central alum was a hitter last year \_ is worth about $2.2 billion, largely thanks to his ownership of nearly a fifth of the common stock and options in the 34-year-old Best Buy.

     Schulze, 58, whose company nearly went broke a couple of times only to be retooled into a better machine, declined to be interviewed for the Corporate Report piece. In an interview last year, the driven-but-amiable Schulze told the Star Tribune of his continuing zeal for work and growing interest in philanthropy.

     Schulze also is known as a founder who surrounded himself with smart folks needed to help devise and execute strategies that built Best Buy into the nation's biggest consumer-electronics and appliance retailer.

   Corporate Report's first survey of big Minnesota money in five years reveals that Schulze isn't the only nouveau dough to have made big gains on the old money that's rooted in grain, transportation, banking, brewing and retailing. There are others who have benefited from the confluence of New Age technology, a surging stock market and good-old chutzpah.

     For example, work-hard, party-harder Rick Born, 38, is ranked 33rd with a net worth of $250 million, thanks largely to his founding stake in the decade-old Born Information Services. Born is a mansion-and-monster-boat guy who also has an events company and golf-related holdings.

    The daughters of founder Curt Carlson \_ who are also the top managers at Carlson Companies, which includes Radisson Hotels and Carlson Travel \_ are worth an estimated $2 billion, split between CEO Marilyn Carlson and her sister, Barbara Carlson Gage, who heads the family foundation.

     Putting these numbers together is not an exact science \_ and not many of the luminaries loan their accountants to help with the task. Corporate Report researchers and writers made estimates of wealth based on disclosed stock-market holdings, plus in-the-money options, or by using conservative valuations of earnings or sales when private companies are involved.

     The Fabulous 50 consists of five women and 45 men and includes:

    - No. 3 at $1.9 billion \_ The MacMillan family of giant Cargill \_ apparently rebounding from that $250 million hit Cargill took on Russian debt.

     - No. 4 at $1.7 billion \_ Banker and Minnesota Twins owner Carl Pohlad, who at age 84 is still as lean and steely-eyed as he was collecting car loans on Lake Street a half-century ago.

     - No. 5 at $1.5 billion \_ Industry-smart, community-wise Glen Taylor, 58, who was worth a billion in the printing industry and served as a leader in the Minnesota Senate before he hit the TV monitor as owner of the Minnesota Timberwolves a few years back.

     - No. 6 at $1.5 billion \_ The Dayton family, which gave way to professional management at what's now Target Corp. 20 years ago. The now-elderly brothers who ran the company focus on investments, civic and philanthropic affairs.

     - No. 9 at $1 billion \_ Dwight Opperman, 76, the former CEO of West Publishing, who sold to Thomson Corp in 1996;

     - No. 12 at $800 million \_ the Cowles family, descendants of Star Tribune founder John Cowles, who sold the company to California-based McClatchy Co. in 1998. (The St. Anthony clan even made money on that deal thanks to a nice employee-stock plan.)

    - No. 16 at $680 million \_ Lugino (Jeno) Paulucci, the brash son of the Iron Range who revolutionized the American diet with Chinese and Italian dinners-in-a-package before he sold out to larger companies years ago.

     - No. 21 at $400 million \_ Sharon Lee Avent, who succeeded her mom, Ebba Hoffman, as CEO of Smead Manufacturing of Hastings.

     - No. 21 at $400 million (a tie) \_ Irwin Jacobs, 58, a one-time business liquidator, once financed by former partner Carl Pohlad. The north-side kid now works on his Genmar boat company and legacy as a Minnesota employer.

     - No. 27 at $300 million \_ Guy Schoenecker, the owner and CEO of BI Performance Services, which sells training and reward systems to companies.

     - No. 29 at $280 million \_ Super litigator Mike Ciresi, an overachieving, undersized linebacker at St. Thomas who crunched the cigarette industry in 1998. He's running for U.S. Senate and still sports a ***working-class*** dialect.

     - No. 46 at $167 million \_ Gene Sit, a one-time portfolio manager for IDS Financial who founded Sit Investments in 1981.

     - No. 50 at $150 million \_ Kevin Garnett, head "Timberwolf" and world-class act whom Glen Taylor made rich a couple years ago with a world-class contract that will make him the best paid player in the NBA for years to come.

     What a difference a generation makes.

     Garnett's $150 million makes him the poorest of the Fab 50.

     In 1973, the poorest was Control Data's Bill Norris at $12 million \_ and only 12 guys were on the list. The poorest guy, No. 50 in 1994, was Richard Levitt, a former vice chairman of Norwest Corp.

     Of the 50, 33 of the millionaires are self-made. The rest are members of the "Lucky Kids Club."

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Richest Minnesotans

1. Richard Schulze        $2.2 billion

   CEO, Best Buy Co. Inc.

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2. Carlson family         $2 billion

Marilyn Carlson Nelson, CEO, and Barbara Carlson Gage, head of the Carlson

family foundation, each own 50 percent of Carlson Companies.

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3. MacMillan family       $1.9 billion

Heirs to the Cargill Inc. fortune.

Brothers Whitney and Cargill MacMillan Jr., and cousin W. Duncan MacMillan,

each have an estimated wealth of $600 million.

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4. Carl Pohlad            $1.7 billion

President, Marquette Bancshares Inc.; owner, Minnesota Twins.

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5. Glen Taylor            $1.5 billion

CEO, Taylor Corp.; owner, Minnesota Timberwolves.

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Wealthiest Minnesotans: then and now

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A comparison of the 25 wealthiest Minnesotans in 1999 and in 1994.

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1999:

Billionaires (wealth in billions):

1. Richard Schulze             $2.2

2. Carlson family               2.0

3. MacMillan family             1.9

4. Carl Pohlad                  1.7

5. Glen Taylor                  1.5

6. Dayton family                1.5

7. Weyerhaeuser family          1.4

8. Stanley S. Hubbard           1.3

9. Dwight Opperman              1.0

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Millionaires (wealth in millions):

10. Schwan family               $900

11. James R. Cargill             840

12. Cowles family                800

Mortenson family                800

Rauenhorst family               800

15. Anderson family              725

16. Luigino (Jeno) Paulucci      680

17. Virginia McKnight Binger     620

18. Engelsma family              600

19. Edward (Ted) Hamm family     500

20. Lee Anderson                 425

21. Sharon Lee Avent             400

Irwin Jacobs                    400

23. Bachman family               390

24. Kotulas family               360

25. Marvin family                345

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1994:

Billionaires (wealth in billions):

1. MacMillan family           $3.0

2. James R. Cargill/family     1.5

3. Dayton family               1.5

4. Curt Carlson                1.0

    Carl Pohlad                 1.0

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Millionaires (wealth in millions):

6. Schwan family              $500

7. Cowles family               500

8. Luigino (Jeno) Paulucci     450

9. Glen Taylor                 400

Virginia McKnight Binger       400

11. Stanley S. Hubbard          300

12. Bachman family              250

    Irwin Jacobs                250

14. Richard Schulze             230

15. Marvin family               200

    William Austin              200

    Edward (Ted) Hamm family    200

18. Erickson family             175

    Gerald Rauenhorst family    175

20. Sweasy family               150

    McGlynn family              150

22. Lyle Berman                 140

    Ted Deikel                  140

24. Myron Kunin                 135

25. Rudy Luther                 125

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Source: Corporate Report

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Amex wins round in junkyard

     American Express Financial Advisors has won Round 1 in its lawsuit against a couple of U.S. investment banks and consultants who sold the mutual-fund firm $62.5 million worth of junk bonds in a Thai steel factory that turned out to be real junk.

     U.S. District Judge Michael Davis of Minneapolis has ruled against a motion to dismiss the case by defendants Natwest Capital Markets, KeyCorp and Steel Dynamics, a U.S. firm that consulted on the project.

     In essence, Davis ruled that Amex has enough grounds to proceed with discovery in an effort to build its case, and unless there's a settlement or successful motion for summary judgment to go to trial.

      Amex, through several of its fixed-income funds, sued last year, saying it was bamboozled by the promoters of a $452.5 million high-yield debt offering. The Amex bond managers said they were told in February 1998 that the mini-mill would be completed with $276.8 million of the money and running by April.

     Instead, the project wasn't completed and much of the money was used to fund other obligations of the operating subsidiaries of Nakornthai Strip Mill Public Co. Amex contends that Steel Dynamics of Indiana failed to assemble a management group that would make sure things were built and operated.

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Nada's perception

     U.S. Bancorp's Hany Nada, a 1999 Wall Street Journal All-Star analyst for his work on Internet-infrastructure firms, is projecting that Net Perceptions of Eden Prairie will be a $100 stock next year.

     "In our view, Net Perceptions is beginning to hit full stride, gaining momentum with larger and more lucrative customer wins and strategic partnerships with the 'who's who' in Internet infrastructure," Hammerin' Hany said Thursday in assessing 1999 sales. "Going forward, we believe that as the company's solutions evolve and its business model accelerates, Net Perceptions' lead in the personalization space will expand dramatically."

     Net Perceptions helps Internet-based retailers market to customers based on acquired knowledge of individual demographics and purchase histories. It has doubled its public-offering price of last May to trade around $55 lately, giving it a market cap of about $1.2 billion.

     In the digital world, you base a stock's price not on profit \_ of which there's little to none for most of these companies yet. Nada's target price represents "a conservative" 27 times estimated revenue of $78 million.

     It must be a great country.

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\_ Neal St. Anthony reports on companies, people and trends in the Twin Cities business community. His column appears Tuesdays and Fridays. He can be reached at 612-673-7144 or [*Nstanthony@startribune.com*](mailto:Nstanthony@startribune.com).

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**Graphic**

CHART; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** February 4, 2000

**End of Document**



[***ELSIE HILLMAN'S DAY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KBP0-0094-54YD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***1,200 GATHER TO HONOR THE LEADING LADY OF REPUBLICAN POLITICS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KBP0-0094-54YD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 11, 1996, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1996 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 1534 words

**Byline:** ELLEN M. PERLMUTTER, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

As Pittsburgh's doyenne of Republican politics for most of her adult life, Elsie Hillman has helped create, among others, three governors, two U.S. senators and a president of the United States.

Yet through it all, the daughter of a well-heeled steel executive and 70-year-old wife of billionaire industrialist Henry Hillman, has retained an unvarnished enthusiasm as well as an ego not clouded by pomp and circumstance.

Consider the tale she told on herself yesterday morning:

After attending a party at the White House in early 1989, Hillman was invited by President George Bush and first lady Barbara Bush to spend the night - her first night at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue - in the Queen's Bedroom.

''I came back after the party and immediately touched everything in the room. I thought, 'What's a little girl from Squirrel Hill doing looking out onto Pennsylvania Avenue from the Queen's Bedroom in the White House?' ''

Hillman then sat down to write letters to her eight grandchildren, penning her impressions of the day on White House stationery from an antique desk.

There were several unused sheets with ''White House'' embossed at the top.

''I put them in my suitcase and took them home,'' she confessed.

As she revealed her secret, Bush, the man Hillman championed for 10 years before helping to get him elected in 1988, sat early yesterday morning among 1,200 of her closest friends at the Pittsburgh Hilton and Towers, Downtown.

He laughed. Everyone cheered.

They had paid $ 100 a person to eat breakfast with the woman who still lists her occupation on her Allegheny County voter registration card as ''housewife.'' Hillman, the plucky Republican national committeewoman who retired this summer after 21 years in the post, has been active in Republican politics since 1952, when she did volunteer work for Dwight D. Eisenhower's presidential campaign.

Most of the ticket price went to the Republican State Committee. The rest paid for the bacon and eggs.

Those who gathered to fete her were a Who's Who of Republican politics. In addition to Bush and Gov. Ridge, there were U.S. Sens. Arlen Specter and Rick Santorum; former Gov. Dick Thornburgh and former Lt. Gov. Bill Scranton Jr.; state Attorney General Thomas W. Corbett Jr.; state Rep. Albert Pettit; Allegheny County Commissioners Larry Dunn and Bob Cranmer; U.S. Rep. Bud Schuster; and state Sen. President Pro Tempore Robert Jubelirer.

Hillman, who has four grown children, rose from the 14th Ward in Squirrel Hill to the county committee to the state committee, and finally into the sanctums of Republican national decision makers.

Her political history was serenaded yesterday by the Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh to the tune of ''Mame!''

The words were created by friend and director Robert Page:

''Oh what will Pennyslvania do, Elsie.

''And we should say Republicans, too, Elsie.''

''You plunged right in, not wasting a day, Elsie.

''You knew just what to do, what to say, Elsie.''

As Ridge pointed out, Hillman's imprimatur opened previously bolted doors.

Especially at breakfast.

That's why friends and colleagues turned the tables on her yesterday with the familiar servings of bacon, eggs and muffins.

Those in attendance had met Bush at breakfast. Hillman-sponsored breakfasts also had been instrumental in introducing political neophytes - people such as Specter, Ridge, Thornburgh and even the late Sen. John Heinz - to important people in the Republican party.

Hillman, who typically gets by on five hours of sleep a night or less, has always sought to squeeze more into the day by getting up and out early.

Though she and her husband are worth billions, Hillman has been known to wear drugstore reading glasses, or a safety pin as replacement for a lost button.

Guests (many of them sporting ''We Love You Elsie'' buttons) at the well-orchestrated gathering, which ran only two minutes over the scheduled 1 hour and 45 minutes, watched a video recounting Hillman's mostly political life.

There was the mention of horseback riding (though she's terrified of horses), and of her boarding school years in Virginia (though she flunked 11th grade).

Former Urban League of Pittsburgh president Art Edmunds remembered the woman who grew up in wealthy Fox Chapel as one who connected the unconnected black community to chief executive officers of major corporations.

Judy Comfer, former president of the Pittsburgh AIDS Task Force, riveted the crowd with her recollection of the times Hillman took baskets of food to dying AIDS victims, and stayed to eat a meal with them.

''I thought, now there's a Meals on Wheels for you,'' she said.

Part of Hillman's appeal has always been her ability to build bridges with people not normally associated with Republican politics. Moderation was a watchword during her tenure at the helm of the state party. She established the Republican Future Fund to promote centrist policies and candidates and has been a staunch supporter of abortion rights.

Labor leader Paul Stackhouse praised Hillman as a friend of the ***working class***. Through Hillman, labor got to know, and even like, the up and coming George Bush.

Even Sen. Rick Santorum, whose conservatism has run counter to Hillman's middle-of-the-road-ism, recalled fondly that it was Hillman who had brought him on as a summer intern in the early 1980s. He was thankful.

Then it was the former president's turn to pay tribute to Hillman.

Speaking briefly to the guests, Bush - a distant relation thanks to an uncle who married Hillman's cousin - said simply of his successful political career: ''I had a secret asset, Elsie Hillman.''

Husband Henry Hillman then told this story:

''One time (Bush) sent me a picture of himself and wonderful wife, Barbara. At the bottom, he wrote, 'From George and Barbara. With all our best wishes to Elsie and Harvey.' ''

The usually reticent man who has left the political limelight to his gregarious wife then added this jab at President Clinton:

''I decided the reason (for writing ''Harvey'') was that (Bush) was getting a little like Jimmy Stewart. He likes rabbits and he thought of me as Harvey.

''Don't laugh. After all, Bill Clinton likes rabbits, too. Only he calls them bunnies. And he doesn't call his bunnies Harvey. He uses names more like Paula and Jennifer.''

As the breakfast came to an end, Elsie Hillman rose to tell her friends: ''This is really awesome.''

Then she cried.

Elsie Hillman, 44 years in Republican politics

\*1952 - A young housewife, she volunteers with the Citizens for Eisenhower Committee, volunteering at local party headquarters. A year later, she signs on with the Allegheny County Republican Party as an office volunteer.

\*1956 - After catching the eye of Republican leaders, she is named to run the ''Ikemobile'' project, a mobile campaign display for the now-incumbent president.

\*1956 - She is elected Republican Committeewoman from the 1st District of Pittsburgh's 14th Ward. She will remain in that post through four decades.

\*1960 - Named volunteer chairman for the county Republican Party and co-chairman of the 14th Congressional District Nixon-Lodge campaign.

\*1962 - Hillman is appointed secretary of the county GOP and elected outright to the post two years later.

\*1964 - Elected alternate delegate, as a Rockefeller supporter, to the Republican National Convention in San Francisco.

\*1967 - Elected chairwoman, Allegheny County Republican Committee, a post she will hold until 1970.

\*1968 - Delegate, Republican National Convention in Miami Beach, Fla. She will attend every Republican Convention to come, through the 1996 gathering in San Diego, Calif. On a trip to Hong Kong, Hillman takes a midnight telephone call from a young Pittsburgher who informs her a congressional seat has opened up with the death of the incumbent. Would she support him for the spot? Hillman tells John Heinz she will. Eight years later, again with Hillman's backing, Heinz becomes a Senator.

\*1974 - She moves up to the Republican Leadership Committee in Pennsylvania.

\*1975 - Hillman is elected Republican National Committeewoman from Pennsylvania, a post she will retain for the next 21 years.

\*1978 - She is a key adviser and backer of a young lawyer she helped get appointed U.S. Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania. In a startling upset, Dick Thornburgh goes on to be elected governor.

\*1979 - Hillman signs on with the steering committee for the campaign of a distant relative, a former Texas congressman named George Bush. He will lose the Republican nomination for President the following year, but, with Hillman's backing, join the Republican ticket as vice president for Ronald Reagan.

\*1984 - She becomes state chairwoman of the Reagan-Bush reelection campaign.

\*1988 - With Pennsylania expected to go for the Democratic nominee, Massachussets Gov. Michael Dukakis, Hillman takes a national post with the Bush Presidential campaign. On election night, as Hillman takes a call of thanks from the president-elect, the networks change their earlier prediction and declare Pennsylvania for Bush.

\*1989 - Hillman helps organize the Bush inauguration.

\*1992 - Chairs the Bush-Quayle reelection campaign in Pennsylvania.

\*1994 - State steering committee for another protegee, named Tom Ridge. He becomes governor.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (4), PHOTO: Robin Rombach/Post-Gazette: Elsie Hillman, flanked by Gov.; Ridge, let, and former President George Bush, reacts to a song by the; Mendelssohn Choir during a breakfast tribute yesterday.; PHOTO: V.W.H. Campbell Jr./Post-Gazette: Elsie Hillman, right, enjoys the; closing celebration at her last Republican National Convention in August in; San Diego, Calif.; PHOTO: John Beale/Post-Gazette: Gov. Dick Thornburgh and Hillman, 1986.; PHOTO: Milnor Roberts, Elsie Hillman and Richard Nixon, 1967.

**Load-Date:** October 12, 1996

**End of Document**



[***National ads molded for local audience;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9MW0-009B-P44G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***The AFL-CIO says its $ 35 million ad campaign, including attacks on Gil Gutknecht, is an effort to educate voters.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9MW0-009B-P44G-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 8, 1996, Metro Edition

Copyright 1996 Star Tribune

**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1493 words

**Byline:** Tom Hamburger; Eric Black; Staff Writers

**Body**

If you saw the new ad attacking the record of U.S. Rep. Gil Gutknecht, R-Minn., on Mankato and Rochester television last week, it probably didn't look all that different from other political ads.

But the ad is different. It is part of an unprecedented and expensive national campaign by the AFL-CIO in Washington.

If spending by groups outside the political parties continues to increase at the current rate, it could change the conduct of campaigns, the nature of political discourse and the accountability of candidates.

The ad accused Gutknecht of "voting with Newt Gingrich to cut college loans while giving tax breaks to the wealthy." That's a charge you might expect Gutknecht's Democratic opponent to make.

But challenger Mary Rieder says she hasn't seen the ad and won't vouch for its accuracy. In fact, the ad wasn't made with Gutknecht in mind. It's a generic ad into which the name of any Republican who voted for the GOP's budget last year can be inserted.

Generic attack ads sponsored by the National Republican Senate Committee have been running all summer with the name and face of Sen. Paul Wellstone inserted. Wellstone's challenger, Rudy Boschwitz, says he didn't make them and isn't accountable for them.

But Gutknecht can't even hold his opponent's political party accountable for the attacks on him. The AFL-CIO is officially nonpartisan and says its $ 35 million campaign is designed only to educate union members and other voters on issues of concern to working families. According to most observers, however, the campaign is designed to unseat vulnerable Republican freshmen.

Of course, the AFL-CIO has run political ads before, as have other advocacy groups outside of the campaigns and the parties, such as the National Rifle Association and the National Conservative Political Action Committee.

What's really new is the size and scope of the AFL-CIO campaign and the potential size of campaigns that will be launched by pro-business campaigns to rebut it. The labor group already has spent $ 100,000 for ads in Minnesota's First Congressional District.

If it maintains that pace through November, the labor organization would outspend Gutknecht's total planned campaign budget.

To aid Gutknecht and other Republicans under siege, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Washington is hastily trying to raise money to counter labor's advertising blitz.

Television ads are now the primary means of political communication during election years. At the rate things are going, some voters may get more of that communication from lobbying groups than from the candidates or even the parties.

"We are not supposed to be electing the AFL-CIO or the Chamber of Commerce," said Kathleen Hall Jamieson of the University of Pennsylvania. "We may end up with a kind of surrogate election, in which we lose track of the candidates because of the messages coming from two large constituent groups speaking from D.C., not from the locale.

"There should be enough communications so that we can see whether a person is by training, temperament and ideology . . . well-suited to represent the First District in Congress. These nationally generated cookie-cutter ads do not tell us that."

'Less confident'

Gutknecht said he hasn't seen much erosion of his support since the ads started running, but he's worried.

"If we were fighting a one-front war, I would be feeling very, very good," he said. "But I have a two-front war now, and I feel a little less confident." He admits being awed by the AFL-CIO power and organization and especially its ability to raise money quickly. And unlike the political parties, the AFL-CIO is not subject to campaign spending limits.

Gutknecht also is worried about the impact of the trend on campaigns in general. "It's like a new weapons system in the arms race. If it succeeds, we'll all do it - attack the opposition using independent third parties. Only next time, they will get more creative."

Amanda Fuchs, a spokeswoman for the AFL-CIO, rejected the suggestion that the federation's campaign is any menace to democracy.

"We're speaking to our membership, 13.1 million union members nationwide, about issues of concern to them," she said. "We're letting people know what their congressman is doing. That doesn't confuse the political process; it adds to it."

Pro-business and social conservative groups have spent hundreds of millions in recent election cycles on so-called grass-roots lobbying, she said.

She said Gutknecht holds no particular ranking on a list of targets. The AFL-CIO planners haven't decided how much more might be spent in his district. "We're targeting districts with high quantities of union members. We're targeting districts whose congressmen have been voting against working families in favor of corporate interests."

Rieder, Gutknecht's opponent, said her only positions on the labor ads are that the AFL-CIO has a constitutional right to air them and that she accepts no accountability for their content. An increase in political advertising for which neither candidate can be held accountable might not be healthy for democracy in some general sense, she said, but she hasn't seen any research to back that up.

Gutknecht has proposed a campaign code for the district that would, among other provisions, require candidates to take personal responsibility for any ads aired on his or her behalf. Rieder declined to sign the code. She also said she did not consider the AFL-CIO ads to be "on my behalf."

Negative feelings

The AFL-CIO's ads use aggressive wording and questionable linkages to encourage negative feelings about Gutknecht, and the ads play on voters' fears. But they raise legitimate issues on which the major parties have significant differences.

The education ad replaced one that ran during most of August that played on workers' fears about the security of their retirement funds. It featured an elderly woman whose 401(k) retirement fund was wiped out because her employer had invested the fund entirely in the company's own stock before the company went bankrupt.

The AFL-CIO supports a bill in Congress that would bar companies from putting more than 10 percent of a 401(k) fund into their own stock.

The ad implies that Gutknecht is no friend of workers on retirement issues because, as the ad puts it, "Gutknecht voted to make it easier for corporations to raid other pensions."

The vote in question had little to do with the woman's predicament or with 401(k) plans. Rather, it alludes to a provision that was contained in the seven-year budget bill that passed almost exclusively with Republican votes in 1995 and was vetoed by President Clinton. The provision would have allowed corporations to take money out of pension funds and use it for other purposes if the fund had more than 125 percent of the amount set by law to meet the plan's financial obligations.

Gutknecht said that calling such a provision permission to "raid" pension funds is "as close to a bald-faced lie as you'll get in politics." Funds above the 125 percent level are not necessary for the security of the fund, he argued.

From labor's viewpoint, money in a pension fund belongs to the workers and shouldn't be put to other purposes.

But whatever position one takes on the 125 percent provision, it doesn't have much to do with the case of the woman featured in the ad. Her problem wasn't a pension, but a 401(k) plan, where employees set aside money from their own paychecks. Her employer blew the money.

Gutknecht said he was outraged by such cases and would support a bill to better regulate employers' stewardship of 401(k) funds. He said the ad improperly commingles two issues relating to retirement funds and unfairly implies that he would oppose a change in 401(k) regulation.

Fuchs, the AFL-CIO spokeswoman, disagreed. The ad doesn't say where Gutknecht stands on the 401(k) bill, she said, and it encourages his constituents to urge him to support it. But the linkage between the two issues is not unfair, she said, because "Republicans have a history of voting for tax breaks for the wealthy at the expense of ***working class***" and because "when Congressman Gutknecht had a chance to protect workers' pensions, he voted the wrong way."

Rieder said she wasn't raising pension security as an issue in her campaign, but said she would not have voted for the 125 percent proposal. She said she would vote for the proposed regulation of 401(k) funds.

Jamieson, an expert on political advertising, said she was troubled by the way the pension and education ads "are driven by fear."

"They create a frightening scenario then make a simplistic association between it and the GOP. It is undoubtedly useful in a race to make some fear appeals, but . . . it is not useful to have fear be the dominant message. . . . Stronger attack language and stronger fear overwhelms the message. Increasing the level of fear in discourse around the country is part of what fuels our rampant political cynicism."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** September 10, 1996

**End of Document**



[***OFF-BEAT ARIZONA;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3D90-002B-H3T0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***High country's beauty shines in off-season***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3D90-002B-H3T0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 20, 1991, Metro Edition

Copyright 1991 Star Tribune

**Section:** Travel; Pg. 1G

**Length:** 1396 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

Think of Arizona solely for sprawling, smoggy Phoenix and snowbirds baking in the desert sun?

Think again - but about Northern Arizona.

We spent a day last February cross-country skiing north of Flagstaff on a hilly, wooded course blanketed by more snow than the barren Twin Cities.

Earlier, we toured the austerely beautiful red rock country of Sedona, long a holy place for American Indians that has become a Mecca for New Age devotees in search of "earth energy."

And we witnessed a glorious sunrise at the south rim of the Grand Canyon in cool, clement weather. Only a few other tourists were in sight for miles.

Let's leave Phoenix in the rearview mirror and head north in an off-season tour of Arizona high country.

Sedona, named for the wife of its first postmaster in the late 1800s, sits in the middle of a 500-square-mile region that starts about 100 miles north of Phoenix. It encompasses Sedona village about 8 miles west of Interstate Hwy. 17, the surrounding Red Rock territory, the town of Oak Creek and canyon country to the north.

A pretty layover for tourists traveling between Phoenix and the Grand Canyon, Sedona was a secret for many years. But in the past decade it has grown rapidly - to the chagrin of some natives - on its strength as a growing arts community, an area that never gets too hot or cold, a home to diverse flora and wildlife, and a hot spot for New Agers.

Rising in elevation to 7,100 feet above sea level, the Sedona area starts with sparse grasslands at the south and moves into high ponderosa pine-fir forests cut by bubbling brooks along the canyon's north end.

Red Rock is distinguished by buttes and jagged formations thrust into the sky. They were formed by millions of years of erosion and weather.

Myriad cowboy movies were filmed in the area until the 1960s. Where the John Wayne types bounded around for decades in video shoot-'em-ups is hallowed ground to Indians who lived in the region for thousands of years before immigrants with Winchester rifles and mining picks arrived. They, along with the U.S. Army, pushed the Indians out in a few short decades.

The latest rage is not mining but New Age thinking.

Many of the Yavapai and Tonto Apache Indians, who still populate the area, are bemused by the recent interest of whites who seek energy and spiritual strength from the red rock formations that have names such as Teapot, Chimney Rock and Devil's Bridge.

It is around these age-old formations, often referred to as "vortexes," that those in quest of higher spiritual energy and sensitivity congregate.

"An up-flow vortex is the best for consciousness expansion, touching oneness with the infinite and some forms of future sensing," writes Pete A. Sanders Jr., a biomedical chemistry graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who runs an organization called the Free Soul Psychic Education Program based in Sedona. "An inflow vortex is best for introspection, the resolution of old conflicts and past-life remembrance."

Redondo, a half-Indian guide who lives in the area, dismisses the New Agers as ever-searching yuppies who have twisted in their direction the age-old Indian regard for the area as a sanctuary in which they honor the spirits, the earth and nature.

"Some people claim they can feel the energy," said Grizzly, a displaced Pennsylvanian who gives tours of the area at $ 25 per person for Red Rock Jeep Tours. "This whole area, I think, would be a vortex."

With Grizzly at his jeep's helm, we took the Soldier Pass Trail in a slow but steep - buckle up and hang on - ride through the Red Rocks to Devil's Kitchen and Apaches' Seven Sacred Pools.

It was in this area in 1873-74 that General George Crook hunted down the last of the Apaches who resisted deportation to reservations many miles away.

After holding out for months, the Apaches starved that winter when Indian scouts for the Army destroyed their food caches hidden in rocky coves. The sorrowful campaign culminated in the infamous "Trail of Tears," a forced march from the Camp Verde Reservation to the San Carlos Reservation about 200 miles east.

Military might was not new to the area in the 1800s.

According to the book "Sedona" by John F. Hoffman, the first white men to visit the area may have been part of a 1583 Spanish military expedition in search of silver and other precious metals. The land was held by Mexico until 1848 when it was ceded along with the rest of the American West after the Mexican-American War.

The "Greater Sedona" metropolitan area now boasts a population of about 10,000 and an amalgam of galleries, restaurants, tourist shops and tour agencies, lodgings and even a few golf courses. If you get tired of trekking, you can sample the work of 400 to 500 artists and other crafts people. Their unofficial headquarters is the spacious Sedona Art Center, also home to a bevy of scheduled performing arts. Or visit a few of the New Age head shops where the metaphysical types turn on to psychic energy, crystals or just plain inspiration - not drugs.

You can also tour the area by plane, balloon or horseback. But the more exotic transports cost big money. Staying on hoof and away from the pricier tourist shops will best let you enjoy the solitude and austere beauty of the area. The hourlong Red Rock jeep tour we took cost $ 25 per person and was a good introduction to the area.

You can find a good hotel room in the area for $ 50 to $ 150 per night, complete with golf and tennis. On winter days the temperature averages a sunny 55 to 60 degrees.

We pushed on at the end of the day to Flagstaff, a city of about 100,000. There are no metaphysical goings on in this rough-cut business center. It has been the railroad hub of the region since the first track was laid in 1882.

The historic downtown, which is in the throes of a welcome renovation, retains its heritage of 1900-vintage low-rise buildings as the core of its commercial and social life.

For example, the Santa Fe Depot is a 1 1/2 -story Tudor Revival passenger depot built in 1926 to accommodate burgeoning tourism. Two Amtrak trains stop there each day. The nearby Bank Hotel, built in 1888 of local sandstone, is one of the oldest intact structures in town.

Flagstaff boasts the world-famous Lowell Observatory on the campus of Northern Arizona University and a healthy Indian arts community. It owes its existence to the miners, loggers and rail hands who came to exploit the ponderosa pine forest. It's a ***working-class*** town where ethnic variety and a college culture keep the nightlife diverse, but inexpensive.

Good accommodations are ample, particularly during the winter, and available for two for $ 40 and up.

Good cross-country and downhill skiing is found in the San Francisco Mountains about 20 miles north of town. Forty kilometers of trails traverse the Flagstaff Nordic Center outside town, which operates seven days a week. There's also limited night skiing.

At 8,000 feet and boasting some challenging hills, it's a beautiful course with stunning mountain vistas. The tougher parts of the course prove exhilarating for the intermediate skier; easy, flatter trails accommodate the less experienced.

Flagstaff also serves as launchpad to that venerable and unforgettable American spectacle, the Grand Canyon. In good weather, it's about two hours to the southern lip. We left about 4:30 a.m. on a February morning and arrived to watch the dawn.

A pink hue of day precedes the slow-rising golden sun lifting off the east rim of the canyon. The light casts exaggerated shadows across the cuts and crevices along the inner walls of the country's biggest gully.

Almost as amazing as the view was the lack of tourists. I remember, as a 9-year-old, the crowds lining the fence one hot midday in August 1963. Looking both ways as far as I could see at 7 a.m. last February, I counted fewer than 50 people stretched sparsely along the eastern edge. The temperature was a chilly but manageable 32 degrees.

A couple of Gray Line buses, which provide daily tours of the canyon from Flagstaff for $ 32, arrived around 8 a.m. with several dozen delighted tourists.

Without looking around, you wouldn't know if there were a thousand people present or one. Most stand quietly in awe, scanning the expanse and looking more than a mile down at the Colorado River, seemingly a trickle as it snakes along its path through the chiseled rock.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** January 3, 1992

**End of Document**



[***STOCK SCANDAL NOT A GOOD THING FOR MARTHA STEWART;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:464P-TR60-0094-50DM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***BUSINESSWOMAN'S TOUGHER-THAN-SHE-LOOKS IMAGE TAKING A BIGGER HIT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:464P-TR60-0094-50DM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

June 23, 2002 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1703 words

**Byline:** ALESSANDRA STANLEY AND CONSTANCE L. HAYS , THE NEW YORK

**Body**

Blondenfreude, the glee felt when a rich, powerful, and fair-haired business woman stumbles, is the guilty pleasure of the age.

Martha Stewart has often complained about the cultural bias that punishes women for the Type A traits that are admired in their male peers.

For the first time in her closely watched career, however, Stewart is fighting accusations of impropriety that have nothing to do with gender roles. Even the unproven suggestion that she is involved in an insider-trading scandal threatens to cast Martha Stewart as just another tycoon trying to get a little bit richer by skirting the rules. At a time when many Americans are expressing a post-Enron populism, Stewart is being grouped with plutocrats like L. Dennis Kozlowski, the former Tyco International chief executive who was charged with pretending to ship art works to New Hampshire to avoid the New York sales tax.

Her fans have long known, and do not mind, that Martha Stewart is a lot tougher than she looks. But this latest refraction of her image could prove more damaging to her reputation than complaints that she is an uber-perfectionist who turns chilly and imperious once the kitchen door closes. The Martha Stewart media and marketing empire is intimately woven around her persona. Greed or the misuse of privileged information, if proven, was never part of the package.

Her troubles come as investors, burned by the dot-coms, the Enrons and other flame-out stocks, are seeking trustworthiness at the top. Stewart's company had maintained such a pristine reputation that earlier this month, she became a director of the New York Stock Exchange.

The day after she came aboard, it was reported that she had sold $227,000 in shares of ImClone Systems on Dec. 27, the day before the announcement that the Food and Drug Administration had rejected ImClone's application for a cancer drug. ImClone, the biotechnology company founded by Samuel D. Waksal, a close friend who was arrested on insider-trading charges on June 12, is being investigated by both a congressional committee and the Securities and Exchange Commission. On Friday, Merrill Lynch suspended the stockbroker who handled the sale of her shares, pending further investigation.

Stewart, whose trade is also being investigated by Congress, has repeatedly denied any wrongdoing. But her own company's stock, having rebounded somewhat, is still down 16 percent from June 6, the day before the disclosure of her ImClone stock sale. The broader market has also fallen, but far less.

Like Tina Brown, of the defunct Talk magazine, or Carleton S. Fiorina, the chief executive of Hewlett-Packard, Stewart, 60, has become a Rorschach test of women's and men's anxieties about female success. Her appeal still rests on her contradictions -- her curious blending of the stay-at-home values of the 1950s with the career empowerment feminism that has been developing since the 1970s. Her promise of gracious homemaking, and the fact that she delegates much of her own chores to sell the dream to customers, seems to have renewed resonance today. Career women are besieged by warnings to put home and family first, most lately by Sylvia Ann Hewlett in her widely quoted book, "Creating a Life" (Talk Miramax Books, 2002).

Stewart is the face, voice and hands behind the brand, a woman who appears on television some 30 times a week; does radio reports for CBS that air in 360 markets, and writes a column, "Ask Martha," that is syndicated by The New York Times in some 220 newspapers around the country.

She has more than 40 books, a magazine, a gardening show and a cooking show on cable, and a syndicated lifestyle show carried by CBS affiliates. She appears regularly on "The Early Show" on CBS and has a television special tailored to the December holidays. Blue toile chairpads and acorn-embossed relish dishes from her Martha Stewart Everyday product line are sold on her Web site and in all 1,900 Kmart stores across the country.

She made her fortune by turning a private pastime into a profession: the arts and crafts of the home, whether that meant gilding an Easter egg or assembling a perfect pie. She knew how to do these things, or someone on her staff did, and Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia, the company she founded in 1997, has grown to become a $295 million business that last year produced $21.9 million in profit for Stewart and its other shareholders. She raised tastes across the nation, replacing polyester-blend sheets with the pleasures of Egyptian combed cotton, even at Kmart. As preoccupied as she is running a major company, guests report that she polishes her own silver into the night and still bakes desserts like plum tarts for her large dinner parties.

Her rise from a ***working-class*** Polish family to chief of her own company is the stuff of a Judith Krantz novel. Born Martha Helen Kostyra in Jersey City, N.J., on Aug. 3, 1941, she worked her way through Barnard College as a Park Avenue maid and a model. She married a Yale-educated lawyer and had her own brief Wall Street career before becoming a full-time mother and Westport, Conn., hostess. Then came her stints as a suburban caterer and cookbook author, then the rest. Along the way, "Saturday Night Live" comedians, among others, parodied her shows and recipes. Writers like Joan Didion and Camille Paglia have tried to pin down her cultural significance. Perhaps reflecting her own preoccupations, Paglia, a postfeminist, wrote that after the Stewarts' divorce, "She cut her hair. Now she's a self-complete man/woman on her estate, run by invisible serfs."

In fact, disgruntled former employees, complaining of mistreatment or underpayment, have made themselves heard. A gardener sued in 1996 to collect overtime; Stewart eventually won.

On camera, she is a calm, smiling arbiter of taste, who speaks in a pleasingly low, patrician tone, and articulates every word, even "but-ter" or "per-fect." Off camera, guests complain they have been ignored. Crew members confide they work with her, as one put it, "only if you have to."

She also has her fans, like Lisa Hall, a jewelry designer from Maine who has appeared on a Martha Stewart show taped in the summer of 2000.

"We spent maybe half a day together," Hall said. "It was actually better than I thought it would be. She was very professional and friendly. She was a lot easier to work with than some of the people who were working for her."

Stewart has said little about the ImClone investigation. Her television appearances airing now were all taped before the ImClone scandal broke. On Thursday, on the Food Channel, she demonstrated how to trim the edges of poached eggs with scissors ("it looks much neater") for an impeccable eggs Benedict.

That same day, though, there was at least one televised reminder of current events: On CBS in New York and other affiliates, Stewart's company reran a cooking segment she did with Rep. Billy Tauzin, R-La., who heads the congressional committee looking into ImClone stock trades and other dealings surrounding the company's efforts to market a colorectal cancer drug. The show featured Tauzin stirring his signature gumbo with a chatty and cheerful Stewart at his side.

Almost from the beginning, Stewart built her career on her friendships. As a stockbroker in the late 1960s, she had many friends as customers. That continued with her suburban Connecticut catering business in the 1970s and her subsequent ventures.

Her long friendship with Waksal of ImClone has been especially intricate. He persuaded her to invest in his company, ImClone, and he dated her daughter, Alexis, for years. They share a stockbroker, Peter E. Bacanovic of Merrill Lynch, who was asked to appear before the congressional panel this week. All three have long been regulars at social events around the city.

Bacanovic is also a former employee of ImClone. Though he left a decade ago, it is a detail that investigators, who did not learn this until recently, say interests them very much.

On the day Stewart sold her ImClone shares, she has said, she spoke to Bacanovic, then left a message for Waksal.

Many are inclined to believe the worst about her, but her friends shrug off reports of her harder edge as inevitable.

"Well, you can't be like Mother Teresa and run a huge company like that," Richard Feigen, an art dealer who has been a friend for 15 years, said. "I've watched her, and she's a tremendous administrator. But you can't be one of those smiley faces all over the place when you are this busy. I don't know of any successful businesswoman who has this smiley-little-thing-in-lace image."

Few of her peers in the New York media world, however, have raced to her defense.

"This is not a good thing, as Martha might say," one publishing executive said of the scandal. "Part of the problem that Martha has is that there is so little goodwill out there for her that people are more than happy to see her end up as a whiffle ball for New York media to swat around."

So far, Stewart is better known for business than philanthropy. To celebrate the 10th anniversary of her magazine, Martha Stewart Living, a spokesperson said the company had donated $300,000 to charities. Her office said she also made cash contributions out of her own pocket to National Public Radio and public television. The amounts were not disclosed.

Only months ago, it was Kmart, mired in bankruptcy proceedings, that badly needed to hang on to Martha Stewart's product line and seal of approval. The tables seem to have turned. James B. Adamson, Kmart's chairman and chief executive, lent his support on Friday to his company's muse.

"While it would be inappropriate for us to comment on Martha's personal matters," he said, "she is a valued partner and her product continues to do well in our stores, in fact far better than the company trend."

By last week's end, there were a few signs of a backlash against the media's own Marthafest, at least among columnists writing on Friday in the editorial pages of The Wall Street Journal and The New York Post. Those supporters not only suggest that too much scrutiny of Martha Stewart would undermine the American way of life, but also complain that the criticism of Martha Stewart is sexist.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Martha Stewart -- Her appeal still rests on her contradictions -- her curious blending of the stay-at-home values of the 1950s with the career empowerment feminism that has been developing since the 1970s.

**Load-Date:** June 25, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Striving to 'live in truth'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:461T-01P0-010F-K46C-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 11, 2002, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1591 words

**Byline:** Cathy Lynn Grossman

**Dateline:** FALL RIVER, Mass.

**Body**

FALL RIVER, Mass. -- In an anything-goes society, the Rev. Roger Landry is an arrow pointed toward absolute truth.

Amid a daily litany of news about sexual abuse and coverups in the Catholic church, Landry, 32, knows every priest is in the spotlight. He feels called to be one holy role model, for the sake of the church and for the sake of his particular parishioners.

Fall River was home to the Rev. James Porter, a notorious pedophile priest who molested more than 200 children before he was convicted in 1992. The town is just 50 miles south of Boston, epicenter of the current scandal.

Yet, Landry says, all the evil history and present-day pressure make no inroads on his joy in the priesthood -- a vocation he recognized early on.

"I knew when I was 4 years old, and I thought the priest was the luckiest man in the universe to hold the Lord in his hands and be able to give him to others," says Landry, who grew up 75 miles north of here, in Lowell.

In his choices, his confident conservatism and his relentless schedule, Landry is in many ways representative of today's young priests. While a day in his life as a pastor and high school chaplain is particular to this Portuguese-accented factory town of 92,000, it also exemplifies in many ways the dilemmas facing all priests, once unquestioningly respected but now relentlessly suspect.

Landry, ordained in 1999, holds in his mind a vivid image of Sean O'Malley, the current bishop of Fall River, addressing Landry and other priests who came to town years after Porter.

O'Malley wept as "he told us how Porter raped a boy and told him that if the boy told anyone, God would be angry with them. The boy told his father, and the next day his father died. I realized we can never underestimate or overlook the pain these victims suffered. We should never be thinking about the cost of settlements or dealing with these issues. The church can recover from financial bankruptcy but not moral bankruptcy."

Every move he makes is calculated to show that the trust his parishioners place in him is deserved.

If there's a desk, he's behind it.

If he's with teens or children in church or school, he makes sure the room has a window or an open door, or some other adult nearby.

Even if he's spinning an exercise bike at a local health club or playing hoops in the parish hall, he wears a black T-shirt and shorts, as if to say: "I'll never forget I'm a priest." He is deeply aware of the damage done by Porter and others who violated their vows, forgot or perverted their priestly roles.

"A priest who lies about himself can't be trusted to bring people to God or share the truth," he says.

The U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops meets Thursday in Dallas to vote on new rules for preventing, reporting and removing abusers, an estimated 1,500 priests among 140,000 in the past 40 years.

While bishops debate zero tolerance for abusers, Landry thinks the church should go even further: "We need to have a zero-tolerance policy on people who cheat on their vocations in any form."

Chastity, he says, is not about controlling sexual desires. "It's a gift that allows us to love appropriately to our role. It's more than saying no to sex. Saying yes to Christ is what sustains us in being faithful to our vows."

Landry's mild appearance -- 5-foot-6 with watery blue eyes and a fuzz of thinning hair -- belies a ferocious competitive spirit. He was a top high school and college athlete, a bulldog in debate.

He advocates a "manly spirituality I saw in my dad, the hardest worker I've ever seen. I learned more about the priesthood from my father than anyone: the idea of sacrificial love for others, fidelity to God and family."

The "sweet burden" of priestly duties consumes his days from 4:45 a.m. to 11 p.m., as it has since he arrived two years ago. This is his first priestly assignment and, like most of the 120 active priests and 45 religious brothers serving 100 parishes in the diocese of 60,000, he has multiple tasks: chaplain for Bishop Connolly High School and one of two parish priests at a deeply pious ***working-class*** church, Espirito Santo. The job comes with a rainbow of demands, from baptisms to burials, counseling teens to visiting the infirm.

"Patience sounds nice, but it's a terribly difficult virtue. One of the greatest things I have learned from the people in the parish is the example of how someone can rest in God during times of great suffering," says Landry, whose life is blessed, he says, by loving, healthy parents, a twin brother, Scot, sister Colleen and brother Greg.

Yet Landry's eye is also on the wider horizon, where he says the "Catholic vision of human dignity" needs fresh lieutenants in the culture wars. He's qualified for service on several fronts, a graduate of the finest education that U.S. society and the Catholic church can offer:

\* Honors at Harvard, "the first time I faced serious disagreement and realized I had a lot to learn about how to present God's ideas." He's still working on presenting them to teenagers like Janelle Moynaugh, 17, who sums up his religion lectures: "You know he's a Harvard guy, so he pours it on. But he's young."

\* An interlude in politics as a youth campaign organizer for 25 conservative candidates during the 1992 Republican congressional revolution. But he wanted more than earthly victories.

\* Seminary in Rome with a concentration on moral theology in marriage and family life and in bioethics -- "issues that often put people on the fence with their faith." He was featured in the 1997 book *The New Men: Inside the Vatican's Elite School for American Priests*, which described six seminarians' training in the alma mater of many U.S. bishops and cardinals.

Landry's training comes to life in the lectures he gives around the diocese on controversial and often misunderstood Catholic teachings. He radiates certainty that what might seem like a long list of sins and thou-shalt-nots about sexuality and relationships are in fact "treasures of truth that set people free when they really understand them. Living in truth leads to joy."

This unwavering focus on toeing the doctrinal line differentiates most young priests from the baby boomers who preceded them, Landry says. Midcareer priests "trained in the days when seminaries emphasized pastoral care and community building, with the Mass as a celebration of our faith together. They may have been more likely to bend on sticking points or tell people to follow their conscience in the hope that they will return to faithful practice.

"We under-35 priests think we need to be really clear on the truth. It's not like we want to drive people away by being strict. We want to challenge people."

He echoes the message of Pope John Paul II, who electrified Landry at World Youth Day in Denver in 1993. A photo in Landry's church office shows his ordination class surrounding the pope, beaming like the winning coach of a 30-something varsity team in clerical black and white.

If there's less talk these days of campaigning for economic, social and military justice, Landry says it's because his generation of priests and their bishops are turning back to the fundamentals on the beginning, the end and the dignity of life.

"We know 95% of Catholics will use artificial birth control at some point. You are definitely not preaching to the choir. But I keep going because I know I'm not working alone. It's my job to bring God to the table and try to get out of the way."

The high school may be the greatest challenge in his day. "Kids are so different now. I get questions on the morality of oral sex. Would I have ever asked that of a priest? No way! No way!"

Still, his greatest joy is the Eucharistic service at Espirito Santo. One twilight, when 30 people have braved a thunderstorm to attend Mass, Landry leaps into his prayers with fresh energy, his voice low and urgent. His homily speaks of Mary, mother of Jesus, "who saw God in everything."

Then comes the moment for which he became a priest, the moment that transcends the priest and gives the faithful a window to God. He lifts up the host, in which Catholics believe Jesus is present. Landry says he is "the luckiest man alive."

A day in the life

A typical Monday for the Rev. Roger Landry, parish priest and high school chaplain:

\* 4:45 a.m. Wake up for the first two of five required periods of prayer in every priest's day. "I love to pray. I'm a fish in water when I'm praying."

\* 6 a.m. Dress. Check news and e-mail. Prepare homily or talks.

\* 6:30 a.m. Head to high school, run errands, prepare for Mass.

\* 7:15 a.m. Mass for faculty, staff, students who choose to come. It's the first of 14-20 Masses he celebrates a week.

\* Midmorning. Meet with students, staff or priests. Lecture to religion classes. Officiate at a funeral if necessary. Midmorning private prayers.

\* 12:15 p.m. Noon meal at the rectory, where he lives with senior pastor Rev. James Ferry. It's usually his only daily meal. When fasting, "you feel like every cell of your body is praying."

\* 2-4 p.m. Free time. Errands, calls to his parents, siblings and friends. Workout at nearby health club. "If I don't, by the 5:30 Mass I'm fading."

\* 4:30-5:30 p.m. Meet with parishioners. Evening prayers now or at 9:15.

\* 5:30 p.m. Celebrate Mass in English. Today is his 1,658th Mass.

\* 6:30-7:30 p.m. Lead Holy Hour meditation and prayer in Portuguese, language of 60% of Fall River.

\* 7:30-9 p.m. Lead Bible study in parish hall.

\* 9:15 p.m. Check news, e-mail. Read. Prepare next homily, each designed with the time and the audience in mind.

\* 11 p.m. Night prayer. Sleep.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, Color, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY (4); Lucky man: The Rev. Roger Landry, 32, is a parish priest at Espirito Santo church and chaplain at Bishop Connolly High School, both in Fall River, Mass. At age 4, I thought the priest was the luckiest man in the universe." Rainbow of duties: Landry talks at the parish school with second-graders who are preparing for their first Holy Communion. Fit to serve: Even while exercising at a fitness center in Dartmouth, Mass., Landry wears priestly black. Preparing: Landry puts on vestments in the sacristy before Mass.

**Load-Date:** June 11, 2002

**End of Document**



[***IN WESTERN PA., FOOTBALL IS A WAY OF LIFE< THE FACTORY TOWNS HAVE PRODUCED LEGENDS SUCH AS MONTANA AND UNITAS.< MANY OF THE FACTORIES ARE GONE. THE GRIDIRONS ARE STILL THRIVING.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CGB0-01K4-92YF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 11, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1511 words

**Byline:** Frank Fitzpatrick, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Pa.

**Body**

The evening sky above this drab mill town's patched roofs and tarnished steeples is a Van Gogh swirl of pink and blue. Just off deserted Main Street, in the parking lot behind a rusting factory, a caravan of worn cars and pickup trucks arrives.

Coaches emerge first, beefy men with thick legs, thicker bellies and close-cropped hair. They carry clipboards, and their swagger betrays their status in this football-mad region. Following slowly, moving in packs, are a few dozen high school players, muscular teenagers in numbered T-shirts, baseball caps, bandanas and shorts.

They all approach a practice field that resembles a prison yard. It is bounded on three sides by tall trees and a high cyclone fence topped with barbed wire. The old factory and a row of empty trailers are its other border. An observation tower hovers over midfield.

The assistant coaches soon are shouting instructions. "Rotate! Rotate! Rotate right! C'mon now, guys!"

Seven players line up on each side of the ball. "Blue 18. Blue 18. Set. Go," screams a baby-faced sophomore quarterback with a strong arm. For nearly two hours, these padless youngsters run and defend pass plays in the thick summer grass.

A few small boys from town have come to watch. Soon they, too, are tossing a football, mimicking the flash and talk of the older youngsters. "Yo, I'm Jerry Rice," shouts one, "throw me another one."

It is July 16, and on this tree-sheltered field at Washington and Jefferson College, the football teams of Ringgold and Trinity high schools are beginning their 1996 seasons with a Western Pennsylvania tradition - seven-on-seven passing scrimmages.

Through these early-summer routines, coaches attempt to establish a little finesse in their offenses before work begins on the preseason's real labor, the head-knocking running games that still dominate high school football here.

Legal now throughout the state - as long as there is no contact and they are conducted as summer camps under the auspices of a college - these seven-on-sevens were born in this tattered corner of Pennsylvania. And it is here where they remain a July ritual.

Such an emphasis on passing helps explain why this area has bred an inexplicable number of the sport's greatest quarterbacks: George Blanda, Johnny Unitas, Joe Namath, Jim Kelly, Dan Marino and Joe Montana, himself a Ringgold graduate, played scholastically in the factory towns along the rivers and hillsides near Pittsburgh.

"I don't know that anybody has a good reason for why that's so," said coach Chuck Colborn of Ringgold, a school 25 miles from here. "But this certainly doesn't hurt a quarterback's development. They get plenty of reps here.

"All I know is that there is not a boy growing up in Western Pennsylvania that doesn't dream of playing pro football. And an awful lot of them dream of being quarterbacks."

Recently, the more mother-friendly sport of soccer, also played in the fall, has cut back the number of youth football programs across the country, leaving high schools in Pennsylvania and elsewhere with diminished pools of potential players.

"I think . . . in the smaller rural schools where there simply aren't enough kids to sustain two fall sports at an acceptable level, you might see soccer hurting football a little," said Elliot Hopkins of the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association.

Even in these tough but fading Monongahela Valley towns that industry has abandoned, soccer is now a much more visible presence than when, say, Joe Montana was growing up as a three-sport wonder. In an overgrown lot behind the Ringgold School District Administration Building in New Eagle, for example, four soccer nets stand.

"You never used to see that," George Latischek, 66, of Washington, said as he sipped coffee in a restaurant along Route 79. "People used to think soccer was for sissies."

Still, soccer's burgeoning popularity as an organized youth pastime has had little impact on football at this area's larger, tradition-rich schools like Ringgold and Trinity, the latter situated on a hill high above the practice field.

"I hear from other coaches all the time that soccer is a problem for them," Colborn said. "But, honestly, for us out here, it hasn't made any difference at all. Our numbers are way up."

In a sports world being transformed by a variety of factors, not the least of which is the threat of football-injury lawsuits, perhaps nothing is as stable as Western Pennsylvania high school football.

"It's a religion," said Bill Duckett, a Washington and Jefferson football assistant. "I'm from Phillipsburg, N.J., originally and I didn't understand that when I got here 14 years ago. Now I do. It's nothing short of a religion in these depressed mill towns around here."

Friday night games still attract thousands of fans, and topflight college and professional football players are produced at an assembly-line pace. Coaches, like many of those for Ringgold, work their way up to the high school staff, not through teaching and coaching at elementary and middle schools, but through the competitive youth leagues that feed the big programs.

"Our numbers are up tremendously right now," said Colborn, who was the offensive coordinator at nearby California (Pa.) University before taking the coaching job at Ringgold, a move considered a promotion here. "We've got three separate youth football leagues in our district alone. And in each of those three leagues, there are three divisions - midgets, mighty mites and termites."

Of the approximately 150 ninth-grade boys at Ringgold - a consolidated school that draws students from New Eagle, Donora, Elrama and Montana's Monongahela - 63 have come out for the freshman team, Colborn said. Eighty upperclassmen are trying out for the varsity.

No one has ever satisfactorily explained football's hold here, though it has been attributed to everything from the weather to the ***working-class*** backgrounds of its inhabitants to the Iron City beer they love.

"It's the steel-mill, coal-mining mentality," Colborn said. "A lot of these people, especially from the Valley where we're at in Ringgold, grew up living to go to Friday night football games. A lot has changed around here, but one thing remains the same: the football mentality."

Paul Zolak, who coached Montana in high school and whose son, Scott, now plays with the New England Patriots - as a quarterback, of course - believes that this pigskin passion is inherent.

"It's the type of people we have here," said Zolak, Ringgold's athletic director. "They're hard-nosed people. And given the bad weather conditions we have here, the fact that we have produced so many quarterbacks is remarkable. You would expect it from a place like Florida. But not here. These kids play in rain and cold and snow. Maybe that's what makes them so good. They can adapt."

It's more than the weather that's tough here. Changing economics continue to tear at these towns' social fabric, removing jobs and shutting factories.

The plant just a few hundred yards away from the practice field, for example, once housed the Brockway Glass Co., one of 16 glass factories to close in Washington since the late 1960s. Now a wooden-pallet manufacturer occupies a small section of the enormous facility, as does, more tellingly, the local office of the Social Security Administration.

"I think all that change and pain has only made high school football stronger out here," Duckett said. "It's one thing that hasn't changed, one thing they can still relate to. These people can cling to football no matter what else is happening in their lives."

And besides, it's not as if there are a lot of entertainment options on a Friday night in Monongahela.

"What else is there to do around here but play and watch sports?" Latischek said with a laugh. "Around here, football is football. Always has been."

These July scrimmages always have been popular here. But until PIAA rules were altered recently to permit them, they had to be conducted clandestinely. Some enterprising Western Pennsylvania coaches, Latischek said, used to scour the hills and valleys for remote grassy patches where they could work out secretly before the official start of practice.

"These have been going on for a long time," Duckett said of the seven-on-seven drills. "The difference is that now they are legal."

Called camps, they actually consist of nothing more than passing practice - two hours of padless, contactless workouts every night for 10 or 12 days. And when they are through, the coaches and players return home.

"We pay a fee to come here," said Colborn, still conditioned to defend the once-extralegal ritual. "So we're under the college. We do, however, do our own teaching."

As the mosquitoes grow emboldened and this evening session nears its conclusion, the small son of one of Trinity's assistants picks up a football and, with great difficulty, hurls it toward his father. Soon, as the shrouded field grows darker, they are throwing the football back and forth.

"C'mon, Dad," the child implores as his father tries to move toward their car, "just throw me one more. Please!"

**Notes**

A SPORTS JOURNEY

One in an occasional series that examines the changing games America plays.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. At Ringgold High School, head coach Chuck Colborn watches his team go through a drill during practice. Colborn left a college program to coach at Ringgold. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, ERIC MENCHER)

2. Ringgold High linemen go through a drill at camp. Football's popularity in the region hasn't waned. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, ERIC MENCHER)

3. Ringgold QBs Cameron Totedo, left, and Jared Gerba practice passing with their backs against a wall.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***A FIGHTER FOR CHILDREN JOINS STREET'S TEAM / EDUCATOR DOROTHY SUMNERS RUSH HAS ALWAYS DEMANDED EXCELLENCE - ESPECIALLY FROM HERSELF.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-VBS0-01K4-938N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 13, 1999 Monday SFCITY EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1630 words

**Byline:** Susan Snyder, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

When the electrician arrives, Dorothy Sumners Rush shakes his hand and continues to hold on as she leads him around her office, explaining what needs to be done.

It's the day after Sumners Rush, a member of the Philadelphia Board of Education for the last six years, was elected its vice president. With the honor came a bigger, fancier office in the school administration building, at 21st Street near the Parkway.

The ornate ceiling light isn't bright enough, she tells the electrician. She'll hurt her eyes straining to read her copious correspondence. She needs an outlet closer to the desk for her television, which keeps her in touch with the world. The outlet over the fireplace is no help at all. "Is that a stupid place to put a plug, or what?" she asks.

And the bathroom? "It's so dark." A new light is a must. She'll be doing her makeup and hair in there.

It's vintage Dorothy Sumners Rush.

Whether on the school board, in front of a classroom, at a social group meeting or anywhere else, the 67-year-old educator is known for telling people what she wants and what she believes, and she is willing to work as hard as anyone in the room to get it.

On Tuesday, Sumners Rush - always impeccably groomed - was wearing white sneakers with her dark dress and colorful scarf so she could help move belongings down the hall from her old office to her new one and get the electrical work under way.

"I never ask anybody to do anything I wouldn't do myself," said Sumners Rush, a retired Philadelphia public-school teacher and principal, and a participant in the city's political scene for the last 40 years.

Mayor-elect John F. Street has tapped her to play a leading role in his transition to power. She is one of five cochairs of his transition team, charged with guiding the selection of top appointees and helping set the new mayor's agenda.

'She brings to the task a varied perspective on the 212,000-student school district, as a parent, teacher, principal and school board member.

She taught at Emlen School in Germantown for 15 years, then spent 19 years as vice principal and principal of Ada Lewis Middle School, which straddles the East Mount Airy/West Oak Lane border. She retired in 1991 and was appointed to the school board two years later by Mayor Rendell.

During her six years on the board, she's been a staunch supporter of Superintendent David Hornbeck and an advocate of student-achievement standards.

"That way, everybody knows what is expected," she said. "If I don't tell you what it is I expect from you, you don't know what I want."

No matter how they know her - as former members of her teaching staff, as former students or as fellow members of the school board or social organizations - people describe Sumners Rush as a no-nonsense person with high expectations for all.

"She demanded excellence in everything," said Geoffrey Thomas, 51, a Merrill Lynch vice president in Philadelphia, who had her as his sixth-grade teacher.

A first soprano in the Emlen School choir, Thomas remembers Sumners Rush, also the choir teacher, helping students practice the graduation song, "High Upon a Hilltop."

"The song was going to be perfect," he said. "Nobody was going to be off-key."

Thomas said she was his favorite teacher and made a profound difference in his life.

"I demanded excellence of myself and got it," he said. "That's because [she] expected it and got it. That's the lasting legacy of Dorothy Rush."

Some friends acknowledge that those who don't know Sumners Rush can be put off at first by her assertiveness.

"When she starts talking, she's like a Mack truck," said Ruth C. McArtis, a fellow member of the African American sorority Delta Sigma Theta, to which Sumners Rush has belonged since 1967. "Many people are not prepared for it . . . and she runs roughshod over them."

Barbara White, a retired teacher who worked for Sumners Rush when she was assistant principal of Ada Lewis, said teachers knew to watch out when the veteran educator's eyebrow rose. It meant she wasn't pleased.

"As long as you follow the rules and do what is asked of you, you have no problems," White said.

Sumners Rush said that was a fair characterization.

"I might have been a taskmaster, but I was a fair person," said Sumners Rush, who lives in West Mount Airy with her husband, Harold, 72, a retired teacher and business owner. "Kids deserve to have the best. I want it for my children, and I want it for everybody else's children."

Sumners Rush can't remember a time when she didn't love school.

She was reading by the time she was 2, trying to teach anyone who would listen by about 3 and going back and forth to the library in her Trenton neighborhood at 4.

"My father used to say I came out of the womb talking and teaching," she said.

Born in Trenton, the youngest of eight children, she described her family as ***working class*** but rich in the essential makings for a good childhood: nurturing support for reading and education, involvement in community and church, and a loving home.

Her father, Charles, worked two or three construction jobs at a time to support the family. Her mother, Ella, took care of the house.

All eight children graduated from high school. She was one of five to obtain a college degree. She earned a bachelor's in mathematics and science from Trenton State Teachers College, now the College of New Jersey in Trenton, and later a master's in educational administration from Temple University.

She recalled as an undergraduate being the only black student in her graduating class of 1953.

She said that experience could have been difficult if she weren't aggressive, hard-working and self-assured.

"I was going to sit in the front row, middle seat, have all my work done, be first to answer and be right," she said. "That was my gift to me: to just do well. I never let myself down in that regard. I never let my parents down."

She was a teacher in Trenton public schools for three years before moving to Philadelphia with her husband. Both of her children graduated from college after attending Philadelphia public schools. Her son, Bruce, went to Central High School, and her daughter, Jocelyn, attended Girls High.

As an administrator at Ada Lewis, Sumners Rush taught algebra in a before-school program, nurtured partnerships with businesses that resulted in tutoring for students, and helped students start their own company: Ada Lewis Enterprises, which marketed products such as student-made pillows, cutting boards and cookies, and gave children real-life lessons.

She has been active in Democratic political campaigns for the last four decades, joining her husband in door-to-door pitches and passing out literature for candidates including former Mayor W. Wilson Goode, State Rep. Dwight Evans (D., Phila.), City Councilwoman Marian Tasco and, most recently, Street.

"We worked in every major election in this city," she said. "We believe in pushing for people that we see as having a vision for Philadelphia."

As a result, she is friendly with many of the city's political leaders and has known Evans and State Sen. Anthony H. Williams (D., Phila.) since they were children. She worked on the 1971 mayoral campaign of Williams' father, former State Sen. Hardy Williams.

The younger Williams and Evans both supported Sumners Rush when she sought a seat on the Board of Education.

She became friends with Street when she helped put him in touch with a consortium of African American women's clubs, the Thirty Clusters. She asked Street to speak to the group after he became City Council president in 1992.

"He got there at 7:15 p.m., and he kept those ladies interested until 11 p.m.," she said. "They were fascinated. He was so warm, and . . . he had a grasp of what's going on in the city. Through that, we became closer."

She said she continued to ask him to speak to women's groups but didn't ask him for anything more, and that helped their relationship grow stronger.

"Very often, people set up their relationships to get what they want," she said. "I didn't ask him for anything. He didn't owe me anything. There wasn't an obligation. I worked on my own for years. I didn't need anything."

As a school board member, Sumners Rush frequently has sided with the controversial Hornbeck. She has been a supporter of his accountability system, which requires schools to improve test scores and other measures or face sanctions.

"He might not always know how to say things to please everybody, but basically he's a truthful person, and we have made great strides under him," she said.

Outside of education and politics, Sumners Rush stays busy. She sings soprano in the choir at her church, Salem Baptist in Jenkintown, has had a lifelong involvement with the YWCA and remains active in the Delta Sigma Theta sorority. Her major focus in all organizations has been raising money for college scholarships to give children educational opportunities.

"That's my life," she said.

Dorothy Sumners Rush at a Glance

Vital statistics: 67 years old, married with two children, lives in West Mount Airy. Born and raised in Trenton, the youngest of eight children. Earned a bachelor's degree from what is now the College of New Jersey, then a master's degree from Temple University.

Career: Taught for three years in Trenton public schools, then spent 34 years in the Philadelphia schools as a teacher, vice principal and principal. Retired in 1991. A member of the Board of Education since 1993, vice president since last week.

Politics: Active in Democratic politics for the last 40 years, she was a volunteer in numerous campaigns, including the mayoral bids of Hardy Williams, W. Wilson Goode and John F. Street. The friendships she forged helped her get appointed to the school board - and to Street's transition team.

Reputation: Loyal, spirited, hard-working, insists on excellence.

**Notes**

One in an occasional series on key figures in the mayoral transition.

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Russian AIDS workers wage battle on edge of epidemic***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C6J-WS80-010F-K1RD-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 20, 2004, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1849 words

**Byline:** Bill Nichols

**Dateline:** MITISCHI, Russia

**Body**

MITISCHI, Russia -- In a dingy basement on an all-but-hidden side street in this industrial Moscow suburb, Dmitry Blagovo is waging a lonely war against a problem that could ultimately dwarf all others in post-Soviet Russia: HIV-AIDS.

Blagovo, himself a recovering addict, is a combination counselor/therapist/cheerleader/construction foreman as he tries to transform a dilapidated and long-closed pharmacy into an outreach center for drug users. The program he runs, sponsored by the Moscow anti-AIDS group Return to Life, is one of only a handful in Russia to not only go into the streets to offer addicts help, but also to provide clean needles.

In a country in which drug treatment and AIDS prevention efforts by the government are virtually non-existent, addicts find people like Blagovo almost too good to be true. "Drug users in Russia," he says, "have a great deal of difficulty believing that anyone would actually want to do anything good for them."

Local authorities have gradually accepted Blagovo's efforts but initially were suspect, given the Russian government's policy of treating all drug users as criminals and providing microscopic funding for treatment and education efforts. AIDS experts around the world say that attitude has to change -- and fast -- if Russia is to have a chance of avoiding a full-scale epidemic that could devastate a country still struggling with the seismic economic and social changes forced upon it by the collapse of the Soviet Union.

A United Nations report released in February warned that AIDS, fueled by the availability of cheap heroin from nearby Afghanistan, is now spreading faster in the former Soviet Union than anywhere else in the world. The study said one in 100 adults in Russia now have the virus, an infection rate that trails only sub-Saharan Africa and the Caribbean. Spread of the disease could dramatically increase Russia's already alarming population decline and reduce gross domestic product by as much as 1 percentage point a year, a significant hit.

Every hour in Russia, five people are infected, according to U.N. figures. "The warning bells are ringing louder and louder," says Flavio Mirella, a Moscow officer for the U.N. Office on Drugs and Crime. "If there was more outspoken denunciation of this epidemic from the highest levels of government, everything else would follow."

But thus far, despite the ominous numbers in the U.N. report, there are few signs that the government of President Vladimir Putin is taking the AIDS problem seriously.

Russia, which reported just 163 new cases of HIV infection in 1994, had an estimated 1 million people with the virus at the end of 2003 -- a dangerous progression the U.N. report warned could result in 9 million deaths by 2045. Some reasons for the HIV-AIDS explosion, according to U.S. and U.N. experts:

\* As many as 80% of Russia's HIV-AIDS cases are drug-related, but Russia still has a tiny federal budget for drug treatment. It has only 59 government centers for as many as 4 million intravenous drug users. What little treatment there is works primarily on a medical model that tries to detox the addict but offers little follow-up or behavioral counseling. Private 12-step recovery program such as Narcotics Anonymous exist but are not widespread.

\* Soviet-era curbs on virtually all controlled substances remain in force, making substitution therapy for addicts almost impossible. Methadone, a heroin substitute widely used to treat addicts in the United States and other countries, is illegal in Russia.

\* About 20% of Russia's AIDS cases are in prison populations. U.N. experts say that argues strongly against the rigid criminalization of all drug infractions, which puts even more AIDS carriers behind bars. A key theme of the U.N. report is that Russia needs to stop stigmatizing population groups that have high AIDS infection rates, such as drug addicts and commercial sex workers. That just drives those people underground and makes it harder to get control of the AIDS epidemic.

Marta Ruedas, deputy director of the regional bureau for Europe and the former Soviet Union for the United Nations Development Program, said in an interview in New York that the study found a "direct causality between the seriousness of the AIDS crisis and the degree of respect given to human rights."

Russia's prisons have few AIDS treatment programs except for pilot projects funded by foreign grants.

\* While Russia's economy has seen solid growth for the past five years, the country's social service and medical facilities are in a shambles, stretched thin from dealing with widespread problems with tuberculosis, venereal disease and alcoholism.

\* Russian government funding to fight AIDS is about $ 4 million; $ 3 million of that is allotted for treatment and $ 1 million for prevention. Given that anti-AIDS drugs cost from $ 5,000 to $ 13,000 annually per patient, that budget would pay for medicine for 600 patients per year, at best.

AIDS treatment is free in Russia to those who qualify but is strictly limited. In Moscow and St. Petersburg, proof of city residency is required and anyone who shows signs of drug use runs the risk of being arrested.

\* Putin has said almost nothing about the AIDS problem beyond a phrase in his annual state of the nation address last year. In that speech, in reference to Russia's declining life expectancy, Putin said: "The spread of so-called new epidemics is aggravating the situation, including drug addiction and AIDS." U.S. officials, both here and in Washington, say President Bush raises the issue whenever he meets with Putin. But while diplomats say they see some hopeful signs, they remain uncertain about whether Putin takes the issue seriously.

"Up to now, I am not sure that our president knows enough about HIV-AIDS," says Vadim Pokrovsky, Russia's top AIDS researcher. "There hasn't been a clear speech or phrase that allows us to say that our president understands HIV-AIDS problems. Only a very few times, maybe once or twice, he has mentioned it in his speeches." Soft-spoken but internationally recognized for his expertise, Pokrovsky heads the government-funded Russian Federal Aids Center, but he seems almost resigned to continuing bad news for Russia on the HIV-AIDS front.

Gennady Onischenko, Russia's chief health officer, agreed to an interview with USA TODAY in Moscow, but canceled it the evening before because of sudden travel plans.

Signs of progress

There are more hopeful signs from the international community. The World Bank last year agreed to loan Russia $ 150 million to fight AIDS and tuberculosis. The Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis and Malaria -- the creation of U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan but funded by countries around the world -- has awarded a nearly $ 90 million grant to five non-governmental organizations in Russia.

The Russian government is currently drafting another, even more far-reaching grant proposal for the Global Fund. And the United States, which has provided more than $ 21 million in AIDS treatment and prevention funds to Russia since 1998, would increase its annual anti-AIDS funding for Russia to more than $ 8 million under Bush's 2005 budget proposal.

The administration gave $ 6.8 million last year.

"It is a significant improvement for prevention," Pokrovsky says. "But of course, it is necessary to get more money and the main source is that state budget. We need to influence our parliament to give us more money."

For that to happen, diplomats and AIDS experts are adopting a two-part strategy. The first is to go directly to Putin in every way possible and try to convince him that, if nothing else, AIDS poses a potentially catastrophic economic risk for a country just beginning to emerge from 70 years of communism.

For example, Western investors, a key to Russia's continued economic growth, are sounding alarms. "It has not yet reached the point of becoming an economic concern, but is on the horizon," says Blake Marshall, executive director of the U.S.-Russia Business Council in Washington. "It's a crisis and it threatens to become a pandemic."

A U.S. official at the forefront of anti-AIDS efforts here, speaking on condition of anonymity, says he sees growing signs that the Russian government's attitude of "denial" about AIDS is waning.

"There are a lot of efforts to get closer to (Putin), to bring this message home," says Mirella, the Moscow representative of the U.N. Drug and Crime Office. "The learning curve is very much increasing in this country. We will have more people on board."

The second part of the strategy is to continue the momentum being built by foreign donors and through the efforts of average Russians such as Blagovo in Mitischi, a ***working-class*** city that seems to attract sex workers and drug merchants. The Return to Life project, which includes nighttime visits to areas frequented by drug addicts with a bus filled with anti-drug literature and clean needles, has been put in place through a partnership between the group, the U.N. Development Program and the Mitischi ministry of health.

U.N. officials say local government representatives in Mitischi were unusually open to taking tough measures against AIDS, possibly because of the city's longtime problems with the virus and widespread drug addiction there. Their decision to reach out to addicts in the streets was controversial but has already shown results.

"For a long time we worked and dealt with only those who came for help," says Vladislav Kalyagin, Mitischi's head narcologist. "We were in the office and the door opened and if a person applied, we helped him . . . but we had never dealt with clients in the streets."

'Psychology is changing'

The new approach initially alarmed the community. "At first, we had problems," says Faina Guskova, an adviser to the Mitischi city administration. "People were very reluctant to admit us to schools. The topic was forbidden, particularly if it concerned HIV infection. But now, they've become interested in it and the teachers themselves ask us to come. I guess the people's psychology is changing."

Blagova agrees, saying that even the local police now don't interfere with the group's efforts.

"They hassled us for about six months until they figured out we weren't going out into the streets to sell drugs," he says. "After that, they seemed to decide, 'These guys are OK.' "

Health officials around the world hope a similar conversion takes place within the Kremlin. "The United States made some critical mistakes in our early response to the spread of HIV-AIDS in our own country," U.S. Deputy Chief of Mission in Russia John Beyrle told a meeting of the TransAtlantic Partnership Against AIDS in Moscow last month.

"Too many people mistakenly assumed in the United States in the early 1980s that HIV-AIDS only represented a threat to gay men and intravenous drug users, that it wouldn't affect average American families," Beyrle said. "But our sad experience showed that they were wrong. Anyone can contract AIDS. And we are determined to see that our friends and partners in Russia do not make this same mistake."

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, Color, Oleg Nikishin, Getty Images (2); PHOTOS, B/W, Olege Nikishin, Getty Images, for USA TODAY (2); GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY (MAP); GRAPHIC, B/W, Alejandro Gonzalez, USA TODAY, Source: AIDS Foundation East-West (2003) (BAR GRAPH); PHOTO, Color, Oleg Nikishin, Getty Images, for USA TODAY (page 1A); Anti-AIDS group: Slava, right, a former drug addict working with Return to Life, gives clean needles and AIDS literature to a drug user in Mitischi, Russia. A United Nations report warned in February that AIDS is now spreading faster in the former Soviet Union than anywhere else in the world. <>Blagova: Drug users in Russia have . . . difficulty believing that anyone would actually want to do anything good for them." <>Unexpected help: An unidentified woman receives clean needles and AIDS literature from workers for the anti-AIDS group Return to Life. <>Preparing: Jenya, a worker with Return to Life, prepares for a nighttime visit to drug users on the streets of Mitischi, Russia.

**Load-Date:** April 20, 2004

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[***DOLE'S NOD TO KEMP PROVES THAT OPPOSITES REALLY DO ATTRACT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CGC0-01K4-930T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 11, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A17

**Length:** 1440 words

**Byline:** Angie Cannon and Brigid Schulte, INQUIRER CONVENTION BUREAU, William Hershey, David Hess and Steven Thomma of the, Inquirer Washington Bureau contributed to this article.

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

Some years ago, Jack Kemp and an Ohio politician were flying from one campaign stop to another, with Kemp preaching "a mile a minute" about creating more jobs and higher standards of living.

"All of a sudden he dozes off," said State Rep. William Batchelder. "As he nods off, he's still talking. We flew another 10 minutes and his head jerks up and he starts right in the middle of the sentence he was in before."

In Kemp, Bob Dole hardly could have picked a more different partner: cheerful, gregarious, an idea man with boundless optimism.

"As a person, he is irrepressible, and sometimes impossible," said William Kristol, editor and publisher of the conservative Weekly Standard magazine. "He is a decent and good-hearted person, one of those rare people who is a real leader who inspires loyalty and devotion in others."

Kemp's appeal to minorities and labor could give the Republicans a boost. At the same time, however, the former football quarterback's exuberance sometimes gets out of control, irritating others with his outspokenness - a trait he may have to tone down as the No. 2 man on the GOP ticket.

A close friend recalled him saying once: "Gee, [Treasury Secretary] Nick Brady is ticked at me. [White House chief of staff] Jim Baker doesn't speak to me. I don't understand the problem."

The friend told him: "Jack, you're the first housing secretary with a foreign policy and a tax policy. Your fork is in everybody's plate."

Kemp chuckled and agreed.

His sunny optimism came from his strong-willed mother, Frances, a Spanish teacher and social worker in the Los Angeles public schools who grew up in a Montana sheep-ranching family.

As the Kemp family gathered around the dinner table in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of Los Angeles' Hollywood district, Frances Kemp would throw out issues for her four competitive sons to discuss. Often, the debate would get tense. But after tempers cooled, the boys had learned something.

"We would talk politics, world events, history, religion, philosophy, all the issues of the day," said Kemp's younger brother, Dick, president of Resort Parks International in Irvine, Calif. "We were raised with the belief that ideas really matter."

Jack Kemp inherited his entrepreneurial spirit from his father, Paul, who built a small Los Angeles trucking business, starting out delivering packages on a motorcycle, then moving up to one truck, which became four.

"He learned from his dad that to make it in this country required hard work and talent and a little luck," said longtime Kemp friend Ken Blackwell, a former Dallas Cowboy who today is Ohio's state treasurer. "He understood that really government doesn't create opportunities. People do."

Although the 61-year-old Kemp today makes a handsome income from speeches and corporate boards, his family was not wealthy as he grew up. The third son, Kemp was born as the family hit hard times in the Great Depression.

"That had a big effect on Jack, fighting and clawing his way into this family where his two older brothers were already established," said his oldest brother, Paul, a retired marketing executive. "He's always been a struggler, always an achiever. He's always been a fighter to find his place."

Always serious, always a jock, Kemp had a vision of what he wanted to make of his life and worked endlessly to achieve it. The boy filled his days with sports and his evenings reading about sports heroes and laboriously compiling statistics on his idols. In high school, the standard once-a-day summer football workouts were not enough for him. Kemp trained three times a day.

"He was always a kind of dreamer. He always imagined great things," said his brother Tom, retired CEO of Coca-Cola of Los Angeles. "It didn't matter what people said, he was going to accomplish it."

At Occidental College, where he majored in physical education, he was a good quarterback who yearned to play pro football.

"He did not have a whole bunch of natural ability, but he built himself up," recalled Mike Quint, 59, an insurance broker from Niguel, Calif., who played football with Kemp in college.

Quint recalled how a coach, Jim Mora, now head coach of the New Orleans Saints, would have Kemp and him run pass patterns "until our tongues were hanging out" during the preseason.

"I'd be ready to quit and Jack would yell, 'Come on, we can do some more,' " Quint said.

In college, Kemp was not involved in politics. When he got to San Diego as a quarterback with the Chargers of the upstart American Football League, he moved down the street from Herbert G. Klein, who had been Richard Nixon's vice presidential press secretary.

Klein, who was editor of the San Diego Union newspaper, became Kemp's mentor. Kemp attended economics classes at California Western University while playing for the Chargers and avidly read classical German economists.

"He really got into it," Quint said. "On the team plane, the other guys would be having a beer, he'd be reading. Seldom fiction. Biographies of Churchill and Jefferson. He just devours the stuff."

While playing for the Chargers in 1962, a burly defensive lineman stomped on his throwing hand, crushing a knuckle. Kemp had the finger permanently set to fit the shape of a football. The injury sidelined him, and Kemp was sold for $100 to the Buffalo Bills in 1962.

Everyone told the Buffalo-bound Kemp he was nuts. He had a bum finger, a wife and a growing family. It was time to find a real job.

"But he had no question about going," Tom Kemp said. "He never got discouraged because deep down he hadn't accomplished what he knew he wanted to."

He played for the Bills until 1970, leading his team to two AFL championships and winning the league's Most Valuable Player award in 1965.

It was Kemp's experience on the field with African Americans that deepened his respect for people of other races.

"He would say you can't be on the team with someone and take a shower with someone and not be in tune with their aspirations and feel energized by the need for equality of the races," said a former aide, Mary Cannon.

John Mackey, a former Baltimore Colts tight end, has known Kemp for 26 years, since both were representatives of players' unions. Kemp was a cofounder of the AFL Players Association and its president for five years.

Mackey said his friend had a passion for the game, no matter what it was.

"He gives it 110 percent," Mackey said. "As a player, he was the kind of leader you could believe in because he never gave up. He always had a plan as the circumstances changed. He always was able to think through what was happening and adjust to it."

With both shoulders and both ankles broken and a dozen concussions, Kemp's prowess was slipping, and he retired from football in 1970. But his fans sent him to Congress in 1971, where he represented a blue-collar suburban Buffalo district for 18 years. Kemp has said he went to Washington as a conservative intent on balancing the budget, but changed his views after he began listening to Buffalo's working people and small-business owners talk about their hardships.

Those conversations began his shift to supply-side economics, which called for massive income tax cuts to expand the economy. He won over Ronald Reagan with the idea.

In 1988, Kemp ran unsuccessfully for the GOP nomination for president. His stump speeches often focused on drawing more minorities to the party, which did not rouse much excitement. A year later, President George Bush named him secretary of Housing and Urban Development, a position he held until 1992.

Kemp tried to clean up HUD after the scandal-ridden administration of Secretary Samuel Pierce by providing accountability and trying to wipe out political favoritism. He also emphasized homeownership for low- and moderate-income people and worked to rehabilitate housing units across the country.

Kemp has been married to his college cheerleader sweetheart, Joanne, since 1958 and today they live in the Washington suburb of Bethesda, Md. They have four grown children: Jeff, who played for the Seattle Seahawks, Jennifer, Judith and Jimmy.

Jeff Kemp told People magazine that his dad "was our motivator, encourager - very optimistic. When we were kids, our football games and ballet recitals gave him great material to brag about for a month."

Kemp might be in an important meeting when his son would call, and Kemp would spend 20 minutes revving him up for a football game.

"He'll come back and say: 'This is important. I'm a father,' " said Stuart Butler, domestic-policy director at the Heritage Foundation, a conservative Washington think tank. "That endears him to people, even if it frustrates them, because it shows a sense of balance."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Jack Kemp and his wife, Joanne, are introduced to a crowd of supporters during a rally in Russell, Kan. A brother says of Kemp: "He was always a kind of dreamer. He always imagined great things." (Associated Press, STEPHAN SAVOIA)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***ENVIRONMENTAL-RACISM LAWSUIT TAKES A NEW TACK ON AN OLD COMPLAINT< IN CHESTER, A GROUP OF RESIDENTS HAS GONE TO FEDERAL COURT.< IT ACCUSES THE STATE OF VIOLATING CIVIL-RIGHTS LAW.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CGC0-01K4-930N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 11, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL REVIEW & OPINION; Pg. E01

**Length:** 1563 words

**Byline:** Mark Jaffe, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

It is hard to envision the worn streets and ragged industrial apron of Chester as the new frontier in the battle over civil-rights law, but that's precisely what it has become.

From Washington to New Orleans to San Francisco, lawyers and community organizers in the "environmental justice" movement are watching a lawsuit filed by a group of Chester residents against the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection.

The residents of the predominantly black city are arguing that their civil rights have been violated by an unparalleled buildup of waste-treatment facilities in their community.

There have been dozens of similar "environmental racism" lawsuits filed around the country in the last 25 years. But not one has been completely successful.

"The Chester suit takes a slightly different tack, so it will be interesting if it can succeed where others have not," said Luke Cole, an attorney with the Center on Race, Poverty and the Environment in San Francisco.

The Chester suit is unique because it has gone directly to the federal courts to argue that the issuing of DEP permits for five waste facilities violates the civil-rights law.

In the last 10 years, the DEP has issued permits for a trash incinerator, an infectious-waste facility, a construction-waste recycling operation and a contaminated-soil treatment plant. Chester is also the site for the Delcora Sewage Treatment plant.

"The environmental-racist effect of the DEP's waste-facility-permit system is obvious," said Zulene Mayfield, chairwoman of the Chester Residents Concerned for Quality Living - an environmental group that is the plaintiff in the lawsuit.

The DEP has said that it is simply following the technical regulations for siting incinerator and waste-treatment facilities. It argues that race has nothing to do with the approval process.

Late last month, the state filed a motion to have the suit dismissed, arguing that the plaintiffs did not allege intentional discrimination and insisting that its regulations are race-neutral.

The state also contends that if Chester residents had a civil-rights complaint, they should have filed it with the federal Environmental Protection Agency, as other communities have done.

The residents counter that as long as the DEP accepts federal money, it has an obligation to consider whether its actions are racially discriminatory. It asks the courts to order the state to add such safeguards and to rescind pending permits.

"There is no question Chester is breaking new ground," said Deeohn Ferris, executive director of the Washington Office on Environmental Justice, a national center for environmental law.

DEFINING THE PROBLEM

The first environmental-racism suit was filed in Houston in 1979 by residents of Northwood Manor who were trying to block the siting of a new garbage dump there. They said the city and its contractor, Browning Ferris Industries, were discriminating by placing it in a largely African American community.

The lawsuit did not keep the dump out, but it did help to define the problem.

"Time and time again we have seen this clustering effect of toxic-waste facilities in minority communities. It isn't chance. It is racial discrimination," said Robert Bullard, a sociology professor at Clark University in Atlanta and author of several studies on environmental racism.

A 1987 study by the Commission for Racial Justice of the United Church of Christ documented Bullard's observation, finding a far greater likelihood that a commercial hazardous-waste facility would be located in a zip code with predominantly minority residents than in any other area.

That led to more lawsuits. Communities have challenged the siting of waste facilities in four ways:

\* Using state and federal environmental-siting regulations to argue that the location is inappropriate.

\* Using the public-participation requirements of environmental laws to argue that communities have not been represented in or consulted about siting decisions.

\* Using civil-rights laws, particularly Title VI and Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

\* Using the Equal Protection Clause of the Constitution's 14th Amendment.

So far, no strategy has brought a decisive victory for the communities.

The problem with the first two approaches, say environmental-justice attorneys, is that communities have the burden of showing that there is something technically wrong with the permit application.

The problem with a challenge based on the Constitution is that the community must prove that there has been an "intent" to violate its civil rights.

"So communities have had to either show that there was an adverse impact on their health or welfare or they had to show that someone intended to violate their rights," Cole said. "Both those things are very difficult to prove."

As a result, the Civil Rights Act strategy has become increasingly appealing. "You have to show effect, not intent," Cole said, "and that's a lot easier."

NUMBERS AND NUANCES

What constitutes an effect?

"That's easy," said Jerome Balter, the Public Interest Law Center of Philadelphia attorney representing the Chester residents. "Just look at the statistics. The numbers tell the tale."

In the last decade, the DEP issued permits in Chester for five waste facilities with the capacity to handle two million tons of waste a year. In the rest of Delaware County, only two permits were issued for facilities with a total capacity of 1,400 tons a year.

Delaware County is predominantly white; only 11 percent of its 550,000 residents are black. Chester is 60 percent black.

The DEP has said that it has simply replied to permit applications filed by legitimate businesses. The department says it has had no recourse but to review the applications according to whether they met technical requirements. If an application complied with the rules, a permit was issued.

Critics say that that approach is myopic and legalistic and that it has repeatedly created problems.

"We have a corridor down here [in Louisiana] that is lined with 140 oil and chemical industry facilities," said Beverly Wright, director of the Deep South Center for Environmental Justice in New Orleans.

"They have concentrated on minority communities, and once one gets in, it makes it easier for the next, until we find that the community has been 'zoned toxic.' "

But if the environmental-justice movement is going to depend upon the numbers in pressing its cases, it had better be sure the numbers are correct, some observers warn.

A recent review by the federal General Accounting Office, for example, found no clear trend among current studies on racially based siting of hazardous-waste facilities.

A 1994 paper by Washington University's Center for the Study of American Business argued that studies using measures such as zip codes overstated the impact on minority communities because zip codes cover very large areas. A minority neighborhood and a waste-disposal facility could be miles apart even though they are in the same zip code, the study said.

The study, funded by WMX Technologies Inc., of Oak Brook, Ill., a national waste-disposal firm, found that "commercial waste facilities are more likely to be in neighborhoods with white ***working-class*** families."

Lester Lave, an economist at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, has also argued that the siting of waste facilities is "a poor issue, not a race issue."

"Environmental justice isn't just a black thing . . . "said Bullard. "All communities have a right to a healthy environment. It is an issue of the politically disenfranchised."

The EPA must, by law, see to it that recipients of federal funds - in this case the states - do not discriminate in spending the money.

Two years ago that role was buttressed by President Clinton, who issued an executive order requiring all federal agencies to make environmental justice part of their mandate.

As a result, more than 30 communities have called for the EPA to look into what they say are cases of racial discrimination in siting waste facilities.

"The bulk have been in the South . . . but there are cases from all over - Michigan, Connecticut, California . . ." one EPA official said.

The official said 10 cases were under investigation, seven others were being considered for investigation, and 13 had been dismissed because of insufficient evidence.

None of these cases has yet been resolved.

EPA officials point out that until recently the agency's Office of Civil Rights mainly dealt with employment practices and contract awards.

Another unique aspect of the Chester suit is its argument that the state of Pennsylvania has a clear responsibility to ensure that its actions do not discriminate.

"The DEP has said specifically that it doesn't look at race when siting," Balter said. "That's as good as saying they aren't fulfilling their responsibility."

If successful, the Chester suit would require the DEP to rescind the last permit issued - for Soil Remediation Systems Inc. - and would require the state to revise its rules to ensure nondiscriminatory behavior in awarding future permits.

A number of states - including Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Florida and Virginia - have passed laws that require state agencies to consider racial equity in ruling on site applications.

But instead of waging the fight state by state, environmental-justice advocates hope that the Chester suit will in one stroke establish a national legal precedent.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***A STORY OF A FLAWED LEGAL SYSTEM< PAULA SHARP'S LATEST NOVEL IS AN EMOTIONAL TALE SUFFUSED< WITH DOMESTIC VIOLENCE AND CUSTODY AND FAMILY LAW.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CGG0-01K4-93MW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 18, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. K01

**Length:** 1536 words

**Byline:** Carlin Romano, INQUIRER BOOK CRITIC

**Dateline:** MOUNT KISCO, N.Y.

**Body**

Paula Sharp is both a novelist and lawyer, but please don't judge her on circumstantial evidence. Lawyer/writer stereotypes don't apply.

Unlike Louis Auchincloss, she's not a big-time Wall Street attorney, writing of corporate earnings and reeling them in. Unlike Scott Turow, she neither prosecuted felons nor graduated to a Chicago firm. Unlike John Grisham, she doesn't get casting and script approval over the film versions of her books (there are none yet) or make millions writing legal thrillers.

Sharp's entire legal career has been spent as a legal aid attorney. That, she points out, "is about as far away from lawyers as you can get in the legal spectrum."

She laughs merrily, though impatiently, as if suddenly realizing that all the drawings and science experiments by her 5-year-old son in her kitchen - and her three earlier books bearing only tangential connections to the law (The Woman Who Was Not All There, Lost in New Jersey and The Imposter) - are not going to spare her the "lawyer-novelist" conversation.

Certainly not when her just-published third novel, Crows Over a Wheatfield (Hyperion, $22.95), titled for the van Gogh painting, orients itself around issues of domestic violence and custody law. Not even in deference to her now four-year break from practice thanks to Hyperion's support.

So this 38-year-old single mother, amateur anthropologist, translator of Brazilian novelist Antonio Skarmeta, and infinitely polite host - lunch platters await a photographer and interviewer - cooperates in trying to place her.

"I was never interested in writing legal dramas," she says. "It's almost fortuitous that this is a book with legal themes. Because when I start to write, I have characters in mind, a story. . . . Obviously, as a lawyer, I have very definite views about law and how women are treated. But I exorcise those demons in the course of my profession, and I've never really felt compelled to write about them."

Not every critic agrees. In the Los Angeles Times recently, reviewer Michael Harris called Crows Over a Wheatfield a "protest novel" that "tells an emotional story to make us reach an intellectual conclusion" - the view that U.S. family law is "flawed almost beyond repair."

Sharp disagrees - sharply.

"I don't think this book is po-

lemical," she responds. "It's just not. To me, it's a character novel. Part of the story involves a character who is victimized by domestic violence, takes a political position and starts a political movement. Obviously, I don't believe in domestic violence. Who does? It would be hard to take the other side on this issue."

"You can't afford to be polemical when you write," she adds, "because it takes the spontaneity out of a work of art. It's stupid."

In fact, Crows Over a Wheatfield doesn't rush into the maelstrom of its subject. Rather, it artfully details the roots of domestic abuse while developing a complicated plot. Sharp begins with the portrait of a nontraditional, small-town Wisconsin family dominated by an overbearing lawyer-father. The narrator, Melanie Ratleer, is a workaholic federal judge looking back on her father's behavior toward her, a brother Matt and her stepmother, Ottilie.

Later in the book, Melanie, through her brother, meets Mildred Steck, who operates an "underground railroad" for victims of domestic abuse while herself facing entanglement with a battering spouse. Only as their stories intertwine does domestic violence take center stage, and never at the expense of Sharp's characters.

"When you write a novel that deals with political topics," Sharp says, "it's always a concern that people will say you're polemical. It probably makes you pay more attention to not sounding that way. . . . But I also think you couldn't write a successful novel of social conscience if you didn't have views."

Sharp, not surprisingly, has many. And she got them the old-fashioned way - through a quirky, hardscrabble life topped by a first-rate education.

Born in San Diego, she grew up mainly in Chapel Hill, N.C., where her divorced, 36-year-old mother took Sharp (then 8) and a sister and brother after "getting it in her head that she wanted to be an anthropologist." Following a year in New Orleans, the family was off to the town of Ripon, Wis., the model (not quite the word) for parts of Crows and many stories in her collection, The Imposter.

"We spent a lot of time around pyramids," says Sharp, whose mother did field research in Mexico. "We grew up more around anthropologists than academics." From her high school years in Ripon, the next stop was Dartmouth, where she found the students "right wing," the professors splendid, and herself immersed in foreign languages.

Still no sign of a legal consciousness.

"It never crossed my mind," Sharp says with a laugh. "I only went to law school because I didn't think I could make ends meet as a writer."

Well, not quite. After Dartmouth, she taught at a Catholic school in Jersey City, N.J., for three years, then started as an investigator for a Jersey City judge. Sharp interviewed people accused of crimes. Her job was to gather all the facts and witnesses that might help the defendant.

"It's sort of the opposite of being a detective," she remarks with a grin. "I really liked the work, but I didn't like working for lawyers. You know, lawyers treat people really badly. . . ."

So, in time-tested fashion, she became one herself, graduating from Columbia Law in 1985. After a year in Brazil, where she wrote The Woman Who Was Not All There (about a single mother and her children), she began as a legal aid attorney in lower Manhattan, a job she kept till 1992.

Divorced that same year, Sharp decided she didn't want to raise her son in the city. Her father and sister combed New York City's northern suburbs for the perfect place, and came up with Mount Kisco, a rare town with a ***working-class*** feel in tony Westchester County.

Sharp lives around the corner from Bedford Prison, which, coincidentally, holds a lot of women prisoners doing time "for killing men who were battering them."

After a while, Sharp persuades you that it's pretty easy to get her straight so long as you keep her lawyer and writer roles separate.

As an attorney, Sharp knows exactly what's wrong with laws governing domestic violence and custody law, and how to fix them. She strongly believes that every state should admit the so-called battered-wife defense (New York, at present, does not. New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware do to varying degrees.)

Sharp explains that criminal law generally permits a self-defense justification only when one is faced with "imminent threat of serious bodily injury or death." Recognizing battered-wife syndrome means understanding that a potential victim can look at a pattern of escalating violence and snap, believing that a fatal attack is imminent, even if the battering spouse does not pose an instant threat.

Regarding custody law, Sharp believes there must be a statutory solution to a new problem: abusive men taking advantage of outmoded custody rules to maintain their proximity to, and abuse of, women who have left them.

The solution there, too, she believes, is also legislative: a statutory legal presumption against giving custodial rights to a battering spouse, thereby forcing any family court judge inclined otherwise to explain why.

"Many judges," Sharp notes acidly, "think that the fact that you beat the hell out of your wife doesn't mean you're likely to endanger your kids. In fact, studies overwhelmingly show that people who lose their tempers with their wives don't keep them very well with 2-year-olds either."

Sharp also says battered spouses must be allowed to move far away from their tormentors, and even live anonymously so long as they provide an address to the court. Judges with common sense, she says, often fashion visitation rights to keep batterer and victim apart, but too many family court judges, she bristles, "really don't care."

"Let's face it," Sharp says angrily, only moments after breaking into tears at the memories of what some friends and clients have faced, "if you beat the [obscenity] out of someone and you almost kill them, you lose certain rights!"

"Many judges don't like battered wives," Sharp says, disconsolately. "They think they victimize themselves. If they're women judges, they often feel, 'I would never get myself in a situation like this,' so they're twice as vindictive."

Although the Los Angeles Times reviewer judged Daniel, the key batterer in Crows Over a Wheatfield, as "demonized," Sharp disagrees, replying that he's not even "particularly dangerous" though he is, like many batterers, a good "dissembler."

Which brings back Paula Sharp, the novelist. If Crows has any message or point, she insists, it's to show the "moral complexity" of the "untenable," blame-the-victim system in which women are forced to put their own lives or those of their children in danger.

Other than that, she'd like to remind everyone, it's a novel.

Because, once again, it is the literary that matters most to Sharp, who grew up "wanting to be John Steinbeck."

"To me, there's no point in writing unless I'm trying to create a perfect work with wonderful characters. . . . I just like to put words together."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Paula Sharp says she never has had an interest or an ambition to write legal dramas, despite her former career as a legal aid attorney. (JERRY BAUER)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***ANTION FIRES UP SCHOOL BOARD;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KNY0-0094-51C3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***BUSINESS AS USUAL DISRUPTED BY ACTIONS OF NEW DIRECTOR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-KNY0-0094-51C3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 4, 1996, Sunday,

WASHINGTON EDITION

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**Section:** METRO,

**Length:** 1492 words

**Byline:** MARY NIEDERBERGER

**Body**

Since David R. Antion joined the McGuffey School Board seven months ago, he says he has helped save taxpayers millions of dollars by thwarting plans for a $ 27 million high school, sparked quicker procedures for getting information to and from the board, and eliminated a free-spending ''country club'' atmosphere on the board.

But his detractors say Antion has been the ringleader of a group of new board members who have brought school business to a screeching halt.

School board meetings, which sometimes lasted no longer than an hour before Antion joined the board, turned into acrimonious sessions stretching on past midnight, with occasional attacks and counter-attacks as board members accused each other of ethical and legal misdeeds.

In addition, the teachers' union, which Antion and others have threatened with layoffs, is now alienated from the board, and a superintendent resigned, citing health problems from all of the contention.

''Before, there were times when I'd be home from a board meeting at 9 o'clock,'' said board President Bill Haines, who is a teacher in the Trinity School District. ''We'd go, get through the business, and leave. But this past year, it has not been very pleasurable sitting on the board.''

Antion doesn't seem to mind that he's making enemies. He said he knows that people who bring change often aren't popular. He's betting, however, that attitudes about him will change as his efforts begin to improve the district's finances and academics.

''I think that people really appreciate the fact that he's taken the time to look at these matters,'' said Becky Simpson of South Franklin. ''I trust David Antion because of his credentials and because I remember going to high school with him. He's very intelligent. He's very aware that it's our money the board is spending.''

Although his detractors question his motivation, Antion insists that he has no hidden agenda.

A 51-year-old father of three and grandfather of two, Antion has lived in Buffalo Township since he moved there with his family at age 6. His father purchased a farm that was later divided into 17 properties, which Antion has inherited and now manages.

He holds a bachelor's degree in chemistry from Washington and Jefferson College and a master's degree in business from the University of Pittsburgh. He's also a certified quality auditor with the American Society for Quality Control who works as a consultant to the automobile and plastics industry.

A newcomer to politics, Antion says his goals as a school director are simple: To improve the financial policies and procedures of the board to ensure that money is spent wisely, and to see a renewed emphasis on academic programs.

He said he didn't intend to run for the board when he started to go to board meetings in the spring of 1995. He simply wanted to express his opposition to the proposal to build a new $ 27 million high school.

When he started to feel his cries were falling on deaf ears, he decided to run for the board. He said his background as an auditor made him a perfect candidate.

Antion worked from 1986 to 1992 as a technical auditor for Chrysler, where he won the Vice President's Award for Excellence by submitting the most cost-savings suggestions in the purchasing department.

''My job as an auditor is to come up with findings, with the facts, to point out the problems and find better ways to do things,'' he said.

So, Antion, Joe Seaman and former McGuffey Superintendent Joe Long ran as write-in candidates along with Judy Grice. They also added incumbent Delores Demeo's name to their campaign signs.

All five candidates won, although Demeo generally does not vote with the other four. That's a sore point with Antion, who thought that he would have a board majority.

Demeo avoids comment on the matter, other than to say: ''I've never wanted to say that it's a 5-4 board. I vote exactly as I feel on each issue. I vote my conscience.''

Since taking office, Antion has taken a microscope to nearly every expenditure in the district from how much money board members have paid for dinners out, to how much academic programs cost, to how much teachers and teachers aides are paid.

He once even questioned an 82-cent reimbursement from an employee. It turned out it was repayment for a long-distance phone call.

Some call it nitpicking. Antion calls it good auditing.

As soon as he was elected, he made a formal request for 20 types of public records, including district policies and procedures, a listing of all current assets and liabilities and all current contracts. He also wanted the minutes of all board meetings for the previous two years and all travel expenses incurred by school directors since 1992.

He publicly criticized the previous board for approving, on the eve of the election, an early-bird five-year contract with teachers that he says will cost $ 7.5 million over the life of the contract. The teachers' union says its contract will cost the district $ 2.6 million.

Antion's accounting frequently differs from others'. He predicts that the teachers' contract will require a tax hike of 7 mills over the next five years, yet the budget proposed by business manager Linda Sutherland, and approved by the board, called for no tax hike. Sutherland says a tax hike is unlikely next year also.

Antion says the difference is that he looks at the ''total cost'' of projects while the district does not. Time, he said, will prove him correct.

At his first board meeting, Antion refused to approve the bills for payment, contending that Sutherland had paid some of the bills before bringing them to the board. The board later passed a policy requiring all bills except for contractual items and utilities to come before the board before payment.

That action didn't satisfy Antion. He continues to publicly pick apart Sutherland's reports, claiming that the figures don't add up and that proper procedures aren't followed. He has said that he would like the board to fire Sutherland, who also serves as board secretary. He said she is not qualified for the $ 55,300 position since she doesn't have a college degree.

Sutherland said she is baffled by Antion's attacks.

''In this day and age, it is unusual for a board to hire someone in this position without a degree. But I was perfectly clear with the board when I interviewed here that I did not have one,'' Sutherland said. ''I have been in school business offices for 20 years and been audited over and over again and never had any (mistakes).''

She also pointed out that the district has the second lowest tax rate in the county - behind Peters - at 77 mills.

Antion is angry that the board recently approved a new four-year contract for Sutherland. Now, he said, even if his supporters win a majority of seats on the board in 1997, the board will have to buy out Sutherland's contract if they want to replace her.

While there are some who think that Antion is after Sutherland's job for himself, he denies the charge. He said he does not want to be business manager but would like to be board secretary, a position he describes as ''the enforcer of the rules.'' Antion said if he were appointed board secretary - a job that now pays $ 2,500 - he would do the business manager's job for free.

''I'm not doing this for the money. I have all the money that I need. I'm doing this to bring credibility to the financial dealing of McGuffey.''

He styles himself as spokesman for the district's elderly and disadvantaged. Many of his supporters don't have children in the district.

''I represent old people on fixed incomes, ***working class*** people. Young people with good jobs didn't come to me and school teachers didn't come to me.''

The diversity of the district lends itself to just such a division. It's made up of 10 communities stretching from near Washington to the border of West Virginia, with a wide variety of income levels and lifestyles.

But parents from both well-to-do and rural areas of the district appear frustrated at the state of the board these days.

''I just want McGuffey to get back to where it used to be. Right now it's at a standstill,'' said Molly Hanning, whose 7-year-old daughter attends West Alexander Elementary School. Hanning and others say that Antion and his colleagues won November's election by frightening the elderly and others on fixed incomes into believing that their taxes would double or triple.

Antion said he never told anyone that their taxes would double or triple. But, he said, he has calculated that once the new building was paid for, the district would have spent about $ 75 million on it, including interest and cost overruns.

Antion is confident a slate of his candidates will unseat incumbents whose seats will be open in 1997 - Haines, Virginia Knisely, Jonathan Mounts and Judith Wright.

''I think things will be cleaned up as soon as we take control of the board,'' he predicted. ''From then on, it will be so much easier.''

McGUFFEY SCHOOLS Mary Niederberger is a free-lance writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: John Heller/Post-Gazette: David R. Antion at a McGuffey School; Board meeting.

**Load-Date:** August 4, 1996

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[***Postcards from a postman***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XY1-KDM0-007M-4425-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

November 19, 1999, Friday, Cook/Fox Valley/Lake

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**Section:** Time Out;

**Length:** 1490 words

**Byline:** Mark Guarino Daily Herald Music Critic

**Body**

John Prine is a cancer survivor and he sounds like one. Not his voice - it's always had that scratch of someone who's lived a thousand years.

No, Prine's neck cancer has made him look at life a little more closely.

His songs have always done so. His impish wordplay and lackluster heroes have made him one of folk music's best storytellers.

But except for one song, his first album in five years, "In Spite of Ourselves" (Oh Boy), is a collection of all covers, country duets between Prine and female singers like Iris DeMent, Lucinda Williams and Trisha Yearwood.

Although a movie soundtrack obligation sparked the project, Prine kept digging to come up with a whole album. The songs, from the cornball George Jones and Tammy Wynette number, "(We're Not) The Jet Set" to "Let's Invite Them Over," Ornie Wheeler's ode to wife swapping, were all favorites of his father, who listened to country music every night in their Maywood home.

Now living in Nashville, Prine plans to visit Maywood when he's back in town this week for four sold-out shows at the institution where he earned his chops, the Old Town School of Folk Music.

Although he's played bigger halls here since, it's the first time Prine will perform inside the school since the early '70s.

The prospect of playing four shows at the Old Town School has helped him reminisce about his early life when he commuted to the school's original location from that small, west suburban factory town.

"I really liked Maywood," he said. "I thought Maywood itself was a kind of a melting pot. There were Mexicans and people from the south and blacks, compared to the Italians in Melrose (Park). I thought it was a pretty neat area to grow up in. When I got drafted, when I was in boot camp down in Louisiana, you're meeting guys your own age from all around the country, some of them didn't have that, they were really shocked when they left their home and went into the army.

"They had never been with Mexicans or black people, or anything, you know? I always thought, well geez, I must have come from a good place because I went to school with everybody."

\* \* \*

Prine's family arrived in Maywood from Kentucky. Their lives ran the routes of most new city immigrants. Periodically, relatives showed up to stay with them for weeks until they found factory jobs and got a place of their own.

Prine's father, William, was a tool and die maker at the American Can Company nearby.

His brother, Dave, taught him guitar. As luck would have it, a neighbor who moved left a ukulele behind and Dave snatched it. Soon, he could play the fiddle, banjo, mandolin and guitar, too.

"When I heard him play the guitar, I thought, 'Geez, that's my brother playing the guitar'," Prine said. "'I wonder how he does it.''

Prine learned at age 14. Immediately, he began writing songs.

"Yeah, it was very unusual. I don't even think any of my friends knew I wrote songs. I just did it as a hobby. That or to impress girls."

Luckily, the father of Prine's girlfriend was the school custodian. One day, he snuck home a school tape recorder so Prine could record. Those songs, "Frying Pan" and "Sour Grapes," later ended up on his first album, "Diamonds In the Rough," in 1972.

"The other one we recorded was 'Twist and Shout'. That wasn't mine," he laughed.

In the late '60s, Maywood, and the people in it, set the stage for his later writing. There was turmoil brewing and his neighborhood would never be the same.

"I always felt like Maywood went through the same stuff the whole country was going through," Prine said. "When Martin Luther King got killed, we didn't have no store windows left. They bricked in all the windows. Things were changing rapidly then."

For Prine, whose songs come alive with the people in them (think the junkie vet in "Sam Stone" or the lonely housewife in "Angel From Montgomery"), it's no surprise his neighborhood had its share of characters, too.

"Everybody had a name," he laughed. "One guy we called the King of the World. He wore white work gloves and he would walk by the stores. Some of the stores had black windows you could drive by and see your car in. And this guy would walk by 'em and walk by 'em looking at himself. Then he would run back and start all over again with his white gloves at his side."

\* \* \*

When Prine was a child, his father was elected the vice president of the local steelworkers union. It lasted 25 years.

"I think he only got 50 bucks a month extra for it, but he kind of dedicated his life to the union," he said. "There was more glory in that."

Growing up in a union house meant Prine witnessed pain and the strain of living a ***working class*** life. There were physical hardships but there were tiny rewards, too. Prine ended up writing a song about his father called "Paradise," that ended up on his first album. His brother Dave and friend Steve Goodman both played on it. It's a dialogue between father and son about going home to Kentucky but finding it had changed for the worst.

When he was 56, Prine's father had a massive heart attack. It was two months before the album was to come out. So Prine borrowed a tape recorder and played him the song. Soon after, his father died.

"He used to take us to country bars, really rough places," Prine said.

"The rougher the bar the better. He used to teach us to order two beers, one to drink, the other to hit somebody over the head with if the fight came over your way. He'd go in and just say in a really loud voice what his intentions were: he was going to play the jukebox really loud and if anybody had anything to say about it, why don't they talk to him about it now because he really didn't want any trouble later on."

But even before he was making albums, Prine was married, living in a two-room apartment in Melrose Park and delivering mail in Maywood. He did that for six years straight out of high school.

"Besides washing dishes in a million different pizzerias, that was my big job," he said. He quit when he was 23, six months before his first recording contract.

It didn't take long to get one. He had been taking classes at the Old Town School, influenced by his brother who was teaching banjo lessons there.

Despite a stint in the army, he kept going there three or four times a week.

While working at the post office, he stumbled into his first musical job at the long-forgotten folk club, the Fifth Peg.

"I wasn't looking to be a professional singer. I just got up to see if they liked my songs. They said 'Why don't you come here and do a couple of sets every Thursday night?' And I said 'How long do you have to sing?' When they told me, I went home and wrote enough songs to fill up an hour. And that became my first album," he said.

He quit the post office and began performing three nights a week.

"It wasn't like I was looking to work all weekend. I just wanted to make the same amount I was making at the post office and sleep the rest of the week," he said.

Prine's Fifth Peg gigs drew larger and larger crowds. It was Prine's late songwriting comrade Steve Goodman who brought him further attention.

Goodman was opening a show for Kris Kristofferson the same weekend cabaret singer Paul Anka was in town. Anka came to Kristofferson's show and was knocked out by Goodman.

"(Goodman) saw how excited he was and said 'If you think I'm good, you should see my buddy'," Prine said. So all three hopped a cab to the Earl of Old Town club to see Prine.

Anka bought them both plane tickets.

"The next thing you know Goodman and I are on our way to New York. And we weren't in New York for 24 hours before we both got record contracts. It was a real fairytale story," he said.

\* \* \*

Prine moved to Nashville in the late '70s when he was spending much of his time recording there. He moved his mother there five years ago. He's 53 and, having just battled a bout with cancer, songwriting hasn't been a priority. Living has.

"I used to love it. I still do when I'm getting into the middle of it. But otherwise, I'd do anything I can to get out of it nowadays," he said.

But when he's back this week, it won't be just any tour stop. There's nothing to visit in Old Town, of course, it's gone to the yuppies. The only folk club there is Starbucks.

But there's still Maywood. He'll plan to visit his brother Dave, who still lives there, working as an electrical engineer. He also is working on playing a benefit show at his old high school, Proviso East. He read in the paper this summer they need a new gymnasium floor. If all goes as planned, the show will be in February and Dave will open.

In terms of career highlights, Prine says with all sincerity, it will be his "pinnacle."

But that's next year. Right now, Prine is primed to meet and greet all his old friends.

As he says: "I am really looking forward to this."

GRAPHIC:  The Scoop

What: John Prine with Iris DeMent

Where: Old Town School of Folk Music, 4544 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago

When: 7:30 p.m. today, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday

Tickets: $ 38/$ 36. Call (773) 728-6000. Sold out

**Graphic**

John Prine: spinning a tale about Lake Marie. John Prine returns to the Old Town School of Folk Music for four sold-out shows this week. GRAPHIC: (text at bottom of article)

**Load-Date:** November 22, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Dayton's Bluff;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45RY-1KR0-00J2-3020-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A new outlook from Dayton's Bluff;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45RY-1KR0-00J2-3020-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Historic St. Paul neighborhood seeing a resurgence.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45RY-1KR0-00J2-3020-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

May 4, 2002, Saturday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** HOMES; Pg. 4H

**Length:** 1763 words

**Byline:** Jim Buchta; Staff Writer

**Body**

Like other first-time home buyers, Jennifer and Sean Dunn were on a budget and couldn't afford to buy a house in the neighborhood where they were renting \_ Crocus Hill \_ or in another coveted St. Paul neighborhood, Macalester-Groveland.

     With a budget of $150,000, just about all the houses in those neighborhoods were out of reach. Even tiny, modest houses were selling for more than $200,000.

     Jennifer, a lobbyist in St. Paul, said that's why they started thinking about Dayton's Bluff \_ a diverse, inexpensive ***working-class*** neighborhood on the Mississippi River bluffs just east of downtown St. Paul. It's a housing market where history and affordability are helping to fuel a renaissance.

   Two years ago, the Dunns \_ Sean is an elementary school teacher \_ found a house in Dayton's Bluff they could afford.

     It's an 1887 Victorian-style cottage with 1,800 square feet. They found it on the Internet and made an offer on it the first day they saw it. "It felt just right," Jennifer said.

     The Dunns love living in Dayton's Bluff. They're in a house they adore in a neighborhood that fits their lifestyle. They like going on walks with their dog to a nearby neighborhood hangout, the Swede Hollow Cafe, and look forward to frequenting another coffee shop, Cafe Nikita, that's set to open soon.

      Walking the dog gives them the opportunity to see what's happening in the neighborhood. "It's an active community of neighbors that look out for each other; we don't put up with a lot of the petty-crime stuff," Jennifer said. "It's turning around."

     If you're interested in seeing what life is like in Dayton's Bluff and other St. Paul and Minneapolis neighborhoods, you can do so today and Sunday by attending the 15th annual Minneapolis & St. Paul Homes Tour.

     A total of 60 houses, condominiums and other living spaces in both cities will be open for inspection during this self-guided tour, which includes new and old houses and everything in between. Some of the houses are converted commercial and industrial spaces, and some are new lofts.

     Dayton's Bluff and a few other neighborhoods, including Jordan in Minneapolis, are having special tours with houses that aren't listed in the official guidebook (to get a copy, call 612-673-3978 or visit [*http://www.mpls-stpaul*](http://www.mpls-stpaul)

hometour.com).

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7 buildings on display

     The Dayton's Bluff Home Tour, sponsored by the Dayton's Bluff Community Council, Dayton's Bluff Neighborhood Housing Services and the Upper Swede Hollow Neighborhoods Association, has seven buildings on the tour, including an 1887 mixed-use commercial building that is slated for renovation by the Upper Swede Hollow Neighborhoods Association.

     Buildings of this era form the core of the housing in Dayton's Bluff, one of the oldest neighborhoods in St. Paul. Like many houses here, the Dunns' house was built as a single-family home, probably by someone who worked at the now-closed Hamms Brewery. The house later was converted into a duplex, and then converted back again before the Dunns bought it. In the meantime, it had fallen into disrepair.

     Like the Dunns' house, the neighborhood itself is in better shape than it has been in for many years. Revitalization started several years ago; ground zero for these efforts, some say, is near the intersection of 3rd St. and Maria Av., where Dayton's Bluff Neighborhood Housing Services built several new houses a few years ago.

     Because this area is within the neighborhood's 32-block historic district, the houses were designed to blend in with the surrounding homes. They have open front porches, pastel-colored siding and proportions suggestive of the Victorian era.

     Five years ago it was obvious the houses were new, but now that the landscaping has had time to take hold, they're beginning to blend in. When new, those houses sold for $87,000 to $89,000. Today, they would sell for closer to $200,000.

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Prices climb steadily

     Rapid appreciation isn't unusual in Dayton's Bluff these days, said Donavan Cummings, a Dayton's Bluff resident and Edina Realty sales agent who sells several homes a year in the community. He said that just a few years ago the neighborhood saw its first home sale over $100,000, a frilly two-story pink house on a double lot with a tree house. Today, some homes sell for more than $200,000 and a couple have sold for more than $300,000.

      He remembers a time not so long ago when two houses within a block and a half from each other sold within just a few days of each other \_ one for $40,000 and the other for close to $200,000.

     In 1993, the median sale price of a single-family home in the area was $54,500. That same year, the highest sale price was $82,000.

     During the past 12 months, the average sale price in Dayton's Bluff and surrounding neighborhoods was $130,356, according to the Minneapolis Area Association of Realtors. Sale prices have ranged from $40,000 to slightly more than $300,000.

     Like other St. Paul neighborhoods, the boundaries for this one were determined by the city, which calls it Planning District 4. Within the district, there are several distinct neighborhoods, including Swede Hollow, Mounds Park and the lower bluff area, where some of the oldest houses in the neighborhood are located.

     Over the years, an assortment of new houses have been built here and there, and on most blocks, at least one or two older houses are showing some signs of improvement. Others, however, still fall into the fixer-upper category.

     This summer, crews will start building two new housing developments, including Homes For Learning, a 16-unit rental townhouse project near Dayton's Bluff Achievement Plus Elementary, and Railroad Island, an ambitious 150-unit project that's not in Planning District 4 but is next to Swede Hollow. Some housing for seniors and "active adults" also is planned.

     The neighborhood still is in transition, but it clearly has forward momentum. The hard-to-miss Victorian "painted ladies" are a minority, but a number have been renovated, and those and other improved housing have dramatically improved the appearance of the neighborhood.

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Really quite appealing

     People move to the neighborhood for a variety of reasons \_ certainly because of its affordability and attractive vintage houses, and the opportunity to be part of a neighborhood that's on the upswing.

     Jeff and Kelly Wallis swapped their suburban split-level with a beach on Lake Minnetonka for a huge old Victorian house that had been taken apart piece by piece by its previous owners and put back together again. They moved to the neighborhood last year after hearing through word of mouth about the house, which still is a work in progress.

     Jeff Wallis said they're thrilled to be part of the community, but they also wanted to be close to a sustainable redevelopment project he is spearheading. It's called Lowertown Depot, and it's located along the edge of the lower bluffs. He's in the process of redeveloping one of the old railroad buildings into condominiums. When finished, the development will include solar and wind power generators that will provide power for the houses.

     The Wallis' stately 1884 house is on the tour, even though the house still is being renovated. The kitchen and several rooms still are under construction, but other rooms are intact enough to get a good sense that this house is a one-of-a-kind. Jeff Wallis is especially proud of several interior doors he hired a carpenter to build using old pieces of stained glass and sheets of old-growth Douglas fir salvaged from gymnasium bleachers.

      "We could not have achieved the same value anywhere else," he said.

     Another plus is the sense of community. When they lived in Mound, the Wallises hardly knew any of their neighbors. But in their new neighborhood, "we started meeting neighbors, and we found that people were so friendly \_ they all knew each other."

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    \_ Jim Buchta is at [*jbuchta@startribune.com*](mailto:jbuchta@startribune.com).

Home tour begins

     Sixty homes will be featured on the Minneapolis & St. Paul Home Tour today and Sunday, including special neighborhood tours in Dayton's Bluff in St. Paul and Jordan in Minneapolis. Homes will be open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. today, and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday.

     The tour is a free, self-guided event. Home Tour Passports will be issued at the first home you visit. For more information, call 612-673-2009 or visit [*http://www.mpls-stpaulhometour.com*](http://www.mpls-stpaulhometour.com).

     Home Tour Guides with maps and details about homes on the tour will be distributed as a supplement to some newspapers serving Minneapolis and St. Paul. They also will be available through Skyway News racks in downtown Minneapolis; in racks throughout downtown St. Paul; at metro-area Bruegger's Bagels, Hirschfield's and Lathrop Paint stores, and at all homes featured during Home Tour weekend.

Dayton's Bluff neighborhood

Area home sales

Total sales: 739

Dollar volume: $96 million

Average list price: $129,233

Average sale price: $130,356

Median sale price: $132,000

Low sale price: $40,000

High sale price: $309,900

Active listings: 76 (as of 4/29)

Source: Minneapolis Area Association of Realtors Sale data are for MLS District 716, which includes Hillcrest, Hazel Park, and Dayton's Bluff neighborhoods. Sale data are for April 1, 2001, to March 31, 2002. Active listings are as of April 29, 2002.

Community data

Total housing units: 5,936

Owner-occupied units: 3,266

Rental units: 2,398

Population: 17,719

Area: 2.8 square miles

Online resources

- Dayton's Bluff District 4 Community Council, [*http://www.daytonsbluff.org/*](http://www.daytonsbluff.org/)

- Dayton's Bluff Neighborhood Housing Services Inc., [*http://www.tcnhs.org/dbnhs.html*](http://www.tcnhs.org/dbnhs.html)

- Postcards of historic Dayton's Bluff and its buildings and natural features, [*http://www.tc.umn.edu/cosim001/Postcards.html*](http://www.tc.umn.edu/cosim001/Postcards.html)

- Ramsey County Historical Society with some old photos of Dayton's Bluff residents, [*http://www.rchs.com/dytnblff.htm*](http://www.rchs.com/dytnblff.htm)

- Map of Dayton's Bluff, [*http://www.ci.stpaul.mn.us/maps/dayton2.html*](http://www.ci.stpaul.mn.us/maps/dayton2.html)

Recent home sales

This 1 1/2-story house was built in 1914. It has 792 finished square feet, including two bedrooms, one bathroom and a one-car garage. The sale closed in August for $96,500 after 13 days on the market.

This two-story dwelling was built in 1884. It has 2,046 finished square feet, including four bedrooms and two bathrooms. The sale closed in December for $141,100 after 45 days on the market.

This 2 1/2-story house was built in 1891. It has 4,071 finished square feet, including five bedrooms, three bathrooms and a fireplace. The sale closed in July for $309,900 after 13 days on the market.

**Graphic**

CHART; MAP; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** May 5, 2002

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[***In Katrina's wake, generosity***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H28-55G0-010F-K2XB-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

September 7, 2005, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1874 words

**Byline:** Marco R. della Cava

**Dateline:** SAN ANTONIO

**Body**

SAN ANTONIO -- If this nation has a hallmark, forged in communal hardship, it is this: In the face of inexplicable sorrow, we give.

Money. Time. Materials. Love. Whatever it takes.

And so it is with Hurricane Katrina. But while bake sales and food collections have sprung up in countless towns, some cities are giving more. Much more. Partly because they're asked to, by both city officials and fate. But mostly because they want to. Such is the case with Texas' historic Alamo City, where nearly 12,000 of Katrina's dazed evacuees have turned up in recent days.

In response, citizens have pulled all-nighters volunteering in shelter kitchens, offered rooms to elderly survivors and left their own young ones to tend to the babies of strangers.

It might be 98 degrees in the shade here, but folks are out and about, organizing toy drives downtown, lemonade sales in tony suburbs and barbecues in poor districts. Put simply, the exceptional has become the norm, a baseline for tireless displays of charity.

The catastrophe in New Orleans has many assigning blame. Some say American leaders failed. But the American people have not.

"I watched on TV, and I just thought of myself and my little children, that it could have been us running," says Jill Fitch, explaining how she came to be bouncing another woman's infant on her knee at a child-care center inside KellyUSA, a former military facility that is housing the bulk of the evacuees.

"I feel I'm my brother's and my sister's keeper. It's really as simple as that." The baby squawks. Fitch brushes away a tear. "I feel almost bad for what I have."

An emotion-fueled sentiment. But being in the presence of the truly destitute will do that. Just look straight down in this cavernous cot-filled space: Most feet are shod only in socks and flip-flops. Everywhere you go in this makeshift mini-city, flip flop, flip flop.

New shoes are said to be on the way. In the meantime, the halls of KellyUSA bustle like a New York city block. Kids play with a new puzzle, two mothers load up on diapers, and a trio of men tune into a baseball game on a donated TV. Over here someone's getting a haircut, down there a grandfather is pushed about in an office chair, the only wheelchairs around. And this being a First World calamity, the air trills with sounds of cellphones.

Smiles of gratitude

Sometimes you even see smiles. Flooding, mayhem and rage have been replaced by air conditioning, regular meals and naked gratitude.

"If it wasn't for the care of the persons here in San Antonio, I don't know what would have become of me. It's been an emotionally overwhelming experience," says Bernadine Holbert, whose escape from her ruined home has become routine in its hellishness.

Waiting in water. Bodies floating past. A boat ride to a field followed by a night under a highway overpass. Finally, evacuation.

"There are people whose bodies will never be identified, there are babies ..." Her voice trails off as she turns away for a moment. "Although this has begun, it also will end. You just have to let go of what you think you've lost. I am very grateful to be alive."

The what-next question, however, can't be avoided. In fact, volunteers with mental health expertise say that as the evacuees get over the shock of their ordeal, a natural anger begins to set in.

"Most of these people have no clue what happens now, and we frankly can't give them many answers," says Ramona Leonards, a child counselor who took off work to help the Red Cross here. "Sure, most people are grateful for the food and shelter. But others feel that's too little."

Leonards says the best approach is to solve problems one at a time. In Holbert's case, Leonards is helping her get a transfer to Dallas, where she hopes to lean on her employer, the Army Corps of Engineers, to find work.

Indeed, few evacuees talk about returning to New Orleans. Bruce Gaten, a jazz trumpeter who lost all three of his horns to the waters, says he'll go to Houston.

"It's music, right? I'll just play it there," he says, lying on a green Army-issue cot as he stares at the ceiling. "I tell you, lots of people say they won't go back, and I think it's because they finally got out of town for the first time."

Fernell Augustine had never been to San Antonio, but he likes what he sees. And his chances for staying just improved. An impromptu Labor Day visit by Texas Gov. Rick Perry turned into a chance chat between the two. After the governor and his entourage left, Augustine explained that he had asked for help getting his wife and seven children transferred here from another Texas shelter.

"I am tired of the murder in New Orleans, and I want something better for my family," he says, adding that he battled both looters and snakes while escaping the Big Easy. "This town has shown us love. I am a cook and a handyman. I will do anything. I just want a chance."

'Very proud' of San Antonio

If the altruism on display here means anything, it is that Augustine could get that chance.

Consider that when calls went out on radio stations asking for donations, lines nearly 100 cars long stretched back from the massive Salvation Army warehouse on the west side of town.

"This is so insanely wonderful," says Denise Curran, who along with her husband, Scott, spent nearly 33 hours helping sort donations, which ranged from the eclectic (Hawaiian shirts on hangers) to the indispensable (cartons of baby formula). "Everyone's coming out, blacks, whites, Hispanics. I am very proud of this town."

Consider that when Sibyl and Don White, both 79, finally made it out of New Orleans to stay with their son and daughter-in-law here, they immediately went to shop for new clothes and had an unforgettable experience.

When a young man in the store heard they had survived the calamity, he handed them $5 and said he wished he could do more. The Whites, who are financially secure and white, were overwhelmed by their African-American benefactor, who they say was of modest means. "We gave the bill back to him with a hug," says Sibyl. "I will never forget that."

Consider that when the owner of local Pizza Hut stores was asked if he'd sell a huge order at a discounted price to help feed those pouring off planes and buses, he simply gave 320 pies away.

"I mean, you see the plight these people are in, leaving their homes with nothing but the clothes on their backs. Something had to be done," says Jack Richmond, who owns 31 stores throughout the city and county. "I figured a nice slice of pizza might help start their stay here right."

Consider that when neighbors from an elegant northern suburb noticed their children trying to process the scenes on their television, they didn't have to wait long before the kids themselves asked to set up a lemonade stand to benefit evacuees.

"It was wonderful to see these kids get a huge lesson in humility and compassion all on their own," says Tom Heffron, whose kids (Cody, 11, Kyle, 10, and Connor, 7) joined the Jones kids (Scottie, 11, Emily, 10, Johnnie, 6) on a blazing hot street near their gated community. The older ones had spent the morning hauling boxes of donations at the Salvation Army depot. "You want them to understand that the way they live isn't the way others live, says the elder Heffron. "I sense they get that right now."

Consider that when one of the city's leading Jewish citizens heard about an 86-year-old woman who had arrived at KellyUSA disoriented, he immediately opened his home to her.

"This woman spent four days in her New Orleans home alone, with little food or water," says M.H. Levine, director of the Jewish Family and Children's Service, which also has collected mountains of food, clothing and toys for evacuees. "We found she had a son in Houston, who is about to come pick her up. But she did tell me the other night that she likes it here so much, maybe she'll stay. How about that?"

But how would that work? So far, the indicators are promising.

This city of 1.1 million -- nearly split between whites and Hispanics, with 6% African-Americans -- has a falling unemployment rate of just under 5%, and will soon boast a new Toyota factory.

As for housing, the latest Census reports that 7% of the city's half-million housing units are vacant, and real estate agents and apartment managers are quickly updating local officials on their inventory.

"Folks we see (at KellyUSA) who were in public housing in New Orleans can get vouchers for public housing here quickly," says Melanie Villalobos of the San Antonio Housing Authority. "So far, we're finding that people are taking whatever is available and worrying about the rest later. They want to get back on their feet."

A few dollars to spend

For some, regaining dignity and self-sufficiency is as simple as being given a few dollars and taken to a local store to spend it themselves. "It's just a way of taking back some control, which they've lost so much of in these past days," says volunteer social worker Leonards, who has organized such trips.

For others, it means finding their way to relatives here who can promise them unlimited shelter until it is time to see what remains of their old lives. Pharmacist Famous Washington, who along with his wife, Lisa, grew up in New Orleans, is sheltering 16 of his distraught relatives who have made their way to his expansive suburban home.

"Most of my relatives were insured, so we hope eventually they'll get something back. But for now, we just wait," says Washington, whose guests, ages 9 months to 77 years, are Lisa's extended family. The younger ones already have been accepted at local public schools, which have gone out of their way to make room for Katrina kids.

Although the Washington house was filled with the smell of blackened chicken and baked beans over the holiday weekend, festive smiles were wanting. Lisa's sister-in-law lost both her aunt and uncle when, after days of medical neglect, they died on a crowded highway overpass. "It was a general evacuation, right?" Lisa says with a quiet rage. "I don't understand why buses weren't sent for everyone."

Says Famous: "This tragedy has brought out the bad and the good."

Around here, it's the good that is shining through, a welcome respite from the death, lawlessness and neglect that have punctuated these past 10 days.

The kind of good that radiates from Tiffany Collins, a parks and recreation secretary who, in volunteering at KellyUSA, befriended single mom Shantrice Wyatt and her children, Latrice, 6, and Gregory, 3.

On a recent afternoon, Collins thought it was time for Wyatt to catch a break from parent duty and for the kids to get away from the shelter's fluorescent lights. So she whisked the kids over to her modest house on the ***working-class*** side of town.

There she filled up a little plastic pool and smiled as two innocents who had escaped New Orleans played with her two children, Ayanna, 2, and Nate, 5. "They've been through an ordeal," she says. "I figured maybe this would cheer them up."

Back at KellyUSA, Wyatt is the one who is smiling.

"I have lost everything, like a lot of folks, but ever since I got here, people have been good to me," she says. "I was a janitor back home. Maybe I can find that work here. All I know is, it's time for a fresh start. A new beginning. This could be a nice place to do that."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY; PHOTOS, B/W, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY (2)

**Load-Date:** September 7, 2005

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[***NEW ON VIDEO***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XPD-KM90-00C6-D3V8-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 22, 1999, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1999 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 1623 words

**Body**

Election

\* \* \* 1/2 (out of four)

(1999, Paramount, rated R, $ 105 range; DVD, $ 30; laser disc, $ 30):

Reese Witherspoon has her best screen role to date -- and Matthew

Broderick his best since 1990's *The* *Freshman* --

in a brutal high school satire that pits a teen overachiever against

a three-time Teacher of the Year (who, turns out, is in over his

head). Directed and co-written by *Citizen Ruth*'s Alexander

Payne, this '99 best-list hopeful deals with a Midwestern student

council race that seems all but won by Witherspoon's unchallenged

Tracy Flick, a conniving but sweet-on-the-surface type who'll

be instantly familiar to all high school veterans. Broderick's

civics teacher/election adviser hates the little shrew, so he

sticks his nose in, cajoling a good-natured jock (Chris Klein)

into running -- which in turn inspires his lesbian sister to throw

her hat in, splitting various constituencies Ross Perot-style.

*Election* is probably more up-front about student-teacher

sex than any comedy since 1971's *Pretty* *Maids All in*

*a Row --* a discomforting subject that may have turned off

the teens who rushed to see the insipid *Never* *Been Kissed*

(in video stores next week). But by showing the guts to face the

issue (after equitably skewering the abortion controversy in *Ruth*),

Payne is looking like a screen satirist who's here to stay. With

the possible exception of Doug Liman's *Go*, this is the

comedy of the year.

The Blair Witch Project

\* 1/2

(1999, Artisan, rated R; tape, $ 23 and under, and DVD, $ 30, due

today; laser disc, $ 30, due Tuesday): You can't love capitalism

and fail to admire spunky Artisan Entertainment and the out-of-nowhere

writing/directing/editing team of Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez.

Barely three months ago (before one of the quickest theater-to-video

turnarounds ever), they snookered a willfully gullible public

with this artifact of an age. Then, grown-ups started taking a

look and giving the film a dose of *Blair* backlash just

as a real creepfest (*The Sixth Sense*) was opening to co-opt

its thunder. Still, $ 140 million and *Time/Newsweek* covers

aren't bad on what looks like a 29-cent investment -- pocket change

that won't even cover the stomach and headache remedies you'll

need after sitting through the jittery camerawork and lead Heather

Donahue's screaming. The movie's clever gimmick has three Maryland

film students going into the woods and getting lost trying to

pin down the secrets of a supernatural local legend. To milk every

last drop, Artisan also is selling the 44-minute *Curse of the*

*Blair Witch* (previously shown on the Sci-Fi Channel), which

purports to interview folklorists and the students' relatives

and film professor; it sells for $ 15 (or $ 33 for the two-pack)

and is included on the DVD. The movie wears out its welcome surprisingly

early, even though it barely lasts 80 minutes -- as Dave Barry

said, these spooked-out victims could easily have found a WalMart

had they just walked in a straight line for 20 minutes. And it's

been a grave disservice for some to compare this movie to *Night*

*of the Living Dead*, a frugally budgeted chiller that still

holds up beautifully after 30 years.

A Walk on the Moon

\* \* \* 1/2

(1999, Miramax, rated R, $ 105 range; DVD, $ 30): For those who've

never made the pop-culture connection, New York's Catskill Mountains

(more identified with Borscht Belt comics) were but a hop, skip

and mudslide away from the farm that hosted the Woodstock Festival

in 1969. Actor and first-time director Tony Goldwyn's wistful

sleeper deals with the ramifications of this geographical proximity,

as its 30ish Jewish homemaker pays the price for her own three

days of peace, music and adultery. Diane Lane, cavorting guiltily

in a van with a hippie-hunk traveling merchant (Viggo Mortensen)

while her loving but work-absorbed husband (Liev Schreiber) is

back home fixing TVs so that his customers can watch the moon

shot, hasn't been this good since her captivating screen debut

in 1979's *A Little Romance*. While most nostalgia pieces

flub attempts to rekindle the feel of the '60s, this movie does

a credible job on a low budget -- especially when the two lovers

play hooky, hop the Woodstock fence and purge their summertime

blues before the inevitable payback time. *The Piano*'s Anna

Paquin plays Lane's daughter, and it's good to see she's avoiding

the post-child star doldrums -- just as Lane herself did.

Life

\* \*

(1999, Universal, rated R, $ 105 range; DVD, $ 30): Even before

*Bowfinger*, this pokey period piece seemed pretty far down

the Eddie Murphy food chain -- not a *Harlem Nights* or *Metro*

but a listless affair despite Martin Lawrence as Murphy's co-star.

The two play New York bootleggers railroaded for a Mississippi

murder in 1932. The charge and a racist system get them a life

sentence, giving both characters the chance to grow old (and the

actors to sport Rick Baker old-age makeup) behind bars under a

kindly warden. This episodic hit-and-miss affair gets a little

more interesting in the later going during an amusing prison-baseball

vignette (and when these lifelong cons get to seek retribution

after 50 years). The movie did more than $ 20 million in its opening

weekend but took significant box office drops of more than 40%

in its three follow-up weeks.

Among Giants

\* \* 1/2

(1999, Fox, rated R, $ 105): Written by *The Full* *Monty*'s

Simon Beaufoy, this puny but tolerable ***working-class*** romance is

a kind of coming-out party for middle-age character actor Pete

Postlethwaite. As foreman to a group of uninsured painters who

spruce up countryside electrical towers, he wears an earring,

line-dances in a Yorkshire country bar and romps in his full monty

with *Hilary and* *Jackie* Oscar nominee Rachel Griffiths

outdoors under a steady stream of water. Those with a fear of

heights may have a few queasy moments, particularly when Griffiths

(as a mountain-climbing drifter who joins the all-male crew) gets

sloshed with a colleague way, way, way up top. Let's hope that

the *actors* in this agreeably off-the-cuff collection of

scenes were insured; if there was much fakery involved during

the frequent work scenes, it doesn't show.

Blue Diamonds: 75 Years of NY Giants Football

\* \* \*

(1999, USA, unrated, $ 20): Here's coach Bill Parcells getting

repeatedly doused with barrels of ice in a ritual spurred by superstition,

leading the team to Super Bowl wins in 1987 and '91. Yet the beauty

of this anniversary homage is in its vintage footage from the

'50s and '60s when the team played in Yankee Stadium with quarterbacks

Charlie Conerly (seen as a "Marlboro Man" in cigarette ads)

and Y.A. Tittle (who once threw for seven touchdowns in a game

and now says he regrets not going for the eighth). You get clips

of Frank Gifford knocking "greasy kids' stuff" in the famous

Vitalis TV ad and then getting knocked out for a season in a crushing

hit by the Philadelphia Eagles' Chuck Bednarik. (Pat Summerall

recalls that the team thought Gifford had been killed.) Among

many others, Lawrence Taylor pays tribute to Wellington Mara,

one of the few widely beloved sports-team owners. This is the

perfect companion piece to Frederick Exley's lovely Gifford-Giants

bow-to, *A Fan's Notes.*

<>DUE TUESDAY <>

One of the greatest documentaries (*Shoah*), one of the greatest

rock-concert films (*Stop Making Sense*) and one of the greatest

dramas in world cinema (Carl Dreyer's 1928 *The Passion of Joan*

*of Arc*).

<>THE DVD WATCH<>

\* Last year's splendid theatrical restoration of The Wizard

of Oz (1939, Warner, rated G, new 5.1 Dolby Digital Surround

soundtrack, 55 chapters) came out on tape this week, but the real

story is the DVD version. For $ 25 it goes a long way toward replicating

the bulky, brilliant boxed set laser disc (*The* *Ultimate*

*Oz*) that sold for $ 100 in 1993. The press release claims 107

minutes of extra material, but it seems like hours more, with

trailers, outtakes, makeup tests, a "making of the tornado"

featurette, extended audio of recording sessions, twilight interviews

with co-stars Ray Bolger, Jack Haley and Margaret Hamilton and

-- oh, heck, this is just the beginning in a potential quagmire

that ends up being remarkably easy to finesse with your remote.

Both tape and DVD include the wonderful *Oz* documentary

(hosted by Angela Lansbury) that aired on CBS in 1991. Also available

on both tape and DVD: Deluxe Edition gift sets that include original

script reproductions, still photos and color theater posters.

\* With a 248-minute running time, Muhammad Ali: The GreatestCollection (1999, HBO, unrated, multiple segments

with individual chapters, $ 25) is, like *Oz*, a DVD that

may sell some hardware. On one CD-size disc you get the first

Cassius Clay-Sonny Liston fight of 1964, the 1974 Ali-George Foreman

"Rumble in the Jungle" (celebrated in the Oscar-winning *When*

*We Were Kings*) and 1975's grueling 14-round "Thrilla in

Manila" (or Ali-Joe Frazier III), an hour-long Ali documentary

(good footage) and a bonus CD-ROM that charts Ali's influence

on today's fighters. The 69-minute "Rumble" presentation is

a special treat because it includes all the post-fight carnival

material, including a long interview in which the new champ, after

just having regained his crown, says Foreman "hit like a sissy."

\* Professional Irishman John Ford was precisely the right director

to bring Edwin O'Connor's praised and popular political novel

The Last Hurrah (1958, Columbia TriStar, unrated,

28 chapters, $ 27) to the screen, and, indeed, the movie got him

a best director citation from the National Board of Review. Spencer

Tracy gives one of the greatest performances in his 37-year career

playing a big-city mayor based none-too-subtlely on Boston's James

Curley. The Yankee-Protestant/Catholic dynamics (read: The Kennedys)

are amusing as delineated here, and the movie's famed "wake"

scene (for a no-account named Knocko Minigan) is one of the best

and funniest that Ford ever directed.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Bruce McBroom, Universal; PHOTO, B/W, Jonathan Wenk, Miramax; PHOTO, B/W, MGM/UA; 'Life': Eddie Murphy, a bootlegger unjustly imprisoned for murder, left, squares off against fellow inmate Michael 'Bear' Taliferro. 'A Walk on the Moon': Viggo Mortensen and Diane Lane 'The Wizard of Oz': Judy Garland and Ray Bolger

**Load-Date:** October 22, 1999

**End of Document**



[***ZYUGANOV KEEPS OBSERVERS GUESSING< HE SAYS HE WOULD NOT "TURN BACK THE CLOCK." HE MAY MEAN IT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CF00-01K4-9295-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JUNE 14, 1996 Friday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A03

**Length:** 1589 words

**Byline:** Steve Goldstein, INQUIRER WASHINGTON BUREAU

**Dateline:** MOSCOW

**Body**

"Satan is oozing from his cave," cried Gennady Zyuganov. And who is the devil's disciple? Boris Yeltsin, of course.

"Let's remember what was predicted in the Apocalypse: The devil has sent two beasts from hell," Zyuganov continued. "The first has a mark on his head. The second has a mark on his hand."

For this audience of Communists and virulent nationalists, no one had to connect the dots. Mikhail Gorbachev bears a birthmark on his head. Yeltsin blew off two fingers of his right hand in a childhood experiment with fireworks.

Here at a preelection rally was the Zyuganov whom the West has come to fear: an unrepentant ideologue, crusading against the current and former presidents of Russia for selling the motherland for fool's gold.

Yet for all the dark rumors of Zyuganov's "maximum plan" to restore a Soviet-style regime should he win the presidential election that begins Sunday, others say that the burly, balding former math teacher with the Bob Hope ski-jump nose is really a sheep in wolf's clothing.

\* When he was 39 in 1983, Gennady Andreyevich Zyuganov filled a lowly instructor's job in the propaganda department of the Communist Party's Central Committee. At the same age, Gorbachev was boss of a huge and important regional party organization. In a dramatic role reversal, Zyuganov is within striking distance of the presidency of the world's largest nation, while Gorbachev endangers his historical legacy with a laugh-track candidacy for the same job.

Is Zyuganov, who will be 52 on June 26, just a party hack who got lucky? He was out of Moscow when some of his friends and associates led the failed August 1991 coup that presaged the end of the Soviet Union. Afterward, when the banned Communist Party tried to pick up the pieces and re-create an organization, Zyuganov presented the right ***working-class*** pedigree for leadership - but more important, he wasn't in jail.

His friend and ally, the nationalist newspaper editor Alexander Prokhanov, calls Zyuganov a "Russian patriot . . . a developing ideologue, who can synthesize the Red [Communist] flow and the White [nationalist] flow of the patriotic movement.

"He's a very Russian man," said Prokhanov.

And he comes from a very Russian region. Zyuganov was born in a small village called Mymrino near the regional capital Oryol in Russia's "black earth" farm belt.

"The Oryol area is kind of a mystical place for Russians," said Prokhanov, "where the steppes meet the forest. It has long produced writers such as Tolstoy and Turgenev."

It was the year before the end of what Russians call the Great Patriotic War. Gennady's father, Andrei, lost part of his right leg in fighting near Sevastopol; Zyuganov has said that a hundred men from Mymrino went off to war and never returned.

Both Gennady's parents were schoolteachers, and neither belonged to the Communist Party. The region suffered through Joseph Stalin's forced collectivization, but the residents venerated the leader, and to this day the area is a Communist stronghold.

Prokhanov described Zyuganov as being stamped for life with the characteristics of rural village life. "There is a sympathy for people and ordinary needs," he said.

After high school, young "Genna," an accomplished volleyball player, coached sports for one year, then entered the Oryol Pedagogical Institute. In 1963, he postponed his education for a three-year stint in the Red Army, where he joined the Communist Party.

When he returned to study mathematics at the institute in 1966, the more mature Zyuganov married his high school sweetheart, Nadezhda, and was elected head of the local Komsomol, the Communist youth organization. Suddenly there ensued a slew of assignments for the institute from Komsomol - as if, other students later recalled, Genna was flexing his new muscle.

Zyuganov became a math teacher, but his real love was party work, and he rose steadily, if unspectacularly, through the ranks. He became the dutiful protege of the head of the regional party organization, Albert Ivanov, who eventually promoted him to head the department of agitation and propaganda.

In 1983, he made it to a minor post in the major leagues, called up to Moscow to work as an instructor in the ideology department of the Central Committee. Steeped in rural, grassroots Communism, Zyuganov was devoted to Yuri Andropov, the former KGB chief who had ascended to Kremlin boss the preceding November.

But after Andropov's death in 1984, Zyuganov's career took a turn for the worse. Under Gorbachev, the party's focus was changing from ideology to pragmatism. Zyuganov quietly but bitterly opposed this course, eventually joining other hard-liners in splitting off to form the Russian Communist Party, distinct from the ruling Communist Party of the Soviet Union. He became one of seven secretaries of the new organization's central committee, and although the Russian organization was still a splinter group, it was a huge leap in power.

The next big step came in July 1991. Zyuganov joined Prokhanov and some more famous Communists in signing an open letter, published in a daily hard-line newspaper, titled "A Word to the People." The polemic against the Gorbachev reform program practically demanded a coup - and a month later one happened, ending in failure and disgrace three days after it began.

Zyuganov was not among the putschists. He was, ironically, vacationing in the Crimea in a party-owned dacha, just a few miles from where Gorbachev was held under house arrest. This meant Zyuganov could could claim "innocence" among the plotters; nevertheless, when he returned to Moscow, it was as a member of an outlawed organization.

Zyuganov sought out Prokhanov, who was living in a flat near Pushkin Square and running a sort of salon for unfashionable ideologues.

Over the ensuing months, Prokhanov drew in different figures from the far right and the far left, united in their opinion that Yeltsin, Gorbachev's successor, was destroying Russia as he had the party.

As he began to aid in the reconstitution of the party, Zyuganov reached another crossroads in October 1993 during the siege of the White House, the Russian Federation building. Rather than side with the hard-line deputies barricaded in the building, Zyuganov called for a nonviolent settlement.

In the aftermath, Zyuganov looked statesmanlike. The ensuing elections - boycotted by some hard-liners - brought Zyuganov and his new Communist faction into the parliament. Last December, the Russian Communist Party won 181 seats, making it the most powerful entity in the parliament.

\* Now he's challenging Yeltsin. Unlike Yeltsin, who is campaigning with his family, he refuses to deploy Nadezhda, an engineer, nor his 28-year-old son and 22-year-old daughter. It's not Russian etiquette to exploit your wife and family.

"Gorbachev was the first to do this, and it wasn't a success," Prokhanov said drily.

In recent years, Zyuganov has tried to beef up his resume. He sought and won an honorary doctorate. He began publishing extensively and one of his books, Beyond the Horizon, has been examined extensively for clues to his views. It doesn't take a microscope. There are repeated anti-West diatribes, including the notion that Russia is being raped for its natural resources.

Zyuganov also notes that influence by Jews "grows not by the day but literally by the hour . . . in the whole managerial and economic system of Western civilization." He denies charges of anti-Semitism; his aides say he only deplores "the loss of Jewish brains to the West."

If anything is clear about Zyuganov it is that his expressed views are tailored to fit his audience, much as his new Versace suits hide his bulk.

Thus, he is comfortable speaking to 3,000 people in front of a banner that said "The ideas of Great October" - the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution - "are invincible!" But he can also express the rather counter-revolutionary notion, as he did in Siberia last week, that businesses that have been privatized and are doing well do not need to be taken over by the state.

Viktor Anpilov, leader of the hard-core Communist Russian Worker's Party, calls Zyuganov a "social democrat" - a nasty epithet in the Leninist lexicon. But he's supporting him anyway. Western business and political leaders distrust him - but they hung on every word and were soothed by his liberal rhetoric at an international conference in Switzerland last February.

Zyuganov has repeatedly said that, if elected, he would not "turn back the clock" to the old Soviet days, a remark greeted with incredulity by many Russians, particularly young people. But he may really mean it.

Whatever happens in this vote, his aides are already thinking about the next one.

"Even if we lose the election and get 45 percent, it will be our victory," said Mikhail Molotsov, Zyuganov's young press spokesman. "Because there will be another election in a year or two, due to Yeltsin's poor health. And Zyuganov will win that one."

Perhaps. Some are predicting that after this election, the Communist Party will split again, with the current No. 2, the more Leninist Valentin Kuptsov, taking charge of the more ideologically driven wing. That potentially split base doesn't dissuade Prokhanov from believing that Zyuganov's best days are to come.

"For a leader to become a great leader, he has to be crucified on a cross," he said. "Zyuganov is still on the road - not to Golgotha - but on the way to driving the infidels from the temple.

"Only ill-wishers would call Zyuganov mediocre," Prokhanov said. "He saved the Communist Party from destruction."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Gennady Zyuganov addressed a news conference in the Duma yesterday. The Communist Party candidate is Yeltsin's leading rival in the Russian presidential elections Sunday. (Associated Press, SERGEI KARPUKHIN)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Peter Jackson, lord of the Oscars***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BTX-5YG0-010F-K2XC-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 1, 2004, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1734 words

**Byline:** Susan Wloszczyna

**Body**

The envelopes are in shreds. The champagne has gone flat.

So what did we learn about the Academy Awards on Sunday night?

That Oscar can be quite the tease. After three years and six wins in lesser categories, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has finally opened its heart and amply rewarded the epic feats of director Peter Jackson and his history-making, record-breaking *Lord of the Rings* trilogy.

The final chapter, *The Return of the King*, swept its 11 categories, tying the record held by *Titanic* and *Ben-Hur*.

Clint Eastwood may be a living icon. Sofia Coppola is to the director's chair born. But few could begrudge this coronation of the New Zealand filmmaker, given Jackson's contributions to the art of cinema, not the least of which include a new standard for special effects, a redefinition of the term "extended-cut DVD" and the hunk-ification of Orlando Bloom.

"You've given us an incredibly overwhelming night," said Jackson in typical humble fashion.

But it took even longer to legitimize a genre that for too long has been relegated to the B-movie bin. As the first fantasy to win best picture, *The Return of the King* has done what such previous nominees as *The Wizard of Oz*, *Mary Poppins* and *E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial* couldn't: earn the respect of the academy. It's now OK to go geek and make films populated by wizards and grumpy dwarves, especially when they gross more than $ 1 billion worldwide.

A power shift also is in the wind. Miramax, the brazenly groundbreaking studio that practically invented the modern-day Machiavellian style of Oscar campaigning, found itself squeezed out of the best-picture race for the first time in 11 years and settled for only two wins, supporting actress (Renee Zellweger in *Cold Mountain*) and foreign film (*The Barbarian Invasions*).

Meanwhile, New Line Cinema, the company that Freddy Krueger and the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles built, is the recipient of its first-ever best-picture win -- the crowning achievement for a series that also produced the studio's first nominations in the top category.

Somewhat ironic, considering that Miramax gave up its chance to do the trilogy about a decade ago because of cost concerns and New Line bravely rushed into the fray, shooting three films at once and releasing them in back-to-back years.

As for Jackson, the hard-working Kiwi is in the midst of finishing the script for another big hairy deal, and we don't mean more hirsute hobbit feet. *King Kong*, a remake of the 1933 great-ape thriller, will begin shooting in his homeland in August.

It takes a genius, or a madman, to leap from one pitfall-ridden challenge to another. But if anyone can do justice to the classic monster-vs.-man fable, it would be Jackson, who handily managed to keep the doubts of fearsome Frodo-philes at bay while adapting *Rings*. And with his king's ransom of a payday for *Kong*, $ 20 million plus 20% of the gross, he better make sure he succeeds.

The triumph of Jackson and company may be the story of the night, but victory also proved sweet in the acting categories.

Best actor: Sean Penn, *Mystic River*

\* The winning role: He's a vengeful ***working-class*** ex-con whose daughter's senseless murder dredges up demons from the past.

\* Speech sound bite: "If there's one thing actors know, other than there's no WMDs (weapons of mass destruction), it's that there is no such thing as *best* in acting."

Penn may be a surly son of a gun who abuses photographers and mouths off about the evils of Hollywood. But the 43-year-old Penn has been consistently great far longer than most of the actors of his generation. And the standing ovation he received shows others have taken note. Some dudes would worship him just for his seminal stoner Spicoli in the 1982 comedy *Fast Times at Ridgemont High.*

Funny, however, isn't his natural state, as his dour though respected directorial efforts (*The Indian Runner*, *The Crossing Guard*, *The Pledge*) reveal. Penn may grimace more than grin, but he's rarely ever less than impressive, and this De Niro Jr. has been owed an Oscar for a while.

He's been nominated three times before -- 1995's *Dead Man Walking*, 1999's *Sweet and Lowdown* and 2001's *I Am Sam*. It didn't hurt that he toted two power-packed performances last year, including his dying teacher in *21 Grams.* But anyone who witnessed his character's wailing breakdown upon learning of his daughter's demise in *Mystic River*  couldn't help but think, "Oscar clip."

Now a settled family man with actress-wife Robin Wright Penn, this onetime combative punk exhibits signs of maturity. Consider his award a long-overdue investment in the future of his brilliant career.

Penn already has lined up some choice new assignments. He reunites with Oscar nominee Naomi Watts of *21 Grams* as a businessman in *The Assassination of Richard Nixon.* He is currently working alongside Nicole Kidman in Sydney Pollack's *The Interpreter*, about political intrigue at the U.N. It opens Nov. 19.

Best actress: Charlize Theron, *Monster*

\* The winning role: Theron stripped away her stunning good looks and simply stunned moviegoers as burly, beer-chugging serial killer Aileen Wuornos.

\* Speech sound bite: "Everyone in New Zealand has been thanked tonight. I'm going to thank everyone in South Africa, my home country."

Beauty became the beast as Theron, 28, deftly pulled one of the oldest Oscar stunts in the book -- impress 'em by denying the very essence of what made you a star. And why not? The nose did it for Kidman in 2002's *The Hours*, and Halle Berry deglammed her way to a win in 2001's *Monster's Ball*. A former model packs on 30 pounds and gets downright ugly? Oscar can't say no.

The nomination already has paid off. Theron's asking price has zoomed to $ 10 million for her next movie, to begin shooting in Berlin this July. She'll flesh out an MTV animated superheroine in the futuristic *Aeon Flux*, directed by Karyn Kusama (*Girlfight*).

Hard to say whether Hollywood will continue to see past Theron's now-restored gorgeous exterior and take advantage of her under-utilized talents. It's certain she has outgrown the generic assortment of girlfriend and wife roles that have been her specialty in such films as *The Devil's Advocate*, *The Cider House Rules* and *The Italian Job*. But, so far at least, the best that her counterpart Berry has done to capitalize on her award is the lead in the horror bomb *Gothika* and this summer's *Catwoman.*

Sisters still have to do it for themselves. Berry is developing her own projects (such as a film based on the book *Nappily Ever After*), and Theron, who produced *Monster*, could follow suit. Work yet to be released doesn't deviate much from Theron's pre-Oscar path. She plays actress Britt Ekland in HBO's biopic *The Life and Death of Peter Sellers* with Geoffrey Rush, and co-stars with Penelope Cruz and real-life beau Stuart Townsend in the wartime romance *Head in the Clouds*.

Supporting actor: Tim Robbins, *Mystic River*

\* The winning role: The usually cocksure Robbins does a change of pace as a timid soul in a tight-knit Boston community who relives childhood traumas after becoming a prime suspect in a murder case.

\* Speech sound bite: "In this movie, I play a victim of abuse and violence. If you are a person who has had that tragedy befall you, there is no shame in seeking help."

Much like his pal Penn, Robbins, 45, would never win Mr. Congeniality and isn't one to keep his liberal politics to himself. But his considerable talent in front of the camera and behind (he was previously nominated for directing 1995's *Dead Man Walking*) overshadows most of his personal idiosyncracies. Besides, anyone whose career didn't go totally a-fowl after 1986's *Howard the Duck* deserves some kind of medal.

How this longtime companion to Susan Sarandon will capitalize on his good fortune from Clint Eastwood's emotionally crushing American tragedy is up for debate. His output as a filmmaker (1992's *Bob Roberts*, 1999's *Cradle Will Rock*) has been consistently ambitious. As an actor, though, Robbins tends to wildly waver from worthy (*Short Cuts*, 1993) to wacky (*The Hudsucker Proxy*, 1994) to woefully forgettable (*Mission to Mars*, 2000).

A bit too unconventional to be a typical leading man, Robbins was previously passed by for Oscar consideration in such praised efforts as 1988's *Bull Durham*, 1992's *The Player* and 1994's *The Shawshank Redemption*. But somehow it is more fitting that he has been finally recognized for a finely nuanced character role.

Robbins' habit of switching between the commercial and the tough sells continues while deciding on post-Oscar plans. He appears in the Will Ferrell comedy *Anchorman*, opening July 9, and co-stars with Samantha Morton in the futuristic romance *Code 46,* out Aug. 6.

Supporting actress: Renee Zellweger, *Cold Mountain*

\* The winning role: Colorful doesn't begin to describe Ruby, a plain-spoken mountain gal who brings welcome comic relief to *Cold Mountain* from the minute she twists the scrawny neck of an ornery rooster. But Zellweger also exposes Ruby's vulnerability when she reunites with her no-account father.

\* Speech sound bite: She graciously thanked her *Jerry Maguire* co-star Tom Cruise "for showing me that very early on kindness and success are not mutually exclusive."

As *Cold Mountain*'s hillbilly Ruby, Zellweger had us at howdy. After a third nomination in as many years (she was a best-actress candidate for 2001's *Bridget Jones's Diary* and 2002's *Chicago*), the academy obviously likes this bubbly blonde from Katy, Texas. But the switch to a less competitive supporting category in a scene-stealing part did the trick.

Zellweger, 34, has been a popular leading lady ever since she lit up 1996's *Jerry Maguire* -- and was recently named one of 2003's top box office queens along with Nicole Kidman and Julia Roberts. Though not typically pretty, she has made marshmallow cheeks and gumdrop eyes work to her advantage.

This statuette solidifies her rising status and may be a steppingstone to the lead prize down the road.

We will get to see -- and hear -- her plenty this year. She is the voice of a heavenly angel fish in the computer-animated comedy *Shark Tale*, due Oct. 1. She packs on the kilos again and reunites with Colin Firth and Hugh Grant in *Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason*, the sequel to her Brit singleton tour-de-force that arrives in December. And she's hitched to Russell Crowe in *Cinderella Man*, the story of champion boxer Jim Braddock, due Dec. 17.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, Color, Robert Hanashiro, USA TODAY (5); PHOTOS, B/W, Reuters (2); PHOTO, B/W, Merie W. Wallace, Warner Bros. Pictures; PHOTO, B/W, Newmarket Films; PHOTO, B/W, Pierre Vinet, New Line Cinema; Jackson: You've given us an incredibly overwhelming night," says the director of The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King. <>Theron: Thanks to "everyone in South Africa, my home country." <>Penn: "Actors know . . . there is no such thing as best in acting." <>Zellweger: "Kindness and success are not mutually exclusive." <>Return of the King: Orlando Bloom, left, Viggo Mortensen and Ian McKellen.

**Load-Date:** March 1, 2004

**End of Document**



[***2 NEWCOMERS CHALLENGING AN OLD PRO***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XK6-9680-0094-50WR-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 7, 1999, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1999 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 1674 words

**Byline:** BILL HELTZEL, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Three men want to represent the district that is figuratively and geographically at the center of the new Allegheny County government.

District 13 encompasses much of what makes politics contentious and vital: tax-subsidized institutions and struggling neighborhood organizations, pockets of gentrification and drug war zones, grand new developments and blighted streets, wealthy and poor, black and white.

District 13 is shaped like a jagged heart, as drawn by a child using an Etch-A-Sketch in a bumpy car.

The top left side takes in all of Pittsburgh's North Side. Along the North Shore are tax-supported in stitutions and developments such as Three Rivers Stadium, two new ballparks, Carnegie Science Center and the National Aviary. Beyond the valuable riverfront property are deteriorating neighborhoods.

The right side of the heart includes the brick roads and aging townhouses of Millvale. Across the Allegheny River are stolid middle-class homes in Stanton Heights and Morningside, the decaying tenements of Garfield and the factories and ***working-class*** houses of Lawrenceville and Polish Hill.

The center of the heart is the center of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County the Golden Triangle. At one end is the Strip District and at the other Uptown, anchored by Duquesne University and Mercy Hospital.

The bottom tip slices through the South Side to where the streetcar line climbs into the hilly streets and tight neighborhoods of Allentown and parts of Beltzhoover.

This odd shape is no accident. The Republican-dominated committee that drew the boundaries designated the 13th as one of two "high-impact minority districts." The idea was to create places where African-Americans would have a good chance of electing black representatives, or, according to another view, concentrate black voters so other districts wouldn't have to contend with their interests.

District 13's black population was 27 percent in the 1990 census. That's no majority, but still much higher than all but one other district.

There is a black candidate, James Michael Godfrey of Uptown. But Godfrey faces an uphill battle. He is Republican and only 13 percent of the registered voters declared that party.

Even fewer voters share the Libertarian label with candidate Robert Chesnavich of Millvale.

That leaves the Democrats with 80 percent and candidate Tom Foerster of Troy Hill with a tremendous advantage.

The newcomers also have much less money to spend. Godfrey borrowed $ 3,000 and Chesnavich has received about $ 1,000 from the Libertarian Party. Foerster, as of May, had raised more than $ 20,000, including contributions from developers, insurance interests and executives whose companies do business with the county.

Foerster is very much the giant - the candidate against whom the others define themselves. Chesnavich and Godfrey present themselves as alternatives to the veteran pol.

Tom Foerster

With 10 years as a state representative and 28 years as county commissioner, Foerster became one of the most powerful politicians in the county. But he was booted out of office in 1995 by an electorate weary of scandals and allegations of cronyism.

As commissioner, he was instrumental in developing Community College of Allegheny County and expanding the mental health system and Kane nursing homes. During his tenure the county developed Family Support Centers, parks, cultural programs and health programs and built the midfield terminal at Pittsburgh International Airport.

Critics would point to the other side of the ledger - to higher taxes and to allegations that his political machine sometimes abused its power.

Foerster believes government has a responsibility to make sure all people have opportunities. Spending money on human services, he says, saves money later on fixing human problems.

Transportation, social services and economic development, in his view, are intertwined. Big ticket projects improve access to jobs and education, increase the quality of life and attract businesses and jobs.

After his defeat four years ago, Foerster took a teaching position with the Institute of Politics at the University of Pittsburgh.

His health could be an issue. He has Type II diabetes and a related complication, neuropathy, a deadening of the nerves in his arms and legs that has left him unable to campaign door-to-door.

But Foerster says his major organs are healthy. He has shed 55 pounds in four years. And when he speaks, his voice is strong and his grasp of information commanding.

So why, at age 72, did Foerster re-enter the political arena?

"When I left office I thought I would never do this again," he said. "But I started getting the fire in the belly when [Commissioner Larry] Dunn and the others did so many dumb and stupid things.

"I want to get our bond rating restored. For the older population and children, there have been cutbacks. I want to make sure the proper services are there."

He also portrays himself as an elder statesman, the candidate who knows the county's history and the ways of government.

James Michael Godfrey

Godfrey concedes that he can't match Foerster's record. "I'm a neophyte," he told a crowd last week at South Hills Baptist Church in Beltzhoover. But he thinks the electorate is tired of the same old faces.

Godfrey, 73, switched his registration from Democrat to Republican in 1985.

Except for [former state House Speaker] K. Leroy Irvis, "I didn't see anyone in the [black] political arena that impressed me, that was trying to move us forward," he said. And Irvis at the time was fading from the political scene.

Godfrey campaigned for Dunn in the 1995 election that overturned 60 years of Democratic rule.

He served in Guam during World War II, as a technical sergeant in the Army Quartermaster Corps. After the war, he worked in the J&L Steel plant in Hazelwood, drove a cab, ran a pool room and sold cars.

He enrolled at Southern University in Baton Rouge, La., and received a bachelor's degree in 1961. Then he owned and operated a used car lot for another 14 years.

In 1976, Godfrey returned to Southern University.

He received a master's degree in social science in 1977 and then enrolled in law school, working his way through as a campus security guard.

He didn't use his law degree right away. Instead, he continued to work in security until 1993.

He began fashioning a business out of his home on Forbes Avenue, Uptown. He calls himself a realty consultant - though he is quick to say he is not a licensed real estate broker - and he opened a notary service and a tag and title service. He calls himself a "community consultant," advising neighborhood groups on how to solve legal problems. And he began practicing law, mostly, he says, in federal Bankruptcy Court.

Godfrey's campaign literature pledges to keep jobs here, fight the war on drugs, encourage strong family values and encourage communities and police to work together, but is short on specifics.

Godfrey's claim to legal expertise is clouded. He is not licensed in Pennsylvania and in 1988 the Allegheny County Bar Association got a court order barring him from providing "any legal advice to any person."

He still calls himself a lawyer, though sometimes he says he is retired. Godfrey was admitted to the Louisiana bar in 1986 and remains in good standing there. "Maybe people are tired of Foerster," he said, "and they say, ' Here's a guy, a retired lawyer, let's give him a chance.

Robert Chesnavich

A quest for a new life - and escape from a contentious family situation brought Chesnavich to Pittsburgh 10 years ago.

Chesnavich, 27, was born in Jersey City, N.J., in 1971. After his mother died when he was 4, his grandmother became his legal guardian. Eventually, he and his three sisters lived under the same roof with several fractious relatives. Chesnavich found solace in education, particularly math. He went to a Jesuit high school and in 1989 he enrolled at Carnegie Mellon University.

After two years, he dropped out. He held a succession of minimum-wage jobs, in fast food, telemarketing and convenience stores. In 1994, he enrolled at the University of Pittsburgh and resumed his study of math. After two years, he dropped out again.

He went to work with pair Networks, a company that hosts Web pages. Now he is a group coordinator and sales representative for the growing Lawrenceville firm.

"There are three things in my life," Chesnavich says. "Work, politics and pinball."

The Twilight Zone pinball machine in his living room attests to his commitment to the game. He also is president of Steel City Pinball Association, a player-run league.

His first memory of the political game is as a 9-year-old rooting for Ronald Reagan in 1980. In 1995, he changed his voter registration from independent to Libertarian. Two years later he formed Good Sports, a political action committee that opposed use of tax money to build stadiums. He sank $ 10,000 into the venture, further aggravating his tenuous finances.

The defeat of the Regional Renaissance Initiative and the eventual enactment of Plan B convinced him that local government does not represent the interests of the people.

As a columnist for the Pitt News and as a bisexual, he advocated tolerance of gay rights.

"I have ideas, but the main reason I'm running is not to shove my ideas at people," he said. "My idea is to talk. I'm making virtually no campaign promises. My only promise is to go door-to-door after the election and listen to people's concerns."

Chesnavich wants to reform property taxes by emphasizing taxes on vacant land, to encourage development. He wants to do away with unelected authorities, such as the Port Authority and Urban Redevelopment Authority, which he sees as unaccountable. He wants more county money devoted to roads and public improvements, which he sees as one of the few legitimate purposes of government.

Underlying his campaign is a disdain for entrenched politicians who abuse their power - using eminent domain, for example, to seize small businesses to make way for wealthy corporations.

THE NEW COUNTY GOVERNMENT THE RACE FOR DISTRICT 13 ELECTION

**Load-Date:** October 7, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Lots of love for Elvis Graceland 'garage sale' puts memories up for bid***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XK7-18S0-00C6-D1NY-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 7, 1999, Thursday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1999 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1474 words

**Byline:** Andy Seiler

**Dateline:** LAS VEGAS

**Body**

LAS VEGAS -- Elvis left the building in 1977. His capes, contracts

and Cadillacs are about to follow.

Friday through Sunday, more than 2,000 of the King's things, grouped

into 856 lots, will be auctioned off at the MGM Grand Hotel and

Casino. The late Vernon Presley, Elvis' father, and Colonel Tom

Parker, his manager, squirreled away the goods for decades, not

wanting to let go of anything that had to do with their boy.

Many are personal documents, no longer needed for archival purposes

because they've been digitally duplicated or copied on acid-free

paper. The rest ranges from Presley's draft card to his sixth-grade

report card. (He was terrific at spelling, rotten at math -- which

perhaps explains the contracts he later signed with Parker.)

Proceeds from this wildly varied trove will pay to build and maintain

Presley Place, a transitional housing community in Memphis. The

sale is expected to raise a minimum of $ 2 million; Elvis Presley

Enterprises, the parent company of his Graceland home, will contribute

$ 1.5 million to the project, no matter what the take.

His daughter, Lisa Marie Presley, chose the charity in a nod to

Elvis' upbringing in subsidized housing 2 miles away.

"My father never once forgot what it was like to want, to need,

to do without," she writes in the show's catalog. "He spent

most of his life bringing happiness to others, endlessly giving

to those around him. It is one of the things that I admire most

about him."

Forget the highfalutin peddling of Princess Di's ball gowns and

Jackie Kennedy's faux pearls.

"I think of this as a people's auction," says Arlan Ettinger,

president of Guernsey's, which pioneered the sale of pop-culture

items, such as carousel horses and classic automobiles, in the

conservative auction world and made headlines in January when

it got $ 3 million for the ball Mark McGwire hit for his 70th home

run.

"They had been calling us for a dozen years," says Graceland

archivist Greg Howell. "We finally said, 'This is the time. Let's

do it.' "

But there won't be any future auctions, says Jack Soden, CEO of

Elvis Presley Enterprises (EPE). "We owe it to fans" to limit

it to one.

And the fans are ready.

"People are collecting (Elvis) relics the way they collected

relics in the medieval church," says William Ferris, chairman

of the National Endowment for the Humanities. "Items associated

with Elvis Presley have this kind of special power.

"The numbers of people who are drawn to him are enormous, and

they range from ***working-class*** families to wealthy professional

people. There's no way to fully explain this appeal, except to

say that it's real and that an auction like this just shows once

again the enormous interest that people all over the globe have

in Elvis Presley."

Steady streams of fans who still love Elvis tender have studied

his RCA contract and his Lincoln Continental in a preview display

at the MGM Grand. Tucked away in a comparatively quiet corner

of the hotel, the preview lets observers get so close to the stuff

of Elvis' life that they could easily touch it. The clothes are

on mannequins, not sealed in glass cases, with not so much as

a velvet rope separating fan from jumpsuit.

About 1,000 people per day -- 2,000 in recent days -- have visited.

Most are window-shoppers; the big spenders started showing up

Wednesday. Potential bidders include celebrities and prominent

rockers, Soden says, though he is tight-lipped about their identities.

Only a handful of items have minimum bids, meaning "everybody

has a fighting chance at going home with something," Ettinger

says. "Most auctions tend to exclude the average person and favor

the person who can empty a large bank account. But we are also

attracting the person who can empty half a dozen piggy banks."

Those who can scrape up the cash will find a host of smaller souvenirs

up for grabs, from receipts for Elvis' most minor purchases to

his bottled water.

That's right: two lots of a case of Mountain Valley Spring Water,

delivered to Elvis in Beverly Hills in 1968 -- never opened, never

drunk.

"Even before it was 'cool' to use bottled water, Elvis was drinking

it," Guernsey's catalog explains. You can, too, for a suggested

bid of $ 1,300 to $ 1,500.

"It's almost like a big garage sale from Graceland," says preview

visitor Deanna Bortolotti, 59, of Toronto, observing a '50s lamp

with a telephone base that was used in the Presleys' Audubon Drive

home.

This tribute to even the most mundane aspects of the rock pioneer's

life has attracted fans from all over the world.

Barry and Lyn Croft and their friend Thelma Smith, all from Brisbane,

Australia, timed their first trip to the USA to coincide with

the preview. Barry, 56, and Lyn, 48, who own every Elvis record

and movie video, renewed their vows Sunday morning in the Elvis

Graceland Chapel -- with an Elvis impersonator presiding.

"It was lovely," Lyn says.

A 1947 grocery story receipt particularly struck the Crofts and

Smith. "The Presleys were so poor that they had only buttermilk

and cornbread to eat," Howell says. "This document backs it

up."

Like many at the preview, the Crofts and their friend don't plan

to buy anything. They flew Tuesday to Memphis -- and Graceland

-- instead.

For Amanda Kearns, a Guernsey's executive, the most interesting

item is a note Elvis left on Parker's desk. The King apologizes

for using the phone. Says Kearns: "Then he adds, 'P.S. I took

your black panther.' " Was it a stuffed panther? Ceramic? The

experts can offer no explanation.

What's missing from the auction is any sign of the drug use that

contributed to Elvis' death at 42.

"It just seemed inappropriate and really kind of tacky to display

that portion of Elvis' life," Howell says.

More than anything else, the auction is making many long for,

as Elvis sang in *Viva Las Vegas*, "a whole lotta money

that's ready to burn."

"It makes you wish you were a millionaire," says Phyllis Brown,

55, of Bakersfield, Calif., camped out at the nearby KOA campground

with her husband, Russell, 44, for the preview. They are thinking

of buying "one little item" but don't know what it might be.

"If I could buy anything, it would probably be his white piano,"

says Phyllis, who likes to believe that Elvis is living on a Hawaiian

island with a harem. "He sat there, and he played it. This could

make me cry!"

"Go ahead and sob," says Russell, who cherishes his memory of

seeing Elvis at the peak of his powers at the Las Vegas Hilton

in 1970.

"Well, I could," Phyllis replies, beginning to sniffle.

The one item she wouldn't want? "That ugly orange couch."

Indeed, the diamond-and-striped loveseat (suggested price: $ 2,500

to $ 3,000) is, next to Presley's vehicles, probably the most talked-about

artifact.

Fans aren't worried that EPE is turning loose so much Elvis-abilia.

"Graceland has the best of the best," says Lynn Hodges of Jacksonville,

Fla., who saw Elvis two of the last three times he played Jacksonville.

"This is great, that somebody could buy a little piece of him

and pay tribute to him."

Peter Guralnick, who wrote the Elvis biographies *Last Train*

*to Memphis* and *Careless Love*, and Ernst Jorgensen,

producer of the Elvis box sets, are sanguine about the sale.

The two chroniclers, who collaborated on the just-published *Elvis*

*Day by Day: The Definitive Record of His Life and Music*, use

the same phrases -- "tip of the iceberg," "scratching the surface"

-- to describe the items.

"They have a lot of jumpsuits," Jorgensen says. "They are selling

one (green and black leather, $ 70,000 to $ 90,000). I can't really

see that it hurts anybody."

Adds Guralnick: "It's like harvesting a forest," because any

extra money raised will go toward improving Graceland's exhibits.

For other Elvis scholars, the auction is just the latest chapter

in the life and afterlife of a surprisingly complex figure.

Vernon Chadwick, director of the Institute for the Living South,

points out that Elvis has never been universally adored. He has

been condemned as obscene, talentless, destructive, racist, even

anti-Christian.

"He is equally despised as loved to this day," says Chadwick,

who hosts the annual International Conference on Elvis. "Yet

I would be hard pressed to find a figure who has touched as many

areas of modern life as Elvis.

"Elvis is everywhere in cyberspace. Even this auction is being

carried online. Elvis was perhaps the first multimedia personality.

And he still is doing it today."

Getting in on the action

Live bidding will be held Friday through Sunday at the MGM Grand

Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas, but fans worldwide also can participate

via the Internet. Descriptions and photographs from the catalog

can be found at www .icollector.com, where pre-auction bids will

be accepted today until 7 p.m. ET/4 PT.

To register for the live auction or for details, call the MGM

Grand at 702-891-1111, extension 55650; call Guernsey's Auction

House at 212-794-2280; or visit [*www.guernseys.com*](http://www.guernseys.com).

For room availability at the hotel, call 702-891-1111 or go to

www .mgmgrand.com.

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Julie Stacey, USA TODAY (Chart); EAR PHOTO, Color, Turner Entertainment; PHOTOS, Color, Guernsey's (5); PHOTO, Color, Clint Karlsen for USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Clint Karlsen for USA TODA; PHOTOS, B/W, Guernsey's (4); PHOTO, B/W, AP; Those '70s clothes: Elvis' '70s-era 'Burning Love' cape, left, and his trademark monogrammed sunglasses, right Clothes and cards: Martha and Mike Gunner view Elvis' Army uniform. Below, a selection of Christmas cards Keys to the mansion: A set of keys to Graceland, engraved with 'Elvis Presley' on a silver charm, could go for $10,000. Poster boy: Movie promotions at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas

**Load-Date:** October 7, 1999

**End of Document**



[***A defender of families No-nonsense therapist takes society to task***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-HCV0-00C6-D0XK-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 9, 1996, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1996 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;; Cover story

**Length:** 1517 words

**Byline:** Deirdre Donahue

**Body**

Maybe the problem with the American family doesn't involve the

codependent working mom, the inner-child repressing dad, the attention-deficit

disorderly kids or evil conspiracies from either political party.

Perhaps it is the absence of *tiospaye,* a Sioux word meaning

"the people with whom one lives" -- parents, grandparents, aunts,

uncles, teachers and family friends who have known you since you

were striking out in Little League.

Best-selling writer and psychologist Mary Pipher uses the word

in her new book, *The Shelter of Each Other: Rebuilding Our*

*Families* (Grosset/Putnam, $ 24.95), which hits stores this

week. The book presents a compelling case that our culture has

become toxic to families.

To illustrate *tiospaye* and its absence, Pipher, 48, describes

a recent visit to a local Dairy Queen where stressed, unhappy-looking

teens waited upon irritated customers. It was a scene of sullen

strangers exchanging money. In contrast, she recalls her time

as a teen-ager working as a carhop in her small town, waiting

on folks she knew. While the activity is the same, "the deep

structure (is) totally different."

Based in Lincoln, Neb., Pipher has emerged as a best-selling writer

and lecturer. Word of mouth boosted her 1994 best seller, *Reviving*

*Ophelia,* which examines the pressures facing adolescent girls.

It has been a fixture on the USA TODAY Best-Selling Books list

for two years.

Bookstore shelves groan with parenting how-to books, family therapy

is a growth industry and politicians of both parties vie for the

title of defender of the family. Pipher's popularity stems from

her ability to step back and look at the bigger culture.

"Parents are scared to death for their kids," says Rosalind

Wiseman, the author of *Defending Ourselves* and the executive

director of the Empower Project, based in Bethesda, Md. Wiseman

works with adolescent girls, giving seminars on dating violence

and other issues. "Pipher writes in a language that parents can

understand." Pipher never has that tone, "you're doing something

wrong, and I know better."

But Pipher sends a frightening message. "An unhealthy culture

cannot have healthy families. . . . Wherever I go, I hear heartbreaking

stories." Even if you don't own a TV, choose to home school your

children and monitor them 24 hours a day, you're still "booking

first-class on the Titanic," says Pipher, because "the children

with the most incompetent parents are walking the streets with

handguns. We're all connected."

And while the number of real-life connections between children

and the outside world has dwindled, the electronic messages have

exploded in variety and intensity. Network TV has been joined

by cable, videos, video games and a constant barrage of clever,

targeted ads.

When Pipher researched the book, experienced teachers told her

that children's social skills have deteriorated in the past 10

years. They are less polite, less able to approach another child

in a friendly manner, more likely to use the f-word, say something

sexual or interrupt when others are talking. Notes Pipher, "This

is the first time in the history of the human race that . . .

kids are learning how to behave from watching TV personae rather

than from watching real people."

Again and again, Pipher returns to her concern about the messages

sent children and teen-agers by the larger culture. "What happens

with mass marketing to children is that we turn their dreams into

shopping goals. . . . Their highest aspirations are turned into

products. That's morally wrong. It's makes them less healthy,

less civic-minded, and, at worst, it turns children into criminals."

Thirty years ago, Pipher says, the culture told children "it

was more important to be a good person rather than to feel good."

Today, the message is the exact opposite.

In her book, and in conversation, Pipher contrasts the troubles

that families have faced since her own grandparents were homesteading

in Colorado. Hunger, the Depression, sudden illnesses and natural

disasters -- like tornadoes, crop failure and blizzards -- all

threatened. The difference between then and now stems from the

fact that usually the trouble stood outside the family. Today,

the trouble often emerges from within the family.

And therapy has to shoulder its share of the blame, Pipher says.

Some therapists have stressed meeting the needs of the individual

over the family. And well-meaning parents are blamed for every

ill. But families are irreplaceable. Writes Pipher, "Nobody calls

out for their therapist on their deathbed."

Her message connects with people, Pipher says, because, "I'm

middle-aged, I'm middle class, I'm in the middle of the country

and I rub elbows with a lot of different people." A therapist

for 20 years, she has worked with a range of people: middle-class

families, single mothers on assistance, blue-collar grandparents

raising grandchildren, children being held by social-service agencies,

refugee families. (She's married to a clinical psychologist, and

they have a grown son and daughter.)

Pipher does not believe that the solution to the troubled American

family is simply for all mothers to stay home full time. She has

always worked, loved it and says, "I never trash working mothers."

But she also strongly believes that "men and women need to spend

time with their children." Children should not be "living in

car seats, living in day care." Employers need to give parents

the option of working fewer hours for less pay.

Pipher notes that while parents may spend less actual time with

their children than in the 1950s, they spend far more time worrying

about their children's physical safety as well as their emotional

and psychological well-being. "Most people do not recall their

parents trying that hard," says Pipher, who grew up in Beaver

City, Neb. Back then, mothers played cards and volunteered. If

a father coached Little League, he did it because he liked sports,

not as a therapy for his son. "Children could grow like weeds.

Parents could be fairly laissez faire, and the chances were pretty

good that their children would turn out well."

Not anymore. Parents "have to teach their children to navigate

through the culture. . . . And parents who work very hard can

still have children who get into trouble." Drugs. Alcohol. Sex.

Herpes. AIDS. Violence. Gangs. "These problems," Pipher says,

"are not just urban problems."

Pipher's second book, *Reviving Ophelia,* emerged in part

from her daughter's unhappiness in junior high school*.* Although

they had been happy, sturdy children, suddenly she and her friends

were "really miserable." This triggered Pipher to start examining

the messages sent to teen-age girls and why the girls from loving

families she saw in therapy were hurting themselves and others.

Pipher ends her new book on a note of cautious hope. "The worst

is over," she says. "Communities want to organize themselves

in a positive way."

TEXT OF INFO BOXES BEGINS HERE

Pipher's rebuilding tips

Although Mary Pipher's new book is not a how-to parenting guide,

she does offer suggestions.

-- Shut down the appliances: By turning off the computer, VCR,

TV and CD, children and parents can connect. "Many children never

have it silent."

-- Sit on the front steps: It saddens Pipher that in so many

neighborhoods -- rich, poor, ***working class*** -- parents and children

either stay inside or remain in the back yard, isolated from their

neighbors.

-- Attend family reunions: Children need to connect regularly

with their grandparents, their cousins, their uncles and aunts.

-- Relate to real people, not celebrities: Human beings need

people in their lives "who, if you called them in the middle

of the night and said you need $ 500 right away, they would try

to get it for you." Or as she writes, "Jane Fonda won't baby-sit

in a pinch."

-- Family as political gambit: "I stay out of politics," Pipher

says. Most people, she notes, no matter what their political bearings,

"want children to be taking hikes and playing ball rather than

watching *Beavis and Butt-head."*

-- Go outside: While TV makes children think they are the center

of the universe, outdoor activities -- hiking, backpacking, looking

at the stars -- give children a sense of being connected to something

bigger than themselves.

-- Take hope: "Ask yourself, what can I do on my block, at my

child's school?"

An excerpt

But families are also our shelter from the storm, our oldest and

most precious institution and our last great hope. Families were

once powerful institutions, strong enough to withstand assaults.

But now almost every force in our culture works against families.

Parents do not know how to protect their children from crime,

media, poverty, alcohol and bad company. They can no longer give

their children childhoods. It's a terrible time to undercut families.

The culture of the 1990s is too hard for many families to handle.

As a therapist, I see families in which the parents work long

hours, in which sick children go to day care or teenagers rebel

in ways that terrify their parents. Parents are confused and vulnerable

to depression, addictions, violence and mind-numbing cynicism.

One in eight adults abuses alcohol, a phenomenon that wreaks havoc

in families.

-- From The Shelter of Each Other: Rebuilding Our Families

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, Color, Mitch Hrdlicka; PHOTO, Color, Mitch Hrdlicka; (EAR) Mary Pipher: Kids need to navigate culture Family advocate: Mary Pipher, author of 'The Shelter of Each Other,' with her cat, Scooter

**Load-Date:** April 9, 1996

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[***REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-M2S0-0094-54W5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 16, 1996, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** TABS,

**Length:** 1734 words

**Body**

%BC% (Vote for One) %EC%

Term: 2 years Salary : $ 133,600

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.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) In light of the perceived need for a balanced budget, is a federal income tax reduction appropriate?

2.) List your top three Congressional priorities.

%BC% 4TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT %EC% %BC% REPUBLICAN %EC%

PAUL T ADAMETZ, 31, Seven Fields

EDUCATION: Art Institute of Pittsburgh, Associates Degree in Specialized Technology, 1985.

OCCUPATION: Printer

QUALIFICATIONS: I possess the ability to lead, the confidence to make difficult decisions, and the desire to restore our federal government to the original intent of our founding fathers.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) Yes. Tax rate reductions will be absolutely necessary to increase economic activity which will insure a smooth transition of jobs from the public to the private sector as our government becomes smaller.

2.) Reduce the size of our federal government. Reduce the tax burden for everyone. Restore the traditional American family.

%BC% DEMOCRATIC %EC%

RON KLINK,45, Murrysville

EDUCATION: Meyersdale High School

OCCUPATION: Serving second term in Congress. Prior a professional journalist for 23 years.

QUALIFICATIONS: After seeing first hand the devastation from poor economic policies for the 1980s, I felt that I needed to get involved and fight for the rights of hard working people.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) We would all like to lower taxes, but to take money out of the Treasury before we pay our bills is irresponsible. We do need to balance the federal budget. There is no doubt about that fact. However, the federal deficit has been lowered three consecutive years since I've been elected to Congress and is projected to be lowered for a fourth year. In 1993, I took the hard budget vote and now we are seeing the deficit being lowered and private sector jobs being created. We need to continue to be fiscally responsible.

2.) Job creation (maintaining and creating jobs); education and job training; protecting senior citizens.

%BC% 14TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT %EC% %BC% REPUBLICAN %EC%

BILL RAVOTTI, 30, Robinson Township

EDUCATION: B.S. Finance, Indiana University of Pennsylvania

OCCUPATION: Insurance agent

QUALIFICATIONS: As a professional businessman, I've helped families and businesses solve their financial problems and plan for their futures. Our future depends on reforming government in ways that benefit all generations. I have the experience, confidence and vision to do the job.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) Yes. The federal tax burden on American families is eight times what it was 30 years ago and is a major cause of the decline in social values and the quality of life in America. To balance the budget we must reduce government spending.

2.) End unfair trade treaties that hurt American workers and drive down wages. Restore parental rights in our schools. Create an economic climate that will attract industry and business to our region.

%BC% DEMOCRATIC %EC%

DAN COHEN, 38, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Cathedral High School, B.A., Yale University, J.D., Stanford Law School.

OCCUPATION: Member, Pittsburgh City Council

QUALIFICATIONS: On Pittsburgh City Council, I started the Pittsburgh Growth Initiative to increase jobs, fought successfully to add police officers to make our neighborhoods safer and led the fight against the TCI cable monopoly. With volunteers, I visited over 25,000 homes to know the people I hope to represent.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) The federal budget deficit is staggering. One out of every seven dollars spent by the federal government pays for interest on the national debt. Just as working families must balance their budget the government must balance its budget. I have proposed balancing the budget through specific spending cuts, not taxes in the future, but a tax reduction at this time would be irresponsible until the budget is balanced.

2.) Creating and retaining jobs in the Pittsburgh region. Balancing the federal budget while protecting Social Security. Combating the increase in crime through tougher laws and stricter enforcement.

WILLIAM J COYNE, 59, Pittsburgh

EDUCATION: Central Catholic High School, 1954; Robert Morris College, B.S., 1965

OCCUPATION: Member of Congress, 1981-present.

QUALIFICATIONS: Life-long resident of Pittsburgh. Legislative experience in Pennsylvania General Assembly, 1971-1972; and Pittsburgh City Council, 1974-80; U.S. Army (Korea) 1955-1957; Accountant, 1957-70.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) We should not reduce federal revenues significantly until the budget is balanced; however, the federal tax burden should be shifted in order to provide tax relief to ***working-class*** Americans.

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.

%BC% 18TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT %EC% %BC% REPUBLICAN %EC%

DAVID B. FAWCETT, 37, Oakmont

EDUCATION: B.A., Carnegie-Mellon University; J.D., University of Pittsburgh Law School

OCCUPATION: Attorney

QUALIFICATIONS: Councilman, Oakmont Borough Council. Active in community and school activities; former high school teacher; partner, Buchanan Ingersoll; Substantial time spent rendering legal services for the needy; leadership giver, United Way; member, B.P.O. Elks; married with two young children.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) Yes.

2.) Revitalization of the river valleys (Mon Valley and Allegheny Valley) by fighting for federal funds and encouraging private investment. Lessening the hopelessness of the poor by being a strong proponent of drastic but humane welfare and public housing reform. Strengthening our economy and our environment by revamping Superfund, advocating Brown Fields legislation, objecting to federal land sales at bargain basement prices, and requiring federal agencies to be more responsive.

%BC% DEMOCRATIC %EC%

MIKE DOYLE, 42, Swissvale

EDUCATION: B.S., Penn State University, 1975

OCCUPATION: U.S. Representative, January 4, 1995-present.

QUALIFICATIONS: Extensive experience in local, state and federal government. Graduate of Leadership Pittsburgh. Small business owner since 1983. Congressman since 1995.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) No. We must balance the budget and get our fiscal house in order first, before enacting a tax cut.

2.) Improve the economic climate of Western Pennsylvania so that our children do not have to move out of the region to find employment. Balance the budget in a fair and equitable manner, while maintaining our commitment to education, veterans, senior citizens, and the middle-class. Work to end the partisan bickering in Congress. Democrats and Republicans should work together to address the country's problems in a bi-partisan manner.

JOSEPH RUDOLPH, 45, South Park Township

EDUCATION: B.S., chemistry, University of Pittsburgh, Summa Cum Laude, 1971; M.S., Pennsylvania State University.

OCCUPATION: Physician, medical manufacturer proprietor.

QUALIFICATIONS: Education. Experience in organization and problem solving. I am not a politician.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) The United States is over $ 5 trillion in debt with an annual deficit of over $ 200 billion. First we must cut government spending. 2.) To be a true representative of the voters and not special interests. To create new job opportunities through the Technical University of America. To always be honest with the voters.

%BC% 20TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT %EC% %BC% REPUBLICAN %EC%

MIKE MCCORMICK, 47, Peters Township

EDUCATION: B.S., economics/business administration, Clarion University of Pennsylvania

OCCUPATION: President and CEO of Class Inc.

QUALIFICATIONS: Small business owner who has real life experience balancing budgets, creating jobs and meeting payroll.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) Yes. Spending should be curtailed while people are allowed to keep more of what they earn. The money career politicians spend belongs to the people and taxpayers, not the government. (H.R. 2491) balances the budget and reduces taxes.

2.) Job creation. Family and business friendly tax reform. Welfare reform and creating social opportunity.

%BC% DEMOCRATIC %EC%

FRANK MASCARA, 66, Charleroi

EDUCATION: B.S. education, California University of Pennsylvania, Summa Cum Laude

OCCUPATION: United States Congressman

QUALIFICATIONS: Small businessman, public accountant, former county controller and chairman, Board of County Commissioners. My age, experience and business background coupled with years spent balancing budgets as a local elected official have proven to be invaluable during my freshman year in Congress.

ISSUES STATEMENT:

1.) I support a balanced budget and could support a modest tax reduction if the cut was equally distributed and shown to generate economic growth that will continue to contribute toward future debt reduction. 2.) Jobs, job security and the economy - with continual emphasis on education, training and retraining. Protect Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid - pursue savings through eliminating fraud, abuse, implementation of a uniform reporting system and by reducing administrative cost. Balance the budget - end partisan bickering.

CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATES' VIEWS

In considering policies, legislative amendments, regulations of funding for the following programs, which actions do you support?

Safe Clean Clean Air Endangered Wetlands Federal

Drinking Water Act Species Public

Water Act Act Lands

4-Adametz (R) Maintain Maintain Maintain Weaken Weaken Maintain 4-Klink (D) Maintain Maintain Maintain Maintain Maintain Maintain

14-Ravotti(R) Stregthen Stregthen Weaken Weaken Weaken NR

14-Cohen (D) Maintain Maintain Maintain Maintain Maintain Stregthen

14-Coyne (D) Stregthen Stregthen Stregthen Stregthen Stregthen Stregthen

18-Fawcett(R) Maintain Maintain Maintain Stregthen Weaken Stregthen

18-Doyle (D) Maintain Maintain Maintain Maintain Maintain Stregthen

18-Rudolph(D) Maintain Maintain Maintain Weaken Weaken Maintain

20-McCormick(R)Maintain Maintain Maintain Eliminate Eliminate Eliminate

20-Mascara(D) Stregthen Maintain Maintain Maintain Maintain Maintain

VOTERS GUIDE U.S. HOUSE

**Graphic**

PHOTO (9), CHART, CHART: (Congressional candidates' views); PHOTO: (No Caption For Any)

**Load-Date:** June 11, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Settle in for Beach TV***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GV3-0V70-010F-K102-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 29, 2005, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1916 words

**Byline:** Bill Keveney

**Body**

Correction ran 8/1/2005: In Friday's Weekend Life section, a story on beach TV misidentified the network that broadcasts Celebrity Fit Club 2. Fit Club airs on VH1.

Ah, midsummer: when days are hot, nights are lazy and two out of three brains go on out-of-office auto-reply.

It's when the French leave Paris and American viewers flee Paris' mother. And it's when we crave TV shows that will liven the summer doldrums without overheating the cerebral cortex.

To that end, here is Beach TV, a plasma-ready version of the languid summer novel. USA TODAY's Bill Keveney presents this year's TV tour of bikinis, barbecues and Barcalounger bliss:

Summer's reality shows run the gamut; continued from 1E

Battle of the Network Reality Stars

Bravo, premieres Aug. 17, 9 p.m. ET/PT

Excess breeds success. What else can you say when you mix one of the cheesiest formats of the self-indulgent '70s -- The Battle of the Network Stars athletic competition -- with the biggest collection of reality-show alumni ever brought together? Bravo president Lauren Zalaznick calls the original "one of the first incarnations of a reality show." Which makes this a match made in heaven. Or, perhaps, the other place.

Fun factor: "What's not the fun part?" Zalaznick asks. You've got the inspirational taunting of Survivor's Gervase Peterson: "I'm running through your team like diarrhea in Mexico." And Real World/Surreal Life/fill-in-her-next-reality-show-here's Trishelle Cannatella meaning to compliment American Idol's Ryan Starr: "You blew up after that show." In a manner of speaking, yes. And The Amazing Race's Charla Faddoul literally jousting, then taking verbal stabs at Starr. And Omarosa and Richard Hatch appearing in the same show.

Who will be watching? If you're a fan of Survivor, Race, America's Next Top Model, Real World, The Apprentice, American Idol, Road Rules, Average Joe, The Bachelor, Joe Schmo, Big Brother or Joe Millionaire, Battle has alumni of them all among its 32 competitors. One worry: What if they breed?

Beach tie-in: It's shot in Malibu and there are plenty of svelte bods in bathing suits. The topless scene of Joe Schmo's Matt Gould merits a TV-Eww rating, but Hatch keeps his pants on.

Laguna Beach

MTV, Mondays, 10 p.m. ET/PT

Welcome to the second season of As Laguna Beach High Turns. Last year focused on the love triangle of LC, Stephen and Kristin. "In this cycle, there are more complex story arcs," executive producer Tony DiSanto says of the "reality drama." Think The O.C., but with real kids (who are just as pretty as their Hollywood counterparts) and no parents.

Fun factor: Will LC's return vex Kristin? Will a new vixen cause trouble? Will everyone hook up? Probably, but it's hard to keep track. The blondette beauties of this Cloney Island paradise are difficult to tell apart. They could use numbers on their backs, like ballplayers.

Who's watching? Monday's second-season premiere won the night among 12-to-34-year-olds against all of television. Besides MTV's target audience, it also may appeal to people learning English as a second language, and a few dirty old men.

Beach tie-in: Check the title.

Beach Girls

Lifetime, premieres Sunday,

8 p.m. ET/PT

All the pleasure of an honest-to-goodness sun-and-sand saga -- Luanne Rice's Beach Girls -- without having to turn a page. In this five-part, six-hour miniseries, which stars Rob Lowe and Julia Ormond, a teen and her widower dad come to the New England beach town where her now-deceased mother came of age years earlier. Old relationships rekindle and new ones start.

Fun factor: Amid the angst, teen Nell (Chelsea Hobbs) and her new friends frolic on the beach, but this is deep compared to most of the stuff on this list. Bonus summer fun: The O.C.'s Chris Carmack plays a buff beach boy.

Who will be watching? With Lowe as the heartthrob dad, can you spell multi-generational chick flick? "We have a great tradition of mothers and daughters watching shows together," Lifetime movie chief Trevor Walton says. Some males may be interested in the beach scenes, too: "We hope those bikinis will bring some people in."

Beach connection: It's set in the fictional beach town of Hubbard's Point.

Taste of America

Travel Channel, Tuesdays,

8 p.m. ET/PT

Meat on a shtick. Comedian Mark DeCarlo travels the USA, showing how farmers make buffalo mozzarella from water buffalo milk, how ranchers make chicken-fried steak without chickens and how to make humor from all these ingredients.

Fun factor: DeCarlo (Studs) names an oddly horned water buffalo "Princess Leia"; the milking machinery becomes the source of a cryptically naughty joke. DeCarlo remembers visiting a stinky limburger cheese business. With the awful smell in mind, he asked a worker if she's married. "My husband's used to it," she said.

Who's watching: People who like their meals with a side of comedy.

Beach tie-in: DeCarlo enjoyed smoothies on the Venice Beach boardwalk in California; another episode features a clambake.

All-Star BBQ Showdown

OLN, Saturdays, 10 p.m. ET/PT

All-stars from the national barbecue circuit transform pit cooking into the human drama of athletic competition. Each week, the series surprises competitors -- all-stars and "barbecue civilians."

Fun factor: The competition is serious stuff, but "it's kind of funny when people pontificate about pork," says creator and comedy writer John Markus (The Cosby Show). "If you add (the term) pork butt, it's double the comedy."

Fun factoid: Markus does the Good Ribbin' segment for Al Franken's radio show, in which Markus goes "in search of the world's greatest barbecue and people who hate Al Franken. And, wouldn't you know it? They dovetail beautifully."

Who's watching? People who like to cook and eat BBQ, Markus says -- plus viewers seeking a wry touch. (As an interviewer, host and BBQ champ, Chris Lilly seems to be channeling Chris Schenkel.)

Beach tie-in: Corpus Christi, Texas, hosts one cookoff.

MTV's The 70s House

MTV, Tuesdays, 10 p.m. ET/PT

Imagine being trapped in a world of leisure suits, shag carpets and disco. That's the horror these reality-show contestants walk into: a house with no technology developed after the '70s. Live without an iPod? This must seem like PBS' 1900 House for these Gen Y'ers, as they try to avoid elimination by living the '70s life. "The living without is funny," says MTV's Jessica Samet. "Not only do they have to eat Swanson's TV dinners, but they don't have a microwave to cook them in."

Fun factor: It's amusing to watch the '80s-born technophiles struggle without cellphones, dance The Hustle endlessly or mangle quizzes about that era. One contestant thinks the U.S. hostages were held by Canada, rather than Iran.

Who's watching? A mix of teens and twentysomethings who can relate to the contestants' bewilderment, and those nostalgic fans a few years older who actually remember the '70s. And Disco Stu from The Simpsons.

Beach tie-in: A limbo elimination contest on the beach and, of course, a reality-show requirement: contestants in bathing suits in the hot tub.

Criss Angel: Mindfreak

A&E, Wednesdays, 10 p.m. ET/PT

It's the latest offering from the "Don't try this at home" school of television. Master illusionist Criss Angel is a little bit Goth, he's a little bit rock 'n' roll and he's a lot on fire in one episode. "We like to call it extreme entertainment," A&E's Nancy Dubuc says.

Fun factor: Any guy can give his mother flowers for her birthday. Criss lights himself up as a living candle, risking becoming a steak special: Ruth's Criss Angel. He levitates himself in a mall and roams Las Vegas levitating others. Bystanders respond in bleeped-out amazement. Is it real? "You want to leave it up to the viewer's imagination," Dubuc says.

Who's watching? A&E hopes Angel's rock star persona and streetscape bravado will make magic cool again for younger viewers.

Tenuous beach tie-in: There's plenty of sand around Vegas.

Celebrity Fit Club 2

MTV, Sundays, 10 p.m. ET/PT

The first rule of Fit Club is that it takes a rather expansive view of the term celebrity. It's not easy to get famous people to show off their flab -- which limits the talent pool. The second season of this weight-loss challenge features the return of The Snapple Lady, a plus-size castoff from American's Next Top Model and an Eight Is Enough cast member who isn't even Adam Rich.

Fun factor: Gary Busey; Busey's acronym-based philosophy; Busey dancing on a huge scale that weighs the eight competitors. And tough-guy trainer Harvey Walden, a Marine drill instructor, is a joy to watch as he chews out the unfit.

Who's watching? "It's fun to watch celebrities in a just-like-us situation," VH1's Jim Ackerman says. "It's also for anyone that is concerned with weight." That's a big potential audience.

Tenuous beach tie-in: Swimsuit season motivation, maybe?

Footballers Wives

BBC America, Sundays, 9 p.m. ET/PT

This isn't about American football. It's soccer. But there are wives: rich, beautiful ones who get into trouble. One of the three main couples is modeled after Dallas' J.R. and Sue Ellen Ewing, says Eileen Gallagher, whose company makes the British series.

Fun factor: It's fun to watch immature jocks and babes mess up their lives by getting too much too soon, Gallagher says. The humor is more English irony than American over-the-topness.

Viewer alert: A couple of the accents, meant to convey some characters' ***working-class*** roots, may have viewers wishing for the sworn enemy of brainless summer viewing: subtitles.

Who's watching? Anybody who's in need of a soap fix before Desperate Housewives returns in September. It's even in the same time slot.

Beach tie-in: Hot tubs are about as close as it gets. This is England. So keep a stiff upper lip about it.

Kill Reality

E!, Mondays 10 p.m. ET/PT

This one's worth it just for the title. In Kill, reality veterans get a chance to act in their own film, The Scorned. "The people in the show are just outrageous," E! president Ted Harbert says.

Fun factor: E! has gathered some colorful contestants, including Survivor's Jonny Fairplay, The Apprentice's Stacie Upchurch and Real World's Tonya Cooley, hoping for some fireworks.

Who's watching? E! is hoping to attract the same viewers who enjoy a good beach read with light, frothy offerings that also include The Girls Next Door, a look at Playboy's Hugh Hefner and his young girlfriends (Aug. 7, 8 p.m. ET/PT), and a new host for party travelogue Wild On (Aug. 10, 10 p.m. ET/PT) -- Tara Reid -- getting the role she was born to play.

Beach tie-in: Wild on Tara, as it's called, goes to the beach, Harbert says.

Mythbusters

Discovery Channel, Wednesdays, 9 p.m. ET/PT

Jackass meets Mr. Science was the original concept with a show that tests urban legends, says co-host Jamie Hyneman. Lazy viewer warning: In between blowing up lots of stuff, Mythbusters actually teaches some lessons.

Fun factor: Blowing up stuff. The antics of co-host Adam Savage. The stunts, including dropping an elevator down a shaft to see if a person could survive by jumping at impact (he couldn't); pumping a sunken boat full of ping-pong balls to see if it will float (it did); and seeing if breast implants will explode during decompression on an airplane flight (they won't).

Who's watching? Kids and their parents -- the show gets mail from people "from five years old to their 50s," Hyneman says. Also, those interested in science and maybe a few people with fire issues.

Beach tie-in: The Mythbusters team hits the water to float the boat; in another episode, they try out levitation machines on a beach.

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, Color, Alejandro Gonzalez, USA TODAY (ILLUSTRATION); EAR PHOTO, Color, Lifetime; PHOTO, B/W, Lifetime; PHOTO, B/W, Travel Channel; PHOTO, Color, Jamie Trueblood, Bravo; PHOTOS, B/W, MTV (2); PHOTO, B/W, Clay McBride, A& E; PHOTO, B/W, VH1; PHOTO, B/W, BBC America; PHOTO, B/W, Amanda Edwards, Getty Images; PHOTO, B/W, Timothy Archibald, Discovery; PHOTO, B/W, Zack Seckler, OLN

**Load-Date:** August 9, 2005

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[***A TALE OF TWO DOWNTOWNS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GR7-X600-027V-K0K8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***UNCERTAINTIES GROW WITH VACANCIES AMONG FIFTH-FORBES MERCHANTS, BUT IN THE ADJACENT CULTURAL DISTRICT, THINGS ARE HOPPING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GR7-X600-027V-K0K8-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 24, 2005 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2005 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** BUSINESS,

**Length:** 1902 words

**Byline:** Elwin Green Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

The two-block distance from Heinz Hall to Market Square is a three-minute walk at a moderate pace, but culturally and economically, the two Downtown landmarks could scarcely be farther apart.

Heinz Hall, with its gated patio garden, sits in the midst of the Cultural District, where restaurants are springing up to serve the music and theater patrons who attend performances at the various venues there. Market Square, a public space shared by Downtown workers and the unemployed homeless, anchors the Fifth and Forbes corridor, where a small number of businesses struggle to survive in a sea of vacancy.

It is a picture of two Downtowns, one that appears to be thriving as an entertainment area, another that appears to be dying as a retail area. And whether the latter's decline can be stemmed anytime soon is very much on the mind of the businesses that still try to eke out a living there.

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Tony Baverso, manager of the George Aiken's restaurant on Forbes Avenue, just off Market Square and across from the long closed G.C. Murphy store, has been there since it opened in 1966. He remembers that "at one time, you couldn't look up Fifth Avenue, there'd just be waves of people." Now, he says, "Everybody's out of the city after 3 o'clock" -- or at least out of his part of the city.

George Aiken's is a Pittsburgh institution. Specializing in roast chicken decades before there was a Boston Market, the chain was established in 1949 and once had a dozen locations around the city. Now the Downtown location is one of only two remaining -- the other is in Wilkinsburg.

Baverso said business at Aiken's has been off in the last year and a half, and he attributed the decline to businesses leaving Downtown. Most of the neighboring properties on Forbes, including the G.C. Murphy building that dominates the block, are owned by the Urban Redevelopment Authority and are vacant.

He also blamed the new $52 occupation tax levied by the city earlier this year, which he said was too abrupt a change from the previous $10 a year. "People don't like change that fast. Some people got mad about it. So they stop buying lunch," Baverso said.

But Baverso holds no ill will toward Mayor Tom Murphy or the city for the higher tax or for several failed Fifth and Forbes initiatives. "When I look back over the years, some of the stuff they were trying to do was a good idea," he said. "I think most of the people on Grant Street are good people, but they don't know how to talk to the little guy."

%% \* \* \* %%

Midway between Fifth and Forbes on Wood Street sits Prime Gear, a clothing store that Eitan Solomon, 39, has owned since 1996. An Israeli, he lived in South Carolina for three years before coming to Pittsburgh and opening his Downtown store.

Solomon said that for the past five years, owning a Downtown business has been like "standing on top of a five- or six-hundred-foot hill, and rolling down, and down, and down."

Referring to the decline in Downtown shoppers, Solomon said, "It's not because people don't have money. People don't come Downtown because the city is being nasty to them."

Pointing out that his clientele are largely black ***working-class*** families, he said that the police are too quick to issue parking tickets and to have cars towed, a combination that can easily cost one of his customers $150.

Solomon also questioned the value of the stadiums for Downtown businesses. Pirates games? "As soon as they're finished, (fans) get in their car and run out of town." Steeler games? "That's eight Sundays a year."

He agreed with others who said that parking is too expensive Downtown, saying that he even tells his wife and mother-in-law to shop where parking is free -- "Why don't you take that $11 or $12 and buy an extra top?"

%% \* \* \* %%

Gualberto and Lisa Carhuaslla had never owned a restaurant before opening G's Restaurant and Pizzeria in 2002. But Gualberto Carhuaslla's experience managing catering operations for both the Marriott and the Hilton hotels made them hopeful about their new venture, as did the history of the location.

Before G's, the building at 330 Forbes had been home to Mama Gina's restaurant for 25 years, and the Carhuasllas hoped to inherent its clientele, many of whom were workers at Kaufmann's, just yards away. But they opened for business in May 2002, the same month that May Department Stores announced it was preparing to lay off or transfer some 1,200 Kaufmann's employees.

The Carhuasllas said the resulting drop in business has only worsened over time, as more and more businesses, large and small, either reduce their Downtown presence or leave the district entirely.

"We've been affected a lot by folks leaving," Lisa Carhuaslla said. "Sometimes we'll get a call for a big order, and they'll say 'This is for a farewell party,' and it's customers that we've had for a long time."

Gualberto Carhuaslla said that in conversations with other merchants, "everyone has told me that their business has dropped 20 to 30 percent" in recent years.

Like Solomon, the couple said that the new stadiums on the North Shore have not benefited them and their fellow merchants in the Fifth-Forbes corridor.

"People who go to the games, they don't stop here," Gualberto Carhuaslla said. "They go straight there." And as for the Cultural District, "it's a little too far" for people attending shows and concerts there to walk over to Forbes Avenue afterward -- especially, he said, when the street is poorly lighted.

%% \* \* \* %%

Lighting is not a problem in the Cultural District, a 14-block area bounded by Stanwix Street, Liberty Avenue, 10th Street and Fort Duquesne Boulevard. A major element of its ongoing transformation is new lampposts sporting 4-foot banners: "Cultural District -- Your Show Place."

The district's central thoroughfare, Penn Avenue, is lined with still-young trees. Like the 200 block of Forbes Avenue, the 900 block of Penn Avenue has large vacant buildings. But the buildings on Penn Avenue have construction crews at work inside or at least "For Sale or Lease" posters in the windows.

While businesses continue to leave the Fifth-Forbes corridor, the Cultural District has more businesses moving in. Billed as "a California wine bistro," the Sonoma Grill, at 947 Penn Ave., opened in December. Owner Yves Carreau considers the difference between different parts of Downtown to be the difference between night and day. Literally.

"Everything pertaining to daytime happens on that side of town, everything pertaining to nighttime happens on this side," he said.

He should know, as he also owns a restaurant on "that side" of Downtown -- Asiago's, in One Oxford Centre.

"There's no question there's a difference between the two sides," he said. While Asiago's serves the attorneys and other professionals on and near Grant Street and is never open past 9, the Sonoma Grill draws its clientele from conventioneers -- some of whom are guests at the Marriott Courtyard hotel next door, theater audiences and residents of nearby office buildings that have been converted into lofts. It is open until 11p.m., seven nights a week.

Being open on Sundays was not part of Carreau's original plan for the eatery. "I did it as a favor to the hotel," he said, not expecting to get much business on Sunday evenings. But experience has proven him wrong. "It's busy. It's great."

But he wouldn't attempt it at Asiago's. "If I were to open Asiago's on Sundays, I'd be dead," he said.

While the Sonoma Grill's success is surprising even Carreau, he said the business has declined at Asiago's since the city's parking tax was raised to 50 percent in February 2004. He's not alone -- the high cost of parking was the single most-mentioned item among merchants when they spoke about obstacles to their, and Downtown's, success.

The parking tax "really hit people's minds hard," Carreau said.

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While the Sonoma Grill is less than a year old, Goldstock 715 has been selling fine jewelry from its storefront at 715 Liberty Ave. for 40 years. It is one of only two jewelers with a storefront in the Clark Building, which for decades has been home to a host of jewelers on its lower floors.

Marshall Goughneour has been a manager there for 15 years, and he reinforced the idea that different parts of Downtown function nearly independently of each other.

"Truthfully, town is sort of broken up, the way that it's laid out," he said. "(Fifth and Forbes) does not have much of an effect on us. If people are going to Kaufmann's, they're not coming to the Clark Building."

And since people typically do not make high-end jewelry purchases on impulse as they're walking down the street, Goldstock 715 is not as sensitive to changes in foot traffic as some other retailers might be. Even large events like the Regatta that draw thousands to Point State Park have little impact on Goldstock 715 or its neighbors, Goughneour said.

"People who go to those events, they're just going to those events," he said, echoing the plaint of Fifth-Forbes merchants. "They're not venturing into town."

%% \* \* \* %%

Crime -- how much of it there is and how it is handled -- is a perennial concern for any commercial district.

In this regard, things may appear to be worse than they are. In June, a thief stole more than $16,000 worth of jewelry from Goldstock 715's next door neighbor, and earlier this month, a pair of Downtown banks were robbed within hours of each other.

But Pittsburgh Police Department statistics for the first five months of this year indicate that most types of crime are declining Downtown -- motor vehicle theft is the exception.

The Carhuasllas, robbed twice in their first year by thieves who stole money from their jukebox, said that the most persistent crime they've suffered since then has been graffiti.

Still, the perception remains that Downtown is unsafe.

Indeed, Solomon quoted a fellow merchant who said that being Downtown meant "doing good business between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., and spending the rest of the day chasing the people stealing from you."

%% \* \* \* %%

All the merchants interviewed for this story offered suggestions for improving Downtown's prospects.

Solomon suggested that Pittsburgh take a cue from New York, where the city offers shoppers tax-free Sundays, by offering parking holidays. "On Mondays, a slow day, they could have free parking. That would bring people Downtown," he said.

With hundreds of new residential units under construction Downtown, Carreau said that the city needs to help bring a grocery or supermarket to the area.

"Nobody's going to open a grocery store in the city right now," he said. "From a business standpoint, it would be a losing proposition." But if the city were to subsidize such a venture, whether through tax breaks or some form of direct funding, Carreau believes it would pay off in the long run.

He also said that the city needs to "clean up" Market Square.

The Carhuasllas suggested that the city forget about creating a large-scale plan to bring a major retailer Downtown.

"I don't think bringing a big store in is suddenly going to bring people Downtown. I think they should work on retaining the people and businesses they already have Downtown," Lisa Carhuasllas said.

"It's been taken for granted that the businesses that are Downtown are going to stay Downtown, and that the people who work Downtown are going to keep working Downtown. And that just hasn't been the case."

**Notes**

Elwin Green can be reached at [*egreen@post-gazette.com*](mailto:egreen@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1969. Staff writer Jonathan D. Silver contributed to this story.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Pam Panchak/Post-Gazette: Vacant storefronts, like these at 321 and 323 Forbes Ave., litter the landscape of the Fifth-Forbes area of Downtown Pittsburgh.

/ PHOTO: Pam Panchak/Post-Gazette: The board of the city Urban Redevelopment Authority, which owns the vacant G.C. Murphy's Downtown, recently approved the purchase of two buildings on Fifth Avenue adjacent to the store.

/ MAP: By Ed Yowzick/Post-Gazette; Post-Gazette research: (FOUNDER FIFTH & FORBES)

**Load-Date:** July 27, 2005

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[***THE PROPAGANDA GUYS SURE WRITE FINE SLOGANS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XGC-6TF0-0094-5492-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 19, 1999, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY AND MEDICINE,

**Length:** 1639 words

**Byline:** ERIK ECKHOLM, THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Dateline:** BEIJING

**Body**

Just in case any of the 1.3 billion people in China are having trouble imagining what to chant or inscribe for the nation's 50th birthday blowout on Oct. 1, the Communist Party issued a list of approved slogans last week. Fifty of them, to be exact.

These are more than suggestions: They are literally the only messages allowed on posters, banners and the lips of celebrants as China marks the first half century of the People's Republic. On this carefully scripted occasion, free-lance thought - even in praise of the party, let alone to plea for, say, the repressed Falun Gong spiritual movement or the cause of Tibet is most definitely forbidden.

Judging from the list, published in the party newspaper People's Daily, the specially picked 500,000 people who will jam Tiananmen Square on the big day will need some rehearsing before they try any chants. The 50 slogans were crafted by the wordsmiths of the Propaganda Department to cover every current party theme. Terse or poetic they are not.

The list ranges from the bland ("Warmly celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China!") to the insipidly inspirational ("Unite as one, fear no difficulties, struggle hard, be persistent, dare to win!")

It includes anachronistic nods to the past: "Rely on the ***working class*** wholeheartedly!" - a relic of the Mao era coined long before the government began sloughing off redundant workers in state enterprises.

And it includes the truly contemporary, such as this sly mouthful adapted from the landmark party decision in 1997 to elevate the standing of private enterprise, known by the code phrase "diverse forms":

"Adhere to the basic economic system with public ownership dominant and diverse forms of ownership developing side by side, and ' to each according to his work' as the main distribution form and with other forms as well!"

Many slogans are retained from the post-1978 Deng Xiaoping era of economic opening and market reforms, a process still unfolding.

Not only is the primary slogan of recent years included: "Hold high the great banner of Deng Xiaoping Theory and put forward the cause of building socialism with Chinese characteristics into the 21st century!" But there is also Deng's own crucial if oblique call for shedding Maoist thought: "Emancipate the mind, seek truth from facts and firmly promote reform and opening up!"

As dated as some of the slogans seem, they are indicative of current preoccupations at the top. Likewise, the slogans of earlier anniversaries practically tell the story of the half century.

In private meetings, paraders from various professions have been instructed on the particular slogans they should chant, sometimes (thankfully) abbreviated versions.

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Anyone with even a casual interest in turkey hunting will enjoy the latest book on America's turkey call crafters by Earl Mickel. Passionate turkey fanciers won't be able to put it down.

Mickel's latest contribution to the history and prestige of making turkey calls is "Turkey Callmakers Past and Present; The Rest of the Best." It's a sequel of sorts to Mickel's first book, "Callmakers Past and Present; Mick's Picks," published in 1994.

In the Rest of the Best, Mickel profiles the lives, hunting philosophies and call-making resumes of an incredible 237 call makers. Mickel tracked down and interviewed call builders in 34 states including such hallowed grounds in the lore of turkey hunting as Greenwood,S.C.; Dardanelle, Ark.; Hico, W.Va.; and DuBois, Pa.

The respect Mickel conveys for the life stories of the call makers he's met is what makes the book so captivating. Some of the men profiled are professionals who have built call-making into a full-time business. Most, though, make calls on the side and support their families in more conventional jobs. All, Mickel reveals, share a passion for wild turkeys and the craft of call-making. Whether they've produced thousands of calls or a few dozen, Mickel writes about each with enthusiasm for that maker's contribution. "I've always thought the man was just as interesting as the calls and the hunting," Mickel says. "I've met some of the greatest people in the world through writing these books. Their calls represent one of the truest forms of American folk art in existence, and it was their lack of recognition that motivated me to write their stories."

Earl Mickel is a fascinating personality in his own right. A native of Scranton, Pennsylvania, he settled in Alaska in 1959 after a stint there in the Air Force. Mickel spent 23 years in the real estate business in Alaska before returning to live in Wayne County, Pennsylvania in 1982.

"When I came back the big thing in Pennsylvania was the growing popularity of turkey hunting," Mickel said. "I got into turkey hunting that first year and was hooked on it from the start. I've hunted moose, elk, caribou, and mountain goats, but I think hunting gobblers in the spring is the most challenging hunting of all."

Earl says he went through a lot of calls in those early years trying to find a selection he liked to hunt with. "I wondered what would make one gobbler come running and another shy away," he writes. "What was the magic you must possess? I guessed it must be the instrument, the call. I needed more calls and to that end I began collecting turkey calls. These instruments are truly unique, of many designs, styles, woods, bones, etc. Some are very old, many quite rustic, some very ornate, many are plain. What is the history of a call and what kind of man fashions them?"

His collection now totals somewhere in excess of 3,500 calls. "I believe I have the largest turkey call collection in the United States," Mickel said. "And since they don't have or hunt turkeys anywhere else except in parts of Mexico, I must have the largest collection in the world."

Historically notable call makers featured in the book include Henry Gibson who patented the first box call in 1897. "Gibson's box was carved out of one solid piece of wood," Mickel explained. "M. L. Lynch, though, is the man who put the box call into the hands of thousands of hunters. He made the first box calls of sawn and glued components that could be produced in larger numbers. The M. L. Lynch box is probably the single most popular turkey call ever produced, but the early Lynch models, from the ' 40s are real collectibles."

Mickel also credits Frank Piper, of Delmont, Westmoreland County, with a huge influence on turkey hunting and call making. "Frank Piper is one of the nicest gentlemen you could ever meet," he said. "His Penns Woods Calls is the oldest continuously operating call manufacturer in the country. When he (Piper) was getting the company on its feet he bought out Roger Latham, the outdoors writer for the Pittsburgh Press, who had bought out Tom Turpin, maybe the most famous American call maker next to M. L. Lynch."

There are some truly beautiful and unique calls described in Mickel's latest work. Shawn Irish of Huntersville, North Carolina makes slate calls from the empty shells of box turtles he finds in the woods. Each call is painted with a different spring gobbler scene, and the strikers are fashioned from leg bones of white-tailed deer.

Larry Kerr of McComb, Illinois makes box calls with morel mushrooms, dogwood blossoms or other symbols of the spring woods intricately carved and painted on the paddle.

With 13 call builders profiled, no part of the country is better represented in Mickel's book than Western Pennsylvania. Mickel met and writes about Francie Cherry of Ridgway who makes a small cylindrical slate call; John Panepinto of Venetia, owner of Turkey Foot Calls; and Fred Schultz and Ron Peck of Lower Burrell who make a line of diaphragm calls under the name of S&P Game Calls. Jack, Bryan and Gregg Guthridge of DuBois are a family call-making trio that produces a line of box and slate calls they sell in limited numbers. Mickel quotes the Guthridge's philosophy on call making: "We sell a few calls each year. It's an enjoyable hobby for us. We prefer for the customer to come to our house and pick out a call. We show them how to use our call, and when they are satisfied with the call and the sound, we hope we have made a friend and supporter."

Also featured in the book are Ken Baird of California; Ed Braga, California; Floyd Cunningham (deceased), Butler; Tim Herilla, Coal Center; Howard Meyers' Kicking Bird Calls, Greensburg; Bob Kirschner, Murrysville; Doug LaBolle's Kill' R Calls, Pleasantville; Craig Stair's C. S. Turkey Calls, Hyndman; and Jim Zoschg's Northwoods Calls, Emporium.

Mickel says he was surprised at the enthusiastic response to his first book. "It used to be that duck calls were more prized as folk art and collectibles," he explained. "But today duck hunting is going downhill with the loss of habitat while turkeys and turkey hunting grow more widespread and popular. Turkey calls have surpassed duck calls in popularity. If a guy is interested in turkeys, he's naturally also interested in calls."

The author's next goal is to kill a longbeard gobbler in every state in which turkeys live with a call made in that state, then write a book about it. "I've done it in nine states now," he said. "And I'm only 61 so I'm pretty confident I can get it done."

Turkey Callmakers Past and Present; The Rest of the Best has 265 pages, a photo of each call maker and his calls, plus a directory to all call makers known to Mickel so that readers can order calls direct if desired. There are also 24 color plates that display the diversity and innovative beauty of Mickel's collection.

To order a copy send check or money order for $ 40 to Earl Mickel at R.R. #1, Box 1977, Beach Lake, PA 18405. Pennsylvania residents should include $ 1.80 sales tax. Mickel will gladly autography your copy if you ask him to.

**Load-Date:** September 24, 1999

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[***FOR CROCE, LIFE ITSELF IS A MIGHTY SLAM DUNK < "I FEEL GREAT" IS THE MAN'S MANTRA.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CBT0-01K4-93XP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 21, 1996 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: LIFESTYLE; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1544 words

**Byline:** Art Carey, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

It was vintage Pat Croce.

It was Tuesday afternoon, the day of the Big Announcement, and here he was, at the Spectrum, flanked by all these suits, major players wearing bow ties and official corporate pinstripes, and Croce . . . well, he was looking distinctly uncomfortable in a tie and jacket that appeared to have come off the rack at Sears, and even worse, he was sitting, and no way does Pat Croce like to sit, especially at an exciting moment like this.

Finally, Brian Roberts, the Comcast scion, introduced him, calling him the catalytic "brains" behind the Flyers/Sixers/stadium sports deal, and Croce bounded to the podium like Samson sprung from his chains and flung up his arms, Rocky-style.

"Yeeee-yeeaahhh!!!" he roared. "I feel GREAT! Like I want to rip this tie off and spin around the room!!"

A wave of bracing energy swept over the room, like a cool breeze on a sizzling July afternoon.

Now Croce was shucking the corn. He was talking about his "dream genes," and saluting his mom for encouraging him to see stars instead of the mud, and thanking Harold Katz for selling his team and enabling Croce to reach the highest star of all, the biggest dream to date, and yes, BELIEVE IT!!, he was proclaiming, the 76ers would be GREAT!!, there would be a PARADE down BROAD STREET!!, in our lifetimes, because the lowly Sixers are now destined to WIN A WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP!!!

Pat Croce, 41, the new president of the city's beleaguered pro basketball team, is a human spark plug, a walking fountain of Prozac, a dream merchant who talks in capital letters and punctuates every sentence with at least one exclamation point.

"He's a lunatic, he's out there, he's the real deal," says Steve Mountain, his personal manager and old college pal. "He's going to challenge people to get better. He knows how to motivate people and get the most out of them."

"He's a terrific balance of mind, body and spirit," says Croce confidant Nick DiNubile, a Philadelphia orthopedic surgeon. "He's the right blend of inspiration, determination and perspiration."

To Harold Katz and Flyers owner Ed Snider, Croce is a known quantity. Less than a decade ago, he was on the sidelines, with scissors and rolls of adhesive tape in his back pocket, ministering to the Flyers and Sixers as a trainer and strength and conditioning coach. Now, the city's most visible physical therapist and fitness fanatic is one of the big boys, one of the money men, one of the players himself in the high-stakes arena of pro sports.

No doubt about it: He's a hustler, a born promoter and marketing whiz. He's a canny entrepreneur and shrewd businessman - P.T. Barnum in a jockstrap. But he's also much more than that: a cheerleader, a teacher, a missionary. Yes, he wants to redeem the Sixers and sell lots of hats and jackets and merchandise and bring in big bucks and win a championship, but Croce also has a not-so-hidden agenda: To make watching basketball a popular, wholesome, Disney-esque form of family entertainment again (Dennis Rodman need not apply); to use the team to inspire excellence in hero-starved kids (a la his "I Feel Great" anti-drug pep rallies).

Does such a goal sound a tad monumental? Don't put it past Croce. Says Ray Pennacchia, a longtime friend and business associate: "One thing he taught us is the way to eat the elephant standing in your path is to cut it into little pieces."

Croce is intense, persistent and relentlessly self-improving. Not big or fast enough to realize his boyhood dream of playing pro sports, he channeled his athletic ambition into martial arts, earning a black belt and becoming an international karate champ. Invited to take part in a symposium in Japan, he taught himself Japanese. Fascinated by whirlybirds, he took lessons and became a certified helicopter pilot. He not only rides and collects Harley-Davidson motorcycles, he apprenticed to a mechanic so he could fix and rebuild them himself.

It's important to note that he rides those motorcycles, rides them as loud as legally permissible, sometimes with hard-core bikers, with whom Croce fraternizes as easily and comfortably as he does with buttoned-down doctors and boardroom types. In other words, you can take the boy out of Delaware County, but you can't take the Delaware County out of the boy.

He's all ***working-class*** vigor and blue-collar heartiness - no pretensions, no affectations, no uppity airs.

"The nicest thing about being his friend is that the only thing different today is that he has more money," says Pennacchia. "He still treats me the same way he did 10 years ago."

Friends say he loves to rib and be ribbed, and that he delights in sophomoric tricks and practical jokes. As Croce announced at the news conference the other day, "I know how to have FUN!!"

It's probably safe to assume that no other sports executive in America has a pirate parrot tattooed on his back and a pirate ship on his forearm, or operates a couple of pirate-theme miniature golf courses (in Sea Isle City and Avalon, N.J.) or peddles sportswear (brand name: Dead Ahead) with buccaneer-influenced motifs.

It's also probably safe to assume that no other sports executive is quite as fit and boasts less body fat or a lower resting heart rate (44). Croce is grappler-lean and has a coon-trap grip. Practicing what he preaches, he works out each and every day, running, lifting weights, doing karate, and playing basketball and, lately, tennis.

He's a devoted family man, say friends, and he and his wife, Diane, 39, daughter, Kelly, 16, and son, Michael, 14, live in a magnificent graystone mansion in Villanova that's been "Croce-ized" - "it's not cold, stiff and untouchable," says a frequent visitor; "it's a cozy and comfortable place, a home that embraces you."

The distance from that mansion to the split-level in Lansdowne, Delaware County, where Croce grew up is measurable in more than miles. Croce was the oldest of four boys, and the ringleader in a sports-loving home brimming with testosterone and boyish rambunctiousness. His late father, Pasquale, was an insurance broker; his mother, Dolores, a nurse (who encouraged Croce to consider a career in physical therapy). Croce attended St. Charles Borromeo parochial school and Lansdowne-Aldan High School. He began college at West Chester State, where his adolescent boisterousness and less-than-scholarly demeanor apparently convinced all concerned that both he and academia might be better served if he took a sabbatical. After working as a store detective and roofer, he wound up at the University of Pittsburgh, where he hit the books, majored in physical therapy, and earned honors at graduation.

In the early '80s, Croce was working as a physical therapist at Haverford Community Hospital when he realized that the fitness boom and all those foolish weekend warriors were creating a burgeoning market for sports physical therapy. At first, he worked at it part-time, at night after his day job. In 1983, he incorporated Sports Physical Therapists Inc., opening his first full-time center two years later in Broomall. It soon became a place where Croce's gung-ho disciples administered muscle-burning workouts, with sadistic good cheer, to all manner of collegiate, Olympic and professional jocks as well as cocky suburban wanna-bes and pathetic sofa spuds. He also helped a lot of people. "He not only had a healing touch, he had healing words," says Pennacchia. "Every PT could help patients overcome physical barriers; he was able to help them overcome the psychological barriers. Patients felt better just because he came in and said hello. It was amazing."

By the time Croce sold the whole shebang in 1993 to a company that eventually merged with NovaCare, his SPT empire had grown to 40 centers in 11 states and was worth an estimated $40 million. The secret of his business success? His belief in the "holy trinity of success": quality, fun and profit, say friends and business associates. Also: his ability to envision a goal and concentrate on it with singleminded zeal; his willingness to listen and learn; and his habit of surrounding himself with the best, most talented people and giving them the freedom and support to achieve excellence.

"He's able to get people to perform at levels that are way above their individual capacities without him," says DiNubile. "Not only can he get them to do that, but he also keeps them very loyal."

"In the world of business, he's a genetic freak," says Ed Miersch, a former SPT executive now with NovaCare. "He listens to his guts better than anyone I know. If it feels right, he does it; if it doesn't, even if it looks good on paper, he won't."

After the NovaCare merger, Croce stayed on as an executive vice president. Friends familiar with his entrepreneurial personality predicted the marriage would last about as long as the Michael Jackson-Lisa Marie Presley union. They were off, but not by much. By last fall, says an associate, Croce had grown bored, frustrated and restless.

No more. Now he's aflame with passion anew. And the only frustration and restlessness come from having to wait to get started. Meanwhile, the breeder reactor that is Pat Croce's mind continues to hum and whir. "He lives his life like a chess game," says his pal Pennacchia. "He's always thinking of the next move."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Pat Croce, once in charge of the Sixers' conditioning, is now president of the team. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RON TARVER)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Will Buchanan's brand of populism take hold today in Dakotas?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-B870-009B-P1PD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 27, 1996, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1595 words

**Byline:** Bob Von Sternberg; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Mandan, N.D.

**Body**

As the storm gathered steam outside Monday afternoon, talk inside the office of the Mandan Farmer's Elevator turned toward today's primary election.

"Dole? He's done - no charisma, nothing," said Alvin Almer, who has a grain and cattle farm outside of Tuttle. "You watch: Pat Buchanan's going to take both Dakotas."

No one jumped to Bob Dole's defense, but elevator worker Ernie Nelson couldn't swallow Almer's prediction. "Bet you Dole wins," he said. They settled on a $ 50 wager, as Nelson tried to articulate his support for Dole: "He helped farmers for a long time, though I don't know how much recently. I guess the reason to vote for Dole is that I'll get his 50 bucks."

When North Dakotans vote today, they will for the first time be players in the presidential nominating process. Before this year, their primary had been held so late in the game that the outcome was essentially moot.

"I figured if New Hampshire went upside down like it did, North Dakota would come into play," said Gary Porter, state Republican chairman. "So now the road to the White House goes through North Dakota."

But that road (also going through South Dakota and Arizona today) has been a bumpy, twisted one. What was supposed to be a predictable, boring anointing of Dole has become yet another tense showdown with Buchanan.

And in the Dakotas, there's an intriguing twist that grows out of the states' history and political culture. They birthed populism nearly a century ago and now face a candidate who calls himself a populist as he slams away at big corporations, international trade and illegal immigration.

What no one can figure out until the votes are counted is whether Buchanan's message will truly resonate in a land that knows what populism really is. For some voters, the us-vs.-them rhetoric makes sense, especially considering how high they believe the deck is stacked against them.

Almer put it this way: "We don't control any prices. Three meatpackers butcher 80 percent of the beef. If there were just three of us farmers, we could control the prices. Then there's NAFTA and GATT; Buchanan's against those, and they don't do the farmer any damn good. They all just want to stick it up our - " Almer decided he had said enough.

Lloyd Omdahl, a longtime student of North Dakota's political culture, put it this way: "Appealing to the masses against the corporations has always worked here. Wailing about the abandonment of the ***working class*** is an old tradition in North Dakota. It plays on a streak of paranoia we have."

That paranoia had very real roots in the early 20th century, stretching to the Twin Cities, where grain prices and rail rates were controlled, prompting North Dakota politicians to wrest control back to within the state's borders. As an exhibit at the State Historical Society in Bismarck puts it, "North Dakota, in brief, grew up. The state's people confronted the realities imposed on them by an unequal position in the national economy. They reached for political solutions that some damned as 'radical.' "

In South Dakota, the populist impulse was shallower, "but people saw several evil empires out there," said Bob Burns, head of political science at South Dakota State University. "Buchanan's talking about different demons - international ones instead of the domestic variety that we're more used to."

Burns says he believes that in both states, Buchanan will do well west of the Missouri River, "where a strong streak of rugged individualism prevails. In the eastern counties you have a more mainstream, moderate conservatism - and that's where most of the population lives."

Neither Burns nor Omdahl is willing to describe Buchanan as a bona fide populist; attacking scapegoats without taking on entrenched wealth and privilege doesn't add up to populism. But North Dakota's GOP leadership is treating him like one.

"Buchanan and populism are a real match," Porter said. "I heard him on a call-in in Fargo last week, talking about NAFTA, bankers, meatpacking - all stuff that plays well in North Dakota. After a while, I thought I was listening to [North Dakota Democratic Sen.] Byron Dorgan."

Dina Butcher, a Republican activist running Dole's statewide campaign, also has been taken aback by Buchanan's apparent appeal: "I'm not discounting it at all. He's very much like the prairie populists we have in Washington [Dorgan and Sen. Kent Conrad] - who are both Democrats."

She didn't mention that Buchanan is considerably more conservative on social issues than the Democratic senators.

The race in North Dakota has essentially come down to Dole and Buchanan. The other GOP contenders have been either invisible or ineffectual.

At first glance, the two campaigns couldn't be more different. While the Dole campaign issued a press release Monday announcing a victory party tonight, the Buchanan campaign issued one announcing that five Republican officeholders were backing him (in contrast to the dozens - from Gov. Ed Schafer on down - behind Dole).

Dole's organization is well-stuffed with volunteers and political pros; Buchanan's is being run out of the basement of Tani Keaveny's home on the north side of Bismarck.

"People have just come out of the woodwork," Keaveny said. "If I'm gone from the house for 45 minutes, I come back to 20 calls on the answering machine. I've started to get lots of phone calls from farmers - they like what he's saying about free trade. I don't have a life anymore. But this is only the beginning of our operation."

Married to a boyhood pal of Buchanan, Keaveny has supported Buchanan since his 1992 presidential run.

"If people could see this man and hear with their own ears what he is saying, they would support him," said Keaveny, who emigrated from Germany as a young woman. "I came here because America stood for independence, pride and freedom. Those are the things Pat loves. This blatant defamation of him in the media - he's not a Nazi or an extremist."

As usual, both campaigns are trying to keep expectations low so that their candidates' performance will look good. Buchanan backers say they've been hamstrung by the novel way this election is being conducted: in part by mail, in part the old way today at the polling booth. North Dakotans have been voting since late January - an unknown number of them for Phil Gramm, who has since dropped out of the race.

"Those in the party told us last summer that Buchanan is great, but he doesn't have a chance," Keaveny said. "They told us we had to get behind Gramm. "Now, the vote won't represent the views of North Dakota people because a lot who would have voted for Buchanan wasted their vote on Gramm."

The expectations game for the Dole campaign is grimmer. Much like in Iowa, he is sometimes called the Dakotas' "third senator," so nothing less than a crushing victory will do.

"He has called himself 'one of us,' so he's got to do well here," said Porter, adding that he's uncommitted to any candidate. "He was in last Wednesday, gave a tremendously well-delivered speech. But he's still lacking the message. That's Buchanan's strength: Whether you like it or not, he's definitely got a message."

Distilled by Keaveny, it goes like this: "If you go off the beaten trail and are totally honest with people, you won't have the establishment on your side. This is the people versus the establishment, and Pat Buchanan represents the people."

No, she added, she really doesn't know much about North Dakota's populist past.

The road to the nomination

Republican primary voters, caucus goers and party officials will send 1,990 delegates to the party's national convention in August. A candidate needs one more than half, 996 delegates, to be nominated. Following is the remainder of the schedule:

Feb. 27 - Arizona primary, 39 delegates; North Dakota primary, 18 delegates; South Dakota primary 18 delegates.

March 2 - South Carolina primary, 37 delegates; Wyoming convention, 20 delegates.

March 3 - Puerto Rico primary, 14 delegates.

March 5 - Minnesota caucuses, 33 delegates; Georgia primary, 42 delegates; Maryland primary, 32 delegates; Colorado primary, 27 delegates; Massachusetts primary, 37 delegates; Connecticut primary, 27 delegates; Rhode Island primary, 16 delegates; Maine primary, 15 delegates; Vermont primary, 12 delegates.

March 7 - New York primary, 102 delegates.

March 9 - Missouri caucuses, 36 delegates.

March 12 - Florida primary, 98 delegates; Texas primary, 123 delegates; Tennessee primary, 38 delegates; Mississippi primary, 33 delegates; Oklahoma primary, 38 delegates; Louisiana primary, 6 delegates; Oregon primary, 23 delegates.

March 19 - Illinois primary, 69 delegates; Wisconsin primary, 36 delegates; Michigan primary, 57 delegates; Ohio primary, 67 delegates.

March 26 - California primary, 165 delegates; Nevada primary, 14 delegates; Washington primary, 36 delegates.

April 2 - Kansas primary, 31 delegates.

April 23 - Pennsylvania primary, 73 delegates.

April 27 - Alaska state convention, 19 delegates.

May 4 - Wyoming primary, 20 delegates; Utah state convention, 28 delegates.

May 7 - North Carolina primary, 58 delegates; Indiana primary, 52 delegates; D.C. primary, 14 delegates.

May 14 - Nebraska primary, 24 delegates; West Virginia primary, 18 delegates.

May 21 - Arkansas primary, 20 delegates.

May 28 - Idaho primary, 23 delegates; Kentucky primary, 26 delegates.

June 1 - Virginia state convention, 53 delegates.

June 4 - New Jersey primary, 48 delegates; Alabama primary, 40 delegates; New Mexico primary, 18 delegates; Montana primary, 14 delegates.

Source: Scripps Howard News Service

**Graphic**

Chart

**Load-Date:** February 28, 1996

**End of Document**



[***WAVING ASIDE THE BIG HEAT IT HAS TAKEN A CENTURY, BUT NOW A HOUSE CAN KEEP ITS COOL FAIRLY EFFICIENTLY. NOT TO BE IGNORED ARE THE OLD TECHNIQUES THAT STILL WORK.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-V4Y0-01K4-911R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 15, 1999 Sunday D EDITIONCorrection Appended

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**Section:** REAL ESTATE; Pg. M01

**Length:** 1596 words

**Byline:** Alan J. Heavens, INQUIRER REAL ESTATE WRITER

**Body**

Unless you live in a mansion made of wax, an abnormally long period with temperatures of 95 degrees and higher should have no long-term detrimental effects on the structure of your house.

Even in the short term, however, heat and humidity in a poorly ventilated house can contribute to respiratory problems and encourage the growth of mold and mildew in high-moisture areas such as basements and bathrooms. At the very least, they make us uncomfortable and slow us down.

And so homeowners search for ways to keep the house cooler. Central air-conditioning has become a standard feature of new construction in most areas of the country - 81 percent of new homes include it, compared with 36 percent in 1970.

Central air-conditioning even has found its way to vacation spots such as the seashore and the mountains, where breezes and cool evenings should be sufficient.

"No one builds a house at the Shore without central air-conditioning," said Tim Richards, owner of the Richards Agency, an Ocean City real estate firm. "They want the same kinds of amenities they have at home, and if central air is one of them, they want it."

Air-conditioning has been available to homeowners since the end of World War II. Before that, builders employed a variety of construction methods to keep houses naturally cool in the summer heat.

According to Matthew Schultz, an old-house owner and preservationist from Lansdowne, this included floor plans with rooms that lined up to provide cross-ventilation.

"In the evening, windows would be opened at both ends of the house and breezes would blow through it and cool the house off," said Schultz, who lives in an 1894 Queen Anne-style house he has restored.

Windows had louvered shutters indoors and out. The shutters would be closed during the heat of the day, but after sunset, the louvers were opened to let in the breeze, he said.

The windows were often sheltered from the sun by canvas awnings, Schultz said.

Older houses have other features designed to keep inhabitants cool during the summer. These include wide eaves; deep porches, often screened in and used for nighttime sleeping; thick walls to provide thermal-mass insulation; metal roofs that reflect the sunlight; and attics and high ceilings.

Landscaping was designed to maximize summer shade and breezes, Schultz said. Deciduous trees around the house would keep the house cooler in summer, then shed their leaves in the fall to maximize available sunlight in winter to keep the house warmer.

Modern concerns about security have made some older measures ineffective. For example, windows in the basement and first floor were usually opened at night to permit cooler air to enter as the hot air rose, later assisted by whole-house fans in the attic. But fears of break-ins have led many homeowners to shut the windows tight.

Despite the older measures, life in the summer was unpleasant. The well-to-do would escape to the mountains or the seashore, but the ***working class***, often employed for 10 hours a day, six days a week, sweltered, sometimes sleeping on fire escapes. In 1888 in Chicago and New York, several thousand deaths were attributed to a heat wave.

After the invention of electricity, ceiling fans became a fixture of many houses. In the 1880s, Philip Diehl, an engineer for Singer Sewing Co., was supposed to have been building an electric motor for a sewing machine. Instead, he got the bright idea of attaching blades to the motor, and the fan was born. From there, it was a short hop to the ceiling.

The fan became the primary source of heat relief from the late Victorian period through World War II.

Few could afford even the fan at first. According to a 1987 profile of the ceiling fan in Old-House Journal, the price - about $50 - was steep for the typical American family at the turn of the century, when the average wage was $1.50 a week. Like the air-conditioning that was to follow, most ceiling fans were in public buildings until mass production brought them home.

Modern ceiling fans are often used in concert with air-conditioning, bringing cooler air into areas of a room or house far from the source. In addition, because most are reversible, fans are sometimes used in the winter to push the rising warm air down from ceilings to the living areas.

Fans use less electricity than either central air conditioning or window units.

An 8,000-BTU window air-conditioning unit uses about nine cents' worth of electricity per hour, or $2.16 a day. If used daily for three summer months, the cost of running it would be $194.40.

A ceiling fan uses about 28 cents' worth of electricity each day, or $25.20 over the course of the summer. The savings are substantial.

In warmer weather, fans make a person feel about seven degrees cooler than the air temperature. Say you set the air-conditioning thermostat at 78 degrees. A ceiling fan in operation at the same time will make the room feel like 71 degrees and reduce electrical consumption.

Ceiling fans cost less than window air-conditioning units. Top-of-the-line fans run around $300, but most cost under $100. An air conditioner sells for $200 to $800.

There are other ways to reduce home cooling costs. In many commercial buildings with large windows, a sheet of film - also available for home use - is applied to the glass to reduce infrared solar heat and ultraviolet radiation but let in light.

One product, manufactured by V-Kool Inc. of Houston, is clear, unlike the gray tinted film that comprises most of the market, and filters out 98 percent of the heat.

The film is expensive, costing several hundred dollars to several thousand dollars a house.

Air-conditioning transformed residential architectural design after World War II, helping to introduce the modern ranch house with picture windows, sliding glass doors, and rectangular forms.

It also opened up the scorching Southwest, including Phoenix, Tucson, Houston and Dallas, to development.

The technology had been used in commercial structures and movie theaters since the early part of the century. But according to Natalie Shivers, who wrote and edited the script for the National Building Museum's exhibit "Stay Cool! Air Conditioning America," engineered air was marketed to postwar home buyers as "an essential component of modern living."

"Manufacturers claimed that it promoted better sleeping and eating, healthier air quality, cleaner interiors free from pollen and dust, and the enjoyment of nature through glass window walls without the discomforts of heat and humidity," she said.

The energy crisis of the 1970s and concerns about future climate change forced builders and manufacturers to rethink the dependence on air-conditioning, and began a return to architecture that relies "less on fossil fuels and more on natural principles," Shivers said.

In a 1930s Tucson house remodeled on PBS's This Old House program in 1996, plumbing expert Richard Trethewey oversaw installation of a "chiller" system, which for the last few years has been replacing units using ozone-depleting refrigerants.

The "chiller" system makes chilled water that is converted to cool air. It uses ammonia and water instead of a refrigerant such as CFCs, and it is powered by natural gas, which, in the Southwest, is less expensive than electricity.

"There's no condenser to fail, and it only makes as much cold water as needed," Trethewey said. Although the system costs more initially, the energy savings will recover the cost in a few years, he said.

The cost of installing central air-conditioning in houses that have hot-water heat is prohibitively expensive, because it involves substantial ductwork installation. To cool some spaces, homeowners turn to room air-conditioning units.

Room air conditioners come in three basic sizes: bedroom, multiroom and large capacity. Bedroom units typically generate 5,000 or 6,000 BTUs an hour; multirooms, 8,000 to 15,000 BTUs; and large ones, 18,000 to 29,000 BTUs.

To figure out what size you need, the U.S. Department of Energy suggests multiplying the square footage of the space to be cooled by 20. For example, a 15-by-20-foot bedroom is 300 square feet; multiplying that by 20 would result in 6,000 BTUs.

The size of the area you wish to cool is not the only consideration. The number of windows and whether the room is in full sun or partial shade should also be considered.

How does an air conditioner work? The unit has coils with fins similar to those in an automobile radiator. A compressor sends refrigerant through the coils, and the air is cooled as it is forced over the coils.

Many people buy air conditioners that are too large, in the false belief that an oversized unit will cool better. Actually, the unit will be less effective, and will waste energy at the same time.

Air conditioners remove both heat and moisture from the air. Moisture is removed when the warm air passes over the coils. If the unit is too large, it will cool the room quickly, but remove less of the moisture. This leaves the room with a damp, clammy feeling.

Running a smaller unit for a longer time will use less energy to completely condition a room.

Prolonged heat waves tend to put a strain on electric utilities, which must buy power from outside the area to keep up with the demand. Blackouts and brownouts can occur.

To help ensure continued power, homeowners should shift energy-intensive tasks such as laundry and dishwashing to off-peak hours - after 5 p.m. and before 9 a.m.

If all else fails and you're still hot and sweaty, find a shady spot and bring along a pitcher of lemonade. And hang in there. Autumn is just slightly more than a month away.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***She ran a powerful press;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-BCF0-009B-P0SX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***She counted Humphrey and Mondale among her readers. She remains an unabashed backer of labor. She ran papers for nearly half a century. And now, at 76, Chisholm's Veda Ponikvar is cutting back.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-BCF0-009B-P0SX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

January 22, 1996, Metro Edition

Copyright 1996 Star Tribune

**Section:** News; Pg. 1B

**Length:** 1488 words

**Byline:** Bob von Sternberg; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Chisholm, Minn.

**Body**

Index fingers flying over the computer keyboard, head bent close to the screen, Veda Ponikvar tapped out a "Card of Thanks" from one of her readers for the next day's edition.

It wasn't much, 75 words or so, destined for an inside page of Chisholm's Free Press. But after 49 1/2 years, pecked out at 30 words a minute, the modest article put Ponikvar in the vicinity of 5 million words, all published in her beloved newspaper.

But it's not her newspaper anymore. So the words are going to end soon.

As she typed, the front door of her office creaked open and in walked George Anderson, an old friend. "Well, you finally did it," he boomed.

"Oh, but I'm still writing my stories," Ponikvar replied.

"Now are you finally going on a vacation?"

"I'm not," she said, with a half-smile. "I'm staying right here."

Sort of. Ponikvar, 76, has no plans to leave the hometown where she has lived for nearly 70 of those years - or to relinquish her center-stage role in the town's affairs. But she's painfully aware that it won't be the same.

It's a bittersweet time for Ponikvar. An icon of Iron Range politics and Minnesota newspapering, she has sold her biweekly after publishing it, virtually single-handedly, since 1947. She used it to prod and mold public policy, making her a political godmother of sorts to two generations of Range politicians - and, fleetingly, making her name familiar to people who had never heard of Chisholm or the Iron Range.

"Everyone's been coming in, saying it's never going to be the same," Ponikvar said last week. "If I was younger, I'd still be at it, but I'm . . . 76 years old."

Tears came to her eyes - but only a few. "Once you get that printer's ink in your veins, you can't replace it. It isn't blood - it's ink. I really mean that."

It's impossible not to believe her.

Ponikvar says she wanted to run her own newspaper from the time she was in the fifth grade, believing even then in the profession's now-faded romance.

"I realized a newspaper was a powerful force - for good or bad," she said. "I made up my mind to be positive, but I'd be honest. I'd do my homework and get my facts straight."

The daughter of an iron miner, steeped in the labor wars of the Range, she went to work after college as editor of Chisholm's weekly Tribune Press. After a stint in the Navy during World War II, she started her own weekly, the Free Press, in 1947. A decade later, she bought the Tribune Press from owners whom she deemed less than sympathetic toward labor and the ***working class***.

Both newspaper names have survived (the Tribune Press published on Tuesday, the Free Press on Thursday), so it's understandable that Ponikvar is less than pleased that the new owner plans to call the paper the Tribune Press only.

And since the sale to a Wisconsin newspaper publisher on Dec. 29, she's clearly been uncomfortable with her new role, one that leaves her in a kind of limbo.

She still writes editorials (4,300 of them in her career), news stories, briefs and serves as an unofficial adviser to the new editor.

"Hoo, boy, you better believe we know it's a big challenge," said Brian Anderson, 31, the new editor. "I just hope we're up to it. Face it, she's a legend."

Working for community

Some readers have greeted the change warily. "It's kind of like having eczema," said U.S. Rep. Jim Oberstar, whose attachment to Ponikvar goes back to his childhood, when he delivered her paper. "It's a new feeling, and not a good one. I've noticed names spelled wrong - and that's never happened before.

"With Veda's era ending, no one will be able to recall the history of the community and the Range in the evocative, heart-rending way Veda's been able to. She's always been the voice of the miners - of the underdog."

He's not the only politician to revere Ponikvar - or to listen to her. Hubert Humphrey, Walter Mondale, Orville Freeman, Rudy Perpich, John Blatnik, Gerald Heaney - all were at one time or another hectored or praised by her. In turn, she served as a sounding board for them, a reality check that told them how the winds were blowing in her corner of the Range.

At the same time, she was a central player in bringing such plums to northeastern Minnesota as the state's landmark taconite amendment, the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness, Iron World - even the Iron Man Memorial on the edge of the city of 5,290 people. (The access road leading to the statue is, aptly, named for her.)

Ponikvar has been given dozens of plaques, pictures, awards and proclamations attesting to her influence and effectiveness. Until a few days ago, they covered the newspaper office's walls; now they're stacked into 21 cardboard boxes crammed into the basement of her house.

Her self-assurance can be unsettling: "Have I ever been wrong on an issue?" she asks, pausing for several long seconds. "No. Nope." Does it bother her that her unvarnished liberalism and unrepentant faith in the New Deal are hopelessly out of step with political realities in the 1990s? "Look - this downsizing of government and business isn't working," she said. "We need working people producing and buying and paying taxes. The corporates aren't listening.

"If those - you can't say this, I suppose - those turkeys in Washington don't quit downsizing, the problems are going to be real drastic - especially for old people, the sick and the children."

Her speaking style is as pungent and baroque as her writing. She talks about "strange birds" around town and opponents who had "a fourth of a thimbleful of facts." As recently as last week, her editorial railed against "an arrogant, maddening stubbornness that has gripped the lawmakers now in command."

For all her closeness to politicians over the years, she says they aren't what they used to be. "They've all gotten worse. They've lost the value of serving mankind and think only of themselves. For them, it's all money and power, and that leads to greed."

When Oberstar is told such things to his face, he said he tells her, "Thank you. Yes, ma'am.

"Seriously, Veda set a standard for all of us. For me, my generation, she represents an authority figure, a model you can aspire toward."

Over the years, some have questioned how many hats Ponikvar has simultaneously worn. Many journalists wouldn't be caught dead both reporting on John Kennedy's 1960 victory in Minnesota - while at the same time delivering the Range for the Kennedy campaign. Ponikvar is proud of it.

"That attitude represents a class of publishers who believe their function isn't totally journalistic," said Bob Shaw, former head of the Minnesota Newspaper Association. "Publishers like Veda felt it was a legitimate function to be a leader of the community."

Ponikvar said she will continue to do just that. She still belongs to a fistful of state government boards and commissions, not to mention a goodly number of local organizations. At last week's board meeting of the Minnesota Museum of Mining, she remained the first among equals, moving or seconding all items on the agenda, quietly assuring other board members she could smooth a wrinkle with another local group.

Before that, her last stop of another 15-hour workday, she had dropped into the Moose Club, where high school kids were staging a fund-raiser for the money they needed to go to Washington, D.C. She slipped a teacher a check, while a steady stream of local folks came by to hug her, thank her and tell her how much she'd be missed.

In the movies

Ponikvar has even had her 15 minutes in the national limelight. W.P. Kinsella's baseball novel "Shoeless Joe" features a visit to her office in search of the legendary Archibald (Moonlight) Graham. In 1989, the book was made into a movie called "Field of Dreams." In both the book and the movie, Ponikvar has what she called "a minuscule" part, but one that mentions her by name.

Graham, who was as real as Ponikvar, remains one of her heroes. "[Kinsella] caught Dr. Graham's spirit and vision," she said. "When the book was published and then when the movie came out, it was Dr. Graham's day in the sun. But I had a feeling of sadness that the man was not living to bask in the glory and sunshine of that."

If, as Ponikvar says, Kinsella was adept at catching Graham's essence, he also neatly sketched her in "Shoeless Joe," where she is called, "A handsome woman with a sweet, innocent smile and a habit of pausing a second or two to assimilate each question, replaying the words in her mind before answering - a politician's trick."

It comes full circle: When Graham died in 1965, she wrote this about him: "He remembered everyone by name and in his travels, took pride in telling about a town called Chisholm and its cradle of people of many tongues and creeds.

"For the old and young of this little mining town who knew Doctor Graham, his era was historic. There will never be another quite like it."

All these years later, the words - her words - ring just as true about Veda Ponikvar.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** January 23, 1996

**End of Document**



[***THEY SAW KORDELL'S POTENTIAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:451C-XR30-0094-526G-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

January 29, 2002 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS,

**Length:** 1526 words

**Byline:** LORI SHONTZ, POST-GAZETTE SPORTS WRITER

**Dateline:** MARRERO, La.

**Body**

His favorite Kordell Stewart moment? Russell Callais can't decide. He has so many choices.

Some are more than a decade old, dating back to the days when they were teammates at John Ehret High School and Callais, the center, would block his guy and look up to see Stewart running free toward the end zone, "a man among boys."

Others are newer, like the time Callais finally took advantage of a short break from work at the nearby Star Casino to duck into a back room and watch the last 90 seconds of the 1994 Colorado-Michigan game. When Stewart won the game with a Hail Mary pass to Michael Westbrook with six seconds remaining, turning himself into a highlight film staple, Callais jumped up and down. "People thought I was crazy," he said.

One thread, Callais said, links his memories.

"Kordell was confident in every aspect of his game," he said. "Even if he was running out of time, even if there was one second left, he thought he was going to win the game. And he made everyone around join in with him."

While Stewart may have believed he would rally the Steelers past the New England Patriots this past Sunday in the AFC championship game, he didn't.

Callais was hoping to make another memory this weekend by watching Stewart play in the Super Bowl at the Superdome, just across the river from their hometown -- a sight that would have topped his long list.

"You just don't know many people who have gone up and really made something of themselves like Kor-dell," Callais said. "And I played with him. I was able to be his friend. And I'm sure that if I actually saw him again, it would be just like I hadn't seen him since yesterday."

That's a sentiment voiced by many of the people who knew Stewart when he was growing up in Marrero, a ***working-class*** suburb on the west side of New Orleans, just across the Mississippi River. They describe him as down-home and personable, a great athlete who never expected to be treated differently just because of his ability.

They agonized with him during the years he struggled with the Steelers, and they were overjoyed this season when he turned back into the quarterback they knew and loved.

"When I see that smile on TV," said Judi Westfall, who tutored Stewart in high school math, "I say, 'That's the same Kordell.' "

Spotting a quarterback

Everyone remembers the smile, and it's easy to see why. It's everywhere, from the baby pictures in his father's photo album to the all-star plaques on a wall of the athletic building at John Ehret High School. Most of the players put on tough-guy faces for their photos. Not Stewart.

Coach Billy North noticed the smile right away during freshman football tryouts in 1987. In the line of boys waiting to have their height and weight recorded, one stood out because of the flash of white teeth.

Better, he was waiting patiently instead of cutting up.

Way better, he was 5 feet, 11 inches tall.

North asked the boy if he had ever played quarterback, and the boy said no, that he was a defensive back. "Well," North said, "how about you give quarterback a try?"

Stewart started at the beginning, learning how to grip the ball. He struggled for a year on the freshman team, coached then by North, and moved to the varsity as a sophomore. He started three games when the senior quarterback got hurt, and Ehret High won them all.

After his sophomore season, Stewart all but lived in the Ehret High weight room, adding muscles to his skinny frame. By his junior season, he had bulked up to about 210 pounds, and he hadn't lost any of his quickness.

Which was exactly what North figured would happen, given how hard Stewart worked.

"I think I missed more practice time than he did," North said. "It was his life. We had a rule -- before we went home, the last coach left had to look in the weight room, because we knew Kordell would probably still be in there."

As a junior at Ehret, Stewart threw for 1,645 yards and 19 touchdowns, and he rushed for 522 yards and 10 touchdowns. Which was impressive, but only a warm-up for his senior season -- when he threw for 942 yards, rushed for 943 more and scored 40 touchdowns.

And in many of those games, he didn't play in the second half because Ehret was so far ahead.

Lou Valdin, who then coached at Higgins High School, one of Ehret's biggest rivals, considers Stewart as good a high school quarterback as he has ever seen.

"I remember, we had a good defense that year, and on the first play, we just nailed him," Valdin said. "We drilled him into the ground. And then Kordell jumped up, helped the guy who hit him get up, slapped him on the butt and said, 'Nice hit.' I realized then it was going to be a long night."

Growing up with dad

His son is a millionaire now, but Robert Stewart Sr. is spending his retirement in the house he bought 32 years ago, in a subdivision of Marrero known as Haydel.

It's the kind of place where the "new people" on the block moved in a decade ago and not even long-time neighbors use each other's first names. Everyone gets a courtesy title, Mr. or Miz.

Robert enjoys decorating, and he has remodeled much of the house, turning the three tiny bedrooms at the rear of the squat, one-story house into two bigger ones, putting in a new driveway and repainting all of the ceilings and walls. And the garage serves as a garage now, not a barbershop as it did when Kordell was growing up.

Plenty of the students at John Ehret High come from single-parent families; most, however, live with a mother or grandmother. Kor-dell was different because he lived with his father. His high-school teachers and coaches figure that's what made him seem more mature than his classmates.

Kordell's mother, Florence, died of liver cancer when her son was not even 11 years old. She wasn't supposed to live even that long.

"I talked to the doctor, and he told me he didn't think she would make it more than two or three weeks," Robert said. "She lived nine years."

Robert and Florence were divorced when she died, and their two older children, Robert Jr. and Falisha, were out of the house. So Robert Sr. made a special effort to stay as close to his younger son as he could. Cutting hair in the garage helped, although he made that choice primarily to save on rent.

"I worried about him," Robert said of Kordell. "I comforted him and talked to him a lot. I explained that she had been very sick for a long time, and now that she had passed, she was at peace."

Kordell and his father already had plenty of similarities. Both are neat. They listen to the same music, enjoy the same foods. They even shared similar athletic abilities, although Robert wasn't exactly a high school football star.

"They tried to make me a quarterback," he said, "but I wouldn't stand still long enough to do what they wanted me to do."

Circumstances made their connection even closer. "I love all of my kids," Robert said, "but Kordell, he was special."

That bond made it especially difficult for Robert when Kordell was getting much of the blame for the Steelers' troubles the past few years. "When my son hurts," he said, "I hurt." He didn't want to hear his son get booed, or watch a fan pour beer on his son's head.

"They would boo and I would see his head go down," Robert said. "That was hard. I knew that wasn't him."

Robert went to the games anyway, knowing Kordell needed all the support he could get. Ironically, he missed four or five games this season when his son was playing well; after Sept. 11, he didn't want to fly.

Then the limousine driver Kor-dell had hired to pick up his father at the airport called to tell him he needed to come, that he would even drive all the way to Louisiana to get him, because Kordell wanted him to be there. Robert got on a plane the next week, and he hasn't missed a home game since.

When the neighbors stop him on the street, reminiscing about the days when Kordell and the other neighborhood boys played ball in the street, Robert smiles and nods his head. Yes, time has flown.

Seeing Stewart play in his hometown again -- he hadn't done so since the playoffs his senior year in high school -- would have been a thrill for his next-door neighbor, retired third-grade teacher Helen Cole.

She was working in the kitchen, or maybe getting something in the bedroom, and the doorbell rang. Her house is so tiny she could get to the front door in a few seconds, but by the time she opened it, there was no one there.

This happened often enough that Cole soon figured out what was happening. Stewart, then a toddler, had escaped.

"We joke about it today," she said. "I always knew he was gonna be fast."

Stewart still has the same speed. Cole still has the same doorbell, a little worse for the wear. She and her husband watch the Steelers almost as religiously as they watch the New Orleans Saints, and they can't quite believe how much their former neighbor has achieved.

"We watched him for all those years," Cole said. "It's like a dream coming true, even though it's not happening to us."

She had big plans for the Super Bowl. She wanted to close off the street, set up televisions from end to end and host the biggest block party the Haydel subdivision has ever seen.

Maybe next year.

**Notes**

STEELERS A DAY OF MOURNING

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Martha Rial/Post-Gazette: (For two photos) Robert Stewart Sr. made a special effort to stay as close to his younger son, Kordell, seen at age 10, as he could.

PHOTO: Martha Rial/Post-Gazette photos: Stewart's old locker at John Ehret High School in Marrero, La.

PHOTO: Above: Kordell Stewart's father, Robert Sr., pauses in Kordell's childhood bedroom.

PHOTO: At left: Russell Callais, who played center to Stewart's quarterback in high school, referees a wrestling match at Jesuit High School in New Orleans.

PHOTO: Below: High school coach Bill North can't hide his disappointment as he watches Sunday's game in New Orleans' French Quarter

**Load-Date:** January 29, 2002

**End of Document**



[***'We didn't have limelight guys'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44YY-29D0-010F-K108-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 16, 2002, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION  Correction Appended

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**Section:** SPORTS;

**Length:** 1533 words

**Byline:** Kevin Allen

**Body**

Two decades after the 1980 U.S. hockey players won gold in Lake Placid, they have discovered beating the seemingly invincible Soviets was simple compared to persuading reclusive teammate Mark Pavelich to attend a reunion.

If the guys can ever get outdoors-loving Pavelich to leave the Minnesota woods, then the Lake Placid experience might be downgraded to the team's second-greatest miracle. Pavelich loves the outdoors so much he once spent a winter living in a garden shed in northern Minnesota. When he played for the New York Rangers, he once agreed to do a radio show only if the station bought him a new fishing rod. When the rod arrived, he carried it around with him for an entire road trip.

"We are going to get him there this time -- we will get him a safari trip," jokes 1980 captain Mike Eruzione.

Seriously, the players would like to coax Pavelich to join them for an exhibition against NHL alumni at the NHL All-Star festivities next month in Los Angeles and then go with the team to the Olympics in Salt Lake City. No 1980 team reunion has been attended by every player.

Joking about Pavelich's absenteeism has become part of the team's folklore, but the players are serious in their efforts to get him involved because of the respect they have for his contributions.

"We know that Pav's reason for not coming isn't about us," says Eruzione, who scored the winning goal in the 4-3 upset of the Soviets. "That's just him. And in some ways that's our team. We didn't have limelight guys. We just had guys who went about their business."

The 1980 players offer three reasons for their success: Jim Craig was terrific in goal, the team had more talent than anyone realized and everyone was comfortable being part of a collective. No one sought individual glory.

Maybe it was just the nature of their personalities. Pavelich ran from the spotlight. Centers Mark Johnson and Neal Broten were exceptionally skilled, but neither craved attention. Johnson was called "Magic" because he was the best offensive player on the team -- but he was soft-spoken. So was Broten, who would finish his hockey career with a Stanley Cup championship and more than 900 NHL points. Defensemen Mike Ramsey and four-time Stanley Cup winner Ken Morrow are stay-at-home, mind-your-business type of players. Forward-turned-defenseman Dave Christian, whose father and uncle were 1960 Olympic gold medalists, was down-to-earth and well-grounded.

"Remember -- back then, out of the 26 guys who started with us, only a handful of players had aspirations of playing professionally," 1980 Olympian Phil Verchota says. "We were playing for the love of the game."

Nothing showed that better than a pre-Olympic tour game against Yale. Some of the American players in that game played a pickup game between periods on the adjacent rink.

"There wasn't the pomp and circumstance that goes with today's game," Verchota recalls. "I have to tell you that (coach) Herbie Brooks wasn't coaching that night. No disrespect was meant to Yale because, as I recall, it was a tough game. But it was just outburst of enthusiasm that went with not being under the watchful eye of Herbie."

Brooks' wink was a nod

If this team did function like a Borg collective, with each player surrendering individualism in the name of a stronger united force, it was Brooks who fostered that idea. He preached that as if it were a religious precept.

"I was tough on them, but only in that I didn't let them stay in their comfort zone," he says. "They were all-Americans, all-stars of college hockey. They could have a high degree of efficiency against college competition. But that wasn't going to be our competition."

He reminded players daily that All-Star teams self-destruct. No one was guaranteed a place under Brooks' watch, but defenseman Jack O'Callahan says some were told not to sign pro contracts because they probably would make the team.

"You got the wink," O'Callahan says. "But even guys who got the wink couldn't be sure they weren't going to be cut. Herbie kept us on edge."

O'Callahan says most of Brooks' preparation came weeks before the Games. "By the time we got to Lake Placid, all he had to do was open the door," he says. "He had us ready."

On one hand, Brooks prepared players to play a high-tempo offensive game that demanded a high degree of skill. But he also told them they had to be "lunch pail" players. He kept telling them they weren't skilled enough to win by talent alone. It was as if Brooks was preparing them to paint the Sistine Chapel by convincing them they were only qualified to build the scaffolding.

"Everyone played up to their capability" at the Olympics, Craig says. "There was no more experimenting. When we got into those games, we didn't try to do what we couldn't do. We just did the things we could do."

When the players look at their teammates today, they see why they were successful in 1980. These are driven guys. Bill Baker, who scored the big goal to tie Sweden, is an oral surgeon. Steve Christoff is a pilot. Several guys have Wall Street-style financial backgrounds.

No one was forecasting glory for this team before Lake Placid. Eric Heiden was the story going into the Games, and hockey wasn't on the media radar.

"When you mixed us up with swimmers, figure skaters, track and field athletes and basketball players (at sports festivals), we were the total black sheep," O'Callahan says.

The team was given no chance against the Soviets, who won 10-3 in an exhibition a week before Lake Placid. But the USA came from behind against the Soviets, as it did against Sweden, Germany and in the gold medal-clinching game against Finland.

Nobody played soft

After the Olympics, players still had to prove themselves. Thirteen players went on to the NHL, but even then, American players were scrutinized.

"We wondered if (Lake Placid) could be a one-time thing," says Tom Laidlaw, who played on the Rangers with 1980 Olympians Dave Silk, Baker and Pavelich. "Guys thought maybe these college kids would be soft, but I remember we went into Philadelphia and it was tough to play there. Bill Baker fought Tim Kerr and another guy. We watched him stick his nose in there, and you realized these guys are the real deal."

The Rangers were fascinated by Pavelich, a gritty, highly skilled player who was like a northern pike out of water in the Big Apple. "He was a competitive guy," Laidlaw says. "It didn't seem like he loved to play the game, and yet he worked to be best at it. He would come before practice and work on everything."

The athlete's lifestyle wasn't Pavelich's idea of a good time. The Rangers had a dress code of a suit and a tie, and he would march to his own beat without breaking the rules. "He would put on the same cords he wore every day, slap on a tie and put on his hunting coat," Laidlaw says, laughing. "He was a different guy, but I respected how he worked. When he said he was quitting (at 28), you said to yourself, 'How could he do that?' But that was just him."

The 1980 players long ago stopped trying to analyze Pavelich. They just see him as one of their comrades, one of the guys who survived an incredible challenge on the world stage in Lake Placid.

"We were a lunch-pail, hard-hat group of kids who came to the rink every day prepared to be the best," Eruzione says. "We all grew up in a ***working-class*** environment, and Herb was very much like our fathers."

Verchota called Pavelich recently and reports he's about 100% sure the safari idea won't work, just like the "fishing trip" to North Carolina in 2000 didn't persuade him to come to that reunion.

Pavelich won't be in L.A. He is enjoying himself too much up on an inland lake in northern Minnesota. All that is known for sure is that he is near the town of Lutsen.

Says Verchota, "I don't think he would tell you what lake he is on."

Where they are now

Bill Baker: Oral surgeon in Minnesota.

Neal Broten: Raises quarter horses in Wisconsin.

Dave Christian: Lives in Minnesota.

Steve Christoff: Pilot for Masaba Air out of Minneapolis.

Jim Craig: Marketing services consultant, living in Boston area, works in mentor program for Olympic athletes.

Mike Eruzione: Director of athletic development for Boston University.

John Harrington: Hockey coach at St. John's University in Minnesota.

Steve Janaszak: Investment banker in New York.

Mark Johnson: University of Wisconsin assistant, thought to be a possible successor to coach Jeff Sauer.

Rob McClanahan: Stockbroker in Minneapolis.

Ken Morrow: Director of pro scouting for the New York Islanders.

Jack O'Callahan: Stockbroker in Chicago.

Mark Pavelich: Hunts and fishes on his land in northern Minnesota.

Mike Ramsey: Assistant for the Minnesota Wild.

Buzz Schneider: Involved in commercial real estate in Minnesota.

Dave Silk: Teaches at his alma mater, Boston University.

Eric Strobel: Partner with University Capital in Minnesota.

Bob Suter: Owns a sporting goods store in Madison, Wis. His son, Ryan, is on the U.S. national under-17 team.

Phil Verchota: Senior vice president of bank in Minnesota.

Mark Wells: Works in real estate in Michigan.

Coach Herb Brooks: Scout for the Pittsburgh Penguins and 2002 U.S. Olympic coach.

Assistant general manager Craig Patrick: Penguins GM and 2002 U.S. Olympic GM.

**Correction**

A photo caption in the Jan. 16 edition should have said that at the 1980 Winter Olympics, Mike Eruzione scored the winning goal in the USA's 4-3 win against the Soviet Union in the third period.  
**Correction-Date:** January 17, 2002, Thursday

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Tim Dillon, USA TODAY; PHOTOS, B/W, File photo by Jym Wilson (3); A defining moment: The U.S. hockey team celebrates its 4-2 win against Finland for the gold medal in the 1980 Winter Olympics. We were playing for the love of the game" and not looking toward the NHL, player Phil Verchota says. Still famous: Mike Eruzione, left, who scored the overtime goal in the 4-3 upset of the Soviets, and goalie Jim Craig, appear at a youth hockey clinic last week. Draped in sentiment: Goalie Jim Craig wears the U.S. flag after the medal win. Puck stopper: Goalie Jim Craig in 1980 action: "When we got into those games, we didn't try to do what we couldn't do. We just did the things we could do."

**Load-Date:** January 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Piano fan***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44WM-51P0-0190-X12D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 6, 2002 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** INQUIRER MAGAZINE; Pg. 14

**Length:** 1695 words

**Byline:** Melissa Dribben

**Body**

John L. Lutz's financial life has been one steadily building crescendo since he took over his father's welding business at age 16.

He started out with nothing and is now a multimillionaire. So what did he spend all that extra cash on, once he'd bought himself and his family everything they could want?

Pianos.

He owns four at the moment. From expensive to exorbitant. Pianos can be pricey, so there's nothing terribly odd about that. Except that Lutz can barely play.

He takes his seat on the tufted leather piano bench in the palatial living room of the 7,000-square foot stone house he built himself on his Jersey farm, just upriver from New Hope. He holds his thick hands over the perfect, polished keys of his nine-foot, six-inch Imperial Grand Bsendorfer. There are thin lines of dirt under his fingernails. His left thumb is mangled from a factory accident years ago.

"OK," Lutz, 64, says shyly. "Here goes nothing."

But hold on. He's forgotten something, and carefully slips a worn paper diagram of the keys and notes into place.

"You don't need that anymore," says a fellow savoring a glass of 1994 Vosne-Romane.

"Yes I do," Lutz insists.

The man shrugs. He is Charlie Kutz, Lutz's longtime friend and musical idol. An elementary school band teacher for more than 35 years, Kutz plays for restaurant patrons on the weekends.

John and his second wife, Jane, used to hear Charlie play at The Rustic, a Northern Italian restaurant in Croton, N.J., a handful of miles west of Flemington. Aside from Charlie's lush renditions of Rhapsody in Blue, the veal parmesan was superb, says Lutz.

When The Rustic closed down, Charlie decamped to the Harvest Moon Inn in Ringoes, south of Flemington, and John followed.

"He made a piano sound so much different than I'd ever heard it," John recalled. "He uses a technique called finger legato. He plays by memory. He's incredible. I know of only two times when someone asked for a song that he didn't know."

John is ready to play now, "An Affair to Remember." His hands lumber across the keys, halting between chords. When he misses a note, Charlie hums the correct one.

Pat, John's wife of just a few months, hums the tune while he soldiers on. He finishes and looks up expectantly. "I could never do this piano justice," he says.

"You haven't played that one in a while, have you?" Charlie says gently.

"No," John admits. "I've been concentrating on 'The Young and Foolish.' "

You don't need to be a great artist to buy Matisse, so who's to say you have to be Leonard Bernstein to collect pianos?

"I got my first, a six-foot-six Welte-Migian, in 1972," says John. A player piano, because he loved the sound of the instrument but couldn't play a note.

"I lost it in the divorce in 1984," he says wistfully.

For several years, he got by without one. But when the silence became unbearable, he bought a seven-foot Kimball.

The $11,000 instrument ($16,000 once he had a player mechanism installed) was American-built and, he says, had an excellent resale value.

Not that he was selling it.

John didn't touch the keys himself. He would just put the instrument on automatic and let the invisible virtuosos have at it. Then he met Charlie.

From the moment John heard the man summon forth the flourishes and crescendos, he was smitten.

"He opened a whole new world to me."

Here was a man who played music the way John molded metal. A seat-of-the-pants artist, unfettered by rules and formality. And he played large, his fingers gallivanting up and down the keyboard. This was John's kind of guy. Someone who put his hands to work in the service of heart and soul.

Bearded and barrel-chested in a deep rose-colored canvas shirt that blends nicely with the red damask sofas and crimson Persian rugs, John closes his eyes, listening to Charlie play.

Every Thursday night, he comes to give John a lesson. Sometimes they go out to dinner. But always, either before or after, Charlie performs a continuous string of melodies, embellished, lavish and loud enough for a concert hall.

John appreciates the volume because he doesn't hear well. All those years, he says, of working around thundering machinery.

John stumbled upon his first Bsendorfer when he was helping Charlie search for a piano in the late 1990s. They were up in the Cunningham Piano factory in Germantown. Charlie sat down at a six-foot six-inch Bsendorfer and played Rhapsody in Blue.

"I had never heard an instrument with that kind of sound," John recalls. "I felt it in my diaphragm. That's what sold me on it."

Charlie has just finished a medley of Beatles tunes. "I couldn't tell that was the Beatles, could you?" marvels Pat.

She and John have known each other for years. When his second wife died, John looked her up. In December, Charlie played at the belated reception.

He has segued into another song. "The Apartment."

"If there was ever a piece written for the piano, that's it," sighs John. "That's really my favorite."

Of all the magnificent pianos John could have chosen, he said, he went for the Bsendorfer because of the exquisite craftsmanship. They are all built by hand in Vienna. "Even the strings are hand-wound, can you believe that?" says John.

In 1999, John ordered a seven-foot Bsendorfer, then took Charlie to Austria with him to see it under construction. "That's when I decided I wanted to get the larger one."

Last February, the empress of an instrument - nine feet long and costing six figures - arrived in John's living room.

Charlie plays Billy Joel's "Always a Woman," as John runs down the Bsendorfer's features.

Constructed of rosewood with pearwood accents, the body of the piano was built an unusual 16 inches high - four inches higher than usual - according to John's specifications. "It produces a richer sound," he explains.

Instead of the normal 88 keys, the Imperial Bsendorfer has 97.

John moved the old Kimball into his factory. "When I started taking lessons, I had visions that I'd be able to practice, but it's turned into a joke.

"I don't think I've played it three hours in the past three years."

Also largely unplayed is the 1885 Halen-Davis, which reposes in the shadows on the other side of the living room from the Bsendorfer.

Merely a duchess at 7 feet, the Halen-Davis stands on exuberantly carved legs, its gleaming interior hand-painted with gold and blue birds. John bought that one, he says, "because I thought it was an attractive piece of furniture." Once in a while, it is roused when his guests perform duets.

His latest acquisition is a stupendously ornate, nine-foot, antique Knabe, which is currently in pieces in the Cunningham Piano factory, where it is being completely rebuilt and equipped with a player mechanism. John found the Knabe on the Internet. "It's going to clean up beautifully."

The veins in Charlie's neck stand out as he throws himself into a rendition of "The Sun Will Come Out Tomorrow," from the musical Annie.

John says that he and Charlie have been mulling over plans for a new business venture. "I don't know if we can pull it off," he says. "But we're going to call Germany to see if we can start a distributorship to sell [German-made] Steinways - a true artist's piano - here."

The Steinways available in America are not manufactured the same way, he says, and the craftsmanship in the German-made version is superior.

John Lutz is a permanent visitor in his own life. "I never envisioned I'd be able to attain the position I have," he says.

There are days when he wakes up in the four-poster, facing one of his home's six fireplaces, with the grand windows overlooking his 120-acre spread, Jingle Stone Farm, in Stockton, where he raises cattle and keeps pet deer, three wallabies and two swans, and worries that if he screws up it all might suddenly disappear.

He inherited the family's small welding operation in North Jersey when his father died in 1952. John had thought about going to college, but the demands of the business didn't allow it. His mother was the bookkeeper. He was just about everything else.

Largely self-taught, he built and designed the equipment when the available machinery didn't suit his needs - overhead bridge cranes, rotary slitters for splitting I-beams into T's, and the Bendomatic Press Brake, which can bend rectangular metal tubing without crushing it.

That one in particular turned into a gold mine. (In 1999, he was honored by the Stevens Institute of Technology for his contributions to engineering.)

Lutz has manufactured air reservoirs for submarines, vats for pharmaceutical companies, valves for a Brazilian nuclear power plant, and pipelines for the Philadelphia waterfront. Recently, his company was commissioned to help construct 62-foot-high bowling pins to grace the corners of nine motels in a new Disney theme park in Orlando.

In the mid-1970s, he moved the company, J.L. Lutz Welding & Fabricating Inc., with about 30 employees, from Elizabeth to Frenchtown, a few miles from his farm. He estimates the company's value at $8 million. He owns all the stock and says yearly sales are close to $3.5 million.

"I wouldn't consider myself to be flamboyant," he says. But his taste does lean toward the immense - a side effect, probably, of a lifetime amid gargantuan machinery.

His factory, he notes, is 82,000 square feet and about to be expanded. "It can handle 50-ton cranes," he says.

In 1990, he built his stone house, designing the entire Tara-style mansion without help from an architect. He also built the heavy wooden frames around the windows, laid the pegged oak floors, and constructed the massive spiral staircase in the entryway himself, he says.

The wine cellar in his basement is stocked with 3,000 bottles. The spa on the second floor is big enough to accommodate a small cocktail party. And the driveway leading to his house could double as an airport runway.

Somehow, though, John manages to negotiate his opulent surroundings without pretension.

"I'm still a ***working-class*** guy," he says gruffly.

Charlie is playing a schmaltzy "America the Beautiful." Now "The Star-Spangled Banner," with military phrasing.

"Doesn't it give you goosebumps?" asks Pat, as John sings along softly, "for purple mountains majesty. . . . "

Melissa Dribben's e-mail address is [*mdribben@phillynews.com*](mailto:mdribben@phillynews.com).

**Notes**

Melissa Dribben is a magazine staff writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

Lutz sits at the 9 1, 2-foot Imperial Grand Bsendorfer. Friend and music teacher Charles Kutz went to Austria with him to get it. (Photography by Michael Bryant)

**Load-Date:** January 11, 2002

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[***SORRY SPECTACLE TELEVISION IS STEADILY SINKING TO NEW DEPTHS OF TASTELESSNESS. BUT FOR ALL THE CONCERN EXPRESSED SINCE COLUMBINE, THOSE GRAPHIC REALITY PROGRAMS, SLEAZY TALK SHOWS AND PRO WRESTLING EXTRAVANGANZAS WON'T DISAPPEAR SOON - FOR A NUMBER OF REASONS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TY20-01K4-926Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JUNE 6, 1999 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1551 words

**Byline:** Jennifer Weiner, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

How low can television go?

On Fox, there is Cheating Death and When Stunts Go Bad - terrifying footage of accidents, crashes and chases.

On Guinness World Records: Primetime, people shoot milk out of their noses and gobble live worms to make it into the record books.

On MTV's The Blame Game, former couples parade indiscretions so intimate they'd make Beavis and Butt-head blanch. On Comedy's Central's soon-to-premiere celebration of flatulence called The Man Show, every half-hour ends with scantily clad women bouncing on a trampoline.

And don't even get us started on pro wrestling.

Call it extreme television or even Spectacle TV - shows that push the envelope until it is in shreds. In terms of graphic, shocking, explicit programs, television is breaking - maybe plumbing is a better word - new ground every day.

"It's never been like this," said Robert Thompson, head of Syracuse University's Center for the Study of Popular Television.

Viewers, politicians and even entertainers are starting to notice - something they might not have done until the massacre at Columbine High School in Colorado in April. Then, everyone started looking for someone or something to blame.

"Has it ever been this bad? I guess bad is a relative term," said Garth Jowett, professor of communication at the University of Houston, who is writing a history of TV. "Has it ever been this explicit? The answer is no."

And it is only likely to get worse.

Economics is driving Spectacle TV. Networks are scrambling to find relatively cheap shows that grab young male viewers and fickle channel surfers long enough so that advertisers such as Turtle Wax and 1-800-Collect and Chef Boy-R-Dee can sell them some wares.

Pro wrestling brings young men in droves. An average of 1.7 million boys and men between 12 and 34 tuned in to cable channel USA's World Wrestling Federation shows on Monday nights in 1998. That's more than NBC, with 1.5 million of those viewers; more than CBS, with 885,000; and more than ABC, with 1.4 million male viewers - and Monday Night Football, to boot.

It's no wonder that USA loves wrestling (even though it shares the ad revenue with the WWF). No wonder, either, that the lowly new network UPN is counting on a two-hour Thursday night WWF show to revitalize its fall lineup. A onetime outing of WWF Smackdown! in April made the network No. 1 among teens and was the highest- rated non-series special ever among men 18 to 34 - the ones advertisers covet, because they haven't yet formed lifelong product loyalties.

"UPN wants wrestling because we're making a concerted effort to attract young male viewers," said UPN's Paul McGuire. "And young male viewers are watching the WWF."

The Fox reality shows, such as Cheating Death and World's Most Shocking Moments, also skew slightly toward male viewers. But they deliver another important audience - the channel surfers. People flipping through the dial will stop cold at the sight of the world's deadliest/bloodiest/worst whatever it is this week, and will presumably stick around for the movie ads and beer commercials that make up the bulk of the 30-second spots, said Fox Philadelphia programming director Chris Wolf.

"The viewer who doesn't want a sitcom will find [these shows] an easy join once they've surfed around," said Wolf.

As a result, the shows do well for Fox, drawing from 11 percent to 17 percent of viewers with their sets on during the February sweeps period. (In comparison, Ally McBeal, one of Fox's top-rated shows, does a 17 share in Philadelphia.) "Any time we're doing numbers like that, we're as happy as can be," added Wolf.

But the lesson that human spectacles sell is not a new one, said Camille Paglia, professor of humanities at the University of the Arts.

The reality-based Fox shows and the blood-soaked, satanic story lines of pro wrestling mimic the waning days of the Roman empire, said Paglia.

"When you'd have these scenes in the Colosseum with animals killing each other, gladiators killing each other, Christians being tortured, there was a coarsening of popular standards, an increased acceptance of violence," said Paglia.

Sixteenth-century Britons lined up to see bears and bulldogs fight to the death. Nineteenth-century Americans went to Niagara Falls to watch daredevils go over the falls in wooden barrels.

"A good day at the circus was the day the tightrope walker fell," said Thompson of Syracuse's Center for the Study of Popular Television.

Many of Fox's Spectacle TV offerings, such as Robbie Knievel's leap over the Grand Canyon last month, are really nothing more than tightrope acts - only instead of a net to save the performer, there's a five-second tape delay that lets programmers pull away if something terrible happens. The Guinness shows that air at 8 Fridays on Fox might be compared to the turn-of-the-century freak show that encouraged men to line up to see the bearded lady.

The spectacle of intimate talk shows and televised tragedies "might be new to television, but it is not new in terms of human desire and human taste," said Thompson.

What is new, however, is the growing sense that these messages might be harmful to the very audience that networks hope to attract.

In the aftermath of the shootings at Columbine High School, networks yanked episodes of Buffy the Vampire Slayer and Promised Land, citing scenes of in-school violence. CBS pulled a mobster drama called Falcone from its fall schedule. Fox vowed to tone down the gore in the fall premiere of Harsh Realm, with the network president citing a "major shift of attitude" about violence in entertainment.

In the aftermath of the $25 million verdict against talk show host Jenny Jones, the Jerry Springer Show has once again retrenched, pledging no more fighting, no more chair-throwing, no more foul language. "We will produce and distribute a program that we feel is responsible," Studios USA, the show's producer, promised (to the dismay of some of Springer's local station managers, who count on those catfights to bring in viewers).

Television is not alone. Last week, President Clinton ordered a government investigation into whether - and how - the entertainment industry is marketing violent movies, music and video games to children.

Parents in Paducah, Ky., believe they already know the answer. They're suing Time Warner and Polygram, the companies that made the video games, movies and music that 14-year old Michael Carneal listened to, saying it pushed him to kill three fellow students and wound five others in December 1997.

"We intend to hurt Hollywood," attorney Jack Thompson said.

That won't happen, say industry watchers. And again, the reason is economics.

The networks might have made a few concessions to popular opinion after the Columbine shootings. They might make a few more in the face of Clinton's investigation. But those concessions have more to do with public pressure than with any sea change in values, industry watchers contend. The smut and stunts and "You Did What With Your Stepdaddy?" talk shows of Spectacle TV will survive - because as cable continues to fragment the audience, the big networks will feel pressure to lure viewers back in. And the allure of cheap Spectacle TV will prove too much.

"In the past 20 years the networks have lost 40 percent of their audience," said Jowett of the University of Houston. And they have lost many of those viewers to cable, which is free to show nudity, to include curse words, and to cater to every kind of audience, from classic-film aficionados to pro wrestling fans to those whose taste runs more toward the soft-porn Red Shoe Diaries. Prior to cable, "you didn't have to shout this loud to get an audience," explained Thompson.

Then there's the economy of the spectacle shows themselves.

Reality-based programs, full of snippets of videos from viewers or foreign stations or local news shows, are incredibly cheap to produce - figure $1 million for an hour, versus the $13 million that NBC pays Warner Brothers for an episode of ER.

In the face of such powerful economic arguments for Spectacle TV, young viewers may need to develop a better understanding of why these sorts of shows are broadcast, said Jowett. He proposes "visual literacy" classes, where young viewers learn an "elementary demystification" of how and why television shows get made.

Included in that "visual literacy" class might also be the viewpoint that Thompson of Syracuse and Paglia of Philadelphia's University of the Arts share: that complaints about wrestling and tabloid talk shows are attacks on the ***working-class*** people who make up their audience (and, sometimes, their casts).

"An awful lot of the intellectuals - the professors, the journalists, the elected officials - are making such a fuss about things that are part of a culture they don't acknowledge as being legitimate," said Thompson.

Whether Spectacle TV is harmful or merely an afternoon's diversion, it is probably here to stay.

"There's a paradox going on, which has been going on for a long time about violence and sex on TV," said Thompson. "The people who program are being told they're causing the downfall of civilization. Then, in the other ear, they're hearing a completely different message, which is, you've got to deliver the numbers. And when you've got commerce and responsibility colliding, commerce usually wins."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Professional wrestling is a big draw with the 18-to-34 male audience that advertisers covet.

Robbie Knievel makes his Grand Canyon leap during a Fox show. No safety net - but a five-second tape delay.

Guests battle it out on "The Jerry Springer Show" as a security guard (left) tries to separate them. (TODD BUCHANAN)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***WOMAN TACKLES A SECOND WAVE OF UPHEAVAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7V5T-1B81-2R4Y-Y0YR-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 8, 2009 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** LIFESTYLE; Pg. A-8

**Length:** 2120 words

**Byline:** Dennis B. Roddy, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

Meg Kurek's life traced the arc of Pittsburgh's post-steel economy: a millworker's wife, she returned to school and rebuilt her life around its burgeoning biomedical industry.

The bad days took everything: her savings, her pride, ultimately her first marriage. She went back to college, got a master's degree, and set out on a life as a technology consultant for hospitals in the go-go '90s. Last year, between her job as a project manager for UPMC and her husband's work as a real estate agent, the Kureks were a six-figure family whose worries turned on new storm windows for their home in Ross and a fifth, cancer-free year for Bill.

Today, she is out of work, a casualty of an economic downturn that has struck almost every sector of the American economy. Bill's checkup with the cancer specialist is on hold because Meg Kurek, laid off after 18 months with a medical giant, has no health insurance.

"This is the month that we basically financially are falling over the edge," Mrs. Kurek said. "We had a little bit of savings. I was laid off in September. We made it all the way through the holidays and into January in decent shape.

"This was the month where every last, little piece of money that I had tucked here, there or everywhere basically dried up."

The $180-a-month premium cable and Internet package will likely go next. The credit card bills compete with the mortgage and they're all a month overdue. Bill keeps track of spare change and noticed he's losing weight. With less coin in his pocket for a pack of chips, even his junk food habit has become a victim of a sour economy.

"I use the term jingle," Bill said. "I always had jingle in my pocket. Never had to worry about if I wanted to buy something. I didn't have to worry about could I get a tank full of gas, which is what we're sometimes worrying about now."

Can they afford gasoline? Can they go to the grocery store?

Can they get through this?

In numbers not seen since the Great Depression, Americans are asking themselves the questions that echo inside the Kurek household. It is a new chapter in the old story of Pittsburgh. A generation earlier, when Meg Kurek was in her first marriage, a layoff at U.S. Steel left a young mother and her husband waiting at first. In those days, a layoff implied something hopeful: that you'd be called back.

The callbacks never came. The Homestead Works, where Ron Saus, Meg's first husband, worked is now a shopping complex.

Today, an extraordinary number of layoffs are coming with severance packages, and the implicit message that, whatever the terminology, those who now lose a job are gone for good.

Mrs. Kurek's dry season began in September, the same month that a year of job losses accelerated into a six-month spiral. At the same time UPMC was letting her go, 321,000 other Americans were losing their jobs -- nearly doubling the previous month's figures. In October, that loss climbed to 380,000. November: 597,000. December: 577,000. January: 598,000. February: 651,000.

Since the start of 2008, the United States has shed more than 4 million jobs, with virtually every sector of the economy hit. Unemployment last week topped 8 percent -- double what it was at the beginning of this decade and the highest since the days the steel economy died.

Mrs. Kurek, 53, has been without work since September. Bill, 56, has always worked for himself, first in a convenience store in the east suburbs decades ago, currently as a real estate agent. The current downturn has shown that a man doesn't have to be jobless to lose in the recession.

Home sales have dried up. He took a second job cleaning offices, as have, by his estimate, most of the other 60 agents in his North Hills agency.

Their own neighborhood hints at the danger of falling off the precipice.

"Two years ago you didn't see one foreclosure here in the North Hills," he said. "I'm talking Ross, McCandless, Shaler. Two years later, just in our neighborhood we've had two just in the last six months."

On this day, he figured he was behind on one mortgage payment.

"That's a little scary," he said.

b>\* \* \*

/b>

For the former Margaret Agnes Brogan, the scary old days once seemed as distant as Charles Dickens' London.

She grew up in a flat above the family's delicatessen on the edge of Oakland. Her mom worked the counter and her dad held a full-time laborer's job with the old Pittsburgh Department of Parks and Recreation. She was one of nine children who went through the Catholic schools of the neighborhood.

"All my education was within one ZIP code," she remembered.

At 18, she did what young women from the blue-collar class did in those days: She married her high school sweetheart. He was an apprentice machinist at the U.S. Steel Homestead Works. They bought a house in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in the first few months of marriage. The first of three children arrived in a year.

Then came the layoffs.

In those days, most people thought the layoff meant what the word implied: a temporary hiatus from work. Throughout the Monongahela Valley families froze in place waiting for the reopening of mills they later saw torn down.

"I would take the kids and I would go and get my government cheese and whatever else they were giving out at the time. I would get my free turkey at Thanksgiving," Mrs. Kurek said. "Bill collectors would call. They were mean, they were rude. They told you you had to pay or something terrible would happen to you. I would often cry because I didn't know what else to do."

Some took the bridge. She remembers a friend of her husband who decided, in the middle of a walk from Homestead to Greenfield to jump off the bridge over the Monongahela River. He died.

She remembers her husband lying in bed, clearly depressed. He drank.

"We fought a lot. Maybe not necessarily about the money, but the tension and the anger was in the household," she said.

She took a job as a clerk at the JC Penney store at Century III Mall, and returned to classes at Carlow College. Eventually, she entered a master's program at Pitt.

Her husband, she said, struggled and never found full-time work during their marriage. Sometimes she'd point out a job at a supermarket or some other spot, if only to get him back in the workforce.

"His response would be, 'There's a thousand other guys out there looking for work and they're not finding it either, so why should I bother?' "

Eventually, the marriage petered out.

"I said, 'Either you can come with me or you can sit here in my dust,'" she recalled. "Apparently, he sat there in my dust. I just moved on."

b> \* \* \*

/b>

After moving on, Mrs. Kurek landed jobs in the health care sector, specializing in data technology.

One of her longest-standing jobs was with Cerner Corp. a health care data management firm. The pay was good. The travel was constant.

In 1996, she married Bill Kurek, a seemingly indefatigable salesman. His entire life he has worked for himself, first running a convenience store in the east suburbs. Later, as the real estate market blossomed, he moved into home sales.

"I've never been laid off," he said.

Five years ago, doctors pulled a tumor from his throat. A round of chemotherapy and radiation began.

Mrs. Kurek wanted more time at home, less in airport security lines. Two years ago, they found the home they wanted: a rambling, two-story brick house built in the 1970s and not touched since.

"I wanted to come home, stay home, be home, sleep in my own bed," she said.

She applied for a job managing data projects at UPMC. The pay was in the high range. The work was in Oakland.

The economy was in trouble.

"I was far enough up the food chain that I had some sense of what was going on," she said. "I just felt that if there were going to be some cuts that it would be easy to look at the line item that said Meg Kurek and say, 'What has she done for us lately? Who is she? Maybe we need to reduce here.' "

In September, she got the word: Her position was being eliminated after 18 months.

Her severance package included a month of salary and a month of health care. Picking up the cost of continued health coverage under the COBRA agreement would have used up virtually all of her monthly unemployment check.

In the one bit of perverse luck to visit the family, Bill crashed one of the cars just before their remaining month of medical insurance ran out.

He is waiting for some money to turn up -- he has a line on two house closings -- so he can receive an overdue root canal.

The precipice between survival and disaster is evident as the Kureks wonder about Meg's health -- she is diabetic -- and whether Bill can receive the five-year anniversary examination and tests to make sure the cancer hasn't come back.

A heart attack could be the difference.

"I guess it won't be a good outcome," she said, invoking the bloodless language of the health care business. "Either I'm going to be very poor or I'm going to be dead. One of the two."

b> \* \* \*

/b>

Precisely where Meg Kurek's job went, and where her husband's real estate market sank, can be like tracking down the wind. It came from somewhere, but the elements that fed the storm are so disparate, so varied, so ephemeral, it takes a man like James Angel to explain.

He's a native of Beaver County, a Ph.D. in finance, associate professor at Georgetown University and he is, in his words, "about to start ranting on you."

Mr. Angel's rant goes this way: a wave of bad loans, primarily in a housing market filled with inflated mortgages that drove housing values to fictional levels, began to default. The downturn in housing hit hard. Then came the doubling of gasoline prices, which drove down the demand for cars.

The process accelerated: Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac entered a sort of receivership. Lehman Brothers and other firms, heavily invested in unregulated instruments interlaced with so many of the bad loans, began to implode.

With the process under way in an already soft economy, economic leaders didn't step up. He blames, in particular, then-Treasury Secretary Henry Paulson.

"They let all the counter-parties to Lehman take a hit and started bringing them down," Mr. Angel said.

As financial institutions tumbled, Mr. Paulson went before a congressional committee to argue for a $700 billion bailout plan to halt the spiral.

His testimony combined a level of surprise with an apparent acknowledgment that the Bush administration had no contingency plans for reining in the decline. In a three-page proposal, it asked for $700 billion and a free hand.

"They didn't know what was going on. Then they created one of the PR blunders of the century: they let the world know they didn't know what was going on," Mr. Angel said.

Almost overnight, confidence in American investments evaporated and the credit markets froze. Businesses could not borrow to meet payroll; projects stopped in mid-spade; stores emptied.

"I remember walking into Wal-Mart one night last October. It felt like something out of a ghost movie," Mr. Angel said. "What happened was everybody just put everything on hold. All of the inventory that was in the pipeline, that people were expecting to sell, they couldn't sell. All of a sudden you had this glut of unsold merchandise there."

And with that glut, nobody was lending. Nobody could borrow. The general good faith on which America's free market floated had evaporated.

Bill Kurek said he noticed that a few months ago. They are called "short sales" -- agreements to sell for less than the outstanding debt, something that avoids foreclosure, gets a lender at least some of his money back, and moves the house out of receivership.

When the housing market started to implode last summer, the short sales tended to be modest homes.

"I see some high-end short sales," he said. "It's getting more widespread."

b>\* \* \*

/b>

Life has given Meg and Bill Kurek at least one happy ending before. Hers was the climb out of poverty in an era when steelworkers sat at home, impoverished, yet continued to see themselves as middle class. His was a clean prognosis at the last cancer checkup.

She has sent out her resume and kept up hopes. There are some nibbles. Possibly a job is waiting. Until then, the household change is still counted, the credit cards watched, the worry about health care ever-present.

Some old habits have helped.

"I still save my rubber bands and my plastic bags because I grew up in a household that did that," she said.

Afraid?

"Every once in a while," she said. "Mostly what I'm afraid of is having had the experience in the first marriage of quarrelling and not being nice to one another and things like that.

"Every now and then my husband and I now -- and he's a wonderful man and we have a wonderful relationship -- but we will kind of snip at one another and I think, 'Oh, I hope this never gets any worse.' "

**Notes**

FIrst In An Occasional Series / Dennis B. Roddy can be reached at [*droddy@post-gazette.com*](mailto:droddy@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1965. / {SERIES} HARD TIMES

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Lake Fong/Post-Gazette Bill and Meg Kurek, of Ross, have been hit hard by the economic downturn -- "This is the month that we basically financially are falling over the edge," Mrs. Kurek said.\

CHART: James Hilston/Post-Gazette; U.S. Census: Income, Poverty and Health Insurances Coverage In United States: 2003: U.S. EMPLOYMENT/Monthly Net Change In U.S. Employment, All Employees, In Thousands (To view the chart, please consult the newsprint or microfilm formats of the Post-Gazette or go to [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com))\

CHART: James Hilston/Post-Gazette; U.S. Census: Income, Poverty and Health Insurances Coverage In United States: 2003: LABOR FORCE PARTICIPATION RATE/(Percent) Age 20 Years And Older (To view the chart, please consult the newsprint or microfilm formats of the Post-Gazette or go to [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com))\

CHART: James Hilston/Post-Gazette; U.S. Census: Income, Poverty and Health Insurances Coverage In United States: 2003: U.S. GROSS DOMESTIC PRODUCT/Quarterly U.S. GDP, In Billions Of Dollars, Seasonally Adjusted. (To view the chart, please consult the newsprint or microfilm formats of the Post-Gazette or go to [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com))\

CHART: James Hilston/Post-Gazette; U.S. Census: Income, Poverty and Health Insurances Coverage In United States: 2003: % CHANGE IN GDP/Quarterly change in gross domestic product. (To view the chart, please consult the newsprint or microfilm formats of the Post-Gazette or go to [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com))\

CHART: James Hilston/Post-Gazette; U.S. Census: Income, Poverty and Health Insurances Coverage In United States: 2003: U.S. HOUSEHOLD INCOME INEQUALITY/Household Income Of The Given Percentages From 1967 To 2003, In 2003 Dollars. (To view the chart, please consult the newsprint or microfilm formats of the Post-Gazette or go to [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com))\

**Load-Date:** March 10, 2009

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[***'CAN' PROVES HE, UH, STILL CAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GGD-V9M0-027V-K14X-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 22, 2005 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS,

**Length:** 1922 words

**Byline:** Jimmy Golen, The Associated Press

**Dateline:** BROCKTON, Mass.

**Body**

Willie James Boyd played against the original Satchel Paige and fathered the closest copy to the Negro Leagues star that baseball has seen since.

His name is Dennis, but he came to be known as Oil Can. With the Boston Red Sox in the 1980s he was a talented but temperamental foil for Roger Clemens, as likely to pitch a shutout as a fit.

Fourteen summers after his last big-league appearance, the Can is in camp with the minor-league Brockton Rox for another comeback try. He is 45 -- older than the still-dominating Clemens, but younger than Paige when he had his best year in the majors.

"Whatever Satchel Paige had in [him], Can's got," Brockton manager Ed Nottle said. "If anybody would let him, there's no doubt in my mind that five years from now when he's 50, he'll be able to pitch like he does now."

\*

"How old would you be if you didn't know how old you are?"

-- Satchel Paige

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Paige went 12-10 for the St. Louis Browns in 1952, the season he turned 46, then lasted one more year before returning to the barnstorming that made him the most celebrated of the black players exiled from the majors. With a one-game cameo for the Kansas City Athletics at 58, Paige is believed to be the oldest major leaguer.

"I plan to beat him by one year," Boyd said last week after reporting to spring training in Brockton, about 30 miles south of Fenway Park.

"I still want to play in Boston. I'll go to Pawtucket for a couple hours, and then let's go get the Yankees. The powerful Yankees. Hell, yeah."

The first stop for Boyd this time is the Can-Am League -- that's Canadian-American, not some of the Can's colorful syntax -- among the lowest rungs on the baseball ladder. Here, in the ***working-class*** hometown of boxing champions Rocky Marciano and Marvin Hagler, Boyd joins organizational castoffs and undrafteds in search of another shot.

"They asked me, 'Are my grandkids going to be at the game tonight?' I heard it all," Boyd said. "But they're ballplayers, I don't treat them like kids."

He has been around long enough to know that pitching isn't about how fast you get it there. It's about location, and Boyd has found his.

There is still more pepper than salt in Boyd's mustache, more pep in his right arm than a man his age has a right to expect. He has two gold hoop earrings and wire-rimmed spectacles he wears even when he pitches.

At last week's media day, reporters gathered around Boyd and largely ignored his young Rox teammates; if they were unfamiliar with his history, they were about to learn it.

"When I first saw him, I thought he was a coach," said Manny Tejada, a pitcher with a slugger's name and six years in the minors by the age of 23. "Then I was looking at a baseball card and I thought, 'Oh, my God. He was a superstar in the major leagues.'"

Brockton catcher Brian Jones, who's 27, grew up in Boston and knew all about the Can.

"When I found out I was going to be able to catch him, it was a treat for me," Jones said. "I don't know if I should tell him I remember seeing him when I was 12."

Several hundred like-minded fans sat in the cold to watch an exhibition game on Monday night that was Boyd's Brockton debut. Playing his changeup off a fastball in the mid-80s, Boyd threw three scoreless innings against the Worcester Tornadoes and left to a standing ovation.

Regardless of how things go here, the Can is working on another venture ripped from the pages of Satchel Paige: a team of former major leaguers -- Oil Can Boyd and the Traveling All-Stars -- that would barnstorm from South America all the way to Asia.

"People still want to see me pitch, and I'm going to give it to them," Boyd said. "I'm a drawing card. I could be 55, 65, 75, 85; if I'm going to throw a baseball, people are going to come see me."

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"I never rush myself. See, they can't start the game without me." -- Paige.

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The Rox aren't above a publicity stunt, as one might expect from a team that lists comedian Bill Murray, a part-owner, as "Director of Fun" and Mike Veeck as a consultant. Last year's promotions department tweaked former Red Sox manager Grady Little with a "Bobble Arm" doll that, unlike its life-size version, is perpetually calling for a left-hander from the bullpen.

Into this environment comes the Can, who lacks Paige's talent but makes up for it with a memorable personality.

He claimed during the 1986 World Series to channel Paige on the pitcher's mound. When a game at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium was called because of fog rolling in from Lake Erie, Boyd said, "That's what happens when you build a ballpark on the ocean." With the White Sox in the spring of 1995, Boyd called Michael Jordan "Shoes."

When Boyd was dunned by a video store over an unpaid bill, a Boston newspaper printed the selections, replete with pornographic titles, as "The Can's Film Festival."

"Somebody said, 'They'll be talking about Oil Can Boyd 300 years from now,'" he said.

The Rox know what they have: They scheduled Boyd to start two of their three home spring training games, including Saturday night against the New Haven Cutters. But the club insists the Can is not just another promotion.

"Ed's decision to have Oil Can here is a baseball decision. We're not trying to put on a sideshow," Rox owner Van Schley said. "I wouldn't have let it happen if I didn't think he was able to play baseball. And he's still got to make the team."

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"I never threw an illegal pitch. The trouble is, once in a while I toss one that ain't never been seen by this generation." -- Paige.

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Boyd claims to throw 12-15 different pitches, counting different arm angles; most pitchers at this level are lucky to have two. Like Paige, he gives them names like the "Yellow Hammer" and "Backdoor Screwgie" and he claims to keep a knuckleball in reserve, just so batters need to worry about it, too.

Boyd's catcher with the Red Sox, Rich Gedman, happens to be the manager in Worcester this season, which allowed him to see the Can's comeback in person. Jones, Boyd's current catcher, joked with Gedman before the game that he didn't have enough fingers to signal for all the pitches Boyd can throw.

"Just keep wiggling the fingers," Boyd told him. "That's my changeup."

Gedman also stopped by to tell his ex-teammate, "Can Man, do what you do best."

"It was something he told me 20 years ago," Boyd said.

"He looks like a little kid out there," Gedman said. "He just loves the challenge -- 'Tell me I can't' -- that kind of thing.

"He thinks the game as well as anybody I know. He knows how to pitch, I'll tell you that. He sees things most pitchers don't know how to see."

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"Avoid fried meats, which angry up the blood." -- Paige.

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Boyd sneaks cigarettes between innings of his start, and he works out by pitching almost every other day, year-round -- far more than modern theory recommends. Fifteen years past his prime, he remains lanky and fit.

"He's probably not a half-pound different than he was for Boston," Nottle said. "Yesterday, we're taking pitching drills, and he's the best athlete out there."

Boyd covered first base with aplomb on Monday night, looking like he's not in a rush but getting to the bag just ahead of the batter. When he comes off the field he does so slowly, taking short steps with his long legs and hesitating at the third base line to avoid stepping on it.

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"My feet ain't got nothing to do with my nickname. But when folks get it in their heads that a feller's got big feet, soon the feet start looking big." -- Paige.

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Leroy Robert Paige picked up his nickname carrying bags at the train station in his hometown of Mobile, Ala. Few called him anything else as he became the first player inducted into the Hall of Fame on the strength of a career in the Negro Leagues.

Oil can was slang for beer in Boyd's Mississippi, where he liked to lift his weights 12 ounces at a time. The Can was in college when he met Satch, but most of what he learned from Paige came indirectly: Boyd's father and uncle KT played in the Negro Leagues, and they copied their style from the master.

Most of all, Oil Can Boyd learned from his hero that personality can help a pitcher who is forced to nibble around the corners for a living.

"A nickname don't hurt, either," Boyd said. "I'm blessed with the mystique. A lot of people don't have what I have: A nickname and knowing how to pitch can carry a long way."

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"I ain't ever had a job, I just always played baseball." -- Paige.

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Called up by the Red Sox in September 1982, Boyd was a regular in the rotation before the next season was over. In '85, he went 15-13 with 13 complete games while pitching 272 1-3 innings -- not even enough to lead the AL that season, but a total that hasn't been surpassed in either league in 15 years.

In 1986, he joined Clemens and Bruce Hurst to help Boston win the AL pennant. But he became so angry about being left off the 1986 All-Star team that he left the Red Sox for three days; the club suspended him and ordered a psychiatric evaluation before he could return.

The World Series, which has been famously unkind to the Red Sox, provided Boyd with yet another tipping point.

He was scheduled to start Game 7, one night after Bill Buckner's error kept the New York Mets alive. Rain pushed the game back a day, and Boston manager John McNamara decided to bring back Hurst four days after his complete game victory in Game 5.

Boyd broke down in tears.

Hurst tired, the Mets rallied and the Red Sox went another 18 years without a championship before ending their dynasty of disappointment last season.

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"Don't pray when it rains if you don't pray when the sun shines." -- Paige.

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Boyd became a free agent in 1989 and signed with the Montreal Expos, going 10-6 with a 2.93 ERA in his first season there. In the middle of the next season, the Expos shipped him to Texas and, bothered by blood clots, he went 2-7 with a 6.68 ERA for the Rangers.

Overall, he was 78-77 in the majors -- a winner, but barely.

Boyd signed a minor-league deal with Pittsburgh the next April but didn't want to start at Double-A. In Sioux City, Iowa, he latched onto Nottle, whom he knew from a rehab stint in Pawtucket when Nottle was managing Boston's top farm team there.

In 1995, Boyd was the first big-name player to cross the picket lines while the regular major leaguers were on strike; when the strike ended, he was let go.

Boyd went to Mexico, and to independent league teams in Bangor, Maine, and Lynn, Mass., and "a little bit of everywhere" before the blood clots and muscle spasms and pinched nerves forced him to quit in 1997.

Now he's healthy again.

"I'm 90 percent of what I was when I was 100 percent," he said. "If my body says so, my mind says so. They're still working together pretty good. The old man still can pitch."

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"Don't look back. Something might be gaining on you." -- Paige.

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Boyd came back to Fenway this April to take part in opening day ceremonies and watch the Red Sox raise their first World Series banner in 86 years. He gushes about Boston now, but it wasn't always so.

Asked in Brockton about the blowups, Boyd said, "It's something I don't dwell on. I'm not angry anymore."

His battles with Red Sox management -- in his mind, at least -- were tinged with racial tension, something the city has not handled well. But he spreads the blame among the 27 other teams who couldn't see what he saw.

"I feel like it was a sin not to let me play baseball," the Can said. "Absolutely no one loves this more than me."

And a nickname don't hurt, either.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Elise Amendola/Associated Press: Former Boston Red Sox pitcher Oil Can Boyd might be 45, but he can still get the job done on the mound -- at least for the Brockton Rox he can.

PHOTO: Elise Amendola/Associated Press: Dennis "Oli Can" Boyd takes a regular turn for the Brockton Rox.

**Load-Date:** June 25, 2005

**End of Document**



[***NOW IN THEATERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W9K-XSH0-00C6-D203-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 23, 1999, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1999 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 1673 words

**Byline:** Mike Clark and Susan Wloszczyna

**Body**

Among Giants

\* \* 1/2 (out of four)

This puny but tolerable ***working-class*** romance teams Pete Postlethwaite

(*In the Name of the Father*, *The* *Lost World: Jurassic*

*Park*) with *Hilary and Jackie* Oscar nominee Rachel Griffiths.

Postlethwaite is foreman to painters that spruce up countryside

electrical towers, and Griffiths is a mountain-climbing drifter

who wants to join the all-male crew, which leads to some sexual

problems and one huge disciplinary one. The leads make a credible

couple, but the movie plays like a collection of scenes and the

story finally has too many gaps. (R: language, sexuality and nudity)

-- M.C.

Cookie's Fortune

\* \* \* 1/2

Robert Altman has mellowed out at age 74, and this sweetly satirical

story of batty Southern womanhood and a murder that really isn't

feels like the right movie at the right time for him. When Cookie

(Patricia Neal) shoots herself and her niece (Glenn Close) destroys

the evidence, Cookie's handyman/best friend (Charles S. Dutton)

is arrested. It's just a formality; no one believes he's guilty

-- least of all the Mississippisheriff (Ned Beatty), who makes

certain his prisoner has a copy of *Field & Stream* and

a voluntary roommate (Liv Tyler). The movie is so easygoing that

locals traipsing through the police station in costume for a *Salome*

production seem like they belong. (PG-13: sensuality, depiction

of a violent act) -- M.C.

Friends & Lovers

\* 1/2

Platonic twentysomething best friends (oh, here we go again)

must decide whether to get romantically involved during a so-called

skiing vacation that ends up taking place indoors. Alison Eastwood

gets uninhibited in the sack, while Claudia Schiffer keeps bed

sheets and other apparel strategically placed (oh, you tease).

Meanwhile, *Cool Runnings*' impassive man-with-one-name Leon

plays chess with the group's resident gay character, while Robert

Downey Jr. (as a ski instructor) employs an irritating German

accent that recalls one of Sid Caesar's old Teutonic parodies.

(Unrated but with nudity and sexual situations) ---- M.C.

Go

\* \* \*

The best thing about this *Pulp Fiction Jr.* for teens is

that it goes -- fast, loud and like crazy. The second best thing:

main *Go*-go gal, Sarah Polley as a checkout clerk who decides

to pull an iffy drug deal to pay the rent. Her actions jumpstart

one wild Christmas Eve that involves Katie Holmes as Polley's

skittish sidekick, Desmond Askew as a co-worker who goes on a

Vegas spree, Jay Mohr and Scott Wolf as gay soap stars and William

Fichtner as a nut-job narc. This neon noir dances the Tarantino

with its fractured three-way narrative, criminal tendencies and

rambling chats, but it's the brashness of youth and a go-for-it

attitude that keep *Go* moving. (R: strong drug content,

sex, language, violence) -- S.W.

Goodbye Lover

\* \* \* 1/2

Goodbye, movie conventions, cliches and dumbed-down plots. This

brashly cynical and darkly funny thriller may have too many twists,

but there's more than enough style to compensate. Patricia Arquette

plays a devout churchgoer who loves *The Sound of Music*,Tony Robbins self-help tapes and planning murders. Her lover

is Don Johnson (in what could be his best performance) and her

wisecracking, alcoholic husband is Dermot Mulroney. Mary-Louise

Parker and Ellen DeGeneres add a lot of laughs as, respectively,

Johnson's timid underling and a snide police detective. (R: sexuality,

language and violence) -- Andy Seiler

Hideous Kinky

\* \* 1/2

*Titanic* star Kate Winslet switches from sinking ships to

the Marrakech express in this North African idyll, a dip into

hippiedom circa 1972. Don't let the provocative title, which refers

to a children's word game, fool you. Langourous lovely is more

like it as Winslet's headstrong Londoner leaves a cheating lover

behind to go on a journey of self-discovery amid the mystical

Sufi. But her spiritual quest is also a selfish one as she drags

along her two young daughters (enchanting Bella Riza and Carrie

Mullan). The film works better as a picturesque travelogue than

a compelling narrative. But in her casbah wear, Winslet is a thing

of lush beauty. Caftans haven't had it this good since Liz Taylor

three husbands ago. (R: sexuality, language) -- S.W.

Life

\* \*

Spend 60 or so years in jail with Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence

and you'll understand why they call it the pokey. In 1932, Murphy's

two-bit hustler and Lawrence's gullible bank teller are framed

for murder by a bigoted white sheriff and are put away in a Mississippi

prison farm. Let this pair run at the mouth, and something funny

is bound to come out. But the lumpy decades-spanning scenerio

never taps into its stars' comic potential as director Ted Demme

aims to paint a massive mural of racial injustice. And the mood

of nostalgia is at odds with the depiction of harsh prejudice.

Murphy and Lawrence finally get cooking after donning whiskers

and wrinkles (an old coot coup by makeup artist Rick Baker), but

by then it's too late. (R: strong language, a shooting) -- S.W.

The Matrix

\* \* 1/2

The Wachowski brothers manage to nix the sophomore jinx after

their striking 1996 *Bound* debut with this sometimes original,

sometimes derivative and always long exercise in sci-fi grunge.

Keanu Reeves is the software designer/computer hacker who's mentored

by Laurence Fishburne into combating a 22nd century universe that

uses humans as batteries for its bioelectric energy. The film

may have a shelf life, but Reeves is too lightweight actor to

be carrying a 136-minute movie of any kind. (R: sci-fi violence)

-- M.C.

Metroland

\* \*

Suburbia can get you down, even in jolly old England in the punk

'70s. Christian Bale is reasonably happy with wife (serene Emily

Watson), child, job, home and garden. Then a footloose pal pays

a visit, releasing nagging doubts about giving up the boho pursuits

of his '60s youth -- living in a Parisian bachelor pad, shooting

arty photos and having steamy sex with a delectable French pastry

(Elysa Zylberstein). After last year's *Velvet Goldmine*,

in which his shy writer relived glam rock's heyday, and now this,

Bale is becoming the symbol of repressed British manhood. Too

bad, because he tends to be overwrought and self-concious as he

wrestles with his demons. (Unrated, but with sex, nudity, drugs,

profanity) -- S.W.

Never Been Kissed

\* \* 1/2

This Drew Barrymore comedy about a frumpy 25-year-old journalist

who goes undercover in a high school for a scoop on today's youth

smacks of been there, done that. Count on seeing the clique of

stuck-up girls and sadistic guys, the unfortunate cafeteria cuisine,

the science-fair nerds, the embarrassing public dance moment and

-- of course -- the dreaded prom. But Cinderella tales suit Barrymore

like a custom slipper, and she unleashes her inner geek with charming

abandon as she once again flunks the teen coolness test. (PG-13:

sex-related material, drug content) -- S.W.

The Out-of-Towners

\* \*

In the Rudy Giuliani '90s, the Big Apple is no longer the wormy

pit of muggers, psychos, perverts and striking workers who hassled

the harried married Midwest couple in the 1970 original. So why,

oh why, did they feel the need to remake this lesser if still

memorable entry on Neil Simon's movie résumé? It

couldn't be that the public was clamoring for a reteaming of *Housesitter*'s

Goldie Hawn and Steve Martin -- although the two are pros enough

to punch up the dumbest travel-mishap gags. But what once was

an edgy celebration of small-town spirit over urban adversity

has become a mushy examination of a marriage in midlife crisis.

(PG-13: sex and drug-related humor) -- S.W.

SLC Punk!

\* \* 1/2

Roseanne was raised in the repressive environs

of Salt Lake City and you know how she turned out. So it's not

too surprising then that in 1985, when blue hair and razor-blade

earrings were considered passe on the rest of the planet, punk's

apparent last gasp rumbled through the land of the Mormons. Writer-director

James Merendino is overly reliant on weird camera angles and editing

tricks (FYI: an acid trip hasn't changed much since *Easy Rider*).

But having his alter ego, that human 'toon Matthew Lillard of

*Scream*, talk to us directly on a regular basis injects

needed energy into this autobiographical Reagan-era tale of youthful

rebellion and fear of selling out. Strange, though, how quickly

mohawks and mosh pits have become quaint. (R: language, drug use,

violence, sexuality) -- S.W.

10 Things I Hate About You

\* \*

Disney's entry into the high school sweepstakes attempts to do

to Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* what *Clueless*

so smartly did to Jane Austen's *Emma. The Laming of the*

*Shrew* is more like it. The translation into '90s teen culture

is like a clueless adult's notion of what cool is. There are at

least 10 things not to like about this too familiar comedy, in

which a snarky girl's (Julia Stiles) hatred of guys prevents her

younger sis from dating -- until a brave swain (Heath Ledger)

tries to woo the shrew. Larry Miller scores as Stiles' dad and

most of the young actors are bound to graduate to better things,

but the rest, alas, is no great Shakes. (PG-13: sex talk, alcohol

and drug use) -- S.W.

Twin Dragons

\* \* 1/2

Here's Jackie Chan playing twins separated at birth, though not

as separated as English is from the actors' lip movements in a

silly speedy, wretched dubbed action goof. Jackie 1 (world famous

maestro) meets Jackie 2 (martial arts specialist) in Hong Kong,

which confuses their girlfriends and half-a-dozen baddies. Shot

as a fund-raising project for the Directors Guild of Hong Kong,

this joint effort and long-delayed import employed the services

of several well-known filmmakers, including John Woo and Ringo

Lam. Wild auto factory finale. (PG-13: violence, sexual situations

and language) -- M.C.

A Walk on the Moon

\* \* \* 1/2

As a 30ish Jewish homemaker who opts for three days of peace,

music and adultery at and near the Woodstock Festival, Diane Lane

hasn't been this good since her 1979 child-actress debut in *A*

*Little Romance*. And *Ghost* co-star Tony Goldwyn proves

he can direct a responsive cast, including Viggo Mortensen, Liev

Schreiber and Anna Paquin. His staging of Woodstock is resourcefully

evocative on an obviously lean budget. A sleeper. (R: sexuality,

language, drug use) -- M.C.

**Load-Date:** April 23, 1999

**End of Document**



[***'Regular folks' who watched quietly have the last word***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F2K0-0094-531Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 2, 1995, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1481 words

**Byline:** Lorraine Adams, The Washington Post

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

At the dramatic terminus of the O.J. Simpson murder trial sit 12 unnamed people. For nine long, sequestered months the camera has been on everyone but them. But this week as deliberations finally begin, these jurors -- about whom so little is known -- are the only ones who matter.

There are 10 women on the 12-member panel, and all but two of those women are black. Only three of the 10 are married, the rest divorced or single. Most have filed into court usually in heels, dresses and blazers, hair done in a short bouffant style. They rarely return the gaze of courtroom observers. They look serious and strong, and some of those who know them best -- their former colleagues on the jury -- say that's exactly what they are.

Since Labor Day, Superior Court Judge Lance A. Ito has alluded to the jurors' fatigue, their readiness to snap, but in the courtroom they mainly appear unflappable. The in-chambers conferences between them and Ito about their impatience have not been released. One man, a 43-year-old phone company salesman, has betrayed his anxiety, his eyes nervously searching courtroom spectators over the last weeks. It was he whom Ito once mollified by promising the trial would be over by mid-September.

What can be known about the people who will decide whether O.J. Simpson is guilty of the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald L. Goldman comes from jury selection transcripts and questionnaires, records from Ito's jury investigations, and interviews with the few ex-jurors who are willing to discuss them.

Those ex-jurors say they expect a meticulous sifting of the evidence from their former colleagues. They predict the foreperson -- chosen in just four minutes late Friday afternoon -- will be fair, respected and won't tolerate foolishness. They foresee long deliberations -- at least a week, maybe a lot longer. And they suppose racial tensions on the mostly black panel have ebbed.

''They're not going to go back there and say, 'The glove didn't fit. Let's call it a day and go home,' '' said ex-juror Francine Florio-Bunten. ''If somebody comes up with a one-sided argument with one shred of evidence and they didn't hear anything beside that, they're going to say, 'Wait a minute here, what else?' ''

The former jurors describe a group of ''regular folks'' -- postal workers, county employees, an insurance claims adjuster. The two men -- one Hispanic, the other black -- are a truck driver and the phone company salesman. Only two have college degrees.

The transcripts show people who said little, and revealed less, during intensive voire dire questioning. But they were not naive about the expectations of the criminal justice system. The presumption of innocence, the right not to testify -- these were familiar concepts to many of them. Several had served on previous juries. One, a 60-year-old white woman, had served on five juries. In one murder case, she had been the sole hold-out for acquittal. Her adamancy brought the others around to her side.

The ex-jurors believe that some on the panel are leaning toward conviction, some toward acquittal. But a large majority are what ex-jurors call ''open.'' In a trial where jurors have spent more time out of the courtroom than in it, they are united, suitably enough, by a hobby that prizes patience and produces calm -- crocheting. Even one of the men has learned. Their leader, a 50-year-old black, divorced county employee, who taught the other jurors to crochet, is best known for her saying, ''This too shall pass.''

''All the people on that jury respect Juror No. 1,'' said ex-juror Tracy Kennedy, a 52-year-old white Amtrak employee. ''They respect her not only for the way she thinks, but the way she deals with problems. People would come to her with problems. She was restrained, she was careful. She doesn't shoot off her mouth. She's intelligent, she's articulate, she has a good head on her shoulders. I think she'll be fair.''

The identity of the foreperson selected Friday by jurors has not been announced. But ex-jurors said they thought Juror No. 1 was most likely to be chosen. Ex-juror Michael Knox called her a ''mother figure'' to the jury. The younger women on the panel -- a 22-year-old white insurance adjuster, a 28-year-old black postal worker and a 24-year-old black city hospital worker -- will most likely follow where she leads, he believes.

Her jury questionnaire shows she lives in South Central, a predominantly black ***working class*** neighborhood that was the site of the 1992 riots following the acquittal of white police officers in the beating of Rodney G. King. She has never been a victim of a crime. She attended college for two years. Asked how serious she felt racial discrimination was in Southern California, she wrote, ''a somewhat serious problem.'' She acknowledged a taste for detective television shows -- among them ''Murder, She Wrote'' and ''Matlock.''

Asked how she had felt about Nicole Simpson, she answered, ''I had no personal opinion other than I hate she died such a brutal death.'' Asked how she felt when she learned O.J. Simpson was a suspect, she wrote, ''stressful-sick feeling.''

Juror No. 1 also said that before she became a juror she had listened to news reports of Nicole Simpson's frantic 911 call, which was played again this week during closing arguments. She knew, too, of O.J. Simpson's 1989 domestic violence conviction. ''I guess they had personal problems like some other couples,'' she wrote. Her view of the judicial system's handling of Simpson's beating his wife: ''I felt it was probably not a priority of the court system during that time.''

Juror No. 1's best friend on the panel is a 37-year-old black postal worker who has a regal bearing in the courtroom. She has a good sense of humor, and she is likely to share many of Juror No. 1's views, said Florio-Bunten.

The jury that has emerged, after the dismissal of 10 members over the last nine months, values a common sense, don't-rock-the-boat outlook. ''The wave-makers are gone,'' said Knox. Many of them are used to methodical, bureaucratic environments as public employees. Only three work outside of government, and those who do work for an insurance company, AT&T and Pepsi. The two retired jurors were a gas company clerk and a domestic cleaner.

This is a jury keenly aware of its burden. Its members know they will have to defend their verdict, or lack of one, when they are released.

''I know when we first were in sequestration and we were talking about how there's been so many cases recently in L.A. where the jury has been criticized,'' said Florio-Bunten. Referring to the murder trial of Lyle and Erik Menendez and the Rodney King case, she said, ''We talked about Menendez and we talked about King, so people there realized their decision has to be rational, it has to come from some sort of common-sensical conclusion.''

The cliques may have shifted since Florio-Bunten, Knox and Kennedy were on the panel in the spring. But all three -- who were not necessarily close on the panel -- saw the remaining group in similar ways. They all cautioned that the jurors never discussed the case, and that most of their own views of their colleagues were based on body language and intuition.

Still, they believe that the 32-year-old Hispanic truck driver and the 60-year-old white retired gas company clerk, who sit next to each other in the front row, were good friends and may be leaning toward conviction.

These two were part of a group that once included Florio-Bunten and Farron Charravaria, both of whom were dismissed. Knox also felt that group also included a 44-year-old black woman who works as a computer technician for Los Angeles Superior Court, the 24-year-old black city hospital worker, and the young white insurance claims adjuster.

The group leaning toward acquittal, which included former jurors Willie Cravin and Jeannette Harris, also includes the best friend of the likely foreperson, a 38-year-old black county environmental health specialist and the youngest black postal worker.

Two loners on the jury -- a 43-year-old black man and a 72-year-old black man who is an alternate and will not have a vote -- may be difficult to persuade and appear to be pro-acquittal.

Some ex-jurors believe that the 43-year-old black man could conceivably dig in his heels in opposition to the 60-year-old white woman. Knox said the man is ''insecure,'' and ''tough to sway,'' and Kennedy called the woman a ''tough nut to crack.'' They may be the polar extremes, between which the rest of the panel will fall. But the deliberations promise to be complicated.

Knox, upon his release, said he thought the jury would convict Simpson. He now calls himself undecided, and he believes others on the panel might have moved in that direction, too. ''Some of the jurors, the racism issue alone could cause them to doubt the rest of the police testimony,'' said Knox, who is black.

**Load-Date:** October 3, 1995

**End of Document**



[***A tale of three cities Rail travel eases the hassle on tourof London, Paris and Brussels***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49J9-W5Y0-007M-40V6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

September 14, 2003, Sunday All

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**Section:** GOING PLACES;

**Length:** 1925 words

**Byline:** Mike Michaelson Daily Herald Correspondent

**Body**

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.

Three distinct, evocative European capitals - London, Paris and Brussels - beckoned with a compelling mix of historic and fun attractions and affordable prices.

Yet, those now-familiar obstacles of hassles at airports and anxiety over security remained.

As our tale of three cities unfolded, we discovered a comfortable, virtually hassle-free way to visit them. We took the train.

Our week-long package tour included all three of these west European capitals. It was one of several value-priced itineraries from Eurovacations that utilize rail service to connect European destinations. All may be booked online and are available as packages that include air fare, hotel, train travel and extras, or as trips tailored to individual travelers.

High-speed trains provide downtown-to-downtown rail service as Eurostar and Thalys connect London's Waterloo Station, Paris' Gare du Nord and Midi in Brussels. This eliminates the hassle of getting to and through airports and keeps border formalities to a minimum.

Even currency is relatively easy to figure. Although the Brits cling tenaciously to their pound, both France and Belgium surrendered their francs for euros, now the currency of both countries.

The view isn't much along the 306 miles between London and Paris, as the train slides past uninteresting landscape at speeds up to 186 mph. The view isn't the thing, however. Sit back, read a book, study up on your French and enjoy a drink or a decent meal as the train slips beneath the English Channel through the 31-mile- long "Chunnel" and dull stretches of Picardy blur past the windows. In little more than three hours you're in the "City of Light."

Theoretically, you could start the day in London with a hearty English breakfast (bacon, eggs, grilled tomatoes and black pudding) and arrive in Paris for lunch. Choose a sidewalk cafe from hundreds that lure diners with a budget-priced "plat du jour" (daily special) or splurge at the celebrated restaurant Les Noces de Jeannette on the Grands Boulevards.

You could, on that same day, enjoy dinner in Brussels at one of the famous restaurants specializing in mussels located, incongruously, on Rue des Bouchers (street of butchers). Aux Armes de Bruxelles is a good choice.

London

If you book a packaged tour, you'll likely begin with a flight from the United States to spend a couple of days exploring Britain's ancient capital. You'll want to hit the stylish boutiques, jazz clubs and chic cafes of Notting Hill. Nearby lies famed Portobello Market, a long, winding street market lined with stalls and shops selling everything from vintage clothing and antique jewelry to cheap T-shirts, souvenirs and haberdashery - plus tempting fruits off costermonger barrows and sausage rolls and pork pies at butcher shops.

Plan at least one visit to London's celebrated West End theaters. Hot tickets include "Mama Mia!," "Chicago," "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" and "Bombay Dreams." Catch pre-theater dinner at Joe Allen's, a show-biz hangout adorned with celebrity photos and noted for eggs benedict, Coca Cola in vintage bottles and Sunday- evening jazz.

One of London's newest attractions, built to usher in the millennium, is the London Eye, a giant Ferris wheel, 450 feet high, on the revitalized South Bank of the Thames. Billed as the world's highest observation wheel, it fits 25 passengers into each of 32 capsules and provides a 30-minute, slow-moving "flight" with views of up to 25 miles. High above the timeless Thames, you'll see England's famous river, with its 215-mile course through 2,000 years of history, disappear into the eastern horizon as it rolls down to the sea. To the west, it glints in the wan English sunlight like spilled quicksilver, flowing from its source in the Cotswolds, past the colleges of Oxford, the castle at Windsor and the palace at Hampton Court.

London's famous department store Harrods, which started life in 1849 as a grocer's shop, continues the tradition with a series of magnificent food halls packed with cheeses, cured meats, golden- crusted pies, scrumptious pastries and other tempting edibles. Tea tins bearing the distinctive gold label make popular, practical souvenirs. Harrods even caters to homesick Americans with the opening (in October) of a Krispy Kreme doughnuts outlet.

For an outing that is strictly British (and largely Cockney), take a train on the 35-mile journey east to Southend-on-Sea and join up with the Thames again close to its estuary.

This gritty resort - London's Coney Island - provides the quintessential ***working-class*** Londoner's seaside outing, with noisy pubs along the seafront and stands plying ice cream, fish and chips and dishes of cockles (tiny, succulent mollusks sprinkled with malt vinegar and white pepper and eaten with toothpicks).

People pack its meager, pebbly beaches, sunning themselves in rented deck chairs, or take a breezy stroll along the just-rehabbed mile-long pier, longest in Britain.

For another short outing from London travel to Maldon, Essex, about 50 miles northeast. Although it lies on the Blackwater River and not the Thames, it is the spot to charter a traditional Thames sailing barge for a vacation exploring the coastal waters of East Anglia. In A.D. 991, viking longboats sailed up the river to attack a Saxon fort built by King Edward the Elder.

Today, weekend sailors invade Malden. In this quiet, picturesque backwater you'll find friendly quayside pubs, such as the Queen's Head. Its dining room offers views of the river and moored barges and sailboats (which at ebb tide become mired in the mud, floating free again when water refills the harbor). A chalkboard menu offers plaice, whitebait, mussels with meaty fries and oysters from Colchester.

Paris

Autumn is a vibrant, pretty time to visit Paris, as the city shakes off the dog days of summer and gets back to work and play, full of vibrant energy. Boulevards and cafes bustle with activity while, at night, Bateaux Parisiens excursion boats on the River Seine glimmer as they carry diners and sightseers along the timeless and irrepressibly romantic river, providing violin music, a chanteuse and dancing. Parisians are already anticipating the season of opera, gallery openings and other cultural events.

Despite the ease of underground transportation, Paris remains a good walking city. A major pastime is strolling alongside the Seine, crossing its many bridges, browsing bookstands and exploring Left Bank galleries.

Don't miss climbing the narrow, winding, cobblestone streets of Montmartre to the steps of Sacre-Coeur basilica, from which the view of Paris is incomparable. Full of cafes, bars, galleries and studios, Montmartre retains its village look, seemingly little changed from the time during the 19th century when it became a famous refuge of writers, artists and anyone embracing the Bohemian lifestyle. Here Toulouse-Lautrec worked and played and Picasso had a studio.

Warm to Mona Lisa's mystic smile at the Louvre and shop at sprawling Samaritaine department store. After dark, catch a cabaret show at the Folies Bergeres, Moulin Rouge or Lido de Paris or hang out at a moody jazz club, such as La Villa.

In a city where gastronomy reaches heady heights, you'll find it well worth visiting one of the city's produce markets. Buy a wedge of cheese and a crusty baguette for a picnic by the Seine and, perhaps, a precious can of pate de foie gras to take home.

Brussels

The 200-mile journey from Paris to Brussels takes only about 1 1/2 hours by high-speed train. Though distance and travel time are short, the cultural differences between the two capitals are considerable.

Belgium is bicultural and bilingual, with most signage in French and Flemish (Dutch), the two official languages. The result is an enriched culture and stormy politics.

Nor is Brussels all chocolate and lace, although shoppers find outstanding examples of both. This leading cultural center has stellar museums that are at once oddly provincial and coolly cosmopolitan. It wears quite easily the mantle of Europe's capital (headquarters of the European Union and NATO).

Eating is a major pastime in Brussels that includes the world's best and most diversified mussel preparations, street vendors selling frites (in Belgium, don't call them French fries) with mayonnaise instead of ketchup and fine dining to suit the most discerning European Union bureaucrats. And, yes, you can get a Belgian waffle for breakfast.

Visitors soon gravitate to the Grand Place, a lively market square with cobbled streets that is a popular meeting spot, lined with quaint Baroque guild houses, shops and cafes. In Old Town, side by side with the lace shops and chocolatiers, you'll see the ornate architecture of the town hall and of the Cathedral St-Michel et Ste-Gudule, dating from 1226. Nearby stands the city's best- known and most irreverent landmark, the Manneken-Pis, the famous fountain of a small boy relieving himself. Find him decorated in constantly changing costumes (more than 600 of them may be viewed at a nearby museum).

Important sights include masterpieces at the Musee d'Art Ancien and Musee d'Art Moderne and antique shops in the gracious Sablon neighborhood, where 48 statues represent medieval guilds. Take in a performance at Theatre du Royal Parc and pay a fun visit to the Toone pub, operated by the Toone Marionette Theater. Consider a city bus/walking tour, but don't miss Brussels' Sunday morning flea market.

- Information for this article was gathered on a research trip sponsored by Eurovacations.

If you go

Getting there: Eurovacations' packages include air transportation. Prices vary with season and marketplace but, at press time, the six-night Press On! London, Paris, Brussels package was priced from $1,560 including round-trip air fare from Chicago to London, two nights in each of the three cities and connecting rail transportation.

Another option is to wind up your visit in Brussels with a nonstop flight back to Chicago O'Hare.

Options: Many mix-and-match options can be arranged with packages, such as a City and Tower tour in London, a dinner cruise in Paris, a half-day Brussels city tour or even a car rental.

Getting around: All three cities have efficient subway systems that are visitor friendly, with good maps and signage to aid navigation. All three offer some form of unlimited travel passes. In London and Paris, particularly, underground travel is essential to avoid gridlocked surface routes. In Brussels, tramcars with separate tracks speed you quickly around the smallest and most compact of the three cities.

Where to stay: Hotels used by Eurovacations tend to be mid- range, centrally located and comfortable for American visitors who enjoy the typical full-breakfast buffets.

In London, the 324-room Radisson Edwardian Grafton on busy Tottenham Court Road is housed in a restored Edwardian building. It has a sleek bar and stylish restaurant.

The Libertel Lafayette is a typically small, charming Parisian hotel in a quiet neighborhood in the ninth arrondissement near the Opera House. Its smallish guest rooms are decorated in 18th-century style and have private bathrooms and windows that open onto the bustle of rue Lafayette.

In Brussels, the Royal Crown Grand Hotel Mercure is next to the beautiful Botanical Gardens, a short tram ride or 20-minute walk from Old Town. It provides 24-hour room and front-desk service and has a companionable bar with live piano music.

- Mike Michaelson

**Load-Date:** September 16, 2003

**End of Document**



[***VALIANTLY, VOLUNTEERS BEAT BACK L.I. FIRE THE SUSPICIOUS BLAZE WAS DECLARED CONTAINED LAST NIGHT. THEIR HERO STATUS SURPRISES THE FIREFIGHTERS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C420-01K4-93PT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 27, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1498 words

**Byline:** James M. O'Neill, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** WESTHAMPTON, N.Y.

**Body**

Tom Collins sounded like a general recounting an arduous battle as he stood yesterday next to the Sunrise Highway and gestured toward a charred, desolate landscape.

"We had our trucks lined up with deck guns. This is where we tried to make a stand. But we had to back up six or seven times. There's just nothing left."

The blackened tree trunks that jutted eerily out of the scorched earth to the north of the highway, the burned swath of grass between the highway's four paved lanes, and the ash-strewn landscape that continued south of the road testified to the fury of the Long Island wildfire, which took thousands of firefighters three days to control. It still smoldered yesterday.

Collins was the first to respond to an initially unremarkable brush-fire call Thursday in the woods near Suffolk County Community College. But by the time he left home, mustered up a lone colleague at the Eastport fire station, and pounded out the eight-minute ride to the site, the fire was on its way to the New York state record books.

The smoke billowed gray and black into the clear blue Hamptons sky on Thursday, and flames, aided by 25 m.p.h. winds and a parched terrain that hadn't seen rainfall in weeks, rolled in waves across the treetops, threatening homes.

Eventually, 2,000 or so volunteers from nearly every Long Island fire department hurried to the scene; crop dusters and helicopters dumped thousands of gallons of water from the air; and two huge Chinook copters from the Pennsylvania and Connecticut Air National Guards attacked the blaze.

Though officials hesitated to declare the suspicious blaze contained until last evening, clear skies reigned over Long Island's South Fork yesterday as ground crews scurried to widen fire breaks through the trees and snuff out lingering hot spots.

The locals were joined yesterday by about 160 federal firefighters who flew in from as far away as Oregon and Arizona.

The blaze destroyed one home and a lumberyard, damaged seven other homes and a train station, and shut down railroads and roadways.

Shortly after noon yesterday, about 400 evacuated Westhampton residents got permission to return home.

New York Gov. George E. Pataki and Sen. Alfonse M. D'Amato were miffed that large tanker planes promised by the federal government still had not arrived yesterday morning. They did arrive in the afternoon and immediately began dumping 3,000-gallon loads of water on what was left of the fire.

But, Pataki said, "the difference between where we were yesterday and today is literally like night and day. The worst is clearly behind us."

The governor heaped praise on the volunteers from Long Island's fire departments for saving lives and property.

Despite logistics nightmares, the volunteers were clearly the heroes of the moment. They are mostly unknown, full-time residents of eastern Long Island towns best known for flashy beachfront homes and dazzling summer parties hosted by the rich and famous.

"These are small towns out here, but in recent years influential, outside people have been moving in - you know, it's 'The Hamptons,' " Collins said. "The fire departments are made up of ***working-class*** people. Most of those people with the big money don't volunteer. They take for granted that someone else will do it."

Collins joined the force "because it was the thing to do." His father had volunteered for 50 years.

Many who fought the Long Island blaze come from local families with a venerated volunteer tradition. Like Eastport's Alex Raynor.

"Most of us are just working guys, and this is our hobby," he said.

After he got off work from a local photo lab Thursday night, Raynor helped his father distribute drinking water to famished firefighters. Yesterday, he was part of the Eastport pumper crew that doused remaining flare-ups.

Raynor's grandfather, Russ - a former fire chief and 75-year volunteer - had five sons, volunteers all. Raynor himself is named after an uncle who was killed in a brush fire. Most of his cousins are volunteers. And his twin brother is a firefighter.

"The other night, the fire almost burned up to the line of the graveyard where my grandfather's buried," Raynor said, chuckling. "He was probably rolling around in there."

These volunteers receive no pay and make do with makeshift equipment. They bullied through the thick pine growth in stump jumpers - old, refitted Army vehicles. The Eastport crew refilled its pumpers from a 5,000-gallon tanker truck - a former milk truck outfitted with flashing red lights.

"It's a community thing," said Ted Nowakowski, another Eastport volunteer. "You live here, you grow up with these people, it's just. . . ." - he shrugged. Eastport's 80 active volunteers spend a few hours every Monday night training. "We may be volunteers, but we're pretty professional," Nowakowski said.

Most volunteers who fought the blaze will have swashbuckling stories to tell.

Harry Pomasanoff, a 46-year veteran, manned a tanker truck Thursday night as the Eastport crew tried to fend off the flames. But a 30-to-40-foot-high wall of fire jumped clear over their truck. They scrambled to the ground for protection.

"It happens so fast you don't even realize it," Pomasanoff said. "A huge fire like that creates its own wind, and that damn thing was blowing and sucking and howling. It scared the hell out of you."

Sayville firefighter Bob Knight said the fire moved so quickly that flames consumed stump-jumper trucks from the towns of Melville, Montauk and North Patchogue.

Knight said two Sayville firefighters fled on foot from a sudden onslaught of flame, stumbled across a sand pit, and dove in, protecting themselves as the fire roared by.

Flanders firefighter Bob Bourguignon aimed water on flames that came perilously close to a 30,000-gallon propane-gas tank.

"All of a sudden, the fire went right over us, and we had to leave our lines and run down the road for our lives," he said.

The fire was so hot it melted Bourguignon's plastic beeper. Eastport's Nowakowski said blisters broke out on firefighters' skin. They also contended with flying, burning embers and thick, acrid smoke. Nowakowski said firefighters tugged their sweaty shirts up over their noses so they could breath cleaner air. Others set their hose nozzles to spray a fog pattern, which created tiny patches of smokeless air they gulped down.

"Sometimes," Nowakowski said, "you just wished you could blink and have yourself out of there."

Dozens of firefighters were treated for smoke inhalation, one suffered minor burns, and another broke his ankle. There were no more serious injuries reported.

The fire extended a few miles north of the posh Hamptons, where million- dollar homes crowd Dune Road for a slice of shorefront vista. None of those homes was threatened, but the firefighters saved an entire housing complex and some newly completed upscale homes.

They used any resource at hand. When Collins and his crew found themselves without water, they used a simple fire extinguisher to attack flames that licked at a lumberyard. Another time they pumped a homeowner's swimming pool empty and saved the house.

The volunteers kept the fire from crossing south over Montauk Highway. As a result, summer visitors to Westhampton Beach continued their lives yesterday undisturbed, strolling beneath the hanging flower pots along Main Street, dining alfresco and browsing in trendy boutiques.

The modest volunteers expressed surprise that their fiery battle grabbed national headlines.

"Really?" said Bourguignon, the Flanders firefighter, who gestured with sooty hands. "Here we are out in the piney woods, fighting a fire, and we're heroes?"

Certainly. Nearby residents hung makeshift banners from roadway overpasses thanking the firefighters. Companies donated food, drink and clothing to the fire stations. And Thursday night, when the fire raged out of control, the local Seven-11 shut its doors to all customers - except for the firefighters, who made vital pit stops for free food and water.

As the threat of the fire faded, the volunteers joked and congratulated each other.

"We should make up T-shirts that say 'We Survived The Suffolk Wildfires,' " Pomasanoff quipped. "We could list all the departments involved."

"There wouldn't be enough room," Collins countered.

"Well," said Pomasanoff, "make the shirts extra long."

The fire consumed 5,500 acres of the Pine Barrens, a swath of rural, flat land covered with scraggly scrub oak and pine trees, similar to New Jersey's Pinelands. Mike Zagata, commissioner of the New York Department of Conservation, said the trees were a fire-tolerant strain whose cones pop open to release their seeds from the heat of forest fires.

As volunteer Raynor trudged across a forest floor strewn with so much ash that it looked as if thousands of people had dumped the remnants of their charcoal grills, he pointed to several cones that still clung to pine trees.

The cones had popped open, revealing an orange interior and seeds ready to flutter free.

"Next spring," he said, "it will look beautiful here."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. An Air Force C-130 drops 3,000 gallons of water over the New York Pine

Barrens. Officials criticized the late arrival of the tanker planes, which

didn't show up until yesterday afternoon. About 2,000 volunteers from across

Long Island have battled the wildfires since Thursday. (Newsday, KEN SAWCHUK)

2. Evacuated from her home in Speonk, N.Y., Nancy Jackino rests at Center

Moriches High School. The fire has consumed 5,500 acres.

3. Rob Kellerman, a volunteer firefighter from Southport, Conn., takes a

break near Westhampton, N.Y. He and a crew of nine arrived Friday morning and

worked practically straight through into yesterday. (Hartford Courant, PAULA

BRONSTEIN)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***The unflinching focus;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44FC-MFT0-0190-X4H5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Larry Fink is known for mixing brutal honesty and empathy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44FC-MFT0-0190-X4H5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

OCTOBER 21, 2001 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** INQUIRER MAGAZINE; Pg. 22

**Length:** 1632 words

**Byline:** Melissa Dribben

**Body**

Larry Fink emerges from the weather-beaten barn that houses his darkroom in Martin's Creek, Pa., carrying a handmade pottery teacup in his bear paw of a hand. He lumbers across the dirt road and apologizes for making the photographer wait. Then he puts the cup down on the roof of one of the half-dozen cars parked on the rutted edge of his 12-acre spread and wades into his neighbor's field of waist-high soybeans.

"Here?" he asks meekly.

Fink has been a photographer all his life and doesn't much like the feeling of powerlessness on this side of the lens. Which is why the teacup is filled with scotch.

He confesses that he feels guilty about trampling the plants, but the delicate leaves merely rustle around his denim shirt, accommodating his stocky presence.

Suddenly, Fink drops out of sight, then pops his head out of the field like a bewildered groundhog. He makes a joke about how a photograph of him in this position might be crudely misinterpreted, then laughs at himself.

Fink is the Bob Dylan of art photography, and the same age. Now an eminence grise, he has mellowed some but never relented since he began in the '60s, angry, idealistic, hungry and prolific. His work has been exhibited in one-man shows at the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Collections of his photographs are owned by the Smithsonian and the Metropolitan Museum, the Bibliothque Nationale in Paris, and the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Yet Fink does not consider himself a celebrity. At least not in the same sense as those he has photographed. Donatella Versace. George Plimpton. Joan Rivers. Stevie Nicks.

"As journalists we get to be in the inner circle, but we don't have to be part of it," he says. He has called himself a "peripheralist," a member of the world of "acceptable voyeurism."

For most of his life, he has been a journalist and artist, doing studies of ***working-class*** family life, Portuguese fishermen, boxers and fashion models.

His images are poetic, incisive, unflinching and blunt. He disdains the shallowness and narcissism that pollute high society - but he empathizes, he says, with the people who populate those oxygen-thin circles, through photographs that illuminate their self-inflicted pain.

This month powerHouse Books is re-releasing Social Graces, a volume of Fink's photographs that was published in 1984. The collection juxtaposes shots of disaffected Manhattan socialites with an intimate study of the Sabatines, a family strained by poverty in rural Pennsylvania.

Several thousand hardcover copies of the book were originally produced. They are now a collector's item, and when rare copies become available they sell for $400 or more.

The new volume, which contains 20 new images from the original series, has been redesigned. In the introduction, Fink writes: "Twenty-five years ago I had hope; now I have fortitude."

The Sabatine family has dissolved in bitterness, he reports, and "the debs and balls are still focused on impression." Since the book first came out, Fink himself has changed substantially, he says. "I'm better-known and more influential now. But I feel smaller."

In a 1979 essay that accompanies the new edition, the art critic Max Kozloff wrote that Fink's work "transgresses its 'proper' boundaries by a convulsive empathy." Rather than sneer at his subjects, Fink uses his art to "normalize the flawed humanity of his subjects."

Fink says he always empathized with the subjects of his pictures (although it is hard to imagine that any of the people you see in these pages, with their glazed eyes and winking underwear, would ever let Fink aim a camera at them again).

"The sadness and lack of fulfillment you see is possibly a fact of that young photographer I was and how I saw things. I took these pictures with much more of a vengeance."

He feels less judgmental now.

For 25 years, the Brooklyn-born Fink has lived at the end of an intrepid road that dips into ravines and sashays through a forest for two miles before falling at the doorstep of his old stone farmhouse in Northampton County. He shares the place with friends, wayward souls, photographic assistants, and a wide range of animals - rabbits and dogs, peacocks and llamas, tropical birds and sheep and guinea fowl, an emu and several seriously misshapen geese.

Last year, under a brambly arch in the garden, he married his third wife, Martha Posner, a sculptor with whom he'd been living for 10 years. He and his first wife, the painter Joan Snyder, have a 22-year-old daughter, Molly, who is a filmmaker in New York.

In addition to his gift for photography, Fink is a talented and eclectic musician, says Daniel Power, a longtime friend and the publisher of several of Fink's books.

"He picks up an instrument - the trumpet, a drum set, clarinet, saxophone - and just plays. He dismisses it, saying he's just playing around, then will go off doing Charlie Parker or Miles Davis," Power says. "He's quite a renaissance man."

According to Power, the idea to republish Social Graces just popped up, much like Fink's head out of the soybean field. A few years ago, Fink held a party at the farm on the thinnest of premises. (He had agreed to take pictures of local kids in a band, provided they play for him.)

"It was an all-night bash," Power says. "About 40 people camped out. Larry put the rest of us in nooks and crannies in the house."

Sometime during the night, Fink brought a few of his friends into the studio, Power recalls.

"Larry had just finished Boxing," a collection of photographs taken mostly at Champs Gym and the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia. "And he was showing us some of his new work. … I said, 'It's a pity you can't get Social Graces anymore. Why don't we redo it?' And he said, 'Hey, man! That's a great idea!' "

Faded-hip codas like that from his beatnik past slip out every now and then, along with references to LSD and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. And his politics still lean to the left.

A few days after the attacks on New York and Washington, Fink got a call from Rolling Stone magazine, for which he has periodically done work.

"They wanted me to photograph West Point cadets at a candlelight ceremony," he says. "But I told them I would only do it if I could focus on the Arab American students. They wanted a jingoistic portrait. I wasn't going to do that."

Fink loathes the idea that he has somehow "sold out" and feels a need to explain - and rationalize - the fact that he's making serious money, for the first time in his life.

"If the world I had wanted had come to bear - sharing, kindness and collective responsibility - I would have been happy to work in its service," he says. "I have to intellectualize to some degree."

So, showing a visitor the silver Audi TT convertible parked in a stablelike stall in the barn, he says: "After all, I'm 60. You only go through male menopause once."

One of the advantages of doing commercial work, he says, is that he can pay his employees a decent wage and provide health insurance. And when a show of his photographs opens in Paris this month, he will take his four assistants along and pay for the whole trip.

"I'm not a rich person, because I don't save my money, but I'm a rich person because I don't save my money."

Articulate, serious and thoughtful, Fink is also a bit of a whimsical nut and seems to ping-pong between the two extremes of his personality: the intellectual, issuing his long, erudite musings on art and political philosophy; and the salt-of-the-earth scamp, showing off his scatological fluency just because he can.

For example, explaining why he photographs people, he comments: "People are like animals, and, like animals, the deepest part of them yearns to sniff out the other. ..."

This leads to an observation about the noses and tail ends of dogs.

His pinpoint brown eyes sparkle to gauge the reaction he's getting - and to the extent that a 60-year-old man can look like a mischievous boy, he does.

Standing in the soybeans, Fink is quoting Tocqueville about the tyranny of the majority.

He speculates about how much the Bush administration's ties to the oil industry will influence the nation's response to the terrorist attacks.

He is not disillusioned about the way the world has gone, he says, for ideas outlive people. Some day, he still hopes, people will figure out a way to create a more equitable society.

"I'm not talking about utopia," he says. "Utopia is an ego trip. It means the stupid will become smart and the smart will become humble. An absurd thought."

In the yard behind the barn, Fink's geese are honking brassily, rudely cutting through the lush strains of Gabriel Faur's Requiem. Asked if the chorus is coming from a nearby church, Fink laughs. "It's a CD." He puts speakers outside the house and saturates the woods with music.

The photographer begins shooting. Fink copes by chatting about anything that pops into his mind. The history of the bleached cow bones dangling from the dead tree beside the barn. (It's the work of a carpenter who lives on the property.) The time he tried to photograph Ross Perot with snakes. (Perot outmaneuvered him and posed himself with American flags.)

When the photographer finishes, Fink polishes off the scotch and retreats to his beloved teal leather massage chair in the studio.

Behind it is a massively enlarged photo of a praying mantis. He used to raise them, he explains. Now there are so many, they raise themselves.

"The praying mantis is the most elegant of warriors," Fink says. "The male has two brain centers, one in the pelvis, one in the brain. The female eats the top part of the male in copulation. Had he not another brain in his pelvis, he wouldn't be able to ejaculate."

He grins.

"Why not raise these types of things?"

Melissa Dribben's e-mail address is [*mdribben@phillynews.com*](mailto:mdribben@phillynews.com).

**Notes**

Melissa Dribben is a magazine staff writer.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

At 60, Fink is the Bob Dylan of photography. He's mellowed but has never lost his early, angry idealism. (Photography by Michael Bryant)

"Pat Sabatine's Eighth Birthday," from "Social Graces."

"Second Hungarian Ball," also from"Social Graces."

Fink can seem to ping-pong between erudite musings and salt-of-the-earth remarks.

**Load-Date:** November 15, 2001

**End of Document**



[***THE PIRATES MAY BE HEADED ELSEWHERE, AND THE REASONS ARE CLEAR. ATTENDANCE IS BOTTOMING OUT IN PITTSBURGH, AND SO IS INTEREST. NO PIRATES? PROSPECT SADDENS PITTSBURGH - BUT MAYBE NOT ENOUGH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C4H0-01K4-90DK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

SEPTEMBER 16, 1995 Saturday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1460 words

**Byline:** Sam Carchidi, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** PITTSBURGH

**Body**

Nath Raghu, a 62-year-old professor at the University of Pittsburgh, stood in front of a revered baseball landmark the other day and pondered a troubling question: Are the Pirates, his Pirates, going to leave Pittsburgh?

The Pirates are for sale, and if they leave Pittsburgh for Washington, D.C., or Orlando, Fla., as has been rumored, they'll leave behind more than a century of baseball history.

Honus Wagner. Arky Vaughan. Paul "Big Poison" and Lloyd "Little Poison" Waner. Ralph Kiner.

Bill Mazeroski's epic World Series home run in 1960. Roberto Clemente's stylish, all-around grace. Willie Stargell and the We-Are-Fam-a-lee Bucs . . . the city will not be the same.

To Raghu's left was the Joseph Katz Graduate School of Business at the University of Pittsburgh, which is where Forbes Field, the Pirates' old ballpark, used to stand. Behind him stood a red-brick, ivy-covered wall, the actual wall that stood in the Forbes Field outfield, the left-field wall that Mazeroski cleared with a ninth-inning homer to beat the New York Yankees in the seventh game of the 1960 World Series.

The wall, which still has "457 FT" and "436 FT" printed in white, was saved when the old ballpark was torn down. It is a symbol of the Pirates' past, of great times in this ***working-class*** city, when baseball meant something to the local populace.

Raghu was sitting in Forbes Field, first-base side, the day Mazeroski beat the Yankees. On other days he would sit in his 23d floor office in the Cathedral of Learning, which overlooked Forbes Field, and watch games out his

window. He remembers those sweet, innocent days and some leisurely nights at synthetic Three Rivers Stadium, the Pirates' home since 1970, and his voice has a trace of sadness.

"I don't think this city will realize how much the Pirates mean until they lose them," Raghu said. "They give us an identity."

Right now it's a bad identity. Attendance is awful, and so is the team. It wasn't always so, of course - the Barry Bonds-Bobby Bonilla-Doug Drabek Pirates won three straight N.L. East titles in 1990-92. But the Pirates couldn't afford prosperity - all three departed as free agents, signing big- money contracts elsewhere. The Pirates are a small-market team of limited resources that can't compete under baseball's current economic conditions.

And by the time some sort of revenue-sharing plan is implemented, the Pirates may well be playing elsewhere.

"I think they're gone," Ralph Palmer, 43, a lifelong Pittsburgh resident, was saying as he drove his taxi through downtown. "This has always been a football town. You can only get Steeler tickets if they're willed to you.

"This is a blue-collar town, and I think people started resenting baseball players when the money got out of hand," Palmer said. "I remember when Dave Parker signed a big contract in the '70s and the fans became bitter. There were nights he had to leave the field because they would throw batteries at him."

David Marsh, 45, a psychology professor at the University of Pittsburgh, also spoke of a gradual disillusionment.

"I remember going to Forbes Field as a kid sitting in the bleachers watching . . ." He paused. His lips curled into a soft smile as he reeled off his boyhood heroes.

"Mazeroski, Clemente, Dick Stuart, Bob Skinner, Rocky Nelson."

Marsh was on a roll.

"Vernon Law, Harvey Haddix, Dick Groat, Bill Virdon, Dick Schofield. That was a great era. I enjoyed watching it there and I enjoyed watching it at Three Rivers for a few years. But then . . . it kind of snuck up on me, but I stopped following it real close."

Marsh sounded almost apologetic.

"I think when the contracts started getting out of control and when players started jumping from team to team and didn't seem loyal to an area, I started losing interest," he said. "I don't blame the players for getting what they can, but it seemed the game lost its purity and it lost me - and I think a lot of people around here."

That may explain the Pirates' woeful attendance numbers - they average just over 13,000 fans per game, worst in the majors. Then again, lukewarm support has always been a problem - the Pirates fell some 15,000 empty seats short of a sellout for Game 7 of the 1991 playoffs.

Marsh said he is "irritated" by the stay-or-go speculation. "I think it's a facade. I think they're leaving. And they talk about building a new stadium like it would solve everything. I'd be against it. I see it as blackmail against the people of this city - they're being held hostage to a new stadium. It'll just fall back on the taxpayers - and there's no guarantee that they'd stay. Why should the taxpayers subsidize the ballplayers?"

Prospective buyer Kevin McClatchy, apparently the last hope of keeping the Pirates in Pittsburgh, reached a lease agreement Wednesday that allows him to move the team if funding for a new baseball-only stadium isn't secured by 2000. The lease also permits the Pirates to leave if additional losses reach $20 million by 2000. The team expects to lose that much just this season.

McClatchy, a newspaper heir from Sacramento, Calif., has only until next Friday to make a deal with the club's 10 current owners. The deal also must satisfy baseball's ownership committee, which is said to have reservations about McClatchy's financing. If he is not successful, the Pirates almost certainly will be sold and moved out of town - most likely to the Washington/ northern Virginia area, although Orlando also has been mentioned.

The current owners want about $85 million - some $60 million in debt assumption and repayment of their initial investment of $25.15 million. McClatchy, 32, is the third prospective buyer to reach a lease agreement with the city since the Pirates went up for sale in August 1994. The other two sales never materialized.

Said Pirates pitching coach Ray Miller: "This is like watching the O.J. trial - it never ends."

Manager Jim Leyland believes his players are by and large oblivious to the rumors, but utility player John Wehner fervently hopes the Pirates will stay - he grew up in Pittsburgh.

A move "would be devastating," Wehner said. "I couldn't imagine not having the team. I grew up dreaming of being a Pirate and I'm sure there are thousands of kids out there who have the same dream right now."

Wehner is both puzzled and bothered by the fans' apparent apathy. "You have 100-some years of history here, and to just let it all go . . .

"We're not doing very good and the fans obviously don't care, but they won't miss baseball until they don't have it. . . . I remember in the late '70s when it was a big sports town with the Pirates and the Steelers. We were the city of champions."

Now they're the city that belongs to the Steelers.

"I'd be upset if the Pirates left - they're Pittsburgh, they're part of the city," said Steve Dowd, a 24-year-old graduate student. "But if the Steelers left, it would be even worse. The Steelers could never leave. There would be riots in the streets if they tried to go. The Pirates just aren't as close to people's hearts.

"The Steelers represent the community - tough, hard-working people. You couldn't bring the West Coast offense to Pittsburgh. We're a running team, and that's how we like it."

Dowd said the Pirates' poor attendance "is not a city problem, it's a baseball problem. Lots of teams are having problems . . . since the strike. And you can't keep good players here unless you have revenue sharing."

Ray Miller has been the Pirates' pitching coach for nine years, through good times and bad. He likes Pittsburgh, but . . .

"I don't want (the club) to stay under the current conditions," he said. "We've lost so many great players (to free agency) and we try to replace them with marginal players and it doesn't work. We have 13 or 14 rookies, all

because they make $109,000," which is the major-league minimum salary.

Phillies outfielder Andy Van Slyke played on three division winners and became an all-star during his eight seasons in Pittsburgh. He said he would be saddened if the Pirates left, but he understands the owners' dilemma.

"Whoever buys the team reserves the right to make it profitable," Van Slyke said. "And if that means moving the team, so be it. There are a lot of reasons why they didn't support us better. There are a lot of factors against the fans - the parking is bad, there aren't many good seats and the traffic is a major problem.

"To me, baseball is like a restaurant. You need repeat customers. And if you have to wait for an hour before getting out of the parking lot, who's going to come back?"

Meanwhile, the last-place Pirates keep trudging along. Their 7-2 loss to the Phillies Thursday night, before 6,770 fans, was their eighth defeat in nine games, their 2,109th meeting with the Phillies since 1887. . . .

And probably their last one.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***GETTING ON THE MAP/ WHY DO PITTSBURGH BANDS SEEM TO HAVE A HARDER ROAD TO SUCCESS?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BTD-WS70-0094-50TY-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 27, 2004 Friday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; COVER STORY

**Length:** 3820 words

**Byline:** SCOTT MERVIS, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

In two weeks, more than a dozen Pittsburgh acts will line up in a local club to play a private showcase for a high-powered record executive scouting for talent.

Pittsburgh is one of 10 cities on the unsigned-band tour of Pete Ganbarg, a former Sony/Epic A&R man who has worked with the likes of Santana and Run-DMC and is now looking to enlist bands for a new label called Pure Tone.

Pittsburgh wasn't on his original list but when it was suggested, he had positive memories of his trips here several years ago while trying to sign the Gathering Field. Based on the CDs and demos submitted by Pittsburgh bands, Ganbarg says he is eager to return.

"Pittsburgh probably is No. 1 and No. 2 in terms of quality of music I've been getting," he says. "I got a wide spectrum of music and it's really, really good. There are some really unique things happening there from a musicianship level. I look forward to hearing it in person."

It might break a band out of Pittsburgh, it might not, but the hope is that eventually the city's musical secrets won't be so well kept.

A refresher: In the late '70s, early '80s, when the Steelers and Pirates were winning championships, the city had five major label contenders: the Iron City Houserockers, the Silencers, the Granati Brothers, Donnie Iris and Norm Nardini. They established an image of Pittsburgh as having a tough, ***working-class***, R&B-rooted sound.

But there was more going on here, like a thriving punk scene fueled by strident bands like the Cardboards, Carsickness and the Five. In the postpunk/New Wave era they were joined by another wave of eclectic bands including A.T.S., the Cynics, Hector in Paris and the Affordable Floors and, later, scene staples The Clarks, Rusted Root and the Gathering Field.

All along, we've known that The Cynics were the greatest garage band in the land. That A.T.S. could have been where Pavement was. That Carsickness and its leader, Karl Mullen, at least deserved Pere Ubu status. That no one, outside of Springsteen, can write a ***working-class*** anthem like Joe Grushecky. That Strict Flow was a solid hip-hop act. We're even pretty certain that The Clarks, the Pittsburgh band most blessed with local radio play, were better than Hootie and the Blowfish.

But that message has been hard to spread to the rest of the world. Over the past 20 years or so, the city has produced two multiplatinum artists -- Rusted Root and Christina Aguilera -- and few others who have either hit the charts or have become household names nationally.

Not that Pittsburgh bands never leave the state lines. Anti-Flag is one of the most respected bands in the underground punk scene. The Juliana Theory cracked the emo scene. The Cynics, Houserockers and Billy Price have European followings. Karl Hendricks, The Modey Lemon, Boxstep and the late Don Caballero are all celebrated in indie circles.

But why is it such a struggle for the city's bands to get on the music map in a big way? One veteran musician interviewed for this story referred to "the Pittsburgh curse." Does Pittsburgh have a bad image in the music business nationally?

"I don't think," Ganbarg says. "I think that it's basically as good as the next big act that comes from the city."

Unlike Seattle, Athens, Austin or New York, Pittsburgh hasn't been associated with a particular sound since the Houserocker days. Is that the problem? Not according to Ganbarg.

"If a city has a sound or style and a whole kind of buzz about it," Ganbarg says, "chances are it's going to be a temporary thing. Whether it's Athens, Ga., of the mid-'80s or Seattle of the early '90s, everyone hangs out for a few years and moves on. You're probably better off being in a city where the music is consistently strong and the output is consistently solid."

The old joke about Pittsburgh is that it's five years behind the rest of the world. Even within the scene, some complain of a lack of originality. But how much does that matter? If, for instance, New Invisible Joy, an otherwise solid band, sounds too much like "Bends"-era Radiohead and Coldplay, does that make them unsignable?

"It depends," Ganbarg says. "If the songs are great, there's a market for it. As reviled as they are, Creed has sold 30 million records. Back in the mid-'90s, everyone passed on Creed because they sounded like Pearl Jam. Who knew at that time that Eddie Vedder was going to stop writing commercial songs and Scott Stapp was going to come in and fill that void? I'm sure the person who signed Creed is very happy right now."

In the interest of stirring things up, we presented a series of questions to members of the Pittsburgh music community. Some took exception to the questions, others gladly went along, but just about everyone we asked shot back thoughtful and candid responses. Here they are, in edited form:

1 Why do you think so few bands/artists from Pittsburgh have been hugely successful on the national scene?

Robert Wagner, Little Wretches: The relative lack of commercial success achieved by bands from Pittsburgh can be traced to those two simple ideas: Originality and community. The majority of songwriters and bands in Pittsburgh have nothing to say either musically or lyrically. They don't write very well. They don't sing very well. They don't play very well. They seem to think that "being cool" is sufficient. But by the time something catches on as "cool" in Pittsburgh, it's already expired on the national scene… The best music arises from a community. "I want to be rich" and "I want to be a pop star" are not the kinds of needs and ideals around which a community is likely to grow.

Billy Price, R&B legend: Your question seems to imply that this reflects some inherent weakness in the city of Pittsburgh -- if that's what you mean, then I would disagree. I think Pittsburgh has probably been represented fairly in proportion to its size.

Mark Scheer, Discount Stars/Trash Vegas: As much as I want to speak highly of local radio, it's difficult. Aside from WYEP, I think the rest could do a bit more as they reach out to a wider range of listeners. In short, more radio play. There is a lot of well-recorded music in the city … and a lot of good bands the mass population just isn't aware of it.

Joe Dello Stritto, Camera: To be honest, there are, and have been, great musicians out there, but they can't write a song. I am speaking from the rock side of things. It is very disappointing to listen to bad songs at a club, or listen to something so non-original because you can hear the same thing on the radio. People in Pittsburgh don't go out to shows like they do elsewhere because the songs just aren't there.

Gary Hinston, promoter: It could come down to talent or lack of. It could also be that the industry doesn't know of the Pittsburgh talent. There aren't any record labels here. There aren't any artist managers or agents here. For those acts who choose to stay here and strive to become famous, their chances are slim to none. The music industry is located in New York, L.A., Miami, and Nash-ville. Move!

Gregg Kostelich, The Cynics: I ask myself the same questions every day. The scene is so small that when something great is on the verge, jealousy steps in and kills it before it takes off. Cleveland is the next scene, only most of those bands will work together, which will be great for Cleveland. I see the same potential in Pittsburgh this time but we all have to work together.

Kyle Smith, WYEP morning man: I think that Pittsburgh is not unlike many other major metro cities that know they have talented artists and musicians and would like to see them be mega stars, but I don't really hear much about "huge success" stories from places like St. Louis, Dallas, Cleveland and other comparable cities.

Sam Matthews, scene veteran: Radio around here tends to [stink]. DVE still plays the same Bad Company and Heart tunes they played in ' 78. Maybe it's a factor of age, but to me all of the bands on The X sound the same -- distorted guitars and fake rage. WYEP has yet to understand the role and function of the electric guitar in music.

Christiane Leach, Soma Mestizo: I don't think it is so much about acts from Pittsburgh failing as it is about the music business no longer being about the music.

Not only is the music business flailing to stay alive in an era of downloadable digital music, but it also seems to lack artist development. The musical machinery is all about pumping out product rather than artists. A prime example is Evanescence. Someone heard their cassette and decided to take a risk on them, even though they had never played live, and lo and behold, they have a Grammy. You need someone in the industry to take a risk and believe and support their artists and let them be artists, do what they do well. Pittsburgh music has a unique depth and uncompromising approach that challenges the mundane and mediocre.

"Poppa" John Tucker, SodaJerk: I think the two biggest problems in the "scene" in Pittsburgh, are a) rarely do bands work together to build up something, and b) many bands suffer from the "big fish, small pond" syndrome. It's too easy to get comfy here if you gain some success. I've seen tons of bands do it. Fact is, Pittsburgh is conveniently located right in the middle of big cities like New York, Nashville and Chicago. These are the true places to test your mettle and move to the next level. A lot of bands miss out on that. A good friend once said: "It's not hard, folks, just get in the van."

Karl Mullen, singer-songwriter: What does it mean "to make it"? Christina Aguilera has "made it" in one sense and in another has failed. She fails to "make a difference," she fails to "make sense," she fails to "make art, or even good music." Rusted Root was very lucky to ride the neo-suburban wave -- did they "make it"? The Clarks have worked hard for years to perfect a simple blue-collar pop rock that perhaps has no appeal outside the Rust and Bible belts. Perhaps we also should be asking other questions about the Pittsburgh music scene. Who has made sense? Who made a difference? What is the total monies of all benefit concerts made by musicians to the community? Who speaks in an unique voice? Who actually has something to say? Who opens doors -- to perceptions, to resources?

2 Does it have to do with Pittsburgh not developing a distinct sound?

Rich Kienzle, music critic: Definitely. Pittsburgh never developed an identifiable "sound" a la Memphis or Motown. We lack a major catalyst, an incubator that could nurture innovations: a record company, a local studio or venues like the Decade. You can't fabricate a scene. MGM Records tried challenging San Francisco in 1968 by signing a few mediocre Boston rock bands and hyped them as "The Bosstown Sound." The nationwide yawn was deafening.

Dello Stritto: Exactly. No one is original. Everyone sounds like everyone else. Look at The Clarks. To me, they are good musicians but can't write a good or catchy rock song. They are big in Pittsburgh and that's about it. The rest of the country knows when they hear a Clarks song that it is nothing special. Many of the bands here tend to appeal to the uneducated music listener who really doesn't care about music. They are at a club like Nick's just to hang out, and there just happens to be a band playing that night.

Smith: I happen to think the strength of the Pittsburgh scene is in its diversity and I realize that's pretty hard to market or push to the masses.

Scheer: I think Pittsburgh had a distinct sound years ago with the shot-and-beer blues style. However, along with the steel mills, that sound is, unfortunately dead. I don't blame the city for that. I blame the record industry. No label nurtures bands along anymore. They squeeze their one hit out of them and then it's on to the next flavor.

Price: There has always been a strong blues and R&B influence in Pittsburgh bands, but I actually can't think of any great blues artists that Pittsburgh has spawned, and the blues scene here is second- and third-generation, and highly derivative (I'm Exhibit A for that). Chicago has Buddy Guy, Junior Wells and Otis Rush; St. Louis has Albert King; Detroit has John Lee Hooker. We've spawned lots of great jazz artists, but I can't think of any real Pittsburgh blues artists. As for where the [R&B influence] comes from in Pittsburgh, my guess is that it all has something to do with Porky Chedwick and other DJs who were popular here in the ' 50s, like Mad Mike, instilling a taste for real blues and R&B in white people in Pittsburgh. Over the years, the rest of us have just kind of kept it going.

Tucker: I don't think it helps, but I also do not relish, as a musician, the thought of a whole city being identified with one particular sound. I think it may be a curse as well as a blessing. Pittsburgh's "sound" may just be having no "sound." I'm OK with that.

Tom Moran, Deliberate Strangers: That type of thing only happens when the industry is able to latch on to one or two bands doing something similar in a particular place. Industry hype creates "sounds." Ninety percent of the time those bands are not "making it" in their hometowns, they're out touring their [bleeps] off for years.

Wagner: The ideal would be for Pittsburgh artists to create highly personal, idiosyncratic work striving to achieve the "universal" through the personal and to support the work of fellow artists who are engaged in similar pursuits. Take the New York Underground from the mid-'70s as an example: Patti Smith, Television, Blondie, Talking Heads, The Ramones, etc. They played at the same clubs, but they didn't look or sound at all alike. The Beat Generation was likewise a community that spawned Kerouac, Burroughs, Ginsberg, Corso and many others, but the literature they produced is incredibly diverse. Again, these were communities united around shared needs and shared ideals.

3. Are you aware of any negative images of Pittsburgh that people in the music business nationally might have?

Leach: Yes, there is a great assumption that Pittsburgh doesn't have anything going on, which couldn't be further from the truth. That it is too small of a town to be progressive. It is something you can hear in the tone of voice when you are trying to book shows outside of the city. As soon as you say you are from Pittsburgh, the interest level disappears. But what can we expect, we don't live in a city that thinks what we are doing is great, so why should anybody else? So as a performer, you are not only trying to sell your band, but trying to sell your city as well, and it is a lonely and thankless job.

Kienzle: Musically, it's seen by some as a conservative area where musicians follow trends instead of creating them, where an aging population is overly fixated on oldies. Those "smoky steel town" stereotypes persist, aided by endless cable reruns of "The Deer Hunter," "Flashdance," "All The Right Moves," etc.

Dello Stritto: Yes, we see it firsthand in Camera. We were in New York City and someone asked us where we were from. We told them Pittsburgh. The reply was, "Pittsburgh? How can a band like you be from Pittsburgh?" -- saying that nothing really good comes out of Pittsburgh.

Jim Donovan, Rusted Root: In my personal experience people were generally surprised when Rusted Root would mention we were from Pittsburgh. We made a point to let people know every time we played "We're Rusted Root from Pittsburgh, PA." I think there is still the dirty steel-making image out there in the world …

Scheer: I personally am not aware of any negative images that people nationally may have with Pittsburgh. Although I've had friends visit Pittsburgh for the first time recently and they asked where all the smoke was. So that image is still out there.

Tucker: I've heard rumors of the A&R guys having a sour view on Pittsburgh, based on the behavior of some bands. If that's true or not, I have no idea. Face it, Pittsburgh's just not big on the map of music hot spots. It's a sports town. You have to go get the industry's attention. I'm sure they're not planning a lot of trips to Pittsburgh in the near future.

Price: Generally, when I have traveled, I've found that people think it is kind of cool to be from Pittsburgh. Being from Pittsburgh gives me blue-collar credentials that I wouldn't have otherwise.

Sean McDowell, WDVE DJ: I don't think it's a negative as much as it is a realization about Pittsburgh and it's that I've always heard we're a "classic rock/' 80s rock/hair band" sort of town, comfortable to live in the past musically. That may be offensive to some Pittsburghers but I think it's true. And I don't think it's a bad thing either; when it comes to music, you like what you like. So what if you're not on the cutting edge with what's hip and happening? Unless you're a critic, who cares?

Tony DiNardo, Graffiti Rock Challenge: Primarily, it is a secondary market. A lot is based on population density. Pittsburgh is still stigmatized by its past: blue-collar, smoky, beer-drinking-town image. Above and beyond that, so many are chasing the dream, with so much product, the industry can afford to be selective. Why do they need to come to you when they know you will come to them? If one was to do a study, there are probably 10,000+ new releases annually, privately funded, label or otherwise, and only a small fraction of that is released to the radio stations for airplay. The odds are against the small, private project.

4. What could the industry here do to help?

DiNardo: What industry? If a chain misses a link is it doing its job? There are multiple links missing in the industry here. The promoters only care about numbers in the seats, ditto the venues. The big question is, where is the artist development in this city? Media alone can't make it happen. All the links have to be there. Personal management, business management, record label investment interest and national booking agents are needed in this town. Bands now have to wing it on their own and hope futility doesn't get the best of them.

Moran: Local radio, both commercial and "public," need to start promoting and putting local musicians on the playlists in prime time, not in off-hour ghetto-ized slots. They need to develop the [guts] to buck what the industry dictates.

Tucker: I'd like to say for club owners to not be so anal about sheer numbers and work with bands to build up something in their establishment, but in the end they're out to make money, not build a scene. I'd like to see more radio involvement with local bands, but hell, these days all the radio stations are owned by one corporation, who doesn't give one tenth of one [bleep] about new bands. You can't blame the DJs, they're just making a paycheck. Most of them, with exceptions, hate their format.

Sam Matthews, musician: More like, what can the artists do to help themselves? No angels from a major are going to show up and give you cash to record, put out your disc and give you a private plane to tour. Hindsight has shown me that you gotta put out your own discs, get in the van and do it yourself.

Dello Stritto: Show up and check out the scene. Not the Nick's, Rock Jungle or Hard Rock scene, but The Rex and 31st Street Pub. The underground scene here has more to offer if you are really into music and not just out at a club to drink Coors Light, pick up girls, and have the band performing just be background music.

Kostelich: Set up a musical movement that has a board of directors for the sole reason of developing art and music.

Donovan: Support music education in schools, hands down.

Leach: We need to have an international performance festival of the likes of Philly Fringe. We need to have a musical showcase which would give industry folks a reason to come and see what is here.

Price: I don't know a lot about the radio business, but it seems to me as an outsider that very few people in the radio business advance in their careers by taking unnecessary risks, and the aversion to risk seems to have gotten worse over the years. Obviously, Porky and Mad Mike played whatever they wanted to play; but the days when disc jockeys were able to do that seem as distant as the Age of the Dinosaurs now.

5. What advice would you give young artists?

Donovan: Be most concerned with the quality of your music and being happy. Stay independent, own your music and merchandising, don't fall for the myth that MTV portrays. Use the Internet, work together with other bands, not in competition, always play your [behind] off even if there is no one in the audience.

McDowell: Seek out the older artists locally who have been down that road already. Ask the guys in the Clarks, the Houserockers, The Gathering Field and Brownie Mary how they've been screwed, repeatedly, by the labels. Know what you're getting into and understand how enormously slim your chances are of being a star.

Kienzle: Decide what you want to do and build your own vision. Don't compromise that vision. Use newer technologies to your advantage. And don't ignore the business side, a mistake that's sunk many a talented performer.

Moran: Get in the van when you turn 18.

Matthews: The only kind of music you should play is music you love. Anything less is a compromise and you'll [stink] at it anyway.

6. What band or act out of Pittsburgh do you think should or should have made it?

Scheer: I love the Sci-Fi Idols and I thought A.T.S. was overlooked.

Dello Stritto: On an indie level, I think The Frampton Brothers should have. Ed Masley's songwriting was catchy and Sean Lally is one of the greatest guitarists to ever play. The bands that should make it now: Shade, Black Tie Revue and The Wynkataug Monks.

Smith: Bill Deasy and New Invisible Joy. I don't think either act's best days are behind them.

Kostelich: The Cynics but then again Little Steven says we did make it. We've been around the world for many years, made great friends … I'm totally grateful.

Hinston: The Silencers.

Leach: BEAM, New Invisible Joy, Ouve, Liz Berlin Project, Barrett Black Band, Boxstep, Deliberate Strangers, hell, even my own band, Soma Mestizo, on and on …

Donovan: Donnie Iris and The Cruisers, one of my favorite all-time bands. They always rock.

Moran: The Cardboards.

Tucker: Kelly Affair should have, but they were too combustible, personality wise. G-Force, in the metal days, should've been David Lee Roth's backing band. I think BEAM is just incredible in the hip-hop category.

Kienzle: Latrobe native Irene Kelley. She's lived in Nashville a long time. Her first-rate voice and songwriting gifts are well known. Two major labels signed her. Neither knew what to do with her.

Wagner: Instead of worrying about "making it," maybe people should be thinking about laying the foundation that will allow people to do work worthy of "making it." Who do I think is or was worthy of "making it?" Who cares? The point is that dozens of bands could have really put this city on the map.

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG Scott Mervis can be reached at [*smervis@post-gazette.com*](mailto:smervis@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-2576.

**Load-Date:** February 28, 2004

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The Philadelphia Inquirer

FEBRUARY 15, 2004 Sunday ADVANCE EDITIONCorrection Appended

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**Section:** FEATURES IMAGE; Pg. M01

**Length:** 4115 words

**Byline:** Story by JEFF GAMMAGE

**Body**

When Jayson Choi arrives at work in the morning, he has but to glance up to behold the 16-story proof of Chinatown's ascent.

The gleaming white tower of the GrandView, a luxury condominium development, virtually sparkles in the low-rising sun.

The Choi Funeral Home lies within its considerable shadow. And Choi, 32, thinks that's fabulous.

The emergence of new, high-priced housing will be good for the whole neighborhood, he says. It's bound to attract new people to Philadelphia, which means more local spending, more jobs and more taxes paid to the city, which can use the money to enhance government services.

"This is what you're striving for," Choi says.

Others in Chinatown aren't nearly so excited.

The GrandView, where units cost up to $300,000, isn't the only new neighbor. A few blocks away, condos at the TenTen development are selling for as much as $350,000. The talk in the neighborhood is about which piece of property might next be converted to expensive condos.

The phenomenon has rattled veteran Chinatown activists - some fear they could be witnessing the beginning of the end. They worry that the introduction of premium condominiums will raise property values, taxes and rents so high that the neighborhood's traditional, ***working-class*** residents will be forced out. And they fear that Chinatown, for 130 years the regional gateway for Asian emigres, could eventually be reduced to a touristy collection of trinket stores and restaurants.

"It's in danger of disappearing as a center for immigrants," says Ellen Somekawa, executive director of Asian Americans United (AAU). "It can exist forever as a facade."

Why are developers coming to Chinatown? Simple. There's hardly any place else to go.

Values of Center City condos are rocketing, with some preferred units costing more than $2 million. But the core of Center City has few available properties for conversion, and that's forcing developers toward the edges.

"Chinatown didn't move. Center City moved," says Deborah Wei, who serves on AAU's board of directors.

Both Chinatown condo developments are advertised as perfect homes for active professionals - no commute to work, with easy access to the city's finest museums, theaters and boutiques.

But no one who toils chopping vegetables in a Chinatown kitchen, or who labors hemming seams in a neighborhood garment factory, could ever afford to live there.

Chinatown is home to about 4,000 people, neighborhood leaders say, many of whom speak little English, live crowded in small apartments and work at low-paying jobs. The typical household survives on $8,349 a year - about a quarter of the average city income.. More than half the adults are poor, and their children are even worse off: Three out of four kids in Chinatown live in poverty.

Chinatown has no public school. It has no recreation center. No park. No playground. No library. No health clinic.

In fact, for 40 years, Chinatown has been Philadelphia's version of Monty Python's Black Knight - an arm hacked off here, a leg chopped off there, bleeding but somehow still battling. Without political clout or protectors, Chinatown has been hammered by huge public and private building projects, each one snapping up land and sometimes houses.

Construction of the Gallery mall and Market East train station took chunks of south and southwest Chinatown during the 1970s. The Vine Street Expressway claimed part of the northern end in the 1980s. The Convention Center swallowed homes on the west side. The east side was long ago blocked by the Police Administration Building and what is now the Temple University School of Podiatric Medicine.

Three years ago, bitter memories of those incursions helped spur the neighborhood's heated - and successful - opposition to placing the Phillies' new baseball stadium in Chinatown.

What's changed, activists say, is that while the earlier assaults were frontal, the new one is so subtle as to be almost invisible. That's what makes it so threatening.

You can mobilize people against a ballpark, but how do you rally them against something as amorphous as rising property values? Or against something as complex as tax assessment?

"There isn't even anything to demonstrate against," says Wei. "Where would you march?"

Near the corner of Ninth and Race, in the shade of the soaring blue superstructure of the Ben Franklin Bridge, across the street from the imposing white-brick Verizon building, squats the H.K. Golden Phoenix Restaurant.

On the eatery's shiny tile facade is a rectangular bronze plaque.

"In commemoration of our forefathers," it reads, "this plaque is dedicated to those who came to the Gim San to seek their fortunes."

Gim San is the Gold Mountain, the United States, the land to which more than a quarter-million Chinese journeyed during the mid-1800s, drawn by the prospect of gold in California and the promise of jobs building the transcontinental railroad.

Almost all the newcomers were men, and almost all intended to work, save their money, and return to China. But most never saw their homeland again, and very few struck it rich.

In 1882, the country aflame with anti-Chinese passions, Congress passed the Chinese Exclusion Act, banning new immigration and blocking those already here from bringing in their wives. Chinese laborers dared not leave the country to visit their families, lest they be barred from re-entry.

Trapped between countries and cultures, many scattered to cities across the United States, creating bachelor societies in poor neighborhoods, communities that came to be known as Chinatowns. Racial discrimination and language barriers limited them to the jobs that the white labor force regarded as women's work: cooks, waiters and laundry washers.

The plaque at 913 Race St. marks the spiritual heart of Chinatown, the spot where the neighborhood's first hand laundry opened in 1870.

But of course, the full story is so much more vivid, so much richer in hope and sorrow, than the few words that can fit onto the face of a plaque.

When you step through the towering Friendship Gate at 10th and Arch, you enter a living, breathing community, one that seems always in motion, yet forever unchanged. Today, Chinatown is both a residential and a commercial neighborhood, still fulfilling the role it undertook more than a century ago - the first stop for Asian immigrants seeking better lives.

In some American cities, immigrant populations have been squeezed out of once-vibrant Chinatowns, which endure mostly as dining destinations for out-of-town visitors.

Not in Philadelphia.

To be sure, there are plenty of restaurants - more than 50 jammed into roughly eight blocks. But Chinatown is much more than that.

It is a place where the homesick can find a sense of belonging, where young people come to visit aging grandparents, where people who traveled 7,000 miles to this country can still bump into someone who grew up in the same rural village.

It's a place where children mind their behavior, knowing any mischief will surely be reported to their parents, where all gray-haired elders are reverently addressed as "gung-gung" and "po-po," grandfather and grandmother. It is a place so universally acknowledged as the regional center of Asian society that people who don't live there, who never lived there, still think of it as "home."

Yet the daily sidewalk bustle and evening neon glow mask a harder truth: Chinatown suffers.

Unemployment is nearly double the city average. Twice as many households are impoverished. Half the adults never finished high school, and while one in five Philadelphians has had at least some college education, in Chinatown it's one out of 23.

Chinatown is forced to expend enormous energy fighting just to stay even, to keep itself mostly intact. Before the protest against the baseball stadium, it was the protest against the prison, a 750-bed lockup the federal government wanted to build next to a church. It took the neighborhood two years to beat that back. Today, there's almost no vacant housing. The demand for affordable living space - that is, affordable to poor people - is relentless. Construction of subsidized homes, pushed forward by the Philadelphia Chinatown Development Corp., has come only through supreme effort and slowly, half a dozen developments in 20 years.

When the Hing Wah Yuen development opened north of Vine Street in 1999, 400 families applied for 51 homes. When Sing Wah Yuen opened nearby last year, 170 families applied for 11 homes. The waiting list at On Lok House, a 55-apartment building for the elderly, stands at 100.

Originally, almost all the people in Chinatown came from Canton, now called Guangzhou. Today most arrivals come from Fujian, on China's southeast coast across the strait from Taiwan. But few of the newcomers can speak English, and the Fujianese dialect is unintelligible to speakers of Cantonese and Mandarin.

Unable to understand the language, or read a bus schedule, or drive a car, the Fujianese - locals call them FOBs, for "fresh off the boat" - take whatever jobs they can find. For many, home consists of a mattress on the floor of a shared apartment, or a rowhouse where three families press into space designed for one.

While Chinatown is often the first stop for immigrants, it's hardly the last. Many stay only until they gain their footing - some language skills, a little savings. Then they move on, perhaps to South Philadelphia or New Jersey, their place taken by a new tide of arrivals, the new group as poor and needy as the one it replaced.

In October, about 40 Chinatown residents met to talk about the future, attending a forum sponsored by the Delaware Valley Regional Planning Commission. The agency has been working to develop a comprehensive plan to move Chinatown forward.

Many people at the hearing identified the biggest need as housing for those struggling in low-wage jobs. Others wanted a public school, and safe places for their children to play.

Now 16 months into a two-year process, the DVRPC is hoping to set priorities for spending government money, promoting the work of nonprofit groups, and identifying opportunities for private businesses.

A draft report ranks more than two dozen priorities - the large number the equivalent, critics say, of having no priorities at all.

Barry Seymour, the agency's assistant executive director, says the span of needs and desires reflects the varied wants of a diverse community. The goals range from improving neighborhood trash pick-up to capping the Vine Street Expressway and building a park on top.

"How do you bring it all together? That's the billion-dollar question," Seymour says.

To outsiders, Chinatown can seem monolithic. It is not. What people think is best for the neighborhood depends on where they stand.

Splits can occur between people who run businesses in Chinatown but don't live there and people who live there but don't work there. There are differences between old-timers and newcomers, poor and better-off, schooled and uneducated. Some north-south antagonisms even linger from old China. Alliances can rise or fall on political lines.

Come fall, parts of Chinatown will celebrate National Day on Oct. 10, marking the start of the 1911 revolution that replaced the Ch'ing dynasty with a republic. For others the holiday will already be over. They celebrate on Oct. 1, the day Mao Tse-tung established the communist People's Republic in 1949.

Choi, the funeral-home owner, thinks some people automatically oppose change, even if it might prove beneficial.

Five years ago, when he was trying to open the neighborhood's only funeral parlor, people complained that his business would snarl traffic and devour parking spaces. Others raised old-country fears about ghosts. What actually occurred, Choi says, is that the neighborhood gained a locally owned, trilingual funeral home that provides services for all Asian ethnicities and religions.

"Chinese people think there's no other world but Chinatown," he says. "There's a bigger world out there."

The first Chinese woman in Philadelphia came here not as a settler but as an exhibit.

In 1835, 19-year-old Afong Moy, billed as "A Chinese Lady," sat for public viewing at Washington Hall on South Third Street, her mere foreignness a sufficient attraction to warrant 50 cents admission. Before coming to Philadelphia she drew huge crowds in New York, where she amazed people by speaking in Chinese and eating with chopsticks.

Within a few years, Philadelphia's interest in the Middle Kingdom led businessman Nathan Dunn to open a "Chinese Museum" at Ninth and Sansom Streets. The museum's contents consisted of antiques and artworks drawn from Dunn's private collection, along with life-size dioramas of typical Chinese stores and homes. It drew more than 100,000 visitors before being packed off to London in 1842.

By 1845, a few Chinese had settled permanently in Philadelphia, establishing laundries in different neighborhoods. But 25 years would pass before Chinatown, as defined by the convergence of two Chinese businesses, began to materialize.

By the late 1860s, anti-Chinese sentiment was sweeping the country, creating a sort of reverse migration as Chinese abandoned the western states to seek jobs and safety in the East. Fifty men left San Francisco to work at a New Jersey laundry, some moving on to Philadelphia.

In 1870, a man named Lee Fong started a laundry on Race Street, and a restaurant later opened on the second floor. Small groceries followed.

"This was a run-down part of town where rents were cheap," writes Philadelphia folklorist Debora Kodish. "Poor and working people, and other newcomers not welcomed elsewhere in the city - including African Americans, Italians and Russians - could afford to live there."

At the turn of the century the neighborhood had grown to about 1,000 people. And Chinatown was developing a reputation, at least among the larger white populace, as a place of mystery and intrigue, even danger.

On Race Street stood a rambling, four-story structure known as the House of a Hundred Rooms, reputed to harbor thriving trades in opium, gambling and smuggling. In the streets, bloody tong wars broke out, and it wasn't unusual for a body to turn up in the nearby Delaware River.

"No policeman," the Daily News wrote later, "ventured into Chinatown alone at night."

Was it really that dangerous? Probably not. But it's hard to be sure. Little of the neighborhood's notion of itself or its reputation was recorded. With no community newspaper, no political leaders and little voice, perceptions of Chinatown were largely shaped by outsiders.

And often they had nothing good to say.

In 1926 the city celebrated a monumental engineering achievement: completion of the Delaware River Bridge, later renamed the Ben Franklin. Planners expected Race Street - home to nascent Chinatown - to be the gateway.

"The Delaware River Bridge has come, and Chinatown must go," the Philadelphia Evening Ledger wrote.

Chinatown hung on, but barely. Within a few years the population shrank from 1,600 to 300.

"Few people realize how the Chinese dislike mingling with other races," the Ledger wrote in a story notable for its casual racism. "They will only travel in a trolley car if they do not have fifty cents for a taxi. They shrink from crowding contact. When the opening of the Delaware River Bridge made Race Street the city's main outlet, Chinatown, with an inscrutable look on its face, began packing up to leave."

But impressions of the Chinese - here and elsewhere - were soon to change.

In 1937 Japan launched a murderous, full-scale invasion of its Asian neighbor, raising sympathy for China in the United States. Four years later came the attack on Pearl Harbor.

China was now a war ally. New respect was evident in Philadelphia, where dry-goods store owner Wong Wah Ding, sometimes called the "mayor" of Chinatown, was interviewed and photographed by the newspapers. The Inquirer covered the ceremony in which Wong's 20-year-old son, a Wharton School student named Henry, was sworn into the Army.

"I cannot become a citizen myself because of the law," the older Wong said, "but I am happy that my only son is giving his services to the country I love best."

Chinatown was still pinched, still blighted by cheap hotels and wino bars. But by war's end it was making gains.

New laws permitted Chinese American soldiers to bring wives into the country. Families settled in Chinatown. Institutions such as the Chinese Christian Church and the Holy Redeemer Chinese Catholic Church and School assumed leadership roles. The Chinese Gospel Church opened in 1952 and the Chinatown YMCA in 1955.

Soon even those modest advancements would be imperiled.

Two snarling stone Foo Dogs stand guard at the entrance of TenTen condominiums.

Inside the front door, there are a cyber cafe and a Chinese bookstore. Upstairs, the units come with oak floors, exposed beams and vaulted ceilings. Some condos at TenTen - it stands at 1010 Race St., across from the Chung May Food Market - offer rooftop decks.

Developer Lance Silver, of Silver & Harting Real Estate, says sales have been extraordinary: All the least expensive units, at $125,000, have been sold. Only 27 of the original 96 condos are still available, and he expects to sell out within months. In fact, he's raising the prices.

The eight-story brick building was built in 1892 for the Heywood Brothers Chair Factory. Today, as TenTen, it's attracting a clientele of doctors, lawyers and international businesspeople.

"There's nothing better than providing somebody with a home and hearing them say, 'Thank you,' " he says.

He says he's heard no complaints from Chinatown residents - "They love it!"

New high-end housing only helps a neighborhood, he says, increasing the worth of everyone's property. Besides, Silver says, all businesses and properties are ultimately governed by the sway of the free market. "If a business is meant to be, it will survive. If it's not, it will move."

A few blocks away at 11th and Vine, the GrandView offers breathtaking vistas of the city skyline and frills that include an on-site fitness center.

"I just moved in," says Anita Fung, who runs Southeast Chinese Restaurant in Chinatown. "It's the best thing I ever did in my life. My husband doesn't have to shovel the snow. No more driving from Bucks County."

Both developments were once hotels, TenTen the Clarion Suites and GrandView the Hawthorn Suites, and from their front doors it's a short walk to Independence Mall, Reading Terminal Market, Old City, and many of Center City's priciest shops and restaurants.

David Grasso, president of Metro Development Co., which owns the GrandView, says about 150 of the 200 units have been sold, including a couple priced at $400,000. He expects to sell the rest within weeks.

"We were very fortunate there existed a pent-up demand for good-quality, residential product in Chinatown," he says. In fact, he's looking for other Chinatown properties now.

Grasso says he's well aware of the ramifications that condominiums could pose for Chinatown. He considered placing some low-cost housing within the GrandView, but "it just didn't make economic sense."

"It's a valid concern, that they need housing for people who can't afford it," he says. "Our building, it's a business. We had a responsibility to our investors."

The people in Washington had a bright new idea: They would devote some of the government's domestic energies to reviving the crumbling infrastructure of the nation's inner cities, spending vast sums on a program of "urban renewal."

To federal policymakers, the flag-bearers of the New Frontier and the Great Society, urban renewal meant the large-scale clearing of slums and old buildings. To poor people in rough neighborhoods, it meant the destruction of homes and communities.

Buildings began to disappear in Chinatown - which by the 1960s was known mostly for bums, booze, bars and brothels. The enigmatic House of a Hundred Rooms was gone, torn down to make way for a gas station. Prostitutes outnumbered restaurants.

Chinatown's 2,000 residents were largely isolated and ignored - until the government needed their land.

In 1966, city leaders announced plans to widen the Vine Street Expressway, the design, incredibly, requiring the demolition of Holy Redeemer Chinese Catholic Church.

People in Chinatown were irate, disbelieving that so crucial an institution could be so offhandedly targeted for destruction, taking with it the neighborhood's only school, playground and meeting space.

"The church was important," says Chinatown researcher Kathryn Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, "but the activities it supported were even more important."

Several people immediately formed a preservation committee - later to become the Philadelphia Chinatown Development Corp. When more conservative organizations like the Chinese Benevolent Association shied from the fight, a younger generation stepped up.

"The CBA's stance was, 'You can't fight City Hall,'" says Philadelphia educator Mary Yee, then a college student. "We said, 'You have to fight City Hall.' "

Yee and several friends formed Yellow Seeds, publishing a bilingual newspaper that sounded the alarm. "Homes, not highways," became the rallying cry.

On July 30, 1973, bulldozers clanked into Chinatown and began knocking down houses along Vine Street - touching off an angry three-day demonstration. At the height of the protest, several young people lay down in front of the earthmovers, daring the equipment-operators to run over them.

Today, the heroics of that time, when soft flesh stopped hard steel, have become part of Chinatown lore and legend. A building-sized mural at 10th and Winter Streets commemorates the moment - a colossal hand reaching out to turn back the machines.

In retrospect, the fight over the expressway was a winning battle in a losing war. Other projects - the Gallery mall, the train station, the Convention Center - formed walls on all sides.

Today, Chinatown is virtually hemmed in.

Its only potential avenue of expansion lies to the north, across 12 lanes of speeding traffic, beyond Vine Street and the Vine Street Expressway.

When John Chin stands at the northwest corner of 10th and Vine, he doesn't see the parking lot strewn with empty beer bottles.

He doesn't see the chain-link fence, with the shredded remnants of plastic trash bags trapped in the razor wire, or the rundown rowhouse with boarded windows.

He sees the future.

On the north side of Vine he sees an anchor for an expanding neighborhood: the Chinatown Community Center, a multipurpose facility with meeting rooms, a basketball court and an art gallery, with retail shops lining the exterior, topped by a modernist metal roof that twists and rolls like the back of a dragon.

And Chin, executive director of the PCDC, sees it happening soon - within five years.

PCDC has land. It has experience. It needs money. Right now the agency has less than $1 million of the center's estimated $8 million cost.

Almost everyone in Chinatown believes the future lies to the north. The challenge is mustering the financial and emotional strength to get there.

The post-industrial landscape hasn't stopped real-estate companies from buying, or property values from rising, hurting PCDC's ability to buy and hold parcels in "land banks" for later development.

If market-rate condos are being built in Chinatown proper, activists ask, how long before they go up in the area envisioned as Chinatown North?

"I don't think people realize the consequences," says Lai Har Cheung, whose roots in Chinatown go back three decades. "This neighborhood could end up being a little amusement park."

Her grandfather came here from Canton, working as a waiter until he could afford to send for his wife. She arrived with the clothes on her back and a single possession - a blanket.

Cheung, a youth-program coordinator for the Philadelphia Education Fund, can't find a reasonably priced apartment in Chinatown, so she travels from South Philadelphia to visit her grandmother at On Lok House. Friends face the same situation, she says.

"The right to affordable housing is a battle that needs to be fought," Cheung says. "Is it right that property values kick you out of your house? Is it right that taxes keep you living away from someone you love? My ancestors have worked too hard for you to tell me to go away."

Contact staff writer Jeff Gammage at 215-854-2810 or [*jgammage@phillynews.com*](mailto:jgammage@phillynews.com).

Some historical information for this story comes from the 1998 Balch Institute exhibition "Building the Gold Mountain," curated by Jianshe Wang and Kathryn Wilson. Other information comes from an article by Debora Kodish, to be published in Works in Progress, the magazine of the Philadelphia Folklore Project, where she is director.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, MAP AND CHART;

MICHAEL S. WIRTZ, Inquirer Staff Photographer

Condominiums at the TenTen development (tall building at far right) sell for as much as $350,000. Yet typical household income in Chinatown is just $8,349 a year - about a quarter of the city average.

Developer Lance Silver talks with Debbie Naber in her condo at TenTen. Silver said condo sales have been brisk. Chinatown residents aren't complaining, he maintains; in fact, "they love it!"

John Chin is with a Chinatown development agency that has pushed subsidized housing, such as Hing Wah Yuen, behind him. He foresees a community center north of Vine as an anchor for growth.

Jayson Choi, funeral-home owner, thinks the two new condo developments in Chinatown are a great thing. Others fear a spike in taxes and rents that will drive out ***working-class*** residents.

MAP

Chinatown

CHART

Comparing Chinatown and Philadelphia (SOURCES: Census Bureau; Philadelphia Chinatown Development Corp; Philadelphia property sales records as reported to LexisNexis; U.S. Geological Survey; JOHN DUCHNESKIE, Inquirer Staff Artist)

**Load-Date:** August 22, 2005

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[***FACES AND ACCENTS CHANGE, BUT THE LIGHTHOUSE PLUGS ON A CENTURY AFTER ITS BIRTH, THE NORTH PHILADELPHIA SETTLEMENT HOUSE CONTINUES TO HELP YET ANOTHER WAVE OF NEWCOMERS TO GET ACCLIMATED.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C320-01K4-94WC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JULY 16, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1483 words

**Byline:** Marjorie Valbrun, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Along the streets of North Philadelphia, where car horns compete with boom boxes, the ethnic European accents that used to spill from the windowsills onto the sidewalks have long been silent.

Now variations of Spanish spoken by the neighborhood's new tenants - Puerto

Ricans and Dominicans, Costa Ricans and Hondurans, Nicaraguans and Guatemalans - fill the air.

And inside an old, grafitti-covered building bursting with noise and energy, a 100-year-old neighborhood center still works tirelessly to help ease these latest newcomers' transition.

Things have changed since the turn of the century, when European immigrants - mainly Irish, German, Scottish and Italian - lured by well-paying factory jobs and the prospect of starting over, began settling here. Once-thriving factories now sit abandoned and boarded up. Blocks of rowhouses that once sheltered newcomers are now old and run-down. The promise of prosperity is no longer certain.

But the Lighthouse, a settlement house in the Fairhill section of North Philadelphia, has remained constant. Since 1895, the neighborhood social- service center has helped newcomers settle into the community and negotiate the complicated maze that is life in America.

Over the last decade, though, the agency's challenges have grown and its mission has become more complicated. Today's newcomers, mostly poor Latinos, find no textile jobs waiting for them. The drug trade has become the major employer in the neighborhood. Crime and unemployment are unremitting. Racism works against the new arrivals.

The community has gone from solidly ***working class*** to mostly working poor, and many of the residents rely on public assistance.

"Now people are trying to understand how to survive in a neighborhood in transition," said Alex Morisey, executive director of the Lighthouse. "Now you have mom-and-pop stores, mechanics, people running carpentry and home- repair businesses out of their homes, sidewalk-cart vendors, and food stands."

To help the struggling newcomers, the Lighthouse, at the corner of Lehigh Avenue and Mascher Street, has expanded its services to provide job counseling and placement; adult basic education; English and GED courses; emergency food, prescription and utility assistance; day-care and after-school tutoring; and a host of arts and recreation programs.

"Oftentimes in our adult-education classes, we have found a lot of people who are skilled in certain areas, but because they can't speak English, it prevents them from getting employment," said Patricia Schogel, the Lighthouse's director of social services.

Language, she added, is not only an obstacle to employment for the newcomers but also a hurdle to negotiating their way into the community and plugging into resources. Some are afraid to leave the neighborhood because they feel lost, she said.

Rosa Flores felt that way when she arrived from El Salvador in 1991. For years, she had longed to join her husband, Valtazar, in Philadelphia. She pined to see the sparkling American cities depicted in the beautiful postcards he would send her.

"When I arrived, to my surprise, I saw old, dirty buildings and streets full of trash and drug dealers," Flores said. "I was very disappointed. I would worry at nights and cry all the time."

She turned to the Lighthouse to learn English and started learning to adjust. Robert Carr, the center's director of adult education, calls her one of his best students.

Flores, however, has yet to find a job and is still too frightened to use mass transit. She, her husband and their three children live in a tiny two- bedroom apartment in a broken-down neighborhood populated with drug dealers.

Still, Flores says, she is happier. Her husband has "a good job" in a New Jersey furniture factory, they are sometimes able to send money to relatives back home, and they hope to move to a nicer neighborhood one day.

The Lighthouse also tries to connect newcomers with programs and institutions outside the community.

"When we take them out to the library or to the Annenberg Center, it's an eye-opening experience for them," Schogel said. "This helps to broaden their perspective in terms of possibilities that they may have never considered for themselves or their children."

The Lighthouse is part of the Greater Philadelphia Federation of Settlements, a volunteer association of 16 settlement houses. Like the others, the Lighthouse shares a strong bond of loyalty with its neighbors. More than 40 residents volunteer regularly there, and dozens more show up to help with center-sponsored events.

There are 800 settlement houses in the United States, almost double the number at the height of the settlement movement in 1913, according to the Cleveland-based United Neighborhood Centers of America. They are mostly in big cities. New York, home of the nation's first settlement house, started in 1886, has 37.

The history of Philadelphia's Lighthouse typifies the evolution of neighborhood centers.

As immigrants flooded into North Philadelphia in the 1890s, Esther W. Kelly, a wealthy, social-minded Main Line matron, became concerned about the growing level of public drunkenness. By 1895, there were 135 saloons in one five-block area surrounding the building that would house the Lighthouse.

Kelly opened the center as an alternative, insisting that the building be made to look as much like a saloon as possible to attract the mostly homeless men. Once inside, the men were provided free meals, social activities and even small jobs.

Three decades later, Tom Patton's life would be touched by the Lighthouse. He and his family left Scotland and landed at Ellis Island on April 26, 1927, filled with grand expectations brought from "the other side."

Once in North Philadelphia, though, they found themselves thrust into a tough new world. They lived with his mother's sister in a small, "dark and dingy" apartment under the El in Kensington, a noisy neighborhood teeming with poor immigrants.

Life was not easy for the 16-year-old. Patton, now 84, recalls neighborhood streets packed with angry young men suffering from low self-esteem and crushed by the weight of discrimination against poor ethnic whites. They had, he said, too much idle time and often wound up in trouble with the law.

"That area was one of the worst for juvenile delinquency," he said.

The Lighthouse responded by starting a boys club that was also open to men.

"They took the kids off the streets," Patton said. "At the time, 60 percent of those eligible to work were unemployed, so the boys club was a godsend to them. They would come there after a day of looking for work to hang out and socialize."

When the Great Depression came, the Lighthouse Boys Club again lent its support. Patton got a job as its assistant director, becoming his family's sole provider.

Now retired after 30 years as business director of Pennsylvania Hospital, Patton, a father of three and grandfather of six, lives in Frankford with his wife, Margaret. He stays in touch with friends from his youth through the Lighthouse Boys Club's Old Timers Association, a loosely organized group of about 300 alumni.

Patton does not get to the center much these days, but he made a special trip last month for its 100th anniversary celebration. Only a handful of the Old Timers showed up.

"They don't want to come into the neighborhood because they're fearful," said Patton, adding that he was determined to be there because "the Lighthouse is still doing wonderful work in that neighborhood."

"In fact," he said, "it's needed even more today than when I was there."

Porfirio and Delka Castellanos are certainly grateful that the Lighthouse was there when they immigrated in 1992. In the Dominican Republic, she had been a lawyer and he had owned a trucking company. But they wanted more for their children.

They briefly tried New York but found it too expensive. Then they heard that many Dominicans had moved to Philadelphia, done well and bought homes. They came, too.

"It was very difficult at first," Delka said in accented English. "We didn't know any English, and we needed it to communicate and get ahead. I had an education, but I needed the language. We had no home, no money. We had nothing."

So three times a week for eight months, she crowded into a room with about 15 others and struggled with English grammar.

Now she is a social worker at a local community-services agency, Porfirio and his brother run the Brothers Castellanos Auto Repair, and the children play in a Lighthouse day-care center packed with fairy tales, Disney videos and board games while their parents are at work.

And the Castellanoses now own a two-story, three-bedroom house in Hunting Park.

The Lighthouse, they said, played a big role in their getting established.

"Oh, yes," Delka said. "The child care they provide here enabled me to work. They also gave me a good recommendation letter that helped me get my job.

"The Lighthouse helps you to live."

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO (2)

1. Lighthouse boys club alumnus Tom Patton (left), with program coordinator

Griffin White and youth services director Nereida Lamberty. (The Philadelphia

Inquirer, DIRK SHADD)

2. As youth services director Nereida Lamberty talks with a girl, Tom Patton

recalls the Lighthouse of 1927. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, DIRK SHADD)

MAP (2)

1. Area of detail

2. Lighthouse settlement house (The Philadelphia Inquirer, BILL MARSH)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***COLOMBIANS IN AREA SEEK A UNIFIED VOICE / ONCE THEY BLENDED IN. NOW THEY AIM TO MAKE THEIR PRESENCE FELT IN POLITICS AND ACTIVISM.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TGG0-01K4-90PG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JANUARY 11, 1999 Monday SFCITY EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1643 words

**Byline:** Monica Rhor, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Every time Julio Largo picks up the telephone at Listo Envios, he announces both the name of his Feltonville business and his philosophy:

"Listo!"

In Spanish, listo means "always ready," and it's an apt description of the travel agency/shipping service/money transfer/florist. Here, customers can purchase airline tickets to Bogota, wire money to relatives in Cali, buy international calling cards, have immigration documents notarized or step downstairs and order bouquets of tiger lilies and carnations.

And, if all they're looking for is a little taste of home, they can find that, too.

Listo Envios is just one of more than 35 Colombian-owned businesses that have sprouted up in Philadelphia in recent years - an indicator not of a new immigrant group finding its way to the city, but of an established community newly intent on making its presence felt.

Philadelphia and its surrounding suburbs are home to more than 12,000 legal Colombian immigrants and likely hundreds more who are undocumented. New Jersey is home to one of the country's core Colombian outposts, Elizabeth.

Nowhere is the Colombian presence in Philadelphia felt more than in the neighborhood near North Fifth Street and Roosevelt Boulevard, which is dotted with businesses catering to and owned by Colombian immigrants.

Within a five-block radius on Fifth Street, three restaurants - Tierra Colombiana, Rincon Colombiano and El Sol de Mexico - serve up authentic Colombian dishes such as churrasco (barbecued steak) and tamales. At La Fogata bakery at Second and Duncannon, the fresh-baked breads, corn meal arepas and bunuelos draw customers from as far away as Atlantic City.

La Pachanga Music stocks vallenatos, cumbias and other popular Colombian music. And a growing number of mom-and-pop bodegas now list Colombian products on their storefront signs.

At Listo Envios, Largo, who emigrated from Cali, Colombia, 15 years ago, is never too busy for a charla - a relaxed chat - with a fellow expatriate. They talk about romantic problems and immigration snarls, politics and futbol. But most of all, they reminisce about la patria - the homeland.

"This is like an information hub," says Largo, 44, who opened Listo five years ago. "Sometimes, people just come to talk. This is a family atmosphere."

On Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve and other holidays, Largo even serves up some home-style cooking - lechon asado (roast pork), natilla (custard) and aguardiente (brandy). Once a month, he organizes parties for the "colonia Colombiana" at the Colombian-owned Felton Supper Club, one of the city's hottest Latino nightclubs.

Colombian immigrants first started arriving in the Philadelphia area more than 30 years ago, recruited through labor contracts with local metal factories and other industrial employers. Primarily from Cali, Manisales, Barranquilla, Cartagena and Santa Marta, they settled in Feltonville and other parts of the Northeast.

The influx has remained steady over the years, as other newcomers were drawn by family ties to the region and deepening economic and political turmoil at home.

"What brings people here is possibility. We see the possibilities here," said Pablo Medina, a community activist and publisher of Fusion magazine, who first came to Philadelphia six years ago. "As immigrants, we come knowing that it's not easy for us. But we come here to succeed."

\* For decades, Colombian immigrants blended seamlessly into the city's larger - predominantly Puerto Rican - Latino community. Perhaps a bit too seamlessly, say some Colombian leaders.

While many immigrants - such as Largo - were busy building families, lives and businesses here, the broader Colombian community failed to stake a claim in local Latino politics and activism. For years, they had no unified voice.

In many ways, they were invisible. Or worse, vilified.

As an editorial in Al Dia, a local Spanish-language newspaper owned by a Colombian immigrant, put it: "Mental associations with Colombia don't go far beyond Juan Valdez . . . and more recently with the ominous drug trade." The country's name is often misspelled Columbia. And even the U.S. Census lumps Colombians into the "other Hispanics" category.

That is starting to change.

In August, more than 100 Colombians attended a one-day retreat at Temple University, where they talked about their past in Colombia, their present here and their plans for the future. By the day's end, they had formed the Colombian Coalition, which this spring plans to conduct a regional census to pinpoint the exact number of Colombians living in the area. The group is also lobbying the Colombian government to open a consulate in Philadelphia. The closest office is now in New York - a long, expensive haul for ***working-class*** immigrants who need visas, passports or other immigration documents.

"In a region in which Colombians are key, we can't keep being transparent," said Pablo Medina, the coalition vice president. "We have to take responsibility, as citizens and as residents of the area."

Like many Colombians here, Carlos Acosta spent many years building a career before he saw the need for established immigrants like him to get involved in organizing the Colombian community.

Born in Cali and raised in the Philadelphia area, Acosta focused his political and civic activism in the Puerto Rican and African American communities.

Acosta now serves as the Colombian Coalition president.

"When you hear about Colombians, you hear about drug traffic and illicit business. We need to show the real face of the community," said Acosta, a senior vice president at United Bank and the former head of the city's empowerment zone. "We want to show that people here contributed tremendously to society."

Last year, the National Association of Latino Elected and Appointed Officials and the Tomas Rivera Policy Institute conducted a survey of 1,500 Latino immigrants in New York and New Jersey. They found that Colombian immigrants fare better in many ways than other Latinos. About 133,000 Colombians live in the New York metropolitan region.

The survey found that about 30 percent of Colombians had completed high school, with 15 percent saying they had gone on to higher education. That compares to an overall dropout rate for Latinos of about 50 percent.

About 60 percent of Colombians were employed, and an additional 13 percent owned businesses. One in 10 Colombians was living below the poverty line, compared to three in 10 Dominicans.

In this region, the Colombian community can also boast of a sturdy core of businesses that include a sewing-machine factory, ironworks, dental labs, real estate offices and a tortilla factory.

"It's a good sign of a community when you start to become entrepreneurs," said Hernan Guaracao, the editor and publisher of Al Dia, who comes from the Santander Province of Colombia. "The strength of a community is based on whether we are able to create economic development in our community. Will we just be employees working in a factory or can we take advantage of the opportunities this country offers?"

The key to translating that economic presence into political power, Medina believes, will be to establish alliances with other Latino subgroups. In this region, home to more than 300,000 Latinos, that encompasses a quickly diversifying population. Though the dominant community remains Puerto Rican, the numbers of Dominicans, Mexicans and other Central and South Americans are multiplying.

Medina quotes the coalition's slogan: "En la alianza esta la fuerza del progreso," or "In alliance lies the strength of progress." It is a philosophy taken from Simon Bolivar, the Venezuelan statesman who dreamed of creating a "Gran Colombia" made up of several South American countries.

"We need to stop thinking about our differences and start thinking about what we have in common," agreed Roberto Santiago, the executive director of Concilio - the Council of Spanish-Speaking Organizations in Philadelphia. "Very soon we're going to be the largest minority in the U.S. What good is it if we don't come together and have a common agenda?"

The Colombian Coalition may already have a running start.

The one-day retreat and the group's organizing efforts are being sponsored by the Latino Initiative Partnership, a local umbrella group whose mission is to boost grassroots activism in the Latino community.

Many Colombian leaders are already highly visible in the Latino community. In addition to Carlos Acosta, his brother, David Acosta, is a community activist known for his work against AIDS. Arturo Suarez is publisher of the Hispanic Yellow Pages for Philadelphia and Camden.

Two of the area's five Spanish-language newspapers - Al Dia and El Sol - are run by Colombian immigrants. In addition, many Colombian-owned businesses are integral parts of the Latino social life. The Felton Supper Club and Esmeraldas Nightclub routinely draw huge crowds to shows featuring top Latino performers, while Tierra Colombiana often serves as a meeting place for Latino leaders.

Alliances have sprouted up in other, more quotidian, ways as well.

At Listo Envios, Largo offers services to people from countries throughout Latin America, accommodating the needs of the expanding Latino population. His clients include immigrants from Mexico, the Dominican Republic and several other countries.

This fall, the Asociacion de Colombianos Unidos (the Association of United Colombians), which Largo helped form as a social and cultural group, sponsored a fund-raiser to help victims of the hurricanes in the Caribbean and Central America. And on Sundays, he and other Colombian friends play soccer with fellow Latino immigrants.

"We eat the same platanos [plantains], the same arroz con habichuelas [rice and beans]. We speak the same language," Medina said. "It's time to give, to invest. If you want a good shadow when you are old, you have to plant a good tree now."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

At Julio Largo's business, Colombians can find a taste of home."This is a family atmosphere," he says. (RON CORTES, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Having some fun, Julio Largo (right) and his niece, Yulietth Schoettle, tell her husband, Frank, to pay up if he wants the access code to the computer at Listo Envios. Largo opened his business five years ago. (RON CORTES, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Cruise: Over the top;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3GX0-003S-W1K0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'July' is his dramatic tour de force;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3GX0-003S-W1K0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Tom's hits and misses***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3GX0-003S-W1K0-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 5, 1990, Friday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1D; Cover Story

**Length:** 1234 words

**Byline:** Tom Green

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD

**Body**

Here comes the weekend Tom Cruise blasts everybody out of the sky.

Born on the Fourth of July opens nationwide today and as smartly as he dove his F-14 in Top Gun, Cruise settles into the point position among his generation of young movie stars.

Eat dust, Brat Pack. Playing paraplegic Vietnam vet Ron Kovic, Cruise sets himself apart from the rest by proving with stunning ferocity that the most popular guy at the movies can also be a fine actor.

''He is definitely this generation's Paul Newman,'' says Top Gun co- producer Jerry Bruckheimer of the 27-year-old superstar. ''He's quite a young force,'' says Born on the Fourth of July director Oliver Stone.

With box office booming since it opened two weeks ago on a handful of screens, Stone's pummeling saga of disillusionment is poised to score with moviegoers nationwide.

And when it does, all of Hollywood will breathe a sigh of relief. Christmas was sluggish at the box office and at this point July looks like the one big Christmas release capable of heating up January's otherwise unpromising outlook. That would make Cruise Hollywood's January Man for the second year running: in 1989, Rain Man, in which Cruise co-starred, went into wide release and into the box-office stratosphere.

Of his 12 films, the last four have earned just over $ 1 billion worldwide. Early returns indicate July is headed in the same direction. It earned three times as much per screen as any other film in limited release, and that includes critically acclaimed films like Glory, Enemies - A Love Story and Roger & Me.

Any doubts that Cruise is the top gun among the hot shot gang of actors who are his contemporaries - Sean Penn, Rob Lowe, Matt Dillon and the rest - have been erased. He has eclipsed them all.

''It's his choice of movies,'' says Don Simpson, who co-produced Top Gun with Bruckheimer. The two are now with Cruise in North Carolina filming Days of Thunder, a movie about auto racing based on an idea by the speedway- addicted actor.

''Tom has a real firm grasp that allows him to make choices that work across the spectrum of appeal,'' Simpson says.

That savvy seems to be on target again, even though Cruise put his glamour boy image well away for this unflinching portrayal of a Vietnam veteran's bitter despair. He looks, feels, almost smells like the disabled Kovic.

It is about as far away as he could get from the hip swagger of Cocktail, the 1988 film in which he took a lambasting from critics for exploiting his beefcake appeal. It grossed $ 175 million worldwide anyway.

The mediocre Cocktail confirmed Cruise's box-office potency and set industry observers to speculating on what would happen if the actor ever made a good movie.

Rain Man was a good movie, but Dustin Hoffman got most of the attention for his Oscar-winning portrayal of autistic Raymond Babbitt. Cruise's appeal, however, undoubtedly boosted it to megahit status.

And as unlikely a choice as Born on the Fourth of July may seem because of its anger and realism, you can still feel the box-office jets revving.

''I think there's a real pent-up desire to see this picture,'' says analyst Alex Ben Block, editor in chief of the industry newsletter Show Biz News.

''Tom Cruise is probably the most successful contemporary motion picture star in terms of bringing out a wide mainstream audience,'' says Hollywood Reporter business editor Martin A. Grove.

''The only other star in the same category is Eddie Murphy. But Eddie's appeal is much more related to the appeal of the film that he's in. Tom is in a class by himself.''

Cruise has been king of the popularity hop from the time he stripped to his BVDs and danced to Old Time Rock & Roll in 1983's Risky Business. With females embracing him as a hunky heartthrob and their boyfriends taking to his easygoing charisma, Cruise parlayed the warmest grin on the planet into superstardom.

None of that seems to have been enough, however. Beneath the magnetic persona has been an intense young actor groping for something more urgent than the smoldering sexual fantasies of his female fans.

''Tom has a major drive and ambition to be one of the best,'' says director Stone. ''To be a champion.''

After twice pairing with screen legends - Newman in The Color of Money and Hoffman in Rain Man - Cruise went for acting's brass ring in Born on the Fourth of July, climbing into a wheelchair to play the disabled Kovic in his first starring role in a serious drama.

Cruise wanted to make July badly. The studio fretted about how audiences might accept their all-American boy in the dark milieu of Vietnam angst, but Cruise deferred his salary - reported at $ 9 million a picture - content to wait for a share of future profits.

''Cruise is frankly so talented as an actor and so appealing as a personality,'' says producer Simpson, ''that unless he played a drug-crazed chain-saw murderer, audiences are going to respond to him.''

''His hunger and his desire to do this part was radical,'' says Stone, adding that he feels Cruise was anxious to do the role because he felt a ''moral obligation to convey what Kovic and I knew about the Vietnam War to his generation.''

Stone says that Cruise had been moved by Platoon, the director's 1987 Oscar-winner about Vietnam, because ''it opened his eyes to things he hadn't seen in Top Gun.''

The casting appealed to Stone because he liked the similarities in the lives of Cruise and Kovic. Both grew up in Catholic ***working-class*** families in turmoil.

''Tom had experienced in his own family a disintegration (his parents divorced, leaving 12-year-old Cruise with his mother and three sisters). I thought he could use that to play the disintegration of the Kovic family unit.''

Cruise took plenty of chances in July. There is an enema scene, there is a scene with a prostitute, there is a scene in which he yells at his mother about his ''dead penis.''

''These are things you don't do unless you're willing to take a risk with your image,'' Stone says.

If Oscar buzz is an accurate gauge, all the risks will pay off in a best actor nomination. Winning the statue may be a little tougher. He has a Golden Globe nomination, but critics' groups in New York and Los Angeles have bypassed him for actors considered more mature: Morgan Freeman and Daniel Day- Lewis.

But Oscars aside, you have to like Cruise's prospects for the future. While Days of Thunder, due May 24, is a drama of a troubled race-car driver struggling for control of his life, the film returns the actor to the physically exciting kind of milieu his fans love.

After that, Cruise's challenge will be to balance films that are more popular entertainments with projects like Born on the Fourth of July that bring validation to his acting skills.

''If he can walk that tightrope successfully,'' says industry analyst Grove, ''when he's an old man of 35, he'll still be on top.''

Tom's hits and misses

- Biggest role: Maverick, the sexy flier in 1986's hit Top Gun.

- Worst role: The peasant boy Jack in 1986's bomb Legend.

- Most invisible role: The greaser in 1983's The Outsiders.

- Closest call: The sex-crazed teen in 1983's Losin' It, a skirt-chasing comedy that could have locked him into a juvenile image.

- First big notice: Going nuts as a military school cadet in 1981's Taps.

- Hunkiest scene: Writhing on the beach with Elisabeth Shue in 1988's Cocktail.

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO; color, Rob McEwan (Tom Cruise); PHOTO; color, Roland Neveu, Universal Studios (Motion Picture Scenes, Born on the Fourth of July, Tom Cruise); PHOTO; color, E.J. Camp (Motion Picture Scenes, Top Gun, Tom Cruise)

CUTLINE: CRUISE: 'This generations's Paul Newman' CUTLINE: A SECOND TAKE ON THE MILITARY: Tom Cruise, who painted a glorious picture of the military playing a hot-shot naval pilot in the 1986 hit 'Top Gun,' right, portrays Ron Kovic, a paraplegic Vietnam veteran who eventually becomes an anti-war activist in 'Born on the Fourth of July.' The film, opening nationwide today, is based on Kovic's autobiographical account.

**End of Document**



[***PUNK LIVES!***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49DF-MDS0-010F-K3YR-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 29, 2003, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1837 words

**Byline:** Edna Gundersen

**Body**

Ask any punk purist. There's no such thing as pure punk.

The monolithic din that rose up against disco and prog-rock in the '70s has splintered into sonic shards as varied as a tattooist's ink palette.The noise pedigree of the Sex Pistols and The Ramones devolved over generations to produce a kennel of scrappy mongrels, with breeds ranging from ska-punk and skate-punk to cowpunk and garage punk, from post-punk and proto-punk to British punk and New York punk, from oi! and emo to queercore and hardcore. Throw in straight-edgers and riot grrrls, and punk has more musical heirs than Robert Johnson.

Three chords and aggression remain punk's dominant genes. Heading the current class are such pop-punk groups as The Offspring, Green Day and Blink-182, the peppy pranksters an ailing industry hopes will jump-start holiday record sales with a self-titled album due Nov. 18.

The genre is broad enough to embrace a variety of mid-level successes, including the funk-metal punkers in Pennywise (together 15 years), the skate-punk outfit MXPX (10 years) and Dropkick Murphys (seven years), a Boston band that spikes its Celtic punk with bagpipes, tin whistles and dulcimers.

Rancid, one of punk's most respected mainstays, enters *Billboard* at No. 15 next week with *Indestructible*, its sixth album in 10 years. The Bay Area band, with a lineup unchanged since 1994, returns with its usual hallmarks: crunch, passion, political invective, raw nerve, classic nods to The Clash, ska blasts, unexpected pleasures (a zydeco twist in *Memphis*) and shamelessly catchy melodies.

The band has solid credentials and a dense history but no rust.

"Punk has to change or die," says Lars Frederiksen, who shares Rancid's vocal, guitar and songwriting duties with Tim Armstrong. Drummer Brett Reed and bassist Matt Freeman complete the quartet. "You throw out the rule book in punk. That's the whole point. Rule books are for jocks. The cool thing about punk is that you can have the Bad Brains, who did reggae, along with The Ramones, who were like a 1977 Queens version of Chuck Berry. I love punk's cultural diversity. You can be gay or straight, black or white, male or female or eunuch."

His definition is flexible enough to accommodate the fringe hellions of thrash as well as chart-topping popsters. He says Blink-182 "is not about watering it down but about turning people onto what punk is all about. I got my ass kicked every day for looking how I look, so I want Green Day, fully tattooed with colored mohawks, to sell 10 million records."

Frederiksen sees punk not as a subdivision of rock but as the only honest form of rock 'n' roll left.

"Everything else is that one sound of nu-metal," he says. "Punk isn't about sports cars and porn stars. It started as a reaction against bands like Emerson, Lake & Palmer. Now it's a reaction against a society of judgment and war. It's more relevant than ever. Look who's in the White House."

More than an outlet for adolescent ire, punk became Frederiksen's stepladder to opportunity.

"I wanted a better life than my mom's," he says. "She came from nothing in Europe, saw her family killed in World War II and came to Brooklyn with a 10th-grade education. She worked as a nanny and learned how to speak English by watching *Flipper*. That's the ***working-class*** ethic punk comes from. You never lose that."

Punk's peace and vinegar

Despite its belligerent stance and rancorous vocabulary, the punk cosmos is nearly free of the rivalries that plague rock, pop and rap. The support between musicians in the punk community is magnified tenfold within a band.

"It's a game of survival, four of us against the world," Frederiksen says. "We're friends first. We're loyal. We split everything four ways no matter who writes the songs. We're communist in that sense. We don't care if you like us or not. We don't take popularity polls. We make music for the four of us."

Those bonds alleviated personal strains during the making of *Indestructible*. Frederiksen's brother died suddenly. He and Armstrong saw their marriages shatter. When Frederiksen was sidelined for six months after back surgery, the band took a break rather than seek a substitute.

"My band is the only thing I've got," he says. "Punk is my life. It's my skin color, my creed, my generation, my passion, my religion."

Vets are no less zealous. Wayne Kramer, co-founder of The MC5, never abandoned the punk world after the influential Detroit group disbanded. He maintains a solo career, a record label (MuscleTone) and a legacy. Last spring, the remnants of the counterculture band that mixed incendiary rock and militant politics recorded a free club show in London with such guests as Lemmy and Ian Astbury. The CD/DVD set is due next year. A new documentary, *The MC5: A True Testimonial*, pays tribute to the band's might.

"The best punk bands today are driven by a passion for music," Kramer says. "Success is a byproduct. The power lies in the principle of self-efficacy, that you can create it all yourself. What The MC5 represented was a sense of possibility. We discovered we could invent a lifestyle and a new music, combining wild free jazz with electric guitars and a radical political stance, that we could change the world with our own two hands. If five idiots from Detroit could reinvent themselves, anybody could."

To find MC5 progeny, Kramer looks to emcees, not rockers.

"Rock is played out," he says. "Creativity doesn't have a chance in today's music business, because market share is all-important. The only creative stuff is what Dr. Dre and Timbaland do in hip-hop. Eminem is the heir apparent of The MC5. He came from nothing, created his entire identity and went on to rule the whole deal."

While Kramer admires many neo-punks, he feels the movement lacks a unifying purpose.

"I don't see any progressive political messages," he says. "There used to be a clear dividing line between older and younger generations. We were against the war in Vietnam, racism, cultural oppression, Victorian sexuality. There's no consensus in young people today on anything besides 'where's mine?' and bling-bling."

The solution?

"If an artist cares about more than his own grandiosity, there's a chance a message can get through," Kramer says. "You have to forswear the cult of self. The damage comes in believing the powerful lie told in Hollywood: that if you succeed in that hit band or movie or book that somehow you're going to be OK."

And yet the commercial triumphs of Green Day and Blink-182 suggest that punk's long-standing Catch-22 -- fringe status buys credibility, the mainstream is Kryptonite -- could be fading out.

"If you succeed in punk, they turn on you and stab you in the back," Kramer says of the anti-commercial camp. "Once it succeeds, it's not punk. I've been waiting all my career to be criticized for selling out. I'm hoping it's coming, because it would mean I'm finally able to pay the rent."

Rhino hopes to sell out its entire pressing of *No Thanks! The '70s Punk Rebellion*, a four-CD box set devoted to punk's heydey, kicking off with The Ramones' *Blitzkrieg Bop* in 1976. The 100-track $ 65 collection, due Oct. 28, hits most essentials (The Clash, Dead Kennedys, X, Generation X, but no Sex Pistols), as well as acts that outgrew the genre (Blondie, Elvis Costello, the Boomtown Rats).

Loud, fast and diverse

"Punk wasn't just loud, fast and angry. It was romantic like The Buzzcocks, artful like the Talking Heads or poetic like Patti Smith," says box-set producer Gary Stewart. "Punk was a response to the sad state of rock, which got self-important, mellow, bloated and mindless in an un-fun way. Lethargy had crept in. Punk rock was just rock 'n' roll recaptured."

Less interested in luring diehards who experienced the era firsthand, Stewart is targeting punk initiates.

"I'd rather this be picked up by a kid that has the new Flaming Lips or Beck album," he says. "This music sounds good next to Good Charlotte or the White Stripes. The fact that it's old is incidental."

*No Thanks!* captures punk before 1980, when it was mostly underground and coalescing as a movement. The genre's ability to weather storm fronts such as hair bands and teen pop is due largely to its elastic boundaries and a two-prong agenda, Stewart says.

"Punk has to reject the things that don't work now and reclaim things that used to but are less prevalent in the culture. You can't be just against something, which is too negative. And if it's only about reclaiming, it's anachronistic.

"That's an incredibly hard balance, but not as hard as coal mining," he cracks, adding that punk fails if it isn't entertaining.

"Punk is fun, aggressive, snotty, liberating and idealistic," Stewart says. "Music that taps into raw emotions and tells the truth or a beautiful lie is always going to have a place. For that reason, punk is no less durable than Chuck Berry."

A noisy evolution

Whether concentrated in the British leanings of punk-revival band U.S. Bonds or diluted in the rock of neo-garage acts such as The Strokes and Yeah Yeah Yeahs, punk is fully ingrained in the musical landscape with purebred strains outnumbered by hybrids.

"Once it becomes established in the broader community, it can't help but expand and change shape and definition," says Alan Light, co-founder of *Tracks*, a soon-to-launch music magazine aimed at the 30-plus demographic. "When it was being created in the mid-'70s, it didn't sound like anything out there before. You can't sustain a revolution forever. That's not a failing of punk but a result of punk's success."

Whereas hard-core proponents carp about pop contaminants and punk wannabes, Light says authentic punk asserts itself in some unlikely places.

"In a lot of ways, the emo bands (Dashboard Confessional, Jimmy Eat World) are more purely punk-rock in terms of their relationship to their fans, the creation of community, relentless touring and breaking down barriers between performer and audience," Light says. Those traits "are more defining than any certain sound."

Punk fans who sneer at Green Day or Blink-182 may be bestowing credibility, earned in part by a talent for annoying people.

"One of the most punk-rock moments of recent years was Avril Lavigne not knowing how to pronounce David Bowie's name," Light says. "That's much more punk than being respectful and having studiously absorbed your predecessors. Since when is punk defined by deference to your elders?"

On the topic of elders, pioneers remain a visible fixture on the punk circuit. It's uncharted territory for punk, Light says, and the guiding principles of independent vision and abiding by your own code means antique bands won't face forced retirement. The late Joe Strummer's post-Clash forays into world music may be more intriguing than a Sex Pistols oldies revue, yet ticket buyers continue to rally for another earful of anarchy.

In justifying the Pistols' upcoming tour, singer Johnny Rotten "would say that the fact it's such a complete sellout makes it a punk-rock thing to do," Light says. "The great rock 'n' roll swindle lives on."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Olaf Heine; PHOTO, Color, Kevin Winter, Getty Images; PHOTO, Color, Marina Chavez, Reprise Records; PHOTO, B/W, Virigin Records; PHOTO, B/W, Chapman Baehler; PHOTO, B/W, Sara Jaye, Getty Images; True to punk's roots: Lars Fredericksen, left, Matt Freeman, Tim Armstrong and Brett Reed of the Bay Area band Rancid. <>Grrl power: Allison Robertson of teen rockers The Donnas. Too commercial? Mike Dirnt, left, Tre Cool and Billie Joe Armstrong of Green Day. <>They started it: Steve Jones, left, Glen Matlock, Johnny Rotten and Paul Cook of the Sex Pistols.

**Load-Date:** August 29, 2003

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[***GROWTH BOOMS IN WEST / Back country wrestles with growth issues***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4T-K3K0-0003-F15T-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 2, 1995, Friday, FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1995 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A; Cover Story

**Length:** 1549 words

**Byline:** Mark Potok

**Dateline:** HIGHLANDS RANCH, Colo.

**Body**

A dozen miles south of Denver, in the fastest growing planned housing development in the United States, class sizes have doubled in a single year.

So many tourists flooded into tiny Moab, Utah, Easter weekend, locals had to wait until midnight to avoid hour-long waits in the local grocery store's checkout lines.

And in Phoenix, where developers have been bulldozing the Sonora Desert at a rate of an acre an hour, starving desert termites have been so deprived of their natural foods they're attacking even chemically treated houses.

The eight states of the Rocky Mountain West -- Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico -- which in many areas have barely changed for 200 million years -- are in a state of rural and suburban boom. And as the trend continues, Westerners are confronting thorny new problems of crowding and traffic jams.

"What's happening is a Rocky Mountain resurgence. Clearly, our star is rising," says Joe Blake, an executive with the developer of 22,000-acre Highlands Ranch, where 10,515 homes have been built since 1981 and 25,500 more are planned by 2015.

"We're growing at an astounding rate," says Phoenix councilwoman Frances Emma Barwood. "We're getting developments at 30,000 (units) a shot. How do we deal with that? Do we want rooftops, L.A., 20 years from now? Or do we want to remain uniquely southwestern?"

The boom in the Rockies and desert states, which in many places began as early as 1990, has brought new industries, new economic blood and new social pressures pulsing through cities like Boise, Denver and Salt Lake City.

It has brought even more people to live in resort towns like Aspen and Telluride, Colo. And still others are making the move to artsy towns like Santa Fe and Taos, N.M., and even tiny Bluff, Utah.

But an increasing number of those fleeing the congestion, crime and high costs of the nation's coasts and largest cities are striking out even farther. They're avoiding the big cities, the college towns and the popular resorts and heading for the back country.

Corporate relocations drive much of the migration.

But Theresa Carey, 33, and her husband, Bart, 40, had no jobs lined up in July when they left their law licenses and Orange County, Calif., for Castle Valley, Utah.

Amid spectacular, crumbling red sandstone bluffs and mountains, with four kids ages 3 to 14 sharing a single bedroom, they're getting by baby sitting, selling vegetables and cakes, working at a local bed-and-breakfast and substitute teaching.

"I wanted to enjoy my life, enjoy my kids," Theresa Carey says. "It's just as much work to make $ 1,500 a month here, as opposed to $ 10,000 a month in California, but there's no stress. It's great."

Rapid rural growth

Across the country, rural areas -- including the vast open spaces in the Rockies -- are growing as rarely before. Demographers recently reported the population of rural counties swelled almost 880,000 between April 1990 and July 1992 -- a turnaround from the '80s, when most rural counties lost people.

And 43% of those arriving in small towns are outsiders - mostly urbanites fleeing the cities -- rather than local births.

"There's definitely something going on," says J.D. Delanger, publisher of Countryside Magazine, based in Withee, Wis. "A couple of years ago, our circulation had sunk to 4,000. Now, we're back up to 50,000."

Something else is happening, too -- a kind of national white flight away from states with large numbers of immigrants and minorities, such as California, Texas, Illinois, New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts.

New migration

"We found a very new pattern of migration, a flight from diversity, economic competition, housing costs," says William Frey, a University of Michigan demographer. Both highly educated whites and ***working class*** whites, facing job and housing competition from immigrants, are involved.

The latest national population figures measure growth from July 1, 1993, to July 1, 1994. The six fastest-growing states in the country were all in the Rocky Mountain region: Nevada (5.4% growth), Arizona (3.3%), Idaho (3.0%), Utah (2.6%), Colorado (2.6%) and New Mexico (2.3%).

Montana ranked No. 9 (1.8%) and Wyoming No. 16 (1.3%).

Nationally, the population increased only 1%.

The economies of most of these states are thriving. Both businesses and people are moving to the region and most are in the top 10 in both per capita income growth and low unemployment.

But pell-mell development has posed serious problems.

Many places are imposing zoning and environmental impact fees for the first time. With too few new tax dollars from commercial and industrial sources, officials are struggling to provide enough water, sewerage, roads and schools.

"The difficulty relates to providing services," says Gov. Bob Miller of Nevada, which besides being the fastest-growing in population is creating jobs at a faster rate than any other state. "In our state, that's acute."

Already, while such things as traffic in Denver may seem laughable to a veteran of the Pacific Coast Highway, growth has become a dominant issue.

In Colorado, a poll in January found excessive growth was the top concern of a third of residents, more than any other issue. And 22% said they'd been negatively affected by the past few years' expansion.

Similarly, a poll in February by Boise's newspaper, The Idaho Statesman, found 78% of Idahoans have serious concerns about growth.

And almost a third said the state's 6-year-old population boom has hurt their quality of life.

"In 150 years of cattle and mining, this was still a beautiful, pristine place," says Utah native Jeff Whitney of Castle Valley. "In 15 years of heavy tourism, there are places I won't go any more."

Jobs or preservation

On the other side, many long-time residents, especially in the dying towns once supported by mining, angrily criticize environmentalists -- many from out of state -- for fighting oil, gas and other job-rich projects.

"Nobody is going to have a sustainable economy unless we protect the environment," retorts Scott Groene of the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance.

"When environmentalists work to stop boom and bust gas and oil development, we're not hurting the economy. We're keeping alive the beauty of the place."

In places like Moab, locals have another complaint: The influx of outsiders has quadrupled housing and rental prices in about five years, while pay rates for service workers remain low.

"It's out of control," says Kelly Robinson, who moved from Houston with her husband, a software designer, in 1993. "Wages are $ 5 and $ 6 an hour, but rents are $ 500 and $ 600. People like my husband and I have no prayer of getting a house here now. You have to come with a big chunk of money."

Lure of the wild

So why are so many moving to the desert and Rocky Mountain states?

"The economic center of gravity has moved east to west with the population," says Philip Burgess, president of the Denver-based Center for the New West. "And the global economic center of gravity has moved from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where there's more than double the trade now."

But this is not only Easterners heading West. Analysts also find:

-- A continuing exodus from crowded, disaster-prone California, to small towns in Arizona, Nevada, Utah and Idaho, along with Oregon and Washington.

-- A global boom in high-technology industries that has sparked expansions at firms already clustered in cities like Boise and Salt Lake City and Denver. And many other high-tech firms are leaving coastal metropolises for interior cities.

-- Fiber-optic technology that has allowed "lone eagles" -- entrepreneurs and free-lance professionals who are able to work anywhere with a computer and a telephone line -- to live in such places as Jackson, Wyo., and Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Some full-time employees are also "telecommuting," working for large firms from remote home offices.

-- Urban refugees and so-called corporate refugees, who have been laid off as U.S. companies downsize. Many, like the Careys in Utah, are heading to rural parts of the Mountain States without jobs, seeking a higher quality of life, outdoor activities, natural beauty and a slower pace.

-- Retirees, many of whom are moving to Nevada and Arizona.

-- Celebrities and other wealthy people who buy second homes, or "ranchettes," in small, beautiful towns - people former Wyoming senator Malcolm Wallop used to refer to as "capuccino cowboys."

-- An upsurge in tourism, the largest private employer in seven Rocky Mountain states and the fastest-growing industry in the region.

"It's big, and it's now rolling out from obvious locations to very small towns," David Peterson, a long-time planner and consultant in the mountain region, says of migration to the region. "Is this wrecking the land?

"That depends on how people plan for it. There's good planning and bad planning. That is the human comedy, and the human tragedy. It all depends on how well these places organize themselves."

Region's population rockets

Growth from 1990-1994

|  |
| --- |
| West       7.7% |
| South      6.1% |
| Midwest    2.9% |
|  |

Northeast 1.2%

Western states with the most growth

1. Nevada 2. Arizona 3. Idaho 4. Utah 5. Colorado

**Notes**

See info box at end of text

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, color, Kevin Rechin, USA TODAY, Source: Census Bureau (Bar graph); PHOTO, color, Photos by Ernie Leyba; PHOTO, b/w, George Frey

**Load-Date:** June 3, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Classical verve, pop nerve***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43S7-HT40-010F-K0TP-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 17, 2001, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2001 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1761 words

**Byline:** Elysa Gardner

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

NEW YORK -- When Russell Watson was a struggling singer working at clubs in northern England, he would throw his audiences a curveball. After entertaining them with a mix of contemporary pop favorites and golden oldies by everyone from Frank Sinatra to Barry Manilow, Watson would belt out Giacomo Puccini's classic aria *Nessun Dorma*.

"Wherever I went, it always worked -- standing ovation every time," Watson recalls.

These days, Watson, 27, is garnering such effusive responses from a larger group of fans -- among them Pope John Paul II, who has invited him to sing at the Vatican in December, and Queen Elizabeth, for whom Watson will give a command performance in January. He also crooned for President and Mrs. Bush at a gala concert that will be televised on ABC Saturday night.

Watson belongs to a new generation of singers and musicians who, in addition to landing lofty gigs, are making opera and other forms of classical music accessible to people who might otherwise be unfamiliar with or dismissive of these genres. Such crossover artists, as they are often tagged, have a long line of predecessors, dating to Italian operatic tenor Enrico Caruso, who nearly a century ago made the first recording to eventually sell a million copies.

More recently, opera stars such as Luciano Pavarotti and Placido Domingo have embraced various forms of popular music and collaborated with artists from these genres. Pavarotti, Domingo and Jose Carreras have enjoyed success performing arias and popular standards as the Three Tenors. The Pavarotti and Friends series -- a string of benefit concerts and CDs pairing Pavarotti with a host of pop stars -- has become an institution.

Watson, who grew up listening to both classical and rock music in the ***working-class*** British town of Salford, has cited Pavarotti and Domingo as heroes.

But with his debut album, *The Voice*, the younger tenor demolished a record held by the Three Tenors by spending more than 40 weeks at No. 1 on the U.K. classical chart -- and reaching No. 5 on England's pop listing. In the USA, *The Voice* is currently No. 1 on *Billboard* 's classical crossover chart.

Affinity for the camera

Sitting in his record company's Manhattan offices, the spiky-haired, casually attired Watson certainly looks less like a stereotypical opera singer than Pavarotti or Domingo. And Watson's rise to fame did not come as a result of acclaimed appearances in opera houses and concert halls. "I'd been told there was no market for a Salford lad performing Italian opera in the U.K.," he says.

So, like many younger crossover stars, who often have little or no experience performing standard classical repertoire in standard classical settings, Watson set his sights on mass media. Following the lead of another tenor he admires, the 1950s recording and film star Mario Lanza, and of current stars such as Andrea Bocelli and 15-year-old Charlotte Church, Watson capitalized on his affinity for the camera -- and for live appearances with a decidedly populist bent.

A concert that Watson taped at the Trump Taj Mahal in Atlantic City in July premiered earlier this month on PBS, a network that has helped establish other crossover stars, including Bocelli and Sarah Brightman. David Horn, a series producer for PBS' *Great Performances*, observes that these artists can attract the kind of older viewers -- "I would guess 40 and over" -- who may not tune into MTV or VH1 but who still matter to music-business executives.

"The core classical-record industry has kind of disappeared over the past several years," Horn says. "After they released the 10th version of  *La Traviata* or *La Boheme* and reissued all the great recordings, they found they couldn't make people buy more current recordings. So they have turned their attention to what people call crossover music, and everyone has a different definition of what that is."

However you define it, many classical critics and professionals view the success of crossover music not as a victory of talent over snobbery, but rather as a triumph of marketing over art. Some claim that the music shouldn't be categorized as classical, since it draws on textures and studio techniques that aren't conventional to the genre. Others suggest there is disproportionate emphasis on the artists' personal charisma and sex appeal, assets that have traditionally been emphasized more in promoting pop stars.

Both accusations have been leveled against Bond, an Anglo-Australian string quartet that is the latest in a line of hip, classically trained young musicians to seduce European audiences. Composed of women in their 20s, Bond has earned comparisons to such prefab girl groups as the Spice Girls and Charlie's Angels with its glamorous, provocative sartorial style.

"People go on about our image," notes cellist Gay-Yee Westerhoff, who has actually worked as a session musician for the Spice Girls, among other pop stars. "It's, 'Oh -- they're in bikini tops! They're in crop tops!' But we dress quite normally for girls our age. We don't have a stylist advising us what to wear."

'Not classical enough'

Bond's debut album, *Born*, arrived at No. 2 on the British classical chart last October, but it was yanked off after only one week, when England's Chart Information Network deemed it "not classical enough," says Westerhoff. The CD, which incorporates such exotic styles as salsa and house music, nonetheless soared to No. 1 on charts in 10 countries, including the USA, where it currently sits at No. 2 on the classical crossover chart, right behind Watson's album.

"We got a lot of positive publicity from it," violist Tania Davis notes of the U.K. controversy. She adds that, despite the chart network's doubts, Bond was invited to open this year's Classical Brit Awards in May.

Bond's manager, Mel Bush, stresses that the group's photogenic, pop-savvy members all have degrees from prestigious music colleges. "I think there's a certain amount of jealousy from classical-music elitists," he says. "Some people spend too much time judging music, when most of us prefer to just enjoy it."

*New York Times* music critic Allan Kozin argues that acts such as Bond, Watson and Charlotte Church "start out as 'crossover' artists, and so they don't really get onto the classical radar. They obviously made a choice at some point: They could have hunkered down and gone for a serious career, which would mean having to do some comparatively low-paying work before making it big; or they could go the high-marketing route . . . and go for immediate mass appeal. You can't blame someone for wanting that, but whether it appeals to classical-music listeners is another question. And if it's really crossover music, it should appeal to both classical and pop fans, right?"

Real opera singers don't use mikes

Indeed, while Pavarotti and Domingo have gotten flak for some of their crossover efforts, other established classical stars -- among them soprano Renee Fleming and mezzo-sopranos Frederica von Stade and Anne Sofie von Otter -- have been lauded by classical and pop critics for their authentic interpretations of pop and jazz songs.

Maureen O'Flynn, a coloratura soprano who has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House and La Scala, had a surprise No. 5 hit on the classical crossover chart several months ago with *Operatica*, a club-music track that she recorded vocals for "as a lark," she says.

"Part of me feels that anything that opens the door for people to discover new music should be applauded," adds O'Flynn, who particularly admires Bocelli. "But I think it's difficult having people like Charlotte Church, and even Bocelli, classified and marketed as opera singers. The bottom line is that opera singers don't use microphones. Opera singing is the vocal instrument soaring above other instruments without amplification, and a lot of training and hard work must go into that."

Of course, young artists such as Church bear the burden of having voices that aren't yet fully developed. "I feel sorry for Charlotte Church," says *Boston Globe* critic Richard Dyer, "because I think she's got some inkling of talent that has been ruthlessly exploited. I don't think she'll ever see her full potential."

Agility needed to cross over

Thirteen-year-old British singer Becky Taylor, who is being touted abroad as a potential rival to Church, takes a safer route on her first album, *A Dream Come True*. Due in the USA in September, *Dream* is dominated by less technically demanding tunes from stage and film musicals. "At the moment, that's what I'm happy singing," Taylor says.

Still, crossover artists who already have proved their prowess as classical performers are likely to have an easier time earning credibility. One such singer, Italian tenor Alessandro Safina, also will make his American recording debut next month, with a self-titled CD that incorporates pop and R&B influences. "My idea was always to have a classical career," says Safina, 33, who has performed opera across Europe. "But making a pop record was fun. I hope my career will encompass both (genres), but my (priority) is to be in lyric opera."

Safina will be featured in an episode of *Great Performances* scheduled for December.

A current special from that series, one that premiered last week, showcases Three Mo' Tenors, another act that combines impressive credentials with versatility. Conceived by Broadway director Marion Caffey as one of several variations on the Three Tenors theme, the trio features African-American singers Victor Trent Cook, Rodrick Dixon and Thomas Young, who bring decades of experience in opera, musical theater and concert performance to the act's self-titled first CD. Released last month, the album features classical standards and show tunes as well as jazz, R&B and gospel favorites.

Dyer, a fan of Three Mo' Tenors, feels that this kind of artistic agility is key to any crossover endeavor.

"It's just a question of whether you have an ear that's good enough to recognize differences in styles and the willingness to use your voice in different ways," Dyer says. "Thomas Young is a fantastic gospel singer, an amazing jazz singer, and he can knock *Nessun Dorma* out of the park."

But as Young's colleagues see it, their group's appeal -- and the secret to all successful crossover music -- is more basic than that. "Every genre we explore allows us to shake someone's hand and say, 'We can communicate with you, because we understand what this music means to you,' " Dixon says.

"That's the joy of it -- that we can bring all these people together," Cook says. "That's what music should do anyway, isn't it?"

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Robin Holland for USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, Todd Plitt for USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, Joanne Savio, RCA Victor; PHOTO, B/W, Lorenzo Agius, Interscope Records; PHOTO, B/W, Dean Freeman, EMI Records; Bond: Anglo-Australian string quartet Haylie Ecker, left, Gay-Yee Westerhoff, Eos and Tania Davis are hip -- and classically trained. <>Russell Watson: A pope, a queen and a president are among the fans of this classical crossover. <>Three Mo' Tenors: Rodrick Dixon, Victor Trent Cook and Thomas Young, clockwise from top. <>Safina: The Italian tenor will make his American recording debut next month.<>Taylor: The 13-year-old Brit, being compared to Charlotte Church, is coming out with first album.

**Load-Date:** August 17, 2001

**End of Document**



[***HOT SUMMER VIEWING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-CY10-0027-X41Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

June 11, 1995, SUNDAY,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 1454 words

**Byline:** Tom Hopkins; DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Body**

Let's face it, couch potatoes: It's just not cool to watch TV when the weather gets hot and everybody else is out playing beach volleyball.

But smart viewers find summer a good time to channel hop. With the networks wallowing in regrinds and O.J. Simpson, PBS and the cable networks will be trying extra hard to strut their stuff.

The networks won't shut down entirely. Get ready for a Michael Jackson thriller on ABC and some ancient history on NBC. No, we're not talking about Robert Conrad's latest adventure. We're talking about a documentary series about ancient civilizations.

If that sounds like slim summer pickings on TV, it is. A lot of us can't afford to take a summer vacation, but the networks seem to be taking one anyway. They'll be content to serve up mostly warmed-over sitcoms and cop shows.

That should give PBS and cable an opportunity to grab a bigger share of the viewing audience.

When the networks go into reruns, their competitors thrive. That's why ABC, CBS, NBC and Fox normally are loathe to take three months off. When they get back from that summer at the beach, they've lost their lease on the audience.

But the networks are in a downsizing mood, so don't look for the sort of summer experiments that produced Northern Exposure in 1990.

Look for a few original movies, a smattering of specials and some failed pilots that never made it to the big time as weekly series.

Sports fans will have plenty to watch, however, including 25 hours of live coverage of the inaugural Extreme Games on ESPN with sky surfing, bungyjumping and in-line skating from June 24 to July 1.

Besides baseball and the NBA basketball finals, there's tennis, with the French Open men's finals today (9 a.m.-2 p.m. on Channel 22), plus Wimbledon and the U.S. Open. Golf has its own U.S. Open next weekend, and pro football returns with exhibition games.

ABC

The alphabet network's sizzling summer show is a live Diane Sawyer interview with Michael Jackson and wife Lisa Marie Presley-Jackson on PrimeTime Live Wednesday (10 p.m. on Channel 2).

It's billed as their first TV interview since the nuptials. Sawyer will try to nail the gloved one, while Jackson tries to plug his new album, HIStory, in stores June 20. It shouldn't be difficult: Sawyer will premiere the music video from the album.

ABC has only one original series airing this summer, Bringing Up Jack, which premiered May 27.

Soap fans, however, have a treat in store: Hot Summer Soaps, a prime-time special June 21 previewing the stories on Loving, All My Children, One Life to Live and General Hospital.

''Summer on the soaps is always a time for stories about young love,'' said Maxine Levinson, ABC's senior vice president of daytime. ''This program will give us the opportunity to showcase some of ABC daytime's rising talent and highlight the romantic entanglements that will sweep through their lives over the upcoming months.''

Comedian Paul Rodrigues is host of a July 8 special, Latin Nights: An All-Star Celebration, combining music and comedy. Performers include Gloria Estefan, Jose Jose, Santana, Barrio Boyz, Real McCoy, Culture Clash, Cheech Marin, Jimmy Smits and Rosie Perez.

CBS

No new series are being launched this summer by CBS, but there'll be original episodes of Christy beginning Wednesday as well as fresh segments of Due South, The Wright Verdicts and Northern Exposure.

Under Suspicion, dropped from the fall schedule, gets a final test this summer and could return at midseason.

The show starring Karen Sillas as a police detective got zonked by The X-Files on Fridays but returns tonight (9 p.m. on Channel 7) with a repeat of the two-hour pilot. Then it moves into a 9-11 p.m. Wednesday slot with two back-to-back episodes each week, including some originals.

Eye to Eye, minus Connie Chung, will run through the summer as a mix of already-in-production stories and updated reruns.

NBC

Ancient history gets a modern twist with NBC's 10-hour documentary series, Time Life's Lost Civilizations, premiering at 7 p.m. Sunday, June 25, with Sam Waterston as host.

Recalling the wonders of vanished kingdoms and the mysteries of ancient cultures, the series will attempt to turn it into an Indiana Jones -style adventure with computer graphics. Waypoints include Egypt, Rome, China, Greece, Africa, Tibet and the Mayan and Incan empires.

Robert Conrad, who has starred in nearly 20 TV series since Hawaiian Eye (1959-63) and The Wild Wild West (1965-70), launches his new weekly show, High Sierra Search and Rescue, as a chopper pilot for a mountain rescue team.

Tonight's preview (10 p.m. on Channel 22) finds Conrad plucking some dislikable teen-agers out of trouble. There's hardly anyone to root for, but give it a chance: Episode 2, in the show's normal 8 p.m. Wednesday slot, is better.

Fox

Call Fox the network of last resort.

TV Nation, Michael Moore's anti-establishment documentary series, has been cut loose by NBC, but it gets another chance on Fox with eight new episodes in July and August.

Fox also plans to unspool seven unaired episodes of The Great Defender. It wasn't that bad a show, but it was yanked after just one episode aired in March to lousy ratings. Michael Rispoli is a hot-shot attorney with Richard Kiley as his stately partner.

Other summer fare: original episodes of the sitcom My Wildest Dreams, which premiered May 28, and a few unseen segments of Dream On, The George Carlin Show and Tales From the Crypt.

The 1995 Essence Awards air Tuesday (8 p.m. on Channel 45) with Janet Jackson, Stevie Wonder and Gen. Colin Powell among six people to be honored.

And two of the most popular Saturday morning series on TV, Spider-Man and X-Men, are bringing their larger-than-life heroics to prime time in an hour-long special tonight (7 p.m. on Channel 45).

Public TV

On the local scene, Channel 16 enlists Channel 2 news anchor Marsha Bonhart as host for a one-hour documentary/panel discussion exploring the issue of race in the Miami Valley at 8 p.m. Monday. A Matter of Race will compare Daytonians' attitudes with those elsewhere and explore the future of affirmative action.

PBS weighs in with several original series and specials this summer, among them:

Great Railway Journeys II, a six-part series premiering at 9 p.m. Tuesday with trips along the iron highways of Russia, Africa, Asia, Europe and South America.

Thomas Jefferson: A View From the Mountain, a two-hour examination of Jefferson's views on such issues as race and slavery (9 p.m. Wednesday).

Billy Joel: Live from Leningrad USSR, an hour with the piano man (10 p.m. Saturday).

Conversations with Gorbachev, a 90-minute special drawn from five hours of discussions with Russian scholar Stephen Cohen (9 p.m. June 24).

Battlefield, six two-hour programs that examine momentous battles of World War II, premiering at 10 p.m. July 6.

Although PBS will be regrinding most of its signature series, such as Masterpiece Theatre, Mystery and Nova, there'll be fresh segments of The American Playhouse and Evening at Pops.

Cable

Showtime is throwing $ 150 million at original programming starting in July, building on its new version of The Outer Limits at 10 p.m. Fridays.

The premium channel will have weekly original movies, starting with Jon Voight's Convict Cowboy July 16, along with four new series:

The Howie Mandel Show, a 13-part sketch comedy series.

Full Frontal Comedy, a late-night mix of standup routines.

Twisted Puppet Theater, adult comedy with a twisted sense of humor.

Sherman Oaks, a sitcom about a filmmaker who invades a nutty middle-class family.

Also look for new episodes of Showtime's naughty Red Shoe Diaries and some event miniseries such as August's three-hour documentary, Hiroshima.

HBO will unspool a popular British import, Band of Gold, beginning July 17. It's a drama series about the murders of prostitutes in a ***working-class*** town.

Some real-life dramas, from shark encounters to chronicles of war, are depicted when The Discovery Channel marks its 10th anniversary with an enjoyable two-hour special, Great Moments of Discovery, tonight from 9 to 11.

It's competing with The Disney Channel's 90-minute Elton John concert tonight at 9.

Lifetime debuts an original film each month during the summer, and USA network will have a few originals as well.

American Movie Classics offers a two-parter, Michael Feinstein: Sing a Song of Hollywood, Friday and 23.

John Denver performs in a two-hour A&E special June 18 paying tribute to the 100th anniversary of the Wildlife Conservation Society. It comes five nights after Denver appears at Fraze Pavilion in Kettering.

For fans of ghost stories, there's The Cormorant, a British drama making its North American premiere June 25 on A&E. It stars Ralph Fiennes as a man whose late uncle's pet bird turns into a holy terror.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (10): (#1) Windsurfing on ABC's 'Extreme Games' (COLOR), (#2) NBC's 'Lost Civilizations' (COLOR), (#3) Fox's 'Spider-Man' (COLOR), (#4) Lisa Marie Presley-Jackson and Michael Jackson on ABC's 'Prime Time Live' (COLOR), (#5) ABC's 'Latin Nights: An All-Star Celebration' (COLOR), (#6) A&E's 'The Cormorant' (COLOR), (#7) Fox's 'X-Men' (COLOR), (#8) CBS' 'Under Suspicion' (COLOR), (#9) CBS' 'Christy' (B&W), (#10) Fox's 'TV Nation' (B&W)

**Load-Date:** June 14, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Going 'to the people,' he says he'll run; 'Law & Order' actor planning a bid for the GOP nomination that will mix his folksy approach with some tech-savvy campaign tactics***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NVS-H980-TX31-W26D-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

May 31, 2007 Thursday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 2214 words

**Byline:** Susan Page

**Body**

STAMFORD, Conn. -- Politician-turned-actor Fred Thompson has been coy with audiences as he flirts with a bid for the Republican presidential nomination.

In an interview with USA TODAY, however, the former Tennessee senator not only makes it clear that he plans to run, he describes how he aims to do it. He's planning a campaign that will use blogs, video posts and other Internet innovations to reach voters repelled by politics-as-usual in both parties.

"I can't remember exactly the point that I said, 'I'm going to do this,'" Thompson says, his 6-foot, 6-inch frame sprawled comfortably across a couch in a hotel suite. "But when I did, the thing that occurred to me: 'I'm going to tell people that I am thinking about it and see what kind of reaction I get to it.'"

His late start carries some problems but also "certain advantages," he says. "Nobody has maxed out to me" in contributions, he notes, and using the Internet already "has allowed me to be in the hunt, so to speak, without spending a dime."

Thompson could reshape a GOP contest in which each of the three leaders has significant vulnerabilities and none of the seven second-tier contenders has broken through. Without formally joining the race -- he's preparing to do that as early as the first week of July -- Thompson already is placing third and better among Republican candidates in some national polls.

Dissatisfaction among one-third of Republicans with the 2008 field has opened the door for the candidate, whose folksy tone, actor's ease before an audience and conservative credentials drew comparisons to Ronald Reagan at the annual Connecticut GOP dinner here. Thompson addressed the dinner last week to a sold-out audience.

"People listen to him and see someone who's very comfortable with who he is and confident about what he believes in," state Republican chairman Chris Healy says. "That's a skill that, obviously, Ronald Reagan took to great heights."

Thompson, who has left a five-season stint playing Manhattan District Attorney Arthur Branch on NBC's Law & Order, says his model will be the untraditional campaign he ran in his first political bid for the Senate in 1994.

After a lackluster start, Thompson swapped his tailored suit for a plaid shirt and jeans and began driving a red Chevy pickup across the state in a bid to fill the final two years of Al Gore's term. Despite his background as a Washington lawyer and lobbyist, Thompson derided Congress as larded with legislators who had lost touch with their constituents and, in some cases, their principles.

He came from behind to swamp his Democratic opponent by 21 percentage points in a year Republicans capitalized on antipathy toward President Clinton to win control of the House and Senate.

"I feel some of the same feelings that I felt in the latter part of that '94 campaign about what is going on in the country today ... only greater," says Thompson, citing public cynicism toward the Republican president and the new Democrat-controlled Congress. "You can't drive the truck all the way across the country, but since '94 other opportunities have opened up in terms of ways to communicate."

A candidate could use the Internet "to cut through the clutter and go right to the people," he says.

And the red pickup, now rusting outside his mother's home in Franklin, Tenn.? "You might drive it a few places," he allows.

Waiting for Mr. Right

It's rare: The Republican presidential nomination is as up-for-grabs as the Democratic one.

Even in Connecticut -- the backyard of former New York mayor Rudy Giuliani and former Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney and a state whose primary Arizona Sen. John McCain carried in 2000 -- many Republican activists are still trying to decide whom to support.

"We're looking for someone who can be dynamic, who can bring together the troops," Stephen Bessette, 44, the vice president of a software company and a Stonington selectman, says as he waits for Thompson to begin speaking. "There are still people with their hands in their pockets, waiting for the right candidate."

None of the current contenders seems to have the stuff to win an "uphill battle" in the general election, says John Nazzaro, 49, a lawyer from Stonington and member of the GOP state central committee. He wonders whether Thompson's persona might have a better chance.

Despite what seems to have been a charmed life as a politician and actor, Thompson can project an outsider's demeanor -- as much the ***working-class*** kid who grew up in Lawrenceburg, Tenn., as the celebrity who now lives in the tony Washington suburb of McLean, Va. He has a Southern drawl, a loping gait, a lined face and a balding pate.

Although he's never spotlighted the social issues that energize much of the Republican base, Thompson consistently voted in the Senate against abortion and in favor of gun rights. Giuliani's support of abortion rights and Romney's conversion to oppose them have raised qualms among some social conservatives toward them.

On Iraq, Thompson voted to authorize the invasion in October 2002 and now opposes setting a timetable to withdraw U.S. troops. Still, his fortunes aren't as inextricably tied to the war as those of McCain, who has been one of the war's leading defenders.

In any case, Thompson argues that Republicans lost control of the House and Senate in November not because of the war but because of out-of-control spending and unrestrained partisanship. What's surprising -- and encouraging for Republicans -- is that Democrats didn't gain more ground, he says.

"It's been kind of a pox on both your houses," he says. "There's a disconnect out there between the people and Washington. ... It seems lately whoever has power, whoever has control makes the same predictable mistakes."

Does he have the drive?

His campaign themes: tighter borders, smaller government and lower taxes.

He says he doesn't underestimate how difficult a campaign will be. Most of the top GOP strategists have signed up with other campaigns. The current contenders have been furiously fundraising with hopes of amassing impressive amounts in the second quarter. Those reports are due in July.

Some skeptics question whether Thompson has the drive for a national campaign. "He didn't have a particularly distinguished Senate career, though that has never been a bar to anybody else being president," says David Keene, president of the American Conservative Union, who isn't supporting any candidate. "The book on him is he's lazy. I don't know whether that's true or not."

Thompson bristles at the suggestion that he's lazy or running on a lark -- dismissing those as "shots by concerned future competitors." He acknowledges a campaign involves "working your fanny off" and predicts his late start means he'll need less money than the others.

He made his first appeal to 100 fundraisers in a conference call Tuesday. He hopes to make a splash by amassing an impressive fundraising total of his own as soon as he launches a testing-the-waters committee on Friday.

Frist's departure was catalyst

The Tennessee Republican running for president in 2008 was supposed to be former senator Bill Frist.

Stung by controversies over intervening in the case of a brain-dead Florida woman and changing positions on stem cell research, Frist announced in November he was retiring from politics and returning to medicine.

That weekend, Tennessee Rep. Zach Wamp was meeting with the dean of the state's Republicans, former senator and White House chief of state Howard Baker, as part of an effort to persuade Toyota officials to locate a Highlander SUV assembly plant in Chattanooga.

That campaign failed -- Toyota announced in February the plant would go to Tupelo, Miss. -- but a presidential draft was launched.

Wamp asked Baker, Thompson's mentor, to call Thompson and urge him to jump into the presidential race. "You've known him a long time," Baker replied, according to Wamp. "Call him yourself."

Thompson had been easily re-elected to the Senate in 1996 and briefly considered a presidential bid before the 2000 race. In 2002, however, devastated when his 38-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Thompson Panici, died of an accidental prescription-drug overdose, he decided not to run for another Senate term.

He signed on for the Law & Order role -- he has been a character actor since playing himself as a whistleblower's lawyer in a 1985 movie about a Tennessee political scandal -- and went on the speaking circuit. He began blogging and regularly appearing on ABC Radio, sometimes filling in for idiosyncratic commentator Paul Harvey. Divorced for nearly 20 years, he married Jeri Kehn, a Washington lawyer who had been active in Republican politics, in 2002. They have a 4-year-old daughter and a 6-month-old son.

When Wamp first called, Thompson demurred. When none of the GOP candidates seemed to catch fire, he reconsidered. In February, Thompson told Wamp he was "very open-minded to this."

In March, Thompson announced on Fox News Sunday that he was "going to leave the door open" to a bid. Two weeks later, he finished in third place among Republicans in a USA TODAY/Gallup Poll, beating Romney out of the box and trailing only Giuliani and McCain.

In April, he disclosed that he had been diagnosed in 2004 with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, though he says the slow-growing cancer hasn't caused him any problems, and his doctors tell him he may well live a normal lifespan.

Last week, he won an unofficial straw poll of GOP activists in Georgia, besting by 2-1 the No. 2 finisher -- former House speaker Newt Gingrich, who's from Georgia and isn't formally in the race yet, either.

A video offensive

His biggest challenge, Thompson says, will be to avoid getting cautious -- that is, to forget the lessons he learned in his 1994 plaid-shirt-and-red-truck campaign.

Consider how he responded two weeks ago when liberal filmmaker Michael Moore challenged him to a debate on health care and called him a hypocrite for favoring embargoed Havana cigars. In the conservative National Review, Thompson had chided Moore's new documentary, Sicko, which unfavorably compares the U.S. health care system with the one in Cuba.

It was 9:30 that morning when Jeri told her husband that Moore's debate challenge had been posted the night before on the gossipy Drudge Report.

"'Jeri said, 'You know, we could have some fun,'" Thompson recalls. "'Why don't you do something on the Internet?' So I got to thinking about it and I got to thinking about what I might do. ..."

"And Mark Corallo and Ed McFadden had that camera there in 40 minutes," Jeri, who is sitting in on the interview, breaks in. Corallo and McFadden, aides to John Ashcroft when he was U.S. attorney general, have been helping Thompson behind the scenes.

In the video, sitting at the desk in his study, Thompson seems to be studying his calendar, an unlit Cuban Montecristo in his mouth.

"You know, I've been looking at my schedule, Michael, and I don't think I have time for you," Thompson begins. "But I may be the least of your problems. You know, the next time you're down in Cuba visiting your buddy Castro, you might ask him about another documentary filmmaker. His name is Nicolas Guillen. He did something Castro didn't like, and they put him in a mental institution for several years, giving him devastating electroshock treatment.

"A mental institution, Michael," he says. "Might be something you ought to think about."

'I've got to ... have the guts'

By 11:30 a.m., two hours after his first chat about the furor, the 38-second video was done. By early afternoon it was posted on Breitbart.tv, a website for news videos launched last month. As of Wednesday, versions of the video on YouTube.com had been viewed more than 83,000 times.

His challenge will be to keep taking risks and trying unconventional tactics, Thompson says.

"I've got to fight to have the guts enough to follow my own instincts," he says. "Everybody is going to make mistakes anyway. Things are going to happen. You're going to have good days and bad. You might as well do it your way."

TEXT OF BIO BOX BEGINS HERE

The Thompson file

Age: 64. Born Aug. 19, 1942, in Sheffield, Ala.

Education: B.S., Memphis State University, 1964. Law degree, Vanderbilt University, 1967.

Family: Married Sarah Lindsey in 1959, at age 17; they were divorced in 1985. Married Jeri Kehn in 2002. Five children (one deceased).

Career: Practicing lawyer, 1967-94. Assistant U.S. attorney, 1969-72. Minority counsel, Senate Watergate panel, 1973-74. U.S. senator, 1994-2003. Actor, 1985-present.

Source: USA TODAY research

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Roles of a lifetime

Among the parts former Tennessee senator Fred Thompson has played in the movies and on television:

\*Real president

(Ulysses S. Grant) Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee (2007)

\*Fictional president

Last Best Chance (2005)

\*White House chief of staff

In the Line of Fire (1993)

\*Real senator

(Himself) Looking for Comedy in the Muslim World (2005)

\*Fictional senator

Born Yesterday (1993)

\*CIA director

No Way Out (1987)

\*Navy rear admiral

The Hunt for Red October (1990)

\*Army major general

Fat Man and Little Boy (1989)

\*Politician

HBO's Sex and the City (2000)

\*FBI agent

Baby's Day Out (1994)

\*District attorney

NBC's Law & Order (2002-07)

\*Arms dealer

White Sands (1992)

\*Chief of air operations, Dulles International Airport

Die Hard 2 (1990)

Source: The Internet Movie Database

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Julie Snider, USA TODAY, Source: Gallup Poll of 1,006 adults taken March 26-29 (Bar graph)

PHOTO, Color, Todd Plitt, USA TODAY

PHOTO, B/W, Todd Plitt, USA TODAY

**Load-Date:** May 31, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Rising, Rocking With the Boss;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GWB-SFF0-0190-X2CD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***For thirty years, he's been proving it all night.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GWB-SFF0-0190-X2CD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 10, 2003 Sunday CITY-D EDITION

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**Section:** BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AT LINCOLN FINANCIAL FIELD; Pg. W02

**Length:** 1729 words

**Byline:** Dan DeLuca INQUIRER MUSIC CRITIC

**Body**

In the Church of Bruce Springsteen, the core ritual has always been the New Jersey rocker's live shows with the E Street Band, those epic, sweaty exhaust-athons meant to offer catharsis and salvation to all who attend.

From Greetings From Asbury Park, N.J., in 1973 through last year's The Rising, Springsteen's albums have earned him stature as a uniquely American synthesist of everything from Phil Spector melodrama to Woody Guthrie social protest.

But if you were to lock a fan who considers Springsteen a ***working-class*** poet into a room with a skeptic who regards him as a millionaire poseur, the former would undoubtedly build his case on the Boss' concert greatness.

Ultimately, the Springsteen proponent's argument always boils down to the same command: "You gotta see him live."

The next chance to do so comes Saturday night, when Springsteen, 53, plays the second night of his three-concert stand at Lincoln Financial Field. Following Springsteen's show at the First Union Center on Oct. 6, the current series marks the return of the Rising tour to Philly, the singer's biggest market outside of New York. And there isn't another artist more appropriate to christen the Linc as a music venue.

The first time I saw Springsteen and the E Street Band was at the Spectrum on Dec. 8, 1980. I was 18, and I'd scored tickets to two nights of shows. I had heard tales of them playing into the wee hours, always up for another chance to prove it all night, and I was stoked.

I had just seen No Nukes, the concert movie in which Springsteen debuted the spine-tingling "The River," and tore the house down with Gary U.S. Bonds' "Quarter to Three." And I had heard the bootlegs, documents with such titles as You Can Trust Your Car to the Man Who Wears the Star, which captured a February 1975 show at the old Main Point in Bryn Mawr.

When that show was recorded, the band had an anything-goes feel in keeping with Springsteen's leather-jacketed street-urchin persona. Besides "Wings for Wheels," which would become "Thunder Road," the Main Point set was notable for the presence of Suki Lahav, who played with Springsteen throughout early 1975, 27 years before Soozie Tyrell would join on as the second E Street violinist. And there were covers of Bob Dylan's "I Want You" and Narvel Felts' "Mountain of Love" that made it clear Springsteen knew his history.

By 1980 at the Spectrum, the show was more tightly structured, and longer - a full 3 1/2 hours (a record rivaled by Springsteen's show this year in Sydney, Australia) packed with shorter songs of pent-up aggression.

That night, the bar-band majesty of the E Street Band slayed me. But the next day, Springsteen hit me harder still.

Unknown to us, John Lennon had been murdered as we sat in the Spectrum during that first concert. The following evening, Springsteen introduced the show by saying, "It's a hard world that asks you to live with things that are unlivable, and it's hard to come out and play tonight, but there's nothing else to do."

That those words could just as easily serve as the preamble to material from The Rising, a work preoccupied by the emotional aftermath of the 2001 terrorist attacks, shows how the theme of persistence in the face of hard times has run through Springsteen's music and why he is equally relevant today. On Dec. 9, he sang and played with an intensely focused energy that propelled me and everybody else in the room to the impassioned conclusion that "it ain't no sin to be glad you're alive," as he put it in "Badlands." It was the best show I've ever seen.

For the 1984-85 Born in the U.S.A. tour, Springsteen was impressively buff and wore a bandanna on his head. The shows - with Nils Lofgren in Steve Van Zandt's place on guitar and the future second Mrs. Springsteen, Patti Scialfa, joining on vocals - celebrated the Boss' emergence as a superstar of Michael Jackson proportions.

The misinterpretation of "Born in the U.S.A." as a jingoist anthem is a classic example of how, when any pop product reaches a massive audience, its meaning is boiled down to the simplest terms. But Springsteen, who wrote the song about a bitter Vietnam veteran, was struggling to make his populist politics clear.

When he played two nights at Veterans Stadium in August 1985, he came armed with "Seeds," a new song about laid-off oil workers, and a raging cover of Edwin Starr's "War," which he introduced with a warning that "blind faith in your leaders, or in anyone, will get you killed." It's a sentiment Springsteen has restated in recent concerts in his introduction to "Land of Hope and Dreams."

His shows were long, he explained that year, because they needed to contain so much: "I think that on a night that we're really good," he confided, "you can come and, hopefully, you can see your relationships with your parents, brothers, sisters, your town, your country, your friends, everything - sexual, political, the whole social thing. It should be a combination of a circus, a political thing, and a spiritual event."

Over time, the spiritual element has grown more pronounced. All pop concerts have a quasi-religious aspect: We worship our idols at home, then make the pilgrimage to see them in the flesh. And Springsteen's songs have long been filled with nonspecific religious language. "I believe in the faith that can save me," he sings in "Badlands," his eyes gazing upward. "I believe in the hope, and I pray, that someday it may raise me."

Since Born in the U.S.A., Springsteen has even added a faux-preacher shtick to his tent show. During the 1987 trek for Tunnel of Love, as his marriage to Julianne Phillips was crumbling, he built a rap about his fear of romantic commitment into a cover of Geno Washington's "I'm a Coward." On the tour for his solo The Ghost of Tom Joad, which stopped for two nights at the Tower Theater in 1995, a severe Springsteen sermonized, reminding the faithful to remember the have-nots in economic boom times. And on his 1999 tour, he worked up a mock Bible-thumping bit in "Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out" to introduce the E Streeters.

The Rising is Springsteen's most overtly religious album. In addition to the gospel hymn "My City of Ruins" - written about Asbury Park, but now forever associated with the emotional weeks after Sept. 11 - images of the World Trade Center dead ascending to heaven are contained in the title cut.

"There's spirits above and behind me," he sings. "May their precious blood bind me, Lord, as I stand before your fiery light."

Springsteen deserves all due credit for taking on the nearly impossible challenge of creating lasting art while addressing America's grief in the here and now. What disappoints me about The Rising is that, while his characters summon their faith, they have lost their complexity. With a few exceptions such as "Paradise," which contains one verse from the perspective of a suicide bomber, the moral ambiguity found in older songs such as Nebraska's "Highway Patrolman" is missing. The Rising's characters tend to be grieving widows and saintly heroes.

The Rising dates I caught in Washington and New York last summer, at the start of the tour, felt even more like revival meetings than previous Springsteen baptisms. The songs were mostly from the new album, the centerpiece being the prayerlike "Into the Fire" and the closer being the holy-rolling "Land of Hope and Dreams."

Though they were a little bit shorter than in days of yore - a mere 2 hours, 40 minutes - and less concerned with Springsteen's capacious back catalog, the shows were still pretty darned exhausting and as satisfying as ever. With a band that's been together as long as this one has (saxophonist Clarence Clemons is 61 years old) and works as hard (Monday's show at the Linc will be the 100th concert in a tour that has spanned three continents), you can't help but be amazed by its members' ability to deliver shows of such musical and emotional scope night after night.

On Nebraska, back in 1982, Springsteen sang, "At the end of every hard-earned day people find some reason to believe," as if amazed at man's ability to find hope when none is apparent.

Two decades wiser, he performs material from The Rising and understands that, in the face of unspeakable grief, hope is the expression of man's need to go on living. And by the time he leaves town, Springsteen will give the faithful reason to believe.

Contact music critic Dan DeLuca at 215-854-5628 or [*ddeluca@phillynews.com*](mailto:ddeluca@phillynews.com).

Five to Remember: Legendary Area Springsteen Shows

The Main Point, Bryn Mawr, Feb. 5, 1975

Broadcast on WMMR-FM (93.3) and introduced by Philly radio perennial Ed Sciaky, this was an incandescent night of the early jam-band Springsteen, with Suki Lahav on violin. "Incident on 57th Street," "New York City Serenade," "E Street Shuffle," and "Rosalita (Come Out Tonight)" each stretches more than 10 minutes, and the widely bootlegged set closes with a chugging version of Chuck Berry's "Back in the U.S.A."

The Spectrum, Dec. 9, 1980

The day after John Lennon's murder, Springsteen paid tribute to the former Beatle, then ripped into "Born to Run" while, according to legend, tears streamed down Steve Van Zandt's face. Three-and-a-half cathartic hours later, Springsteen closed with "the first song I ever learned how to play on guitar," "Twist and Shout."

The Spectrum, Sept. 15, 1984

Midway through its tour for Born in the U.S.A., the E Street Band was firing on all cylinders during a 29-song show that featured "Jersey Girl," the Tom Waits song Springsteen made his own. For the final encore, the band was joined by the Miami Horns, led by Richie "La Bamba" Rosenberg.

Tower Theater, Upper Darby, Dec. 8, 1995

The Ghost of Tom Joad show couldn't compete with an E Street outing in terms of ecstatic release, but it did offer a chance to hear Springsteen work a relatively intimate room with just acoustic guitar and harmonica. The whispered Joad material came alive in performance, and the howling blues version of "Born in the U.S.A." was fierce.

The Spectrum, Sept. 24, 1999

The only show of his six-night run not at the cavernous First Union Center also happened to be Springsteen's first concert as a 50-year-old. He celebrated by opening with "Growin' Up," and peppering the set with oldies, including one - "The Fever," the never commercially released tune that was a staple on Philadelphia radio in the 1970s - that he hadn't performed for decades.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

CHARLES FOX, Inquirer Staff Photographer

Clarence Clemons (from left), Steve Van Zandt, Bruce Springsteen and Patti Scialfa played the first of three shows at Lincoln Financial Field on Friday night. Springsteen and the E Street Band will also perform Saturday and Monday nights. The Friday night show was the first concert at the Linc.

Springsteen leads the crowd in "The Promised Land." The current series marks the return of the "Rising" tour to Philadelphia.

CHARLES FOX, Inquirer Staff Photographer

Bruce Springsteen performs material from "The Rising," his most religious album, at the Lincoln Financial Field. Among the songs yesterday was "My City of Ruins," which was written about Asbury Park but now associated with the Sept. 11, 2001, aftermath.

CHART

Five to Remember: Legendary Area Springsteen Shows

**Load-Date:** August 15, 2005

**End of Document**



[***STREET REPELS WELKER'S CHALLENGE MCELHATTON AND STEWART LOSE COUNCIL PRIMARIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C1S0-01K4-940J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 17, 1995 Wednesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1528 words

**Byline:** Vanessa Williams, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER, Contributing to this article were Inquirer staff writers, Craig McCoy, Suzanne Sataline, Marjorie Valbrun, Diana Marder,, Mel Greenberg and Jeff Gelles and the Inquirer suburban staff.

**Body**

City Council President John F. Street won a bitter struggle for his district seat yesterday over challenger Julie Welker.

With most of the votes counted in the Fifth Council District, Welker, the Fairmount real estate broker who four years ago came within 1,500 votes of unseating Street, was well behind in the Democratic primary.

Shortly before 11 p.m., Welker told her supporters that she was not yet conceding. "This race is too close to call," she said. "We can neither accept victory nor give in to defeat."

But Street was claiming victory last night. He told a roaring crowd that at the start of his campaign this year, "I predicted . . . that we would win renomination handily. And I believe that we have done just that."

At his victory party at the Blue Horizon boxing club in North Philadelphia, Street said his win "shows that the voters rejected loose rhetoric, shallow promises, mean-spirited negativisms, and a simplified pie-in-the-sky approach to solving the problems of the Fifth Distict and the city."

Mayor Rendell, on hand for the celebration, said: "This wasn't about power. It was about performance. . . . People know he did a good job."

It was a tense night in the most important race on the primary ballot. Early returns from Center City made the contest look neck and neck. But by midnight, Street held a commanding lead.

With low turnout citywide, two of Street's colleagues - Council members Daniel P. McElhatton and Alvin Stewart - lost close races with primary opponents in their districts. All other Democratic incumbents on City Council won renomination for district and at-large seats.

Rendell won the Democratic mayoral nomination without opposition. Street's victory sets the stage for a return to City Hall by what many saw as the dynamic duo responsible for turning around Philadelphia's fortunes.

M. Joseph Rocks, a former state senator, won the Republican nomination for mayor, also in an uncontested primary. He will face an uphill general election battle against a well-financed, popular Rendell. He will also face a 5-2 Democratic registration edge among city voters.

Turnout was abysmal. According to unofficial returns, only about 15 percent of the city's 818,000 registered voters cast ballots for mayor, the citywide race that got the biggest numbers yesterday.

Rendell credited Street with helping him lead the city out of fiscal and spiritual gloom, and campaigned hard for him, particularly in Center City's Eighth Ward.

Street appeared to be doing better in Center City than he did four years ago. But with returns nearly complete, Welker was winning the Center City end of a diverse district that includes Fairmount and North Philadelphia. The district is so dominated by Democratic voters that whoever wins the Democratic primary is considered a November shoo-in.

Welker's campaign contended that Street's election workers intimidated voters at the polls. One Welker aide said the campaign wanted to look into this complaint further.

All 17 City Council seats were on yesterday's ballot. Only two of 14 Democratic incumbents were unopposed. Last night, the five Democratic at-large Council members appeared to have fought off seven challengers. Happy Fernandez, who began the primary season as the weakest of the at-large incumbents, appeared to lead the pack yesterday. Of a field of challengers, Blondell Reynolds-Brown was closest to winning an at-large nomination.

The 17 GOP City Council candidates - including incumbents Brian J. O'Neill, Joan Specter and W. Thacher Longstreth - were unopposed.

Frank Rizzo, son of the late former mayor, led a pack of five at-large GOP candidates with most of the votes counted. That could spell trouble in November for Specter or Longstreth because the City Charter only guarantees the minority party - in this case the GOP - two of the seven at-large seats.

The Democratic incumbents who now hold the city's four row offices - sheriff, register of wills, clerk of Quarter Sessions Court and city commissioners - all won nomination.

Welker managed to wage a serious challenge to Street by depicting him as more interested in grabbing power in City Hall than in delivering services in the district, which includes some of the city's most depressed neighborhoods.

The Fifth District also includes the upscale neighborhoods of Fairmount and Rittenhouse Square. Street had hoped to convince those voters that they should support him because he helped Rendell get the votes he needed on Council to balance the city budget and pass a tax cut this year. Rendell even campaigned with Street, hosting a series of kaffeeklatsches at high-rise apartments on Rittenhouse Square.

Welker was expected to run well in the Eighth and 15th Wards, both predominantly white and middle class. Street was expected to dominate in mostly black and ***working-class*** North Philadelphia.

Two wards showed the contrast: In the Eighth - Center City - Welker won nearly three-fourths of the votes cast. But in the 28th Ward in North Philadelphia, it was Street nearly 3-1.

Across the district, Welker's supporters were sporting neon-yellow shirts, caps, socks and aprons yesterday. Street had red-shirted troops.

As Street's supporters awaited the returns at the Blue Horizon, they readily admitted their candidate had a real fight on his hands.

"I think it's going to be close, but John will win," Vivian Roundtree, of North Philadelphia, said hopefully.

Earlier, Welker supporters said Street's rhetoric troubled them.

Ann Davidson, 50, a law librarian from Fairmount, said she was bothered by Street's statement last year that black youngsters had been denied access to rowing on the Schuylkill. "That's race-baiting," she said. "That's unfair. It wasn't like the rowing clubs were trying to exclude anyone."

Welker supporters began gathering at the Warwick Hotel shortly after the polls closed. The mood was subdued as they awaited returns, which by 10 p.m. had the candidates running neck and neck.

McElhatton, 45, the only Democratic incumbent running without the party's backing, lost to Richard T. Mariano, his former chief of staff, in the Seventh District.

Mariano, 39, won the favor of most ward leaders in the district and picked up the support of labor unions in a race characterized by personal attacks and a slander suit.

Late last night, an angry McElhatton decried "the politics of negativism and mud-slinging and character assassination." He said he would not support fellow Democrat Mariano in the November general election.

While Rendell campaigned with McElhatton - they spent the day before the election greeting morning rush-hour voters at the Market-Frankford El - Mariano got help from State Sen. Vincent Fumo and City Controller Jonathan Saidel.

Stewart, a retired police officer who won the Eighth District seat in a special election last fall, lost to Donna Reed Miller, a Germantown activist and aide to State Rep. David P. Richardson. Robert Vance, a lawyer and chairman of the City Planning Commission, finished third.

Stewart is serving out the term of the late Councilman Herbert DeBeary, who died in late 1993.

Two other district Council members - Michael A. Nutter and Jannie L. Blackwell - fought off two opponents each to win renomination. Councilwoman Marian Tasco handily defeated her opponent for the nomination in the Ninth Ward.

Democrats Anna Verna in Second District and Joan L. Krajewski in the Sixth were unopposed. Frank Dicicco, a former Philadelphia traffic court administrator, was unopposed for the First District seat, which was vacated by Joseph Vignola, who resigned to head the PICA earlier this year.

In the row-office races, Sheriff John D. Green and Vivian T. Miller, clerk of Quarter Sessions Court, were unopposed for the Democratic nomination. Register of Wills Ronald R. Donatucci crushed Betty Townes, a former aide.

Democratic City Commissioners Margaret M. Tartaglione and Alexander Z. Talmadge Jr. also were unopposed. On the GOP side, party-backed candidates Joseph Duda and Michael Duncan were leading challenger John McDermott for nominations.

There were numerous county, municipal and school board races in the suburbs.

In Montgomery County, Sheriff Frank P. Lalley, whose office has been plagued by several prisoner escapes this year, was in a tight race with West Conshohocken Mayor Michael A. Leonard in their battle for the Republican sheriff's nomination.

In the Democratic primary for Montgomery County Commissioner, incumbent Joseph M. Hoeffel and his party-endorsed running mate, Joan H. Nagel, were leading challenger John D. McGuigan for two spots on the November ballot.

In Bucks County, incumbent Michael G. Fitzpatrick won one of two Republican nominations for county commissioner, and party-endorsed Charles Martin was vying with maverick Tom Lingenfelter for the second nomination.

On the Democratic side, incumbent commissioner Sandra Miller was leading, Isabel Godwin was second, and Richard Myers was third. Ray Regan, who was Miller's party-endorsed running mate, was running fourth.

In Chester County, incumbent Karen L. Martynick and party-endorsed Colin A. Hanna easily defeated four other candidates seeking two Republican nominations for county commissioner.

**Notes**

PRIMARY ELECTION '95

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (4)

1. City Council President John Street celebrates his Fifth District victory

at the Blue Horizon. Street pulled away from Julie Welker after early returns

showed the two running neck and neck. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PAUL HU)

2. Nathaniel Moore, 6, waits for his mother, Rhonda, to vote at St. Malachy

Elementary School in North Philadelphia. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, MICHAEL

S. WIRTZ)

3. Richard Mariano gets a kiss from Margaret Suarez. Mariano, whose son Rick

Jr. campaigned with him, had Democratic Party support in his bid to unseat

Daniel P. McElhatton in the Seventh Council District. (The Philadelphia

Inquirer, PAUL HU)

4. Republican mayoral candidate M. Joseph Rocks greets Ed Tohley at a polling

station off Cottman Avenue in the Northeast. Rocks was unopposed in the GOP

primary. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RON CORTES)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***MON MOGUL'S LEGACY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VGJ-JB60-0094-5528-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HOMESTEAD LIBRARY'S HISTORY SPEAKS VOLUMES ON ANDREW CARNEGIE, MILL WORKERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VGJ-JB60-0094-5528-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***LEARNING AND LEISURE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VGJ-JB60-0094-5528-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 30, 1998, Wednesday,

SOUTH EDITION

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**Section:** METRO,

**Length:** 1520 words

**Byline:** LINDA WILSON FUOCO

**Body**

A massive portrait of Andrew Carnegie dominates the reading room of the Carnegie Library of Homestead, just as the self-made millionaire dominated and shaped the history of the Monongahela Valley.

The distinguished looking man in the portrait is a benevolent philanthropist and patron saint of libraries - or a union-busting robber baron. It depends on whose opinion is solicited.

Nearly 80 years after his death, hundreds of townspeople turned out to pay homage to Andrew Carnegie and his gift to Homestead. On Nov. 7, they celebrated the 100-year anniversary of a building that many call "The Jewel of the Valley."

The architecturally magnificent Carnegie Library of Homestead dominates the hill that overlooks the site where in 1892 "the river ran red," according to an anonymous poet of that era.

The French Renaissance style is a designated historic landmark, and occupies an entire block between 10 th and 11 th avenues in what is now the borough of Munhall.

The yellow and orange brick slate-roofed building is much more than a library. Carnegie had it designed as a community center.

The library houses an elaborate music hall with more than 1,000 seats. Its nearly-perfect acoustics attract regular performances by The Pittsburgh Symphony, The River City Band, ballet companies and local groups, and churches.

The building has athletic facilities, which Carnegie called The Workingmen's Club. The club includes a basketball court, running track and a tiled-lined 36-foot by 38-foot swimming pool where Olympic-medal-winning swimmers trained in the 1920s and 1930s.

Mounted on the reading room wall is a Oct. 25, 1898, letter from Carnegie Steel Co. Ltd., which gives an accounting of the total construction costs: $ 263,843.30.

The same display includes library card #E01 - issued to Andrew Carnegie, whose life defined the contradictory landmarks in Homestead for which he is remembered.

The Battle Begins

Thousands of townspeople took to the streets and lined the south bank of the Mon River on July 6, 1892. They watched, cheered - and ultimately wept as their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers took up arms to fight for control of the Carnegie-owned mill that was the lifeblood of their town.

Carnegie's 1883 acquisition of an existing though small mill transformed Homestead from a sleepy farm town to a bustling, gritty industrial center. The population jumped from 600 in 1878 to over 12,000 in 1900.

Carnegie gave jobs to ***working-class*** men, most of them immigrants. But the jobs were dirty and dangerous, and employees put in 12-hour days at low pay.

When Carnegie and his right-hand-man, Henry Clay Frick, proposed a pay cut in 1892, the 800 Homestead workers - many of them members of a fledgling union - rebelled.

Frick sent 300 Pinkerton guards by barge to seize and secure the mill. A fierce gun battle broke out at what locals still call The Pinkerton Landing Site. When the smoke cleared at least 11 men were dead - seven millworkers and three Pinkertons. The mill reopened as a nonunion shop paying lower wages. Some union members were blacklisted, and could never again work in a Carnegie mill.

Carnegie had gone to his native Scotland on holiday, leaving in charge Frick, who ordered the lockout that sparked one of the bitterest and bloodiest strikes in the history of organized labor. Four decades would pass before unions got another foothold in American workplaces. Carnegie and Frick are widely credited with - or reviled for - breaking the back of the union movement.

Carnegie never returned to Homestead save for one brief visit in 1898.

On Nov. 5 of that year, just a scant six years after arguably the most infamous confrontation in the history of American labor, thousands of Homestead residents took to the streets again. Only this time they cheered as Carnegie returned to dedicate the library. He was fulfilling a promise made at the 1889 dedication of the Carnegie Public Library in Braddock, when he announced he would build a library in Homestead.

Built, ironically, on ground that had been occupied in 1892 by state militia brought in to subdue striking steel workers, the library was dedicated in a ceremony in which Carnegie remarked:

"It is intended for the benefit of the whole community. … The class which it is able to benefit most is undoubtedly the manual toiler; the man who works with his hands, rather than the man who works with his head ..."

Local historians past and present have wryly noted that after working 12-hour days, manual toilers were too tired to use and enjoy books and athletic facilities. Mill managers, bosses and local professionals were the library's primary patrons in the early years.

Then and now, Homestead residents are either very forgiving or very pragmatic; few question the enormousness of Carnegie's gift to the community.

"There were plaques to Carnegie throughout the mill," said long-time West Homestead Mayor John Dindak. "We always felt that it was thanks to him we were able to work."

Dindak followed his father and grandfather into the mill. He put in 41 years, retiring unexpectedly early when the mill closed for good in 1986.

"We all used the library. The guys still talk about the industrial basketball league we played in at the library. All the players were mill workers.

"I don't remember being taught negative things about Carnegie," said Dindak, a member of the United Steel Workers of America. "Carnegie-Illinois and U.S. Steel were good to my family. The union helped a lot of people. Together we built an empire. No one really got into the negatives until the historians came in."

Anti-Carnegie and anti-Frick sentiments "are not something that local people think about," said Homestead Mayor Betty Esper, who was a union worker in the Homestead mill for 36 years.

Streets surrounding the library are named Andrew, Louise and Margaret in honor of Carnegie, his wife and his mother.

As for Henry Clay Frick, Homestead's main park is named after him.

Esper was one of many local residents who attended the rededication ceremonies Nov. 7.

"An actor portrayed Andrew Carnegie. He stayed in character. He acted surprised when I was introduced as mayor. He said he never heard of women being involved in politics."

Library Director Debra Ryder said Carnegie was portrayed by look-alike Allen Nesvisky from the Sen. John Heinz Pittsburgh Regional History Center.

Nesvisky rode through the streets of Homestead and Munhall in a horse-drawn antique carriage. He was followed by the bagpipe-playing Syria Shrine Highlanders Band and the Shriners' horse patrol.

Library board members wore period costumes.

The rededication capped off a year-long schedule of events, including an appearance by Gov. Ridge, who recalled that he used the library while growing up in Munhall.

Building for the future

In 1901, Carnegie retired from business ventures and vowed to divest himself of his fortune. He gave away an estimated $ 57 million for the construction of more than 2,509 libraries.

The grandest libraries of all opened in 1889 in Braddock, 1898 in Homestead and 1901 in Duquesne. Those towns were singled out because they were the site of the mills that built his wealth.

The Duquesne library was demolished in the early 1970s. The Braddock library is on the comeback trail, undergoing renovations after narrowing escaping the wrecking ball in the 1980s, which were tough times for mill towns.

The Homestead library was maintained by USX Corp. until 1988, when the company turned the library over to the town. Since then a governing board of area residents has raised nearly $ 2 million in local donations and grants.

The local board has overseen extensive renovations to the music hall and athletic facilities, and spent $ 800,000 to replace the leaking roof.

One of the more touching fund-raisers sold bricks that create a walkway to the library. Names of companies, churches and local people - living and dead - are etched on the bricks.

One of the larger bricks has four names and the words, "Homestead Strike Martyrs 7-6-1892."

Mary Leon Solomon, who wrote the 101-page history of the library, notes that many historians and labor leaders have damned Carnegie.

For them "the generous gifts" of libraries "can never take away the guilt over the strike and the bloodstains from the battle with the Pinkertons," she wrote in her book.

Solomon thinks "Homestead haunted Andrew Carnegie to the end of his days."

She concludes, after hundreds of hours of research:

"There is little doubt in this writer's mind that Carnegie's generosity to the steelmaking communities was directly related to the guilt he felt over the lives lost and the blood shed … "

Solomon, a West Homestead resident, is not bitter. She terms the library "a community treasure," and is one of many volunteers who labor tirelessly to raise money to keep it operating.

A devout Presbyterian, Carnegie had some wry comments to make about his record, including this, quoted after his death in the January 1920 Pennsylvania Library Notes:

". . . when I go for a trial for the things done on earth, I think I'll get a verdict of 'Not Guilty' through my efforts to make the earth a little better than I found it."

**Graphic**

PHOTO (8), PHOTO: (for four photos) Bob Donaldson/Post-Gazette: The Carnegie; Library of Homestead, top, also houses a gymnasium, where Jack Maddigan.; second from top, can often be seen walking laps; an ornate 1,000-seat music; hall, where the Reichenfield String Sinfonietta performed, above, earlier this; month; and a swimming pool, where 1932 Olympic contender Anna Mae Gorman; Lindberg, left, still swims three time a week.; PHOTO: Krystal Lanious, 13, left, and Devin Carter, 10, participate in a very; up-to-the-minute internet chat room at the 100-year-old Carnegie Library of; Homestead.; PHOTO: Homestead resident Bob Graham shoots baskets in the library's; gymnasium. He has been going there since 1957, when he was in second grade at; St. Michael's School across the street.; PHOTO: A photo taken in the early 1900's, above, shows the duckpin bowling; alleys at the Homestead landmark library.; PHOTO: Below, The library card issue to Andrew Carnegie by the Carnegie; Library Club.

**Load-Date:** January 5, 1999

**End of Document**



[***A BRIGHTER DAY FOR STAINED GLASS IN CHURCH OR HOME HE FIXES OLD AND NEGLECTED WINDOWS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C1N0-01K4-93DJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 12, 1995 Friday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: HOME & DESIGN; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1530 words

**Byline:** Alan J. Heavens, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

If Joseph Milano had his way, he'd document and repair every stained glass

window in every church and house from here to Pittsburgh and from New York to Washington.

However, there are only 168 hours in a week, and Milano already appears to be working every one of them. Just ask his wife and son, who stopped by his Lansdowne workshop one recent noontime to drag him home for lunch.

"I'm an avid student," said Milano, 32, whose shop is littered with pieces of stained-glass windows from houses in West Philadelphia and the Main Line and churches all over the area. "I'm focused on what I want to do. I'm studying all the time. I volunteer on as many preservation projects as I can to educate myself.

"My wife wonders when I'm going to give it a rest," he said, half-joking.

He can't seem to rest, though. Milano ticks off a long list of churches where priceless stained glass windows are in peril because of poor installation, inappropriate maintenance or neglect. Milano is part of a continuing area survey of church windows - part of a national census - done by volunteers. He periodically also organizes workshops.

Standing in the main aisle of the Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist in Lansdowne, Milano points to a crack of clear light above the frame of a 70-year-old stained-glass window that depicts the Ascension and the Transfiguration. The wooden frame has rotted so much that the window, by renowned Philadelphia artist Nicola D'Ascenzo, is in jeopardy.

"The church spent a lot of money a number of years ago to make sure that wouldn't happen," Milano said. "That window is probably worth $150,000, but

funds are limited. So they pay for materials, and I . . . try to at least stop the deterioration."

Though he is just a one-man operation and his eight-year-old business has as much work as he can handle, Milano donates a lot of his time to this and similar projects, as well as educating homeowners and church officials on proper care and maintenance of these historic treasures. For the Nebraska-born artisan, preserving these windows is a labor of love.

\*

There is little in art that is more widespread and enduring than stained glass. Most often associated with religious buildings of the Middle Ages, stained glass is found everywhere - in foyer windows and front doors of turn- of-the-century homes, on the doors of shower stalls and as glass lampshades - a magical blending of light and colored glass.

The glass is made by a centuries-old process in which metallic oxides - to create the colors - are added to a mixture of sand, soda and lime. Pieces of glass are cut to fit a pattern, then are soldered together.

There are at least three ways to make the glass, but the traditional way is handblown, a method in which the maker blows through a long pipe to create a cylinder or balloon. That cylinder is flattened into a sheet, which is cut into pieces for use in the window, Milano said.

Medieval artists used a heated iron to cut the glass and assembled the pieces on top of a drawing of the figure to be represented in the window. A painter then painted the figure on the pieces of glass and fired them in a kiln. Each section of the window was assembled with soldered lead rods, then puttied into a frame.

Stained glass was a major element of the great medieval cathedrals. Sunlight diffused by the rich colors of the windows metaphorically transported worshipers from the earthly to the spiritual, offering a vision of eternity to those whose lives were, at best, wretched.

The art declined in popularity until the 19th century, when wealthy Americans were able to travel to Europe and see stained glass for themselves. They wanted it. Attuned to the growing U.S. market, German artisans began copying Austrian stained-glass windows from the 16th and 17th centuries, and exported them to America.

A number of those mid-19th-century copies are in the Philadelphia area in homes and churches, according to Milano.

An American stained-glass industry arose in the 1850s, but the glass was opalescent, with a milky appearance, unlike traditional transparent stained glass. It is often called Tiffany glass, after Louis Comfort Tiffany, who patented it.

The Philadelphia area had a number of stained-glass studios. D'Ascenzo, an Italian-born artist, worked in West Philadelphia from the 1890s to 1954. He originally worked with opalescent glass, but a trip to the great cathedral of Chartres, France, turned him on to the traditional, Milano said. With Alfred Godwin and William and Henry Willet, D'Ascenzo became one of the pioneers of the neo-Gothic movement in stained glass.

Godwin also created windows at St. John's, but they are more opalescent than D'Ascenzo's.

Stained glass is most often the stuff of churches, but from the 1880s to the Great Depression, it was highly prized by the homeowner, from wealthy to ***working class***. It appeared in public buildings and even saloons.

"There were whole catalogs devoted to stained glass," Milano said. "Even simple rowhouses had stained-glass windows. The cost was $1.50 per square foot, and often four of them made a window."

There was a lot of bad stained glass, too, Milano acknowledged. That, too, was available in catalogs.

The windows of the wealthy however, did not come out of catalogs. The era's top architects hired artists to design and execute windows for rich clients, then made these windows an integral part of the home's design.

The streets of Chestnut Hill west of Germantown Avenue have a number of homes with such windows intact. In fact, the Willet brothers had an office in Chestnut Hill expressly to accommodate architects' demand for stained-glass

windows.

"Some of these pieces are timeless," Milano said. "I often do reproductions of these windows for clients." New pieces can cost between $100 and $200 a square foot; minor repair work typically starts at $30 per piece. Around the country, new church windows tend to start at $200 to $600 a square foot, Milano said.

Time and the elements take their toll on stained-glass windows, especially if they are neglected. Water from even a small leak in a roof can filter down to the window well, and eventually undermine the window.

Often, Milano is approached by a homeowner carrying a disassembled "window in a box" - one that may have been removed and stored in a basement or attic a generation ago.

"It's like looking at a puzzle, but in many cases, there isn't a picture on the top of a box that shows what the completed puzzle looks like," Milano said. "I attempt to sort out the glass cuts, determine how old the house is, then try to piece together as much of the window as I can."

One of the major difficulties in restoring glass is not knowing who the artist was, Milano said. Such knowledge would give him clues in determining which parts of the window were original, and which were restorations.

"Northminster Presbyterian Church at 35th and Baring Streets (in Powelton) was sold to a new congregation and became the Metropolitan Baptist Church," Milano said. "When the former parishioners left, they took the memorial plates from the windows. Without the names of the donors, it's almost impossible to track down the artist."

To replace missing glass, Milano keeps boxes of samples. Some is made by firms such as Kokomo Opalescent Glass Co. in Indiana or Paul Wissmock Co. in West Virginia, which have continued to produce the glass since the 19th century. Over time, however, the tinting can change.

"You search for the best match," Milano said. "You often have to hand- select the sheet. I've tried to inventory as much antique glass as possible, and often salvage pieces from other restoration jobs."

If the glass is broken, Milano removes it, cleans out the lead solder, and picks out any stray putty. Then he glues the edges of a replacement piece with an epoxy, and solders the piece back into place.

"When it's done, you can't see the joint without closely inspecting it," Milano said. "And what's best is that the joint can be undone if it has to be."

The finished window is placed into a frame and secured with lead-free putty that is a mixture of linseed oil, whiting and lampblack. Some artisans use cement to bond the window to the frame, but the bond is not as strong as putty. To ensure that the glazing lasts, windows must be properly vented.

Refabricating original woodwork is costly, so Milano uses fiberglass epoxies to recondition the wood. Replacing it would be ideal, but older churches with dwindling congregations just don't have the money. Woodwork in homes is less expensive to duplicate, especially since reproduction of traditional residential building materials has become so widespread, Milano said.

Proper preservation remains Milano's chief emphasis. He tries to educate customers, directs them to artisans qualified to restore the windows, and urges them to get more than one price estimate and check references.

"Along the way there were some really bad preservation techniques used on some of these windows," he said. "Often the damage is so difficult to reverse, it's almost better to leave it alone."

FOR MORE INFORMATION

\* Anyone interested in stained-glass preservation or restoration may call Joseph Milano at 610-623-7388.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Joseph Milano works on a stained glass window at St. John the Evangelist

Church in Lansdowne. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, WILLIAM F. STEINMETZ)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***7TH DISTRICT DOGFIGHT: UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL DAN MCELHATTON IS LIKED ON COUNCIL. BUT HIS COLLAR, SAYS AN EX-AIDE, IS THE WRONG COLOR FOR HIS 'HOOD.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C100-01K4-90VB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 18, 1995 Tuesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1450 words

**Byline:** Vanessa Williams, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

John Dougherty, business agent for Local 98 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, was insulted.

Just what was City Councilman Daniel P. McElhatton saying when he explained why he fired Richard Mariano, his chief of staff, three years ago?

"He said Ricky was not a professional, that he's an electrician," Dougherty said last week. "That's a disgrace! What does that mean - that no truck driver, no carpenter can be in City Council?"

Not at all, insists McElhatton, a first-term Seventh District councilman now facing a challenge from his former aide in next month's Democratic primary.

"Do I think there are electricians who would be eligible for City Council?" McElhatton asked last week. "Sure, just like there are carpenters and plumbers who would make fine city councilpersons. But, no, I don't think he could do the job of a councilperson."

The contest is both personal and professional: a grudge match between onetime allies and a stark contrast in styles.

McElhatton, 45, a lawyer and former assistant district attorney, gets high marks from Mayor Rendell and colleagues on Council. He has fought for legislation and funding for neighborhood Town Watch and community youth programs. He drew the ire of tavern owners but praise from educators for changing his mind and voting for the 10 percent tax on liquor by the drink, which aims to raise $10 million for Philadelphia schools.

Mariano - as Dougherty and other supporters acknowledge - is not as polished. In one of his early campaign fliers, the word government was misspelled three times. And he described himself as a "liason" (sic) for constituent services in two City Council offices.

No problem, said an ally, City Controller Jonathan A. Saidel, who called it "refreshing to have a candidate to support who is not impressed by himself and speaks everyday language." (Saidel added, though, that Mariano should "hire people who can spell.")

Mariano's rough edges, supporters say, are exactly the point. The white- collar McElhatton, they contend, is out of touch with the ***working-class*** neighborhoods that he is supposed to represent. They say the blue-collar Mariano, 39, would be a better voice for the rowhouse dwellers of the district, which runs from Kensington into the Northeast.

Besides Saidel and several unions, Mariano's backers include one force - the Democratic ward leaders - that can prove potent in off-year primaries, such as this year's. Eight of nine in the district have snubbed the incumbent.

Yesterday, Mariano and dozens of electrical workers stood outside McElhatton's City Hall office and accused him of being a tax deadbeat.

"On Monday, you and other working people will pay taxes just as you do every year. Why doesn't Councilman Dan McElhatton pay his?" read a red-and- black flier distributed in the district over the weekend.

"Pay your taxes, Dan! Pay your taxes, Dan!" chanted Mariano's supporters.

McElhatton's aides tape-recorded the session.

"These charges are going to lead to a lawsuit," said Joseph Grace, McElhatton's chief of staff.

McElhatton said last week that he had paid all his tax obligations. He said he had fallen behind because his law practice had suffered as a result of several clients' going bust in the 1980s.

\*

Four years ago, McElhatton and Mariano were a team. Mariano was McElhatton's campaign manager in a hard-fought battle against the Democratic ward leaders, who threw their support to William G. Stinson, leader of the 33d Ward.

McElhatton won the primary by 17 votes, then hired Mariano as chief of staff - only to fire him nine months later when, the councilman said, it became clear that Mariano could not do the job. He said Mariano was not adept at managing an office staff and could not do detailed analyses of city reports and studies.

The councilman also said he let Mariano go because he did not think that he could trust him since shortly after the 1991 election, he said, Mariano struck up a friendship with the boss' old foe, Stinson.

Mariano worked in Stinson's 1993 campaign for the Second State Senate District. Stinson won the special election over Republican Bruce Marks but was later stripped of the seat after a federal judge found massive fraud in absentee balloting. Mariano was one of many campaign workers who testified to a grand jury.

McElhatton contends that Mariano's challenge to him this year is an attempt at payback for his having been sacked as chief of staff.

Mariano, in an interview yesterday, contended that he left McElhatton by mutual agreement. He said he had helped McElhatton as a favor to McElhatton's brother, a childhood friend. (He added that he did not know of McElhatton's tax problems at the time.)

But, Mariano said, he quickly became disenchanted with the man he had worked so hard to elect.

"He wasn't delivering what he promised to his district," Mariano said in a conference room at the union local's headquarters on Spring Garden Street.

He said McElhatton was too concerned with Center City issues and not enough with those of his district.

As an example of McElhatton's allegedly being out of touch, Mariano told of a controversy over changing the 4400 block of H Street from a two-way to a one-way thoroughfare. He said one group of residents urged the councilman to make the street one way. When McElhatton complied, another group complained that the one-way street should have gone the other way.

Mariano said that he would have sought input from both sides and that if neighborhood residents had proved to be evenly divided, he would have left it a two-way street.

"You've got to be willing to make tough decisions," he said.

McElhatton defended his record in constituent service. He said he has helped find money for economic development. Two weeks ago, he joined Rendell at groundbreaking for the proposed Hunting Park Plaza, a shopping complex on the old Keebler Baking Co. site at Hunting Park Avenue and G Street. He said he also worked to bring new businesses into the old Sears site.

Most of Mariano's campaign has consisted of door-to-door canvassing in the district. He said that he has met dozens of unhappy constituents and that he thinks his chances of unseating McElhatton are good.

Saidel agreed. The city controller said he went along on Mariano's door-to- door excursions and found that most residents do not know McElhatton.

"I'm out with him probably three or four nights a week," Saidel said. "I ask people have they ever seen their city councilman. They say no.

"But they have seen me, and so I tell them Rick Mariano is what I believe the city needs. And that's an advocate for the people he represents, . . . a councilman who's going to be there for the neighborhoods."

Saidel was unable, however, to provide specific examples of Mariano's having demonstrated his ability to address neighborhood problems.

Still, he said, Mariano has "an understanding what it is to be very poor and needing a government that's going to be an advocate for him."

Some critics think that Mariano understands that all too well. He is collecting $348 a week in unemployment benefits - 87 percent of which is paid by city taxpayers.

After leaving McElhatton's office, Mariano was hired by at-large Councilman James F. Kenney. But he gave Mariano the boot last summer after Mariano announced his challenge to McElhatton. After leaving Kenney's office, Mariano worked on a couple of construction sites but was laid off. Because he had spent more time on Council's payroll, the city had to pay the larger share of his unemployment benefits.

McElhatton has blasted Mariano for living on those benefits while campaigning.

"Unemployment compensation is supposed to be a safety net," McElhatton said. "He's using it for political purposes."

Mariano backer Dougherty called McElhatton's criticism "a total disgrace" and said McElhatton does not understand that a construction-trades worker has to fall back on unemployment checks between jobs.

"This isn't the lifestyles of the rich and famous," Dougherty said. "It's the lifestyles of the working to stay in the middle class."

Mariano said yesterday that he regretted that city taxpayers have had to bear the brunt of his unemployment benefits but that he had no plans to stop accepting the checks.

"I have to support my family," said Mariano, who is married and has two young children. "Unemployment is a way of life in the building trades."

He said he checks in at the union office every day to see whether there is work available. And, he added, he is studying management in night school.

"I've lived in the district my whole life," he said. "I see everything happening in Center City. I don't see anything happening in the neighborhood. . . . I just want to strive to keep the neighborhoods safe."

**Notes**

CAMPAIGN '95

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO (2)

1-2. In 1991, Rick Mariano (left) helped Dan McElhatton (right) get elected

to City Council. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, MYRNA LUDWIG) Now, he is

challenging McElhatton in next month's Democratic primary for the Seventh

Councilmanic District seat. McElhatton, Mariano says, is out of touch with his

blue-collar constituents. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, WILLIAM F. STEINMETZ)

MAP (1)

1. Philadelphia's 7th Councilmanic District (The Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***U. DARBY USES SHARING INSTEAD OF LUNCH PROGRAM THE DISTRICT HASN'T OFFERED FEDERALLY SPONSORED MEALS IN 13 YEARS. WITH RISING POVERTY, SOME SAY IT SHOULD.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C050-01K4-92X5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 19, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1526 words

**Byline:** Marie McCullough, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

They call it the "sharing table" - a place where schoolchildren can leave spare food for classmates who might need it.

On any given day, a visitor in an Upper Darby school cafeteria might find several students turning to the table to pick up a pint of milk or sandwich or the occasional goody.

In Upper Darby schools, it is the legacy of a decision 13 years ago to eliminate free and reduced-price lunches for needy children.

Now as Congress debates the future of the national school lunch program, Upper Darby's experience offers a rare opportunity to see how a district and its students respond to the removal of such aid.

Over the years, district officials say, Upper Darby has demonstrated it doesn't take a complicated, costly federal program to keep children from going hungry. What it takes is a caring school community and a meal as simple as peanut butter, jelly and bread.

The national program "is a wonderful program, but we haven't seen the need," said Primos Elementary School principal Stuart Yowell. "Every kid in our school gets lunch, needy or not, program or no."

But others say the district is in denial about the prevalence and impact of poverty. While district officials insist they see no need for the school lunch program, an ever-growing percentage of the district's enrollment qualifies for it. Based on public assistance records, 10 percent - about 1,000 students - are now eligible for free lunches. No one knows how many more would qualify for reduced-price meals.

"I think there's a lot more people on welfare in Upper Darby . . . than they want to admit," said township resident Mary Beth Bowie, who went on welfare after her ex-husband disappeared, shirking child support payments. "I wish Upper Darby had the (school lunch) program. I would definitely use it."

\*

Republicans in Congress want to overhaul the $6 billion school lunch program as part of a sweeping agenda for welfare reform. A school lunch bill scheduled to come up for a vote in the U.S. House of Representatives soon would drop federal nutrition standards, stop automatic growth in the program during hard economic times, and allow states to use up to 20 percent of their lump-sum grants for other purposes.

The Clinton administration, which opposes the bill, estimates that states would get $2 billion less over five years than under the current school lunch law.

For schools, that would leave a big void. About 95 percent of all schools in the country participate in the program, which studies have linked to improved academic performance.

In Pennsylvania, Upper Darby is one of only three school districts that do not participate in the school lunch program.

Why did Upper Darby officials go against the tide?

"They were losing money with the program and the kids didn't like the food and were throwing it away," said district Business Manager Kenneth Hemphill.

All districts in the program deal with those problems to some degree, but the vast majority overcome them and at least break even financially, according to federal and state program officials. The government reimburses districts $1.75 for free lunches, $1.35 for reduced-price lunches and 17 cents for full- price meals.

Whether or not Upper Darby could have turned its program around, school board members decided not to try. They voted in 1982 to drop it - and with it, federal nutrition standards.

The district's food service contractor, Aramark, switched to an a la carte

menu on which entrees, side dishes and drinks are priced separately. For example, in the elementary schools, where prices are a bit lower than in upper grades, a slice of pizza is 85 cents, a cheeseburger or chicken nuggets are $1.10.

Hemphill said the cafeterias now operate in the black.

But for Bowie, 29, who moved to the district two years ago from Haverford, school lunches are not an option.

"The food is expensive," she said. "I can't afford it. I always pack my daughter a lunch."

Some parents have questioned the board's decision over the years, but there has never been an outcry, school officials and parent leaders say.

This may reflect the work ethic and pride of many in Upper Darby, a predominantly white, ***working-class*** suburb on Delaware County's border with Philadelphia.

"I guess this is a subject where people get embarrassed," said Deborah Dorshimer, a parent leader at Hillcrest Elementary School.

Another theory came from Diane Schorza, a parent leader at Westbrook Park Elementary: "I'm sure that parents whose children need a free lunch care (about the program), but I just think they wouldn't know how to go about getting it."

One thing is certain, officials and parents say, Upper Darby schools have not let children go hungry. Any youngster who needs a meal, gets a meal. Each of the 11 schools has developed common-sense ways to ensure this.

"We're mainly dealing with kids who forget their lunch," said Mary Kay Sweet, principal at Hillcrest Elementary, which has a sharing table.

At Westbrook Park Elementary School, for example, the office secretary

keeps a half-dozen peanut butter and jelly sandwiches ready to hand out at lunch time. The home and school association pays for the food.

In the cafeteria, children can toss spare change in a "sharing can." The coffee can, which rarely contains more than a dollar or two, was set up after teachers realized children who lacked pockets were throwing away nickels and dimes.

The can sits on the sharing table - a desk in the middle of the cafeteria. Like everything in the room, it is carefully monitored by adults.

"Oh, your sandwich is smooshed," cafeteria supervisor Rose Marie Linehan said, comforting a child holding a sorry-looking wad. "Why don't you take this one? Look, it's ham."

Smiling, the child took the sharing-table sandwich. Two other sandwiches, several containers of milk, something wrapped in a napkin and a baggie of orange slices were left.

The children who helped themselves from the table were clearly supplementing their own ample lunches - except for one doe-eyed first grader. He took the two sandwiches and ate every bite.

"Yes," he said quietly when asked whether he had been hungry.

"It's probably because he didn't bring a snack," a friend volunteered, referring to the first grade's morning food break. "He almost never does."

Like other principals, Westbrook Park's Mark Furey said he calls parents to inquire tactfully about financial problems if a child repeatedly comes to school without lunch or money. If necessary, the school provides a hot or cold lunch on a continuing basis.

"It doesn't happen very often," he said. "Maybe a couple times a year."

Caring, sharing, self-reliance. Officials say these are the ingredients of Upper Darby's lunch program.

"I like doing it our way better. It's the way I was raised: You take care of your own," said Drexel Hill principal Joseph Galli. "I don't want the federal government coming in and telling us how to take care of our kids. If people are out of work, we surround them with love. If people need help, we surround them with love.

"Now, do we miss kids the federal government would find out on a form? Probably."

There's the rub, critics say.

No one knows how many hard-pressed parents would be helped - or how many children would have a better diet - if the district offered the national lunch program.

"I personally feel we should have the program," said Alice Wilson, president of the home and school association at Primos Elementary.

Subjective judgments about who is poor and when to intervene are not enough, she said. Last Christmas, for example, the association offered to help needy children buy gifts at a school shop, but the principal, Yowell, said he knew only two children who regularly came to school without lunch or money.

"I told him, 'Some people are very proud and I don't feel comfortable that that's your only policy (for determining need). How do you determine whether kids really don't have money - and where do you draw the line?' "

Poverty in Upper Darby is clearly growing. An influx of Asian immigrants and local industry layoffs, among other things, have created socioeconomic stress.

David Privie, director of Upper Darby's federally funded remedial program for disadvantaged children, said the number receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children (the basic cash-assistance program) grew to 956 last year - a 15 percent increase over the previous year.

"We've seen an increase each year," he said.

Given this growth, should the district again offer free and reduced-priced lunches?

Critics say yes. They point out that nearly 300 low-income children have signed up for free milk, a federal program the district began offering five years ago. If that many parents went to the trouble of applying for milk - which costs only 50 cents a week - many more would apply for lunches.

But district officials see it differently. Three times more children are eligible for free milk than signed up, so the need isn't that great.

"I guess, hey, if they're really hurting, they could benefit from the free lunch program," said Garrettford Elementary School principal Wayne McAllister. "But I always tell parents: It's not too, too expensive to make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich."

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Plain-sense Midwest cautious about Congress***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4T-K7W0-0003-F2RK-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 10, 1995, Monday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 8A

**Length:** 1501 words

**Byline:** Richard Benedetto

**Body**

Congress has had its say, moving one of the most ambitious 100-day agendas in the nation's history, but the public here is reacting cautiously.

"The jury is still out. So far, whatever is different in Washington hasn't trickled down to common people like us," says Ron Logan, 67, a retired carwash-equipment salesman here.

"You might say I'm still taking a wait-and-see attitude," says Topeka, Kan., truck driver Percy Myran, 61.

That sort of plain-sense reaction to Congress and efforts to solve the nation's problems was repeated in various forms throughout the Midwest. It's a region where small-town grimy storefronts stand empty and families worry about making ends meet, yet people cling to a belief their hard work will be rewarded with a comfortable, if not easy, life.

"They spend an awful lot of money in Washington, so there have to be places where they can cut somewhere," says Mike Koeller, 23, a grocery clerk in Galena, Ill.

Koeller is not critical. Rather, he reflects a sense of guarded optimism, a belief that answers can be found to the nation's fiscal woes.

As Congress goes home for a three-week break, it's clear most Midwesterners are withholding final judgment. But, as always, they're ready with their own ideas.

At Stinkie Fingers Bait & Tackle Shop, in St. Joseph, Mo., owners Larry and Micki Johnson offer their plan for cutting the federal government's annual budget deficit: Get rid of $ 10 billion in farm subsidies.

"When I don't sell enough minnows, nobody from the government comes along and gives me a check," says Larry, 55. Focused on the specifics

While readily identifying with the angry electorate who last November put Congress in GOP hands for the first time in 40 years, most of those interviewed admit paying little attention to the day-to-day debate and rhetoric in Washington.

But they are keenly focused on the specifics. Their voices rise when addressing the issues, such as taxes, balanced budgets or welfare. Their views put a humanity to the polling numbers that drive the debate in Washington.

"Until we get back to the basic principles this country was founded on, which is morals and belief in God, our country is going to be in real sad shape," says Rosie Anderson, 36, of Grundy Center, Iowa.

Anderson, a mother of two and "full-time volunteer" at her church and children's school, worries the aging family car soon will fail, requiring burdensome car payments.

In her family -- Anderson was raised by parents who grew up in the Depression -- charge cards are not permitted and the virtues of hard work, thrift and self-denial aren't mere slogans. "This 'if-it-feels-good, you-can-have-it-all society' has got to stop," she says. "Limits have to be set, and people have to live within them. In our house, you can't always have what you want when you want it."

Confident they're right, Anderson and others say the government, too, should live within its means.

Interviews with scores of Midwesterners provided plenty of suggestions of what official Washington should do. Key among them:

-- Balance the federal budget.

-- Reform the welfare system.

-- Trim the federal government bureaucracy.

-- Create better-paying jobs.

-- Cut taxes.

-- Toughen and enforce the nation's crime laws.

-- Return to traditional values.

While the responses sound much like House Republicans' Contract with America, few say they know that document. But their underlying message is one that favors the contract's wide-ranging fiscal, economic and social proposals. Priority: Making ends meet

Still, the priority for most out here is making a living and making ends meet. There are many -- like Doug DeLanoit, 39, a Webster County, Iowa, deputy sheriff and father of six -- who work two and three jobs so their children won't have to take out loans to attend college.

Others drive big, rusty old cars rather than go into debt for a new one. Some retirees work part time to supplement Social Security. And others approaching retirement think about moving where the cost of living is cheaper.

Percy Myran of Topeka is one example. After putting five children through college driving a truck, he has little left to retire on. So he'll keep his truck rolling, part time, and move from Topeka, Kan., to South Dakota's Black Hills.

"I'll try it out," he says of his limited retirement in the Black Hills. "We'll see what happens."

Myran doesn't hold the government accountable for his situation.

But medical researcher Orville Harris, 55, of Madison, Wis., says the country will continue to be haunted by ***working-class*** people living on the edge until the government can stem the flow of manufacturing jobs overseas.

"We have to get back to an economy that makes things. This country can't prosper on a service economy," Harris says. "The rich will just get richer and the poor will get poorer. It will be a disaster."

Herman Tan, an obstetrician-gynecologist in Fort Dodge, Iowa, grew up in Singapore and saw first-hand how small-government, low-tax policies of Pacific Rim countries led to economic growth and higher standards of living. He suggests his adopted country do the same.

"We cannot remain status quo. We are losing our leadership position in the world," he says. 'Bickering and dickering'

But many aren't sure their elected representatives in Washington are tough enough to set the nation's fiscal house in order and make life easier for those they represent.

They complain of an increase in partisan infighting, a torrent of gloom-and-doom rhetoric, bold proposals watered down to minor changes that won't make a difference in the lives of those who work hard, pay taxes and worry about their children's future.

"There's too much bickering and dickering," says Topeka electrician John Haney, 49.

Rockford, Ill., department store clerk Mary Glaim, 47, works to help pay for her daughter's college education. She wonders when Congress will get its act together.

"They talk and talk, but nothing seems to get done," she says.

So people here worry about crime, drug abuse, lack of respect in children, growing out-of-wedlock births, welfare becoming a way of life. And they question if government can do anything about them.

"A lot of it has to do with the permissive attitude that grew out of the '60s," says DeLanoit, who in one job works with troubled youth, and in the other drives a school bus.

He says Washington should "enforce the laws, and send money back to state and local governments, where they know better what people's needs are." Support for Republicans

Still, a thin majority of Americans rate the first three months of GOP rule a success.

"Republicans are more conservative and most people around here are conservative, so I guess it's been good," says Jim Penny, 36, manager of a farm co-op store in Oskaloosa, Mo.

"They're basically doing what they said they would do: cut government and shift power away from Washington," says Doug Fuller, 30, a Des Moines Maytag engineer.

Yet, many are uneasy with budget-cutting proposals they fear could hurt poor families by reducing aid for school lunches, food stamps, housing and health care. Their message: Go slow in trimming aid to the weakest members of society.

"For many children, the school lunch may be the only decent meal they get all day," says Camille Grant, 19, a freshman at Illinois Wesleyan University.

There's also widespread concern that efforts to balance the budget will come at the expense of seniors.

"It stinks. Whenever they want to cut, they pick on old people," says Maxine Lemmer, 75, a Schofield, Wis., retiree.

Still, most say the embattled welfare system must be reformed.

"People should work for their assistance. It will give them dignity," says Joanna Childs, 56, owner of a tropical-fish store in Omaha, Neb.

"People shouldn't get more money for having more children," Grant says. 'Outlaw the lobbyists'

What bothers many is the feeling their voices are drowned out in the capital by powerful lobbies and special interests that keep Congress tied in knots and prevent real reform from taking place.

"Outlaw the lobbyists and special interests," says Micki Johnson, 56.

"Sometimes I wonder if (members of Congress) ever think about the people they left behind, once they get to Washington," says Childs.

It appears last fall's voter anger has subsided. It's also clear that if people aren't feeling better about Washington's response to their problems by the time 1996 elections roll around, the GOP will suffer the same fate Democrats did in 1994.

Echoing a common view, Lance Anderson, 31, a Dodgeville, Wis., car salesman, says: "There are still a lot of fat, lazy politicians in there who don't really care because they think they have job security."

Reporter's trek across Midwest

From Kansas City, Kan., to Indianapolis, here's the route USA TODAY reporter Richard Benedetto traveled through seven states to get Midwesterners' reaction to the first 100 days of Republican control of Congress:

**Notes**

WASHINGTON; See info box at end of text

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, b/w, Nick Galifianakis, USA TODAY (Map); PHOTOS, b/w, Charlie Neibergall, AP (3)

**Load-Date:** April 11, 1995

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[***TRACKING AN ENIGMA< IN THE UNABOMBER'S WORDS AND PROFILE CAN BE FOUND A NUMBER OF< INTRIGUING PARALLELS TO THE MAN ARRESTED IN MONTANA LAST WEEK.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CCC0-01K4-90DB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 7, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 3353 words

**Byline:** This article was written by Inquirer staff writer Mark Bowden, based on reports from staff writers Jodi Enda, Faye Flam,, Jeffrey Fleishman, Daniel LeDuc, Michael Matza and Carol Morello., This article contains information from Inquirer wire services.

**Body**

Few people waded all the way through the densely reasoned 35,000-word Unabomber manifesto jointly published last year by the New York Times and the Washington Post.

Most of it was a droning recitation of cranky social philosophy and condemnation of "the system." But reread the manuscript in light of the arrest Wednesday of Theodore J. Kaczynski, and one paragraph leaps out:

"The system needs scientists, mathematicians and engineers. It can't function without them. So heavy pressure is put on children to excel in these fields. It isn't natural for an adolescent human being to spend the bulk of his time sitting at a desk absorbed in study. A normal adolescent wants to spend his time in active contact with the real world."

It is, perhaps, the voice of a lonesome, compulsive, disillusioned academic who never fit in. It is, the FBI suspects, the voice of Ted Kaczynski.

A brilliant young math student, driven to excel, Kaczynski finished high school in Illinois in three years and graduated from Harvard at age 20. Instead of "active contact with the real world," he spent a decade in intense, solitary academic pursuits.

He explored and mastered some of the most obscure terrain in modern mathematics, only to quit abruptly in 1969, telling colleagues he intended to do "social work." He left to confront the real world with his bare hands, living alone for the next quarter century in a primitive cabin high in the Montana woods.

If personalities have signatures, then the brief, strobelike glimpses we have of both the Unabomber and Kaczynski are strikingly similar. To the FBI, the Unabomber is a solitary, angry, arrogant intellectual who displays an almost ornate excess of precision in his ideas, his writing . . . and his bombs.

It is this precision that so fascinates those who have been hunting him for 18 years. He is an intellectual serial killer, one who purports to have killed three people and injured 23 others with delicately fashioned bombs to further his eccentric ideals.

Federal agents have not charged Kaczynski with the bombings. They have discovered in his remote cabin materials for bomb-making, and equipment, such as a manual typewriter, that could link him to the Unabomber. And there is plenty about the math professor-turned-mountain man that appears to fit the murderer's distinct profile, from his handwriting - elegantly neat with large flourishing letters - to his ideas.

"When he presented a math proof he presented more detail than really needed," according to Peter Duren, a math professor at the University of Michigan who knew Kaczynski as a brilliant young mathematician in 1968.

Talking about the Unabomber, Christopher Ronay, the retired head of the FBI bomb unit who spent years on the case, said last year: "He fashions [a bomb] into more detail than is necessary to make the thing work. The craftsmanship is identifiable, just like you might recognize a Renoir from a Monet."

Kaczynski was the first of two sons born to Theodore R. and Wanda Kaczynski. He was born in 1942, and grew up in Evergreen Park, Ill., a ***working-class*** suburb on the southwest edge of Chicago. His brother, David, was born seven years later. Their father worked at a sausage plant, and their mother left a job as a teacher to concentrate on educating her sons. Both parents were active in liberal social causes, and were described by one Evergreen neighbor as "pacifists."

Kaczynski's childhood home is a brick and frame Cape Cod like many others in Evergreen Park. It has yellow and white aluminum awnings and sits a couple of houses away from a large park.

The emphasis on learning in the Kaczynski household may not have been "heavy pressure," but it clearly was the family's preoccupation. Wanda read to her sons from Scientific American magazine, organized clubs for her sons and other neighborhood children to discuss art, science and history over peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Neighbor Dorothy O'Connell remembers Ted Kaczynski at about age 10, showing her the book he was taking along on a family vacation. It was Romping Through Mathematics from Addition to Calculus. O'Connell encouraged the boy to fish with his father, but he said, "I have to learn this."

She remembers him as a polite but withdrawn child.

"He didn't talk much . . . ," she said. "He wasn't the type who went out and played ball. He was always studying."

'A SERIOUS FAMILY'

"He never played with the other kids," said LeRoy Weinberg, a veterinarian who lived behind the Kaczynskis. "I remember saying at the time that he may be brilliant, but I'm sure glad he's not my kid."

Weinberg describes the Kac-zynskis as "a serious family. . . . They read books all the time." Many of their vacations were visits to colleges and universities.

All that preparation paid off when Ted Kaczynski - remembered as the brightest student in high school - won a scholarship to Harvard. But his academic excellence isolated him socially. Few old classmates recall much about him except that he was "smart," and good with his hands.

"He wasn't exactly gregarious, but he was extremely articulate," Dale Eickelman, Kaczynski's friend in his early teenage years and now an anthropology professor at Dartmouth College, told the Southtown Economist, a suburban Chicago newspaper. "I remember Ted was very good at chemistry. . . . He had the know-how of putting together things like batteries, wire leads, potassium nitrate and whatever, and creating explosions."

As boys, they made explosions in fields and in garbage cans, crafting small bombs out of household products and items bought at the hardware store.

Kaczynski entered Harvard in 1958 as a whiz kid and a misfit. He was a shy 16-year-old freshman, two years younger than his classmates, the son of Polish ***working-class*** parents at a university populated by the sons of the wealthy and prominent.

Trailing his progress through Harvard now, almost 38 years after he entered, is like tracking a beachcomber who left only the faintest impression on the sand. In interviews, former professors and classmates recalled his face from the freshman photograph broadcast after his arrest, but little else.

'SHADOWY'

"You remember the students who were particularly pestiferous or the ones who were very, very good," said Andrew Gleason, a retired professor of mathematics. "He didn't fall into either of those categories. He didn't write a senior thesis, which most of our really good math majors do."

"I would see him at meals. But he didn't interact with us. I think he was as shadowy in college as he has been since," said Gregory Rick, a physician in Stillwell, Kan., who, like Kaczynski, lived in Eliot House, a four-story, red-brick dormitory with soaring clock tower and blue-green cupola.

Named for a former Harvard president, the horseshoelike dorm is built around an iron-gated courtyard at the edge of the Charles River. It's a place where several hundred students go their separate ways each day, then reunite for meals in a wood-paneled dining room laid out with large rectangular tables, a central fireplace and two enormous chandeliers.

In the early 1960s, when Kaczynski was there, it had a reputation as the preppy house. Once a month or so, students put on tuxedos for dinners with visiting dignitaries. "It was a golden time," recalled a member of Kaczynski's class.

Not for Kaczynski. He wasn't just quiet at Harvard; he became actively antisocial.

"He'd almost run from people," recalled Patrick McIntosh, Kaczynski's roommate for three years in a fourth-floor, seven-room suite carved from former maids' quarters. Harvard set different prices for different rooms, and this was Eliot House's low-rent district.

"He'd walk rapidly to his room and slam the door even though we were in midsentence trying to say hello to him," recalled McIntosh, now an astronomer in Boulder, Colo. "None of us had the maturity or the time to pursue the reasons why. There wasn't anything that threatened any violence or evoked fear. We just worried that this guy wasn't quite right."

McIntosh said that Kaczynski often sat alone at a big table in the dining hall and quickly excused himself if people joined him.

"I thought he was intense," the former roommate said. "He didn't talk about his thoughts, his family, his friends. He'd answer questions with as little information as possible. . . . In retrospect there were signs. The extreme reclusiveness. Anybody that deliberate in avoiding relationships needs help."

Another roommate, Wayne Persons, now a computer specialist at the University of Maine, recalled that Kaczynski's room was a constant, sometimes reeking, mess and that his trumpet playing - and habit of rocking noisily in his desk chair for hours - were frequent annoyances.

"Basically, he didn't interact with us at all. I can't remember him being involved in anything," said Persons.

"The one thing I do remember is that he never smiled. He was very grim-faced," said classmate Frederick Boersma.

Kaczynski graduated in 1962 with a bachelor's degree and enrolled at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor to continue his work in mathematics. It was here that he began to display his brilliance.

In the manifesto, critical of modern scientific pursuits, the Unabomber wrote:

"Most scientists work on highly specialized problems that are not the object of normal curiosity."

It's a fair description of the field Kaczynski entered: boundary functions, mathematics at its most abstract.

"There are those of us who work on things that apply to the real world, and others that are way out there," says mathematician Dennis DeTurck of the University of Pennsylvania. "Kaczynski was pretty far out on the edge."

During the 1960s, mathematicians were puzzling over certain formulas that only made sense within some fixed boundary. On the boundary, things didn't add up.

"If you came to the boundary by a different route, you would get a different answer," explains DeTurck. "It was sort of like finding different elevations on the same spot, depending on whether you got there by the inland or the coastal route."

Such esoteric concerns were tailor-made for someone smart, intense and solitary. That profile fits many in serious mathematics.

"You don't have to deal with people, or even make observations of nature," said Don Lewis, head of mathematics at the National Science Foundation.

Peter Duren, who served on Kaczynski's dissertation committee, said he was a very unusual student, given to perfection.

"In giving a mathematical proof, he would fill in all the intermediate steps in an argument. He would be extremely precise and not leave anything to the imagination," Duren said. "Normally, mathematicians, when they write out a proof, will assume that the reader is able to fill in the intermediate steps. That's the way his mind worked - he had to have everything spelled out in complete detail.

"He was often, in class or after class, asking for justification for this step or that step of an argument. He wanted every detail . . . He was really outstanding."

He also stood out. At a time of political radicalism, of long hair and antiwar rallies and defiant nonconformity, Kaczynski wore a suit and tie to class. It seemed the only thing he cared about was math.

"He was not reclusive at that time," Duren said. "I wouldn't describe him as shying away from people. He was perfectly comfortable talking about mathematics. He would often seek me out or other people to clarify mathematical detail. I don't have any memory of talking to him about anything else. He was sort of one-dimensional. Most of the students are able to relax, have parties. I don't think he was able to do that. I don't think he told jokes. I don't think he had time for that. He was very serious, a little bit, not exactly, abrupt, but he didn't want to waste time."

Most students pursuing a doctorate lean heavily on their adviser. Kaczynski sought help from no one. His thesis was his private project from beginning to end.

"It's really unheard of," said Duren. "I don't think he really wanted help. He didn't want any interference. He wanted to do it by himself."

And he did it three times. He abandoned his first effort when he discovered that a student at another university had done something that overlapped his idea. He dropped his second after he discovered what Duren called "a small oversight, a technical detail that most people wouldn't have worried about."

Finally, Kaczynski wrote his dissertation on boundary functions. It was judged by the mathematics department to be the best thesis of the year. That and the six papers he published in mathematical journals, a rare accomplishment, won him a job as an assistant professor at the University of California at Berkeley.

In 1967, when he got there, the math department at the University of California recruited only the very best. There were other young professors seeking a limited number of tenured jobs, but Kaczynski had already outstripped his competition.

His teaching methods did not win raves. "Kaczynski's lectures were useless, right from the book," one student wrote in an assessment. "He absolutely refuses to answer questions by completely ignoring the students."

Even so, Kaczynski was a star.

Then, one day in March 1969, he abruptly announced his resignation. John W. Addison Jr., chairman of the department, was surprised.

"He said he was going to give up mathematics and wasn't sure what he was going to do," Addison recalled. He tried to talk Kaczynski out of it.

"I don't remember many interview sessions like that with other people," Addison said. "We wouldn't have encouraged this guy to stay on if he wasn't any good." But it was no use.

Addison explained what happened in a 1970 letter to Kaczynski's dissertation supervisor at Michigan:

"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."

Kaczynski had spent his childhood and young adulthood in single-minded pursuit of academic success. He had carved out a career in the most esoteric regions of modern thought. And then he decided it was all a mistake.

THE HILLS OF MONTANA

In the manifesto, the Unabomber writes that the primary source of modern man's alienation and unhappiness is that he no longer must fend for himself. His basic needs for food, shelter and clothing are met so long as he plugs into "the system," and performs his appointed task obediently.

"Legally there is nothing to prevent us from going to live in the wild like primitive people."

A few years after leaving Berkeley, Kaczynski appeared in the hills of Montana, far from all semblance of modern society. He built himself a wooden cabin, 10 feet by 12 feet, with a pitched roof and a black pipe chimney. It has no electricity or running water, and is heated by a wood stove. Eschewing the automobile (which is condemned at length in the manifesto) he became known to the residents of Lincoln, the nearest town, as the mountain man on the bike.

He had no wristwatch or clock in his cabin. He used to stop by once a day at the house of neighbor Wendy Gehring and ask what time it was, until one day she told him, "Time to buy a watch."

Kaczynski could have found no better place to preserve his privacy. Montana has wide open spaces, few people - and very few police. The Montana ethos is that you don't dig into your neighbor's business unless it interferes with your water rights.

There were numerous recluses living alone in Lincoln's outlying forest. If folks thought Kaczynski was an odd duck, he was not the oddest. So when census taker Joe Youderian visited his cabin in 1990, and saw it had no electricity or running water, was heated with a wood stove and furnished only with a bed, table and two chairs, he could nevertheless say there was "nothing to make him stand out."

When Kaczynski came to town, it was always for a purpose. He shopped at D & D Food Town and the Blackfoot Market, usually to stock up rather than to pick up a few sundries. At the Grizzly True Value Home Center, he bought garden gloves and seed, tools such as a handsaw, and batteries.

In the manifesto, the Unabomber took pains to make it clear that the revolution he advocated was not against the government: "For the most part government regulations are essential and inevitable parts of our extremely complex society."

And Kaczynski was a good citizen. According to county records, he was prompt in paying property taxes on his cabin. His tax bills for the five years from 1990 to 1994 were all paid on time. They ranged from a low of $110.59 in 1992 to a high of $169.74 in 1994. Authorities say they don't know where he got the money.

Scraping out such a life was the kind of struggle the Unabomber describes as essential in the manifesto. Kaczynski foraged for wood and chopped enough to keep him warm during Montana's long winters. The short growing season and rocky soil were good only for growing root vegetables such as carrots, potatoes and parsnips. And for those, Kaczynski had to constantly battle with hungry deer and rabbits.

In the manifesto, the Unabomber wrote:

"To attain autonomy [we] must get off that leash. . . . Freedom means being in control of the life and death issues of one's existence; food, clothing, shelter and defense against whatever threats there may be in one's environment."

Authorities suspect that in addition to scraping out a living, Ted Kaczynski was also making bombs.

The Unabomber's first bomb, a mail bomb, exploded May 25, 1978, at Northwestern University near Chicago, injuring the security guard who opened it.

The bombs got bigger and more sophisticated. They were cunningly fashioned out of handmade parts made from commonplace items. Most featured delicately polished wood, fancy tooling and the signature "FC," for Freedom Club.

In Lincoln, residents noticed that the mountain man on the bike occasionally left town. He'd hitch a ride with the local postman into Helena, where he'd stay in a cheap hotel. The postman would pick him up a few days later. In return, Kaczynski occasionally would give him a bag of parsnips from his garden.

Federal authorities suspect that from Helena, Kaczynski may have taken bus trips to the locales from which the bombs were mailed, staying at homeless shelters.

On Dec. 11, 1985, a bomb killed Hugh Campbell Scrutton, owner of a Sacramento, Calif., computer store. Three more severe injuries followed, as the Unabomber sent exploding packages to another computer store and two prominent scientists.

On Dec. 10, 1994, Thomas Mosser, a New York City ad executive, was killed by an exploding package.

On April 24, 1995, a package bomb from "FC" killed Gilbert P. Murray, president of the California Forestry Association.

Then came the manifesto.

"In order to get our message before the public with some chance of making a lasting impression, we've had to kill people," he wrote, laying out a detailed argument against modern technology, and calling for a return to primitive living.

"Permanent change in favor of freedom could be brought about only by persons prepared to accept radical, dangerous and unpredictable alteration of the entire system. In other words by revolutionaries, not reformers."

Appearing in shackles before a federal judge in Helena on Thursday, Kaczynski looked pale and thin in the loose-fitting orange prison jumpsuit, his long hair unkempt and his rough beard flecked with gray. He faced the courtroom with a cocksure demeanor, like some wild prophet come down from the mountaintop.

And in the few words Kaczynski spoke in the courtroom, there was a hint of the ornate precision of those old mathematical proofs . . . and, the FBI says, of the Unabomber's deadly handiwork.

When the judge surmised that the scruffy defendant would be unable to afford his own lawyer, the answer wasn't just "yes," or "correct."

Kaczynski said, crisply, "Quite correct."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Theodore J. Kaczynski in custody. His is a story of academic achievement and social isolation. (Agence France-Presse)

2. The suspect's mother and brother, Wanda and David Kaczynski, in a car in Glenville, N.Y. David went to authorities with his suspicions. (Associated Press, WRGB-TV, CBS News)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Prosperity halts exodus, fuels Northeast rebirth***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TYN-1P70-00C6-D167-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 27, 1998, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1616 words

**Byline:** Haya El Nasser

**Dateline:** BELFAST, Maine

**Body**

BELFAST, Maine -- The exodus from the Northeast, a trend that

seemed irreversible the past two decades, is finally over.

For the first time since the 1970s, the Northeast is gaining roughly

as many people as it's losing -- a significant reversal of fortune

for the most densely populated region of the country. One in five

Americans, or 52 million people, live in the nine-state region

that consists of the six New England states and New York, New

Jersey and Pennsylvania.

"The good news out of the Northeast is that it's not as bad off

as it used to be and it may get better," says Robert Lang, senior

research fellow with the Fannie Mae Foundation, a housing research

group. "It's not the Sun Belt yet, but at least it's not hemorrhaging."

Throughout the 1980s and 1990s, old factories fell victim to automation

and cheaper labor elsewhere, and people fled in search of jobs

in the flourishing West and South. Those who didn't lose their

jobs left as soon as they retired. Even areas where the economy

boomed in the mid-1980s took a savage beating when a recession

arrived in 1990.

Since 1981, more than 11 million have moved out of the Northeast.

Only 6.5 million moved in from other regions of the country. The

losses peaked in 1991, when 585,000 more people left than arrived.

The shift in domestic migration back to the Northeast is seen

as a sign that the region has become economically vibrant again.

People stay in a region, or are attracted there, when they see

good jobs, affordable housing and improving quality of life. When

people leave, the tax base shrinks, businesses are hurt and a

weak economy can erode further.

The Northeast's population didn't actually decline during that

time. Yet it grew by only 1.5 million since 1981, a small gain

considering the size of the region. That's largely because births

exceeded deaths and some people moved to the Northeast from other

countries.

The most recent Census Bureau estimates of domestic migration

show that in 1997, only 119,000 more people left than came in

from other regions of the USA. The loss is so small that it's

statistically insignificant. In effect, the Northeast's to-and-fro

traffic is at a virtual break-even point.

Massachusetts and Maine are leading the turnaround as they gain

residents. And were it not for continued migration from Pennsylvania

and New York, the region might be showing not just an end to the

drain, but a gain in population.

Northeasterners still moving out of state are more likely to go

to another state within the region because the economy is good.

College graduates are finding work back home. Retirees are turning

their backs on the Sun Belt and moving to small cities in picturesque

Maine or Vermont. More retirement communities are being built

in states like New Jersey because many seniors want to retire

close to home.

Immigrants from other countries who settled first in New York

City or Newark are finding job opportunities in New England, where

lower-paying jobs abound because unemployment is so low.

Paul Egan, a Rhode Island demographer, was asked recently how

many Brazilians live in the state. "I would have assumed we had

no Brazilians in Rhode Island," he says. But he looked it up

and found 529, a substantial number for a state with a population

of less than 1 million.

Small cities benefiting

The turnaround is most dramatic in small industrial cities and

military towns that had been devastated by the loss of manufacturing

jobs overseas or to the Sunbelt, as well as defense cutbacks in

the 1980s and '90s.

Old mill towns in Massachusetts and New Hampshire that surround

thriving Boston are benefiting now from suburban sprawl; many

are becoming coveted bedroom communities. Coastal cities such

as Belfast, Maine, are experiencing a renaissance because clean

financial services industries have replaced grimy factories.

Terry Prescott grew up just north of Belfast. He remembers vividly

what the city was like when he was a child. On the bridge over

the Passagassawakeag River, the stench from the poultry processing

plants on the harbor would force him to hold his breath. The water

had a sickening reddish hue from the chicken blood that flowed

out of the plants. Year-round, trucks transporting chickens to

slaughter left a flurry of feathers through the city.

"I could not believe this town," says Prescott, 51. "I wouldn't

have lived in Belfast if they had *given* me the waterfront."

MBNA provides boost

But by the mid-1980s, the old poultry plants could no longer compete

with cheaper labor in the South. Shoe and textile factories along

the harbor shut down. What remained were a gutted economy and

double-digit unemployment -- until MBNA America Corp. moved to

town in 1996.

A credit-card processing center created 1,400 jobs in Belfast

and 500 in nearby Camden. MBNA expects its Belfast employment

to more than double the next few years.

By the time MBNA arrived, Belfast had cleaned up its harbor on

Penobscot Bay and erased most signs of its industrial past. MBNA's

arrival helped transform one of Maine's historically weakest regions

into the state's fastest-growing. Other clean industries came

in, including Ducktrap Farms, maker of smoked salmon and other

delicacies.

Belfast's population increased from 6,200 in 1990 to almost 7,000

today. And in just a few years, the city best known for its stomach-turning

odors and sights became a charming and thriving coastal community.

That's when Prescott rediscovered Belfast. Like millions of Northeasterners,

he had fled south, in his case from Bangor, Maine, to Texas. But

he grew tired of Dallas' urban sprawl.

He sold his flower shop and decided to return to coastal Maine

to open a bed-and-breakfast. He found the ideal spot in Belfast,

in a 150-year-old mansion called The White House.

"We did our research," says Prescott, who owns the stately inn

with partner Robert Hansen. "Belfast was the place to move."

Coming home

Such was the case for Lois Higer's daughter, Brenda. The 31-year-old

came back to Belfast last year after working for upscale clothing

retailer Abercrombie & Fitch in Boston, New York and Dallas.

"We never thought as parents that she would come back here to

work," says Higer, whose father-in-law founded one of the old

poultry plants. Brenda works for MBNA. "It has afforded her an

opportunity to come back and make a living here."

Mark Martelon, 35, and Lisa Whiting, 32, honeymooned in Northport,

Maine, a few miles south of Belfast, 10 years ago. Martelon, who

specializes in architectural restoration, is from Denver. Whiting,

an executive pastry chef, is from New Jersey.

The two lived in New York and Denver, but in 1993 they began looking

for a small community to open a business. They considered Taos,

N.M., the San Francisco area and parts of the Northwest. They

landed in Belfast instead, a community they call quirky and artsy,

yet still very much ***working-class***.

Here they found a striking Gothic-style, 120-year-old building

in the middle of town that was so cheap that Martelon is embarrassed

to say how little he paid.

The building, which once housed a bank and a newspaper office,

is now The Gothic, a cafe where Whiting makes everything on the

menu from scratch, and the Landmark Architectural Antiques store,

run by Martelon. The two live on the top floor.

"This was a fairly seedy little town" 10 years ago, Martelon

says. Now there are art galleries, theaters and even movie houses

that show art films. Three restaurants serve *lattes.*

As young people move in, they're often followed by their retired

parents, who want to be closer to their children and grandchildren,

Higer says. She recently sold a house to a couple who had retired

to Florida but then decided they wanted to be close to their children.

Mary Page Worth, 74, has been the mayor of Belfast since 1986.

She says her city is attracting retirees, artists and entrepreneurs

largely because housing prices haven't yet skyrocketed.

Real estate rebounds

There is little construction going on but plenty of home remodeling.

Almost every house seems to have a ladder on it. City officials

and real estate agents foresee a need for more rental housing.

Some Belfast old-timers worry that their community will become

too slick and crowded. But most cheer the changes.

"I grew up in the shadow of the chicken factory, and I've been

waiting all my life for it to change," says Duane Warren, 52,

the owner of A Cut Above hair salon. "So I'm happy."

His wife, Brenda, kept losing her retail job every time another

department store closed in the 1980s. Now, she has a steady job

at MBNA, a company known for good pay and benefits.

Even if the U.S. economy sours, economists don't expect the Northeast

to be hit as hard as it was in the last 15 years.

"The last time we had all these (economic) problems . . . New

England went down five times as hard as the country as a whole

because there was overbuilding," says Nick Perna, chief economist

for Boston-based Fleet Financial Group, one of the nation's largest

financial institutions.

When the recession hit, banks were hurt by the real estate collapse.

But now, if the Northeast suffers from anything, it's underbuilding

-- a safer position for the region to be in if the economy goes

south.

Belfast is less likely to experience rough financial times than

it was before. MBNA, which processes calls to Visa or MasterCard's

800 numbers, is pretty much recession-proof. Credit-card use actually

goes up in bad times. And Belfast's employment base no longer

relies on one or two big industries.

Besides MBNA, there are eight companies in various industries

-- from light manufacturing to graphic design -- that employ about

100 people each. If one suffers, the city can survive.

"In another 10 years, it's going to be the biggest little city

in the country," says Bill Kief, 61, owner of Kief's Barber Shop.

Contributing: Paul Overberg

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, Color, USA TODAY (Map); GRAPHIC, B/W, USA TODAY, Source: U.S. Census Bureau (Map, Bar graph)

**Load-Date:** October 27, 1998

**End of Document**



[***GOP TARGETS KLINK'S SEAT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TVK-CHN0-0094-521Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IF TURZAI STOPS HIM SANTORUM MAY NOT HAVE TO FACE HIM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TVK-CHN0-0094-521Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 11, 1998, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1702 words

**Byline:** KAREN MACPHERSON, POST-GAZETTE WASHINGTON BUREAU

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

Republicans have unleashed their heavy political and financial artillery on Pennsylvania's 4th Congressional District race, hoping to score an upset by GOP newcomer Mike Turzai over three-term Democratic incumbent Rep. Ron Klink, D-Murrysville.

After two re-election races in which he faced only token opposition, Klink now finds himself targeted by the national Republican Party, which is pouring thousands of dollars into the race and dispatching such top GOP leaders as House Speaker Newt Gingrich to whip up support for Turzai.

Political analysts predict that the party's strong support for Turzai, 39, will give Klink, 47, his toughest race ever, but won't cause his defeat.

''I don't expect Klink to be knocked off. If he is, it would be a surprise,'' said Michael Young, director of Penn State University's Center for Survey Research.

One major unknown, however, is how the scandal involving President Clinton's affair with former White House intern Monica S. Lewinsky will play in the district. Republicans believe that it could keep discouraged Democratic voters home from the polls while energizing GOP voters to turn out for Turzai.

Klink acknowledged, ''We're worried'' about the Clinton impact, but then quickly added that House Republicans' push to move forward quickly with impeachment proceedings appeared to be creating a backlash among voters who are tiring of partisan bickering.

''It's very volatile,'' said Klink, who has criticized Clinton for his relationship with Lewinsky and for misleading the public about it, but said he hadn't made up his mind about impeachment. Like most House Democrats, he voted Thursday for the Democrats' unsuccessful proposal to limit an impeachment inquiry, and against the Republicans' successful move to open a wide-ranging impeachment inquiry.

Turzai, a former Allegheny County prosecutor, agreed that it was too early to decide about impeachment because all the evidence isn't public. But he contended that Klink hadn't been strong enough in criticizing Clinton, a charge Klink dismisses as political posturing.

The big question for most political observers is why the Republicans think they can beat Klink, whose former occupation as a reporter and news anchor for KDKA-TV made him a highly recognizable figure for district voters. Defeating then-Rep. Joe Kolter in the 1992 Democratic primary, Klink won the general election with 78 percent of the vote. He has received a steady 64 percent of the vote in both of his last two elections, and analysts say his moderate voting record generally reflects his district.

Klink has been a vocal foe of abortion. He said he had spent much of his time in Congress trying to bring jobs to the 4th District, which was hit hard by the steel mill closings of the 1980s. He strongly opposes ''fast-track'' trade negotiating authority for the president, believing that it could cost his constituents jobs, and he has sponsored legislation to force the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency to rework proposed clean-air rules for the same reason.

For the past two years, Klink has focused much of his attention on the ''Patient Bill of Rights,'' which aims to protect patients from abuses by their HMOs. Although he's a stalwart supporter of organized labor, he also spends much of his time wooing corporate leaders by helping them eliminate bureaucratic red tape. He points to the newly inaugurated US Airways's Pittsburgh-to-Paris route as one of his latest coups for the region.

School vouchers

Turzai has no major political experience, although he serves on Bradford Woods Borough Council. Until four years ago, in fact, he was a Democrat. But he is proud of his status as a political neophyte, saying in a recent interview: ''I'll take the fact that I'm not a career politician as an asset.''

Turzai is running on a platform that emphasizes his support for a flat tax, which would set a rate - he would eventually like to see a 17 percent rate that would be charged to every taxpayer, regardless of income.

Klink opposes a flat tax, arguing that it's unfair to most taxpayers.

The Republican also wants to abolish the U.S. Department of Education, contending that federal funds for schools should be sent to states and localities with no strings attached.

He said he wanted to see reforms in the Individuals with Disabilities Education Act, which he believes ''prevents administrators and teachers from exacting discipline'' on unruly students.

Turzai raps Klink for opposing educational initiatives such as school vouchers and education savings accounts for private school tuition, saying Klink ''votes with the teachers union . . . and against every education reform or innovation that comes down the pike. . . . He's never been a leader on this issue.''

Regarding school vouchers, Turzai said, ''I don't want to abandon the public schools, but I do think there need to be choices.''

Klink replied that he represented ''a ***working-class***, principally blue-collar district.

''Anything that would weaken the public education system would mean the disenfranchisement of the children in my district,'' he said.

Similarly, Klink opposes abolishing the Education Department.

On leave from the Pittsburgh-based law firm of Houston Harbaugh, Turzai said he decided to run against Klink after finding what he judged to be evidence of an increasing voter trend toward GOP candidates.

He said Sen. Rick Santorum, R-Pa., and Republican Gov. Ridge both carried the 4th District, and that the district's vote for Clinton decreased from 48 percent in 1992 to 47 percent in 1996. In fact, Turzai said, Republican presidential candidate Bob Dole and Independent H. Ross Perot together received 52 percent of the 1996 vote, 5 percent more than Clinton.

''There is a Democratic base in the district, but we have a base, too. We're fighting for the middle,'' Turzai said.

Klink said he was relying on the independence of 4th District voters.

''They know the issues and they vote the person,'' he said. ''Of course, anything can happen. But my hope is . . . that voters will see we've reflected the independence of the district.''

Despite the key financial commitment by the Republican Party, Turzai still expects to be outspent by Klink, who has put a $ 600,000 price tag on the race. The latest available campaign contribution figures reflect financial activity through only June 30 and aren't an accurate reflection of the situation today.

Klink vs. Santorum?

The next reports, which run through Sept. 30, are due Oct. 15. Neither Klink nor Turzai would provide data on how much money they've raised since June.

As of June 30, Klink had raised nearly $ 209,000 this year to add to his prior years' contributions. His treasury held $ 219,000 then.

Turzai had raised nearly $ 145,000 in 1998's first six months and had $ 27,000 in his treasury June 30.

Political analysts suspect that Republicans are using Turzai as a stalking horse to force Klink to fight for his political life and thus weaken him for any potential race in 2000 against Sen. Rick Santorum, R-Pa. They point to the fact that Turzai hired Brabender Cox, the political/media consulting firm that masterminded Santorum's Senate victory, and at Santorum's enthusiastic support for Turzai's bid.

Turzai also makes no secret of the Santorum connection, saying: ''We're using Santorum's 1990 blueprint, which is certainly a good blueprint to follow'' to build grass-roots support for a campaign. But Turzai insists that Santorum wasn't initially so eager to back him, saying he had to convince the senator that he was a credible candidate.

Jon Delano, a KDKA-TV political analyst who teaches politics at Carnegie Mellon University's Heinz school, believes that Republicans are using the 4th District race to ''test various campaign themes that can be used by Rick Santorum against Ron Klink, should the congressman choose to challenge the senator.

''This is a great way to market-test their political arguments. If Ron Klink were to be defeated, that would probably be a bonus,'' he said.

Delano and other analysts note that the district originally was designed by friendly GOP lawmakers in Harrisburg to help a Democrat-turned-Republican congressman, Gene Atkinson, keep his seat in the early 1980s. As a result, the district offers an odd political twist: The majority of voters are registered Democrats who aren't afraid to vote Republican.

''You essentially have a district that has the outside potential of electing a Republican,'' Delano said.

Klink insists that he's ''honored that the Republicans have such a fear of me (running against Santorum) that they have unleashed all of these forces.

''I'm quite happy. I love the job I'm doing,'' he said. ''But (as for a 2000 Senate run) you never say never.''

Turzai is undaunted by his underdog status. Joined by his energetic family, including his pregnant wife, Lidia, he's knocking on doors, making phone calls and trying to get his name before voters - a difficult task given Klink's incumbency and well-known face from his TV days.

In battling Klink, Turzai borrows the generic GOP line against Democrats in saying the incumbent ''never met a tax he didn't like.'' One of Turzai's chief pieces of evidence in support of that assertion is Klink's initial opposition to Clinton's 1993 budget package, which included a tax cut.

Klink disputes Turzai's contention that he's ''pro-tax,'' noting that his initial negativity about Clinton's 1993 budget proposal was based on its inclusion of an energy tax that hit hard at Western Pennsylvania industries. Once Clinton agreed to drop the BTU tax - which Klink attributes partly to his lobbying - the congressman changed his vote on the budget package to a ''yes.''

Turzai also castigates Klink for voting against an ultimately unsuccessful 1995 House Republican package of tax cuts. The challenger notes that the package offered, among other things, a $ 500-per-child tax credit, a $ 5,000 tax credit for adoptions, an increase in the estate tax deduction and a one-third cut in the capital gains tax.

But like most Democrats, Klink opposed the GOP package because Congress would have been forced to make deep cuts in such social programs as Head Start, school lunches and food stamps to pay for tax cuts.

ELECTION '98

**Load-Date:** October 13, 1998

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[***Uniforms changing culture of the nation's classrooms***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TW3-C7B0-00C6-D4XB-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 15, 1998, Thursday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1601 words

**Byline:** John Ritter

**Dateline:** LONG BEACH, Calif.

**Body**

LONG BEACH, Calif. -- Four years ago, the public schools here

drew attention as the first in the nation to require students

to wear uniforms. The drumbeat for uniforms has rolled louder

ever since.

In his 1996 State of the Union speech, President Clinton urged

uniforms as a way to keep teen-agers "from killing each other

over designer jackets." The Education Department published an

Internet manual on how to adopt a uniform policy. Some of the

nation's largest districts -- New York, Los Angeles, Chicago,

Boston,

Miami-Dade County, Cleveland -- moved to put students in uniforms.

And this month, at a national summit on school violence, the U.S.

Conference of Mayors endorsed uniforms even for high school students.

But absent in the rush to uniforms has been proof they actually

promote better behavior. Now, from this melting-pot port city

of 385,000, comes hard data suggesting they do. Long Beach schools

report a 91% drop in assaults, thefts, vandalism and weapon and

drug violations since 1991. Youth crime off school grounds is

also down, as much as 30%, though police attribute that to a host

of measures including uniforms.

"Uniforms take away the No. 1 reason kids treat each other differently:

how they look," says Sgt. Joe Battle, a Long Beach juvenile officer.

Few school districts have statistics comparing crime before and

after uniforms, because most have switched in just the last year

or two.

The little available data are encouraging but inconclusive. In

Birmingham, Ala., drug and weapon incidents dropped 30% in two

years after the school board required uniforms. In Houston schools,

violent crime is down 38% in the last two years. But a study of

Miami-Dade County schools found that fights nearly doubled at

middle schools that went to uniforms, while uniforms seemed to

have stopped an alarming rise in elementary school incidents.

Nationally, no research correlates lower crime rates with uniforms.

Most evidence is anecdotal. A survey by the Educational Testing

Service found that most principals believe uniforms improve school

discipline. Officials in schools that have uniforms say they bolster

security because outsiders are easy to spot on school grounds.

When students are in uniform, fights over clothing stop. Gang

influence wanes because no one wears gang colors or gang attire.

Students feel safer walking to school.

Socio-economic lines blur. "Uniforms reduce the differences between

the haves and have-nots," says Linda Moore, principal at Will

Rogers Middle School in Long Beach.

And some educators even think uniforms contribute to higher academic

achievement because students aren't distracted by clothes -- theirs

or classmates' -- and they treat school as their job. "Kids know

they're here for business. This is their business attire just

like if they were at IBM," Moore says.

'A Band-Aid solution'?

But critics say schools need more than uniforms. "It's a Band-Aid

solution to problems -- crumbling school buildings, 10-year-old

textbooks -- that defy easy solutions," says Loren Siegel, public

education director of the American Civil Liberties Union in New

York.

In many places, uniforms are just one piece of broader reforms.

"By themselves uniforms won't make a major difference," says

Cozette Buckney, chief education officer of Chicago schools. "They're

just window dressing."

She says Chicago schools are producing better test scores because

of higher academic standards, a ban on social promotion and required

summer school for low achievers. In 1996, the school board ordered

every school to consider uniforms, and more than 80% have adopted

them.

The district has no comparative data, Buckney says, "but we're

certainly seeing a drop in disciplinary reports."

The ACLU says uniforms inhibit students' expression and has sued

schools over policies it deems too rigid. Courts usually have

upheld uniform policies. "We're not against uniforms, we're just

against them being forced down parents' throats," says Andy Brumme,

an ACLU lawyer who's fighting a mandatory policy in Lancaster

County, S.C.

Other critics say uniforms squelch a key social rite of passage.

"Clothes are a way children find out who they are, what they

are and who the others are," says Ruth Rubinstein, a sociology

professor at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York.

"Clothes are their orientation to social life, and we're taking

that away from them."

Most districts that call policies mandatory allow exceptions if

parents insist. But most families go along -- once uniforms are

de rigueur, the pressure is to conform. In Long Beach, less than

1% of students in kindergarten through eighth grade don't wear

uniforms.

In many cities, uniforms caught on after one or two schools tried

them. Poor, inner-city Whittier Elementary here adopted uniforms

in 1991, other Long Beach schools began switching over, and in

1994 the school board made them mandatory except in high school.

Now, ninth and 10th graders at Wilson Classical High are the first

in the upper grades to be in uniform. Eventually, all four grades

will be in uniform.

Chemiya Carter, a Wilson freshman, likes uniforms and says fashion

pressure can be intense outside of school. "If you aren't wearing

Nautica, Tommy Hilfiger or Ralph Lauren it's like you are less

of a person," Carter, 14, says.

Each Long Beach school picks its own uniforms and colors -- pants,

shorts and skirts one color, shirts another, but both solids.

No labels, brands or insignia are permitted except the school's,

even on shoes. The cost of outfitting a student varies, depending

on whether the family shops at a discount store or a high-end

department store.

Freshmen wearing Wilson's khaki pants and white shirts said they

hated the teasing from juniors and seniors but agreed uniforms

made life easier. They get by with four or five shirts and two

or three pairs of pants, far fewer than if they weren't in uniform.

"I'd have a lot of pants and shorts, and a lot of brand-name

shirts and like two pairs of shoes to go with each outfit," says

Holy Ly, 14.

George Berganza, 14, says: "With uniforms, you don't have to

think about competition. You don't have to think about labels

or if you're wearing something too often."

Parents most supportive

Once uniforms are ingrained, the biggest fans usually are parents.

They spend less on clothes. Their kids are less stressed over

fashion. They get out of the house faster in the morning.

"If you watch, on warm days, these high school kids are close

to coming out in bathing suits," says Charlene Ebright, whose

daughter Noelle is a 10th grader. "Really, some of the styles

now . . . ."

If civil libertarians believe forcing uniforms on kids chokes

expression, many parents would say expression in clothes is beside

the point. They'd rather see expression in math and English.

Speaking for moms everywhere, Cyndi Seibert says: "As the mother

of a boy with teen-age hormones, the uniform makes the young lady

sitting next to him in biology lab less of a distraction, and

the teacher a little easier to focus on, because she's got on

a collared shirt with sleeves instead of a spaghetti strap with

her bra hanging out."

Parents, in fact, are driving the uniform movement in many places.

They're often initially reluctant if the impetus comes from school

boards or principals. But they're quickly won over, and districts

that have polled parents have found overwhelming support.

Webster Elementary draws kids from a low-income, ***working-class***

industrial pocket of Dayton, and parents initially resented the

school promoting uniforms, principal Sandra Kidd says.

"They already had so many other directives in their lives from

institutions they depend on for livelihood or public assistance,"

Kidd says. "But they're very supportive now. They like not hassling

with their kids over clothes."

Dayton gave schools the uniform option a few years ago, and children

in 27 of 50 schools now wear them. Nearly 100 of Miami-Dade's

288 schools were already in uniform when the school board said

any campus could switch if more than half the parents approved.

Within two years, 112 more schools chose uniforms.

Last March, when the New York City school board ordered all 670

elementary schools in uniform by fall 1999, more than 75,000 students

were already wearing them. Even in San Francisco, which has no

uniform policy, students in 34 schools (of 115) wear them.

In 1995, the Los Angeles school board set a goal of getting all

600 schools in uniform. So far, 410 are on board.

Oakland has a mandatory uniform policy, but so many parents "opt

out," says spokeswoman Sue Piper, that some schools have half

their students in street clothes. That may be the result of an

1996 lawsuit. The ACLU challenged Oakland's uniform policy and

won a settlement under which the district agreed to more cash

aid to needy parents for uniforms and to tell parents clearly

they had a right to opt out.

Many schools raise money to buy uniforms for low-income parents.

For the first time this year, San Antonio required uniforms for

all 60,000 students from kindergarten through high school. When

all the bills are in, the district will have handed parents $ 350,000

to $ 400,000 in uniform vouchers, says spokesman Robert Zamora.

Lloyd Choice, principal at Houston's Jack Yates High School, says

he'd always been skeptical about uniforms. Then his own students

started lobbying for them. "That really shocked me," Choice

says. "Pretty soon the parents caught on. On opening day this

fall, I tell you, it just brought tears to your eyes. Out of 1,800

kids, we had 12 report not in uniform."

Choice says that after 35 years in the public schools, "I didn't

believe it would affect behavior, but it does. My children are

behaving so much better. I had to experience it to believe it."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, USA TODAY, USA TODAY Research (Chart); PHOTO, Color, Bob Riha Jr., USA TODAY; PHOTOS, B/W, Bob Riha Jr., USA TODAY (2)

**Load-Date:** October 15, 1998

**End of Document**



[***RIDGE SWORN IN AS 43D GOVERNOR PAGEANTRY SURROUNDS PA.'S BIGGEST INAUGURAL.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-BXN0-01K4-91NJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 18, 1995 Wednesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1348 words

**Byline:** Russell E. Eshleman Jr. and, Robert Moran, INQUIRER HARRISBURG BUREAU

**Dateline:** HARRISBURG

**Body**

Thomas Joseph Ridge, the ***working-class*** kid from Erie who became the first person from the state's remote northwest corner to win election as governor, took office yesterday as Pennsylvania's 43d chief executive.

In a ceremony brimming with politics and pageantry, the 49-year-old former congressman told a crowd estimated at 8,000 in his inaugural address that for too long Pennsylvania has coddled its criminals, suppressed business expansion and placed government programs above individual initiative.

"I am your steward. I am honored to be passed this torch, and humbly accept the challenge that lies ahead," Ridge said in a 20-minute speech that was straightforward in delivery, general in content, and largely devoid of rousing, emotional applause lines.

Ridge took the oath of office at 12:15 p.m. from Supreme Court Justice Ronald D. Castille of Philadelphia. Ridge's wife, Michele, held a family Bible, and his children, Lesley, 8, and Tommy, 7, looked on.

For the first time, the outdoor swearing-in ceremony was held in the rear of the Capitol instead of the front, beneath a white canopy and behind a specially constructed podium.

The ceremony occurred under cloudy skies. A cool breeze made the 45-degree day chillier, especially for those who had been expecting the unseasonably high temperatures of the past week.

The swearing-in was the highlight of a full day of Republican celebrations that began with a special church service at 9 a.m. in suburban Harrisburg and concluded with an inaugural ball in Hershey.

In between, an elaborate parade promenaded around the banner-bedecked streets, and Harrisburg was treated to several minutes of daytime fireworks as well as a flyover by four A-10 "Warthog" anti-tank bomber jets from the Pennsylvania Air National Guard.

Ridge's immediate predecessor, Robert P. Casey, who was prohibited by law

from seeking a third term, attended the swearing-in, as did former Republican governors Dick Thornburgh, Raymond P. Shafer and William W. Scranton and other dignitaries.

During the ceremony, Ridge, dressed in a dark-blue suit and without a top coat, faced a crowd that wrapped around the granite portico and sat in chairs and bleachers in closed-off Commonwealth Avenue.

State Police troopers, Capitol Security guards and others kept ticketed attendees in designated areas. Dark-clad security officers were stationed on top of adjacent buildings, a safety precaution also taken at past inaugurals.

While inaugural planners were meticulous in controlling most of what went on, the swearing-in ceremony had some boisterous competition. At noon, a phalanx of more than 150 placard-waving protesters marched around the corner of an adjacent building, shouting their opposition to the death penalty and asking for freedom for Mumia Abu-Jamal, who is on death row for the 1981 fatal shooting of a Philadelphia police officer.

They were met about 100 yards from the governor's platform by a wall of State Police officers on horseback and on foot. The officers formed a shield between the protesters and the ceremony.

Ridge's speech was punctuated by polite applause about 15 times. The crowd's biggest response came when the new governor talked about crime, an issue he made paramount during his campaign against Democrat Mark S. Singel, the outgoing lieutenant governor.

"All Pennsylvanians should live without fear," Ridge said. "It is time that those who prey on the weak, those who turn decent law-abiding citizens into victims, those predators who hold no regard for the criminal-justice system, those who hold no regard for our community - it's time they be held accountable for their conduct - and they will."

Ridge said he would fulfill a campaign promise today and sign an executive order officially calling the General Assembly into a special session to devote to crime.

He pledged programs that would not only make the state tougher on law- breakers but also correct what he sees as the root causes of crime.

"The broken families, the broken education, the broken sense of hope - all must be repaired," he said.

The speech was also vintage Republican in its call for curtailing government.

"We must take full responsibility for ourselves, our communities and our future. For what government can do for individuals is limited. But what individuals can do for themselves has no limit," Ridge said. "That is the perspective I bring to this office."

To Pennsylvania's business community, which has complained that the state has thwarted the ability to compete with companies elsewhere, Ridge offered these words: "We will think of our workers, our farmers and our employers first. We will return to them a tax and regulatory climate that will enable us to win."

Reaction to Ridge's remarks was generally favorable.

Clinton Connor, a salesman from the Strawberry Mansion section of Philadelphia who listened with his wife and daughter, welcomed Ridge's promise to make crime a priority.

"We in Philadelphia feel the brunt of it," he said.

"Our streets have to be cleaned up," said Connor's wife, Winifred.

Republican politicians were naturally more excited about Ridge than Democrats. House Majority Leader John M. Perzel (R., Phila.), whose GOP holds a 102-101 edge in the House, said: "Our agenda is clear. Crime, out-of- control environmental regulators, an educational system that graduates youngsters who can't read, and a business climate that discourages economic growth."

The Senate is also controlled by the GOP, 29-21.

Rep. Mark B. Cohen (D., Phila.) was somewhat less enthusiastic.

"I think it will be difficult for him to live up to all the principles he set forth," he said.

Mayor Rendell, who walked in the parade, noted that Ridge's speech touched on familiar campaign themes, such as improving state economic development efforts. "A lot of those themes are music to our ears," he said.

Immediately after the swearing-in, Ridge conducted his first gubernatorial business. He signed official nominations to be sent to the Senate for confirmation of prospective cabinet officers, as well as official letters of appointment for his closest advisers, among them his general counsel and budget secretary.

The handful of reporters permitted to view that action in the ornate House Majority Caucus Room were discouraged from asking the new governor questions. Before being told he had a telephone call and had to leave, Ridge managed to say he was eager to begin work.

"We're ready to get rockin'," he said.

Later, Ridge press secretary Tim Reeves admitted Ridge had not been summoned for a phone call. "That trooper should not have said there was a phone call," Reeves said.

Earlier in the day, former Bucks County Commissioner Mark S. Schweiker took the oath of office as lieutenant governor in a Senate chamber overflowing with dignitaries.

Like Ridge, Schweiker addressed issues such as reducing the size of government and becoming less tolerant of crime and criminals.

As for the parade, it wasn't quite like the Mummers, but the promenade included a diverse lot of 50 units, ranging from veterans' organizations to political leaders.

Among the marchers were the Conestoga Angels Drill Team from Philadelphia and the Chester High School marching band.

The day became more lavish as the hour grew late.

Four thousand celebrants paid $60 a plate to feast on such delicacies as Maine lobster Newburg and sauteed chicken piquante at inaugural dinners in nearby Hershey.

At 9 p.m., 5,500 Ridge supporters paid $100 a ticket to attend the inaugural ball in Hershey, where they got to nibble on salmon with baby shrimp wrapped in seaweed and game sausages with Brazilian mole.

It made for a joyous, though long, day for the Ridge and Schweiker

families.

They started early, 9 a.m., with close friends and supporters for an interdenominational gathering at the 195-year-old gray limestone Peace Church in Hampden Township.

Rabbi Leonard Lifshen began the service on a light note - and one the two

families with their young children could appreciate. He offered Ridge a Mighty Morphin Power Rangers beeper. "Please do not hesitate," Rabbi Lifshen told Ridge, "to beep for help."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (5)

1. Gov. Ridge hugs his wife, Michele, after taking the oath of office.

Joining the applause are former Govs. Dick Thornburgh (left) and Robert P.

Casey. Two other ex-governors were among a crowd of 8,000 at the swearing-in

ceremony in Harrisburg. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, AKIRA SUWA)

2. The National Anthem is sung by Tonia Tecce (left). Continuing from left

are former Gov. Dick Thornburgh and his wife, Ginny; outgoing Gov. Bob Casey

and his wife, Ellen; and Gov. Ridge and his wife, Michele. (The Philadelphia

Inquirer, AKIRA SUWA)

3. The oath of office is administered to Gov. Ridge by Supreme Court Justice

Ronald D. Castille as Michele Ridge holds the family Bible. An estimated 8,000

people witnessed the inauguration ceremony. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, AKIRA

SUWA)

4. The new governor is congratulated by the old and his wife, Ellen Casey.

The planners had tight control of the swearing-in ceremony. (The Philadelphia

Inquirer, BONNIE WELLER)

5. Lt. Gov. Schweiker celebrates in the inauguration parade. He was sworn in

earlier in a ceremony in the Senate chamber. (The Philadelphia Inquirer

, BONNIE WELLER)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Who made news in the Northwest suburbs?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FFT-P650-TWHS-430X-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

January 3, 2005 Monday

Cook Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 4

**Length:** 2218 words

**Body**

Some are dedicated public servants who made our communities and lives better.

Some are regular, everyday people who saw a wrong they wanted to right, or became impassioned about a cause.

Some simply made mistakes.

But all the people or groups below made news, and in ways big or small, they also made a difference. Here are some of the top newsmakers of 2004:

Troop support

For the first time in modern memory, hundreds of Barrington residents were led to the streets to express views about a war that has become increasingly bloody and controversial.

Two organizations - We Do Care and Do You Care? -brought the Iraq war debate into the usually reserved and exclusive neighborhoods of the Barrington area in 2004.

First, Barrington businessman Paul Vogel, heading up Do You Care?, organized and led a 500-plus person mock funeral downtown on Sept. 19 to pay respects to fallen soldiers and express dissatisfaction with the war.

Not all Barrington residents were happy with Vogel's event. In fact, several came out that day, trying to shout down speeches and holding signs denouncing attendees as traitors.

Shortly after, a group of residents formed, calling themselves We Do Care. They put on an equally attended event called Freedom Fest in October. It was billed as having no position on the war, and was geared toward "supporting the troops."

Dirk Beveridge, a Barrington businessman, was a principal leader of the event, which included country singers, a live video feed from Iraq and dozens of soldier support groups.

Joy of reading

John Brennan took residents of the Northwest suburbs on a special trip in 2004, one that moved from a ***working-class*** Hispanic neighborhood in Chicago to the mine-riddled streets of Afghanistan.

Brennan, a Mount Prospect resident, organized the first Suburban Mosaic Book of the Year program, a reading event modeled after Chicago's successful "One Book, One Chicago" program.

Starting in the summer, residents read at least one of three books on the program's reading list, then discussed the works with friends, teachers and in some cases, the authors themselves.

The goal was to get suburbanites talking about prejudice, racism and social justice at a time when the population of the region grows increasingly diverse.

The books on the list were chosen with that in mind: Sandra Cisneros' "The House on Mango Street" tells the story of a girl coming of age in a gritty Hispanic neighborhood; Deborah Ellis' "The Breadwinner" is set in Afghanistan during the reign of the Taliban; and Norah Dooley's "Everybody Cooks Rice" looks at the similarities shared by residents of a multicultural Boston street.

Brennan first pitched the reading program idea to a few churches and libraries. The idea was a hit, and before long, 12 libraries, eight school districts and a number of civic groups from Park Ridge to Barrington had signed up.

Brennan said he's pleased with the success of the 2004 program, and he expects it to continue in 2005.

Helping WINGS fly

A ribbon-cutting in October seemed like the end of a long fight for the Women in Need Growing Stronger.

The outside structure of an emergency shelter in Rolling Meadows, the pet project of WINGS board president Rita Canning, was finally completed after some long battles over zoning changes.

The staff hoped to open doors for almost 50 women and children trying to escape domestic abuse.

Money pledged for operating costs, though, was tied up in a budget battle in Springfield, so only about 25 beds are available so far.

The shelter did bring out charitable notions in Rolling Meadows and the surrounding communities. When supporters found out money was scarce for the shelter, they rallied to help provide donations.

A local Girl Scout troop and St. Colette School made collecting for the shelter one of their projects, which turned out to be bigger than they expected. Businesses, such as Verizon Wireless and Kimball Hill builders, donated items and money.

So the shelter is on its way to being able to stand on its own sometime in the new year.

City watch dogs

Prospect Heights Residents for a Responsible Future have made 2003 and 2004 a time of difficulty for the sitting Prospect Heights city council.

As watchdogs against corruption, the residents group meets frequently to decide what they believe the administration is doing wrong and how they can tackle it.

For years the group, along with former 4th Ward Alderman Gerald T. Anderson and editor of the Gadfly Investigative Newspaper, have launched campaigns against the administration using the Internet, fliers, petitions and verbal protest.

Fifth Ward Alderman Darlene Ahlstedt calls the group "C.A.V.E. People" (Citizens Against Virtually Everything).

This group is responsible for many of the city council's unsuccessful 2003-04 attempts to increase the city's taxing powers. More specifically, it headed a petition drive that was responsible for a backdoor referendum on the city's issuance of up to $25 million in general obligation bonds. The referendum ultimately led to the end of a 10-year idea to build an arena on the city's east side.

The list of how the group has become the city council's Achilles heal goes on and on.

But group representative Bonnie Guiffaut says they're not looking for recognition. They just want to get their message out.

Convention center

Schaumburg's 2004 was an eventful one, with many highs and lows, but the summer approval of the village's convention center complex was obviously the one affecting the greatest number of people.

Due to open in July 2006, the convention center and its next- door hotel are expected to generate $6.4 billion for the local economy in the next 30 years and eventually may be joined by a performing arts theater at the northeast corner of Meacham Road and I-90.

Aiming at health, fun

Arlington Heights Trustee Stephen G. Daday started 2004 with a bang. His suggestion that the village consider banning smoking in public places like restaurants, bars and bowling alleys sparked vociferous debate. A majority of trustees ultimately rejected the idea.

Daday went on to bring a little bit of pop culture to Arlington Heights with his suggestion to host the village's first Arlington Idol contest, modeled after the "American Idol" reality TV show. Nine young women vied for the title last summer that ultimately went to Kaitlin Fine of Arlington Heights. It will become an annual thing, part of the outdoor summer concerts Daday helped organize.

Then, Daday wrapped up 2004 with a bombshell announcement that he would not seek re-election to a fourth term in April. After nearly 16 years, he said it was time to step aside for someone new.

Harper's leader

He's sort of like the Northwest suburbs' own Donald Trump.

Harper College President Robert Breuder is constantly trying to push his college farther than any other two-year college in the Chicago area.

In fact, he's trying to lead Harper to a place that no other community college in the state has gone before.

In late April, Breuder launched an effort to get community colleges in Illinois to be allowed to offer bachelor degrees in selected fields such as nursing or dental hygiene. If it succeeds, Harper would become the first community college to offer four-year degrees.

Breuder says the idea is already a reality in other states and it's time has come here.

Not everyone agrees. So far, the Illinois Board of Higher Education and the Illinois Community College Board haven't jumped on board with Breuder's idea.

Boosters shine

The score of the Aug. 27 football game at Buffalo Grove High School didn't really matter.

What mattered was that it happened at all: a traditional Friday night home game, beneath a sea of stadium lights.

For years, it had been only a dream. This time, a collection of determined Bison Boosters made the lights - at the only school in the area still without them - a longed-for reality.

In a months-long drive, the club persuaded the Northwest Suburban High School District 214 board to OK the installation of the lights and foot half of the project's roughly $140,000 cost, then led a series of fund-raisers to drum up its share of the lights' price tag.

The boosters, given five years to pay off their $70,000 half, managed to raise the necessary sum in a matter of months.

The stadium lights went in over the summer, and were lit up for a first game Aug. 27, putting an end to Buffalo Grove's long history of playing football on Saturday afternoon.

The 31-year-old school staged a brief lighting ceremony in advance of the game.

A mover and shaker

One of the movers and shakers in Buffalo Grove's village hall, Trustee Jeffrey Berman was active on many fronts.

As the village board's transportation liaison, he ardently lobbied for the northern extension of Route 53, attending hearings and sending letters, among other activities.

He has also pushed for the installation of wayside horns at railroad crossings throughout Buffalo Grove. The automated horns would make it unnecessary for trains to blow their whistles when approaching at-grade crossings. Although that effort has yet to bear fruit, due to federal regulations, Berman made sure the dollars for the horns remained in the capital budget.

He was also one of the trustees who made sure the village held the line on its tax rate, which remains at the 1979 level.

Berman's biggest policy impact, however, was his push to get Buffalo Grove to institute a six-month moratorium on banks. At the time, Buffalo Grove had seen the ranks of banks swell beyond 20, creating concern about non-retail-sales-tax-generating businesses occupying storefronts along major thoroughfares.

The result was a change in zoning so "drive-through service facilities" would have to be approved as a special use in business and office/research districts.

Not content to keep his public life within the confines of the council chambers, Berman has been a leader in one of the local charity events, the American Cancer Society's Relay for Life.

And he added another word to his resume: thespian. Berman, along with his daughters, appeared in the Buffalo Grove Park District Fine Arts production of "Evita" at Stevenson High School.

Parents win fight

Parents of Elgin Area School District U-46 students in Bartlett, parts of Wayne and Carol Stream mounted a months-long campaign in the run up to the Nov. 2 general election to secure a "yes" vote on a referendum request that would allow the village to explore the option of creating a smaller, separate school district for almost 10,000 students.

Their victory came after the defeat of a previous attempt with a referendum on the ballot in 2000.

The group held public meetings and picketed in downtown Bartlett two weeks before the election to persuade voters to "keep their options open," arguing that "voting 'no' could close the door forever," according to Nancy Tomasek, who led several of the meetings.

Legislation for Education Accountability Right Now, or LEARN, was led by Joe Schurtz, a U-46 parent, and ultimately proved a decisive factor in the outcome of the referendum.

The village of Bartlett has yet to announce the next step in possible disconnection from U-46, but the goal of the referendum was to gauge public support.

An overwhelming majority of voters in Bartlett, Carol Stream and Wayne backed the idea of splitting away to form a new school district.

Past comes calling

William Schneider Jr. began the year on top as the Des Plaines economic development director who shepherded a major redevelopment project and other key initiatives.

But by spring, his future in Des Plaines government had dissipated under the cloud of his past.

It was learned Schneider had a criminal conviction for stealing from his former employer, a company coincidentally owned by the same man who wants to build a casino in Des Plaines.

Schneider resigned almost four years after he began working for the city, but he made headlines again in late 2004.

His friendship with James Dvorak, a former Cook County sheriff's official who spent time in prison for a ghost payroll scheme, tainted Schneider's legacy of helping spur city development.

City officials later learned Dvorak had a role in two companies that won city contracts.

In a casino race where image is everything, the city decided to turn over documents to federal prosecutors, although no wrongdoing has been alleged.

Off to a running start

New Palatine-Schaumburg High School District 211 Superintendent Roger Thornton wasted little time in getting to work.

Thornton, who came to the district in July from Indiana, started off the year by imposing curriculum changes and ended his first semester with recommending the district's first educational fund tax-rate increase in more than 40 years.

While asking all teachers to place a greater emphasis on math, he is also having each department better align its curriculum with state standards.

By changing the curriculum, Thornton believes students will be better prepared for state achievement exams and for life after high school.

Trying to get a handle on the district's financial problems, Thornton recently proposed a tax-rate increase for the district's educational fund, which is running a $20 million deficit.

If approved by voters in the spring, Thornton said the additional money will be used to retain all the district's programs as well as help make up a deficit in the educational fund.

**Graphic**

Stephen G. Daday; Robert Breuder; Jeffrey Berman

**Load-Date:** February 10, 2005

**End of Document**



[***'FORGOTTEN STREET' TRIES TO STAY ALIVE GRAFFITI. LITTER. VIOLENCE. KENSINGTON AVENUE HAS PROBLEMS. A CITY INITIATIVE HASN'T REACHED THE STREET.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P960-01K4-91NC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 19, 1994 Monday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** PHILADELPHIA BUSINESS; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1439 words

**Byline:** Jerry W. Byrd, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Before he opens his store each morning, Brent Toll retrieves a broom and worn shovel from the doorway of his shop and sweeps up the litter on the sidewalk out front.

Sometimes he wonders if it's worth the trouble. There's no call on Kensington Avenue anymore for the Arrow shirts, Drakkar men's fragrances, fine suits, ties and dress slacks on which Al's Toggery Shop built its 65-year reputation.

But Toll knows he'll be ticketed again if the litter piles up. So he sweeps up behind the homeless who root through garbage cans each night, and cleans up after others who toss down crumpled cigarette packs, cups, bottles and paper bags as they stroll.

He hasn't seen a city street-sweeper in weeks. "The street is dirty," he says. "I have seen no change in cleanliness. This is a forgotten street."

The 3100 block of Kensington Avenue, in the ***working-class*** Kensington section northeast of Center City, has seen better days.

Graffiti accost the eye, while panhandlers beg for spare change.

While far from dead as a place to shop - one merchant counted 1,100 passersby on a recent day - the block offers a glimpse into the difficult battle Mayor Rendell will have proving that Philadelphia really is "business- friendly."

Since September, the newly created Mayor's Business Action Team has held eight neighborhood meetings with small-business owners, assuring them that the city wants to address licensing and litter problems, parking and safety worries.

As a roomful of small-business owners listened at one of the first meetings, in South Philadelphia, Rendell said he wanted to reverse a trend that had cost the city 263,000 jobs and 30 percent of its tax base in the last quarter-century. While many of those jobs were lost at big firms, not small businesses, the bulk of employment in the city today is at companies with fewer than 100 workers. That's where Rendell is focusing.

The Mayor's Business Action Team, made up of city department heads or deputies, can answer questions on the spot. Often, they do. At a meeting in Olney on Dec. 6, Elaine Tomlin, president of the Association of Fifth Street Merchants, asked about an 18-month old application for funds for a parking lot and curbs. She was promised action in January.

After another of the team's neighborhood sessions, a Center City business association, the Philadelphia Chinatown Development Corp., got the city to meet with it over the potential impact of a proposed homeless shelter in the area.

But it may be too late for some businesses on the 3100 block of Kensington Avenue.

Toll's haberdashery is for sale. The original asking price, $150,000, is down to $90,000. If there's no buyer by March, Toll said, he'll pull down the gate and leave the place empty.

That's what happened to the adjacent Z Outlet Store in September. The Hair Cuttery, two doors away, was in business for six years before it, too, closed late last summer.

On a block dotted with a half-dozen other closed businesses, The Card Rack, a Hallmark card outlet owned by Leonard and Marsha Goldenberg, also is for sale. So is Impressive Jewelry, also owned by the Goldenbergs, who still have nightmare visions of "the scale police," "the sign police," and armies of meter maids gleefully ticketing shoppers' cars.

Kenneth Ruch, president of the 40-member Greater Kensington Businessmen's Association, said the city promised in November to send a street-cleaner down Kensington Avenue once a week. "It came one week and hasn't come since," he said.

(On Friday, Fran Weston, the city's deputy managing director, acknowledged that the truck had missed some sweeps due mostly to heavy demands during leaf cleanups. She said the street would be swept every other week, weather permitting.)

After Kensington Avenue merchants complained about graffiti, someone, it's not known who, came by with buckets of paint. The graffiti were covered over - but so were locks, hinges and door handles.

"This is galvanized steel," Goldenberg said, pulling down the metal gate of his shop. "It's not supposed to be painted.

He also said business is off by one-third at Impressive Jewelry and he's almost a year behind in tax payments. Yet inspectors come in to check his scales and to see sign permits and mercantile licenses.

"We've been here 18 years," Marsha Goldenberg said. "It's harassment."

"Both my businesses are up for sale," said her husband. "I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm 58 years old . . . but I won't open another business in the city of Philadelphia."

"I'm so angry. We made a beautiful living here," Marsha Goldenberg said.

A spokesman for the city said merchants' complaints on Kensington Avenue are being addressed, although delays are inevitable.

"We're not going to solve everything immediately," Jack Shannon, director of the Mayor's Business Action Team, said.

Commerce Director Stephen Mullin said the city is aware of the Kensington merchants' complaints about aggressive ticketing and litter.

Parking meters were turned off on Saturdays during the holidays and might be permanently shut off citywide on Saturdays in neighborhood shopping areas, officials said.

Mullin and Weston said the Mayor's Business Action Team has tried to work with Kensington merchants.

"What may be one person's complaint may not be everybody's," Weston said.

Ruch, the business association president, said the city generally has tried to help. During construction work on the elevated train above Kensington Avenue, for example, SEPTA removed light standards, eliminating the street

lights for much of the avenue. The city developed a plan to replace at least one-third of them, Ruch said.

He placed at least some blame for the street's problems on the merchants themselves.

"We need to be more in sync," he said. Only half of the 80 merchants in the six-block Kensington Avenue district belong to the association. "Only 10 are active," he said.

Meanwhile, Toll, who joined his family clothing business 32 years ago, is eyeing a site in the city's Manayunk section. On Christmas Eve 1973, Al's Toggery Shop recorded 493 sales. The number plunged to 226 by Christmas Eve in 1988. Then Toll stopped keeping count.

Toll doesn't expect the city to invest huge sums in the area. "The street's been sacrificed to Center City," he said, referring to efforts to

draw tourists and shoppers there.

As he spoke, he gestured with his hands. The right hand was half again as big as the left. Toll said he was stabbed 12 times during a store robbery last April. "Severed the tendon," he said, holding the right hand up. "It'll never be the same."

The incident reflects how crime is a constant worry, a complaint echoed by local businesses citywide.

In fact, during an interview, Leonard Goldenberg pulled from his pocket a pistol that he carries for protection and said, "See what it's come down to? It's the Wild West all over again."

His hand was damaged this year in a fight with a shoplifter at his Card Rack. He held the man for 45 minutes - but let him go when the police never showed up, he said.

Perhaps more dramatically, an audience of 120 at the mayor's meeting in Olney this month was held in rapt silence by the testimony of a physician. He described a series of violent encounters affecting his neighbors, employees and five of seven members of his family.

"My wife two months ago had a thug try to murder her," said Donald A. Petetti. "A boy was murdered practically on my doorstep. I've had a mock execution performed on me. They put a .357 Magnum to my head and pulled the trigger. My secretary's fiance was shot to death in a laundromat . . .

"I've lost 30 percent of my business. I know you have many problems to deal with, but first and foremost should be safety on the streets," the general practitioner told Rendell. "I pray somebody here listens."

Rendell sympathized and promised that more police officers would be on patrol next summer, almost all of them in commercial districts.

Meanwhile, merchants on the 3100 block of Kensington Avenue and throughout the city are hoping the mayor's initiative will help resolve other complaints. Mullen, the city commerce director, though, acknowledged that he has spent much of his time so far just trying to coordinate action among city departments.

He rejected the suggestion that changed economic conditions, demographics and shopping habits would lessen the city's efforts to keep businesses going.

"We don't want to give the impresssion that these areas are dinosaurs, so why should we bother," Mullin said. "We want to make all the businesses inside the (city) borders as profitable and as valuable as possible."

FOR MORE INFORMATION

\* To contact the Mayor's Business Action Team, call 215-686-9620.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO (3)

1. Some merchants have already given up on Kensington Avenue, as shown by

these closed shops. Others are thinking of leaving. (The Philadelphia Inquirer

, SHARON J. WOHLMUTH)

2. Leonard Goldenberg and his wife, Marsha, operate Impressive Jewelry and

The Card Rack in the 3100 block of Kensington Avenue.

3. Donald A. Petetti examines Al Rosario in his office in Olney. Petetti told

a city panel about violence in his neighborhood. (The Philadelphia Inquirer

, MICHAEL MALLY)

MAP (1)

1. 3100 block of Kensington Avenue (The Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Fat-cat revolutionaries***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NSH0-0094-51DK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 25, 1994, Sunday,

THREE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 1585 words

**Byline:** Kevin Phillips

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

Will Americans believe a ''middle-class bill of rights'' from Bill Clinton?

In any event, the war against the federal budget deficit is over, and the tax-cut bidding war for middle-class hearts is about to begin. If 1995 politics were a TV show, it would be ''Can You Top This?''

The battle of the 1996 presidential nominations is also beginning, and besides facing the Republicans, Clinton may also have an unexpected rival in his own party -- Rep. Richard A. Gephardt of Missouri, the Democratic leader of the House, who offered a tax-cut plan of his own. Gephardt says his party lost in November because it (read: Clinton) did not fulfill its 1992 promises to protect ***working-class*** and middle-class Americans. The tax combat will be Gephardt's thinly veiled campaign to recapture his party. A blue-collar drum roll, please.

As for the Republican crusade against Washington, that's almost over, because just about every connected GOP lobbyist with two nostrils and a three-digit IQ is being offered a huge salary and a bonus -- Would you like a Porsche? How about a stock option? -- to work for the Chemical Spill Association or the National League of Derivatives Distributors. Starry-eyed Republicans now love the capital's interest groups and French restaurants like they've never loved them before. Boy geniuses who labored over the GOP's ''Contract With America'' are preparing to explain why there may not be term limits, a line-item veto and a balanced-budget constitutional amendment after all. Sorry folks, we tried.

None of this will necessarily help the president, who has to spend the next two years saying how much he cares about the middle class, because he spent his first two years breaking important 1992 campaign promises. His new promises -- tax credits of $ 500 for every child under the age of 13 in a family making below $ 75,000 a year; deductions of up to $ 10,000 per child for college-tuition payments, and restored IRA deductions -- have some appeal. But one reason for his generosity is that he knows the GOP Congress won't enact anything he proposes. And if he lets Gephardt hog the tax spotlight, too many Democrats might get the idea that the Missouri congressman would be a better nominee in 1996.

As for the Republicans, their contract proposes a $ 500 tax credit for each child in families making up to $ 200,000 a year, as well as a capital-gains rate cut focused on the upper brackets. Key leaders insist they can go higher and will not be outbid. But remember that before Clinton's stumbles gave the GOP the tax-cut issue in 1993 and 1994, the earlier failures of the Bush administration -- the broken read-my-lips promises and the never-ending capital-gains emphasis -- gave Democrats the tax advantage in 1990 and 1992.

Which side will command it next is the big question. The GOP has the opening edge, but Democrats do have a chance to rebound, based on a GOP triple Achilles' heel: tax advantages to the wealthy, obsequiousness to tax lobbyists and a tilt toward what can be called ''Texanomics.''

As 1994 turns into 1995, the GOP's principal -- and legitimate -- claim to leading a revolution on Nov. 8 has to do with the contract's promises to cut Washington politicians down to size and reform congressional procedures and staff excesses. But voters are suspicious of any group of politicians. The newest Gallup poll just found that the contract has become a major pivot of GOP credibility: By 71 percent to 19 percent, voters insist the GOP actually enact its contract rather than bring it up for debate; and 57 percent want term limits to apply to senior GOP leaders -- even if they have to retire.

Suppose, however, that term limits are quietly scuttled at the same time as the GOP is busy fighting for capital-gains tax cuts -- the party's old Bush-era priority. This new GOP could start looking a lot like the old GOP.

What voters really want, as incoming Speaker Newt Gingrich has understood better than most, is a full-fledged political revolution. But the events of recent weeks suggest that GOP legislators will come up short on two vital Washington dimensions: first, the evidence that they, too, are being corrupted by their new power and perks; and second, the extent to which the unfolding blueprint of GOP tax-change ambitions mirrors the objectives of key corporate and financial lobbies -- epitomizing what the public fears about interest-group power in Washington.

The hubris among the new movers and shakers is unmistakable. Gingrich, a man with an ego of rock-star proportions, is promoting a reorganization that would make him the most powerful speaker of the House since czar Joseph G. Cannon, 90 years ago. In the Senate, Republican Mitch McConnell of Kentucky, the party's expert on campaign finance, now pronounces reform unlikely -- perhaps because the GOP is able to tap so much more money. Nor does anyone expect the Republicans to push serious lobbying regulation. Unfortunately, the new Congress is about as likely to crack down on fat-cat lobbies and big-money politics as Sicily is to expel the Mafia.

The confrontation over taxes should display all this in Technicolor. Clinton's proposals probably don't stand much chance, but he should profit if the new feistiness of Gephardt and the House Democrats stalls the GOP tax juggernaut, which would slow down the rest of the Republican's planned 100-day blitz. Gephardt's tax proposals actually raise a more intriguing counterpoint than Clinton's to the GOP program of a 50 percent reduction in the capital-gains tax.

Gephardt's ideas are far more broadly based, because he is trying to move toward a new tax framework for Middle America.

Meanwhile, as taxes heat up, Republicans are back-pedaling in some other contract areas -- GOP congressional leaders are losing interest in term limits now that their own careers are at stake. And assuming the Supreme Court will spell out in 1995 that congressional term limits require a constitutional amendment, the new Congress will do little more than pretend support. As for giving the president the line-item veto to trim legislative pork, also in the contract, the incoming leaders now oppose any permanent change. In January, it will be their pork.

The promised balanced-budget amendment, in turn, may well be passed by Congress with technical inadequacies that make it unacceptable for ratification by the states. Then consider early December's collaboration by GOP congressional leaders in passing the controversial General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade during a lame-duck session of Congress -- it was part of a legislative ''Christmas Tree'' including special help for the big auto companies and TWA! Procedural integrity may already be going the way of ''read my lips.''

The Republicans have a particular peril in treating the electoral revolt against Clinton as a mandate for their own ideological brand of tax cuts and reduction of government.

Just as Clinton misread the middle-class frustration of the 1992 election to justify big-government health reform, the Republicans may misread 1994 to promote a regressive tax blueprint and a minimalist view of government that was never on the ballot -- creating what might be labeled ''Texanomics.'' Texas, remember, has a consumption tax instead of a progressive income tax, coupled with relatively low spending for social welfare and education, and key Texas legislators want to apply similar guidelines to the nation. This, of course, is not spelled out in the contract -- and New York and Los Angeles may not be thrilled.

The ''Texification'' of the national GOP is extraordinary. In the Senate, the new power behind the throne is Texas Sen. Phil Gramm, a former economics professor at Texas A&M and a major exponent of the GOP's blueprint for reducing federal welfare and safety-net outlays by returning these functions to the states. The new House majority leader is Rep. Dick Armey, a former economics professor at North Texas State, who favors a new ''flat'' income tax in which multimillionaires, teachers and plumbers would pay the same 17 percent rate. The third high-powered advocate is Rep. Bill Archer of Houston, incoming chairman of the pivotal House Ways and Means Committee, who favors replacing the progressive federal income tax with a regressive national sales tax.

True, these are not immediate objectives, but they tell us that the long-term thrust of GOP tax ambition is not a popular revolution but an affluent counterrevolution -- less the stuff of Thomas Jefferson than the Fortune 500.

Policies like these may break the applause meters at the Petroleum Club of Houston, but they make 1980s Reaganomics look moderate by comparison. Middle-of-the-road Northern voters may be stunned, especially if the current business recovery, starting its fifth year in March, gives way to a recession and renewed public fears about shrinking safety nets, collapsing pension funds and corporate layoffs.

Under such circumstances, the 75 percent to 85 percent of angry Americans who now tell pollsters that corporations, financiers and the rich have too much power in Washington could hit 90 percent. Whether Clinton and his party can grasp any such opportunity is not clear, but Lamar Alexander, the former Tennessee governor turned GOP presidential candidate, worries that by 1996, Republicans will be perceived as part of the mess in Washington, not part of the solution. Quite conceivable -- and while the coming tax brouhaha may not be the decisive battle, it will be an important first test.

**Notes**

Kevin Phillips is the editor and publisher of American Political Report. His most recent book is ''Arrogant Capital: Washington, Wall Street and the Frustration of American Politics.'' He wrote this for the Los Angeles Times.

**Graphic**

DRAWING, DRAWING: By Oswaldo/Excelsior, Mexico City

**Load-Date:** December 27, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Highly educated, deeply in debt; Debilitating college loans could make millennials the first generation in the U.S. not to do better than their parents.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55DK-6341-DYJT-215V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

April 15, 2012 Sunday

WEB Edition

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**Section:** WEB; P-com zzz Systems Test; Pg. WEB

**Length:** 3679 words

**Byline:** By Alfred Lubrano

INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

To get educated these days, most students have to go into debt.

And few places have higher student debt than Pennsylvania.

Average debt per student in the commonwealth is more than $28,000, fifth-highest in the country. In New Jersey, average debt is around $23,000.

And the Philadelphia region is home to schools with some of the highest student debt anywhere.

Nationally, the average student debt is about $25,000 per person, according to 2010 figures, the latest reported by the Institute for College Access & Success (TICAS). That's the highest level of student debt in American history, up nearly 43 percent since 1996, in today's dollars.

Seventy percent of Pennsylvania students have loans, compared with 66 percent nationwide. The New Jersey figure equals the U.S. average.

Debilitating debt, experts say, could trigger a financial meltdown akin to the mortgage crisis if students don't repay their loans.

It could also make the millennials, aged 18 to 34, the first generation in America not to do better than their parents, a potential failure that has people questioning the morality of how we now pay for education:

"Is it ethical to saddle a 17-year-old who's never had experience with credit with this amount of debt?" asked Barmak Nassirian, associate executive director of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars and Admissions Officers in Washington. "No counseling teaches the pain of repayment."

And while students suffer, lenders flourish, Nassirian added: "What's better than garnishing my wages and owning a piece of me for life?"

Overall, U.S. student debt is more than $1 trillion. This includes loans for students who attended any type of postsecondary institution - whether they graduated or not, according to the newly formed federal Consumer Financial Protection Bureau. That total is more than all the outstanding charges on all the credit cards throughout the United States ($693 billion), or all U.S. auto loans ($730 billion).

Student loans can be dangerous for young people, who can't declare bankruptcy and walk away from their obligations, the way people with credit-card or gambling debts can. Student debt can be garnished from wages and Social Security.

"It worries me," said Mike Mychack, 24, of Port Richmond. He graduated this year with $50,000 in debt from Temple University and now works at the Bridesburg Boys & Girls Club, making less than $20,000 a year. "I'll never be able to pay the loan off at this rate."

High tuition, high debt

Commonwealth diplomas don't come cheap.

As a result, students from Pennsylvania State and Temple Universities carry some of the highest debt among state universities in America: $31,135 and $31,123, respectively, according to 2010 figures, calculated by TICAS, a nonprofit that studies education. The figures are part of the TICAS Project on Student Debt, which studies debt data voluntarily reported by colleges in a survey.

Meanwhile, St. Joseph's and Widener Universities are among the top-debt, private, nonprofit institutions in America. Average debt at St. Joseph's in 2010 was $44,336; at Widener, $40,386.

Other local colleges are listed as having student debt below the national average. Graduates from Swarthmore, Peirce, and Haverford Colleges had debts of less than $19,000 in 2010.

Among Pennsylvania public universities, high tuition often begets high debt. The commonwealth has 22 of the 30 most expensive state schools in America, most of them branches of Penn State, according to 2009-2010 figures, the most recent analyzed by the U.S. Department of Education.

Penn State's main campus' tuition of $14,416 was the highest public university tuition in the country in 2010, federal figures show. That's more than twice the $6,397 national average. Current Penn State yearly tuition is more than $15,000.

Aaron Troisi, 25, knows firsthand the difficulties of debt. He graduated in 2008 from Penn State with degrees in sociology and anthropology - and $80,000 of debt.

Eight months after graduation, Troisi got a $42,000-a-year job as a union organizer for Service Employees International Union-Healthcare Pennsylvania. His monthly loan payments totaled $600, but with his parents' help and his own frugal living, he was able to pay $1,311 per month. He was promoted to a $50,000 job, and by the end of 2011, Troisi was able to retire half the loan.

Now, he's getting a master's degree in education at Temple, with an additional $20,000 in loans.

Troisi, who lives in West Philadelphia, considers his original Penn State debt "outrageous." He added, "The loan is absolutely overwhelming. Penn State was founded to help the ***working class***. But they're now pricing people out."

The bulk of students in America attend public colleges and universities, where state funding nationwide has been cut 2.8 percent over the last two years.

The drop in Pennsylvania's support is more than double that figure, at 7.1 percent.

At the same time, experts on college financing point out, universities are continually spending money to improve their physical plants and to make their campuses more enticing to students.

There's not much relief in South Jersey, where state funding for public schools has decreased 1.4 percent in the last two years.

At $19,344 a year, Rowan University was calculated as having the third-highest net price of public universities in America in 2009, according to the latest federal figures analyzed. (Net price is the cost of tuition, room, board, and other expenses, minus grants and scholarships.)

"Admittedly, we didn't do a good job giving scholarships" to help students defray costs, said Joe Cardona, Rowan spokesman. "We've put millions more into scholarships" since then.

As it happens, the yearly net price at Penn State's main campus was similar: $19,056.

By comparison, the 2010 net price at St. Joseph's University was $34,548 in the latest U.S. Department of Education list of private schools, 11th-highest in the nation, and the highest in the state.

University interim President John Smithson said the federal calculation unfairly penalized his school, since St. Joseph's gives a smaller amount of financial aid to a higher percentage of students.

Widener President James Harrison said his graduates have high debt because the school has served a large constituency of low-income students whose families couldn't afford to contribute to college costs.

"We never want our kids to go to Widener," said Joan Mazzotti, executive director of Philadelphia Futures, which mentors low-income students for college. "They will come out with substantially more debt."

In response, Harrison said, "It's unfortunate Joan said that." He added that the school has been recommending that some accepted students go to a community college for two years before coming to Widener, to save on the $34,000 tuition.

At St. Joseph's, Smithson said, costs are in line with other Jesuit schools. He added that, since 2010, St. Joseph's has been increasing financial aid to students so that its average student debt is down to around $40,000.

Neither St. Joseph's nor Widener has large endowments like Ivy League institutions, which can help defray tuition costs, education experts say.

A large portion of St. Joseph's parents make too much money to qualify for Pell grants, aimed at lower-income families, said Pauline Abernathy, vice president of TICAS. Eleven percent of St. Joseph's students receive Pell grants, half the 22 percent state average, the latest available figures show. Sixty-two percent of the 2010 graduates had debt, slightly lower than the national average of 66 percent.

Many St. Joseph's parents work and own houses, which drive up their net worth, making scholarships less likely, experts say.

St. Joseph's tuition is currently more than $36,000 a year. The cost of attendance (tuition, room, board, and other fees) in 2010 put the school at $49,900 a year, 15 percent higher than the average cost of attendance at private, four-year, nonprofit Pennsylvania universities - $43,200.

But there's some good news: St. Joseph's students have a low rate of default on their loans, which means that many graduates are at some point making enough money to keep payments current.

Certain schools - the University of Pennsylvania among them - offer financial-aid packages without loans. But often, experts say, parents are expected to contribute, and they end up taking out loans.

'A bunch of numbers'

Family conversation turns to dollars and cents, and the living room grows tense.

"Money is just a bunch of numbers to her," Paul Martins, 52, says of his daughter, Stephanie, 25, a student in her final year at Rutgers School of Law in Camden. For college and graduate school, Stephanie owes about $100,000 in student loans.

"She has no idea how much that is," Paul continues. "But she's going to find out the hard way." Stephanie stays quiet, studying her father.

Paul and his wife, Isabel, 50, are Portuguese immigrants who live in a modest house in Barrington, Camden County, with Stephanie, their only child.

Paul, who helps design pharmaceutical equipment, has a high school degree. Isabel, a paralegal, has an associate's degree.

Stephanie was a Spanish major at Ursinus College in Collegeville, Montgomery County, where the yearly cost of attendance is near $50,000.

"The biggest problem," Paul says, "is that she could've had a free ride at Rutgers."

Grants and scholarships would have paid for Stephanie's entire undergraduate education at Rutgers University-Camden. But she fell in love with Ursinus.

Both Paul and Isabel have chosen to help pay Stephanie's loans over saving for retirement. "I didn't want to look back and say, Because I was greedy, she didn't go to college," Isabel says. "My biggest joy in life is seeing my daughter succeed. But it's so difficult for her generation."

After graduation this spring, Stephanie would like to be a prosecutor. But there are few openings.

"You always can go into private practice," Isabel tells her daughter, revisiting another well-worn family issue.

"I'd rather not," Stephanie says, quietly ending the conversation.

In a private moment away from her folks, Stephanie confesses "my stomach turns" when she contemplates her debt.

"I try to avoid thinking too much about it, or I'd collapse from the stress of it all," she says. "I thank God my parents let me stay with them."

Cuts in state funding

Colleges are facing a shift in who pays their bills, concludes a recent study by the Delta Project, a nonprofit that studies college spending. Especially at public universities, the portion of costs covered by tuition is going up faster than overall spending.

At Penn State, prices are high because state appropriations are low and getting lower, spokeswoman Lisa Powers said by e-mail. "So it stands to reason that [the school] also has one of the highest tuitions."

Gov. Corbett cut funding to state schools last year and has proposed cutting 30 percent out of Penn State's budget next year.

Temple has seen a shift in its funding from state aid to tuition. In 1972, 34 percent of the school's budget was covered by tuition. Today, tuition pays 77 percent.

"The social compact - that the children of the working and middle class can get educated at our university for a fraction of what's paid at a private school - has been turned on its head," said Tony Wagner, Temple's chief financial officer.

State officials strongly disagree.

"Even when Penn State received more taxpayer dollars, it still increased tuition" in years past, wrote Tim Eller, spokesman for the state's Department of Education, via e-mail.

He added that the commonwealth makes "a significant investment on the part of Pennsylvania taxpayers."

Not true, others say.

"The antics of state cuts to universities in Pennsylvania are just nuts," said Dan Hurley, policy analyst for the American Association of State Colleges and Universities in Washington.

"It would be good to see more appreciation of public higher-education access there at a time of transitioning to knowledge-age economies."

These days, more students than ever - 10 percent - graduate with high debt, defined as loans of $40,000 or more, up from 3 percent since 1996, according to the Project on Student Debt.

Among all students, African Americans carry the most levels of high debt in the United States.

About 16 percent of African American graduates owed more than $40,000 on loans in 2008, the latest year calculated. For whites, it was 10 percent; Hispanics, 8 percent; and Asians, 5 percent.

African Americans are "disproportionately recruited by and enrolled in for-profit colleges, which cost more on average," said Abernathy of TICAS.

"It's very troubling that the lowest-income students have the highest levels of student debt," she said.

A disproportionate share of African Americans have low incomes and are the first in their families to attend college, Abernathy said. They're less likely to know someone who has gone to college to stop them from enrolling at any school that pressures them to sign up.

The U.S. Department of Education has accused some for-profits of using exploitative tactics to enroll students.

With so much overwhelming student debt, defaulting on loans is increasing.

About 320,000 borrowers who started repaying their loans in 2009 defaulted by the end of 2010 - 81,000 more than the year before.

More than 50 percent of the increase is from students who attended for-profit colleges, which charge tuitions that in many cases are double those of other colleges.

At the for-profit Lincoln Technical Institute on Lansdale Avenue, about 40 percent of students are defaulting within three years of their first loan repayments - one of the highest rates in the nation, according to the latest available figures from the U.S. Department of Education.

Students who default often ruin their credit, finding themselves unable to buy homes or even to secure more student loans to try to finish school.

Things could get worse in July, when interest rates on federal student loans for low-income students are set to rise to 6.8 percent, from 3.4 percent. President Obama is fighting the hike, while Republicans in the U.S. House of Representatives are supporting it.

Good investment

Not all student debt is bad.

College, in fact, can be the best investment a person ever makes.

But when the class of 2012 graduates next month, its members will be entering a job market with steep competition.

"The problem isn't necessarily the $25,000 debt," said Paul Harrington, director of the Center for Labor Markets and Policy at Drexel University. "It's having the debt and then making $10 an hour that's overwhelming."

Students must be more strategic in picking majors that will lead to jobs that can pay back their loans, experts say.

"It's one thing to have a six-figure debt and be graduating from medical school," noted Hurley of the American Association of State Colleges and Universities. "But $40,000 in debt for a social worker or public schoolteacher - that's not good at all."

Too many students don't understand that when they go to college, they're entering places of business, not cathedrals on a hill, said Nassirian, in Washington. "A lot of schools have stopped being anything but self-sustaining bureaucracies."

In the past, colleges spent most financial aid on low- or moderate-income people.

That's changed, according to U.S. Department of Education research. Nowadays, both public and private four-year colleges are spending huge amounts of aid money on merit: attracting those with better grades and SAT scores, who make the schools look more prestigious, and those with higher incomes or from out of state and other countries, who can pay the full price and offset increasing tuitions.

"Schools are always trying to boost their place on the U.S. News & World Report college rankings," said Jennifer Mishory, deputy director of the Young Invincibles, a national nonprofit for young people.

Better-ranked schools attract more and better students.

That's the basis of a report by both the University of Southern California's Center for Enrollment Research, Policy, and Practice and the Education Conservancy, a nonprofit that helps students with the admissions process.

The practice of offering aid to students without regard for need "has grown to the point of significantly reducing the funds to qualified students from lower-income households who could benefit from a college education," the report says.

In fact, rewarding merit over need is so pervasive that the average cost of college for families with incomes of $100,000 or more has actually fallen 18 percent in recent years, the report shows.

At the same time, the cost of college for families making less than $35,000 has risen 14 percent.

To be less of a burden

Plan B is turning out to be expensive. But Ryan Collins doesn't see much choice.

A religious studies major who graduated from Ursinus in 2010 with more than $20,000 in debt, Collins, 27, is jobless and living in Abington with his parents.

Ursinus accepts many low-income students and has a small endowment, says Richard DiFeliciantonio, vice president for enrollment. That might explain why the Project on Student Debt found that average debt at the college was nearly $2,000 above U.S. figures, and why 78 percent of Ursinus students graduated with debt in 2010, as compared to 66 percent nationwide, he says.

To be less of a burden, Collins - who graduated with a 3.97 grade-point average - studies acupuncture in a three-year, $51,000 program at the Won Institute of Graduate Studies in Glenside.

He uses Buddhist teachings to calm himself about the "horrifying" debt, adding, "I can't imagine a more useless major than religion." And, he adds, poking people to make a living may seem pretty strange.

"But I have friends becoming doctors," Collins adds, "and they can refer patients to me."

Both Collins' parents have master's degrees in social work. His father is disabled, and his mother is a receptionist in a dental office.

"It's time for me get independent," Collins says.

But it isn't easy.

"I know I'm going on hope," Collins adds. "Jobs are limited. If I have a family some day, how can I support them with all my debt?"

Shangri-La U.

Parents love pretty campuses. And that's a problem.

To compete for the parent dollar, education experts say, college officials have long believed that they must manufacture nothing short of Shangri-La University: heaven on earth, with cable.

Health facilities, major athletic complexes, libraries, speedy Internet service - an entire society is replicated.

And that costs money.

"On the college tour," said Mazzotti of Philadelphia Futures, "they don't take you to the philosophy department. They show you the gym."

When choosing a school, families need to compromise. "Pick a more Spartan school near home and commute," Nassirian said. "Focus on the stuff that matters - not the sushi."

Another important factor: Finish what you start.

Record numbers of students are going to college - 70 percent of 2009 high school graduates entered college by October 2010, compared to 51 percent in 1975, federal figures show.

But "the rate of completion has barely budged in 30 years," said Frank Furstenberg, University of Pennsylvania sociologist.

Forty-three percent of students in four-year schools don't finish, data show.

Four-year schools aren't for everyone, experts agree, and many young people should look to community colleges for certificates in fields with paying jobs - and not to Shangri-La U.

A muddled future

Latoya McFadden, 23, sits somberly in the Center City office of Philadelphia Futures, both a success story and a cautionary tale.

She has large eyes and a soft voice. The word Glamour is tattooed on her right forearm.

McFadden lives with her mother in Olney, commuting two hours each way by bus to a part-time job in a Montgomery County wine shop.

She owes more than $20,000 in student loans, difficult enough if she had a college degree.

But she's two years short. And with a current salary of $11.34 an hour, her future looks muddled.

"Having this debt makes me feel stress," says McFadden. "I'm depressed."

Flanked by Mazzotti from Philadelphia Futures and one of her directors, Christina Santos, McFadden has the look of a chastened child.

McFadden, in love with fashion, was an A and B student at Fels High School in the Northeast.

With help from the Futures group, McFadden got into Indiana University of Pennsylvania in 2007, a state school near Pittsburgh.

Her financial package included grants without loans, covering her entire tuition.

But McFadden wanted to be in fashion design, and Indiana offered only fashion merchandising.

So, after a semester, McFadden transferred to the Art Institute of Philadelphia, a private, for-profit school.

"We strongly discouraged that," Santos says.

Tuition at the institute was $17,034 a year. McFadden took out loans for the first year. Midway through her sophomore year in 2008-09, she needed more money. Her mother, a security guard, had already taken out a student loan for McFadden and didn't want to cosign another.

McFadden was posting a nifty 3.3 grade-point average at the institute. But there was no more money - she had to leave.

Now she must manage two loans. One is temporarily deferred, the other costs $50 a month.

Paying it all back could take a lot of years.

"She's worse off than when she started," Santos says. "Debt with no degree."

McFadden can't retire her loans unless she gets a college-level job. But she can't finish college until she gets more loans.

"It's a significant Catch-22," Santos says.

"Right now, I'm sunk," McFadden says.

Mazzotti hugs McFadden. Then later, with McFadden gone, she says, "I wish the banks lending students money would put out 5,000 one-dollar bills on the table before the kids sign the loans.

"Then they could see just what they're getting into."

Contact Alfred Lubrano at 215-854-4969 or alubrano@phillynews.com.

Experts: Choose federal over private loans

http://www.philly.com/philly/zzz\_systest/ExpertsChooseFederalOverPrivateLoans.html

**Load-Date:** April 15, 2012

**End of Document**



[***The early line on our favorites***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2D50-003K-330G-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 13, 1989, Tuesday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 3D; Television

**Length:** 1234 words

**Byline:** Jack Curry

**Body**

Ratings keep track of which series are most popular. But we wanted to find what makes the shows popular - and if that appeal would carry into next season. USA TODAY's Jack Curry assesses the top six shows' strengths and weaknesses based upon a recent phone poll of 715 adult TV viewers, conducted by the Gordon S. Black Corp. The results, which have a 3.5 percent margin of error, show Cosby is losing its men fans, and more women can relate to Roseanne than men. Some older shows may fade, and more viewers may bail out. (More poll results, 1A. )

Huxtables help keep viewers happy

The Cosby Show (Thursday, 8 p.m. EDT/PDT, NBC) was the No. 1 show in 1988-89.

- Strengths: Women love NBC's top-rated sitcom; 31 percent of female viewers say they will watch the show more often next year compared to 19 percent of men. In fact, 44 percent of male viewers say they will watch less often.

A whopping 56 percent of women who will be watching more say it's because they enjoy the attractive Huxtable family.

The anticipated return of Lisa Bonet gives the series a little lift going into its sixth season, but only among the young. Only 5 percent of all viewers say they will watch the series more because she is coming back, and they are all 18-34 years old.

Bill Cosby remains one of the show's assets, but his appeal is eroding. While 13 percent of those who plan to watch more say it is because he is their favorite actor, 10 percent who plan to watch less say it's because they are sick of him.

- Weaknesses: The show, which topped the ratings for the past four years, may simply be getting old. Almost half those who plan to watch it less say it is because the show's situations aren't fresh any more.

Dislike of Cosby runs stronger among men, about twice as many of whom say he's the reason they won't watch as much. And the older the viewers, the more likely they are to say he's the reason the show is turning them off.

TEXT OF GRAPHIC

The Cosby Show Next year, will you watch

|  |
| --- |
| More often         26% |
| About the same     37% |
| Less often         34% |
| Don't know          3% |
|  |

- Prognosis: Eroding support could knock the Cos from the top 5.

She's someone different

Roseanne (Tuesday, 9 p.m. EDT/PDT, ABC) tied for No. 4 in 1988-89.

- Strengths: The past season's biggest new hit has only begun to shine. Almost half its viewers plan to watch it even more often next season.

The novelty of the show - it celebrates an opinionated, sometimes strident ***working-class*** mom - seems to be the key reason people like it.

More than any other reason, viewers say the fact that the sitcom is

different and fresh is the major reason they'll watch more often next season.

Young people are especially avid fans; 61 percent of those 18-34 say they plan to watch the Tuesday night smash more often next season. Not surprisingly, women and viewers 35-54 are most likely to watch the show more because they can relate to the characters.

- Weaknesses: A quarter of the people surveyed just don't like the show and plan to watch it less. Critics have speculated that Barr's sense of humor and strength might be threatening to men. And 27 percent of the male viewers who plan to watch less say it's because she is obnoxious and unattractive.

Despite Roseanne's novelty, there are already viewers who say the show is stale. The biggest reason viewers say they'll watch less: It's the same thing over and over again.

TEXT OF GRAPHIC

Roseanne Next year, will you watch

|  |
| --- |
| More often         48% |
| About the same     25% |
| Less often         24% |
| Don't know          3% |
|  |

- Prognosis: Even bigger ratings for TV's hottest newcomer.

Barflies need new scenery

Cheers (Thursday, 9 p.m. EDT/PDT, NBC) was the No. 3 show in 1988-89.

- Strengths: Almost 50 percent of the viewers who plan to watch more say it is because they like the way the characters work together. More men than women will be watching because they think it is TV's funniest show.

- Weaknesses: Fans are getting tired of the bar; almost half of viewers who plan to watch less say it's because the show doesn't change from week to week. Another 15 percent, mostly men, say they'll be watching less because they miss Diane (Shelley Long). Only 4 percent, though, cite her replacement, Rebecca (Kirstie Alley) as the reason they'll be watching less.

TEXT OF GRAPHIC

Cheers Next year, will you watch

|  |
| --- |
| More often         32% |
| About the same     34% |
| Less often         33% |
| Don't know          1% |
|  |

- Prognosis: Losing speed, almost certain to drop in ratings.

Humor that wears well

The Golden Girls (Saturday, 9 p.m. EDT/PDT, NBC) tied for No. 4 in 1988-89.

- Strengths: Almost a third of last season's audience plan to watch it even more this fall. That's not as much as Roseanne or even 60 Minutes, but it shows enduring popularity.

Girls has a strong following among men; 43 percent of men who plan to watch it more say it's the funniest show on TV.

Women like it because the humor - often outrageous - is sophisticated and adult. Younger viewers identify that as the major reason they will watch.

In this era of growing network concern over offending viewers, Girls' producers can take heart that their innuendo-laced scripts aren't hurting them. Only 5 percent of those who say they're going to watch less often next year blame it on offensiveness.

- Weaknesses: The most common reason those surveyed will watch less often: They plan to go out more on Saturday night. Women picked that response almost twice as often as men.

The 21 percent who plan to watch less say it's because the show is burned out. Another 14 percent say they won't watch as much because the series' depiction of the elderly isn't realistic.

TEXT OF GRAPHIC

The Golden Girls Next year, will you watch

|  |
| --- |
| More often         32% |
| About the same     37% |
| Less often         29% |
| Don't know          2% |
|  |

- Prognosis: Healthy ratings for Saturday night's powerhouse.

Loyal fans want the facts

60 Minutes (Sunday, 7 p.m. EDT/PDT, CBS) was the No. 6 show of the 1988-89 season.

- Strengths: After newcomer Roseanne, the 21-year-old CBS warhorse ranks as the show the most people say they will watch more often.

Men look forward to increasing viewership more than women. Both women and men say the main reason is that it is an excellent information source.

The loss of Diane Sawyer seems to be no threat to viewership. Only 2 percent who plan to watch the show less say it is because they will miss Sawyer - and they are all men. And if critics have complained that the series has lost its edge, the softening hasn't put people off. Eleven percent of those who say they will watch more specify it is because the magazine is doing more interviews and personality pieces.

- Weaknesses: Even among regular watchers, the series gets criticism for being dull. Almost half of those who say they will watch less next season say it's because the show is boring. That sentiment is more prevalent among women and viewers 18 to 34.

The multiple-anchor format disgruntles some; 11 percent say they will watch less because the show has too many correspondents.

TEXT OF GRAPHIC

60 Minutes Next year, will you watch

|  |
| --- |
| More often         40% |
| About the same     43% |
| Less often         15% |
| Don't know          2% |
|  |

- Prognosis: Solid future for prime time's oldest show.

Improved, but not enough

A Different World (Thursday, 8: 30 p.m. EDT/PDT, NBC) was No. 2 in 1988-89.

- Strengths: Twice as many women as men say they'll be watching more because they like the way Whitley's (Jasmine Guy) role has expanded. Almost a quarter of those who'll watch more say the show improved last season.

Almost a third who'll watch more say it's because it follows Cosby.

- Weaknesses: Almost half of all viewers, more men than women, say they will watch it less next year, the largest percentage of the top-6 series. Fifteen percent will watch less because they don't plan on watching Cosby as often.

TEXT OF GRAPHIC

A Different World Next year, will you watch

|  |
| --- |
| More often         27% |
| About the same     23% |
| Less often         46% |
| Don't know          4% |
|  |

- Prognosis: Can stay hot only if Cosby continues to carry it.

**Notes**

Ribbon Label; USA TODAY POLL; 1

**Graphic**

b/w (chart, graph); GRAPHIC; b/w (chart, graph); GRAPHIC; b/w (chart, graph); GRAPHIC; b/w (chart, graph); GRAPHIC; b/w (chart, graph); GRAPHIC; b/w (chart, graph)

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[***Fineview dwellers find charm and challenge***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NYC0-0094-5393-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 7, 1994, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1994 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 1443 words

**Body**

I really didn't get to know my North Side neighborhood of Fineview until Harry moved in.

Almost six years after buying a house on Catoma Street, I began taking frequent walks with my new dog to explore the narrow, hilly streets and Fineview Field -- renowned by softball league members from around Allegheny County as one of the best in Pittsburgh. With a dog, you get to know your community -- and your neighbors.

Since moving from Mt. Lebanon (lured by a second mortgage financial package from the city Urban Redevelopment Authority for first-time home buyers and the panoramic view of the city), I was surprised to find five families from suburbia who had bought houses in Fineview in the last two years.

This was not part of a planned effort to attract home buyers -- such as the URA-sponsored Fineview Crest townhouses built two years ago around the corner.

The new residents bought old houses throughout this mostly ***working-class*** neighborhood that has seen its population drop since 1950, from 4,997 residents to 1,907.

Neighborfair Pittsburgh Inc., which keeps track of real estate and U.S. Census trends, said the sale of houses in Fineview in the past few years had ranged from a high of $ 150,000 to lows of less than $ 1,000.

Fineview is only two miles from Downtown, and only a roll down the hill to Allegheny General Hospital. But there are fears -- real and imagined -- of drive-by shootings, drug deals and muggings on nearby Federal Street and Perrysville Avenue.

So why did they come?

With prompting by the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, Mayor Murphy sat down last Wednesday with the Fineview newcomers and talked for nearly two hours about why they moved to the city and some of the pluses and minuses they see in city living.

The mayor and his wife, Mona, live across Federal Street in Perry Hilltop in a home they bought 25 years ago for $ 8,000. Less than a month ago, shots were fired in front of their home.

In the discussion with the mayor, the neighbors sat around the dining room table in a five-bedroom colonial house on Jay Street bought by Elizabeth and Tim Daigle a year ago for $ 120,000 -- the same amount for which they sold their much smaller Mt. Lebanon house.

The group included Elizabeth Daigle, 32, and Tim Daigle, 33, a business systems consultant for Arthur Anderson, who have two children, Joanna, who will be 4 on Sunday, and John, 2. Their across-the-street neighbor is Terry Starrett, 43, a nurse for ABC Home Health Care, who bought her $ 48,000 house last year after renting in Monroeville.

Two years ago, Judith Harvey, 59, who is on sabbatical as a librarian for the Baldwin-Whitehall School District, ''fell in love'' with a small, historic house on Catoma Street, and has been renovating the inside so she and her husband, Robert, eventually can ''retire'' from Mt. Lebanon.

Farther up the hill, Mark, 30, and Chris Guy, 30, bought a house on Lafayette Street for them and their growing family -- Aaron, 3, Hannah, 1 1/2, and Alex, 2 months. They came from Shaler.

Mark Guy and Daniel Holt, 30, doctors at Mercy Hospital, in January will open a family practice, the North Side Christian Health Center, on East Ohio Street on the lower North Side. Daniel and his wife, Heidi, 30, moved from Aspinwall into their Biggs Street house earlier this year with their two children, Anneliese, 3 1/2, and Conrad, 2.

The Holts and Guys have known each other since their student days at Gannon College in Erie. They're friends with the Daigles because all three couples are active in the Allegheny Center Christian and Missionary Alliance Church near Allegheny Center Mall.

They told the mayor they moved to Fineview because of its affordability, historic preservation and diversity. All represented a kind of pioneer spirit. They are eager and anxious. Neither Heidi Holt nor Chris Guy wanted to live in the city. But, they found houses with yards -- an attraction they thought could be found only in the suburbs. Their children likely will go to private, religious schools, but they want them to know and understand their neighborhood friends.

''My major reason for moving into the city was A, that it was affordable, and B, because the city was offering me a great deal on the mortgage that I could afford,'' Terry Starrett said. ''I had a lot of friends say, 'Why would you move there? On the North Side?' But I'd said I have wonderful neighbors.''

Not long ago Starrett's dog scared away a would-be robber. The day after the Holts closed on their house, it was broken into.

In one exchange, many had complaints about Federal Street and the crime.

Elizabeth Daigle: ''Federal -- that's the grim stretch.''

Mayor Murphy: ''I don't know whether you've noticed, but in the past five or six months, Federal Street has been cleaned up remarkably. There were a lot of people dealing drugs in the parking lot, and that's gone. It came about because I was at a meeting, and I'd just jog home from Downtown. I literally saw two or three drug deals.

''So I got the (police) lieutenant there, and I said, clean it up. What happened, though, was it moved back into Jacksonia and Alpine streets and somewhat up on Perry Hilltop. That's what's going on there. We're doing a lot of work and I've asked the police to figure where it's going next. ''

Daniel Holt: ''There's a frustration. You talk about the institutional changes. Yes, you can stamp it out here, but 15 more (problems) are going to come up here.''

Murphy: ''I've been mayor 10 months, and it really has been an incredible experience to see why things happen or don't happen. It's very difficult to try to bring changes.''

Judith Harvey: ''If it were just a little bit safer. There are an awful lot of people like me who worship history, who live with the old and do not want two rectangle walls that match.''

Mark Guy: ''The government has some responsibility, like the police, like making sure the garbage is picked up. But the fixing of the family, dealing with these kids, that's not something you can control.

''That's part of why Chris and I are here, to get involved in the community through the health center and through the church. We want just to be good neighbors.''

Tim Daigle: ''Here you need your neighbors. In the suburbs, I didn't need to know them. We kept to ourselves. I longed for that sense of neighborhood.''

Elizabeth Daigle: ''Tim has said no air conditioning. Without air conditioning, we sit on the porch and see our neighbors. We know that it's more than just us, that we're part of a greater work.''

Elizabeth Daigle said she believed that she got a ''sign'' from Judith Harvey the day she came up to look at the house for sale. Harvey was working in her yard, and the two talked.

Then, when Starrett was house-hunting, she met Elizabeth Daigle.

''So we can give confidence to somebody else, like the confidence Judy gave me,'' said Elizabeth Daigle.

Daniel Holt said residents still needed to know how to address problems on the North Side.

''There's lots of ways, lots of good ways -- like buying buildings and converting them on Federal Street. But we can't do that,'' Holt said.

Said Murphy: ''I can do that, and that's why it's fun being mayor. The buildings for me are only the symbols of change that has come about here. Employment is clearly the urgency.''

Murphy, who has two college-age daughters and a 4-year-old son, assured the parents that their children will be the better for ''the richness of the day-to-day life.''

''The North Side has a diversity to it,'' Murphy said. ''There's not a place in the city that has the kind of richness, for better or for worse, of what is meant by urban living -- in terms of the people, whether they're rich or poor. There's a real sense of community.''

''Yes, here you get so much more, but it takes an effort,'' Harvey said.

''I'm a major suburb girl,'' Heidi Holt said. ''I know it's going to take a while. I'm going to have to get street smart. It's going to take a while.''

At the same time, Elizabeth Daigle talked about the ''fun of popping over to town,'' to go shopping or the convenience of taking the children to the National Aviary, the Pittsburgh Zoo and the Children's Museum.

And her husband can be home for lunch every day because it takes only a few minutes to drive from Downtown.

Murphy concluded: ''Ultimately, I think the struggle is the day-to-day thing. When you hear someone shoot off a gun in front of your house, you lose sight of it. You wonder why you're here.

''You'll come to a point where you won't be able to stand the dirtiness and the noise and the fright and all the bad things that come with city living. But if you happen to get through that, you'll probably end up living here 25 years, like we have.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, MAP, V.W.H. Campbell Jr./Post-Gazette: Fineview neighbors, from left, Tim Daigle, with daughter Joanna; Elizabeth Daigle with son John; Pat McQuistin with Reed Goldberg, in front; Terry Starrett with Harrison Goldberg; Mark Guy, holding baby Alex; Chris Guy holding son Aaron and daughter Hannah; Heidi and Daniel Holt, seated, holding their children Anneliese and Conrad; and Judith Harvey. They got together purposely at this spot in Fineview to illustrate what a ''fine view'' of the city they have from their neighborhood.; Neighborfair Pittsburgh Inc.; Post-Gazette: (Fineview)

**Load-Date:** November 8, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Ridge teaches winning lessons;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NY20-0094-52TX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Campaign proved some basic rules in running a race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NY20-0094-52TX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 10, 1994, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** STATE,

**Length:** 1521 words

**Byline:** Dennis B. Roddy and Tim Reeves, Post-Gazette Staff Writers

**Body**

Two months ago, name recognition had propelled Democrat Mark S. Singel to a lead in statewide polls in a campaign in which the candidates had yet to define themselves to skittish voters.

But in the subsequent weeks, the lieutenant governor's campaign began to fall apart while his challenger, Erie Republican Tom Ridge, capitalized skillfully on Singel's bad breaks and lived by the maxim that good luck takes planning.

''(Singel's) problem was that he failed to define himself as having a serious vision for what Pennsylvania was to become,'' former Gov. Dick Thornburgh said.

Indeed, while Ridge ploddingly brought himself into crisper focus in the minds of Pennsylvanians, Singel somehow lost grip on his theme that he was ''ready right now'' to be governor, despite having held that post as acting governor for six months.

Pennsylvania's race for governor became proof of political rules mastered by Ridge and seemingly ignored by Singel.

Lesson One: Make your opponent fight your fight.

Mark Singel didn't want to debate the crime issue. Crime, had leveled off in Pennsylvania, and Singel believed his strength lay in his six-month stint as acting governor. He toured the state touting himself as the product of a ***working-class*** family, a friend to the workingman and woman, calling himself ''the candidate of the bus drivers, while Tom Ridge is the candidate of the bankers.''

Ridge's campaign had been bracing for a Singel attack over Ridge's position on the House Banking Committee. Ridge, like most other members of that committee, had received contributions from banks and from savings and loans officials while the S&L industry became a nationwide scandal.

On top of that, Ridge, as a congressman, had the usual liabilities that attend such an office: he received a generous salary; his travel expenses were covered; and he had publicly acknowledged that, to make the run for governor, he would be missing votes on the floor of the House.

Why, then, did Singel wind up spending the last month -- the month in which voters really began to pay attention to the race -- in a back-and-forth with Ridge over who was softer on crime?

''We threw them off their game plan and dragged them into the crime debate,'' said Mark Holman, Ridge's campaign manager. The tactic, he said, wasn't entirely to Ridge's credit. ''They got pulled into the crime debate due to an overreaction to 'Jan.' ''

''Jan'' is the ad in which Jan Licence, a Montgomery County woman, spoke straight into the camera and told of how she was raped by a 16-year-old who, because of the judge's decision to try him as a juvenile, would get out of a detention center soon.

When the ''Jan'' commercial hit, Singel's forces blasted back at Ridge with an ad saying he had cynically used a woman's misfortune for political gain.

Ridge's camp was delighted.

''They weren't talking about the workingman. They weren't talking about missed votes. They were talking about crime,'' Holman said.

And that's when Reginald McFadden seemingly fell out of the sky and directly on top of Singel.

Alan Gould, Singel's campaign manager, remembers the night the worst-case scenario came calling. Staffers at Singel's Harrisburg headquarters were scanning the Associated Press wires when they spotted a story about a Pennsylvania parolee, freed from a life sentence, who had been arrested for a rape and kidnapping in New York and was the prime suspect in a murder as well.

His name was Reginald McFadden. And he turned out to be one of the convicts with a life sentence whom Singel had voted to recommend to Gov. Casey for clemency.

''I called Mark and I said, 'There's a report that a man that was pardoned by Gov. Casey is alleged to have committed crimes in New York,' '' Gould recalled. ''He wanted more facts.''

Singel stopped his campaigning in Philadelphia and returned to Harrisburg where he, Gould, communications director Ed Peavy and advertising expert Glen Totten huddled in his office to decide what to do.

''I think they were shellshocked,'' said Mark Holman, Ridge's campaign manager.

Shellshocked they were. Except for a Singel press conference at which he apologized -- leaving many with the impression that he, not Casey, had pardoned McFadden -- Singel's campaign was silent on the issue for 13 days.

Lesson Two: Have the organization to carry out your plan.

Ridge's campaign began the morning of Nov. 9, 1990, hours after Casey obliterated Republican challenger Barbara Hafer in a landslide that gave his second in command, Lt. Gov. Mark Singel, the confidence to make a bid for Senate.

Ridge had little money and no statewide name recognition.

He and his aides developed a plan to chip away at those liabilities. The plan -- which began to play out in the summer of 1991, when Holman moved from his congressional to Ridge's political staff -- was novel. Ridge would form a committee, called the Fund for Pennsylvania Leadership, that would donate money to Republican candidates for local and county offices across the state. The contributions gave him valuable local contacts and loyalties which he could cash in later.

Vigorous statewide fund raising began. Contacts were firmed up: Elsie Hillman, the Pittsburgh GOP mainstay whose clout had helped put Dick Thornburgh in the governor's mansion and John Heinz in the Senate; Marilyn Ware Lewis, a longtime fixture in the Republican Party; and former state GOP chairman Robert Asher.

When the books are closed next month, Ridge will have spent more than $ 10 million this year, easily eclipsing Singel's estimated $ 7 million.

Another part of Ridge's strategy was to use that money unconventionally. Instead of pouring it all into television advertising, he used direct mail to Casey Democrats, staff to coordinate grass-roots coalitions, and phone banks.

Ridge and Singel had both spent years developing a network of important contacts across the state. But Ridge appeared to do more to exploit his.

One example: State Treasurer Catherine Baker Knoll, who has a network of supporters, said she could retail many votes for Singel if she were brought on board.

''That's what people like me can do,'' she said in a final-week rally Downtown. ''But we haven't been able to get out and do that. It's all media. That's what these media teams do.''

In the final week, Knoll said, the Singel campaign seemed to push for field work, ''but it should have been sooner.''

Similarly, the Singel campaign was bedeviled by detail problems.

Richard Webb, Singel's Western Pennsylvania coordinator, remembers a call from the Harrisburg headquarters for a morning press conference at which lieutenant governor candidate Tom Foley was to speak on day care.

''The caller told me they'd moved it from the South Side section of Pittsburgh to the Oakmont section,'' Webb said.

Oakmont, 10 miles upriver from Downtown, was its own town, and not easily reached during rush hour.

Newspeople didn't bother to make the trip.

''Nobody showed up,'' Webb said.

When McFadden became an issue, a Singel staff member was sent to the Erie Courthouse where the case records of Martin Rice, a man once accused of rape in a case handled by then-prosecutor Tom Ridge, were to be found. Singel's staff assembled a lengthy package on Rice, who had initially been accused with two other men of raping an Erie woman. He later testified against the other men after Ridge dropped the charges in return for testimony. The victim said Rice had not participated in the rape but had witnessed it.

Ridge's forces knew what case files the Singel researcher had examined and had a written response prepared two days before Singel raised the Rice case on a televised statewide debate.

''They were indiscreet enough that we were able to figure out the exact file they were looking at,'' Holman said. ''I know they had hoped that was going to be a jaw-dropper at the debate.''

Lesson Three: Elections are as much about changing people's minds as they are about reading them.

When the McFadden case broke, the Singel campaign turned to a focus group set up to gauge the progress the candidates were making. The results were devastating -- the group blamed Singel, saw him as weak and a bad choice after the McFadden incident.

Earlier polls had shown that jobs, not crime, were the top issue with voters. But the reaction of the focus group convinced the Singel campaign that they had to address the crime issue before they could try to turn the debate back to economics again.

''Mark Singel is a natural leader, and they took that away from him. That wasn't allowed to come across. He had the stuff, he had great stuff, and it didn't come through,'' said Jeff Craig, a Pittsburgh businessman and close friend and adviser of the lieutenant governor.

''They went out and did these focus groups and figured that crime was at the top of the agenda,'' Craig said. ''They were telling them what they thought people wanted to hear.''

As Craig and some other Singel advisers saw it, the lieutenant governor never put his message clearly across in a way to get voters' minds off McFadden and onto issues where Singel could argue as his strengths.

''People want to be led,'' Craig said. ''They want their leaders to lead.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Bill Wade/Post-Gazette: Tom Ridge is surrounded by reporters as he leaves a mid-morning news conference at the Erie Club yesterday in downtown Erie.

**Load-Date:** November 11, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Market update;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42WF-T8R0-00J2-33H2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Sellers still rule spring market;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42WF-T8R0-00J2-33H2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Demand is brisk, particularly for starter houses, which are in short supply and getting pricier.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42WF-T8R0-00J2-33H2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

April 21, 2001, Saturday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** HOMES; Pg. 4H

**Length:** 1852 words

**Byline:** Jim Buchta; Staff Writer

**Body**

If real estate agents are accurate in their prognostications, this spring might be another season of discontent for some home buyers.

     Early signs are that it's shaping up to be a seller's market for the eighth year in a row, according to Bud Batterson, president of the Minneapolis Area Association of Realtors.

     Generally, houses under $180,000 that are in or near the central cities are selling as quickly as they did last year, in a day or two in some cases.

     "I think it's a stronger market than last year," said John Anderson, president of the Minnesota Association of Realtors and a broker-agent for Twin Oaks Realty in Crystal. "Listings are moving quickly," and prices are up 7 to 10 percent.

   On the other hand, the market for more expensive houses isn't as voracious, said Joel Hentges, a sales agent with Counselor Realty in Deephaven.

     "Last year things sold word of mouth; that's not true this year," he said.

     Hentges, who sells primarily in the western suburbs, said houses in that area priced from $400,000 to $1 million are now taking 60 to 90 days to sell; last year they averaged 30 to 35 days.

     The story is the same for new construction.

     Home builders say the market for new homes remains strong, but not as crazy as last year. And the lower the price of the house, the faster it's likely to sell.

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Starter houses in demand

     So the big story this spring seems to be the rising demand for \_ and falling affordability of \_ starter house.

     During March the number of new listings that came on the market was up almost a third from February, but the median sale price of homes in the Twin Cities metro area last month went up $7,150 to $164,900, according to the Minneapolis Area Association of Realtors. The increase in the median sale price \_ half sold for more, half sold for less \_ indicates that the low end of the price range is moving up.

     So far this year, the number of new listings on the market was up 11.6 percent, while the number of sales closed rose 10 percent from last year.

     Just a couple of years ago it wasn't difficult to find a good, solid house in a decent Twin Cities neighborhood for about $100,000. But steady and strong demand for those houses is making them harder to find.

     In the Phillips neighborhood in Minneapolis, for example, the average sale price rose 51 percent from 1999 to 2000, to $83,073, according to recent data from the Minneapolis Area Association of Realtors.

     In St. Paul's Homecroft/West 7th neighborhood, the average sale price increased 34.1 percent to $114,000 during the same period.

     Many suburbs also have seen double-digit increases. Generally speaking, the biggest percentage gains were in communities and neighborhoods where prices are lowest.

     While rising prices are a boon to homeowners, many buyers are getting pushed out of the market, leaving people such as Allison and Pat Hoff to wonder how the ***working class*** can afford to buy a house.

     The Hoffs were renting a small one-bedroom apartment in St. Louis Park, but they're expecting their second child and needed to find a larger place to live. A larger apartment would have cost them $1,000 to $1,200 a month, so they decided it made sense to buy. They set their price limit at about $120,000.

     Allison Hoff, a home mortgage consultant, said they started shopping in southwest Minneapolis and the suburbs, but quickly found that the pickings were slim. So they shifted their search area to other Minneapolis neighborhoods where there were more listings in their price range, but few were in move-in condition.

     "Every house we'd look at was a total let-down," she said. "It would look good on paper, but we'd get there and it would be . . . dirty or in a bad neighborhood. Or too old. Or something weird. Or something broken."

      The competition was fierce, too.

     "As soon as you find something, you have to jump on it," she said. "There were a few that we couldn't even get a chance to look at before they were sold. . . . Oh, it was very stressful."

     The Hoffs ended up compromising on location and home condition. They closed April 13 on a two-bedroom, three-bathroom house in north Minneapolis, which they bought for $108,500.

     The house isn't exactly what they wanted, nor is it in the neighborhood of their choice, but it is a sturdy house (built of concrete block) and their $900 monthly payment is far less than rent.

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Reasons for strong market

     Batterson has a few theories about why the market for sub-$200,000 houses is so strong.

     Part of it has to do with the Minnesota economy. He said that while other states are suffering, Minnesota has a broad-based economy that is faring better than some.

     Population gains also have played a role. The recently released Minnesota census figures show significant population increases for many of the state's urban and suburban areas. More people means more demand for housing.

     Batterson said Minnesotans are fond of space \_ many buyers prefer to own a single-family house on a large lot. In other big cities such as New York and Chicago, people tend to hold less fascination with owning land. That affects the kind of development that happens here, he said. Rather than building townhouses and condominiums, developers build single-family houses.

     The tight rental market also has had an effect. Vacancy rates in some communities are at 1 to 2 percent, allowing property owners to raise rents. That prompts some renters to wonder if the cost of owning a home is competitive with the cost of renting.

     Vacancy rates have been low in part because the number of new apartments hasn't kept pace with the number of new renters.

     "Equity envy" plays a role, too. Batterson said that after watching home values appreciate, many people are looking at buying a house as a good investment.

      "A lot of people have seen the gains their friends have made in real estate and they want to get into it," he said.

     And finally, low inventory has increased demand for those houses that do hit the market. Inventory has been particularly low because some homeowners who might have sold decided to refinance and use that money to fix up their house rather than move.

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Complications in moving up

     Other potential home sellers are finding that even with ample equity, moving up to a bigger or better house might cost much more than they expected.

     Case in point:

     When Gwinette and Joe Cowan realized that in just four short years they had accumulated more than $70,000 in equity in their Golden Valley rambler, they got excited about the prospect of trading in their modest but well-built 1,100 square-foot house for a larger one with more room for their two toddlers.

    They got pre-qualified for a $290,000 mortgage, but they didn't want to max out on their payments, so they set their limit at $220,000 and started shopping for a bigger house in Golden Valley.

     "We weren't seeing anything we could touch," said Gwinette Cowan, a 33-year old assistant nurse manager. "We found the most horrendous houses for $260,000 \_ they were just awful."

     It quickly became clear that they'd have to spend more to get what they wanted, so they grudgingly pushed their limit to $280,000.

     Still, they scoured the listings and couldn't find anything in Golden Valley that was worth a move, so they decided to shop for better values in farther-out suburbs, starting with Maple Grove.

     They were poised to make an offer of $280,000 on a four-bedroom two-story house with 2,800 square feet, but before signing on the dotted line they got cold feet.

     With their two kids in day care and student loan payments, they didn't feel comfortable stretching themselves to the limit.

     "We went $60,000 higher than we'd hoped to top out at, and that $60,000 was more than we were ready to handle," Cowan said.

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Building instead of buying

     Some Realtors have said the shortage of existing houses for sale is so severe that some frustrated buyers are considering building.

     But building a home is no guarantee of greater affordability, because rising land costs have pushed the price of a new house beyond the reach of many buyers, said Steve Kelley, a sales agent with Remax Associates Plus, who represents Scott Olmstead Builders in Andover.

     "With land the way it is, you can't build the $170,000 houses like you could last year," Kelley said. "We're really short on those."

     Kelley said rock bottom for a new house this spring is about $180,000 and quickly jumps to $200,000. That pushes move-up buyers into the $300,000 to $400,000 range.

     Concerns about the economy apparently are creating concerns for some home builders and for some new home buyers, because construction activity is slowing a bit this year. According to the Builders Association of the Twin Cities Keystone Report, the number of permits issued to build new homes in March and during the first quarter were down close to 20 percent compared with last year.

     Last year was an unusually busy year, and sales activity this year is closer to what's considered normal, Kelley said.

     Anderson of the Realtors association said buyers who are being stymied by the market shouldn't get discouraged; they should get creative.

     That means saving more money for a downpayment, buying a fixer-upper, working with a lender who can provide more flexible terms or considering other options such as a condominium or townhouse.

     Scott Richter, president of Centex Homes, said sales of new townhouses under $150,000 has been brisk. In fact, his inventory of houses for sale is the lowest it's been in five years.

     "The people coming through are very serious," Richter said. "A higher percentage of the traffic is buying as compared with last year."

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     \_ Jim Buchta is at [*jbuchta@startribune.com*](mailto:jbuchta@startribune.com).

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     Sellers hold advantage in spring housing market

     The spring housing market is shaping up to be another seller's market, but it's not likely to be quite as brisk as last year. That's because the number of houses coming on the market is higher than last month and last year at this time. Buyers of inexpensive houses are going to fight the fiercest battle in the coming months as the median sale price rises.

     - Building permits

     January 2000: 628

     February 2000: 736

     March 2000: 941

     January 2001: 533

     February 2001: 627

     March 2001: 761

     .

     - New listings processed

     Single family homes

     January 2000: 3,767

     February 2000: 4,353

     March 2000: 5,815

     January 2001: 4,674

     February 2001: 4,750

     March 2001: 6,127

     .

     - Median sale price of closed sales

     Dollars in thousands

     January 2000: $142.0

     February 2000: $139.0

     March 2000: $143.5

     January 2001: $157.7

     February 2001: $157.8

     March 2001: $164.9

     .

     - Planned units

     January 2000: 927

     February 2000: 978

     March 2000: 1,272

     January 2001: 697

     February 2001: 844

     March 2001: 981

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     Sources: Builders Association of the Twin Cities, Minneapolis Area Association of Realtors

**Graphic**

CHART; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** April 23, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Peace unplugged Musicians supporting the Iraq war are thetoast of Washington, but artists calling for peace are getting thecold shoulder***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48G7-XN10-007M-422B-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

April 22, 2003, Tuesday All

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**Section:** SUBURBAN LIVING;

**Length:** 1898 words

**Byline:** Mark Guarino Daily Herald Music Critic

**Body**

Whether they're for war or against, musicians are discovering in our current Iraq conflict, taking a stand has consequences.

Consider the shock and awe surrounding country singer Darryl Worley's meteoric rise in popularity.

A few weeks ago, the little known singer was playing small bars like the Sundance Saloon in Mundelein. Now Worley - who says he is "pro military" - is being summoned to the White House for meet and greets with cabinet members, and he recently played a show at the unlikeliest venue imaginable: the Pentagon.

His preferred status came with the release of "Have You Forgotten," a ballad written after Sept. 11 that has since become the theme song for the war and its aftermath. It is currently the number one country song in the nation.

Then there's the Dixie Chicks. Far bigger stars than Worley, they recently found themselves publicly ostracized and dropped from the radio for criticizing President Bush in concert.

The fallout from that debacle made other artists with anti-war stances run for cover rather than suffer the same fate.

Choosing to release an anti-war song comes at a price in the Bush era: Radio will hesitate to give it spins, MTV will turn its back and conservative talk radio will rake whoever dissents over the coals.

"It's dangerous," said Tom Andrews, national director of Win Without War, a coalition of anti-war organizations. "There's clear intimidation going on.

"It's always a danger when small minds give voice to very un- American ideas, such as Americans should not have a right to speak, (and) that dissent is unpatriotic," Andrews said. "It weakens America and it violates our basic values."

Worley's wild ride

In just the past few weeks, Worley went from being just another Stetson-wearing stud in Nashville to the toast of Washington. He found himself joking around with Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, sharing words with President Bush and making the rounds of the conservative talk show circuit, from Oliver North to Howard Stern.

His song "Have You Forgotten?" urges listeners to not forget the search for Osama Bin Laden. Worley stresses in every interview he does that the song was written before the current Iraq war and was not intended to link Bin Laden to Saddam Hussein. Yet everyone - particularly country radio programmers and the White House - is rallying around the song to do just that.

"I'm not a war hawk," he said recently. "We left room for people to make an interpretation."

Conveniently for conservatives, they left a lot of room. Those on the political right quickly rallied behind lines like, "I hear people saying we don't need this war/I say there's some things worth fighting for."

"It was obviously a good career move," said Ray Waddell, senior editor of touring for Billboard. "Beyond that, it takes more than one song to establish a long-term career."

Even if Worley fades, someone else will take his place.

Conservatism and country music have long been reliable bedfellows - Merle Haggard's "Oakie From Muskogee" was a swift kick in the pants of anti-war protesters during Vietnam. Right now, country artists are coming out of the woodwork to support the Iraq war and are bolstering their own images - Clint Black, the Warren Brothers, Lee Greenwood, Aaron Tippin and Toby Keith are all waving red, white and blue across the dial.

But the days are gone when you could hear both Merle Haggard on the right and Buffalo Springfield on the left. Dissenting musical voices have been squashed during this current war.

Artists who release songs favoring the administration's position have reaped massive airplay, positive press and, if they're lucky like Worley, a personal sitting with all the president's men.

Chicks backlash

Not since John Lennon let it slip he thought the Beatles were bigger than Jesus has there been a bigger furor than when Dixie Chicks lead singer Natalie Maines told a British audience last month she is ashamed she and Bush are both Texans.

When the news hit these shores, the Chicks became a virtual pinata at pro-war rallies across the nation. A 33,000-pound tractor smashed their records in Louisiana. Pressured by the controversy, Maines ultimately was forced to issue an apology.

It didn't help. According to Billboard, sales of the group's latest album "Home" (Sony) were down 42 percent and many stations stopped playing the single "Landslide," which fell 44 percent in national radio spins.

The highly-charged incident became a bellwether for other protesting musicians.

Madonna pulled the video of her new song "American Skin" because it depicted anti-Bush images. Others, including John Mellencamp, R.E.M., Lenny Kravitz and the Beastie Boys, are choosing to release anti-war songs via their Web sites because they are only getting a handful of spins from radio and little promotional interest from their record companies.

The numbers speak loud and clear about what's happening. According to Billboard, the new System of a Down song "Boom!" received 19 spins the first week in April while Worley's "Have You Forgotten?" received 6,129.

Fear is in the air. MTV Europe cautioned its programmers against airing videos with war-time themes. According to The New York Times, the video network MuchMusic USA is not airing the System of a Down video directed by activist and documentary filmmaker Michael Moore. MTV is showing it in the United States, but only back-to- back with the pro-troops song "When I'm Gone" by 3 Doors Down.

Even artists like U2, with a well-documented past in the anti- war movement, have chosen to remain silent.

An organization calling itself Musicians United to Win Without War placed full-page ads in major daily newspapers protesting the administration, but for most of the 40 artists - including Wilco, Jay-Z, Dave Matthews and Missy Elliott - the activism ends there.

Most suspiciously quiet is Bruce Springsteen, who made a comeback last year with "The Rising" (Sony), an album that sympathized with victims of the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks.

The assumption is that risking a public relations disaster like the Chicks went through is not worth the effort.

"Even Springsteen, who could get away with it, is very low profile these days," said Richard Laermer, a PR expert and columnist for PR Week. "He had a well paid for, very controlled run up the charts and it took a lot of work.

"He knows ***working-class*** America does not want to hear Springsteen talk down the president. People's publicists are telling them you have to make a stand but … it's backfiring. Everyone's failing."

Fear versus facts

The assumption may be that artists who take a stand against war risk alienating their fans, but there's nothing to suggest this has any basis in reality.

The Dixie Chicks may be losing airplay, but at the retail counters, they're booming. The group still had the number one album on the country charts until just last week, when they dropped to number two. This, after 32 weeks on the chart.

"I don't think it's going to hurt them so much," said Billboard's Waddell. The group's summer tour is sold out and there is no "rash of tickets being returned."

"I don't think it impacts sales. Music artists have a history of saying what they think," he said. "People vote with their wallets."

When a writer for the Rocky Mountain News reported that people exited a Pearl Jam concert in Denver after lead singer Eddie Vedder criticized Bush from the stage, the story made the national wires and the band was forced to issue a statement explaining what happened.

Essentially what happened was … not much. The Rocky Mountain News story reported that "dozens" left the concert - hardly news since the Pepsi Center, where Pearl Jam played, holds close to 20,000 people.

Corporate influence

What's clear is that in these days of highly concentrated media ownership, there is an immense amount of pressure to not make waves.

The reason is due to what New York Times writer Paul Krugman calls the "the evolution of a new American oligarchy," in which domestic policy and business interests share a common purpose and in so doing, watch each other's backs.

Censorship may not be direct, but because so many record labels, broadcast networks and radio stations are owned by powerful parent companies like AOL-Time Warner, the company gatekeepers "all understand implicitly that their jobs depend in part on keeping their corporate parents happy," says Eric Alterman, author of "What Liberal Media? The Truth About Bias and the News" (Basic Books, $25).

Media watchdogs place the most scrutiny on Clear Channel Communications, the San Antonio-based radio behemoth that owns more than 1,200 radio stations nationwide and controls 60 percent of rock radio listening. (In Chicago, Clear Channel owns WGCI 107.5-FM and 1390-AM, WLIT 103.9-FM, WNUA 95.5-FM, WVAZ 102.7-FM, and WKSC 103.5-FM.)

Clear Channel organized pro-war rallies in major cities like Atlanta and Cleveland where the Dixie Chicks-bashing was in full force.

The New York Times reported last month that the company has close ties to the Bush family. In 1999, Clear Channel vice chairman Tom Hicks purchased the Texas Rangers from then-Texas Gov. George W. Bush, making today's president a multimillionaire.

Clear Channel executives, who did not respond to requests for comment, have good reason to do all they can to curry favor from the White House. The company currently is being sued in federal court on charges that it is a monopoly. At the same time, the FCC is considering further deregulation of the broadcast industry to help expand the company's grip on media ownership even further.

To Alterman, this type of silent cronyism is "dangerous."

"The fact that the most powerful player (in the radio business) is so nakedly partisan is doubly disturbing and I think it can have a political effect on the country. Clear Channel sponsors all kinds of right wing talk shows that have no responsibility to be fair, much less truthful. Perhaps that's the only way to make money in this business but we'll never find out so long as we allow so much concentration in the hands of so few."

Meet the new boss

If all this makes you upset, you might be living in the wrong decade.

Wars are short. Unlike Vietnam, today's battles are over before a counterculture can get geared up. That's affected the role of the musician. If all that conflict will be over in a matter of weeks, why risk getting vocal?

"In recent history our recording artists have been very positive and haven't attacked policy. The last time we saw them was after Sept. 11 when they were pro-America and pro-New York," said Paul Levinson, chair of the department of communication and media studies at Fordham University in New York City. "That was not the case in the 1960s where protest music came out of the folk movement and was very critical of the government."

Worley is unabashedly the musician for the new world order.

"I think if you truly love our country and what it's about, I don't think you can stand up and protest what the government is doing in a time of war," he said.

As for the Dixie Chicks and others speaking out, his suggestion is this: "Think long and hard about those kind of remarks before you make them."

Talk like that has a familiar ring to Win Without War's Tom Andrews. "It's the kind of thing musicians had to worry about in Saddam's Iraq," he said.

**Graphic**

Taking a stab at President Bush got the Dixie Chicks, above, in trouble with their fans. But coming out in support of war has turned country singer Darryl Worley, left, into an overnight star with a number one hit. Pearl Jam frontman Eddie Vedder came under fire recently when he criticized President Bush during a concert in Denver. John Starks/Daily Herald, 2000

**Load-Date:** April 28, 2003

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[***FOX CHASE, AFTER EDDIE POLEC LAST NOVEMBER, HE WAS BEATEN TO DEATH. THE NEIGHBORHOOD "WILL NEVER BE THE SAME."***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C650-01K4-90KR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

November 5, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 3125 words

**Byline:** Alfred Lubrano, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Blood and guilt call Christine Rauscher onto the streets of Fox Chase at night. If she seems obsessed, it's because there's a year-old murder she's trying to prevent.

Each time she drives her Town Watch car by the spot where Eddie Polec was beaten down, Christine replays the night of Nov. 11, 1994, in her head like a worn videotape. It always begins the same way:

Bent on trouble, high-school-age kids from Abington recruit troops in stores and malls, growing in number and gaining strength wherever they go, like a hurricane churning over water. The crew of Wawa warriors, bio-class buddies and Pearl Jam groovers is marshaled into a taunting, savage force. They drive to Fox Chase and are about to smash in Eddie's head with a bat on sanctified ground, outside the church where the former altar boy once helped the priests offer Holy Communion. No Town Watch rescues Eddie, because no Town Watch exists.

But here's where Christine alters the night. In her reconstructed vision, she, her husband, Christopher, and the other Town Watchers ring their five cars around the mob that trapped Eddie, 16 forever, outside St. Cecilia's Catholic Church.

"We would have been honking our horns," Christopher says.

"We would have turned on our high beams," Watch president Joe Kurtz adds.

"We could have dispersed them," Christine intones.

And they would have dialed 911 on their official Town Watch cell phone, a summons for help, they say, that would have held more weight than the desperate calls from nuns and neighbors that went nowhere. That infamous 40- minute wait for the police, the unfathomable gap that became the abyss into which Eddie Polec slipped, would never have developed, they believe.

It would have been beautiful how the system could have worked - the sound and light that would have filled the sidewalk in front of the church, a pack of radiant guardian angels come to beat back attack.

"We probably could've prevented it," says Christopher.

"If we were there," Christine chimes in, "we know he wouldn't be dead."

In the tormented minds of the Watchers, Eddie doesn't fall. They replay the revised scene over and over, excoriating themselves in mea culpa moments of tortured revisionism. They edit themselves into it now, and tack on a happy ending:

Horns and high-beams, and Eddie Polec lives. The attack stops, the crowd goes home, and Eddie Polec lives. Every time.

\*

The murder rocked Fox Chase, but the people who live there vowed two things: never to let it defeat them, and never to have to bury another child felled by violence. Within the last year, the start of construction on a new gymnasium, as well as the formation of a community-youth partnership, became symbols of hope.

Beyond that, the killing inspired a kind of civic soul-searching. Parents re-examined their relationships with their children, and some found them lacking. Neighbors who once merely waved hello began to stop and actually talk.

Meanwhile, the Polecs' dignified decision to carry on without a call for recrimination served as a model of restrained behavior.

And the work of two people - Mary Doherty and Matt McDonald - who dug in and volunteered for the jobs of neighborhood heroes, preserved the psyches of fragile teenagers, and made sure the kids of Fox Chase didn't institute a blood-for-blood retaliation against Abington.

Still, the brutal memory of Eddie's slaying doesn't fade.

"This isn't how they see their lives," Dennis Fenerty, head of the Fox Chase Homeowners Association, says of his neighbors. He tried to start a Town Watch before Eddie died, but only four people attended the meeting. Zoning was the hottest issue in the neighborhood. After the killing, Fenerty tried again, and 400 people showed up.

"The brutality of the attack isn't something people can fit into their lives. This neighborhood will never be the same. People here can never be the same."

For so many residents, Fox Chase isn't a neighborhood so much as a promise, nothing less than the middle-class covenant: If you bust your butt and save your money, then you get to live in lawned houses with casserole-bearing neighbors and mugger-free streets.

But when bad things happen in a good place, when the promise is broken so viciously and irrevocably, the fairy dust blows away, and you are left to figure out what happened, and where you really live.

The neighborhood once fostered the false sense that the world can't touch you, says Kathy Polec, Eddie's mother. "But, God, the rest of the world can touch you. You feel you have control, but it's an illusion."

A storm blew through Fox Chase that night, Kathy Polec says - "a violent storm that left as fast as it came." Along with Eddie, it knocked down some heavy timber: the oak-solid, middle-class presumption that a place could be 100 percent safe; the belief that trouble visits only the ghetto; the insular notion that it - whatever it is - can't happen here.

As the one-year anniversary approaches, residents are growing wary. Adults are beginning to revisit their pain. Teenagers can still become anxious and easily upset.

And the Town Watchers - devout as a newly formed religious order - never lose grip of their guilt, and keep an even sharper eye out for fresh troubles triggered by bitter memory.

"Eddie was a symbol of all that was good about Fox Chase," Doherty explains. "When they took out that symbol, they threatened the fabric of community life here."

Somehow, Fox Chase has kept it together for a year. The neighborhood isn't about to jeopardize its fragile recovery now.

A 'MOVEUP' NEIGHBORHOOD

With a name buoyantly suggestive of patrician pleasure, Fox Chase is one of the few Philadelphia communities that must display deer-crossing and no- hunting signs.

The police call Fox Chase a "move-up neighborhood." "You get a raise or save some money, you can afford to move there, and spend the rest of your days in it," says Capt. E.F. Stinson of the Second District, of which Fox Chase is a quiet part.

Lots of folks there have family roots in ***working-class*** neighborhoods; many are first-generation white-collar types - "stakeholders and good citizens," according to Judith Goode, Temple University urban anthropologist.

The neighborhood is populated by a sizable group of civil servants, including firefighters and police, who are required to live in the city, but endeavor to reside in the suburbs. Fox Chase is a perfect compromise, a kind of inner suburb, with a look and zeitgeist more akin to adjacent Montgomery County than the city.

Overwhelmingly white - most of the 19,770 people who live there are German, Irish, or Italian - Fox Chase offers a housing stock built mostly during the 1950s or later, 1990 census figures show. In 1990, just 4 percent of its population was at the poverty level, compared to citywide figures that have hovered around 20 percent. The median 1990 household income was about $33,000, compared to $29,000 for all of Philadelphia.

More than half the households possess two or more cars. Between 60 and 70 percent of the children attend parochial - read Catholic - schools. It's a stable neighborhood, in which most residents have lived in their houses since 1985 or earlier.

Fox Chasers can't remember a murder before Eddie Polec's. Police homicide figures - which combine Fox Chase with neighboring Burholme - rank the area fourth safest of the city's 56 neighborhoods.

Without much to do, kids there have typically hung out at the Rec, a community playground and recreation center, or three restaurants - McDonald's, Pizza Hut and Stoxy's Steaks - all bunched closely on Oxford Avenue. McDonald's managers say they have endured too many nights of trouble with bored teenagers vandalizing the place, although lately things have improved.

Behind the McDonald's, the SEPTA tracks offer kids a private nowhere, an in-between place, where they drink beer, smoke, and spray graffiti tags on the sides of industrial buildings. It's also a natural pathway between McDonald's and the Rec, so on a Friday night, there's constant teen traffic there.

"Track meets" are nothing new, having been convened for 30 years. Some Fox Chase parents remember their own teenage nights of hanging out on the tracks with a warm nostalgia, and most view it more as a local rite of passage than as an opportunity for delinquency.

Devoid of serious crime, Fox Chase is nearly a brochure-perfect place for the middle class to raise children, residents tell you. Almost nothing happens there. So when a teenager gets murdered outside a church, it's an event that busts down the door, that stays the night, that takes up residence, in one form or other, in nearly everyone's life.

That awful moment lives nowhere more intensely than in the home of John and Kathy Polec.

THE FAMILY - 'AFTER'

The kitchen gets the best light in the morning. Today, the fall sun illuminates the linoleum with a warm brilliance.

John Polec combs his long, gray hair back, making his dark eyes seem larger. Like co-conspirators sworn to secrecy, they reveal nothing of what he is feeling.

You should have seen Kathy's eyes before, friends say. "Before," of course, refers to any day in her life that preceded Nov. 11. This is how they measure time in the Polec house now. Events in family history are cataloged according to their relative proximity to Nov. 11.

"She has a sadness in her eyes now," Matt McDonald will say. "There's a spark that's gone," John notes when Kathy leaves the room.

Thin as a No. 2 pencil, Kathy is wearing her school crossing-guard uniform. She only recently returned to her corner at Ridgeway and Stanwood Streets near St. Cecilia's and Fox Chase Elementary Schools, where her job is to make sure children get home safely. Eddie went to St. Cecilia's when he was young, and Kathy likes to be near the children, to whom she occasionally passes out lollipops and taffy.

On her first day back in September, adults and children loaded her down with bags of food, candy and gifts. It's been like that for a year at the house, with neighbors dropping by bearing presents, wearing that look that says they know - they know in their hearts and heads - that it could just as easily have been their child at the church that night.

"I always ask why," Kathy says in a soft voice after a long silence.

Eddie used to bring home broken-winged birds and injured dogs. Two weeks before he was killed, he carried a hurt squirrel into the house, but it died quickly.

"We wonder if we understood the teachings of Catholicism right," John says.

"No way God could've meant for this to happen," Kathy affirms.

"We're not sure of God's role," John decides.

A wooden plaque on the wall says, "Our Happy Home." The Polecs decorate the kitchen with country touches like rag dolls and old-fashioned food cans. It is very clean.

"What happened to Eddie is a one-in-a-million chance," says John, a computer programmer. "This is not a crime area. A kid is murdered at 21st and Christian, and the paper says it's a drug-infested neighborhood. This isn't an area where you have that sort of thing. You don't worry about kids being outside."

Sweethearts since 16, the Polecs, both 41, moved to Fox Chase from ***working***- ***class*** Olney for the country setting, for the children, for the safe, suburban-like calm.

John says Eddie was on his way home from hanging out with his friends that night when he was intercepted sometime after 10. Often on Fridays, he'd get home earlier than his 11:30 p.m. curfew to play pool and eat pizza with his father in the basement.

"I love this neighborhood. I always did," Kathy says. "I won't move. This is where Eddie is, where his friends are. I feel like if I move, he wouldn't be there. I can feel him here."

John's sonorous voice, made deeper by cigarettes, never wavers when he speaks of his son. Kathy verges on tears. Friends warned them to be wary, that family tragedy often provokes divorce.

"I have a feeling we're not typical," John says. "Neither one has blamed the other."

The Polecs don't blame the city, either, and say they won't sue over the 911 debacle. That confounds some people, but John explains it simply: "What everyone hears about is a bunch of rude call-takers. It wasn't the (911) people. The whole system could not get the phone calls to the cars on the street that night." And that, says John, was no one's fault.

Besides, he adds, "there's no lawsuit because I want justice. I want the murderers convicted. Nine-one-one wouldn't have been an issue if those people had stayed home that night."

Awaiting the scheduled Jan. 2 start of the trial of the seven suspects, John and Kathy avoid the limelight. They've turned down invitations to appear on Oprah, Donahue, Charles Perez and Dateline NBC. They "want to hide" their 15-year-old son Bill and 20-year-old daughter Kristie from the world, "but their lives can't be poisoned that way."

Kathy says she's proud that Fox Chase kids haven't struck back at Abington, but she's not surprised.

"It's a disservice to these kids to worry they'd retaliate," she says. She pauses, smoothing her blond hair, and adds, "These kids lived more in a year than most people live in a lifetime. They've lost their childhood, and come through with a sense of dignity that's amazing."

COUNSELING THE YOUTH

Six teenagers sit at a table, teary and aching and remembering Eddie.

"I'm more upset in the past couple of weeks because the anniversary is coming," says Colleen, an 18-year-old longtime friend of Eddie's, wearing red lipstick and a flannel shirt to match.

"It will not be as bad," Mary Doherty assures her. "It'll be rough, but not as bad."

An administrator at CORA Services, a children and family counseling center in Fox Chase, Doherty has led and organized counseling sessions of youths and adults over the last year in the community, much of it on her own time.

Doherty talked with anyone who needed her, clocking innumerable hours in trauma and bereavement therapy, battling neighborhood-wide anguish and depression, fear and doubt. People say that she and Matt McDonald, a giant, muscled pied piper who helped channel kids' idle time into physical activities, saved the collective sanity of Fox Chase.

By early fall, many of the young people were responding well to counseling; Doherty's constant admonition to count on the justice system to make things right seemed to be getting through. But then, Doherty says, the O.J. Simpson jury said "not guilty," and the kids had frantic questions, like, "Can a jury be swayed?" and, "Can a jury be stupid?"

"We had to do a lot of cleanup work after O.J.," says Doherty, a dark- haired woman of unflagging spirit.

Straining to understand what happened, the kids insist that they knew of no scheduled rumble between Abington and Fox Chase that night. Neighborhood kids had had a long-standing feud with nearby Lawncrest over something no one remembers, but there was no beef with Abington.

A story has circulated that an Abington girl had been "disrespected" in the Fox Chase McDonald's one night. Then the dissing escalated to a rape, a false charge, police say. "It's caveman mentality," Doherty says. "A girl

from one cave cries rape, and the boys defend their property rights to the girl."

Whatever brought the Abington kids down had nothing to do with Eddie, who was an innocent involved only by chance, the police insist.

Beyond the killing, the manner in which it occurred continues to haunt Fox Chase. "It would have been one thing to have had a drive-by shooting - nice and antiseptic, bang, you're done," Doherty says. "But the appalling thing that still grips people is this brutal, almost cannibalistic murder . . . the fact that the other kids cheered the kids with the bat."

Despite the savagery, Doherty says Eddie's death actually did some good around Fox Chase. Digging into young heads for grief, Doherty discovered something else: fallout from dysfunctional families - emotional and physical abuse, neglect, as well as widespread alcoholism.

"The death laid the kids wide open, lowering their defenses, and giving us room to move in and bring in interventions and formal treatment," Doherty says. "I can tell you there are 20 or 25 kids or more where we stepped into their lives and touched the sore spots because of Eddie."

And when a Fox Chase girl with a history of mental problems ran away from home, the community responded as it never had before. Overnight, fliers were printed, hotlines installed and dozens of neighbors organized search parties. When she was found and returned home by Fox Chase people, there was a party you couldn't believe, Doherty reports. "It was biblical, like the return of the prodigal," she says. "And it all happened as a result of Eddie."

Along with the kids, parents who were scared out of their minds by the slaying began to look inward, too. "We're more aware of where our children are and what they're doing," says Catherine Spoerl, whose son Jerry was a friend of Eddie's. "The whole community feels guilty. We have to pay closer attention to our children. We're determined not to make Eddie's death commonplace."

Part of the price of living among the middle class is that both parents work outside the home, she says. The clock ticks all day, the day goes, and parents and children don't talk.

The loveliest neighborhoods can invite some of the toughest problems. "Many middle-class parents feel at ease, because raising kids in their communities looks deceptively simple," notes University of Pennsylvania sociologist Elijah Anderson. "Parents may be lackadaisical and not watching over their kids."

Doherty agrees, adding, "Parents were afraid to impose limits. I told them it's OK to be parents."

So nowadays, Fox Chase mothers and fathers are checking their children's stories more closely, Doherty says. They're snapping off the TV and talking. And the time-honored idea of hanging out at the Rec is coming under new scrutiny.

"What are kids doing out after 11 p.m. anyway?" asks Betty Ann Kempf, Eddie's former physical education teacher who organized a soccer camp last summer to give young people something to do.

"Parents here always thought it was safe to let kids 15 to 18 just wander," says Lisa Mohl, a Fox Chase mother of two. "But kids hanging out get in trouble. They need something specific to do."

Ultimately, says Penn sociologist Louis Carter, the lesson of Fox Chase is that it's a myth to believe that only poverty causes crime.

Retired Philadelphia police officer Robert Hurst, a Fox Chase resident and Fraternal Order of Police official, puts it another way: "It's all real. It's not just in the ghetto, or just blue-collar or white-collar. It happened here. Forget the collar. It's my neighborhood. It happened in my neighborhood."

On their endless rounds from McDonald's to the Rec and throughout Fox Chase, Christine Rauscher and the other Town Watchers never forget that.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. Eddie Polec was 16. The murder trial begins Jan. 2.

2. Kathy Polec, whose son Eddie was killed by a gang last year, has returned

to her job as a crossing guard at Ridgeway and Stanwood. "I won't move," she

says. "This is where Eddie is, where his friends are." (The Philadelphia

Inquirer, MICHAEL S. WIRTZ)

3. Mary Doherty, a counseling center administrator who has organized and led

counseling sessions of youths and adults, stands near the steps where Eddie

Polec was killed. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, WILLIAM F. STEINMETZ)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Grand jurors clearly have own minds***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T28-K030-00C6-D24N-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 30, 1998, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1998 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1705 words

**Byline:** Kevin Johnson; Tom Squitieri

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

WASHINGTON -- Occasionally, some of them show up late. More than

a few times, some have dropped off to sleep in their chairs even

as prosecutors and witnesses clashed before them.

Then there are days when, armed with probing questions and notebooks,

very little seems to escape their attention.

In many ways, these 23 people are no different from any other

group randomly assembled for courthouse duty.

But there is nothing common about the mission of the federal grand

jury seated in the District of Columbia by Whitewater independent

counsel Kenneth Starr.

This group of citizens -- overwhelmingly black, predominantly

female and mostly middle-aged -- may well determine the outcome

of Starr's almost four-year probe of President Clinton.

The grand jury is "one of the most important and unappreciated

tools of our truth-seeking system," Starr said last month in

a commencement address at Texas Tech University.

As an investigative tool of the special prosecutor, the grand

jury is being used to elicit testimony that could produce fodder

for possible impeachment proceedings on Capitol Hill. And the

jurors could be asked to return indictments against targets of

Starr's inquiry, although some of the work may be given to a separate

grand jury in Alexandria, Va.

The Washington panel has been in session since May, 1997, but

since January its investigation has focused exclusively on the

allegations that Clinton had a sexual relationship with former

White House intern Monica Lewinsky and urged her to cover it up.

Under oath, Clinton and Lewinsky have denied the allegations.

In the last 22 weeks, about 50 witnesses have appeared before

the grand jury. Today, the jurors are expected to hear from Linda

Tripp, the former Lewinsky colleague who made 20 hours of tape

recordings that are at the heart of Starr's investigation.

"All of the polls indicate that the American people are tired

of all of this," says Susan Brenner, a University of Dayton law

professor and co-author of a book on federal grand juries. "If

that is true, then the prosecutors have to be concerned whether

this jury reflects that position. It has to become a larger concern

the longer the investigation goes on."

Strict secrecy

Jurors are prohibited by law from commenting on their investigation,

and their identities are strictly protected by rules of secrecy

governing the panel's confidential meetings.

But the same muzzle does not apply to the witnesses summoned by

the independent counsel. And what has emerged in interviews with

22 witnesses, their attorneys and others with knowledge of the

secret sessions is a portrait of a jury that is neither consumed

with prosecutorial venom nor overly sympathetic toward potential

targets of Starr's investigation.

"Getting a grand jury to pass muster on anything a prosecutor

wants is a very easy thing to do," says former federal prosecutor

Patrick Hanley. "But this case isn't like any other case. They

(prosecutors) might have a battle on their hands."

If nothing else, this panel drawn from ***working-class*** Washington

appears to have struck a tone of independence evident in its success

in determining its own work schedule.

At least twice in the past six months, jurors have sought to have

their work-week changed or reduced. They now sit only two days

each week, despite Starr's desire to have them meet more frequently

in an effort to speed his investigation.

At one point, Starr had asked the panel to meet five days a week

-- Tuesday through Saturday. Jurors first settled on alternating

two- and three-day weeks. Later, it was decided they would work

only on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This week, with star witness Tripp

scheduled to testify, the grand jury will be asked to put in three

days.

Ultimately, U.S. District Judge Norma Holloway Johnson wields

authority over the panel's activities, but legal experts say that

prosecutors are loathe to tax a jury's patience, especially during

a long investigation.

$ 40 a day

When the grand jury is in session at the E. Barrett Prettyman

federal courthouse in downtown Washington, the testimony generally

doesn't appear compelling enough to keep the panel in "the box"

-- the windowless, third-floor room decorated with drab government-issue

furnishings -- much past quitting time.

Jurors have sometimes headed for the door at 4:30 p.m. even if

prosecutors haven't finished their questioning, witnesses and

others said.

Formality appears to have been cast aside in favor of comfort

or convenience, perhaps a concession to the length of the jurors'

service.

Unlike a trial jury, this panel and other grand juries are permitted

to read newspapers, watch television or listen to radio broadcasts

pertaining to the investigation.

Behind locked doors, the panelists -- paid $ 40 per day plus an

extra $ 3 for transportation costs -- frequently move about the

room, snack or take bathroom breaks, even as prosecutors conduct

their questioning. If need be, transcripts of testimony are provided

to fill in the gaps.

Although the grand jury has a

foreperson, any panel member may participate in the questioning

of witnesses. Most of the questioning has been done by Starr's

prosecutors, but some of the grand jurors have chimed in. They

also have been free to express opinions, either through speech

or actions within the confines of the jury room.

Differing experiences

The witnesses who have been summoned before the panel and their

attorneys -- a majority of whom could be described as aligned

with Clinton -- provide the only available window on how this

jury works. Lawyers are not permitted in the grand jury room but

usually wait outside to confer with their clients.

Natalie Masseo, who was a White House intern with Lewinsky, testified

two months ago. Afterward, she said in a television interview

that jurors laughed and clapped when she asked prosecutors why

they brought her in to "spread gossip."

One witness allied with the White House, who testified last month

but asked not to be identified, said he was stunned by the lack

of decorum. Shortly after he was sworn in, he said, jurors were

noticeably slow to come to order, talking or laughing among themselves.

He estimated that of the 23 jurors assembled, maybe two even looked

at him or paid attention to the proceedings.

Asked how long he spent in the room, the witness recalled that

one juror consumed three breakfast muffins between the time of

his swearing-in and his departure.

That lack of formality has proved disconcerting to some witnesses,

one of whom reported that, during his brief appearance in January,

jurors were constantly walking in and out of the room.

Robert Weiner, spokesman in the White House drug policy office,

was summoned to testify after making what he described as congratulatory

phone calls to local Democrats who wanted to see Tripp, a Maryland

resident, indicted on state charges for secretly recording her

conversations with Lewinsky.

"What I saw in the eyes and body language was a combination of

curiosity and boredom," says Weiner, who appeared before the

grand jury on Jan. 30 and was asked whether his phone calls were

aimed at sidetracking Starr's inquiry. "Even then, they had been

going though hours of this kind of thing."

'Focused and interested'

But Harolyn Cardozo, who testified about three months after Weiner,

reports a different experience. Cardozo is a former White House

volunteer and colleague of Kathleen Willey, who has accused Clinton

making an inappropriate sexual advance in the White House.

"The grand jury appeared to me to be focused and interested,"

Cardozo says. "Some took notes, but all seemed to listen attentively.

Two asked me occasional questions when they needed further clarification.

They were not interrupted by the prosecutors at any time and were

given as much time as they needed."

In the case of Nancy Hernreich, the director of Oval Office operations,

jurors aggressively asked their own questions and some even took

notes in early June during Hernreich's seventh appearance.

Hernreich, a longtime Clinton friend, is thoroughly familiar with

the comings and goings at the White House. Her lawyer, Gerald

Treanor, cautions against reading too much into the panel's reactions

to individual witnesses.

"My understanding of the conduct of this grand jury is that it

does not differ significantly from other grand juries with which

I am familiar," Treanor says.

The 'rocket docket'

Still other lawyers representing clients involved in the investigation

say the most telling clues about the collective disposition of

the Washington jury may lie in Starr's recent decision to enlist

a second grand jury in the Virginia suburbs of Washington to hear

certain evidence.

Those attorneys say Starr may be using the Virginia panel because

it has what lawyers call a "rocket docket" -- a reputation for

speedily moving cases to trial.

The average federal criminal case in the eastern district of Virginia

took 4.6 months from filing to disposition last year, compared

with 6.4 months in the District of Columbia, according to the

administrative office of the United States Courts.

At least one lawyer has also expressed concerns that Starr may

have racial reasons for using a Virginia grand jury. Several of

the attorneys and some of the key witnesses in the case, including

Clinton confidant Vernon Jordan, are black.

The racial breakdown in Washington was 28.5% white and 61.7% black

in 1996, according to the Census Bureau, compared with 73.3% white

and 10.4% black in the 10 cities and counties under the jurisdiction

of the Alexandria courthouse in the eastern district of Virginia.

Starr's staff has rejected any suggestion that his office was

"forum shopping" or that prosecutors ever considered the race

of witnesses or their attorneys as obstacles to the investigation

in Washington.

Still, there are concerns in Starr's camp that the Washington

grand jury may balk if asked to return indictments of key figures

in the investigation, especially if the evidence focuses largely

on sexual conduct.

"If I was Ken Starr, I would be concerned that I might be perceived

as being petty or vindictive" if too much of the inquiry is centered

on the sexual behavior of the president, says Hanley, the former

federal prosecutor.

"They've been together a pretty long time. At the end of this,

I'm sure they will tell Ken Starr what they really think about

this case. Good or bad."

Contributing: Judy Keen and Peter Eisler

**Graphic**

PHOTO, b/w, Colin Winterbottom, AP; PHOTO, b/w, Ron Edmonds, AP; PHOTO, b/w, Robert Giroux, Reuters

**Load-Date:** June 30, 1998

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[***Spelling's TV spell;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2WC0-003K-329P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'King of jiggle' has his serious side, too;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2WC0-003K-329P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Mega-mogul's successes go beyond sexy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2WC0-003K-329P-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 8, 1989, Wednesday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 1D; Cover Story

**Length:** 1136 words

**Byline:** Tom Green

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD

**Body**

Aaron Spelling bets that nothing is going to keep them from chiseling ''He put the jiggle in Charlie's Angels'' on his tombstone.

''God put the jiggle in Charlie's Angels,'' says the mega-producer irrevocably - and for him, painfully - tagged TV's jigglemeister.

This week, Spelling, 64, is basking in the ratings glow and critical hurrahs of his most serious TV project: Day One, the CBS movie about the building of the first atomic bomb that aired Sunday. It can be counted as a significant artistic success for a man who has had few.

Meanwhile, he has put his name on NBC's new nubile nurse hit, Nightingales, and controversy has engulfed it. Real-life nurses have bombarded him with letters complaining the show presents their profession in a bad light.

''It drives us crazy,'' he says, adding that he believes recruitment of nurses, a national crisis, will be enhanced by his portrayal of ''five young ladies with problems, growing up in the arena of nursing.''

Spelling may find himself embattled over gorgeous young women again when Angels '89, the revamped Charlies Angels, finally gets made. A plan to make it a Fox series this season was scuttled by the writers' strike. Now the idea is to do two TV movies for Fox.

This time, there will be four Angels (''I thought it was about time we had an ethnic'') and no Charlie. The four, who'll play actresses who turn to sleuthing after their TV detective show has been canceled, have been cast after a much-publicized talent hunt.

In his huge office at the Warner Hollywood Studio, where Dynasty is produced, Spelling leans back and thinks about ways to diffuse the renewed jiggle talk sure to ensue when the Angels return.

''With this show, probably if I took my name off of it, everything would be fine. Say Joe Buffalepsik did it. Then everybody will give Joe Buffalepsik great credit for taking a chance on a show being carried by women.''

Spelling - a slight, soft-spoken man with a gentle manner - wants to get something straight. Day One doesn't signal an all-new, socially conscious Aaron Spelling.

Among the television viewing public, he will always be associated with lucrative but less cerebral entertainment - Dynasty, The Love Boat, Hart to Hart, Hotel, Fantasy Island and many, many more. He has produced more than 2,500 hours of television.

In his view, his company has long been doing serious work. Among them: The TV series Family, such TV movies as The Best Little Girl in the World (about teen-age anorexia), even the motion picture 'Night Mother. ''I read something important and say 'Let's do it,' '' he says.

Spelling's power is more fragmented than a decade ago, when he had six shows on the air at ABC and five were in the top 10. But he remains a key player in the television game.

This season, Aaron Spelling Productions has entered a period of change. A 17-year exclusive deal with ABC has ended. He's upbeat about that.

''The horrible thing about being exclusive is that if you want to do something and they say 'No,' and you can't take it across the street, that really bugs you.''

He has two shows on ABC this season - Dynasty, in its ninth year, and the new HeartBeat - a medical drama starring Kate Mulgrew. Both are struggling for survival in hopeless Thursday night time slots.

''It was a little bit of a cruncher,'' Spelling admits, when he learned his old home base network had inhospitably consigned his shows to back-to-back slots opposite NBC's powerhouse lineup of Cheers, Dear John and L.A. Law.

But at least they are on, he says, and the network has chosen to stick with both until the end of the season.

There's speculation that Dynasty will not make it to a 10th season, and Spelling seems to be coming to terms with the end of the show that he and Esther and Richard Shapiro nurtured to glittering heights.

''We're all suffering from the shock of what the ratings were in the past and what they are now. We're in a mud hole.

''I don't know how (NBC programming chief) Brandon Tartikoff did it, but he got the Cheers people to come back and then he got Cosby to come back. So it's going to be that same hellhole for the next couple of years.

''Dynasty is an expensive show to produce. It just depends on whether the network feels it can build a night around it or whether it needs something new there.''

Spelling has withdrawn from Dynasty this year, turning the day-to-day running of the show over to former Dallas producer David Paulsen.

''I know for a fact that he's a hands-on guy,'' Paulsen says. ''I was a little apprehensive about his letting me take over, but he's been as good as his word.''

Says Spelling: ''Now I just watch the beautiful gowns go by.''

Spelling and the Shapiros, who have quarreled over the show in the past, are agreed that if ABC intends to cancel Dynasty, they want a chance to do one or two two-hour movies to wrap the series up. ''In Europe,'' Spelling says, wistfully, ''it's still a blockbuster.''

As he watches old shows fade, he's planning something new: a sitcom.

He has been successful at lighthearted romantic adventure, but never in a big way with a comedy series. In fact, his attempt to build a sitcom around Lucille Ball two years ago represents a low point in his career.

''I basically had the wrong concept. That was my fault. I would never attempt to do another comedy without bringing in a head of comedy for us.''

He now has a top-secret comedy project in development that he thinks will turn things around.

Two other shows have advanced to the pilot stage. San Berdoo focuses on a Dashiell Hammett-like crimebuster who hangs out at a Palm Springs roadhouse, but chooses to live in ***working-class*** San Bernardino, Calif.

Curse of the Corn People centers on a group of Midwest kids who are making a horror movie like The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. The series would be about young people deciding what to do with their lives, he says.

Spelling also talks about reunion shows for both Family and Hart to Hart (''It will happen'') and an upcoming Love Boat reunion on CBS.

What he won't talk about is the 123-room mansion he and wife Candy are building near Beverly Hills. But there is no doubt Spelling, a one-time 118-pound actor (''I played every dipsomaniac, pyromaniac, and sex offender in the world''), enjoys things that are big.

His office alone has 16 chairs, five tables, a bar and a fish tank. His sofa is so long that it has 22 pillows.

But when a photographer suggests posing him with a lush fur coat that suggests opulent wealth a la Dynasty, he is embarrassed and declines.

Instead of talking about his millions, Spelling would rather reminisce about the old days.

He left acting after his ''big chance'' in 1955's Kismet failed to pan out: ''I walked about in ashes and sackcloth … going, 'Alms for the love of Allah!' I said, 'That's it.' I knew then I wasn't going to be a leading man in the movies.''

His path to moguldom began at Four Star Television, where he was hired as a writer and producer. His mentor was the late actor Dick Powell, who called him ''Skinny.''

Powell once had to buy Spelling a suit so he could attend a dinner at the home of then-actor Ronald Reagan.

''I always felt I'd like to buy somebody a suit,'' Spelling says.

It will probably be a good one.

His dynasty of TV hits

Aaron Spelling has produced more than 2,500 hours of television. Among his hit series, all for ABC:

Starsky & Hutch (1975-79)

Charlie's Angels (1976-81)

Family (1976-80)

Love Boat (1977-86)

Fantasy Island (1978-84)

Hart to Hart (1979-84)

Dynasty (1981-present)

**Graphic**

PHOTO; color, Craig Molenhouse (Aaron Spelling); PHOTO; color, Gary Null, NBC (Television Programs, Nightingales, cast)

CUTLINE: AARON SPELLING: He's known best for sexy hits, but says he has never shied away from serious shows like 'Family.' CUTLINE: 'NIGHTINGALES': Nurses say it presents a bad image.

**End of Document**



[***ONE FOR THE BOOKS THE PRINTED WORD HAS BEEN AROUND A LONG TIME, BUT THE HISTORY OF BOOKS AND READING, AS A DISCIPLINE, IS BARELY 25 YEARS OLD. AND ROGER CHARTIER IS AT THE HEAD OF THE CLASS. /***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P3J0-01K4-93R7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

August 11, 1994 Thursday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. E01

**Length:** 1555 words

**Byline:** Carlin Romano, INQUIRER BOOK CRITIC

**Dateline:** BALTIMORE

**Body**

If you judge Roger Chartier by his cover, particularly today's natty beige suit and splashy tie, the world's pre-eminent thinker on the history of books and reading looks more familiar with Versace than vellum, like a man born with something other than decayed parchment in his veins.

Sure enough, despite his credentials as one of France's most brilliant scholars, an author whose path-breaking books increasingly force both American and European intellectuals to ponder the once musty and fusty history of print, this 48-year-old Lyon native with the Lyle Lovett hair does not come

from a long line of patrician bibliomaniacs.

"Absolutely not," he good-naturedly assures in exuberant English, here in his office at Johns Hopkins University, which he visits every year from his base at Paris' prestigious Ecole des Hautes Etudes en Sciences Sociales. "My mother made ties for a small enterprise in Lyon, in the tradition of the silk industry. And I wear always a tie. But, now, as you know, the ties are not made by women like my mother. They are manufactured. . . ."

His father, too, was not an academic, so Chartier - operating in one of the world's snootiest and class-conscious countries, a land fond of family traditions in choice of career - is a self-made man.

"He worked for the municipality," Chartier says, explaining that his father upholstered furniture at Lyon's 17th-century City Hall. Musing about his parents, he calls them "old-fashioned ***working-class*** people, working with their hands, but not in the atmosphere of the factory."

This lineage helps explain Chartier's no-nonsense approach to his subject, marked by dogged investigation of reading, writing and publishing in 16th- to 18th-century Europe. Despite the impression suggested by his work of a near fetish for any aspect of print, Chartier is all business about his subject, and his business is thinking, not obsessing.

"I have a lot of books, but I am not a bibliophile," he confides. "I am not a collector. I would not be able to afford such a duty, and I have no passion for collection itself. I think we have to respect books, to understand them - this production of meaning that is created by the relationship between an object and the text it carries. . . . But it's more a relationship of respect, or scholarship, and understanding, than a relationship of ownership."

Truth be told, the man doesn't even shelve his books properly. "There is no system of classification," he laughs, sheepishly. "I step across the books, I walk across the books, as I go to bed."

\*

The history of books and reading - the field in which Chartier now ranks as the major European figure - is barely 25 years old, a mere tyke in the academic world.

In France, scholars point to the 1958 publication of L'Apparition du livre by Lucien Febvre and Henri-Jean Martin (translated into English as The Coming of the Book in 1976) as the birth of modern histoire du livre. Scholars use that phrase to denote the distinctively French approach to the subject, which emphasizes the role of books in society.

Both Febvre and Martin operated under the sway of France's prestigious Annales school of history, the postwar movement that put aside traditional political history to examine everyday life through previously neglected socio- economic data: shipping logs, agricultural statistics and the like.

Its book-minded specialists, in turn, studied the holdings of private libraries, the documents of authors, printers, booksellers and readers, and such revelatory projects as the 18th-century Bibliotheque bleue, presagers of the modern paperback.

In the Anglo-American world, by contrast, the "history of the book" had largely been part of "analytic bibliography," a librarian's field that focused on the book as physical object. Its soldiers studied data such as watermarks and dedications, and traced changes in publishing since Gutenberg's movable type.

By the mid-1970s, however, the English translation of the Febvre-Martin book, and global cross-pollination between scholars, prodded researchers on both sides of the Atlantic to take note of one another. In the United States, Princeton historian Robert Darnton's The Business of Enlightenment (1979), and University of Michigan historian Elizabeth Eisenstein's The Printing Press as an Agent of Change (1979), both galvanized the subject, as did a 1980 international conference in Boston.

By the early 1980s, the field was booming. New journals appeared in country after country: Publishing History, Revue francaise d'histoire du livre, and Buchhandelsgeschichte. And research centers blossomed, such as Paris' Institut d'etude du Livre, and the Library of Congress' Center for the Book. The field, wrote Darnton, had "tribal elders as well as Young Turks."

Chartier plainly counts as one of the latter, on his way to becoming one of the former. Like Michel Foucault and other leading French intellectuals, he writes for mass publications and even co-hosts a weekly 90-minute radio show on history.

Among his own works, in English translation, are The Cultural Uses of Print in Early Modern France (Princeton, 1987), Cultural History (Cornell, 1988) and The Order of Books (Stanford, 1994). Next year, the University of Pennsylvania Press will publish his new book, tentatively titled Forms and Meanings, based on his spring Rosenbach lectures at the university.

In his scholarship, which focuses mainly on the publishing world of the ancien regime, Chartier rebels somewhat against the quantitative, pseudo- scientific approach of the Annales school, stressing the "singularities, idiosyncracies, particularities" of publishing, and questioning such conventional oppositions as "popular culture" and "high culture."

"What was wrong," he says of the Annales approach, "was to think that by the quantifications, you could answer all the questions. In fact, you can only raise the right questions."

But his range of reference is hardly airy - it reaches from the lives of the saints to the xylography (engraving of texts on wood) of medieval Korea. Throughout his work, Chartier insists that the changing form of a text - from the ancient roll, to the medieval codex (folded sheets), to the modern book and computer mode - affects its meaning ("The same text is not the same if it is given in a newspaper or in a book, on stage or in a recitation").

Much of what he reports about the history of text tends to come as news to the non-specialist reader, who generally doesn't know the verso (left-hand page) from the recto (right-hand page). The separation of words within a line, the separation of narrative into paragraphs, the division of the Bible into chapter and verse (which dismayed John Locke) - all conventions seen as natural by many readers - are in fact recent developments.

Like everyone in his field, Chartier is constantly asked these days about the "future of the book" in the electronic age. Partly in response, he published an article in the Winter 1993 issue of Common Knowledge, entitled, "From Codex to Screen: Trajectories of the Written Word."

In it, Chartier expresses the view that our "current revolution" is "obviously more extensive than was Gutenberg's. . . . The substitution of screen for codex is a far more radical transformation because it changes methods of organization, structure. . . ."

Chartier anticipates that there will be a "long period of coexistence" between books and electronic texts, but wonders whether computers might finally permit the realization of a Western dream "from Alexandria to the 20th century": the universal library, containing everything ever written (or extant).

He also believes that tension between the "authority" of texts and the right of a reader to interactively alter them (to the point of becoming a "co-author") will grow intense, throwing copyright laws into confusion (a process already underway). Chartier thinks the situation calls for "new ways of reading, new relationships to the written word, new intellectual techniques."

But he makes no precise predictions: "No one yet knows what this new way of reading will be."

\*

Considering that he actually attended a "professional school for people in the silk industry" before switching to humanistic studies, Chartier couldn't ask for a happier academic ending.

Although a recent Le Monde survey showed book-buying has dipped in France, Chartier reports interest in the history of the book is "louder than only in the academy." Meanwhile, in this country, graduate students are also turning to Chartier. "He's being read at least as much by people in literature as by historians right now," says Jerome Singerman, his University of Pennsylvania Press editor.

Chartier himself feels that the sheer concreteness of books renders them ideal artifacts for helping ordinary people make contact with their past. At times, he sounds as though he thinks France's central library, if properly signposted, could give EuroDisney some competition as a tourist attraction (admittedly no awesome feat these days).

"As you have castles, as you have monuments, you have also books in the Bibliotheque Nationale," Chartier says, true to his school. "It is one reason that some of these issues are so hot and intense in France. . . . "

Not to mention a reason why Mickey and his untenured friends aren't drawing quite the crowds Michael Eisner expected.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. "I think we have to respect books," Roger Chartier says, " . . . this

production of meaning that is created by the relationship between an object

and the text it carries." (The Philadelphia Inquirer, SHARON J. WOHLMUTH)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***IN QUEST FOR TOP STUDENTS, A THREAT TO THE BOTTOM LINE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44B7-G8R0-0190-X4S5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JANUARY 29, 2001 Monday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1724 words

**Byline:** James M. O'Neill, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Andrew Schwerin had applied to several prestigious colleges, but his first choice, far and away, was the University of Chicago.

The elite research university was similarly impressed with him. And why not? The Cherry Hill High East senior had combined SAT scores of more than 1,400 and a resume packed with community service and extracurriculars.

But Chicago's tuition, room and board totaled $33,444 a year, and the university offered only a few thousand dollars in aid.

In contrast, Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pa., which costs $28,630 a year, offered Schwerin a $15,000 scholarship - even though his parents earned too much to qualify for need-based aid. A personal pitch from the school's vice president clinched the deal.

"They talked about it being more personal than a big university," said Schwerin, 18, now a Dickinson freshman. "It made me more comfortable with the decision."

At small private colleges across the country, financial aid is undergoing a radical change.

Colleges once used scholarships to ensure that low-income students could afford to attend. Now, aid is increasingly used to lure the most desirable students - even when they do not need the money.

More colleges are lavishing larger sums on students who can afford to pay their own way. Schools even launch bidding wars over academic stars, falling over one another to offer the best financial package.

For some colleges, the practice has paid off in the short term. Enrollment is rising - or at least holding steady - and the schools attract bright students such as Schwerin, who enhance a college's image.

But heavy reliance on "merit aid" - a fancy term for tuition discounting - is fraught with risk.

When granting scholarships, a school in essence hands back a portion of its tuition revenue. Some colleges now dole out so much scholarship money that they reduce their overall tuition income by as much as 50 percent.

That leaves schools with fewer dollars to improve their "product" through smaller classes, better faculty and newer facilities.

The increased spending on scholarships has contributed to large deficits at some colleges.

Ultimately, none of the schools gains from this costly competition, experts say. They attract the same students they would have enrolled anyway, but at a tuition rate that has been bargained down.

"If we have a national goal of greater college access for all, it doesn't do any good to give extra money to students who are going to college anyway," said Donald E. Heller, an education professor at the University of Michigan who has studied merit aid nationwide.

"This is a hugely important public-policy issue," said Gregory C. Farrington, president of Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pa., and a former dean at the University of Pennsylvania. "It's kind of crazy. More money gets spent on the same or fewer numbers of students. It's a very regrettable use of resources."

Researchers differ on whether the rise of merit scholarships - aid not based on need - has reduced access to college for low-income students. Though merit aid is increasing, so is the total financial-aid pie.

This much is clear: Admissions offices nationwide are relying more on merit aid because competition for students is intense. College enrollment has been stagnant or falling since the early 1990s.

What's more, today's college-bound students lean heavily on national guidebooks and magazine surveys when deciding which college to attend. The books and surveys rate schools in part on their students' SAT scores and other academic data.

Colleges therefore feel compelled to use merit aid to lure the best students to improve their rankings.

"Every school wants these stellar students, and they're willing to pay to get them," said Sister Carol Jean Vale, president of Chestnut Hill College in Philadelphia. "They're the ones who bring life and energy to a campus."

"At the right price, we can buy away a student from Bryn Mawr," said Margaret M. Healy, president of Rosemont College on the Main Line.

MAIN SOURCE OF REVENUE

IS PLACED IN JEOPARDY

Private colleges gave out $7.8 billion in financial aid to undergraduates last year. Merit aid is consuming an increasing share of that total.

Among private colleges in Pennsylvania, merit-aid grants have risen sharply as a percentage of total scholarships since 1996 - from a median of 13.2 percent to 21.1 percent. Nationally, the picture is much the same.

Many small schools that play the merit-aid game step out onto a financial tightrope. Because they lack big endowments, tuition provides most of their revenue. Thus, they need to keep up enrollment. But the strategy they are using to do that - tuition discounting - puts their primary revenue stream at risk.

La Salle University has been particularly aggressive in discounting tuition. Established in 1863 to serve Philadelphia's ***working-class*** Catholics, La Salle has never known real financial security.

In contrast to elite schools with large endowments, La Salle relies on tuition for three-fourthsof its revenue. So when undergraduate enrollment dropped 14 percent over several years in the mid-1990s, university officials had to act quickly.

The slump was sparked in part by the school's price. Tuition, room and board totaled more than $20,000 in 1996 - nearly twice the price at taxpayer-subsidized Temple University or Pennsylvania State.

So La Salle offered a discount of $3,500 to any student who met its admissions criteria and had attended a high school in the Philadelphia Archdiocese - regardless of the family's financial means.

From1996 through 1999, spending on financial aid grew 75 percent, to nearly $20 million. Last year, the university gave back 50 cents of every tuition dollar it collected from entering freshmen.

Partly because of its tuition discounting, the school posted deficits of more than $1.5 million in both 1997 and 1998, according to its audited financial statements.

The strategy did boost enrollment. This year, 777 freshmen enrolled, compared with 648 in 1996. The university reported a $412,000 surplus in 1999, according to the audited statements.

Still, La Salle officials are anxious about their extensive use of discounting.

"We'd all admit that it's used at a higher rate than it can be sustained at," said David C. Fleming, La Salle's treasurer and vice president for business affairs.

But the simple fact, he said, is that La Salle needs students and the tuition they pay, even if the price has been marked down. "We'd love to be less tuition-dependent, but La Salle will in the foreseeable future be tuition-dependent," Fleming said.

Schools across the country are employing the same strategy. At less-selective colleges nationally, the "discount rate" - the percentage of tuition revenue handed back to students in aid - has risen from 29 percent to 39 percent since 1990.

Administrators at some schools say they rue the day the trend began, and worry where it will lead.

"The fire sale of education is at hand when you discount tuition at a high rate just to keep your doors open," said Charles Perkins, executive vice president and provost at Alvernia College in Reading.

Gwynedd-Mercy College increased its discounting in 1996 after a downturn in the health-care industry hurt enrollment in its flagship nursing program.

The number of full-time nursing students at the Montgomery County college dropped by one-third over four years - a serious matter, given that tuition pays more than two-thirds of the school's expenses.

Gwynedd-Mercy expanded a grant program similar to La Salle's, giving a discount of $1,500 - now $2,000 - to students from archdiocesan high schools, regardless of family wealth.

The strategy, along with a new $9 million science center, reversed the enrollment slide. Total freshman enrollment is about 380 - up from 222 in 1996.

But the increase came at a price. Spending on scholarships rose 66 percent, to $3.7 million, from 1996 to 1999. After posting a $4.7 million surplus in 1997, Gwynedd-Mercy recorded deficits of $800,000 in 1998 and $2.6 million in 1999, partly because of the discounting.

"We knew some of our strategic decisions would affect our bottom line," said Sister Linda M. Bevilacqua, Gwynedd-Mercy's president.

But she said she was convinced that various initiatives - including new facilities, growing adult programs, and higher salaries to keep the best professors - would put the college on a sound financial footing.

"Lots of schools have gone out of business, but this isn't going to be one of them," Sister Bevilacqua said. "Do we have problems? Sure. But we've faced them. What we have done has positioned us for a very strong future."

SCALING BACK A PROGRAM

OF GIVING BACK MONEY

Some schools have started to rethink their use of merit aid.

At Moore College of Art and Design in Philadelphia, aggressive tuition discounting led to heavy losses that prompted the school to take a new tack.

Moore, responding to enrollment declines in the mid-1990s, increased financial aid by 39 percent - to nearly $2.9 million - from 1996 through 1999. Moore racked up deficits of $550,000 in 1996, $2 million a year later, and $826,000 in 1998.

The college had to cut staff positions and freeze hiring. "It got to the point where we were asking people to bring their own Post-it notes in from home," said Lauri Strimkovsky, Moore's vice president for finance and administration and part of a new management team brought in to clean up the mess.

The college cut its discount rate from 35 percent to 30 percent of total tuition revenue. Moore also changed its marketing to highlight the benefits of an arts education at an all-female school rather than simply stress the low cost.

Moore ended the 1999 school year with a $2.2 million surplus. Freshman enrollment, which had dropped from 102 in 1995 to 72 in 1998, rose to 95 this year.

"When you discount heavily, the potential is for money to be the only thing bringing students here," Strimkovsky said. "And if that's the case, you risk losing them if the money disappears."

James M. O'Neill's e-mail address is [*joneill@phillynews.com*](mailto:joneill@phillynews.com)

TOMORROW

Desperate to boost enrollment, colleges are aggressively pursuing adult learners. At some schools, these students now outnumber traditional undergraduates.

On the Web:

Read the series and access a database of detailed financial information on the region's private colleges at [*http://inquirer.philly.com/go/survival101*](http://inquirer.philly.com/go/survival101)

**Notes**

Survival 101

Small private colleges on the financial brink

Second of six parts

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO

Andrew Schwerin got a $15,000 scholarship from Dickinson College; the school got a high-scoring student with a strong civic sense. (RON TARVER, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Rick Simon teaches anatomy in Gwynedd-Mercy College's $9 million science center. The science center and the use of tuition discounting helped the school rebuild enrollment after a downturn in the health-care industry hurt its flagship nursing program. (RON TARVER, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

**Load-Date:** October 31, 2001

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[***HOW THE COUNCILMAN WORKED HIS WAY UP AND WAS THOUGHT TO HAVE BEATEN A DRINKING PROBLEM ALONG THE WAY. 'EASYGOING' CUSICK REVISITS SOME DEMONS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-PCD0-0094-53BW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

JULY 23, 1994, SATURDAY,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 1528 words

**Byline:** DENNIS B. RODDY, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

To the people who know him, from the political allies who showed him how to run for office to the boxing coach who taught him how to throw a punch, the thought of Joseph M. Cusick belting a police officer is shocking.

Cusick, 31, a first-term councilman representing the city's southern neighborhoods, could lose his seat if convicted of aggravated assault after what police said was a drunken altercation outside an Overbrook topless bar.

That confrontation, which resulted in two charges of aggravated assault -- felonies -- was Cusick's second encounter with officers, whose reports described him as intoxicated and violent. Five years ago, city police arrested Cusick on a charge of drunkenness and simple assault after they were called to his home, then on the North Side, and were told by his wife that he had come home drunk, argued, and then hit her. The charges eventually were withdrawn.

The description of Cusick throwing a punch outside the boxing ring, where he once battled his brother for a Golden Gloves title, perplexes those who have known him for years as an affable, persistently friendly young man.

''He was basically an easygoing person,'' said Charles Senft, who coached a teen-age Cusick and his brothers, Shawn and Dennis, in the mid-1970s. At the time, Cusick was a member of a Brookline boxing club known as Charlie's Angels, and his old coach recalls him as a nice kid.

''Some guys you get, them that come in from the street, they've had a hard time, and you try to give them instruction and they just won't go along with it. He wasn't that way,'' Senft said.

At one point, Joe and his brother, Dennis, emerged as the two finalists for their boxing weight category and were slated to fight each other. The brothers were uneasy with the prospect, Senft said, but pushed ahead and ''gave a respectable fight.'' Joe, he said, won.

After high school, Cusick joined the Navy, and in his four years was assigned to the aircraft carrier USS Enterprise until he returned to Beechview.

That was when he met Michael Coyne, then a city councilman, who would bring the former sailor into city politics.

''He's a very good people person. He interacts very well with people and he understands their problems,'' said Coyne, now Allegheny County's prothonotary.

Coyne and Cusick met at the Knights of Equity, an Irish Catholic fraternal organization, where Cusick's father and brothers were active. At the time, Cusick was casting about for work. Coyne had an opening on his three-member council staff, at around $ 12,000 a year. Not great pay, but a start.

''I said, 'If you don't like it, you can always find something else,' '' Coyne recalled.

Cusick, however, loved the work, Coyne said, taking special pleasure in meeting with citizens who had complaints or needed help. It matched the description from friends in the old neighborhood, Beechview, where Cusick would hang with older kids on occasion, fetching sandwiches and refreshments as a favor.

Coyne's other two staffers held college degrees, while Cusick had his Navy experience.

''He was uncomfortable with that when he first started. It bothered him,'' Coyne said. ''He didn't have the piece of paper, but he was just as bright as everybody else.''

With his family active in Pittsburgh's Irish community, Cusick met and married Rita Watson, who had been named Miss Smiling Irish Eyes for the city's St. Patrick's Day parade and was part of an Irish dance group.

Cusick's first encounter with police came at about 2:30 a.m. on May 26, 1989, when city police were called to his home, then on Stilwell Street, North Side.

According to a police report, Rita Cusick told them her husband had come home drunk and started arguing and then slapped her. The officers reported finding a bruise on Rita Cusick's face.

''The victim stated that her husband had a drinking problem and every time he comes home the situation between (them) gets worse each time and that she's afraid for her well-being as well as that of their baby,'' the report said.

Officers said Joe Cusick was intoxicated, smelled of liquor and had bloodshot eyes. He was charged with public intoxication and simple assault, but they were withdrawn.

It was around this time, too, that Cusick sought help with his drinking and stopped altogether. Friends and acquaintances said he stopped for at least four years.

It was Cusick's boss, Coyne, who found himself in a jam after drinking too much.

In the early hours of March 17, 1990, Coyne, out with friends in an evening of St. Patrick's Day celebrating that stretched into the morning, stopped at the Edison Hotel, a Downtown bar noted for its striptease show. Police found him in an alley next to the bar, along with a friend who was sick. Officers told Coyne to leave.

Police said Coyne became abusive, told them he was a councilman, threatened their jobs, and, in an accusation an apologetic Coyne still insists isn't so, threw a punch at one of the officers.

Coyne apologized publicly and immediately and went ahead with plans to run for prothonotary the next year. Cusick and his family pitched in mightily for Coyne.

''I honestly believe that without the Cusick family, Michael would never have won the prothonotary's race,'' said Michael Lamb, another Coyne aide who grew up with Cusick in Beechview.

When Coyne celebrated an unexpectedly strong win over the endorsed Democratic candidate in the 1991 primary, Cusick and his brothers, as well as Cusick's wife and baby, were on hand to celebrate.

As Coyne left council, Cusick moved into a county job as deputy prothonotary but decided to go after the seat in District 4 that Council President Jack Wagner was vacating to run for mayor.

Cusick jumped into a five-way race for the Democratic nomination for the district, which includes Beechview, Brookline and Overbrook.

By his own acknowledgement, the young politician was no tremendous speaker. But he relied on an unpretentious, door-to-door style of communicating, and built early credibility by capturing the endorsement of the Democratic Committee.

''I think the Democratic endorsement was a big help for him,'' said Harry Readshaw, a Carrick funeral director and one of Cusick's rivals for the nomination.

Readshaw said Cusick also set himself apart from the rest of the pack in another way. While his rivals stressed neighborhood development issues, Cusick, whose plain speech and ***working-class*** roots would have suggested otherwise, stressed the idea of the Downtown and Oakland as the economic generators that must be nurtured.

''Joey was a blue-collar guy who had some white-collar ideas,'' said Lamb, who served as campaign adviser. ''He was a street guy, but he was the guy who was talking about metropolitanism.''

When the GOP candidate withdrew because of a lack of funds in the overwhelmingly Democratic district, Cusick found his election assured.

His emergence as a councilman delighted old friends like Senft. Cusick's success seemed to mark a new beginning for him.

It also got him attention and pointed to a sometimes uncertain public- private way of dealing with issues.

Earlier this year, Cusick joined Council President Jim Ferlo in a news conference at which the two men displayed mug shots and rap sheets for young men they described as gang leaders in the city. Ferlo and Cusick insisted that neither District Attorney Bob Colville nor U.S. Attorney Fred Thieman was doing enough to combat gang activity and that the gang members were well known.

Amid a public outcry over the release of what police said were confidential records, Ferlo and Cusick remained publicly adamant that they had made the right move.

''It's time someone had the guts to identify these people,'' Cusick told a reporter a week later.

But around the same time, Cusick privately called Colville and Thieman to apologize.

Then, 19 months into his first term, Cusick went out with two friends to one of Mayor Murphy's town meetings, this one in Carrick. On the way home, they stopped for drinks and ended up at the Bottoms Up Club, a topless bar along Route 51 in Overbrook.

Police said they encountered the men outside the bar and that Cusick became abusive, told them he was a councilman, and threatened their jobs. In another parallel to the Coyne incident, police say Cusick threw a punch, hitting one of the arresting officers in the face.

The police report said Cusick later punched a guard at the county lockup as well.

Cusick's attorney, Paul Boas, told reporters the incident ''has been blown completely out of proportion.''

Cusick's own past struggle with alcohol, Boas said, ''has nothing to do with the incident in question. I think it's an unfair invasion into irrelevant facts in his private life.''

For Coyne, who survived his own public scrape with police and is now one of the rising stars in Allegheny County's Democratic party, Cusick's problems are a troubling reminder.

''When this happened, I thought 'Oh, Joey! This is gonna bring this whole thing up again,' '' Coyne said. When he spoke with Cusick after the arrest, Coyne said, he told Cusick something else.

''I said to him 'Joey, if you weren't drinking, you wouldn't be in this mess,' '' Coyne said. ''He said, 'Yeah, yeah, I know. I gotta do something.' ''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Bill Wade/Post-Gazette: Joe Cusick -- His emergence as a councilman delighted old friends

**Load-Date:** September 15, 1994

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[***SHOW MAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP0-S640-0027-X3Y5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

May 10, 1998, Sunday,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** ENTERTAINMENT,; CENTERPIECE PROFILE

**Length:** 1651 words

**Byline:** Terry Morris DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Body**

In New York, he was known for his Shakespeare. In Berkeley and Berlin, he was known for his Brecht. In the heartland, W. Stuart McDowell has become an All-American showman.

These days, every fiber of his considerable enthusiasm seems to project the message: 'Step right up and see some live theater!'

The chairman and artistic director of the Department of Theatre Arts at Wright State University opened one curtain speech in the campus Festival Playhouse this season with the boast, 'You ain't seen nothing yet.'

And he is the only person in the state of Ohio whose license plates say THEATER.

'My first choice was THEATRE, but somehow someone got that before me. Is it too audacious? Life is too short to play it safe,' he said.

'I'm always plugging and marketing,' McDowell said last week during a break from the biggest musical Wright State University Theatre has ever mounted. It's Show Boat. It opens Thursday night. And he's directing.

Yet it isn't as a stage director, or as an educator, that McDowell has made his name since leaving Southern California in mid-1994 for WSU, a school with a once-notable undergraduate acting program that had begun to lose focus.

It's as a can-do guy, a goal-setter and achiever.

When he burst into the department one day three years ago with the certainty that a WSU-produced original drama about the 1913 Dayton flood would be a blockbuster, his ardor ricocheted off a gallery of blank and skeptical faces.

The play, 1913: The Great Dayton Flood, which he co-authored with student Tim Nevits, put WSU on national and local maps. It won national honors in the American College Theatre Festival in Washington, D.C., a first for the university; and it sold out several performances at the Victoria Theatre downtown, where no WSU play had ever gone before.

Few, if any, are pooh-poohing his plans to produce part two of 'The Dayton Trilogy.' To be called 1903 and focus on the birth of aviation, the Wright brothers and Paul Laurence Dunbar, this one will be a musical.

Tony Dallas, Yellow Springs playwright, director and actor is writing the book. McDowell is composing the music. That is no misprint. He spent much of December at a synthesizer in his basement, frightening and earning grudging acceptance from the family's two cats.

1913 was accompanied by a television documentary on The Making of 1913. McDowell is planning a sneak-preview concert this fall of 'The Songs From 1903. '

The musical's premiere will be in 1999 on campus.

Part three of the trilogy, 'which looks at Dayton as a microcosm of the country,' is going to be 'about the Dayton Peace Accords, but also race relations and the local history of the KKK,' he said. 'In the meantime, we're keeping all of the sets and costumes from 1913 because someday, all three of the plays will be done together.'

It isn't just talk. By now, it's apparent. He means it.

In another life, he might have been a salesman, a negotiator, or a deal-maker.

He has had to be all three at Wright State.

When he announced that the department was going to institute a new emphasis on musical theater, not everyone agreed with the wisdom of altering WSU's traditional emphasis on a general, varied bachelor of fine arts program. Some believed that adding a master's degree was a way to heighten Wright State's declining theater profile. McDowell made a decision he has no doubt was the right one. 'This should have been done years ago here,' he said.

'There's a very positive buzz out there about Wright State right now. We're becoming more competitive with other colleges that were beginning to beat us to the best students,' McDowell said.

WSU Theatre has never attracted more prospective students, more out-of-state students, or sold more tickets to its productions, he said. Season subscriptions were up modestly this year, from 1,900 to 2,200, but ticket sales rose almost 25 percent.

At only 375 seats, the size of the Festival Playhouse is a limitation. McDowell says the building also needs a major renovation that would cost between $ 1 million and $ 2 million. But he said the first emphasis has to be on the student actors, whom he calls 'the athletes of the soul.'

'We've created an endowment fund which is now at about $ 400,000, but we need several million in that. Many of our students come from ***working-class*** backgrounds. They need scholarship support.'

New scholarships, including one named for the fathers of film performers and Dayton natives Martin Sheen and Samantha Langevin, have also been established. So has a volunteer fund-raising arm for the theater called Stage Wright Friends.

Selling tickets and raising money is crucial at WSU Theatre, which by charter has always been subsidized far less than most college drama departments.

Wright State contributes less than 10 percent to production costs. Most of the rest has to come from box-office proceeds, McDowell said. That means Show Boat, Chicago and Brigadoon rather than plays by Chekhov, Arthur Miller, Brecht or even Shakespeare.

McDowell, whose first initial, W., is short for William 'the same as Shakespeare,' arrived at Wright State with academic and artistic credentials dripping with Brecht and Shakespeare.

As a doctoral student at the University of California at Berkeley, he studied the theater of Bertolt Brecht in Germany for two years as a Fulbright scholar. He has taught at Columbia University and Berkeley.

He co-founded the Riverside Shakespeare Festival in New York, which produced summer productions in parks throughout the city for several years.

For two years before he came to WSU, he was artistic director of the Grove Shakespeare company in Orange County, Calif.

When he decided he wanted to return to academic theater, 'he was scanning the job openings when he came across the one at Wright State,' his wife, Gloria Skurski, said.

'Stuart said it couldn't hurt to go out and look around, so he did. When he called me from Dayton, he sounded almost sheepish, but he said he really, really loved the department and felt at home here immediately. I literally had no idea where Dayton was. We were your basic East Coast-West Coast snobs. But once we got here we were astonished. People on the coasts just don't know about the quality of life here.'

Their daughter, Claire, 9, is in the third grade at Harman School in Oakwood.

Skurski, who co-directed Riverside Shakespeare with McDowell for several years, met him when she was entering the graduate theater program at Berkeley.

'Stuart was just about to leave it, and he was the big star of the department. Everybody else was going to direct something. Stuart was not only going to direct a play, he was going to translate it from the original German, adapt it and design it. I had heard a lot about him before I ever saw him.'

When she did see him, 'he was wearing a paper bag over his head and playing a kazoo in a skit about Frankenstein at a reception for new undergraduates,' she said. 'People sometimes ask me if it was love at first sight with Stuart. I can't say that.'

She didn't see him again for four years. She had just graduated and left for New York 'with the names of three people to see. One of them was Stuart.'

He asked her to stage-manage and co-produce an outdoor touring production of Romeo and Juliet, which turned out to be the beginning of the Riverside company. McDowell and Skurski alternated directing and producing for the next three years. Then she went to work for CBS News for seven years, where she became an associate producer.

In Dayton, she is the projects and grants coordinator for WPTD, Public Television Channel 16, and has landed statewide grants for two educational projects. McDowell says 'she is one of the best theater directors around.'

Skurski says he 'has always had the energy and vision that people here are seeing. He always pushed people to do their best, but he also made it a great experience. One time we agreed to do a Hamlet on a rooftop court of Union Theological Seminary in New York. Then we discovered there was no elevator. We had to carry all of the scenery and everything up eight flights of stairs. Stuart actually managed to make that fun.'

Among those who performed for them were F. Murray Abraham, Helen Hayes, David Straitharn, Raul Julia, Ossie Davis, Rex Smith and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. McDowell also produced a show starring Tom Hanks.

Henry 'Hank' Guettel, who headed New York's Theater Development Fund for a decade and directed Twentieth Century Fox's East Coast operations, knew McDowell during the Riverside years and recalls him as being 'a one-man band. He did everything and he did it brilliantly. That company had no home. It had no reason to exist. But he made it happen. He never made a big fuss, when everybody else in show business always does. I think he's one of a kind.'

Guettel is married to the daughter of Richard Rodgers, as in Rodgers and Hammerstein.

Samuel Scripps, an heir to the Scripps-Howard newspaper fortune and a well-known patron in the dance world, did lighting design for the Riverside and worked with McDowell on an original play about John Wilkes Booth and his actor brother.

'Stuart has a lot of great ideas and a lot of dreams. His enthusiasm is hard to resist. I thought, as he did, that The Brothers Booth was a great project, but it never really got off the ground. It needed some more rewriting. If I know him, he'll find a way to do it again someday,' Scripps said.

In a way, McDowell has come back home to the Midwest.

He was born outside St. Louis as the third and last child of David and Stacey McDowell. His dad was a seventh-generation Presbyterian minister. 'My brother David and I broke the mold,' McDowell said.

His mom was the church organist.

He turned to theater only after being cut from the soccer team his junior year in high school. He auditioned and got the role of Lysander in A Midsummer Night's Dream.

It's been theater ever since.

No, make that theater!

And make way for Show Boat.

**Notes**

\* CONTACT Terry Morris at 225-2377 or by e-mail at [*terry\_morris@coxohio.com*](mailto:terry_morris@coxohio.com)

**Graphic**

COLOR PHOTO: W. Stuart McDowell CREDIT: Wally Nelson DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Load-Date:** May 13, 1998

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[***Northern Ireland's turmoil crosses ocean to Chicago Complexities trickle down to touch local residents***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S83-J220-007M-417D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

March 16, 1998, Monday

Copyright 1998 Paddock Publications, Inc.

**Section:** News;

**Length:** 1601 words

**Byline:** Robert C. Herguth Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

One woman's niece was gunned down by British agents. Another's good friend died in a massive Irish Republican Army bomb blast. One man served in Northern Ireland as a British soldier and learned in a two-month stint how deadly the place can be.

All now live in the Chicago area, thousands of miles from Northern Ireland, but its troubles still linger in their minds.

Their deeply felt views reflect the complexities facing the province as it works toward a lasting peace between Catholics, Protestants, Ireland and Great Britain, whose troops have been in the country for about 30 years.

Most of the players are expected at a St. Patrick's Day reception at the White House, where President Clinton likely will urge they make the May deadline for reaching an accord.

Clinton also said in recent days he might visit Belfast, which has been home to much of the violence, if a peace settlement is reached in the near future.

Three local residents spoke with the Daily Herald about their experiences and thoughts on the conflict.

\* \* \*

Growing up Protestant in a ***working-class*** Scottish town with deep religious divisions, James had little sympathy for Catholics in Northern Ireland when he arrived there as a British soldier 10 years ago.

He liked the IRA even less. The mostly Catholic paramilitary group has been waging a campaign of shootings and bombings to oust the British from the province. The Protestant majority, also responsible for violence, wants to stay a part of the United Kingdom rather than unite with the largely Catholic Irish Republic.

"If you asked me … 10 years ago, I would have probably said shoot every one of them," said James, 30, about IRA members.

But time, travels and his studies have broadened and tempered his views. He now says he understands the IRA perspective - although he does not endorse their violence.

"From their historical standpoint the people occupying their country shouldn't be there," said James,  who doesn't want his

last name used because of the sensitivity of the issue. "From that standpoint, you have to sympathize. If the same thing happened in Scotland, I'd probably be on their side."

James joined the British Army in the mid-1980s after high school along with a handful of chums from his village, which is located between Scotland's two main cities: industrial Glasgow and majestic Edinburgh.

His first "overseas" assignment came in 1988 when he was stationed in Northern Ireland for two months. Attached to a Scottish infantry regiment, James spent most of his time at an army base a few miles from the border with the Republic of Ireland.

"I was mostly doing the finances for units out there," said James, who now works for a Chicago-area financial institution.

It was quiet during most of his stint, although he vividly remembers a bombing that killed a number of his comrades.

"It was 11 o'clock at night, and I was having a beer in the barracks," he recalled. "All of a sudden there was an explosion that shook our building. We rushed out and could see flames in the distance."

Just a few miles away an IRA bomb had destroyed a bus full of soldiers.

"It actually shook our barracks," James said. "Afterwards, it was a very spooky place."

After leaving the province, he stayed with the army for another four years, completing assignments in Belize and Cyprus, and eventually visiting the United States, where he met his future wife, who is from Chicago.

Over the years his views on the conflict evolved, he said, partly because he went to college and traveled, and partly because he is removed from the scene.

There are no easy answers, he now says. Moreover, he adds, no side in the conflict is without some blame.

"Do I sound like I'm walking the fence?" James asked with an easy laugh. "There are two sides to it. I think both of them are causing the problem. It's complex."

When in Northern Ireland "I think I still had the same things in my mind I had when I was growing up: That Catholics aren't any good. Now I've come to a point where, is it really worth it to have those views? Are they (Catholics) really wrong? I think I've just educated myself so I look at it from different sides."

For instance, he says Protestants have as much a claim to Ulster, having been there for hundreds of years. And he says the British Army often gets a bad rap; with a few exceptions, it's made up of soldiers who "want to do their four months and get out."

"They came for the right reason," which was to protect the Catholics during Protestant assaults in the late 1960s, he said.

Overall, he said sectarian killings won't bring peace. Rather, he believes more exchanges between Protestant and Catholic kids, and more sensitivity training in school, is needed.

At the same time, people should worry less about the past and more about the future.

"At some point you have to look at history and say, 'That's exactly what it is,' and 'What do we have to do to get this finished.' "

\* \* \*

Shortly before Christmas in 1983, a powerful IRA car bomb exploded outside Harrods department store in London.

All five floors of the nation's most famous store were damaged to some extent, and the human toll was devastating: a half-dozen people were killed, and about 100 others were injured.

Among the dead was Kenneth Salvesen, a 28-year-old Chicagoan who was in England on business.

Since that day more than 14 years ago, Janice Sykes shivers whenever she hears about a bombing in that part of the world.

"Every time I hear of another bombing, explosion or person being killed, I go cold," said Sykes, a Chicago-area resident who had been close friends with Salvesen and his wife, Karen. "I think, did Ken really die in vain? Did it teach us anything?"

Karen has since remarried and moved to England.

She declined to be interviewed for the story because the memories were too painful.

Sykes said she and Karen have strong feelings about people who donate to organizations sympathetic to the IRA.

Following the deadly bombing, which the IRA later apologized for because of the civilian casualties, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher blasted Americans who give money to the groups.

Thatcher said such donations "possibly had the result on this occasion of resulting in the death of one American citizen as well as those of other nationalities."

Karen has written to the U.S. government to protest Gerry Adams, head of the IRA's political wing, Sinn Fein, receiving permission to visit the United States for fund-raising.

At the time of the bomb attack, Karen had planned to meet her husband in London. In fact, Sykes drove her to O'Hare International Airport just after the bombing. Neither knew at the time Kenneth was a victim.

Sykes described Salvesen as "an apolitical person" killed "for no reason."

"He was a really wonderful person," she said. "It was a terrible tragedy."

\* \* \*

On March 6, 1988, Mairead Farrell and two other unarmed IRA soldiers on a bombing mission in Gibraltar were gunned down by undercover British agents in the colony.

Soon after, the phone in Kathleen O'Connell's suburban home rang. It was a relative calling to tell her the 31-year-old Farrell, O'Connell's niece, was dead, and a funeral was to be held in Northern Ireland.

"I started making arrangements immediately to go," said O'Connell, 63. "I just wanted to go for moral support. She (Farrell) was a lovely girl. Very vivacious, pretty looking. Loved to sing. I was very close to her mother."

The violence, however, didn't end in Gibraltar. At cemetery services for the three IRA members, a pro-British gunman lobbed grenades and opened fire on the huge crowd of mourners, killing several and injuring dozens.

At first, O'Connell didn't realize what was happening. Her brother-in-law pushed her to the ground and shielded her with his body.

"I heard the noise - the shots - but I didn't recognize them as such because I'd never heard one before," she said. "Gerry Adams (the head of Sinn Fein, the IRA's political wing) shouted 'Get down, get down!' Several other men started running down the cemetery after the man.

"I think I was in shock through the whole time," she said. "I didn't feel fear at all, just kind of removed from everything, like a witness, outside looking in."

Such events have helped shape O'Connell, who came to the United States 41 years ago from her hometown near the border of the two Irelands.

She now believes more than ever that the British are behind most of the problems in the north.

"They never did a thing" to help during the funeral rampage, she said of the British Army and police. "They had a full view of what was going on, but they didn't do a thing."

She also describes her niece's shooting as "murder," although the British have said they believed the three IRA members were about to detonate a bomb and had to act quickly. No bomb, though, was found nearby, and witnesses have said the trio had their hands raised when they were shot.

In light of Farrell's final mission, O'Connell conceded it's "difficult" to reconcile the IRA's goals with its methods.

"I'm totally against bombing, I don't care who does it," she said. "I don't agree with violence at all."

Yet, she said the organization is necessary. "They're the only defense the nationalist people have had," she said.

Not surprisingly, O'Connell isn't optimistic about the peace process.

"The only thing that hasn't been tried in Northern Ireland is British withdrawal," she said, adding that probably won't happen any time soon. "The British presence has caused problems from day one."

"If Britain pulled out and said, 'You're going to have to get along with your neighbor,' they'd have to get along," she said. "It would take time, though."

**Graphic**

irish-2ne0313chiBZ James, a Scotsman, served briefly as a British soldier in Northern Ireland. He now lives in Chicago. Daily Herald Photo/Bill Zars

**Load-Date:** March 18, 1998

**End of Document**



[***LOST'S BAD BOY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD3-J9H0-0027-X2NH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

April 3, 1998, Friday,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** GO!,; MOVIE REVIEW

**Length:** 1618 words

**Byline:** Dave Larsen Film critic

**Body**

LOS ANGELES - A Lost in Space sequel notwithstanding, Gary Oldman has bid adieu to villainous roles.

'I've just corked, if you like, the genie,' Oldman says, cupping one hand and slapping it with the open palm of the other. 'That's it - villains - there's a ceiling to what I can do with them and where I can go.'

In recent years, such roles have taken the respected British actor to fantastic heights playing bad guys in Air Force One, The Fifth Element and Bram Stoker's Dracula. Lost in Space finds him floating in a similar orbit, re-creating Jonathan Harris' classic role as the meddling Dr. Zachary Smith.

But Oldman is clearly exasperated by typecasting. Understandable, given the range he demonstrated early in his film career, when he portrayed punk-rock casualty Sid Vicious in Sid and Nancy and gay playwright Joe Orton in Prick Up Your Ears.

'I got offered four villains this week, which says as much about the people who are offering me the roles,' he laments. Oldman says if someone were brave enough to cast him in a comedy such as Dumb and Dumber, and he did a decent job, he would then get nothing but comedy scripts. 'That's how ridiculous the business is.'

Playing villains such as Dr. Smith have kept Oldman steadily working, but not without a price. 'I've neglected the acting a bit,' he admits in a surprisingly gentle voice. 'I've sort of just let it go. I've let it slip a bit.'

Lost in Space was more a test of Oldman's patience than his talent. An elaborate special effects sequence at the sci-fi adventure's climax required him to recite his lines while standing on stilts and wearing a cloak. His character, who has undergone a fiendish transformation, was then fleshed out in post-production. Oldman later revoiced his dialogue at least 10 times, lip-syncing to a computerized face.

'You come in and you do just a couple a minutes a day,' he explains. 'Most of it is hanging around waiting for the technical side to do its thing.' The trick, he says, is retaining one's concentration while the lighting and sets are being prepared. 'When you come in at 9 o'clock and you rehearse a scene, and you don't shoot it until 5, you forget what you came in to do.'

In a film such as Lost in Space, you surrender to the process, he says. But given Oldman's intense air - the way he wraps himself around his chair in a L.A. hotel suite, locking his fingers and twiddling his thumbs - one gets the impression that he has a hard time being idle.

'I can understand why a lot of actors talk about the theater, because you live a life for two hours, unbroken,' he says. 'You have a continuity of existence in a play, where films are very fractured and shot out of continuity. It's strange.'

Oldman, 40, made his acting debut in 1979 on the British stage.

Lost in Space director Stephen Hopkins says Oldman was his first choice to play Dr. Smith, as well as the first actor he cast for the film. 'He's such a grounded, wonderful actor, but also he has a great sense of humor,' Hopkins said. 'And I think that was the fine line we were walking with that character, to try and do both. To try to make the character be fun and be enjoyable, without having him prance around the screen.'

The director likened the role, and Oldman's approach, to Shakespeare's Richard III: 'Someone who enjoys their villainy, but also is a voice of reason amongst it all, too.'

Oldman admits only passing familiarity with the campy 1960s television show on which the film is based, not being a follower of science fiction. At the time it was offered, Dr. Smith was the only role around. 'I wanted to do a movie that my kid could see, and it was Lost in Space or starve,' he says.

Mimi Rogers, who plays Maureen Robinson, describes her co-star as 'quite the antic spirit. He likes to work hard, and between working, he likes to joke around and have fun.'

The interview, too, is not without levity, as when Oldman does an amusing impression of a studio executive pitching him comedy scripts, or when he talks about dealing with the contractors remodeling his house in L.A.

But Oldman is most passionate discussing Nil By Mouth, his writing and directing debut. The gritty, semiautobiographical drama about a violently dysfunctional ***working-class*** family has reaped critical acclaim, as well as a best picture nomination from the British Academy of Film and Television Arts.

The film is tentatively scheduled to open next Friday at the New Neon Movies. Unlike Lost in Space, the demands of directing Nil By Mouth kept Oldman engaged in every step of the filmmaking process. 'Acting's a lot easier,' he admits.

Oldman had total creative control over the film, although that meant accepting the villain role in The Fifth Element. Director Luc Besson, with whom Oldman also worked on The Professional, produced Nil By Mouth. The project also left him totally exposed. 'That was what was exciting, is you say I stand or fall by this, and it's not a compromise,' Oldman says. 'It's not a creative cocktail. It's not a committee. So if I get bad reviews, it's because I (messed) up.'

Response to the film has been 'extraordinary,' he says. 'It doesn't make the film bad necessarily because you get a bad review. But like anything, I think it's stimulating to have the control - to have your work up there and be your true voice.'

Now that he's sworn off villains, what would Oldman like someone to send him next? 'A good role,' he replies. 'Well-written. That's hard to find, believe you me.'

Contact Dave Larsen at 225-2419 or by e-mail at [*dave\_larsen@coxohio.com*](mailto:dave_larsen@coxohio.com)

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Space family Robinson gets a '90s update while paying homage to television roots

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REVIEW : Lost in Space

Director: STEPHEN HOPKINS

Starring: GARY OLDMAN, WILLIAM HURT, MATT LEBLANC, MIMI RODGERS;

122 minutes;

BEAVERCREEK, CROSS POINTE, DAYTON MALL, HUBER HEIGHTS, SALEM AVENUE

PG-13: Action violence, brief profanity

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By Dave Larsen Dayton Daily News

Family dysfunction meets the final frontier in Lost in Space, a contemporary take on the campy 1960s television series.

Although the big-budget film version retains some of the series' humor, the tone is darker and more serious - much like the TV show's first season, before Batman began trouncing it in the ratings and forced it to compete with campier story lines.

Ironically, the Lost in Space screenplay was written by Akiva Goldsman, who also wrote the scripts for the last two Batman movies.

The fun but flawed science-fiction adventure honors its past with cameos by TV cast members Angela Cartwright, Mark Goddard, Marta Kristen and June Lockart. Dick Tufeld returns as the voice of the Robot. Fans will also recognize classic lines such as 'Crush! Kill! Destroy!' and Dr. Smith's anguished refrain: 'Oh, the pain, the pain.'

And like the series, which was the first to end each episode with a cliffhanger, the film leaves itself wide open for sequels.

Goldsman and director Stephen Hopkins (The Ghost and the Darkness) veer off the original's flight path by adding '90s-style family strife and sexual tension between Judy Robinson and Don West. The changes make sense.

The Robinson family is being torn from their dying planet to colonize Alpha-Prime. The sadness they feel over leaving their lives behind is personified by Penny Robinson, portrayed as a rebellious teen by Party of Five's Lacey Chabert. Dr. John Robinson (William Hurt) is so consumed with trying to save the world that he neglects his own family, especially his young son, Will (Jack Johnson).

The Robinsons are cast adrift in the cosmos after rebel agent Dr. Zachary Smith (Gary Oldman) sabotages the robot that controls their spacecraft, leaving him stranded on board. West (Matt LeBlanc) and Judy (Heather Graham) are the only single young adults within light years, and West's manly hormones come into play.

These variations aside, Lost in Space works best when it adheres to the original's hallmarks, as when Will and Dr. Smith set out against orders to explore a hostile planet. Goldsman's story tends to lag, however, and the physics of a crucial time-travel plot twist are confusing.

There are a few corny gags - 'That's it, I'm going to turn this space ship right around!' snaps Maureen Robinson (Mimi Rogers) at her bickering children - but not to the degree that undermined Batman and Robin.

The film features more than 750 visual effects, ranging from space spiders to a hyperdrive trip through the sun. Hopkins relies heavily on computer-generated imagery, with mixed results. The opening battle sequence, which puts LeBlanc and actor Lennie James in a virtual set, is dazzling. So is the liftoff of the Jupiter 1. A computer-animated space monkey named Blawp, on the other hand, is too cartoonish to be convincing.

Lost in Space's dark look was created by Norman Garwood, who earned an Academy Award nomination as production designer of Brazil. The Robinsons' form-fitting black leather space costumes were designed by Batman's Vin Burnham.

While exploding planets and robots run amok often overshadow the actors, Oldman puts in a typically fine performance as yet another villain. Hurt remains a bit remote until the finale, while Rogers is limited to only a few pivotal scenes.

LeBlanc is the biggest surprise, successfully breaking from his moronic Friends character, Joey Trebbiani. He holds himself with greater confidence as the cocky pilot and makes use of his sitcom-honed comic timing in his barbed exchanges with Boogie Nights' Graham.

Lost in Space is no giant leap for the genre, but it's not a bad first step to launching a franchise.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: bove: Gary Oldman as Dr. Smith. Right: (left to right) Mimi Rogers, Jack Johnson, Lacey Chabert, Heather Graham, William Hurt and Matt LeBlanc.

**Load-Date:** April 6, 1998

**End of Document**



[***A MORALIST MAKES WAVES WITH A FORAY INTO EROTICA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DDT0-01K4-90HJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 12, 1998 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1587 words

**Byline:** Julia M. Klein, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

He was "a fruit that has to burst its skin," she thought. "Comfort me with apples for I am sick of love. And it is a comfort, isn't it,

. . . the bounty of abandonment, the cry that means full stop."

And, so, with lush metaphors and soap operatic intensity, Mary Gordon gives us the musings of her latest heroine, the artist Monica Szabo. Szabo is the narrator of Spending: A Utopian Divertimento, a self-consciously erotic novel in which food, sex and painting all become synergistic sources of pleasure.

And nobody ends up any the worse for it.

But wait - Mary Gordon? Whose guilt-ridden Catholic heroines have always paid so dearly for their irrepressible carnal desires?

Remember Isabel, who swells up like a blimp and endures the abuse of the hateful Margaret in Final Payments (1978) - all because she had an affair with a married man? (Well, actually two married men.) Or Felicitas, the protagonist of The Company of Women (1980), whose punishment for sex is first betrayal, then pregnancy?

Even in Gordon's most recent fiction, The Rest of Life (1993), the women who narrate the trio of novellas worry incessantly about their lovers' abandonments, both past and future.

Not so in Spending. Sure, Monica worries a little. But mostly she laps up the blandishments of her self-appointed male muse - a Jewish commodities trader named only B, in a parody of Victorian erotica, who showers her with money, attention and liberal quantities of toe-curling sex.

Is this a fairy tale or what?

And how ever did Gordon come to tell it?

In the first place, it wasn't her idea.

Gordon, who speaks at 8 p.m. Thursday at the Free Library as part of its Rebuilding the Future series, admits as much. (The event is sold out, but admission to a video simulcast in the Central Library's East Gallery is free.)

Writing an erotic book from a woman's perspective was the inspiration of Gordon's English editor, who told her "erotica is really written by men for men."

The editor apparently missed out on such notorious counterexamples as Pauline Reage's Story of O and Erica Jong's more mainstream 1973 best-seller, Fear of Flying. But Gordon, 49, whose father once edited a pornographic-humor magazine, seized on the idea with gusto.

To wit:

It's always a bit of a shock, isn't it, not to be empty when you've been so empty. He made his way inside. It was relief, nothing but relief to be filled up, to be touched in such a deep place you're sure it never existed before, it only came to be at just that minute. . . .

And so on, for 301 steamy pages.

"I was mainly interested in creating a universe in which objects were very sexualized and gestures were sexualized," Gordon explains over crabcakes and tuna tartare at a popular Washington lunch spot. A diminutive woman with a ready wit, at once soft-spoken and outspoken, she wears just a touch of eyeliner and a brown suit accented by a multicolored scarf.

"I was really interested in the way the appetites feed in and out of one another," says the Barnard College English professor, whose models included the French novelists Colette and Marguerite Duras.

At 50, Gordon's heroine finds food sexy, and bathing sexy, and painting her compliant commodities trader in a state of postorgasmic bliss very sexy indeed. Some reviewers have found Monica herself annoyingly solipsistic, a reaction Gordon sees as sexist.

"What would a male have to do to be called self-indulgent?" she asks, bristling. "I don't think she's unlikable. I think she's not nice. I think there's a difference. I would really like to hang out with her. She's smart and she's funny. She's not a complete bulldozer, but she gets her work done."

In fact, one of Gordon's principal themes is what she calls "the eroticization of work - that work can be a desire and can make you revved up in the same way that sex can." In the case of men, she wanted to explore "the connection . . . between sexual potency and financial potency" - which turns out to be all too strong for Monica's muse. Gordon also is fascinated by "the difference between consumption and pleasure" in a society that she says exalts the former and is made queasy by the latter.

"Pleasure consists of anticipation, and contemplation, and then consumption," she says. "And then afterwards maybe talking about it, and reliving it, and appreciating it. We want to just cut to the chase, and get out as quickly as we can."

Gordon is best known as a moralist, a writer of serious literary fiction whose works treat the conflicts between the spirit and the flesh, the ideal and the merely ordinary. So her foray into erotica - in the form of a comic novel - has been greeted with delight by some critics, and derision by others.

Writing in The Nation, Maureen Corrigan crowed: "It's as though after all these years of kneeling, resentful but spellbound, in the darkened confessional, Gordon has decided to rend the curtains and treat herself and her readers to a vision of an earthly paradise."

But Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of the New York Times said he found Monica's "assumptions of superiority and moral rationalizations . . . insufferable" and her sexual prodigiousness exhausting. "This may be the first novel I've ever read," he sniffed, "where you skim the sex scenes to find the talky parts."

Other critics have pronounced Monica's experiences entertaining, but unreal. "A fairy tale," said Gail Caldwell in the Boston Globe, albeit a "boldly Dionysian" one.

Not true, insists Gordon, who suggests it all could happen. "I like to say improbability - not fantasy," she says.

Let's review: B, an attractive and available millionaire, offers Monica whatever she needs to do her best work. If she wants food, he appears with a picnic basket. If it's a bath she craves, he supplies her with "a stupefying array of conditioners and oils and powders." If she demands more space, he buys her a New York apartment. And when she tires of him, he simply retreats, uncomplainingly.

"Probably no man's ever going to do this," concedes Gordon. On the other hand, she says: "He's not flying. He's not turning into a donkey. . . . This is a hopeful book."

\* Raised in a Catholic ***working-class*** neighborhood on Long Island, Gordon broke long ago from the confines of her upbringing. She attended parochial schools, but fled to Barnard College in 1967, when the counterculture was at its peak. She attended graduate school at Syracuse University, but never completed her doctorate on Virginia Woolf.

Instead, she wrote Final Payments, whose success launched her literary career. The novel, fashioned with grace and precision, begins with an account of an invalid father's funeral.

Eighteen years later, Gordon published The Shadow Man, a tortured memoir of her struggle to come to terms with her real-life father, who died when she was 7. A Jew who converted to Catholicism, he left a checkered legacy - unconditional love and support for his daughter, but also virulently anti-Semitic writings and, like Gatsby, a constructed past filled with lies.

Writing the memoir was "a very sad experience," Gordon says.

Married to her second husband, Arthur Cash, an English professor at the State University of New York at New Paltz, Gordon has two teenage children and calls herself "a very passionate mother."

The heroine of Spending often is consumed by a desire for solitude - a desire she shares with Gordon, who has a commuter marriage.

"Three days of the week I have that bed to myself, with books," she says, "and it's perfectly nice - having emptiness. Having that empty space around your life that you can fill in your own way is very voluptuous, I think, as women get older."

A self-declared feminist, Gordon sees her generation of women as torn between two sets of values. "We grew up with all these romantic movies, in which you fainted, and you were lifted up," she says, citing Audrey Hepburn as a prototypical film heroine.

"Well, that doesn't go away in one minute. So I think there's a great dualism. On a very deep level, we would love to be completely taken care of. . . . But our experience has told us that the price you have to pay for that in terms of autonomy is really higher than we want to pay."

As a result, she says, "I think we're in a very transitional spot."

Spending, she says, "really takes feminism for granted in a way." It says: "OK, . . . we're middle-aged, and we're still peppy. We still have energy and sex, and, you know what, the women's movement was a good thing. Because I couldn't be where I was if not for the women's movement."

Still, she agrees, she is writing against the culture at a time when the pervasive fear of AIDS and workaholic lives have made sex a relatively scarce commodity. "Most of the people I know aren't having a lot of sex," Monica declares.

Despite the women's movement, the notion of a woman having both sex and success may still be an unsettling one. As women have gotten more power, says Gordon, "we want to punish them more."

A similarly punitive instinct, she adds, may be motivating reaction to President Clinton's alleged sexual escapades. Comparing him to the picaresque hero Tom Jones, Gordon calls Clinton "a libidinally lively man," who has "made men feel inadequate, and women feel desirous in some way that they didn't want to deal with."

Gordon herself has met the President - and found his sexual aura overwhelming. "I thought I was going to die," she says. "I've never experienced anything remotely like it. . . . I just thought I was going to have to literally get oxygen, he was so sexy. And I think it's made people very hostile."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Mary Gordon, whose steamy latest novel is "Spending," will speak Thursday at the Free Library.

Mary Gordon's heroine in "Spending" is a lusty artist who finds an attractive millionaire eager to cater to her every need. The sexiness has been applauded - and derided. (Knight Ridder Tribune, DEBBI MORELLO)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***BRITISH HEAD TO FRANCE FOR DRINKS MERCHANTS TAPPING THE MARKET CREATED BY THE CHANNEL TUNNEL BREW A RIVALRY. OLD SUSPICIONS ARE RESURFACING.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NYX0-01K4-943C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

May 6, 1994 Friday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1388 words

**Byline:** Dick Polman, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** CALAIS, France

**Body**

The phone jangled. Dave West snatched it with his oversized paw, and mumbled hello without moving the lit butt that dangled on his lips. He stood there in the morning gloom, dwarfed by pallets of beer and wine. His massive German shepherds barely stirred; one snoozed on the scuffed tile floor, the other lounged on an old couch in the musty back room.

You could tell who was on the line by the way he rolled his red-rimmed eyes: obviously a Frenchman looking for a deal on booze. In other words, the enemy. West scratched his stubble, indulged the guy's incomprehensible jabbering, and finally said, "Uh . . . Hold on . . . Vous parlez anglais?"

He made a face, and hung up. "Huh," he grunted. "Didn't think so."

Imagine - a Frenchman on French soil who didn't speak English.

West doesn't have much time for such people. He is here to help his British "mates," the "booze cruisers" crossing the English Channel by the millions in search of brew at bargain prices, thanks to the lowered trade

barriers of the new, open Europe.

He and five other enterprising Brits are here to compete with the local liquor traders, the latest twist to an Anglo-French rivalry that has raged in this port town, through war and peace, for the last 800 years.

Today, the old suspicions and the new rivalries are likely to be exacerbated: The Channel Tunnel will be officially opened.

The Queen of England will join French President Francois Mitterrand for a ceremonial ride through the $15 billion, 24-mile "Chunnel," which will provide the first land link between Britain and France since the Ice Age. Despite the pomp and ceremony, though, full service through the tunnel has been postponed until early next year.

British visitors will surface just six miles east of Calais. Their impending arrival has produced mixed feelings among the locals and the booze merchants.

As one local trader said, in her broken English, "I think already we see enough of them coming here on the ferries, so many of them drunk. . . . But at least the tourists go home. We don't need them setting up stores also."

West said, in his ***working-class*** Bob Hoskins voice: "You gotta understand the history of this place. We occupied this place for 200 years (1347 to 1558), and there is this deep-rooted fear of it re-happenin'. Not through violence this time. I mean through business.

"See, you don't fight bloody wars no more. You use money to take possession. You use money to infiltrate yourselves."

Or, in the words of Jerome Castledine, manager of another British booze warehouse in Calais, "You make your money, and you spread it around the region. Calais can get to the point where it is underpinned by British enterprise. This area could use a good dose of our capitalism."

The battle over booze is a direct result of the move toward a united Europe. Under the Single Market, launched by the European Union in January 1993, there is no limit on the amount that can be hauled across borders duty- free, as long as the cache is for personal use. In practice, this has prompted Brits to pour across the channel by ferry, because the French have much lower taxes on their booze - 38 cents less on a pint of beer, $1.50 less on a bottle of wine.

As a result, the British treasury is losing $1.5 million a day in tax revenue, and the British liquor trade says it has lost $1.5 billion in domestic sales since the Single Market opened. In 1993 alone, according to British brewers, personal imports from France amounted to 15 percent of all the beer consumed in British homes. And wine sales in Britain fell by 10 percent.

So a few enterprising Brits have crossed the channel, to this port where the air smells of salt, fresh bread and industrial waste, to snatch a piece of the action - offering services in English, and taking English currency. Last week, even Sainsbury's, Britain's biggest booze retailer, opened a branch in Calais. Chairman David Sainsbury minced no words about the reasons:

"We need to defend our business. . . . Cross-channel shopping is now a fact of life, and I do not see the government reducing domestic tax for many years yet."

This explains the presence, in Calais, of a firm known as Beers Are Us. The forklifts are plastered with Union Jacks. The signs are in English, and so is the advice: "Bordeaux Blanc. A marvelous substitute for afternoon tea. Who cares what the neighbors say?"

One of the young imported workers, Shaun Alldus, with his square jaw and dangling earring, remarked, "I'd like to keep away from an us-versus-them scenario, because the barriers are down and there's a lot of work to be done. But I do think Brits prefer to deal with Brits.

"It's not just the language thing. I think it's . . . well . . . I don't want to say it's racism. It's Europhobia, actually. It's just that we've been an isolated island nation and there's suspicion of the continent. Of course, the French are suspicious of us, too. They've still got a lot of big hangups."

Each day, Calaisians are reminded of their past tussles with the British. Outside the town hall, a statue by Rodin salutes the six citizens who offered their lives to King Edward III of England if he would spare the townsfolk and lift his siege. He did. But fresher memories still rankle; a Calais cop remembered a World War II incident: "There was a British bombing raid that

went wrong in the war, and a lot of our people here were killed."

So, while the Chunnel draws the two peoples closer together, mutual suspicions may keep them apart. Bernard Cornille, a Calaisian who runs a small booze warehouse on a back street near the docks, has managed to lure the visiting Brits by posting a Union Jack outside. The ruse seems to work. He smiled, "I would like to think that this is a smart business decision."

But he's not so sure about those Brits.

They scrawl graffiti on his walls. They don't try to speak any French, even as a courtesy. And they will drink absolutely anything, with no allowances for quality.

"It is not so interesting for me if they buy this," he sniffs, gesturing dismissively at an eight-foot stack of cheap wine. "They will buy a lot of what is not interesting, and then it is back to the ferry boat. It is part of history that many British people don't like us. We are used to that. They don't know whether they want to be part of our Europe or not."

Alan Thompson, who runs a new warehouse called Champagne Charlie's, would agree with that. Based on what he's seen in Calais, he's not so sure about the French. He wants to stay open seven days a week, like a good free enterpriser, but the French have some socialist law about workers' rights. And besides, he said, there seems to be a lack of respect for civic order:

"There's an annual fair that sets up, every January, in one of the central squares," he said. "But this year the mayor said the fair would have to stay outside of town, because the square was being fixed up. So what happens? The fair people blocked all the roads. They set fire to car tires. They ripped up the pavement, and threw the stones into the street.

"And the mayor capitulated. Something like that would never happen in Britain. The police would say, 'This is the law, end of story.' And we would respect that. Here, it's, 'If we can't get our way, let's riot.' "

But, to the French, this is just part of their dynamism. It is the British, they complain, who are too stolid and unimaginative. Which brings Gerard Barron to the subject of the Channel Tunnel.

"The British still see the tunnel as just an engineering project," said Barron, an official at the Calais Chamber of Commerce. "They are not dreamers like us. They don't know how to dream of the future like we do. We dream about the tunnel. Our dream, in fact, is to change the British. We want the British to become more like normal Europeans. Mitterrand and the queen are coming to Calais to celebrate a dream."

"Hah!" barked Dave West, startling one of his dogs. "I'm not gonna be a nutter like the rest of 'em. How d'ya celebrate the openin' of a project which ain't finished? It's a mad hatter's tea party, is what it is. It can only be the nutty British and French, who never seem able to do things right together. The Brits are a nation apart, isn't they? The French too. Nuff said about it."

He had to go. A new shipment of Stella Artois was due in. There was a lot more money to be made.

**Graphic**

MAP;

MAP (1)

1. Calais, France (The Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***PRIEST RIDES AGAIN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D67-M150-0094-530X-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***ROB HALFORD GETS BACK ON THE HARLEY AND REJOINS JUDAS PRIEST FOR OZZFEST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D67-M150-0094-530X-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 27, 2004 Friday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; COVER STORY: OZZFEST

**Length:** 1820 words

**Byline:** SCOTT, MERVIS PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

In the movie "Rock Star," based on Judas Priest and starring Marky Mark, a band called Steel Dragon actually hires the singer of a tribute band to replace its own departed vocalist.

Here's the real-life epilogue: Original singer comes back.

Rob Halford, the leather-clad leader of Judas Priest, is back in the saddle after a 12-year absence.

The reunion is taking place no less on the stage of Ozzfest 2004, just prior to the closing set by longtime mates Black Sabbath. How deep is the connection there? Both bands formed the same year in the same town: 1969, Birmingham, England. Both bands stake a claim in the foundation of metal, Sabbath first with its gothic gloom, Priest later with its thunder and speed.

Now, they are the old vets on a bill with relative youngsters like Slayer, Slipknot and Superjoint Ritual.

"The thrill of being in the band is something you can't put into words," Halford, 53, said in a phone interview earlier this week. "You witness it firsthand when we go out together and play on stage these days. There's so much more energy and passion and fierceness on the stage, it's just remarkable."

The condensed version is that Halford joined Judas Priest two years after it formed, in 1971. In the liner notes to the Black Sabbath box, he says, "Sabbath started it all! They are the band that made me want to be a metal singer." Priest released its first album in 1974 and, with its screaming vocals and dual-guitar attack, built a cult following with records like "Sin After Sin" (1977) and "Hellbent for Leather" (1978), helping to spawn the likes of Metallica and Slayer. Priest's commercial breakout didn't come till 1980 with "British Steel," a record that featured the hits "Breaking the Law" and "Living After Midnight."

Halford, while setting the metal fashion of leather, chains and a Harley, led the band until 1992, when he departed to form Fight, then Two (signed to Trent Reznor's label NIN), then simply Halford. Priest bounced back in 1997 with Tim "Ripper" Owens, a Halford-soundalike from a Priest tribute band. This was the same year that Halford came out of the closet -- to no one's surprise.

During the production last summer of the box set "Metalogy," Halford announced he would reunite with K.K. Downing, Glenn Tipton, Ian Hill and Scott Travis in 2004 -- 30 years after the first album.

The singer, soft-spoken off the stage, couldn't be more thrilled to be back in the spotlight.

How has the band been received at Ozzfest?

It's amazing every night and, of course, we're making new friends wherever we go. All the hardcore Priest fans are jammed at the front, waiting for us to come out and then obviously there's a cross-section of fans there for other people, so it's a great lineup for all of us to spread out our music and try to touch people for the first time.

What's your relationship like with Ozzy?

It's great. We're good mates, as we Brits call each other. We've known each other forever and there's just a great respect for each other's work.

How big an influence was Black Sabbath on your young career?

Well, we both started out at the same time. Black Sabbath and Judas Priest were created almost within a year or two of one another. We've both kind of grown up together, so to speak. Even though between us, we both invented heavy metal music, we both have different styles within that genre. We definitely go back together. We're very good friends.

Pittsburgh is (or was) a steel town like Birmingham …

I love Pittsburgh. I feel very much at home when I come to Pittsburgh, because of its industrial roots and the quality of the tough, ***working-class*** people. We've been coming to Pittsburgh forever. It's one of the first places that looked up to Priest and took it to heart, so I always remember that when we come back.

I was going to ask you, how much did your surroundings play a role in the sound of the band?

I always tell the story that as a kid at high school I would sit at my desk and feel it shaking because the school was next to a metal works, and all these big presses were going all day and it was literally shaking the room. That's even before I even knew anything about metal. I used to walk past the mills and see the molten metal coming out into the vats and breathe it and smell it and get it in my eyes. How weird is that?

As a teen I searched and looked for different kinds of music, and it really wasn't until I hit my 20s that I found the real heavy stuff. I was listening to Cream and Zeppelin and Jimi Hendrix. Once I felt the power of metal, that's what I wanted to go for and live with.

Your box set says that "Without Judas Priest, heavy metal would be extinct." Do you agree?

Yeah, because we invented it. If we hadn't invented it, it wouldn't exist, the combination of what Judas Priest and Black Sabbath were doing. It sounds like an overblown statement, but I think it's a fact.

Did you find it hard to keep up with the metal bands in the late '80s?

Well, no, because even though we were always aware of what's going on around us, we never kind of lost the belief that we had in ourselves. We saw trends and fashions come and go in music and we didn't really care, we were so determined to do great things in what we were making.

What led to your departure from the band?

Just a bit of musical frustration. I just wanted to see what would happen if I got out there and mixed it up with other players. And I had a lot of fun. But as soon as I was in that world, I felt a tremendous sense of loss because I love Ken and Glenn, Ian and Scott very much not only as musicians but blood brothers. I think we were all hoping the day would allow us to come back together and we were thrilled when we made that decision last July back in England.

What did you think of them hiring a singer who played in a Priest tribute band?

It's very important, because I've got big shoes to fill and they needed someone who could basically re-create what I was doing. Tim's a great singer. I was there the night he came to the Cleveland show. We're good friends, but that's the way it goes. Priest was able to survive and move on without a nasty court scene.

Your post-Priest efforts weren't a big commercial success, but are you proud of what you did then?

Yeah. I won't let anything out to the public that I don't believe in, so I believe in Fight, in Two, in the remixes we did, in the two Halford releases.

Now that you're back in the band, are you playing the songs the way you would play them back then?

Yeah, you can't [mess] with it, otherwise everybody gets [angry]. They want to hear basically what they've got on the CDs and the vinyl. It's important not to mess with classic material. If you saw a band that you love and they started to put some extra beats in, you'd be like, 'What … was that?' You mess with it when you're writing it. When the song is recorded and released, that's how it should be kept.

What have the bands from the second stage been coming up and saying to you?

Oh, just thanking us, really, for being an inspiration and the fact that a lot of them cut their teeth on our music and seeing us live. We all do that to each other. It's nice, a good feeling. We get that from everyone from Slipknot to Hatebreed.

Have you checked out the young bands on that stage?

No, I must do that. They actually start playing at 9 o'clock in the morning. I'm usually in bed at 9 o'clock in the morning.

You guys had a melodic, pop quality. A lot of the bands now are very dark, very heavy. What do you think of where some of them are now?

I think that it's important that each generation has their own music to identity with. It's important that metal is diverse. It just shows you that it's a wonderful style of music for diversity. You see that with the Ozzfest. It's all metal but it's all over the place.

The metal scene seems like it would be homophobic. How much tolerance is there?

Tremendous tolerance, great compassion and humanity. Basically, people don't [care]. If it sounds good and looks good, they'll take it. I think if you're a homophobe or bigot, there's nothing really to do about that. You'll find whatever kind of thing feels right for you. If you want to go and hang with the other bigots in the world, go for it.

As I've experienced, walking out to a mixed crowd and just being welcomed with open arms, it just shows that not only in America, but all over the world, there's great tolerance and people don't really care. It blows the myth that the fans are not able to handle something like that.

It's a bit of a presumptive, ridiculous statement, really, when people need to ask me about it. I don't mean to insult you, but I think that's just the world that you live in and I live in. You're having to ask me about something you should not need to ask me about, but it is important. I understand its importance.

Well, you weren't always open it. You took a while before you came out.

Well, yeah, because I didn't think it was relevant to the music. I did it for myself. It didn't have anything to do with the music. I did it for my own personal release. Like any gay man or lesbian or transgendered person, you do it to set yourself free of having to hide or lie or be deceitful and you take away the ammunition. Because there were always some evil comments floating around about me in the music business and now people can't use that -- makes them look stupid. But I did it for myself and it's important for any gay man to do if they can find the strength to do it, because you do need a lot of strength because of the potential fallout from it. There are a lot of gay men that have to hide. I feel a lot stronger for it and I can live my life openly now.

What is the future now of Judas Priest?

We're working on a new record; it's almost done. We're going to finish it after Ozzfest. It will hit around Christmastime and that will be a good present under the tree for those metalheads who want to go for it. And then we're kicking off a British tour in January and playing the world and coming back to America in the spring.

Is the record in the classic vein?

It's a little bit of everything. Full of tradition, full of the heritage of the band, but we also get inspired by the bands that surround us. So we always kind of noodle around with what we hear and see how we interpret it. It's a wonderful record and we think it's some of our best material.

And you're still doing the motorcycle on stage?

Yes, rolling out the Harley for "Hellbent for Leather." It's part of what the band is about. It's like if Angus didn't come out in a schoolboy outfit, people would be [mad]. I like to get on the Harley and roll out, because it's a very metal moment.

Do you ride it around on tour?

No, it's just a stage bike. It's a 1981 Low Rider that I've chopped up. It's only got about seven miles on the clock. Seven stage miles, only a few feet every night. But the crowd goes ballistic, so it's important to use.

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG

**Graphic**

PHOTO: No Caption

PHOTO: No Caption)

**Load-Date:** August 28, 2004

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[***A MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS ANNAPOLIS IS A VIBRANT CITY STEEPED IN AMERICAN HISTORY, WITH MORE 18TH-CENTURY BUILDINGS THAN COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-PPY0-0094-51PK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

APRIL 17, 1994, SUNDAY,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1513 words

**Byline:** TOM AND JOANNE O'TOOLE

**Body**

To most Americans, Annapolis is synonymous with the U.S. Naval Academy. Many fail to recognize it as the state capital of Maryland, and even more as a historic colonial seaport on the Chesapeake Bay. Annapolitans are quick to tell you they're proud to host the Naval Academy, but that their well- preserved community entered the annals of American history two centuries before the arrival of the midshipmen.

On a peninsula on the western shore of Chesapeake Bay at the mouth of the Severn River, historic Annapolis is about 24 miles south of Baltimore and 33 miles east of Washington, D.C.

The entire downtown was designated a National Historic District in 1965, while the modern compact town that has grown around it serves as the seat of Anne Arundel County. Its deep water harbor makes it the sailing center of the East Coast and on any day hundreds of boats tie up at the local docks, and thousands more drop anchor in the surrounding waters.

The depth of the harbor is what drew the first settlers in 1660 when it was called Anne Arundel Town, but in 1694 it became Maryland's provincial capital and was renamed Annapolis in honor of Princess Anne of England. The town prospered as nearby plantation owners used the port to ship tobacco to Europe, and returning sailing vessels arrived laden with wines, silks, sugar and other luxuries to be sold by local merchants.

The planters built grand town houses for the busy social season. The mansions, along with churches, warehouses, taverns and government buildings, filled the narrow cobblestoned streets. Many of the homes are now museums, displaying the elegant lifestyle of the wealthy colonists. Others such as the statehouse (begun in 1772) and the Old Treasury (1735) are still in use and open to the public.

Millions of visitors come each year to walk the red brick streets of the historic district, marveling at the number of preserved and restored structures still standing. To help keep the 300 years of history alive, the Historic Annapolis Foundation has issued eight color-coded plaques to identify significant buildings according to their architectural periods.

The district has more 18th-century homes than Colonial Williamsburg, and it's a living area -- as opposed to an interpretative site. With brochures and visitors' map in hand, it is almost impossible to get lost as all streets radiate from State Circle and Church Circle, the latter home for St. Anne's Church, built in 1692.

Walking is the best way to get around. Any other way would be cumbersome, at best. If you must ride, try pedi-cabs -- two-seat, open-air conveyances usually powered by a young man.

For a detailed picture, there are tour guides, and they range from very, very good to excellent. The Historic Annapolis Foundation and Three Centuries Tours are the leaders in narrative guided, two-hour walks around town.

We met our tour guide at the city dock alongside the narrow inlet referred to by locals as ''Ego Alley.'' Here boat owners slowly parade their craft up and down for everyone to see. The dock is still the center of all town activity, and with nearly everyone in casual clothes it wasn't hard to spot our lady in colonial dress.

Gathering her group together, she introduced herself and gave us a little background. Then spotting one of our members in a sleeveless blouse she asked a rather startling question: ''Madame, may I ask, are you a loose woman?'' ''Pardon me?'' came the reply. ''Well, I notice your elbows and ankles are visible, so you must be of the ***working class***, and since those ladies must bend and don't wear corsets, we refer to them as loose women.''

Our guide was the source of all kinds of Colonial tidbits as we made our way. We learned that to set the table meant to place boards on trestles; and that expensive sugar used to come in the form of a cone, called a hat -- hence the term, ''I'll eat my hat.''

At the dock, she pointed to a plaque marking the spot where Alex Haley's ancestor, Kunta Kinte, arrived by slave ship in 1767, and was sold at the auction block.

In two hours we had walked our way back to the dock, and through a town so unchanged from Colonial times that it is justly called ''a museum without walls.''

U.S. Naval Academy

Two blocks away at the foot of King George Street is the main visitors entrance to the U.S. Naval Academy, a 329-acre riverfront campus (called the yard), where everything is neat and trim, including the midshipmen who move along briskly, with eyes straight ahead.

Established in 1845, the Naval Academy was to do for the Navy what West Point has long been doing for the Army.

The institution opened its doors with 50 students and eight faculty members. Today there are about 4,400 midshipmen, all of whom have agreed to serve as Navy or Marine Corps officers for at least five years after graduation. It is estimated that the value of an education at the academy is worth about $ 150,000 (that's taxpayer dollars).

Mammoth gray stone Bancroft Hall, the world's largest dormitory, houses the entire brigade of naval cadets under one roof, and has a dining hall large enough to feed all of them at one sitting. The main foyer is open to visitors along with a model of a typical room, a gallery of famous former cadets (among them former President Jimmy Carter and billionaire H. Ross Perot), and a detailing of cadet officer ranks.

In front of the hall is Tecumseh Court and a bronze statue the midshipmen alternately refer to as God of the Sea, Lord of Football, or God of Two Point depending on what is being wished for at the time. During football season, Tecumseh receives a fresh coat of war paint before each game, and during the exams students toss pennies his way, with the tale being that if one falls into his quiver, they are sure to pass. Actually Tecumseh is a replica of the figurehead of Chief Tamanend from the 1817 warship USS Delaware.

Nearby is the academy's imposing copper-domed chapel, towering 192 feet. In a black-veined marble crypt beneath the sanctuary lies naval hero John Paul Jones.

Just inside Gate 3 at the end of Maryland Street (in line with the state capitol) is Preble Hall, the Naval Academy Museum. Assembled here is a fascinating collection of tens of thousands of items relating to naval history, including ship models, sea artifacts, relics, ribbons, uniforms and memorabilia that can captivate you for hours if you're so inclined.

As we walked back onto Maryland Street we had a flash of deja vu. Everything seemed so familiar. Our guide reminded us that the gate area had been part of the setting for an important scene in the popular movie ''Patriot Games'' starring Harrison Ford.

Modern Annapolis

Lest you think this beautiful seafaring town offers only the past, be assured it also has plenty of activity. Antique shops, pubs, art galleries and good restaurants are to be found near the wharf and alongside the museums of yesterday.

Bed and breakfasts dot the city, while the Loews Annapolis Hotel and the Annapolis Marriott Waterfront Hotel provide all the comforts of home. Both hotels are convenient to the historic area and the Naval Academy.

Although hardly gourmet, Chick and Ruth's Delly on Main Street is an Annapolis institution, and is open 24 hours. A special front table is kept reserved each morning in case the governor drops in, and the same table is set aside at noon for the local judges.

Another spot to rub shoulders with the locals is at the Market House at the foot of Main Street. It's filled with food stalls, and has been the site of a market since 1784. The benches around the dock are great for people and boat watching.

Annapolis is a major sightseeing destination on its own, but it also makes a great hub for forays along Maryland's eastern shore, cruises of Chesapeake Bay, and day trips into Baltimore or Washington, D.C. A nearby metro connection takes you by subway into Washington, exiting at the Smithsonian station.

Any time of year is a good time to visit Annapolis, but for 11 days at Christmas the beautifully decorated town offers candlelight tours of the Historic District, combined with a progressive holiday meal. One course is served at each of the cozy taverns along the route.

Annapolis promises a little something from whatever of the past three centuries pleases you.

If you go

Some sources of information for tourists headed to Annapolis:

-- Background, literature, and a walking map of the city are free from the Annapolis and Anne Arundel County Conference and Visitors Bureau, 26 West St., Annapolis, Md. 21401, or telephone (410) 280-0445.

-- The city of Annapolis Office of Tourism is reached by calling (410) 263-7940.

-- The U.S. Naval Academy has tours seven days a week. To reach the guide service call (410) 293-3363. For information on the academy, you can reach the public information office at (410) 293-2291.

-- For lodging information throughout the city, call the Maryland Reservation Center toll-free at (800) 654-9303.

-- Brochures on the other attractions in the state, along with a Maryland Travel Kit, are free by contacting the Maryland State Tourist Office at (800) 543-1036.

**Notes**

Tom and Joanne O'Toole are free-lance travel journalists and photographers. The husband/wife team travel around the country from their home in northeast Ohio.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (3), Annapolis prospered from the mid-1660s because its deep-water port was ideal for shipping. Today, that harbor has made it the sailing center of the East Coast.

**Load-Date:** September 15, 1994

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[***CROSS-COUNTRY TRAIL OF BLOOD;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47HH-GFR0-0094-53KB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***MALVO AND MUHAMMAD CHARGED OR SUSPECTED IN NINE SHOOTINGS BEFORE D.C.-AREA SNIPER SPREE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47HH-GFR0-0094-53KB-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 22, 2002 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 2002 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1926 words

**Byline:** SERGE F. KOVALESKI AND MICHAEL E. RUANE, THE WASHINGTON

**Body**

She is 21, a sweet-tempered single mom on the mend from a broken relationship. She manages a women's clothing store and takes business courses and dreams of owning a restaurant.

And these are the final seconds of her life.

It is a winter evening in Tacoma, Wash. As police and her family will later reconstruct it, Keenya Cook undresses her baby daughter for a bath while food simmers on the kitchen stove.

Rain streaks the windows of the two-story house. Cook has recently split with the child's father and moved in with an aunt and teenage cousin, who are not home at the moment. But they'll be right back. It's a dreary Saturday in February, about 7 p.m., and the family plans a cozy night on the couch in their home in the ***working-class*** neighborhood of Roosevelt Heights.

Now Cook hears someone at the door.

She leaves 6-month-old Angeleah on a bed and walks downstairs. The front porch light is on, and if she peeks through a narrow pane of glass, she can see who's out there.

She is a quiet young woman with soft brown eyes. Later, her loved ones will wear T-shirts bearing her picture and a plaintive query: "Who did it?"

Now she opens the door to the chill air, and to the muzzle of the .45-caliber pistol.

A pair of wanderers

Nine months later, Tacoma police have publicly identified who they suspect was on the other side of that door: John Allen Muhammad, 41, and John Lee Malvo, who was two days shy of 17. America did not know them Feb. 16. Not until they were accused of the October sniper attacks in and around the nation's capital would they seize the world's attention.

But there was a long prelude to that October violence, investigators allege, a less noticed yet no less savage string of mayhem. Since their arrests in the sniper attacks, Muhammad and Malvo have been charged or suspected in nine earlier shootings, five of them fatal, in six states from February through September.

They were a pair of wanderers -- Muhammad a native Louisianan barred from seeing his children, Malvo a Jamaican illegal immigrant adrift from his parents -- a misfit and his impressionable surrogate son, guided in their travels by a logic all their own.

From winter to autumn, from Tacoma to the Gulf Coast, in the Arizona desert and the gritty river towns of southern New Jersey, they roamed by bus and later in a dilapidated, 12-year-old Chevrolet Caprice. Although they allegedly robbed and killed along the way, no one in authority managed to stop them.

When they paused here and there, often dirty and nearly penniless, it was the glib Muhammad who usually did the talking, spinning phony stories, insinuating himself and his companion briefly into other people's lives before moving on. Some people welcomed the inseparable pair; others found them unsettling and were happy to see them go. Some were frightened by them -- but most were not.

Usually they said they were father and son, and even one of Muhammad's cousins, Edward Holiday, thought it was true. "He played the role of son so good," Holiday said of Malvo. "When you can fool me, and I'm blood, you're good."

Whom they pretended to be appeared to hinge largely on whom they were with and what stories they thought people would lend an interested or sympathetic ear to.

For a group of college students who gave them a place to stay in Bellingham, Wash., Muhammad played the part of a carefree dad from Jamaica taking his college-bound son on a tour of the United States. To a Louisiana woman organizing a reunion of their 1978 high school senior class, Muhammad said he was a prosperous exporter with a home and loving family in the Virgin Islands.

For the New Jersey auto dealer who sold him the Chevy, Muhammad assumed the role of a typical father buying an inexpensive car for his teenager -- until he changed his story and said he planned to use the Caprice as a taxi.

During that same September week in New Jersey, Muhammad also looked at two used Hondas, one a hatchback and the other a coupe with a small trunk, before settling on the Chevy. The dealer said Muhammad was less interested in the battered Caprice's mechanical condition than he was in the spaciousness of its trunk -- which authorities allege was turned into a shooting platform for the sniper attacks.

In the Baton Rouge, La., home of a cousin, a campus police officer, Muhammad said that he was a covert Army operative tracking a quarter-ton of stolen explosives and that Malvo was a crack member of his undercover team. In a Bellingham supermarket, Malvo gobbled bite-size quesadilla pieces and told the woman at the sample table, who was from Alabama, that he and his dad were from there, too. In a Baton Rouge natural foods store, Muhammad distracted a clerk, holding forth on his career as a traveling health consultant from Canada. Meanwhile, Malvo roamed the aisles, wearing a baggy, knee-length coat on a steamy summer afternoon.

The lies apparently came on a whim. Muhammad told one cousin in Baton Rouge that he and Malvo had arrived by bus, another that they had flown in. Sometimes he went by John Williams, his birth name, and sometimes by John Muhammad, the name he legally took last year, long after converting to Islam.

When he and Malvo visited Tucson, Ariz., in March, bus manifests listed them as John Muhammad and Lee Muhammad on the trip in -- then John Williams and John Williams Jr. on the way out.

The trail of victims in those earlier cases: Keenya Cook in Tacoma; Jerry Ray Taylor in Tucson; Paul LaRuffa, Rupinder Oberoi and Muhammad Rashid in Maryland; Million A. Woldemariam in Atlanta; Claudine Parker and Kellie Adams in Alabama; and Hong Im Ballenger in Baton Rouge. The dead: Cook, Taylor, Woldemariam, Parker, Ballenger.

Since being arrested Oct. 24 in the sniper cases, Muhammad and Malvo have been charged in four of the earlier shootings and described by police as prime suspects in the other five. Committed mostly in communities hundreds of miles apart in a nation where gun violence is endemic, each crime initially caused ripples only in the place where it occurred. In each jurisdiction, local authorities concentrated on their own investigation, unaware of the others, and no one in law enforcement connected the dots until after Muhammad and Malvo were captured.

By then, in what amounted to a siege on the Washington, D.C., area, the pair allegedly had shot 13 more people, 10 fatally, in three October weeks: eight men, four women and an eighth-grade boy, each killed or wounded in public by a single rifle bullet fired from hiding -- random targets cut down at ordinary moments in their daily lives.

A killing in Tacoma

As the alleged snipers await their first murder trials -- each facing a possible death sentence, Muhammad in Prince William County, Va., and Malvo in Fairfax County, Va., -- authorities seeking more evidence in the October shootings are investigating on two tracks, officials said.

One is focused on October and the questions still unanswered about the 13 attacks, including who pulled the trigger in each case.

The other is centered on the relationship and cross-country travels of Muhammad and Malvo before the sniper attacks, as authorities seek a fuller picture of the two. Although there are still missing pieces to the timeline, officials say, a narrative is emerging -- a bizarre, bloody travelogue.

A former Army mechanic with commando fantasies and a poor discipline record in the military, including in the Persian Gulf War, Muhammad had an unpredictable temper and a talent for mind games, which he played with disturbing intensity, according to Mildred Muhammad, who divorced him in 1999 after 11 years of marriage.

She said he could charm or frighten at will, depending on his mood or designs. He was lean and muscular, a gun-lover and weightlifter. She said his brilliant smile masked smoldering resentments -- anger tied to his failures in the Army, in two marriages and in a court fight with her in which she won sole custody of their three children.

While living on the Caribbean island of Antigua for a few years, Muhammad met Malvo. Brought to Antigua by his itinerant Jamaican mother and left to fend for himself there when she departed for America, the youngster, who barely knew his father, found a mentor and surrogate parent in Muhammad, and the two lived together. When Muhammad returned to the United States, Malvo followed, entering the country illegally, and joined his new dad in Washington state last fall in a life of homelessness and alleged petty theft.

Around the same time, a pivotal court hearing took place in Washington state on Sept. 4, 2001 -- one that police now suspect had tragic implications for Keenya Cook. In a ruling that acquaintances say devastated Muhammad, a judge allowed Mildred Muhammad to relocate with her children anywhere she wanted without telling their father. She secretly took them across the country and moved in with her sister in Prince George's County, Md.

About four months after he lost the right to see his children, Muhammad showed up at the Tacoma home of a longtime friend, Robert Holmes. The two had stayed in touch since serving in the Army together in the 1980s, and Holmes welcomed Muhammad's periodic visits. He said Muhammad was not the same man after the custody ruling.

"It was crushing, crushing him," said Holmes, who recalled his old friend's mood as "a cross between livid and very depressed."

Holmes was not surprised that Muhammad had a rifle with him during that visit; he had shown off several rifles to Holmes in the past. What did surprise Holmes was the teenager with Muhammad, whom Holmes had not met before.

Muhammad introduced Malvo as Lee. "I knew it wasn't his son," said Holmes, though the youngster acted the part. "He was like a kid trying to win his dad's approval. … He was eager to get some love and support."

But Muhammad's mind was on his son and two daughters in hiding with his second ex-wife, especially the son, John Jr., who turned 12 on Jan. 17.

"The only time I've seen depression on his face is when he said his son's birthday had just passed," Holmes said. "He had no way to even call him and wish him a happy birthday."

One witness who helped Mildred Muhammad in the custody fight was Isa Nichols, a former bookkeeper for a defunct auto-repair business the Muhammads had owned. Nichols knew the couple well. And she testified against John Muhammad.

Nichols was Keenya Cook's aunt.

On the rainy night of Feb. 16 when someone came to her Roosevelt Heights home with a .45-caliber pistol, Nichols happened to be out with Cook's cousin buying fixings for chicken tacos.

Months later, after the sniper arrests, investigators learned that Muhammad and Malvo had been staying with a Tacoma man at the time. Police said the man, whom they declined to identify, told them he lent a .45-caliber pistol to the two. Ballistics tests recently showed it was the gun used to kill Cook.

"We all believe that bullet was meant for Isa," said Bill Gold, Cook's grandfather. But then, "we figure whoever … opened the door would've been killed because this guy was on a vendetta."

Whoever opened the door.

The porch light illuminated Cook.

The bullet pierced the thin bone below her left eye and lodged at the base of her skull. She crumpled in the doorway, where her aunt and cousin soon found her, smoke filling the house from burning food on the stove, the baby still on the bed upstairs, sleeping.

Of the nine pre-October shootings in which Muhammad and Malvo are charged or under investigation, that was the first. Police said they are the only suspects.

**Load-Date:** December 24, 2002

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[***MENTORING FILLS A GAP FOUND TODAY IN SOME YOUNG LIVES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S05-YFF0-0094-525K-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 9, 1998, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** LIFESTYLE,

**Length:** 1619 words

**Byline:** ERVIN DYER, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Laurie Washington has just returned from Cleveland and a night out with friends. Although she's running on only a few hours' sleep, she's headed to the Pitt vs. Syracuse basketball game at the Civic Arena for a reason more noble than alumni pride.

Washington is a mentor with Big Brothers/Big Sisters, and today she has a date with her young charge, James, 13.

Washington, 28, makes a living finding positions for and mentoring the high school and college students in Inroads, a business internship program. But reaching out to the community in her free time is also an act that comes naturally for her.

''Giving back is a part of my life'' she says. ''When my brothers and sisters would include me in their vacations, send me postcards, I learned that being involved in the lives of others can make a difference.'' Beyond her relatives, there were others who became Washington's extended family: a Sunday school instructor, a first-grade teacher and even a neighbor, who cared so much that she came to be known as Aunt Bernice.

''These people pushed me, motivated me. They established my self-confidence,'' Washington said.

These days, a mix of organizations, programs and committed individuals is trying to do the same for young people who are often growing up without two parents in the same household, let alone an ''Aunt Bernice'' around the corner. Their goal is to ''mentor'' or positively guide, a child through the thicket of personal and societal pressures he faces at home, on the streets and at school.

Studies show that one-on-one guidance boosts levels of self-esteem and can help youth navigate some rockier choices in their lives.

A 1992-93 study of Big Brothers/Big Sisters found that children who worked with mentors an average of three times a month for a year were 46 percent less likely to begin using illegal drugs, 27 percent less likely to begin using alcohol, 52 percent less likely to skip school and more confident of their performance in schoolwork.

This is the sort of bolstering that Washington hopes for James, who, in his oversized sport coat and baggy jeans, epitomizes beagle-eyed, marble-voiced adolescence.

He lives with his mother - a single parent - three older siblings and a younger niece in Homewood. He says his father lives in North Carolina and has five other children.

James is quiet, but receptive to Washington. The trust that has developed between them in their nearly six-year relationship means he listens to her.

Their outings to basketball and Steelers games are a chance to remind him to always say ''Please'' and ''Thank You'' and to get good grades. Even trips to the market become educational.

''You can teach a pretty good math lesson in Aisle 9,'' Washington says.

She passes on other lessons as well, some that aren't so sweet - like encouraging James to not feel bad because a young white boy at a Penguins game didn't want to sit next to him.

''I want James to know there is racism and discrimination in the world,'' Washington said, ''but I want to make him ready for it. To stand against it.''

Indeed, preparing black children for racism is a guardian's most important task, according to Huberta Jackson-Lowman, a professor of psychology at Florida A&M University in Tallahassee. That's because, she says, ''it's almost a definite that they will experience it.''

Either in burdened, insensitive school systems, social cliques that exclude them or a culture that reinforces the view that they can only be entertainers or athletes, most black children face a world that shows them that race makes a difference, said Adrianne Andrews, an anthropologist in Africana studies at the University of Pittsburgh.

Mentoring is one way to prepare them for that world, said Jackson-Lowman, a former Pittsburgh resident who was director of the Mayor's Commission on Families, a group formed in 1987 to support black families in communities at high risk of infant mortality. She also worked at Pittsburgh's Center for Family Excellence in the Hill District.

If done right, mentoring gives youth a foundation of history and culture that strengthens their resolve to succeed against the odds, she said.

Typically, she said, mentoring is the function of the family, which is charged with nurturing, protecting and socializing its members.

But in the black community, this sort of guidance has never been the sole responsibility of parents. The extended family - aunts, cousins, churches, civic groups, business leaders - became a part of making children feel good about themselves.

That's the Jeannette community Laurie Washington remembers growing up in.

She recalls her ***working-class*** neighborhood as a tidy little haven framed by brick houses, small porches and neighbors who cared.

In some neighborhoods today, the picture isn't as rosy.

The erosion of the industrial economic base in cities such as Pittsburgh has caused a corresponding erosion in the lives of many families and communities.

The problems that have beset the black community, in particular, are a varied and complex lot, sociologists concur.

Many say the roots of those problems became exaggerated when blacks left their rural Southern environs, destroying whatever communal ties they had established there, to come live in the cities. Urban living and industrialism were conditions for which many blacks were unprepared.

More recently, Jackson-Lowman believes, integration also became a culprit.

''We're no longer living in African-American communities. And mobility in general can be problematic. People move away - for jobs, for housing.''

While Jackson-Lowman said this gave blacks an access previously denied them, the result is that many black neighborhoods have been stripped of vital role models who can now afford to live elsewhere.

Also, Jackson-Lowman said, the more African Americans take on Western values, the more they're inclined to dismiss issues about community.

''For instance,'' she said, ''the individual becomes more important and his desires to seek a better car, job or home become priorities.''

This self-orientation reduces the cohesiveness of family and community, she said.

According to Alvin Poussaint, a Harvard psychiatrist and co-author of the book ''Raising Black Children,'' the change in community structure has brought about more single parenthood and poverty, which have a wrenching effect on black children.

Today, Poussaint said, 66 percent of black families are headed by single black females, who have less help in caring for the children than previous generations.

Economically, this can be devastating. Single-parent families tend to be poorer than two-parent families. These families are more likely to live below the poverty line and thus to live in communities that are crime-ridden.

These families are also more likely to be on public assistance and in may be headed by teen-age parents who lack the maturity and skills to raise a child. Life as a single parent is not all negative, Poussaint said, but it puts more pressure on families to raise children comfortably and securely.

But it's not all doom and gloom, said Andrews. Community mentors or extended family can have a buffering effect on the breakdown of any nuclear family.

''These extrafamilial structures can't help but come to the rescue,'' she said. As a volunteer with the Beginning with Books program at the Homewood Library, she has seen the positive results at first hand.

''Beginning with Books puts the children in interaction with caring adults, in addition to their parents and family members,'' she said. ''In working with these children, I have found them to be bright and eager learners with good social skills despite the fact that they may be categorized as being 'at-risk.'

''Sometimes figuring out a way to keep the children occupied in programs such as BWB is a way of mentoring to those who might be at risk,'' Andrews said.

If children don't get this grounding, the consequences can be dire.

''They begin to turn against themselves and become self-destructive,'' Jackson-Lowman said. ''They won't be able to maximize their potential because they will never be made aware of it.''

''Children who grow up feeling bad about themselves become parents who feel bad about themselves, and the cycle repeats itself,'' Andrews said.

Trying to reverse the cycle is what keeps Bill Betts involved. Betts, 61, has an empty nest at his Hazelwood home. But still his hands are full. As the executive director of the YMCA in Hazelwood, a battered little community that sits up from the Monogahela River, he sees the need every day for mentorship and guidance.

''It hasn't always been downtrodden here,'' he said. ''We had problems, but we didn't take lives. Now, on the streets, it's life or death.''

From the YMCA tutor who points to Paul Laurence Dunbar, Barbara Jordan, Hank Aaron and the other black heroes who line the walls, to the after-school karate, sewing, art, and entreprenuer classes, Betts tries to steer youth away from the negative lifestyles.

Laurie Washington tries to do the same with James. And her parents, who still live in Jeannette, have also embraced him.

''They respect me and don't scream at me,'' he said. ''They won't let me watch TV until homework is done.''

James has come a long way since Washington first met him nearly six years ago and he sat in the car for an hour and said nothing.

''He opens up to me a lot more now,'' Washington said, ''and says he wants to go to college.''

He is also more involved in the community, playing on a pony league baseball team and basketball team.

In his own way, James is reaching out to help others also.

He now reads to younger kids in a literacy building program at the Homewood library.

''I do it,'' he said, ''because I feel better about myself.''

BLACK HISTORY MONTH

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), PHOTO: Robin Rombach/Post-Gazette: Big Brothers/Big Sisters mentor; Laurie Washington with her friend James at a recent Pitt basketball game at; the Civic Arena.; PHOTO: Martha Rial/Post-Gazette: Executive Director Bill Betts watches; sparring during the twice-weekly karate class at the Hazelwood YMCA.

**Load-Date:** February 9, 1998

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[***ROCKS OF SAGES TO MANY, CHINESE SCHOLAR ROCKS LOOK LIKE ORDINARY STONES ON PEDESTALS. BUT THEY HAVE POWERFUL ASSOCIATIONS WITH DEEPLY HELD CHINESE MYTHS AND PHILOSOPHY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DCJ0-01K4-9473-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

FEBRUARY 6, 1998 Friday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: HOME & DESIGN; Pg. E01

**Length:** 1606 words

**Byline:** Susan Caba, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Richard Rosenblum is a rock collector.

His specimens twist like dragons, bow like trees buffeted by wind, and glimmer like waves under sunlight. Many are mountains in miniature, and one is a calligraphic sketch in stone - as evocative as a Giacometti sculpture.

His are not ordinary rocks, gathered along beaches and hillside paths - though his collection springs from that same human impulse to weigh nature in the form of a stone, to stroke its surface and wonder at the beauty in its curves or angles.

Rosenblum has probably the world's largest and finest collection of Chinese scholar rocks, fancifully formed and literally placed on pedestals to be admired.

The beauty of the rocks is something like the appeal of modern art in the Western world; they are abstract forms, but have powerful associations with deeply held Chinese myths and philosophy.

"They are not fixed in meaning, the way we are used to art being fixed," says Rosenblum, an artist who lives near Boston. "The principal thing is to take a rock - which is the most common thing in the world - and to transform its image, through looking, beyond a rock, into something uncommon. If you do that, you'll have had an artistic experience. That is the most sought-after experience in art."

The most important rock in Rosenblum's collection is a tall, slender piece dating between 1368 and 1644, and called Honorable Old Man because it evokes the image of an elderly, bearded gentleman.

"But he looks like other things, too," Rosenblum says of the piece. "He looks like the tallest peak you could ever get to. He looks like rivers running down the rocks. The images continue to change as you look at him. I see him quite differently every time."

Examples of scholar rocks, as well as other sophisticated art objects collected by highly revered Chinese scholars, will be on display at the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, beginning March 14.

The museum is mounting "Treasures of the Chinese Scholar," featuring extraordinary examples of a collection of scholar art, including calligraphy, painting and various forms of sculpture. The exhibit is drawn from the collection of John Fong, a retired psychiatrist who lives in Chester County.

Natural objects, and objects referring to nature - such as rocks - were always included among a scholar's treasures, since nature permeates Chinese philosophy, religion, art, architecture and medicine. China's three main religions, Taoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism, all stress humanity's oneness with nature.

"This is a concept that goes back 6,000 years in Taoism," says Rosenblum.

Scholars first collected rocks - ranging from the size of a fist to more than 5 feet - for indoor contemplation during the Sung Dynasty, from 960 to 1279, and continued until early in this century, when interest faded.

What interest was left in the rocks was further eroded during the Cultural Revolution, when Mao's Red Guards - viewing the rocks as symbols of high-culture decadence - took special pains to destroy them and to punish their owners. Hundreds of the rocks were taken off their stands and "hidden" in full view in gardens, or buried.

"Worlds Within Worlds," an exhibit of 80 rocks from Rosenblum's collection that was first shown at the Asia Society in New York, and that is now at the Phoenix Art Museum, sparked new interest in the subject of scholar rocks. And the exhibit, along with the 1996 auction of an extraordinary collection of classical Chinese furniture, played into a revival of interest in Asian - and particularly Chinese - design.

Though scholar rocks were always the province of a few, Michelle Liao says they attract the interest of all sorts of people, not just the highly educated or design-oriented. Liao, owner of the Liao Collection, a store at Sixth and Bainbridge Streets, has two large scholar rocks in her shop. One day, she recalls, a ***working class*** woman with no other apparent interest in Asian furniture was drawn into the store by one of the towering, craggy rocks, and spent several minutes contemplating its nooks and hollows.

Prices of scholar rocks vary widely. "Nice" quality, contemporary rocks range from $2,000 to $5,000 in New York - four times what they cost in China. But the old rocks, with original stands now cost - thanks, in large measure, to the interest generated by Rosenblum's collection - many thousands of dollars.

While the mysteries of the rocks can appeal to anyone, they have particular associations with Chinese traditions and art.

"To Chinese artists, rocks are the basic building blocks of landscape painting," says Robert D. Mowry, curator of "Worlds Within Worlds" and of Chinese art at Harvard University's Arthur M. Sackler Museum. "Magnified in scale, the rocks are mountains. Embellished with details, trees and such, they become complete landscapes."

In ancient China, says Rosenblum, there was a deeply held belief that - somewhere in the highest mountains - there was a cave containing an exact representation of the world outside. In its center was supposed to be a stalactite that gave off the milk of contentment. Rocks that suggested this mountain, cave or stalactite became symbolically important.

The Chinese, he suggests, "look for paradise inside of things," while the Western world looks outside. The Chinese are searching for a world within a world. The most prized scholar rocks suggest this inward search, in their swirls and hollows and perforations.

These rocks, he says, "are monuments to inner thought."

Shape is the most important factor in considering the quality of a particular rock, says Rosenblum. The best have what Mowry calls a "dynamic harmony" in the rhythms of their structures. Perforations or hollows that give a rock a sense of internal space are highly valued.

That sense of space within the rock - the perception of almost being able to look inside a world contained by the rock - is what most draws Rosenblum's interest. It compares more with Western painting, he says, than with Western sculpture.

"Rather than being solely about the solid form, and the space around it, as much conventional sculpture is, the rocks create their own worlds," he says.

In a 1996 interview with Orientations magazine, Rosenblum described a certain type of rock - one with many, many perforations - as giving the sense of looking at infinity within the confines of the rock.

"You can never count or imagine the mumber of holes. It's like looking at the stars - the more you look, the more you see."

Besides shape, scholar rocks are judged on their surface texture and color. The most desirable color varies from one type of rock to another, and so does texture. But in general the surface should glow with a luster that makes it appear wet or moist.

The rocks should appear almost "molten" or alive, says Rosenblum.

There are three main categories of rocks, whose names refer to the type of rock and to the area in China where it was harvested. Each has characteristic colors and forms.

Old Lingbi rocks - very dark, dense limestone that chimes like a bell when struck - are the most prized. Taihu rocks are very porous, with many perforations, and Ying rocks, currently the most common, have wonderfully textured surfaces. But the variations among the three types, as well as examples of less commonly used rocks, make for a stunning array of shapes and color.

Rosenblum has a miniature rock, a calico Lingbi, that takes the shape of a sensuously reclining woman. Another is a dark dragon, writhing like an eel. Yet another seems to be a standing phoenix, looking back over its shoulder.

The shapes are natural.

But they are often "enhanced" or improved - a perforation made larger, a nascent profile sharpened. Rosenblum suggests that most rocks have been "worked" in this way; old texts make reference to rocks that are harvested from a lake, improved upon, then returned to the lake for decades of natural finishing.

Scholar rocks are displayed on carved stands, which both balance the rocks and serve the same purpose as picture frames - defining the pieces as art.

"The stand not only orients the rock, and shows it the right way - it sets it apart from the mundane," says Mowry. In essence, putting the rock on the stand is what makes it art.

Each stand is made for a particular rock. Some are carved in traditional art motifs; for example, many represent waves, from which the rock rises like a mountain from the sea - a common theme in Chinese landscape painting. Other stands are carved with philosophical symbols.

In many cases, the style or age of the stand makes it possible to date the rock it holds.

Rosenblum likes to move the rocks around, separate them from their original stands (temporarily) and install them on new stands, so that the character of the rocks appears changed. He has one rock, in the shape of a gnarled old tree trunk, that he remounted horizontally - making it more reminiscent of an ancient stone bridge.

"The connoisseur is really quite a participant in the art," he says, adding that the anonymity of the person who originally found a particular stone encourages this freedom. "You would not want to reconfigure your Picasso this way."

FOR MORE INFORMATION \* Worlds Within Worlds, The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars' Rocks, by Robert D. Mowry, a color catalog, is available from the Harvard University Art Museums Book Shop for $40 plus shipping and handling. To order, phone 617-496-5698.

\* Treasures of the Chinese Scholar, by Fang Jing Pei, a color catalog, is available from the museum shop at the University of Pennsylvania Museum for $34.95 plus shipping and handling. To order, phone 215-898-4o46.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Michelle Liao sits pensively next to a scholar stone in her store, Liao's Collection. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, MICHAEL S. WIRTZ)

Ollie the parrot perches atop one of two large scholar stones in Liao's store at Sixth and Bainbridge.

A phoenix, standing and looking back over its shoulder, is what this stone is thought to resemble. (Collection of Richard Rosenblum)

Artist Richard Rosenblum has put on pedestals probably the world's largest and finest collection of Chinese scholar rocks. (Collection of Richard Rosenblum)

Perforations or hollows give to a scholar rock a sense of internal space - a sense of space within the rock. (Collection of Richard Rosenblum)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

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[***Anthony Hopkins is everywhere. Who is this guy?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-83B0-002B-H2YJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 13, 1994, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Entertainment; Pg. 1F

**Length:** 1496 words

**Byline:** Jeff Strickler; Staff Writer

**Body**

Anthony Hopkins' Academy Award nomination Wednesday for "Remains of the Day" makes it official: This is the Hopkins decade.

It began with his Oscar-winning performance in "The Silence of the Lambs," which earned him the 1991 Oscar for best actor. He followed that with "Howards End," "The Efficiency Expert" (a small, low-key British comic-drama that charmed the lucky few who saw it during its brief swing through the United States), supporting roles in "Chaplin" and "Bram Stoker's Dracula" and then last year's one-two punch of "Remains of the Day" and "Shadowlands."

In the interim, he found time for highly lauded TV performances, including the 1991 cable movie "One Man's War" and the 1992 made-for-TV drama "The Tenth Man." (OK, he also agreed to costar with Emilio Estevez and Mick Jagger in "Freejack," which proves he's human and can make an occasional mistake.)

At 56, Sir Anthony - as he now is called in Britain - would appear to be the quintessential late bloomer. Where has he been for the last 30 years?

He's been here all along, actually. But except for brief bursts into the mainstream limelight - with the 1974 miniseries "QB VII" and 1980's movie version of "The Elephant Man" - he has spent the bulk of his career lurking just below the threshold of recognition for casual American filmgoers.

Hopkins is well-known among actors, having assumed almost legendary status in the mid-1970s when he got fed up with people arriving late to the Broadway production of "Equus": He stopped the performance, chastised the latecomers for spoiling the show and then told the cast to start over from the beginning.

What made that public display of anger so noteworthy was that then, as now, Hopkins was considered the epitome of restraint. His specialty always has been subtlety. But his placid exterior doesn't necessarily reflect what's going on underneath.

"Tony is a volcano in human form," Emma Thompson, his costar in "Remains of the Day" and "Howards End," told Newsweek. "Occasionally lava must spill over."

Others close to him second Thompson's assessment. Richard Attenborough, the director of "Shadowlands," has been one of Hopkins' closest friends since 1972, when the filmmaker hired him for a small supporting role - four lines - in "Young Winston," a biography of Winston Churchill.

"Tony is a very shy, a very inhibited man, and used to be much more so," Attenborough told the New York Times. "He was born in South Wales in the same village Richard Burton was born in, and he was always in Richard's shadow. Even when he became a professional theater actor, he wasn't really Anthony Hopkins, he was Laurence Olivier's understudy. I think, in a way, being denied the limelight, as it were, built up in him an even greater fire of resentment than there had been initially."

A boom-bust life

To chart Hopkins' life is to trace a recurring boom-bust cycle, the busts often corresponding to personal problems, among them an unhappy childhood, a failed marriage and bouts with alcoholism. One reason for his current success is his triumph over his personal demons.

Hopkins came to acting comparatively late in life. He was 27 when he made his professional debut.

He grew up in Port Talbot in southern Wales. An only child, he was a loner plagued by insecurities. He was uncomfortable in social situations, didn't do well in academics and wasn't interested in sports. His only artistic endeavor as a youngster was playing the piano.

He discovered acting after graduating from high school (and getting a job in a steel foundry), when he joined a community theater. He took a handful of classes at a drama school and landed a job as an assistant stage manager at a theater in Manchester, England; his job allowed him the occasional chance to act.

In an event that would foreshadow the ups and downs of much of Hopkins' early career, the theater's director told him that he had a real knack for acting. Then he fired Hopkins for being irresponsible and unreliable.

Hopkins enrolled at the renowned Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, eventually making his professional stage debut in the National Theatre's production of "Julius Caesar" in 1964. His primary function with the National was to serve as Olivier's understudy, a situation that exacerbated his insecurities. He found solace in a bottle.

He worked for the National Theatre on and off through 1973. He was fired after he walked off the stage during a rehearsal for Moliere's "The Misanthrope." He later blamed his self-defeating behavior on depression and booze.

1st movie: 'Lion in Winter'

In 1968, Hopkins made his movie debut as Richard the Lionhearted in "The Lion in Winter." He has appeared in 32 movies since. What makes that roster even more impressive is that for periods of his career - the longest after he moved to Hollywood in the early 1970s - he was considered unemployable because of his drinking.

"No charisma. A pain. People were frightened of me," is how he described that period of his life to the New York Times.

The turning point in his career - and his life - came in 1975. He woke up one morning in Phoenix, Ariz., with a killer hangover and no recollection of how he got to Arizona. He never had another drink.

Hopkins' filmography runs the gamut of genres, from action adventure ("The Bounty") to comedy ("A Chorus of Disapproval") to drama ("The Good Father") to children's movies ("International Velvet").

If there is a prevailing criticism of his work, it is that he has sometimes done a very poor job of choosing projects. He has had his share of turkeys, among them the 1977 horror-melodrama "Audrey Rose" and the 1980 comedy "A Change of Season."

Grabbing the first job

In looking back, he has admitted that too often he grabbed the first job offered to him, blaming his old insecurities.

"I was a bit desperate before, and greedy," he told Newhouse News Service while promoting "Shadowlands" last year. "At least now, I'm a bit more choosy. I've promised my wife and myself to take seven months off. I hope I have the courage to do it."

Hopkins' presence comes across without a tidal wave of histrionics. His performance as the psychotic madman Hannibal Lecter in "The Silence of the Lambs" is a case in point. He didn't shout, he whispered - but his words hit with the force of a sledgehammer.

Despite his ***working-class*** background and his lack of formal education, Hopkins exudes an elegant intelligence that embodies the spirit of literature. He seems perfectly at home with classic works by Henrik Ibsen ("A Doll's House") and E.M. Forster ("Howards End"), even playing a renowned writer (C.S. Lewis in "Shadowlands").

But there is nothing standoffishly formal about him. On the contrary, he is considered one the most approachable celebrities in any profession. He rarely denies autograph requests, and he usually smiles and makes small talk as he signs. He relates two anecdotes to explain:

- When he was a youngster, a traveling theater stopped in his hometown. After the show, he gathered with all the other children near the stage door, hoping to get autographs. The star of the show pushed past the kids without even acknowledging them. They were heartbroken.

- He credits his smile to his father. The two of them were in London when a fan approached and asked Hopkins for his autograph. He grabbed the slip of paper, signed it and handed it back. As soon as the woman left, his father - a baker who prided himself on treating his customers graciously - chastised him for not having smiled at her.

No turning back

Despite all his recent success, Hopkins has not forgotten the rocky road he traveled to get where he is today. He vows that he's not about to retrace his steps: Neither alcohol nor self-doubts will be tolerated in his life again. He daily confirms his resolve to remain sober, and he is a voracious reader of self-help books, which he calls "keep-your-head-on-straight books."

"I have no delusions or illusions," he told the Houston Chronicle. "I don't take myself too seriously. I take it all with a grain of fun. I'm just a lucky fellow to have a second go on the merry-go-round."

Roles/ Anthony Hopkins' first artistic love was the piano. Ironically, a musical is about the only genre of movie in which he has not appeared. Here's an overview of the many faces of Anthony Hopkins:

Horror

"Audrey Rose" - 1977

"Hunchback" - 1982

"Bram Stoker's Dracula" - 1992

Action/adventure

"The Bounty" - 1984

Comedy

"A Change of Season" - 1980

"A Chorus of Disapproval" - 1989

Drama

"The Lion in Winter" - 1968

"The Elephant Man" - 1980

"84 Charing Cross Road" - 1986

"A Doll's House" - 1989

"Chaplin" - 1992

"The Good Father" - 1986

"Howards End" - 1992

Comic drama

"The Efficiency Expert" - 1992

Mystery/thriller

"The Looking Glass War" - 1970

"Juggernaut" - 1974

"Magic" - 1978

"The Silence of the Lambs" - 1991

Science fiction

"Freejack" - 1992

Family/children

"International Velvet" - 1978

"Great Expectations" - 1989

Romance

"Remains of the Day" - 1993

"Shadowlands" - 1993

**Graphic**

Photograph; Chart

**Load-Date:** February 15, 1994

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[***CHOOSING A LEADER AND A NATION'S ITINERARY AS THE RIVALS VIE FOR THE POLITICAL CENTER, THERE ARE PITCHED BATTLES ALL OVER THE MAP. VOTERS SEEM UNPERSUADED.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:452W-NX60-0190-X26M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

NOVEMBER 5, 2000 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1839 words

**Byline:** Dick Polman, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

In 48 hours, roughly half of all eligible voters will pick the first American president of the new millennium - and, in doing so, bring down the curtain on a tempestuous campaign that has confounded conventional wisdom and sown indecision among the populace.

For many, the choice between Al Gore and George W. Bush is exceedingly difficult - not merely because each man is widely perceived to be flawed in some crucial manner, but because there is profound disagreement over what constitutes the best itinerary for the nation in the post-Clinton era.

So this election should provide answers to questions that have bedeviled Americans since last winter, when the candidates were slogging through New Hampshire:

What is the prevailing mood? Are people looking for continuity, or change? Do they care more about money in their pockets, or morals in high places? If forced to choose between two imperfect candidates, how do they weigh the issues of competence and character?

And, in the final analysis, how much should their new leader differ from the protean figure whose mandatory retirement is imminent?

President Clinton will leave office with miserable personal ratings, yet with higher job-performance numbers than Ronald Reagan enjoyed at the end of his tenure. In the 2000 campaign, Clinton has been "the elephant in the room," as conservative analyst Marshall Wittman puts it. Most voters seem to be looking for someone who would confine his passion to the crafting of centrist policies.

Jack Pitney, a former national Republican official and a campaign aide to the senior George Bush, said: "Americans are generally happy with the state of public policy, but dissatisfied with the chief policy-maker. What people want right now, more than anything, is Clintonism without Clinton.

"That is the vital center, the template for this era - fiscal conservatism, welfare reform, tough on crime, a safety net without handouts. Clinton will always be known for saying, 'I did not have sexual relations with that woman,' but he also said, 'The era of big government is over.' In other words, a government should be lean and efficient, but caring. Bush and Gore are both trying to be associated with that."

Virtually all national polls suggest that Bush has been slightly more effective than Gore in seizing the vital center. But presidential races are won in the Electoral College, and it is impossible at this time to determine which candidate will prove to be stronger in the major toss-up states that could swing this election: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Florida, and Missouri.

Even at this late date, there are pitched battles all over the map, often in defiance of traditional loyalties. That is a testament to the closeness of the race, and a potential sign of trouble for Gore. His rival remains strongly competitive in Iowa, Minnesota, Oregon, Washington state, West Virginia, and Wisconsin - all of which voted for Democrat Michael Dukakis in his failed 1988 campaign.

Yet it's feasible that Gore could eke out victories in most of those states (with a boost from Ralph Nader defectors), as well as in the aforementioned big four. Florida, in particular, was supposed to be a lock for the GOP because it is governed by Bush's brother Jeb, but Gore has dueled his opponent to a draw, with the help of a traditional Democratic message on Social Security.

There is a small possibility that Bush could win the national vote (with the help of lopsided margins in Texas and the Deep South), yet lose the race, with Gore capturing most big states and carving an Electoral College majority. This constitutional anomaly last occurred in 1888, but people don't seem upset by it. Sixty-nine percent of registered voters, in a Newsweek-sponsored poll, said that it wouldn't seriously hurt Gore's ability to lead.

Actually, diehard partisans aside, Americans seem dispassionate about this election, unpersuaded that the candidates are playing for high stakes. And this attitude has made it easier for people to oscillate; in a Newsweek poll released Friday, 16 percent said they either were still undecided or might switch sides.

Presidential historian Robert Dallek said: "There are reasons why so many people are ambivalent. This election epitomizes the era we live in. People aren't interested in politics, the Cold War is over, the economy is in great shape, and the presidency even seems superfluous. These are unheroic times, and here you've got two [candidates] who aren't inspiring."

Michigan Democratic strategist Bob Kolt said: "Neither of these guys has really forged a personal connection with undecided voters. A lot of them get their news from Entertainment Tonight. They vote on impressions. They saw Gore on TV at the convention and thought, 'He looks like a president.' Then they see the debates, and they think, 'Nah, he sounds like just another politician.' And with Bush it's like, 'Sounds good, seems nice, but maybe he's not so sharp.'"

And this helps explain why, at the 11th hour and with the help of saturation advertising, each candidate wants to turn this race into a referendum on the other's perceived personal deficiencies. Bush is running an ad designed to underscore public doubts about Gore's credibility ("Al Gore is bending the truth again"); Gore has an ad that plays on the doubts about Bush's fitness for the presidency ("Is he ready to lead America?").

The polls continue to suggest that people are more concerned about Gore's character than Bush's competence - which may help explain why Gore is still fighting for parity despite the fact that he is a semi-incumbent in a time of peace and prosperity.

It's possible, however, that Bush's long-standing advantage on the "trust" issue has been jeopardized by the revelation of his 1976 DUI arrest. Republicans generally dismiss the story as irrelevant; in Pitney's words, "Americans are forgiving. Clinton gave false testimony to a grand jury, and his poll numbers went up."

On Friday, an ABC News poll of 697 likely voters found that just 7 percent thought the news about Bush's arrest raised serious concerns about his qualifications. Democrats were more concerned than Republicans; the arrest troubled 6 percent of independents.

But some waverers might wonder whether there are other scrapes with the law that Bush has chosen not to reveal. When asked Thursday night about past drug use, Bush's spokeswoman, Karen Hughes, did not explicitly rule it out. "The governor has acknowledged in the past he made mistakes," she said.

The Gore campaign, meanwhile, has had no desire to exploit this story - not just because it wants to avoid a "dirty tricks" charge, but because there's a downside to dredging up the past; after all, Gore had a youthful fling with marijuana that reportedly ended the same year that his rival was arrested. So Gore is on safer ground simply questioning Bush's fitness for high office.

Some analysts dismiss the effort to brand Bush as a lightweight. As Henry Graff, a presidential historian at Columbia University, said, "Reagan was not a learned man, yet already we have two great monuments for him," referring to a Washington airport and trade center.

But Dallek said that Reagan overcame his lightweight campaign label because voters were fed up with the Iranian hostage impasse and double-digit inflation under Jimmy Carter - and no such crises exist today. He said, "Given the mercurial nature of this year's race, there could be a late surge against Bush - not because people might decide he's unintelligent, but because they may suspect he lacks curiosity. This is someone who spends only 15 minutes apiece on the cases of people on death row."

While some argue that the race could hinge on the gut sentiments of swing voters, others point to the ground game in pivotal states. The big unknown, particularly for Gore, is turnout. And despite his efforts to compete with Bush for the "vital center," he's now pinning his hopes on the traditional Democratic base - labor, older seniors and African Americans. Examples:

Pennsylvania. Edward G. Rendell, the national Democratic chairman, said the other day, "We simply cannot win this election without Pennsylvania." Pro-gun, ***working-class*** Democrats in the state's southwest have defected to Bush, and the question now is whether Gore can compensate by winning big in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh with the help of a sizable uptick in black turnout.

Nonpartisan pollster Terry Madonna is skeptical. "African American leaders can gin up big turnout - if there's a reason. And African Americans don't have candidate fever. I don't foresee exceptionally large turnout."

Yet Gore might make late gains with suburban Philadelphia women, a key group. Joe Sudbay, political director of Handgun Control Inc., said: "When [NRA leader] Charlton Heston goes around the state attacking Gore for being 'anti-gun,' it's a reminder to suburban women about what the stakes are."

Michigan. To win this deadlocked state, Gore needs to pull a larger-than-normal turnout among unionized voters and win more than a 60 percent share.

One factor that could help: the pro-Gore United Auto Workers, for the first time, have a contract provision that decrees Election Day a holiday. And Terry Holt, a national Republican official, is clearly annoyed: "We don't disagree with the principle of giving people a day off, but the Democrats are getting a significant corporate contribution that could matter greatly to them."

Florida. A Gore win would be a major blow for the GOP. But it's not a sure bet, as evidenced by a key statistic in a new poll: Among seniors ages 65 and older - who typically make up roughly one-third of the Florida electorate - Gore leads Bush, 52 to 41 percent.

"Gore should have at least 60 percent," said Susan McManus, a Florida expert on the senior vote. "The problem is, he's pounding too hard on the Social Security issue" - claiming that Bush's privatization plan would imperil benefits - "and a lot of older people, at this point, are simply not dependent on it anymore. They're in the market.

"And younger people here are sick and tired of seeing Gore's ads about it. I hear this all the time."

Missouri. This state, which has backed the losing candidate only once in the 20th century, is evenly split on Bush and Gore. The wild card is the Senate race. Gore had hoped for a turnout boost from Mel Carnahan, the popular lame-duck governor who was trying to unseat conservative John Ashcroft. But Carnahan died in a plane crash last month, too late for his name to be removed from the ballot.

Missouri analyst Ken Warren said this may depress Democratic turnout: "It's hard to believe that more people would vote for a dead person than for a living person. What Gore needs is a morbidity bounce. Clearly, though, most people think he's best on the issues."

But historian Graff prefers to view this election as the start of a new adventure. He said: "Presidents surprise us. Many blossom in office. Whoever gets in on Tuesday will need a lot of blossoming."

Dick Polman's e-mail address is [*dpolman@phillynews.com*](mailto:dpolman@phillynews.com)

**Notes**

Campaign 2000

**Graphic**

PHOTO, MAP AND CHART

**Load-Date:** February 5, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Gated communities are not just for the wealthy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47FW-6W20-010F-K3HB-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 16, 2002, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1813 words

**Byline:** Haya El Nasser

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS

**Body**

More in USA live behind walls

NEW ORLEANS -- To find refuge from the bawdy French Quarter and the faded elegance of downtown, the wealthy here live in gated suburban communities with names that whisper exclusivity: English Turn, Barkley Estates and Oakland Plantation.

Six-foot brick walls and iron fences encircle these enclaves of luxury homes. Electronic gates and 24-hour security guards keep outsiders away. The streets are spotless, the landscaping lush.

A mile away, Gina Rojas, a waitress and single mom, also enjoys a gated lifestyle. But she lives in a one-bedroom apartment that rents for $ 492 a month. An iron fence surrounds her Harper's Ferry development. She needs a coded card to get past the electronic gates that guard all three entrances.

In cities and suburbs from New York to Los Angeles, wealthy homeowners no longer are the only ones retreating behind gates. The desire to lock out the outside world cuts across all income groups, according to the first Census Bureau survey to measure how many Americans live in walled or gated communities.

"We think of affluent people and mini-mansions in exclusive enclaves, but we don't think about the multifamily, higher density, lower-income residents also being in that type of development," says Tom Sanchez, an associate professor of urban affairs and planning at Virginia Tech. He analyzed the data for the university's Metropolitan Institute.

Many sociologists bemoan the growing popularity of gated communities. They say they're exclusionary, elitist and anti-social. Most of that criticism targets the wealthy. But the new data suggest that a desire for such separation exists among all economic classes.

The popularity of gated communities is on the rise nationwide, according to developers and housing experts. In a nation still confronting post-9/11 jitters, living behind walls and knowing your neighbors create a safety zone for many. Security is also a top concern for baby boomers as they head toward retirement.

"It's spreading to the middle class," says Ed Blakely, co-author of *Fortress America: Gated Communities in the United States* and the dean of the Milano Graduate School at New School University in New York. About 40% of new homes in California are behind walls, he says. Most subdivisions approved by Palm Beach County, Fla., in the past five years are gated.

The analysis of the Census Bureau's 2001 American Housing Survey, a sampling of 62,000 households that is representative of the nation's 119 million households, shows that:

\* More than 7 million households -- about 6% of the national total -- are in developments behind walls and fences. About 4 million of that total are in communities where access is controlled by gates, entry codes, key cards or security guards.

\* Homeowners in gated communities live in upscale and mostly white developments. But renters, who are more ethnically diverse and less affluent, are nearly 2 1/2 times as likely as homeowners to live behind gates or walls.

\* Whether they own or rent, Hispanics are more likely to live in such communities than whites or blacks. That may be partly because there is a large Hispanic population in the West and Southwest, areas with the largest concentration of gated communities.

\* Affluent African-American homeowners are less likely to live in gated communities than whites and Hispanics, even in metro areas such as Atlanta and Washington, D.C., which have a large black middle class. Experts theorize that after centuries of exclusion, blacks may be reluctant to embrace such a lifestyle or to live in predominantly white developments.

"The symbolism is too powerful," says Blakely, who is black. "When a black lives behind the gate and another black comes to visit, the first thing the person says is: 'What's going on, man?' "

\* Gated developments are more prevalent in Sun Belt metro areas such as Dallas, Houston and Los Angeles than in older urban areas in the Midwest and Northeast. But they're becoming popular in places like New Orleans, Long Island, N.Y., Chicago, Atlanta and the suburbs of Washington, D.C.

Safety first

Why people cherish life behind gates or walls usually starts with safety.

"I moved here from Charlotte, N.C.," says Marcia Newton, 63, a flight attendant for the New Orleans Hornets basketball team, which switched cities earlier this year. "When I came to New Orleans, I thought, 'Oh, my God, all the crime.' "

Newton, a divorcee, settled in a gated apartment complex called The Lakes of Chateau Estates, where monthly rents range from $ 775 to $ 1,225. The electronic gates make her feel more secure when she returns from out-of-town games, often at 2 or 3 a.m. "It feels clean and safe."

Newton's fellow tenants include young professionals, newcomers to the area who are trying to buy homes and many who work at the nearby airport. Some are empty nesters who have sold homes to be in a secure and maintenance-free environment.

Gated access is "a safety issue not so much from criminal elements," says Henry Shane, president of an architectural firm in New Orleans that has developed 25 gated apartment complexes, including some for moderate-income renters. "It limits the amount of people who can come in."

That's what drew waitress Gina Rojas to one of Shane's developments. Harper's Ferry is not fancy. But the iron gates at all the entrances give it a tidy look and discourage outsiders from parking in spaces reserved for tenants or littering the grounds.

Rojas says the development provides a safe environment for her 2-year-old daughter, Caroline. "It's nice, quiet, private," she says. "You pretty much know everyone who comes in and out. There's less traffic."

But walls and gates don't always stop crime. In Atlanta, burglars targeted gated communities in 1995. They stole $ 1 million in jewelry, cash and silver from at least 90 homes before getting caught.

Many so-called gated communities have walls but no gates. Their streets are open to anyone, and many guardhouses serve more as decoration than roadblocks because the community won't pay for a full-time guard.

Some researchers suggest other reasons for the appeal of gated developments to a broad spectrum. Anthropologist Setha Low calls it "the search for niceness."

She spent eight years interviewing residents of six gated communities, ranging from a ***working class*** community in Queens to a wealthy development in San Antonio. Her book, *Behind the Gates: Security and the New American Dream*, is due next spring.

She found a common desire among residents to provide a safe environment for children and to live among people who share their values. "What they're looking for is not so terribly different than other suburban residents," says Low, professor at the City University of New York. "It's a sense of community, which is like American pie. It has a lot to do with nostalgia, the '50s suburbs, the image of the small town."

For property owners, it also has a lot to do with protecting the value of homes, the biggest investment for most Americans. "They're trying to lock in economic security against deterioration of property values," Blakely says.

The word 'gated' "means different things to different people," says Lynda Nugent Smith, a New Orleans real estate agent. "Some people think of gated as exclusive. Some think of it as security. But most think of privacy."

"It works for everyone, not just for the rich," Shane says. His company even put up gates around older developments to provide the old-neighborhood feeling that many people crave. "Your children can actually play in the street like they used to in the olden days."

In more affluent communities, the goals are the same but on a grander scale. At Barkley Estates in Harvey, a New Orleans suburb, custom homes range from $ 300,000 to $ 600,000. A guard screens visitors at the gate. Rules prohibit overnight street parking. No boats, campers or RVs are allowed in driveways. Houses must be painted only certain colors. What one homeowner called "mauve" was too purple for the neighbors.

Restrictive to some, these rules are what Ricky Dantin likes about his community. "Knowing that it's going to stay nice," says Dantin, 44, general manager for a road contracting company.

Plenty of critics

Many demographers and sociologists who criticize the gated lifestyles of the wealthy find just as much fault in the phenomenon's spread to lower-income groups.

"We are so focused on looking at how rich people wall out poor people that we missed the fact that some poor people have also built walls between themselves," says Robert Lang, director of the Metropolitan Institute at Virginia Tech, who analyzed the data on gated communities with Sanchez.

The health of neighborhoods depends on contact between people of all incomes and races, he says. When lower-income people wall themselves from people who are poorer, Lang says, there is less chance that the surrounding area will improve. "You create enclaves of stability in seas of decay," he says. "That's worrisome."

In one of Washington, D.C.'s neighborhoods hardest hit by poverty and crime, a townhouse development recently went up. It's gated. Neal Payton, a principal with the architectural and planning firm that designed the Walter E. Washington Estates in Anacostia, isn't particularly proud of that.

"Gated communities are anathema to civic life," he says. "What they do is isolate individual neighborhoods from each other and from the public realm. But the perception was that the marketplace wouldn't support a new housing development unless it had the security of gates."

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Contributing: Paul Overberg

*TEXT WITHIN GRAPHICS BEGINS HERE*

For the not-so-wealthy

A higher percentage of renters than homeowners live behind gates:

Fenced/walled communities:

Owner: 4%

Renter: 12%

Fenced/walled communities that also control entry:

Owner: 2%

Renter: 7%

Gated developments around the USA

About 6% of U.S. households -- 7.1 million -- are in developments that are surrounded by fences or walls. About 60% of those households are in communities that also have controlled-entry systems such as guards and electric gates.

Percentage of households in developments with walls or walls with controlled entry --

West: 11%

Midwest: 2%

Northeast: 3%

South: 7%

10 largest metro areas

Houston: 27% fenced/walled; 22% fenced/walled with controlled entry

Los Angeles: 18%, 12%

Dallas: 18%, 13%

Atlanta: 7%, 6%

New York: 5%, 2%

Chicago: 5%, 1%

Washington: 4%, 3%

Boston: 4%, 1%

Detroit: 2%, 1%

Philadelphia: 2%, 1%

Households in fenced/walled communities

Owner

4% White

3% Black

7% Hispanic

Renter

10% White

12% Black

15% Hispanic

Households in fenced/walled communities with controlled entry

Owner

2% White

1% Black

2% Hispanic

Renter

7% White

8% Black

9% Hispanic

\*\*\*

Source: Census Bureau's 2001 American Housing Survey, a national sample of 62,000 households representing 119 million households. Analysis by Metropolitan Institute at Virginia Tech. Complete report: [*www.mi.vt.edu*](http://www.mi.vt.edu)

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Tim J. Mueller for USA TODAY; GRAPHIC, Color, Marcy E. Mullins, USA TODAY, Source: Census Bureau data analysis by Metropolitan Institute at Virginia Tech (BAR GRAPH); GRAPHIC, B/W, Marcy E. Mullins, USA TODAY, Source: Census Bureau's 2001 American Housing Survey, a national sample of 62, 000 households representing 119 million households. Analysis by Metropolitan Institute at Virginia Tech. Complete report: [*www.mi.vt.edu*](http://www.mi.vt.edu) (BAR GRAPH and MAP); PHOTO, B/W, Tim J. Mueller for USA TODAY; Reaching for entry: Caroline Rojas, 2, plays with gate keypad to a complex in Kenner, La. <>Becoming popular: This is the entrance to Parc Fontaine Apartments in New Orleans. It was gated in 2001 to provide a controlled environment.

**Load-Date:** December 16, 2002

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[***SHE'S A GORE AD INCARNATE, AND MORE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41JS-WM10-0094-54X4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 2, 2000, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 1709 words

**Byline:** MARYLYNNE PITZ, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

At 7:30 Tuesday morning, Janice Campbell and a band of volunteers engaged in campaign calisthenics.

The exercise required spirited people to stand on three corners at Fifth Avenue and Grant Street and wave "Honk for Gore" signs at rush-hour motorists.

"We have the Ford vote. We definitely have the bus driver vote. We actually got a Jaguar," exclaimed Campbell, a paid employee of the Pennsylvania Democratic Coordinated Campaign since June 1999.

Dressed in a green parka, blue overalls and Nike tennis shoes, Campbell jumped up and down to keep warm in the frosty air while showing enthusiasm for this cheap form of advertising called "visibility."

Don't let Campbell's doe-brown eyes, ingenue face and girlish voice fool you. This New Jersey native has endured the January cold of New Hampshire primaries, slugged it out in the political boxing ring of New York and returned to Pittsburgh to fish for volunteers and votes.

Gore-Lieberman stickers adorn her clothes, black purse and cell phone. As her first presidential campaign twists and shouts into a frenetic finale, Campbell knows every nanosecond counts.

The large calendar in her corner office describes Nov. 7 as GAME DAY. On the phone, her voice is sweet, but insistent. "Hi, this is Janice Campbell at the Democratic campaign. Is Denise available?"

This woman's work days usually start at 7 a.m. and end at 11:30 p.m. At that hour, dinner is a chocolate Pop-Tart and some graham crackers.

Just after midnight Tuesday, Campbell crawled into bed, feeling sick and feverish. Yesterday morning, she was back on the job by 8:30.

Campbell's address is a house in Swissvale, but home is a vacant storefront at 1025 Fifth Ave. in the city's Uptown section where she plots strategies and shares laughs with other campaign workers.

"We're the only people we know. This is home. Where we go at night is just where we sleep and shower," she said.

Work is constant. Meals are irregular.

"Nothing's open when we want to eat. There's no such thing as weekends. Every day is Monday," Campbell said.

Not a job for regular shoes

When the morning sign waving ends around 8:15 a.m., Campbell and 20 volunteers walk back to campaign headquarters. Awaiting them are endless phone messages, faxes, e-mail notes, computerized lists and planning sessions to get out the vote.

Now that she is out of the cold and back in her chilly office, Campbell dons the bluish-gray bedroom slippers that her mother sent last week for her 23rd birthday.

"The last thing you want to do is have regular shoes on all day," Campbell says as she downs a Vitamin C. She opens a compact disc -- a birthday present -- and the unmistakable voice of Janis Joplin fills the room.

"Take another little piece of my heart, now baby," Joplin sings.

A large piece of Campbell's young life has been consumed by political campaigns. In seventh grade, Campbell organized an assembly for the 20th anniversary of Earth Day, where a speech by Jim McGreevey, who later became a state senator in New Jersey, energized her.

"He was really young and talked about how young people could help. We were kids, and here's this elected official coming to talk to us," Campbell recalled. "I've been helping out since I was 13."

When McGreevey ran in 1993 for the New Jersey state senate, Campbell licked envelopes. Between her freshman and sophomore years at Boston University, Campbell worked as a summer intern in McGreevey's office. She interned for John Kerry's U.S. Senate campaign in 1996 and in 1998 worked for Scott Harshbarger, a Democrat who lost the gubernatorial race in Massachusetts to Paul Cellucci.

After graduating last year, Campbell left home, which is in Iselin, Exit 131 on the New Jersey Turnpike.

Now, her entire personal life consists of a daily conversation with her mother in New Jersey and a one-minute chat with her boyfriend, Daren Berringer, known as "Boy Wonder."

"He actually works for another campaign here in the state. We keep similar schedules," Campbell said.

The two politicos met in Pittsburgh during this year's primaries and have spent fewer than five days together.

"That's why we're still dating," said Campbell, who laughs harder when a news photographer compares courtship to primaries.

At Boston University, Campbell flirted briefly with a career in biomedical engineering but life in a lab was not appealing. Besides, she said, "White is not my color."

So, Campbell earned degrees in history and secondary education and made plans to become a teacher. Last year, she did some student teaching in a ***working class*** suburb of Boston.

Gets by on 'ricochet biscuits'

Right now, her political education is racing up a steep learning curve as Campbell sets up 13 phone banks at local law offices -- while fighting persistent yawns.

"We have seven days to make sure it all runs like clockwork on Election Day. It's a little nerve wracking," she said while sorting through computer screen after computer screen of phone bank information.

At 11 a.m., a truck pulls up bearing a delivery from the Democratic National Committee in Washington, D.C. Campbell and everyone else in the room race outside and unload 10,000 campaign signs in 10 minutes.

Campbell sits down at a different computer to review precinct lists. She thumbs through a thick black binder to figure out where volunteers will knock on doors, drop off literature and pick up people who need rides to the polls.

"I'm very absent-minded today. It may have something to do with working out of two different desks," she said.

Georgianne Diven Coleman, the campaign's volunteer coordinator, stops by.

"I've got 150 phones for Thursday if we need them," Campbell tells her.

While walking to a small lunch-time rally where 30 people speak about the importance of living wages, Campbell explains why she is so committed.

"I've always just been a big fan of Al Gore. He is fighting for regular people who work every day."

She believes the vice-president's proposal to educate 100,000 new teachers and reduce class sizes in public schools will make a real difference in people's lives.

For the moment, Campbell is focused on her own teaching, which is training volunteers to supervise phone banks.

She leaves the office briefly to deliver signs to a satellite office several blocks away.

She keeps up a 40-hour game of telephone tag with Patrick Sweeney, president of the Allegheny County Young Democrats. Frustrated by nearly two days of trading messages, Sweeney shows up at Democratic headquarters to touch base with her on phone-bank hours, campaign literature and plans for a Ron-Klink-for-U.S.-Senate rally.

In the meantime, Campbell types out an e-mail message for all prospective volunteers.

"AL GORE and JOE LIEBERMAN and the entire Pennsylvania Democratic Ticket NEED Your Help! With only one week to go until the election it is crucial that you give any help that you can!"

"I think our biggest challenge is organization of all the troops and getting them assigned to specific tasks," she said.

In between her tasks, Campbell nibbles a baby carrot, snacks on a mini Kit-Kat candy bar and downs a few "ricochet biscuits," which are whole wheat treats soaked in honey and butter. The homemade recipe was whipped up by volunteer Dennis Floyd Jones of Crafton Heights.

'You get bitten by the bug'

A midmorning visitor to Campbell's office is Caitlin Hughes, a policy analyst who took two weeks of vacation from her job with the U.S. Department of Transportation in Washington, D.C., to work as a volunteer in Pittsburgh.

Hughes shows Campbell pictures from last week's Gore rally at Carnegie Mellon University. As if Campbell needed a reminder. A color photograph of Gore, taken at that gathering, serves as her computer screen saver.

"I love when they're here. It gets everyone so excited," Campbell said.

When her computer stalls, Campbell frets and hopes that it lasts another week. The Xerox Work Center 390 printer goes clickety clack.

No problem. The current setup, Campbell insists, is the "lap of technological luxury. We built the entire Labor Day rally using five cell phones. We were so happy when we got land lines that we hugged the phones."

On the way back from the rally, Campbell stops to buy a cheese sandwich at a Downtown deli, then returns to her desk.

By mid-afternoon, more campaign workers filter into the office. They are back from a day with Hadassah Lieberman, who appeared at a school in Green Tree and New Brighton, Beaver County.

Seasoned campaigners arrive from out of town. Among them are Tony Bullock, chief of staff for Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

"They just need more bodies," said Bullock, who will use two cell phones and a pager to assist Kirstin Brost with doing advance work and media contacts.

Bullock listens to Campbell's clacking printer and wonders if Tito Puente or Buddy Rich are living inside it.

Abass Kamara, a volunteer from Highland Park, shows Campbell the street maps that volunteers will use when they walk precincts and encourage people to vote. She smiles approvingly. The new maps are sharper and clearer than earlier versions.

It is about 7 o'clock. The night is just beginning. There's a 9:30 planning session and Campbell will tie up loose ends on the phone-bank operation before driving out to Swissvale in her Grand Prix.

She knows that her lifestyle is unlike that of her college classmates, who are engineering, dot-comming, accounting or working as research assistants. She longs for an address that lasts for more than three months.

"I want to have an apartment and a couch and a dog and curtains," she said.

Her plan is to teach school in Washington, D.C. That way, she can start a career and stay close to politics.

But next year is the New Jersey gubernatorial race and the gubernatorial race in Massachusetts comes 'round in 2002. Will she put her life on hold again?

"The temptation is definitely there. It's such craziness. You just kind of miss that. You get bitten by the bug."

When Nov. 8 arrives, Campbell will miss the crazed camaraderie that forges bonds among campaign workers.

On the other hand, she is eager to sleep until 10 a.m., read a book or see a movie.

If she could have dinner with any president, dead or alive, who would it be?

"Al Gore -- in a week," Campbell said, flashing her best victory smile.

TODAY: THE DEMOCRATS/TOMORROW: THE REPUBLICANS

**Graphic**

PHOTO 2, PHOTO; Darrell Sapp/Post-Gazette: Janice Campbell takes a call at; Democratic Party headquarters after campaigning Downtown.; PHOTO: Darrell Sapp/ Post-Gazette: Janice Campbell unloads some of the 10,000; Gore-Lieberman campaign signs delivered by tractor-trailer this week to the; campaign's headquarters on Fifth Avenue, Uptown. Campbell's day of touting the; Democratic presidential ticket typically begins at 7 a.m. and ends around; 11:30 p.m.

**Load-Date:** November 2, 2000

**End of Document**



[***PROFIT WITHOUT HONOR? AUTHOR RODDY DOYLE COULDN'T IMPRESS THE CRITICS IN HIS NATIVE IRELAND UNTIL HE WROTE "PADDY CLARKE HA HA HA." BUT NOW ALL THEY WRITE ABOUT IS THE MONEY HE MAKES.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NTF0-01K4-92DW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 20, 1994 Thursday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. E01

**Length:** 1378 words

**Byline:** Desmond Ryan, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

James Joyce once observed that Ireland's attitude toward its famous writers reminded him of an old sow devouring its young. In the last few years, Roddy Doyle could be forgiven if he felt like the plat du jour for Dublin's ravenous critics.

The man who wrote The Commitments and The Snapper - both transformed into lively films - quickly became the darling of London's literary establishment. But on the home front, there was more than a little condescension over Doyle's allegedly cinematic style and his slick use of four-letter dialogue that seemed to be scraped off Dublin's rough pavements. But when Doyle published Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha, an unforgettable novel about childhood and memory, there was no more laughter and sneering - especially when the novel made off with the Oscar of English letters, the Booker Prize, in 1993. (He'll read

from the novel tonight at 7:30 p.m. at Borders Book Shop, 18th and Walnut Streets.)

"It made a few people change their minds," said Doyle, with an amused grin. "But what's happened now is that they've started to focus on how much I have earned or how much I am going to earn. It's opened a whole new chapter in my relationship with the Irish press."

It's a chapter, Doyle suggested, that simply adds to the same old story of how Ireland measures its artists. "There's an element of a national inferiority complex that says unless you have succeeded abroad, then you haven't succeeded at all," said the writer, who still lives in Dublin. "It happened to Neil Jordan (The Crying Game) and it happened to U2."

Perhaps it's simply inevitable that such a storied nation of talkers should treat its writers so warily. In more impartial parts of the globe, Doyle's transcendent gift for bringing Dublin's downtrodden and anonymous to vivid and

vulgar life has been enthusiastically received.

Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha - as its 10-year-old hero might observe - is an entirely different class of thing. A daring and triumphantly realized novel, Paddy Clarke conjures childhood with a tactile precision that is almost unnerving in its accuracy. It is a generally sunny tale of scrapes, japes and fantasy that darkens as Paddy becomes the innocent and helpless witness to the

violent disintegration of his parents' marriage.

Unlike Doyle's contemporary settings for his so-called Barrytown trilogy - The Commitments, The Snapper and The Van - Paddy Clarke unfolds in the outwardly more innocent Ireland of 1968, striking a delicate balance between the poignant and the hilarious. Paddy's head is filled with American images such as The Virginian television series and Kirk Douglas' movie epic The Vikings.

Typically, Paddy and his mischievous mates imitate a Viking funeral by using what's at hand - they ignite the corpse of a dead rat and send it out across the water with all the appropriate rituals. (Doyle promises to include that wonderful sequence at tonight's reading.)

It has not, of course, escaped notice that Roddy Doyle was 10 years old in 1968. Inevitably, it leads people to ask where the line lies between creator and creation. Sometimes even Doyle can't tell.

There is a charming moment in the book about an old record player that Paddy's father brings home. "My father remembered doing that," he said. "But I thought I had made it up."

"The geography of the place where Paddy lives, the fields and things like that are autobiographical and part of my memories," Doyle said over lunch recently in a cozy Irish bar here.. "But it's not me. I wasn't interested in telling my own story because there's nothing about my childhood that's worth a novel."

FRIGHTENING PIPES

Whatever the inspiration, Paddy Clarke touches the fears and fantasies of being a child at a level we associate with Steven Spielberg's E.T. or the late Federico Fellini's Amarcord. Take Paddy exploring the threatening challenge represented by the huge pipes being laid for a sewer system to a new housing estate near his home.

"Running through the pipe was the most frightening, brilliant thing I'd ever done. . . . You judged by the sound of your breath and your feet - you could tell when you were swerving up the side of the pipe - until the dot of light at the end that got bigger and brighter, out the end of the pipe, roaring into the light, the winner," Doyle writes.

Most adults, who have consigned such dim images to the limbo of the half- forgotten, find memories evoked with this richness of detail extraordinary. Doyle puts it down to total recall. "I started thinking about this book when my son Rory (now almost 3) was born," he said, digging into a serving of meatloaf big enough to feed half of Dublin. "It got me to thinking about my past. I'd think about the TV programs I used to watch, things like that. I'm told I have a good memory, but I don't do it in any organized way. In this book I was making it up as much as remembering."

Although he writes Dublin flint-edged streetspeak with fluency, Doyle

himself talks in the soft lilt and educated vowels of a graduate of the city's University College. His story is one that should give comfort to struggling writers everywhere.

A TEACHER

When he left college, Doyle settled down quite comfortably and happily into the routine of teaching in a ***working-class*** school in north Dublin. With his wire-rimmed glasses, comfortable sweater and careful way with words, Doyle still seems very much the teacher he was for 14 years. Only the stud in his left ear hints that this is the man who gave us The Commitments.

When Doyle wrote The Commitments - the uproarious tale of a Dublin rock band that made such a winning Alan Parker movie - he was forced to find a private publisher in Ireland to have 1,000 copies printed. The book took off after a London publishing house picked it up.

The Snapper, the heartwarming and humorous story of a father coming to terms with his daughter's pregnancy, was filmed by Stephen Frears and is currently doing brisk business on the art house circuit (it's playing at the Ritz at the Bourse here). The Van, which traced the adventures of an unemployed man who tries to break into the fast-food business in a greasy fish-and-chips van, affirmed Doyle's stature among contemporary writers - Irish or otherwise.

Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha is, despite its title, a more serious and provocative work. The novel's view of marital infighting from the perspective of someone who sees it close-up without actually grasping what's going on is more than a clever device. It yields a book that speaks volumes.

'ONE BIG ONE'

As Paddy says of the hostilities: "It wasn't lots of little fights. It was one big one, rounds of the same fight. And it wouldn't stop after fifteen rounds like in boxing. It was like one of those matches from the olden days where they wore no gloves and they kept punching till one of them was knocked out or killed. Ma and Da had gone way past Round Fifteen; they'd been fighting for years - it made sense now - but the breaks between rounds were getting shorter, that was the big difference. One of them would soon fall over."

The big problem in choosing to couch the story in Paddy's words, said Doyle, "was discovering the limits of the boy's vocabulary. It wasn't the perception. I'd gradually find out what sort of boy he was and the words would follow. He's a bright guy, a voracious reader. I'd picture what he looked like and once I had him, the book just took off."

Whether it takes off to the big screen like The Commitments and The Snapper is another matter. Although Doyle's name is one of three in the screen credits for The Commitments, it was a movie written by committee. He had much more control and input on The Snapper. Paddy Clarke, on the other hand, presents a screenwriter with formidable problems of adaptation. Doyle correctly thinks that Fellini would have been the perfect choice to film Paddy's monologue.

It remains for someone else to try, and while the matter of Paddy's movie destiny goes unresolved, there's another question begging to be answered. Paddy would be 35 now and presumably somewhere in Dublin. Maybe he wound up as a book critic for the Irish Times? "I don't know what he's doing, I haven't a clue," said Doyle with a rueful smile for his greatest creation. "It sounds ruthless, but I couldn't care less. But I'm sure he's all right."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (1)

1. Roddy Doyle will be in Philadelphia tonight to read from his latest

novel. Two earlier books, "The Commitments" and "The Snapper," were made

into films. (For The Inquirer, CORI WELLS BRAUN)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***SHAW REVAMPS RULES TO WIDEN ITS APPEAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CVD-XVW0-0094-5382-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 11, 2004 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; STAGE REVIEWS

**Length:** 2086 words

**Byline:** CHRISTOPHER RAWSON, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Dateline:** NIAGARAONTHELAKE, Ontario

**Body**

Despite the winds of change whistling through the Shaw Festival, the impression of three plays seen during a two-day visit to this ever-charming little vacation town is that much remains the same.

The chief evidence of change is the gradual entry of more recent works than previously allowed by the Shaw's "mandate" of plays written during the lifetime (1856-1950) of its namesake. First more modern plays written about that period were allowed; now the mandate extends to the present, but with Shaw and his contemporaries still providing the core.

This year, that core includes Shaw, Wilde, O'Neill, Synge and Rattigan, but also Rodgers and Hart, Holm and Abbott and Githa Sowerby (rediscovery being a chief Shaw Festival skill). "Floyd Collins" is a recent musical set in the earlier period, as are works by George Walker and John Murrell -- Canadian playwrights whom the more restrictive mandate once kept out.

This broadening has increased under the leadership of Jackie Maxwell, now in her second year as successor artistic director to longtime head Christopher Newton. Maxwell is doubtless the newest thing about the Shaw, but there also is a large new building with the rehearsal, production and office space this big company has always needed.

How big? Having started April 8, the season eventually will accommodate 12 plays in the Shaw's three theaters and will continue until Dec. 4. That's 855 performances in all, employing about 500 people at the height of the season, 74 of them actors. Last year's audience totalled 282,989. This year's operating budget is $24.4 million Canadian (U.S. $18.3 million). That's big by any standard.

Here's a look at three shows now running.

G.B. Shaw, "Pygmalion"

One or more major Shaw plays are the keystone of each Shaw Festival season. "Man and Superman" (which just opened yesterday) is this year's big intellectual keystone, even bigger when the "Don Juan in Hell" sequence is added to selected performances. But "Pygmalion" (1912) is certainly the better loved. So it is a disappointment that this year's version is a mixed bag.

This disappointment has little to do with the "My Fair Lady" factor. Doubtless some audiences expect Shaw's original to be more like its American musical comedy adaptation -- where is the Ascot scene, they wonder, and why doesn't Eliza come back to Wimpole Street at the end? This expectation might even be heightened by the uncanny degree to which "Fair Lady" librettist and lyricist Alan Jay Lerner used Shaw's own words for not just his dialogue but even his songs.

But for many, the differences between the original and the adaptation are well-known. So is Shaw's distrust of adaptation, going right back to a struggle over the 1938 movie of "Pygmalion" and the controversy (addressed at length in his epilogue to the published play) over the futures that playgoers imagine for the characters Shaw invented. That we care about them is a measure of the success of Shaw's dramaturgy, although our possessiveness suggests that we haven't always absorbed his ideas.

In any case, "Pygmalion" is a strong enough play to set its own tone. And Maxwell's production, aided by Sue LePage's spare and fluid stage design, is purposefully thorny and without frills. In a way, it bears the same relation to most productions of "Pygmalion" as the recent two-piano "My Fair Lady" does to fuller versions, cutting away the decoration to reveal the very good, cantankerous bones.

The best example of this is after the ball, when Eliza watches a young flower girl -- her younger self, as it were -- as the set changes around her to suggest Wimpole Street once more. The fluidity is assured.

It is in casting or rather interpretation that this "Pygmalion" disappoints. Shaw veteran Jim Mezon plays Higgins more like Daddy Warbucks -- Warbucks minus the sentiment -- and not just because of his bald head. His Higgins is a big bully and a baby. It's not that we wonder how Eliza could care for him, if she is even meant to, but how the audience could care. He is a self-obsessed bore, without the persuasiveness other characters comment on, but also without even the intellectual passion that should ignite us.

Another very good actor falls into a related trap. As if in flight from the florid, cutesy Doolittle of the musical, Simon Bradbury is reduced to a dour little man, with too little of Shaw's expansive delight in paradox. Even Lorne Kennedy's Pickering makes little impression. Tara Rosling's Eliza is herself more childish than bedraggled to start, but she improves very convincingly.

In short, this is a "Pygmalion" that is really about Galatea -- the object of the makeover, not the artist. In this, it is appropriately Shavian. We really do get to ponder the predicament of a young woman lifted out of her accustomed sphere and set adrift.

But despite the laughs along the way, one can barely call the result comic. As Shaw's own epilogue puts it, "Galatea never does quite like Pygmalion: his relation to her is too godlike to be altogether agreeable."

That's the bad news. The rest is all good. For very different assessments of Maxwell's, Mezon's and Bradbury's other work, read on.

Githa Sowerby, "Rutherford and Son"

The Shaw has once again done what it does best in the theatrical eco-system, which is to recover "lost" plays of continuing merit.

"Rutherford and Son," written in the same year as "Pygmalion," is just such a play, joining the recent string of successful rediscoveries that includes Cicely Hamilton's "Diana of Dobson's" and St. John Hankin's "The Return of the Prodigal." As the Shaw keeps proving, a large, skilled acting ensemble trained on the works of Shaw is supremely equipped to find the life, variety and distinction in those of his contemporaries.

Sowerby's play is like a ***working-class*** domestic "King Lear," a careful dissection of the unhappy family of an inflexible, self-made industrial tyrant and the raw hell of its restrictive social setting. It starts very slowly, with character and plot emerging only gradually from a story that seems to be painted entirely in shades of sepia.

Maxwell directs this, too, and I must say she seems far more sympathetic to it than to "Pygmalion." As our eyes and ears accustom themselves to the gradations of brown and umber, the small details she and Sowerby have shaped begin to accumulate. Eventually, the story flares up into melodrama in the awful dilemma of the eldest daughter, Janet, betrayed by her father, her secret lover and even, in a sense, herself. But we have been brought along so carefully that we stay right with Janet, feeling her tragedy.

And then Sowerby has the unsentimental assurance to leave Janet to her fate and turn instead to the unremarkable daughter-in-law, Mary, who gets the final showdown with the failed patriarch. Astonishing. The ending may be a shade brighter than modern taste would expect in what really wants to be a family tragedy, but even that adds to our sense of discovering a dramatic world of perfect integrity, unbeholden to theatrical cliche.

The acting can't be faulted, led by Michael Ball's dark Rutherford, Kelli Fox's pained Janet and the worker played by Peter Krantz, a Dickensian study in conflicted loyalties.

John Cecil Holm and George Abbott, "Three Men on a Horse"

I've saved the most fun for last. This 1935 Broadway comedy is one of those memorable titles you note on the lists and assume is a dated formula piece or vehicle for a forgotten star. But in action, it proves a delight, a comedy/farce that plays happily with stereotype but subsumes whatever is predictable in unexpected, quirky charm.

Indeed, I haven't seen anything at the Shaw in recent years that felt more like the glory days of the Shaw farce, back in the '80s, when belly-rumbling comedies (usually starring the inimitable Heath Lamberts) were a staple.

Those farces were usually of the English variety. "Three Men on a Horse," however, is a prime example of the forgotten Broadway bagatelle that should be re-evaluated as a classic genre piece, if there were an American national theater to do it.

The story revolves around Erwin, a mild-mannered writer of greeting card verses, who, to while away the time on the bus home from work, picks horse-race winners with astonishing accuracy. Three down-on-their-luck gamblers stumble on this gold mine and set out to milk him for what he is worth.

Erwin's boss gets into the act; so does his distraught wife and her sleazy, suspicious brother, the most unexpectedly comic creation in the show. The chief gambler's doll is pretty funny herself -- the role is a cliche, but Glynis Ranney gives her such ditzy, sincere eccentricity that she transcends type.

For this, credit is obviously due that same Jim Mezon, here serving as director. Another of the show's triumphs is that same Simon Bradbury, very droll as gambler/gangster Patsy, with a huge assist from Peter Hutt as his dour sidekick. Kevin Bundy gives Erwin some lovely physical humor.

Mezon uses a revolving stage to keep the action pulsing along. And he devises a nice frame device involving a stagehand preparing the stage that admits to, and then makes comic hay of, the frankly theatrical artifice you expect to find in any George Abbott play.

OK, it's not Kaufman and Hart. But it's in the same ballpark.

IF YOU GO

Shaw Festival

\* Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario; 43rd season, the second for artistic director Jackie Maxwell.

\* A colorful, large-format, 72-page festival handbook, including play descriptions, schedules of performances and other events and a visitors guide to accommodation services, hotels, B&Bs, cottage rentals, restaurants, wineries, shopping and other attractions is available from the Shaw Festival, Box 774, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada L0S 1J0; phone 1-800-511-7429; fax 1-905-468-3804; [*www.shawfest.com*](http://www.shawfest.com).

\* Tickets (from the above numbers) vary according to theater, location, day of week and play. The range is Canadian $42-$77 (U.S. $31.50-$57.75), with some shows discounted for students and seniors; lunchtime one-acts are $20 (U.S. $15); a family plan includes half-price youth tickets; those under 30 can buy some tickets for $30 (U.S. $22.50); discounted rush tickets are sometimes available the day of a show.

\* The Niagara-on-the-Lake Chamber of Commerce is in the Court House at 26 Queen St. and is open seven days a week, 10 a.m.-7:30 p.m., through Oct. 15. It publishes its own 54-page Visitor's Guide and it runs an accommodations service; 1-905-468-1950 or [*www.niagaraonthelake.com*](http://www.niagaraonthelake.com). Other such services include the Niagara-on-the-Lake B&B Association (1-905-468-0123; 1-866-855-0123; [*www.bba.notl.on.ca*](http://www.bba.notl.on.ca)); Accommodations Are Us (1-905-468-7007; [*www.accommodations-niagara.com*](http://www.accommodations-niagara.com)) and Historic B&B ([*www.historicbb.com*](http://www.historicbb.com)).

\* Festival Theatre (869 seats): Shaw, "Pygmalion" (through Nov. 27); John Cecil Holm and George Abbott, "Three Men on a Horse" (through Oct. 29); Shaw, "Man and Superman" (through Oct. 9; some performances include "Don Juan in Hell"); George F. Walker, "Nothing Sacred" (Aug. 14-Oct. 30).

\* Royal George Theatre (328): Oscar Wilde, "The Importance of Being Earnest" (through Dec. 4); Rodgers, Hart and O'Hara, "Pal Joey" (through Oct. 30); Terrence Rattigan, "Harlequinade" (lunchtime, Aug. 11-Sept. 19).

\* Court House Theatre (327): Eugene O'Neill, "Ah, Wilderness!" (through Oct. 8); Githa Sowerby, "Rutherford and Son" (through Oct. 9); John Murrell, "Waiting for the Parade" (through Oct. 9); J.M. Synge, "The Tinker's Wedding" (through Sept. 5); Adam Guettel and Tina Landau, "Floyd Collins" (Aug. 3-Oct. 9).

\* Readings: Rodgers, Hammerstein and DiPietro, "Allegro" (winery amphitheatre, Aug. 29; Royal George, Oct. 2). Bell Canada Reading Series at Royal George: Stories by Katherine Mansfield (July 15); Cicely Hamilton and Christopher St. John, "How the Vote Was Won" (July 23); Shaw, Selections from "An Unfinished Novel" (July 28); H.P. Lovecraft, "The Dunwich Horror" (Aug. 20).

\* Other events: Sunday coffee concerts (July 18; Aug. 15 and 29; Oct. 10); backstage tours; pre-show chats every evening at Festival Theatre; Saturday Conversations; Tuesday Q&As following performances; Shaw show/sale of artists and artisans (Aug. 14-15); village fair and fete (Aug. 2); four-day seminars (July 15-18; Aug. 12-15); Members Days (July 12, Aug. 29, Sept. 25); Members Plus! Days (July 11, Oct. 16); Autumn Hostels (Oct. 6-8, 20-22).

\* Tour: The Post-Gazette sponsors a Shaw Festival tour, Sept. 8-11, that includes six plays; call 412-441-3131 for information.

**Notes**

Post-Gazette drama critic Christopher Rawson can be reached at [*crawson@post-gazette.com*](mailto:crawson@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1666.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: David Cooper photos: Peter Hutt, Simon Bradbury, Peter Millard and Jeff Lillico are having all the fun in the Shaw Festival's "Three Men on a Horse," a lark from 1935 Broadway.

PHOTO: "Pygmalion," with Tara Rosling as Eliza and Jim Mezon as Henry Higgins, loses something in the interpretation.

PHOTO: David Cooper photos: Among the Shaw Festival's strengths is rediscovering plays such as "Rutherford and Son," with Michael Ball as Rutherford.

PHOTO: Changes in how the Shaw Festival selects its plays are part of the new leadership of artistic direction of Jackie Maxwell.

**Load-Date:** July 13, 2004

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[***BIANCARDI ROSE FROM OBSCURITY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CVM-9820-0027-X0M2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***But hard work took him far in college hoops world***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CVM-9820-0027-X0M2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

July 11, 2004 Sunday CITY EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. A1

**Length:** 2003 words

**Byline:** Scott Elliott, Kyle Nagel and Mike Wagner DaytonDailyNews

**Body**

BOSTON - It was here, in a neighborhood considered to be Boston's answer to Brooklyn, where Paul Biancardi the kid tossed basketballs through chain-linked hoops and ground sausage in an old Italian meat market.

It was here where Biancardi the basketball player was cut from the Salem State team as a freshman, came back for another season and was eventually named team captain his senior year.

And it was here where Biancardi the coach worked at Suffolk University, where he was paid as little as $2,000 a year doing all the little things the other coaches didn't want to do.

Biancardi's rise from modest beginnings, both in life and in basketball, to head coach at Wright State University was made possible by his unrelenting work ethic, an affable personality and a willingness to do whatever it took to succeed.

It's hasn't always been easy for Biancardi, but now the son of a bricklayer faces what may be his toughest opponent.

"I'd say Mr. Biancardi has a big problem," said Leo Papile, director of player personnel for the Boston Celtics and founder of a renowned amateur basketball club in Biancardi's native Boston. "You don't have 'innocent until proven guilty' with the NCAA. A smoking gun is all they need."

Biancardi has been caught up in a controversy that has already cost his mentor and former boss Jim O'Brien his coaching job at Ohio State University. The controversy stems from allegations contained in a lawsuit filed by Kathleen Salyers, a Columbus nanny.

Salyers is suing two OSU alumni, Dan and Kim Roslovic, for more than $300,000 and claims that the Roslovics reneged on a deal to pay her $1,000 a month plus expenses to house and care for former Buckeye Slobodan "Boban" Savovic during his career at Ohio State.

Salyers claims she didn't receive any payment for that care. In a deposition for the lawsuit, Salyers allegations include that Biancardi told her to convince two professors to change failing grades for Savovic and pay thousands of dollars in international taxes for the player. She also claims that Biancardi, an assistant coach from 1997-2003, knew she was giving $200 a week in cash, providing many gifts and doing academic work for Savovic.

One allegation - that O'Brien gave at least $6,000 to former 7-foot-3 recruit Aleksandar Radojevic - cost O'Brien his job when he admitted the NCAA violation to OSU Athletic Director Andy Geiger, who fired O'Brien on June 8. Radojevic never played for OSU after he was ruled ineligible by the NCAA in May 1999 for playing professionally in Europe.

The other allegations became public after O'Brien's dismissal. Biancardi, in two statements, has denied Salyers' claims. He is prevented from making comments during the on-going NCAA investigation, his Pittsburgh attorney Jim Zeszutek has said. Former Buckeye Brent Darby said he wouldn't have known anything was wrong when he worked at the WSU basketball camp last month - save for one somber moment. Biancardi started to bring up the Ohio State controversy, but Darby, who remains close with Biancardi, said they should change the subject.

"He wasn't angry, but disappointed," Darby said. "You could tell that upset him a lot just to have his name mentioned in that."

Biancardi faces uncertainty in the coming months as the NCAA investigates. Wright State's athletics staff and players are also in limbo.

"The assistants weren't with Paul at Ohio State, they're supporting their boss, but no one knows what is going to happen with the investigation," said Steve Fortson, an associate professor at WSU's College of Education and Human Services and a faculty athletics representative. "The players, it's got to be hard on them too, in terms of their basketball futures and not knowing who their head coach is going to be.

"We are all waiting to see what happens."

***Working class*** to big dreams

While the people have changed in East Boston - Italian and European immigrants have been joined lately by an influx of Caribbean and central American immigrants - it maintains much of the hardscrabble feel of Biancardi's childhood days.

East Boston, a crowded urban neighborhood of busy avenues, low-rise brick apartment buildings and ground-level shops, bustles with activity. As a boy, Biancardi shot hoops at a neighborhood park and worked in the meat market while his mother held two jobs.

He went to Pope John XXIII Catholic High School across a long bridge in neighboring Everett. While a good high school player, Biancardi sparked little interest from college programs. He attended nearby Salem State and was cut his freshman year. He tried out again, made the team and was voted team captain as a senior - even though he did not start.

After college, Biancardi focused on coaching. He served as a volunteer assistant at local high schools, colleges and camps before getting his break with Suffolk.

"He was a hard worker," said Ken Peavey, the current athletic director at Pope John who has known Biancardi for years through coaching circles. "Clearly he was somebody who was willing to pay his dues.

At Suffolk, Biancardi was doing so well, Nelson mentioned him to O'Brien, the coach at Boston College. Nelson and O'Brien were both BC alumni and friends, and the reference led to a graduate assistant post and later a full-time job on O'Brien's staff for Biancardi.

"He was incredibly enthusiastic and impassioned about the sport of basketball," said Jim Nelson, who was then the Suffolk University men's basketball coach and is now the athletic director. "He wanted to become a head basketball coach on the college level and wasn't going to stop until he became it," Nelson said.

Papile, a former head coach in the minor league Continental Basketball Association and founder of the Boston Amateur Basketball Club, knew Biancardi as a young coach in Boston. Biancardi was never considered a "up and comer" as a young assistant coach, Papile said. Instead, he was viewed as likeable and hard working, getting noticed more for his extra efforts to help out.

"I was surprised he became a head coach," said Papile, who also worked as an assistant under Rick Pitino at Boston University and Kevin Mackey at Cleveland State.

But Biancardi continued to move up the pecking order of O'Brien's assistants.

Nelson, who occasionally attended Boston College games, began to notice a closeness between the two men - especially during one game where he watched Biancardi closely.

"Anytime there was a time-out, it was always an immediate exchange of dialogue between Paul and Jim O'Brien," Nelson said. "Jimmy trusted Paul's judgement, in terms of what he saw on the court and what should be implemented coming out of the time-out."

Turning it around

In 1997, O'Brien left BC to take over a Buckeye program rocked by a recruiting scandal under former coach Randy Ayers. But he would quickly turn it around, relying heavily on Biancardi for recruiting.

In O'Brien's first season, OSU went 8-22, including an 18-game losing streak, and finished last in the Big Ten (1-15). But the next season, the Buckeyes moved into the new $115 million Schottenstein Center , and the team started to win.

Boston native and BC transfer Scoonie Penn joined future NBA guard Michael Redd, a sophomore from Columbus, to lead the Buckeyes to the 1999 Final Four. OSU began a streak of four straight 20-win seasons, ratcheting up pressure to keep recruiting at a high level.

For the next season, recruits Radojevic, Massillon Washington High School's Slobodan "Cobe" Ocokoljic and Darby, a 6-1 guard from Detroit, signed to join the team. Radojevic and Ocokoljic, like then-sophomore guard Savovic, are Serbian.

All three are connected to Semi Pajovic, a broker of eastern European basketball players, and Marc Cornstein, the founder and president of Pinnacle Management Corp., a New York-based agency that represents more than 30 professional basketball players internationally.

Pinnacle represents Savovic, Penn and former Buckeye Velimir Radinovic.

Radojevic was supposed to be the final piece to the OSU roster, playing with Penn and Redd at guard and 6-11 Ken Johnson forward.

"I would have been the big addition there," Radojevic said. "Coach Biancardi and O'Brien were putting a great team together. Me and Ken Johnson together, that would have been a good front line. But those people (the NCAA) took that away from me and Ohio State for no reason."

Ineligible at OSU, Radojevic entered the 1999 NBA draft. The Toronto Raptors took him with the 12th overall pick.

One former player remembered Biancardi as a man destined for a head coaching position because of his relationships with players and his commitment to the job.

"He was the first one to help me out," said Tim Martin, a Dunbar graduate who played for OSU from 2000-02. "If I needed anything, he was the first one that I would go to. He was younger and he was the one you could really relate to. Everybody knew that he would help you."

WSU awaits probe

When Wright State fired coach Ed Schilling last year, Biancardi applied for the job and touted his Ohio connections.

"Over the last 13 years, I have recruited student-athletes on a national level with a great deal of success," Biancardi wrote in a letter dated March 21, 2003. "I have developed strong ties with many high school coaches in the Midwest and have a credible reputation in my profession."

He was quickly identified as a leading candidate among the 113 who applied. Only five applicants had Division I head coaching experience. In the end, the search committee picked him.

"He (Biancardi) was my No. 1 choice to be the coach and he has my support 100 percent now," said Bob Mills, a member of the WSU search committee that chose Biancardi.

Mills, the president and CEO of Synergy Building Systems, said the committee was unanimous in its support for Biancardi.

In his first season, after inheriting a team that had gone 10-18 and 4-12 in the Horizon League the previous season, Biancardi guided the Raiders to a 14-14 record and a 10-6 league record using only seniors and freshmen.

WSU gave Biancardi a five-year contract in April 2003 at a $150,000 base salary. With extra money for camps, television appearances and other duties, he makes closer to $180,000.

Wright State can fire Biancardi if he is found to be in violation of NCAA rules, or for dishonesty, according to his contract. So far, Athletic Director Michael Cusack has said Biancardi assured him he did nothing wrong and Cusack is standing by him. Cusack did not return a phone message on Friday.

But one WSU supporter believes the university should make some of its own inquiries and not wait for the NCAA.

"I think he (Cusack) should be conducting his own investigation because that is the guy the coach works for - I don't know if he is or not," said Charles Hartmann, a professor of business law and a former faculty athletics representative.

Mostly, Wright State fans feel stuck in the middle of someone else's mess.

"If you look at O'Brien when he was at Ohio State, he had tremendous credentials all the way up until this whole thing blew up, and at the time coach Biancardi was selected, nobody had any inkling that there was potential for these kinds of problems . . . none of this," said Fortson, the WSU faculty athletics representative.

"All of that stuff happened at Ohio State, not Wright State, and everything is being handled (by WSU and the NCAA) the way it's supposed to right now."

As for Biancardi, his friends fear the OSU scandal could threaten all he's worked for.

"I feel bad for coach Biancardi for the simple fact that he has moved on now to a head coaching job," said Darby, the former OSU player. "That's something he worked for and something he deserved. He's coming off a successful season, winning coach of the year. So he has moved on and he has proven himself and he has something like this that's in the way."

Contact Scott Elliott at [*selliott@DaytonDailyNews.com*](mailto:selliott@DaytonDailyNews.com). Contact Kyle Nagel at [*knagel@DaytonDailyNews.com*](mailto:knagel@DaytonDailyNews.com). Contact Mike Wagner at [*mwagner@DaytonDailyNews.com*](mailto:mwagner@DaytonDailyNews.com)

MORE ONLINE

Previous stories on OSU basketball controversy: DaytonDailyNews.com/osu

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, / (1) Paul Biancardi,(2) SLOBODAN 'BOBAN' SAVOVIC (left to right), Kathleen Salyers and Aleksandar Radojevic.

**Load-Date:** July 14, 2004

**End of Document**



[***LIGHT-RAIL LINE KEEPS 'OVERBROOK' IN NAME ONLY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CMN-RNJ0-0094-53HR-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

June 13, 2004 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL,; GETTING AROUND

**Length:** 2303 words

**Body**

The Port Authority has opened the Overbrook light-rail line that replaced the old streetcar line that replaced railroad passenger and coal trains that once shared the tracks hugging the hills along Routes 51 and 88.

The Overbrook line is a misnomer, however, because it provides little good service to Overbrook. Maybe that's why the authority has renamed the 42Library as the 47Library via Overbrook and why the 42S South Hills Village will become the 47L South Hills Village via Overbrook this fall.

"As an Overbrook resident, I am amazed by the name," Colleen Englert said via e-mail last week, disappointed there is only one stop left in the neighborhood where people had been able to conveniently hop a streetcar or a train for 130 years.

"The McNeilly stop is a joke," she said. "No one can get there. There are no sidewalks, nowhere to park your car and a ton of steps" to walk to the hillside station. "A lot of senior citizens would like to ride, not to mention all the ***working-class*** people who need transportation to town."

When the Port Authority rebuilt the 5.2-mile Overbrook line between Castle Shannon and South Hills Junction, it replaced 22 small "walk-on" stops with eight stations to build badly needed speed into what I've criticized for so long as light-snail transit.

What Englert says is true. The station above the Route 88-McNeilly Road intersection is the only one convenient to Overbrook residents, as inconvenient as it is.

A light-rail station at the Route 51-88 intersection would have been a good choice. But authority spokeswoman Judi McNeil said, "It would have been almost physically impossible," requiring more steps than McNeilly, probably an elevator to comply with federal requirements to make transit accessible for handicapped and infirm riders, and with no parking at that location, either.

She pointed out that Overbrook residents had good bus service as a result of the South Busway, which parallels the light-rail line through part of the city neighborhood.

So, Judi, why does the Port Authority still call it the Overbrook line? Why not call it the Suburban Line?

"Overbrook is a historic name and we wanted to keep it," McNeil said.

Even with the via.

\* \* \*

Mall Maze. Too many things happening at the same time around South Hills Village Mall are challenging drivers and light-rail riders.

"They've blocked off parking spaces, created detours to nowhere and made everything generally a huge mess," lawyer Eric T. Smith e-mailed. "You really have to see it to believe it."

Dear Eric and others with the same complaint:

The Port Authority is paying $63,700 to the Simon Properties Group Inc. to lease 600 spaces in the Lazarus-Macy's lot for use by T park-n-riders displaced by construction of a seven-story, 2,200-space, park-and-ride garage. Before it issued a building permit, Bethel Park officials demanded the authority make a number of road improvements, also under way.

Meanwhile, Simon Properties is doing work, including expanding the food court and renovating the mall interior. Contractors are taking up parking spaces for their workers, equipment and materials.

Commuters using Route 19 north are unhappy because intersection widening prohibits them from making a right turn onto Village Drive. Work also has restricted Fort Couch Road on the other side of the mall.

Upsides: You better believe the mall work will be done in time for the Christmas $hopping $eason. The new parking garage remains on schedule. And I'm hearing the Port Authority will charge $1 a day to park there.

\* \* \*

Lord & Taylor. A 13-month-old dog trained to detect explosives began routine patrols on the Port Authority's bus-trolley system last week.

The dog's name is Lord. They say he's a Hungarian shepherd, but he looks German to me. Lord has been teamed with police Officer Brian O'Malley, who's been on the authority force for six years.

Special grants used to buy and train Lord also will be used for his "maintenance." Because two can live cheaper than one, he'll share O'Malley's home. In addition to transit patrols, the two will be assigned to occasional security details at Pittsburgh International Airport.

The federal Office of Homeland Security has asked transit agencies across the United States to step up anti-terrorism efforts to safeguard riders. As a result, it may give the Port Authority money for another bomb-sniffing dog.

Authority Chief of Staff Jason Fincke has suggested the second dog be named Taylor. "This way, we'll still have a Lord and Taylor in Pittsburgh," he said.

Woof!

\* \* \*

Believe it! The amount of concrete used to build the nation's interstate highway system could build a 9-foot-thick, 50-foot-high wall around the equator.

\* \*

Plate du jour. Colleague Susan Mannella spotted the Pennsylvania personalized license plate LQQKIE on an SUV traveling on Banksville Road. Qute.

CONSTRUCTION AROUND THE REGION

SPECIAL NOTES

"Wings Over Pittsburgh" -- The 911th Airlift Wing of the Air Force Reserves will host its air show next weekend, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Sponsors expect more than 250,000 visitors. Free parking and admission. Access via Business Route 60, not the Route 60-Airport Expressway that serves the passenger terminals.

School is out -- Classes have ended, so look out for more children on foot, bikes, skateboards etc. on streets and sidewalks and around parks and playgrounds.

Three Rivers Arts Festival -- Avoid being ripped off for parking. Since the 50 percent parking tax increase, the off-peak rate has gone from $3 to $5 at garages operated by Pittsburgh Parking Authority, but it's still the cheapest in Downtown.

TURNPIKE

E-ZPass Express lane -- The special lane at Warrendale mainline toll plaza is open, enabling E-ZPass holders driving east to use an express lane at 55 mph instead of 5 mph at regular toll plaza lanes. Cash-paying customers should stay to the right approaching the toll plaza. E-ZPass Express will open June 26 for westbound vehicles.

Mainline, Pittsburgh to Irwin -- Resurfacing 11 miles between the Pittsburgh and Irwin exits. Overnight weekday lane closures.

Donegal area -- Long-term reconstruction between mileposts 85 and 94.

Somerset area -- Traffic shifts, two temporary lanes in both directions between mileposts 109 and 122.

Occasional other one-lane and off-peak maintenance and paving restrictions across the state. For updates, 1-800-331-3414 or [*www.paturnpike.com*](http://www.paturnpike.com).

INTERSTATES

I-70, Westmoreland County -- PennDOT spending $3.6 million to repave all 17 miles from the Washington County line to New Stanton. Daytime single-lane restrictions imposed over several miles at a time. Work zone moving to stretch between the Smithton High-Level Bridge and North Belle Vernon.

I-70, Washington County -- Westbound on-ramp at exit 20 (Beau Street) and Lakeview Drive closed through Tuesday for drainage work.

I-79, Lawrence County -- Single lane closures in both directions, 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and 6 to 9 p.m. weekdays, while pavement markings are replaced.

I-79, Mercer County -- Weekday lane closures between Grove City exit and Lawrence County line for resurfacing.

I-79, Crawford County -- Southbound shifted to the northbound side, one lane in each direction, between Geneva and Meadville.

I-80, Mercer County -- Eastbound and westbound lane restrictions between mileposts 15 and 21 for concrete repairs.

I-99, Blair County -- Northbound closed; one lane in each direction on southbound side between East Freedom and Sproul/Claysburg.

I-279, Parkway West -- Inbound traffic detoured through 6 a.m. tomorrow from Carnegie Exit 2 to Greentree Exit 4A. Detour uses Noblestown Road, Mansfield Avenue, Greentree Road and Parkway Center Mall on-ramp. Single lane, overnight closures all week between Campbells Run Road and the Fort Pitt Tunnel while shoulders are milled and resurfaced. Next weekend beginning 10 a.m. Friday, PennDOT plans to close outbound from Carnegie to I-79 for the second time this summer to try to complete that stretch.

I-279/79/376 -- Be alert for various lane closures during off-peak hours as a PennDOT contractor inspects 166 overhead and roadside sign structures. Work to take place this week between Franklin Park and Downtown, and between Downtown and Oakland on the Parkway East.

STATE HIGHWAYS

Liberty Tunnels -- One lane closed 11 p.m. to 5:30 a.m. Sundays through Thursdays until July.

Route 8, Etna -- Southbound traffic detoured from Kittanning Street to the Route 28 on-ramps 7 p.m. to 6 a.m. through Thursday night, and 7 p.m. to 9 a.m. Friday and Saturday, for paving. Detour via Butler Street.

Route 8, Butler County -- Resurfacing in Penn Township between Airport and Renfrew roads. Expect delays between 7 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Route 8, Butler City -- Work under way on $24 million Main Street Bridge replacement. Minor traffic impact. Information at [*www.mainstreetviaduct.com*](http://www.mainstreetviaduct.com).

Route 18, Mercer County -- Resurfacing north of Sharon in the Shenango Lake area. Lane restrictions until August.

Route 19, Washington County -- Work under way on $1.1 million project that includes signals at Meadowbrooke Development and widening Route 19 for a turning lane.

Route 22, Murrysville -- All traffic switched to the new eastbound lanes, but still one lane in each direction while work continues on the westbound side for the reconstruction from Route 22 to Allegheny County line. More info, [*www.renew22.com*](http://www.renew22.com).

Route 28, Etna -- Motorists wishing to access Route 28 southbound from Bridge Street beneath the 62nd Street Bridge in Etna and Sharpsburg detoured through Etna during ramp work. Otherwise, one lane each way to Shaler Waterworks, and ramp from Route 8 south to Route 28 south is closed.

Route 28, Harmar -- Single lane in each direction near Guys Run Road through July. Rush-hour delays reported.

Route 30, Norwin -- Widening to five lanes under way at Malts Lane.

Route 51, Rostraver -- Work to begin soon on $600,000 resurfacing.

Route 60, Findlay -- Single lane restriction around Pittsburgh International Airport entrance.

Route 60, Mercer County -- Lane closures in several areas, including around I-80 interchange.

Route 60, Beaver County -- Up to 10-minute traffic stoppages Wednesday through Friday while highway light poles are reset around the Route 60-18 intersection in Center, Potter townships.

Route 65 -- Ohio River Boulevard restricted to a single lane each way through mid-November between McKees Rocks Bridge and Camp Horne Road, Bellevue, for $4.3 million in repairs to Dilworth Street, Freemont Street and Spruce Run Road bridges.

Route 136, Westmoreland County -- Closed at Willow Crossing through late August.

Route 268, Butler County -- Alternating one-lane traffic in Karns City for yearlong replacement of South Bear Creek bridges.

Route 422, Butler County -- One-lane eastbound restriction through summer for Route 422/68/38 interchange project. Eastbound on-ramp from Route 68 to Route 422 is closed.

Route 519, South Strabane -- Trucks detoured away from the Pike Street intersection via I-79 during widening.

Route 837, East Carson Street -- Alternating single lane of traffic, 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. weekdays, through July 2. Work zone runs from Becks Run Road to 25th Street, South Side.

Route 885, Mifflin Road -- Restricted overnight and during off-peak weekday hours around Doerville Avenue, Hays, for paving.

Route 981, Latrobe -- Closed north of town at the Unity Street underpass for intersection work. Detour via Routes 982 and 22.

OTHER ROADS

Beaver Grade Road, Moon -- Alternating lane of traffic between Thorn Run and University roads through June 25 for resurfacing.

Edgewood intersection, Kittanning -- Work has started on $3.6 million project to resurface intersection of Old Route 422, Water Street and Old Route 128 and to repair three bridges including Route 66 overpass of Route 422.

Forest Grove Road, Kennedy -- Moon Run Bridge No. 8 closed through mid-August. Detour will be posted.

Freedom Road, Butler County -- A $2,082,215 low bid has been submitted to PennDOT to widen, resurface and add a turning lane at Route 19 in Cranberry. Work is expected to start within two months.

Hulton Road, Allegheny Township -- Closed until further notice between White Cloud and Sleepy Hollow roads for slide repair.

Island Avenue, Stowe -- Alternating single lane of traffic overnight weekdays through July 15 between Adrian and Neville streets.

Pitview Avenue, Reserve -- Will be closed to all traffic starting Thursday from Arlington Street to Logan Street. Reconstruction to be finished no later than July 23.

Rochester Road, Ross -- Closed 8 a.m. tomorrow through June 24 between Perry Highway (Route 19) and Hilldale Road for slide repair.

Saxonburg Boulevard, Indiana Township -- Alternating single lane of traffic starting tomorrow between Harts Run Road and Church Lane, weekdays through July 23, for resurfacing.

Sewickley-Oakmont Road -- Night-time lane restrictions around the Rochester Road intersection, Ross.

West Carson Street, Station Square -- One lane closed off-peak while the Port Authority builds ramps to the Wabash Tunnel.

MAJOR BRIDGES

Fort Duquesne Bridge -- Reedsdale Street between Art Rooney Way and Tony Dorsett Drive will be restricted to one lane 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. daily, through June 30, for bridge painting. Posted detour is via North Shore Drive. The pedestrian walkway is supposed to be closed again starting tomorrow. I-279 South ramp closed overnight except when Pirates play.

Herron Avenue Bridge, Polish Hill -- The bridge between Liberty Avenue and Ruthven Street supposed to reopen June 21.

Yough Dam Bridge, Fayette County -- Heavier summer traffic causing delays around $25 million bridge project.

Tub Run Bridge, Fayette County -- Will be closed for replacement after July 4, affecting local campground and access to biking trail at Confluence. Long detour will be necessary.

**Notes**

Joe Grata can be reached at [*jgrata@post-gazette.com*](mailto:jgrata@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1985.

**Load-Date:** June 16, 2004

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[***AT STARKWEATHER ELEMENTARY, ACHIEVEMENT IS EVERYONE'S JOB. / A PUBLIC SCHOOL WORKS BY GOING FOR EXCELLENCE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B6K0-01K4-91W7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

OCTOBER 20, 1997 Monday CWEST EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1628 words

**Byline:** Connie Langland, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The start of school is still 25 minutes away, but a half-dozen students have arrived early in Carolee Waite's fourth-grade classroom at Starkweather Elementary School near West Chester, the top-rated elementary school in the state last year.

The children know the drill.

They put their book bags away, get pencil and paper ready, and look to the front board. Soon, most of their classmates are in their seats as well.

Here is what they see, a sentence missing an adjective: "The -- horse walked down the hill."

The adjective hunt begins, and won't stop until class starts.

\* Starkweather fifth graders hit a home run on the 1996 state test known as the Pennsylvania System of School Assessment (PSSA), which tests fifth, eighth and 11th graders in reading and math.

Fully 95 percent of Starkweather's test-takers ranked at or above the average in math, according to PSSA data. In reading, the figure was 90 percent. In math, three-quarters of the students landed in the top quartile - or 25 percent - of students tested statewide. No other fifth graders in the state's many public schools scored as well.

This year's results also are very strong, according to principal Donald Pitt, although they have yet to be released by the state.

By many measures, Starkweather counts as a model of what a public school can be - a place where high standards are set and teachers, parents and students work to meet those standards; a place where students are expected to do their homework, try their best and learn well; a place much like the refrain from Cheers, "where everybody knows your name."

There are reasons why Starkweather should excel.

Most of the school's 534 children come from middle-class neighborhoods in the suburbs of West Chester. Most come from intact families, with mother and father and what has become the ubiquitous household mascot, a home computer. Dawn had not yet broken a few days back when one parent e-mailed kindergarten teacher Brian Harris - and Harris e-mailed a response before heading for school.

The West Chester Area School District last year spent about $8,400 per student - in the low-middle range for the region but well beyond what is spent on average in the state (about $7,000) and across the country (about $5,600).

Teachers have reams of paper, plenty of rulers, boxes of hand-size calculators and bottles of glue to meet their students' needs. The school is being wired for the Internet this month.

Class size at Starkweather is good to excellent: Waite has 24 children in her class, although several are students with special needs who spend most of the school day in other classrooms. One teacher has 26 students; two have just 18. Last year, the student/teacher ratio was 23.4-1, a number that shrank to just 16.2-1 when support staff at the school was included.

And the school is nearly new, opened in 1991 on a high hill. From Waite's classroom, the view is of sky and trees and a subdivision half a mile to the west. At the school's center is a bright atrium designed as an indoor amphitheater.

Education is a priority hereabouts.

But there also are reasons why Starkweather students wouldn't be expected to excel in such numbers.

The school draws students from three shelters in West Chester Borough - a homeless shelter, a domestic abuse center and Gaudenzia House, a facility that helps women with drug and alcohol problems. One child living with her mother at Gaudenzia entered Starkweather last spring lagging two years behind academically. Now the 9-year-old is in Waite's class.

"She's come a long way," her teacher noted. "Now she is doing grade-level work. She's very determined, and she's doing very well."

The school also enrolls children from modest ***working-class*** neighborhoods in the borough. "The economics of our families range from very low to very high," said Pitt.

About 10 percent of Starkweather children come from poor households. About 14 percent of the children are nonwhite.

And divorce and disruption and overworked fathers and mothers are as common as anywhere else. Children arrive at Starkweather weighed down with childhood anxieties, family conflict, Ritalin prescriptions and learning disabilities.

\* The 9- and 10-year-olds in Carolee Waite's class are five, 10, 20 words into their lists of adjectives.

"Mrs. Waite, what's the record for this one?" asks student John Travers.

"Oh, it's a lot, over 100," she answers. "You can use a thesaurus."

Four children dash to the shelf.

The last bus has pulled into the school, on Route 202 about two miles south of West Chester Borough, and the last bunch of fourth graders has entered the classroom.

And the school day officially begins.

There is a bit of housekeeping to accomplish. Children turn in notes from home. Get reminded about instrumental music instruction. And keep on writing adjectives.

"Let's find a good juicy word for this sentence," says Waite. "I want you to stretch that brain . . . stretch that brain."

A dozen hands shoot up.

"Shaggy," offers Devon.

"The shaggy horse walked down the hill," recited Waite.

"Fussy," says Haley.

"Hairless."

"Cold-blooded."

Just 10 minutes into the school day and Waite's students already have 20 or 30 minutes of learning to their credit - a jump start, so to speak. There's also a math problem on the board, to be figured out during free time.

These are "sponge" activities, meant to soak up the minutes that students traditionally spend fidgeting, gossiping or getting into trouble.

Waite pauses as the principal walks in. No one is surprised.

"Good morning, boys and girls," says Pitt in a strong, clipped voice that combines South Philadelphia roots and ex-Marine gruffness. "I see your eyeballs on your books, eyeballs on your teacher. . . . I like that." He exits as quickly as he entered, headed for the classroom next door.

\* The talk in education circles is about raising the bar for all students and holding teachers, principals - even parents - accountable for student achievement.

"The expectations that people set for children, they'll rise to those expectations," said Tom Kent, who was superintendent of the West Chester district for nine years until he retired this summer. He now is an education professor at Immaculata College.

"At Starkweather," said Kent, "you have to give the credit to Pitt for setting high expectations and to the teachers for following through and making it happen in the classroom."

Pitt, 60, a 35-year veteran of the West Chester school system, operates by values he learned in the Marine Corps as a young man.

"The Marines taught me there's no substitute, really, for excellence," said Pitt. "They tell me I run the school like a Marine barracks, but with a lot of heart."

He's in the habit of tagging children as they step off the bus, patting their tummies and sending them off to the cafeteria for some breakfast. He knows the children well and taps into his intuition about who may have missed breakfast.

In a fifth-grade classroom he encounters Adam, who is relatively new to the school. "Adam," the principal says, using his hands to straighten the boy's shoulders, "are you showing some leadership on that bus, like we talked about? I want you to show some leadership."

The pep talk seems to be good for Adam, who stands a little taller and promises to show that leadership.

"You salvage kids at this age," said Pitt. "You take kids where they are and you give them what they need. No excuses. You don't accept excuses. There's no excuse for failure. We will not have failure."

\* Add to Pitt's influence a combination of good teaching, extra help for students who need it, and the resources an affluent district can bring to the classroom.

The Starkweather staff keeps close track of how children are doing. Over the last several weeks, first graders have been tested on the words they know. Most of them are ready for the early reader books, but some are getting extra help with what Beverly Nelb, reading specialist, calls "readiness words." Two first graders have been identified as reading at the third-grade level, and they will get more challenging books.

Starkweather has put extra resources - including a reading specialist and a resource teacher - into the primary grades (kindergarten to second).

The investment has paid off. Nelb counted 25 first graders who needed extra help last year; half those children now are doing grade-level work, she said. The others continue to receive in-school tutoring.

"Right from the beginning, the ones who are having difficulty get extra help, extra attention," said Nelb. "Just that extra time is all some of them need."

The other factor is the strong support parents offer the school.

JoAnne Grube of Westtown has two children at Starkweather. She spent a recent morning at the school assisting with the third grade's South American Day.

Grube gave credit to Pitt, to the teachers and the school's support staff - and to parents.

"It's very difficult in this day and age to get this level of support," she said. "There are many, many parents who spend a lot of hours, coming into the classroom. And the teaching staff is very open, very supportive to parental involvement."

About 110 parents regularly volunteer, according to Pitt.

\* Waite's class has moved on to math. Two boys with hearing impairments have arrived with their sign-language interpreter. An instructional aide has arrived to help one child. Eight students have left the room, six to attend a more advanced math class and two to study with an instructional support teacher. Several fourth graders from another class arrive.

Waite speaks slowly as she lays out the first of half a dozen math activities that the class will study. The interpreter is at her side, using sign language.

"Jamie has six coins. Each coin is either a penny or a nickel. How much money does Jamie have?"

Answer(s), anyone?

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Teacher Carolee Waite works with Phylicia Faison, 8, on a math problem. The student-teacher ratio at Starkweather Elementary School, near West Chester, allows this kind of close attention. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, JONATHAN WILSON)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

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[***Talladega infield another world***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:470V-WSM0-010F-K3V8-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 16, 2002, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1759 words

**Byline:** Chris Jenkins

**Dateline:** ALABAMA STATE LINE

**Body**

ALABAMA STATE LINE -- *Turn it up.*

Three twenty-something buddies are hurtling down I-20 in a rented recreational vehicle, howling along to Lynyrd Skynyrd's *Sweet Home Alabama* as we roll out of Georgia. The cassette is one of several key purchases made in a morning stock-up session at Wal-Mart.

As our 30-foot RV shakes its way down the highway like George Clooney's boat in *The Perfect Storm*, we hear a rumbling from the refrigerator: The beverages we've carefully stacked will form an avalanche the first time we crack the fridge.

Hey, nobody said spending a weekend in the infield at Talladega Superspeedway was going to be easy.

My racetrack experience has more or less been limited to the garage area and adjacent infield media center as a NASCAR reporter for nearly two seasons. Although there is no shortage of crazed race fans in the garage -- a story for another time -- this latte-swilling native of Chicago's North suburbs had until now adopted a don't ask, don't tell policy when it comes to the throngs inhabiting the infield.

On the other hand, being able to relate to different kinds of situations is up my alley. And this crowd certainly is, uh . . . different, as evidenced by the guy we'll see wearing an empty beer case on his head with a cut-out for his face and a sign that says "Free Mammograms."

If you're looking for the authenticNASCAR experience, Talladega is the place to be. Opened in 1969 and located about two hours west of Atlanta, the track still has one of the wildest infield scenes around. Experienced infield mavens say police have cracked down on hard-core lawlessness in recent years: There's a makeshift jail outside Turn 3, although PR-conscious speedway officials call it a "holding facility."

We pull in at about 10 a.m. on this Thursday and wait in line with a fleet of RVs, most bigger and nicer than ours, for the on-track action to end. I'm relieved to see security people walking into every vehicle for a brief inspection before pulling into the track.

By 2 p.m., we're nestled into our spot inside Turn 4.

Time for exploring.

Humanity in all shapes and sizes

Old school buses never die. They just end up on NASCAR infields.

A group of six race fans is standing on top of a 1968 Bluebird bus inside Turn 3, drinking beer and waiting for Saturday morning's practice session to begin. Before heading over to the speedway Friday, the group took eight cans of red spray paint to cover the wheels and slather a racing stripe on the side.

"It's got a Cadillac motor in it," brags Barry Winslett of Moody, Ala.

The bus also has a Cadillac hood ornament. It's a status-symbol thing.

The group has built a black metal observation deck on top of the bus with a ladder on the side; because you can only see the top of the banked turns from eye level, it's important to climb something to get a better view. Such observation decks are common on infield buses and RVs.

Among the band of rooftop revelers is Tiffany Robson of Seal Beach, Calif. She's wearing a rebel flag bandana and proudly professes her love for driver Ward Burton. We're somewhat surprised to find out she has passed the California bar exam. When asked what kind of law she practices, she replies, "Why? You in some kinda trouble?"

Desperate to shed the image that stock car racing is for ***working-class*** Southerners only, NASCAR's marketing gurus insist more lawyers, doctors and middle managers are becoming fans. Luxury suites above the grandstands indeed might be filled with symphony conductors and Nobel Prize nominees, but the infield remains the almost exclusive domain of blue-collar fans.

If there are white-collar folks blowing off steam with a weekend of country-style fun on the infield, they're well disguised. The uniform: jean shorts, tattoos and some NASCAR paraphernalia, preferably from the Dale Earnhardt Jr. collection. Shirts, of course, are optional.

Outside another pair of recycled school buses -- one painted to look like Dale Jr.'s Bud car, the other to look like Dale Sr.'s Wrangler car from the early 1980s -- a short man with long hair is being hoisted by his much larger friend so he can connect two tubes at the top of an awning frame. His task complete, he stumbles over with a grin and puts his arm around me. "I got a prediction for y'all," says Ricky Pate of Palmetto, Ga. "Jeff Gordon's gonna win by 2 1/2 laps."

Among other sights and observations from four days and nights on the infield:

\* The predictable Mardi Gras beads-for-skin exchange seems to be centered on a red clay-stained stretch of pavement called "Talladega Boulevard." Lined with RVs belonging to the most hard-core partiers, it is the speedway's Bourbon Street. Walk up and down with a bunch of guys and you're free to stand back and marvel at the ritual, although you probably know by now that most people who bare all frankly shouldn't. Add female friends to your group, however, and be prepared to fend off overzealous revelers who don't look kindly upon girls who aren't playing along. The feeling ranges from unnerving to frightening.

\* Golf carts are the preferred method of transportation. Five guys whiz past on a cart decorated to look like Dale Jr.'s car, with two main differences: A neon light glows purple underneath, and the horn plays *Dixie* like the car in the old TV show *Dukes of Hazzard*. Then there are Steven and Renee Fry of Nashville, driving around in a landscaping cart with a large American flag hanging off the back. Steven Fry has a unique viewpoint on Earnhardt's death, saying it might have taught NASCAR fans to re-examine their spiritual lives. "People were to the point of worshiping (Earnhardt), and the Lord said, 'You shall worship no others,' " Fry says.

\* Fans' affection for drivers extends beyond the sport's marquee names. Geane McManus of Ormond Beach, Fla., is a Casey Atwood fan. "He's a good guy," she says of Atwood, 33rd in the standings. "My daughter's allowed to marry him."

The night party scene is pretty wild, but the infield's image of out-and-out lawlessness indeed might be somewhat outdated. There are fenced-off sections with security guards for families and other fans willing to pay extra money for additional assurances that things won't get out of hand. Talladega Boulevard appears to have a fair amount of police supervision. There are shouting and shoving matches but few actual fistfights.

Still, the NASCAR infield is not a place for young children -- although we do see some kids wandering around without supervision. Descriptions of the goings-on in the free campgrounds outside the speedway make them sound like battle scenes from the movie *Braveheart*, and many experienced fans say they consider the infield at another track, Michigan International Speedway, to be pretty dangerous.

But it's more civilized than it was in the track's formative years. One year a group of employees from the International Speedway Corp. ownership was deputized by police and asked to break up a motorcycle gang; the cops, it seems, weren't willing to try.

"Last night was just as wild as I've seen it," says Bobby Foster of Mobile, Ala., who has been coming to Talladega since the early 1970s. "They seem like they've toned down the troublemakers, which is good."

Foster, by the way, considers himself quite the entrepreneur. As we watch Saturday practice from an observation platform on the top of his motorhome, he brings out a necklace of Mardi Gras beads he crafted himself; it looks like a giant DNA double-helix, with a Jeff Gordon beanie doll attached to it. He says he's trying to get the design patented. Foster also is looking for someone to help him market a dental apparatus he invented that helps you floss without reaching into your mouth with your hands. Interested? You can reach him in Turn 3 next April.

Up close and very personal

Sure, there are plenty of recycled school buses on the infield. But there also are massive motorcoaches that look every bit as fancy as the ones used by drivers and team owners. Because traffic is intolerable and nice hotels are in short supply at racetracks, the majority of drivers, team owners and their families also stay on the infield. At Talladega, they stay in a fenced-off compound that's about a 15-minute walk from our spot.

Our home for the weekend ranks somewhere between school bus and high-end motorcoach; it isn't fancy, but it has a shower, a toilet, a microwave and a propane stove. It has two beds and two seating areas that fold out into small beds. We don't have a TV, but many do -- some with satellite mini-dish hookups.

By Saturday afternoon, a fuse has blown, rendering our air conditioning and electrical outlets useless; we don't have a replacement fuse. The fridge is marginal at best. But compared to the hideous fleabag hotel I stayed in for a recent race in Darlington, S.C., it's the Ritz-Carlton.

There is a water spigot in the ground to hook up our external hose. But a well-placed sign in our RV warns us that because you don't really know the quality of the water, you shouldn't drink it -- solid advice for rookies. Our water for drinking, brushing teeth and making tasty pasta dishes all comes from bottles, which we fortunately bought beforehand.

Showering is an issue, because the used water goes into a holding tank that fills up pretty quickly. There's a gauge, but it's not reliable; when the water starts gurgling back up the drain, you know it's full. Septic tank service trucks make occasional rounds, charging $ 25 to empty your tank. But there is another bathing option: The "Talladega Shower House."

Happily, the masses do not have to go unwashed this weekend, as there is a bunker-like structure about 10 minutes away from our spot with individual shower stalls. The *Deliverance* jokes are obvious, and there's no mustering the courage to visit the shower house. One of the patrons standing in line, Byron Wise of Dothan, Ala., says he hasn't showered in two days. "I ain't even got a towel," he says. "I'm gonna shake off like a damn dog."

In all, the Talladega experience was mostly enjoyable. Waking up on race-day morning and not having to worry about traffic made any hassles seem minor, and watching the first 20 laps from atop a neighbor's motorhome was an exhilarating climax to the weekend.

And considering the price-gouging that hotels engage in on race weekends, it's relatively cheap, too. Heck, we might even do it again next year. But from a participatory-journalism standpoint, what could possibly top this?

As we clean out our RV before returning it Tuesday morning, I notice the rental place also has motorcycles.

Hmm . . .

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, Color, Steve Gates for USA TODAY (2); PHOTOS, B/W, Steve Gates for USA TODAY (2); On top of the action: Old school buses and recreational vehicles of every stripe provide the perfect vantage point from the infield at Talladega Superspeedway. Eye on the world: Mark Smith of Thomaston, Ga., has his camera ready as he waits for cars to come by. Happy camper: Bobby Foster of Mobile, Ala., has watched races at Talladega for three decades, and he's glad to see the infield become more civilized. They seem like they've toned down the troublemakers, which is good," he says. Grand time: Tiffany Robson of Seal Beach, Calif., parties on top of a 1968 school bus.

**Load-Date:** October 16, 2002

**End of Document**



[***The pulse of a neighborhood;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415S-6P30-00J2-349D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Family physician Tim Rumsey is following up his critically acclaimed 1985 novel with a book called "Walking to Work," an intimate and quirky chronicle of his daily stroll through one of St. Paul's oldest neighborhoods.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415S-6P30-00J2-349D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 10, 2000, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1783 words

**Byline:** Curt Brown; Staff Writer

**Body**

Tim Rumsey started walking to work in 1995. The St. Paul family practice doctor figured the 1.2-mile stroll would be good for his health.

     He didn't realize just how sweet the smell of almond and fish would be, wafting from the home of Hmong immigrants. He didn't imagine there was a homeless man living in the thick woods along Interstate Hwy. 35E with whom he'd spend a quiet evening, just watching the July 4th fireworks from the highway bridge.

     He didn't know how juicy grilled turkey could taste until Carl Bentson, a three-wheel-bike-riding savant, waved him over one day after work and thrust a serving fork his way.

   And Rumsey didn't fully appreciate just how interconnected the people and history are in this ancient area of lower St. Clair Av. and W. 7th St. So he started jotting down his observations in tiny spiral notebooks.

     Five years and 32 notebooks later, Rumsey has 900 typed pages of a rough-draft manuscript titled "Walking to Work" \_ a quirky, intimate look at the people, architecture and passions of one of St. Paul's oldest neighborhoods.

     "I know more about my little walk section than is healthy for any individual," Rumsey, 52, said recently amid a series of sunrise chats with patients, friends and neighbors.

     "I've heard the laughter and the fights," he said. "People have stopped on the way to the emergency room and said: 'Hey, Doc, can you check out this dog bite?'

     "I'm in territory that a lot of better writers have handled, including Mark Twain's 'Life on the Mississippi,' but I'm not worried about that," Rumsey said. "I think that family doctor tie is what I've got going for me."

.

     A proven voice

     Before you write off this doctor-cum-author as an idealistic dreamer, remember that he has charted this path before. Rumsey's 1985 novel, "Pictures From a Trip," was a called a "major literary discovery" by publisher Pat Golbitz, a senior editor at William Morrow and Co. Another book-selling bigwig, Oscar Dystel of Bantam Books, compared Rumsey to John Steinbeck.

     In his first novel, Rumsey penned a tale based largely on the lost-summer exploits he shared with his late brother, Mark, and their blind friend as they cruised around the Badlands in a beat-up Ford Bronco during the mid-1970s \_ looking for dinosaur bones, truth, Coors beer and rock 'n' roll on the radio.

     Although Rumsey has written a few medical texts, including one about kids and drugs, people are no doubt wondering what ever happened to the rising literary lion.

     "I think they're done wondering," Rumsey said, humbly. "I think they forgot."

     Actually, Rumsey and his wife and writing soundboard Rosemarie Reger-Rumsey have been busy raising three teenage daughters. He's also kept busy tending to the health of his community. From 1975 to 1982, Rumsey helped direct the Helping Hand Health Center, a clinic for low-income, elderly and institutionalized residents of the W. 7th area.

     He's been in private practice since, working as lead physician at Allina's United Family Practice Center, which serves a diverse roster of patients in the shadow of Mancini's Char House on W. 7th.

     "The business of life and the changes in his profession have been profound and have taken him away from writing," said Jonathon Lazear, a local literary agent who represents Rumsey and other writers including comic Al Franken, chimpanzee expert Jane Goodall and envelope entrepreneur Harvey Mackay.

     Lazear, who joined Rumsey on a recent walk to work, was thrilled to read the first 30 pages of "Walking to Work."

     "You can drive by and not pay attention, but the way Tim writes, you just start to imagine what's going on in those houses and it's breathtaking the way he takes you into those lives lived out in the stretch of one mile," Lazear said. "Tim's voice is sensitive without being sloppy or condescending. He's caring and sweet and brings out reality as only someone with a little innocence can."

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     On the walk

     It's 7:15 on a warm summer morning. The lanky doctor ambles from his Linwood Avenue home to an 84-year-old stairway that drops him from his stately Crocus Hill neighborhood to St. Clair Avenue and the ***working-class*** homes built for brewers, maids and railroad workers.

     There are 52 steps, but who's counting?

     "I did," Rumsey says with a chortle, placing a hand on the jade-green banister.

     "These are the original 1916 railings," he said. "You can see the elegance of the iron. These stairs were put in to get people to the streetcar, but they were also used by the servants living down the hill who came up to work in the mansions on Summit Avenue."

     Those wealthy residents fail to fascinate Rumsey or punctuate his new book.

     "It's not about the James J. Hills or the Weyerhaeusers; it's about these wonderful everyday folks," Rumsey said, pointing to a gray house on the northwest corner of Michigan and Erie Sts. "Like this house, which you'd drive by in a second."

     Mary Pesek, the longtime organist at nearby St. Stanislaus Church and Rumsey's patient, lived here from 1916 until her death in 1997. She was 94 when Rumsey made his last house call and pronounced her dead.

     "Mary's father was an assistant postmaster and he taught his children fencing and ballet on the porch and gardened in a top hat and tie," Rumsey says. "Not your typical West 7th hobbies."

     In the late '70s, Mary was living alone and became increasingly confused as her Alzheimer's disease progressed. Authorities considered tearing down the house when they found more than 120 cats living inside.

     Instead of demolition, the Fort Road Federation hired Dennis Morgan to serve as Mary's attendant and clean up the house. It wasn't easy. Morgan said it took six men to carry out the rugs and mattresses that were soaked with cat urine.

     One of Mary's uncles had served as the traveling secretary to renowned Czech composer Antonin Dvorak. The musician, who lived in Spillville, Iowa, in 1893, attended a reception at the Czech-Slovak Protection Society Hall on W. 7th.

     One day, Morgan found Mary standing on an Oriental rug in the living room, directing a garden hose at a framed, autographed photograph of Dvorak. She thought the house was on fire.

     But the signed portrait and the house were saved \_ thanks to Morgan. He still lives in the immaculately restored, antique-laden house, where he helps care for four young men with mild mental health problems.

     After Pesek died, Rumsey and Morgan were sifting through a trunk of her old family photos when they found one of the Schmidt Brewery, surrounded by scaffolding, about 1900. Three German bricklaying brothers of the Lauer family, whose offspring are Rumsey patients, helped build the castle-like brewery.

     "People talk about six degrees of separation, but around here it is one or two degrees separating everyone," Rumsey says. "Here I'm looking through one woman's photographs and I find other guys in my book building the darn

brewery. The tie-ins are almost frightening."

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     End of an era

     As he walks down the sidewalk, the sound of a waking baby's cry crawls through the neighborhood. In a white house on the corner of St. Clair and Colborne St., Rumsey points out the home of Evelyn Hrachovina, 78, whose Czech name almost carries a Dvorak melody with it.

     "Her father was considered a natural healer and she tells me about growing up in the '40s and '50s when 30 people each morning would line up with lawn chairs, waiting for him to pass his hands over them," Rumsey said.

     He points to homes of former patients, several of whom were born and died in the same houses.

     "You have four and sometimes five generations of people all living and dying in this area, and that's just not going to happen anymore," Rumsey said.

     He nods toward the St. Clair home of Carl Bentson, a 37-year-old with a genius IQ but low verbal skills whom Rumsey calls the guardian angel of lower St. Clair. Bentson is well known for his three-wheel bike, pop-can giveaways on Halloween and holiday lights that change with the seasons.

     "We've become good friends, and Carl loves to grill in the evenings and share whatever he's cooking when I'm walking home," Rumsey said.

     Around the corner is Magic's Auto Repair and a tree with the neck of a guitar nailed to its trunk.

      "There's something so intimate about all this," Rumsey said after turning left from St. Clair on W. 7th. "Everything is so self-contained with church, school, businesses, grocery, baker and butcher all within walking distance.

     "You hear so much about community, community, community right now, but this is a real community that's been here for 150 years," Rumsey said before disappearing into his clinic.

     The book "Walking to Work" might not be published for a couple of years. In the meantime, Rumsey will continue filling his little notebooks with stories of bricklaying brothers and church organists. He'll keep alive names such as Hrachovina and memories like Frank Heller's from 1934. Heller, a former patient who died a few years ago at age 80, vividly recalled smelling smoke and discovering that St. Stanislaus Church was burning to the ground.

     "This book isn't about me, but it's about being a family doctor for 25 years in the same spot and what an exciting privilege it is to really get to know about these people in these houses," Rumsey said. "Whether it's a book or not, it's become a completely enriching experience."

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    \_ Curt Brown, who is a patient of Rumsey's, can be reached at 651-298-1542 or at [*curt.brown@startribune.com*](mailto:curt.brown@startribune.com).

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     Tim Rumsey.

     Age: 52.

     Current job: Lead physician, Allina's United Family Practice Center.

     Previous job: From 1975 to 1982, Rumsey served as medical director of the Helping Hand Health Center, a clinic for low-income residents and homeless people in St. Paul.

     Writer resume: His 1985 novel, "Pictures from a Trip," described by one critic as a "major literary discovery," was a 1970s flashback melding a series of summer road trips to the Badlands written after Rumsey's brother, Mark, was killed in a 1979 car accident. He's now writing a book called "Walking to Work," about his daily stroll through St. Paul's West End, its people and history.

     Education: Cretin High School; College of St. Thomas; University of Minnesota Medical School.

     Family: Wife, Rosemarie Reger-Rumsey, daughters Emily, 20, Leslie, 17 and Glynnis, 15.

     Quote: On lingering memories of his late brother, Mark, from "Pictures From a Trip": "I can sense his presence anywhere now. Not a ghostly or lurking window-peeper presence. More like an early evening breeze or a before-the-rain smell."

**Graphic**

MAP; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** September 11, 2000

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[***U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473K-RR40-0094-51CV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 29, 2002 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** TABS,

**Length:** 2241 words

**Body**

U.S. House of Representatives

(Vote for one in your district)

Term: 2 years

Salary: $150,000

Duties: 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. How would you balance conflicting demands for increased defense spending, lower taxes and a balanced budget? 2. What type of commitment should the federal government take toward fostering public mass transportation?

3rd District

Republican:

Phil English, 46, Erie

Education: B.A., political science, University of Pennsylvania.

Occupation: Member of Congress.

Qualifications: Staff, state Senate Transportation, Finance and Labor committees; Erie city controller; member, House Ways and Means Committee (eight years); chairman, House Steel Caucus.

Answers: 1. The House Republican budget makes necessary investments in defense spending and homeland security, while maintaining lower taxes and returning America to a balanced budget by 2006. The current deficit is the result of the economic downturn: The solution is a pro-growth, pro-jobs stimulus package that can return us to a vibrant economy. Spending restraint combined with lower tax and regulatory burdens is key to lifting the economy. 2. As part of a new transportation bill, the federal government should substantially increase support for mass transit properties by investing in new capital equipment. It should also invest in extended high-speed rail systems linked to intermodal transit networks. I would favor operating subsidies for rural public transit pilot projects.

Green:

AnnDrea M. Benson, 60, Edinboro

Education: B.A., Goddard College, Vermont; J.D., Hamline University School of Law, St. Paul, Minn.

Occupation: Attorney.

Qualifications: Poverty lawyer, five years in the Minnesota Legislature ending as executive director to the majority caucus. Fifteen years as a business lawyer for a large Midwestern broker-dealer ending as senior counsel.

Answers: 1. I don't think the public is demanding increases in defense spending. I do not support a doctrine of "first strike," nor war with Iraq. To balance the budget, I would reverse the Bush tax cuts for the very wealthy and raise taxes on large multinational corporations who have had their taxes continually reduced since the 1960s. 2. The very efficiency of mass transit merits increased funding. While there are high capital costs, the investment fosters a reduction in gasoline needs. Taxes, like those on fuel that built our highway system, could be redirected toward improved mass transit. However, Pennsylvania highways still need help.

4th District

Republican:

Melissa Hart, 40, Bradford Woods

Education: B.A. business & German, Washington and Jefferson College, 1984; J.D., University of Pittsburgh School of Law, 1987.

Occupation: Member of Congress.

Qualifications: Member of Congress, 4th District, 2001-present; Senate of Pennsylvania, 1991-2001.

Answers: 1. Our country faces an unprecedented challenge from our enemies abroad. Winning the war on terrorism must be our top priority. Earlier this year, I introduced a five-point economic development plan for our region, which includes a tax credit for job creation and a number of other changes that would make this a more attractive place to start or expand a business. I am committed to ensuring the long-term health of both Social Security and Medicare. 2. No reply.

Democratic:

Stevan Drobac Jr., 50, Center

Education: Community College of Beaver County, 1976, associate degree applied science.

Occupation: Retired police officer; former instructor at Community College of Beaver County; continuing education, computer classes, Word & Excel; currently on a voluntary leave of absence from US Airways as a flight attendant.

Qualifications: Currently serving my sixth year on the Center Township Water Authority Board, three years as chairman and the past two years vice chairman.

Answers: 1. Our country's defense is extremely important for the welfare and safety of every American citizen to enjoy the freedom and prosperity of life with their family, children and neighbors. Every American citizen must have an equal opportunity for employment with good wages, national health insurance and drug prescription programs implemented. The trillions of dollars we spend on foreign countries should be used to protect our homeland security and the American people first; what is left over give to foreign countries. 2. No reply.

9th District

Republican:

Bill Shuster, 41, Hollidaysburg

Education: B.A., history and political science, Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.; M.B.A., American University, Washington, D.C.

Occupation: Member of the U.S. House of Representatives from the 9th Congressional District of Pennsylvania; former small business owner in East Freedom, Pa., and district manager for Bandag Inc.

Qualifications: My experience as a member of the U.S. House of Representatives, as a small businessman and as a husband and father of two children have given me the wide range of experience necessary to make sure that central and western Pennsylvania is prepared to meet the demands of a changing economy while maintaining our family values and our small-town nature.

Answers: 1. My recent visit to Afghanistan has provided me a keen insight into how great a sacrifice our troops are making to secure our freedom and we must ensure that we have the best-paid, best-prepared and best-equipped military in the world. We have also made great strides in securing our homeland and I will continue to work to make sure that our country is safe from attack. At the same time, I am a firm believer that the federal government should not be in the business of taking more of your hard-earned money to offset ever-increasing bureaucratic spending. 2. As a member of the House Transportation and Infrastructure Committee, I know the important role that public transportation plays in people's lives and local economies. Mass transportation in many communities not only provides the only transportation option for seniors, but it also lowers traffic congestion and helps the environment.

Democratic:

John R. Henry, 41, Breezewood

Education: B.S., hotel restaurant institutional management.

Occupation: Restaurateur.

Qualifications: I feel I best represent the average people of the 9th Congressional District, those people who get up every day, go to work, have to worry about paying their bills and need to provide health care for their families.

Answers: 1. We need to maintain funding for our national defense. That is the No. 1 priority for the federal government, to preserve and protect the Constitution and provide for the defense of the country. I believe that the upper-income-level Bush tax cut granted to persons earning $125,000 up to $1 million should be reversed. This should provide additional funding to assist in balancing the federal budget. If the federal government would increase Title 1 funding, it would greatly reduce the burden on property taxes and on local school boards' budgets. 2. The federal government should provide low-interest loans and grants to municipalities for public transportation for working families and working poor and senior citizens who otherwise would have difficulty obtaining transportation to schools, jobs and shopping. Public transportation has long proven itself to be an ecological and economical benefit to those in our society.

12th District

Republican:

Bill Choby, 51, Johnstown

Education: Bishop McCort High School; B.S., D.M.D., University of Pittsburgh; M.P.A. Virginia Tech.

Occupation: Dentist; executive director, Cornerstone Leadership Foundation, a faith-based public charity.

Qualifications: Experience in both public and private sectors, especially with voluntary, nonprofit organizations.

Answers: 1. History has proven that lower taxes actually increase government revenues. Recent examples of this phenomenon are the robust economic growth of the Kennedy era in the 1960s and the Reagan years during the late '80s. President Reagan's defense spending defeated the former Soviet Union with lower taxes. The budget can be balanced by reducing spending on unconstitutional items, wasteful pork, fraud and abuse. Freedom is still the world's best economic stimulator, while taxes can take that freedom away. As we gear up for war with Iraq, tax cuts are even more important to our freedom. 2. Ever since Generals Forbes and Braddock cut a road out of the Western Pennsylvania wilderness, roads have been a catalyst to economic development. Today the federal government is the principal developer of mass transit projects. I would make it a top priority to continue the tradition started by Congressman Mascara to complete the Mon-Fayette Expressway and develop mass transit programs.

Democratic:

John P. Murtha, 70, Johnstown

Education: Bachelor's in economics, University of Pittsburgh; Graduate work, Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

Occupation: Former small business owner/operator; member of Congress.

Qualifications: Served in the Pennsylvania General Assembly and U.S. House of Representatives, small business background, raised family in Western Pennsylvania.

Answers: 1. Serving on the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, I recognize the need to spend more on counterterrorism and military readiness. The tax cuts hurt the economy and are a major factor in our $200 billion deficit. With the tax cuts, it's now extremely difficult to address prescription drugs, Medicare, education and the economy. 2. Many people depend on public transit for work, shopping and other needs. Our efforts to reduce the 75 percent unemployment rate among people with disabilities depend on public transit. A few years ago, I got EPA to delay sanctions in the Pittsburgh air basin until stakeholders agreed how to reduce emissions. If more people used mass transit, we wouldn't risk our economy over environmental compliance and people with lung problems would breathe easier.

14th District

Republican:

No Candidate Filed

Democratic:

Mike Doyle, 49, Swissvale

Education: Penn State University, B.S., 1975; graduate, Leadership Pittsburgh.

Occupation: U.S. Congressman representing Pennsylvania's current 18 th District.

Qualifications: Lifelong Pittsburgh area resident; completing fourth term as congressman; appointed to exclusive House Energy and Commerce Committee at beginning of 107 th Congress; co-owner of small insurance agency; married more than 25 years, four children.

Answers: 1. Achieving a balanced budget is my priority and requires a strong focus on fiscal responsibility while meeting our nation's demands such as increased defense and homeland security spending, prescription drug benefits for seniors and quality education. While I agree on lowering taxes, the Bush tax cut is too large, economically irresponsible and risks raiding the Social Security and Medicare trust funds. I support tax cuts that help all Americans. 2. Every year, I have testified before the Transportation Appropriations Committee regarding the importance of guaranteed levels of federal funding for transit projects such as Maglev, the North Shore Connector project and others that will improve access within our region. I believe reliable public transportation is important to southwestern Pennsylvania's economic development and is crucial to continually improving our environmental quality.

18th District

Republican:

Tim Murphy, 50, Upper St. Clair

Education: B.A., Wheeling Jesuit University; M.A., Cleveland State University; Ph.D., University of Pittsburgh.

Occupation: State senator; psychologist.

Qualifications: State senator; chairman of Aging and Youth Committee; vice chairman of the Public Health and Welfare Committee.

Answers: 1. Lowering taxes on individuals and businesses will fuel the economy and provide increased tax revenue. Domestic and international threats to America require re-evaluating federal spending priorities. Defense must be brought back to a level allowing the United States to respond effectively to terrorist attacks at home and abroad. 2. Maglev must remain a funding priority; I will push for additional funding to improve efficiency and accessibility of mass transit systems throughout the entire region with particular emphasis on linking developing economic corridors with residential areas.

Democratic:

Jack Machek, 34, North Huntingdon

Education: U.S. Military Academy, West Point; University of Pittsburgh, M.A., public administration.

Occupation: Administrator, Norwin School District.

Qualifications: U.S. Army veteran; Clairton city manager; Private Industry Council federal grant and program coordinator; aide to Pennsylvania Sen. Edward Zemprelli; past president, Democratic Club; congressional candidate 2000.

Answers: 1. My priorities are to maintain a balanced federal budget that avoids deficit spending while maintaining the world's strongest military by increasing defense spending. I support lower taxes but only if we still maintain a balanced budget and protect Social Security. Middle- and ***working-class*** families are better off financially with a balanced budget because it promotes economic growth, investment performance and lower interest rates. Our families benefit by paying less for mortgages, insurance premiums and student loans. 2. No reply.

**Notes**

2002 VOTERS GUIDE

**Load-Date:** October 29, 2002

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[***DOES RIDGE FIT VP MOLD?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40RY-BPY0-0094-549J-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***GOVERNOR WOULD BRING PLUSES AND MINUSES TO BUSH'S TICKET***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40RY-BPY0-0094-549J-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 16, 2000, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1723 words

**Byline:** JAMES O'TOOLE, POLITICS EDITOR, POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

So, Gov. Bush, what are you looking for in a vice president?

"The most important criteria is, can a person be president and can we have a working relationship that is strong and viable; that would be an added bonus if a candidate could help in a big state," the Republican standard bearer said this week. "I want to make sure that the person I pick to be vice president is someone with whom I can get along, have a good working relationship. I don't want to have to be looking over my shoulder or worrying about my back."

The man standing inches to Bush's left on Thursday, at least in the Texan's view, fit most of those criteria.

If Bush determines that Ridge fits them well enough, the two governors will again be standing side by side in the first week of August on a confetti-drenched podium in Philadelphia. Ridge, of course, is only one of several names speculated upon as potential partners for Bush, but he is so far the only one that Bush has named as being under consideration for the job. Other speculative "short list" fixtures include Gov. Frank Keating of Oklahoma, Sen. Chuck Hagel of Nebraska and Dick Cheney, a former Cabinet official and Bush adviser supervising the search process.

The tantalizing GOP vice presidential question has hung over Ridge for more than four years. Ridge's was one of a handful of names that Bob Dole hinted at as potential running mates before the party's 1996 convention. Perhaps courting the ire of his wife, Elizabeth, a vice presidential candidate in her own right, Dole said this week that he thought Ridge would be Bush's strongest choice this year. Since Ridge's landslide 1998 re-election, he has been among the select group of GOP figures consistently mentioned as potential members of the 2000 ticket.

Elsie Hillman, the former GOP national committeewoman who is the honorary co-chair of the Bush campaign in Pennsylvania, talked to both governors on the day of their Green Tree appearance this week but ended up as much in suspense as the legions of others puzzling over Bush's choice.

"I don't think he knows," Hillman said of Ridge. "He told me whatever [Bush] does is OK with him."

There are several obvious arguments in favor of Ridge's candidacy. There is at least one strong one against it.

The pluses start with a sterling political resume: ***Working class*** kid gets a scholarship to Harvard. Unusually, for an Ivy Leaguer, he serves in Vietnam as an enlisted man and wins the Bronze Star for his role in a firefight with the Viet Cong. After law school and a stint as an assistant district attorney, he narrowly captures a congressional seat in an overwhelming Democratic district. After 12 years in Congress, he manages close victories in a multi-candidate Republican gubernatorial primary, then in a general election against former Lt. Gov. Mark Singel.

The rising tide of national prosperity washes over his first administration, allowing him to cut taxes. In 1998, he trounces a weak Democratic nominee to win a second term by an overwhelming margin. Add to that a personal rapport with Bush that dates to a time when neither of them figured in anyone's speculation about national politics. Ridge first met Bush working while campaigning for his father 20 years ago.

In stressing the need for a strong personal and working relationship this week, Bush may have been taking lessons from his father's experiences as president and vice president. Dan Quayle, his father's surprise pick in New Orleans, was widely viewed as a political liability. Before that, while he occupied the second spot, Bush Sr. demonstrated unwavering loyalty to former President Ronald Reagan. But Reagan's biographer, Edmund Morris, reported that Bush, at least on a personal level, often felt slighted by Reagan. Gov. Bush and Ridge, by all accounts, have an easy, relaxed personal relationship.

The arguments against Ridge's candidacy start with his position on abortion but, to many Republicans, don't end there. Ridge voted against restrictions on abortion while in Congress. While he supports Pennsylvania's strict abortion law and is no favorite of abortion rights groups, he has consistently described himself as pro-choice and opposes moves to overturn the landmark Supreme Court decision, Roe vs. Wade.

That position courts opposition from two overlapping groups. A Ridge choice would be anathema to some of the Christian conservative activists who form an important part of the Republican Party's grass-roots base. Some argue that that is not all bad -- that if Bush were to flout the wishes of hard-line conservatives, that would help him with the middle-of-the road voters who will be a crucial battleground in November.

The relatively weak showing of conservative Reform Party hopeful Pat Buchanan makes it unlikely that the Republican right would desert the party in significant numbers. But, according to some activists and political experts, there would still be a damaging risk that a Ridge choice would sap the willingness of conservatives to battle for the ticket at the grass roots.

"If you look at some of the real avid conservatives, they won't be going to Gore certainly, I don't think they go to Buchanan, but they might not work as hard," said Ed Murnane, a Chicago lawyer, who was a key figure in Dole's Illinois campaign four years ago.

John Bibby, a political scientist and scholar on presidential elections at the University of Wisconsin, notes that thirst for victory has tempered conservatives' attitudes toward Bush in much the same way that liberal Democrats were willing to line up behind the relatively moderate Bill Clinton in 1992.

"There's some risk there," Bibby said of a Ridge choice. "But thus far the more conservative elements have been willing to grant Bush an awful lot of leeway. Whether they'd go that far, I don't know."

Another land mine on the road from a GOP convention that would nominate Ridge involves his Catholic faith. While his religion can be viewed as a plus in terms of the ticket's ability to reach out to some swing voters, it also courts the potential of public denunciations of his abortion position from the church's hierarchy -- similar to those faced by Democrat Geraldine Ferraro, the last pro-choice Catholic on a national ticket.

Some conservatives fault Ridge's positions on other issues as well. A recent article in the conservative catechism, National Review, criticized his voting record and positions on issues including gun control, defense, and taxation.

One argument for a Ridge selection comes from an unlikely source. Ed Rendell, the general chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has said that his Pennsylvania neighbor would be an excellent choice for Bush, for geographic reasons and for the moderate tint that he would lend to the ticket. But the former Philadelphia mayor consoles himself with the belief that the choice isn't going to happen.

"They're just showing Ridge," he said dismissively.

Rendell's skeptical view is that Bush and his aides are encouraging speculation about Ridge to appeal to moderates, but that they won't risk upsetting the party's conservative cadres when the time for an actual nomination arrives.

Bush said this week that beside himself, the only people who are privy to the specific names still under consideration to be his running mate are his wife Laura, and Cheney, the former defense secretary who has supervised the review of the potential GOP running mates. But if there is a dearth of genuine inside information, that hasn't stopped the tidal waves of speculation in Washington and elsewhere. In the speculative forums of talk shows and pundits, Ridge was at one point viewed as the odds-on favorite for the job. More recently his prominence has receded somewhat in favor of Gov. Frank Keating of Oklahoma and Sen. Chuck Hagel of Nebraska.

Despite the conventional wisdom that Ridge's luster has dimmed, GOP pollster Frank Luntz said the governor still has a good chance at the No. 2 spot because of his Washington background and his experience leading one of the largest states.

Gore appears to be in a strong position in the two largest states, New York and California. The Republican nominee looks strong in the next largest states, Texas and Florida, each governed by a son of the last Republican president. That leaves Pennsylvania as the largest state considered up for grabs in November.

"The geography thing is overrated, because people vote for the president, not the vice president, said Wisconsin's Bibby. "But I think Ridge would be as asset in reinforcing the moderate image."

"I think in the end he'll be one of the last two or three people" in the running, Luntz said, while naming Keating and Hagel as the other probable finalists.

And one senior Republican lobbyist said that Bush's advisers have yet to give up on Colin Powell, even though Bush said this week that he takes the retired general at his word that he is not interested in the job.

"He's the only person in either party you could put on the ticket who would enhance the nationwide voter turnout," the lobbyist said.

The same lobbyist said that Keating of Oklahoma has been "subjected to more intense interview process than the others."

Until Bush makes his decision public, speculation and rumor can only intensify. But a caution once offered by a prominent Democratic operative probably applies to this process as well. When the late Gov. Robert Casey was casting around for a Senate nominee after the death of Sen. John Heinz, Casey's confidante, James Carville, had this advice: "Those who know aren't talking, and those who are talking don't know."

Republican figures have said that they expect Bush to finally end the suspense on July 24 or on then eve of the Philadelphia convention that opens July 31.

Bush said this week however, that he was till weighing the timing as well as the identity of his choice.

"In '76, '80 and '88, the Republican presidential nominee named the vice president at the convention. Sen. Dole named [former HUD Secretary Jack Kemp] prior to the convention. Democrats have named prior to the convention. I'm looking at both models, I'll let you all know pretty soon."

In the meantime, if anyone out there does know what Bush's plans are, they may feel free to send an email to [*jotoole@Post-Gazette.com*](mailto:jotoole@Post-Gazette.com).

Post-Gazette correspondents Rachel Smolkin and Jack Torry contributed to this report.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, CHART, Photo: Lake Fong/Post-Gazette: The governors - George W. Bush, left,; and Tom Ridge - appear before Veterans of Foreign Wars in Green Tree; Thursday.; Chart: Post-Gazette: (The leading contenders)

**Load-Date:** July 18, 2000

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[***OUT OF STEP THEY DANCED THEIR WAY TO NATIONAL PROMINENCE, BUT FOR MANY OF THE EARLY TEEN REGULARS, ADJUSTING TO LIFE AFTER "AMERICAN BANDSTAND" WAS NOT EASY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B560-01K4-951M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 3, 1997 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1510 words

**Byline:** Denise-Marie Santiago, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

There are those who hate standing in line. And there are the old American Bandstand regulars, who really loathe it.

They can remember sashaying in front of the young crowds that eagerly lined up outside a West Philadelphia television studio for a chance to stroll and bop and jitterbug on the televised dance show. With the flash of the coveted membership card, they were in.

Sure, they paid a price for that right 40 years ago. Classmates would sometimes hiss, make fun, chase them down hallways, all because their coiffed hairdos and swiveling hips were beamed in black and white to living rooms across the country. Some had to transfer to other schools. Better that than to lose their status as the standard-bearers of the youth movement whose faces adorned magazine covers, advice columns and fan club handbooks.

American Bandstand, celebrating its 40th anniversary as a national phenomenon this week, was more than just a television show. It helped to create teen culture, says Philadelphia native Ray Smith, who helped put together Dick Clark's American Bandstand, a coffee-table book of photographs published in May by HarperCollins.

"When it went national, it was the means by which teenagers all over the country could experience the same language, the same dress, the same dances," said Smith, who danced on the show whenever he could get into the studio. "The music was new, and here was the one place where kids all across the country were hearing [it] at the same time."

But there was hell to pay for the local kids whose celebrity status plummeted once they were off the show.

When they were asked to leave the show for breaking the rules, or because they turned 18, when the hundreds of fan letters that came each day dwindled to a few, when they no longer had a place to go after school, being just another face in the crowd was tough.

"Having all that attention and, then, having to wait in line," recalled the former Carole Scaldeferri, who danced on the show from 1957 to 1961, "that was hard."

She's one of the former dancers profiled in a documentary, Bandstand Days, premiering Tuesday at 9 p.m. on public television's New Jersey Network. The hourlong film, which looks at the lingering effects and the social implications of having been a regular on the show, will be shown to a group of them at NJN's Trenton studio during a public television fund-raiser that will also star musical groups the Shirelles and the Duprees.

Philadelphia's WHYY will show the documentary Aug. 16 at 8 and 11 p.m. and Aug. 20 at 8 p.m.

The Trenton premiere dovetails with other events celebrating the day in 1957 on which the show, after running locally for five years, went on the national airwaves.

At noon Tuesday, Dick Clark, Chubby Checker and other celebrities from the bobby socks days will join Gov. Ridge and Mayor Rendell for the unveiling of a marker at 46th and Market Streets, former site of the WFIL-TV studio. That was the show's home from 1952 until 1964, when Bandstand moved to California. The site is now occupied by the West Philadelphia Enterprise Center.

Several dance parties have also been planned, including gatherings that night at Tony Clark's restaurant in Center City, the Egypt nightclub in Spring Garden, and Rio Nightclub in Conshohocken.

Bandstand, as author Smith notes, helped teenagers everywhere find a voice. But how the teens on the show interpret its impact is what fascinated the documentary's producer.

"I heard everything from Dick Clark is a demon to Dick Clark is a saint," said Sharon Baker, whose Wilmington production company, Teleduction, chronicled the show's Philadelphia years.

"I heard everything from 'We were held up on a pedestal, to 'We were exploited.' The truth lies right in the middle."

Don't look to hear the dish, though. "I didn't think any of the dirt was germane," Baker said. "I didn't think anyone's gender preference was germane. The only thing that mattered was the experience they had in this window of time and their reactions to it."

So, there are Bob and Justine in fuzzy black and white. There are also Little Roe and Betty and one of the dark-haired Jiminez sisters, Carmen, sans the blond streak. They're all grown up. A few are grandparents, to boot.

"I just thought it would be a kick," said Bob Clayton, 56, now a Wilmington shop owner. He was 16 when he first drove from Wilmington to Philadelphia to twirl Justine after seeing her on the show.

They danced and dated for four years. He held her close, kissed her neck, nibbled her ear, all on national television.

And while viewers closely followed the couple's every swing, theirs was not the only relationship that intrigued the public. In the thousands of letters that came each week addressed to the regulars - most opened by their mothers or studio secretaries - fans would ask questions such as how come someone wasn't dancing with her customary partner, or where could they find the rounded collar that the Catholic school girls donned.

"People sort of wrote their own soap opera," said Dick Clark, who hosted the show for most of its 37 years on television. In fact, he's looking to produce a movie with Danny DeVito about just such stories, a fictionalized version following over four decades the kids who danced on the show.

A few of the dancers who lived it, too, are trying to sell their own versions. Justine Carrelli, who was on the show from the time she was 12 1/2 to 16, has already fired two agents who did little to promote a screenplay she wrote about her life.

"When the lights went out," said Carrelli, now 54, "I went through a period of time where I felt abandoned."

She was kicked off the show for recording a song with Clayton; it was against the rules to get money for anything associated with the Bandstand affiliation. She then took voice lessons and starting shopping for clothes at exclusive New York City shops. She hired an agent, who booked her in less-than-upscale clubs on the Vegas-Reno-Tahoe circuit. She married a band leader in 1963 and gave up show business to raise two children.

Today, Carrelli splits her time between Las Vegas and a small Arizona town 70 miles away. She is remarried, to a musician who makes his living impersonating Jerry Lee Lewis. They recently cut an album, a New Age world fusion project recorded in the mobile home the couple turned into a recording studio.

And her relationship with Bob? Carrelli says she caught him cheating with another woman and called it quits.

Bob recalled that the woman in question was a dead ringer for Kim Novak and worked at a radio station the couple had visited while promoting their record. The two never dated.

"Here's another bombshell," he said, admitting to having had a roving eye. Remember Carole Scaldeferri, the dark-haired fashion plate? He went out with her during their tenure on the show.

"I remember he told the waitress he was from Hong Kong, or some made-up place like that, and I thought, 'Oh, my God!' " recalled Carole, whose last name is now Spada.

Justine still thinks about her relationship with Bob and has even written a screenplay that "tells about that big first hurt."

It was just too much too soon, believes the former Carole Scaldeferri, 52, who lived in Overbrook and went to West Catholic High School as her face appeared in Modern Screen, 'Teen and 16 Magazine. "Not that I didn't appreciate it. I just didn't understand it."

She remembers going with a group of Philadelphia regulars to New York City for a Saturday night dance show. "It was actually a scary thing for us. People were swarming all over us. . . . We didn't know what we did."

It was about this time that she realized how popular the regulars had become, these average kids from ***working-class*** homes whose major reason for being chosen was to ensure that somebody showed up to dance. It was, after all, a five-day-a-week show that had to go on even in snowstorms.

When they weren't being harassed in Philadelphia, they were largely ignored. But to their counterparts across the country, these average teenagers were stars.

"I had no idea what was happening to me until years later," Spada said during a recent interview in her Lansdowne, Delaware County, home.

Spada floundered after leaving the show in 1961. She married a man who was seven years older and had never watched the show. "It was such a pleasure not to have that, 'Oh, are you Carole?"' The couple divorced three years later.

The girl who rubbed shoulders with singer Paul Anka and dated Frankie Avalon would try modeling professionally. She sold clothes. She worked as a prop girl at a theater. "I started trying to fit into the world and seeing where I belonged," she recalled, "and nothing was working."

Today, she sells real estate and works with her husband, Richard Spada, at their Christian beauty parlor, Born-Again Salon, in Upper Darby. They have one daughter and two grandsons.

"It took a lot of years and a lot of reflection as to whether it was a positive thing or a negative thing," she said of her Bandstand days.

"I decided it was not a bad thing for people to know me, or think they know me."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

"American Bandstand" dancers do their thing in 1957, the first year the Philadelphia show went national.

Dick Clark reads fan mail on the show, which left for California in '64. (Associated Press)

Justine Carrelli and Bob Clayton, above, on a "Bandstand" trading card in the '50s. At left, Clayton now with his wife, Litzie. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, BONNIE WELLER)

Carole Scaldeferri-Spada, an original dancer, is profiled on "Bandstand Days."

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

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[***1980 TO PRESENT:;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C87-4TH0-0094-5251-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***THE AGE OF ROCK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C87-4TH0-0094-5251-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 18, 2004 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 1775 words

**Byline:** ED MASLEY, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

Unless your favorite band was rocking the Razzberry Rhino in Shadyside, the place to be if you were into rock 'n' roll in the '80s was Oakland, where the Electric Banana and Decade were joined in 1984 by Graffiti, a "showcase" with pricier drinks.

The specials on tap at the Decade ranged from local bar-rock legends signed to major labels (Norm Nardini and the Tigers; Joe Grushecky's acclaimed Iron City Houserockers; and the far more New Wave-friendly Silencers) to up-and-coming touring acts with names like the Pretenders, the Police and Lenny and the Squigtones. Sweating their way through three sets of rock 'n' roll anthems a night -- from "Pumpin' Iron (Sweatin' Steel)" to "Junior's Bar" -- Grushecky's band embodied both the Decade and ***working-class*** Pittsburgh on Saturday night.

"It was the right band in the right place from the first gig we played there," Grushecky told the Post-Gazette. "The whole scene crystallized at the Decade."

The Banana was edgier, more in tune with punk and alternative culture, offering all-ages punk and metal shows on Sundays and poppier bands most fans of mainstream pop would not consider pop most other nights. Carsickness topped its punk with elements of jazz and all-out noise. The Cynics took it back to the garage. But almost every band that played there more than twice was doing things its own way. Hanging over a hillside in Oakland on stilts, the Banana was always your best bet in town if you wanted to slam-dance. But there's not much the Banana didn't book. And the regulars seemed to thrive on never knowing what might happen when they got there.

As the Cynics' Gregg Kostelich once remarked, "It was like a religion."

Graffiti was bigger and harder to fill, but it soon found its niche in a new generation of bands that spoke directly to the MTV aesthetic. Graffiti's most popular bands in the '80s were the ones that put the MTV fan on the dance floor -- Hector In Paris, Kids After Dark and more consistently than any other band in town, the Affordable Floors.

It was also a great place to take in a national act.

While touring acts and dance-floor-packing New Wave made Graffiti what it was, the '80s ended with the Clarks, a scrappy young guitar band, emerging as one of the venue's -- and the city's -- more popular draws. And that's despite failing to win Graffiti's other major draw, the annual Rock Challenge (not unlike Graffiti's biggest '90s draw, a band called Rusted Root).

The Clarks maintained their popularity, as you probably know, after leaving Graffiti for the Decade and eventually a room that would become the '90s home of Pittsburgh's mainstream rock crowd, Nick's Fat City on the South Side, where bands like the Gathering Field, the Nixon Clocks and Grapevine shared the wealth. Since opening its doors in 1992, the room also has hosted Hootie & the Blowfish, the Strokes and three appearances by Joe Grushecky's legendary guest guitarist, Bruce Springsteen.

The South Side was hot in the '90s, from the mainstream crowd that hung at Nick's Fat City, Mario's and Blue Lou's to the blues fans at the Blue Note (now the Blues Cafe) and Excuses to, of course, the freaks who seemed to leave the Beehive only long enough to shop at Slacker. While the sun was up. At night, the underground tended to gather at Dee's for drinks and pool or one of several South Side bars that briefly let their favorite punk bands play, from Ronnie P.'s and the Horseshoe to Anthony's Jazz Lounge. By the end of the '90s, the Lava Lounge had emerged as the hangout of choice on Wednesday nights for anyone tangentially connected to the local music scene. It didn't matter who was playing. It was free.

The other hot spot in the '90s was the Strip, where the Metropol/Rosebud complex offered major touring acts while a series of other venues, from Cloud 9 to Pluto's, featured mostly local bands. By the time the Electric Banana packed it in to reinvent itself as Zarra's, an upscale Italian restaurant, the 31st Street Pub, a biker bar with a healthy collection of skulls, had emerged on the outskirts of the Strip as the Banana of its day.

In 2004, the local underground is all over the map, from Polish Hill (the Warsaw Tavern and Gooski's) to Bloomfield (where the BBT has been booking original music since the '80s) to the South Side, where Excuses still books Norm Nardini but started experimenting recently with punk and indie shows on Friday nights. When Rosebud closed its doors a few months back, promoters moved what shows they could to the Rex on the South Side. But the owner still books local shows by bands that range from punk and indie to mainstream-alternative fare. The newest "place to be," though, for the tattooed punk set is the Smiling Moose, where Submachine just recorded a live CD.

For mainstream local rock, there's still no substitute for Nick's Fat City, although there have been local rock shows at the Hard Rock Cafe's Station Square location.

The Decade blues crowd can divide its time and energies between the Blues Cafe, Excuses and Moondogs in Blawnox. And since transforming Cardillo's jazz club to a showcase in the '90s, Club Cafe has emerged as a popular destination unlike any other -- small and swanky with local and national acts that range from introspectively acoustic to raucous and raw. And you can even hear the vocals there.

As for Oakland, all three '80s clubs are gone now. So is the Beehive, a great live venue from the '90s. And Club Laga, a popular '90s destination for all-ages punk and ska crowds (not to mention hip-hop), closed its doors on April 2. But the decade's young, and with many college kids within stumbling distance, someone's bound to rise to the occasion.

In the meantime, there's always the South Side.

Those who fell on the other side of the disco-rock divide were in Heaven as the '70s became the '80s. Heaven ruled as Downtown Pittsburgh's place to be for dance enthusiasts from '79 to '84, a winning mix of chic and Chic, with fog perpetually pouring down the marble staircase.

Ronda Zegarelli, who sang there with Jet Set when she wasn't hanging out there with her girlfriends, later told the Post-Gazette, "You felt like you were in some kind of play. You were somebody who was more of a player than who you actually were."

The rock crowd had to go there on occasion or risk missing shows by everyone from R.E.M. to Iggy Pop. They also may have gone there looking for some action on a dance night, but we couldn't say for sure.

As John Artale, who worked at Heads Together at the time, recalls, "What happened is this friend of mine was booking bands and she would call and I would lie about how much these bands were selling so that they could get them booked there. It was great. But Heaven is the only dance club from the '80s I remember that was fun."

Since Heaven's closing, that same Downtown space, the Fulton Building, has unsuccessfully housed a string of clubs -- Mirage, the Cotton Club, Illusions, the Troubadour and Heaven again, when original owner Richard Stern reopened in 1993 as more of a "performance space." It was back to the dance floor three years later when Robin Fernandez and three partners tried their luck. And lost.

Fernandez had a more successful run with Metropol, an industrial-themed club he opened in the Strip in 1988 after moving to Pittsburgh to manage Confetti's, a popular dance club.

As Fernandez told the Post-Gazette, "The timing was just right for Metropol. We caught it on the cusp of that whole alternative era and took a chance and everything worked out."

A better place to dance than see -- or try to see -- your favorite band perhaps, but most would credit Metropol with having revolutionized the Strip, transforming what by day is still a warehouse district into the hottest of Pittsburgh's hot spots while paving the way for everyone from Donzi's to Banana Joe's, Bar Pittsburgh and the kitschy Have A Nice Day.

Another venue known for mixing live music and dance nights for a hipper crowd than one might find at Donzi's was the Upstage, which shared a building near the Decade with Club Laga and the Attic. New Wave dance nights at the Upstage were huge in the '80s and the early '90s, while their local bookings ranged from bands as raucous as the Heretics and Pleasure Heads to bands more suited to filling a dance floor with actual dancers.

Chauncy's drew the bigger crowds, though, in its heyday. And today? The voice-mail message there insists it's still "the hottest club in Pittsburgh." Station Square, in general, has survived as a hot spot through the closing of some of its hottest draws and the rise of The Waterfront, a hot spot big enough to take up part of Homestead and West Homestead.

Entertainment options at The Waterfront range from Bar Louie to "The Passion of the Christ" at Loews (with stadium seating), the Improv, Dave and Buster's and, for water slides and booze, nearby Sandcastle water park. At Station Square, your choices range from Bar Louie to Matrix, the Rock Club (formerly Rock Cafe), the Hard Rock Cafe and, well, Hooters. It's your classic struggle of girls in bikinis at Sandcastle vs. girls in tight orange shorts at Hooters.

You can also get your fill of jazz at Station Square with the recent addition of the Crawford Grill on the Square, its name a tribute to the legendary jazz club on the Hill. It's one of several rooms in town -- including Dowe's on 9th and the North Side's James Street Restaurant -- where fans can hear live jazz. But it might be a while before one single room can fill the void left by the 1997 closing of the Balcony in Shadyside.

The Balcony was one of two great local jazz clubs booking touring artists in the '80s. The other was Harper's at One Oxford Centre, where from 1983 to 1988, Walt Harper featured everyone from Nancy Wilson to Dave Brubeck to Wynton Marsalis.

Those were good years for jazz, and the Balcony kept it going and blowing for much of the '90s.

When Al Dowe opened Dowe's on 9th two years after the Balcony closed, Tony Mowod of WDUQ said, "When something like [The Balcony] closes, one of the mainstays, there's a big void and people are always looking for something to take its place."

It won't be easy, though.

As drummer H.B. Bennett, who booked the Balcony toward the end, said, "Unfortunately, jazz has always been a niche kind of audience. Even when it was very big in this town, during the heyday of the Crawford Grill when it was more accessible for white audiences to go to the Hill District, it was never the size of pop or popular music."

Any jazz fan who doesn't believe it should go to the Crawford Grill the night of the Strokes show and walk past the Rock Club.

**Notes**

THE PLACE TO BE Ed Masley is the Post-Gazette's pop music critic. He can be reached at [*emasley@post-gazette.com*](mailto:emasley@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1865.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: John Heller/Post-Gazette: Metropol, the city's premiere hot spot in the '90s, when it featured shows by everyone from Iggy Pop and David Byrne to Weezer, Blur, the Jesus Lizard and Radiohead, in addition to popular dance nights, was sold in October, making way for Empire, a dance club with no plans for booking concerts. As seen here, April 10 was Hip Hop Night at Empire.

PHOTO: Andy Starnes/Post-Gazette photos: His name is Johnny Zarra -- that's him with his wife Judy in 1986. His Electric Banana punk club is now an Italian restaurant called Zarra's. But to anyone who hung there in the '80s, when the late-night scenes were wild enough to make "Twin Peaks" a day in "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood," he'll always be Johnny Banana. In 1995, he explained what drew him to the scene: "The punks weren't bad people. There was a lot of slam dancing, you know, but when people would be slamming and somebody would slip and fall and go down, everybody would stop and help 'em get back up. … Once in a while somebody would get a bloody nose or get banged with an elbow by accident, but they were all real nice kids and that's the main reason I stuck with it."

PHOTO: Looking back on Graffiti when it closed its doors four years ago, Kirk Botula, who routinely packed the dance floor with his group, The Affordable Floors, recalled, "When WXXP decided to play local music in regular rotation along with their regular play list, it completely changed the music scene in the city. It radically increased the market for original music. Graffiti was the home for original alternative music, but suddenly clubs all over the area started to book original bands instead of cover bands and people who were only exposed to music through the radio were hearing local musicians and local bands for the first time."

**Load-Date:** April 28, 2004

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[***Home is where the art is;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8PG0-002B-H0DS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Artspace Projects' hard work, creative financing help artists and neighborhoods***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8PG0-002B-H0DS-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 15, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Entertainment; Pg. 1F

**Length:** 1658 words

**Byline:** Linda Mack; Staff Writer

**Body**

Betsy Heilman is tracking purple paint into her kitchen with her bare feet. Around her hang her own large, vibrant canvases. Her worktable stands near the front door. Her bedroom is a mere cranny just steps from her large open studio area. At 26 and just two years out of college, Heilman is making a living as an artist - partly, she says, because she's living in the Northern Warehouse artists' cooperative in St. Paul, developed by Artspace Projects in 1990.

After living in Los Angeles and New York, she returned here for a visit and saw an ad in a local art magazine offering studio living space for $ 350 a month. "I was dumbfounded. This is it! For this price you can't get anything like it," she said.

Heilman gave up a tiny $ 1,000-a-month apartment and a gallery job in New York and moved to St. Paul. She found more than affordable space; she found a vigorous community of people helping each other while pursuing their art.

"It's like a small private college," she said of the renovated warehouse in the Lowertown neighborhood. "I know who's home right now. Some people cook together, have coffee together or do projects together. I could knock on anyone's door anytime."

Although the Northern doesn't have gallery space or even a party room like the average apartment complex, the residents meet each other in the halls, hanging out at Kuppernicus Coffee House on the ground floor, and most of all, at meetings of the cooperative. The residents of the 52 low-income apartments share responsibility for everything from hallway maintenance to financial management, and though the co-op work takes time away from their artistic pursuits, it guarantees interaction.

That's the key, said Kelley Lindquist, executive director of Artspace and the man with the vision of artists' communities. "Artists must communicate with each other and with the neighborhood," he said.

That interaction feeds both creative and practical efforts. Heilman found someone in the building to help her with bookwork, someone to help move her art, and a photographer to document her work. She can also take advantage of periodic feedback from her peers: Periodically one of the artist-residents posts a notice that says "Critique, 11 a.m., my space," and whoever likes may bring their work.

Heilman and her neighbors - an electrician who draws, a pop musician who works for a computer business, a temp office worker who does voice-overs for advertisements and cartoons for Disney, a singer who sells real estate - all benefit from the equally creative efforts of Artspace Projects, a nonprofit developer founded in 1979 to act as a clearing house for artists in search of a place to live and/or work. What began as a one-person neighborhood operation, with director Cheryl Kartes helping artists revitalize Minneapolis' moribund Warehouse District, has become under Lindquist's guidance a national leader in developing artists' spaces. The budget has grown from an initial $ 50,000 from the Minneapolis Arts Commission to an annual operating budget of $ 1.7 million.

Praise from Philadelphia

"I don't think there's a more respected organization putting together space for low-income artists," said Diane Dalto, commissioner of arts and culture for the city of Philadelphia, who hopes Artspace will help with artist housing in a new arts corridor there.

"They've managed to bring together federal, state and local funding sources to develop living and working spaces for artists. That's a very difficult thing to do. I wish they were here in Philadelphia!"

Since 1987, when Lindquist was hired and its board of directors adopted a long-range plan, Artspace has been both developer and advocate. Using foundation grants to supplement mortgages, low-income tax credits and other financing mechanisms, Artspace has done joint projects with the nonprofit Twin Cities Housing Development Corp., local banks and city governments to develop Lowertown Lofts, the Northern Warehouse and Frogtown Family Lofts in St. Paul. It has created living and/or working spaces for 200 artists and their families. It owns $ 20 million in real estate, alone and in partnership.

With three development projects under its belt, Artspace is going for more in a time when any kind of development is rare. It's renovating the century-old Tilsner Building next to the Northern in Lowertown for 66 low-income artists and their families; developing single-family homes in north Minneapolis and St. Paul's Frogtown, and raising money for what may be its most interesting local project so far - a visual-arts center for "mid-career artists" in the Appliance Parts Building in Minneapolis' Warehouse District. That project, to include studios, living spaces, a communal workshop and gallery, and classroom space, would be the first large-scale Artspace project in which artists own space.

Consulting work in Los Angeles, New Orleans, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Atlanta and other cities may entice Artspace to spread its development wings beyond the Twin Cities. Lindquist has even gone international: Two years ago he won a grant from the St. Paul Companies to visit Russia and Eastern Europe to study how the arts work as part of neighborhoods.

Hard work plus passion

Karl Stauber, vice-president of the Northwest Area Foundation and a former Artspace board member, said he believes the organization has the wherewithal to become a national force. "It's the only group that I know of in the country that brings together high-quality staff and technical expertise to work with community-based developers to create artists' spaces," he said. Putting together its pioneering and imaginative financing packages, he added, "is a juggling act on the best days, a nightmare on the worst."

"They're extremely tenacious," said Jackie Cherryhomes, Minneapolis City Council member, who shepherded the Appliance Parts Project through the city government. "They're creative putting together their financing and their board is well networked. That's very important."

Lindquist, who is given to such hard-nosed business expressions as "It's really cool," explains Artspace's success as "magic."

"One wonders why other areas in the country are having such a hard time and one wonders why other for-profit developers are having such a hard time," he said. "I do say there's a magic. We close the deal, we turn around a bad situation. What it takes is a lot of personal passion on the part of the board and the staff. It's not just good hard work."

But the hard work and hard-nosed business sense is there, said Tom Nordyke, Artspace administrative director."There are two pieces: the sound level of financial management and a very realistic approach to business, as well as what Kelley was talking about. What Artspace brings is access to mechanisms other than the usual financing mechanisms, such as foundation grants and city loans."

By urban-development standards, each Artspace project is small - Lowertown Lofts has 29 units, the Northern has 52, Frogtown Family Lofts, 36. But their impact has been large. When the Tilsner is done next winter, three formerly vacant buildings in Lowertown will be fully occupied and contributing to the critical mass of the "urban village" that was envisioned by city planners two decades ago.

"It's not like any other commercial or residential project I've worked with," said John Mannillo, a developer of several historic buildings in Lowertown. "It's more creative, more experimental." Mannillo said most for-profit developers would never have the patience it takes to work with a clientele like the artists, who all have a very definite idea of what they want.

Helping Frogtown's image

In Frogtown, a ***working-class*** neighborhood north of University Av. and east of Dale St., the families in Artspace's lofts project - housed in a former printing-press plant - have been a positive spark in a neighborhood dogged by a negative identity, said Joanne Tooley, executive director of the Thomas-Dale Community Council. Some of the artists have taught neighborhood kids at nearby Scheffer Park, started a neighborhood sculpture project and helped form a block club.

"It's added 36 fairly youthful families of all different colors," said Tooley. "They're interested in making the physical environment wonderful. They're creative, community-minded folks."

In fact, applicants to Artspace proj ects are less likely to be rejected because their art doesn't measure up than because they don't care about community involvement. Tenant selection is routinely put in the hands of residents, and their definition of art, by Artspace policy, is culturally open and broad. In the Frogtown project, Artspace used ethnic guidelines to ensure that the influx of new residents would reinforce the cultural diversity of the neighborhood.

Mask-makers, beadworkers, Chinese-paper-cutters and family funk bands live at Frogtown Family Lofts along with dancers, painters, photographers and filmmakers.

"We look for passion, commitment and a body of work," said Artspace leader Lindquist. "Some native American cultures and the Hmong do not have a special word for 'art,' because creativity is considered a part of daily life. . . . In the United States, arts have been separated off. Artspace is working to change that - to integrate the artist. It strengthens the artists and it strengthens the community with a heightened sense of creativity and a unity.

"We're not just creating these communities for the sake of the artists, but as much also for the sake of the community. Arts is a unifying force. It's a language everyone can speak and can still maintain their own culture."

There's no way to measure the impact on the community of Artspace's work to house artists, but one thing is clear from walking through its projects: People of all colors and cultures can live together in harmony and creative interchange. That model may become powerful inspiration in itself.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** August 19, 1993

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[***Troubled waters Environmental racism suit makes waves Residents, Chevron at odds over oil pits' ills***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-FM80-00C6-D54Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 31, 1997, Thursday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1619 words

**Byline:** Anita Manning

**Dateline:** HOUSTON

**Body**

HOUSTON -- Kennedy Heights is a tidy ***working-class*** neighborhood

of brick ramblers nestled in the southeastern part of this huge

city. There's not much crime here, and neighbors know each other.

But despite the community's outward serenity, the people who live

here say they're sick, scared and angry.

What threatens them, they say, is right under their feet. In a

federal trial that began here in early June and is expected to

continue all summer, Kennedy Heights residents, most of whom are

black, claim they have suffered high rates of cancer, lupus and

other illnesses because their water supply is poisoned by chemicals

left in the ground when Gulf Oil abandoned three oil pits on the

site in 1927. The residents are suing Chevron USA, which bought

Gulf in 1985, for an estimated $ 500 million.

Lawyers for the residents say the oil company is guilty of "environmental

racism" because it knowingly allowed a predominantly black housing

development to be built on contaminated land. They base this charge

on documents, including a 1964 memo from an appraiser who suggested

the oil pits be drained and filled and the land sold for "low-cost

homes for white occupancy." But the land didn't sell right away.

A 1967 memo from an oil company official suggested a tax-free

land exchange with a developer who intended to use the land for

"Negro residential and commercial development." It doesn't mention

cleanup of the pits.

Chevron's attorney, Robert Meadows, bristles at any implication

of racism, noting that for years before Gulf sold the land it

permitted a white family to live on it -- in good health, he says

-- and raise cattle there. No mention was made of cleaning up

the land in the 1967 memo, he says, because throughout the discussions,

"the assumption (was) that the buyer would fill the tanks and

bring this property up to grade for residential housing. . . .

They're playing very fast and loose with these allegations of

environmental racism. There's just absolutely nothing to support

that Gulf acted with any kind of racial animus in selling this

property."

Plaintiffs attorney John O'Quinn, a wealthy Houston lawyer known

for aggressively seeking controversial cases, says the outcome

of this trial could bear on others in which environmental contamination

is alleged.

"We think this is a case that has far-reaching importance, beyond

these specific plaintiffs," says O'Quinn, who has fronted an

estimated $ 5 million in the Kennedy Heights case to pay for such

expenses as soil testing, expert witnesses and the services of

a Washington, D.C., public relations firm.

O'Quinn says this case addresses such knotty questions as "the

importance of pollution and what does society do about it, and,

if environmental racism is involved, what do you do about that?"

A racially mixed jury of eight -- two blacks, two Hispanics, one

Asian and three whites -- is being asked to decide "if, in fact,

the contamination exists, that it belongs to Chevron, that the

plaintiffs have reduced property values, that they are sick and

that it was caused in part by Chevron's contamination," says

lawyer Carl Shaw, of O'Quinn's office. The jury's decision has

to be unanimous.

The trial before U.S. District Court Judge Kenneth Hoyt is being

watched closely by legal experts, environmentalists and civil

rights advocates. Jesse Jackson has called for a boycott of Chevron.

NAACP president Kweisi Mfume and Benjamin Chavis of the National

African American Leadership Summit have weighed in with letters

of support.

A recent issue of *The Law Journal* calls the case a landmark

in environmental justice law: "Minority communities have attempted,

usually unsuccessfully, to build civil rights cases against the

siting of polluting facilities using statistical evidence. The

Kennedy Heights trial attempts to prove race-based decision-making

through business documents."

About 1,800 Kennedy Heights residents are involved in the lawsuit,

seeking damages and medical costs and asking Chevron to buy their

homes so they can move away.

They say oil gets into the water system during repairs on underground

water-main breaks. Such breaks have been frequent, residents say,

because oil in the soil degrades seals connecting the pipes, and

cast iron pipe degrades over time, allowing contamination to seep

in during depressurization.

The residents blame tainted water for a host of health problems:

17 cases of lupus, three birth defects and 35 brain tumors and

cancers.

Many have long since stopped drinking the tap water, and some

no longer even bathe in it. Valiree Lusk, a high school teacher

whose husband suffered from both lupus and cancer and died in

1988, says she gets sores on her body if she showers at home.

She bathes at her sister's home, several miles away.

Meadows says the company, the nation's second-largest oil refiner,

sympathizes with those who are sick but staunchly denies it bears

any responsibility. The case, he says, is "built entirely on

junk science."

"There is no medical link between crude oil and any of the illnesses

the trial plaintiffs are complaining about," Meadows says. And

"there's no evidence there's anything in the city of Houston

drinking water that can hurt you. So there's no evidence the plaintiffs

have been exposed to harmful contamination in Kennedy Heights.

"Chevron has said on numerous occasions that if it can ever be

established by credible evidence that there is something in Kennedy

Heights that needs to be cleaned up, Chevron will clean it up."

Rosa Jorden doesn't buy that argument. Her younger daughter, Rosalyn,

18, had surgery to remove a brain tumor when she was 10. Both

daughters have what Jorden calls "female problems."

"This house here was one of the show houses," she says, sitting

in her living room with neighbors who gathered to discuss the

lawsuit. "We were one of the first families in here. We wanted

to stay until we get old, me and my husband, and see the kids

go on with their lives. But now, I don't know about both of my

girls . . . I'm just upset and mad that (Chevron) did things like

that, and they keep saying there's nothing there."

Horace Young, 64, a high school track and football coach, moved

to the area in 1966, before Kennedy Heights was built. He remembers

"big open fields that were greasy and dirty, slushylike" and

the oil pits filled with water. "We used to call it the reservoir,"

he says. His sons would play in the water and "come back with

goop all over their shoes. We didn't know what was in there."

Last year, Young was diagnosed with bladder cancer.

Another neighbor, Bobbie Gillis, 48, who says she lives "right

over the pit," has had lupus for at least eight years. She says

she's in the "last stages" of the disease and is dying, but

what worries her is the children now living in the neighborhood.

"My prayer is to get these young people out," she says. "Don't

let them go through the pain I've been through."

Her son and granddaughter live with her, and she says she's so

afraid for them she can't sleep at night. She wants Chevron to

"move us out from here so I can be satisfied that my little family

and my neighbors are being taken care of."

But whether Gillis' lupus or anyone else's illnesses were caused

by Texas crude in the soil is unproven, Meadows says. "Surely

we haven't gotten to the point in this country where a plaintiff

can simply point a finger at a defendant and say, 'That defendant

has caused me injury,' without being able to support it with any

kind of medical proof or scientific evidence."

Retired engineer John Simmons, who is chair of the Kennedy Heights

homeowners' association contaminants committee, says the proof

is before his eyes. He and his neighbors have watched as crews

repair watermain breaks in the neighborhood, he says. "They go

digging up the pipes and they're picking up buckets of oil, oil

running all over the neighborhood," he says. "And we've all

seen that. They're saying it's nothing, and it's sitting on our

water pipes.

"I saw my wife die of cancer," he says. "I saw my little son

try to climb in the grave with her. You will never forget an experience

like that for the rest of your life. So the people of Kennedy

Heights feel like they are going to have to do whatever is necessary

to fight for our lives."

Testimony in the case has been aimed at offering scientific evidence.

Toxicologist Marvin Legator of the University of Texas Medical

Branch at Galveston, who testified for the plaintiffs, says Kennedy

Heights residents clearly were exposed to chemicals in oil called

PAHs (polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons) through their water. "I

don't think there's any question it's there," he says.

That, along with the high concentration of lupus cases -- 12 within

a few blocks -- is enough to raise serious concerns, he says.

No one knows what causes lupus, a chronic auto-immune disease

that brings a range of symptoms including arthritis, skin rash,

kidney disorders, seizures and light sensitivity, but Legator

says it's believed to be a combination of genetics and environment.

Because PAHs act on the body in ways similar to what is seen in

lupus, he says, "this may be one of the major finds at Kennedy

Heights. This may be the case that establishes a cause of lupus

as PAHs."

As to the link between cancer and these toxins, it's difficult

to prove. "The dose makes the poison," says Kulbir Bakshi, program

director for the National Research Council's committee on toxicology,

who has nothing to do with the Houston case.

Determining whether a chemical caused any disease involves knowing

not only the extent of exposure but also "what else they're exposed

to, whether they smoke, their drinking status, racial status,

nutritional status and genetic susceptibility to chemical-induced

disease." Cases like this are difficult to prove, he says, because

"the science is not always complete, and there are gaps in the

knowledge."

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, Color, Michael Stravato, AP, for USA TODAY (2); PHOTO, B/W, Michael Stravato, AP, for USA TODAY

**Load-Date:** July 31, 1997

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[***Both parties are hotly pursuing Hispanic voters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46DN-0S40-010F-K34F-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 1, 2002, Thursday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1856 words

**Byline:** Jill Lawrence

**Dateline:** SANTA ANA, Calif.

**Body**

SANTA ANA, Calif. -- Otto Bade, the Republican proprietor of La Perla restaurant, was reflecting on the days when leaders of his party did not court him or even listen to him. They ran TV ads and pushed ideas that offended immigrants and didn't care that Hispanics nationwide were turning off to the GOP in droves.

Back then, in the 1980s and 1990s, "the attitude of the Republican Party was that they did not need Hispanics," says Bade, 56, who emigrated at 17 from Guatemala. "The Republican Party wasn't ready for us. Now both parties are fighting for us."

More than 35 million strong, nearly 13% of the U.S. population and growing faster than any other group, Hispanics are the prize in a political competition with stakes as high as the presidency. Most Hispanic candidates and elected officials are Democrats, and the party has captured huge Hispanic majorities in the past two decades.

But President Bush snagged 35% of the Hispanic vote in 2000 and is aiming for 40% in 2004. That would all but guarantee him a second term. Can Bush get to 40%? Analysts in both parties say it is possible but not inevitable. Democrats call it unthinkable. "We're not going to let it happen. We're just not," vows Maria Cardona, the Colombia-born communications director of the Democratic Party.

About 7% of the 2000 electorate was Hispanic. Each party sees itself as the natural home for these voters, who could swell from 6 million to 10 million by 2010. Republicans say they share Hispanics' conservative family values and entrepreneurial bent. Democrats say they are more compatible on daily concerns such as wages, health care and immigration. Research shows both are right, giving each party ammunition and reason to hope.

The Hispanic community is a collection of distinct communities -- Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Cubans, Central and South Americans, Spaniards and others -- with different histories and politics. Cubans in the USA tend to be Republican. But a common language makes it easy for parties to make mass appeals.

Both parties offer Web sites and weekly radio addresses *en espanol.* They are a routine presence at citizenship ceremonies in Hispanic communities and compete to register voters on the spot.

Democrats recently staged their third annual "Hispanic Leadership Summit" on Capitol Hill and a kickoff golf outing for a new Hispanic Business Council. Bush has salted his Cabinet and staff with Hispanics, regularly invites Hispanic business owners to the White House and each year observes *Cinco de Mayo*, an important Mexican holiday. The GOP produces a new Spanish-language TV show that airs monthly on Telemundo and Univision affiliates in six cities and feeds stories about Bush to Spanish-language news shows.

Democrats are counting on people like Henry Mendoza. One of seven children of Mexican immigrant fieldworkers, Mendoza defied his father to go to college and relied on government aid to do it. Now he is 43, managing partner of a financial services firm in Irvine, a homeowner in a neighborhood a friend calls "Yuppieland," a believer in faith, family and education, and often tagged -- wrongly and even by friends -- as a Republican.

Mendoza sometimes gives money to the GOP. He considers himself a swing voter and says he judges candidates by their ideas. But one overriding value, compassion for the needy, has kept him in the Democrats' fold.

"I have never voted for a Republican," Mendoza says. "I don't think I'm ripe for picking. I'll probably always be a Democrat. The things that matter don't change."

Republicans are operating on the theory that what matters does change. Their hopes rest with people like Julio Gudino, 32, an insurance agent whose parents were born in Mexico and whose first language was Spanish. He used to vote for Democrats and is still registered that way. But now he is a small-business owner and belongs to the 160-member Republican Alliance in Central (Orange) County.

Gudino's Norwalk office is decorated with a poster of Bill Simon, the GOP candidate for California governor, and pictures of Gudino at a White House economics discussion with Bush. His clients, mostly lower- to middle-income, blue-collar Hispanics, often ask about them. Since Bush took office, "it's been much easier," Gudino says. "Their eyes and ears are more open because of who we have at the top."

Who's right?

The Republican pitch for Hispanic voters goes like this: Hispanics are moving into the middle class. Affluent people are more conservative and Republican. Hispanics are business people who appreciate GOP efforts to reduce taxes and regulation. They oppose abortion and gay marriage, as do most Republicans. So Republicans just need to spread the word.

The Democratic arguments go like this: A few Hispanics are moving up, but most are still struggling. They care most about immigration, health care, minimum wages and education. They agree with Democrats on those issues. So Democrats just need to make sure Hispanics know the real differences between the parties.

Who's right?

Start with the GOP view that Hispanics are less like African-Americans, who are intensely loyal at all income levels to the Democratic Party that championed their civil rights. Hispanics are more like European immigrants, who "have a tendency to become swing voters and vote more Republican as they move up the ladder," White House pollster Matthew Dowd says.

Two poll analyses back him up:

\* In June 2001 and June 2002 Gallup polls, Hispanics with household income above $ 50,000 were twice as likely to identify themselves as Republican as those in households under $ 50,000.

\* In exit polls of voters in 2000, Dowd says, Bush received 31% of the vote from Hispanics making under $ 30,000; 37% from those making $ 30,000 to $ 75,000, and 46% from those above $ 75,000.

That's the good news for Republicans. The bad news: 78% of Hispanics make less than $ 30,000; only 2% make more than $ 75,000.

Some analysts say Hispanics' political attitudes hinge less on income than on whether they were born in the USA, are citizens and prefer Spanish or English. Antonio Gonzalez, president of the non-partisan Southwest Voter Registration Education Project, says the income connection is weak for now because Hispanics are so new to the middle class.

"Affluence in the Hispanic community is only one generation," he says. "If you're the rich uncle, all your brothers and sisters and cousins are still in the ***working class***. Your values are still theirs. You think the government should take care of the unfortunate."

Other potential cornerstones of GOP appeal are equally complex:

\* Conservative views on abortion, gay rights and religion. Research by both parties suggests Hispanics consider those issues personal and give more weight to education, jobs and health care.

Participants in one GOP-run Hispanic focus group said they vote Democratic because "Republicans don't care about our everyday life," GOP strategist Steve Kinney says. "The two big things are minimum wage and health benefits. They vote on the basis of 'What can I live on?' "

\* Entrepreneurship. Hispanic-owned business grew 30% from 1992 to 1997, compared with 7% for all business, according to the Census Bureau. But most Hispanic businesses are not corporate engines catapulting people into the monied class or the GOP.

Average annual receipts for Hispanic-owned companies are $ 155,000. In the Los Angeles-Long Beach area, 137,000 Hispanic-owned businesses employ 134,000 people in addition to the owners. Gonzalez says most are "micro-enterprises" located "in the 'hood, in the barrio, serving immigrants and the working poor."

Still, even incremental GOP gains could have dramatic effects. Hispanic voters are concentrated in a handful of states where small shifts could determine statewide races, including for the presidency.

Nearly one-third of the population in Texas is Hispanic. "All it takes is 3% of the Latino electorate to shift and that makes a 1-point difference in the overall state election," says Harry Pachon, president of the non-partisan Tomas Rivera Policy Institute near Los Angeles.

The GOP challenge

Not too long ago, Republican leaders were identified with drives to make English the country's official language, end bilingual education, end affirmative action, and end food stamps and other benefits to legal immigrants.

In California and to some extent across the country, middle-class Hispanics stopped moving to the GOP. Democratic registration surged. The Republican share of the Hispanic presidential vote sank and party strategists talked of a "lost generation" gone forever.

Then came Bush.

Bush did not embrace harsh measures or take a hard line on immigration. As governor of Texas, he cultivated Hispanics and relations with Mexico. In 2000 he pulled out all the stops -- his rudimentary Spanish, his friendship with Mexican president Vicente Fox, his half-Mexican nephew, his pledge to "leave no child behind" and moderation on immigration. His share of the Hispanic vote was 14 points higher than Bob Dole's in 1996.

Bush's personal popularity is soaring. In a May poll of 800 registered Hispanic voters for the New Democrat Network, his approval rating was 76%. But most polls show Democrats with huge advantages over Republicans on domestic issues important to Hispanics.

Hispanic Democrats say Hispanics should not confuse good will with good policy. "Bush is a likable guy," says Jess Araujo, 54, a lawyer in Santa Ana. "That doesn't mean I'm going to vote for him."

Time to change?

GOP pollster Dowd recommends more talk to Hispanics about education, tax cuts and jobs: "We don't have to all of a sudden drift to some massive governmental program or some pure Democratic thing to get Hispanic votes."

But some Hispanic Republicans say the GOP needs to emphasize new issues such as health care. "It is a heavy concern of Hispanic voters," says Mike Madrid, a GOP strategist in Sacramento, and "the party has pretty much dropped the ball."

Other suggestions: Put White House counsel Alberto Gonzales on the Supreme Court, push for affordable housing and public transportation, and show more sympathy for welfare recipients and immigrants without papers.

"There are Hispanic immigrants here in the United States, people who graduated from high school, and can't get a job because they have no Social Security number or no driver's license," Bade says. "Republicans need to deal with it, not take the adamant belief that if you're not from this country, you don't belong here."

Last summer, Bush proposed a legalization program for undocumented immigrants from Mexico, but it has languished because of party resistance and immigration crackdowns after Sept. 11. Hispanics also don't like an administration plan to let local police check immigration papers.

Democrats are up against a cadre of Hispanic Republicans who consider Bush an icon and themselves his messengers to other Hispanics. "He is doing an absolutely fantastic job," says Mario Rodriguez, 45, a San Clemente business owner who is on Bush's Social Security reform commission. "He really understands what Hispanics contribute to this country. He really has Hispanics in his heart."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY, Source: Gallup polls conducted June 2001 and June 2002. Numbers based on aggregate of the two polls. Total sample: 510 Hispanics. Margin of error: +/- 4 percentage points (PIE CHARTS); GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY, Source: Census Bureau (BAR GRAPH); GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY, Source: Exit polls by Voter News Service, Voter Research Service, New York Times/CBS (BAR GRAPH); PHOTO, Color, Bob Riha Jr., USA TODAY; Reaching out: Frederico Macz listens to the National Anthem at a White House-sponsored town hall meeting in California.

**Load-Date:** August 1, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Financially shaky Brazil could drag Latin America down***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46JP-FXG0-010F-K4CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 20, 2002, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2002 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** MONEY;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1916 words

**Byline:** James Cox

**Dateline:** RIO DE JANEIRO, Brazil

**Body**

RIO DE JANEIRO, Brazil -- Ordinary Brazilians pay scant attention to financial markets, but their ears prick up when the gas man rolls by.

Most households fire their stoves with liquefied natural gas. Residents haul their tanks to the curb for refills when they hear a familiar jingle blasting from the gas truck outside.

Since May, a bonfire in Brazil's financial markets has incinerated the value of stocks, bonds and the local currency, the *real*. Now, as prices for cooking gas and other staples climb sharply, ***working-class*** Brazilians are starting to feel the heat that has made things so uncomfortable for the country's business elite.

Wall Street and Washington feel the heat, too, because Brazil is the only Latin nation with the economic and political heft to drag the continent down with it. Brazil accounts for 40% of the economic output of all the countries of the Americas south of Mexico. For a decade, it has been considered a model of sensible policymaking and spending restraint.

Brazil's collapse would cost U.S. banks and multinational companies tens of billions of dollars, enough to hinder or even jeopardize a U.S. economic recovery. It would raise the risk of investing in developing countries and send investors racing out of markets as far away as India, Turkey and Poland. It also would likely end Latin America's decade-long experiment with democratic and market reforms by showing Brazil's neighbors that there's little payoff for doing things right.

"Brazil is really the ballgame," says Richard Fisher, who was deputy U.S. trade representative during the Clinton administration.

That's why President Bush reversed his no-bailouts policy and got behind a $ 30 billion International Monetary Fund rescue extended to Brazil on Aug. 7. But the IMF lifeline was only enough to give the markets a one-day breather before they resumed their plunge. This year, the *real* has fallen 26%, touching its all-time low in July. Brazil's key stock market index is off 30%. Interest rates have spiked, making it nearly impossible for most Brazilian businesses to get new loans or roll over old ones.

Brazil's financial markets began their sickly samba in May. That's when opinion polls showed two left-leaning presidential candidates cruising ahead of government-backed candidate Jose Serra, who is seen as the natural heir to outgoing President Fernando Henrique Cardoso.

Union activist Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva and hot-headed populist Ciro Gomes have spooked the markets by suggesting they will spend big on social programs and job creation if elected. A spending binge would endanger Brazil's ability to meet payments on its $ 250 billion to $ 260 billion public debt. By what they've said and left unsaid, da Silva and Gomes have signaled they think default -- or at least renegotiation with creditors -- isn't necessarily a bad thing.

But foreign investors, scorched from the $ 141 billion default next door in Argentina, panic at the thought. Banks abroad have pulled in credit lines; investors have begun unloading Brazilian assets.

"Brazil is not Argentina," says Alvaro de Souza, a former Citibank executive who is president of the Sao Paulo-based American Chamber of Commerce in Brazil. "But it's hard for banks to explain to their shareholders why they lost billions in Argentina and aren't taking precautions in Brazil. Shareholders want to know what the hell is going on."

Nobody should confuse Brazil with Argentina. Despite the global economic slowdown, Brazil's economy is still growing, albeit slowly; Argentina, with an economy only one-tenth the size, is in its fourth year of contraction. Unlike its neighbor, Brazil runs a trade surplus and, before payments on its public debt, a budget surplus. Inflation is expected to be 6.3% this year in Brazil, vs. 75% in Argentina. Brazilian banks are not drowning in dollar debt, as Argentine banks are. Experts say Brazil has enough in reserve and enough pledged from international lending agencies to meet its obligations -- if it holds the line on Cardoso's budget surplus.

Of the $ 30 billion in the IMF package, $ 24 billion isn't available to Brazil until next year. The IMF made the money contingent on Brazil keeping a budget surplus. That's why financial markets are desperate to hear soothing words from da Silva and Gomes: Investors want strong assurances from each that he won't bust the budget or try to force Brazil's creditors to the table in a debt restructuring.

After the four candidates met with Cardoso on Monday, da Silva and Gomes promised fiscal austerity. But both also vowed to change Cardoso's economic policies.

The election is Oct. 6, with a runoff between the top two vote-getters Oct. 27 if no candidate gets more than 50% in the first round. Da Silva leads in the opinion polls with 37%; Gomes has 27%; Serra is running at 13%, in a virtual tie with a fourth candidate, Anthony Garotinho, who has 12%.

Pollsters say 40% to 50% of Brazilians haven't picked a favorite. Many voters hope to get a better fix on the candidates once campaign ads begin airing on TV today.

A tough path

Television is the only hope for Serra. He is the clear favorite of Brazil's affluent, educated minority and has affirmed his support for conditions of the IMF package. Campaign rules give him as much TV time as da Silva and Gomes combined. Unfortunately for the stiff, professorial Serra, he is not particularly telegenic.

"It doesn't matter if you have a lot of TV time if you don't have a good product," says Joao Francisco Meira, president of Vox Populi, a Brazilian pollster.

Most political observers believe da Silva, 60, and Gomes, 44, will face each other in second-round balloting. Many polls show da Silva finishing on top in the first round, then losing to Gomes in a runoff.

Da Silva, known to Brazilians as Lula, is a metalworker who sheered off his left pinky finger in an industrial accident as a teen. Since then, he has been a fiery socialist and skillful union organizer. Now in his fourth run for the presidency, he has tried to soften his radical image by shedding T-shirts for dark suits and dropping the socialist rhetoric that once peppered his speeches and campaign ads.

Even so, conservatives in Washington fear the once rabidly socialist da Silva could be the third leg of an "axis of Latin evil" with Cuba's Fidel Castro and Venezuelan strongman Hugo Chavez.

Gomes was Brazil's youngest-ever governor 11 years ago and served briefly as finance minister after becoming a Cardoso protege. But when he failed to rise as rapidly as he hoped, Gomes broke with Cardoso's coalition. Today, he campaigns with his girlfriend, Patricia Pilar, a popular soap opera star who is battling breast cancer. On the stump, he blends a keen grasp of market economics with a confrontational style and open contempt for Brazil's political establishment and creditors.

Gomes exploded in anger at a recent dinner with Sao Paulo business leaders who pressed him to not try to renegotiate Brazil's debt. He told the group he had never broken a contract in his life, but would sooner "cut off my hand" than heel to the demands of foreign banks.

"He is too Latin, in the bad sense of the word," says Dora Kramer, chief political columnist for the daily *Jornal do Brasil*.

Frightened by the mercurial Gomes, many in the country's elite see da Silva as the devil they know and are throwing their support to him. Da Silva "is moving toward the center, while Gomes is totally unpredictable, volatile, mercurial," says Octavio Amorim, a political scientist at the Getulio Vargas Foundation in Rio.

Cardoso leaves office after eight years as a hero to Washington and Wall Street. As finance minister, he tamed hyperinflation that topped 50% a month and set policies that modernized the Brazilian economy. He stabilized the *real*, privatized billions in state-owned assets, turned Brazil into an export power and made the country the second-most-popular destination for foreign investment after China.

For all that, only 60 million of 173 million Brazilians are considered even marginally middle class or above. The gaps in wealth can be breathtaking. In Sao Paulo, a metro area of 17 million, mansions rise behind fortress walls topped with razor wire not far from vast slums. Homeless boys perform juggling acts for change at traffic lights along the silvery, high-rise-studded beaches of Ipanema and Copacabana in Rio. In the vast interior, an estimated 40 million lack fresh water; 60 million are without access to a sewage system.

Meira says the voters' chief concerns have gotten lost in all the talk about the budget and the IMF. His polls show most Brazilians feel left out by the country's industrialization. They want jobs, relief from the endemic crime that plagues the country and better access to health care, he says.

For now, the turmoil in financial markets hasn't filtered down to the streets. Fewer than 1% of Brazilians own stocks. Few are compelled to rely on imports because Brazilian companies produce *tubainas* -- low-cost household goods that can be substituted for foreign brands.

That could change soon. Brazilians aren't big savers and don't have bank accounts to help cushion the impact of price increases. Even white-collar workers tend to live paycheck to paycheck, relying on their employers for prepaid lunch coupons and *cesta basicas*, baskets of essential supplies such as rice, beans, meat, oil, butter and flour.

Brazilians, as others in Latin America, have been feeling neglected by the Bush administration. George W. Bush came into office proclaiming the start of a "Century of the Americas" but has been preoccupied with the war on terror. In the meantime, bankruptcy has claimed Argentina; social unrest has gripped Venezuela and Peru; Colombia's civil war is spiraling toward a new level of violence; and Mexico's economy has faltered along with that of the USA.

To many here, the IMF rescue was welcome not so much for the money as a sign Washington was paying attention.

"It was a relief to see that we matter. Our massive geographic and economic weight has been an asset -- it's made us too big to fail," says de Souza, the AmCham president. "The reason is obvious. If Brazil collapses, then South America will collapse. Then it will spread to all Latin America, including Mexico. Then it will be on your doorstep."

About South America

Argentina

Population

37.4 million

GDP

$ 285 billion

Jobless

15%

Literacy

96%

Bolivia

Population

8.3 million

GDP

$ 8.3 billion

Jobless

11.4% (1997)

Literacy

83%

Brazil

Population

166 million

GDP

$ 596 billion

Jobless

7.5%

Literacy

83%

Chile

Population

15.3 million

GDP

$ 70.5 billion

Jobless

9%

Literacy

95%

Colombia

Population

40.3 million

GDP

$ 81.3 billion

Jobless

20%

Literacy

91%

Ecuador

Population

13.2 million

GDP

$ 13.6 billion

Jobless

13%

Literacy

90%

Guyana

Population

697,181

GDP

$ 712 million

Jobless (1)30%

Literacy

98%

Paraguay

Population

5.7 million

GDP

$ 7.5 billion

Jobless

16%

Literacy

92%

Peru

Population

27.5 million

GDP

$ 53.5 billion

Jobless (2)

7.4%

Literacy

89%

Suriname

Population

433,998

GDP

$ 846 million

Jobless

14% (1999)

Literacy

93%

Uruguay

Population

3.4 million

GDP

$ 19.7 billion

Jobless

14%

Literacy

97%

Venezuela

Population

23.9 million

GDP

$ 121 billion

Jobless

14%

Literacy

91%

Note: Figures are from 2000-01 except where noted; some figures are estimates.

1 -- U.S. State Department reports that although no reliable statistics exist, combined unemployment and underemployment are estimated at about 30%; 2 -- urban areas only

Sources: The World Fact Book, Infrastructure Brazil, United Nations Statistics Division, World Bank, U.S. State Department

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, Color, Quin Tian, USA TODAY, Source: USA TODAY research (BAR GRAPH); GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, Quin Tian, USA TODAY, Sources: Infrastructure Brazil; The World Fact Book; USA TODAY research (BAR GRAPH); GRAPHIC, B/W, Quin Tian, USA TODAY (MAP); PHOTO, Color, Mauricio Lima, AFP; Market woes: Traders work the phones in Sao Paulo. Brazil's key stock market index is off 30% this year, and its currency, the real, is off 26% as the country wrestles a financial crisis.

**Load-Date:** August 20, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Kids are listening to their parents -- Their parents' music, that is***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C23-B160-010F-K03T-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 30, 2004, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 2043 words

**Byline:** Edna Gundersen

**Body**

Jamie Horton, 14, considers himself a fairly savvy music-loving teen. The Los Angeles ninth-grader trawls the Internet for rock discoveries and totes an iPod packed with 3,000 tunes.

His favorite band? Queen. Not late-'90s rock outfit Queens of the Stone Age, not late-'80s metal band Queensryche and certainly not latter-day rap diva Queen Latifah.

Jamie reveres the glam-metal British quartet that flourished in the '70s with mock operatic *Bohemian Rhapsody* and the anthemic *We Will Rock You*.

"I don't like new wannabe punk like Good Charlotte," he says. "Led Zeppelin was the first old band I liked. Then Pink Floyd. Now it's The Who and Queen."

One contemporary band that he does appreciate is U.K. sensation The Darkness. Why? "They're similar to Queen."

Jamie is not alone in his obsession with the sounds of the '60s and '70s. Though difficult to quantify, the trend of youngsters craving oldies seems to be gaining momentum. Kids are snatching up Beatles and Led Zeppelin discs, flocking to ZZ Top and Steve Miller concerts, researching the troubled histories of Lynyrd Skynyrd and Black Sabbath and scouring their parents' record collections for Jimi Hendrix licks and Allman Brothers Band jams.

"I could be some of those people's grandpa," singer Gregg Allman, 56, says of his band's current flock. Celebrating its 35th year of touring and recording, the Allmans just wrapped up a nine-night stand at New York's Beacon Theater after releasing new double live album *One Way Out*. "We see kids out there, and we still have hippies," Allman says. "I don't see a gap between generations. It's all ages, all types. Kids usually say, 'I found out about you from my dad.' Or they ask for an autograph for their mama. That makes you feel dated, but we welcome them with open arms."

Wed to a rootsy blues-rock tradition, the Southern group never pandered to a younger demo, and Allman suspects it's that purity that drew teens to the fold.

"To last this long, you have to be the real thing," he says. "I don't have any gimmicks or fancy clothes or firecrackers. That stuff never crossed our minds. Genuine rock 'n' roll -- the right phrasing of a drum beat and a bass guitar -- can move your soul."

Allman and brother Duane, who died in 1971, found their direction by searching for the roots of music that flowered in the '60s. "We wanted to see what we missed, so we found Robert Johnson and Big Bill Broonzy," he says. "That's what kids are doing now, seeing where stuff came from."

'Yeah yeah yeah' to the Beatles

Beatles historian Martin Lewis began spotting a young wave of Fab Four fanaticism as emcee of Beatlefan conventions the past 14 years. Boomers constituted half of the audience in 1990. Now 75% of attendees are under 30, and many barely in their teens.

As marketing consultant for *The Beatles Anthology*, he met with label execs plotting campaigns targeting fans 45 and up. "I've got news for you," Lewis told them. "I'm the oldest guy at Beatlefan conventions."

Sure enough, a marketing survey showed that the under-30 constituency scooped up 40% of the first *Anthology* run. "I've interviewed those kids," Lewis says. "I've said, 'Surely you'd rather listen to Justin Timberlake. Why are you here? Were you forced by your parents?' But they chose to be there."

Teens saying "yeah yeah yeah" to The Beatles proves "we've sold younger kids short," says James Austin, vice president of A&R at Rhino/WMG, which specializes in reissues and retrospectives. "We tend to think they like only what's popular on radio."

In repackaging early rock, targeting fortysomethings was until recently his key strategy.

"In the past year, I've been asking myself how we can reach these younger fans," he says. "They're a hidden bonus. Kids today are a lot more sophisticated and more open than anyone realizes."

Catalog sales were up 17% last week over the corresponding week in 2003 and so far this year are 7.6% ahead of last year, according to Nielsen SoundScan. Classic rock accounts for a sizable chunk of the pop catalog chart, which tracks all albums more than three years old.

Although SoundScan doesn't identify buyers by age, industry observers detect a significant upswing of teen interest in oldies. The experts point to several factors that explain the trend of forward-thinking cyber kids reaching backward for music:

\* Shifting attitudes. Self-respecting baby boomers dismissed their parents' Al Jolson, Glenn Miller and Frank Sinatra records as corny and dated. Kids now exhibit broader tastes rather than the Mod-or-Rocker mentality that divided British Invasion devotees.

"As long as it's good music, it doesn't bother me that my dad likes it too," Jamie says. "He took me to The Who, and that was easily the best concert I've been to."

He favors the "big music" of seminal rock because "the guitars wailed and lyrics had more meaning. Queen went overboard on everything. You don't hear singers like Freddie Mercury anymore." Mercury died in 1991. Jamie was 2.

In the '60s, coming of age meant reinventing pop culture, rejecting heritage and distrusting anyone older than 30. Not so now.

"There's not so much peer pressure to identify with a particular genre or even generation of music," says Jeremy Hammond, head of artist development at Sanctuary Records. "It's much more about defining one's own unique tastes. Back then, you had to choose a lifestyle associated with a genre. In England, you were in a gang of rockers or skinheads or Mods. Potheads wanted psychedelic music. Those boundaries are gone."

Classic-rock icons, like classical composers, defy fashion and "overshadow any perceptions of coolness," he says.

\* New bands plowing an old field. Hip emerging bands freely emulate and name-check musical ancestors, kindling fan interest.

"So many new bands are flashing back," says Sean Ross of Edison Media Research. "White Stripes, The Darkness and Jet; it's all AC/DC. As music gets retro, kids get curious about the real thing."

When rising rock stars rave about The Kinks, sport Hendrix T-shirts or cover Bob Dylan songs, young fans investigate those roots, says Craig Kallman, president of Atlantic Records, home of the Led Zeppelin vault and current sensation The Darkness.

"We're seeing a resurgence of bands that have been inspired by the greatest rock bands of all time," Kallman says. "The Darkness embodies the spirit of Queen, Led Zeppelin and AC/DC with fundamentals that made those bands huge: great songs, a fantastic front man, incredible musicianship and a sense of fun. They counter the dark, angry, self-loathing nu-metal that has dominated alternative rock for so long."

Flamboyant rock stars, blistering guitar solos and hard-rock bombast "all went by the wayside as rap-metal took shape in the '90," Kallman says. When bands like The Darkness and Jet arrived, "the spontaneity, creativity, freedom and energy, all the elements that made rock such a defining sound, cut through to kids."

\* Easy access. Classic rock is not only ubiquitous -- in TV ads, reissues, reunion tours, soundtracks, copycat bands and recycled hits -- but it's also instantly available. An obscure tune is only a few keystrokes away. "The Internet has turbo-charged the renewed interest in great bands of the past," Kallman says.

Finding rare gems used to mean scouring used record stores, garage sales and classifieds. Paid downloads and illegal file-sharing allow easy sampling and cherry-picking. Among the more popular digital tracks, according to SoundScan: Elvis Presley's *A Little Less Conversation*, Queen's *Bohemian Rhapsody*, Peter Gabriel's *In Your Eyes* and Elton John's *Tiny Dancer*.

"Kids want to experiment, and technology facilitates that," Austin says. "They don't have to shell out 18 bucks to try something. They can preview a track for 30 seconds, and buy it for 99 cents. I'm a big fan of the record store, but it's going to be a dinosaur."

Likewise for "stagnant" radio's narrow formats that don't cater to youth's eclectic palate, Austin says.

"Young listeners are reaching for something else, and they often find it in the past. Don't be surprised if they start checking out Frank Sinatra and Rosemary Clooney."

The Internet has turned grass-roots movements into brushfires as info-age addicts steer search engines toward rock's back roads. It's a phenom that recharges the fan bases of such perennials as the Rolling Stones, ZZ Top, David Bowie, Steve Miller and Lynyrd Skynyrd, whose best-of album is a fixture on *Billboard*'s catalog chart.

"We started out appealing to the ***working-class*** blue-collar audience, and now we see their kids at our shows," Skynyrd guitarist Gary Rossington says, noting that teens in attendance aren't rookies.

"They know the words to every song, old or new, and they know our whole history," he says, referring to the deaths of three players in a 1977 plane crash. "I hear from younger fans who learn about us from the Internet or VH1 or their parents or maybe something Kid Rock said about us."

\* The riches of rock's golden era. Few modern-era albums linger long on the catalog chart, but hits sets and vintage landmarks, especially Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* (listed for an unprecedented 1,390 weeks), show exceptional staying power. Perennials include Bob Marley's *Legend*, AC/DC's *Back in Black* and Queen's *Greatest Hits.* The Beatles, Dylan, Rolling Stones and Zeppelin are reliable sellers.

Why are kids taking nostalgia trips to their parents' playgrounds? Zeppelin's bait, says Kallman, is "mythic lifestyles and iconic personas. The music is grandiose and gentle, shaped by blues and heavy metal and textured by British folk and California psychedelia."

Plus, "they turned the amps up and played as loud as they could," says Jeffrey Logan, a junior at Los Angeles Center for Enriched Studies, where he founded a Zeppelin fan club called Led Heads.

Members gather to share and analyze classic rock on MP3s, burned CDs and DVDs. Though he admires such modern acts as the White Stripes, Jet, Green Day and Offspring, Jeffrey worships Hendrix, Black Sabbath, Kiss, Bowie, Pink Floyd, The Who, The Beatles and similar vets. And he has a whole lotta love for Led Zeppelin.

"Every single song had a unique and flamboyant riff," Jeffrey says. "I love the crazy guitar and Robert Plant's screaming voice. Their music is unpredictable and outrageous. It's a lost genre. We formed this club to spread the word."

Jeffrey, 17, doesn't mind that his heroes were also his parents' faves and that many of them are dead or eligible for Social Security. "They're just very cool old people," he says, adding wistfully, "I wish they were still young so I could experience them in their heyday. Music back in the day was about the sound, not about the image like it is now. New bands like Simple Plan and Rooney are kind of repetitive and wimpy. It's all going downhill."

\* The paucity of contemporary rock idols. Oldies fill a void, says Kristin Clarke of Park Ridge, Ill.

"Before I listened to classic rock, there was nothing I really liked," says the Lincoln Middle School eighth-grader. "Every new band has one good song and the rest of the CD is garbage. On old rock albums, every song is great. I'm always hitting the repeat button."

Kristin, 13, got hooked through her brother's AC/DC and Kiss records, Pink Floyd cliques at school and Chicago's classic rock station, WLUP (The Loop).

"At first it was weird, but I became totally addicted," she says. "Aerosmith's my favorite. I think Steven Tyler is the coolest. Their stuff sounds so good, who cares how old they are? It's just fun."

Fun is one lure drawing young Americans to rock's golden years.

Today's music 'clouded by cynicism'

"Look at (the late Who drummer) Keith Moon's cheeky impudence," says Beatles expert Lewis. "Eddie Vedder's image suggests he'd cancel a tour if he broke a fingernail, it would be such a trauma. So much of original music today is clouded by cynicism, a blase attitude, irony and flippancy.

"Young people like to feel uplifted, but the culture has a sneer on its face so they turn to music, albeit frozen in time, that has an exuberant optimism. Artists in the '60s and to a degree in the '70s dared to hope, perhaps naively, that things could get better. Teens *should* be joyous and optimistic. There's plenty of time to be bitter and twisted later."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, Color, Sam Ward, USA TODAY (ILLUSTRATION); PHOTO, B/W; PHOTO, B/W, Island; PHOTO, B/W, Hollywood; PHOTO, B/W, Polydor; GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY, Source: Billboard, April 3, 2004. USA TODAY research by Ken Barnes (BAR GRAPH); Pink Floyd: Dark Side a perennial. <>Marley: His Legend lives on.<>Queen: Transcends decades.<>AC/DC: Back in Black is back.<>Classic rock built to last (graphic)

**Load-Date:** March 30, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Now in theaters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:401R-JPJ0-00C6-D04D-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 14, 2000, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 1707 words

**Byline:** Mike Clark and Susan Wloszczyna

**Body**

Black and White

\* ½ (out of four)

Writer/director James Toback's latest feels like a Robert Altman

movie with an hour removed and the rest shuffled arbitrarily.

Expounding upon racial dynamics that have fascinated the filmmaker

at least back to 1978's *Fingers*, the movie begins with

hip-hop culture permeating the lives of middle-class white youth.

Then it veers into haphazardly integrated subplots that showcase

a cast full of surprises that includes Claudia Schiffer playing

the girlfriend of the NBA's Allan Houston. At least Brooke Shields

gets a chance to share a scene or two with Mike Tyson, who provides

some perhaps intentional laughs. (R: violence, sexuality, language)

-- Mike Clark

Erin Brockovich

\* \* \* ½

A quintessentially "American underdog" saga, this muckraking

"issue" picture is also a first-rate office comedy of prickly

exchanges. Erin (Julia Roberts) is a twice-divorced single mother

who smells something fishy in a case in the law firm where she

works. Albert Finney is the rumpled boss who's wary of pursuing

the lawsuit against the water-polluting Pacific Gas & Electric

that her sleuthing has made viable. Unlike the screen version

of *A Civil Action*, director Steven Soderbergh's first commercial

success is both entertaining and successful at conveying the maladies

the plaintiffs endured. The movie feels a bit pat, but it's easy

to go with the flow when you know about the true-life happy ending.

(R: language) -- M.C.

Final Destination

\* \*

The fright plan for this turbulent tale of a teen who envisions

a plane exploding before it happens, and saves himself and six

others, employs the usual instruments of terror. As the seven

discover that death can't be cheated so easily, we are subjected

to lightning storms, windblown curtains, creepy shadows, John

Denver songs. What, *Rocky Mountain High* never gave you

the willies? The joke is that the folk singer died in a plane

crash, and his songs signal that someone will meet a bad end.

This is one terror ride that isn't afraid to laugh in the face

of death. But you'll giggle along only if you value cheap jolts

over solid storytelling. This is no *Sixth Sense*. This is

sick nonsense. (R: violence, terror, language) -- Susan Wloszczyna

Here on Earth

\* ½

Doing its best to deflate the ascending careers of two attractive

leads, this post-college disease pic arrives in the 30th anniversary

year of *Love Story*. Chris Klein (*Election*, *American*

*Pie*) is the dad-dominated valedictorian ordered by a judge

to help rebuild the rural diner he's been partly responsible for

leveling. Leelee Sobieski (*A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries*)

is the owner's offspring -- back home after having lost her track

scholarship to a knee injury that has turned out malignant. At

least *Love Story* was so long ago that it didn't try to

give an omelet-making scene a rock video feel. (PG-13: sensuality,

themes) -- M.C.

High Fidelity

\* \* ½

No one can top John Cusack when it comes to pining over the vagaries

of modern courtship after his raised boombox serenade in *Say*

*Anything*. So it hurts to admit this romantic comedy about

a surly owner of a vinyl-record shop isn't very romantic and is

only half as funny as it thinks it is. The bright spot is when

Cusack and his two-man staff one-up each other with arcane top-5

lists, such as best songs about death. Based on the 1995 cult

novel, the movie forces Cusack's commitment phobe to speak to

the camera and ruminate on his current breakup and past girlfriends.

The parade of female talent, ranging from the star's sister Joan

to Catherine Zeta-Jones, offers welcome relief from the male angst.

(R: language, sexuality) -- S.W.

Joe Gould's Secret

\* \*

After faring beautifully with the 1950s in *Big Night* and

semisuccessfully with the '30s in *The Impostors*, actor/director

Stanley Tucci finally finds a decade that licks him: the literary

1940s as typified by Greenwich Village, editor Harold Ross' *New*

*Yorker* offices and a lot of neighborhood saloons. Based on

Joseph Mitchell's writings about an ill-groomed eccentric who

spent years bragging about his mammoth work-in-progress oral history

of Village denizens, the movie is packed with long takes with

two or three actors and minimal movement. More often than not,

these actors are Tucci (as Mitchell) and Ian Holm (as oddball

Gould) -- one low-key performer unable to play off the other.

The movie has a brain, but it's been sedated. (R: language, brief

nudity) -- M.C.

Me Myself I

\* ½

Rachel Griffiths' likability gets tested in the latest movie about

a person given the chance to live an alternate existence -- thehook that sustained *It's a Wonderful Life* (great),

several *Twilight Zone* episodes (mostly mighty good) and

Gwyneth Paltrow's *Sliding Doors* (approaching the dregs).

This Australian comedy-drama, which *is* the dregs, casts

the *Hilary and Jackie* Oscar nominee as a single magazine

journalist who, fearing 40, gets a chance to see what life would

have been like had she married the love of her life and had three

children. This Sony Pictures Classic release is classic only in

the sense that it may hold the record for scenes in which nothing

of interest occurs. It definitely holds the record for toilet-training

sequences, of which there are at least two too many. (R: sexuality,

language) -- M.C.

Price of Glory

\* ½

The talents of a spirited cast are wasted in this predictable

boxing saga that casts Jimmy Smits as a former champion who coaches,

trains and bullies his three sons into the same career. Without

the Mexican-American touches, the story would have been wholly

familiar to audiences a half-century ago. But in those days, it

would have made a fast-paced 74-minute time-filler on the bottom

half of a double feature. This year's version is two wearying

hours long. (PG-13: violence, language, brief drug content) --

Andy Seiler

Ready to Rumble

\*

Ringside antics for those who think TV wrestling is too restrained

and intellectual. At least the matches on the tube are better

scripted and have fewer poop jokes than this pile driver to the

brain. *Rumble* dips into the shallow end of the *Dumb*

*and Dumber* gene pool and comes out with David Arquette and

Scott Caan as two rasslin'-obsessed rubes who worship Oliver Platt's

chubby champ. Grief-stricken when their hero suffers a career

blow, they set out to rehabilitate the beer-guzzling bum and urge

him to reclaim his title in a Vegas showdown. As *Rumble* crawled

to its conclusion, a beefcake circus of idiocy and belly flops,

I waited for the inevitable reference to Arquette's obnoxious

1-800-CALL-ATT ads. And wondered how Caan could have inherited

dad James' good looks but none of his talent. (PG-13: language,

crude humor, sexual content, brief nudity, wrestling violence)

-- S.W.

Return to Me

\* \* ½

A man (David Duchovny) unknowingly falls for the woman (Minnie

Driver) who received his late wife's heart in a transplant operation.

Sounds like hooey and it is. But those who enjoy the occasional

guilty soak in tear-drenched suds while being serenaded by the

likes of Frank and Dean (no last names, please) will be pleasantly

relieved that this Chicago-set fairy tale has its clichéd

charms. Acting like geriatric cupids are Carroll O'Connor and

Robert Loggia, co-owners of an Italian-Irish bistro. First-time

director Bonnie Hunt wisely employs her own comic talents as Driver's

best pal, a mouthy mother of five who shares a zingy Alice-Ralph

thing with husband James Belushi. (PG: language, thematic elements)

-- S.W.

The Road to El Dorado

\* \* ½

The DreamWorks cartoon feature hitches a ride atop an old war

horse of a plot as it steals from those Hope and Crosby buddy

outings of yore. But despite Kevin Kline and Kenneth Branagh's

robust vocal work, their greedy Spanish con men who pose as gods

and scam the citizens of the City of Gold are lesser mortals than

Bob and Bing. And Rosie Perez's thief Chel, with her skimpy garb

and street smarts, is more Lopez than Lamour. The animation at

times bursts forth like Peter Max on peyote, and the Latin-spiced

songs by Elton John and Tim Rice are serviceable. But how divine

can a comedy be if the heroes are upstaged by their sassy yet

silent steed sidekick? (PG: mild thematic material, language)

-- S.W.

Romeo Must Die

\* \* ½

What foot through yonder window breaks? Must belong to Jet Li,

whose sideways pinwheel spins and physics-defying acrobatics are

among the few things in this pop-culture cocktail of Shakespeare,

hip-hop and kung fu that soars above the mundane. The plodding,

play-it-safe plot -- based loosely on *Romeo and Juliet*

-- concerns rival Asian and black family-run gangs. Li's wrongly

imprisoned cop busts out of his Hong Kong cell and hightails it

to Oakland after learning of his brother's murder and runs into

Aaliyah, the R&B sweetheart in her movie debut. Wouldn't you

know, their fathers (Delroy Lindo, Henry O) are the leaders of

the rival factions. No romance, but Li and Aaliyah have charisma

to spare. Best to get your kicks from the eight spectacular fight

sequences. (R: violence, language, nudity) -- S.W.

Rules of Engagement

\* \*

Eighty-three Yemeni protestors are dead in an American embassy

rescue mission gone wrong, and the chief Marine colonel rescuer

(Samuel J. Jackson) is held responsible. Director William Friedkin

so concentrates on the action in this expensively mounted potboiler

that he seems oblivious to plot problems once Jackson enlists

his old buddy (fellow colonel Tommy lee Jones) to defend him.

Pushing enough hot buttons to make it this year's Paramount Pictures

equivalent of last year's *The* *General's Daughter*,

this howler so loads the dice that its villain is played by the

same actor (Bruce Greenwood) who gave Ashley Judd so much trouble

in the (also Paramount) hit *Double Jeopardy*. (R: war violence,

language) -- M.C.

The Skulls

\* ½

This boneheaded thriller is about Ivy Leaguers recruited to join

secret campus societies that provide a lifelong career boost.

Joshua Jackson (*Dawson's Creek*) uses all three of his expressions

as a ***working-class*** scholar who has the grades but not the funds

or connections to go to law school. He is lured into the Skulls,

and the sudden $ 20,000 bonus and a spiffy sports car more than

make up for the outlandish rituals he must endure. But then his

non-Skull roomie is found hanged, and Jackson suspects foul play.

At this point, *The Skulls* cracks and heads into titter-provoking

paranoid overdrive. (PG-13: themes, sexual material, language)

-- S.W.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, MGM; Matters of the heart: David Duchovny falls for Minnie Driver, who's coincidentally the recipient of his dead wife's heart, in Return to Me.

**Load-Date:** April 14, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Mark your calendar Things to do through the end of summer in DuPage County***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7WC6-DPN1-2PKM-P03Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

August 11, 2009 Tuesday

D1 Edition

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**Section:** NEIGHBOR; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2829 words

**Body**

Today

Bloomingdale's summer concerts are at 7 p.m. Aug. 11 and 18 in Old Town Park, 111 Third St. Bring lawn chairs or a blanket. Rockwell performs Aug. 11 and American English Aug. 18. Free. Info: bloomingdaleparks.org.

\* Children ages 4 to 12 make comic book-themed crafts from 1 to 3 p.m. Aug. 11 and 18 at the Elmhurst Historical Museum, 120 E. Park Ave. Cost: $2. Registration not required; children must be accompanied by an adult. Info: (630) 833-1457 or elmhursthistory.org.

\* Lombard Historical Society docents do living history demonstrations from 10 to 11:30 a.m. at Lombard's French Market. The schedule includes butter churning Aug. 11, basket weaving Aug. 18 and canning Aug. 25. The French Market runs 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Tuesdays through October on North Park Avenue in downtown Lombard. Info: lombardhistory.org.

Wednesday 12

Cowboy Randy Erwin shares stories and music and demonstrates rope tricks at 7 p.m. at the Addison Public Library, 4 Friendship Plaza. Free; tickets required. Info: (630) 458-3338.

\* Luke Niermann from World Relief in Wheaton presents a program in English and Spanish about how to become a U.S. citizen from 7 to 8 p.m. at the Glenside Public Library, 25 E. Fullerton Ave., Glendale Heights. Free. Info: (630) 260-1550.

\* The Lombard Garden Club has prairie restoration work days from 7:30 to 11:30 a.m. Wednesdays through October at Terrace View Park, Elizabeth Street and Greenfield Avenue, Lombard. Info: (630) 627-3982 or gardencentral.org/illinois/lombard.

\* See the animated film "Coraline" at 3 p.m. at the Helen M. Plum Memorial Library, 110 W. Maple St., Lombard, The movie, rated PG, is based on a book by Neil Gaiman. Free. Info: (630) 627-0316 or plum.lib.il.us.

\* Families learn about nature and roast marshmallows over a campfire from 7 to 9 p.m. at Fullersburg Woods Nature Education Center, 3609 Spring Road, Oak Brook. Cost: $3 per person, $10 per family. Reservations required. Info: (630) 850-8110 or dupageforest.com.

Thursday 13

Wood Dale Public Library's annual ice cream social runs 6:30 to 8:30 p.m. at the library, 520 N. Wood Dale Road. The event includes entertainment by Suzette the Balloon Artist. Registration required. Free. Info: wooddalelibrary.org or (630) 766-6762.

\* The League of Women Voters of Glen Ellyn's annual Wine and Cheese New Member Event is at 7 p.m. at a home in Glen Ellyn. State Rep. Sandra Pihos will speak about Illinois government. To attend: (630) 835-6959 or [*info@lwvge.org*](mailto:info@lwvge.org) Info: lwvge.org.

\* Learn the origins of American idioms during tours on the hour from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Aug. 13-17 and 20-24 at Kline Creek Farm, 1N600 County Farm Road, West Chicago. Info: (630) 876-5900 or dupageforest.com.

\* The Oak Brook Park District's Music in the Park concerts are at 7 p.m. Thursdays through Aug. 27 in the Gazebo, 1450 Forest Gate Road. Free. Info: (630) 645-9590.

Friday 14

Wood Dale Prairie Days runs 6 to 11 p.m. Aug. 14, 3 to 11 p.m. Aug. 15 and 1 to 6 p.m. Aug. 16 at Wood Dale Road and Commercial Street. The event includes a carnival, fireworks at dusk Saturday, musical entertainment, food and more. Free. Info: (630) 787-3712 or wooddale.com.

\* The DuPage Forest Preserve offers a fishing clinic for beginners from 6 to 8 p.m. at Herrick Lake on Butterfield Road, one mile west of Naperville Road, Wheaton. Ages 5 and older are welcome; participants 15 and younger must be accompanied by an adult. Free. Reservations required. Info: (630) 933-7248 or dupageforest.com.

\* Learn to catch catfish from 6 to 8 p.m. at Songbird Slough Forest Preserve on Mill Road, a half-mile south of Irving Park Road, Itasca. For ages 8 and older; participants 15 and younger must be accompanied by an adult. Reservations required. Free. Info: (630) 933-7248 or dupageforest.com.

\* Adults get an in-depth look at the lives of birds from 7:30 to 9 a.m. at Fullersburg Woods Nature Education Center, 3609 Spring Road, Oak Brook. Cost: $10. Reservations required. Info: (630) 850-8110 or dupageforest.com.

\* Montini Catholic High School's 20th annual Bronco Classic Golf Outing begins with registration at 9 a.m. at St. Andrews Golf and Country Club on Route 59, north of North Avenue, West Chicago. Players tee off at 11 a.m. The event includes on-course contests, silent auction, raffles, breakfast, lunch and dinner. Cost: $150. Proceeds benefit Montini Catholic. Register: [*mcrotty@montini.org*](mailto:mcrotty@montini.org) or montinialumni.org/golf2009.

\* Roselle's Cruise Nights are 6 to 9 p.m. Fridays through Sept. 25 on Main Street, from Roselle Road to Prospect Street. The event includes music, trophies and giveaways. Info: roselle.il.us or cruiseroselle.com.

Saturday 15

Learn strategies for surviving the recession from 8:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. at the DuPage County Administration Building, 421 N. County Farm Road, Wheaton. A workshop about getting assistance with health care, employment and food is at 9 a.m. and noon. From 10 a.m. to noon, the DuPage Homeownership Center presents a foreclosure prevention program. The event also includes information about state and local programs to help with home repairs, utility bills, school fees and more. Free. Info: (630) 260-2500, ext. 2501, or dhoc.org.

\* DuPage Forest Preserve's Family Day is 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. at Mayslake Peabody Estate, 1717 W. 31st St., Oak Brook. A nature walk begins at 9:30 a.m. and archery lessons are noon to 2 p.m. The event also includes historic re-enactors, an art exhibit, children's activities, music and fishing. Visitors may bring picnics. Free. Info: (630) 206-9566 or dupageforest.com.

\* Villa Park Recreation's Patron Appreciation Day is 1 to 6 p.m. at Lufkin Pool, 1000 S. Ardmore Ave. The event includes music, entertainment and a bags tournament. Admission: $5 for residents, $6 for others, free for season pass holders. Info: (630) 834-8970 or vprd.org.

\* West Suburban Symphony Festival Orchestra presents "Vive la France!" at 8 p.m. at Cantigny Park, 1S151 Winfield Road, Wheaton. Tickets; $10 in advance, $15 at the gate. Info: Cantigny.org or (630) 260-8162.

\* Lake Park High School marching band members go door-to-door collecting donations for their annual Tag Day fundraiser from 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. in Bloomingdale, Hanover Park, Itasca, Keeneyville, Medinah, Roselle and Wood Dale. Proceeds help fund band activities. Info: Pam Malek at (630) 935-2933.

\* Roselle's Main Street Market runs 8 a.m. to noon Saturdays through Oct. 10 along Main Street downtown. Info: (630) 307-0949 or roselle.il.us.

\* Lombard's Cruise Nights are 6 to 10 p.m. Saturdays through Sept. 12 along St. Charles Road and Park Avenue. Entertainment: Crown Vics, Aug. 15; Vinyl Highway, Aug. 22; Fast Eddie and the Corvettes, Aug. 29; Flashback '50s DJ, Sept. 5 and 12. Info: (630) 620-5718 or villageoflombard.org.

Sunday 16

The Carmen DeGiovine Memorial Ride, a century bike ride sponsored by Naperville Sunrise Rotary, raises money for DuPage PADS. Riders can start at 6:30 a.m. from Crone Middle

School, 111th and 248th streets, Naperville; recreational riders and families can check in until noon. Routes of 20, 40, 55, 85 and 102 miles are planned. Cost: $25 online at napervillesunrise.com/Ride, $30 by mail, $35 on-site. Info: [*Ride2009@napervillesunrise.com*](mailto:Ride2009@napervillesunrise.com)

\* Registration closes for the Northeastern Area Agency on Aging's fourth annual Senior Idol Talent Competition auditions at the Senior Lifestyle Expo Sept. 2-3 at Drury Lane in Oakbrook Terrace. Singers, dancers, comedians and musicians 60 or older may participate. Finalists compete for cash prizes Sept. 3. All contestants receive 10 free passes to the expo. Cost: $10 for individuals, $20 for groups. Info: seniorlifestyleexpo.org, (630) 293-5990 or [*krobey@ageguide.org*](mailto:krobey@ageguide.org)

\* Medinah Shriners Chili Cook-Off 2009 starts at 10 a.m. at Medinah Shrine Center, 550 N. Shriners Drive, Addison. Contestants and tasters wanted. Sanctioned and open classes. Contestant fee: $25 per entry, $35 to enter both classes. Taster cost: $10 per person, $25 per family. Info: medinah.org or (630) 889-1400.

\* Cantigny Park celebrates French Connection Day from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. at 1S151 Winfield Road, Wheaton. Includes French open market; French music; wine tasting; French food; First Division Museum photo display of Cantigny, France; 23-foot Eiffel Tower replica; and kids activities. Free, $5 parking fee. Info: Cantigny.org.

\* The seventh annual Asian/Pacific Festival runs 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. at the Community Concert Center in Central Park, 104 E. Benton Ave., Naperville. Includes entertainment from a variety of ethnic groups, exhibits and arts and crafts. Info: (630) 355-4322.

Monday 17

The Chicago Bulls/Verizon Wireless Charity Golf Outing starts at 8 a.m. at White Pines Golf Club, 500 W. Jefferson St., Bensenville. The event includes appearances by Bulls players, broadcasters and coaches; 18 holes of golf; on-course contests; raffles; silent auction; breakfast and lunch. Cost: $225 per golfer, $900 per foursome. Proceeds benefit CharitaBulls and Prevent Child Abuse America. Register: bulls.com; (312) 455-4122 or [*cr@bulls.com*](mailto:cr@bulls.com)

\* The eighth annual Prairie Trail Storytelling Festival, featuring professional storyteller Marie Ringenberg and Glen Ellyn students, runs 6 to 8:30 p.m. at Glen Ellyn Public Library, 400 Duane St., Glen Ellyn. Info: (630) 469-0879.

Tuesday 18

A golf outing to benefit the Heritage YMCA Strong Kids Campaign begins with a shotgun start at 1:30 p.m. at Tamarack Golf Club, 24032 Royal Worlington Drive, Naperville. Cost: $150 for 18 holes, contests, lunch, drinks, steak dinner, silent auction, awards reception at Tommy Nevin's Pub; $100 for banquet, open bar, auction. Info: golfinvite.com/tommynevinsymca.

Wednesday 19

Itasca Park District's Family Concert Series, Music at the Gazebo, features Andrew Jess at 7 p.m. Aug. 19 and Soda at 6 p.m. Sept. 9 in Usher Park, Walnut Street and Irving Park Road. Bring a lawn chair or blanket. Free. Info: itascaparkdistrict.com.

Thursday 20

West Suburban Italian Fest runs Aug. 20-23 at Centennial Park, 1776 W. Centennial Place, Addison. Musical entertainment, food, wine, games and more. Cost: $5-$7, free for children 12 and younger. Info: onestientertainment.com.

Friday 21

Plain White T's, a band with members from Villa Park whose hit "1,2,3,4" has gone platinum, performs with special guest Lovehammers at 7 p.m. at the Morton Arboretum, 4100 Route 53, Lisle. Tickets: $28 in advance, $30 at the gate; discounts for arboretum members. Info: mortonarb.org or (630) 725-2066.

\* Glen Ellyn Historical Society's bake sale starts at 7:30 a.m. at the Glen Ellyn Farmers Market in the Main Street parking lot between Duane and Hillside in downtown Glen Ellyn. Info: (630) 469-6372.

Saturday 22

Medinah Family Fest runs 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. at Thorndale Recreation Center and Park, 22W130 Thorndale Ave., Medinah. The event includes entertainment, a petting zoo, children's activities, an animal show, demonstrations and free hot dogs and pop. Free. Info: (630) 893-2560 or medinahparkdistrict.org.

\* Glen Ellyn Festival of the Arts features work by more than 50 artists from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Aug. 22-23 at Lake Ellyn, Linden Street and Lenox Road, Glen Ellyn. The event also includes music, children's activities and food. Free. Info: glenellynlions.org.

\* A Lincoln Symposium, co-sponsored by the Civil War Roundtable of Chicago and the Lincoln Bicentennial Coalition, runs 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. at the Lisle Hilton, 3003 Corporate Drive, Chicago. Cost: $65. Info: (798) 672-8162 or (630) 752-1330.

\* Folk musicians Nanci Griffith and Shawn Colvin take the stage at 7 p.m. at the Morton Arboretum, 4100 Route 53, Lisle. Tickets: $45 in advance, $47 day-of; discounts for arboretum members. Info: mortonarb.org or (630) 725-2066.

\* Woofstock features dog yoga, obstacle courses, doggy costume contests, dog grooming and other fun for man's best friends and their people from 10 a.m. to noon in Odlum Park in Roselle. Register through the Roselle Park District. Free for Pooch Pass holders, $5 for others. Info: (630) 984-4200 or [*www.roselleparkdistrict.org*](http://www.roselleparkdistrict.org).

\* Buy a backpack from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. at the Lands' End shop at Sears in Oakbrook Center and Lands' End will donate a backpack to Woodridge Community Pantry to distribute to those in need. Info: (630) 512-9921 or wcpinc.org.

Sunday 23

Bensenville/Wood Dale Concert Band celebrates Bensenville's 125th anniversary with music from each decade at 6 p.m. at Town Center Park, Green and Center streets, Bensenville. Info: (630) 766-4642.

\* Disney's "High School Musical: Summer Celebration!" featuring actors performing songs from the movies, begins at 3 and 7 p.m. at the Morton Arboretum, 4100 Route 53, Lisle. Tickets: $25 in advance, $27 day-of, $90 family four-pack in advance; discounts for arboretum members. Info: mortonarb.org or (630) 725-2066.

Monday 24

The After Hours Film Society presents "An Intimate Evening with the Plain White T's" at 7:30 p.m. at the Tivoli Theatre, 5021 Highland Ave., Downers Grove. The Grammy-nominated band, with members from Villa Park, leads an evening of film and video, a question-and-answer session and an acoustic concert. Costs: $25. Info: (630) 534-4528 or afterhoursfilmsociety.com.

Thursday 27

Rich Cronberg, author of "Chicago Stories … and Other Thoughts from A ***Working Class*** Guy," visits from 7 to 8 p.m. at the Glen Ellyn Public Library, 400 Duane St., Glen Ellyn. Free. Register: gepl.org or (630) 790-6630.

Friday 28

Elmhurst Artists' Guild has a reception for its exhibit "Portraits of the Urban Landscape in Watercolor" from 7 to 9 p.m. at the Elmhurst Art Museum, 150 Cottage Hill Ave., Elmhurst. The display, which features the work of artist Tony Armendariz, runs through Sept. 11. Free. Info: (630) 279-1009 or elmhurstartistsguild.org.

Saturday 29

Jazz at Sunset, sponsored by WDCB-FM 90.9, features performers on the lawn at College of DuPage's McAninch Arts Center, 425 Fawell Blvd., Glen Ellyn. Gates open at 5 p.m.; concert starts at 5:30 p.m. The lineup includes Andreas Kapsalis and Goran Ivanovic, Sabertooth Jazz Quartet and Bobby Lewis Quartet. Bring blankets, lawn chairs and picnics. Tickets: $20, $18 for seniors, $10 for students and youth. Info: (630) 942-4000 or atthemac.org.

\* The Anima Golf Social and Croquet Tournament starts at 3 p.m. at River Bend Golf Club, 5900 S. Route 53, Lisle. Cost: Golf and dinner, $75; croquet, dinner and margarita bar, $55. Proceeds benefit the Anima Young Singers scholarship fund. Register: animasingers.org or (630) 858-2471.

\* An Indian Cultural Festival features art, music, dance, drama and food from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. at the Naperville Community Concert Center in Central Park, 104 E. Benton Ave. Free. Info: (630) 355-5468 or indianculturalfestival.org.

\* The Lombard Historical Society seeks antique vendors for its annual antique and collectibles bazaar from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Aug. 29-30 at the Victorian Cottage Museum, 23 W. Maple St., Lombard. Cost: $20 for one day, $30 for both days. Info: (630) 629-1885; [*lombardhistory@att.net*](mailto:lombardhistory@att.net) or lombardhistory.org.

Sunday 30

The Windrunners running club's 22nd annual 10K, a benefit for Special Olympics, starts at 8 a.m. at Danada Forest Preserve, 3S508 Naperville Road, south of Butterfield Road, Wheaton. Cost: $27, $25 for Chicago Area Runners Association members in advance; $30 race day. Info: signmeup.com/63713.

Sept. 4

Last Fling says goodbye to summer with four days of music, carnival, food and contests stretching from Rotary Hill along the Riverwalk and Jackson Avenue to Main Street in Naperville. Free admission. Hours: 5-11 p.m. Sept. 4; 10 a.m.-11 p.m. Sept. 5 and 6; 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sept. 7. Info: lastfling.org.

Sept. 5

Graue Mill & Museum's annual Civil War Encampment is 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sept. 5 and 6 at 3800 S. York Road, Oak Brook. Info: (630) 920-9720.

\* The annual Skaters Picnic features professional demonstrations, free lunch and contests from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. at the Centennial Beach Skate Park, 500 W. Jackson Ave., Naperville. Free. Info: (630) 527-6562 or kidsmatter2us.org.

\* Theatre-Hikes performs the play "The Duck Variations" during a low-impact hike at 5 p.m. at the Morton Arboretum, 4100 Route 53, Lisle. Adult tickets: $24 in advance, $25 at the gate. Children's tickets: $15 in advance, $18 at the gate. Discounts for members. Info: mortonarb.org.

Sept. 6

Theatre-Hikes performs the play "The Duck Variations" during a five- to six-mile bike ride at 5 p.m. at the Morton Arboretum, 4100 Route 53, Lisle. Tickets: $42 in advance, $45 at the gate; discounts for members. Info: mortonarb.org.

Sept. 7

The final day of Naperville's Last Fling opens with the Fling Mile at 9:30 a.m. The one-mile run starts at Naperville North High School, heads south on Mill Street to Jefferson Avenue, turns east to Eagle Street and south to the finish line on the Eagle Street Bridge. The Last Fling Labor Day Parade steps off at 10 a.m. and follows the race route to Jefferson Avenue, turns south on Main Street to Porter Avenue, west to Webster Street and south to Hillside Road. Free. Festival events run 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Info: lastfling.org.

**Graphic**

Marcelle [*Bright/mbright@dailyherald.com*](mailto:Bright/mbright@dailyherald.com) Torrie Webber, 6, left, of Plainfield, and Delaney O’Neal, 3, of Oak Brook, bounce down the slide on the moon jump during the Oak Brook Park District’s second annual Summerpalooza in Oak Brook. The pair also had their faces painted. festival.

**Load-Date:** August 11, 2009

**End of Document**



[***Angel in owner's box***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BSV-B7D0-010F-K2M5-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

February 25, 2004, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1816 words

**Byline:** Greg Boeck

**Dateline:** TEMPE, Ariz.

**Body**

TEMPE, Ariz. -- Arte Moreno got his hands dirty with all the other dads. He dug holes for the outfield fence. He put up the lights. He raked the field and lined it. In time, he helped turn a pile of rocks into a Little League field of dreams for a Phoenix youth program in which his son played in the late 1990s.

"To me, that was one of the most rewarding things I've ever done," says Moreno, a lifelong baseball fan and one-time youth baseball coach who turned a modest billboard business into an $ 8.3 billion payday and baseball ownership.

"Building a Little League field, that's where these guys come from."

Nearby, Bartolo Colon warms up his $ 51 million right arm with pitchers and catchers on the first day of spring training for the Anaheim Angels.

This is Moreno's new field of dreams, a playground where Little Leaguers have grown into millionaire big leaguers and a proving ground for the maverick newcomer who has bucked the economic tenets of the game.

Since buying the Angels from the Walt Disney Co. for $ 183 million last May and becoming the first Latino to own a major sports team, Moreno has endeared himself to his latest customers by slashing prices on tickets, souvenirs and concessions to bring kids back to the ballpark. He even turned his back on a potential $ 3 million in yearly revenue by choosing to name the ballpark Angel Stadium instead of seeking a new sponsor after Edison International opted out of its contract.

At the same time, he enraged some fellow owners by targeting $ 147 million to sign five free agents -- four of them Latino -- in a splashy offseason.

At the last owners' meeting at Troon, Ariz., last month, some owners responded to Moreno's big spending in belt-tightening times by giving him a cold shoulder. He said the snubs disappointed him more than they upset him. "Anybody cares when they are not accepted. I'm playing a game within the guidelines set up."

But Moreno isn't apologetic about signing Colon (four years, $ 51 million), right-hander Kelvim Escobar (three years, $ 18.75 million), outfielder Jose Guillen (two years, $ 6 million) and prized outfielder Vladimir Guerrero (five years, $ 70 million).

By nature, Moreno is a fierce competitor, and baseball at the top is a dog-eat-George Steinbrenner world. "Losing makes me puke," he says.

In the end, Moreno says he answers to no one but the fans.

"The fans own the team. I'm the economic caretaker."

Responding on all fronts

This is how Moreno has defined himself since childhood. The roots of his customer-is-always right mind-set that has seeded his wildly successful business career come from humble beginnings as the oldest of 11 children growing up in Tucson.

"We had a big family, but my parents were always welcoming to anybody who came to our house," says Moreno, 57. "There were always a couple extra kids hanging around. My dad would say, 'Who's this one?' "

Putting customers first paid off handsomely in business and is paying off in baseball. The Angels won the World Series the year before Moreno bought the team but drew 3 million for the first time under his watch -- 750,000 more than the championship season.

Upon taking over, Moreno expanded the $ 5 ticket for youths 12 and under to 18 and under. "If I have a stadium 90% full of kids, then I'm a happy guy. Long term, for baseball to exist as I've known it, the kids have to come to the park."

He introduced a $ 3 ticket on Tuesday nights. He cut $ 10 tickets to $ 5 Monday-Thursday. He lowered hot dog, popcorn and beer prices. He slashed the price of baseballs with an "A" logo from $ 10 to $ 5 and sold out the first night. He brought in a $ 7 cap and sold 60,000.

"One of the first nights, a ***working-class*** gentleman came up to me with his four boys, all with hats on, and he said, 'I went into the store and got my boys four hats and it cost $ 28.' "

The Angels finished 18 games out of the playoffs but scored financially. The club made $ 2.5 million more on concessions and $ 1.25 million more in souvenir sales than in 2002.

"On the business side, I don't feel challenged at all," Moreno says. "I'm very comfortable."

He addressed the baseball side in the offseason and came away with a team expected to contend for the American League championship.

"He wants to win," says Escobar, a native of Venezuela.

Escobar says Moreno's heritage -- he is fourth-generation Mexican-American -- influenced his signing. "He's the only Hispanic owner in the majors. To be part of this, I feel proud of him."

The influx of Latino players in a Southern California market heavily populated with Latinos can only entice more fans, but Moreno says he didn't target the Latino players. "Absolutely coincidental," he says. "We targeted more than those players. We looked at the whole menu."

He says his Mexican-American ethnicity is his "No. 1 pride point. Nobody is happier than when I'm down in Mexico on a beach with a beer. I love my heritage." But he downplays it as a baseball owner. "First thing is, I'm an American," says Moreno, who saw action inDa Nang in Vietnam.

He clearly has an edge, however, among the growing Latino population in the game. At the news conference introducing Guerrero, Moreno translated for his new star. He spoke Spanish to Colon in recruiting him.

And when Escobar joined the team, Moreno welcomed him in Spanish.

"It is a big deal," Escobar says. "When you are on a team and the owner is Latin, that means a lot to you as a Latin."

Working his way to the top

But Moreno seamlessly crosses cultures. He was building the billboard business with Bill Levine into the company that Infinity/CBS bought for $ 8.3 billion in 1999 when he grabbed a shovel and worked on the Little League field.

He and his wife, Carole, live in a Spanish-style, 8,750 square-foot mansion with their son, Rico, 16, and daughter Nikki, 15, in the same exclusive Phoenix neighborhood where singer Glen Campbell resides.

Moreno, who also has a son, Bryan, from a previous marriage, has a second home in La Jolla, Calif. But he is more consumed by his family than any worldly trappings.

"Being a father is the most important job a male can have," he says.

Jimmy Walker, a business associate, says Moreno would be comfortable driving a 5-year-old pickup truck to work. "He never tries to be showy or promote himself with his high net worth," Walker says.

"He hasn't changed one ounce," says Barney McShane, who runs the youth program where Moreno coached his son for 10 years and built the field. "He has no pretense."

Moreno is a quiet benefactor in charities -- he donated $ 1 million to a Jewish Community Center built in Scottsdale in honor of Levine's deceased wife -- and chooses to work behind the scenes to help his alma mater, the University of Arizona.

"He's not a guy who wants to be visible or seen," Arizona athletics director Jim Livengood says. "He's an AD's dream. He'll do anything, within reason. He doesn't say, 'I'll do this if . . . ' He's not a quid-pro-quo guy. He's almost too good to be true."

Moreno was drafted into the Army and served from 1966-68.

"If anybody went to Vietnam and told you they weren't scared, those are the ones you have to worry about," he says.

He then went to Arizona on the GI bill and got a marketing degree but had to work his way through school selling shoes. The store owner left a lasting impression on him.

"He looked to see if our hair was cut, our shoes were shined and if we had a tie on," Moreno says. "It was about how we serviced clients, and the customer is always right. I tried to carry that on."

In 1973, he got into the billboard business and ultimately redefined the industry.

He worked for a couple of billboard companies before joining Levine in 1984 at Outdoor Systems, a small Phoenix-based fixture. They turned the company into a national force, increasing sales from $ 500,000 to $ 90 million and going public in 1996. Three years later, they sold Outdoor Systems.

"The guy is unusual," says Levine, who owns 10% of the Angels. "He's very disciplined, very focused. He changed the nature of the industry. Everything is customers. Believe me, he'll take care of those fans."

Field of dreams is now his

Moreno first embraced baseball fans as one of 17 partners -- including actor Bill Murray -- in ownership of the Salt Lake City Trappers from 1985-92. Like most of the partners, Moreno never sat down at games. He mingled among the fans, drank beer and smoked cigars. "I had more fun than anyone should be allowed to have," he says.

But he also took copious notes at shareholders' meetings.

"He was very diligent in listening," says Dave Baggott, former Tappers general manager who is now president of the minor league Ogden (Utah) Raptors. "While others poured coffee and said hello to each other, he would take a legal notepad with three sharpened pencils and take notes. He'd ask questions. He was all business."

The partnership bought the team for $ 150,000 and sold it for $ 1.5 million.

Moreno has a golden touch, but he hasn't succeeded in every business move.

He got a ring as a minority shareholder in the Arizona Diamondbacks after they beat the Yankees in the 2001 World Series, but attempts to buy controlling interest in the team and replace managing general partner Jerry Colangelo failed.

"He put an offer out there that I basically presented that was not what the partners wanted to do, and he took issue with that," Colangelo says.

Moreno says, "Our differences were more business-related."

Their chilly relationship warmed recently when President Bush, on a campaign visit to Phoenix, invited the two to dinner at a local Mexican restaurant.

Moreno still owns 5% of the Phoenix Suns, the NBA team run by Colangelo. And he still goes to Diamondbacks games with Rico.

This is still his backyard, his home, where he built his field of dreams long before he bought one.

Contributing: Joseph A. Reaves, Craig Harris and Jonathan J. Higuera of *The Arizona Republic*

TEXT OF BIO BOX BEGINS HERE

Arturo 'Arte' Moreno

Born: August 1946 in Tucson.

Family: Married to Carole, his second wife; has three children.

Military: Drafted and served in the U.S. Army from 1966-68, including duty in Vietnam.

Education: Graduated from the University of Arizona with a marketing degree.

Moreno on Moreno: "I love to see the sun come up in the morning. It's a new day. I don't dwell on the past. I'm very interested in the future. I'm a planner-plotter type. I'm like 3 or 4 yards and a cloud of dust. I'm going to get there. I might not be the fastest getting there, but I'm going to get there."

Moreno on a recent dinner with President Bush: "We talked baseball. He liked the signings. I wanted to talk about his trip to Iraq on Thanksgiving Day. It was emotional for me. I was in Vietnam and saw Bob Hope."

Notable: Moreno has an article on Dallas Mavericks owner Mark Cuban in the top drawer of his desk at Angel Stadium. "I try to take little pieces from how others do their business. I'm always trying to improve."

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, Color, Nam Y. Huh, AP; PHOTOS, Color, Rob Schumacher, USA TODAY (2); PHOTO, B/W, Rob Schumacher, USA TODAY; Winging along quite well: Angels owner Arte Moreno, left, talking with manager Mike Scioscia, says he doesn't like to lose -- Losing makes me puke." Hands-on owner: Moreno has had his hands in baseball, from youth leagues to the present. Sense of pride: Angels owner Arte Moreno, talking with manager Mike Scioscia, says it was "absolutely coincidental" that he signed Latino players, saying he looked at all avenues for help.

**Load-Date:** February 25, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Britain's Blair melds policy, personality***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-G220-00C6-D0RC-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 23, 1997, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1659 words

**Byline:** David J. Lynch

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

LONDON -- Forget policy, British politics today is all about personality.

And the choice for British voters May 1 is between their bland

prime minister, John Major, and Labor Party leader Tony Blair,

a smooth-as-silk candidate and the very archetype of the modern

politician.

As the British campaign for a new Parliament, and thereby a new

prime minister, nears its final week, the personality of Anthony

Charles Lynton Blair is center stage. Indeed, Blair *is* the

Labor Party in a way that Conservative Major, barely able to control

his feuding ministers, can only envy. Consider that on the first

page of Labor's election manifesto, Blair uses the pronoun "I"

14 times while the word never appears in Major's campaign document.

But increasingly, Blair has been forced to combat charges that

he is all style and no substance. At a Edinburgh rally last week,

he ventured beyond his 10-point "contract with the people,"

to discuss his bedrock beliefs -- and ambitions. "I don't believe

politics is really about policies. I believe politics is about

the basic values we believe in, in here," he said, tapping his

chest. "For 18 years, I've been a sayer, not a doer and I got

into politics to get things done."

But repeated attacks by Conservatives may be paying off in the

parliamentary election. A poll today in *The Guardian* shows

Blair's Labor Party leading the ruling Conservatives by just five

points, 42% to 37%. Polls by other organizations have shown the

Labor lead as high as 21 points.

Regardless of the size of the lead, Blair clearly is the force

that transformed the Labor Party -- notorious losers for a generation

-- into an electoral power.In eight days, if his lead suffers

no further erosion, Blair, at 43, could move into No. 10 Downing

Street as the youngest prime minister this century. He'd also

be the first who sang lead vocals in a 1970s rock band. The group

was called Ugly Rumours.

Hard to imagine a Mick Jagger wannabe where Margaret Thatcher

once sat? Not for voters who may have grown weary of 18 years

of Conservative rule.

Where Major is wooden, Blair is animated. He's a photographer's

dream during public appearances, windmilling his hands like a

New York City traffic cop. When he smiles, his teeth seem to leap

from his mouth. The physical dynamism personifies his message:

change.

At an early April campaign appearance in Basildon, about 50 miles

south of London, Blair fielded questions from an audience of what

in the USA would be called "Reagan Democrats" in a potential

swing district. But the meeting, billed as an opportunity for

Blair to meet fence-sitting voters, was as scripted as any American

photo-op.

Geraldine Evans, 54, a pub owner, asked Blair how he would persuade

her to vote Labor for the first time. The candidate cited changes

in the party and talked about trust. Later, Evans confessed to

reporters that a local Labor official had invited her to the meeting

to ask the question.

Still, others in the Labor-friendly crowd were impressed. "He's

going to give this country back to the people and take it away

from the top 10%," said Basildon's Terry Carter, 54. "That's

where it belongs."

Blair is often compared to President Clinton. Both are ambitious,

well-educated baby boomers. Both have lawyer wives who stand as

their equals. And both have reshaped their left-of-center parties

to meet the mainstream.

But Blair isn't simply Clinton with an accent. "I think a lot

of it is overstated," Blair told USA TODAY. "Some of the problems

America is facing and that we're coping with are the same, so

there's bound to be an area of overlap."

Indeed, the analogy obscures as much as it illuminates. Blair

is much more disciplined as a candidate than Clinton. The Labor

leader also is free of the personal and financial indiscretions

that have plagued Clinton. And if Blair lacks the campaign ease

of the born-to-run American president, he is better at what the

pros call "staying on message."

"He likes things neatly organized and very tidy," says biographer

Jon Sopel.

And if Clinton came from a small town called Hope; Blair hails

from privilege. Along with his parents, Leo and Hazel Blair, and

an older brother and younger sister, he lived in Scotland and

Australia before settling in north England. At 11, he ran as a

Conservative in a mock school election.

Later, he was educated at Fettes College, a prestigious high school.

Today, he lives in London's fashionable Islington neighborhood

in a $ 600,000 home.

But life hasn't been all carefree idyll for Tony Blair. A pair

of family tragedies infused Blair with a fierce ambition. His

father, a successful lawyer and aspiring Conservative politician,

suffered a stroke while campaigning for Parliament in 1963. He

was unable to speak or support his family for three years. "This

had a big effect on Blair. It made him grow up fast," says John

Rentoul, author of a biography of the Labor candidate. "It made

him realize things wouldn't be handed to him always."

Then, just two weeks after graduating from Oxford University in

1975, Blair's mother died of cancer. Her death spurred him to

get serious about his goals, he told Sopel. "If you're looking

for a defining moment," Sopel says, "that was it."

His parents' illnesses convinced Blair that individuals need help

from others, such as the doctors of the government-run National

Health Service. This belief in community responsibility helped

lead him to Labor's social agenda.

Blair wasn't active politically at Oxford, the elite university

he attended after Fettes. But his instinctive interest in social

justice bloomed in late-night discussions of theology and philosophy.

Ever since, Blair has marched double-time through life. In the

late 1970s, he worked in a law office alongside another talented

lawyer, Cherie Booth. By 1980, they married. In 1982, Blair lost

his first election but was elected to Parliament a year later

amid a Labor wash-out.

It was four years after Britain had moved to the right with Thatcher's

first victory, but Labor still advocated unilateral nuclear disarmament,

withdrawal from the European community, and state takeover of

the largest 200 British companies. Commentators later described

the party's 1983 platform as "the longest suicide note in history."

Once in Parliament, Blair began a 14-year odyssey through the

political wilderness. The Labor Party had been established in

1906 to represent the ***working class*** of a traditional manufacturing

economy. But continued rejection by voters, the collapse of communism,

and an increasingly global economy threatened to make the party

obsolete.

It was Blair who was in the vanguard of efforts to modernize Labor.

By 1992, the various strands of his thinking came together in

a slogan that struck a chord with voters. As law-and-order --

traditionally a Conservative issue -- began to preoccupy voters,

Blair said Labor would be "tough on crime and tough on the causes

of crime."

After becoming party leader in July 1994, Blair jettisoned the

party's historic socialist pledge to achieve "common ownership

of the means of production," praised Thatcher's free market policies

and reduced union influence in the party. The result: "New Labor."

But skeptics call New Labor a marketing gimmick. Traditional left-wingers

are merely waiting for Blair to regain power before reverting

to their big government ways, they say. The candidate says no.

"We've transformed every aspect of the party: the membership,

the constitution, the program," Blair said in an interview.

To prove it, Blair offers a modest agenda: more education spending,

no increase in income tax rates, and a youth jobs program funded

by a windfall profits tax. But Blair also has pledged to follow

the Conservatives' fiscal blueprint.

Blair's shift to the right has made it hard for voters to tell

the two major parties apart. So, Conservatives are focusing their

attacks on Blair. They've assailed him for switching his positions

on defense, economics, and constitutional reform.

With Blair, the line between policy and personality isn't easily

drawn. In a spirited defense of his approach before the London

Press Club on Tuesday, he described his mission as applying traditional

left-wing values amid a changed world.

"I am modern man. And I am true to the principles of the Labor

Party throughout this century," Blair said. "If the country

feels the same, then on the second of May I should be a happy

man."

THE TWO MEN AT THE TOP

John Roy Major

Major is the 54-year-old British prime minister and head of the

Conservative Party, which has been in power for 18 years. Raised

in poverty, Major is the son of a circus performer who rose to

the top of his party under Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. He

became Thatcher's chancellor of the exchequer, the British equivalent

of Treasury secretary, and took over as prime minister on Nov.

22, 1990, after Thatcher resigned.

In 1995, Major faced dissent within Conservative ranks for Britain's

lagging economy and uncertainty about British participation in

the European Union's proposal to switch to a common European currency.

Major took a risk and threatened to step down as Conservative

leader. The move neutralized his critics then, but the May 1 election

will demonstrate how much support his party's policies and his

leadership still hold in the nation.

Anthony Charles Lynton Blair

Blair is the 43-year-old leader of Britain's Labor Party. An Oxford-educated

lawyer, Blair took over the Labor Party in July 1994 after party

leader John Smith died.

If Blair takes power after Britain's May 1 election, he will lead

a party more conservative and in some ways radically different

from the bureaucratic, trade-union dominated Labor Party, which

last ran the country in early 1979.

The biggest battle ahead, and one Blair has only half completed,

is a radical overhaul of Labor's links with unions. Created at

the turn of the century out of a desire for union representation,

Labor has always drawn the majority of its funds and its key activists

from the unions.

One of his favorite catch phrases: A party which does not change

with the time "is not a movement, it's a monument."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Ian Waldie, Reuters; PHOTO, B/W, Sean Dempsey, AP

**Load-Date:** April 23, 1997

**End of Document**



[***CANDIDATES FOR THE U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45TS-NCF0-0094-53SP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 14, 2002 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** TABS,

**Length:** 2165 words

**Body**

U.S. House

of Representatives

(Vote for one in your district)

Term: 2 years

Salary: $150,000

Duties: 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.

Question: How would you balance conflicting demands for increased defense spending, lower taxes and a balanced budget?

3rd District

Republican:

Phil English, 45, Erie

Education: B.A., University of Pennsylvania, 1978.

Occupation: U.S. representative; member, Committee on Ways and Means and Joint Economic Committee; chairman, Steel and Real Estate Caucus.

Qualifications: 1995-present, U.S. representative; minority executive director, state Senate Finance Committee; 1986, Erie city controller: the taxpayer's independent fiscal watchdog.

Answer: With the nation at war, ensuring our troops have all the tools they need is obviously our first priority. Taxes need to be lowered, and just as importantly reformed, because the current tax code remains a dead drag on the economy's ability to grow and create jobs. Aside from eliminating wasteful programs -- and there are many -- we need to promote pro-growth policies which allow the economy to expand and thereby draw revenue into the treasury.

Democrat:

No Candidate Filed

4th District

Republican:

Melissa Hart, 40, Bradford Woods

Education: B.A., Washington and Jefferson College, double major, business & German; J.D., University of Pittsburgh School of Law.

Occupation: U.S. representative.

Qualifications: Currently serving in this office, January 2001-present; Pennsylvania state senator, January 1991-January 2001.

Answer: Our federal government is charged with defending our nation. Because we are in a war situation, I believe we are responsible for properly and adequately funding defense and homeland security first. We should be attentive to funding projects and programs which will be the most effective. Certainly lower taxes are desirable and they shall once again be a priority when we win the war. During the war, we will do our best to spend appropriately and not excessively. This care will help us keep or soon return to a balanced budget.

Democrat:

Mark A. Purcell, 55, Ross

Education: High school graduate; Art Institute of Pittsburgh graduate.

Occupation: Self-employed. Owner Golden Triangle Jewelry Co.

Qualifications: Self-employed, self-motivated businessman. Served five terms as Ross commissioner. Vast experience in all matters with respect to public issues.

Answer: Defense spending has to be a top priority. I believe this can be accomplished by spreading the tax burden fairly over all, meaning business and individuals.

Stevan Drobac, Jr., 50, Center

Education: Community College of Beaver County, 1976, associate's degree, applied science.

Occupation: Retired police officer; former instructor at Community College of Beaver County, continuing education-computer classes, Word & Excel; presently on a voluntary leave of absence from US Airways as a flight attendant.

Qualifications: Presently serving my sixth year on the Center Township Water Authority board, three years as chairman and the past two years vice chairman.

Answer: Our country's defense is extremely important for the welfare and safety of every American citizen to enjoy the freedom and prosperity of life with their family, children and neighbors. Every American citizen must have an equal opportunity for employment with good wages, national health insurance and drug prescription programs implemented. The trillions of dollars we spend on foreign countries should be used to protect our homeland security and the American people first, what is left over give to foreign countries.

9th District

Republican:

David E. Bahr, 63, Chambersburg

Education: B.A. in economics, Northern Michigan University; M.B.A., Syracuse University and equivalent master's from the Industrial College of the Armed Forces.

Occupation: President, Bahr Consulting.

Qualifications: Over 33 years in federal service including four years' military service. Ten years' experience in Washington, D.C., working with the Congress on the federal budget and policy issues.

Answer: History shows that reductions in marginal tax rates, both personal and corporate, significantly increase tax revenue by stimulating economic activity. National defense is the primary function of a central government. Economies can be realized not only within the non-defense appropriations, but also from within the Defense Department itself. It is a matter of priorities, similar to the way families live within a budget.

Bill Shuster, 41, Hollidaysburg

Education: Everett High School, Everett, Pa.; Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., B.A., political science and history; master's in business administration from American University, Washington, D.C.

Occupation: Small businessman (owner, Shuster Chrysler); U.S. House of Representatives, 107th Congress.

Qualifications: It's been an honor to represent the 9th District and I hope to build on the progress we've made so far. I want to use my experience in Congress and as a small businessman to ensure our district is ready to meet the demands of a changing economy while maintaining our values and small-town nature.

Answer: The simple answer is that in reality there does not have to be a conflict. Legislators in Washington have to act fiscally responsible. There is much pork in Washington that could be cut from the budget so that we can fully fund our military, balance our budget and lower the tax burden on Americans. It is exactly in times of economic uncertainty that we must exhibit leadership in Washington and control spending.

David S. Keller, 32, Chambersburg

Education: Chambersburg Area Senior High School, 1987; Franklin and Marshall College, B.A. in government, 1991.

Occupation: Computer network consultant for digitalSunrise, the corporate sales and service division of Sunrise Computers, Chambersburg, Pa.

Qualifications: My approach to this office is "people first." And I have learned from the people that the issues of health care and jobs are directly related. Fixing America's health care problems will create economic growth and jobs.

Answer: In times of war, we are all called upon to make sacrifices. And Congress should be no different. I'm sure there are a number of pet pork projects that could be deemed less important than our nation's defense, and which should at least be postponed, if not delayed indefinitely. In light of the sacrifices being made by our troops and their loved ones, I don't think most Americans would object to this.

Democrat:

John R. Henry, No reply

12th District

Republican:

Bill Choby, 51, Johnstown

Education: Bishop McCort High School; B.S., D.M.D., University of Pittsburgh; M.P.A. Virginia Tech.

Occupation: Dentist; executive director, Cornerstone Leadership Foundation, a faith-based public charity.

Qualifications: Experience in both public and private sectors, especially with voluntary nonprofit organizations.

Answer: History has proven that lower taxes actually increase government revenues. Recent examples of this phenomenon are the robust economic growth of the Kennedy era in the 1960s and the Reagan years during the late 1980s. President Reagan's defense spending defeated the former Soviet Union while lowering taxes. The budget can be balanced by reducing spending on unconstitutional items, wasteful pork, fraud and abuse. You see, freedom is still the world's best economic stimulation.

Democrat:

Frank Mascara, 72, Charleroi

Education: B.S. education, summa cum laude, California University of Pennsylvania.

Occupation: U.S. congressman.

Qualifications: Seven years in current office; small businessman; public accountant; former chairman, Washington County commissioners.

Answer: Demands for increases in national security spending brought on by the terrible events of Sept. 11, recently enacted tax cuts and the economic downturn have made a balanced federal budget very difficult to achieve. I believe, to balance conflicting demands for increased defense spending, lower taxes and a balanced budget, Congress must insist that any increase in federal spending be accompanied by a proposal for decreasing spending from another area of federal government.

John P. Murtha, 69, Johnstown

Education: Bachelor's in economics, University of Pittsburgh; graduate work, Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

Occupation: Former small business owner/operator; member of Congress.

Qualifications: Served in the Pennsylvania General Assembly and U.S. House of Representatives; small business background; raised family in Western Pennsylvania.

Answer: I believe we'll see changes in the Bush administration budget. Serving on the Defense Appropriations subcommittee, I believe we'll see a final budget number close to what the president recommended. I believe we'll see shifts in other parts of the budget to meet Medicare, health care and education needs. I believe it's very important for jobs and the economy that we have a balanced budget and if there is deficit spending this year, we need a plan to return to a balance quickly. I believe any further tax cuts will need to wait until we're back in a balanced budget.

14th District

Republican:

No Candidate Filed

Democrat:

Mike Doyle, 48, Swissvale

Education: Penn State University, B.S., 1975; graduate, Leadership Pittsburgh.

Occupation: U.S. congressman representing Pennsylvania's 18th District.

Qualifications: Lifelong Pittsburgh resident; completing fourth term as congressman; appointed to powerful House Energy and Commerce Committee at beginning of 107th Congress; co-owner of small insurance agency; married more than 25 years, four children.

Answer: As always, achieving a balanced budget is a priority and requires a strong focus on fiscal responsibility while meeting our nation's demands such as increased defense and homeland security spending; prescription drug benefits for senior citizens; and quality education. While I support lowering taxes responsibly for those who really need help, I don't support tax cuts that are too large, economically irresponsible, and run the risk of raiding the Social Security and Medicare trust funds.

18th District

Republican

Tim Murphy, No reply

Democratic

Bob Domske, 46, West Alexander

Education: California University of Pennsylvania, economics/history/business.

Occupation: Steel worker at Allegheny Ludlum, Washington Flat Roll Plant, Washington, Pa., member of Steelworkers Local 7139.

Qualifications: I live the issues important to the voters of Pennsylvania every day. I am one of them and will go to D.C. to fight for their interests, not special interests.

Answer: Sometimes the most complex questions have the simplest answer. Cut out the pork spending. Stop the financial aid to foreign countries that would do us harm. And increase tariffs on goods brought in by companies who have taken American jobs overseas.

Jack Machek, 34, North Huntingdon

Education: U.S. Military Academy, West Point; University of Pittsburgh, M.A., public administration.

Occupation: Administrator, Norwin School District.

Qualifications: U.S. Army veteran, Clairton city manager, Private Industry Council federal grant and program coordinator, aide to Pennsylvania Sen. Edward Zemprelli, past president, Democratic Club, congressional candidate in 2000.

Answer: My priorities are to maintain a balanced federal budget that avoids deficit spending while maintaining the world's strongest military by increasing defense spending. I support lower taxes but only if we still maintain a balanced budget and protect Social Security. Middle- and ***working-class*** families are better off financially with a balanced budget because it promotes economic growth, investment performance and lower interest rates. Our families benefit by paying less for mortgages, insurance premiums, and student loans.

Larry Maggi, 51, Buffalo Township

Education: Graduate of McGuffey High School and California University of Pennsylvania; served in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Occupation: Served 24 years as a Pennsylvania state policeman and currently serving as the Washington County sheriff.

Qualifications: Born, educated and work in Washington County; active in community and veterans' activities. A Sunday School teacher and active in church.

Answer: Balancing these priorities requires a dedicated leader with vision and fortitude. As a law enforcement official and former Marine, I support America's war on terrorism. But ensuring our nation's security will have its costs. As your congressman, I will fight to bolster economic growth and fiscal discipline by limiting spending and promoting innovative economic development initiatives to empower small businesses and working families. I will also protect Social Security and Medicare from irresponsible looting to finance wasteful spending and tax cuts for the rich.

**Notes**

VOTER'S GUIDE 2002

**Graphic**

PHOTO: English, Hart, Purcell, Drobac, Bahr, Shuster, Keller, Choby, Mascara, Murtha, Doyle, Murphy, Domske, Machek, Maggi

**Load-Date:** May 14, 2002

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[***GANG OF THREE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B1R0-01K4-92ND-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 23, 1997 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1562 words

**Byline:** Steven Rea, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

On Tuesday, Feb. 11, Amir Malin, John Schmidt and Bingham Ray showed up for work a little earlier than usual. By 8:30 a.m., they were hovering around the long, sleek conference table in their Greenwich Village digs, joined by two dozen coworkers, all eyes fixed on the TV.

The gang at October Films watched as Mira Sorvino and Arthur Hiller, the silver-maned president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, sauntered on stage at the group's Beverly Hills headquarters and, in that ritual predawn reading of the names, announced the nominees for tomorrow night's 69th annual Academy Awards (Channel 6 at 9 p.m.).

And then Messrs. Malin, Schmidt and Ray, heads of the feisty indie film distributor, whooped and screamed. Five Oscar nominations for Secrets & Lies, including best picture, actress (Brenda Blethyn) and director (Mike Leigh)! An actress nomination for Emily Watson, the British newcomer who starred in Lars Von Trier's edgy, extreme Breaking the Waves !

"There was hope and there was faith," says Ray, recalling that morning last month. "But I don't think we really expected all these nominations. When it happened, it was amazing."

In this so-called Year of the Independents - with the Oscar field at tomorrow's ceremony peopled by an unknown Arkansan (Billy Bob Thornton), an Australian stage veteran (Geoffrey Rush), foreign hyphenates (Marianne Jean-Baptiste, Armin Mueller-Stahl), and a slew of pictures produced outside the Hollywood studio system - no company is more independent than the six-year-old October.

Sure, Miramax Films rules the roost with 20 nominations - including 12 for the epic The English Patient - but the high-profile operation helmed by Bob and Harvey Weinstein is a wholly owned subsidiary of Walt Disney Pictures. Fine Line Features, which released the multinominated Shine, was acquired by Time Warner in its $7.5 billion merger with Ted Turner. And Gramercy Pictures, which released the Coen brothers' Oscar-contender, Fargo, is bankrolled by PolyGram.

October, founded by Bingham Ray and Jeff Lipsky on March 1, 1991, and named after the month the friends and film buffs were born, remains untethered to a studio - despite courtships, conversations and rumors that have heated to a boiling point over the last year.

The company, which has 25 employees and a troop of dedicated interns, is known for its offbeat art-house fare: vampire flicks (lots of vampire flicks, including Nadja, Cronos, and The Addiction); Abel Ferrara's gangster opus The Funeral; Iran's The White Balloon; movies about women bonding in high school (Girls Town) and in bed (When Night Is Falling); classy French fare (Colonel Chabert, Un Coeur en Hiver), and steamy American noir (The Last Seduction).

Ray and Lipsky, who left the company in '95 to make his own film, Childhood's End, started October with one acquisition: Mike Leigh's quirky depiction of an English ***working-class*** family, Life Is Sweet. Although Leigh went on to place his dark 1993 Naked with Fine Line, the relationship between the iconoclastic London director and the idiosyncratic October has remained strong, and Secrets & Lies represents a breakthrough for both.

At the Cannes Film Festival in May, the film won the grand prize, the Palme d'Or, and best actress for Blethyn, who portrays a middle-aged Londoner who has a reunion with the grown daughter she gave up for adoption at birth. (Breaking the Waves took the runner-up award.) Since its fall release in the States, Secrets & Lies appeared on scores of year-end 10-best lists, and has won a bevy of critics prizes and Golden Globe nominations (and another award for Blethyn).

To date, the film has grossed $10.5 million - chump change for a studio pic, but solid numbers for an independent that cost $5 million to produce. If Secrets & Lies wins best picture tomorrow night - a long shot, to be sure - October stands to double its domestic dollars. And even if it loses, the luster of five nominations and a possible win for Blethyn is certain to boost theatrical and video revenue.

"I trust October," Leigh said during an interview last fall. "They're passionate about film and they're savvy marketeers." That trust seems to have been borne out: October will release Leigh's Secrets & Lies follow-up, Career Girls, this year.

"I really respect them," says D.A. Pennebaker, who codirected October's sole previous Oscar-nominated release, 1993's Clinton campaign documentary, The War Room. "They did a great job. They probably made more money out of it than we did," he laughs, "but they earned it."

Pennebaker and his partner, Chris Hegedus, are screening Ray their new film, a documentary about Broadway, as a work-in-progress. "He's one of the first people we've shown it to," Pennebaker says. "Even if he's not interested in acquiring it, I want to hear what he has to say."

Likewise, the relationship October forged with Danish director Von Trier - first with the release of his surreal hospital drama, The Kingdom, and then with Breaking the Waves - has been a long-term investment. Von Trier has invited the October triad - Ray, who runs the acquisition side of the company; Malin, the dealmaker; and Schmidt, the onetime Miramax chief financial operator who is October's strategic planning guy - to Copenhagen for a look at his new script.

"They're offering to let us read it on an exclusive, first-time kind of we-won't-show-anybody-else basis, and we're looking forward to that," says Ray. "It's a musical set here in the United States."

"Lars has said that there are parts of Denmark that look extraordinarily like the United States," Ray reports. "And I said, 'When was the last time you were here?' And he said, 'Well, I've never been there.' "

Seated in the conference room, with a stunning, stunningly huge poster of La Dolce Vita on one wall, the threesome talk about the future of their suddenly hot company - and all those rumors about an impending deal with Universal, or Paramount, or whomever.

"It's nice that people are speculating like this about us," notes Ray. "I think in many people's minds it's a natural progression. . . . But we've established ourselves as the last really truly independent, privately held company, and there's no need for us - financially speaking, we're at our peak right now, we're at our strongest - to sell out. . . . We're not walking around with one of those sandwich boards saying, 'Hey, come get us!' We're not putting out those kinds of signals. . . .

"Honestly, there is very little truth to all the rumors."

But there have been meetings.

"The key to any prospective deal is that we remain independent, that's a sine qua non to any transaction that we may do," says Malin. "A variety of people are talking to us. . . . but one thing that will not change is the independence of what we can do as a company."

But maintaining the unique, almost whimsical personality of a "boutique" outfit like October is easier said than done. Especially when a gigantic entertainment conglomerate with fistfuls of money comes calling, looking to draw a prestige specialized film division into its fold. Disney paid $80 million to acquire Miramax in 1993, but when the Weinsteins wanted to show the NC-17-rated Kids, they had to start up a new independent company to do so - there was no way Disney would release it.

"I can't imagine somebody investing that kind of money in October and then basically letting them continue to be their own company," says Bruce Sinofsky, codirector of Brother's Keeper and Paradise Lost: The Child Murders at Robin Hood Hills, and a good friend of October's Ray.

"Somebody would be smart to allow them to do that because they've done so well, but I think once the somewhat organic and pure waters of October Films are polluted by a bigger entity, it just tends to corrupt. Not intentionally, necessarily, but it just does."

Although its box office receipts are modest - Secrets & Lies is the company's biggest hit, and its new David Lynch film, Lost Highway, seems lost on the highway to profitability - October doesn't need an injection of Hollywood millions to keep going. The company has two lucrative deals with HBO and millions in capitalization from a pair of Wall Street investment concerns. Its overhead is low and its business strategies shrewd. The HBO agreement, says Malin, "allows us to compete on the same playing field with Miramax and Fine Line."

And competing with Miramax and Fine Line is exactly what October's triad will do tomorrow night, when the contenders for best picture are read off at the climax of the Oscars telecast. Are Malin, Schmidt and Ray ready to make any predictions?

"I don't know about these guys, but I'm not," says Ray, who recalls how one of his staffers typed "Show me the nominations" onto his computer screen-saver prior to the Oscar nominations. "I made him take it off. . . . I'm not a superstitious person by nature, but I got really queasy about people walking around with the expectation that we were going to nail all these nominations. That kind of energy gave me the heebie-jeebies. I think you've got to hope that we get them and not expect to get them. And the same is true with the awards."

"But Cuba Gooding's going to win for best supporting actor," interjects Malin.

"And Lauren Bacall has a lock on best supporting actress," adds Schmidt.

And neither, of course, appears in Secrets & Lies or Breaking the Waves.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO

Brenda Bleythn (left) and Marianne Jean-Baptiste in October Films' "Secrets & Lies," all tapped by Oscar.

The trio behind October Films, which distributed "Secrets & Lies" and "Breaking the Waves," are Amir Malin (left), Bingham Ray, John Schmidt. (For The Inquirer, CORI WELLS BRAUN)

Emily Watson, in "Breaking the Waves."

October Films, run by (from left) Amir Malin, Bingham Ray, and John Schmidt, remains untethered to a studio - despite courtships, conversations and rumors. (For The Inquirer, CORI WELLS BRAUN)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Well preserved;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YRF-CMD0-00J2-32GV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In an era where people rarely spend their careers with one business, Lenore Udermann has spent the past quarter-century selling Tupperware full time. She won't rest until every home within 500 miles has a piece of the plastic.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YRF-CMD0-00J2-32GV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 5, 2000, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1773 words

**Byline:** Rosalind Bentley; Staff Writer

**Body**

Certain pop culture truths we hold dear, and one of them is this: Tupperware should be burped.

     The gentle lifting of the lid, the attendant "whoosh" of air escaping the container's belly, are essential to maintaining the freshness of the leftovers inside.

     However, Lenore Udermann, a 26-year Tupperware sales veteran, wants you to know there are a handful of items, including meat, cheese and yeasty things, that should not be burped.

     Udermann, 62, explained the burping rules one evening to eight women gathered for a Tupperware party at her daughter's Maple Grove townhouse. With each exemption, the women moved closer to the edges of their seats. By item five, Nan Stevenson's eyes were wide, her mouth agape.

   "You shouldn't burp anything whipped, like fruit salad with the whipped cream, because you'll get water on the bottom, because you let all the air out," Udermann said.

     "That's what I've been doing wrong and I've been in food service all these years!" Stevenson exclaimed.

     The other women gasped and nodded in agreement. Udermann, who stood behind the mahogany dining table covered with stacks of rainbow-colored vessels , smiled.

     These are the revelations she hopes for, the transcendent moments in plastic that have kept her near the top of the region's Tupperware sales force for the past two decades and one of the Twin Cities' top managers for the past 10 years. She is a quietly persistent woman. Not too pushy, but she tempts with an array of choices you probably want more than you need.

     She knows full well that most of us make do with old supermarket deli containers and freezer bags, but somehow when she tells you that your broccoli will last longer in one of her FridgeSmart containers you believe her. That perfect grandmother aura she has \_ flesh-toned hosiery, mid-calf skirts, roller-set curls and it'll-be-OK smile \_ works in her favor.

      Be sure, Udermann is no Martha Stewart dictating the just-so placement of items on refrigerator shelves. But not unlike Stewart, Udermann has parlayed her success into tangibles of our consumer culture \_ a lake home, Hawaiian vacations, cars, and a house full of furniture and porcelain angels.

     And she will not stop as long as there's money to be made and kitchen cupboards devoid of Tupperware.

     "You know, people think any plastic is Tupperware, but it's not," Udermann said. "You have to show them the difference."

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'Give it a try'

     Tupperware's Web site has all sorts of nifty, did-you-know factoids: Somewhere in the world, a Tupperware party is started every 2.2 seconds; the product is sold in more than 100 countries; there are 1 million salespeople; last year, the company reported $1.1 billion in sales.

     Yet it doesn't convey the zealous devotion people such as Udermann have for the product.

     Certainly not all consultants are female, and not all have made a lot of money.

     But within the huge circle of U.S. managers, Udermann is part of a small, elite sorority of women who have had profitable, decades-long careers in Tupperware sales. Either oblivious to or ignoring the kitsch factor associated with being a Tupperware Lady, these women treated the product not as a spare-change maker but as a business. A business that, back when they started in the 1970s, helped them make the kind of money unavailable to most women. A business that taught them the kinds of managerial and accounting skills usually reserved for corporate workers.

    "For many women experiencing expanded domestic labor and inadequate social and economic opportunities, Tupperware was an alternative," Alison J. Clarke wrote in her new book "Tupperware: The Promise of Plastic in 1950s America." Tupperware, she said, "offered pragmatic solutions that appealed to an ostensibly ***working-class*** and lower-middle-class section of the population for whom radical social change held little promise."

     So it was with Udermann. When she began selling in 1974, she'd done some secretarial work but was waiting tables at Dehn's Country Manor in Maple Grove. Her husband, Mac, drove school buses in Robbinsdale. They did OK, but with five kids ages 7 to 14, every penny earned was one counted.

     Udermann's sister was already selling Tupperware but needed one more sales recruit to qualify as a manager. After some cajoling, Udermann agreed to have a party.

      That first night, 35 women showed up at her house in Dayton. She was scared to death. Never much of a talker, she had to convince them they needed a bunch of bowls and containers that bounced when dropped. If she got through the night, she promised herself, she'd do two more parties to satisfy her sister and then would be done with the whole mess.

      But a curious thing happened. People bought things. And she made 35 percent of the take. Then she realized that if she sold enough she'd qualify for a free, cream-colored Ford station wagon. By month six, she was selling $1,000 worth of merchandise a week, and she'd earned not only the car but a color television and a riding lawn mower. It was decision time; quit the restaurant and give up that steady paycheck to sell Tupperware full-time, or stay at Dehn's.

     Mac voted for Tupperware.

     "We had quite a few kids at that time running around, and all the running around they were doing was costing more money," he said. "And when you don't have to pay for a car, that's kinda nice."

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All in the family

     The subsequent years were a blur of material acquisition: a free company car every two years, grandfather clocks, jewelry, dining and bedroom sets, Las Vegas vacations and 19 more televisions. All bonuses for steadily rising through the ranks from consultant to manager with, at one time, as many as 78 salespeople reporting to her. When they sold something, she got a 5 percent cut on top of what she made from the four or five parties a week of her own. Things were going so well the couple used Mac's salary to pay for their suburban home and hers to cover the $700 mortgage on the Clear Lake house where they now live. In 1983 Udermann ranked among the top 50 salespeople in the nation.

     Her business acumen was getting noticed. She was approached by an independent real estate agent who wanted her to come work full time.

     "I said, 'Do they give you a car?' and she said, 'No.' So I said, 'No, I think I'll stick with Tupperware.' "

     Now here's the thing: Many women climbing a more traditional corporate ladder might have looked at Udermann's job as quaint at best; a throwback to 1950s patio days at worst. After all, she was selling cute plastic food containers at all-girl parties. But while those '80s women tried to reconcile mommy and career tracks, Udermann found she could build her work schedule around her kids' after-school activities and her husband's job. And she wasn't above putting the clan to work for her.

     "Some families watched TV at night. We unpacked Tupperware," said her daughter Susan Berenguel.

     "Oh yeah, when the Tupperware came it took over the whole house, boxes and boxes everywhere," said another daughter, Sherry Morrill. "We'd go through the orders to make sure they were all there. And that was back in the days when mom had to deliver it all."

     Her sons weren't exempt, either. "It was my job to sort it all on that big pool table we had," said Joe Udermann. "I was pretty good, too. At one time I knew my Tupperware."

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Gotta keep up

     Does Udermann still consider herself a Tupperware Lady? The question brought her this close to bristling. She adjusted the brooch on her blazer lapel and said, "Yes I still consider myself a Tupperware Lady. I still dress up to go to parties. I don't wear jeans \_ I treat this like a business."

     She still tells women to teach their husbands how to use certain items \_ particularly from the Rock 'N Serve line, because they have a little valve on the lids which, if left closed, will cause the contents to explode all over the inside of the microwave. This usually elicits giggles from her audience.

     But some things have changed, primarily the duration and style of parties. There was a time when Udermann hosted leisurely popcorn gatherings or raucous bingo nights \_ those Tupperware parties of yore. Now you can pick up a set of Wonderlier bowls at mall kiosks and from the company's online store. Corporate headquarters in Orlando claims the at-home party will never be replaced, but it has been modified to fit the schedules of women who work late, have day-care issues, are single parents, or all of the above.

     "The Tupperware party you went to as a child with your mother probably went for two hours and there were games and lots of socializing," said Lawrie Hall, Tupperware spokeswoman. "You'll see many more one-hour parties now."

      That's about Udermann's limit. The party at her daughter's house came in at one hour, 15 minutes.

     "After a long day of work, they're tired and they don't feel like going through all that," said Udermann. "So I just cut to the chase."

    In that 75 minutes, she took just under $400 in orders.

    Sharon Kahmeyer, owner of a St. Anthony-based Tupperware distributorship, said managers can make anywhere from $30,000 to $200,000 annually. While Udermann won't say how much she earns, she has consistently been at the top of Kahmeyer's sales unit. Kahmeyer characterizes the veteran's income as "very good."

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More cabinets to fill

     A few years ago, Mac Udermann retired. Or so he thought. In the evenings when his wife has a party he goes with her, loading up the minivan that Tupperware bought. He unloads it at the hostess' house and, on occasion, stays for the party, sitting quietly off to the side. Most often though, he finds a nearby Fleet Farm or Menard's to wander through while Lenore works.

     Her retirement is not imminent. She doesn't want to. There are too many perks she's not willing to give up, including the money.

     "Some day I will retire, but I'm just enjoying so much what I'm doing," she said. "You can stay with it forever."

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What to burp,

what not to burp

     Tupperware used to make a big deal about "burping" the lids of its containers to ensure freshness of the food put inside. But there are six things you do not burp. They are:

     - Meat \_ it'll get sticky and spoil real fast.

     - Cheese \_ the lack of air will make it mold quickly.

     - Anything with yeast in it \_ that mold thing again.

     - Anything that's going in the freezer \_ makes it freezer-burn faster.

     - Anything whipped \_ the lack of air will make the contents watery.

     - Any container lid that isn't round \_ it'll stretch the seal out of shape.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** March 6, 2000

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[***New con: Sneaking into school Parents lie to better kids' education***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-GB30-00C6-D0JS-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 22, 1997, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1633 words

**Byline:** John Ritter

**Dateline:** PENNSAUKEN, N.J.

**Body**

PENNSAUKEN, N.J. -- In the bitter pre-dawn cold, Marty Barrett

sits in his red pickup, smoking Marlboros and watching a modest

ranch house half a block down Walton Avenue.

Signs on his truck advertise Johnston Maintenance Co., but don't

bother calling the number. It's always busy. The company, in fact,

doesn't exist, and Barrett is no serviceman. He's here stalking

a con: a girl who attends Pennsauken's middle school but, he suspects,

does not live in Pennsauken.

Educating students whose parents don't live in the community and

don't pay taxes there costs school systems across the USA untold

millions of dollars every year. In metropolitan districts with

tight budgets, bulging classrooms, scarce resources and stingy

voters, school boards are under pressure to root out this kind

of fraud. Pennsauken's pursuit of nonresident students is dogged,

uncompromising and becoming more and more typical.

Most often, it's parents in high-crime urban areas -- Chicago,

New York, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. -- trying to get their

kids into better suburban schools. But fraud also goes on suburb

to suburb. Oak Park, Ill., just west of Chicago, gets kids from

farther out, dropped off by parents commuting into the city.

Barrett, acting on a tip, had staked out the Walton Avenue house

twice before. He wanted to catch the girl's parents, who probably

live in Camden, dropping her off at the Pennsauken address they

had put on school documents.

Once, he'd seen a gray van drop her off but wasn't quick enough

to get its license number. This time, the school bus came and

went and no girl. She might have called in sick. Or her parents

were running late and took her straight to school.

Catching these illegals can be tedious. "It's a major drain,

a horrendous problem for us, and we're very vigilant," says Pennsauken

superintendent Harold Kurtz. "We don't have the resources to

deal with extra kids. We've grown 20% in five years, and classroom

size is a major issue."

Just how serious?

Schools just starting to police illegal students probably have

a bigger problem than they realize. School officials in Montgomery

County, Md. -- 91,000 students, growing by 3,000 a year -- are

asking the board for $ 100,000 to start a crackdown next fall.

They admit they have no idea how many students are sneaking in

from neighboring Washington, D.C., a school system in disarray.

"There's a lot of apprehension that it's a serious problem, but

it's hard to tell just how serious," says budget director Marshall

Spatz.

Statistics aren't easy to come by, but enrollment fraud is pernicious

and growing in many school districts. Nonresident students are

a risk wherever poor schools neighbor good ones -- or safer ones.

But fraud is perhaps nowhere as rampant as in densely populated

New Jersey. The state Schools Boards Association estimates 8,000-10,000

illegal students a year statewide. Camden kids sneak into Pennsauken

and Cherry Hill. Newark kids sneak into South Orange and Maplewood,

Trenton kids into Hamilton, Paterson kids into Clifton, New Brunswick

kids into Edison.

North Jersey schools, a short bus ride across the Hudson River

from New York, all catch students sneaking in. "Our investigators

go down to the Port Authority terminals and watch them get on

the buses," says superintendent Alan Sugarman in Fort Lee, directly

across the George Washington Bridge from Manhattan. In the last

three years, the district has caught between 130 and 140 illegally

enrolled students.

That tactic works elsewhere, too. Buses and elevated trains bring

students from Chicago into Evanston, Ill. Attendance officers

go to stops just over the city line and videotape students wearing

Evanston jackets who're getting off. This school year, two students

have been told to leave, and Evanston/Skokie District No. 65 is

investigating 14 others.

"School boards are taking action out of necessity, not mean-spiritedness,"

says New Jersey association spokesman John Patella. "Their first

responsibility is to kids who're legally enrolled." Local tax

bases are stretched: Jersey schools receive among the nation's

lowest proportion of state aid.

In Pennsauken, a ***working-class*** suburb of 35,000, nonresident expulsions

doubled in three years -- 158 students were caught in 1995-96,

saving the district more than $ 1 million. At the same time, Camden

schools hit bottom: In November, state officials ordered officials

to improve achievement, attendance, safety and maintenance or

risk a takeover.

So it's probably no coincidence that Pennsauken, which has 6,000

students, got a record 550 new student enrollment affidavits last

fall. The parents have to prove residency. Homeowners bring in

deeds and utility bills. Renters must get notarized statements

from landlords and other documents verifying a Pennsauken address.

A common ruse is parents alleging that a Pennsauken resident is

their child's guardian.

Testing the system

Parents go to great lengths to fake residency. They buy phony

leases or persuade relatives or friends to front their addresses.

They forge documents and set up phony accounts.

A Camden parent once offered a sales contract on a Pennsauken

house as proof of residency. The kids started school, but when

a school secretary called to confirm that the deal had gone to

settlement, the real estate agent said the buyer had long since

backed out. The parents balked at taking their kids out, the case

went to court and they were fined. Then they turned around and

bought the house anyway -- at a lower price.

In Oak Park, parents can bring in a sales contract, but they have

to show they've gotten loan approval. "And pre-approvals don't

work," says registrar Lorraine Guerino.

In districts like Pennsauken, cheaters face long odds. Enrollment

fraud is not complex crime. Basic police work catches most offenders.

The girl on Walton Avenue, it turned out, was in school that day

and not late. But she hadn't been at the house. That meant she

had to have come from someplace other than Walton Avenue. Within

days, the parents, Camden residents, agreed to pull her out.

Like any crime, the obvious can trip up a perpetrator: school

mail returned undelivered, disconnected phone numbers, parents

who can be reached only at work. Where fraud detection is sophisticated,

community cooperation is wide. Police report suspects. Assessors

confirm tax payments. Prosecutors take parents to court. Judges

fine them. Teachers, bus drivers, crossing guards and ordinary

residents become informants.

Even relatives. A Pennsauken woman turned in her Camden sister,

who was dropping her child at their mother's. When they came to

Barrett's office, "the one sister was sweating bullets, but we

never reveal our sources." The other sister eventually bought

a house in Pennsauken.

Some districts, relying less on investigators, simply re-register

every student periodically, or make all students re-register for

high school. "For years we were turning up these students a few

at a time," says Bergenfield, N.J., assistant superintendent

Richard Cirelli. "Now we re-register every three years. We got

36 this year."

Occasionally, parents can manipulate the system. The mother of

a Pennsauken high school senior appealed an order to transfer,

knowing her daughter would graduate by the time the court finally

ruled.

Making the rounds

From his Walton Avenue stakeout, Barrett drove to a rough section

of Camden Avenue, the border between the city and Pennsauken township.

He'd gotten a tip from a principal who couldn't reach the mother

of three elementary students. The kids' grandmother said she owned

the house, a school nurse reported. But within minutes, the kids

came out. "Either they were dropped off very early, or this is

a legitimate situation," Barrett says. There would be another

visit.

He pulled away and saw a van from the Camden side stop a block

from a school bus stop. An older woman, probably a grandmother,

let three kids out. Barrett edged up to get the license. The woman

looked up warily. The stop hadn't been a complete bust: He'd have

the state police run the tag to get an address.

Barrett drove on to an elementary school. Parents were pulling

up nonstop to let kids out, and he wrote down a few license numbers.

"You could sit here for an hour getting tags," he says. "One

in five would be a nonresident."

Then he headed over to municipal court. A case he had built over

several months was before municipal Judge John Strazzullo. A Camden

woman had gotten her Pennsauken brother to lie on affidavits and

use his address for her three kids. Barrett had watched early

morning drop-offs three times, but the mother refused to take

the kids out of school. She even tried to borrow money from her

brother to fight the district.

Facing criminal charges and a steep fine -- the district had been

defrauded at least $ 3,000 -- the brother cooperated. Strazzullo

let him off with a $ 300 fine. A Camden County judge fined the

sister $ 300.

"We didn't get our costs back," Barrett says. "But the word

will get out . . . that we're tough."

Illinois got tough with a new law Jan. 1 that classifies enrollment

fraud as theft punishable by 30 days in jail, a $ 500 fine plus

tuition reimbursement. "There's a lot of crossing over in Chicagoland,"

says Eric Kind, pupil services director at Evanston-Skokie District

65. "Now there's some teeth to our efforts."

The kids themselves sometimes blow a con. "I had a cute one where

the teacher had the kids draw a picture of their house," says

Evanston-Skokie residence officer Don Walton. "One child wrote

down his Chicago address next to his picture."

Ultimately, investigators believe, enrollment fraud takes a toll

on kids. Barrett recalls a mother who got her boy up at 4:30 a.m.

to drop him off at 5, figuring nobody would catch her. "I got

up at 4 and nailed her."

More serious repercussions bother Walton. "Aren't we trying to

teach these kids honesty? What kind of message are they getting?

That it's OK to cheat and defraud?"

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, USA TODAY (MAP); GRAPHIC, B/W, Elys A. McLean, USA TODAY (MAP); PHOTO, Color, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY

**Load-Date:** January 22, 1997

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[***Home for 50 years Residents have watched village grow aroundthem***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BBP-T6H0-007M-40TX-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

December 28, 2003, Sunday F1,F2,McHenry

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 2084 words

**Byline:** Naomi Dillon Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

When they moved in, Golfview Lane was nothing more than a dirt road that ended humbly in a farmer's field.

"At night, you could hear the cows mooing," said Arthur Edgell, who can recall with unerring clarity the changes that have occurred over the past 50 years in his neighborhood: Meadowdale.

His was among the first 20 homes built in what would become Carpentersville's largest housing development - a subdivision that catapulted the once-agrarian community to the postwar suburban world.

More than 6,000 apartments and homes would eventually dot Carpentersville's east side beneath the banner of Meadowdale, which was in fact a planned community of churches, schools and businesses.

Since moving into their new homes 50 years ago this month, Edgell and his neighbors, Connie Hunter and Norma Schwartzkopf, have had a front-row seat to all the action.

The three are the last of the original homeowners in Meadowdale, a community that has changed as much as the town itself over the decades.

Still, as generations followed, one constant remained - Meadowdale offered homes people could afford.

Veterans back home

Edgell built planes for the Air Force, then known as the Army Air Corps.

Hunter's husband flew them and Schwartzkopf's husband repaired them.

They were far from an anomaly. About 98 percent of Meadowdale's first homeowners were veterans, most hailing from Chicago.

"We were all living at home when we went into the service. I was 19," said Edgell, 80. "We came back as young men, ready to start families. But you'd look and look and never see a 'for rent' sign."

As a result, Edgell and his new bride made their first home out of a 25-foot trailer that had no telephone or indoor bathroom.

Hunter, 84, had it just as bad. She, her husband and four children lived in an expanded garage behind her sister's place.

But Schwartzkopf perhaps had it the worst.

"We lived upstairs from my in-laws," she said, grimacing even at the age of 84.

The trio wasted little time when news of a novel development arising in far-flung Carpentersville trickled into the city.

Besinger's vision

It was indeed a novel idea, positioned far ahead of its time.

But then so was its builder, the late Leonard W. Besinger.

In his mind's eye, the Chicago native saw Meadowdale as a town of 15,000, with places for people to live, shop, work and worship.

The size of his plan alone was impressive, but the scope was unprecedented.

"It was meant to be a self-contained community," said Leonard Besinger Jr., the eldest of Besinger's eight children, who eventually took over the project. "It was pretty well-thought-out for a guy who just graduated from high school."

While he held no fancy degrees, Besinger possessed a wealth of real-world knowledge by the time he embarked upon Meadowdale, having built developments in Chicago, Park Ridge and Arlington Heights.

He continued his northwesterly route, buying huge chunks of farmland in Carpentersville.

In 1950, the town's population barely topped 1,500, with most residents living between Route 31 and Carpenter Park - one of the first golf courses in the state.

Besinger built the bulk of Meadowdale farther east on 600 acres of farmland once owned by the Curtis Candy Co., which used milk from the dairy farm to produce its most popular sweet, Baby Ruth.

In 1953, Besinger broke ground, building the first homes just off rural Route 25 on Golfview Lane.

Building the dream

Edgell, Hunter and Schwartzkopf moved into those homes by December of the same year - the miracle of prefabricated houses.

Manufactured and assembled much like a box of LEGOS, these ready-made structures were the foundation upon which Meadowdale took shape.

It allowed Besinger to build homes cheaply and pass the savings on to the buyer.

"This place was very affordable," Edgell said.

"No, it was affordable," Hunter stressed. "For $11,000 you'd get everything: refrigerator, washer, dryer, dishwasher."

"Except the dishwasher never worked," Schwartzkopf said, shrugging her shoulders.

Faulty appliances aside, no other development offered so much home for so little money.

The early houses were built on 60-by-120-foot lots and included 960 square feet of living space. They sold for $10,000 to $12,000, with little or no money down for veterans.

It was an enticing offer, but just in case people weren't convinced, Besinger allocated a tidy sum to marketing his dream.

"We did a lot of advertising," Besinger Jr. recalled. "The budgets were huge."

His father booked air time on television and radio, beckoning people to "Meadowdale. Your town of tomorrow," as one billboard read.

Many bought the slogan and then the home, but not without some angst.

"People thought you were just nuts to move out here because there was nothing," Edgell said. "No churches, no stores, no schools. Nothing."

But Besinger soon changed all that.

Selling the dream

It would take a few years, of course. Even so, work progressed at an astonishing rate.

By 1955, Besinger had already built more than 1,700 homes.

Prefabricated houses weren't just inexpensive; they were also easy to assemble.

"We watched the house next door come up so fast," said Schwartzkopf, who moved into one of the model homes. "My husband went to work one morning and it was just the foundation. When he came home, the entire structure was up."

And as fast as Besinger could build the homes, people lined up to buy them.

"One year, we built and sold 1,200 homes," Besinger's son said. "I guess you could say my father invented supermarket selling."

Herded together in a large parking lot, would-be buyers were ushered through six contiguous model homes and out into a theater, where a 30-minute film described the development and the town - which should have been East Dundee.

"But they didn't want us," Besinger Jr. said. "They were pretty adamant about us not going there."

While they were cheap and easy to build, prefabricated homes brought with them a stigma.

"Everybody said they would blow over with a big wind," said former village Trustee Paul Folster, who put $200 down on a Meadowdale home in 1959 and sold it for significantly more money just last month. "But they're still standing today."

After trying and failing to create its own municipality, Meadowdale was accepted into the village of Carpentersville - although not immediately into the hearts of its residents.

"They weren't happy to see us come," Edgell said. "We were from Chicago."

"We were trash," Hunter said.

But they owned a home, an achievement every American considers a milestone.

"Even though it was the middle of winter," Schwartzkopf said, "I told my friend, I feel like I'm at a summer resort."

Life in Meadowdale

The reality was that life in Meadowdale, at least in the beginning, was what you took a vacation from.

The development soon became known as "Muddydale," for the quagmire Golfview Lane became whenever rain fell.

"Every time it rained you'd lose your boots," Hunter said. "It was years before we got concrete."

Outside the neighborhood, things weren't much better.

Carpentersville was stark, offering no place to work, shop or even send the kids to school.

This meant trekking over to nearby Dundee for all manner of things and more than likely into Chicago for a paycheck.

"Some days, I'd hitchhike all the way to Chicago," Folster said. "We only owned one car and sometimes I was out of luck."

But not alone. Folster often carpooled with neighbors who made the same commute.

"We were all in the same boat," Edgell said. "We were all from Chicago; none of us had any money. But I was fortunate because I had good neighbors."

In fact, the early residents of Meadowdale easily formed friendships with each other, extending invitations for dinner or various celebrations.

"Even when people moved, you'd still send them Christmas cards," Schwartzkopf said.

Meadowdale then

With good friends and boundless optimism on their side, life was bearable for these young families.

It wasn't too long, however, before it became downright enjoyable.

In 1956, Besinger opened the Meadowdale Shopping Center, which would grow to become, for a brief period, the largest mall in the United States.

Sprawling across nearly 500,000 square feet, the complex housed such retail giants as Woolworth's, Wieboldt's and Carson Pirie Scott.

It attracted people from across the region, with Besinger dispatching buses regularly to Rockford, Marengo and Belvidere.

Even a young senator by the name of John F. Kennedy made it one of his stops during the 1960 presidential election campaign.

But it was those who lived closest to the shopping center who were affected the greatest by its opening.

Schwartzkopf's husband, Bob, was able to leave his job at a Chicago furniture store for a similar position at the mall.

Folster opened a deli in the mall, incurring such nicknames as "sausage man" and "pickle man."

Edgell's wife, Beatrice "Pete" Edgell, managed the ice rink, which went down in a fire in 1963, never to be rebuilt.

"It was beautiful," Edgell said of the rink. "I've never seen another one like it."

Besinger donated land for schools, parks and churches. He built the water system and the roads and later sold land to large companies that brought more jobs.

He started an annual picnic, with free food, games and carnival rides that drew everyone in town.

And just like that a community was born.

"Meadowdale had a big effect on Carpentersville, Folster said. "It changed the sleepy little town along the river."

By 1960, Carpentersville had a population of 17,424. It would jump to 24,000 by the next decade.

Life was good.

Meadowdale now

Besinger, with the aid of two of his sons, built more than 5,000 homes and 1,000 apartments by 1973 as part of Meadowdale.

Tiny Golfview Lane now snakes for a few miles through only a handful of the 16 sections of Meadowdale built across the east side of town. Carpentersville itself has grown to such a degree and with such disparity that it's splintered into a number of nearly autonomous neighborhoods.

"It's unbelievable to drive out to Randall Road and think it's Carpentersville," Edgell said. "I didn't even know it existed until my son tells me one day, 'Why don't you take Randall Road out to St. Charles?' I said 'Where?' "

In his daily walk, Edgell takes in all of the changes.

He waves and chats with anyone who seems receptive, which is getting rarer these days.

"Everyone pretty much keeps to themselves," Hunter vouched.

Sometimes neighbors are willing to talk, but unable to communicate. They don't speak English.

Once a decidedly white neighborhood, Meadowdale is now home to most of the Latinos who make up roughly 30 percent of the town's population.

On those few occasions when Edgell encounters a friendly neighbor who has a few words to spare, he sometimes wishes he'd bitten his tongue.

"For the longest time, I'd ask my neighbor how his wife was and then I found out it wasn't his wife," he said. "Oops."

"That never would've happened," Schwartzkopf said of the period when Meadowdale opened. "If you weren't married you didn't move in together."

"And when you married, you stayed married," Hunter chimed in. "There may have been times when you wanted to call if off, but you made it work."

The trio doesn't have to step outside their homes to know times have changed.

The biggest indicator is they all now sleep alone.

Edgell's wife died in 2001. Hunter's husband passed away two years earlier.

Schwartzkopf's husband is still alive but she visits him daily in a nursing home.

It seems like everyone they knew in Meadowdale has either died or moved away.

"We're it," Hunter said. "There's no one left."

Edgell's only son, Roger, lives in Davis Junction - just south of Rockford - with his wife, who often cajoles her father-in-law to move in with them.

"I said, 'If you can move the golf course, the McDonald's, the church, the senior center and the rec center,'" Edgell said, pausing for effect, "'I'll move in tomorrow.' Everything I want is here."

Such sentiment is hard to find. Meadowdale has been and was intended to offer starter homes and thus be a place of transition.

"It's not a final home but someplace you move through," said Besigner Jr., who himself rented and lived in one of the Meadowdale homes after graduating from college.

"It's a pretty vital community," Besinger Jr. continued. "Because you have ***working-class*** people trying to move their way up. That's America."

**Graphic**

Leonard W. Besinger cvmeadowdale\_1na120803dt Norma Schwartzkopf, left, Arthur Edgell and Connie Hunter are the last of the original homeowners in Carpentersville's Meadowdale subdivision, the largest residential development in town and one of the oldest. Dave Tonge/Daily Herald cvmeadowdale\_2na120803dt Connie Hunter, left, Arthur Edgell and Norma Schwartzkopf are still good friends - as they were 50 years ago, when they all moved into their first homes in the Meadowdale subdivision. Dave Tonge/Daily Herald cvmeadowdale\_3na120803dt These Meadowdale homes, among the first built along Golfview Lane, were built using prefabricated materials, making them quick to assemble and cheap to buy. Photo courtesy of Arthur Edgell GRAPHIC/MAP: Meadowdale/Carpentersville

**Load-Date:** December 30, 2003

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[***DEAR CABBY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4095-3V40-0094-5025-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ONE REASON LONDON'S TAXI DRIVERS ARE THE WORLD'S BEST: THEY HAVE TO PASS 25;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4095-3V40-0094-5025-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***EXAMS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4095-3V40-0094-5025-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

January 9, 2000, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1634 words

**Byline:** BRUCE KEIDAN, POST-GAZETTE CORRESPONDENT-AT-LARGE

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

I found out the hard way on my first-ever visit to London that there are limits to everything, even The Knowledge.

Not that I'd ever heard of The Knowledge in those days. This was the mid-1970s. Franco was clinging to life - and power - in Spain. I had just spent a week in San Sebastian, a Basque-separatist stronghold on the edge of the Pyrenees. I had left town in the trunk of a taxi driven by an ETA guerrilla, thus ensuring that my notes and I did not fall into the hands of the Guardia Civil before reaching the border of France. I had taken the train from the bordertown of Irun to Paris and from Paris to Calais, then a ferry across the English Channel to board yet another train. I hadn't slept in two days.

I had 24 hours in London before my flight back to the States. I had no hotel reservations. I hailed a cab outside the train station and asked the driver to find me a room nearby. An hour later, having showered and shaved, I handed the over-sized key to my undersized room to the concierge for safekeeping, as was the custom, and went out on the town.

A few hours later, when exhaustion set in, it occurred to me that I did not know my hotel's name. Or its address.

The cabby, who had the misfortune to pick me up that night was a native of Liverpool. We were two people separated by a common language. It took me the better part of a mile to make him understand I hoped he could find a hotel I couldn't name and could only vaguely describe.

"It's a five-minute drive from Victoria Station," I said.

In which direction, he wanted to know.

No idea.

What did it look like, he asked.

"The entrance," I said, "is across from a park."

What park, gov?

"Haven't a clue."

We drove for an hour before he gave up. He dropped me at a police station. A kindly desk sergeant took my missing-hotel report and dispatched a bobby to guide me home.

\*

London cab drivers are the best in the world.

Singapore has the best airport, Amsterdam the best public transit, Venice the best gondoliers. But if it's a taxi you're taking, it's a London cabby you want.

Driving a cab isn't a job in London. It's a calling. It is also a profession, requiring background checks, years of study and passing marks in a series of rigorous tests.

And speaking of tests, here is a one-question quiz:

What color is a black cab?

I used to watch a TV quiz show called "You Bet Your Life," hosted by Groucho Marx, which required contestants to answer a question to win a consolation prize. "What color is a yellow convertible?" was among Groucho's favorites. The answer was yellow. In London, however, a black cab can be green, red or yellow. A "black cab" being a type of cab, not a color. As opposed to a "mini cab," which may or may not be small.

A mini cab is the London equivalent of Pittsburgh's jitney. It has no meter, and the city's taxi bureau won't vouch for the driver. It is cheaper than taking a black cab, generally speaking, and less reliable. When a Brit boasts about London cab drivers, he is talking about black cabs and black cabs alone.

The city licenses 26,000 of them, and, yes, a majority of them are coal black. Although some drivers pay a fee to dispatching companies that send business their way, every cabby is, in effect, his own cab company. Roughly 80 percent of them choose to work during daylight hours, making it nearly impossible to find a cab in Central London at night.

\*

Meet Jason Wheatley. Born in North London 29 years ago, he lives now in East London, as do most of the city's cab drivers. Never a passionate scholar, he dropped out of school at 15 and went to work, first as a messenger, then as an auto mechanic in a garage that serviced black cabs. Somewhere along the line, he realized that there was no future in what he was doing.

"I wanted to get married and have a nice car and a nice house," he said. "But the money was dire."

So, like tens of thousands of ***working-class*** Englishmen, he applied to become a cab driver. "It was," Wheatley said, "a nightmare from start to finish."

He had to pass a background check designed to weed out former felons and persons of bad character, convicted or not. Approval took more than a year. Then he had to attend cab-driver school and acquire The Knowledge - the encyclopedic grasp of London geography that separates black-cab drivers from the lesser mortals who drive hacks in other towns.

Understand: Most American cities are laid out in some sort of grid. London's a maze, a crazy quilt. Streets change names and directions on a whim.

London cab drivers know every alley, every roundabout, every quirk. They know it because they had to memorize it to pass a series of 25 oral exams to qualify for their license.

"You go out on a little bike, and you're given 400 runs," Wheatley said. "Like for example, County Hall to Paddington Station. You buy whatever you need, including the maps and the bike. You learn the run by rote, parrot fashion. After you do your runs, you get together with other students in groups of five and ask each other questions for four or five hours.

"You do 90 runs and then go for a test. You're in a tiny little chair, and the examiner's behind a big desk. He gives you a starting point and a destination. You call off the route, and there's no pulling the wool. The examiners are retired policemen. There are six or seven of them. We had names for them. There's Mr. Nice. Mr. Crafty. Mr. Be Your Friend. Mr. Sly. Mr. Try to Trick You.

"Mr. Sarcastic put me through hell, I remember."

Passing one test qualifies the candidate to take the next. Aspiring cabbies call it "climbing the ladder."

It took Wheatley 3 1/ 2 years to reach the top of the ladder and acquire his license. One driver to whom I spoke claims to have finished in less than 10 months, but most need at least 2 1/2 years.

"It took one bloke I know almost 10 years," Wheatley said. "He was illiterate. The maps were no help to him."

Wheatley tried working his way through the Knowledge, but a 9-to-5 job and four-hour bike runs plus eight hours of study a day became too much. So he went on the dole, collecting 60 pounds every two weeks, while his mother and girlfriend (now his wife) helped support him.

He graduated in 1995, rented a 2year-old taxi for 180 pounds a week (insurance included) and paid an 87pound annual fee for his taxi medallion. By working a 12-hour shift, he can earn up to 200 pounds in a day. But mostly he doesn't.

"Once I've earned 100 quid, I'm happy," he said. "If I need the money, I'll stay out. I'll go home otherwise."

Like other drivers, he has been offered subsidies of up to 1,000 pounds a year to turn his car into a mobile billboard with stickers that advertise some product or service. He remains a holdout.

It took him a little more than a year to save enough to buy a cab of his own, a 12-year-old Austin FX4 for which he paid the equivalent of $ 2,500. The odometer had "been around the clock three or four times," he recalled. "It was sound enough, but a bit bone-rattling."

He now drives a 2-year-old Fairway, which he bought second-hand, and he dreams of replacing it with a spanking new TXI, which will set him back about 30,000 pounds - a year's earnings.

He works five days a week, more when bills pile up. He takes his lunch at one of the 20 green huts scattered around Central London that serve plain, low-cost meals to cab drivers. Some are open around the clock. The city built and maintains the shelters to discourage the cabbies from drinking their meals, rather than eating them. Tea is the strongest beverage available.

\*

Sylvia ("No last name, luv. The tax man reads newspapers, too.") is busy ladling up steaming plates of lamb stew for the lunch crowd at Victoria Embankment shelter, where she is both chef and waitress.

"Some of them, you could wring their necks," she confides to an American newspaperman with a nod at her clientele. "Some you could take home and mother them."

Jason Wheatley is sipping milky tea and talking shop with the Farrugia brothers, Paul and Dean.

"The law is, if someone puts their hand up and I acknowledge it, I must take them anywhere they want to go within a six-mile radius," says Jason.

"Even if it's a bad neighborhood or a pub just round the corner," says Paul, the older Farrugia brother. "Where the six-mile radius comes from, I don't know. Left over from the horse-drawn days, I reckon."

London began licensing cabs in 1694, and there are lots of rules left over from the horse-drawn days. Including one that says the driver must carry a bale of hay in the back of the cab. That one is honored in the breech, however.

The talk turns to pet peeves. Bus drivers, by law, have the right of way. Cab drivers don't like that. "They'll pull out on you, but they won't let you out," complains Dean Farrugia.

They dislike dispatch riders, the bicycle-borne messengers who pop up beside or in front of their cabs without warning.

They despise "bent" hotel doormen, who demand 3 pounds 50 for handing over a guest bound for Heathrow or Gatwick.

They detest London's traffic snarls, which are legendary - although they do not react to them with the horn-pounding, lane-jumping frenzy of New York cabbies.

It annoys them when customers pay with a handful of pennies, 5-, 10-and 20-pence coins, which they refer to as "shrapnel."

But what bothers them most, they agree, is the customer who wants to tell them not just where he's going, but how to get there.

"I got you from all the way cross town, and now we're two blocks from away and you want to tell me how to get there," says Wheatley, his voice rising. "I know my business, thank you very much."

The Farrugia brothers add their amens. The door swings open, and a pair of construction workers sidle in, seeking hot coffee. The cab drivers ignore them. Sylvia isn't supposed to serve them, but does. They pay her and leave.

Sylvia shrugs. "Social climbers," she says.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Bruce Keidan/Post-Gazette: London cab driver Jason Wheatley,; who had the misfortune to pick up Bruce Keidan, poses with his black cab.

**Load-Date:** May 19, 2000

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[***The new American mosaic: Old labels just don't stick in 21st century***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B7X-C720-010F-K2DK-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 17, 2003, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 2150 words

**Byline:** Haya El Nasser and Paul Overberg

**Dateline:** Columbus, Ohio

**Body**

COLUMBUS, Ohio

Lucero Murillo is a single working mother who saved enough money to buy a modest home last year. She moved out of a neighborhood of recent immigrants on the west side of Columbus and into an older, ***working-class*** residential area on the city's south side.

The fact that Murillo, 35, is Hispanic matters less today than it did 10 years ago -- at least to businesses looking for customers. What really counts is that she's a homeowner and has a job to pay the mortgage.

As the U.S. population grows more diverse and as immigrants move up the economic ladder, race and ethnicity are becoming less important than education, income, home ownership, age and lifestyles. In fact, as Hispanics, blacks and Asian-Americans increasingly move to middle-class suburbs and prosperous neighborhoods, they're identified more by their lifestyles and spending habits than by their ancestry.

Marketing experts have caught on to this and other dramatic changes in American life since 1990: record immigration, aging, suburban sprawl and rising numbers of singles, single parents and households without kids.

To reflect the demographic shifts, they've overhauled the catchy labels they use to define the population clusters that retailers, advertisers and government agencies want to reach.

"The two great forces, aging and diversity, have rendered the traditional categories in many cases irrelevant," says Robert Lang, director of the Metropolitan Institute at Virginia Tech.

Murillo, for example, no longer fits in population clusters called "Hispanic Mix" or "Latino America." She's now part of "White Picket Fences" -- a symbol of a middle-class suburbia that once was mostly white. Now, that group has substantial percentages of blacks and Hispanics.

"Whether a Latino household wants to buy a lawn mower has less to do with their ethnicity than if they happen to be homeowners," says Michael Mancini, vice president of consumer targeting for Claritas, a San Diego-based firm that dominates the field of research called "geodemographic segmentation."

Claritas and other companies help retailers, ski resorts, automakers, newspapers, cities' economic development officials and other businesses and agencies reach the people they want to reach. Clients hire them to make sure the $ 250 billion they'll spend on advertising and marketing this year is well spent.

The research brain trusts are pinpointing who lives where; what they're most likely to read, drive and eat; how many kids they have; and where they shop. And they are doing it with unprecedented precision. They are going far beyond the characteristics of people in certain ZIP codes to details about people in specific neighborhoods -- even individual households.

A new-look USA

Using the latest Census data and consumer research, including surveys and product warranty information, these companies are documenting the dynamic shifts in where and how Americans live:

Some declining city neighborhoods have been rejuvenated by the affluent. Suburban sprawl has created new cities. Immigrants have revived old ethnic communities. The population is getting older as the nation's 78 million baby boomers reach -- and pass -- middle age. Pockets of suburbia increasingly have no children, reversing patterns that have dominated suburban development for more than a half-century. And education levels are rising, turning technology-savvy young professionals into a major economic force.

The metamorphosis is mirrored by the new monikers for population clusters.

Young professionals reading fewer newspapers and magazines but going online? Scrap the old nickname, "Young Literati." Now, they're "Young Digerati."

More wealthy people moving West? Drop "Tuxedo Park," the symbol of East Coast money. Give it a Western twist -- "Tuxedo Trails."

The new nicknames reflect important trends:

\* Youth and education trump old money in cities. Young Digerati, an ethnically mixed group, is the most affluent urban cluster. As a group, the richest city residents no longer are the older and mostly white "Urban Gold Coast," people in neighborhoods such as Chicago's Lakeshore Drive and Boston's Beacon Hill. Instead, young, tech-savvy, highly educated singles and couples have become more crucial to the prosperity of cities. Young Digerati tend to live in fashionable neighborhoods, such as Denver's LoDo and Chicago's Lincoln Park. They now are more affluent than "Money & Brains," older professional couples who have few children and own homes in upscale city neighborhoods.

"The richest people in the cities in 1990 were in their 50s and older," Lang says. "The richest people in 2000 have the word 'young' in their titles."

\* The big money is in the suburbs. The three most affluent population segments from Claritas are suburban homeowners: couples age 45 and older ("Upper Crust"), middle-age executives with children ("Blue Blood Estates") and middle-age couples, often entrepreneurs ("Movers & Shakers"). These people are mostly white, but some are Asians.

Upper Crusters travel abroad, donate to PBS, read *Architectural Digest*, watch *Wall*

*reet Week* and buy the Lexus ES 300.

Blue Bloods have kids. So, despite their wealth, they eat at fast-food joints. They drive Acura SUVs, read *Fortune*, take golf vacations and watch Major League Soccer.

Movers & Shakers plan scuba diving vacations on the Net and are more likely than other groups to own a small business and have a home office.

\* Americans don't need to live in big cities to be urbane. Sprawl has created "Brite Lites, Li'l City." These are small urban centers on the edges of large metropolitan areas. They're home to well-off, middle-age couples who have two incomes and no kids. These suburban professionals live in homes filled with the latest technology in places such as Downers Grove and Naperville, Ill., west of Chicago; Reston, Va., outside Washington, D.C.; and Irvine, Calif., south of Los Angeles. The communities combine suburban comforts and urban vibrancy: Internet cafes, boutiques and trendy bars in new retail and residential centers designed to look like traditional downtown neighborhoods.

\* Suburbs are going childless. The aging of the population is redefining suburbia. Ten years ago, the most affluent suburban group had kids. Now, the wealthiest (Upper Crust) are 55-plus empty nesters who earn more than $ 200,000 a year. The change shatters the traditional vision of suburbs as residential enclaves for families.

"Whole neighborhood types defy the urban and suburban logic," Lang says. "Suburbs usually equal kids, yet the most affluent suburbs are without kids."

\* Young black and Hispanic college graduates are reviving cities. They live in funky row houses and apartments in old neighborhoods that have been spruced up. They're part of the "Bohemian Mix," a cluster that has a substantial percentage of blacks and Hispanics. It's the most affluent of the racially and ethnically diverse groups. Bohemians socialize across racial lines, jog, shop at Banana Republic, read *Vanity Fair*, watch *Friends* and drive Audis.

Privacy fears, public data

Marketers know more and more about us: How much we make, what we read, eat and watch on TV. They're marketing with a degree of precision that can make the most sophisticated people uneasy, especially at a time of intense national debate over privacy rights.

Consumer anger over annoying telemarketing pitches prompted the National Do Not Call Registry, which prohibits marketers from calling people who sign up. Probing questions about income, housing and living arrangements in some 2000 Census forms triggered protests. A sweeping law now protects the confidentiality of Americans' medical records.

So how can the marketers do what they do?

Most of the information they gather is public: the Census and government records of births, deaths, marriages, divorces, property deeds, tax rolls and car registrations. What's not public, people give away. They do it every time they fill out a warranty card, answer a survey, buy a car or use their frequent shopper's cards at drugstores and supermarkets.

Buoyed by sophisticated technology, five companies now offer targeting systems that match lifestyles, demographics and spending habits with neighborhoods and households. Claritas, the first to do this almost 30 years ago, calls its system PRIZM NE. ESRI sells Community; Applied Geographic Solutions/Experian offers MOSAIC; MapInfo has PSYTE U.S.; and Acxiom has Personicx.

They can provide information by ZIP code (covering 1,500 to 15,000 or more households), Census tract or neighborhood (850-2,500 households), Census block groups (350-750), Census blocks (8-25) and postal ZIP+4 (6-15).

Claritas takes it a step further. It slices its 66 market segments down to individual households.

For businesses of all kinds, detailed information about potential customers is pure gold. Why send direct mail to households not likely to buy certain products or services? Why advertise in newspapers that go to thousands of households when the goal is to reach only families that have kids under 12? Why should a Lexus dealership blanket thousands of households in a ZIP code with fliers if only a hundred are likely to buy luxury cars?

"What retailers are doing now is microretailing their stores specifically to the demographics," says Patrick Dunne, marketing and retailing professor at Texas Tech University in Lubbock. Retailers use the information to determine what merchandise to put in their stores -- a rural Wal-Mart, for example, may have more shovels in its aisles than a suburban Wal-Mart.

Build-a-Bear Workshop targets working suburban parents who have plenty of money but little "quality time" for their kids. The retail chain invites them to spend about $ 30 making personalized stuffed bears with their children. The St. Louis company started with one store in 1997. It now has more than 150 in the USA and abroad.

Build-a-Bear uses lifestyle clusters and its own research to decide where to locate stores. Customers share personal information when they register for an ID for their child's bear.

"We've identified the population clusters that are most likely to go to Build-a-Bear," says Dorrie Kruger, the company's director of strategic bear planning. "We can do a map that shows where these people live, where these neighborhoods are located, and we can overlay a regional mall on top of that. . . . I don't think we would be able to make informed decisions without having these tools."

Companies develop numerical models that analyze and group the data. That's how population clusters are born.

"We can look at so many behaviors," says Bob Nascenzi, president and CEO of Claritas. "One behavior could be who bought a red car. Then we'd find 80% are over 40. Then we can look at incomes over $ 50,000. Mathematically, we do that for thousands of behaviors and thousands of characteristics. You couldn't do that 20 years ago because the (computer) processing speed wasn't there."

But creating names to describe lifestyle and income clusters is more art than science.

"The group of people who sit down and try to apply names to them, depending on their cleverness, they may get it right, or they may get it slightly wrong," says Paul Voss, demographer at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

Does everybody in the "Kids & Cul-de-Sacs" group read *Parenting* magazine or go to Chuck E. Cheese restaurants? No, but they're more likely to than "Urban Achievers."

Fitting in -- or not

As reliable as the research is, it sometimes puts square pegs in round holes.

Gayle Davis of Denver doesn't have credit cards. She avoids surveys. She doesn't sign up for promotional offers. She gives out her Social Security number only when she absolutely must. "I limit it to my employer and my bank," she says. "I protect what I can protect."

But since her husband, William Goosmann, signed her up for the *Harvard Health* newsletter, "I get 10 to 15 prescriptions e-mails a day," she says.

Claritas says they are part of the "New Empty Nests" cluster -- older professional couples who own suburban homes and drive Buick Park Avenues. Davis' neighborhood on the south side of Denver fits the bill. But Davis is more "Money & Brains" (professional singles and couples, 45 and older). They are both 47 and have no kids. She does public relations for a major hospital group. He's a wetlands biologist. They donate to the arts and drive Subarus but are thinking of a Saab or BMW convertible.

"We're a group that's misunderstood and overlooked," Davis says of middle-age professionals who never had children and are ready to try new things. She says marketing messages target the young, parents or the old -- but not her.

"Yes, there are more magazines for the 40 and up," she says. "But *Ladies' Home Journal* assumes we have 15 children and have time to bake all day. . . . The rest assume you're slowing down. They send you calcium messages."

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Overberg reported from McLean, Va.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Robert Deutsch, USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Dan MacMedan for USA TODAY; Tech-savvy Young Digerati": Albert Lin, wife Amber Decker and daughter Maia, 9 months (shown in monitor over his shoulder), live in the dynamic Short North area of Columbus. <>A snapshot of change: A strip mall in Anaheim, Calif., illustrates the trends that are reshaping the USA's demographic profiles. Anaheim, once a predominantly white and highly conservative bedroom suburb of Los Angeles, has grown into a multicultural city of 328,000 people.

**Load-Date:** December 17, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Mega-mansions' upside: They help reduce suburban sprawl***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45BK-6FH0-010F-K16J-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

March 13, 2002, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1907 words

**Byline:** Haya El Nasser

**Dateline:** HINSDALE, Ill.

**Body**

HINSDALE, Ill. -- In this tony Chicago suburb, 100 aging homes a year fall to the wrecking ball. One by one, mansions spring up in their place, squeezing onto small lots and towering over neighbors' modest Tudors and ranches.

This "tear-down" mania has been sweeping large metropolitan areas for years, rejuvenating old suburbs close to central cities. Preservationists and many longtime residents have decried the trend, complaining about the destruction of old homes and neighborhood character and deriding tear-downs as bash-and-builds, scrape-offs, starter castles, monster homes and McMansions.

But now, a politically incorrect view is spreading among some housing experts and urban planners: Tear-downs are good because they discourage sprawl.

The debate is intensifying in communities from the New Jersey shore to lakefronts around Minnesota's Twin Cities, tree-lined streets in Denver and California's Silicon Valley. Some experts argue that tear-downs fulfill the principles of "smart growth" because they:

\* Don't eat up farmland and open space. Tear-downs allow people to build modern homes in areas that already have roads, schools, police and fire services.

\* Lessen traffic congestion. Tear-downs keep people who want big homes closer to cities where they work, often along mass transit lines.

\* Revitalize older suburbs. Wealthy homeowners often leave neighborhoods when housing becomes obsolete. Tear-downs bring wealth back in.

\* Encourage walking to stores and schools. Older suburbs often have small downtowns, corner stores, neighborhood parks and schools.

"These are all reasons to love the monster home," says Karen Danielsen, a housing policy economist with the National Association of Home Builders, which supports residential construction in suburbs and cities alike. She touts the trend in the May issue of *Planning* magazine in an article she wrote with her husband, Robert Lang.

"Either way, these folks are building big homes," says Lang, director of the Metropolitan Institute at Virginia Tech in Alexandria, Va. "You can have them do it where it does some good, or they can go on building them as they have been for years way out there where the corn grows."

Lynette and Tom Lovelace expect to move into their 4,500-square-foot custom home in Hinsdale this fall after leaving a subdivision about 10 miles farther out.

"I'm fascinated with the idea that I can actually walk to buy a gallon of milk," she says.

Now, "I have to get in a car to get anywhere."

Old money vs. new

The anti-sprawl benefits of tear-downs are compelling, but they're not an easy sell.

Like other development issues -- from growth boundaries around metropolitan areas to stricter zoning and construction moratoriums -- tear-downs pit old neighbors against new, preservationists against builders. Tear-downs also intensify the clash of classes, the rich against the middle class, old money vs. new. Local governments are caught in the middle, balancing property rights, concerns of longtime residents and the need to boost their tax base.

Preservationists want to stop sprawl, but they hate tear-downs.

"I don't see any redeeming value in the tear-down phenomenon," says Richard Moe, president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

"These tear-downs almost inevitably lead to the destruction of community. These (old) homes can be restored, can be renovated, can be added on to."

But many well-heeled homebuyers eager to move closer to cities want no part of old houses.

"I can't live with things that are going to have to be redone," says Lynn Corsiglia of Hinsdale. "I'm not into wiring, redoing roofs and refinishing original floors. I see the houses that are being torn down as houses that *should* be torn down."

Moe and housing advocates say that tear-downs inflate the value of neighborhood real estate so much that middle-class families no longer can buy homes in the communities where they grew up. The tear-down "Rule of Three": The new house will be three times as big and cost three times as much as the old house.

Don Chen, president of Smart Growth America, a coalition that wants to control sprawl, recognizes some benefits of tear-downs. "They breathe new life into old neighborhoods," he says. But he says tear-downs don't help communities encourage the development of affordable housing.

The growing popularity of tear-downs "creates some problems," acknowledges James Hughes, head of the Bloustein School of Planning and Public Policy at Rutgers University. But sharply higher property values and neighborhood friction are preferable to "problems of decline and housing abandonment," he says. "Some of the housing stock really is obsolete in terms of what the elite and even the middle class wants today. They may have some charm because they were built in the '20s, but they really don't meet the tests of today's market."

Americans love big homes. The typical post-World War II tract house was barely as big as today's master-bedroom suites: his-and-hers walk-in closets, sitting rooms and giant bathrooms. According to the National Association of Home Builders, only 7% of new houses in 1984 were larger than 3,000 square feet. By 2000, the number had jumped to 18%.

The demand for big homes has pushed people farther from cities and into the countryside where there is space to build big. But that push has clogged highways and stretched commutes. In a dramatic shift in values, many people no longer want to be isolated from stores and schools. They want to live in a place with Norman Rockwell sensibilities and 21st century amenities -- a Starbucks, barber shop, grocery store and flower shop all within walking distance.

In the Chicago area, almost all the communities with flourishing tear-down business are closer-in suburbs along train lines: Hinsdale, Clarendon Hills, Downers Grove, Glen Ellyn and Elmhurst. In the Minneapolis-St. Paul area, homes are being torn down along the shores of Lake Owosso in Roseville, just over the city line. Another hotbed: Arlington, Va., across the Potomac River from Washington, D.C. In Florida, it's happening in ritzy Winter Park, outside Orlando.

Close-in suburbs are prime territory for tear-downs because of their location and because many of their residents are getting old. When they die or move away, the homes they leave behind are snapped up by developers.

"There are almost no vacant lots in Hinsdale," says builder Tim Thompson, who demolishes old houses and builds some of the town's most exclusive custom homes. Driving down Bruner Street in the less pricey southwest part of town, he points at a stretch of houses and says: "All these will come down."

Land in Hinsdale is in such demand that people are paying $ 1.4 million for an old 3,000-square-foot house. After tearing it down, they're building a 5,000-square-foot house for $ 3.5 million.

"I like living in an old town in a new home," Corsiglia says. "The newer the better." After tearing down an old home, Corsiglia and her husband, John, enjoy a 5,000-square-foot house with five bedrooms, three full baths, two half-baths, a study and the obligatory big kitchen. John Corsiglia, an information technology consultant, can get to downtown Chicago in 25 minutes by car, 20 by train.

"We got way more house for our money," says Barbara Schwartz, a Hinsdale mother of five. "The community is worth all the land we gave up."

Town reaps benefits

In Hinsdale, founded in 1877, more than 1,100 houses -- one-fourth of the total -- have been built on previously developed lots since 1986. The town's finances have vastly improved as higher real-estate values have led to higher property taxes.

Hinsdale (population 17,349) is one of the smallest of 46 U.S municipalities awarded the top AAA credit rating by Standard & Poor's last fall. That distinction by the financial analyst and rating service allows Hinsdale to borrow money at lower interest rates. S&P cited an increase in Hinsdale's assessed property values of almost 6% a year in the 1990s and attributed the rise partly "to active tear-down of older housing to make way for larger homes."

Despite the windfall, Hinsdale officials are careful not to endorse tear-downs.

There are reasons why the issue is so delicate. For decades, zoning laws in older suburbs allowed for construction of good-size homes on small lots. There were few problems with neighbors because most people wanted big yards. Now, many people are building as big as zoning allows because they want more house than garden.

Many communities have enacted "mansionization" ordinances to limit the height and size of new homes. In nearby Glen Ellyn, where 60 homes were torn down last year, new houses can occupy no more than 20% of the lot.

In Hinsdale and other Chicago suburbs, tear-downs sometimes antagonize neighboring homeowners. At a recent public hearing in Oak Park, 30 residents complained about one house going up on their street. "They said the house makes the house next door look like a dog house," says Jean Follett, a member of Hinsdale's Historic Preservation Commission. "It's out of scale with what's next door, what's across the street, what's behind it."

'Creating a new ghetto'

Hinsdale has always been expensive. But not Elmhurst to the north. One of Chicago's old railroad suburbs, the town historically has been largely ***working class***. The homes are modest and set far back from the street -- the dream tear-down lot.

Home prices have soared about 60% since 1993. Builders are paying about $ 325,000 for a tear-down, then selling a new home on the same lot for more than twice that.

"The economics are unbelievably compelling" -- except for middle-class buyers who want to move to Elmhurst, Follett says. "We're creating a new ghetto. We're pushing affordable housing into the outer fringes of suburbia."

But Virginia Tech's Lang says that building expensive homes next to post-war bungalows creates mixed-income neighborhoods and distributes wealth across a metropolitan area rather than concentrating it in newer suburbs, he says.

In exclusive, long-established communities such as Hinsdale, however, change is not easily accepted, especially when fueled by new wealth. Many of the town's new residents are young bond traders.

For longtime residents, seeing old friends' homes destroyed is painful. "I can't stand it," says Barbara Clarke, 75, who lives in a home built in 1951. Next door, a 1920s Cape Cod was torn down and a bigger house went up, blocking Clarke's view of the sunset. Across the street, another house is set for demolition. "I've seen beautiful homes being torn down and replaced with humongous homes that are not in keeping with the neighborhood," Clarke says. "A lot of them are just plain ugly. "

But Thompson, the builder responsible for many of the monster homes in Hinsdale, says: "I've thought of my own houses coming down some day. I don't have a problem with that. Anything can be improved upon."

*TEXT WITHIN GRAPHIC BEGINS HERE*

New look for old suburbs

Several close-in Chicago suburbs are experiencing residential redevelopment in which outdated houses are razed and replaced by much larger, more luxurious homes. Average prices of houses being torn down and the new homes replacing them (minimum square footage of the homes):

Clarendon Hills

Old: $ 300,000 (1,500 square feet)

New: $ 800,000 (3,500 square feet)

Elmhurst

Old: $ 325,000 (1,200 square feet)

New: $ 750,000 (3,000 square feet)

Hinsdale

Old: $ 1.4 million (3,000 square feet)

New: $ 3.5 million (5,000 square feet)

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Mike Tsukamoto, USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Anne Ryan, USA TODAY; GRAPHIC, B/W, Quin Tian, USA TODAY, Source: USA TODAY research by Haya El Nasser (MAP); Living large: A new home in the Washington suburb of Arlington, Va., towers over its smaller neighbor.<>Home suite home: Lynn Corsiglia, 53, of Hinsdale, Ill., lives in a 5,000-square-foot dream home that replaced an old house that was torn down. I'm not into wiring, redoing roofs and refinishing original floors," she says.

**Load-Date:** March 13, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THE YEAR IN MOVIES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y6H-DJ30-00J2-309W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***He said, he said;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y6H-DJ30-00J2-309W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Our critics pick the best of '99, and then pick on each other***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y6H-DJ30-00J2-309W-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

December 26, 1999, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. 2F

**Length:** 1871 words

**Byline:** Jeff Strickler; Colin Covert; Staff Writers

**Body**

The fun of "best of" lists is the arguments they start over what's included \_ and what's not. Agreeing to disagree, movie critics Colin Covert and Jeff Strickler chose their top 15 movies of the year. Each then got to "challenge" five of the other's picks.

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Strickler's picks

     In order of preference:

     - "October Sky": This true story about a teenager's dream to be part of the space program even though he came from a poor coal-mining town was the year's most inspiring tale. It had drama, suspense, a toe-tapping rock 'n' roll soundtrack and an upbeat moral: Never let pessimists keep you from following your dreams.

     - "The Castle": A man who's as dumb as a lug nut but incurably optimistic goes all the way to Australia's highest court to stop the airport from tearing down his eyesore of a house to extend a runway. You feel good after watching this charmer.

   - "The Straight Story": The usually outrageous David Lynch was behind this sweet, touching, true story about an Iowa man who drove his riding lawn mower to Wisconsin to visit his ailing brother. It was all about family, and it made you want to check in with yours when you left the theater.

     - "Run Lola Run": This German adventure was so universal in its appeal that it quickly moved from the art houses to the suburban multiplexes. You get caught up in this story about a woman racing the clock to save her boyfriend from an angry mob boss.

     - "The Dinner Game": This delightful French farce features a mean-spirited executive who invites a dimwitted clerk to a dinner party intending to make fun of him. In a case of cosmic vengeance, the guest makes a mess of the host's entire life.

     - "Hurricane": Denzel Washington should start rehearsing his Oscar speech. This biography of Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, who was railroaded by a crooked cop and imprisoned for 19 years for a crime he didn't commit, doesn't open here until Jan. 7.

     - "American Beauty": If Washington doesn't win the Oscar, it likely will be because of Kevin Spacey. Part hero and part villain, he wakes up one morning in a middle-aged funk and decides to do something about it \_ to the chagrin of some in his life.

     - "The Iron Giant": This animated feature delighted kids while reaching out to adults on a completely different level. Youngsters saw a high-energy story about a giant robot that falls from space and is befriended by a lonely boy. Adults appreciated an allegory about power and politics.

     - "The Green Mile": This prison drama smacks of a project orchestrated to win an Oscar, but it also delivers a gripping case study of a death-row guard (Tom Hanks) who befriends a convict (an outstanding Michael Clarke Duncan) he thinks is innocent.

     - "An Ideal Husband": This adaptation of Oscar Wilde's play about the intertwining of sexual and political duplicity is a high-brow sitcom. Writer and director Oliver Parker turned a theme from a bygone era into material that could have come straight from today's headlines.

     - "The Last Days": This may seem like a no-brainer, seeing as how it won an Oscar in March as best documentary, but it didn't make it to Minnesota until April. It blew us away when it finally arrived, as five Holocaust survivors tell their incredible stories.

     - "Toy Story 2": This was the rarest of sequels, even better than the original. It's upbeat, fun and positive. I can't wait for "Toy Story 3."

     - "The Sixth Sense": Hollywood insiders thought this occult thriller was too artsy for mainstream audiences and too formulaic for the art-house crowd. And they were sure that viewers would give away the surprise ending and take away the fun for everyone else. They were wrong.

     - "Notting Hill": This was the best romantic comedy of the year, a charming story about a shy bookstore owner (Hugh Grant) who falls in love with a flashy Hollywood star (Julia Roberts). Not to be overlooked is Rhys Ifans, who played Grant's kooky roommate and ran off with every scene he was in.

     - "Happy, Texas": Minnesota native Steve Zahn is so entertaining in this romantic comedy that the Sundance Film Festival created a special comedy-performance award just for him. He and Jeremy Northam play escaped convicts who stumble into a small Texas town and are mistaken for beauty-pageant organizers.

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Covert's choices

     In no particular order:

     - "The Matrix": This thinking person's action flick smuggled some resonant ideas into the theater. Keanu Reeves delivers a surprisingly good performance as a computer hacker receiving messages from an unknown source that lead him on a dangerous mission of rebellion. Writers and directors Larry and Andy Wachowski riff on themes from "Alice in Wonderland" to the Bible while conjuring a dystopian future where machines enslave humanity and gravity applies only if you submit to it.

     - "Three Kings": David O. Russell's provocative Gulf War comedy plunged viewers into the physical and moral anarchy of battle with relentless ferocity. George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Ice Cube and Spike Jonze play U.S. soldiers whose private raid on an Iranian Fort Knox becomes a humanitarian mission.

     - "The Limey": With terrific performances by Terrence Stamp and Peter Fonda, keep-'em-guessing direction and a smart revenge story, this love letter to cool, modernist '60s crime movies may have been longer on style than substance, but what style!

     - "American Movie": In this hilarious documentary, a ***working-class*** stiff from Milwaukee struggles to finish his fiasco-plagued indie horror film without any resources beyond his own passion. The film doesn't disguise the fact that the protagonist is a bit of a kook, but by the final credits you're cheering him on.

     - "The Blair Witch Project": The indie phenomenon of the year threw away the rule book on fright movies and took us back to the basics: fear of the dark, of the unknown, of other people. The sense that there's something awful just outside the frame haunts every minute.

     - "The Iron Giant": The best movie nobody saw. A wonderful retro-futuristic look, smart laughs and a fine moral about nonviolence make this cartoon about a space robot a delight for adults and kids alike.

     - "Austin Powers II: The Spy Who Shagged Me": Mike Meyers' chipmunk sex appeal in the title role has become one of the movies' best running jokes. The creepy romance between Dr. Evil and Mini-Me is a hilarious slap at indulgent, self-infatuated parents. I'm first in line for No. 3.

     - "Being John Malkovich": Who green-lighted this radiant slice of lunacy? How did the cast hunch its way through the scenes on the 7th floor of an office building ("Low overhead! Ha! Ha!") without developing muscle spasms? And how in the world did they persuade Malkovich to sign on? Any film that includes a poke at our celebrity obsession, a 60-foot Emily Dickinson puppet and a morose chimp with post-traumatic stress disorder is a film to celebrate.

     - "Go": It won't be long before the Tarantino-esque time-scrambled crime comedy is old hat. But right now, it's still fresh, and never more unpredictable than in this anarchic look at L.A.'s druggy rave scene.

     - "Toy Story 2": One of the rare event movies that surpasses expectations. Clever without being ostentatious, the movie even sends up its own merchandising campaign.

     - "The Saragossa Manuscript": This audacious epic of tomfoolery took me places no other movie in memory has ventured. Layer upon layer of interlocking story lines combine in this reissued 1965 historical fantasy by Polish director Wojciech Has. It's a real butt-numb-a-thon at more than three hours, and its elusive plot had many viewers sighing in deep exasperation. But I was captivated.

     - "American Beauty": Beneath each major character in this carefully detailed story, there's someone else trapped by inhibitions and clawing to get out. Spacey gives yet another flawless performance as a suburbanite with the mother of all midlife crises. Conrad Hall's superb camera work gives the tale a brooding gravity that balances the screenplay's frivolity.

     - "Fight Club": The premise: The innate desire to raise hell that Gen-X males have to stifle is enough to drive them crazy. The payoff: a hallucinatory descent into the black hole of sadomasochistic nihilism. Edward Norton's transformation from worker bee to killer bee, Brad Pitt's wild turn as his bohemian alter ego and David Fincher's prankish direction will snap viewers out of their popcorn trance.

     - "Election": The year's best political movie was set in a high school. As a prim, brittle, overambitious candidate for senior class president, Reese Witherspoon was unsympathetic yet understandable. Matthew Broderick, playing a sad-sack teacher, sets out to redeem his dead-end life by secretly sabotaging her candidacy. No life lessons whatsoever are learned in Alexander Payne's satirical gut-buster.

     - "Sleepy Hollow": A beautifully macabre retelling of a classic tale. Tim Burton's astonishing imagery fits the weird subject matter. His long-running collaboration with Johnny Depp hits a high in the character of Ichabod Crane, the wispiest action hero ever \_ one part Errol Flynn, one part Isaac Newton and one part Barney Fife.

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Strickler's challenges

     - "The Blair Witch Project": It was terrific marketing, but a great movie? No. It didn't work for me for a number of reasons, beginning with the shaky camera that has become a weary cliche of every mock documentary.

     - "Sleepy Hollow": It left me sleepy. The film's look is terrific, but the attempt to blend loopy humor with in-your-face violence produced a movie with two divergent personalities.

     - "Three Kings": This was another film that suffered from an identity crisis. Part dark comedy, part action and part political treatise, the transitions were so startling that people who went for more popcorn must have wondered if they had returned to the wrong theater.

     - "Fight Club": It certainly showcased director Fincher's unique talent for making violence artsy, but the story takes too long to develop. The "insider" movie references, including pointing to the reel-change blip in the corner of the screen, were too cutesy.

     - "Election": This was an effective film, but director Payne's practice of shocking the audience just for the sake of it produced needless intrusions that derailed the narrative.

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Covert's quibbles

     - "Notting Hill": Nice, but not list-worthy. For me, it evaporated shortly after the screening ended, while many other movies kept growing in my imagination.

     - "The Castle": Reminded me of an episode of "The Simpsons" set in Australia.

     - "The Sixth Sense": It takes more than pursed lips and a vest to convince me that Bruce Willis could be an award-winning psychoanalyst. And was everyone really surprised by the ending?

     - "The Straight Story": A sweet movie, but a waste of Lynch's bizarre imagination. I hope he gets this wholesome thing out of his system and hops back on the "Lost Highway."

     - "Hurricane": Washington's performance and Norman Jewison's direction are Oscar-caliber. But a gooey subplot about a ghetto urchin's struggle to become literate feels like a Reading Is Fundamental promo.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** December 27, 1999

**End of Document**



[***TECHNO CONCERTO***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8670-002B-H1F2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

January 16, 1994, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Entertainment; WIRED FOR SOUND // Modern music in the making; Pg. 1F

**Length:** 3218 words

**Byline:** Kim Ode; Staff Writer

**Body**

Take John Adams, Grammy Award-winning composer of "Nixon in China," a satiric opera nicknamed "Dick and Pat Do Peking." Team him up with Jorja Fleezanis, a Minnesota Orchestra violist whose earthy demeanor never seems far from her father's tavern in Detroit. Throw in a fax machine, some computers, a big violin and plenty of strong coffee. What do you have? The story of how, these days, a major piece of music is born.

First of two parts. The second installment will appear Friday in Variety/Weekend.

Jorja Fleezanis was jazzed, she was juiced, she was jittery as she fumbled for her car keys outside John Adams' house. Despite the late hour it was still hot, too hot for Halloween week in San Francisco. The parched California hillsides were combusting according to the whims of nature and a few arsonists, but she had just witnessed combustion of a creative variety.

For weeks, Adams, a world-renowned orchestral composer with an ear for knockout rhythm, had been faxing pages of a concerto from Berkeley to Edina - a concerto that Fleezanis, concertmaster of the Minnesota Orchestra, would premiere in January. It was a rare opportunity for collaboration, the violinist cluing the non-violinist, the composer daring the player. For Fleezanis, it also was a leap into technology both awesome and perplexing.

The limp, shiny pages of notes would whirr from her basement fax machine. She'd study them, call Adams and play back the notes, sometimes into his answering machine. He'd rewrite. More faxes, more phone calls. Great packets would arrive in the mail, the final versions of the jiggering they'd done. Except that they were never final: There were always more faxes, more phone calls.

For six months, Fleezanis had worked only with her violin solo part, never seeing the orchestral score. Then, moments earlier in Adams' studio, standing before a bank of electronic gear that turns a composer's thoughts into computer-synthesized trombones and triangles, not only could she see the score, she could hear it - something that, in times past, could never have happened with new music until a full orchestra tromped onto a stage.

In-your-veins music

Welcome to virtuoso reality.

"Gee-zus!" Fleezanis blurted, mere seconds into the tape-recording of the third movement. "Where's that coming from? Basses?" She scanned the huge pages of the master score. "Gee-zus!"

"The beads of sweat are here," Adams deadpanned, pointing to a skein of black dots on the page before clicking off the tape. "Lemme play this again. I love this," he said as a drumbeat pounded through the heat once more, once more sending him bobbing and weaving, throwing shoulder feints like a boxer, his right hand whapping an imaginary bass drum.

"Oh, Gee-zus!" Fleezanis didn't dare lift her eyes from the score, holding onto the table as if to anchor feet that threatened to boogie her right out the door. "Excellent! Bongos!" The tempo got hotter, more layers of sound, more pulses. Adams was practically cackling. Fleezanis was finally speechless, listening as the violin line flung out into space, alone.

Then it ended.

They hugged, laughing with exhaustion. "What is on the second half of this program?" Fleezanis asked. "People are going to need major Valium. God, that is so unbelievably exhilarating! It gets in the major part of your veins," she said, resorting to her favorite system of metaphor, equating music with biology. "That," she said, "is like mainlining rhythm."

It will be BYOV (Bring Your Own Valium) on Wednesday night at Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis, when Fleezanis performs the world premiere of Adams' Violin Concerto.

Adams, who is acclaimed for such works as the opera "Nixon in China" and the big orchestral piece "Harmonielehre," had never tackled a violin concerto. The concerto form is simply defined: a composition for solo instrument and orchestra, usually in three movements. Yet writing a violin concerto is a daunting task. In program notes prepared for the premiere, Fleezanis' husband, the respected musicologist Michael Steinberg, noted that composers such as Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Stravinsky and Schoenberg have each written just one violin concerto, but those tend to be among each composer's greatest works.

Adams calls the violin concerto a heroic form: "I think it's that vision of one unique solitary figure standing in front of the full orchestra."

That figure is Fleezanis, in her fifth year as Minnesota Orchestra concertmaster. "Heroic" suits her, yet she never sounds far from her roots in one of Detroit's Greek neighborhoods, where her immigrant father still runs a cozy tavern. Indeed, she draws upon Dionysus, the Greek god of revelry, to explain why she loves making music and why it's important that music be made.

"It's got a heartbeat, a metabolism," she says. "It speaks to the trouble our society has with the whole Dionysus concept of letting go. Every time I play, I just let go. Every time."

Dionysus never encountered a Musical Instrument Digital Interface, or MIDI, device - Adams' machine that could reproduce the sound of an orchestra. Working with him and his equipment on this concerto, Fleezanis said, "has definitely brought me into the 20th century."

The making of "Violin Concerto" epitomizes what this century hath wrought as it draws near its finale. While this concerto was born of creative genius and will be brought to maturity by intuitive musicians, it has been nurtured by faxes and answering-machine messages, synthesizers and electronic recorders. This tactic fiddles with the public's romantic notion of artists as eccentric souls who prefer drafty garrets to condos, absinthe to cappuccino, a quill to a Macintosh mouse. Hey, we saw "Amadeus": We know how this stuff is supposed to happen.

Adams has worked with technology for many years, but it was new ground for Fleezanis. "The electronic world can literally synthesize his thoughts into sound," she said, shaking her head. "I had to work through this idea. I mean, it's a little unnatural, like knowing what the baby looks like before it's born."

She sounds like a new mother compared to veteran parent Adams. "The technology is an extraordinary advance," he said, "but I also know how to listen to that tape, what it symbolizes in terms of reality. The moment I hear the reality, I'll forever forget that tape."

Wild souls on the superhighway

Fax Jan. 7 93/ The machine in Fleezanis' basement begins to hum, extruding a single sheet of paper with a huge, hand-drawn A-minor chord about five octaves deep. Beneath it Adams has scrawled, "Wir haben es angefangen." Which means, "We have begun it."

The notes were beginning to flow. Actually, they'd been knocking around in Adams' head for several years, ever since Fleezanis, then associate concertmaster for the San Francisco Symphony, performed his "Harmonielehre," an extraordinarily difficult and emotional piece. She knew she wanted a concerto from him.

She vividly remembers when she first met Adams in the 1970s - the wild apartment, his crazy lover, their crazy dog. "Why do I remember that when I've forgotten so much else?" she wondered. "I think I saw him [as being] like myself. The superhighway was about to be paved for him."

***Working-class*** classical

Fleezanis was just coming into her own as well, recovering from a bout of success-too-soon. At 23 she had landed a position with the Chicago Symphony, which under Sir Georg Solti was calling itself "the world's greatest orchestra." Within four months she was miserable. "There wasn't the constant state of ecstasy" she'd anticipated, and she resigned after a year and a half. "No one believes this."

She felt a responsibility to show why the Chicago Symphony had not been a good place for her. So she immersed herself in a world of small ensembles "where we'd practice for hours with no thought of a union clock," she said. "I'd organize small chamber orchestras and we'd play at community centers, nursing homes. I taught. I became kind of a ***working-class*** professional musician, not a white-collar musician. I learned to define who I was, and that's when I really bloomed."

Adams, born in Worcester, Mass., and educated at Harvard, had moved to California in 1971 to teach and conduct at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. His innovative concerts earned him a champion in Edo de Waart, then music director of the San Francisco Symphony, who urged his appointment as that orchestra's composer-in-residence between 1979 and 1985.

Then the action shifted to Minnesota.

In 1985 De Waart was appointed music director of the Minnesota Orchestra, effective 1986. Two years later Adams was named to a one-year position as creative chair of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, one in a triumvirate of music directors. In 1989, recruited by De Waart, Fleezanis arrived as concertmaster for the Minnesota Orchestra.

They began to talk, and in the fall of 1992 Adams was formally commissioned to write a concerto. It's a triple commission, jointly supported by the Minnesota Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra (whose plans to perform it are not yet firm) and the New York City Ballet, which plans to perform the work this spring with choreography by Peter Martins.

Oh, that big A-minor chord? It doesn't exist anymore. Adams said he abandoned it almost as soon as he'd written it.

Making each other crazy

Fax Sept. 16 93/ The machine in Fleezanis' basement begins to hum, extruding a fresh piece of score, splattered with black notes. There's a final sheet of paper on which there are three boxes with which to critique this latest passage, with instructions to check one:

OK

Awkward, but not out of the question

Get a job

Adams knew he was making Fleezanis crazy. But she kept meeting the challenge, so much so that it began to worry him. (They're both prematurely gray.)

"One of the problems I have with Jorja - and this is not a criticism; it's a compliment - is that she's such a bulldog about tackling problems that some passages that I suspect are extremely awkward, I say, 'Come on, this is really bad writing on my part, isn't it?' and she says, 'No, I think I can find a way to do it.' "

Moderns astride the warhorses

The danger is ending up with a fabulous piece of music that will remain forever unplayed because it gives most violinists the extreme heebie-jeebies. There are such pieces in the repertoire, he said, moldering in all their beauty.

That hasn't been Adams' usual experience. In 1991 a survey of orchestras by the American Symphony Orchestra League found Adams to be the most frequently performed living American composer. He usually shares the program with some of the most beloved composers of music literature, but he regards such pairings with more frustration than pleasure.

It's like this: Adams' music is contemporary music. Some people love contemporary music, but for many, it's as jarring as veering off the main roads to go cross-country in a Jeep. For those people, Beethoven and Brahms serve as cultural safety belts, holding them secure in their seats until they reach more familiar terrain..

"It's sort of hard, in a way, to have your piece on the program with Beethoven - and not that Beethoven is such an inestimably greater composer, but that Beethoven, through endless repetition, has become a kind of marketing tool. In the event that people won't come because it's a John Adams premiere, we'll [also] give them an '1812 Overture' or Ravel's 'Bolero.'

"Those are the realities, but sometimes it's a little depressing, that in one's lifetime, it's very difficult to achieve a status where people treat your work with some respect and excitement as they do familiar works."

One rap Adams has worked to overcome is his reputation as a slave to the synthesizer. He hates the image that leaps to people's mind: squealing whale-songs or tinkly minimalist tunes as cold and hard as zircon. Indeed, his chief complaint about a machine like the MIDI (see sidebar) is that "there's something slightly irritatingly perfect about it," he said. "I think of it as a scratch pad."

How Fleezanis reacted

Fax Oct. 4 93/ The machine in Fleezanis' basement begins to hum, extruding another bit of score, less dense with notes than a previous version, with the message, "I thought this would make you happy - the low-fat yogurt. It has 90 percent fewer hemidemisemiquavers."

Musician humor.

But it makes the point that this big new piece of music ultimately was a collaboration. Take the case of Measure 61, a series of chords that Fleezanis had never before encountered. "I thought, 'Either I am inadequate, or it's going to require me to learn something new,' " she said. "Within four notes, he had spelled out something I had never played, didn't know if I could play, and didn't know if I wanted anyone else to play."

At first, she said, it was a bit daunting to think of telling Adams, an internationally renowned composer, that, well, she didnt like what he had written. But he would listen, and sometimes he'd agree. They worked out a compromise on Measure 61.

"It's an odd part of being a sensor and barometer to what is artistic expression," she said. "Collaboration is like being part of the DNA that makes the chromosomes."

It's difficult to talk about such an emotional form as a concerto. Fleezanis recalled trying to explain to Adams a portion that she felt didn't work, but she couldn't say why. "I told him, 'Part of this just feels alien to me. It's a lot of busy work that is not grounded with anything in the rest of the piece. Could you explain to me what is going on?' And he said, 'Could you be more specific?' "

Collaboration was crucial because Adams doesn't play the violin. He loves the instrument "maybe because of its expressive proximity to the human voice. It just has a particular power over me," he said. "But writing for the violin when one is not a violinist is a very, very mysterious, perplexing undertaking.

"The nature of the instrument, both in the way it's bowed and the way it's fingered, almost defies logic. I mean, one can put one's hands, turn them around in what seems to be an incredibly awkward position, if you twist your left arm around and make a circle with your fingers . . . " He frowned, even a description seeming to defy the limits of language. "It's got to be one of the most painful things man has invented with which to spend hours of your time."

For help, he used a device patented by another composer, Donald Martino, who marked a T-square with lines representing the four strings on a violin and marked the positions the fingers would have to press to play all the notes on each of those lines. Adams then could pretty much see if a human being's fingers could stretch, contort or compress enough to make the note he sought. Sometimes he'd pick up his daughter's child's-scale violin, but that was even worse, because Fleezanis' instrument is, if anything, larger than most violins.

Fleezanis bought her violin 17 years ago from a friend's father who was retiring from teaching. "I was young, but the moment I saw this one, I knew I wanted it. I just had a deeply aesthetic response." She was drawn to its grain and its shade: "Some violins are very red, but this one looks very warm." Mostly, she liked its size.

"It's zaftig," she said. And it's from Montana.

Here comes the primal thrill

"It's time to hatch this thing."

Fleezanis was sitting in her living room, looking out onto the neighborhood pond, now frozen. It's January, the month of the premiere. Adams has made one last set of changes, taking some notes out of a rapidly ascending run that had worked well on a piano but not on a violin. "There are more crevices now, something more virtuoso that I can bring something to," Fleezanis said. "At least, I hope the hell I can."

Such changes for the better also dictated a change for the worse. Enough rewriting had been done to prompt Adams to order a new score printed, and its crisp, white, unscribbled paper was unnerving to the violinist.

There's nothing like that first piece of paper, which a musician slowly personalizes with notations, dogears, sweat smudges and erasures. "Musicians really do get into bonding with the paper. It's like a first relationship: all the fears, all the expectations. I know that sounds a little extreme, but it's true!"

Fleezanis broke into a throaty laugh. She can't wait to play this piece, can't stop moving as she talks about it. Throughout the conversation, her hands pretended to play, her left hand fingering imaginary notes on the top of her right as she explained a certain passage. "It's like when I heard the Beatles: You can't be passive - like it moves your primal need to dance."

She recalled listening to the tape recording of the computer-synthesizer orchestra while on a flight from New York. She followed along with the score. "It was a good thing no one was sitting next to me, because my body was shaking, my head was going," she said. "When I took the earphones off, I was exhausted - and it was not a sophisticated feeling. It was the most primal, tribal sense. I thought, 'This is so hot! Am I going to be able to stand in the middle of this?' "

Rehearsals begin Monday.

Friday: Part II - The intimate collaboration goes public as the Minnesota Orchestra and maestro Edo de Waart begin rehearsals with Adams and Fleezanis, culminating in Wednesday night's world premiere at Orchestra Hall.

John Adams

Occupation/ composer and conductor. Grammy Award winner for his opera "Nixon in China," also wrote opera "The Death of Klinghoffer."

Age/ 46

Upbringing/ Worcester, Mass., where his parents were amateur jazz musicians. His grandfather owned a lakeside dance hall in New Hampshire, where his dad played clarinet and his mom sang. John, who once shared a piano bench with Duke Ellington, learned to play clarinet.

Education/ Earned two degrees at Harvard University, despite rebelling against its prevailing music theory. Moved to California, where he produced wild concerts at San Francisco Conservatory; was hired to create a New and Unusual Music Series for the San Francisco Symphony.

When he's not composing/ He's hanging out at the neighborhood coffee shop, or doing Hatha yoga, trying to repair the damage done by hours hunched over a table penciling in tens of thousands of notes.

Family/ Married to landscape photographer Deborah O'Grady. Two young children, Emily and Sam.

Jorja Fleezanis

Occupation/ violinist, concertmaster of the Minnesota Orchestra

Age/40

Upbringing/ Detroit, where her Greek immigrant father still owns a cozy neighborhood tavern. Her childhood was filled with music; she remembers watching her mother and grandmother lose themselves listening to opera: "Music became my fantasy world, like 'Calvin and Hobbes.' Music was my Hobbes."

When she's not performing/ She's cooking, especially ethnic food such as Greek moussaka, Persian lamb stew or a signature first course of cold cantaloupe soup swirled with fiery Japanese wasabi.

Education/ Interlochen Arts Academy, Michigan; Cleveland Institute of Music; Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. Now she teaches at the University of Minnesota and at numerous chamber-music festivals.

Family/ Married to musicologist and writer Michael Steinberg, former artistic advisor to the San Francisco Symphony and Minnesota Orchestra and artistic director of Viennese Sommerfest.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** January 18, 1994

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[***THE PUBLIC IS SAYING ' NO MORE GUN LAWS' VIA ITS REPRESENTATIVES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y6N-8H00-0094-549T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 27, 1999, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**Length:** 1742 words

**Byline:** ROBERT MIHALEK, SQUIRREL HILL

**Body**

I have a couple of observations regarding the Dec. 19 Issue One "Guns in America." First, regarding state Rep. Dan Frankel's letter ("A Last Resort That Works"), does he forget how our representative government works? When the state Legislature and Congress vote against a law, they are expressing the views of their constituents.

Since they voted against adding more useless gun control laws on top of the 20,000 or so laws on the books already, then that must mean that we the people do not want additional laws.

Mr. Frankel also said that these laws were blocked "at the behest of the National Rifle Association." I'm sure the NRA wishes it had that kind of power, but it doesn't. The NRA is just a group of citizens trying to protect our inalienable right to defend ourselves.

Second, to Claire B. Levine ("No Meaningful Action"), there are already plenty of gun control laws on the books. Whether they are meaningful is up to the enforcement policies of our criminal justice system. More laws will not stop the killing (whatever that means); just look at Washington, D.C., where's it's illegal to buy or sell guns, yet it still has a high murder rate.

Finally, to Warren E. Sheppick ("Not All Law-Abiding"), our country is based on the premise of innocent until proven guilty. Does that sound familiar?

pg99 0044 991227 N S 9912270162 00000796 IT N

For Y2K, I would like to see "the nines," such as $ 1.99, in all retail pricing cease and go the way of the year 1999. They are an insult to customers!

I would like to hear the TV background noises muted while someone is speaking. It's called "mood music." Ha, ha. I also would like the advertisers to stop increasing the volume in my TV set. It's bombastic!

Please keep this in mind: You are in our homes. We are your source of income. So, please, show the TV listeners a little respect.

pg99 0045 991227 N S 9912270163 00001193 IT N

In the Dec. 19 letters, a police officer from Brighton Heights gave his opinion on those who drive even though their licenses have been suspended ("Pennsylvania Must Find a Way to Enforce License Suspensions").

What this officer fails to see is that because of modern expansionism via capitalistic industrialism, people are dependent on their automobiles to get to their jobs.

Certainly these lawbreakers do not emanate from the upper or upper-middle classes. Most likely these offenders are ***working class*** people on the verge of poverty if anything should disrupt the fragile bond between them and their next paycheck.

We are all human, making mistakes every day of our lives. Why should a minor, nonviolent mishap have such maiming repercussions to our future?

No, sir, the Pennsylvania laws are not too soft, but, on the contrary, are too bureaucratic and carelessly severe.

pg99 0046 991227 N S 9912270164 00000925 IT N

Why are people ignoring traffic signs and expecting you to do the same? If you follow speed limits, there's always an angry motorist passing you at his or her own selected speed.

Recently I was at a stop sign coming from Century Plaza facing a road with heavy traffic. A motorist coming down behind me slammed on his brakes and honked his horn as if I were a bad person to have stopped at a stop sign.

The same goes for red lights. Where does it say that if you're in a hurry it's all right to go through them? Maybe a lot of accidents could be avoided if drivers would remember the rules in the driver's manual.

pg99 0047 991227 N S 9912270165 00001273 IT N

Concerning President Clinton's response to questions about his affair with Monica Lewinsky, James Carmine, chairman of Carlow College's philosophy department, states, ". . . I don't think he had any option but to lie" ("A Question of Ethics," Dec. 22). Based on logic alone, of course he had an option - to tell the truth.

Telling the truth under oath might have been embarrassing to the president or troublesome to his marriage or politically costly, but testimony about an affair with Lewinsky probably would not have incriminated him. And if it had the potential to do so, he could have invoked the Fifth Amendment to avoid a response.

But he neither told the truth nor took the Fifth, and his falsehood did damage to our legal system by thwarting an attempt to arrive at the truth in Paula Jones' case against the president.

In this nation founded on the rule of law, any tolerance of unlawful behavior clearly weakens the fabric of our society.

pg99 0048 991227 N S 9912270166 00000694 IT N

When County Executive-elect Jim Roddey takes control of Allegheny County, I hope he reduces the size of county government by starting at the top.

I am talking about the "super-directors," administrators and other upper-management positions that are unnecessary and only contribute to Allegheny County's financial woes.

It's time to trim the fat from the public coffers, starting now!

pg99 0049 991227 N S 9912270167 00001776 IT N

In its Dec. 21 article about Action Mining ("Mining Company Fined $ 50,000 for Diverting Foul Water"), the Post-Gazette, for the second time, misreported the facts. The article reported that Action Mining Inc. crews buried pipes "working at night and on weekends." In open court on Dec. 20, Assistant U.S. Attorney Constance Bowden conceded to the U.S. District Court that the pipes were installed during the day.

She also submitted to the court an undisputed, sworn statement of an Action Mining employee who stated that he installed the pipes during daylight hours, on weekdays, not weekends.

Although the Post-Gazette quoted a Youghiogheny River Watch attorney's unsubstantiated assertion that Action Mining saved $ 5 million by installing the pipes, the Post-Gazette omitted Ms. Bowden's representation to the court that the United States, which investigated the case, believed Action Mining saved only about $ 200,000. (Action Mining paid all of that and more to the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection as a penalty.)

The Post-Gazette also quoted the same Youghiogheny River Watch attorney's unsubstantiated assertion that the pipes had a catastrophic effect on the Casselman River. However, the Post-Gazette omitted reference to a Department of Environmental Protection finding that the pipes had no effect on the 1993 fish kill in the Casselman River.

pg99 0050 991227 N S 9912270168 00001169 IT N

What's so right about "the right"?

First, it was Post-Gazette columnist Jack Kelly with his 31 nonsequiturs about liberals, saying to be a liberal you must believe that "trial lawyers are selfless heroes, but doctors are overpaid" ("The Joke's on Them," Nov. 21).

Then it's syndicated columnist George "Big Surprise" Will saying "like most liberals today, [New Jersey U.S. Senate candidate Jon Corzine] wants "radical restrictions on freedom of (other people's) speech" ("Another Hubert Humphrey? Jon Corzine Is the Universal Liberal," Dec. 13).

I'll never forget the day George W. Bush came out with his tax plan and conservative columnist Robert Novak complained that there was no reduction for capital gains.

To define liberalism: A liberal believes that those who have should take care of others.

The above people need some retirement pay.

pg99 0051 991227 N S 9912270169 00000872 IT N

This letter is in response to the Dec. 19 Issue One "Guns in America."

With more than 20,000 gun laws on the books already, you would think the government may have gotten it right.

Suing gun manufacturers does nothing to stop gun violence or crime. There is no need for new gun laws, only enforcement of existing laws. Liberal ideas and policies are ruining this great country of ours.

Let's get back to a time of family values, common sense and respect for our fellow man, and we might just become a polite society. A free man is an armed man.

pg99 0052 991227 R S 9912270021 00002961 IT R

Parents, particularly those with young children, realize only too painfully at holidays that time is often the most precious and least attainable gift. But President Clinton has made good on a promise that may help put that rare and expensive commodity within the grasp of at least a few more new mothers and fathers.

It comes in the form of a Labor Department proposal that would allow unemployment compensation to be used for parental leave. States, which already have wide latitude in setting eligibility standards and payment levels for the program, will have complete discretion whether to use the benefits that way. And initially the program would be experimental, giving the Labor Department an opportunity to evaluate its impact on businesses, workers and insurance costs before making a decision as to whether it should be made permanent. This is a logical and reasonable approach.

Thanks to the Family and Medical Leave Act of 1993, most parents have a right to 12 weeks of unpaid leave to take care of a new child or to tend to a sick family member, and 24 million Americans have availed themselves of that needed time away from work.

Many others, however, don't make enough money to be able to afford time off the payroll. When the unemployment compensation fund was created in the 1930s, it was seen as a way to help workers over the bumps of temporary, forced dislocation from their jobs. But states have been enlarging the way it is used, so that today some compensate workers who must leave work because of emergencies like unavailability of child care or a spouse's relocation.

Including family leave for those crucial early months with a new baby is a logical extension. With 60 percent of mothers of children under the age of 1 in the work force, the need could not be more apparent. And as a happy coincidence, the means to meet that need exist in ever-growing unemployment compensation fund balances - a side effect of the current economic boom.

The president's action came after four states -

Maryland, Massachusetts, Vermont and Washington - expressed an interest in using the funds for parental leave. Details of how long such family leave benefits will be available and to whom would be left to the states to decide.

Whether this approach should be adopted on a national basis is something the Labor Department must carefully assess. But one way or another, at some point the United States will join the rest of the world in realizing that spending the sacred early days with a newborn is not a privilege that should be reserved only for those lucky enough to earn enough money to be able to afford it.

Editor's note: The letter writer is an attorney for Action Mining Inc.

**Load-Date:** December 28, 1999

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[***Suburbs make a play for Vikings;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B6C-X8J0-00J2-3515-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***As the governor's stadium task force gets to work, it appears Anoka County and Eden Prairie may be contenders.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B6C-X8J0-00J2-3515-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

December 8, 2003, Monday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 2126 words

**Byline:** Jay Weiner; Staff Writer

**Body**

Imagine a corporate headquarters adjacent to a retail center, a hotel near condominiums, an office complex with a water park. Put it on 400 open acres at 109th Av. NE. and Interstate Hwy. 35W in Blaine, Anoka County.

     Place the cherry on top: a Minnesota Vikings stadium.

     It's a vision that could reinvent Minnesota's stadium landscape while placing the northern suburbs \_ long dismissed as topographically ugly and hopelessly ***working class*** \_ on the region's cultural radar like never before.

     As Gov. Tim Pawlenty's Stadium Screening Committee prepares for its first meeting Tuesday, the mayors of Minneapolis and St. Paul are poised to battle for a Twins' ballpark. For now, only Eden Prairie will compete with Blaine for a new Vikings' home; in fact, Eden Prairie plans to offer land for either a Vikings or Twins stadium, or both.

   But Anoka County's singular aggressiveness is what could force the Vikings \_ and the entire sports facilities debate \_ back to the suburbs.

Why not?

     In the National Football League, the New England Patriots, Washington Redskins, New York Jets and Giants play in the suburbs. The Arizona Cardinals' new stadium is being built outside of Phoenix. The Vikings, of course, first settled on farmland in Bloomington 42 years ago.

     Pro football teams usually play only 10 home games a year, mostly on Sundays and not during rush hours. Most teams want large plots of land for massive parking lots and huge parking revenue so fans can tailgate.

     Why not 17 miles from downtown Minneapolis, 23 from downtown St. Paul, or 30 from the Mall of America? Why not Anoka County?

     That neck of the woods has been the object of derisive jokes for years, recounted even by the likes of Tom Snell, executive director of the Metro North Chamber of Commerce. He has seen dramatic change since taking the reins of the business organization in 1985, a time when no store in the county sold business suits.

     When Snell started working for the chamber, he said: "We didn't have listings in the Parade of Homes. It was the Parade of Trailer Parks."

     Blaine and Anoka County \_ indeed, all of the northern suburbs \_ were the poor siblings to the south and southwestern suburbs, which developed sooner and richer, experts say, for two reasons: The Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport spawned post-World War II growth, and the lake-filled area west of Minneapolis attracted the region's wealthy movers and shakers.

     But Anoka County isn't just pickup trucks anymore.

     Drive along Hwy. 65. See shopping centers under construction. Read the signs of housing developments, heralding starting prices of $350,000. Have lunch at the Tournament Players Club, a golf course surrounded by $1 million townhouses. Has your kid been one of the nearly 3 million soccer players a year who compete at the National Sports Center, which is about a mile from the proposed Vikings site? Gaze at the corporate headquarters of Medtronic along I-694.

     That's the new Anoka County, ranked by U.S. Census data, as seventh among the nation's 231 most prosperous counties in home ownership and 31st in the nation in median household income, second in the region only to Dakota County.

     Now Blaine is ready for a "signature development," with a Vikings' centerpiece, that could cost $1.5 billion.

The plan

     It began a year ago when Anoka County Board Chairman Dan Erhart was watching TV. Vikings owner Red McCombs, his hopes of partnering with the University of Minnesota in a stadium dashed, wondered aloud why no suburb had expressed interest in a stadium.

     Faster than you could say Purple Pride, Erhart and the county staff called Vikings officials and a long-shot notion began evolving into something that Anoka native Charlie Weaver, Gov. Tim Pawlenty's former chief of staff, says "should be taken very seriously. It's not pie in the sky."

     The county and city of Blaine have committed $110,000 to hire consultants, including the Hammes Co. of Brookfield, Wis. Hammes helped refurbish Green Bay's Lambeau Field and is developing the area around Ford Field, home to the Detroit Lions.

     Anoka County leaders have established two key principles:

     - They will give the Vikings 100 percent of game-day revenues, every dollar from every one of the 22,000 cars that can be parked there, every nickel from every hot dog.

     - They have vowed to the county's taxpayers \_ and here's the tough part \_ that the county will get back, over time, any upfront investment it puts into this mega-project.

     "We want to explore what politicians have been hearing from the body politic," said Steve Novak, a former state senator, who is coordinating Anoka County's stadium effort. "Is it possible to do one of these ventures without significant public resources?"

     The notion is to create "a stadium district," a concept that Finance Commissioner Dan McElroy, head of the Screening Committee, embraces. Blaine's district would include the corporate headquarters of a major company, the Vikings' own corporate offices and year-round training camp, the hotel, the shopping center and the condos.

     Property taxes, stadium district surcharges, in-stadium user fees and development rights in and around the stadium would be captured in a tax-increment-finance-like zone to help pay for the project.

     "It may be that it just can't be done without significant state input," Novak said. "If that's the case, we'll say so."

     Linking the Vikings stadium with activities at the National Sports Center (NSC), about a mile away, is planned. The NSC, state funded in the 1980s, could provide the youth-sports "public purpose" the Vikings need for state support.

     (The Vikings and Thunder soccer team have been talking about teaming up, too, expanding the soccer link to the football stadium picture.)

     Stadiums within larger development plans are in vogue. A Twins-related housing and retail development idea is on the drawing board in Minneapolis.

    "The days of getting blank checks for stadiums from government entities is over," said Marc Ganis, a stadium consultant from Chicago. "The trend is to find creative ways to get deals done, to think big."

     Erhart, who is thinking big, said: "I'd love to be watching 'Monday Night Football' and hear them say, 'We are in Blaine, Minnesota.' "

Mental map

     Anoka's motivations for seeking the Vikings are similar to campaigns by mid-size cities such as Greensboro, N.C., or Jacksonville, Fla., to attract major league expansion or relocating franchises: civic recognition and self-esteem.

     "They want sports to get them on our mental map," said Mark Rosentraub, a stadium expert at Cleveland State University.

     Said Erhart: "We want our people to think we're as good any anybody else, or better."

     But Rosentraub warned Erhart to be careful what he wishes for. Pro football's 10 games and a few other events in a big stadium annually can't generate the economic activity needed to attempt to justify public funding in the way baseball, with its 81 home games, can.

     That's why St. Paul Mayor Randy Kelly and Minneapolis Mayor R.T. Rybak are pouring their energies into attracting the Twins and their potential 2.5 million customers a year, who gather over a six-month period on week nights downtown for dinner before a game and for libations afterward.

     The Vikings are an afterthought to the mayors. That's why the team's lobbyists are pointing to the potential for a Major League Soccer franchise, a Super Bowl, an NCAA men's basketball Final Four and other touring events to be held in a new stadium, adding dates to the 10 NFL games.

     But Rosentraub has public relations tips for the core cities.

     "Moan about how horrible it is for the Vikings to leave the inner city," Rosentraub said. "Then, laugh when they leave. Moan just enough so the other guy takes them."

Side-by-side?

     The screening committee will hold its first meeting Tuesday. Its mission is to arrive at site and finance ideas for Twins and Vikings stadiums by Feb. 2.

     "Co-location" is a concept the committee will consider; that is, placing Twins and Vikings stadiums on the same plot of land to minimize duplication of infrastructure costs and maximize economic activity for a host community.

     The Twins strongly prefer the downtowns, making co-location a substantially urban possibility. But Dave Lindahl, Eden Prairie's economic development manager, said his city will propose a Twins-Vikings dual stadium concept, too.

     The Vikings have coveted the State Fairgrounds for adjoining stadiums, but a State Fair spokesman said its board would oppose any stadium efforts.

     Developers who own the land for the proposed Twins ballpark near Target Center have second-phase plans for a Vikings stadium.

     But Minneapolis officials are privately worried. Recommending two stadiums on their site could save costs and stir excitement. But it could enable political suicide; legislators from communities that don't get stadiums would be expected to vote against a plan that gives two to one community.

     "I don't think [co-location] is foreclosed politically," said McElroy, "but it would create robust discussion."

     Vikings Executive Vice President Mike Kelly said: "The dynamic may exist wherein [political leaders] would want to benefit multiple communities as opposed to one."

     Consultant Ganis said: "Face it, you have to count heads and votes. If you need to spread the development around, the wealth around, to get this done, I'd say do it."

     Such maneuvering could only aid a suitor such as Anoka, with its suburban setting and its singular focus on the Vikings. That's why Novak and Erhart figure they have got nothing to lose with their big plan. Besides, the Twin Cities area is rapidly running out of large parcels of open land, and Anoka County has got plenty, relatively cheap \_ about $80,000 an acre \_ for this project, or something else that is bound to cross their desks soon.

     Still, Erhart is eager to get the northern suburbs' a seat at the stadium table.

     "It's fine to hunt, if you get a bird or not," said Erhart. "But your real reason for doing it is to get that bird."

     Translation: He won't quit until "Monday Night Football" is live from Blaine. Imagine that.

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Jay Weiner is at [*jweiner@startribune.com*](mailto:jweiner@startribune.com).

'BURBS AND STADIUMS

Potential suburban sites:

     Blaine, just south 109th Av., NE., and just west of I-35W.

     Eden Prairie, just east of Hwy. 212, in the north part of the "Golden Triangle," including the former site of Best Buy's corporate headquarters.

     Finance Commissioner Dan McElroy, who is chairing Gov. Tim Pawlenty's Stadium Screening Committee, expects more site candidates by Jan. 15, the deadline for submissions.

NFL teams in suburbs:

Washington Redskins, New England Patriots, New York Jets and New York Giants, soon the Arizona Cardinals.

Cities' reluctance:

Officials in St. Paul and Minneapolis point to the Vikings' lease at the Metrodome, which expires after 2011, as a reason not to focus yet on a football stadium. Minneapolis officials still believe a Dome renovation for football is an option.

Anoka County stadium Web site:

[*www.co.anoka.mn.us/EconomicDevelopment/stadium/*](http://www.co.anoka.mn.us/EconomicDevelopment/stadium/)

'BURBS AND BALLPARKS, TOO

What about the Twins?

Only one ballpark in the stadium boom of the 1990s was built in the suburbs; The Ballpark at Arlington for the Texas Rangers. Twins Sports Inc. President Jerry Bell said the team favors the urban core, but Twins ticket buyers in surveys have consistently listed the Mall of America area as their first choice for a ballpark location. There is no site available in Bloomington, city officials said. But Eden Prairie officials will submit a plan next month offering land that could include a Twins ballpark. Burnsville officials met with the Twins last week.

History:

The Twins and Vikings played in Bloomington's suburban Met Stadium from 1961 to 1981.

WHAT'S NEXT

     The Stadium Screening Committee was formed to help Gov. Tim Pawlenty arrive at site and finance decisions for new Twins and Vikings stadiums. Finance Commissioner Dan McElroy is heading the panel.

     Schedule:

     Tuesday: First meeting, State Capitol, Room 15, 12:30 p.m.

     (Pre-meeting workshop, State Capitol, Room 229, 10 a.m.)

     Jan. 6: Vikings and Twins make presentations.

     Jan. 15: Deadline for cities, counties, business leaders, developers, team owners or members of the public to submit stadium site and/or financing proposals.

     Jan. 20-21: Proposals deemed worthy will get a hearing from the screening group.

     Jan. 29: The committee will settle on recommendations to Pawlenty.

     Feb. 2: Formal report is due on same day Legislature convenes.

     Web site: [*http://www.stadium.state.mn.us*](http://www.stadium.state.mn.us).

**Graphic**

ILLUSTRATION; MAP

**Load-Date:** December 10, 2003

**End of Document**



[***THE BIG STORY ON DINA RUIZ: EASTWOOD / SHE'S BEEN FAMOUS IN SALINAS, CALIF., AS A NEWS ANCHOR. SUDDENLY SHE'S SUPER-FAMOUS AS THE WIFE OF SUPERSTAR CLINT EASTWOOD. IT ALL STARTED WITH AN INTERVIEW, AND SPARKS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CJF0-01K4-9396-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

NOVEMBER 25, 1996 Monday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. D05

**Length:** 1400 words

**Byline:** Lynn Carey, KNIGHT-RIDDER NEWS SERVICE

**Dateline:** SALINAS, Calif.

**Body**

Dina Ruiz hurries into a coffeehouse on Salinas' main street with an elegance that belies the frazzle she's in. There's the run in her nylons, and she got caught behind a slow lumber truck that kept dumping logs on the road, plus, it's a bad hair day. Then again, every day is a bad hair day, she thinks, since she chopped six inches off her dark, thick hair.

"Big mistake," she says. "Now it's totally curly and goes up to here. I have to straighten it."

There's a glow about Ruiz that isn't necessarily anything to do with impending motherhood. It's a glow that has a lot to do with the guy she's married to.

Ruiz is recognized almost anywhere she goes in Salinas. She's the 6 p.m. anchorwoman for KSBW, Salinas' most-watched news station. But it's her off-camera role that has gotten her the most media attention since last spring. That's when she became the wife of Clint Eastwood.

Ruiz is vivacious and attractive, and has worked very hard for the last 15 years to achieve success in her field. She's also good-humored about the fame that has come with being the wife of someone really famous.

"It doesn't bother me at all!" she says. "I adore him, but I retain who I am. I don't feel dominated by it, by any means. And he's checked into hotels as 'Clint Ruiz'!"

She first interviewed Eastwood in 1993, shortly after she became the weekday 11 p.m. anchor for KSBW. At the time, Ruiz, who grew up with crushes on John Travolta and Richard Gere, was unfamiliar with any of Eastwood's movies except bits of Play Misty for Me, which she saw on TV in second grade.

With the cameras rolling, Ruiz and Eastwood discovered things they had in common: Both grew up in the East Bay - Eastwood in Sunol and Oakland, Ruiz in Fremont. Both had similar ***working-class*** backgrounds. The interview lasted three hours, and the on-screen chemistry was so obvious to Ruiz's boss, she told her afterward, "You're going to marry Clint Eastwood."

Ruiz was completely taken aback by the comment. "I thought it was a weird thing to say. After all, I was 27 and Clint was 62."

In fact, Ruiz thought Eastwood would be perfect for her mom, then 46. "My mom's a petite strawberry blond, just like everyone I'd ever seen him with. I thought they might be a love connection. We had a good laugh over it later."

At the time both were involved in other relationships. He was with actress Frances Fisher, who'd just given birth to his fourth child, a daughter. Ruiz's boyfriend was back in Arizona, where she'd begun her broadcasting career.

Still, the pair had drinks, usually with groups of friends in Carmel. Then they went out alone a few times, until Eastwood went away for a while to produce, direct and star in The Bridges of Madison County. He came home to Carmel in November, and by December 1994, they were officially, as Ruiz says, "a couple."

"Boom!" she says. "And by January - it's corny, but I tell people there is maybe a certain sign that you're going to marry this person."

Ruiz had never been married, and Eastwood had been married only once, in 1953 to Maggie Johnson. They were married 31 years and had two children, Kyle and Alison.

Last fall, as they watched the sun set from their Pebble Beach home, Eastwood surprised Ruiz with the ruby and diamond ring she wears on her left hand. She smiles when asked if he tells her why he married her, and not some of the other women he's been linked with.

"He's told me a million times. He makes me feel so appreciated. And, he's the most reassuring person in the world, without me having to ask. I have a tendency to be insecure and have a lot of complexes. . . . He lets me know all the time that this is a special thing for him."

They share a house with no hired help except for a cleaning woman who comes once a week. They go out to dinner and the movies. They stay up late and channel-surf. Both are avid readers. When Eastwood is in town, they get up late and he makes breakfast. "He makes the best cornmeal pancakes from scratch!" Ruiz says.

The couple spend quality time playing with Eastwood's two parrots, Roseanna and Paco. "One hates me because I'm the girl of the house," Ruiz says with a laugh. "They're like Clint's children. They call him 'da-da.' Sometimes they say, 'Hello, Daddy!' in an English accent."

On weekends, they play golf, sometimes with Ruiz's dad, who lives in Fresno. (Her mom is also a frequent weekend guest.)

Despite her marriage to multimillionaire Eastwood, Ruiz retains her own checking account, her own Visa bill, her own cell phone and home phone accounts.

"I don't want him to take my money," she says, laughing.

Keeping separate accounts was her idea. Maintaining financial independence is something she had sworn she'd do since she was a child and witnessed the money troubles caused by her parents' divorce. Seeing one of Clint's longtime loves, Sondra Locke, take him to court for palimony made her even more determined to remain independent.

Ruiz was the older of two children whose parents were separated on and off through their childhood. Her father, Mike, a teacher and coach at Mission San Jose High School, is part Japanese and part African American. He was adopted by a family named Ruiz, which they pronounce "RU-es"; Dina's Hispanic audience at KSBW complained, however, so when she first became anchor, she had to practice pronouncing it "Ru-EEEEZ."

"I wouldn't say we were lower-middle-class, but I look back and I guess we were. We never knew it, though. I think we lived on credit the whole time. We never took family vacations to Hawaii or anything, but I always had name-brand tennies if I had to have them. About like Clint; we were struggling middle class, living paycheck to paycheck."

But her family had ambitions for her. When she was 12, her grandfather pointed to KPIX reporter Anna Chavez on TV and told her, "You should do that."

Ruiz began working the day she was legally able - 15 - making minimum wage at McDonald's. Once she decided on broadcasting for her career, she drove from Fremont to San Francisco State University every day. After she graduated, she ended up in Flagstaff, Ariz., as a news reporter. When she finished a broadcast, she crossed the street to a job as a waitress, where she made more money than she did at the TV station.

On her office desk now is a picture of Eastwood's daughter Francesca, whom he had with Fisher. There are also pictures of her girlfriends, her parents, her younger brother and herself with Eastwood, who's wearing a smile much bigger than you see in his movies.

Ruiz says she's finally seen most Clint Eastwood movies - including Paint Your Wagon, in which Eastwood sings "I Talk to the Trees" - with her husband at her side. "We laughed. He's a good singer, actually. He sings all the time. But it doesn't come across as well in that movie."

When Paint Your Wagon came out, Ruiz was only 4, but Eastwood had been appearing in movies for 18 years. Yes, they've discussed the 35-year age difference. Everyone's discussed it.

Mary Lou Ruiz admits she had reservations at first. After all, her son-in-law is 16 years older than she is. "But every time I saw him, I realized what a normal, nice man he is. He's not a movie star with an inflated ego."

Eastwood's mother - who accompanied the couple on their Maui honeymoon - is 87 and in perfect health, Ruiz says. They're counting on Eastwood's following in her footsteps. But what if the unthinkable happens, and Ruiz finds herself having to take care of him?

"He brought it up," Ruiz says. "I said, 'If that happens, that's life.' If I end up taking care of him, then I feel that's my destiny."

In the meantime, the couple have a nursery to furnish - their baby is due next month - and plans to make. Ruiz is determined at this point to return to KSBW after the baby is born, even though she's already received letters admonishing her about her plan to return to work.

"I worked hard to get here. That's why I'm not going to give it up."

She's hoping her maternity leave will allow her to take the baby to Georgia next spring, when Eastwood begins directing Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil. After that, she says, "I figure someone will come over five or six days a week. And I'd like to remind people I'm only gone five hours a day!"

Plus, she says, Daddy will be home when he's not off making movies. "Clint's such a capable dad. If a newborn cries, he's the first to pick it up and hold it. He's a diaper-changing, bath-giving guy!"

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Dina Ruiz says she's not bothered by this new degree of fame as Eastwood's wife. "I adore him, but I retain who I am. . . . And he's checked into hotels as 'Clint Ruiz'!" (Contra Costa Times, BOB PEPPING)

Evening news anchor Dina Ruiz agonizes over a story minutes before deadline at KSBW-TV in Salinas, Calif. (Contra Costa Times, BOB PEPPING)

Dina Ruiz, Clint Eastwood at the Golden Globes in January. She's expecting their child next month. (Reuters, FRED PROUSER)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***NEIGHBORS, STRANGERS IN HEBRON. A SHARED STREET, DIVIDED BY FEAR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CJF0-01K4-9390-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

NOVEMBER 24, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1669 words

**Byline:** Barbara Demick, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** HEBRON, West Bank

**Body**

Under other circumstances, you might say that Anat Cohen and Adris Zahdeh were neighbors.

They live almost directly across the street from each other. Their passions include religion and the rearing of their large broods of children. Anat Cohen, 35, an Orthodox Jew, is the mother of eight boys, 2 to 14 years old. Adris Zahdeh, 48, a Palestinian butcher, is the father of six children in the same age range.

Under other circumstances, you could imagine the families gossiping over coffee, their children batting around balls in the street.

But this is not so much a neighborhood as a mutual state of dread - a place where Palestinians and Jews live in each other's faces, each wishing the others would simply vanish. Hebron is where the Mideast peace process has hit a wall, with the talks deadlocked over security demands by both Jews and Palestinians.

"The Jews are afraid of me. I'm afraid of them," Zahdeh said as he gestured down from his roof patio, which overlooks the Cohen house from a small bluff. "How we are living!"

Nowhere else in the West Bank do Jews and Palestinians live so close together, or with such mutual antagonism. Their street is the most contentious in one of the most combustible cities in the world. So estranged are these neighbors that they cannot agree even on the name of their street: The Arabs call it Al-Shohada, Street of the Martyrs; the Jews call it King David Street.

It is unthinkable for people to nod hello when they pass on the street. Better not to make eye contact.

The Palestinian schoolchildren dare not walk alone for fear of a swift kick in the shins or a round of fisticuffs. They are not allowed to pet the donkey or play with the geese in the chicken-wire enclosure set up for children of Jewish settlers. The pen was built on an empty lot created when the Israeli army razed Arab houses after Palestinians had fired from their rooftops in 1980, killing six Jews.

The Jewish settlers living in a cluster of renovated stone houses on the north side of the street glance nonchalantly over their shoulders, pretending they're not afraid of Palestinians who sometimes attack them with rocks. Their children go to school in a van escorted by the Israeli army, and they rarely mingle with Palestinians.

"I know who they are, but I don't get friendly with them," shrugs Anat's 9-year-old, Hagai, a well-mannered boy wearing an embroidered skull cap and ritual tsitsit tassels.

Hebron is a surly, ***working-class*** city 16 miles south of Jerusalem where everything gives an impression of having sat out in the sun too long, from the bleached pastels of the stone houses to the heated fundamentalism of the people, Muslims and Jews. There are about 130,000 Palestinian residents to about 450 Jewish settlers, but the Jews wield influence beyond their numbers.

Up to 1,500 Israeli soldiers are stationed in Hebron to protect the settlers. Under the 1993 Oslo peace accords, they were supposed to withdraw from most of the city in March. The withdrawal was delayed first by Palestinian suicide bombings inside Israel, and later by the election of Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu.

After three days of rioting in late September, Netanyahu agreed to urgent talks on a schedule for withdrawal - but an agreement has proven elusive so far.

Next to Jerusalem itself, Hebron is perhaps the most emotionally charged city in the region. It is the site of the Cave of Machpelah, which the Book of Genesis says was bought by the patriarch Abraham as a burial place for himself and his family. Today Jews call the site the Tomb of the Patriarchs - and Muslims call it the Ibrihimi Mosque.

Hebron's Jewish settlers live in the renovated remains of an earlier Jewish quarter, which in the 16th century was home to Jews exiled from Spain. By all accounts, these Jews lived harmoniously with their Arab neighbors until 1929, when the region was swept with pogroms. In Hebron, 67 Jews were murdered by their Arab neighbors, and those who survived had to evacuate.

Israel occupied the West Bank in 1967, and Jews began moving back to Hebron the next year. During Passover 1968, a few Jewish families rented hotel rooms in downtown Hebron, telling the Arab owner they would stay for only 10 days. Their kosher refrigerators and cartons of religious books soon followed - and the resettlement of Hebron was begun.

\* Anat Cohen has a deceptively fragile appearance, with her tiny freckled face peeking out from under a broad-brimmed green felt hat. She wears powder-blue sneakers on her child-sized feet and a sweatshirt stretched across her swollen belly. She is expecting her ninth child any day.

Cohen moved to Hebron as a newlywed in 1982. Her husband, Ronen, a religious student, wanted to go to a new yeshiva in Hebron. Anat herself had lived as a teenager in another settlement and was ideologically committed to expanding the Jewish presence in the West Bank.

"Hebron is the place. It is written in the Torah that Abraham bought the cave," Anat Cohen said. "This is where we were always meant to live. We have never thought about leaving."

In the early years, the Cohens lived communally with several dozen other settlers in Beit Hadassah, a former medical clinic. As the family grew, they got their own place a few doors down: the lower half of a three-story stone rowhouse.

It is a cheerful home, surprisingly tidy given the number of children and the continually ringing telephone. After school, the boys play computer games or head outside, where they play with the animals in the small enclosure or shoot a game of basketball at the settlers-only court.

The settlers have their own kindergarten and day-care center. Schools for the older children and a supermarket are located in Kiryat Arba, a Jewish settlement of 5,000 residents just outside Hebron.

Cohen used to buy her fruits and vegetables from Palestinian merchants in the nearby market, but now she takes the car to the supermarket. She rarely walks anywhere for fear of attack by Palestinians - even the few hundred yards down what she calls King David Street to the synagogue and school where she works.

"I can speak a little Arabic, but truthfully I don't speak to the Arabs very often. . . . Some of them were nice before, but things have changed. We have less and less contact with them," Cohen said.

Most of the male settlers carry weapons, revolvers tucked in their belts and M-16s slung over the shoulders. But with the bravado that is characteristic of the Hebron settlers, Cohen insists she is not afraid. Her children roam in and out of the house freely. The front door to the house is never locked.

Nevertheless, upon questioning, she mentions the time she was walking down the street and a Palestinian in a Volvo tried to run her over. She jumped on the hood and rolled off, unharmed. And she says the girls at the Palestinian Kordoba school across the street from her home "are always standing there making provocative gestures, throwing little stones. . . . Usually, I call the soldiers to take care of it," Cohen said.

"We don't have security problems. . . . Besides, we trust in God to protect us."

\* It is not so much the settlers as the elaborate security apparatus designed to protect them that riles Adris Zahdeh. The bus station across the way has been turned into an Israeli army post. The gas station next door is closed.

For the last two years, the road he calls Street of the Martyrs - a main thoroughfare through Hebron - has been closed to blue-plated Palestinian vehicles. (The closure is an issue in the peace talks.) While the Jewish settlers with their yellow Israeli plates can drive anywhere they like, the Palestinians must walk or ride donkeys.

It is one of many humiliations. Palestinians are not allowed to use the pay phones recently installed on the street. Curfews are imposed on Palestinians for weeks on end; the Jews have no restrictions.

And unlike the Jewish settlers, most Palestinians can't carry weapons.

Zahdeh was born on this street in a white stone house with high arched ceilings. Except for six years as a guest-worker in Germany, he has lived here his entire adult life, watching his neighborhood steadily decline. Hardly anyone shops here anymore, for the Jews rarely patronize Palestinian shops and the Palestinians themselves are nervous about venturing there.

"Everything is designed to protect the settlers from us. You have all these soldiers here. But nobody cares about protecting us from them," Zahdeh says.

Zahdeh's children complain that they are harassed if they walk alone in front of the Jewish houses.

"Really, I'm scared to send my daughters out to buy bread," Zahdeh said.

Like the Jews across the street, Zahdeh believes relations have deteriorated in the last two years. He traces the change to a 1994 massacre in which a Jewish settler from Kiryat Arba, Baruch Goldstein, gunned down 30 Muslim worshippers in the Ibrihimi Mosque. Before 1994, Zahdeh said, he had Jewish customers from Kiryat Arba, less religious Jews who came into his butcher shop to buy steak - or occasionally camel meat, which is not kosher.

"With a few people, we used to be friends. Now we hardly talk to each other," Zahdeh said, then added hastily: "I have nothing against Jews. It is these Jews. They are fanatics. They are not friendly. They should go live in Tel Aviv and leave us alone."

\* The street is stuck in an excruciating stalemate. And the prospect of redeployment by the Israeli army, rather than prompting residents to sit down and talk about accommodation, has only heightened the poisonous atmosphere.

While negotiations go on, Israeli security forces roam the Palestinian neighborhood trying to scout out the potential Hamas terrorists who surely lurk in the hills. On the roof of the Cohens' house, workers are installing a video camera to spy on potential troublemakers across the street.

"It is like the Cold War here," says Bassam Al-Karaki, a 45-year-old Palestinian, who peers out from his barred windows above a closed barbershop. "But everybody is afraid that it could turn into a hot war."

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

Anat Cohen, 35, a Jewish settler, on her front porch with three of her eight sons. The Cohens live across the street from Adris Zahdeh. (For The Inquirer, WENDY LAMM)

Adris Zahdeh: "Everything is designed to protect the settlers from us."

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Public housing is making an about-face***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-GJN0-00C6-D2WD-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 15, 1996, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 1606 words

**Byline:** John Ritter

**Dateline:** NEWARK, N.J.

**Body**

*Spurred by grants, scores of low-income high-rises across the*

*USA are being razed and replaced with low-rises, town houses and*

*single-family dwellings that bring a sense of pride to residents*

*and help drive out crime*

NEWARK, N.J.

In the drive to transform urban public housing, this doddering

city is out front -- a status it never could have attained without

winning over Helen Goines.

Goines has spent a lifetime in "the projects," including 38

years in a 13-story high-rise dump called Scudder Homes.

Run down, crammed with the poor, a magnet for drugs and violence,

Scudder and scores of high-rises like it in cities across the

USA are being razed and replaced with low-rises, town houses and

single-family dwellings.

A postwar government policy of housing low-income families in

high-rise buildings is now regarded as a failure. Whether a new

policy -- spreading public housing tenants out in lower-density

complexes -- works better is not yet clear. But experiments in

Newark, Cleveland, Atlanta and other cities around the country

are encouraging.

Almost everyone says the high-rises are relics that should go

-- everyone except the tenants still in them.

"We fought them to fix those buildings up," Goines, 56, says.

"We were afraid we wouldn't have any place else to go."

Residents sued to force the Newark Housing Authority to build

new units before tearing down old ones. "Then when they saw the

housing that we built they said, 'Well, maybe this isn't too bad,'

" executive director Harold Lucas says.

Downsizing housing

Spurred by rule changes and money earmarked for demolition, cities

are remaking public housing on a smaller scale. Recently, the

federal Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) awarded

$ 477 million to 18 cities, its latest grants from the Hope VI

program that targets the nation's worst public housing.

Newark got $ 9 million to knock down high-rises and replace them

with town houses, a plan that is making believers of skeptical

tenants like Goines.

Her three-bedroom, 11/2-bath unit is just a stone's throw from

what's left of Scudder Homes. But now she strolls up her own sidewalk

to her own front stoop instead of stepping over addicts and crack

vials on the way to an out-of-service elevator. In all those years

in a high-rise she'd never heard crickets chirp. She's also delighted

to see that the dominant rodents in her new complex are squirrels,

not rats.

"It's so quiet sometimes it's boring," says Goines, who lives

with her son and nephew. "People don't congregate outside like

at the high-rise. We know everybody. We know who's coming and

going."

Which is the point. Housing authorities are trying to stem decades

of segregating the poor into dense, isolated complexes. Their

aim is to get more working families into public housing and make

the clusters less prone to criminal takeover, in part by giving

every unit a private entrance.

New streets and retail businesses help connect public housing

to neighborhoods. There's more space, more parks and more yards.

And housing agencies are leveraging private and nonprofit financing

to create mixed-income developments.

"The plan here is not about just building public housing," Chicago

housing authority chief Joseph Shuldiner says. "It's about building

housing, a portion of which is made permanently available to low-income

people."

Where the concept works, residents take pride in their units.

They maintain them. "If they don't keep them up, the neighbors

get on them," Goines says. More ***working-class*** role models live

among the single mothers with kids. Break-ins, muggings, vandalism

and drug-dealing are rare in Newark's new complexes. "We won't

tolerate it," says Pearl Cole, a retired nurse who lives in a

three-bedroom unit with her daughter and grandson.

Revitalizing

This kind of change in attitudes and behavior is considered as

crucial as the change in buildings. There's an emphasis not just

on rebuilt housing but on revitalized neighborhoods. Housing officials

talk of the need to break a cross-generational cycle of public

housing dependency, of "transitioning" more tenants into jobs.

To do that, public housing programs now sponsor career centers,

job training, health education and parenting instruction.

Federal rules that were a disincentive to work -- tenants who

got jobs and raised their incomes saw their rents rise -- have

given way to flexible guidelines.

"We're trying to take areas of cities that have been vortexes

of negative energy, crime and ripple deterioration of the neighborhoods

around them and convert them into something positive," HUD Secretary

Henry Cisneros says.

HUD has targeted 100,000 substandard units for demolition by 2000.

Since 1992, 24,000 have come down. Many had been vacant for years.

Displaced tenants get first shot at new housing or vouchers to

rent in the private market.

The transformation is slow, not yet national in scope and dependent

on a continuing federal commitment. Hope VI has no long-term authorization

from Congress and depends on an annual appropriation.

And the program is not without critics concerned that low-density

redevelopment will reduce the total number of units, worsening

the nation's affordable housing crisis.

As it is, public housing serves less than a fourth of those eligible

(defined as a household with income below 80% of median income

for an area). That leaves more than 40 million people either homeless,

living in substandard housing, sharing space with others or paying

crippling rents.

Goines, who has arthritis and high blood pressure, would be hard-pressed

without public housing. The $ 501 a month she gets in Social Security

disability benefits is her sole income. Her son Yusuf, 22, takes

business courses at Essex County College and works for the housing

authority.

While the number of families eligible for public housing is rising,

assistance is not. This year's federal housing bill provides for

no new families in HUD's rent voucher program. Most cities have

long waiting lists for public housing.

The problems

Dysfunctional housing agencies have magnified problems. Where

maintenance is shoddy, record-keeping primitive, rents uncollected,

security lax and crime rampant, public housing festers as a community

sore.

In the past three years, HUD has taken control of or forced reforms

in Kansas City, Atlanta, New Orleans, Washington, D.C., Chicago,

Detroit, Philadelphia and Chester, Pa.

"The vast majority of public housing families are very decent

and are trying to make their way in a very difficult system,"

says Richard Baron, a St. Louis developer involved in public-private

redevelopment partnerships in several cities.

But critics say giving eligible people cash or vouchers to rent

where they choose would be cheaper in the long run and force housing

agencies to compete for tenants.

"All the bricks and mortar programs don't help very many people

for the dollars you spend," says Ron Utt of the Heritage Foundation,

a conservative think tank. "Vouchers are much cheaper and help

more people."

Newark's rental market couldn't have absorbed many displaced public

housing tenants. When the first high-rises came down in 1987,

the authority promised to build new housing. But it got ready

for more demolition without any rebuilding. Residents went to

court to force compliance with the federal one-for-one law: Every

unit taken down had to be replaced by another.

Two years ago, Congress suspended the one-for-one rule and another

rule that barred using rehabilitation money for new construction.

That spurred cities to tear down old high rises and begin plans

for developments.

In three years, the authority has leveled more than 2,100 units

in three high-rise complexes and built 1,000 single-family town

houses. Within two years, 2,000 more high-rise units will go.

The authority rebuilds on cleared high-rise land and on tax-foreclosure

lots it acquires around the city.

"Our plan is simple," Lucas says. "We plan to have public housing

throughout all the communities in Newark. We'll make public housing

a part of the community rather than apart from it." He says redevelopment

will produce 3,000 more occupied units than the city had before.

The city had thousands of unoccupied units.

Lucas' critics, including nonprofit developer New Community Corp.,

won't support a plan that ends up with fewer total public housing

units.

"He's walking away from a percentage of the people who are at

the lowest end of the economic totem pole, who don't have other

resources to go to if public housing isn't available," says Ray

Codey, New Community development director.

Screening tenants

Newark has one occupied high-rise complex left, Stella Wright

Homes, a place that degenerated into an illegal drug supermarket

as other high-rises emptied. Residents say a special police task

force and new federal one-strike-and-you're-out eviction rules

have run off most of the drug trade. But they complain the buildings

aren't kept up and their kids have no place to play.

"I'd love one of those townhouses," says single mom Shaquana

Muhammed, 28. "I'm trying to get one, but I can't get one. They

keep denying me."

The authority screens carefully. For now, only former high-rise

residents with good rental histories get town houses.

Some of the best working families are candidates to eventually

buy town houses in Mount Pleasant Estates, a bankrupt, 42-unit

private project the authority took over.

There are no plans to demolish Stella Wright, but Lucas says its

time will come. To be a competitive landlord, he says, "our housing

will have to be as good as regular housing. That's where we're

headed. We're trying to make our housing for the future."

For Goines, the future is now. "You can't believe this is public

housing," she says. "People come by and ask me if I own this

or if I'm renting."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, USA TODAY (MAP); PHOTOS, B/W, Bob Strong(4); Better home: Helen Goines stands on the porch of her home at Oscar E. Miles Public Housing in Newark, N.J. She used to live in the high-rise in the background. 'People don't congregate outside like at the high-rise,' she says. 'We know everybody.' Proud resident: Pearl Cole has news for anyone planning criminal activity in her new apartment complex in Newark. 'We won't tolerate it,' she says. New development: Public housing is being built in the form of town houses instead of high rises near downtown Newark. Harold Lucas

**Load-Date:** November 15, 1996

**End of Document**



[***DENYING THE RACE IS RACIAL IN SUMMERDALE, RESIDENTS SEE THE CONTEST AS A VOTE FOR SUBSTANCE, NOT SKIN COLOR. OR SO THEY HOPE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-V960-01K4-90BJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

OCTOBER 21, 1999 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1701 words

**Byline:** Maria Panaritis, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Ruth Sherman would prefer to bow out of the discussion. It's not that she's shy. But words are sometimes inadequate when it comes to this subject.

This is important stuff. Ruth knows that. So in the interest of candor, she takes a breath and weighs a lifetime of impressions about that most explosive of American issues: race.

"I've always tried to vote my conscience," she says assuredly. "Not my party or color."

Philadelphia is in the midst of a mayoral contest between a black candidate, Democrat John F. Street, and a white one, Republican Sam Katz. Neither man has made overt racial appeals. But history shows that skin color greatly influences how city voters react at the polls.

Sherman, 51, a school district secretary, is white. She lives on the 800 block of Brill Street in Summerdale, a historically white neighborhood of rowhouses in the lower Northeast. It is one of the city's few racially integrated ***working-class*** communities.

In the last month, Brill Street families have shared their views of the candidates, crime and schools in a series of Inquirer stories. Ruth Sherman, her husband, Ben, and some of their neighbors recently agreed to explore their feelings about race.

"What bothers me [is] that people will just vote by color instead of if the person is of substance and what they stand for," Ruth said. "That may be really idealistic, but that's my view."

Political consultants working for Street and Katz are betting, based on historic voting patterns, that Street will get most of the black vote and Katz most of the white vote on Nov. 2. Both candidates will also need crossover support to form a winning coalition.

Assumptions such as these disappoint the Shermans.

"It's like Ruth says - race should have nothing to do with elections," said Ben Sherman, 59, a building engineer for the school district. "You should only base it on what you read and listen to on TV, and try to make the best decision you can without knowing the candidate personally."

But Ben Sherman has been around long enough to know that things just aren't that simple.

\* Carol Stewart has little patience for all this talk about blacks voting black and whites voting white.

It bothers her that campaign consultants analyze the race of voters as they map out strategies.

In Philadelphia, no more than 20 percent of voters have ever crossed racial lines in mayoral elections with credible black and white candidates, according to an analysis by the Committee of Seventy, a nonpartisan government watchdog group.

Stewart, 49, believes that such talk can end up encouraging voters to take race into account when they might not have otherwise.

"They don't say that the Italians came out and voted," said Stewart, who is black. "They don't even say whether the Jews came out, whether the Irish came out. They always say it's black and white. And that's the problem: They're always bringing in a racial expectation when it's not even there."

Stewart is a psychiatric nurse with a master's degree. She was reared in Mount Airy; her father was a steelworker, her mother a housewife. Her father was Baptist, her mother a member of a Holiness congregation.

Stewart has seven siblings. All but one attended college.

She and her late husband, Leon, moved into a four-bedroom house in Willingboro in the 1980s and sent their children to Catholic school.

Leon died of lung cancer 11 years ago. Left with three young children and a mortgage, Carol picked up a second job to pay the bills.

Her two daughters are now college graduates with families of their own in Philadelphia. Her son, 20, an electrician, lives at home. Stewart moved to the city this year to be near them and her mother.

Stewart votes, but she doesn't rely on sound bites and office chit-chat to make a decision. On her days off, she catches up by reading a week's worth of newspapers.

So far, Stewart has flip-flopped.

After the first televised debate Oct. 3, she was impressed with Katz's directness. But that changed after the Oct. 12 radio debate.

"I was back on Street's side," Stewart said. "Katz let me down 100 percent. A lot of issues he avoided, he would not answer, even though it was put to him straight. He beat around the bush."

What better symbol of the absurdity of racial voting, she wonders, than a radio debate?

Listeners must rely only on voices and issues, substance over skin.

"If they were on the radio and you only had a name and you couldn't tell by voice who was black and who was white," she asked, "who would you have voted for?"

Stewart believes the perception that many voters cast ballots solely along racial lines is overstated.

"Most black voters that I've encountered would like to see who would be best in office, because they live here," Stewart said. "They're putting their money in it just like anyone else."

\* Call it another crazy night for Marianne Ralston.

She took her three boys to charter school at 7:30 a.m., worked a full day, and is now, at 7:30 p.m., flipping through a Peirce College packet in the auditorium of the Norcom Community Center in the Northeast.

Ralston, 34, a human-resources worker, has never taken a college class. She is eyeing an associate degree in business administration.

An academic recruiter is talking about school loans, credits and financial aid. But Ralston, a single mother, has to slip out. Her oldest boys, Craig, 10, and Matthew, 12, are in a hockey league. She doesn't want to miss their games.

She rushes to a nearby roller-hockey rink and settles into the stands. Ralston shifts mental gears to talk about race, voting, and growing up in an all-white neighborhood.

She voted for W. Wilson Goode twice in the 1980s because, she said, he seemed like "a good man."

Her neighborhood? Summerdale has changed a lot since she was young; the playground isn't as safe, and crime seems worse, she said.

Black and Hispanic residents have moved in, but Ralston sees no connection between that and the sense that crime has increased.

"I don't really look at it as racial," she said. "I just look at it like the neighborhood isn't what it used to be."

\* Dolores Finnegan, 70, who lives across the street, blames federally subsidized Section 8 renters for harming the community. They make noise and do not maintain the homes toward which they pay relatively little rent, she said.

Some housing advocates claim such opposition is little more than thinly veiled racism because roughly 90 percent of Section 8 voucher recipients are black.

But Finnegan disagrees. She considers her opposition to Section 8 a philosophical issue.

"I lost my dad when I was 10," she said. "My mother took care of me and my two sisters. No one gave us handouts, and we never expected them or asked for them."

Finnegan's first husband, an alcoholic now dead, brought home $10 a week.

Money was tight. Finnegan went to work when the youngest of her three girls was only 18 months old.

She carried her pocketbook everywhere - even in the house.

"Everything I had," she said, "I had to hide somewhere so he wouldn't drink it."

Finnegan bought her Brill Street house 38 years ago with money left to her by a deceased relative. Soon after, she kicked her husband out.

She married her second husband, Bill, about 30 years ago.

They are conservative Republicans, devout Catholics who loved former Mayor Frank L. Rizzo even as a Democrat in the 1970s. They disliked Goode in the '80s. They do not care for Mayor Rendell.

Their politics, they say, have nothing to do with race.

"I saw a piece in the paper the other day that Democrats don't cross the party line," Dolores Finnegan said. "What if the candidate running is the devil incarnate? Would they elect him?

"And Katz," she said. "If his slate was something that would hurt Philadelphia, why wouldn't I cross the party line and vote for Street?"

\* Three weeks ago, Ben Sherman was as confused as anything.

"I have no doubt Street's going to get in," he said. "He's well-known."

Folks on Brill Street - the Shermans included - know little about Katz. The municipal finance expert has never held elected office.

But the more he thought about it, the more Ben Sherman figured that Katz could become the first GOP mayor in a half-century. White voters out there, he said, may be reluctant to back Street.

"They don't want a black mayor," he said. "Not that Street wouldn't be qualified; it shouldn't come down to that."

It doesn't come down to that in the Sherman household. Their voting record is unconventional.

In 1971, Ruth and Ben Sherman voted for Rizzo. In '75, they didn't.

Ruth Sherman had become fearful of reports of police brutality dating to the 1960s, when Rizzo had been police commissioner.

"After that," she said, "I thought he was a very dangerous man."

In 1982, they helped make Goode the city's first black mayor and backed him again in 1986.

During the Democratic primary this year, they and their daughter Jennifer, 22, voted for Democrat Happy Fernandez.

What is the source of the Shermans' independence?

In Ruth's case, a childhood in Fishtown.

She looks back fondly on the close-knit, river ward community. But living there had its drawbacks.

"I've seen the cruelty of some people, and I've seen the insensitivity of some people, and I just knew I wasn't going to grow up that way," she said. "If I didn't like you, it was because you weren't a nice person - not because you're not white."

Her Polish mother worked in a factory and later a hospital kitchen. Her German father was a Teamster truck driver. They were Catholic.

They worked hard. "But they had their own ideas about things," she said. "They weren't always tolerant of people, so I try to be softer and gentler with people."

Ben Sherman, who is Jewish, was 5 years old when his father left home and 8 when his mother died.

He and his sister were reared by a widowed uncle in South Philadelphia. There were Jews, Poles, Italians and Irish on his block, and blacks around the corner, he said.

The Shermans moved to Brill Street 30 years ago. They raised their two daughters in a house where hateful words were "taboo."

The girls are grown and the Shermans are nearing retirement, but their battle against bias continues.

"It's something you certainly have to work at every day," Ruth said. "I know I do. It's a struggle to be fair with anyone or anything."

**Notes**

Mayor's Race '99: The View From Brill Street

Third in an occasional series

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

Carol Stewart, 49, a psychiatric nurse who recently moved back to the city, relaxes in her home. "They don't say the Italians came out and voted," she says. "They always say it's black and white."

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Passion for speed keeps owner in NASCAR race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49YC-J2T0-010F-K4RM-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 7, 2003, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 2029 words

**Byline:** Chris Jenkins

**Dateline:** LIVONIA, Mich.

**Body**

LIVONIA, Mich. -- As conversation pieces go, it's the gearhead's answer to a big-game hunter's stuffed rhino: *Let me tell you about the one that almost got me.*

The half-crumpled red fuselage, frayed wings and surprisingly intact black propellers hang on the wall in Jack Roush's vintage car warehouse, reminders of the wreck that nearly killed the NASCAR team owner 18 months ago.

What does it say about Roush that he was back in the pilot's seat five weeks after a stranger pulled his limp body out of the water? "He's a stubborn, hard-headed mule -- that's what it says about him," says Mark Martin, who has driven a Roush race car since 1988. "I am, too. I guess we're proud of being flawed."

And what would a proud mule like Roush, who owns a circuit-high five cars, do after seeing Martin, his beloved driver, lose another Winston Cup title at the hands of NASCAR officials?

Why, he'd tell them to stuff their precious championship in their tailpipe, of course -- and eight months later he'd be on the verge of winning the Winston Cup title with another protege, Matt Kenseth. Roush's driver can clinch by out-finishing his pursuers Sunday in Rockingham, N.C.

Says driver/rival team owner Kyle Petty: "He's not here to win a personality contest; he's not here to win a popularity contest. He's here to win races. And I think that comes across to a lot of people sometimes, to the public and other competitors, as being a little bit aloof or a little bit arrogant sometimes. It's not that way at all."

Roush's love for speed, and the mechanical processes that produce speed, is devout enough to make NASCAR politics tolerable.

"If there wasn't enough good to offset the bad, I would be doing something else," says Roush, 61, founder of an automotive engineering business that employs more than 2,000 and extends beyond racing; Standard and Poor's estimates that Roush Industries took in $ 1.2 billion last year. "I'm not a slave to this. I don't have to do this. I didn't have to do it when I started, and I don't have to keep doing it. It's OK."

But if Roush breaks through to win his first championship, Roush Racing President Geoff Smith expects a more subdued reception from competitors than, say, the orgy of congratulations given to the late Dale Earnhardt after he broke a hard-luck streak to finally win the Daytona 500 in 1998.

"I think it's one of those things where it's going to be more like, 'That Jack Roush -- he's one tough son of a bitch. And I'm going to acknowledge that, but . . . I'm not going to applaud for him on top of that,' " Smith says.

Although he has been in NASCAR since 1988, and his hot-rodding journey from body shop job to multimillionaire really isn't much different from the life story that made Earnhardt a ***working-class*** hero, Roush still isn't in the good-ol'-boys club. He has rivals' respect but not their affection.

Maybe it's because Roush started racing on Northern drag strips, not Southern dirt tracks, and still lives outside Detroit, not Charlotte, where most of the NASCAR community lives. Maybe it's because he went to college -- taught college, actually -- and uses fancy words such as "transpire" and "disfavor." Maybe it's because he raised the bar for fellow team owners by bringing big-business principles to what used to be a cottage industry. Maybe people don't like his goofy safarihats.

"I talked different than they did, and I thought different than they did a lot, too," Roush says. "That may be a problem for me today."

He just tells it like it is

Or maybe it's because when he thinks something stinks like sun-dried salmon, he'll say so.

"His willingness to extend himself and his opinions puts us in positions, sometimes, to be alienated -- but that's OK," Roush driver Jeff Burton says.

A few hours after plane wreckage show-and-tell, Roush is 6,000 feet in the air in one of his "pieces of jewelry," a meticulously restored World War II P-51 Mustang fighter plane. He's asking his passenger if it would be OK if they swooped toward the treetops, buzzed the control tower and banked sideways before landing.

"There's no danger," he'd said before boarding, while giving the Cliffs Notes explanation of how to use a parachute. Then, with a grin, he'd added, "but I did have those three incidents we talked about earlier."

In a world where drivers smack walls at triple-digit speeds and (usually) bounce out to thank sponsors on live TV, maybe it's not remarkable that Roush still drives fast and performs aerobatics after walking away from three incidents that should have killed him. But while drivers don't like to talk about danger, such encounters become fuel-burning fables for Roush, suitable for telling after a trip to the salad bar.

Put the fork down and listen up as Roush tells you about the time in 1958, when he was 16 and rolled his '51 Ford into a gorge at 85 mph. Or 1972, when he slid through some oil at 170 mph at the end of a drag strip and vaulted over a 10-foot berm. Scratches and bumps, but no lasting injuries.

Roush doesn't remember last April's plane accident, but others have pieced it together: To celebrate Roush's 60th birthday, a friend lent him a small open-cockpit plane, the kind *National Geographic* might use to photograph the Congo. Roush's plane hit power lines (unmarked, he insists) and tumbled 75 feet into a pond.

Maybe another bystander would jump into a caustic mix of murky water and leaking fuel to save a stranger. But most wouldn't have been able to locate the victim, work the seat belt buckles and pull him to the surface in time.

Unless the bystander was Larry Hicks, an ex-Marine and Vietnam veteran who took underwater pilot rescue training 20 years ago. ("As you're telling it, you're thinking, 'There's no way this person is going to believe this,' " Burton says.)

Hicks took three dives to find Roush and free him. Roush wasn't breathing, so Hicks somehow braced against the wing with one arm and resuscitated him with the other arm.

Doctors and family members feared Roush had brain damage -- until he woke up in a Birmingham, Ala., hospital and began tearing out tubes. "They had a tube in every orifice, and I wasn't used to being treated that way," he says. "I had issues!"

Kenseth says the crash made his boss more mellow and happy-go-lucky, but Smith and Martin have been around Roush longer and insist he always had a caring side. He didn't show it to everybody.

"What he cares about is someone who's a little guy, against all the odds, who really doesn't have a way to get there, that wants it really bad and is willing to work really hard -- would live and die for it, walk to California barefoot in the snow," Martin says. "In Jack Roush's eyes, that's him. That's Jack Roush. And he wants that so bad for people. He has no use for the others at all. It's terrible -- *terrible* -- how little use he has for the others. But the ones that are like that, he'll cry for them, he'll bleed for them. He would die for them."

That hateful scoring system

For 28 years NASCAR has used the same points system to determine its champion. Now Kenseth is dominating, and NASCAR will overhaul the system in the offseason. What gives?

"The dark side of me says, maybe because it looked like one of *my* drivers was going to win the championship," Roush says. "But I didn't say that."

It doesn't take much prodding to get NASCAR's chief conspiracy theorist to talk about the circumstances that cost him and Martin championships in 1990 and 2002.

In the second race of the 1990 season, NASCAR penalized Martin 46 points for an illegal part; Martin eventually lost the championship to Earnhardt by 26 points. Roush still insists the part was legal and NASCAR only penalized his team because Earnhardt's team owner, Richard Childress, is a friend of NASCAR's ruling France family.

Last season Martin was leading the points race in September when NASCAR granted a favorable rules change to the teams that were chasing Martin.

Officials often adjust rules to even out competition among Ford, General Motors and Dodge. The cars' external dimensions are so similar that even a minute change -- fractions of an inch, usually -- can make a car faster. So when NASCAR allowed GM teams to extend the noses of their cars by a full inch last September, Roush was livid. In theory, the longer nose helped GM race cars stick to the track better and go faster.

Martin, who drives a Ford, finished the season 38 points behind champion Tony Stewart, who drives a GM car. Roush believes officials tinkered with the rules so Martin wouldn't win.

"They didn't like the way the championship points thing was going," Roush says. "We'll never know what happened, but I'm disposed to believe that if NASCAR hadn't made that rule change late in the year, that Mark may have had his first championship."

"Fixed" is too plain a word for Roush, a one-time community college physics professor who speaks the part. In February, when he said defiantly that he was out to win individual races and didn't much care where his drivers finished in the championship race this year, he used words such as "contrived" and "manipulate" to describe official decisions.

Isn't Roush questioning NASCAR's credibility? "It certainly could be interpreted that way," NASCAR President Mike Helton says. "But we probably don't take it as personal as we might coming from (someone else), primarily because if you understand Jack and his intensity in competition and his commitment to it, you can understand or forgive more."

Officials strongly maintain that they are impartial, that cars are just numbers to them. If Roush's team was penalized, they say, it's because it earned it.

Even with Kenseth closing in on a championship, Roush isn't wavering: He still cares more about winning races than he does about the championship.

It's navigating racing's weekly challenges, both mechanical and human, that motivates him every day: "The idea of being able to celebrate in New York City (site of NASCAR's awards ceremony) at the end of the year as something you work all year for is not the thing that gets me up and keeps me going seven days a week for most of the year."

Still, Kenseth's success seems to have brightened Roush's perception of his standing with NASCAR. "Going forward, I don't see that there's any obstacle that NASCAR's placed in my way," he says. "I don't see that there's any sort of prejudice against me or my drivers."

But what about Martin, who has had a disappointing 2003 and, at 44, might never win a championship? Martin says he is happy for Kenseth but doesn't take any extra satisfaction in the fact that he convinced Roush to hire Kenseth. And while Martin says 1990 and 2002 left his boss "incredibly bitter," he doesn't feel the same way. A recovering alcoholic, Martin says he is only thankful.

"Jack pulled for me when I was that little guy who wanted it really bad against a lot of odds," Martin says. "We got in there, we did it together. And I'm real thankful for all the success we've had and not in the least bit bitter about the things that I haven't accomplished."

The Roush file

Age: 61, born April 19, 1942, in Covington, Ky.

Lives: Northville, Mich.

Education: Mathematics degree, Berea College, 1964. Master's degree in scientific mathematics, Eastern Michigan University, 1970.

Early career: Went to work for Ford Motor Company in 1964 and joined "The Fastbacks," a group of Ford engineers who went drag racing in their spare time. Briefly worked for Chrysler before quitting to start a drag racing team with partner Wayne Gapp. Roush drove frequently until a serious accident in 1972 convinced him to concentrate on team ownership. He also taught at Monroe Community College in Michigan. In 1975, formed Jack Roush Performance Engineering to build engines for other teams. Started a sports car racing team in 1984.

NASCAR: Entered Winston Cup series in 1988 with driver Mark Martin. Narrowly lost championships with Martin in 1990 and 2002. Expanded his team to field entries in the Busch Series (1993) and Craftsman Truck Series (1996). Became the first owner to field five Winston Cup teams in 1998. Won the truck series championship in 2000 and the Busch Series title in 2002 but has yet to win a Winston Cup title.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Grant Halverson for USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Paul Sancya, AP; So close: Team owner Jack Roush, who nearly won Winston Cup titles in 1990 and 2002, is on the verge again.<>On the brink: Driver Matt Kenseth, left, has a commanding 228-point lead in the Winston Cup standings, and it would take a major collapse for him not to give Jack Roush his first championship.

**Load-Date:** November 7, 2003

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[***Crime likely topic for town meeting;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9M60-009B-P37V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***The discussion will be a useful way for Minneapolis residents to voice their seemingly lost sense of well-being.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9M60-009B-P37V-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 16, 1996, Metro Edition

Copyright 1996 Star Tribune

**Section:** News; Pg. 1B

**Length:** 1554 words

**Byline:** Kevin Diaz; Staff Writer

**Body**

In a word, the issue is crime.

In the waning days of Minneapolis' long, hot summer, along shaded streets and blooming boulevards, in glistening high-rises, by the lakes, in the 'hoods, there seems to be a lost feeling of well-being.

While elected officials and policymakers debate whether life in the city is dangerous, per se, those who live in the city seem to be saying that, at the very least, safety is their No. 1 concern.

On Thursday night, for the first time, city officials have scheduled a Minneapolis Town Meeting at the Northeast Armory to hear what issues concern residents. They know that crime is the one they are likely to hear about the most.

"If they're tuned in and in touch, then they ought to know," said Council Member Brian Herron, a former community crime prevention officer who represents some of south Minneapolis' most troubled neighborhoods. "That's what I expect to hear."

With the homicide toll on a pace to match last year's record, with the governor's state troopers in the streets and helicopters buzzing in the night sky, the Town Meeting is being billed as a unique chance for citizens to ask questions and tell elected officials how they're doing - without having to go downtown to City Hall.

And if the discussion proves a useful way for residents to describe their concerns, it might also prove a helpful listening post for Mayor Sharon Sayles Belton and members of the City Council, who face reelection next year.

Fed up

One person they're likely to hear from is Lawrence Sheldon, 38, a lifelong Minneapolis resident who said he doesn't recognize the city after a five-year absence traveling abroad.

"I've given up on this city," said Sheldon, one of six residents who have been participants in the Star Tribune/KTCA Citizens Forum. "I live in north Minneapolis and I'm scared."

Sheldon, a self-employed jeweler, has been burglarized twice in the past few years. "Everything of value that I had is gone, including all my mother's and grandmother's jewelry," he said.

Kids have thrown rocks through his windows. He was threatened recently in a confrontation with a juvenile bicycle thief. There was a drive-by shooting on his block. He can't find decent tenants to occupy the other side of his duplex. But he doesn't think he could bail out of the city even if he wanted to.

"I'm resigned to the fact that I live in a house I can't sell," Sheldon said. "The biggest mistake I made in my life was to stay in Minneapolis."

What once felt like a "clean, upkept, ***working class*** neighborhood" near 30th and Knox Avs. N. seems to have deteriorated to the point where he doesn't feel safe walking around after dark.

"I have very little faith in city government," Sheldon said. "I've been a liberal all my life and I'm losing my faith. Maybe the Republicans have the right idea. The DFL has run this city most of my life, and they haven't done a very good job of it."

Focus on guns

Sheila Tyree, 41, a disabled public housing resident and a DFL Party activist, feels that city leaders are "trying to handle the drug problem and the gang problem as diplomatically as they can."

She says she believes that people's rights must be protected in the fight against crime. But she worries: "I came here from Gary, Ind., in 1972. It's not a pretty place to come from, and I don't want Minneapolis to become like that."

Somehow, she says, the city has to come to terms with the growing problems of "crime, gangs, drugs, the whole nine yards."

A good place to start, she thinks, is by combating the proliferation of firearms. "Focusing on guns is a step in the right direction."

But one aspect of the city's strategy for diluting concentrations of minorities, poverty and crime troubles her: The city's policy - brought on by a lawsuit - of breaking up several housing projects on the North Side and dispersing the residents to other parts of the city and the suburbs.

"Scattered-site housing is OK up to a point," said Tyree, who serves as president of an organization representing residents of the city's 41 public housing high rises. "But when you start dispersing poor people, you're destroying community."

No connection

Alanna Walen, 26, an office secretary and student who moved here from Chicago, sees little connection between City Hall and her south Minneapolis neighborhood near Uptown.

"I don't think of myself having much to do with the City Council, and don't see how their decisions affect me," said Walen, a renter. "It seems like a lot of it is about council haggling, or it focuses on downtown."

While Walen sees her neighborhood "holding its own," she's reluctant to take a bus and go downtown. "With the people hanging around, it just doesn't feel safe, especially at night," she said.

Other than the "stock, safe phrases" emanating from elected officials, she said, she doesn't sense strong leadership in the city, though she favors Democratic party ideals.

Similar sentiments were expressed by Kevin Trainor, 36, a resident of the Phillips neighborhood, one of the city's poorest. "The thing that strikes me the most with the way city government deals with places like Phillips and the Near North is they pretty much take us for granted," he said.

Trainor, a homeowner who describes himself as a "blue-collar Republican," once ran unsuccessfully for a state House seat against DFLer Karen Clark. He works temporary jobs now and sends his kids to public schools.

Vested interests in City Hall make it unlikely that the city will embark in bold, new directions, he said. He sees only duplication and inefficiency. He looks at DFL campaign literature and sees the usual list of public employee union endorsements. "It turns my stomach," he said.

"My wife and I have a house that's worth less then when we bought it," he said. "Part of it is the crime, and part of it is that the housing stock has deteriorated. . . . It's really depressing to see the only new housing being put up by groups like Habitat for Humanity. What does that say about a neighborhood when the only people putting up houses are volunteers?"

Backwards glance

Carrie Juntunen, 46, an anti-war Democrat from the '60s and now a block club leader, looks at the crime problem and sees parallels to the social unrest of the past. "Maybe this is the '90s version of what was happening in the '60s," she said.

There has been a shooting a week for the past six weeks in her neighborhood near downtown. Plus, what appears to be a serial killer has dumped three bodies in nearby Wirth Park this summer.

"I've always considered my neighborhood safe, but in the past four or five years the crime has started to encroach," she said.

Underlying the crime problem, she said, are the same timeless issues: education, jobs, opportunities for youths. "Kids don't seem to see or buy into what's in the future," she said.

Wayne Espelien, 46, has also noticed how times have changed, and how the city needs to keep its eyes on its youth. Espelien, a tool and die maker and father of a 3-year-old in south Minneapolis, recalls his own youth in the city.

"I was a juvenile delinquent myself, and we were much like the kids today, only we didn't use guns and knives," he said. "Then, a punch ended it."

Espelien sees the problems of welfare as the responsibility of the federal government. Sentencing laws that will create consequences for criminals are a state responsibility. But it is up to the city, he said, to find creative avenues for youthful energy.

"We have to find things for kids to do after school," he said. "When my boy gets older, I want him to have parks and other places to go, though he'll probably be in front of a computer like everyone else."

It's hard to be optimistic, but committed city dwellers like Juntunen try hard. "My neighborhood is still fairly stable, but close by it's deteriorating," she said. "They've been throwing a lot of money into it and it's still going down the tank."

But she notes that the city pulled itself out of the race riots of the late 1960s, and she says she believes the city can pull itself together again. "If we give up, we're giving up on ourselves."

"I've been a liberal all my life and I'm losing my faith. Maybe the Republicans have the right idea. The DFL has run this city most of my life, and they haven't done a very good job of it."

- Lawrence Sheldon, 38

"Scattered-site housing is OK up to a point. But when you start dispersing poor people, you're destroying community."

- Sheila Tyree, 41

"It's really depressing to see the only new housing being put up by groups like Habitat for Humanity. What does that say about a neighborhood when the only people putting up houses are volunteers?"

- Kevin Trainor, 36

"I've always considered my neighborhood safe, but in the past four or five years, the crime has started to encroach. . . . Kids don't seem to see or buy into what's in the future."

- Carrie Juntunen, 46

"I was a juvenile delinquent myself, and we were much like the kids today, only we didn't use guns and knives. Then, a punch ended it."

- Wayne Espelien, 46

At a glance:

The Minneapolis

Town Meeting

- What: An opportunity for citizens to tell City Council members and Mayor Sharon Sayles Belton how the city is doing in meeting its goals.

- When: 7 p.m. Thursday; open house begins at 6 p.m.

- Where: Northeast Armory, 1025 NE. Broadway St. (one block east of Central Av. NE.).

**Load-Date:** September 18, 1996

**End of Document**



[***ATTACK ADS HAVE LITTLE IMPACT / ONE WOMAN, A DEMOCRAT, IS GIVING KATZ SOME THOUGHT. MOST ARE WAITING FOR THINGS TO SHAKE OUT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-V8S0-01K4-93RS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

OCTOBER 10, 1999 Sunday DCITY EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1696 words

**Byline:** Maria Panaritis, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Talk about a tough week.

Sunday, the power went out on Brill Street. Actually, it fizzled on Carol Stewart's half of Brill Street, just as she was about to watch the mayoral debate on TV.

Fortunately, she says, the electricity came on again in time for her to catch the last half-hour and get a feel for Democrat John F. Street and Republican Sam Katz.

Three days later, Stewart was driving up Roosevelt Boulevard when a van hit her Ford Escort. The driver pretended to pull over but instead pulled away.

The next night, her dog Minnie fell off the basement steps. Did she break her neck? Stewart rushed to an animal hospital. Minnie was safe after all.

Give this woman credit. With all the hassle, and a full-time job as a psychiatric nurse, Stewart, 49, a widow, managed to follow bits of the mayor's race - something her neighbors in the 800 block of Brill Street in Summerdale had a tougher time doing last week.

For the most part, she and other families on this strip of rowhouses in lower Northeast Philadelphia, whom The Inquirer is profiling throughout the campaign, missed the massive media coverage last week of Street and his supporters - including Mayor Rendell - attacking Katz. Through news conferences and TV ads, they tried to debunk his positions on schools and taxes. Katz supports school vouchers and deeper cuts in the city wage tax.

Stewart, who is black and a Democrat, caught just enough of the brouhaha to start toying with the idea of voting Republican on Nov. 2 - and that could mean trouble for Street.

"I'm leaning toward Katz," she said, the words reluctantly escaping her lips.

The truth is that Street's hard-hitting ads - intended to scare undecided Democrats such as Stewart away from Katz - are not resonating that way on Brill Street.

His efforts to discredit the GOP candidate are simply not reaching some voters there, while leaving even liberal Democrats - so crucial to victory - asking: "What is so reckless about lowering taxes and fixing city schools, Mr. Street?"

Stewart worries that the former City Council president has been in politics too long to devise a campaign of constructive ideas.

"He's always responding, but he's never initiating," Stewart said. "It's like a father and child here. Katz wants to try something and Street says, 'No, you can't do that.' "

Stewart, a Mount Airy-raised Democrat from a middle-class family, is the kind of voter Street and Katz are trying to attract.

She and the mostly Democratic laborers, retirees and single parents on Brill Street have just begun to pay attention to the campaign.

How they absorb the messages conveys a lot about the way people in blue-collar neighborhoods are approaching the race to choose Rendell's successor.

For now, they have only vague impressions, mixed with uncertainty and frustration over the major-party choices.

"Maybe we should put them both in office so they can learn from each other," Stewart said. She compares Street and Katz to bickering family members. "One is the new kid on the block, the other's been there for a while."

\* Ben and Ruth Sherman are going to vote. They really are. But tonight, they're up to their elbows in dusty vinyl records.

Dinner is over, the TV is on, and the Shermans are in the dining room, clearing mounds of stuff from a cramped desk to make way for a new computer. From atop the china closet, a ceramic bust of Elvis Presley watches as Ruth Sherman flips through Al Martino, Richard Chamberlain and Care Bears Christmas albums.

The feisty couple crack jokes about their dated music collection. They putter around a bit more, then move into the living room for a quiet night.

Any opinion about the mayor's race?

"I'm not really concentrating on it yet," said Ruth Sherman, 51, a secretary. "As the election gets closer, I focus on it more. By then, everything's out on these guys - what they're for and against."

Street and his Democratic supporters spent the better part of last week trying to portray Katz as reckless for his promise to reduce the wage tax city residents pay from the current 4.61 percent to 4 percent or lower by 2004.

Street's ads suggest that such a drastic cut would lead to fewer city services. Katz responded with a radio ad faulting Street for negative campaigning.

Much of the back-and-forth has escaped Ben Sherman, even though he spends about six hours a night in front of the TV. He wishes he had caught the debate but forgot it was on. He and Ruth were shopping.

What does he know about the tax-cut controversy?

The school district building engineer plops into his favorite recliner and gnaws on a toothpick as he searches for an answer.

"One of the guys - I think it's Katz - he wants to lower it," Sherman says, then darts into the kitchen to check an old newspaper to see whether he's right.

Before long, Ben and Ruth get to talking. Lower taxes wouldn't be such a bad thing, they say.

And vouchers? This family hasn't seen the ad suggesting that Katz, as mayor, would dismantle the city's public education system.

Ruth supports vouchers, even though Ben feels they would hurt public schools by allowing parents to use tax money to pay tuition for private schools.

Schools are important to the Shermans, who are registered Democrats. Both work for the school district. One of their daughters went to Catholic school. The other split her time between Catholic and public schools. The Shermans feel her education may have suffered.

They and their younger daughter, Jennifer, 22, who lives at home, voted for Democrat Happy Fernandez in the May primary. Fernandez, who finished fourth, seemed to care about education, they said.

Besides, they wanted to give a woman a shot at City Hall, Ben Sherman said.

Fernandez has since endorsed Katz for mayor. So has former state Welfare Secretary John F. White Jr., who finished third in the primary with the help of an endorsement from the city teachers union.

Analysts say the White and Fernandez endorsements send a message that it is acceptable for Democrats to vote Republican in this race. That is significant, considering that Democrats outnumber Republicans in Philadelphia 4-1.

But that alone has not persuaded the Shermans to back Katz.

It's true that Ruth Sherman has reservations about Street; she remembers his rabble-rousing days in City Council nearly 20 years ago. But she is impressed with his toned-down demeanor of the last few years.

Jennifer Sherman is too young to remember the John Street of the early 1980s.

But at least one image of Street, planted during the primary, remains with her.

"He was flipping out at people," is how Jennifer Sherman described a campaign ad showing 1981 footage of Street shoving a reporter onto a stone floor in City Hall.

Jennifer Sherman is a dental assistant with a keen sense of social awareness (she will march in the AIDS Walk next Sunday). She doesn't like negative campaigning but wonders how much influence the old ad featuring Street should have on her decision next month.

"If someone did something 15 years ago," she said, "how do you draw the line between what's important and what isn't?"

The verdict on Katz is not in.

A pained look passes over Ruth Sherman's face as she tries to conjure a thought or image of the former school board member, who has never held elected office despite two previous campaigns.

"I'm drawing a blank on him," she says. "It's a shame.

"Don't say that!" she then snaps, jokingly. Ruth Sherman is embarrassed that she knows so little about this man. "I'll hurt his feelings. I'll have to invite him over."

The fact is that beyond vouchers and taxes, the one great divide between Katz and Street in the eyes of Brill Street voters is personality. Some perceive Street as a temperamental former City Council president and Katz as bland and relatively unknown.

Bill Finnegan, 72, who lives up the street, is having a hard time telling the difference.

As he puts it, "it's almost the same campaign."

\* The Finnegans are private, quiet neighbors, but they are anything but subtle about their politics.

On their tiny lawn, in front of a statue of the Virgin Mary, stands a sign that proclaims: "Get US out! of the United Nations!"

Every month in their living room, Bill and Dolores Finnegan hold meetings of the John Birch Society, a McCarthy-era organization espousing small government and personal responsibility. The group believes the United Nations is part of a communist conspiracy to erode U.S. power.

The Finnegans are registered Republicans.

Bill Finnegan voted Republican in the 1991 mayoral race but stayed home in 1995, when Rendell was reelected by a landslide.

Dolores Finnegan, 70, a retired billing supervisor, is cynical about elected officials.

"They promise you the moon and then give you nothing," she said. "And it's really the voters' fault, because they put them in office and pay no attention to what they do over the next four years."

Dolores Finnegan missed the debate but knows about the wage-tax ruckus. She is not sure the Katz plan would inevitably hurt city services.

"There's so much waste in government that we probably could lower the tax if we did away with some of the waste," she said.

Yet, there is no guarantee she will vote her party in November.

"The guys do not impress me at all," he said of Katz and Street. "I've got to watch it longer and see."

Across the street, Marianne Ralston, 34, has been too busy working and shuttling her three sons to hockey and soccer practice to pay much attention.

She gets up early to take the boys to a charter school in Bucks County, uses her lunch hour to rush home and do laundry, and spends most nights at athletic fields.

Ralston knows very little about Street's recent wage-tax and education attacks on Katz but caught a blurb the other night on the news.

In principle, she said, the positions for which Katz is being criticized don't sound outrageous.

"I think with the vouchers and the wage tax, he's touching on things that are most important to people," Ralston said.

Whether he can make those changes without harming the city is uncertain. But Ralston says that comes with the political territory.

"It's hard to say whether he really can do it," she said. "But then again, it's hard to say whether anyone can really do what they promise."

**Notes**

Mayor's Race '99: The View From Brill Street

Second in an occasional series.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

The 800 block of Brill Street is a ***working-class*** strip of rowhouses in Summerdale, in lower Northeast Philadelphia. (PETER TOBIA, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Marianne Ralston is rasing three sons, including Anthony, 7. Of Sam Katz's proposals, she says: "I think with the vouchers and the wage tax, he's touching on things that are most important to people." (PETER TOBIA, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***CALIFORNIA'S UNSPOILED CENTRAL COAST CAN SPOIL VISITORS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49T2-TBV0-0094-54VT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 5, 2003 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1958 words

**Byline:** ERIC NOLAND, LOS ANGELES DAILY NEWS

**Body**

Is that a UFO? n It's a precise line of rectangular lights, moving horizontally at considerable speed, accompanied by a rushing sound. Behind it is only the inky blackness of the night.

No. Wait. It's a passenger train, up on the hill, hurtling past the campground here at Jalama Beach. It's just a strange sight to view through the flap of a tent in the wee hours, when you're disoriented both by deep sleep and the unimaginable stillness of one of the most remote corners of California's Central Coast.

Solitude and serenity can be had in abundance, in fact, along a stretch of coastline that reaches from about Point Conception, just above Santa Barbara, to Pismo Beach. For some reason, it is largely overlooked by travelers.

Maybe that's because northbound Highway 101, which bends inland at the Gaviota tunnel, is such a pleasant drive in its own right.

Reputation probably also works against this region. Vandenberg Air Force Base sprawls over most of it, and accessibility to that reservation is severely limited -- all the more so during the war on terrorism. Neither are the ***working-class*** towns of Lompoc and Santa Maria considered tourist draws.

But here to the west of 101, Highway 1 describes a circuitous route of about 52 miles before it rejoins the main highway in Pismo. This coastal stretch is also interlaced with dozens of country roads, and if you can shrug off the blight of the occasional agricultural processing plant, trailer park or oil refinery, you're sure to stumble upon numerous treasures of the area.

These include a vast expanse of coastal dunes, sculpted by the winds and punctuated with wildflowers; bright-orange monarch butterflies alighting in squadrons in a grove of eucalyptus trees; a meticulously restored California mission, with dirt pathways and barnyard animals; miles of unspoiled beach on which to walk; and of course a campground where the view from your tent can take in the tumbling surf and an impossibly brilliant display of stars.

What you won't find are resorts, designer boutiques, bed-and-breakfast inns and the kind of tourist offerings that traditionally attract travelers. Enjoy the rough edges of this coast and its communities while they last.

Just west of Santa Maria, for example, Main Street crosses rusty railroad tracks and picks its way between the Guadalupe Cemetery and a field of broccoli before reaching the gate to the Rancho Guadalupe Dunes Preserve. Head on to the beach parking lot, and try not to be unnerved by the pockmarked road and the drifts of sand that have nearly consumed it.

A walk south along the beach, and ultimately into the dunes themselves, is a singular experience.

The dunes were formed when silt flushed out of the Santa Maria River Valley thousands of years ago and then was swept by on-shore winds into towering mounds. They rise to heights as great as 450-foot Mussel Rock, 2 1/2 miles to the south, and if you venture deep into this sandy landscape until the green rolling hills inland are obscured, you might feel as if you're lost in the Sahara.

The surface is sculpted into corduroy ridges by the wind. Tiny birds scurry about, so well-camouflaged that you lose sight of them with only a slight turn of your head. Misshapen humps of sand are crowned with ice plant. Where the dunes support green clumps of vegetation, some wildflowers pop out.

This strange world has been a popular stand-in for forbidding deserts in Hollywood films, dating to the silent era. Cecil B. DeMille had a massive set built here to create a City of the Pharaoh for his 1923 epic "The Ten Commandments."

After filming was finished, the cheaply built sphinxes and walls and statues -- wood covered with plaster -- were buried in the dunes just south of where the preserve road is today. (Environmental consciousness wasn't what it is today.) Archaeological efforts are under way to exhume as much as can be salvaged.

The beaches along this coast are wild, but in a welcome way. There are no oceanfront homes, and hence no fences, gates or belligerent no-trespassing signs. Neither is there anything to do with chic beach culture -- just fishermen, families and surfers. You can walk for miles and have little more company than the shorebirds that skitter and soar along the water's edge.

Afterward, the drive north on Highway 1 will take you through Guadalupe, a farm-worker town with pre-World War I building facades and an astonishing concentration of Mexican restaurants -- 11 in less than a mile on the main road through town. Watch for the Dunes Center on the left, housed in a 1910 Craftsman bungalow at 1055 Guadalupe St.

At this visitors center, which is open only Thursdays through Sundays, you can learn about the dunes ecology, as well as the saga of that movie set -- which has taken on the grandiose name "the Lost City of DeMille." The helpful staffers also can alert you to free guided walks, often conducted at Oso Flaco Lake, just a bit farther north.

We elected to explore the lake and its dune system on our own and were delighted to find two white pelicans gliding across the lake as we crossed it on the boardwalk that leads one mile out to the beach. It's a relatively flat and easy walk, and we even encountered a mom pushing a baby stroller along it.

Another fascinating wildlife encounter can be had at the Pismo State Beach Butterfly Grove, a little farther north on Highway 1, just past the towns of Oceano (with its 1904 train depot and quaint storefronts) and Grover Beach.

Monarch butterflies gather in the eucalyptus trees from October through March, feeding on the nectar of the tree's white flowers. They're particularly active on warm, sunny days, conditions we lucked into. Rangers at the park had posted a hand-lettered sign estimating the number of butterflies at 16,000 in the small grove.

Travelers along the Central Coast's back roads will conduct a futile search for lodgings of any character. The most desirable option we could find north of the campsite was in Pismo Beach, where a glorified motel, the Sandcastle Inn, had rooms overlooking the beach and Pismo's distinctive pier.

On the other hand, if you get hungry anywhere along these routes here, you're in luck.

We didn't realize we were ready for lunch until we happened upon a plume of barbecue smoke at the corner of Clark Avenue and Bradley Road in southern Santa Maria. Boy Scout Troop 87 was raising money by selling hearty plates of tri tip, beans, green salad and garlic bread for only $5.

On another day, at the same corner, we enjoyed a delicious lunch at Chef Rick's. The inventive menu -- including a sandwich of grilled salmon, bacon, lettuce and tomato -- is complemented by an impressive selection of Santa Barbara County wines.

One night we braved the dips and curves of Black Road -- it may have gotten its name from its utter absence of lights or reflectors -- to the ramshackle little town of Casmalia. The road halts here at the gate to the Vandenberg base, but the dead end is well worth the drive because of the Hitching Post, a roadhouse grill that has been operated by the Ostini family since 1952. (A companion establishment in Buellton gets much more tourist traffic.)

In an utterly unpretentious dining room, guests can watch the flames leap around chef Louis Meza as he tends the grill, alternately basting and sprinkling four different cuts of steak, racks of pork back ribs, lobster, quail and other entree items, as well as broiled artichoke appetizers.

Just as Casmalia was worthy of the night-drive adventure, you never know what delights the back roads of the Central Coast will yield. It's best to explore unhurriedly and randomly.

Santa Rosa Road, due east of Lompoc, courses through the Santa Rita Hills -- a bucolic agricultural region of orchards and vineyards. Burgundian grapes are particularly content here. Be sure to stop in at the charming, shed-like tasting room at Sanford Winery, which can be found at the end of a meandering gravel road. Sanford bottles a delectable pinot noir, and each of the winery's labels features a local wildflower.

After a visit to La Purisima Mission, just outside Lompoc, we decided on a whim to wander up Harris Grade Road and soon were surprised to be climbing through a forest of stunted conifers -- an incongruous sight in the midst of so much crop and pasture land.

Then there is the road to Jalama Beach. At the highway junction, the sign says it's a 14-mile drive, but it's actually nearer 17. Getting to the beach is half the fun, though, as you pass farms and ranches and wind through gullies and crest gentle hills. This year, the landscape is a lush green, broken up by fragrant sage and clusters of oaks.

But the real charm, especially for urban refugees, is the utter dearth of development. The ranch land on both sides of the road is privately held, and the open land of the Air Force base spreads out to the north.

The county beach park charges $5 for day use, and it's a great spot for a picnic and a leisurely walk south between the crumbling bluffs and the water's edge. We found sand dollars, pearly abalone shells, driftwood, brittle slabs of shale and mussel shells.

As with much of this coastline along the Central Coast, the serenity here is no illusion -- the nearest freeway is a 30-mile drive away.

If you go

California's Central Coast

\* GETTING THERE: If you're headed north on Highway 101, the best way to fully explore the Central Coast back roads between Point Conception and Pismo Beach is to exit just past the Gaviota tunnel, taking Highway 1 toward Jalama Beach and Lompoc. Other westbound routes off 101 include Santa Rosa Road and Highway 246 (from Buellton), Highway 135 (through the Los Alamos Valley), Clark Avenue (to Orcutt) and Main Street (from Santa Maria to Guadalupe).

\* JALAMA BEACH COUNTY PARK: This is an excellent off-season camping option, but it is usually jammed from July 4 until early October -- a situation made all the more exasperating by the park not taking advance reservations (it maintains a waiting list, but you have to be present to get on it and must also be present when your name is called for a vacant site). The campground's 110 sites go for $16 per night. Day use is $5. The park is pretty civilized for a campground: It has a store, snack bar, coin-operated showers, running water and clean bathrooms. 1-805-736-3504; [*www.sbparks.org*](http://www.sbparks.org); [*www.jalamabeach.com*](http://www.jalamabeach.com) (Web site for the store).

\* DUNES CENTER: 1055 Guadalupe St., Guadalupe. Open Thursday through Sunday, noon to 4 p.m. Guided walks are offered in the dunes on weekends. 1-805-343-2455; [*www.dunescenter.com*](http://www.dunescenter.com).

\* RANCHO GUADALUPE DUNES PRESERVE: Western terminus of Main Street, Santa Maria. Donation of $3 per vehicle recommended.

\* OSO FLACO LAKE NATURAL AREA: Western terminus of Oso Flaco Lake Road, just north of Guadalupe. Fee of $4 per vehicle.

\* THE HITCHING POST: On Black Road, Casmalia (just under four miles from Highway 1). Steaks as small as 5 ounces (filet, $19.95) or as large as 22 ounces (T-bone, $34.95). Side dishes and dessert included. Excellent selection of local wines, reasonably priced. Open daily for dinner only. Reservations recommended: 1-805-937-6151; [*www.hitchingpost1.com*](http://www.hitchingpost1.com).

\* CHEF RICK'S: 4869 S. Bradley Road, Santa Maria. American cuisine -- though all over the map, from Creole to New Mexican to comfort food. A lot of fresh fish on the menu and generous salads. Open for lunch and dinner; closed Sunday. 1-805-937-9512; [*www.chefricks.com*](http://www.chefricks.com).

\* SANFORD WINERY: 7250 Santa Rosa Road, Buellton. Tasting room open daily from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. 1-805-688-3300.

\* SANDCASTLE INN: 100 Stimson Ave., Pismo Beach. Rooms from $99 per night (continental breakfast included). Information and reservations: 1-800-822-6606; [*www.sandcastleinn.com*](http://www.sandcastleinn.com).

-- Eric Noland

**Graphic**

Photo: Reed Saxon/Associated Press: Winemaker Jim Adelman, general manager of the Hartley-Ostini Hitching Post Winery, uses a paddle on a long wooden pole to punch down skins and stems in a vat of fermenting Carignane grapes at the winery in Santa Maria, Calif. Wine is booming in the California Central Coast counties of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, where rich soil, ideal climate and an international reputation have contributed to the industry's huge growth.

Photo: Phil Klein/Associated Press: Articles from the movie set of the silent film "The Ten Commandments" have shown up on the sand dunes near Guadalupe, Calif. The set of the 1923 film was buried in 1926, and because of the movement of the sand dunes, parts of it have emerged. Archaeologists are exhuming as much as can be salvaged.

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2003

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[***Neighborhood, church project puts family in a house;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4R50-002B-H152-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Damascus Development may be a road to home ownership***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4R50-002B-H152-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

May 23, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Shelter; Pg. 1R

**Length:** 1613 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

On a chilly Easter morning last month, the Rev. Curtis Herron evoked a warm response from his congregation at Zion Baptist Church to the plight of the Woodford-LaBroi family, members of the church in north Minneapolis.

A mortgage company was evicting the family as part of a foreclosure. The owner of the house was collecting rent. Unbeknownst to the Woodford-LaBroi family, the owner wasn't paying the mortgage or taxes.

"I was feeling more than blue," said Gwendolyn Woodford, a full-time student and mother working on degrees in math education and African American studies at the University of Minnesota. "We were facing homelessness."

Parishioners dug deep during a second collection that morning to help the family of six, which is squeaking by on less than $ 1,000 a month.

Businessman Andre Marshall had another idea.

Marshall, a Zion member and a founder of Joint Ministry Project (JMP), a coalition of neighborhoods and inner-city churches dedicated to home ownership, took Herron aside after the service. Marshall, volunteer president of JMP's latest housing-related venture, believed the family members were good candidates for the fledgling lease-to-buy program of JMP's new Damascus Development nonprofit development subsidiary. Herron nodded appreciatively.

A better life

As the Apostle Paul was struck by lightning and filled with a new mission on his way to the ancient city of Damascus, so a little faith, $ 1,500 in charity and a lot of elbow grease are creating a $ 47,175 miracle at 29th and Logan Avs. N. for a family headed for a better life in a resurrected house.

"This is the kind of family we want to help," said Henrietta Holly, JMP's loan counselor and assistant director of Damascus.

They'll lease the stucco-faced, four-bedroom house - which they moved into this week - for up to 24 months from Damascus for $ 520 a month. That's $ 60 less than their previous rent. The lease payments cover principal, interest and taxes. Within a couple of years, with both parents working, they expect to qualify for assumption of the mortgage.

Damascus plans to transfer title to the family under a program inaugurated this month by JMP, TCF Bank Savings, Northeast State Bank, Firstar Bank Minnesota, the government and "Fannie Mae" - the federally chartered buyer and seller of residential mortgages.

Damascus is the latest lane added to a once-rocky road traveled by grass-roots neighborhood groups, such as JMP, TCF and several other banks and their mortgage subsidiaries. They chafed over early confrontations in 1989 and 1990. The inner-city neighbors, bolstered by federal statistics that showed Twin Cities lenders were falling short in terms of loans to minorities and inner-city neighborhoods, were angry. The bankers were defensive.

Good business

But they're working together now. And they agree on the goal: Home ownership is good for neighborhoods and for mortgage lenders.

"To be entirely honest with you, the only thing that stood between making the deal and where we were before was pride," said TCF President Bob Evans, who three years ago had JMP and ACORN partisans rushing his office with bullhorns. "We swallowed it.

"I would like to look like a hero, but they're delivering to us a product that we're looking for. It's not a big concession on our part to finance these houses. It's business we like, but business that would be hard for us to get. Our mortgage originators like to work on commission. The bigger the loan, the bigger the commission."

The big loans go to more affluent city neighborhoods and the burgeoning suburbs. Meanwhile, home ownership in some core-city pockets slipped under 30 percent by 1989. There's anecdotal evidence that it's picked up since.

Since 1991, TCF has made 75 inner-city, market-rate mortgages to modest-income folks through counselors it helps fund at JMP in north Minneapolis and at the St. Paul offices of ACORN, another housing-related advocacy group. The parties would like that number to rise to 75 per year.

The twist in the JMP-ACORN program is that virtually all the loans go to folks who otherwise wouldn't qualify under the often unyielding underwriting standards aimed at middle- to upper-income buyers.

JMP and ACORN counselors sometimes spend weeks working with ***working-class*** people who need to clean up old credit programs, increase income, establish disciplined budgets or take other measures before they are referred to realty agents or loan underwriters.

Good payment records

Soft touches? No way.

Of 600 clients who have contacted loan counselors, 75 families have been approved by JMP-ACORN and granted mortgages by TCF, and there has not been one late payment, much less a default.

"I would say that we're finding the people who should have homes, but who wouldn't go to the bank or who the bank wouldn't spend hours with," Marshall said. "I wouldn't call that being tougher than the bank."

TCF, the third-largest bank in the Twin Cities, doesn't have the corner on the inner-city market.

Norwest Corp., which operates the largest residential mortgage company in the United States, initiated its own Minneapolis-St. Paul inner-city home-buyer program two years ago. It has closed 365 loans over two years worth $ 18.7 million, and has another $ 5.5 million in the pipeline.

Norwest declined to link up exclusively with any housing advocacy groups, but canvassed neighborhood groups. After some early glitches, it has developed a network of city-loan officers, a home-buyer education program and relationships with neighborhood groups and inner-city real-estate agents.

First Bank recently established a $ 50 million home-loan and fix-up fund in St. Paul in concert with SPEAC, a huge neighborhood-church coalition. It has similar products and loan counseling through its Minneapolis offices.

Marquette Bank recently got a modest residential program off the ground.

And most banks are pushing low-rate fix-up loans, some of which are privately or government-subsidized, at inner-city property owners.

JMP says its average customer makes much less than 80 percent of the Twin Cities median household income of $ 48,000. The lease-to-buy plan is targeted at those who make only 60 percent.

1980s fallout

For bankers, this is smart as well as altruistic business. Some are even offering small grants and down-payment loans to squeeze in families who can't quite accumulate a 5 percent down payment, but have decent cash flow.

Federal regulators are all over federally insured institutions to spread credit and services to low-income as well as affluent neighborhoods. Those chastened regulators were prodded by provisions of the 1989 savings-and-loan bailout bill.

That followed the wake of the go-go 1980s: multibillion-dollar financial institution losses and failures rooted in speculative commercial real-estate lending, poorly conceived acquisition loans, some junk-bond issues and a dose of bank fraud and lots of mismanagement.

Meanwhile, low-income, minority neighborhoods complained - and the Federal Reserve Board documented - that they were not getting equal access to credit.

Out of that rose JMP's Damascus, one of the more innovative grass-roots programs to surface lately.

Here's how it works:

When the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) repossesses a house after a borrower defaults, it offers the property to Damascus. Damascus, which has purchased its first five houses, chooses those that might need several thousand dollars' worth of work, but no huge overhaul. It wants to charge less than $ 50,000.

"I want to sell at below-market price and help the buyers get some equity in it," said Paul Turner, a JMP member who is the day-to-day manager of Damascus. "But this is a project without subsidy."

Unmet needs

Damascus, which has been approved to buy up to 20 Minneapolis houses, gets an initial mortgage, fix-up funds and enough to cover its modest administrative costs through a $ 300,000 line of credit provided by Firstar and Northeast State Bank. It costs a bargain-basement "prime" rate (today about 6.5 percent).

"We have a similar program with Twin Cities Neighborhood Housing Services," said George Ruth, president of Milwaukee-based Firstar's Shelard Bank in St. Louis Park and a North Side native. "We want programs that hit the inner city and first-ring suburbs. We're kind of looking for unmet needs."

This gives Damascus a steady source of renewable development and renovation funds. Nonprofit developers often have to shop for that through grants and contributions.

After the renovations are made, the Damascus loan closes. Firstar or Northeast assigns the loan to TCF, without the time and expense of a second closing. Fannie Mae buys the mortgages from TCF and packages them with thousands of others for sale to investors as bonds.

Moreover, Damascus is focusing on hiring inner-city and minority contractors to cultivate neighborhood economies.

"This is very gutsy on (JMP's) part," Evans said. "They didn't know [much] about this business when we first met them. Now . . . they're making commitments and hiring contractors. I'm very impressed."

So are Woodford and Vern LaBroi, a laborer who's studying pattern-making at Minneapolis Technical College.

Their $ 520-per-month lease payments will be credited toward the mortgage when JMP transfers it to them.

The attractive house, which just got several thousand dollars in improvements, boasts four bedrooms, a garage and "an incredible amount of closet space," said a beaming Woodford.

"It's ours," she said, almost in disbelief. "The neighbors are great. The children are looking forward to having a puppy. They've never had a pet."

For more information, contact Damascus at 377-1923.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** May 25, 1992

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[***Our litter of Minnesota dogs led the Wall Street pack despite a very;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44T7-D240-00J2-34SM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Rrrrough year!***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44T7-D240-00J2-34SM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

December 30, 2001, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** BUSINESS; ON BUSINESS; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 2100 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

Look Mom, some of my ugly mutts of 2000 got pretty in 2001.

     A lot of six-figure stock pickers and market forecasters wrongly bet that the growth companies and major market indexes would rebound this year.

     As it turned out, 2001 was a great year only for value stocks: orphans and question-mark companies that were out of favor or had stumbled badly in 2000 \_ only to rebound in an otherwise very rough year. The technology-fueled Nasdaq composite index was down 20 percent while the broader Standard & Poor's 500 was off 12 percent.

     With the help of a few analysts, itinerant stock seers and moon-howling dart throwers, the "On Business" team picked 10 out of 15 winners in our Minnesota twist on "The Dogs of the Dow." That's the practice of investing in the poorest performing, highest-yielding stocks among the 30 Dow Jones industrials.

   We try to pick potential winners from among Minnesota's mutts \_ companies that went down or sideways in 2001, but have the capacity to rebound.

     In 2001, 10 of our picks, led by little Fargo Electronics (up 240 percent), rebounded by an average of 62 percent through Dec. 26.

     The winners included Best Buy (140 percent), the everything-electronic retailer that confounded critics by successfully consolidating a big acquisition and posting sales gains in a recession. The market liked what CEO Dick Schulze & Co. were selling.

     Similarly, Target Corp. was up 20 percent in 2001, largely on fourth-quarter optimism that the economy will rebound next year.

     Zomax, up 85 percent and which produces disks, manuals and services for the software industry, was beaten up badly in 2000. It might not be worth the $20-plus at which it once traded. But it was worth more than the $4.50, where it was trading a year ago, said Clint Morrison, research director at Miller Johnson Steichen Kinnard. He was right: The day after Christmas, Zomax closed at $8.90 \_ a 95 percent gain for the year.

     Hormel Foods, a defensive play, coatings-manufacturer Valspar and G&K Services, the industrial uniform cleaner, are solid performers. They got a very cold shoulder from investors in 2000. The three are up 13 to 24 percent this year. They also have benefited from recent optimism that the economy will turn positive in 2002.

     Meanwhile, five of our picks, including Ecolab and ADC Telecommunications, were down an average of 40 percent. Boy, was I wrong to believe that ADC and the telecommunications-supply sector would get through the worst of their problems by early 2001.

     Overall, our 15 picks from last year are up an average 29 percent.

     The recession, which may be bottoming, hit last March and deepened this fall after the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks.

     Now it's time for a recovery that gets people back to work.

     Sung Won Sohn, chief economist at Wells Fargo & Co., projects that the economy will start a gradual recovery by mid-2002. Some battered, growth-oriented stocks should rise, barring wars and more acts of terror.

     On our list of 15 sick puppies for 2001, three are repeat offenders: ADC, Ecolab and Datalink. Here's the litter:

     - ADC Telecommunications. The maker of cable products and software designed to integrate high-speed, telecommunications into our homes, factories and offices. ADC was the worst of the 2001 picks (down 75 percent) amid the prolonged slowdown of the "Digital Economy." The company has consolidated and laid off thousands in an effort to live to fight another day.

     Ted Moreau of Robert W. Baird & Co. and other analysts say ADC has the potential to move from $4.50 per share to $10 within a year amid a modest recovery for the telecommunications industry by the end of 2002. ADC also could be sold.

     - Buca and Surmodics. One coats your stomach with southern Italian food; the other coats heart stents and related medical products.

     Bob Scott and Don Longlet, portfolio managers at New Century Growth Investors, the St. Louis Park-based investment adviser for the Strong U.S. Emerging Growth Fund, like modest-ticket Buca's chances in an expanding economy.

     Shares of the Minneapolis-based company, which went public two years ago topped $25 this year but are trading around $15 lately. Buca has affirmed its full-year earnings guidance, and the prospects for next year look good. Buca management has done what it said it would do, a rarity in the fickle restaurant trade.

      Surmodics, a great stock over the last several years, was off slightly in 2001. Scott and Morrison say a better future awaits the fast-growing company, which uses its surface-coatings technology to help stent makers apply drugs to the artery-openers. And drug-coated stents are a big trend in medical products.

     - August Technology, trading at about $10, is a value play if, as many believe, the micro-electronic industry rebounds next year. The company, which went public in 2000, makes defect-inspection systems used to manufacture certain tiny electronic devices.

     - Digi International, a provider of voice and data-connection products, has turned around under new management. Morrison believes this stock, up slightly in 2001 but an underperformer for years, is poised to hit $12.50 in 2002 thanks to improved products and repaired customer relations.

     - U.S. Bancorp has bobbed around $20 for most of the past three years amid frayed retail-customer relations, consolidation, morale-sapping cost cuts and management change.

     Analysts believe most of the bad-earnings and consolidation news is behind U.S. Bank. The merged company has a good banking franchise in strong Midwestern and Western states and a powerful asset-management unit. The stock might get well amid a better economy.

     - Datalink Corp. has been hammered and is selling below its IPO price of $7.50 in August 1999. Yet four analysts on the company say the independent provider of data network-storage architecture is poised to rebound from a lousy year as companies start to spend more on upgrading their networks. Computer Network Technology, another network-storage play, already has made a 100 percent recovery from its low of $10 this year. Investors are suggesting that companies might need to start investing in office technology and related services by the second half of 2002 to stay competitive.

     - Medtronic Inc. was off about 15 percent this year, a rarity for what is regarded as one of the world's premier medical-device manufacturers. Most analysts continue to believe it's a long-term winner.

     - PW Eagle Inc., the manufacturer of of PVC pipe and polyethylene tubing products, got hurt amid the slowdown in the telecommunications and construction industries in the second half of 2001. It's trying to cut costs, restructure debt and hunker down for better times. The stock, trading around $4, was hitting $15 in the good times of a couple years ago.

     - Ecolab Inc. Another repeat offender, this stock has been flat since 1999. It's tough to vote against a local company that is a leading international provider of stuff that sanitizes kitchens, bathrooms, hospitals and hotels. Clean is good.

    - Tennant Co. If the industrial economy rebounds in 2002, it's likely that the world will need more of Tennant's scrubbers, sweepers, extractors, buffers and other floor-maintenance equipment for commercial and industrial users.

     - Xcel Energy and NRG Energy. Both companies are off this year because of fallout from Enron, the big energy trader that is now suspected of cooking its books. Enron is going away, but the need to produce power ever more efficiently and cleanly won't.

     Xcel generates earnings increases of 8 or 9 percent annually, great for a utility that operates mostly in regulated markets. Part of that is thanks to NRG Energy, also Minneapolis-based and which is 75 percent owned by Xcel.

     The stock of NRG, a pure-play independent producer, was hurt by the Enron scandal. It was cut in half this year to under $15 per share. NRG had been growing earnings at a 25 percent clip, despite selling at only about 10 times current-year earnings. NRG is slowing growth to conserve its balance sheet and perhaps pay a dividend to nervous investors. Still, when the independent-power sector heats up again, NRG should be a quality survivor and a good stock to own.

     - Metris Companies. The stock of this fast-growing, high-rate credit card peddler to ***working class*** and credit-impaired clients was cut from $35 to $15 in the fall as big competitors surprised Wall Street with bad numbers and questionable tactics.

     Metris has rebounded. The company insists that it will hit its full-year numbers thanks to sufficient reserves and a more-resilient client base than Capital One and some other competitors.

     Insiders have been significant buyers as the price fell. This isn't a pretty business. But Ron Zebeck & Co. have shown so far that they know how to manage it. There may be more upside here as the economy expands.

     - Northwest Airlines. The red-tailed gorilla in the back yard that we sometimes love to hate (when you can't find a discounted fare) has struggled since its debilitating pilot strike of 1998. The stock at $15 is down 50 percent for the year and 75 percent since 1998.

     NWA has a stronger balance sheet than most big carriers, thanks largely to going slow on new aircraft purchases. That financial strength became apparent after the Sept. 11 attacks. There could be upside here as travelers return to the air faster than expected after Sept. 11.

     \_ Neal St. Anthony can be reached at 612-673-7144 or [*Nstanthony@startribune.com*](mailto:Nstanthony@startribune.com).

     \_ Staff researcher Patrick Kennedy contributed research for this report.

     Looking backward …

     Ten of our 15 dogs to watch in 2001 gained during the year -- nine of them in double digits. Leaders of the pack are manufacturer Fargo Electronics (up 241 percent), retailer Best Buy (up 146 percent) and a rebounding Zomax Inc. (up 95 percent). Average for the litter: 29 percent. That compares with a 12.1 percent decline in the Standard & Poor's 500 Index and a 20 percent drop on the Nasdaq.

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                                     DEC. 26   12/29/00    YTD

     NAME                             CLOSE      CLOSE    % CHG.

     Fargo Electronics                $6.83      $2.00    241.5%

     Best Buy Co. Inc.                72.87      29.56    146.5

     Zomax Inc.                        8.90       4.56     95.1

     United Shipping & Technology      2.61       1.75     49.2

     Hormel Foods Corp.               26.95      18.63     44.7

     Valspar Corp.                    39.97      32.18     24.2

     Target Corp.                     38.46      32.25     19.3

     Datakey Inc.                      3.85       3.25     18.5

     G & K Services Inc.              31.88      28.13     13.4

     FSI International Inc.            9.05       8.38      8.1

     Ecolab Inc.                      39.65      43.19     -8.2

     August Technology Corp.          10.28      12.94    -20.6

     Datalink Corp.                    5.84      11.06    -47.2

     ATS Medical Inc.                  4.25      14.19    -70.0

     ADC Telecommunications Inc.       4.60      18.13    -74.6

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     Looking forward …

     Here are 15 strays that will hunt in 2002, according to our canine columnist. With the exception of restaurant company Buca Inc., all were down for year through Dec. 26. All are well off their 52-week highs. It is an eclectic litter, including everything from technology to utilities, financial services and transportation.

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                                     DEC. 26   12/29/00    YTD

     NAME                             CLOSE      CLOSE    % CHG.

     Buca Inc.                       $15.70       6.9%   $26.53

     Surmodics Inc.                   36.00      -2.2     60.30

     Xcel Energy Inc.                 27.81      -4.3     31.85

     Metris Companies Inc.            24.93      -5.3     39.10

     Digi International Inc.           5.79      -5.5     10.40

     Ecolab Inc.                      39.65      -8.2     45.69

     U.S. Bancorp                     20.51     -11.8     26.06

     Medtronic Inc.                   51.07     -15.4     62.00

     August Technology Corp.          10.28     -20.6     15.50

     Tennant Co.                      37.30     -22.3     49.63

     Datalink Corp.                    5.84     -47.2     13.19

     NRG Energy Inc.                  14.55     -47.7     37.70

     Northwest Airlines Corp.         15.53     -48.4     33.06

     PW Eagle Inc.                     4.06     -48.4     10.38

     ADC Telecommunications Inc.       4.60     -74.6     21.81

**Graphic**

CHART; ILLUSTRATION

**Load-Date:** December 31, 2001

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[***HOW TODAY'S ' GOOD' GIRLS GET BAD REPUTATIONS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X9H-DSJ0-0094-50NJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 1, 1999, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 1753 words

**Byline:** LAURA SESSIONS STEPP, THE WASHINGTON POST

**Body**

The more things change, the more they stay the same. These days, a girl may openly check out a boy's body, ask him to a movie, even kiss him in the school hallway. Her mom, as a teen-ager, couldn't do those things and still be considered a "good" girl.

But today's daughter dare not flirt too openly, abandon one guy for another too quickly, or go a little too far sexually, even once - or the old rules are likely to leap up and snag the bra strap that peeks sportily from under her tank top. Kids may call her a slut, ho, skank or any of a dozen other nasty words that once were reserved for the truly trashy. And her old boyfriend will sail on, unharmed, to the next girl.

"Some of the rules have changed, but the playing field is startlingly similar to that of the 1950s," says journalist Leora Tanenbaum, 29, author of a popular new book, "Slut! Growing Up Female With a Bad Reputation" (Seven Stories Press).

There always have been "easy" girls in the petri dish known as high school. In another book, "Teenagers: An American History" (Basic Books), Grace Palladino says the type used to be easy to spot: ***working-class*** family, no plans for college, likely to join the stenography pool.

Nowadays, there is no one type, said Nan Stein, senior research scientist at the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women. The openly sexual culture in which young people mature has come to mean that the girl with a rep is as likely to be headed to Stanford as to a job flipping burgers.

"Twenty years ago, there was a distinction between good girls and bad girls," Stein says. "Now I think all girls are susceptible. You can be the straightest girl in the school, play an instrument in the band and go home, and still be called a bad girl."

Stein says this happened in a Minnesota case, when high school boys wrote obscene graffiti in a school bathroom about a new student. Despite numerous complaints by the girl and her parents, the graffiti stayed up for 1 1/ 2 years. Other students, girls as well as boys, shunned the girl, who eventually filed and won a complaint against the school for sexual harassment.

Tanenbaum, who was herself called a slut in junior high school, compiled her book of anecdotes and analysis from interviews with 50 girls and women. Of those, more than half had not engaged in intercourse. But all kinds of behaviors bestow labels, and a young woman can never know for sure whether what she is doing will.

"There are all these gradations of relationships," says Peggy Giordano, a sociologist at Bowling Green State University who studies dating patterns. "Some are considered more acceptable than others, depending on the group." Sleeping with your steady boyfriend, for example, is not necessarily frowned upon. One high school senior says it was common knowledge last year that a certain senior couple "slept together every Wednesday night. It was a little odd, but people didn't really care."

Tanenbaum says the possibility of a reputation makes almost all girls second-guess their behavior. They may not carry contraceptives with them, for example. "Girls start to think, ' I better be careful, I don't want to be called a slut,' " she says.

Girls acquire reputations at younger ages than they used to.

Robert Butterworth, a psychologist who pens the Teen magazine column "Ask a Guy," received this letter recently. "I change boyfriends a lot," a girl wrote, "and everybody at school calls me a whore. But I haven't slept with anyone. How can I protect my reputation?" The letter was signed, "Not a Slut, 13."

The tags for boys are much more benign: stud, player, mack. Boys are not as extraordinarily self-conscious as girls about their bodies, says Joan Jacobs Brumberg, author of "The Body Project: An Intimate History of American Girls" (Random House), and it's still the boys who get bragging rights.

And everyone tends to hold women more accountable for their behavior than men. "I know there's a double standard," says one female college junior. "I guess it's the way I've been socialized."

That's exactly what it is, says Wellesley's Stein: "The kids are just mimicking the adults."

In her research on sexual harassment and bullying, Stein has found numerous incidents of school authorities treating girls more harshly than boys for sexual misbehavior. One of the most blatant examples occurred in a Texas community after a group of football players mooned a group of cheerleaders, who mooned the boys back. The football players were suspended for three games; the cheerleaders were thrown off the squad.

If men are primarily hormone-driven, then women must take the initiative to make them behave, argues Wendy Shalit, author of another new book, "A Return to Modesty." But young women say that both degrades men and keeps the burden unfairly on women. Why shouldn't they dress the way they want, express their sexual feelings?

Tanenbaum says the responsibil ity for changing attitudes and behavior shouldn't lie with young people. "The onus is on adults - parents, teachers, older brothers and sisters," she says. "If you're standing in line at the grocery store and see some woman in spandex holding up the line, don't say, ' That bimbo.' Don't talk about Clinton having a weakness and Monica Lewinsky being a tramp. If she is a tramp, he is a tramp, and if he has a weakness, she has a weakness."

Tanenbaum's case studies show that a reputation acquired in adolescence can damage a young woman's self-esteem for years, no matter how smart or talented she is. She may become a target for other forms of harassment. She may be raped; two out of three times, a rape victim is younger than 18, according to national surveys.

She may become promiscuous, figuring she might as well do what she's accused of doing. Or she may shut down sexually, wearing baggy clothes and sticking close to home.

Stein tells parents to speak up when they hear their adolescents trashing girls or women in casual conversation with friends. She also says school officials must intervene quickly in a situation bordering on sexual harassment. Given a recent Supreme Court ruling, she believes authorities will be more likely to do so.

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Westinghouse High School's Class of 2000 is honoring the past by planting seeds for the future.

It's honoring the past by organizing a 5-kilometer walk as a tribute to Ebony Patterson, a classmate who was shot to death in February on her way home from the Homewood school.

It's planting seeds for the future by using proceeds from the event to fund two scholarships in Patterson's name that will be awarded to a male and a female senior this school year.

And with the eagerness and idealism of youth, the students also are trying to bring residents together to work toward reducing violence.

"Ebony Patterson was killed by an act of violence that happened in the community," said Tamara Tucker-Anderson, 17, senior class vice president. "Even though we may not be able to stop the violence, we can diminish the problem. … We're trying to do something positive for the community."

The students' efforts have touched Patterson's mother, Jean Hall, who says she's still healing from the loss of her daughter.

"It's still a slow process. I've thought of nothing else but that since it happened," she said. "I think the walk is a good idea. If it's helping the kids, I'm all for it."

Patterson, 17, was an innocent bystander Feb. 3, when a bullet fired from one car at another struck her in the head. She died at the scene.

Fred Marshall of Penn Hills is being held in the Allegheny County Jail on charges of criminal homicide and violating the Uniform Firearms Act in connection with the shooting. He faces a court trial, scheduled to begin Dec. 6 before Allegheny County Common Pleas Judge David S. Cercone.

Dubbed the Homewood-Brushton Ebony Patterson 5K Walk for Unity, the Sept. 18 event will be the culmination of months of planning by this year's senior class and their sponsors, Westinghouse football coach George Webb and girls' basketball coach Phyllis Jones.

Jones' husband, Dennis, a professor at West Virginia University, came up with the idea of a 5K walk when talking with his wife in April about the students' desire to pay tribute to Patterson.

With the support of the school and city Councilwoman Valerie McDonald, Jones, Webb and this year's senior class have been working since the spring to get the word out about the event and to drum up donations. Students have been on a radio talk show, reached out to neighbors, and contacted local civic organizations, churches and businesses.

A news briefing formally announcing the walk is scheduled for 9 a.m. today at the high school. Hall and McDonald are expected to attend.

"It's just amazing to me that they're trying so hard," said Hall, who also plans to participate in the walk. "I hope it turns out the way they want. If there is any way I can help, I will. I appreciate everything people have done for us - the support and everything."

Tucker-Anderson said she and her class mates have learned that it takes hard work and dedication to organize an event like a 5K walk to pay tribute to a friend.

"But it's only what you make of it," she said. "There won't be a walk without community involvement. We're trying to make the best of it."

Westinghouse's new principal, Marilyn Barnett, said one of the first things former principal Lester Young told her about when she started her job was the 5K walk.

And the excitement of the students has been infectious.

"The energy that's in the senior class has further motivated me," she said. "We're getting a swell of support from the community. I can't believe the number of people who are interested. I expect this to be a really great event that not only unites the Homewood-Brushton community but also the greater Pittsburgh area."

The walk is to begin at 9 a.m. Sept. 18 at the Homewood YWCA and end at Westinghouse High School, where each participant will receive lunch, a T-shirt and a medallion designed by Webb, who also is an art teacher. The registration fee is $ 15 per person, or $ 40 for a family of five, before Sept. 11; after that date, it increases by $ 5.

So far, $ 2,000 has been raised for the event, Jones said. Organizers hope to generate enough money to give two scholarships of $ 2,000 each, in recognition of the senior class graduating in 2000. More than 700 walkers are expected to participate.

Those interested in more information about the walk can contact Jones at 412-921-6378, Webb at 412-241-2036 or Ava Laye at 412-242-2371.

**Load-Date:** September 1, 1999

**End of Document**



[***ALIQUIPPA NATIVE MAKES GAINS AT GREENBRIER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JPP-YTC0-TX33-C2T2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 13, 2006 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** FOOD; Pg. D-1

**Length:** 2325 words

**Byline:** Marlene Parrish, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

The Greenbrier's dining room purrs with restrained elegance. Between giant pillars, crystal chandeliers sparkle. Frosty white linens dress the tables. Men in jackets and ties and women in their finest nod as formal servers pass baskets of freshly made buttermilk biscuits. Decisions, decisions. Will it be veal chops with morel sauce or quail stuffed with wild rice? Lemon chess pie or amaretto truffles?

And who is making this food, anyway? Who's in charge here?

Wouldn't you know, it turns out to be a Pittsburgher, native son Robert Plesh, working behind the scenes as chef de cuisine. Mr. Plesh, who grew up in the ***working-class*** ethnic mix of Aliquippa, has a large hand in presenting this posh West Virginian resort's multiaward-winning cuisine. He's the keeper of a sprawling kitchen with a world-renowned reputation and a culinary style that reflects its Southern roots.

Front Of The House

Elegant. That's the only way to describe The Greenbrier, in White Sulphur Springs, W.Va. The resort is synonymous with grace and luxury, regal and lavish entertaining and the healing waters of a sulphur spring. Once a frontier "watering place," it is now a National Historic Landmark.

The Greenbrier's history goes back to the first recorded use of the white sulphur spring in 1778. Back then it was just a handful of log cabins. For the next century, it grew as people came to drink and bathe in the sulphur water. Before meals, one was expected to drink three glasses of the smelly stuff down by the spring, then stroll up to new main buildings to dine.

A large snow-white-painted hotel was built in 1858, earning it the unimaginative nickname The White. Soon it was a hub for socializing and became established as a fashionable resort. The property was later bought by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and within a few years it became a year-round, world-class, five-star resort. Everyone who was anyone stayed there: Grace Kelly, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and 26 U.S. presidents, among others. Sam Snead was the golf pro for decades.

Dining, and dining well, always has been central to The Greenbrier experience. And although the mix of guests might be international, The Greenbrier prefers to emphasize its American roots in its menus. Most of the drawling Southern hospitality staff comes from the town of White Sulphur Springs.

Most members of the culinary staff are graduates of The Greenbrier's famed Culinary Apprenticeship Program. Begun in 1957, it was designed to provide the resort with a highly trained and stable staff. Hundreds of applications are received each year for the three-year program, but only a dozen or so openings are offered. Pittsburghers will recognize the names of several Greenbrier graduates, including Keith Coughenour, executive chef of the Duquesne Club, and Bob Sendall, caterer to the stars with All in Good Taste Productions.

Back Of The House

Robert Plesh was accepted into Greenbrier's apprenticeship program after working his first season as a second cook at the resort.

After graduating with gold-medal honors, he was promoted through the ranks as catering chef, saucier chef and sous chef. His mentor was Peter Timmins, The Greenbrier's current executive chef.

In February, Mr. Plesh was promoted to chef de cuisine. If nothing else, that job is a numbers operation: He is responsible for all food in five dining venues, which amounts to 4,000 meals a day, as well as overseeing 170 chefs, bakers and culinary staff in a kitchen that measures 13,200 square feet.

There are no baseball caps or floppy hats in this formal, disciplined kitchen. All chefs wear the classic toque.

"We photograph every dish and post it for consistency," said Mr. Plesh. "I create all menus and new dishes. I walk the line during service and can jump in if necessary."

A 30-year-old electric "scoreboard" serves as a ticketing system. Each chef is assigned a number and certain entrees, and when specific numbers light up on the board, he knows what dish to fire.

As for The Greenbrier's most popular dish, it's probably a tossup between potato-crusted snapper in lobster butter sauce, and roast quail with corn bread and Virginia ham stuffing and white cheddar grits.

Its lamb is from a local purveyor, Elysian Fields. It uses High Appalachian trout from Sophia, W.Va., and ramps and seasonal garden vegetables from the local farms and markets that provide much of the 2,900 pounds of fresh vegetables used every day. The menu, especially the appetizers, often tilts toward Asia.

While Mr. Plesh orchestrates the main kitchen, another kitchen is home to what looks like a tympanist. Eight huge and seven smaller kettle drums simmer the soups and stocks that are made fresh daily. The largest capacity is 125 gallons. The soup chef's homemade stock takes 200 pounds of veal bones every day, and he must use a shovel, bigger than any Home Depot model, to remove the foamy "raft" from the simmering stocks.

Even working on this scale, Mr. Plesh doesn't miss a beat when challenged to a game of gotcha. Unflappable, he and his staff sailed through the only crisis he remembers. During a heavy storm and total power outage, the kitchen carried on with the help of Wal-Mart lanterns, previously stashed against such a possibility. The plated a la carte dinner planned for 700 that night was switched to buffet service by candlelight.

A Culinary Crash Course

Culinary students can learn much from Mr. Plesh's story.

"Way back, I studied at the Pennsylvania Institute of Culinary Arts," recalled Mr. Plesh. "After graduation, while working for Alex Sebastian at the Wooden Angel, I met The Greenbrier catering director, who was in town visiting family and stopped by for a meal. As he left, he handed me his card and said to get in touch. Within two weeks I called and had a job offer."

Moral: Go to school. Work at established restaurants. Always follow up.

At The Greenbrier, knowing how to cook is a given for new hires.

"But the qualities we look for in a chef are harder to measure," said Mr. Plesh. "Heart, mind, stability and passion. To work holidays, you need to love what you do. A good chef can anticipate needs and is thoughtful with presentation flavor combinations. We especially notice if a chef works with a purposeful body, if he or she walks erect with confidence or slouches and leans."

Moral: Mind and body are both factors in success.

"Chefs are hired for a full season, which runs from April through December," Mr. Plesh said. "During the winter, our slow season, most younger chefs are encouraged to work at another property such as the Ritz Carltons in warmer climates such as Florida. We joke that we are the training ground for the Ritz."

Moral: Get as much experience as possible. Don't be afraid of hard work.

Still A Hometown Boy

Mr. Plesh's parents, Bette and Lewis Plesh, are now retired but still live in Aliquippa. "Sometimes I take home something unusual for them to try. Like hog jowls," said Mr. Plesh. "And I'll make bread pudding. It's my mum's favorite. But she gets mad at me for messing up the kitchen."

For all The Greenbrier's fancy surroundings, Mr. Plesh is no food snob. "Growing up, I loved a Primanti sandwich," he said. "When I'm home, I have to go to Wholey's for fried smelts. I'm half Polish and half Croatian, and I love pierogies and stuffed cabbage. I grew up loving ethnic food. I still do. I watch [Rick Sebak's] Strip District video once a month just to keep from being homesick."

But after 12 years at The Greenbrier, he's not making any changes. He'll stay where he is.

"I like the feeling I get going home at the end of the day," said Mr. Plesh. "The employees are like family, and I love my work. I don't know of a place more satisfying."

ROAST QUAIL STUFFED WITH SAVOY CABBAGE, WILD RICE AND MUSHROOMS

Most quail are sold partially boned, making them easy to stuff and very easy to eat. Use wild mushrooms such as shiitake, chanterelle or morel. Round out the meal with a green salad with cheese crisps, buttermilk biscuits and lemon chess pie.

\* 2 medium shallots, chopped

\* 2 tablespoons unsalted butter

\* 1 clove garlic, minced

\* 1 1/2 cups finely shredded Savoy cabbage

\* 1 cup chopped wild mushrooms

\* Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

\* 1 1/4 cups cooked wild rice

\* 3/4 teaspoon chopped fresh thyme or 1/4 teaspoon dried

\* 8 quail, partially boned at room temperature

\* 2 tablespoons canola or olive oil

In a large saucepan, saute shallot in the butter until soft but not brown, about 2 minutes. Add garlic and cook another minute, then add cabbage and mushrooms and season with salt and pepper. Reduce heat to very low, cover pan and cook, stirring frequently, until cabbage and mushrooms are very soft, 15 to 18 minutes. Add cooked rice and thyme. Taste and adjust seasoning, then leave to cool completely before stuffing quail.

Preheat oven to 400. Season inside and outside of quail with salt and pepper, then fill cavity with about 1/4 cup of the stuffing. Truss closed.

Heat oil in a sauce pan and brown quail on all sides. Transfer to a roasting pan and roast the quail in preheated oven until juice runs clear when quail is pricked with a skewer, about 12 minutes. Transfer to a warmed serving platter and serve immediately.

Serves 4.

"The Greenbrier Cookbook"

GREENBRIER BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

Nothing says Southern cooking as well as buttermilk biscuits. This version is light and tender and a perfect pal for a thin slice of Southern ham.

\* 3 1/4 cups all-purpose flour

\* 1 tablespoon salt

\* 1 1/2 teaspoons granulated sugar

\* 2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon baking powder

\* 3/4 cup shortening

\* 1 3/4 to 2 cups buttermilk

Preheat oven to 425 degrees and grease a baking sheet. Sift all dry ingredients together in a large bowl. With your fingers or a pastry blender, cut or rub shortening into dry ingredients until texture resembles coarse meal. Add 13/4 cups of buttermilk and stir until ingredients are just combined. The dough should be very soft but not sticky. If too dry, add more buttermilk.

Turn dough out onto a lightly floured work surface and knead lightly by folding it over on itself 3 to 4 times. Roll or pat dough into a 3/4-inch layer. With a round pastry cutter, cut out biscuits and transfer them to prepared baking sheet. Lightly knead the scraps together, pat into an even layer and cut out more biscuits. Cut biscuits to produce minimum of scraps because the more the dough is worked, the less tender those biscuits will be. Discard any scraps remaining after the second cut.

Bake in preheated oven until risen and golden brown on the top and bottom, 10 to 12 minutes for large biscuits, 8 to 10 for small ones. Serve hot or at room temperature.

Makes 20 2-inch or 30 1-inch biscuits.

"The Greenbrier Cookbook"

CORN PUDDING

This silky-textured pudding, a custard really, pairs deliciously with many meat and poultry dishes, but especially with ham. To add a variation, spike it by adding a few tablespoons of diced green chilies to the batter.

\* 2 large eggs

\* 1 1/4 cups milk

\* 1/3 cup heavy cream

\* 1 1/2 teaspoons sugar

\* 3/4 teaspoon salt

\* Pinch nutmeg

\* Pinch white pepper

\* 11/4 cup (fresh or frozen) corn kernels

\* 1/4 cup fresh white bread crumbs

\* 2 tablespoons unsalted butter, melted

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Butter a 1-quart ovenproof dish. Put eggs, milk, cream, sugar, salt, nutmeg and pepper in a large bowl and whisk until thoroughly combined. Stir in corn kernels.

Pour custard into buttered dish. Sprinkle bread crumbs over top and drizzle with melted butter. Place dish into a water bath and bake in the preheated oven until pudding is firm but slightly wobbly in center and a skewer inserted into center comes out clean, about 45 to 50 minutes.

Remove from water bath and cool for 10 minutes before serving.

Serves 4.

"The Greenbrier Cookbook"

LEMON CHESS PIE WITH BLACKBERRY SAUCE

Present the pie drizzled with blackberry sauce and blackberries on one side, whipped cream on the other. Poke a pastry star into the whipped cream. Give the plate a quick shower of confectioners' sugar and garnish with a mint sprig.

\* 4 eggs

\* 1 cup sugar

\* 1/4 teaspoon salt

\* 1/4 cup buttermilk

\* 2 tablespoons cornmeal

\* 1/2 cup melted butter

\* Zest of a lemon (about 2 teaspoons)

\* 1/4 cup freshly squeezed lemon juice (about 1 lemon)

\* Pinch of freshly grated nutmeg

\* Partially baked 9-inch pie pastry shell\* (recipe follows)

\* Blackberry sauce, bottled is fine

\* Blackberries

\* Whipped cream

\* Confectioners' sugar

\* Mint leaves

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Beat eggs lightly. Beat in sugar, salt, buttermilk, cornmeal and melted butter and mix until smooth. Stir in lemon zest, lemon juice and nutmeg.

Pour into warm, partially baked pie shell and bake until custard is just set, about 30 to 35 minutes. Center will still be jiggly. Pie will continue to cook after it has been removed from oven.

Cool to room temperature before serving.

PIE SHELL AND STARS

\* 1/3 cup coconut

\* 1 1/2 cups flour

\* 3/4 teaspoon salt

\* 1/2 cup Crisco

\* 5 to 6 tablespoons ice water

\* Egg yolk mixed with a teaspoon water

Preheat oven to 425 degrees.

Whirl coconut in a food processor until coarsely chopped. Combine coconut with flour and salt in a mixing bowl. Cut in Crisco with a pastry blender. Add water a tablespoon at a time, tossing mixture with a fork.

Form pastry into a ball and roll out on a floured board or between sheets of waxed paper. Fit pastry into a pie pan. There will be a generous overhang. Cut off excess with scissors and reserve scraps. Flute edge of pie shell.

Brush pie shell lightly with the egg wash. This will make a seal so that the crust stays crisp. Using tines of a fork, poke holes in bottom and sides of crust.

Bake for 15 minutes. The shell will be partially baked.

Roll out remaining dough. Sprinkle with sugar. Using a canape or small cookie cutter, cut out stars. Place them on a baking sheet and bake at 400 degrees about 5 minutes. Watch them closely, as they burn easily. Makes about 14 to 20, depending how thickly the leftover dough is rolled.

Adapted from the Morrison-Clark Inn by Marlene Parrish

**Notes**

PG tested/ Marlene Parrish can be reached at [*mparrish@post-gazette.com*](mailto:mparrish@post-gazette.com) or 412-481-1620.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: No Caption

\ PHOTO: The Greenbrier's Main Dining Room offers American cuisine to guests from around the world.

\ PHOTO: Sample plate from The Greenbrier: Pan Roasted Venison Loin with Honey Pepper Glaze, Game Cottage Pie, Braised Chicory, Butternut Squash Puree and Bittersweet Chocolate Venison Jus.

**Load-Date:** April 14, 2006

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[***THE BEACH IS BACK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44M2-MNM0-0094-554B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***THE RICH AND THE BALLOT CHADS BOTH HANG OUT IN PALM BEACH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44M2-MNM0-0094-554B-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 2, 2001 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1834 words

**Byline:** JAY CLARKE, UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

**Dateline:** PALM BEACH, Fla.

**Body**

A year ago, 19,000 residents of Palm Beach County each voted for two presidential candidates, thus voiding their ballots. Hundreds more voters living in retirement communities claimed they accidentally punched their paper ballots for Pat Buchanan when they intended to vote for Al Gore.

The story intrigued a nation whose knowledge of the region largely was limited to tales of the rich and famous who dwell on the plush island of Palm Beach -- Donald Trump, Rush Limbaugh, Jimmy Buffett and Roxanne Pulitzer among them.

What the millions who watched the election drama unfold last November didn't realize is that there's a lot more to Palm Beach County than wintering celebrities and mathematically challenged voters.

True, Palm Beach, the island village, has conspicuous cachet. It's a place, after all, where the only supermarket in town has a resident sommelier to help matrons choose their dinner wines.

On Worth Avenue, its world-famous shopping street, there's a tiled sidewalk drinking fountain where dogs can slake their thirst while their owners scout goods in the windows of shops like Chanel, Gucci and Ferragamo.

It's a town where motorists favor Mercedeses and Rolls-Royces, but they must be purchased and serviced elsewhere -- no car dealerships are allowed. And to take in a movie, you'll have to cross Lake Worth Lagoon to mainland West Palm Beach. There are no movie houses on the island.

Play all the tennis you want, but don't practice with a tennis ball machine. The thwonk-thwonk sound it makes disturbs folks in the baronial mansions. And if, God forbid, you happen to die in Palm Beach, know that your loved ones will have to grieve elsewhere. There are no funeral homes or cemeteries. Palm Beach is just for the living.

But all of this doesn't mean the South Florida resort isn't worth visiting. And it is far more than just an upscale haven -- although it certainly is that.

Drive around and peer through wrought-iron gates and double-decker hedges of lordly manses. Window-shop (or spend, spend, spend) at Worth Avenue's exalted boutiques. Relax in luxury at the legendary Breakers Hotel, still the symbol of all that is tony in Palm Beach.

But if you're of a mind, you can close your eyes and imagine Palm Beach's heady days a half-century ago, when winter vacations were almost a ritual for affluent guests. Jim Ponce remembers when visitors stayed the entire winter season in elegant Palm Beach hotels such as the oceanfront Breakers.

"We hardly knew what a weekend guest was," says the retired hotel executive, now 84. "Everybody dressed for dinner -- tuxes and long gowns -- and you had to wear a coat and tie just to be in the lobby."

Things have changed. Many visitors who once wintered in hotels now own homes or condos on this chic little island. Weekends are increasingly the getaway of choice for travelers who today plan vacations by the day rather than the month. And all one needs to wear in hotel lobbies these days is a swimsuit cover-up, Ponce notes wryly.

That's not all that has changed, as you'll find if you scoot over a bridge to the mainland, where you can bed down without maxing out your credit cards.

Palm Beach County is bigger than Delaware. It extends westward from the Atlantic Ocean to Lake Okeechobee and runs from Boca Raton to Jupiter Island on the coast. West Palm Beach, the county seat, is only 67 miles from Miami.

On the coast are gorgeous beaches, some lined with the palms that give the area its name. While a fair amount of shoreline is hidden behind hotels and estates, there are plenty of beaches open to the public.

Inland there's golf, golf and more golf. Palm Beach County has more courses than any other county in America -- 150 at last count -- and there's room to build more. Only five are in the town of Palm Beach.

And there's polo. You'd think this upper-class sport would be played in Palm Beach, but the polo fields are on the mainland. (Should you attend a match this winter, know that the preferred drink in the bleachers is not beer but Pimm's Cup or champagne; vendors will bring a glass to your seat.)

Eco-types head for Jonathan Dickinson State Park to hike on its nature trails, canoe on the Loxahatchee River and camp in Florida's vast pinewoods country. And for those who yearn for urban temptations, several mainland cities in Palm Beach County meet the challenge.

Nightlife flourishes in West Palm Beach. Clematis Street, a shabby downtown area just a decade ago, has become an exciting avenue of sidewalk cafes, shops and nightspots. Clematis is always a busy place, but the street is blocked on Thursday evenings and becomes a pedestrian concourse, with thousands milling and swilling along its four-block length.

One would never guess that West Palm Beach was founded a century ago as a place where Palm Beach's wealthy denizens could house their workers. Then in the 1920s, the region took off.

"Real estate was crazy then," says Claude Blair, 88, who moved to West Palm Beach as a child in 1924 and has seen the city develop from a ***working-class*** bedroom community to a thriving metropolitan center. "They were building everything as fast as they could," he says, noting that the onetime suburb soon outgrew the city that created it.

For several decades after World War II, Clematis Street was the hub of West Palm's downtown area. Parents shopped in the department store while teen-agers hung out at the soda fountain. Clematis Street went into a sad decline until the 1990s, when an ambitious revitalization plan pumped new life into the area.

Today there's still a fountain on Clematis, but it doesn't serve sodas. Called the Centennial Fountain, it's a large walk area laid with vertical water jets. Kids play in leaping spurts of water that wax and wane in sequence -- a happy counterpoint to the night scene.

Just a few blocks away, and linked by a free trolley, is another visitor magnet, the new City Place, a $550 million Tuscan-themed entertainment and residential complex. Centered on a $3.2 million fountain that bursts into joyous watery dances every hour, its movie theaters, restaurants, clubs and retail stores are attracting visitors from all over the country.

West Palm also is home to some of South Florida's best-known cultural institutions, including the Norton Museum of Art, generally regarded as the top gallery in Florida and, some say, the Southeast, and the Kravis Performing Arts Center, where major concerts, plays and other events are scheduled. An arts district has bloomed downtown between Clematis Street and City Place.

But the revitalized downtown is not a West Palm Beach monopoly. A few miles south at Delray Beach, a lively night scene has blossomed on formerly dreary Atlantic Avenue, including monthly festivals and a splendid annual blast called Delray Affair.

Neighboring Lake Worth, casting an envious eye at Delray, has transformed its Lake Avenue into a street lined with art and antique galleries, restaurants and bars with a predilection for blues music. Both cities have beaches and affordable hotels.

Farther south is trendy Boca Raton, which is almost as famous a bastion of the upscale as Palm Beach. Boca Raton was the dream of society architect Addison Mizner, who designed many of Palm Beach's grandest mansions. With his customary lack of restraint, Mizner claimed in a 1920s brochure that "all the charms of the Riviera, Biarritz, Menton, Nice, Sorrento, the Lido and Egypt are to be found in Boca Raton."

On Mizner's drawing board was a magnificent cloistered hotel. Its guests would be taken the mile or so from the train station via gondola, which would glide on a canal set in the median of the widest avenue in the world. The architect-developer sketched in polo fields and grand plazas and a golden-domed city hall as well as a castle for himself on an island in a lake and a cathedral for his mother. He was a good son.

The bubble that was the Florida boom burst in the late 1920s, and few of Mizner's dreams were realized. He did build the hotel, the elegant Mediterranean pink Boca Raton Hotel and Club, which today is a world-famous resort with a half-mile of beach, two 18-hole golf courses and 34 tennis courts.

He also constructed the avenue, El Camino Real, equivalent to 20 lanes in width. It still exists, though the gondola-carrying canal in its median was filled in years ago to make a grassy divide. And Mizner did design and sell some residences, but the castle in the lake and the cathedral never materialized.

In the years since then, Boca Raton has become such an upscale residential and business community that the phrase, "It's so Boca," has become synonymous with the latest trends. But what's appealing about Palm Beach County is its diversity. You can be "so Boca" or on a budget.

Sun lovers, for example, can bunk at any of dozens of reasonably priced hotels and condos that line the broad beach at Singer Island, just north of Palm Beach. Jupiter, noted for its landmark red lighthouse, is another popular seaside enclave. Still an active lighthouse, the tower makes a first-class snapshot and also has an adjacent museum.

As for mansion-gawking, the best sites are on or just off Palm Beach's Ocean Boulevard and North County Road. Unfortunately you'll find that most of them, like Donald Trump's Mar-a-Lago estate, are hidden behind high walls or hedges.

John F. Kennedy played touch football on the lawn of one, an oceanfront estate. It was sold some years ago, but it's still there on North County Road.

Gone is the much-photographed cottage across the street that sported a small sign, "Little Blair House." Tourists connected it with Washington's Blair House, the guesthouse for White House visitors, but insiders knew it was a sly joke. The house was occupied by a family with a sense of humor, and their surname was Blair.

If you're looking for Kennedyana, you can sit in the pew in St. Edwards Church where President Kennedy worshipped, drop in at Green's Drug Store, where he used to buy newspapers, or visit the restored bomb shelter the feds built for him on Peanut Island, a few hundred yards north of Palm Beach Island.

Heaven knows if the shelter -- in the form of half-buried Quonset huts -- would have been of much value. The president would have had to drive from his estate to a dock, board a boat to the island and walk 100 yards or more to the shelter entrance, all in a time of crisis.

In fact, it might have been almost as difficult as casting a presidential vote in Palm Beach County last year. Luckily, JFK never had to use the bomb shelter, just as today's voters will never again have to use the punch ballots that betrayed them last November. The county has decided to install state-of-the-art electronic touch-screen voting machines in time for the next elections.

And besides, Pat Buchanan hasn't indicated he will run again.

Palm Beach County, Fla.

Palm Beach County Convention and Visitor Bureau, 1555 Palm Beach Lakes Blvd., West Palm Beach, FL 33401; call 561-233-3000; [*www.palmbeachfl.com*](http://www.palmbeachfl.com).

**Notes**

Jay Clarke is the former travel editor of the Miami Herald.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: C.J. Walker photo The Breakers is a symbol of all that is tony in Palm Beach, Fla.

PHOTO: Jay Clarke A working red lighthouse is a landmark on Jupiter Island, where tourists also can visit an adjacent museum.

PHOTO: Jay Clarke: Above: Visitors from around the country flock to City Place, a new Tuscan-themed residential and entertainment complex.

PHOTO: C.J. Walker photo: Left: Revitalized Clematis Street in West Palm Beach has shops, an active night life and Centennial Fountain, where kids can splash and play.

**Load-Date:** December 7, 2001

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[***SELF-RESPECT HOLDS KEY TO FUTURE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X0K-58F0-0094-5502-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 19, 1999, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1999 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 1677 words

**Byline:** ANN RODGERS-MELNICK, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The teens from the 'hood walked confidently into Carnegie Mellon University, to a computer lab where the instructor gave them their latest assignment build their own Web site.

An hour later, Ramone Castaphney had typed this greeting onto his home page: "Ramone castaphney and I like to play basketbal and I like girls I in 10th grade I go to peabody high school my future goal is to go to college and to play basketball there."

Ramone is one of 20 youths 13 to 17 to participate in an ambitious five- week program for black students who are failing in school. The Neighborhood Academy Summer School is run by the pastor of Allegheny United Church of Christ, a North Side congregation so tiny that it can't afford to replace the many tiles that have fallen from the ceiling of its sanctuary.

The $ 32,000 budget is paid for by "foundation support, local business support, shoestring, bubble gum and paper clips," said the Rev. Thomas E. Johnson Jr.

When The Neighborhood Academy Summer School began six years ago, it received national attention because Johnson paid students $ 5 a day, which was docked if they behaved badly or didn't do their work. It was bait that provided a realistic model of the work world for students whose parents had never held a job. Pay is now $ 20 a day, due at graduation.

The students study math, English, social studies, life skills and computers. Johnson also has started a support group for parents. But his eye is on a greater goal. He is studying the feasibility of opening a year-round private school in September 2001.

Each summer school day begins with worship. On a recent morning, Johnson read from the book of Isaiah: "Do not remember the former things or consider the things of old. For I am about to do a new thing."

He reminded the students that they had been talking for weeks about abandoning dangerous old habits and friends. God, he told them, understands how painful and frightening it is to leave behind familiar ways.

"But the wonderful thing about faith is that even in the midst of something very hard and difficult, there is God bringing some new, good thing into our lives," he said.

Adults structure lives

Cimmean Thompson, 17, of East Liberty, an incoming senior at Peabody High School, greeted Johnson by arguing about the book she had been assigned for a written report. She detested "A Lesson Before Dying," because it was set so long ago - in the 1950s, she thought. She tried to persuade Johnson to accept a novel by Judy Blume instead.

Johnson was adamant that she must finish what she started, even if she didn't enjoy it. Thompson protested that she could never read it in time to write her report four days hence.

"That book report is going to be real skimpy and cheesy," she warned Johnson.

Johnson promised to spend the next afternoon reading it with her, helping her to understand it.

"Man, I'm going to be up half the night reading ' A Lesson Before Dying,' " Johnson said, and sighed as his student walked away. But the effort is worth it, he said, because, after three years in the program, Thompson has a real shot at college.

The typical high school student in the program reads at a third-grade level. A few can't read at all.

After three summers at Allegheny United Church of Christ, Thompson wants to become a lawyer. She was fascinated with field trips to the Allegheny County Courthouse, the county jail and the coroner's office.

"I never realized they did so much to find out how people die. They take out all that stuff and they test every little piece," she said with great intensity.

According to Johnson, "These kids yearn to become something, but they have absolutely no idea what they have to do to go about making their dream come true."

Johnson has little tolerance for the mantra of "self-esteem."

"I don't care about a kid's self-esteem. I care passionately about a kid's self-respect, the kind of self-respect that is gained when adults structure their lives in such a way that kids learn to make good decisions, find ways to solve problems, and learn to manage themselves when they feel bad," he said.

Johnson, 44, was raised in a ***working-class*** Wilkinsburg family and became a teacher before entering the ministry. He still teaches World Religions at Community Col lege of Allegheny County and coaches lacrosse at Shady Side Academy, his alma mater.

In his final year of seminary he answered a call from the Larimer Avenue Youth Club to volunteer as a black male role model. He figured that should be easy.

"They absolutely hated me," he said of the teens.

"They had no experience of a competent man as an authority figure."

Leaned on everyone

Slowly, he built relationships. He thought it a shame when the program ended for the summer, the time the students most needed structure and tutoring. His new congregation agreed to house such a program, provided he raise all the money.

Teaching assistant Brent Jernigan, now entering his junior year on a football scholarship to Edinboro University of Pennsylvania, was one of Johnson's Larimer Avenue students.

"I can relate to all the kids here. I didn't go to school too much, my grades were low. I didn't care," Jernigan said.

But Johnson saw great potential in Jernigan and another youth - if only he could get them away from a neighborhood filled with gangs, drugs and violence. He called his old football coach, then the admissions director at The Kiski School in Saltsburg. If Johnson paid full tuition for the two boys for the first year and they did well, the school promised full scholarships after that. By leaning on everyone they knew, he and Jodie Moore, the director of the Larimer Avenue Youth Club, raised $ 40,000.

"It was a long two years, but they were the best years of my life. It taught me a lot about discipline," said Jernigan, who plans to teach elementary school. The summer school is good training, he said.

"If I can get through to these kids here, I'll be all right in the classroom," he said.

On the first day of class, not one of the students could name the president of the United States. They knew who Monica Lewinsky was. But they drew another blank on the mayor of Pittsburgh.

"OK, for the next five minutes you are not going to say anything unless you can say something nice about Pittsburgh," said the Rev. Bobbie Hineline, pastor of Third United Church of Christ in Greensburg, who teaches English.

There was a long silence. Finally one boy said plaintively, "Downtown is a nice place."

Hineline and social studies in structor Rick Malmstrom - on a busman's holiday from teaching at Shady Side Academy - were helping the students compose a letter to Mayor Murphy, whom they would visit the next day at his office.

With lots of pushing and prodding, the students decided to tell Murphy that they would like to see the city expand its summer jobs program for teen-agers.

"Maybe the mayor doesn't know that the Youth Works program is too small," Malmstrom told them.

If he listens to what you are saying, next summer you might have a job."

'Being quiet is not enough'

These students arrive with no clue how government works. They don't believe that it affects them, Malmstrom said.

"I need to convince them that we need to know this stuff. A big part of my time is spent proving that to them, talking about things like urban renewal on the Hill, where if your house is in the wrong place the government can come along and take it," he said.

Maurice White, 13, suggested the last line, "Thank you for taking the time to listen to us."

Then he asked if Malmstrom could find an address where the students could write to the mayor any time they wanted to.

Maurice, from McKees Rocks, likes to write letters to famous people, he said. They send him autographs.

"I want to be a football player," he said. "If I can't play football, then I want to be a basketball player. If I can't play basketball, I'm going to be a lawyer. If I can't be a lawyer, I'm going to be an undercover cop."

Maurice was in luck, because that day's guest instructor in Life Skills was Pittsburgh police Sgt. Reyne Kacsuta of the narcotics and vice unit. The students were enthralled while she explained what their rights are when they are stopped or arrested by a police officer, and also how to become a police officer.

Life Skills includes topics such as avoiding violent behavior and abusive relationships. But it began because many students were sexually active, but knew nothing about their bodies. A former student was two months shy of a full term delivery and didn't know she was pregnant, Johnson said.

All students get a thorough education on sex, sexually transmitted diseases, pregnancy, prenatal development, contraception and reasons not to have sex.

The United Church of Christ supports abortion rights, but the school's presentation on abortion is neutral, Johnson said. The students tour an abortion clinic for the same reason they tour the Allegheny County Jail.

By the time the doctor has explained how he uses all the medical instruments, "the kids are really unsettled," Johnson said.

"My response is, if you don't like this place, keep your pants on."

The Christian premise of the summer school "is that all human beings are children of God," Johnson said.

"Therefore, you have value beyond measure. We want them to think about the implications of that for what they do with their bodies, their minds, their emotions."

Cory Peacock, 14, a student at Peabody High School, said the most important lessons he had learned at the summer school came from field trips.

"I learned that I don't want to be at the morgue no time soon," he said. " The abortion clinic made me sick. I don't want to see my kid go through that. I don't want to see my girlfriend go through that."

Johnson has seen students develop study skills, set goals and priorities, learn to control their tempers and their mouths. Through the parents' group he has seen their families begin to encourage these newfound traits.

"I've seen these kids really come to appreciate being in an environment where people expect them to be smart, where just sitting and being quiet is not enough," he said.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: STEVE MELLON/POST-GAZETTE: MARCUS JOHNSON, 16, LEFT, AND; MAURICE WHITE, 13 SHARE A MOMENT DURING A TALK BY PITTSBURGH POLICE SERGEANT; REYNE KACSUTA AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD ACADEMY SUMMER SCHOOL AT ALLEGHENY UNITED; CHURCH OF CHRIST ON THE NORTH SIDE.

**Load-Date:** July 21, 1999

**End of Document**



[***ST. PAUL SUPERINTENDENT; FINALISTS COME TO TOWN; MEET THE CANDIDATES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JK8-4350-TX2T-W32B-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 26, 2006 Sunday

Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 3B

**Length:** 2394 words

**Byline:** James Walsh, Mary Jane Smetanka, Steve Brandt, Norman Draper, Staff Writers

**Body**

Five finalists for the superintendent of schools job in St. Paul will be in town Monday and Tuesday for a whirlwind set of interviews and community interaction. School board members hope to choose their new leader by the end of the week. Here's a sneak peek at the candidates. For their official bios, go to [*www.startribune.com/a1124*](http://www.startribune.com/a1124).

MERIA CARSTARPHEN

First school job: Teaching Spanish and photography in Selma, Ala.

Really cool job: She was a freelance photographer for the National Geographic Society.

For fun: She took swing dance lessons and is trying to get better.

She still laughs about the story in the Columbus, Ohio, newspaper about how fast she drives.

But that story, when Meria Carstarphen was an intern in the office of the Columbus schools superintendent, was onto something: She's definitely moving very, very fast.

She is 36 and is the chief accountability officer for the Washington, D.C., public schools in charge of the academic improvement of 58,000 students. She is the "doer" in D.C., someone who some say takes charge too quickly but who others say has a zeal for helping kids succeed.

"I think some people are taken aback because of her youthfulness," said Mark Roy, a community member who is working with Carstarphen to improve D.C.'s Eastern Senior High School. "But once they get a sense of her, they think, `OK, she's really on the ball.'-"

Carstarphen grew up in Selma, Ala., and wanted to be a newspaper reporter, and she eventually became a freelance photographer. She was the photographer for a National Geographic book, "Selma to Montgomery: Road to Equality." But, she said, she wanted something more. She wanted to make a difference and turned to teaching. It didn't take long for people to notice her, or push her into something more ambitious. In 2002, she graduated from the Urban Superintendents Program at Harvard University.

She worked as an intern with Rosa Smith, who was then superintendent in Columbus. Smith said Carstarphen is ready to lead.

"She is quite phenomenal and an extraordinarily bright person, focusing on teaching and learning," said Smith, now the president of the Schott Foundation for Public Education in Cambridge, Mass. "Age, I don't believe, is a factor."

From Columbus, to tiny Kings-port, Tenn., to a $170,000-a-year job in the nation's capital, Carstarphen has spent little time in any one spot. She said the needs of urban schools are too great to waste time. She wants to become an urban superintendent - now.

"I think that Meria has a dogged determination to do the right thing for children. I really do," said Iris Toyer, a leader of Parents United for the D.C. Public Schools.

By all accounts, Carstarphen is aggressive. Toyer said that she has been known to charge ahead and push principals and parents to jump on board. But she'll listen to people if they are willing to push back, she said.

And Carstarphen? She said she'll take the time to listen and learn about the needs of every school, every teacher and every kid. But she's not slowing down.

"I have a real passion for this work and I truly want to support kids in public schools," she said.

- James Walsh

JUDY L. ELLIOTT

Minnesota link: U of M employee, 1994-99.

How she "purges" her mind: She rises at 4:30 a.m. daily to work out.

Summer plans: Climbing Mount Kilimanjaro.

She has spent her professional life in education, but she has never run a school district. Judy Elliott's focus has been on special education, assessment and accountability.

"I worked in the trenches in New York state for 14 years as a classroom teacher and school psychologist," she said. "I haven't been a superintendent, but I don't think it's an issue. ... Special education is very complex and this really is the hardest job I've had. It really is running a school district out of this office."

Since 1999, the Buffalo, N.Y., native has been an assistant superintendent in the Long Beach, Calif., public schools, an urban district that is the third largest in the state. Headhunters have asked her to apply for other superintendent openings, Elliott said, but she wasn't interested until the St. Paul job came along. She directs special education and other school services in Long Beach, where students speak 40 languages and Elliott works with diverse groups such as a ministerial alliance of black churches.

Before she went to Long Beach, Elliott helped states and school districts with testing and accountability programs at the University of Minnesota's National Center on Educational Outcomes. Prof. Jim Ysseldyke ran the center.

"She's this tiny person who's a ball of fire," he said. "This woman is really good."

Elliott, the youngest of six children, said she knew she wanted to be a special education teacher when she was in high school. After earning a college degree in exceptional education, she taught ninth-graders who were in special education.

When Elliott, 45, came to Long Beach, special education services in what U.S. census officials call the nation's most culturally diverse city were in chaos and beset by parent complaints. The department now has a national reputation, Ysseldyke said, and Elliott is an in-demand speaker at educational conferences.

Elliott emphasized teacher training in areas such as reading, getting teachers adequate supplies and making sure students have the help and equipment they need. Urban districts are sometimes criticized for having too many students in special education. In Long Beach, 7 percent of students receive special education (St. Paul's special education rate is 17 percent; Minneapolis' is 14 percent).

Long Beach Superintendent Chris Steinhauser said Elliott has kept quality in her departments up even though California is in a three-year-long budget crisis that means there's less money to work with.

"She's one of the smartest people I've ever met," he said. No one knows yet what will happen in St. Paul, but Steinhauser thinks her future is clear.

"If she chooses to say yes, she will be a superintendent," he said.

- Mary Jane Smetanka

BERNADEIA JOHNSON

Quick study: She rose from Minneapolis principal to Memphis deputy superintendent in five weeks.

Family ties: Her daughter attends Johnson High School in St. Paul.

Preschool: She was a bank analyst before becoming a teacher in 1991.

Bernadeia Johnson taught for five years in St. Paul schools before she felt ready to try administration. But she was wavering between learning the ropes in a school or taking a district curriculum job.

Principal Nancy Katzmarek, who was running Saturn/Riverfont Academy, sensed that. She called Johnson after interviewing her, to seal the deal. "I told her, `You're going to be a superintendent someday. You need to come back to a school.'-"

Those prescient words have come full circle as Johnson, 46, vies to head St. Paul schools. She went on to become a principal at Elizabeth Hall school in Minneapolis, and she's just completing two years as deputy superintendent in Memphis. That's not a lot of experience in central administration. But Johnson said the complexities of the 119,000-student district have offered plenty of challenges that make her comfortable with stepping up to head a district.

She has been the point person on literacy for her Memphis boss, former Minneapolis Superintendent Carol Johnson. She has led the discipline program the district installed after Carol Johnson won an end to the practice of paddling students.

She has more than a dozen people reporting to her, administrators who directly supervise principals in more than 200 schools. Working for Carol Johnson has taught her some things: "Temper justice with compassion, listen a lot, ask good questions, listen more, involve everyone." And she learned the importance of little gestures that help and motivate principals. She recalled: "Carol Johnson called me at home after an incident at Hall to ask: `How are you? What do you need from us?'-"

Colleagues cite her passion for helping all students succeed and humanity in dealing with others. "She serves other people first and herself last," said Anabell Turner, president of the Memphis Council of PTAs. "Intellectually, oh my gosh, she is very keen and has a sense of style that is all her own, never duplicates the trendy thing to do."

If she gets the St. Paul job, Johnson will have to adjust, her boss said. Instead of focusing on internal administration, she'll need to mobilize outside community support. As an academic, she'll need to get comfortable with the business side of a school system.

Johnson's husband, Reginald, is an assistant principal in Minneapolis. They have two children. She lived through the desegregation of schools in her native Selma, Ala., her mother scraping together cab fare to spare her the walk to a mostly white elementary school across the city. The experience crystallized for her the idea that school or work integration is incomplete without integrated neighborhoods.

- Steve Brandt

BERNARD OLIVER

Crowded house: Oliver is the ninth of 17 children.

A career change: An Eli Broad fellowship persuaded Oliver to move into K-12 education.

Bright idea: As superintendent, he would sponsor community forums in people's homes.

For much of his career, Bernard Oliver has sought opportunities to improve the education of inner-city kids. For much of that time, he has done that from a college campus, most recently as director of the Florida Alliance at the University of Florida.

Now, Oliver, 56, wants to do it as the head of the St. Paul schools.

After years of working in higher education, he realized it was his involvement in a fellowship meant to groom urban educators that made the K-12 bug bite Oliver.

"They said to me at the Broad Fellowship, `Look, we need leadership in urban schools,'-" he said. "-`That's why we selected you for this program.'-"

Oliver said he hopes his chances for the St. Paul job haven't taken a hit with the disclosure of a lawsuit and questions about his management while he was at Washington State University in the 1990s. If given a chance to lead in St. Paul, he said, he would work to engage the community in transforming a good school system into a "world-class" one.

And he'd work to create partnerships to make that happen.

"Communities have valuable assets that our young people could benefit from," he said.

Jerry Deviney, who reported to Oliver when Oliver was assistant superintendent in charge of high schools in Virginia Beach, Va., from 2003-05, said Oliver is an excellent listener.

"Bernie got along very, very well with the high school principals," he said. "He's certainly not a heavy-handed individual. He never micromanaged us."

Tim Jenney, who was superintendent in Virginia Beach when Oliver worked there, was asked whether Oliver would make a good superintendent. "The short answer is yes," he said. "And the follow-up question should be `Why?'-"

He added: "Dr. Oliver has the right attitude, first and foremost. He understands the composite requirements of leading a school district."

During his two years in Virginia Beach, Oliver oversaw 11 high schools and three alternative learning centers, supervised student discipline and led school nurses, psychologists and counselors.

"I am confident that he understands what it takes to lead a school district," Jenney said.

Oliver said his Virginia Beach experience only made him eager to do more.

If St. Paul is willing to commit to him, Oliver said, he's eager to make St. Paul his home.

"You stay where you are excited about change and where you go to bed at night knowing that the community is excited about the direction of their schools," he said. "I am as committed as the district is committed to me."

- James Walsh

KENT PEKEL

Worldliness: He speaks fluent Mandarin Chinese.

Minnesota sports link: One of his Sunday school teachers was the mother of Minnesota baseball great Dave Winfield.

Memorable former profession: He once worked for the CIA.

He's young, he's white, and he has no Ph.D.

In some urban districts, any one of those can stack the deck against a prospective superintendent. But his supporters say Kent Pekel, 38, has the intellect, the diplomatic skills, the savvy and the St. Paul roots necessary to flourish in the job.

Pekel, who served as one of former Superintendent Patricia Harvey's chief advisers from 2000 to 2005, attended both Harvard and Yale, taught in China, and worked for several federal government agencies, including the Education and State departments.

He grew up in a St. Paul neighborhood he describes as being racially-mixed, part ***working class*** and part middle class. He attended Catholic school during his junior high years, and Central High public school. He is married to a black woman, Tanya Martin Pekel, who served as Harvey's chief of staff.

"He's a St. Paul guy, and he knows the system, and he knows the people," said Bill Dunn, former principal of St. Paul's Arlington High School and a Pekel admirer.

Pekel is not shy about saying what he thinks, or pushing his ideas. He makes no bones about how badly he wants the job.

"I want the job because I'm passionate about St. Paul and love teaching and learning," Pekel said. "I love the way that working in urban education puts you at the heart of the great issues of the day. I'm not happy unless I'm working on big ideas and big projects."

Neither is he reticent about claiming credit for helping the district become what is, for many, a model of urban school systems. Pekel cited his work in starting programs to improve school academics and create small learning "communities." He's also dedicated to furthering Harvey's efforts to strip much of the decision-making from the district and give it to the schools.

Pekel has ruffled some feathers during his five-year tenure at St. Paul schools; some feel he needs to work harder at being a team player.

"I never hesitated from challenging colleagues who were organizationally well-placed," Pekel said. "I will tell you when I disagree with your conclusions or actions."

Others say he's easy to work with and never dismisses a point of view simply because it conflicts with his.

"Kent has been consistently bold, but also, I think, he's easy to work with," said Rep. Karen Klinzing, R-Woodbury, who taught with Pekel at Bloomington Jefferson High School, and who sometimes finds herself at political odds with her former colleague. "He was always respectful about what I thought. He wouldn't just say, `You're wrong,' and leave."

- Norman Draper

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** March 27, 2006

**End of Document**



[***WHAT'S A VIEWER TO DO?< BIG CHANGES ARE PLANNED FOR BROADCAST TV THIS FALL.< HERE'S A GUIDE TO WHAT'S NEW, WHAT'S OLD AND WHAT'S MOVED.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CDW0-01K4-91V6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JUNE 9, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. G01

**Length:** 1513 words

**Byline:** Jonathan Storm, INQUIRER TELEVISION CRITIC

**Body**

What a mess.

This fall, of the 112 prime-time series on broadcast TV, more than 60 percent are either brand new shows or old shows in unfamiliar places.

The networks are jumbling up the schedule so much that nobody's even sure how many shows are really "new."

Forty seems to be the accepted number, two less than last year. But that's not counting three series that may change as they jump networks, or several others, such as ABC's Ellen, that will arrive with entirely new writing staffs.

Then there are the time shifts: 30, counting those network jumpers.

The networks hope that all the changes will bring them more viewers - or at least help them keep the ones they have.

CBS (Channel 3), for instance, will move the gentle Touched by an Angel to Sundays at 8 p.m. to try to keep older viewers from jumping to cable after 60 Minutes. In an unusual move, the Big Eye will also stack its two most promising new series on Mondays, trying to generate the kind of Thursday "Must-See TV" ratings juggernaut that has so enriched NBC.

Soon after the season begins, Fox (Channel 29) plans to bounce its popular X-Files from Friday to Sunday, the night the most people watch TV. The network figures its rabid fans will move with it, and new viewers will also check it out.

Besides confusion - some of the new-series titles may even change before they hit the air - trends abound in the new schedule, among them:

\* Spooky, paranoid, FBI kind of imaginings. If The X-Files works, why not the Y- and Z-Files? On Fox, there's Millennium, created by X-Files honcho Chris Carter. Its main character is an ex-FBI guy who puts himself in the minds of maniac murderers to try to catch them. Little Sir Echo's at work on NBC (Channel 10), which has Profiler, with an ex-FBI gal who puts herself in the minds of maniac murderers to try to catch them. It's one of a whole Saturday night of new Peacock sci-fi shows. Dark Skies blames space aliens for all bad things that have happened in the last 60 years. The Pretender follows Mr. Big Brain as he evades brutal corporate agents. On UPN (Channel 57), The Burning Zone features the CIA and some fancy doctors who battle mysterioso viruses.

\* Large stars from the past. CBS (Channel 3) is betting a big stack of blue chips on Bill Cosby, as a professional curmudgeon, in Cosby, a sitcom based on a British show. That's followed by Ted Danson and Mary Steenburgen in Ink, set at a newspaper. ABC has Michael J. Fox playing the deputy mayor of New York in Spin City. Less stellar favorites include Annie Potts (Dangerous Minds), Peter Strauss (Moloney), Rhea Perlman (Pearl) and Scott Bakula (Mr. & Mrs. Smith) on CBS; Molly Ringwald (Townies) and Melissa Joan Hart (Sabrina: The Teenage Witch) on ABC, and Mel Harris (Something So Right) and Brooke Shields (Suddenly Susan) on NBC.

\* A dearth of sitcoms about buff young urban heartthrobs - not surprising considering how many Friends clones died last season. Fox has Lush Life and Party Girl. (Is there an alcohol problem at Fox?) Friend-liness can be found on NBC's Suddenly Susan, about a young woman coping after her boyfriend moves out (actual marriage and actual divorce are too grown-up for this genre), and Men Behaving Badly, which stars Saturday Night Live's Rob Schneider and sounds like it should be called Boys, Boys, Stupid Boys.

\* Segregation. CBS has one new show, Cosby, with a black star. NBC and ABC have a total of zero, though ABC's Clueless and Dangerous Minds and CBS's Public Morals will have racially mixed casts. Meanwhile, over on nascent netlet UPN, all four new comedies feature black casts. Notable is Homeboys in Outer Space, about intergalactic 23d-century cut-ups, combining UPN's two dominant genres, African-American sitcom and spaceship stuff.

There will be some tough decisions for viewers this fall.

The holy and wholesome will have to pick between 7th Heaven on The WB (Channel 17), with Stephen Collins as a minister with five kids, and CBS's Touched by an Angel, moved to Sundays.

At the same time Angel and Heaven are duking it out, fans of wacky, yet relevant, comedy will have to pick between The Simpsons and 3rd Rock From the Sun, which NBC has moved to Sundays.

Tuesday, a flagging Roseanne squares off against Mad About You, shifted for the sixth time in four years by NBC. Wednesdays, CBS has knocked The Nanny opposite Ellen. Saturdays, the estimable Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman faces the contemporary family show, Second Noah.

The X-Files switch should benefit viewers, providing consistent fun on a network after 9 p.m. Sundays for the first time in years. Industry observers praise Fox's bold move, though executive-producer Carter reportedly is miffed, and many Files fans suspect it's a government plot.

So which of the new shows will make it at least until November?

Everybody's betting on Shields. The most boring thing imaginable - a sloth sleeping in pitch-dark silence, say - would be a hit scheduled between Seinfeld and ER.

After that, the odds grow longer, but the trade paper Variety, in an informal poll of Madison Avenue prognosticators, came up with eight potential survivors. (It called them "hits," but in June only a fool, an egotist or a network mouthpiece would use that word.) They are, in descending order of certitude:

Spin City, Cosby, Ink, Something So Right (Harris and Jere Burns, from Dear John, as New York newlyweds with three children between them), CBS's Early Edition (about a guy who gets tomorrow's newspaper today) and Pearl (Perlman and Malcolm McDowell as a ***working-class*** adult-education student and her supercilious professor), Millennium, and Men Behaving Badly.

Other shows with good buzz:

\* CBS's Everybody Loves Raymond. It seems as if everybody really does love stand-up Ray Romano, who plays the young patriarch of an absurdly extended family.

\* CBS's Public Morals, a raunch-o-rama comedy collaboration between Steven Bochco and Jay Tarses (Buffalo Bill, The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd) about a vice squad. "It's not a show that I would want to see on at 8 o'clock, nor would anyone in Congress," said CBS entertainment boss Leslie Moonves).

\* ABC's Relativity, from the thirtysomething/My So-Called Life crowd, which explores a love-at-first-sight relationship from first sight to who knows where.

Perhaps you've noticed that CBS has been mentioned more than any other network. In part, that's because it has 10 new shows, more than - ta-da! - any other network. But CBS is also the consensus leader in this season's development of new series.

"CBS is acknowledging that they are the network for the adult, 25-to-54 market," said Betsy Frank, executive vice president of Zenith Media Services, which advises advertisers where to buy their time.

"The programming is definitely what you would call 'quality.' And that is the perception coming from not just the target audience. I'm hearing the same thing from many of our young people who have seen the network's presentations."

All the networks seem to be concentrating more on their traditional audiences - families at ABC, young adults at Fox, young urban and ethnic viewers at UPN and The WB, if you can consider the baby networks old enough to have traditions.

UPN, however, has inverted its strategy in pursuit of those viewers, jettisoning action drama and embracing the sitcom, after its success this winter with Moesha, starring teen songstress Brandy.

NBC is simply chasing big ratings, and everyone thinks it will succeed again next season. But the Peacock leaves one group - blacks - completely out of its equation.

For its Monday night, for instance, NBC canceled rapper LL Cool J's In the House, which was quickly snapped up by UPN, but picked up The Jeff Foxworthy Show, a red-neck celebration that had been dumped by ABC. (Cool J's ratings last season were more than a third higher than Foxworthy's.)

"That surprised me more than anything," said Frank. "I think Foxworthy's hysterical, but I thought his program was terrible."

The hour from 8 to 9 p.m. on Mondays epitomizes fall's chaos, as all six networks clamor for attention. Nine of the 10 shows are new or in new places.

The hour also illustrates the vagaries of network programming. You think executives buy only the TV shows that have the most popular promise? Think again.

One reason - heartily denied - that NBC plucked Foxworthy from ABC could be that West Coast boss Don Ohlmeyer, a competitive cuss, wants to put the prod to his old employers at the Alphabet Net.

Dangerous Minds, based on the movie about a woman teacher and her ruff, tuff students, doesn't seem to have much in common with the football that follows it on ABC, but it is made by ABC's fellow traveler under the Disney umbrella, Touchstone Television.

Monday used to be big for CBS, and all the shuffling seems to set the table for Cosby and Danson to make it Must C (BS) TV again. Entertainment boss Moonves is confident his stars will shine against weak competition and strong confusion.

"I could have them reading the phone book," he boasted.

It may take him a little longer to attract an audience that would watch them sleeping with sloths.

**Notes**

THE FALL TV SEASON

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO (3)

1. Offbeat-humor fans will choose on Sundays at 8 between "3rd Rock From the Sun" on NBC and "The Simpsons" on Fox.

2. UPN concentrates on ethnic and urban audiences with such shows as "Moesha," with teenage singer Brandy (right) and Countess Vaughn.

3. Bill Cosby returns, with Phylicia Rashad, on CBS. NBC has Brooke Shields in "Suddenly Susan."

CHART (1)

1. The Fall Prime-Time Schedule

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***The Deal of the Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H3H-DBN0-0190-X2YJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The agreement to move the Barnes collection to Philadelphia came***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H3H-DBN0-0190-X2YJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***about only after a year of rancor, punctuated by the issue of race.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H3H-DBN0-0190-X2YJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 22, 2005 Sunday CITY-D EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 4341 words

**Byline:** Patricia Horn INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Last month, Pennsylvania's Supreme Court cleared the way for the financially ailing Barnes Foundation to change its rules and move its famed art gallery to Philadelphia.

For one critical year, Lincoln University fought the proposed changes, and then relented.

Through interviews with more than 30 people and reviews of court records and correspondence, The Inquirer has pieced together what went on behind the scenes that year as Philadelphia politics and power clashed with a proud, historically black university in Chester County.

On the morning of Sept. 24, 2002, Lincoln University president Ivory Nelson hung up the phone in his Chester County office, puzzled by what he had just heard - or, more precisely, what he hadn't.

Bernard Watson, the president of the Barnes Foundation, had just told him that the Barnes was filing a petition in court. There would be a news conference at 2 p.m.

About what?

Watson would not say.

Within hours, Lincoln University would feel stabbed in the back by the very board it had nominated, its influence over Albert C. Barnes' renowned collection of Renoirs, Matisses and Czannes suddenly thrown into doubt.

The masterpieces on display at the Barnes gallery in suburban Merion are worth billions. But by Barnes' own decree, they cannot be sold.

With the Barnes going broke, three wealthy Philadelphia foundations had been working secretly with Watson and others to line up the money, the real estate, the legal team and the political muscle to radically change Albert Barnes' strict governing rules. Their plan had been in the works since 2001.

Lincoln knew nothing of it.

At the news conference, Watson announced that the Pew Charitable Trusts and the Lenfest and Annenberg Foundations had promised to help raise $150 million to save this cultural gem. First, though, the Barnes had to win court approval to move its gallery downtown, where more people could see it, and to expand its board to bring in more money and expertise.

Many Philadelphians cheered the plan. To Lincoln, it was a slap, a breach of the legacy left to the school by Albert Barnes, who had rejected the white art establishment in favor of ***working-class*** people and blacks.

Barnes had granted Lincoln the right to nominate four of the five members of his foundation's board. The petition would reduce the university's share to four of an expanded board of at least 15.

Lincoln's lawyer, who was not on the list to be admitted and had no press credentials, couldn't get into the news conference. Not until that evening did the university's lawyers get a copy of the petition from the Montgomery County Courthouse in Norristown.

"We felt violated," said Frank Gihan, then vice chairman and now chairman of Lincoln's board. "We felt insulted. And we felt devalued. . . . We felt disrespected. We felt so insignificant.

"And we reacted. We are not this little thing. . . . We weren't going to roll over."

Lincoln decided to fight the Barnes in court.

The idea struck businessman Raymond Perelman on a blustery November night in 1995, as Philadelphia society toasted the reopening of the Barnes gallery after a world tour of 80 of its masterpieces.

Outside the Barnes' iron gates, protesters picketed in the rain. The gala and the tour, they thought, violated Albert Barnes' intentions for his art: It should be used for art education and appreciation, not as a spectacle for rich people. "Spend Your Money Now, A Will Means Nothing," one sign read.

Inside, Perelman contemplated the breadth and depth of the collection, and a much different thought occurred to him:

Why not move this fabulous art downtown, nearer the Art Museum, where more people could see it?

Perelman, then in his 70s, had witnessed the demise of Philadelphia's industrial base. The city cried out for new vitality. The Barnes could bring tourists from all over the world.

Among the 500 others dining that night on lamb chops were many with whom he would share his vision. Some would become key players in the drive to bring the art downtown:

Dorrance Hamilton, the Campbell Soup heiress, would pledge to back the move financially.

Thomas Langfitt was a top executive with the trust that oversaw the Pew Charitable Trusts, which would spearhead the move.

Mike Fisher, as state attorney general, would use his office to support the move.

David L. Cohen, then Mayor Ed Rendell's chief of staff, would join Comcast Corp., which would pledge $2 million.

Hosting the gala was Barnes president Richard Glanton. He had engineered the tour, which brought in about $16 million for much-needed renovations. Glanton, who had been nominated to the Barnes by Lincoln, would resign as president in 1998 after embroiling it in a costly and futile legal battle with its Merion neighbors.

Perelman would become chairman of the Philadelphia Art Museum in 1997 and share his vision with Rendell, who loved it. The mayor even picked a site: the Youth Study Center on the Parkway, an easy walk from the Art Museum.

"The seed was planted," Perelman said recently. "And once the seed was planted, it was growing."

In the weeks after the Barnes filed its court petition in the fall of 2002, Donn Scott, a black man who had worked his way up in the white world of banking, was hearing impassioned opinions about the case.

On the streets of Center City, people stopped Scott to give advice, or to vent. The Wachovia executive vice president, who served on Lincoln's board, was well-liked and well-connected.

"I don't think I have ever experienced the amount of emotion on a particular issue like this before," Scott said later.

He talked with blacks, including Robert Bogle of the Philadelphia Tribune and record-industry mogul Kenny Gamble, and whites, including Rendell, Aramark chairman Joseph Neubauer, and Philadelphia Foundation president Andrew Swinney.

"The African American community viewed this totally different," Scott recalled. The Barnes "was a treasure . . . and Lincoln controlled it and should continue to control it." To them, the proposal to move the Barnes and reduce Lincoln's influence "was an insult."

Whites mostly supported the move or thought that Lincoln should compromise.

Swinney recalls telling Scott that Lincoln "couldn't say, 'Pity me, pity me.' " The university and the Barnes' team were at a stalemate, and Lincoln, he said, "had to break it."

Near the end of 2002, Lincoln University board chair Adrienne Rhone sent an e-mail plea to Julian Bond, the civil rights activist and NAACP chairman.

The Barnes group had filed legal briefs that attacked Lincoln's historic ties to the Barnes.

Albert Barnes and Bond's father - Horace Mann Bond, Lincoln's president from 1945 to 1957 - were "not especially close," the lawyers had written. And Albert Barnes, they said, had intended to sever his relationship with Lincoln - as he had with the University of Pennsylvania, Swarthmore, and Haverford - but died in a 1951 car crash before doing so.

Rhone, in an alumni newsletter, called that argument "preposterous" and "revisionist history."

In addition, Lincoln's efforts to meet directly with the leaders of the three foundations backing the move had gone nowhere, and Barnes board members still had not explained why they had left Lincoln out.

In January, Julian Bond sat down in the office of his Washington home and composed letters to Pew president Rebecca Rimel, cable billionaire Gerry Lenfest, and Annenberg executive director Gail Levin.

A photo of Bond's father hung nearby. On shelves were books about the Barnes and a booklet on the Barnes-Bond connection that Julian Bond had helped write.

Albert Barnes, the white doctor, and Horace Bond, the black educator, had shared a wiseacre sense of humor and an abhorrence of racial prejudice.

"I met Albert Barnes in my family's home on the Lincoln campus," Julian Bond wrote, "and I consider the Barnes-Bond relationship part of my father's legacy. I have a professional interest, as well, as chairman of the NAACP board, in ensuring this small black college is not forced to surrender control of this invaluable asset."

Bond also spelled out what some had been thinking: "Your actions could easily be viewed as racially hostile, although I do not make such a charge."

Instead of the three foundations replying, Barnes president Watson wrote back. In a 3 1/2-page letter dated Jan. 21, 2003, the former head of the William Penn Foundation and the Convention Center explained why the Barnes needed a larger board. He also said that the Barnes had considered proposing the elimination of Lincoln's role entirely, but rejected that.

Then Watson, himself black, chided Bond for raising race as an issue: "To suggest that these organizations, which have donated millions of dollars to the cause of African American education and advancement, are engaging in actions that could 'be viewed as racially hostile' . . . does a grave disservice to persons and foundations that have selflessly assisted this foundation in its time of need.

"This is not and should not be characterized as a racial issue."

Watson also pointed out that four of the five Barnes trustees were African American.

Lenfest and Leonore Annenberg, chair of the foundation set up by her husband, Walter, declined to be interviewed for this article. Watson and Rimel also declined, saying through spokesmen they did not wish to discuss the past, only the future.

Rimel responded to Bond's letter in March, Lenfest in April. Lenfest wrote, "My own personal feeling is that the board of the Barnes Foundation should not be controlled by any outside institution, not just Lincoln." Rimel wrote Bond that Watson was the appropriate contact person, "should you have further questions."

Though Attorney General Mike Fisher ran against former Philadelphia Mayor Ed Rendell in the 2002 Pennsylvania governor's race, they were soon in sync on the Barnes issue.

Since Perelman pitched the idea to him, Rendell had seen the logic of moving the Barnes' art to Center City. It would add another jewel to the developing "Museum Mile" along the Parkway and allow thousands more people to see the collection.

At a memorial service for Walter Annenberg in December 2002, Arlin Adams, the distinguished former federal judge who was leading the Barnes' legal team, asked Rendell to help persuade Lincoln to drop its legal fight against the Barnes' petition.

In January, the week before his inauguration, Rendell publicly offered to broker a solution. Fisher, who as the state's attorney general had an obligation to weigh in on charity cases, also offered to help.

Lincoln was not interested. And on Feb. 12, Montgomery County Orphans' Court gave Lincoln the legal right to contest the Barnes' petition.

Still hoping for an out-of-court solution, Fisher brought lawyers for the two sides together two weeks later.

Fisher, whose office had not yet taken a formal stance in the matter, prepared himself by touring the Barnes, the first time he'd been back since the 1995 gala. He studied its location in its neighborhood of mansions. He was struck again by the art, its brilliance, and by what it said about Albert Barnes. The place, he thought, was underused.

The meeting with the lawyers, however, went badly. "The look in their eyes," Fisher, now a federal judge, recalled recently. "Not what they said, but how they said it. This wasn't a case where if we have six more weeks, maybe we can work it out. The positions were, 'This is our position, and we are not going to change.'"

By late spring of 2003, the race issue was threatening to kill the Barnes proposal. In an Inquirer article on May 27, Julian Bond asked, "Would this have happened if it had been Swarthmore" instead of Lincoln?

Why, he wondered, were the backers of a Barnes move also insisting on a reduced role for Lincoln? "That invites the question, 'Is race an issue here?'" Bond said.

The story infuriated the Barnes side. "This is not a racial matter," Barnes attorney Carl Solano would say later. "And it wouldn't be right to make it one."

To make that point, Watson, Adams and Solano asked to meet with The Inquirer's editorial board.

"White people are afraid of race issues," Watson told the board. "You know that. I do not have to tell you that."

Adams said the race issue was causing some of the financial backers "to consider whether they ought to abandon this project."

Leonore Annenberg, in particular, was upset, Adams said recently. She and her husband had long supported diverse causes, including the United Negro College Fund.

Members of the Barnes board, too, "did not want to get into having to go to war with Lincoln," Solano said. Two had served on Lincoln's board, and one was a Lincoln graduate. A battle with Lincoln "had the potential of being nasty" - of replaying Richard Glanton's controversial time as a Lincoln board member and Barnes president, for instance, Solano said.

On June 16, according to Fisher, Watson and Rimel told him that "unless this got resolved, they wanted me to be aware they were going to pull the plug on this deal."

They would set Labor Day as a deadline.

By the summer of 2003, Attorney General Fisher had given the Barnes' proposal the formal support of his office, leaving Lincoln legally stranded. It had allies, to be sure, but they were art critics, scholars, Barnes art students - no one with legal standing.

One man was particularly disturbed by Fisher's stance: Rob Powelson, who had chaired Fisher's gubernatorial campaign in Chester County the year before.

Powelson had also recently become one of the few white men on Lincoln's board.

In the second week of his July vacation on Long Beach Island, New Jersey, Powelson was walking back from the beach with his wife, Lauren, and their 1-year-old son when his cell phone rang. It was Fisher, calling back to discuss his decision.

The call got loud in a hurry.

"Let's be honest, Mike," Powelson said, his voice rising. "You wouldn't treat Judith Rodin [of Penn] or Father Lannon at St. Joe's or Father Dobbin at Villanova this way.

"Dammit," Powelson continued, "you have to speak to us with respect. At least hear us out."

He waved off Lauren, who grabbed the beach chairs and the bucket and pushed the stroller toward the house they had rented.

"I understand your position," Fisher replied, "but understand where we are." The Barnes was headed for bankruptcy, he said. It had wealthy people ready to bail it out, but they'd walk if the court fight dragged on. Fisher said he had tried to persuade the Barnes to give more seats on the expanded board to Lincoln but failed.

"Look, Rob," Fisher said. "I don't think your position is as strong as you think. . . . This is a great opportunity for Lincoln to be involved in the new facility. Take it as a positive."

At its June meeting, Lincoln's executive committee had begun changing course. The Barnes case, with its mounting legal bills, was sapping dollars and energy from other priorities - new buildings and an endowment campaign.

"Our resources were being drained and we just could not see an end to it," said Gihan, soon to be Lincoln's chairman.

With the three foundations still refusing to speak with Lincoln, the university's leaders decided to meet instead with the Barnes board. Lincoln was determined to demonstrate "that we are equal partners in this," Gihan said. "We deserve that regard."

Gihan called Watson. "We need to establish a relationship," Gihan later recalled telling him. "This is ridiculous."

As Labor Day neared, the two sides were making modest progress - they agreed to a joint art program that echoed what Albert Barnes and Horace Mann Bond had discussed. But the stalemate over the expanded Barnes board remained.

The art program is "not a trade-off" to get Lincoln to drop its court fight, Powelson says he told Watson. "Just don't think you are going to make us fold like a cheap suit."

Labor Day, deadline day, fell on Sept. 1. It was less than two weeks away.

Gihan was home in Chicago on Saturday, Aug. 23, when his phone rang. No number showed on his caller ID, but there was no mistaking the gravelly voice at the other end. "Hi, this is Gov. Rendell."

Two Barnes backers, Rimel and Lenfest, had asked the governor to intervene.

But before Rendell and Gihan had a chance to meet, Labor Day arrived, and on Sept. 2, lawyers for the Barnes group told the court they were preparing to withdraw their petition.

"We felt it was fruitless to continue if Lincoln was not going to give up their control of the Barnes board," Lenfest said that day. "I am terribly disappointed."

Two days later, Rendell broke away from difficult state budget talks in Harrisburg in an attempt to rescue the disintegrating proposal.

At his office in the Bellevue, Rendell told Lincoln's Gihan, Scott, Powelson and Nelson that ever since Ray Perelman had come up with the idea, he had wanted to see the Barnes in Philadelphia.

Then he listened to why Lincoln wanted 12 seats on the expanded 15-member Barnes board - 80 percent, preserving the oversight role Albert Barnes had given to the university.

What about eight seats instead of 12? "That could be negotiated," Rendell said. "I will talk to Bernie Watson."

Suddenly, compromise was in the air.

Lincoln did not want the Barnes board to be able to routinely reject its nominees. Rendell nodded; he would talk to Rimel. Lincoln wanted funding for the joint art program it had negotiated with the Barnes. Rendell agreed; the program would draw people to Lincoln from all over the country, he said.

Lincoln, a state-supported university, needed new buildings. Rendell pointed out that Pitt, Temple and Penn State had received extra state money for new buildings. In fairness he would consider the same for Lincoln.

And while it was no "quid pro quo," Rendell said he was a pretty good fund-raiser and could help Lincoln with its $100 million capital campaign. Tapping Philadelphia's wealthiest for money would be easier, he said, if Lincoln would help the Barnes move downtown.

"I looked at what their needs were, what their maintenance costs were, and I was astounded at how we had neglected Lincoln," Rendell said later. "We had made it a stepchild." Regardless of what happened with the Barnes, he said, "I wanted to rectify that."

Negotiations that had languished for nearly a year now raced forward.

On Sept. 8, Powelson and Nelson finally met for the first time with a leader of one of the three foundations, cable pioneer Gerry Lenfest. Powelson had asked his political mentor, State Sen. Bob Thompson, to arrange it.

Out of that meeting came an understanding: Lincoln would not settle for four seats on the Barnes board. The Barnes had to do better.

"Hindsight being 20-20, we should have been talking," Powelson recalls Lenfest saying that day.

On Sept. 9, Rendell, with Fisher at his side, presented specific offers to Lincoln's team: $50 million for two new academic buildings at Lincoln, $30 million for 10 other Lincoln projects.

The Barnes group, Rendell and Fisher said, had assured funding for the joint arts program.

And they had agreed to give Lincoln the right to nominate five seats, instead of four - seats that would actually be more like appointments than nominations.

Finally, "we now had everyone's attention," Gihan later said. Finally, there was a recognition of "what Lincoln's contributions had been, what Lincoln's role is and needs are."

Although Gihan wanted at least six seats, he agreed to take the offer to Lincoln's executive committee on Sept. 11.

The Barnes wanted Lincoln's answer by Sept. 12.

Members of Lincoln's executive committee wrestled over their watershed vote.

Some feared that if Lincoln took its chances in court, a victory might well drive the Barnes into bankruptcy and out of Lincoln's control anyway.

"If we just ignore these opportunities, what would happen? Would we then have anything from the Barnes," Gihan asked himself. "We had our integrity - which drove us - and mounting bills on top of that.

"If we win, we lose."

Others on the committee were reluctant to accept the deal and drop Lincoln's court fight. They thought that the matter had been "influenced all along by racial issues . . . that the white man was taking this and that," Gihan said. "We had to work our way through that."

In the end, the committee voted unanimously to accept five board seats out of 15, along with the governor's funding assurances. (The Barnes board would nominate the rest.)

But the 13 members thought that giving up Albert Barnes' bequest deserved a vote by Lincoln's full 39-member board, which was to meet Sept. 20.

On the morning of Sept. 12, with the Barnes board gathered at its lawyers' offices waiting for a fax of the agreement, Gihan called to ask for more time. He wouldn't sign yet.

"We've got to know today," Gihan remembers Watson saying.

For the three foundations, waiting till Sept. 20 was out of the question. "They thought after a while that they were getting sort of extorted," Rendell said later. "I didn't think that was correct. I thought the Lincoln folks were fighting for the things they believed in."

Alerted that the deal was collapsing, Rendell called Fisher, and the two old rivals concocted a last-ditch plan to persuade Gihan to approve the deal.

Rendell would play good cop - he had the money to offer. Fisher would play bad cop - he could intervene in court.

At 3 p.m., Gihan's cell phone rang. He had to step out of a meeting to take the call.

"I have until 3:30 to talk," Rendell told him. "I have two minutes," Fisher said. "Then I am going."

Make a decision now, Rendell said. There was no more time. Are you a leader? the governor asked. Leaders take risks.

Gihan still wanted six seats, not five. And Lincoln's lawyers wanted some changes in the agreement.

"That's nitpicking," Fisher snapped.

"If you don't do this," Rendell said, "the attorney general may be forced, whether he wants to or not, to go into court and say that these guys cannot financially continue in this vein and ask that, according to the will, it be turned over to an art museum."

If that happens, the governor said, "You have nothing."

Gihan thought hard about what Rendell had said about leadership.

Then he signed.

Epilogue: After Lincoln's exit, a small group of Barnes art students took up the legal fight and lost. In 2004, a judge approved the Barnes' requests to expand its board and move its gallery - rulings upheld last month by the state Supreme Court.

The Barnes and Lincoln have begun nominating members to the expanded Barnes board, and $100 million has been pledged for the move downtown. The Barnes has not yet released a construction time line for the new gallery.

Lincoln has received some of its promised state funding and is planning two new academic buildings. It is moving forward, with no outside funding, on its art program with Barnes.

Rendell said he intends to keep his promise to help the school increase its endowment. On May 1, Lincoln gave him an honorary degree.

Contact staff writer Patricia Horn at 215-854-2560 or [*phorn@phillynews.com*](mailto:phorn@phillynews.com).

How This Story Was Reported

Inquirer reporter Patricia Horn, who has covered the Barnes Foundation since September 2002, interviewed more than 30 people for this story. Scenes and conversations were confirmed by two or more of those present. In the few instances when the story comes from only one person, that person is specifically cited as the source.

Among those interviewed were Gov. Rendell, former state Attorney General Mike Fisher, Mayor Street, and members of their staffs; Lincoln University president Ivory Nelson, board chairman Frank Gihan, and executive committee members Rob Powelson and Donn Scott; Arlin Adams, Carl Solano and two other lawyers for the Barnes Foundation; and philanthropists Raymond Perelman and Dorrance Hamilton.

People who declined to be interviewed or did not return repeated phone calls were Pew Charitable Trusts president Rebecca Rimel, philanthropists H.F. "Gerry" Lenfest and Leonore Annenberg, Barnes Foundation president Bernard Watson, Barnes director Kimberly Camp, and 2002 foundation board members Stephen Harmelin, Jacqueline Allen and Stephanie Bell-Rose.

To read the 1940s letters between Albert C. Barnes and Lincoln's Horace Mann Bond, and documents regarding the Barnes petition, go to [*http://go.philly.com/barnes*](http://go.philly.com/barnes)

The Barnes Group

Rebecca Rimel and Bernard Watson - Rimel, president of the Pew Charitable Trusts, worked on a secret petition to move the Barnes art; Watson, president of the Barnes Foundation, stunned Lincoln with his news.

Leonore Annenberg - Chair of the Annenberg Foundation. Was said to be upset when the question of race was raised.

H.F. "Gerry" Lenfest - Lenfest Foundation president and chair of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Wanted Lincoln to cede control of the Barnes board.

The Deal Makers

Mike Fisher and Ed Rendell - Fisher (left), then the state attorney general, played "bad cop" in a high-stakes September 2003 phone call to Lincoln. Rendell, who defeated Fisher in the 2002 governors race, played "good cop" because he had state money to offer.

Other Key Players

Arlin Adams - Former federal judge who led the Barnes legal team. Warned that racial allegations could kill the deal.

Julian Bond - Chairman of NAACP and son of former Lincoln president Horace Mann Bond. Raised publicly the race question.

The Lincoln Board

Frank Gihan (Standing) - Community relations director of the Chicago Tribune and chair of Lincolns board. Feared that "if we win, we lose."

At Lincoln University, Gov. Rendell (seated, center) prepares to give the commencement speech, with Lincoln president Ivory Nelson at his side and board chairman Frank Gihan at the lectern. Lincoln has begun getting state funding for new academic buildings, promised by Rendell in last-ditch talks in 2003 to save the Barnes proposal. Rendell received an honorary degree this month.

Ivory Nelson - Lincoln University president. Worried about the legal battles toll on Lincoln.

Donn Scott - Executive vice president of Wachovia Bank and chairman of the African American Museum. Heard impassioned arguments about the standoff.

Rob Powelson - President of the Chester County Chamber of Business and Industry. Demanded that Mike Fisher "speak to us with respect."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

The Barnes' Bernard C. Watson, near right, and attorney Arlin Adams announcing plans for the Barnes in 2002, and Lincoln University's board, far right, voting a year later to agree to the changes.

SCOTT S. HAMRICK, Inquirer Suburban Staff

The Barnes Group: Rebecca Rimel and Bernard Watson; Leonore Annenberg; H.F. "Gerry" Lenfest

KEITH SRAKOCIC, Associated Press

The Deal Makers: Mike Fisher and Ed Rendell

Other Key Players: Arlin Adams; Julian Bond

Lincoln president Horace Mann Bond and Albert Barnes shared a wry wit and abhorrence of racism in their many letters.

PATRICIA HORN, Inquirer Staff

The Lincoln Board: At Lincoln University, Gov. Rendell (seated, center) prepares to give the commencement speech, with Lincoln president Ivory Nelson at his side and board chairman Frank Gihan at the lectern. Lincoln has begun getting state funding for new academic buildings, promised by Rendell in last-ditch talks in 2003 to save the Barnes proposal. Rendell received an honorary degree this month.

Ivory Nelson; Donn Scott; Rob Powelson; Frank Gihan

Albert Barnes had spurned the white art establishment but opened his school to the ***working class*** and blacks.

**Load-Date:** September 13, 2005

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[***The Singing Ranger;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WXV-HJ10-00J2-3216-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***There may be other National Park Service rangers who sing, but Charlie Maguire is the nation's only official "Singing Ranger." Singing, songwriting and composing: It's right there in his federal job description.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WXV-HJ10-00J2-3216-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

July 10, 1999, Saturday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1795 words

**Byline:** Darlene Pfister; Staff Writer

**Body**

After a long day on the job, Charlie Maguire won't take off his natty straw-brimmed hat, not even to pop into the corner store for bread.

     Nope, that hat is part of his National Park Service uniform, and he won't be seen in public without it. The hat, the pressed gray shirt, the olive-green pants, the brass badge \_ they're all part and parcel of being a Park Ranger, and he's darned proud to be one. The public expects certain things of a ranger, he says, and looking good is one of them.

     Still, this doesn't mean that he can tell you much about wildlife regulations or the rules for camping. He may look like a ranger, but he's a special ranger. He's the nation's only "Singing Ranger," and his job is to sing about natural resources, not to police them. Maguire is a storyteller in a ranger uniform, a teacher with a guitar and jaw harp. Since 1995, he's been singing his original compositions about people and places, bringing his songs to parks and schools and community gatherings and educating the public about what he calls the "nation's greatest natural resource," the Mississippi River.

   For this job, his most important equipment isn't government issue. It's his cherished Hoffman mahogany guitar, "a singer's guitar," Maguire says, won as a first-place prize in a 1974 songwriting contest. It's been with him since he first came into local prominence on "A Prairie Home Companion" 25 years ago, singing his Minnesota songs.

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Songs of the river

     Writing and singing in the American folk tradition are what Charlie Maguire does best. During his four years as the Singing Ranger for the Mississippi National River and Recreation Area, he has composed 22 songs about the history and people of the river.

     That's just a tiny percentage of the 800 songs he's written over his 30-year career as a songwriter and composer. Most of those songs are about the Upper Midwest and its people.

     He likes to base his songs in historical fact. And through his digging, he's discovered people such as young Mary Gibbs, the first female park commissioner, who risked her life in 1903 to protect Lake Itasca from greedy loggers. He's sung the story of the Rev. Robert Thomas Hickman, a former slave smuggled up the river from Missouri in the 1860s who eventually founded St. Paul's Pilgrim Baptist Church.

     Maguire's song "Light the River" is an ode to Jane Robinson, a 19th-century South St. Paul woman who kept kerosene navigation lights burning along a stretch of the Mississippi for 36 years, braving all kinds of weather to ensure the safety of river travelers.

     "Charlie is both a very normal and a very unique ranger," said his supervisor, Ron Erickson.

     One thing rangers share is a deep love for the resource they're working with, and Maguire, Erickson said, loves the river.

     "His songs definitely touch people in a way that other kinds of educational programs can't or don't," Erickson said.

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A life in song

     Although there's an undeniable Minnesota flavor to many of his songs, Maguire is not a native Minnesotan.

     He was born 50 years ago on a dairy farm in upstate New York. Farming didn't appeal to Maguire; he wanted to go places and meet people. He dreamed of becoming a poet.

     A 1964 Barbara Walters interview with Peter Yarrow of the folk group Peter, Paul and Mary piqued his interest in guitar. Two years later, armed with a second-hand guitar he'd taught himself to play, Maguire set off for Northland College in Ashland, Wis., to study philosophy and English.

     Three years into his studies, he asked his favorite English professor if his poetry was any good. She was frank. Charlie, she told him, you're not a poet. But she softened the news by telling him he sang and performed well.

     So maybe he'd never be Dylan Thomas, but there were other writers to emulate \_ such as folksingers Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie and Lee Hays. And then there was Mary Jamin, the psychology major whom Maguire married in 1971, who helped him bring them all together.

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Influenced by masters

     Mary Jamin (now Mary Jamin Maguire) grew up in a ***working-class*** family in Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. During a visit home, she introduced Maguire to Hays, another of the town's residents. A singer and writer, Hays was co-author of one of the era's best-known songs, "If I Had a Hammer." Maguire was in awe.

     "You knew you were in the presence of someone who'd been there before you," said Maguire, remembering his nervousness the day he went to Hays' home, guitar in hand. Hays asked Maguire to perform for his hired help.

     "He didn't watch me; he watched them," said Maguire. The ice was broken when a child started to dance.

     Hays told him he'd only seen that happen a few times before, and that one of those times was when Woody Guthrie performed.

     Maguire was encouraged. It was the start of a decade-long friendship that allowed him to rub elbows with some of the greatest folksingers of the generation \_ Seeger, Don McLean, Mary Travers, Fred Hallerman. Hays never got him a job or put him in front of anyone who could, Maguire said. Instead, he gave him encouragement, advice, a place to sit and talk and exchange ideas.

     "He spared no expense in time or friendship to show us what life could be," Maguire said.

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A singer's life

    The Maguires came to Minneapolis after college on the advice of classmate and friend Pop Wagner, a local folksinger now known as "The Singing Cowboy."

     Maguire couldn't find steady work, so he sang, guitar case open for donations, on the West Bank, on the Nicollet Mall, in the lobby of the Cedar Theatre \_ anywhere he could find an audience. Meanwhile, Mary worked two waitress jobs to pay the rent.

     After a yearlong stint as VISTA volunteers in Nebraska and Wyoming, they returned to Minneapolis to find folk music at the peak of popularity. Every college in the state had a coffeehouse and a place for music. There was plenty of work to go around, and Maguire launched into the college circuit, doing 50 concerts a year.

     One day in 1974, folksinger Judy Larson mentioned that someone named Garrison Keillor was starting a radio show with live music. Was Maguire interested in meeting him?

     He was. Maguire played a few farm songs for Keillor and became a regular guest on the show for the next decade. Some of the songs written during that time \_ "I'm From Minnesota," "Play Us a Waltz," "Talking Home Improvement" \_ still are among his most requested.

     Encouraged by the popularity of "Prairie Home," Maguire sought other outlets for his musical storytelling. He convinced the Minneapolis Public Library to incorporate music into its programs, then became a COMPAS artist-in-residence for St. Paul public schools, teaching children to tell stories through song.

     "All this time I was building a reputation for writing about Minnesota," said Maguire. "There were plenty of great stories."

     In 1990, Maguire teamed with Lance Belville for the Great American History Theatre play "Mesabi Red," a story about the 1916 miners' strike on the Iron Range. Several years later, he teamed with playwright Patty Lynch on "Orphan Train," the story of immigrant orphan children from the slums of New York coming to Minnesota. The plays became the highest-grossing shows in the theater's history.

     He spent a year as the Centennial Troubadour for Minnesota's state parks, touring the parks, writing and singing songs to celebrate the park system's 100th birthday.

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Becoming a ranger

     Becoming a singing ranger was a natural progression from there. Again, Maguire's wife, now a psychologist and river activist, played a key role.

     As president of the Mississippi River Neighborhood Coalition, she'd received a postcard from the Mississippi National River and Recreation Area, seeking ways to educate the public about the river.

     Why don't you write songs for them? she asked her husband. Why not, Maguire agreed. Familiar with Maguire's songs, Erickson was an easy sell when Charlie proposed the singing ranger position in 1994.

     The position began on a temporary basis; Maguire quickly became a permanent employee, working full time March through October.

     "Charlie's done a great job raising awareness of the river," said Erickson. "He's been a fantastic ambassador for the service."

     And for the region. Although Hays died in 1983, the notes he wrote for Maguire's first album, "Long Way to Another Friend," speak to Maguire's skill at telling stories:

     "Charlie Maguire . . . speaks and sings for a region, the Midwest, which he finds to contain the true heart of the nation," Hays wrote. "His songs are made of plain things and plain people. . . . Truthfully, he is a rather dour young man, but then he picks up the guitar and is transformed into a singer of much strength and command. He rides herd on an audience, as Woody Guthrie did. Children dance and sing. Grownups feel better. People hearing a song, tell him, 'That's just the way it is.' "

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Charlie Maguire

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     - Born: Clarence, N.Y., September 1948.

     - Family: wife, Mary Jamin Maguire; daughter, Elsie Jamin Maguire, 18; son, James Jamin Maguire, 14.

     - Home: Northeast Minneapolis.

     - Education: B.S., Philosophy and English, 1970, Northland College, Ashland, Wis.

     - Career: Folk musician/composer since 1969 (composed more than 800 songs); Singing Ranger for Mississippi National River and Recreation Area 1995 to present; Minnesota State Park Troubadour.

     - Career Highlights: Recorded seven albums; regular performer on "A Prairie Home Companion," 1974-83; wrote musical scores and songs for Great American History Theatre plays "Mesabi Red" (1991) and "Orphan Train" (1997); led 500-person spoon band in front of Spoonbridge and Cherry at dedication of Minneapolis Sculpture Garden, 1988.

     - Influences: Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Lee Hays.

     - More info: Maguire can be reached at the Mississippi National River and Recreation Area office at 651-290-4160, ext. 230, or by e-mail at [*charlie\_maguire@nps.gov*](mailto:charlie_maguire@nps.gov).

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Maguire appearances

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     - July: Featured on "Artifacts" on Minneapolis City Cable Ch. 34 at 8 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays and on Ch. 6, Metro Cable Network, at 10 p.m. Thursdays.

     - July 18: 5:55 to 6:30 p.m. at Midway Folk Festival, Midway Stadium, St. Paul.

     - July 30: 7 p.m. at Scaar's Bluff in Spring Lake Park Reserve, Hastings.

     - Aug. 3: 6:30 p.m. at Grandview Park in South St. Paul.

     - Aug. 6: 7:30 to 9:10 p.m., Lake Harriet Bandshell, Minneapolis.

     - Aug. 12: 7 to 8:40 p.m., Nicollet Island Amphitheater, Minneapolis.

     - Aug. 13: Effigy Mounds National Monument 50th Anniversary Celebration, Marquette, Iowa. Call 1-319-873-3491.

     - Aug. 26: 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., MN/DNR stage, Minnesota State Fair.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** July 13, 1999

**End of Document**



[***'Canyon' echoes the era // Through the years, other signs of the times***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SKN-0H80-005H-J08T-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 22, 1992, Wednesday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 5D; Movies

**Length:** 1571 words

**Byline:** Susan Wloszczyna

**Body**

In the new film Grand Canyon, Steve Martin's character proclaims: ''All of life's riddles are answered in the movies.''

Considering that he portrays a smarmy producer who churns out one splatter pic after another, the observation is a tad suspect.

Yet even if they don't provide all the answers, movies can raise the right questions, underlining the doubts and fears that hang over an entire generation. The audience tailor-made for such cinematic pondering: baby boomers.

A director/writer acutely aware of that is Lawrence Kasdan, whose The Big Chill was a wake-up call to the success-driven, nostalgia-ridden '80s. Canyon already is being dubbed The Big Chill of the '90s for the way it taps into society's current anxieties, from a 911 busy signal to the difficulties surrounding, as one character refers to it, ''the love thing.''

Chill echoes through Canyon. Both ensemble pieces are anchored by Kevin Kline. Mack, his Canyon immigration lawyer, could well be Chill's Harold, the campus-radical-turned-sneaker-mogul, eight years later.

Both films offer up unique routes to becoming a parent. In Chill, earth- motherly Glenn Close arranges for hubby Kline to provide stud service for single lawyer Mary Kay Place. Kline's Canyon wife Mary McDonnell - suffering from early empty-nest syndrome when her teen son goes to summer camp - discovers an abandoned baby during her morning jog.

Even characters run parallel. Canyon's Martin is to Chill's Jeff Goldblum (both provide ironic commentary) as Canyon's unhappy secretary Mary-Louise Parker is to Chill's waif-like Meg Tilly (both outsiders looking in).

But while Chill was an intimate gathering of old friends, Canyon's reach is far more ambitious, encompassing a whole city swarming with problems: racial tension, urban violence, homelessness, earthquakes, gun-happy gangs, lonely singles, miserable marrieds. To Kasdan, the '90s might well be the Big Freeze.

Only time will tell if Grand Canyon secures a place in the hearts of moviegoers the same way Chill did. So far, says 20th Century Fox, the film has been doing great -business.

But Canyon does possess the essential ingredients of films that act as time capsules of an era. Here - from the '50s to the '90s - a look at the movies that took the pulse of a decade.

The '50s

- Rebel Without a Cause, starring James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo.

- The year: 1955.

- What was going on? Eisenhower era, the birth of rock 'n' roll.

- Crisis material: Alienated youth.

- Main character: Jim Stark (Dean), a good teen gone bad. It's his first day in a new high school and already he's ticked off the big wheels on campus.

- Sources of trouble: Ineffectual parents, broken families, boredom.

- Methods of escape: Rumbles, drinking, sex, hanging out, moving to a new city when there's a problem.

- Ritual/ceremony: The ''chickie run.'' Kids drive to the edge of a cliff; the first one who jumps out of the car is a coward.

- Milieu: Suburban middle class.

- Landmark: Los Angeles' Griffith Observatory.

- Buzzword: Chicken - as in scared.

- Fashion sense: Sweater sets and leather jackets.

- Cultural artifacts: Greasy kid stuff, hood hair, milk in glass bottles.

- Vehicle. Stolen hot rods.

- Key line: ''Boy, if I had one day when I didn't have to be all confused.''

- Music: Cool jazz.

- Epiphany: When the car door won't open and Buzz - Jim's rival in the chickie run - drives over the edge and crashes into the ocean.

- Solution: Jim forms a symbolic family with Buzz's girlfriend Judy (Wood) as the mother/

wife and Plato (Mineo) as their son. They seek refuge in an abandoned house - until Buzz's buddies show up for revenge.

The '60s

- The Graduate, starring Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, Katharine Ross.

- The year: 1967.

- What was going on?: Summer of love.

- Crisis material: Future shock.

- Main character: Ben Braddock (Hoffman), a college superachiever who slumps into a post-graduation funk.

- Sources of trouble: High parental expectations, low self-esteem.

- Methods of escape: Floating in the pool and guzzling beer; an affair with older woman Mrs. Robinson (Bancroft).

- Ritual/ceremony: A wedding with a timely interruption.

- Milieu: Sun-bleached upper-middle-class Los Angeles.

- Landmark: The Taft Hotel (where Ben and Mrs. Robinson rendezvous).

- Buzzword: ''Plastics!''

- Fashion sense: Preppie sport coats, miniskirts.

- Cultural artifacts: The Newlywed Game, sundry hippie types.

- Vehicle: Alfa Romeo convertible.

- Key line of dialogue: ''Mrs. Robinson - you're trying to seduce me, aren't you?''

- Music: Simon and Garfunkel's sensitive folk-pop.

- Epiphany: First date with Elaine (Ross), Mrs. Robinson's beautiful daughter.

- Solution: Ben finally takes action, racing to halt Elaine's wedding to a med student. She runs out of the church with him.

The '70s

- Saturday Night Fever, starring John Travolta, Karen Lynn Gorney.

- The year: 1977.

- What was going on?: A post-Watergate nation in need of a new dance craze.

- Crisis material: Lofty ambition in a suffocating environment.

- Main character: Tony Manero - 19-year-old paint-store clerk by day, disco king by night - who's just ''staying alive, staying alive.''

- Sources of trouble: Narrow-minded Italian parents, low-IQ pals going nowhere fast.

- Methods of escape: Hitting the dance floor, quickie back-seat sex, pills and booze, religion.

- Ritual/ceremony: The weekend flight to the disco.

- Landmark: The Verrazano Narrows Bridge, where Tony and pals perform risky stunts for kicks.

- Milieu: ***Working-class*** Italian Brooklyn.

- Buzzwords: ''Burn, baby, burn.''

- Fashion sense: Polyester and platforms.

- Cultural artifacts: Farrah Fawcett poster, gold chains, mirrored dance- hall ball.

- Vehicle. The subway or a friend's jalopy.

- Key line:

''You know, I work on my hair a long time and you hit it.''

- Music: The Bee Gees and other disco denizens.

- Epiphany: When Tony meets Stephanie (Gorney), his new dance partner who works ''in the city.'' She lights the fire in his heart and stokes his dreams of Big Apple grandeur.

- Solution: After a hollow dance-contest victory, sexual misadventures and the accidental death of a friend, Tony finally crosses the river into Manhattan. He and Stephanie agree to be just friends.

The '80s

- The Big Chill, starring Kevin Kline, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, William Hurt, Jeff Goldblum, JoBeth Williams, Tom Berenger.

- The year: 1983.

- What was going on?: Reaganomics.

- Crisis material: Selling out.

- Main character: A group effort. Harold (Kline) owns stores that sell athletic shoes. Sarah (Close) is his doctor wife. Meg (Place) is a real- estate lawyer. Nick (Hurt) is a nomadic druggie radio-shrink. Michael (Goldblum) is a People reporter. Karen (Williams) is a mother and wife of a rich businessman. Sam (Berenger) is the star of a Magnum, P.I.-style TV series.

- Sources of trouble: The suicide of mutual friend Alex shakes up the former '60s college housemates, leading them to question their life choices.

- Methods of escape: Money, fame, work, affairs, drugs, drinking.

- Ritual/ceremony: Funeral.

- Landmark: The cemetery.

- Milieu: Harold and Sarah's large, comfy house in the peaceful South Carolina countryside.

- Buzzword: Rationalization.

- Fashion sense: Dressed-for-success grooming.

- Cultural artifacts: Blow dryers, camcorders.

- Vehicle. A hearse.

- Key line: ''It's a cold world out there. Sometimes I think I'm getting a little frosty myself.''

- Music: Golden oldies, especially Motown.

- Epiphany: After much discussion of the past and many glasses of wine, the group makes a few decisions about the present and the future.

- Solution: Meg attempts to become pregnant, with Harold as the dad (with the blessing of wife Sarah). Nick links up with Alex's girlfriend. Karen and Sam consummate their longtime crush.

The '90s

- Grand Canyon, starring Kevin Kline, Mary McDonnell, Steve Martin, Danny Glover, Alfre Woodard, Mary-Louise Parker.

- The year: 1991.

- What was going on? Recession, rampant crime.

- Crisis material: The sense that no place is safe anymore.

- Main character: Another group effort, although the action revolves around Kline's middle-aged lawyer, Mack. He's dissatisfied with his job, not connecting with his wife and worried about the fragile state of the world.

- Sources of trouble: Big-city life in general.

- Methods of escape: A vague belief that there has to be something more.

- Ritual/ceremony: Playing basketball.

- Landmark: The Grand Canyon.

- Milieu: L.A.'s upper-class suburbs, black neighborhoods under siege.

- Buzzword: Control.

- Fashion sense: Natural fabrics, T-shirts with environmental messages.

- Cultural artifacts: Car phones, guns, Magic Johnson.

- Vehicle: Lexus, police helicopter, tow truck.

- Key line: ''We live in chaos. It's the central issue of everyone's life.''

- Music: New age, Warren Zevon's Lawyers, Guns and Money, rap.

- Epiphany: Mack's car breaks down in a bad part of town. Simon (Glover), a tow-truck driver, arrives and scares off thugs. Mack and Simon forge a bond that changes their lives.

- Solution: After several life-altering incidents (earthquakes, hold-ups, etc.), Simon, Mack and their families rejoice in the splendor that is - yes - the Grand Canyon.

**Notes**

DECADE-DEFINING MOVIES; NEWS & VIEWS

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO; b/w; PHOTOS, b/w (5)

CUTLINE: JAMES DEAN: Alienated '50s teen in 'Rebel Without a Cause' CUTLINE: JAMES DEAN: An angry 'Rebel Without a Cause' CUTLINE: 'GRAND CANYON': Fate brings Kevin Kline, left, Danny Glover together in Los Angeles and changes their lives forever. CUTLINE: 'THE BIG CHILL': Former college housemates reunite and examine their lives. From left, JoBeth Williams, Jeff Goldblum, Mary Kay Place (standing), Tom Berenger, William Hurt, Meg Tilly, Glenn Close and Kevin Kline. CUTLINE: 'SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER': By night, John Travolta is disco king. By day, he sells paint in Brooklyn. CUTLINE: 'THE GRADUATE': Dustin Hoffman has an affair with older woman Anne Bancroft.

**End of Document**



[***BUFFALO'S IN SAME FISCAL BOAT AS WE ARE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49B8-J9H0-0094-5535-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 17, 2003 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1982 words

**Byline:** BILL TOLAND, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** BUFFALO, N.Y.

**Body**

Twenty-eight stories above Buffalo, overlooking city hall, an unruffled Dorothy Johnson surveyed the fading metropolis that's hers to rescue.

Two weeks ago, Johnson was hired to head the Buffalo Fiscal Stability Authority, a nine-member state board with budget control powers. Created in July with New York Gov. George Pataki's signature, the board will oversee the development of a four-year fiscal plan for the city.

The board's mission, in shorthand: Save Buffalo.

"There's no silver bullet here," Johnson said, shrugging.

Johnson, a 14-year veteran of New York's state Budget Division, has fled the frying pan for the fire in her move to Buffalo. The city's mayor is being roundly criticized, police and fire cuts are being pondered, other layoffs are imminent, new tax revenues are being debated, a massive budget shortfall looms and there's no help coming from the state.

"Obviously, it won't be easy," Johnson said. "But it can be done. It has to be done."

Buffalo and Pittsburgh, in so many ways, are a couple of antique steam engines running on parallel tracks to financial insolvency. Which town gets there first, or manages to chart a new course, may depend on how well Johnson and her board do their job.

They must induce the city to cut its projected shortfall by a specified percentage each year for the next four. By the final year of the fiscal plan, according to the state legislation that designed the board, the shortfall should be nearly eliminated.

Compared with Pittsburgh's estimated $60 million budget shortfall, Buffalo's anticipated 2003-04 deficit of $24 million or so seems like the portrait of fiscal health. That gap, historically, has been patched with millions in state aid and by spending the city's reserves.

But this fiscal year, those city reserves are now empty, and the state, which last year sent $68 million Buffalo's way, is virtually tapped out.

"They don't have any more money to throw around," said Andrew Rudnick, one-time chief of the Buffalo Financial Planning Commission and head of the Buffalo Niagara Partnership, the city's de facto chamber of commerce.

"Prior to Sept. 11, Buffalo was receiving extraordinary state aid, an annual bailout. Now, New York can't continue its normal level of state aid, let alone an extraordinary level."

The board must mull these numbers: Buffalo is facing an estimated 2004-05 budget shortfall of $30 million to $48 million, discounting the sister shortfall belonging to the city's school district, which is paid for by the city but operated by an independent board.

If revenues decline and costs rise at current rates, city administrators are estimating a $127 million shortfall by 2006-07. Buffalo's budget this year is about $293 million.

Buffalo's plight, like Pittsburgh's, raised fundamental questions about what role American cities will assume in the 21st century, and how they are to be financed. In decades past, cities provided, and paid for, everything -- garbage service, parks, zoos, theaters -- because they could afford it, and because people who worked in the city generally lived there.

But in recent years, Buffalo and Pittsburgh increasingly were unable to pay for everything, because of a degenerating population and tax base, a growing percentage of tax-exempt properties, suburban business migration, and a general decline in the manufacturing and commerce industries that buoyed both cities for much of the 20th century.

Pittsburgh Mayor Tom Murphy has likened the process to putting fingers in dikes, addressing the city's budget problems superficially, rather than on a structural, or legislative, level. His counterpart in Buffalo, Mayor Anthony Masiello, said structural change, initiated by the state Legislature, was necessary.

"Instead of giving us change, they gave us cash," Masiello said. "Which I gladly took. It camouflaged all of our ills."

Sagging value

Last year, Buffalo reached a dubious milepost; though it's by far the largest city population-wise in New York's Erie County, its property now has less tax value than the land and buildings in suburban Amherst, 12 miles away and not even half Buffalo's size.

Overall, Buffalo has seen its property value decrease by about $2 billion over the past three years. At least 40 percent of the city's property is tax exempt, an obstacle with which Pittsburgh is familiar.

And Buffalo is nearing the state limit for money it may collect by way of real estate taxes, meaning a property tax increase is out of the question.

"It's a signal that business as usual must change," Masiello said. "The traditional ways of running a city, we can't afford anymore. You can't just say, 'Here's your geographical area, and the city is supposed to live off of the property taxes.'

"We simply don't generate the kind of revenue that we need."

That means gutting the city's budget, and going toe-to-toe with the city's two largest labor groups, the police and fire unions.

This spring, Masiello and police negotiated a contract that will give police a hefty raise, as well as $8.1 million in retroactive pay. In exchange for the back pay, the city's 881-member police union, the Buffalo Police Benevolent Association, has agreed to thin its ranks by 200 officers over four years, through voluntary retirements.

Masiello said the contract would save the city up to $9 million a year by 2007, but his opponents say the possible savings will be more than negated by the checks being written for back pay.

Most notably, the pact and Masiello are being attacked by Erie County Executive Joel Giambra, who wants to merge the city police force with the county's sheriff's department.

In Pittsburgh, city officials are moving toward a merger of EMS and fire department workers, a consolidation that could save the city $7 million this year and $15 million in 2004.

Buffalo police, predictably, are against any merger talk, and won't be willing to bend much further on force reductions. But many officers are worried that the new budget oversight board will make union-busting its top priority.

"It's a millionaires' club," said police Lt. Sean O'Brien, during a union picnic at Buffalo's lakefront. "They want to put the burden of the city's fiscal woes on the ***working class*** -- garbage, parks department, police, fire."

The city is now negotiating a new contract with fire'fighters, who have always been paid equally to their police brethren. That won't happen this time around, according to the city.

"What they're saying is that they can no longer afford parity," said Joe Foley, president of the Buffalo Professional Firefighters union, whose 819 members have been working without an updated contract since July 2002.

"They wanted us to agree to a smaller raise than the [police union] got, then they wanted us to agree to mandatory layoffs, starting immediately," Foley said.

"I wasn't going to sell out 136 members for a $1,300 pay raise."

Other cuts could be around the corner. Masiello's 2003-04 budget calls for the elimination of 120 city jobs by the end of this fiscal year, which could save the city $4.5 million by next June. Some of those layoffs have been carried out, mostly in the building inspection offices, and others are pending approval of the oversight board.

Buffalo has exhausted most of its one-time expense dumps, handing many of its recreational expenses over to the county. Pittsburgh has taken a similar approach, selling off old liens, refinancing old loans.

Buffalo's downtown baseball park, home of the Buffalo Bisons, is now being operated by the county, as are the Buffalo Zoo and the historic Shea's Buffalo Theater.

The city is also discussing a raft of possible budget-related reforms: Having a part-time city council, forcing new employees to live in the city, asking the county to share its 1 percent sales tax revenue with the city, expanding the water and sewage service into the suburbs, privatizing skating rinks and city golf courses. None have been enacted.

And none of those revenues or cuts will have the long-term effect of closing the budget shortfall, unless the city's main costs -- fire, police and fringe benefits -- are lessened drastically. Those three expenses account for 72 percent of the city's budget.

Everything else, said Eva Hassett, commissioner of the city's administration and finance division, is ancillary.

"Whatever you cut, it will grow back," she said.

As in Pittsburgh, Masiello's administration views the current budget crisis as an opportunity to solve the city's budget problems, once and for all.

"This is our chance," Hassett said. "We are nearing the end of the system for cities as they are currently constructed."

Board the answer?

If there are to be wholesale reforms to the methods by which Buffalo collects and spends money, they will probably be put into effect by the oversight board, which has sweeping budget powers and is the strongest of the oversight boards operating in New York.

"Nobody really thinks the mayor can do what he says he's going to," said Rudnick, the Buffalo Niagara Partnership chief.

"That's why we've been pushing for this board from the beginning."

The oversight board must approve all new contracts and expenditures, and can also suspend certain provisions of existing pacts. It can't totally abrogate the contracts, though.

The board offers Pittsburgh a glimpse into its possible future. Mayor Murphy has said he would allow a fiscal review board to examine Pittsburgh's annual budget as part of a legislation package that would permit the city to raise its occupation and payroll taxes.

For now, the Buffalo board is studying the city's finances and hiring full-time staff members, such as Johnson. But that changes in September.

Buffalo is operating under the mayor's 2003-04 budget, adopted in May, but by Sept. 1, the city must submit to the oversight board a revised budget that will shave up to $8.4 million from this year's deficit. The city must also submit the rest of its four-year plan at that time.

After a two-week review, if the oversight board doesn't approve of the changes, this year's budget and the four-year plan are sent back to the city for additional revisions.

If the oversight board disapproves of the second round of changes, due at the end of September, the board may craft its own budget, for this year and the next three.

Thomas Baker, chairman of the oversight board and executive director of the philanthropic John R. Oishei Foundation, said the timetable was an ambitious one, but he acknowledged that permanent solutions to decades-old budget inequities were years, not months, away.

"Expectations of this getting better in a short period of time are ill-founded expectations," Baker said. "You can't turn the Queen Mary on a dime."

He pointed to Louisville, Ky., which has successfully regionalized all city services and earlier this year merged the city and county governments, creating one unified government. Overnight, the city's population jumped from 256,000 to nearly 700,000.

But that was a three-decade process, and voters shot down merger referendums in the early ' 80s.

In Buffalo, parochial attitudes have prevented any serious discussions of consolidation on such a comprehensive scale.

"I refer to it as the M-word," Baker said. "That's a systemic problem that both Pittsburgh and Buffalo deal with."

If archaic Buffalo is to save itself, salvation will be the end product of a test of political wills -- the will of the Masiello administration, which would prefer to solve the city's budget problems from the inside out, and the will of the control board, which has the final say on all budget matters and will entertain any and all cost-sharing proposals.

Hassett, who keeps a magic 8 ball on a windowsill in her office, said she had no idea how the crisis will be resolved, but knows that something must give by year's end.

"We can't possibly provide services this way anymore," she said.

**Notes**

A TALE OF TWO CITIES For chart information see [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com) Bill Toland can be reached at [*btoland@post-gazette.com*](mailto:btoland@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1601.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: V.W.H. Campbell/Post-Gazette photos: Mayor Anthony Masiello -- "Instead of giving us change, they gave us cash," Masiello said. "Which I gladly took. It camouflaged all of our ills."

PHOTO: Lt. Sean O'Brien, 18-year veteran of the Buffalo police department.

CHART: Post-Gazette: (Bad and worse?)

**Load-Date:** August 19, 2003

**End of Document**



[***TV fatherhood has degenerated from wise to witless;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WS7-7Y80-00J2-3420-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Unlike the knowing, cardigan-clad father of TV's past, dads today are often portrayed as bumbling idiots - if they're portrayed at all.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WS7-7Y80-00J2-3420-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 20, 1999, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1827 words

**Byline:** David Peterson; Staff Writer

**Body**

FATHERS OF THE TV AGE

'50s dad: Ward Cleaver: fallible but an authority figure; dispenses wisdom, discipline.

'90s dad: Homer Simpson: a goofball, the object of his children's ridicule.

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     Here's a Father's Day challenge:

     Think about the TV dads in the early years of the medium. Think about Ward Cleaver on "Leave it to Beaver" or Steve Douglas, the character Fred MacMurray played on "My Three Sons." Now try to plug those dads into the following plots from a contemporary sitcom:

     - The men take a camping trip and accidentally kill an endangered whooping crane.

   - Dad's antismoking lesson leads to his whole family becoming addicted to nicotine.

     - Dad accidentally uses crack cocaine for fish bait, getting fish hooked.

     The family guy on the screen in your living room has changed. And some people think that's a problem for our society.

     "Kids are most affected by what they see in their own everyday lives," said Michael Obsatz, a family counselor and Macalester College sociologist. "But it just has to affect them to watch a bunch of bumbling, idiot fathers on TV."

     A study of the prime-time offerings of the five major networks (ABC, CBS, NBC, Fox and WB) has found that only five programs \_ an average of one per network, all week long \_ portray a father as competent and involved with his family.

     The Maryland-based National Fatherhood Initiative found that viewers who turn on their sets at random \_ even early in the evening, when the greatest number of children watch \_ are 15 times more likely to find a show where "sex between unmarried adults is the recurrent and central theme than a show where responsible fatherhood is."

     Some experts tell us that television has always been ambivalent about dads. But others grumble that "Father Knows Best" has turned into "Father Knows Nothing."

     Fifties sitcom dads had their comic foibles, said Roxy Foster, executive director of the Minnesota Parenting Association, "but Ward Cleaver never blew up the neighbor's house. What are kids these days learning from this powerful medium about what it is to be a father?"

     Analyses of all the male and female images kids see on TV \_ including commercials, MTV and other kinds of programming \_ have found that men are much more likely than women to be depicted in the kinds of ways that kids find admirable: hip, active, independent, driving fast cars, making decisions.

     The latest study adds to that picture by suggesting that, on prime-time shows, those men who are the sharpest human beings are least likely to spend time with children, while those who do tend to their families \_ such as Homer Simpson \_ tend to be goofballs.

     "I don't get it," said Mark Abraham, of Roseville, who dropped out of a career with the Billy Graham organization, and later Habitat for Humanity, to rear two children while his wife works as a physician. "It doesn't reflect any reality that I'm aware of."

     Indeed, some experts note that '90s goofball TV dads arrive on the scene even as real '90s dads are probably more nurturing and more involved with their children than any of their predecessors \_ moreso, certainly, than real '50s dads, who wouldn't have dreamed of helping with childbirth or bathing infants.

     Abraham, 42, said that one reason he made the choice he did was that his own dad, a New Jersey businessman, was a busy man who didn't have the kind of relationship with him that he'd like to have with his own kids, Eric, 4, and Nicole, 9 months.

     Asked whether he likes to watch "The Simpsons," Eric replied: "That's bad." His dad laughed and explained, "It's not on our list."

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Unsure about dads

     Is being a father a really manly, masculine thing to do? Can men do it? Or are they bound to mess it up? In one way or another, experts say, these questions have been reflected in TV dads since the first big clunky sets entered the American living room.

     "As a culture, we are ambivalent about fathers," said Scott Coltrane, a University of California-Riverside sociologist. "And our public imagery about their competence and connection to children reflects this ambivalence."

    The rude, self-centered, ineffectual fathers in shows such as "Married with Children," "Home Improvement" and the animated "The Simpsons," TV historians note, are the descendants of the inept or downright nasty husbands and fathers depicted in such series as "The Honeymooners" (1955-56), "The Flintstones" (1960-66) or "All in the Family" (1971-83).

     In a parallel stream, meanwhile, a good guy such as the one Bill Cosby played on "The Cosby Show" (1984-92) has his own line of predecessors dating to "The Brady Bunch" in the '70s and "My Three Sons" in the '60s . These have tended to be middle-class fathers, sociologists note, while the dummies tend to come from the ***working class***.

     Though some shows with role-model dads have been popular, the reality for TV networks is that viewers love to watch fallible human beings \_ of both sexes \_ in comedies. The only programs with fathers that rank among the top 20 for this past season \_ "Home Improvement" and "Everybody Loves Raymond" \_ feature fathers with sizable flaws. The Fatherhood Initiative ranks them about on par with Homer Simpson as role models. Tim Allen's character on "Home Improvement," for instance, is a charming klutz whose wife is described in the network's promotional literature as the one who "holds the house together" \_ a not-uncommon role for long-suffering TV wives.

     That's not to say that television is an utter wasteland when it comes to portraying fathers. Coltrane said today's eagerness to avoid stereotyping women as mothers means that viewers are far more likely to see men in TV commercials "cradling a newborn or diapering a toddler" \_ powerful, memorable images that have helped further our sense of the father in today's society.

     Nor are fathers the only ones with a gripe about their image. The angelic mothers of early television were criticized by feminists at the time as "household appliances," while the Lucy Ricardos, Edith Bunkers and Roseanne Conners have taken heavy fire over the years from feminists and traditionalists alike for the image they create of moms. As Lisa Simpson puts it on one episode of "The Simpsons," when psychological vocational testing shows she's a great candidate for stay-at-home mom:

     "A homemaker! I might as well be dead!"

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TV FATHERS THROUGH THE DECADES

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1950s

     "Ozzie and Harriet" - A real-life dad to Ricky and David, Ozzie Nelson must have been a good provider - the family had such a nice home - but what did he do for a living? We never found out.

     "Leave It to Beaver" - Beaver Cleaver tried to do the right thing, but invariably fouled it up. A cardigan-clad Ward Cleaver made everything all right.

     "Father Knows Best" - The title says it all. Robert Young starred as Jim Anderson.

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1960s

     "My Three Sons" - Steve Douglas, a frequently traveling engineer and single dad, nevertheless was father, mother and best friend to his boys. The hammer in the household: Uncle Charley.

     "Family Affair" - Uncle Bill's swinging lifestyle was interrupted when his brother and sister-in-law were killed in a wreck and their children became his responsibility.

     "The Flintstones" - Fred and Barney made one bubble-brained move after another. There's no doubt they loved Pebbles and BamBam, but would you have let these guys babysit for very long?

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1970s

     "All in the Family" - The show broke sitcom tradition by dealing frankly with real problems such as rape and racism. Archie Bunker broke ground as the first dad viewers loved to hate.

     "Sanford and Son" - Lamont was forever threatening to leave the family junk business, but he loved his dad too much to go. Fred may have been the father, but Lamont was the responsible adult.

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1980s

     "The Cosby Show" - The '80s sensitive guy, Cliff Huxtable shared responsiblity for the children, earned a lot of money without ever seeming to work, set fashion trends and made everyone laugh. The rap: unreal.

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1990s

     "The Simpsons" - Too fat for the Army and too dumb for the police force, Homer Simpson would make a kid run away from home.

     "Home Improvement" - The loveable klutz who's forever falling off the roof or blowing up things, Tim Taylor is a dad without a lot of credibility. Without mom, this household would come to a hatl.

     "King of the Hill" - Hank Hill means well, but his efforts to stifle in son Bobby any inclination toward sensitivity or expression of a stereotypically feminine trait makes Hank seem shallow - a man whose deepest devotion is reserved for guns.

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Fatherhood portrayals on network TV

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WB/"7th Heaven" - Involvement 5, Engagement 5, Guidance 5, Competence 5, Priority 5, TOTAL 25.

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CBS/"Promised Land" - Involvement 5, Engagement 5, Guidance 5, Competence 5, Priority 5, TOTAL 25.

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WB/"Smart Guy" - Involvement 5, Engagement 4, Guidance 5, Competence 5, Priority 5, TOTAL 24.

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ABC/"Two of a Kind" - Involvement 4.5, Engagement 4.5, Guidance 5, Competence 4, Priority 5, TOTAL 23.

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ABC/"The Hughleys" - Involvement 4.75, Engagement 3.75, Guidance 3.75, Competence 2.75, Priority 4, TOTAL 19.

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NBC/"Mad About You" - Involvement 4, Engagement 4.3, Guidance 3.7, Competence 2.3, Priority 4, TOTAL 18.3.

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Fox/"Holding the Baby" - Involvement 3, Engagement 3.5, Guidance 3, Competence 3.5, Priority 4.5, TOTAL 17.5.

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Fox/"King of the Hill" - Involvement 4.3, Engagement 4, Guidance 3, Competence 2, Priority 3.67, TOTAL 17.

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ABC/"Home Improvement" - Involvement 4.25, Engagement 4.5, Guidance 2.5, Competence 2, Priority 3.5, TOTAL 16.8.

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CBS/"Everybody Loves Raymond" - Involvement 3.67, Engagement 2.67, Guidance 3, Competence 3.67, Priority 3, TOTAL 16.

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Fox/"The Simpsons" - Involvement 4.5, Engagement 4, Guidance 2, Competence 2, Priority 3.5, TOTAL 16.

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WB/"Dawson's Creek" - Involvement 3, Engagement 3, Guidance 2.5, Competence 4, Priority 2.5, TOTAL 15.

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Fox/"That '70s Show" - Involvement 2.5, Engagement 1.5, Guidance 1.5, Competence 4, Priority 2.5, TOTAL 12.

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ABC/"Brother's Keeper" - Involvement 2.3, Engagement 2.67, Guidance 1.67, Competence 2.3, Priority 2, TOTAL 11.

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CBS/"The Nanny" - Involvement 1, Engagement 1, Guidance 1.67, Competence 2.3, Priority 1.67, TOTAL 7.7

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NOTE: Some figures have been rounded.

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Scoring:

     20 or more points: positive fatherhood portrayal

     16 to 19 points: mixed fatherhood portrayal

     15 or fewer points: negative fatherhood portrayal.

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Source: National Fatherhood Initiative

Seattle Post-Intelligencer

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More information:

Web resources

     - The National Fatherhood Initiative can be found at [*http://www.fatherhood.org*](http://www.fatherhood.org). The site includes the group's report on prime-time TV dads. The group is a nonprofit, nonsectarian, nonpartisan organization that offers education campaigns, conferences and forums.

     - A site for at-home dads, [*www.slowlane.com*](http://www.slowlane.com), has a link to Minnesota Dads at Home, a group in which Roseville's Mark Abraham is active.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** June 21, 1999

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[***FINANCIAL AID IS EATING AWAY AT COLLEGES' FISCAL HEALTH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CC60-01K4-9558-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 2, 1996 Tuesday SF EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A09

**Length:** 1814 words

**Byline:** Karen Heller and Lily Eng, INQUIRER STAFF WRITERS

**Body**

Soaring tuitions are threatening both the quality of higher education and the financial security of many colleges.

The reasons are circular. As tuitions have risen dramatically and schools have raised billions for their endowments, spending levels have skyrocketed. With many families priced out, colleges have had to allot more financial aid.

The result of this economic spiral: Colleges have less to spend on educating undergraduates.

Institutions have long offered financial aid, but never at the volume they do now. Since 1980, colleges and universities have more than quadrupled their financial-aid budgets, according to U.S. Department of Education statistics. Schools are offering more aid in the form of grants, which are not repaid.

Today, financial aid is the millstone around higher education's neck.

"They are robbing the entire budget to pay for financial aid. This will drive some schools out of business," says Columbia Teachers College president Arthur Levine.

Student financial aid has become an enormous shell game. In higher education, large price reductions are labeled "tuition discounts." What this means is that schools use the tuition paid by some students to subsidize others.

Even with the so-called discounts, the cost of attending high-priced private colleges is still more than $15,000 a year - not including books and other incidentals.

With discounting, schools are operating comparably to the airlines' system of ticket pricing, with some people paying more for the same service.

"No school wants to start a school year with empty seats. Once you've got a fixed number of seats, you forever lose the revenue by not having someone sitting in the seat," says David W. Breneman, dean at the University of Virginia's School of Education.

Economists argue the tuition-discounting phenomenon will lead to financial disaster at many colleges.

"There's a signal of real danger at some of these places where discounts are extreme. It's a form of depression" for the schools, says Michael McPherson, director of the Williams College Project on the Economics of Higher Education.

Discounting has become a complicated game with few winners. The serious mistake colleges are making is that while they are cutting some prices drastically, they are not reducing spending.

In addition, most colleges are budgeting money they don't even have and will never collect. What they refer to in their budgets as financial aid is actually the discounted portion families never pay.

"The fact is, if you can't collect that money, why budget it? If it's $5 million, that's $5 million you never had in the first place," argues higher education consultant George Dehne.

\* Tuition discounting is creating more problems than it solves.

As prices have gone up, the number of families that can afford tuition has dramatically decreased. To offset this, schools are not lowering prices; they're giving away more financial aid. Schools once offered aid based solely on need. Today, colleges consider other variables: grades and test scores, athletic ability, outside interests, geography, ethnicity, even bargaining.

That results in another contradiction: Schools are spending even more to entice students.

Many colleges are now hiring outside consultants to help them with both "enrollment management" and administrative "strategic planning" to cut costs.

Most private schools have two sets of tuitions. The higher "sticker price" of full tuition is paid by fewer students every year. At the University of Pennsylvania, 40 percent of the students will pay the full $28,096 next year.

Discount tuitions range anywhere from a couple of thousand dollars below the sticker charge to near zero.

"I honestly think that the private schools got so greedy in the '80s, that they've pushed themselves into discounting," says Dehne, a former top administrator at Carleton College, a private school in Northfield, Minn. "So many are discounting across the board that there's not enough revenue to run the institution. People think you can discount forever. At some point, there's a real live cost to operating the institution."

The tuition-discounting problem emerged after the number of high school graduates dropped from 3 million in the late 1970s to 2.5 million in 1990, and colleges had to work harder to maintain enrollment.

Discounting is now rampant at private institutions (it's less common at the public schools), with officials making a variety of deals to attract students. And it's the fastest- growing part of colleges' budgets. At Penn, financial aid has grown by 95 percent since 1988, with 40 percent of the undergraduates receiving average grants of $12,000 a year.

Aid budgets are growing at rates faster than tuition to compensate for the decreasing number of families who can pay the full price: At Penn, total charges went up 5.8 percent this academic year, while the aid budget grew by 9.7 percent.

"Every time we raise our tuition, we have to raise our financial aid," says Nancy Dye, president of Oberlin College. "This produces a price disequalibrium. When you price your tuition to the point where you're seriously discounting, then there's something wrong with your price."

\* While the tuition charged is often based on a family's "ability to pay," determinations can be made on almost any basis. Two students at the same school may have similar family incomes - yet one is paying a substantially lower price for the same education.

Discounts are now part of college marketing. Annual guides are published on "best buys," measuring the discount cost of attending a college. Some colleges place huge placards at their gates, stating how affordable they have become, despite their high price tags.

Colleges and universities often take credit for offering "discounts," but ultimately, the students pay the bill. Often, the other families, those who saved prudently for college, pay for the "discounts." Many of these are now questioning why they are subsidizing those who did not save.

"There is only enough Robin Hood in anybody," Dehne says.

Sometimes, the entire college pays: So much is cut out of the budget to allow for the discounts that all other parts are cut. Classes get larger, full-time faculties are reduced, salaries are frozen, the best teachers may be wooed away, maintenance is neglected, departments are eliminated.

"When you're discounting so much, say 50 cents on the dollar, that means a school can't put as much into programs. Eventually, the student is getting a substandard education," says Dehne, who is a consultant to 130 schools.

If the school is financially robust, and few are today, the discount is covered by endowment income, government funding and tuitions from full-paying students.

If discounting is extreme, with virtually no students paying anywhere near the asking price, the entire enterprise runs the risk of financial ruin.

In 1994, Upsala College - a tiny, private, liberal arts college in East Orange, N.J. - was warned by the U.S. Department of Education that it was losing too much revenue through tuition discounting. Discounting was costing the school more than one-third of its total operating budget.

A 1994 independent accreditation team observed: "It is costing the college more than ever to enroll new students and retain currently enrolled students."

A year later, the 102-year-old college went out of business, $12 million in debt.

\* Many small colleges are trying to increase revenues by pushing up enrollment, but demand is often so low, experts are questioning the quality of these extra students.

Other strategies include targeting discounts to specific groups. Beginning last fall, the University of Rochester offered $5,000 grants to every New York state resident accepted, regardless of income. About half of all of Rochester's students are New Yorkers. Currently, 74 percent of all undergraduates receive financial aid from the school.

"There's an incredible amount of money in financial aid. Thirty percent of tuition is recycled into financial aid. It was less than 15 percent 20 years ago," says Morton Shapiro, an economist at the University of Southern California, which gave out $73 million in undergraduate financial aid this year.

"Tuition discounting is basically a marketing tool," says U.S. Assistant Secretary for Education David Longanecker. "Everybody finds their niche. Some are Price Clubs and some are Nordstroms. They all find their own way of selling themselves."

Allegheny College, a school of 1,800 undergraduates in northwestern Pennsylvania, has historically served ***working-class*** students. But the comprehensive charge is no longer low: $22,740 a year.

Consequently, 93 percent of the students receive aid from the school; the average award totals $8,000. The school relies almost exclusively on tuition for revenue.

The heavy discount means that one-third of the operating budget is gone - returned to the students. Four years ago, when tuition increased by 5.2 percent, student aid went up so dramatically that the operating budget decreased by 8 percent.

What has happened is that colleges have boxed themselves in by building up high fixed costs while not maintaining equally high revenue from tuition. In other words, colleges are spending money as if they actually were collecting full price from all students - and they're not.

"Frankly, we attempted to do too much," says Allegheny president Daniel F. Sullivan. "We behaved as if we could do it all ourselves and be a redistributive agent. But the growing inequality of wealth in society made us press our toes up to the edge."

Since then, Allegheny has taken many cost-cutting measures and has tied tuition to inflation. In 1994, Sullivan, with a salary of $241,376, was the nation's third highest-paid liberal arts college president.

Even with Allegheny's efforts to cut back, one out of three dollars it collects goes to student aid; five years ago, it was one in five.

"I get scared every day," says John Reynders, Allegheny's dean of enrollment planning, a job the financial-aid conundrum created. "This is not a job where you sleep very well every night."

Financial aid has become such a large drain that only the richest schools can now afford to accept the students they want - and offer them all the finanicial aid they need. Most schools do not have the funds to do this.

Money, rather than academic quality, is driving the market.

"What's wrong is there's a lot of unhealthy competition. Money is spent not on the purpose of adding value but for redistribution," says Arthur Hauptman, a policy consultant who specializes in higher-education finance. He believes up to 40 percent of annual tuition increases go right back into financial aid.

"That means schools are paying for their good students," says Columbia Teachers College's Levine. "Starting in the 1980s, financial aid became this bottomless well of expenses with colleges spending more and more time and resources."

**Notes**

HIGHER EDUCATION: HOW HIGH THE PRICE

Sidebar to the third in a series.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***GE enters new era as a legend leaves***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43XR-NMT0-010F-K2MV-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

September 7, 2001, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** MONEY;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1781 words

**Byline:** Del Jones

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

NEW YORK -- Are Jack Welch's shoes too big to fill?

That may be unknown for a few years. For now, suffice it to say that Welch wears a size 10. Jeffrey Immelt, who replaces the retiring Welch today as General Electric's chairman and CEO, wears a 12.

What will likely become apparent sooner is that Immelt's reputation for being a gentler version of Welch could be erroneous. Since being named Welch's heir 10 months ago, Immelt's image has been one of an amiable guy who doesn't need his big boot. But in separate interviews, Welch and Immelt both painted a picture of an Immelt who is tougher than his press clippings suggest.

Welch, 65, has owned the nickname "Neutron Jack" since cutting more than 100,000 jobs in the early days of his 20-year reign as GE's CEO. He's known in management lore for his kick-and-hug style and his penchant for companywide performance reviews that result in the bottom 10% of GE's workforce being escorted to the door each year.

Immelt aims to go about running GE in much the same way. He will hire the best and promote them only when they have been pushed and inspired to their limits.

He'll have no time for a honeymoon. The economy continues to languish, and GE stock closed at $ 40.50 Thursday, off 33% from its August 2000 high. Immelt has to be pondering job cuts and, in the wake of the failed Honeywell acquisition, impatient investors may start to insist that the GE conglomerate finally be broken up into more valuable pieces.

Keeping the Welch 10% formula

The Welch formula has made millionaires of those willing to invest $ 35,000 when he took over in 1981, including those who spent the dividends. He was 45 then, the age Immelt is today.

Welch says the bottom 10% of employees almost always stay the bottom 10%. Immelt agrees and embraces GE's 15-year-old policy of richly rewarding its star performers, while axing the bottom one in 10.

"There's consequence for lack of performance, and believe me, that won't end with Jack Welch," Immelt says.

Indeed, in the last months leading to his promotion, Immelt has been focusing on GE's top executives, deciding who has a future and who should leave. "It's just hogwash that everybody should be treated the same," Immelt says.

What Welch says often has wide implications. Ford Motor, Sun Microsystems and others have tried versions of the 10% rule. Welch said a small retailer with 20 employees stopped him on the street. "Must I fire two?" the retailer asked. "Probably," Welch told him.

Jesuit priest James Martin, a former GE executive, has written a book calling GE's environment dehumanizing. But Welch and Immelt say the only job security is a satisfied customer, and both bristle at the suggestion that the GE way is not nice.

"You define nice," Welch says. "Jeff is a nice guy. (Motorola CEO) Chris Galvin is a very nice guy, and he just laid off 30,000 people."

Cruelty, Welch says, is waiting until someone is 50 with a family, a mortgage and a 30-year stack of performance appraisals saying he's wonderful. "Then, a performance culture arrives and tells him to go. That's what's cruel."

The subject animates Immelt, as well. Why, he asks, does the public accept a performance-based system in high school football or in college applications, but not in business? He labels it "communism" for critics to advocate a system in which even poor performers are rewarded equally.

Immelt declines to reveal his politics, saying only that GE has succeeded under both Democrat and Republican presidents. Welch says he hasn't voted for a Democratic candidate for president since Lyndon Johnson.

Subtle differences

Immelt and Welch have differences, though mostly subtle. Immelt's name is often mispronounced (it's EHM-melt); Welch's never is.

Immelt sits across the table at interviews; Welch will slide around eyeball to eyeball to emphasize a point. Immelt likes the Cincinnati Reds; Welch, the Boston Red Sox. Immelt plays good golf; Welch's game has slipped but remains legendary among defeated CEOs and, once, pro Greg Norman.

Immelt has never beaten his boss in six to 10 rounds of golf. "It would be different in basketball," says Immelt, 8 inches taller.

There may be differences of opinion about Welch's place in corporate history, but seldom has a transition of power created such a media event. Welch has reached so far into the upper strata of CEOs that his retirement results in a $ 7.1 million book advance and an interview on *Oprah*.

Immelt has felt the bite of the GE system. He says he was nearly fired by Welch in the early 1990s when the GE plastics division he ran had a bad year.

"I've had time in Jack's doghouse, for sure," Immelt said. "He said, 'Look, Jeff, you've got to get this turned around. I'm your biggest fan. I think you can do it. If you don't, you'll have to leave.' "

Welch says he had similar conversations with "a hundred people," but says he never threatened to fire Immelt. Welch remembers warning Immelt that he wouldn't have a "big future."

Welch hates his nickname, Neutron Jack, but he brings it up before being asked. He says the layoffs that got him the nickname were necessary for the health of the company, and he points to the dot-com implosion as vindication.

"A half-million people have been laid off. Furniture has been auctioned. Do you think those CEOs are neutrons? Were they mean? Were they cruel? NO!" he shouts. "They didn't have a satisfied customer. They'd all like to be thriving enterprises."

Searching for a successor

Welch says his search for a replacement CEO began 6 or 7 years ago when Immelt was still in his 30s and one of 23 potential heirs. Welch trimmed that list as executives failed tests or moved on to run other companies.

Welch finally narrowed the list to three: power systems head Robert Nardelli, aircraft head James McNerney; and Immelt, who was leading GE's medical division. Once Welch made his selection, Nardelli left to become CEO of Home Depot, and McNerney left to become CEO of 3M.

What was the deciding factor? Welch said it was his "gut, nose and feel" for Immelt.

"Jeff is a guy who will do the things that are in the best interest for the company and for the maximum number of employees. He'll do it his own way, but he'd better know how to hug and motivate, as well as demand. I know he does."

Welch says he sees imagination and courage in Immelt. And smarts. Smart enough for *Who Wants to be a Millionaire*? "Wrong network," says Welch, whose GE owns NBC. *Millionaire* airs on ABC.

"He's got incisive intelligence, not dabbling intelligence," Welch says. "Dabbling intelligence to me is unfocused. It's a nice characteristic, but it doesn't make a good businessman."

Analysts warned of a GE brain drain once Welch went public with Immelt, but Immelt says there has been no wholesale executive bailout. "Unforced" turnover among the top 500 in the company has been 2% over the past 12 months, typical for any year, he says.

Indeed, the departure of Nardelli and McNerney probably boosted the executive energy:

\* "Every time one of them leaves, it opens up opportunity for the people who are there," says Greg Hiner who had a 35-year career at GE before becoming CEO of Owens Corning in 1991. "Every time one moves, it produces 10 other moves."

\* "There has always been top talent leaving the company," says Thomas Tiller, who left GE in 1998 and is now CEO of Polaris Industries, a maker of snowmobiles. "That creates opportunity for younger, aggressive people to move up and take a chance."

\* "Welch took a diffuse, unwieldy empire and gave it focus and discipline, so it became feisty and agile," says Rosabeth Moss Kanter of the Harvard Business School, "thereby proving that big, diversified companies are not obsolete or awkward."

Indeed, if Welch and Immelt are such demanding bosses, why does all that GE talent stick around? For one thing, the two agree that leadership development is their most important job. Hugs abound, and Welch's kicks never came for taking "big swings and big risks." He's been on a mission since Day One to clear out GE's bureaucracy.

Lastly, Welch says, people welcome discipline. He cites an internal GE survey of about 50 questions. Among lower-level employees, the scores lowest when it asks if GE "deals aggressively enough with poor performers." Only 65% say yes, Welch says.

"This is how I analyze it," Welch said. "If you're in a rowboat of 12 people and 11 are pulling oars, the boat is spinning. Everyone is mad as hell. It frustrates them."

Immelt agrees, and is glad he started out with GE in sales, where goals are clear and must be met.

"I've run very tough businesses, and I've had to replace lots of talent that wasn't cutting it over the years," he says. "We've never found an area we couldn't evaluate."

TEXT OF BIO BOXES BEGINS HERE

Jeff Immelt

Age: 45

Height: 6-foot-4

Hair: Thick

Joined GE: 1982

2000 compensation: $ 3.5 million salary and bonus. Owns 3 million shares of GE stock.

Reported personality: Easygoing, friendly, natural charisma, exudes personality. Teasing sense of humor. Told jokes from TV show *Mork &* *Mindy* in the Dartmouth football huddle.

Education: Mathematics degree, Dartmouth College, 1978; MBA, Harvard Business School, 1982.

Athletics: Offensive tackle, Dartmouth football. Brief tryout with the Cleveland Browns. High school letters in basketball, football and baseball.

Golf handicap: 14. Has never beaten Welch.

Family: Married, one teenage daughter. Met wife, Andrea, when she also worked at GE. Father worked for GE Aircraft for 38 years. Spends free time with family.

Hometown: Cincinnati

Neighborhood: Middle-class

Religion: Presbyterian

USA TODAY research by Del Jones

Jack Welch

Age: 65

Height: 5-foot-8

Hair: Gone

Joined GE: 1960

Became CEO: 1981

Starting salary: $ 10,500

2000 compensation: $ 16.7 million salary and bonus. Owns 22.4 million shares of GE stock.

Reported personality: Brash, impetuous, abrasive, feisty. Yet retains the best managers and gets them to swing for the fence. He says he kicks but also hugs.

Education: Chemical engineering, University of Massachusetts at Amherst, 1957; master's and doctorate, University of Illinois, chemical engineering, 1958 and 1960, respectively.

Athletics: Captain of golf and hockey teams and baseball pitcher in high school. Second only to Sun Microsystems Scott McNealy among CEO golfers. Once beat pro Greg Norman, 69-70.

Golf handicap: 8 (was once nearly 3).

Family: An only child, he was crushed when his mother died of a heart attack at 66. Father was a railroad conductor. Divorced first wife, Carolyn, after 28 years and four children. Married in 1989 to Jane, a lawyer, 17 years younger. Spends free time working.

Hometown: Salem, Mass.

Neighborhood: ***Working class***

Religion: Catholic. Once an altar boy, no longer practices.

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, Color, Quin Tian, USA TODAY, Source: CSI (LINE GRAPH); PHOTO, Color, Todd Plitt, USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, Todd Plitt, USA TODAY; Kick and hug: Retiring CEO Jack Welch is known for his tough-love style. He's also known for a policy of cutting the lowest-performing 10% of GE's staff every year. <>Chip off block: Jeffrey Immelt is a follower of Welch's 10% rule. He's been spending the last few months focusing on GE's top executives, deciding who has a future and who should leave.

**Load-Date:** September 7, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Soaring housing costs are culprit in suburban poverty***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WBN-RXX0-00C6-D2DY-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 28, 1999, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1999 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1723 words

**Byline:** Haya El Nasser

**Dateline:** EVANSTON, Ill.

**Body**

EVANSTON, Ill. -- This lakeshore suburb of Chicago is well known

for its stately brick and stone homes, lakefront mansions and

the lovely Northwestern University campus.

But behind this façade of affluence, a bleaker side of

suburbia is emerging.

More than a third of Evanston's elementary and middle school students

qualify for free or reduced lunches -- an all-time high. At the

Second Baptist Church downtown, lines for free lunches are so

long that the soup kitchen has moved from the 48-seat dining room

to the 150-seat fellowship hall. The number of people who go to

Evanston food pantries is up 27% from a year ago.

Despite a glowing economy and record low unemployment, poverty

is rising in the suburbs.

Affluence still dominates the suburban landscape and public housing

is rare. But in growing numbers, poor people are living unnoticed

next to middle-class families, and the suburbs are beginning to

face the same problems cities have struggled with since the flight

to the suburbs began in the 1950s.

A study by the Center on Hunger and Poverty at Tufts University

estimates that by 2010, the percentage of children in poverty

will have grown at a faster rate in the suburbs than in inner-city

and rural areas, the traditional strongholds of poverty. Both

affluent and older ***working-class*** suburbs are seeing a rise in

the number of people living at or barely above the federal poverty

line of $ 16,450 for a family of four; $ 8,050 for one person.

The Census Bureau reported a slight dip in the poverty rate in

1997 in rural areas, central cities and suburbs. But the suburban

poverty rate still is higher than in 1990, 9% vs. 8.2%. And urban

experts expect the 2000 Census to reveal a big jump in poverty

in suburban communities.

There are a number of reasons for this growing problem, experts

say. Welfare reform has cut government benefits for millions.

Cutbacks in housing subsidies are depleting the supply of affordable

housing. And skyrocketing housing prices mean rents and mortgages

are eating up so much of a person's paycheck that it's a struggle

to pay for food, clothing and childcare. Many who work for minimum

wage are relying on food pantries, free school lunches and soup

kitchens to feed their families.

Older suburbs closest to the big cities -- the so-called "inner-ring

suburbs" -- are feeling the effects of the spread of poverty

most.

Middle-class homeowners, searching for newer homes and more space

farther out, have abandoned older suburbs. The older and cheaper

housing there has attracted a poorer population that is eager

to escape crime and crumbling schools in the inner city and get

closer to jobs in fast-growing suburbs. Anti-poverty activists

say that the push to gentrify and revitalize central cities also

has contributed to suburban poverty, as the poor are pushed out

from the inner city.

In a sense, just as jobs and population have sprawled out from

the city, so has poverty.

"People still think that problems of central cities magically

stop at the border," says Myron Orfield, a Minnesota state representative

and head of the non-profit Metropolitan Area Research Corporation.

"It's going to catch up with all middle-income communities."

Even in thriving older suburbs like Evanston, soaring housing

prices are pushing more working people and the elderly to the

brink of poverty. The median household income in Evanston is $ 62,253,

according to Claritas, a marketing research firm. Half make more

and half make less. The median price of single-family homes is

almost $ 300,000.

High housing costs here have increased the pressure to provide

more services for the poor. In February, U.S. Rep. Janice Schakowsky,

a Democrat whose district includes Evanston, held a forum on hunger

to raise residents' awareness.

"Poverty is all pretty hidden right now because the focus is

on the booming economy," she says. "But all the social services

programs are stretched. The elderly are hurting, personal bankruptcies

are at an all-time high, single moms are struggling."

In part because of a reluctance to recognize that poverty exists

in their backyards, many suburbs don't seek fundsfor social programs

or affordable housing. As a result, the bulk of state and federal

money to help the poor is going to cities.

"Suburbs have been reluctant to be in the social services business,"

says Michael Rock, city manager of Lakewood, a Denver suburb where

the need for low-income housing is rising. "We tend to want to

export the problem."

Non-profit groups, churches and synagogues are struggling to fill

the void. But they face opposition from taxpayers who do not want

homeless shelters and lower-income housing nearby.

Federal and state governments are just beginning to realize that

poverty is spreading beyond big-city limits. In Cleveland, older

suburbs that are grappling with poverty have formed a consortium

to gain a voice in state and federal decisions that pull more

jobs and funding out of their cities.

But that kind of cooperation is rare."There is very little thinking

about this," Orfield says. "If you don't live in one these places,

you don't know about it at all. And if you're a politician, you

think these places are few and far between."

Urban experts say federal and state governments need to tackle

the root cause of the problem: sprawl. For decades, federal policies,

such as transportation spending, have encouraged jobs and housing

to move farther out.

"The poor are more and more isolated from jobs," says Bruce

Katz, director of the Center on Urban and Metropolitan Policy

at the Brookings Institution. "There needs to be more fiscal

equity between jurisdictions."

Evidence of poverty in the suburbs ranges from higher participation

in free school-lunch programs to rising demand for free food:

-- Requests for food and clothing at Arlington Charities in Arlington,

Texas, a suburb of Dallas and Fort Worth, jumped 32% from 1995

to 1998 when 41,057 people asked for help.

-- Food distributed by the Greater Boston Food Bank in suburbs

like Needham, Westwood, Dedham and Norwood jumped 50% the past

three years. The food bank estimates that a third of the people

who come in are working full-time, but for minimum wage.

-- Johnson County, Kan., a suburb of Kansas City, Mo., has the

highest median household income in Kansas: more than $ 55,000 a

year. But the Harvesters community food bank reports an 8% jump

this year in the number of people needing help.It expects a 16%

jump by next year as more people go off welfare. One in 10 students

in the county qualifies for free or reduced school lunches, up

from one in 12 in 1990. The homeless population jumped 29% from

1997 to 1998.

-- Virginia's Fairfax County, a suburb of Washington, D.C., has

the highest median household income in the nation: more than $ 88,000

a year. But the number of school-age children living in poverty

in that county rose 81% in the first half of this decade -- in

part because of a large influx of immigrants.

-- A 1998 survey of more than 6,000 people in Denver-area shelters

showed that 43% said their last permanent residence was in the

suburbs vs. 38% in the city. More astounding was that 13% said

they had spent the previous night in Boulder County, one of the

most affluent in the region.

These figures are no revelation to anti-poverty activists like

Pat Vance, head of Neighbors at Work in Evanston. But they are

to many. "Nobody in suburbia wants to be identified as poor and

many of the poor make an extra effort to blend in," she says.

Beyond a well-known pocket of poverty along Howard Street, which

is the dividing line between Chicago and Evanston, the poor are

almost invisible here.

Yet on Grant Street, two houses up from a $ 500,000 home, is the

Evanston Day Nursery. Sixty percent of the children who attend

get full or partial government subsidies because their parents

are poor or nearly poor. On the next block, squeezed between $ 200,000-plus

homes, is one of Evanston's few public housing buildings -- a

one-story duplex that looks more like a modest garden apartment

than the projects.

Rents in suburbs like Evanston are so high that someone like Roy

Fisher, 49, who expects to earn about $ 12,000 this year as a part-time

janitor and computer repairman, is having a hard time making ends

meet.

"I make enough money so that I'm not eligible for most of the

social services," he says.

He pays $ 400 a month to rent a room in the basement of a house

near downtown. He has no health insurance because he works part-time.

Because he has high blood pressure, he can't eat free meals in

soup kitchens; they're too high in cholesterol. He is now searching

for a place to live where the rent is cheaper -- a hard thing

to find in Evanston.

Derril Edwards rents a two-bedroom apartment on Hull Terrace,

a quiet street dominated by small apartment buildings. His neighbors

are college professors, medical students and senior citizens.

But Edwards is poor.

He was diagnosed with AIDS in 1993. At the time, he lived in an

apartment in Wilmette, another affluent Chicago suburb, and earned

$ 40,000 a year restoring antique wicker. He became so sick that

he could not work for two months. He faced eviction.

"I lived OK before, but I had never been in a situation where

there was money in the bank," says Edwards, 52.

He hasn't been able to work since and quietly slipped into poverty.

But with the help of Vance's organization, Edwards received a

federal housing voucher that pays about 70% of his rent.

He receives $ 571 a month from Social Security, food stamps and

he goes to local food pantries twice a week. The local animal

hospital provides free care for his dog, a Lhasa apso named Dorothy.

"But people wouldn't know I was poor unless I told them," Edwards

says.

Contributing: Evelyn Poitevent

Poverty rate rising fastest in suburbs

The percentage of children living in poverty is expected to increase

at a faster rate in suburbs than in inner-city and rural areas

where poverty has been concentrated for decades. The percentage

of children living in poverty in 1995, projections through 2010

and the rate of increase from 1995 to 2010:

                  Inner   Metro   Rural

<>Year      Suburbs   cities   areas   areas

<>1995       15.0%     33.0%   22.0%   23.0%

2000       16.3%     36.7%   23.9%   25.0%

2005       17.9%     39.7%   26.0%   26.5%

<>2010       19.5%     42.7%   28.0%   28.1%

<>Rate of    30.0%     29.3%   27.2%   22.2%

increase,

1995-2010

Sources: 1995 Census Bureau date. Projections: Center on Hunger

and Poverty, Tufts University

**Graphic**

PHOTO, color, John Zich for USA TODAY; PHOTO, b/w, John Zich for USA TODAY; On edge: Derril Edwards' neighbors include college professors. But Edwards is poor. Ends won't meet: Roy Fisher's rent is so high the part-time janitor and computer repairman is having a hard time making ends meet. 'I make enough money so that I'm not eligible for most of the social services.'

**Load-Date:** April 28, 1999

**End of Document**



[***NOW IN THEATERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W6M-CYV0-00C6-D077-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 9, 1999, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1999 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 1664 words

**Byline:** Mike Clark; Susan Wloszczyna

**Body**

Analyze This

\* \* 1/2 (out of four)

Beyond the fact that HBO's *The Sopranos* is stealing its

high notes, this agreeable if sometimes creaky mob farce doesn't

much improve beyond the hook that makes it an OK multiplex bet

in the first place: the teaming of Robert De Niro as a Mafioso

and Billy Crystal as the therapist he hires to help find his inner

self. Someone should have found a good role for Lisa Kudrow, but

the leads are in good form. And you can smile your way through,

if you don't expect too much. (R: language, sexuality, violence)

-- M.C.

Baby Geniuses

\*

As if the *Look Who's Talking* trio and *Baby's Day Out*

didn't scrape the barrel-bottom of baby gunk, the latest from

*Porky*'s Bob Clark (look who's working) deals with a lab

that raises babies who can talk. Even professional viewers can

go for years and not stumble upon a movie this awful. See it only

if you want to see a baby hypnotizing Dom DeLuise into picking

his nose. (PG: rude behavior, dialogue) -- M.C.

Doug's 1st Movie

\*

Saturday morning TV comes to the multiplex for $ 4.50 a pop (at

least). Can Victoria Principal cosmetic infomercials be next?

Employing maybe one lip movement for every four words, this dreary

kiddie fare (but only if the kiddies are under 4) deals with Doug

& Co.'s discovery of a reptilian creature that they proceed

to hide from the rest of the town. You're better off renting *E.T.*,

even if your video store charges a grand a night. (Rated G) --

M.C.

The Dreamlife of Angels

\* \* \* 1/2

Two French sweatshop workers become apartment-sitting roommates

through thick and thin -- until the thin becomes too unmanageable.

Leads Elodie Bouchez and Natacha Regnier shared best actress honors

at last year's Cannes Film Festival, and they're so in synch that

it would be tough to pick one over the other. The finessing of

diverse story lines (involving abusive love and a coma victim)

is a marvel. And the climactic shot (just before a bittersweet

coda) is a shocker. (Unrated, but with nudity and intense sexual

content) -- M.C.

EDtv

\* \* \*

Where earlier media satire *The Truman Show* had a "serious"

Jim Carrey as a gimmick, this has the ultimate child of TV biting

the hand that raised him. Director Ron Howard (who grew up before

our eyes as Opie on *The Andy Griffith Show)* takes more

of a naughty nibble than a vicious chomp as a rube video-store

clerk (Matthew McConaughey) becomes an unlikely cable star. Artful

it's not, even if Howard does a good job of re-creating a home-viewing

feel. But it's awfully affable. (PG-13: sexual situations, partial

nudity, crude language) -- S.W.

Forces of Nature

\* \*

This storm of presumably amusing mishaps -- plane crash, switched

trains, a hurricane, hail, fire, etc. -- is meant to please fans

of screwball romances, road comedies and the Weather Channel.

But the screws are loose, the road has potholes and the cable

has gone kaput. John Candy and Steve Martin had more sexual combustion

in *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* than Sandra Bullock and

Ben Affleck in this laughless journey. As strangers who link up

on the way to Savannah and have a Job-like ability to attract

disaster -- she's a kook overloaded with emotional baggage, he's

a nervous bridegroom headed to his wedding -- both stars strain

to play against type and it shows. (PG-13: sensuality, language,

a scene of drug use) -- S.W.

The King and I

\* \*

The Rodgers and Hammerstein stage perennial is closer to a joker

than even a Jack in this animated kiddie makeover. Schoolteacher

Anna sings *I Whistle a Happy* *Tune* during a typhoon,

and kickboxing is the sport of choice in 1840s Siam, but the colors

are pretty, and at least it's Richard and Oscar coming out of

the singers' mouths and not Carole Bayer Sager. At the very least,

this mediocrity is the probable impetus for this month's DVD release

of the '56 Deborah Kerr/Yul Brynner version. (Rated G) -- M.C.

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels

\* \* 1/2

The dominant story here is the one that's easiest to follow: a

cocksure card whiz (Nick Moran) is set up to lose 500,000 pounds

in an elaborately rigged London East End card game. His attempt

to repay the debt and spare himself and friends broken fingers

involves him with a ceaseless parade of not always well-defined

lowlifes, who bustle in and out of the film like condom-counter

traffic in an all-night drugstore. Though the movie is more pleased

with itself than any movie that comes to mind since *The Usual*

*Suspects*, its by now formulaic mix of laughs and grisly shock

sequences proves a launching pad for its undeniably talented writer/director,

Guy Ritchie. (R: violence, language, sexuality, drug content)

-- M.C.

The Matrix

\* \* 1/2

The Wachowski brothers manage to nix the sophomore jinx after

their striking 1996 *Bound* debut with this sometimes original,

sometimes derivative and always long exercise in sci-fi grunge.

Keanu Reeves is the software designer/computer hacker who's mentored

by Laurence Fishburne into combating a 22nd century universe that

uses humans as batteries for its bioelectric energy. Fans of *The*

*Crow* and *Dark City* may be enthusiastic enough to give

the film a shelf life, but Reeves is an awfully lightweight actor

to be carrying a 136-minute movie of any kind. (R: sci-fi violence)

-- M.C.

The Mod Squad

\*

Poor Claire Danes plays "My So-Called Career" for 94 minutes

in this *Avengers*-caliber knockoff of the old TV series

-- working undercover to solve a drug heist with partners Omar

Epps and Giovanni Ribisi (who ironically seems more mentally handicapped

here than he did in *The Other Sister*). In a strange way,

the cheesy staging suggests one of distributor MGM's exploitation

films from the '60s. Clean up the language, and this film easily

could have been on the bottom half of a double bill with Rowan

and Martin's *The Maltese Bippy*. (R: language, violence,

some sexuality) -- M.C.

The Out-of-Towners

\* \*

In the Rudy Giuliani '90s, the Big Apple is no longer the wormy

pit of muggers, psychos, perverts and striking workers who hassled

the harried married Midwest couple (perfectly cast neurotics Sandy

Dennis and Jack Lemmon) in the 1970 original. So why, oh why,

did they feel the need to remake this lesser if still memorable

entry on Neil Simon's movie résumé? It couldn't

be that the public was clamoring for a reteaming of Goldie Hawn

and Steve Martin, they of the underwhelming *Housesitter*,although the two are pros enough to punch up the dumbest travel-mishap

gags. But what once was an edgy celebration of small-town spirit

over urban adversity has become a mushy examination of a marriage

in midlife crisis. (PG-13: sex and drug-related humor) -- S.W.

10 Things I Hate About You

\* \*

Disney's entry into the high school sweepstakes attempts to do

to Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* what *Clueless*

so smartly did to Jane Austen's *Emma. The Laming of the*

*Shrew* is more like it. The attractive cast is willing, but

the translation into '90s teen culture is like a clueless adult's

notion of what cool is. There are at least 10 things not to like

about this too familiar comedy, in which a snarky girl's (Julia

Stiles) hatred of guys prevents her younger sis from dating --

until a brave swain (Aussie hunkster Heath Ledger) tries to woo

the shrew. Larry Miller scores as Stiles' dad who considers all

boys to be sperm with legs, and most of the young actors are bound

to graduate to better things. The rest, alas, is no great Shakes.

(PG-13: sex talk and humor, alcohol and drug use) -- S.W.

True Crime

\* \* 1/2

As long as Clint Eastwood, James Woods and Denis Leary are engaging

in crude newsroom insult banter, this overextended melodrama has

its delights. Unfortunately, the other four-fifths deals with

Clint's 24-hour effort to foil death row prisoner Isaiah Washington's

lethal injection. Success depends, of course, on finding ludicrously

unlikely evidence that has eluded investigators for six years.

Eastwood the director loses control, but Eastwood the actor compensates

some with one of his liveliest and most fully realized performances.

(R: language, violence) -- M.C.

OPENING WIDER

Among Giants

\* \* 1/2 (out of four)

Written by *The Full Monty*'s Simon Beaufoy and directed

by first-timer Sam Miller, this puny but tolerable ***working-class***

romance teams Pete Postlethwaite (*In the Name of the Father*,

*The* *Lost World: Jurassic Park*) with *Hilary and*

*Jackie* Oscar nominee Rachel Griffiths (profile, 8E).

Postlethwaite is foreman to painters that spruce up countryside

electrical towers, and Griffiths is a mountain-climbing drifter

who wants to join the all-male crew, which leads to some sexual

problems and one huge disciplinary one. The leads make a credible

couple, but the movie plays more like a collection of scenes than

a fully realized whole and the story finally has too many gaps.

(R: language, sexuality, nudity) -- M.C.

Cookie's Fortune

\* \* \* 1/2

Robert Altman has mellowed out (for one picture, at least) at

age 74, and this sweetly satirical story of batty Southern womanhood

and a murder that really isn't feels like the right movie at the

right time for him. When Cookie (Patricia Neal) shoots herself,

and her niece (Glenn Close) destroys the evidence, Cookie's handyman/best

friend (Charles S. Dutton) is arrested. It's just a formality;

no one believes he's guilty -- least of all the Mississippi sheriff

(Ned Beatty), who makes certain his prisoner has a copy of *Field*

*and Stream* and a platonic voluntary roommate (Liv Tyler).

The movie is so easygoing that locals traipsing through the police

station in costume for an Oscar Wilde *Salome* production

seem like they belong. (PG-13: sensuality and depiction of a violent

act) -- M.C.

A Walk on the Moon

\* \* \* 1/2

As a 30ish Jewish homemaker who opts for three days of peace,

music and adultery at and around the Woodstock Festival, Diane

Lane hasn't been this good since her 1979 child-actress debut

in *A Little Romance*. *Ghost* co-star Tony Goldwyn

proves he can direct a responsive cast, which includes Viggo Mortensen,

Liev Schreiber and Anna Paquin (like Lane, happily avoiding the

ex-child-star doldrums). His staging of Woodstock is resourcefully

evocative on an obviously lean budget. A sleeper. (R: sexuality,

language, drug use) -- M.C.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Miramax; 'A Walk on the Moon': Viggo Mortensen and Diane Lane meet at Woodstock.

**Load-Date:** April 9, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Strong-headed … and wrong;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43SW-H5V0-00J2-33XN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Irwin Jacobs' vocal support of a now-discredited software firm has cost him plenty.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43SW-H5V0-00J2-33XN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 19, 2001, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** BUSINESS; ON BUSINESS; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1980 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

RSEC:             Rich today beyond his own imagination as a ***working-class*** kid out of Minneapolis North High School in the late 1950s, Irwin Jacobs manages to keep his current financial controversies in perspective.

     "I've truly been blessed," Jacobs said in an interview last week. "I know that."

     The son of a north side burlap bag merchant, Jacobs eschewed college to follow his father into business, the first step in what would become a vivid commercial career.

     At 6 feet 3 and more than 200 pounds, Jacobs, 60, still strikes a courtly figure in his trademark European-cut suits and silk handkerchief. He has a swagger and a gray-streaked mane that casts him perfectly as the commodore of Genmar \_ the biggest U.S. builder of pleasure boats \_ and as the corporate raider who blasted bloated corporate managements during the 1980s takeover frenzy.

   And he still gets wired with excitement over taking an investment position and trying to move a stock price his way, associates say.

     Lately, things haven't been moving his way. Embarrassing revelations about murky accounting and possible fraud in foreign sales operations at software maker AremisSoft \_ in which Jacobs has a large stake \_ have damaged his reputation as an investor and left him open to possible legal tangles.

     "This is one of the great disasters of my business life," concedes Jacobs, who steadfastly declines to specify who or what got him into the stock. "At some point in the future, the story will have to be told."

     For months, in newspaper ads and on his Web site, Jacobs passionately defended AremisSoft against its critics \_ including powerful Wall Street investors and even the New York Times \_ only to discover that the critics were right about the company and he was wrong.

     It was vintage Jacobs, a man known for a rock-steady belief in his decisions, backed by his rapid-fire oratory.

     "He's very smart and not afraid to take a risk," said Rick Zona, a former vice chairman of U.S. Bancorp and friend of Jacobs. "He's not afraid to express his opinion. Irwin once said, 'I'm either your best friend or your worst enemy.' "

     A few years ago, when Minnesota Attorney General Mike Hatch went after U.S. Bank for selling customer lists to telemarketing firms, Jacobs called the attorney general a showboat politician, anti-business and "a putz."

     Jacobs defended his friend Jack Grundhofer, U.S. Bancorp's chairman, and others at the bank where he is a big and profitable customer for investment and operating loans.

     While grousing behind the scenes about what they considered a bushwhacking by Hatch, U.S. Bank executives nonetheless apologized to customers and agreed to pay a seven-figure fine to charity.

     The lesson? While many executives privately criticized Hatch, Jacobs was the one to publicly excoriate him.

     Captain of industry

     As chairman of several companies, Jacobs makes certain decisions but leaves day-to-day operations to executives at Genmar, Jacobs Trading and his other holdings.

     He owns a Rolls Royce, flies aboard private jets and lives with his wife of nearly 40 years in a Lake Minnetonka mansion where they raised five kids, two of whom work with him.

     His dad, Sam Jacobs, a Russian immigrant, supported his family collecting used burlap bags then cleaning, recycling and selling them.

     Irwin joined his father making sales calls when he was 5, "and by the time I was 15, I was a peddler," Jacobs has said. The bag business remains a tiny part of one of several companies Jacobs runs from his IDS Center headquarters in Minneapolis.

     Jacobs first became a millionaire in 1975, after a banker named Carl Pohlad loaned him the money to buy the slumping Grain Belt Brewery in northeast Minneapolis. After concluding that he couldn't run it profitably, Jacobs closed the brewery, laid off the workers and sold the equipment and brands for an estimated $4 million profit.

     That deal, followed by other business closeouts, earned Jacobs the sobriquet "Irv the Liquidator" and a reputation as a hard-edged executive.

     Pohlad, the Minnesota Twins owner whose net worth was estimated by Forbes magazine at $1.8 billion this year, has been an on-and-off investor in Jacobs' deals ever since. Jacobs brought Pohlad into AremisSoft \_ a move Jacobs now regrets.

     Corporate Report magazine estimated that Jacobs is worth at least $400 million. Two years ago, when he planned to take privately held Genmar public, his stake in the boat company was valued at more than $100 million.

     Jacobs, who eventually withdrew the Genmar offering, is not known as a guy who worries too much about liquidity. However, there is speculation in Twin Cities banking and brokerage circles that he may be hard-pressed to cover stock loans he's taken to finance his diminished, unspecified stakes in AremisSoft and the struggling Indiana-based insurance company Conseco Inc.

      Jacobs won't discuss his wealth or cash position, except to say, "You don't have to worry about me."

      Regardless of whether his net worth has suffered, his reputation in investment circles certainly has.

     "His credibility is down," said Clint Morrison, a veteran Twin Cities securities analyst. "He's had a few black eyes in as many rounds."

     Morrison said the public perception is that Jacobs made a bad investment "and compounded the issue by shooting off his mouth. He was once 'Irv the Liquidator,' but not many care anymore. 'Big deal,' people say. 'Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.' "

     Jacobs' strengths and weaknesses are rooted in his self-confidence.

     "He has a tendency to believe in his convictions so strongly that it pulls him through," said a long-time associate who asked not to be named. "But sometimes you can believe so strongly that you go over the cliff."

     Buy low, sell high

     Jacobs' business success springs from an uncanny ability to spot value. In addition to Grain Belt, he made a huge score buying and liquidating the assets of bankrupt retailer W.T. Grant & Co. in the late 1970s. And he bought and sold chunks of often poorly managed, undervalued companies in the 1980s.

     Jacobs built Genmar, his beloved boat company that's expected to top $1 billion in revenue this fiscal year, from the ashes of several companies, including bankrupt Larson Industries of Little Falls, Minn., maker of Lund and Larson boats. He added other, bigger brands through the 1985 acquisition of AMF Corp., and this year's acquisition of Florida-based Outboard Marine Corp.

     During the early 1990s, when a recession, high energy prices and the now-repealed federal luxury tax conspired to choke marine industry sales and Genmar's profits, Jacobs put more equity in to keep Genmar running. He has continued to invest in new technology that has gotten Genmar attention for an innovative manufacturing process for fiberglass boats.

     Yet Jacobs still kept a hand in the public investment scene. As an investor, he has missed on some deals:

     - Last year, he pulled his offer to buy electronic-components maker Sheldahl Inc. on a legal technicality \_ after a higher bidder did not appear. His Sheldahl holdings remain depressed. He was embarrassed.

     - Investors lost more than $30 million in the early 1990s betting on Pohlad's MEI Diversified, which went bankrupt in the hair-care business. Jacobs, who at one time proposed a bailout that critics said was nothing more than a bluff, later expressed regret.

     - Jacobs, Pohlad and affiliated investors lost millions in the early 1990s through their investment in KnowledgeWare, a failed Atlanta software company headed by former Minnesota Vikings quarterback Fran Tarkenton. Jacobs said one-time pal Tarkenton duped him.

     Jacobs can be charming and witty \_ and a bruiser. Former bankers and associates say he rewards long-time executives generously and comes down hard on those who disappoint. He sometimes gets so excited over deals that listeners get confused between what's real and what's Jacobs' vision.

     He is known as a champion of his investments and a vociferous opponent of anyone standing in his way.

     Opponents believe the bare-knuckled Jacobs went too far with the wrong guys this time.

     In going to bat for Conseco and AremisSoft, Jacobs went to war against short sellers \_ investors who profit when the price of the stock declines.

     Jacobs is no stranger to shorting stocks himself. The difference, he said, is that the short sellers against Conseco and AremisSoft were blatantly conspiring among themselves and with journalists at TheStreet.com and even the New York Times to spread lies.

     The shorts say they're vindicated by facts. By July and early August, the two stocks were sliding south in a hurry.

     Shares of Conseco, which acquired St. Paul-based Green Tree Financial in 1998, have slipped from $20 in May to less than $9.50 last week.

     Jacobs has said he bought most of his Conseco stock between $4 and $6 in the spring of 2000, just as former GE Capital CEO Gary Wendt took over. Others estimate his average price closer to $14. The stock rose to $20 last winter as Wendt sold assets and focused on core businesses.

      However, Wall Street has turned on Conseco after questions surfaced about the economy, delinquent loans at Conseco Finance and internal accounting. But some analysts believe the stock will rebound.

    On Wednesday, it was disclosed that Jacobs-controlled IPI Inc. sold its 1.9 million position in Conseco for $27.9 million and plans to distribute the net proceeds of $4.26 per share directly to IPI shareholders. Jacobs and associates own about two-thirds of IPI.

     Critics say Jacobs looks bad backing Conseco while he's selling its stock through affiliated entities.

     Unraveling AremisSoft

     For Jacobs, Conseco may be a black eye. But AremisSoft is a gaping wound.

     Jacobs, the Pohlad family and associates appear to have invested more than $70 million in the software firm. The money is now at risk if allegations prove true that the company's international operation was largely a front for Cyprus mobsters.

     Jacobs says he was stunned and pained by the unraveling of AremisSoft.

     "I'd still like to see a great business come out of this," Jacob said. "But obviously I'm disappointed.

     "There's always stress when you lose money. What bothers me is the other people. Carl Pohlad wouldn't have done this without me."

     Jacobs supported AremisSoft executives who now are targets of a Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) probe. And Jacobs' Internet exhortations ([*http://www.irwinljacobs.com*](http://www.irwinljacobs.com)) might get him snagged in the SEC inquiry, or expose him to suits by those who invested because of his rosy pronouncements, legal experts say.

     Rocker Partners and other short sellers, whom Jacobs referred to as "slime" and "criminal," also are considering suit.

     "Irwin has apparently done little actual research on AremisSoft," said David Rocker, managing general partner of Rocker Partners, a 32-year-old, $650 million asset investment firm in New York.

     "His investment philosophy seems to rely on bullying. He did that with managements in his earlier days . . . and now he is doing it with legitimate short sellers who seem to have done a better job analyzing this company."

     Jacobs will not talk about why he defended AremisSoft so mightily this summer, even as detractors were shooting holes in management's stories in May and June.

     "This is so hurtful to me," Jacobs said last week. "When people aren't honest . . . unfortunately this is not going to just fade away. People should know about it, and the story eventually will come out."

     When it does, count on Jacobs to offer his opinion about what went wrong.

     \_ Staff writer Dee DePass contributed to this report.

     Neal St. Anthony can be reached at 612-673-7144 or [*Nstanthony@startribune.com*](mailto:Nstanthony@startribune.com).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** August 20, 2001

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[***Historical stories told 'Around the American Table'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-M8C0-0094-54K9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 21, 1996, Wednesday, Correction Appended

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** FOOD,; FOOD PLUS; COOKBOOK REVIEW

**Length:** 1678 words

**Byline:** Betsy Kline, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Body**

How much do we really know about the foods we eat? Not in the nutritional sense -- we have facts and misinformation aplenty -- but in the historical sense. Do we know how the soups, stews, roast meats, custards, pies, cupcakes and Toll House cookies that are part of our common kitchen heritage came to be staples of American cuisine? Do many of us even appreciate that there is a cuisine that is uniquely American?

There's a confusing profusion of regional cookbooks out there that seem to suggest that, but for fast-food chains, we're a nation of distinctly divided palates. Not true.

Gather around the American table for a healthy helping of culinary history that will leave you craving more.

''Around the American Table: Treasured Recipes and Food Traditions'' by Michael Krondl (Adams Publishing; $ 24.95) is a cookbook, first and foremost, serving up an enticing array of classic recipes garnished with chapter upon chapter of food history time capsules.

Krondl, a New York City-based food journalist, has delved into the New York Public Library's 50,000-volume-plus American Cookery Collection for the anecdotes, menus, artwork and recipes for ''Around the American Table.''

He gives readers a broad outline of how different cuisines -- English, Spanish, French, African -- hit our shores, mingled with the agriculture-based Native American staples, and evolved decade by decade, as new waves of immigration added different flavors to the melting pot and the fertile farms and fields yielded new foodstuffs transplanted from around the world.

It's a fascinating subject, and one wishes Krondl devoted more pages to his historical backdrop. Indeed, the single most stunning influence on American culinary tradition, the Industrial Revolution, is glossed over in a single paragraph. But Krondl's main purpose in writing this book is to resurrect a treasure trove of old ''Receipts'' that bring us back to our food roots.

To expedite this and cover more than three centuries, Krondl takes a chronological approach. His timeline starts with the early settlers in the Carolinas in the 1600s and dead ends in the 1950s, when post-war prosperity turned the nation's attention towards the conspicuous consumption of more durable goods than wholesome food.

The culinary timeline is tantalizing. The recipes are very doable; Krondl has updated them to adapt to modern cooking techniques and technology.

Here's a brief tour:

-- The Powhattan tribe introduces the earliest European settlers in 1585 to the joys of corn, beans and squash. Recipes include hominy and hickory nut soup, smoke-dried jerkey and Brunswick squirrel stew (adapted for chicken).

-- In 1650, the Pilgrims of Massachusetts barely survive the harsh winter, celebrating with the Indians who taught them to make the most of local bounty. Recipes include parsnip and oyster pie, pan-fried lobster with red wine and orange; fresh salmon and apple salad; spiced sherry dinner rolls.

-- Plantation society in the Old South circa 1800 is recorded by one of the earliest cookbook authors, Mary Randolph, who wrote ''The Virginia Housewife.'' Recipes include herb-stuffed roast veal, cornmeal mush baked with cheese, orange creme brulee, watermelon ice and Randolph's 1828 receipt for fried chicken with cream gravy.

-- A Victorian Christmas in Philadelphia circa 1860 was likely to include lobster pate, Virginia ham baked with sherry and Sally Lunn bread.

-- Culinary creativity really starts to cook over high heat in the melting pot on the Delta in New Orleans circa 1880. Here you have flavorful hints of French, Spanish, African, Acadian and even Cuban and Jamaican melding in recipes like shrimp soup with file, redfish served with tomatoes, herbs and wine, jambalaya, okra and corn fricassee and sweet potato cornbread.

-- As the westward expansion jolted across the Plains in covered wagons, self-sufficiency became the pioneer cook's best resource against starvation. Recipes include chicken croquettes, parsnip fritters, whole-wheat molasses soda bread and huckleberry cake.

-- In the South in the 1800s, slaves did most of the cooking at the plantation house. The mistress of the big house often stood in the kitchen and read recipes out loud while her cooks did the actual food preparation, mixing traditions (frying in oil was a West African custom) and creating new cuisines. It was not unusual, Krondl relates, for families to send their kitchen slaves to France for culinary training. Thomas Jefferson did, promising his African cook James Hastings his freedom if he returned to train other household servants. Recipes include chicken and okra gumbo, hopping john, peanut brittle and Harriet Tubman's favorite buttermilk cornbread.

-- The first wave of immigration of German Jews in the early 1900s left few traces on the culinary scene, Krondl says, because strict kosher dietary laws were widely abandoned in the rush to assimilate into Uptown New York society. The later immigrants, the poor ***working-class*** Jews of Eastern European, brought the pastrami, borscht and bagels that endure today. Recipes include matzoh balls with beef marrow, smoked beef tongue braised with sauerkraut and pot-roasted brisket with horseradish sauce.

-- Bucks County, Pennsylvania, circa 1905 provides a charming excursion into the distinctive comfort foods of the Pennsylvania German (Deutsch). Look for braided potato bread, pear bread, rhubarb cobbler with vanilla sauce and chocolate and rye torte (a thrifty recipe that uses up stale bread).

-- Next stop is ''Home on the Range,'' Mexican and Texas cowboy life circa 1925. Here's a taste of chili and squash stew, enchiladas in green sauce and shrimp balls with cacti leaves.

Krondl wisely rounds out his book with a chapter on commercial prepared food products and their impact on the culinary scene. In 1912, Procter & Gamble changed the way American housewives cooked when it introduced Crisco along with free recipe pamphlets. From then on, new products got the big commercial blitz to make them everyday ingredients. Products like Coca-Cola (originally containing alcohol and cocaine and marketed as a hangover/headache remedy), Heinz pickles, Kelloggs Corn Flakes, Armour canned meats, Carnation milk, Tabasco and others cooked up recipe after recipe to endear themselves to the ''modern'' cook.

It's sad, but probably fitting, that Krondl chooses to end his timeline with the trendy pseudo-cuisine of the 1950s, when the suburban housewife, surrounded by new time-saving devices like blenders, electric carving knifes and can openers, turned to magazines for ideas on how to feed her family and how to make the perfect cocktail for her breadwinner when he came home from a hard day at the office.

Krondl's assessment strikes a plaintive note: ''The young housewife was justifiably insecure about her skills. She was the offspring of the Depression, a time when getting enough to eat at the lowest possible price was much more important than culinary finesse; she had grown up during the war, when rationing made imitation foods like oleomargarine an acceptable substitute for the real thing; and she was living in a (suburban) home isolated from the traditional community she had grown up in.''

American culinary tradition survived the era of shimmering, vegetable-studded Jell-O molds and fussy finger foods. Food history marches on. ''Around the American Table'' makes one yearn to join the feast. More importantly, it makes one stop and think about one's own family food traditions and how important they are to preserve.

All recipes tested by the Post-Gazette.

Tavern Biscuits

These semi-sweet biscuits are a welcome addition to just about any meal. Serve piping hot with jam.

4 1/4 cups bleached all-purpose flour

2 tablespoons baking powder

1/4 teaspoon baking soda

2 teaspoons allspice

1/2 teaspoon salt

2/3 cup butter

1 cup heavy cream

1/2 cup dry white wine

1/3 cup brown sugar

Sift together in a bowl the flour, baking powder, baking soda, allspice and salt. Using a pastry cutter or your hands, work the butter into the flour mixture until it is the texture of oatmeal.

In a bowl, stir together the cream, wine and brown sugar. Add the cream mixture to the dry ingredients and stir just until a dough forms. Do not overmix. Wrap the dough in plastic wrap and refrigerate at least 20 minutes.

Preheat oven to 450 degrees.

Roll out the dough 3/4 inch thick on a lightly floured surface. Cut the dough into rounds with a 2- to 3-inch biscuit cutter. Place the biscuits on a baking sheet and bake until golden brown, 12 to 15 minutes. Serve warm. Makes 16 biscuits, depending on size.

Adapted from ''The Creole Cookery Book'' by the Christian Woman's Exchange

Lemon Custard

In the 17th century, custard was made by stirring the milk and yolk mixture in a saucepan over glowing coals. Today, it's much easier to bake the custard in ahot water bath in the oven. The result is much the same. You can cook this custard in six individual custard cups on in one large dish. The large dish will take about 1 hour to cook.

2 cups heavy cream

1 cup milk

5 egg yolks

2 whole eggs

1 cup sugar

6 tablespoons lemon juice

4 teaspoons orange flower water, see note

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Bring the cream and milk to a boil in a medium saucepan.

Whisk together the eggs yolks, whole eggs and sugar until light and creamy. Stir in the lemon juice and orange flower water and then the hot cream mixture.

Pour the custard mixture into six 6-ounce custard cups or into one large ceramic or glass baking dish. Set in a large baking pan on the lowest rack of the oven and pour boiling water into the pan to come halfway up the sides of the cups or dish.

Bake until a toothpick inserted in the custard comes out clean, about 40 to 50 minutes. (This may take longer, depending on your oven. Keep testing with toothpick.) Remove cups from the water bath, allow to cool, then refrigerate at least 2 hours. Serve cold. Makes 6 servings.

Note: Orange flower water is an essence of orange flowers and can be found in specialty food stores and Mideastern food stores.

Adapted from ''The Queen-Like Closet'' by Hannah Woolley

**Correction**

The ingredients in the recipe for Tavern Biscuits in Wednesday's editions should have included one-half cup of dry white wine, which was misidentified in the list.

**Load-Date:** February 26, 1996

**End of Document**



[***CREDIT UNIONS RINGING UP GROWTH;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W5R-T2V0-0027-X112-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***CONSOLIDATIONS HAVE HIT THIS FIELD, TOO, BUT IT STILL KEEPS THE LITTLE GUY IN FOCUS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W5R-T2V0-0027-X112-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

April 4, 1999, Sunday,

CITY EDITION

Copyright 1999 Dayton Newspapers, Inc.

**Section:** BUSINESS PAGE,

**Length:** 1779 words

**Byline:** Jim Bohman DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Body**

A radio commercial tells Dayton-area listeners they can join the Countywide Federal Credit Union if they live, work or worship in Montgomery or Greene counties.

In other words, if you have a pulse, you can do your banking there and enjoy attractive credit union loan rates.

Credit unions, which first appeared in the United States in 1909, have changed significantly the past two decades. They've gone through bitter recessions, company consolidations and sky-high interest rates. Friendly and sometimes forced mergers, coupled with smart marketing, have created two local giants, the Wright-Patt Credit Union Inc. and Universal 1 Credit Union Inc., into ever-expanding Goliaths. Wright-Patt has been Ohio's largest credit union for decades. Universal 1 is the former NCR Universal Credit Union.

Scores of vest pocket credit unions at small companies have asked larger organizations such as Wright-Patt and Universal 1 to absorb them, said Edward T. Blommel, Wright-Patt board chairman. Blommel's regular job is president of the Baldwin & Whitney Insurance Agency Inc.

'The regulations have become so stringent,' Blommel said, that small credit unions no longer want to deal with them. 'The fact that board members are fiscally and personally liable for the financial well being of the credit union," he said, has caused thinly staffed operations to fold.

Few surviving credit unions have changed as much as Countywide. The former Beavercreek Federal Credit Union was organized in 1962 to serve school teachers. Now with offices in Beavercreek and West Carrollton, Countywide Federal Credit Union transformed itself 18 months ago from serving a select group into a come-one, come-all community credit union. While uncommon, that form of broad-based cooperative is the type bankers fear most. But they also are uneasy with giant credit unions such as Wright-Patt and Universal 1, which have wide-ranging membership.

Commercial bankers snort and grumble when conventional tax-exempt credit unions are mentioned.

Kathy Hollingsworth, president and chief executive of National City Bank of Southwest Ohio, said credit unions should pay the same taxes and jump through the same regulatory hoops as banks.

'If they are going to expand beyond the narrow definition of their population, which are employees of certain particular companies, then it should be an equal playing field," Hollingsworth said. "That's because we're looking at the same population from a customer standpoint.'

Obtaining a community charter today is difficult, said Loretta Crum, Countywide's marketing director. 'You'd have to get the government to approve it. We got in when everything was in an uproar.'

The 'uproar' Crum mentioned began in 1996 and culminated last year when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the National Credit Union Association exceeded its authority by allowing federally chartered credit unions to add employees groups outside their original charter. This was the practice many state chartered credit unions, including Wright-Patt and Universal 1, employed with tremendous success for nearly two decades.

The Credit Union National Association marshalled its millions of supporters and Congress quickly set to work on bills to revise the Federal Credit Union Act of 1934.

Last August Congress passed a new law by a two-thirds majority that President Clinton promptly signed.

"This bill resolves uncertainty about the future of credit unions," Clinton said. "It protects existing credit union members and makes it easier for credit unions to expand where appropriate. This bill also ensures that consumers continue to have a broad array of choices in financial services."

Credit unions were first organized in Europe the late 19th century when social revolution was gaining rights for workers. Credit unions are non-profit cooperatives that offer members many services provided by banks. The members are shareholders in the cooperative and the elected board of directors serves without compensation.

In theory, according to Consumers Union, credit unions are operated for the sole benefit of their members and have relatively low overhead expenses. As a result, loan rates and savings interest rates should be more favorable than those offered by profit-making financial institutions. A survey by Consumer Reports magazine found that is often true.

Today, the 12,000 credit unions across the U.S. serve more than 70 million people, or one in four Americans, according to the CUNA.

In Ohio, the number of state and federal credit unions plunged 50 percent over the past 20 years to 644 from 1,300. But the survivors often are much larger operations. They serve 45 percent more members (2.9 million vs. 2 million) with assets that have exploded to $ 11.3 billion from $ 2.4 billion.

In the Dayton area, the Miami Valley chapter of the Ohio Credit Union League counts 30 members from West Carrollton north to Anna in Shelby County. In 1978, the Dayton Yellow Pages listed 40 credit unions in the immediate Dayton area.

Wright-Patt Credit Union, established in 1932, is the state's largest with $ 536 million in assets (outstanding loans), and the 98th largest in the nation, according to CUNA. Assets more than doubled over the past 10 years.

Wright-Patt, with 15 branch offices in Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus and Wilmington, has 148,868 members in 1,196 employee groups. Among them are workers at Wright State University, Mead Corp., Lexis-Nexis, Elder-Beerman, Airborne Express, Emery Worldwide, Dayton Daily News, Hobart Brothers, Upper Valley Medical Center and Henny Penny Corp., Eaton, Bob Ross Motors and the Voss Auto Group.

'In the late 1970s, our board of directors made the strategic decision to expand our field of membership,' said Patrick C. Gantt, president and chief executive. 'They decided to go outside of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. As it turns out, that was a very wise decision.'

Gantt, 48, noted that several downsizings have cut Wright-Patterson employment from 30,600 10 years ago to 20,700.

The first outside clients were Wright State University and Mead Corp.

Banks and their automated teller machines are nearly everywhere. Nevertheless, Gantt said credit unions continue to serve a need.

'Credit unions allow people to build savings and have access to low cost credit,' he said. And while banks do much the same thing, Gantt said competition from credit unions keeps fees low. 'We primarily are more for the ***working class***, people of small means.'

Gantt said credit unions continue to reach those people. 'Twenty-five percent of our membership are people you would call low- or moderate-income. That is usually defined as $ 25,000 a year household income or less.' He said families at that level often aren't able to save much. 'But we have savings accounts where people can have as little as $ 5 in their account.'

Gantt said credit unions may not take more risks in granting personal or auto loans than banks. 'But we know our members better, which allows us to work with them to provide loan services.' He said a mission spelled out in the new Credit Union Act of 1998 is 'to serve the underserved.'

'Keep in mind that our shareholders are our depositors, Gantt said. 'We're a non-profit financial cooperative with democratic control. Each member has only one vote no matter how much money he has on deposit here.'

He noted that in the early decades of the century, banks weren't much interested in the laboring class. 'They weren't viewed as profitable customers."

Wright-Patt members have access to a broad range of bank-style services ranging from checking accounts and certificates of deposit to auto loans and safe deposit boxes. Credit unions generally don't make business loans.

Wright-Patt's growth is prompting a major expansion of its 1982 headquarters building on Col. Glenn Highway, across from Wright State. Another 17,000 square feet will be built this year, boosting the total to 62,000 square feet.

In addition to a broad menu of services, Wright-Patt offers financial education classes to members, Gantt said, including budget counseling and instruction in how to build assets.

Around the corner from Wright-Patt's headquarters is the new Beavercreek service center of Universal 1 Credit Union on North Fairfield Road.

The year-old office serves as an alternate headquarters for Universal 1. The main office is on South Main Street, Dayton, overlooking the original NCR World Headquarters site.

Dominating the upper floor in the new service center is a red maple table, 16 feet in diameter and surrounded by 21 upholstered chairs. It was NCR Corp.'s board of directors table and was removed from NCR's Patterson Boulevard headquarters in the aftermath of the takeover by AT&T in 1991.

'We found it at Mendelson's Liquidation Outlet,' said Loren A. Rush, Universal 1's president and chief executive officer. Rush is only the third CEO since the credit union was founded in 1937.

Rush, 40, started at Universal 1 in 1980 as a teller. A native of Mad River Twp., she attended St. Helen School, Carroll High School and received a degree in finance and management from Wright State University. She was promoted from chief financial officer to president in 1998. Universal 1 operates much like Wright-Patt and offers virtually the same services. Its 95,000 members include more than 800 employee groups in addition to NCR employees in locations from Colorado Springs to Atlanta. The credit union has $ 252 million in assets.

Despite the disdain bankers hold for credit unions, Rush defended her business as a service that meets the needs of its owners, the depositors. 'Remember, your $ 5 deposit is your share in the credit union." We have democratic control with a board of directors elected by the membership. We benefit our member-owners by paying competitive rates on CDs and share deposits, and we keep fees low.'

As the millennium approaches, some credit unions, including Wright-Patt, are going back to their egalitarian roots. They are expanding their service to the poor who often know little of banks and frequently become the clients of costly check-cashing and rent-to-own businesses.

Gantt said credit unions see this as an opportunity to fulfill their mission to the common people.

'I just saw a study showing that people making less than $ 25,000 annually spend $ 400 a year at these check cashing outfits to borrow against their paycheck or to cash a paycheck,' Gantt said. 'Making matters worse, many of these places also sell lottery tickets.'

He said credit unions have no membership fees, and make small loans at modest interest rates. 'Members can come in here and borrow as little as $ 100. That's costly to us, but we're willing to do it as a credit union.'

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (3): (#1) Loren R. Rush is president and CEO of Universal 1 Credit Union. She is only the third CEO since the credit union was founded in 1937. She is pictured in the lobby of the firm's Beavercreek office. (COLOR) CREDIT: WALLY NELSON/DAYTON DAILY NEWS (#2) Wright-Patt Credit Union president Patrick Gantt: 'I just saw a study showing that people making less than $ 25,000 annually spend $ 400 a year at these check cashing outfits.' (COLOR) (#3) Rush, 40, started at Universal 1 in 1980 as a teller. A native of Mad River Twp., she attended St. Helen School, Carroll High School and received a degree in finance and management from Wright State University. (B&W) CREDIT: WALLY NELSON/DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Load-Date:** April 5, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Whose money is it, anyway?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W4R-K2N0-00J2-32S3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***To understand Minnesota's tax rebate debate, read the fine print of life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W4R-K2N0-00J2-32S3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 29, 1999, Monday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1596 words

**Byline:** Rosalind Bentley; Staff Writer

**Body**

Who knows when the Legislature's great tax-rebate debate will be resolved? For two months now, we've heard much about the wrangling over how budget surplus money should be doled out to us. Legislators have had pasta lunches with the governor over it. Revenue experts have relayed the whys and wherefores to a joint committee charged with hammering out a compromise. Buzzwords abound: income or sales. Caps and minimums. Wealthy or ***working-class***. Deserved or needed.

    But what this discussion has been missing largely is flesh and heart: the voices of people who will be affected by the rebate in vastly different ways.

    Depending upon which plan you're looking at \_ income tax or sales tax \_ just what does an extra $450 mean to a single parent? Or what would a well-to-do business owner do with an extra $7,000? Are the amounts pocket change or a windfall?

  Here are two lives, two very different sides to what should be done with the pot of cash.

Lisa Dodd

     The dog or the security system \_ that is what it has come down to for Lisa Dodd.

     Her milky white pit bull, Hannibal, whose jaws look as though they could crush iron, is her second line of defense. The 35-year-old works nights as a bartender and usually gets home when the streets of her St. Paul neighborhood are quiet and dark. Making her way up the crumbling concrete stairs, she is usually edgy until she hears Hannibal's rough, menacing bark.

       But some months, when tips are low and money is tight, Hannibal must eat the cat's food if his runs out. To buy an extra $30 bag of dog chow would throw off the to-the-penny budget of this single mother of two teens. And God forbid if his appetite runs amok during a month when the security system bill is due and he needs to go the veterinarian.

     "I may have to make a decision come spring, because right now the alarm system is cheaper" than a dog, Dodd says as she watches Hannibal scamper across the back deck.

     Dodd has heard of the rebate proposals. Maybe something picked up on TV news or in a conversation overheard at Saji-Ya Restaurant, where she works four nights a week. The details escape her, but she's clear on the bottom line \_ she'll be getting some money back under either plan and she's for whichever one cuts her the bigger check.

     Not that she's looking for a handout. She's been down that road before. Choices made while the Rondo native was a teenager at St. Paul Central High School left her with no diploma and two babies by the time she was 22. At 23 she was on welfare.

     "I was stuck, and it wasn't nice," said Dodd.

     Her luck turned three years later when her brother got her a job at Saji-Ya as a hostess, which led to a position as a waitress and then as a bartender. There were no benefits, and still aren't, but it paid.   Subsequent years of trying to balance the loss of food stamps with a waitress' tips taught her a budgetary juggling act.

     "You can break that cycle, let me tell you," Dodd said proudly. "I did it."

      Last year, she was able to buy a cozy, modest home near work. But she still doesn't make enough to buy a car. And who knew of the hidden costs of home ownership \_ the water bill, the trash bill, replacement of drafty windows. She'd like to put heat into the finished basement where she sleeps, or have the creaky stairs rebuilt. But then again, her 16-year-old son, Terrance, and 13-year-old daughter, Tianna, need things, too. They keep growing \_ her income does not.

     Most of their money comes from her tips as a bartender. To miss a night means losing $100 or more. So she works when she's sick; if she's asked to work on her day off, she does.

     "Working in the restaurant business, it's a roller coaster \_ up this night, down the next. So I have to take care of everybody," Dodd said as Clarice the cat crawled into her lap. "Basically, I spend my nights kissing up, because when your heating bill is $300 this month when it was $100 last month, that money has to come from somewhere. So when I go in to work, oooooh, it's big kisses tonight because that bill has got to get paid."

     So we come back to the rebate. At the core of the House argument is the belief that those with the highest incomes and the heaviest income tax burden should get the most money back. The Senate and Gov. Jesse Ventura, on the other hand, say a sales tax rebate would mean more to middle- and lower-income residents. For someone making what Dodd does, the disparity between the plans is about $200. But the notion that someone making 10 times more than she does deserves a bigger check leaves her sputtering.

     "Why are you going to give the most money back to the people who have the most money? I don't get it. Why? Do they need that money as much as someone who doesn't have it? I mean, come on, let's distribute it a little differently."

     She glanced around her bright black and white kitchen, fixing her gaze on the window jamb that needs fixing, and shook her auburn dreadlocks.

      "Look, that extra money would mean are we going to get $150 of groceries this week instead of $100? It's going to make a difference in whether I can pay my bills on time or whether I can pay just a part. I'm looking at what can I do with that money, like get my front steps out there fixed."

     Then Dodd shooed the cat downstairs so Hannibal could come inside while she readied for another shift of pouring cocktails and chatting up customers.

Roger Schelper

      Roger Schelper believes in Jesus.

      He believes in doing good works for the Lord. He believes in a hard day's work in general. He believes that people have a right to their money and to spend it as they please. If they want to pile it up in the back yard and set it on fire, that's their business. And if they want to give it all to charity, that's fine, too.

     That includes rebate money. And if the House Republican plan prevails, which Schelper hopes, the 50-year-old will have nearly $7,000 to do with what he will. Most likely, he said, he will give it to his church, St. Stephen's Episcopal, or to one of his favorite philanthropic organizations. It's not that he needs it. As executive vice president of Davanni's, his barely-getting-by days as a fledgling businessman are 23 years behind him. His homes \_ the permanent Edina residence as well as a lake home \_ are long since paid for, as are his cars. The kids have college funds. His wife of 21 years volunteers full time.

      To Schelper, it's the principle of the thing. What's right is right. What's yours is yours. A self-described fiscally conservative libertarian who often votes Republican, he says that if the surplus money doesn't get distributed to the people somehow, the bureaucrats will find a way to spend it. And he wants his.

     He offers this example:

      "Let's say your church is going to add a new choir room and it's going to cost $100,000 to build it. You are one of the biggest donors to the building fund. Then it turns out that it only costs $70,000 to build the room. Now, if the trustees come to you and say, 'Hey, look, it only cost us $70,000, but we're going to give everybody who donated the same amount of money back regardless of how much they gave,' you wouldn't think that was fair.

     "It's not only fair that people who created the surplus get the most back, but people have a right to spend their own money. Maybe I earned it, maybe I worked hard and I need the break."

    If you were to glance at the income figure inked on Schelper's tax return form, you'd think he was making close to $500,000. But like some smaller business owners, a third of Davanni's corporate profits are added onto his salary and bonuses when he files his taxes. As a result, he pays in state income taxes alone what many people make in a year's gross income. Still, he is not merely scraping by.

      Maybe this work-for-what-you-want ethic comes from his parents, the children of German immigrants. Or from the people who surrounded him at church every Sunday as a boy. But more to the point, it's what you do with money once you get it. In Schelper's mind, extra money should be put to good works or making people happy. He learned that lesson while a business student at the University of Minnesota. Not in class, but on the basketball court one afternoon, when he collapsed. He hadn't known he had aplastic anemia, a condition that depletes the bone marrow and often proves fatal. Doctors told him he would die. He told the doctors he would not.

     That led to forays into alternative medicine. He even worked for a health food company until he and two partners founded what would become Davanni's in 1975. In 1982, his disease went into remission.

     "God didn't make us just to earn a paycheck, play golf, drink beer and watch TV every night," Schelper said. "He put you here to do something else."

      With the $7,000 rebate, Schelper figures, he could do a few things. Maybe buy his wife, Bette, something nice, or put extra money into college funds for his godchildren and foster son, Brandon. The family has taken in several foster children through the years, in addition to rearing their own children, Veronica and Max. Perhaps give to a youth drug-rehabilitation program that he and some members of his church operate. Or just pass it all off to charity.

     But, hey, he said, if somebody like him wants to splurge on a small boat or something, why not? And if you really think about it, such a purchase might actually help those of little means.

     "Think of all the people who are down in the Gulf, making the boats."

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** March 31, 1999

**End of Document**



[***AN EFFORT AT REGROWTH IN U. DARBY / THE PROBLEMS OF THE INNER CITY ARE CROPPING UP IN THE SUBURB, BUT THE TOWN IS FIGHTING BACK.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TS60-01K4-9446-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 13, 1999 Tuesday SFCITY EDITIONCorrection Appended

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1776 words

**Byline:** Jere Downs, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER, Inquirer staff writer Anthony R. Wood contributed to this story.

**Body**

Upper Darby offers affordable homes, a no-nonsense police force, a diverse, respected school district and great food.

But these good things are, in large part, the fruit of Upper Darby's decline.

Housing prices have been plummeting for years in a market now seriously glutted. The township's tax base has shrunk. And the Upper Darby School District is overflowing with students and getting by with burdensome tax increases.

As homes become more difficult to sell, they are increasingly rented, often to poorer families. Blight scars residential and commercial areas. It all spells distress for a township that was the fastest growing U.S. suburb in the 1920s. And Upper Darby's ills are shared by what the Delaware Valley Regional Planning Commission called "first generation suburbs" in a report released in February..

Warning signs range from abandoned homes and stagnating incomes in Bucks County's Levittown, to population losses in Camden County suburbs such as Pennsauken. In the 1950s and 1960s, these were communities of choice. Their problems, the report argues, are linked to sprawl.

"As first-generation suburbs lose middle-class households, jobs and tax base, demand for social services increases, and the ability to finance municipal services and schools comes under stress," begins the commission report, titled The Future of First Generation Suburbs in the Delaware Valley. "Areas in the next ring of development attract population and business development with larger homes on larger lots, negligible social problems and comparatively low taxes."

It's happening around the nation, a trend documented in Metropolitics, a book by Minnesota legislator Myron Orfield.

"People think patterns that draw down cities mystically stop at the borders of cities," wrote Orfield. "A growing core of poverty is like a collapsing star, which, as it grows denser, repels rather than attracts."

As ***working-class*** Asians, African Americans, and whites look for good schools and proximity to mass transit, they are helping to keep Upper Darby vital. Immigrant-run businesses have helped revitalize the 69th Street shopping district. Long-term residents are fighting back, too, helping officials fight petty crime and negligent landlords.

But even as township and community leaders organize, many wonder how Upper Darby will weather a declining tax base and a transformation from an Irish and Italian stronghold to a poorer place so diverse that its Beverly Hills Middle School has children representing 54 nationalities.

In 1997, the township's median household income ranged between $40,000 and $47,000. But enrollment in the school district's free-lunch program last fall reflected a wave of poverty sweeping the school district.

It begins in two elementary schools and a junior high near the city line, where 42 to 48 percent of children come from families poor enough - which often means they are on welfare - to sign up for free and reduced-price school lunch. But the most startling figures showed poverty advancing from single to double digits in one year in schools near the prosperous adjoining communities of Haverford and Springfield.

Given their druthers, most Americans would prefer to live in a detached, single-family home on its own lot, the commission report says. Upper Darby, with its many twin homes and rowhomes, boasted a population of 95,000 in 1970. Most of the township's population loss took place in the 1970s, as residents departed from the overwhelmingly white township. By 1980, the population - which had about 1 percent African American residents - had fallen to 84,054. In 1990, the latest year that racial figures are available, the African American population was 3 percent.

The Census Bureau's estimate of the population in 1996 was 80,000, even though the school district is swollen with new students. But population losses and preferences for new housing in outlying suburbs are just two of the factors cited to explain Upper Darby's ills.

The chief antagonist, experts agree, is the property tax system.

Larger cities draw on substantial commercial and industrial tax bases. Suburbs derive most tax income from homeowners. In boom suburbs, the tax burden is low, aided by new homes and businesses. But older suburbs are built out. The tax base cannot grow.

When the middle class leaves Upper Darby, and places like it, "it hits like a freight train," Orfield said.

Left behind are the elderly and less affluent who see their home equity decline and their tax burden grow. For example, Upper Darby's tax base shrank 5 percent from 1988 to 1997. In contrast, faced with a declining source of income, record enrollment, poorer students and rising social needs, the Upper Darby School District - by far the largest in Delaware County - raised taxes 65 percent from 1990 to 1998.

When homes do not sell, they are rented. Property values begin to fall. That has begun to happen in Upper Darby, where the average $94,000 selling price of a home in 1992 fell 9 percent to $86,000 by 1997.

As homeowners have gotten nervous, more homes have gone on the market, said real estate agent Bobbi McGettigan, managing partner of Carr Real Estate Co.

"People want to get every cent they can out of their homes," McGettigan said. "There's a mentality that if they don't sell now, it's going to go down even more."

The booming economy hurt the most vulnerable parts of Upper Darby, too, as first-time homebuyers have skipped past neighborhoods like Stonehurst and Highland Park in recent years to jump to newly affordable three-story homes on big lots in Drexel Hill.

There is so much real estate on the market, it could take 18 months to clear the inventory, McGettigan said. But she added encouraging news: Prices seem to be stabilizing.

Still, some fear further decline.

Paul Stromberg, who runs Stromberg's Hairkut Shop on Long Lane near the 69th Street commercial district, is a retired township policeman who recently sold his six-bedroom house for a smaller home - and tax bill - near Media.

"We didn't need that much house anymore, and we're paying less taxes now," Stromberg said. Fear for the township's future, he said, was also a factor.

"Right now, Upper Darby is becoming West Philly West," Stromberg said. "It's all going to go downhill."

While Upper Darby has always been diverse, the trend has quickened in recent years. By 1995, the school district's enrollment was 70 percent white overall, a figure that dropped to 58 percent by 1998.

The departure of the white middle class, the commission report says, dooms neighborhoods to lower home values and poorer residents.

The report cited urban expert Anthony Downs, who in a study found that white families began to leave the nation's cities when they found their children attending schools with more than 33 percent minority students.

Upper Darby has its boosters too. The Tom Yung Goong, a spicy Vietnamese soup, packs customers into Edward Ngyuen's Little Saigon restaurant at lunchtime. The restaurant sits across the street from a newly opened Korean grocery store in the 69th Street commercial district.

"There is still great opportunity here. We have a mix of all cultures. The taxes are high but the schools are good," said Ngyuen, whose daughter recently graduated with honors from Upper Darby High School. "I plan to stay here until the day I retire."

The optimistic comments of Ngyuen, who has been around since the early 1970s, are echoed by newer residents.

Across the street from Stromberg's barber shop on Long Lane is Maine Design & Styling, a barber shop 23-year-old Jermaine Roach opened last summer. To Roach, Upper Darby represents the good life. Crime is rare. Schools are good, and Roach's barber shop on Long Lane has plenty of customers. Unlike the Strawberry Mansion section of the city, where he grew up, here, Roach said, "I can sleep through the night without hearing shots or getting up to check whether my car is stolen."

After renting for three years, Roach has been shopping lately for his first home with his wife and infant daughter.

"I've worked hard to come to the suburbs," Roach said.

In recent years, Upper Darby's struggles with blight have galvanized public officials and residents into action to make the township more attractive and encourage residents to stay.

Health, fire and code enforcement officers coordinated a blitzkrieg approach last fall on Stonehurst, on Philadelphia's border. A sweep of 30 square blocks resulted in hundreds of citations for peeling paint, piles of trash, broken windows - and 175 abandoned cars, Upper Darby administrator Jim Maloney said.

This year also marks the first time Upper Darby has regulations to attack commercial decay.

"We were seeing businesses where the owner would walk away and we couldn't do anything about it," Maloney said. The new code "gives us a little more meat."

The renewed fight to combat Upper Darby's ills was born in 1997, when township officials adopted a zero-tolerance attitude after a beating incident in Drexel Hill.

Not that crime is a big problem. Upper Darby's crime numbers - both serious and minor - are stable or declining since 1992. Increases reflect more vigorous law enforcement. Arrests for public drunkenness in 1997, for example, were double that of 1993. Graffiti offenders work on cleanup crews. In early March, police announced they had sent their first graffiti offender to juvenile prison for a year for his part in spreading $40,000 of graffiti damage around Upper Darby, on SEPTA trains and buses.

Community spirit is important, but Upper Darby needs tax reform too, advocates say.

"Because of an antiquated tax system, an artificial barrier is put up through which, if you pass, the government will reward you by reducing your taxes," Delaware County Councilman Wallace H. Nunn said of lower taxes in developing suburbs. "The major cause of that dislocation is the reluctance of the state to fund education."

In his 1997 study of the Philadelphia region, Orfield prescribed changing state laws to force wealthier communities to share tax income with places like Upper Darby.

"There is a growing consensus nationwide that the property tax system is a seriously flawed source of school funding," the commission report said. Michigan traded the property tax for income tax as a way to finance schools. Idaho, Minnesota and Rhode Island are among states the report says are exploring the issue.

Nunn, a longtime resident of Drexel Hill, proposes scrapping property taxes for a state income tax.

"Upper Darby's a place where people can find affordable homes with a good police force and a school district that works," Nunn said. "I know what I want the future to be. I don't know what it will be."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Many Upper Darby businesses, such as Hangul Books Co. on Terminal Square, are operated by minority-group members. (BOB WILLIAMS, Inquirer Suburban Staff)

Barber Jermaine Roach opened his shop in Upper Darby last summer. Customer Masuku Ndabecinhle admires his handiwork. (BOB WILLIAMS, Inquirer Suburban Staff)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***KLEIN'S WAS SO FINE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48SH-CJY0-0094-5524-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***PITTSBURGHER'S REQUEST FOR GARLIC PUFFS BRING BACK FOND MEMORIES OF THE FAMOUS RESTAURANT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48SH-CJY0-0094-5524-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 29, 2003 Thursday

SOONER EDITION  Correction Appended

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**Section:** FOOD,

**Length:** 1961 words

**Byline:** MARLENE PARRISH, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

There is often talk about the good old days, including defunct Pittsburgh restaurants. People mention Gammon's, Weinstein's, Dutch Henry's, Schrafft's, Dimling's and The Hofbrau.

Recently, Dr. George Beurger walked into Benkovitz Seafoods in the Strip. "Do you remember Klein's Restaurant?" he asked Evelyn Benkovitz, one of the owners. "I really miss that place. And I have a taste for those hot garlic puffs they used to serve. Can you get me the recipe?"

"Do I remember Klein's?" she laughed. "Of course. They were good customers and friends. I'll get my husband, Bernard, and he can tell you stories. And I'll bet the Post-Gazette will have the recipe."

That simple request for the signature recipe from Klein's restaurant Downtown unloosed a search that involved some of the city's senior gastronomes, shaking the branches of the Klein family tree and locating surviving members of the clan.

Klein's history is as rich as its homemade Hungarian apple strudel. Let's time-travel back to the turn of the last century, when Pittsburgh was a gritty, ***working-class*** city. Riverboats steamed their way up the Ohio to the docks along the Monongahela River. Horses pulled carriages down cobblestone streets. Immigrants arrived daily to work in the mills and coal mines. Newfangled electric street lamps lighted the way through streets darkened by soot.

It was then, in 1900, that Hannah and Joseph Klein, immigrants from Austria-Hungary, hoped to make their fortune by opening a restaurant. Hannah brought her handwritten Hungarian recipes, and Joseph brought business savvy and enough European charm and personality to coax and keep customers.

Their first eatery was Klein's Kosher Cafe, 809 Fifth Avenue, a sandwich shop that quickly became a full restaurant, with the family living upstairs over the store. In the next 35 years, Klein's moved from the original Fifth Avenue location to a second, then Downtown to the old Temple Restaurant on Penn Avenue, where they stayed during the ' 20s, then to Smithfield Street and on to the 7th Avenue Hotel.

The Kleins made their final move to 330 Fourth Avenue in 1935, shortly before the 1936 St. Patrick's Day flood. Like most every Downtown business, the building was water-damaged, but they stayed and prospered.

Anybody who was anybody showed up. Klein's had become a rendezvous for Pittsburghers, travelers and celebrities. When Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor came to town to perform, they ate at Klein's so often that they became close friends of Hannah and Joseph.

As Klein's restaurant grew, so did Klein's family. We found two grandchildren, now retired in Florida.

"Of Hannah and Joseph's six children, Virginia, Sam and Sidney were most active in the running of the restaurant," says Margaret "Tommy" Klein, now 89, from her home in Palm City, Fla. "Sidney ran a deli in Squirrel Hill before he came into the business with the family. Then there was Ruth and Lillian, who was never really involved because she married Milton Pollack, a federal judge appointed by President Johnson. Milton is still on the bench in New York. Frances was the youngest child, but because of an illness, she was unable to work."

The restaurant was never without one of the family to meet, greet, cook or supervise.

"Ruth Klein Fischman was my mother," says Jean Klein Fischman Schimmel, 75, of Hobe Sound, Fla. "Mother helped, too, but always outside the restaurant. When I was a little girl, I'd ride in the car after school every day about 3 o'clock when Mother would drive my grandparents home from their shift. Ruth was the last surviving child of my grandparents.

"I'm still impressed that every Tuesday, back in the 1950s, Klein's ran an ad in the Wall Street Journal. And I remember hearing about union leaders and their business antagonists by day sitting down together at the restaurant to share a good dinner in the evenings. It was always the place to be."

"We remember Klein's"

In 1932, the family made its most significant decision since opening the first restaurant. They decided to specialize in fresh seafood, a first for Pittsburgh. A fish restaurant in the 1950s in a landlocked city seemed like the impossible dream. Fact is, they became famous for it.

Sitting around a spacious table with Bernard, 82, and Evelyn Benkovitz, 80, we pored over copies of old menus as they told tales of the early days. With their son Joe, they own Benkovitz Seafoods and Nordic Fisheries on Smallman Street in the Strip. Everybody calls them Mr. and Mrs. B.

Mr. B: "Back in 1917, our company was called Live Fish. My father, Joseph, ran the company with his brothers, Reuben and Morris. Klein's was one of their first customers. They did business with Joe Klein. Later, I did business with Sam and Sidney and then their son John."

Pulling out an old wholesale invoice, Mr. B. pointed to the date, March 22, 1938. "White fish, 35 cents a pound; yellow pike, 30 cents a pound; scallops, $2.50 a gallon."

The total for that day's whole order was $17.40. But prices rose. By 1950, a lobster dinner went for an astounding $2.15.

Mrs B: "When I married into the family in 1946, I had never eaten a lobster. I couldn't believe you could eat those things. I learned fast how good they are."

Mr. B: "We had more fish back then than we do now. We had yellow pike, white fish, sea bass and croaker and so many more. Much of it came from a very clean Lake Erie and from the New Jersey coast. Fish was shipped in from outlying regions by Railway Express. Klein's also got fish shipped out from Boston."

Mrs. B: I remember their frogs legs. Oh, they were good. Just dusted with flour and sauteed in butter and served with a little tartar sauce. I can taste them now."

Mr. B. "People were much more adventurous in those days. We ate finnan haddie and real turtle soup. You could get conch chowder or escargot. Klein's soups were legendary. There was always some Hungarian specialty soup, along with chicken barley, split pea, lima bean and gumbos and mandel soup."

Mrs. B. "And those garlic puffs! They were hot out of the fryer and the size of a golf ball. They just kept coming and coming. If you wanted to eat your dinner, you had to push away the basket."

At this point, they're joined by genial "Uncle" Gene Lichter, 78, ambassador-at-large for Benkovitz Seafoods.

G.L.: "Did you mention the Caesar salad? Everybody got one. It was made the original way, tableside, with a coddled egg, and it was the best thing you ever ate. Klein's had fish fries, shell roasts and stews. Those were the days of casseroles. You could have shrimp, crabmeat or lobster in any one of seven casserole sauces, including Newburg, Creole, Louisiana and Romano. Try to find that now."

Mr. B: "And clean? Hannah Klein was obsessed with cleanliness. There was an annual two-week close-down every July, when the entire place was housecleaned, renovated, painted and re-equipped to bring it up to the best and most modern sanitation standards. Again, try to find that now."

Since not every customer would choose fish, a full-time butcher was on the premises to cut up meat, which you'd better believe didn't come vacuum-packed. He'd cut beef for Hungarian goulash, Yankee pot roast, steaks and chops. Cooks roasted tom turkeys, chickens and ducklings. Broiled sweetbreads, Chicken a la King and salmon croquettes tempted appetites. Pan-fried calves liver and short ribs of beef could make a person swoon.

The recipe!

Jean Schimmel, the granddaughter of the founders, remembers Rosie Lohman, the pastry cook. "Rosie had hands of gold. She started at the restaurant when she was only 14 years old. And my grandmother Hannah taught her all of the original Hungarian pastries that were Klein's trademarks.

"In the summer, she baked fresh strudels filled with peaches, plums and berries. In the fall, she made the cheese and tart apple strudel. Rosie also made fresh blue gage plum and apricot pies. Her apple pie was always served with a wedge of sharp cheese. Rosie was also the mistress of the famous, fragrant Klein's garlic puffs. I can give you the recipe."

At last! The elusive and genuine recipe would be revealed.

For three generations, Klein's was center stage on Pittsburgh's restaurant scene. But by the fourth generation, when Joann (Klein) and Ned Fine took over the restaurant, times had changed. There was competition from new restaurants, and those Pittsburghers who had learned to appreciate fish and seafood at Klein's were now enjoying fish dinners at other restaurants.

The restaurant fell on hard times and declared bankruptcy. Klein's closed its door in February 1992.

The bank that took receivership of the property knew the value of Klein's history. It donated the huge neon sign with the big red lobster to the Senator John Heinz Pittsburgh Regional History Center on Smallman Street in the Strip. If you remember Klein's, just the sight of it will start your mouth watering.

KLEIN'S YEAST-RAISED GARLIC PUFFS

There is some controversy over the genuine recipe. One source says to use milk, the other water. One says use butter, the other shortening. And one says to add garlic powder to the dough; the other disagrees. Both sources specify, however, that the deep-fried balls be tossed with a mixture of salt and garlic powder. Whatever. This recipe works. The puffs are best served warm from the deep-fryer. We recommend that you use the appliance called a Fry-Daddy because there's never a worry about splashing hot grease or keeping a constant temperature.

1/2 cup warm whole milk

1 package active dry yeast

1 tablespoon sugar

2 cups all-purpose flour, plus about  1/2 cup flour for       the board

2 tablespoons butter, melted

1 large egg, at room temperature

1 tablespoon garlic powder

1/2 teaspoon salt

Oil for deep frying, about 1 quart

\* Homemade Garlic salt (recipe follows)

Heat milk until warm, about 110 degrees. Transfer milk to a large, warmed mixing bowl and sprinkle dry yeast over the surface. Sprinkle sugar over the yeast-water. Let mixture stand 5 minutes until creamy.

Meanwhile, place 2 cups flour, garlic powder and salt in a medium bowl and stir to combine.

Add egg and melted butter to the yeast mixture. Stir in 1 cup flour mixture. Beat with wooden spoon until a smooth batter is formed.

Beat in remaining 1 cup flour. Turn dough out onto a lightly floured surface and knead by hand until smooth and elastic, about 5 minutes, working in (about) 1/4 cup flour as necessary.

Wash the large bowl and spray it with nonstick baking spray. Transfer the dough to the bowl, cover with plastic wrap or a damp towel and let stand in warm place until dough is doubled in bulk, about 45 minutes.

Turn out dough onto a lightly floured working surface. Divide the dough into 4 portions. Roll each portion into a "snake" about 10 inches long. Cut into 10 pieces. Place pieces on lightly floured baking sheet. When all the pieces are cut, let them rest 15 minutes until slightly puffy. (If you want bigger puffs, cut each snake into 8 pieces.)

Meanwhile, heat oil to 360 degrees. Oil should be at least 2 inches deep. Deep-fry garlic balls, several at a time, until golden brown on all sides. Use a slotted spoon and a chopstick to assist twirling them in the hot oil.

Drain on paper towels. Sprinkle with homemade garlic salt. As you work, keep puffs warm in a 200-degree oven, then serve at once. Makes 32 to 40 balls about the size of a doughnut hole or small golf ball. Allow about 4 to 6 balls to a serving. Leftovers re-heat well in a toaster oven in just a few minutes.

\* \* \*

Note: Homemade Garlic Salt: Place 1 tablespoon kosher salt and 1 tablespoon garlic powder into a mortar; using the pestle, crush the mixture moderately fine. If you have a spice grinder (a k a, extra electric coffee bean grinder), use that, pulsing the mixture.)

**Notes**

Marlene Parrish can be reached at [*mparrish@post-gazette.com*](mailto:mparrish@post-gazette.com) or 412-481-1620.

**Correction**

Klein's Restaurant was sold in 1992 to Integra Bank for use as a parking lot. In a story on the restaurant in our May 29 editions, we mistakenly said it had gone into bankruptcy. Also, its sign ended up at the Senator John Heinz Pittsburgh Regional History Center through the efforts of attorney Harvey Robbins, not because of the efforts of a bank.  
**Correction-Date:** June 6, 2003

**Graphic**

PHOTO: John Beale/Post-Gazette: The original Klein's restaurant sign can be seen at the Senator John Heinz Pittsburgh Regional History Center in the Strip District. The famous seafood restaurant moved many times in its history, but it became most famous at 330 Fourth Ave., Downtown.

PHOTO: John Beale/Post-Gazette; Food Styling by Marlene Parish:

**Load-Date:** June 6, 2003

**End of Document**



[***IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43GG-Y160-0094-506J-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***NASCAR BOSS FRANCE DOES IT HIS WAY, SUCCESSFULLY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43GG-Y160-0094-506J-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 8, 2001 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS,

**Length:** 1952 words

**Byline:** LIZ CLARKE AND THOMAS HEATH, THE WASHINGTON POST

**Body**

Five months after the death of its biggest star, NASCAR returns this weekend to Daytona International Speedway, the scene of Dale Earnhardt's fatal crash, riding an unprecedented wave of popularity.

The Pepsi 400 in Daytona Beach, Fla., yesterday marked the midpoint of a racing season that has seen TV ratings jump 29 percent over last year. NASCAR's first national TV deal -- a six-year, $2.4 billion pact with Fox, NBC and TBS that debuted this year -- will quadruple broadcast revenues over the life of the agreement. And despite a slowdown in the economy and the highest average ticket price in sports ( $80), NASCAR's Winston Cup races continue to draw crowds of more than 135,000.

Such numbers put NASCAR in the same league with the NFL, the NBA and Major League Baseball. But any similarity with other professional sports organizations ends there. Unlike the NFL's Paul Tagliabue or the NBA's David Stern, NASCAR chairman Bill France Jr. doesn't have to negotiate over how to divide TV revenue. In NASCAR, there are no drivers associations, no car-owners associations and no debate over the way profits should be shared or the way the game is run.

The National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing remains today what it was when it was founded in 1947 by France's father, Bill Sr. -- a family business owned by the Frances, who make the rules, punish those who break them, reveal little about their finances and, in the process, make an extraordinary amount of money. Forbes magazine recently listed Bill France Jr. and his brother Jim, NASCAR's executive vice president and secretary, among the world's 400 billionaires.

NASCAR's evolution from its southern, ***working-class*** roots into the mainstream has been one of the great success stories in professional sports. Behind that success is the France family and the management style that has defined a sport and an industry.

Industry analysts can only speculate about NASCAR's profits. But according to Hadrian Shaw of Paul Kagan Associates, a sports research firm based in Carmel, Calif., its low overhead and high margins make NASCAR "absolutely a cash cow."

The France family reaps the sport's financial rewards on two fronts: As sole owners of NASCAR, the privately-held sanctioning body, and as the major shareholders of International Speedway Corporation, a publicly-held company that owns 13 racetracks and hosts nearly half the races on the prestigious Winston Cup circuit.

Through NASCAR, the France family decides which tracks host Winston Cup races -- a power that, in effect, determines the profit margin of International Speedway Corp., as well as its competitors in the track-owning business. While France said in a recent interview that he doesn't favor ISC venues in setting the schedule, four of the past five new Winston Cup dates have been awarded to tracks owned by the company.

The iron grip that the France family maintains over auto racing is accepted and even endorsed by those involved in racing for two reasons. The sport has made its star drivers far richer than they dreamed possible. And history indicates that it's the best way to run a sport in which skirting the rules is considered an art form.

"Tight consolidation of power works better," said Breck Wheeler, an industry analyst with Legg Mason Wood Walker Inc. Or, as NASCAR legend Richard Petty puts it, "There is one organization, and that's NASCAR."

France, 68, who is battling an undisclosed form of cancer, turned NASCAR's presidency over to Mike Helton in November, marking the first time someone outside the family had held the job. He also appointed a five-member NASCAR board of directors consisting of himself as chairman, his brother Jim, his son Brian, his daughter Lesa France Kennedy and Helton.

Because of his illness, France hasn't been seen much this season at his usual haunt on race days: Presiding in the well-upholstered 18-wheeler that serves as NASCAR's traveling command center and the place where rambunctious drivers get summoned for a "talking-to" by NASCAR officials. But those close to the sport say France still calls the shots, as he has since taking over for his father in 1972.

"Bill Jr. has run it very strict -- much like his dad did," said Bobby Allison, NASCAR's 1983 champion. "Bill Jr. expanded the whole industry. He helped promote the bigger tracks. He's the one that said, 'Let's be professional. Let's have good events.' But he still didn't say, 'What do you think we ought to do?' to the drivers."

Bill France Sr. tapped something fundamental when he founded NASCAR: America's post-war passion for the automobile. His vision was simple. Start with American-made sedans, allow mechanics to modify the engines and bodies, strap in brave drivers and charge admission to see who's fastest.

A Washington native, France headed south in 1934 in search of balmier weather and more hospitable climes to open a service station and indulge his racing passion . He found his Eden on the sand of Daytona Beach, a magnet for car buffs like himself.

Racing had a fervent following down South, which then was a region without any professional sports teams of its own. France got his start as a race promoter. But he made his mark by organizing NASCAR -- a vehicle for setting up rules, a points system to determine an annual champion and prize money to keep fans and drivers coming back.

"He was a hands-on guy," Bill France Jr. recalled. "We try and carry that forward, though the times of 2001 require somewhat maybe more of a velvet glove handling versus a boxing glove handling."

Bill France Sr. had little help running NASCAR in its formative years, so he put the family to work. His sons dug postholes, painted guardrails and nailed signs on tobacco barns and telephone poles to advertise the races. His wife, Anne, a former nurse at Children's Hospital in Washington, sold tickets and handled the money. And each night after a race, the family spread the dollar bills on the living room floor of their modest Daytona Beach bungalow and marveled at the day's haul.

"It could run good without a France involved," France said when asked whether he expected NASCAR to remain in his family's control. "But at the end of the day, the people running the organization have got to work at it every day, and it can go on. How long can it go on? I'm optimistic about it. By the same token, you have to change as time goes along."

Three watershed events helped to propel stock-car racing's growth.

The first was the federal government's 1970 ban of tobacco advertising on television. NASCAR was the unintended beneficiary, when R.J. Reynolds started pouring its money and marketing expertise into stock-car racing to keep its brands in the public eye. Tobacco money renamed NASCAR's top circuit the "Winston Cup" and helped transform Petty and Earnhardt from regional heroes to household names.

In 1995, O. Bruton Smith, a Charlotte-based racetrack mogul, triggered a building boom by taking Speedway Motorsports Inc. public to help fund construction of a $250 million track in Fort Worth. Other companies followed suit, raising cash to build superspeedways in untapped markets and buy existing ones. And France rewarded the entrepreneurs with Winston Cup races in Los Angeles (1997), Las Vegas (1998), Miami (1999) and, this year, Kansas City and Chicago.

In November 1999, the national TV deal heralded stock-car racing's arrival as a major-league player. It more than doubled the number of races on network TV, from 12 to 27. And it created aggressive, new marketing partners in the networks that were heavily invested in the sport's future.

Because NASCAR is a private company, few details are known about its finances. But Paul Kagan Associates estimates NASCAR will pull in $164 million in sanctioning fees, licensing agreements and TV rights this year. All of that revenue, after expenses, belongs to the France family. And revenue is expected to increase dramatically in the coming years because of the TV deal, which guarantees NASCAR $240 million over the next six years.

As NASCAR's popularity has soared, so has the profitability of owning tracks that host Winston Cup races. The France family shares in that, too, through International Speedway Corp., whose tracks host 17 of the 36 Winston Cup races this season.

A single Winston Cup race is worth $11 million, after expenses, to a track owner, according to David Riedel, a motorsports analyst for Salomon Smith Barney. It's worth even more to entrepreneurial track owners who leverage the Winston Cup cache to sell luxury suites, seat licenses and even the venue's naming rights.

To determine the broader value of a Winston Cup race, analysts at Bear, Stearns examined the recent sale of Richmond International Raceway, bought by International Speedway Corp. for $215 million in December of 1999. Of that price, analysts estimate that $45 million was for the track's tangible assets, and the remaining $170 million represented "good will" for its intangible assets, namely its two annual Winston Cup races. In that light, a single race is worth $85 million.

In setting NASCAR's Winston Cup schedule, France said he puts the interests of the sport first and doesn't favor ISC, of which he is also chairman and CEO.

"I think we're fair in what we done," France said.

Riedel agrees. "The France family is very aware of the potential for conflict of interest," Riedel said, "and is careful other tracks are treated fairly."

But Smith, president of Speedway Motorsports Inc., the country's second-largest racetrack owner and principal rival to ISC, has a different view. For five years, he has lobbied NASCAR officials for a second Winston Cup race for his 170,000-seat Texas Motorspeedway and been rebuffed, while ISC-owned tracks in Miami, Kansas City and Chicago (in which ISC owns a 37.5 percent stake) have been added to the schedule.

"They take the position that they can do with the dates whatever they wish, as long as it benefits ISC. And that's exactly what occurs," Smith said.

Countered France: "That's not correct."

Track owners shut out of Winston Cup races aren't the only ones unhappy with NASCAR. Some drivers and car owners question the way NASCAR's distributing the TV revenue.

"You've got to figure, the drivers and the car owners are the least paid out of this deal," said Petty, owner of three NASCAR teams.

The $2.4 billion windfall is being divided according to the same formula NASCAR has always used: 10 percent to NASCAR, 65 percent to track owners and 25 percent to the race teams. But as Petty sees it, things are different now that billions are at stake. He wishes that team owners had pressed France harder to reconsider the formula before the current TV deal took effect.

"From the drivers' and car owners' standpoint, it was time for a discussion," Petty said. "But not from NASCAR's standpoint. The tracks and NASCAR said, "This is the way it's always been; this is the way it's going to be.' When they did that initially, the TV deal was worth $100,000, and drivers and car owners didn't look at it as being anything. So they got lulled to sleep, instead of jumping on it at that particular time."

"We have to have two basic ingredients to run our events: A racetrack to run them on, and cars to put on a show. At the end of the day, those two entities have to stay alive," France said. "Right now, with the existing formula everybody is getting a whole lot more money than what they were getting previously, for openers. Everybody should be happy. At the end of the day, you don't bank percentages; you bank dollars. Right now, there are a lot more dollars coming in. And next year, there are going to be more dollars coming in with the same formula."

**Load-Date:** July 12, 2001

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[***He's the most famous athlete in the world (except in the USA)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48JJ-VW50-010F-K01V-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

May 9, 2003, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1946 words

**Byline:** Ellen Hale

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

LONDON -- He's the most famous man Americans don't know: one of the world's highest-paid athletes, a fashion pacemaker married to a glamorous pop star, an idol of gays, teens and mothers alike. And gorgeous, to boot.

It has taken a movie in which he doesn't even appear for English soccer star David Beckham to score in the USA. Though *Bend It Like Beckham* might now be filling theaters across the country, before it was released there was talk of changing the title for fear filmgoers wouldn't understand it.

In the rest of the world, however, the name needed no explanation.

If David Beckham is relatively unknown in the USA, he is indisputably among the most recognized sports figures elsewhere in the world, where soccer -- known everyplace but the USA as football -- is the real king of sports. In Britain, tabloid photos of him and his wife, Victoria, former Spice Girl Posh, sell the most newspapers since Princess Diana. In Thailand, fans have erected a golden likeness in a Buddhist temple. Even in Baghdad, as the bronze statue of Saddam Hussein was toppled in Firdos Square last month, a young boy stomping on his head wore a Manchester United shirt emblazoned with Beckham's No. 7.

" 'E's an icon all right," says the news agent on Cromwell Road here as he displays a copy of *Time* magazine naming Beckham one of Europe's "amazing" heroes.

"And a family man, too."

In a way no other athlete has, Beckham, 28, combines sport, celebrity, entertainment and style to achieve a global span of unprecedented magnitude, says Ellis Cashmore, professor of culture, media and sport at Staffordshire University. Cashmore teaches a standing-room-only course on football culture and is author of *Beckham*, a sociological study of the athlete's elevation to iconic status.

Beckham is 'worshiped'

"He is the purest sports celebrity in the history of the world," Cashmore says. "Tiger Woods? Michael Jordan? They redefined their sport, and they are respected. But Beckham has transcended that. He is *worshiped*. His fan base goes far beyond sports; many of them don't even care about football."

For most Americans, the low-budget, exuberant *Bend It Like Beckham* is their first introduction to "Becks," as he affectionately is called here. In the movie, Jess, an Indian high school girl in South London, dreams of playing football like Beckham, famed for his signature ability to "bend" his kicks around opponents. (Her mother has other ideas: learning to roll chapatis and getting married.)

Each night Jess lies in bed talking to Beckham, whose picture is taped to her ceiling. The poster is the only real image of Beckham in the movie; the snippet of him and Victoria walking through Heathrow Airport used look-alikes.

Beckham, however, was "delighted" by the movie's support for women's soccer -- a growing but still nascent sport in Britain -- and approved of the use of his name in the title, agent Tony Stephens says. Beckham even planned to attend the London premiere but broke his foot in a game the previous day.

Oddly enough, as a player, Beckham probably doesn't fit into the top tier, alongside multitalented elite footballers such as Zinedine Zidane or Ronaldo, both players for Real Madrid -- the team to which it is hotly rumored a disenchanted Beckham might soon be sold.

Ben Lyttleton, managing editor of *Champions League* football magazine, puts Beckham in the top five in the world; Mark Lawrenson, lead football pundit for the BBC and a former player for Liverpool, ranks him in the top dozen. "What he does, he does extremely well," Lawrenson says.

Brilliant free kicks

Beckham is known for his brilliant free kicks and precision crossing. He is able, Lawrenson says, to cross the ball from one side of the field to a player on the other "to the centimeter, under pressure, no matter where he plays or who he is playing."

"He makes you earn your money," says goalkeeper Brad Friedel, an American who plays here for Blackburn.

Friedel considers Beckham, who also was captain of England's 2002 World Cup team, the best player at free kicks in the world.

Beckham's unique ability to bend the ball comes from being able to get his foot around the back of it and flick it so quickly that he whips it off the side of his foot -- giving it "incredible pace and accuracy," Lyttleton says. Most players, he says, "just get under the ball and float it." And Beckham does it on the run, without setting it up.

For this, Manchester United, Britain's premier soccer club, has paid Beckham about #15 million (more than $ 22 million) to wear its red shirt for three years, through 2005. (*France Football* magazine declares Beckham's salary at $ 17 million a year.) The contract made Beckham, at the height of his athletic career with three or four more years to play, the world's highest-paid footballer.

Man U also is the biggest global sports franchise in the world, reported to be valued at $ 1 billion and selling everything from Beckham T-shirts to home mortgages. Two years ago, the club announced an alliance with YankeeNets, the U.S. sports-based media company that owns the New York Yankees and New Jersey Nets and has a marketing agreement with the New York Giants.

Beckham's contract is peanuts compared with what he rakes in from endorsements and merchandising. It is estimated that Beckham takes home -- that would be a neo-Georgian pile on 25 acres near London that the tabloids have dubbed "Beckingham Palace" -- as much as #12 million ($ 18 million) a year from his endorsements for Vodafone, Adidas and Pepsi, among others.

He is so popular in Japan that his name is on Meiji candies and a line of health and beauty salons.

*The Times* of London put him on its 2003 "Rich List" on April 27 and declared him worth #50 million ($ 80 million). He now makes more money than the queen does. But other athletes still do better than Beckham does. According to a July 2002 issue of *Forbes* magazine, Woods had made $ 69 million in golf prize money and endorsements during the previous 12 months and auto racer Michael Schumacher $ 67 million. A handful of NBA and major league baseball players make at least $ 20 million a year in salary alone.

"All I ever wanted to do was kick a football about," Beckham says in his first autobiography, *My World*. (A second will be released in September.) He began at 3, with his father, a kitchen fitter, in the parks near their modest home in the ***working-class*** London suburb of Chingford. His mother was -- and still is -- a hairdresser. His parents still live in his childhood home; Beckham paid off their mortgage when he started making enough money. At 14, he was recruited for Man U's development league, and five years later he began playing on the team -- the only club he wanted to play for, he says.

Four games in the USA

Man U will play four exhibition games this summer in the USA -- in New York, Seattle, Philadelphia and Los Angeles. All but the L.A. game are sold out, according to club spokesman Patrick Harverson.

Beckham fans hope he'll be on the roster. Newspapers everywhere are rife with gossip that the Man U star will be sold -- for as much as #35 million ($ 55 million). Initial reports had him going to Real Madrid, although officials of that club and of Man U have denied it. (Of course, Real Madrid officials also had denied having interest in Brazilian star Ronaldo -- and then bought him.) Beckham, though, is quoted in the *Manchester Evening News* this week as saying he wants to stay with United: "I know (chief executive) Peter Kenyon and the manager are saying they want me to stay, and that's good enough for me. My affection for the club has never changed from the day I signed for United."

Coach Alex Ferguson's recent benching of Beckham, even after he had healed from a hamstring pull, has fueled the talk, as well as angered fans and, apparently, Beckham and his wife. Ferguson had said he was pleased with how other midfielders were playing, so he kept them in the starting lineup, with Beckham as a substitute.

After Ferguson refused to use him in a recent European Champions League playoff game until the last third of the game (during which Beckham quickly scored two goals), the player was seen angrily cruising the pricey high-street shops in Manchester.

In a locker room tantrum a few months before, Ferguson had kicked a boot that wound up striking Beckham in the head. For days afterward, the newspapers pictured Beckham, his golden locks strategically held back by a plastic headband, with a bandage over the red gash above his left eye. Victoria Beckham was said to be livid.

By all accounts, Ferguson does not get along with Victoria, who he reportedly believes has converted his midfielder into a somber, fame-craving shopaholic. Indeed, most people credit the thermometer-thin spouse for the marketing smarts that have turned her husband into a mega global sports celebrity -- and the two of them into Britain's new royalty.

Their merger, at a wedding in 1999 in which both sat on thrones, thrust Beckham into a higher orbit. He found himself entwined in the A-list of the entertainment world, vacationing with Elton John at the singer's home in France and throwing million-dollar parties with guest lists that include newscaster Sir David Frost, actress Joan Collins and TV's Naked Chef, Jamie Oliver.

Beckham's edgy, unerring sense of fashion is keenly watched and emulated.

His hairstyles are as closely monitored as the weather and reported on front pages and Web sites around the world. When, on a whim, he suddenly shaved his hair into a Mohawk two years ago, thousands of fans around the world did the same.

Choirboy life

But if Beckham dresses urban chic, in real life he more closely resembles a choirboy. In a sport where hooliganism, racism and homophobia run rampant and where fans chant cheers so obscene they can't be printed (or so mean they shouldn't be), Beckham pulses with a fresh ethos.

He proudly admits to being one-quarter Jewish and says he is honored to be a gay idol (he posed for the cover of the gay magazine *Attitude*). He doesn't drink much (except champagne), doesn't carouse with the lads, doesn't swear much and talks about "being in touch with my feminine side." (He was once famously pictured wearing a sarong, and he has been known to wear nail polish.)

The footballer unabashedly adores his wife and two sons, Brooklyn (so named after he was conceived on a trip to New York) and Romeo (said to be named after a rap artist). The couple refuse to use a nanny, and Beckham even missed practice one day to take care of Brooklyn when the child was sick. (Ferguson dropped him from the next game.) The couple support and endorse several children's charities.

Agent Stephens explains Beckham's near-beatification with what he calls the "3F" theory: family, football and fashion. Somehow, he says, they add up exponentially so that Beckham is even greater than the sum of his parts.

"He's just got this amazing universal appeal," BBC pundit Lawrenson says. "The men all want to be him, and the women all want to either shag him or be his mum-in-law."

TEXT WITHIN GRAPHIC BEGINS HERE

Worldwide audience

One measure of Manchester United's global reach is the percentage of English-speaking visitors to its Internet site who are from outside Britain. The Dallas Cowboys, one of the marquee franchises in American pro sports, have a much more localized audience.

Percentage of worldwide visitors (1) to Manchester United Web site (manutd.com)

Britain: 50%

Other: 50%

Percentage of worldwide visitors (2) to Dallas Cowboys Web site ([*www.dallascowboys.com*](http://www.dallascowboys.com))

USA: 90%

Other: 10%

Note: Among an audience of worldwide, English-speaking Internet users, March 2003

1 - Based on 972,382 visitors

2 - Based on 445,961 visitors

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Martin Rickett, AP; GRAPHIC, B/W, Julie Snider, USA TODAY, Source: ComScore Media Metrix XPC (PIE CHART); PHOTO, B/W, 2001 photo by David Jones, AP; PHOTO, B/W, Martin Rickett, Agence France-Presse; Face of an icon: David Beckham has become far more than a British soccer star, gaining international fame.<>Family man: Beckham and his pop star wife, Victoria, once known as Posh Spice, have two children, including son Brooklyn.<>Trendsetter: Newspapers track Beckham's haircuts and clothes.

**Load-Date:** May 9, 2003

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[***Antiquarian book traders and the ties that bind***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-MHY0-0094-50NS-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 10, 1995, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** LIFESTYLE,

**Length:** 1543 words

**Byline:** Harry Kloman

**Body**

The mistake was staggering by antiquarian booksellers' standards. Dave Richards had thought this copy of ''The Bridges of Madison County'' was a first edition and priced it accordingly: $250.

But on closer inspection, he found the tiny ''40'' on the book's copyright page. His ''first edition'' was actually a 40th printing (out of a total so far of 65).

He has had to adjust his cost to the much more down-to-earth amount of $ 5. The price of his miscalculation is modest, however: he had paid $ 16 for the book when buying it from a dealer at an antique mall in Ohio.

Books are an unusual kind of antique. If you collect, say, antique lamps, you probably buy a piece both for its artistry and its function. But a book is a collection of words, presumably words that a reader values for very personal reasons.

Why, then, would someone pay tens, hundreds, even thousands of dollars for a copy of an antiquarian book when they could read the same words in a $ 5 paperback?

''Well, it makes sense to me,'' Beverly Townsend says with a chuckle. She and her husband, Neil, own Townsend Booksellers, an antiquarian shop in Oakland, and they've sold their share of pricey books.

John Schulman, who owns Caliban Book Shop, another Oakland antiquarian store, recently paid $ 200 for a first edition of William Faulkner's ''Absalom! Absalom!'' He now has it priced at $ 375.

''I don't understand it,'' Schulman says with a grin. ''There's something about the original edition of a book. It's holding not only a piece of history, but of something that strikes a chord with you in particular.''

But not all antiquarians get so misty-eyed about their pages. Edward Gelblum, a professor of philosophy at Duquesne University, also owns City Books, a large antiquarian shop on the South Side.

''It's a very human thing, I suppose,'' Gelblum says, ''but I'm not sure it's very rational. Most of the books I buy are things I use.''

Chapter one

If antiquarians share one thing, it's an essential love of books. Usually it's the words they love, but sometimes it's the object itself. This is the realm where book-loving can get very touchy-feely.

''It came from reading,'' Schulman says of his lifelong love, ''but also from the physical appearance of books. I like the binding and the feel of paper and all that.''

''Booksellers have to be readers,'' says Richards, the child of a ***working-class*** family in which he was not encouraged to read. ''I've been reading since I was in fourth grade. There were no books in the house before I started bringing them in.''

Richards, who works full time as a hospital lab manager, started his book trade 18 years ago, when he and his wife bought 20 boxes of books while shopping for antique furniture. A few years after that, he converted the garage of his Brookline home into his closed shop, where he keeps most of his 12,000 volumes, exhibiting some at an antiques mall in Ohio, but doing most of his business through word of mouth and calls from book hunters.

Schulman volunteered to work at an antiquarian shop in Oakland when he was 12, and as a student at Pitt he supported himself by selling books out of his apartment. He even issued catalogs, which helped him develop a mailing list, and one big sale bought him a summer vacation in Europe. Finally, in 1991, he turned his fascination into his profession at Caliban Book Shop, 416 S. Craig St. in Oakland.

Later that year, just around the corner, Beverly and Neil Townsend opened their shop at 4612 Henry St. They moved to Pittsburgh from Northern California for the sole purpose of beginning an antiquarian book business, something they had pursued for several years out of their California home while working at other jobs.

The marketplace

Now don't misunderstand: Not every used book is ''antiquarian,'' nor is every used-book shop. Antiquarian books are not all first editions. And not all antiquarian books go for triple-digit sums.

Gelblum notes that 95 percent of all books ever published are now out of print. So someone who wants to read or own an older book on, say, African art or Chinese history, will probably have to find it in a shop that sells used books.

Most first editions are easy to identify: The publishers say so on the copyright page. But some publishers use more complicated methods of noting first editions, which require an expert to decipher.

That doesn't necessarily mean that the book will be expensive, and most antiquarians can't make a living off the big sale. Says Neil Townsend: ''We run a book store, not a museum. We try to price things in a range where it's an attractive purchase for someone.''

A convention of law librarians recently ''cleaned out'' the Townsends' section of law books, and Gelblum says art books are a big seller at City Books. These specialty sections often do well for antiquarians, who also sell through catalogs, national book searches and even a wide variety of web pages available over the Internet.

Pricing old books has a subjective element to it. But the conscientious antiquarian keeps a host of reference volumes that list generally agreed-upon market prices.

Richards' biggest sale was of a 1611 first edition of a volume of poems by John Donne -- a tome so rare that his reference books didn't even list market value. He purchased it for $ 600 and ultimately sold it at Sotheby's auction house in England for $ 3,200.

And when antiquarians go to a person's home to make an offer on a collection, they take their ethics with them.

Says Neil Townsend, ''I don't try to sneak around and buy a book for a dollar that I know I can sell for a hundred dollars. … Your reputation as an honest merchant is valuable to the continued success of your business.'' Dealers do make exceptions when dealing with other professionals in the field.

His competitors say much the same thing. They also agree antiquarians can afford to pay someone no more than 30 percent to 60 percent of the price they believe they can get for a particular book.

Most antiquarians in Pittsburgh do their business from people who browse their shop and buy books in the $ 10 to $ 25 range. These are what Schulman calls ''bread-and-butter books,'' a term he learned from Esther Tucker, one of the deans of local antiquarian bookselling, whose shop, The Tuckers, at 2236 Murray Ave., has been a fixture in Squirrel Hill for 22 years.

The sole exception may be Schoyer's Books, which targets a very specific market and does most of its business through catalogs and sales to out-of-town collectors. The shop at 1404 S. Negley Ave., Squirrel Hill, is one of the city's oldest, and Donnis de Camp and Marc Selvaggio have owned and operated it for the past 10 of its 43 years. Schoyer's deals mostly in books about travel, history, Americana and the world.

A few months ago, de Camp sold some books on Greek Americans to a man in Greece, books on Asia to a customer in Singapore, and books on 19th- and early 20th-century Palestine went to the United Nations.

''In a sense,'' de Camp says, ''we're really selling access to more difficult-to-obtain information.''

The collectors

Like most college students, Jack Ewing read William Faulkner's ''Absalom! Absalom!'' because he more or less had to. But that was in 1962, as part of his entrance requirement to Allegheny College. It also was hundreds of Faulkner books and thousands of dollars ago.

Ewing, who became a high school English teacher, now has a Faulkner collection of about 900 pieces, many of them articles and photographs. The ''heart and soul'' of the collection, his first editions, numbers 75 to 100 books, one of which is valued at $ 5,000.

Why buy such costly books when cheap paperbacks contain the same words? Ewing explains: ''It's as close as you can get to the genesis of the work. It's the feel of the paper, the feel of the book, the vintage cover on it that speaks of age and endurance and all those Faulknerian things.''

The competitive marketplace is something Nicholas Lane doesn't have to worry about much. He collects travel guide books, for which there's no well-defined market, which means he finds a lot of bargains. But many of his books -- more than 2,000 in all -- are nonetheless unique, which can't be said of books by Faulkner, no matter how rare the particular edition.

For example: On a visit to St. Petersburg, Russia, he paid 10,000 rubles -- about $ 3 -- for an English-language guide to the Caucasus, published in the 1930s. When he shows it to dealers, their eyes widened with envy. It's possibly the only extant copy of the book and certainly the one of its kind.

''These odd little guides to odd little places produce a wealth of information and nostalgia, a description of a way of life that's gone,'' says Lane, a Point Breeze resident and a native of England, who manages real estate for a living. ''They're … the kind of thing that makes history come alive.''

Schulman, the bookseller, calls collecting ''a psychological pleasure that has to be sated again and again.'' But he also sees it as a phenomenon of the fading millennium.

''It has something to do with the cult of authenticity in the 20th century,'' Schulman says. ''In a world in which everything is mediated by the media, and where you have reproductions of everything, holding the original of something has more and more impact.''

**Notes**

Harry Kloman is a free-lance writer living in Pittsburgh.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Dave Richards, a hospital lab manager, converted the garage of his Brookline home to store some 12,000 old books, which he exhibits and sells.

**Load-Date:** December 15, 1995

**End of Document**



[***NO STOPPING THE TIRELESS KITTLES THE STAR WHO HATES TO MISS IS SHOOTING TO LEAD VILLANOVA BACK TO THE TOP.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C6N0-01K4-921F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

NOVEMBER 19, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1529 words

**Byline:** Mike Jensen, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS

**Body**

There was this nightly Kittles ritual. Years before he became an all- American basketball player at Villanova and the Big East player of the year, Kerry Kittles would be out in his narrow driveway shooting hoops until all hours, until his mother would turn a light switch and plunge him into darkness.

This worked until Kerry found another switch for the same light in the garage.

From that day on, mother and son would engage in a lighthearted battle of wills - the light flicking on and off.

"It would go back and forth until she came out," Kittles said.

As long as anyone can remember, Kittles' world revolved around a ball. The whole Kittles family would go downtown each year to watch the Mardi Gras parades. Relatives would be in from out of town. Kerry would watch a couple of parades and he'd be bored, his mother said. He wanted to go play ball.

"I don't really care for Mardi Gras," he'd tell his mother.

He cares deeply about what begins tomorrow. Kittles has led Villanova to basketball heights not seen in a decade, and his decision to return to the Main Line and forgo millions of dollars from the NBA has given the Wildcats hope for a special season.

Going into their opening game tomorrow against Wisconsin in the Maui Classic, they are ranked No. 3 in the nation by the Associated Press. Kittles is listed as a preseason first-team all-American by the same wire service; he received as many votes as any other player in the nation.

Among the Wildcats, Kittles stands out as the guy who is always playing. A former teammate called him the Energizer Bunny.

A practice ended one day last week and most of the team headed for the locker room or the training room. A couple of players collapsed on courtside chairs. "Where's Kerry?" somebody asked. Kittles was still out on the court chasing a ball around, even as a group of teenagers descended on the floor. He has been known to ask team managers for games after practice.

"These are conditioning practices the last couple of weeks," said Villanova senior guard Kevin Cox, who rooms with Kittles on the road. "Everyone else is dying. He's still talking, joking around. We just look at him. 'Won't you get tired?' "

\*

A recent practice was nearly over when Villanova assistant coach Steve Pinone shouted for everyone to get his hands up on defense. Reflexively, Kittles had his up immediately, quicker than anyone else on the court.

It must have been the good Catholic schoolboy in him, carrying out instructions by rote.

When the Wildcats are on the road, the team chaplain, the Rev. Bernard Lazor, sets up Mass each morning out of a suitcase. Kittles and Cox are regulars at the hotel services.

From the time he took his first Communion, Kittles was an altar server at his parish in New Orleans East, a ***working-class*** community of one-story brick ranch homes about 15 miles out from the French Quarter.

His mother's sister is a nun. His mother used to teach religion classes and is coordinator of the religious programs at her church.

"If Kerry can't find me home, he knows where I am," Mary Kittles said.

His father, Acosta, was a few minutes late for an interview last Sunday evening because he hadn't been to Mass yet that day.

Last spring, Kerry himself became a Eucharistic minister. Two or three times a month, he distributes the host during 10 a.m. Mass on Villanova's campus.

"It gives me a closer relationship to my peers," Kittles said. "Sharing in the Eucharist with them, that's a special part of Mass."

He also has been asked to take additional leadership responsibilities on Villanova's basketball team. For three seasons, point guard Jonathan Haynes did the talking when the Wildcats huddled up before every practice. And Haynes did the talking when 'Nova went in the locker room at halftime and the coaches were outside talking among themselves before addressing the team.

"First practice, Kerry was the one who did the talking," coach Steve Lappas said.

People ask him why Kittles doesn't shoot more, Lappas said. Lappas tells them Kittles is an all-American. If he shot more, how much better could he be - or would he be worse?

"I'll take him the way he is and be happy," Lappas said. "You're looking at a guy who is a star who other players love to play with."

Teammate Cox says it isn't that Kittles doesn't like to shoot a lot, it's that "he hates to miss."

Not that Kittles is afraid of shooting. He took 504 shots last season, on his way to averaging 21.4 points a game. He took plenty of shots when he was tightly guarded. He took some off-balance shots. But he never seemed to need to shoot.

"There isn't going to be any attempt to prove to people I should be Big East player of the year or an all-American," Kittles said, his voice rising a little. "They're going to see the same type of game from me."

\*

The origin of Kittles' court discipline is St. Augustine High School in New Orleans, founded in 1951 by the Josephites as a private school for African American males, when segregation and separate-but-equal were the law.

Acosta Kittles would drop off his two sons, Acosta and Kerry, in the morning on his way to work, then make another 25-mile round-trip to pick them up after basketball practice.

Principal Carl Blouin, a member of St. Augustine's first graduating class, said the school has produced more presidential scholars than any other in Louisiana. About 80 percent of its graduates go on to college. Among its alumni is a former mayor of New Orleans.

Discipline sets St. Augustine apart. Some teachers have their own paddles, some borrow an extra that is kept in the main office.

"It leaves an impression on you," said Travis Andrews, a St. Augustine junior basketball player who figured he had been paddled four times in the previous two weeks, all for basketball offenses such as not hustling on defense.

St. Augustine coach Bernard Griffith, who carries a paddle during practice, had a team rated No. 1 in the nation last season by USA Today. His only returning starter has committed to play basketball next season for the University of Arizona.

"We're a football state," Griffith said. "When college recruiters come in, they've already been to New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago - all the hotbeds of basketball. What would make our guys stand out in a football state? The only thing that's going to separate them from everybody else is how hard they work."

When Kittles was a senior at St. Augustine, the school won a state championship and he was named Louisiana player of the year. But his coach, who remains very close to Kittles, said, "He's telling tales if he says he wasn't paddled."

Kittles still will wear his St. Augustine letter jacket. And his most identifiable sartorial trait, the way he wears his socks on the court, with the left one stretched up almost to his knee and the right one just above his ankle - that was from St. Augustine, too. His entire high school team wore its socks that way.

Each of his teams usually tries to do something different to stand out, Griffith said. "So many crazy things. One sock down, one up. (Kittles') team, they all had headbands, too. One year they all grew Afros. The next year they

cut their hair all off. One year, all the upperclassmen wore their practice uniforms backwards. They wouldn't let the underclassmen do it until they earned some time."

Would Kittles send his children to St. Augustine? He didn't pause to think about it. "No question. . . . My boys."

\*

Mary Kittles refers to the driveway outside her back door as a sidewalk. It isn't much wider than one.

So many basketballs flew over into a neighbor's yard that Acosta Kittles

cut out a little door in the fence so his sons and their friends wouldn't have to keep jumping over.

Sometimes the little court with a big crack running down the middle would be full of kids. Sometimes it would just be Kittles and his pet pit bull, Queenie.

His friends always knew how serious Kittles was when it came to basketball.

"Even when he had a good game, he'd talk about how he could have done something better," said Korey Tenette, who grew up with Kittles in New Orleans East. "He could have done this. He could have made a free throw."

Kittles' father said he believed the No. 1 reason Kerry decided to go to Villanova - even after Rollie Massimino, the coach who had recruited him, picked up and left for UNLV - was that Kittles didn't want to sit out a year, which he would have been required to do under NCAA rules if he had gone somewhere else. He wanted to play.

Last spring, Kittles had more deliberating to do. He was told he would be a first-round draft choice if he left for the NBA, but not a high lottery pick. He said his decision didn't come down strictly to money, although he didn't disregard the cash. He took out an insurance policy in case of an injury this season. Next spring, he plans to be the first in his immediate family to graduate from college.

"You go to school for three or four years, for what? To take the money and run to the NBA?" Kittles said. "I'm not a money person. I could have been a social worker out of college. I'd have been happy. I'm not going to have any regrets."

And, remember, Kittles hates to miss.

"Coming back here," he said. "I knew I'd be happy."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1-2. Kerry Kittles - shown in 1980, left, and today - learned to take his

education seriously. He decided to forgo NBA riches for now, giving Villanova

hope for a special season. He aims to graduate next spring.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***BLACK HILLS DREAMING;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:437Y-MWH0-00J2-31S1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Twin Cities of the Black Hills - Deadwood and Lead, S.D. - both got their start in the gold rush of 1876. But they now boast different personalities and different hopes for the future. And as with Minneapolis and St. Paul, you can't really talk about one without including the other.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:437Y-MWH0-00J2-31S1-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 10, 2001, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** TRAVEL; Road less traveled; Pg. 1G

**Length:** 1833 words

**Byline:** Catherine Watson; Staff Writer

**Body**

Deadwood, S.D., makes me think of three things: Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane and gambling.

     Lead, S.D., its neighbor up the gulch, makes me think of two: immigrant workers and the Homestake Gold Mine.

     Neither place makes me think of neutrinos or slime plants, but those peculiarities have the Twin Cities of the Black Hills talking \_ and hoping \_ this spring.

     What was on my mind when I returned to Deadwood and Lead last month was gambling. Not that I'm a gambler. I wanted to see what more than a decade of legalized gaming had done to Deadwood and to find out how Lead was faring without it.

   There were a couple of surprises.

     The first was that Deadwood doesn't feel like a town dominated by gambling. Yes, there are slot machines in the supermarket and in nearly all other downtown businesses, including an ice cream parlor. But the casinos are tightly clustered on Main Street or tucked into the bellies of big hotels at the ends of town.

     The rest of this little city of 1,400 is going about its business much as it always has. On midweek evenings before Memorial Day, for example, the main action on casino-bordered Main Street was local kids cruising up and down on their bikes.

    The other big surprise was up in Lead (pronounced "leed," a reference to the veins of gold that miners follow).

    Lead, population 3,027, is a tough, gritty mining town that, to me, has always looked soberly ***working class***, even a little grim.

     But the cheerful bumper stickers around town belied that image:   "I [heart] neutrinos," they announce, from the backs of old sedans and new SUVs.

      And the banner over the entrance makes City Hall look downright frisky. It reads, in big letters, "Happy Neutrino Day!"

     Lead has been the company town of the Homestake Gold Mine for 125 years. But the Homestake is closing for good at the end of December \_ the price of gold isn't high enough to make deep-rock mining profitable there \_ and Lead is trying to reinvent itself.

     Any place else, tourism would be the only choice. A less obvious choice involves nuclear physics, and that's what Lead is betting on. The town's famous mine is the front-runner for a new national neutrino research laboratory.

     Gambling and neutrinos? The combination sounded odd at first, even preposterous.

      But the two towns' intertwined history is already preposterously colorful, and it has been right from the beginning, when George Armstrong Custer's expedition found gold in the Black Hills in 1874 and touched off a gold rush.

Deadwood

      Deadwood has always had a split personality: law-abiding neighborhoods on the slopes and a honky-tonk center down in the gulch, where gambling arrived with the first gold seekers in 1875 and where brothels operated openly until the early 1980s.

     This is, remember, the town where Wild Bill Hickok was shot in the back of the head while playing poker in 1876. He was holding the now-famous "Dead Man's Hand" \_ two black aces, two black eights and the jack of diamonds. Both the man and the cards have become Deadwood emblems.

     Wild Bill's handsome visage, with its long mustache and flood of shoulder-length dark hair, is everywhere from the covers of Chamber of Commerce brochures to the windows of casino/saloons with names like \_ what else \_ Hickok's.

     "Lead was where the miners raised their families," a local woman told me. "Deadwood was where the miners went to raise hell."

     But by the late 1980s, Deadwood "was in a downward spiral," said Mayor Francis Toscana. "From the bottom up, we were in trouble."

     Businesses were failing on Main Street, and the infrastructure was terrible. A fire took out half a block one night because there wasn't enough water pressure to fight it effectively. State voters went for gambling as a way to preserve the historic town.

     Modern gaming became legal in Deadwood in the fall of 1989, ushering in another gold rush.

     But more than 11 years later, it hasn't spilled over into the neighborhoods. At least, not visibly.

     There, the scene is mostly turn-of-the-last-century frame cottages with lilacs in the yard \_ plus a sprinkling of big stately Victorians, some beautifully refurbished, some still languishing in genteel poverty.

     What you don't see is how much better off Deadwood's neighborhoods are now than they were before gambling.

     Because $6.8 million in gaming revenue goes toward historic preservation in Deadwood each year, the town now boasts new streets, new sewer pipes, a water system that can again fight fires, a new fire hall, a renovated city hall with a renovated rec center across the street, a beautifully restored old train depot (now the History and Information Center), an amazing new museum called the Adams House and graceful street lamps \_ expensive replicas of the originals.

     Gambling was the engine behind all this, the mayor and others said.   So much money came in so fast, in fact, that most of those new projects were completed within the first 18 months of gaming.

A summertime haunt

     But Deadwood hasn't got the one thing gaming really thrives on: a nearby big city. The closest is Denver, a six-hour drive away; even Rapid City is a 50-mile ride.

     So even with year-round gaming, the truth is that Deadwood remains a warm-weather destination.

     Despite snowmobile trails and two nearby ski areas, "anybody who comes to Deadwood in winter has to want to come to Deadwood in winter," said Susan Kightlinger, director of Deadwood's Chamber of Commerce and Visitors Bureau.

      Recently, the state raised the maximum bet limit from the original $5 to $100. The casinos \_ and therefore the town \_ welcomed that, because it makes them more competitive.

     Still, Deadwood wants more \_ more tourists, more money. Talk invariably comes back to new businesses and new attractions.

     Here's where the slime plant comes in. It's a giant pile of 90-year-old blue metal sheds that used to process \_ well, slime \_ to get the last traces of gold out of runoff from the Homestake.

     The disused plant is not pretty, but it's big \_ perhaps 40,000 square feet \_ and it's part of the Deadwood National Historic Landmark, so it has to be preserved.

     Enter a Texan named Bill McDavid, who thinks he's figured out a way to make everybody happy. After a career in the entertainment business \_ which included writing songs for Willie Nelson \_ McDavid wants to turn the slime plant into an entertainment complex.

     "Two million people go to Mount Rushmore every year and have lunch in Deadwood and then leave," he drawled in a phone interview from Texas. "We're trying to get people to stop there for three or four days."

      What would do it, he thinks, is filling the slime plant with a hotel, casino, convention center, restaurants, a shopping mall, video studios and a theater along the lines of those in Branson, Mo. The proposed name: Deadwood City Limits.

     Once he and his fellow investors raise $20 million and iron out some differences with the city, McDavid said, it's a go: "We can do what we say we can."

     How soon? "We'll be open in two years."

Lead

     Just what was "Happy Neutrino Day," I asked Lead's mayor, Denny York. "The day we found out we were going to get the lab," replied York, a retired Corps of Engineers administrator.

     Neutrinos are mysterious nuclear particles that are constantly zinging around the universe. "There's a neutrino going through you right now," York said cheerily.

      "They pass through everything," Richard Gowen, president of the South Dakota School of Mines, said during a phone interview from Rapid City. And understanding them is "fundamental to our understanding of all the physical properties of the universe."

     Lead's mainstay, the Homestake Gold Mine, has 600 miles of tunnels blasted out of solid rock, including one shaft that is 8,000 feet deep. That's what makes it "an excellent opportunity" for neutrino research, said Gowen, who has been a prime mover behind building the lab in the mine.

    "The depth of the mine provides a rock overburden," he explained. "The rock filters out the cosmic backgrounds from the sun and the solar system, and the only thing that penetrates . . . is neutrinos."

     In March, a national team of scientists put the Homestake at the top of their list for a new neutrino lab.   (Among the more shallow mines it beat out: the Soudan on Minnesota's Iron Range.)

      Over the winter, this was worked on by everybody from the miners' union and the mayors of Black Hills towns to South Dakota Gov. William Janklow and U.S. Sen. Tom Daschle (D-S.D.).

     A key issue was that "Homestake needed federal indemnification so they could transfer the property to the state," Gowen said, and the state needed similar indemnification before it could accept.

     Without this, he said, "the reclamation laws of the United States would require Homestake to be responsible for the mine in perpetuity."

     As soon as that legislation is in place \_ and Gowen expects that it will be introduced in Congress shortly \_ the next step will be getting congressional approval for spending $280 million to $300 million in National Science Foundation funds.

     If Congress votes yes, he said, the first phase could be completed in a year.

       This has huge implications for Lead, which does not have gambling and is struggling with the same sort of outdated infrastructure and small budget that Deadwood used to have.

      A much-needed project to revamp the sewage and storm-drain systems, for example, costs $350,000 a block, Mayor York said. A decade into the project, it's only 15 percent completed.

     As Homestake downsized in recent years, the job base shrank; having it close altogether would deal Lead a mighty body blow.

     But if the lab comes in, experienced miners would be needed to carve out bigger caverns \_ one needs to be nine stories high and the length of a football field \_ and to extend a second shaft to the 8,000-foot level.

     Add in the new jobs that the neutrino lab would create, York said, and the total comes close to replacing the approximately 300 jobs that will be lost when Homestake shuts down in December.

Much more than jobs

     But the lab involves more than jobs and more than Lead.

     Scientists from all over the world would come to do experiments in the mine, altering the socioeconomic make-up of the town, Gowen and York both said.

       Ordinary people are expected to be interested, too. If they could visit safely underground, the Homestake project might draw 100,000 visitors a year \_ a further shot in the arm for regional tourism.

     Summing up, things look hopeful, Gowan said: Homestake is willing to provide the mine, the scientists want to use the mine and the state is willing to accept the mine, "so we're moving on the path."

     That means Homestake might not close on Dec. 31, it might just change hands. And the citizens of Lead couldn't be more pleased: Just look at all those bumper stickers.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** June 11, 2001

**End of Document**



[***MIXED BLESSINGS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HR6-R2J0-TWX3-K2CH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

December 5, 2005 Monday

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 2268 words

**Byline:** Larry Eichel, Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

Second of three parts

As she considers what has become of public housing in Grays Ferry, longtime neighborhood resident Mary Umbrell is of two minds.

Yes, the old project, Tasker Homes, was an eyesore, and its replacement, Greater Grays Ferry Estates, is anything but.

And yes, property values are on the rise in Grays Ferry, at least in part because of the $165 million of public and private money that the Philadelphia Housing Authority (PHA) has invested in the new development, its most ambitious to date.

But to a lot of people in this ***working-class*** corner of South Philadelphia, there's something wrong when the public housing looks nicer than the private housing - especially when those private homes belong to you.

"Economically, I give it all a big plus," Umbrell said of the new construction. "In terms of fairness to the neighbors, I give it a minus 99."

All over the city, neighborhoods are learning to live with the new public housing. In most cases, the learning process is a pleasant one.

In North Philadelphia and Grays Ferry, in West Philadelphia and East Falls, the forbidding towers and barracks-like compounds that bred crime and drug use are gone, replaced by attractive, open, low-rise complexes with amenities such as central air-conditioning.

The changed mix of people is widely viewed as an improvement as well. New eligibility standards guarantee that a larger percentage of residents are working people as opposed to welfare recipients.

But each neighborhood has distinct issues and concerns - pressuring PHA to live up to its commitments, or making the residents of public housing feel they are part of the community, or worrying about gentrification.

In Grays Ferry, the problem is deeper, and residents of public housing know it. Listen to Marguerite Harris, a leader of the residents' council inside the development.

"They [the neighbors outside] don't think we deserve anything this beautiful," she said from the living room of the year-old, two-bedroom unit she shares with her grandson. "If you look at their houses and our houses, there's a heck of a difference. I know they're talking. If I was living outside, I'd probably be talking about it, too."

Many of the disgruntled neighbors outside are white. Almost all of the residents inside are black.

Grays Ferry has a history of racial tension. This is where then-Police Commissioner Frank L. Rizzo, nightstick tucked inside his tuxedo cummerbund, came in 1969 to break up a racial confrontation. This is where Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan joined marchers to protest racial violence in 1997.

The current resentment among neighborhood whites is directed more at PHA than the tenants. The problem, said Robert Gormley Jr., president of the Grays Ferry Community Council, is that no income-eligible residents of Grays Ferry have been admitted into the development - where a lot of people are paying rents of $200 per month.

Having a few locals there, Gormley said, would help ease hard feelings: "We're the last ones to have a chance to live in that beautiful community."

PHA Executive Director Carl R. Greene denies there has been any conscious effort to shut out neighborhood residents. He says they were slow to apply for housing when the development was being built - when they would have received preference - but they remain welcome to apply now.

Despite the strains, groups inside and out, black and white, are seeking to forge links between the public housing and the rest of Grays Ferry.

The Greater Grays Ferry Brotherhood, a community organization based inside the development, is working with other groups to try to restore Lanier Playground, a vast, trash-strewn square block on the development's northern border.

This summer, the brotherhood's leader, Michael Johnson, organized a block party on the 1700 block of South 29th Street. One side of the street is mostly black public housing; the other is mostly white private homes. Although few whites came, a positive signal was sent.

"There are a lot of old wounds here," Johnson said. "But this is a new day."

West Poplar

The neighborhood known as West Poplar - just north of Center City, just south of Temple University - always had development potential based on its location.

The problem was the public housing.

For years, the neighborhood was dominated visually by the two 14-story towers of Cambridge Plaza, and psychologically by Richard Allen Homes, a vast, eight-square-block sprawl of run-down three- and four-story buildings.

At one point in the 1980s, only one in every 14 households in Richard Allen had even one person working. It was a depressing and frightening place.

Now, those crime-infested fortresses have been replaced by attractive one- and two-story homes with yards front and rear. Where once there were 1,696 units of public housing, now there are 532. Where once there was concrete and shadow, now there is brick and grass and sky.

And that long-smothered potential is starting to be realized.

"You'd have to be an idiot not to want to live in this neighborhood now," said Margie Pierce, who runs the West Poplar Neighborhood Advisory Council. "This is going to be like the Art Museum area."

Signs of revival are everywhere. In the blocks just north of Spring Garden Street, individual rowhouses are being rehabbed.

In the vacant, overgrown lots along 10th and Wallace Streets, back near the train trestle, developer Lawrence Rust plans to build 52 townhouses, 20 condominiums, and 5,000 square feet of commercial space. He calls it Spring Arts Point.

A few blocks away, at 11th and Brandywine, developer Abby Schiff is proposing to convert the nine-story Independence Press building into Brandywine Loft, with 110 condos priced from $195,000 to $1.2 million.

"There's no way you'd have these plans without the changes in public housing," said City Councilman Darrell L. Clarke, who represents the area.

In the virtually all-black areas closer to Girard Avenue, old-timers marvel at the sight of white people passing through on foot and on bikes, looking utterly comfortable and unhurried.

After years of focusing on survival, the old-timers are starting to worry about the side effects of revitalization, such as rising property-tax bills and higher rents.

"I would like to meet one person who could honestly say they predicted that this area would take off the way it has," said Muriel Reviere, who lives in one of the Nehemiah Homes, a group of modest, owner-occupied houses built with federal subsidies in the late 1990s. "If you find one, put him on a lie detector. We've just proven everybody so wrong."

The change for the better began in 1998, when much of Richard Allen was demolished. The high-rises at Cambridge Plaza were razed three years later. Redevelopment moved forward in phases, with the final step, the completion of Cambridge, coming this past summer.

"Most people appreciate the change, and they're taking care of their places," said Wendy Washington, who has spent most of the last 30 years in Cambridge Plaza.

This is not to say that the changes in public housing have made every urban problem go away.

West Poplar still struggles with drugs and violence; neighbors point in particular to two corners - 11th and Parrish, 10th and Brown - where young men hang out day and night.

There still are vacant lots and empty homes, unemployment and poverty.

There has been little new commercial development; a shopping center on Girard Avenue stands fenced-off and derelict. The area needs a grocery store, and those planned, upscale residential developments have yet to break ground.

But in West Poplar, with the new public housing, the future looks far better than the past.

East Falls

The transformation of public housing in East Falls has been decades in the making. And it's not over.

It has been 29 years since the massive twin 15-story towers known as Schuylkill Falls were closed, deemed unfit for human habitation; nine years since their implosion; six since residents were moved out of the low-rise units on site.

Now, at long last, a new neighborhood is taking shape on the hillside overlooking Ridge Avenue. When finished, it will offer a broad range of public and private housing for the poor and the middle class.

Already in place, as part of PHA's Falls Ridge development, is a four-story, 50-unit building for seniors as well as 45 townhouses and 40 apartments for the poor and near-poor, rentals all. Still to come are 28 homes for sale on a subsidized basis.

On the other side of Merrick Road, market-rate housing - townhouses, condominiums and apartments - is to be built by Westrum Development Co. on land it has agreed to purchase from PHA for $2.8 million.

Getting this far has been a struggle.

After the towers were imploded, PHA initially promised a mixed-income community for the site. But when the authority announced plans to build low-income housing first, East Falls residents filed suit in federal court in 2001, seeking to force PHA to make good on its pledges.

The lawsuit's settlement two years later led to the authority's plans to sell some of the land to Westrum for market-rate housing.

Now, longtime residents have a new set of concerns.

One is the need to fill the half-dozen storefronts that run the length of the seniors' building along Ridge Avenue. All have stood vacant since the building opened early in 2004, although a bank is moving into one.

Filling those storefronts with needed services would help integrate the development with the rest of East Falls. Empty spaces send a signal that something is wrong.

Greene, PHA's executive director, blames the site manager, Pennrose Management, for the delay. Kimberly A. Fry, Pennrose's president, said that her company negotiated with PHA for 18 months before securing a go-ahead in August to lease the stores.

The conflict, which extends to other matters, has not been resolved; the authority has filed a formal notice in Common Pleas Court of its intention to sue Pennrose and to oust it from Falls Ridge.

A second concern is the size of the Westrum market-rate development. Current plans call for 318 units to be built in two phases. Sharon Jaffe, president of the East Falls Community Council, noted that the number is "more than originally proposed."

It's also more, three times more, than PHA thought Westrum planned to build. Kirk Dorn, the authority's spokesman, said the total must come down, or else the Westrum deal would be in jeopardy.

Longer-term is the challenge of making the residents of Falls Ridge feel a part of East Falls.

The early signs of a coming together are positive. This fall, a number of Falls Ridge residents attended the "Ribs, Rhythm & Blues" picnic that marked the beginning of the East Falls Fall Festival.

"We feel very welcome," said Joyce Siler, who lives in the seniors building. "It's our community now, and we care about it, too."

Mill Creek

For the Mill Creek area of West Philadelphia, the new Lucien E. Blackwell Homes are a stunning upgrade.

In a 100-year-old neighborhood with dozens of abandoned and crumbling homes, the low-rise, red-brick, suburban-style development around 46th and Fairmount represents urban revitalization at its most ambitious.

The project, which includes 40 houses that are being sold at subsidized prices, stands on land once occupied by the Mill Creek Apartments. Those three 17-story towers, razed in 2002, were among the worst of PHA's housing stock.

While the area isn't far from thriving University City, it's much closer to the site of the Lex Street massacre, where seven men were shot to death at a crack house five years ago.

So it's not the kind of place private builders would have chosen to redo on their own. The locals know and appreciate that.

"The redevelopment is a welcome change," said the Rev. Terrence Hensford of Ward A.M.E. Church at 43d and Aspen. "The neighborhood needs it. No one is really against it."

Yet, there is some tension here - over the plans of PHA (with help from the city Redevelopment Authority) to buy vacant lots and some existing homes to extend the development eastward.

Moving beyond the footprint of the previous housing project is an ambitious undertaking. And the extension would not be one contiguous mass; rather, it would be groups of new houses, 160 in all, throughout the old neighborhood.

The goal, Greene said, is to make sure that PHA's investment in Blackwell Homes doesn't get swallowed up by the surrounding blight.

Neighbors, though, worry they may be forced out just as their Mill Creek community is poised for the better.

"They want to push out the people who grew up here," said Rosetta Winston, 54, who lives in the 600 block of North Pallas Street. "They want to bring the people from the suburbs back into the city, make it cheaper and easier for them."

In September, angry homeowners won promises from the city that no owner-occupied structure would be taken without the owner's consent. Even so, suspicions persist.

"Those new houses down there are beautiful," said Ted Muse, 71, a retired butcher who has owned a home in Mill Creek since 1966. "But if they tell me to move, I'm not going. I'll go to jail first."

At a City Council hearing in September, the Rev. Joseph Okonski, pastor of St. Ignatius of Loyola Roman Catholic Church at 43d and Wallace, summarized the feelings of the neighborhood:

"We are very grateful for all that is happening, but the people who are still living here have lived here for years and have lived through a lot of difficulties.

"They've endured crime. They've endured the drugs. They've endured all the abandoned homes. And it is their neighborhood."

Contact staff writer Larry Eichel at 215-854-2415 or [*leichel@phillynews.com*](mailto:leichel@phillynews.com).

**Load-Date:** December 5, 2005

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[***BRINGING TO THEIR LIVES HARMONY; Recovering addicts find support, lift songs of praise through their participation in Voices of Fellowship choir***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VF1-WK00-0027-X0FP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

December 25, 1998, Friday,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** LIFESTYLE,

**Length:** 1572 words

**Byline:** Charlise Lyles Dayton Daily News

**Body**

Nicole Cooper calls herself a "recovery person." She is recovering from a lot of things. From food addiction, cocaine addiction and alcohol.

Addicted to a lifestyle of dancing in bars, she was out there.

She is still performing. But now she puts on a show for God.

She is part of the Voices of Fellowship, a gospel choir whose awesome sound, a capella or accompanied, rises in gratefulness from the throats of addicts in recovery. During this Christmas season, you may have heard them along your merry way, at the Dayton Mall, Harris Memorial CME and Zebulon Missionary Baptist churches, or at nursing homes.

Choir appearances

For unto us a child is born

For unto us Emanuel has come

A chance for all mankind to be forgiven

A change in me each day

I am saved each day

You see, Christmas to me is more than a holiday, more than a holiday.

The choir is a savior.

'I did not believe in God,' said Cooper, 28. 'I spent most of my life looking in the opposite direction of any spiritual principle. I am so grateful to be a part of something that is not killing me. I love this choir. Not only am I a part of something that is not killing me, I have a family here.'

Cooper, a handsome woman with reddish streaks in a long shag hairdo, wept continually as she spoke. A lot of weeping goes on at the twice-weekly choir rehearsals held at the Wesley United Methodist Community Center on Delphos Avenue and the Dayton Fellowship Club on Germantown Street.

A lot of hugging goes on. A lot of sharing of the ugly reminiscences of sticking a needle in your arm, snorting coke till your nose bled, stealing from people who trusted you, selling your body for the dope man, trying to 'take yourself out' because you couldn't let go of heroin.

A lot of crises go on. 'Once when a member said she had an urge 'to use,' a couple people just stayed with her all night, round the clock, till the urge passed,' recalled member William C. Roberts, 36.

They are a support group extraordinaire. Tigger-Man Clark is leaning hard on everybody to help him through a separation. They were there for the wedding.

The choir is teaching Cooper responsibility. 'To show up.' To commit. When she joined five months ago she went to rehearsals, but was a no-show for performances. No confidence.

James Neeley, the choir's stern-faced administrative manager and a self-professed non-singer, cautions that the choir is not the cure. The choir is not a substitute for a 12-step treatment program that members believe is the basis of recovery.

"This is not the program of recovery,' said Neeley, 44, a program manager at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. "Recovery comes first. If you have to be at a 12-step meeting, go. Don't come here to rehearsal because if you go out and use, we've lost you, anyway.

'This choir is a vehicle to re-enter society, to become productive, to take responsibility, to give praise to God,' he said.

'It is a form of support,' said musician Michael Kyle, the choir founder and director. A recovering addict and former member of the popular Dayton funk band Slave, Kyle, 37, began pulling the choir together a year ago. They perform for recovery programs and organizations, churches. "We want to give back," said Kyle, adding that the group performs for free but accepts donations to cover expenses.

He has recruited far and wide, from churches and 12-step groups. Daryl Hart was walking down Germantown Street, singing an Usher tune, when Kyle strolled up to him. 'Hey, man, you want to join a choir?' Hart showed up for a Tuesday rehearsal and kept coming back.

No audition is required. Thirty members thus far are a motley crew - black, white, just out of prison, on solid career paths, loners, mothers, fathers, Gen-Xers, boomers and disabled.

Not every member is a recovering addict. Some are drug counselors, or friends and family members of addicts. For them, 'the choir is a way of admitting the guilt and shame that someone in your family is an addict and you don't know what to do," said Neeley.

Joy Mays, school bus driver and mother of seven, is recovering from a relative's drug abuse.

At a recent rehearsal, everybody clapped, oohed and ahhed at Michel Ponce's testimonial:

'I am in recovery from nicotine. I've been six weeks off nicotine. I prayed. I asked God to take the desire for cigarettes from me. He's still working on me because I still have the desire. But I have a greater desire to hold up my end of the choir to bring God's goodness, grace and mercy to others.'

Rowena Clark is a recovering loner. 'I am a single parent and I also have cerebral palsy. With that, I'm not able to get around. I felt myself sticking too close to home.'

For some, carrying a tune is a challenge. Others sing naturally as nightingales. Others have some professional training. When they lift their voices together, there is harmony.

"When people hear us, they can tell we've been to the depths," said William Roberts.

He is reminded of those depths every day at work as steel bars slam behind him and his feet fall loudly on the antiseptic floor of a prison. At the Dayton Human Rehabilitation Center, Roberts is counselor/coordinator of the Broken Dreams drug-rehab program. Up to 80 percent of the 429 inmates have "substance abuse issues," a prison official said.

'Hey, Bill.' 'How you doing man?' Inmates in gray uniforms call to him. Roberts smiles with empathy, almost a sense of kinship.

Eleven years ago, Roberts was an inmate.

Crack cocaine sneaked up on him. He was a clean, church-going boy from a good ***working-class*** family, the son of a postal worker. Roberts had an associate's degree and was building a career in higher-education administration.

In 1986, he had big ambitions. 'I wanted to start a business, but I didn't know how to get the capital. So I started selling drugs.'

He grew arrogant. Dealing 'drugs gives you a false sense of power because you have money.'

Crack, the potent, smokable form of cocaine, fascinated Roberts. 'I couldn't believe the effect it was having on people. I saw people sacrificing everything. People I had admired my whole life were selling everything,' he said.

'My mind said they were weak. It wouldn't happen to me. I thought I had absolute power. I was a legend in my own mind.'

Roberts indulged. Deeply. It was awesome. 'It was that thing that I was missing in my life, that knot in my stomach of incompleteness, that sense of inadequacy that, no matter what you have or do, you just don't measure up. I really thought I had found my best friend in the world.'

He went down quickly. He grew paranoid. He heard voices and sounds. He pulled guns on people and chased them for no reason. 'I believed everyone was out to get me." He lost his apartment, his nice clothes. He broke in a car. He was arrested for public intoxication and attempted drug abuse. In 1989, he served 52 days in the rehab center.

In early 1990, he was charged with aggravated trafficking but plea bargained for treatment and probation, court records show. Roberts said he went straight to the Salvation Army's rehabilitation program. He stayed seven months. A counselor took interest in his ability to encourage others strugglig with addiction. Roberts ate, slept and dreamed by the 12-step program. Opportunities knocked. He went back to church. Today, he's proud to call himself a single father of a 12-year-old daughter.

Ken Brown, Roberts' supervisor at the city rehab center, praises Roberts as a solid counselor who 'gives more than 100 percent.' "He is very spiritual," said Brown.

"He has helped me to truly believe that you got to have a spiritual awakening to get over drugs," said 47-year-old inmate Peter Boyd, who is serving six months for possession. He is trying to kick a heroin habit.

Even good sermons and satisfying work did not totally replace that missing thing, that incompleteness, Roberts felt.

But the fellowship of the choir has filled him up.

There have been times when members wanted to quit. There were no musicians. Engagements were canceled. Or so and so caught an attitude. Or somebody relapsed. Or somebody didn't show up. That's when Kyle, Neeley or Roberts got on the telephone and called and called. Till they come back.

Roberts sees growth, hope and miracles -in members such as Cooper, who kicked cocaine well over a year ago after a lifetime of substance abuse. Instead of working bars, she is now employed at the Miami Valley Child Development Center as a data-entry clerk. And she is back to being a mother to her 10-year-old daughter, Tawni. And Cooper shows up now for rehearsals and performances , always smiling or weeping. For the first time in her life, she feels like she fits in. "The choir is part of the chain that connects me to my anchor, God," she said.

Kyle, whose eloquent hands direct the choir, also seems to direct their souls. "He's not going to let us give up," said one member.

On Sunday, as the choir's songs filled the cavernous Dayton Mall, one woman turned from her shopping and wept. The Rev. Rosunde Nichols of Victory United Methodist Church has called them 'amazing grace.'

You see, Roberts explained again, "We have been to the depths.'

He opened his mouth on Sunday to sing Blessed and from those depths flowed a rhythmic tenor. It merged gloriously with Cooper's soprano, Joy Mays' alto and Daryl Hart's tenor, sung from throats once hoarce and parched with craving.

My way may not be easy

You never said that it would be…

That's why I'm asking you

Lord , help to hold out, until my change comes.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: EUSTACIO HUMPHREY DAYTON DAILY NEWS 1 - William Roberts and Nicole Cooper celebrate the changes in their lives through the music of the Voices of Fellowship choir. 2 - William Roberts (left) still calls himself an addict, even though he works as a counselor at the Dayton Human Rehabilitation Center. His past experiences have enabled him to help others work toward recovery. 3 - Roberts, a former inmate, is now a chemical dependency technician at the Dayton Rehabilitation Center, where he works with those battling addiction. Here, he counsels Dolores Smith (left) and Lisa McDowell. 4 - Among the changes in Cooper's life is a reconcilliation with her daughter, Tawni.

**Load-Date:** December 29, 1998

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[***VOLUNTEERS STAY ON FRONT LINE OF FIRE PROTECTION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V7Y-95B0-0094-54RW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 2, 1998, Wednesday,

WEST EDITION

Copyright 1998 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** METRO,

**Length:** 1747 words

**Byline:** LINDA WILSON FUOCO, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Nicholas Radoycis has a bed in his Mc-Kees Rocks home, but he hardly ever sleeps in it. Instead, he sleeps most nights on the living room couch, clad in a sweat suit. His shoes and a jumpsuit are within arm's reach. His coat hangs on a dining room chair, close to the front door.

"My mom yells at me all the time about the coat," says Radoycis, a firefighter since 1983 and chief of the 34-member McKees Rocks Volunteer Fire Department since 1991.

"I can be out of the house in one minute. I've timed myself," Radoycis says. "I am in the firehouse three minutes later."

His mother, Mary Radoycis, is accustomed to living with firefighters. Her husband, Nicholas Sr., was a McKees Rocks volunteer for six years before quitting in 1958 to become a police officer.

Though Tennessee is the Volunteer state, Pennsylvania could easily claim that distinction when it comes to fighting fires. As the birthplace of volunteer firefighting, dating back to the late 1700s when Ben Franklin established the first company, Pennsylvanians risk life and limb in greater numbers volunteering to fight fires than residents of any other state.

There are 70,000 volunteer firefighters in 2,418 companies statewide, outnumbering the 12,000 "career" firefighters in the 40 companies that never use volunteers. Volunteers save their communities an estimated $ 5 billion a year in salaries and benefits.

But their numbers are declining - down from 130,000 in the last 20 years, according to the Pennsylvania Fire Commission.

Why would anyone voluntarily perform, for no pay and little thanks, one of the most dangerous jobs in the world - a job that claims some 100 lives in the United States every year?

It is a job that, when the siren calls, forces the volunteer to drop everything, to leave spouses, children and sometimes their jobs, to walk away from Christmas dinners and from Monday night football games.

What inspires people, including increasing numbers of women, to volunteer?

"There's no one answer to explain why we do it," says Radoycis. "I think it's the challenge and the feeling we get from making a situation better."

Firefighters commonly cite two reasons: community service and family tradition. Many volunteers follow grandfathers, fathers, uncles and brothers into a service that helps make their hometowns better places to live.

But something else motivates many of them.

Call it the guts-and-glory factor, macho bravado, the moth attracted to flame. It's the adrenaline rush, the excitement of doing something dangerous.

It's an experience that is hard to explain to people who have never voluntarily entered a 2,000-degree inferno.

"Fire evokes horror and fascination," says Marko Bourne, a York County volunteer fireman and press secretary in the Pennsylvania Fire Commissioner's Office. "People are drawn to fire. We never want to see it, but we do not want to miss it when it happens."

"The adrenaline pumps, no question," Radoycis says. "Minutes after you jump out of bed you're running into a burning building. Is it scary? You don't think about that. You rely on your training and the team effort of very brave fellow firefighters."

There's an axiom that firefighters are fond - and proud - of repeating:

"When everyone else is running out of a burning building, we're running in."

"To put that another way, some would say firefighters aren't wrapped too tight," says Terry Gruneberg, who has been doing it for 25 years with Mt. Lebanon VFD.

Fires are a defining force for Radoycis. By day he's an Allegheny County assistant district attorney, spending much of his time prosecuting people who set fires.

"When I was hired 13 years ago, my supervisor said, ' You're a fireman? Great! You can prosecute arsons.' "

Radoycis is passionate about it because "people get hurt in fires. Firemen get hurt. It bothers you that people would do this."

Arson has been a problem in Radoycis' hometown of 50 years.

"McKees Rocks had a serious arson problem and we were lucky to find a suspect. When we convicted him, our calls dropped drastically. Last year we had 53 calls. There used to be over 140."

Radoycis, like most firefighters, has never experienced the thrill of rescuing a person trapped in a burning building. And that's a good thing, according to firefighters interviewed for this story. It illustrates the value of more training, better equipment, stricter building codes, fire prevention programs and smoke detectors.

Radoycis' experience in McKees Rocks is decidedly different from that of volunteer firefighters in Mt. Lebanon. There, the beeps of pagers have generally replaced sirens as the method of rousting volunteers.

When beepers go off in Mt. Lebanon - as they do about 1,700 times each year - the blue-lighted vehicles that arrive at the scene include sport utility vehicles, Volvos and other expensive cars. Yet, perhaps paradoxically, wealthy Mt. Lebanon seems to have less trouble finding volunteers than less affluent communities in the South Hills.

In the world of firefighting - a job traditionally viewed as a blue-collar, ***working-class*** pursuit - Mt. Lebanon's 36-member force includes attorneys, software engineers, tradespeople, chemical engineers, a CPA and an Internet Web site designer.

The department has other elements that set it apart from the majority of volunteer departments. Mt. Lebanon firefighters do not stage bingo games, carnivals, haunted houses or raffles.

A once-a-year mailing to the town's 33,000 residents covers costs of trucks and other equipment.

Elected officials allocate $ 1.6 million per year, which includes salaries and benefits for 15 paid "career firefighters."

"Don't call them professional firefighters," says Bourne, the Fire Commission press secretary, who is a former career fireman and a current volunteer. To do so would be to suggest that volunteers aren't professionals.

"Today's volunteers are highly trained," Bourne says. "Pennsylvania is unique. We provide training programs on demand at no cost to the volunteers."

Mt. Lebanon VFD "has the best equipment and training that money can buy," says volunteer department Vice President Rick Bean.

The grandson of a former Green Tree chief, Bean has been a firefighter 13 years. He is a self-employed carpenter, "which gives me some flexibility in responding to fire calls. I volunteer about 40 hours a month, but you don't have to put in that much time."

Another heavy-hitter in the time-dona tion department is Gruneberg, a certified public accountant.

"Terry made the mistake of retiring [from his paid job] recently," jokes Chief Steve Darcangelo.

Besides using his professional skills to handle the company's bills and bookkeeping, Gruneberg is one of only five volunteers who can drive the company's big rigs.

"Big toys for big boys," he answers with sparkling eyes and a big grin, when asked if he enjoys it.

Mt. Lebanon's aged art deco municipal building puts special demands on fire truck drivers. The garage doors are only 8 inches wider than the company's widest pumper truck.

When a call comes in, firemen have to stop traffic on Washington Road while trucks are eased out of their cramped quarters. The situation has unified the company in a push for new quarters.

Darcangelo, a full-time paid fireman who started his 30-year career as a volunteer, noted that only two Mt. Lebanon residents have died in fires in the last 20 years, a testament, he says, to his department's skills.

"Fortunately, we do not have many fires in Mt. Lebanon, but we are very busy," Darcangelo says.

"Most of our time is spent NOT fighting fires," says the man who has made 500 visits to schoolchildren, who know him as "Firefighter Kevin."

Firefighter Kevin S. Maehling is also one of the guys who wears the "Sparky" Dalmatian suit at parades and public appearances.

He's been hanging out at the station since he was 5 years old because his father, the late J. Peter Maehling, was a Mt. Lebanon volunteer for 36 years, including a stint as chief.

Kevin Maehling became a junior fireman at 14, served seven years as a volunteer and the last nine as a "career" fireman.

The fire department does free chimney inspections and "whole-house evaluations" that include a safety check on wiring. Firefighters - and trucks - go to 50 block parties each year.

The department is also one of the few local companies to have a Web site designed and maintained by volunteer Joe Polk, 27, a Web page designer by profession.

Polk is the company's "other" Sparky. "No, it's not a punishment," he says, in response to ribbing. "I enjoy it. You get to take on a new personality. It's especially fun when I see friends at parades and they don't know it's me."

"There is a tremendous sense of camaraderie and friendship among firefighters," Bourne says.

And volunteers are still willing to volunteer, he suggests, because this esprit appeals to them and because the work earns them community respect.

"In many ways we are the last of the good guys. Police officers are underappreciated," even heavily criticized in some quarters. "Very rarely do you ever hear anyone complain about firemen."

\* \* \*

Certainly that was the case one day in Bethel Park.

Children screamed as flames got higher and hotter, trapping them inside their home. Bethel Park firefighters who answered the siren's call were met by a grim-faced police chief who issued a statement that was part opinion, part command:

"You can't get them out."

Firefighters were reluctant to accept that pronouncement. Their fire chief refused to accept it.

"I sent my two best guys in," recalls former Bethel Park Mayor Reno Virgili. "When they came out a few minutes later, one was shaking his head and the other was crying like a baby. You don't know what that does to you hearing children scream.

"I said ' I'm going in, damn you. This is no time to cry.' I got to the children - two little boys - and threw them to other firefighters" who had followed him into the fire. "Then I went after their grandmother.

"The floor joists were burning. John Foster and John Shisler caught her just before she fell all the way in. She panicked when I picked her up to carry her out. She fought me and knocked my mask off."

With his air supply cut off, Virgili carried her to safety. His lungs were damaged "and my liver and kidneys temporarily shut down. I recovered, but I had liver problems for the next 20 years."

Virgili, 68, recounts the rescue nearly 30 years later, recalling a "career" that ran from 1953 through 1979. He said he had no regrets about compromising his health doing a job that paid nothing.

**Load-Date:** December 5, 1998

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[***Adaptation;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:488G-D950-00J2-32PM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Craig Wright cut through the sprawl of Sinclair Lewis' epic Minnesota novel "Main Street" and found a young woman unsure of her artistic convictions, tormented by gossipy neighbors.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:488G-D950-00J2-32PM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 30, 2003, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. 1F

**Length:** 1984 words

**Byline:** Graydon Royce; Staff Writer

**Body**

On Jan. 2, playwright Craig Wright sat down in the basement rehearsal hall of Great American History Theatre to listen as cast members read through his second draft of "Main Street." Wright, a staff writer for HBO's "Six Feet Under," was back in his hometown visiting friends so Ron Peluso, the theater's artistic director, seized the opportunity to gather his actors around a table and gauge how this adaptation of Sinclair Lewis' 1920 novel sounded to the ear.

    "It's about 65 pages," Wright said. "There are about 50 good ones. I'd like to find the 15 that aren't and look for ways to fix them, or throw them out. I just want you to know it isn't perfect."

    It had been about a year since Wright approached Peluso with the notion of finding a play within "Main Street," the most definitive Minnesota novel ever written. Lewis' masterwork prefigured cultural tussles that rage today, began to sketch the outlines of that passive/aggressive phenomenon called "Minnesota Nice" and appreciated, like only a native son could, the environmental landscape where high plains meet forest.

   "Main Street," though, is a sprawling, episodic novel with characters and plots that aggressively chart their own course. Wright and Peluso wondered about how to adapt it for the stage.

     They tinkered with the idea of a big-scale musical, splashing glib characterizations on the little town of Gopher Prairie and its cocooned denizens. But Wright felt Lewis' work was more complex and ambiguous. He and Peluso decide to focus on the relationship between Carol Kennicott, an educated and sophisticated St. Paulite who wants to transform Gopher Prairie into a cultured village, and her doctor husband, Will, who, like his townfolk, thinks things are just dandy in this peppy little burg on the prairie.

     Wright listened at the January reading, and also filled in for one absent actor. He crossed out whole paragraphs and made extensive margin notes. He and the actors looked at their scripts, suggested moving scenes, trimming, streamlining, expanding \_ seeking to somehow swing the dramatic arc toward Carol. Afterward, he offered his thoughts.

     "It feels like parts of a play, but I don't see a play," he said. He was right \_ the piece seemed more a travelogue of Carol's life.

     "I think it's the story of a woman who wanted to be an artist but didn't have the courage of her own convictions," he said. "And she turned her self-hatred onto the inhabitants of a small town \_ people who are provincial, but they never asked to be improved or analyzed. So I think it's a lot about the inner turmoil of a person who retreated into marriage and retreated into small-town living because she didn't know what else to do with herself."

    In Wright's mind, Carol represents Lewis' frustrations as an artist, his feelings of ostracism and his relationship with his father.

Son of a doctor

     Like Will Kennicott, Edwin J. Lewis was a well-respected doctor in a small Minnesota town, Sauk Centre. His third son, Harry Sinclair Lewis, was born in 1885, and the unattractive lad with horrible skin problems never fit in. Still, he was sharp enough to attend Yale and knew he wanted to write. He dropped his first name and from 1910 to 1915 worked in New York publishing houses.

     "Main Street" was Lewis' sixth novel and became a startling success \_ selling 180,000 copies (the author himself had hoped for perhaps 10,000). It established his reputation in American letters, and the title became part of the cultural lexicon \_ shorthand for small towns, for a common-folk ethic that is happily myopic and distrustful of big-city ways. In a brief autobiography that he wrote for the program at the 1930 Nobel Prize ceremonies, Lewis commented on the scandalous effect his book had.

     "One of the most treasured American myths had been that all American villages were peculiarly noble and happy, and here an American attacked that myth," Lewis wrote. "Some hundreds of thousands read the book with the same masochistic pleasure that one has in sucking an aching tooth."

     His Nobel autobiography also reveals Lewis' affection for the small-town America that he scaldingly indicted:   "My real travelling has been sitting in Pullman smoking cars, in a Minnesota village, on a Vermont farm, in a hotel in Kansas City or Savannah, listening to the normal daily drone of what are to me the most fascinating and exotic people in the world \_ the 'Average Citizens of the United States,' with their friendliness to strangers and their rough teasing, their passion for material advancement and their shy idealism, their interest in all the world and their boastful provincialism."

   A cult of celebrity has allowed F. Scott Fitzgerald \_ with his stylish wife and New York longings \_ to overshadow Lewis, a writer who was more accomplished and prolific. Lewis' importance to Minnesota far outstrips his contemporary's.

   In "Main Street," Lewis proposes that there are Gopher Prairies in every state, and even points out that large cities aren't immune from the tendency toward insularity and humdrum. He championed the ***working class***, the farmers and dispossessed \_ an ethic that helped define Progressive and later Farmer-Labor politics in Minnesota. He points out that this state is "double Puritan" with roots in Yankee expatriates and northern-European immigrants. And even in his biting portraits of noxious gossips, he forces us to realize through Carol's epiphany that she has given them permission to shame her.

      Lewis returned to Minnesota to live several times \_ in fact he wrote "Main Street" in Mankato, Carol's hometown. He flitted between Lake Minnetonka, Minneapolis and Duluth later in life, never settling for long but always fascinated by the natural beauty of his home state, an ethic that celebrates the woods and lakes and farm fields at the same time he paints a drab view of Gopher Prairie.

     "Another perfect day, all jade and sapphire. No place can have more beautiful days than Minnesota when it behaves," he wrote in August 1942, in a diary edited by Duluth professor George Killough.

Back to the grindstone

     Wright brought his notes from the January reading back to Los Angeles, where he worked on rewrites when he wasn't busy with "Six Feet Under" and other projects. He said he likes having several works going at once "because then everything feels like a vacation from everything else." On Feb. 11, he shipped a new draft to Peluso for another reading that night in St. Paul.

     "I trimmed some stuff, added some," he said over the phone from L.A. "I don't want to over-analyze everything I'm doing so that when it comes time to critique it in the newspaper, then everyone will say he wanted to do X, Y, Z, and he didn't do it. You understand my caution? It's like pre-criticizing the play by giving you too much ammunition."

      After a little prodding, Wright said his rewrites are dedicated to sharpening Carol's arc. He divides the script into sections \_ some as small as a single scene \_ and gives each a title.

     "Then I look at each section and say, OK, if the title of this section is 'Carol Gets to Know the Town,' is Carol getting to know the town, and how can we make this more about Carol getting to know the town?" he said.

     While his initial impulse and theme never change, Wright said, the play becomes clearer as he reorganizes and begins to recognize the work of art evolving under his direction.

     At that reading in St. Paul, the cast \_ all five this time \_ seem lukewarm over this version. Yes, it's streamlined, but the actors feel that the script has lost some of its warmth.

    "I desperately miss that scene where she tells him she's pregnant," said Carolyn Pool, who portrays Carol.

     Stephen D'Ambrose questions the inclusion of a scene in which Carol talks with Guy Pollock, a cultured older man who presages Carol's future if she were to stay in Gopher Prairie. A few observers felt the scene was worthy as a vision of what Carol has to face. In Lewis' book, Pollock tells Carol that he fell victim to the "Village Virus," an affliction that makes small-town life seem comfortable and easy, despite the narrow-minded ennui.

     Asked about the scene later, Wright \_ who was not at the February reading \_ said that the scene was in an early version, then cut out for the January reading, then added back in for this draft.

    "It risks being right on the nose," he said. "You don't want to be obvious and preachy." It does, though, work within Carol's psychology as she contemplates what her life might become in Gopher Prairie. As of two weeks ago, it was still in the script.

The final act

   Rehearsals started three weeks ago with Peluso at the helm of a fourth draft, although he and Wright expect more changes right up until the show opens Saturday. During a recent break in rehearsal, Peluso commented that he and Wright had talked that morning about the playwright's interest in puttering with the play's ending.

    Wright is wary of discussing it over the phone, worrying that people will focus on the ending and wonder whether he made the right choice.

    "But if you're going to talk about the ending being wiggled around at the end of the process, then I guess I would say that happens in every play."

     Fair enough. The fourth draft reflects all the original intent, the comments, observations and ideas thrown into the hopper by anyone who's watched a reading, or put this script on its feet in rehearsal \_ the actors. With all that feedback, does Wright ever feel that his vision of the piece has become compromised?

    "I know when to draw a line in the sand, and the answer is not that often," he said. "Because in general, you can arrive at the little summit of your molehill of genius lots of different ways. Some people get to the top of their hill by being the most stubborn, close-minded, tunnel-vision kind of genius. I'm trying to listen and be the initiator of a creative process that little by little everyone becomes part of."

     Pool and Brian Goranson, who plays Will, have found the integrity of their characters unchanged through the process.

     "He's the same guy," said Goranson. "He's not complicated. He says what he means. He's conservative. He has a difficult time talking about ideas or anything complex." He paused. "I think he loves her a lot, but he doesn't know how to handle her.

     "I think Craig, with each draft \_ especially this one \_ gives Will more opportunity to be less of a pushover. He says lots of cruel things without intent."

     Pool was happy to see the pregnancy scene reinstated and said her challenge with Carol is to avoid stridency. This is, after all, a person who comes to realize that people in Gopher Prairie are not that different from folks in other towns and cities across America.

     In an earlier conversation, Wright said as much, but he articulated an interesting derivation that starts to delineate Minnesota.

     "One of the complicated things about Minnesota to me," said Wright, "is things like hypocrisy and provincialism, they're quite often put \_ how can I say this \_ in the service of very defensible values and ideas. Whereas in some towns, social pressures and false politeness might be used to promote racism, in Minnesota they are used to promote all kinds of good things \_ a clean lake, or voting Democrat. And that's not a criticism \_ I love Minnesota \_ but that particular blend of medium and message, to me, whether it's unique to Minnesota, it's something that's very Minnesotan."

     Much like "Main Street."

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Graydon Royce is at [*groyce@startribune.com*](mailto:groyce@startribune.com).

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IF YOU GO

     Main Street

     What: Adapted by Craig Wright from Sinclair Lewis' novel. Directed by Ron Peluso.

     When: Previews at 7:30 p.m. Wed.-Thu., 8 p.m. Fri; opens 8 p.m. Sat.

     Where: Great American History Theatre, 30 E. 10th St., St. Paul.

     Tickets: $23-$27. 651-292-4323.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** April 1, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Beccaria is a champion of and for his community The driven man is the heart of Phoenixville's health foundation.;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GMJ-4SW0-0190-X104-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PEOPLE IN THE NEWS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GMJ-4SW0-0190-X104-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 2, 2003 Sunday N-CHESTER EDITION

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**Section:** NEIGHBORS CHESTER & BRANDYWINE; Pg. L04

**Length:** 2100 words

**Byline:** Susan Weidener INQUIRER SUBURBAN STAFF

**Dateline:** PHOENIXVILLE

**Body**

Louis Beccaria, president and chief executive officer of the Phoenixville Community Health Foundation, says he doesn't want to sound like a crusader.

But it's hard not to, he admits.

After touring a free clinic in the heart of this old steel town, Beccaria remarked, "No one should go through life experiencing injustice or abuse.

"Maybe I have this rose-colored look at life, but everyone ought to have some basic level of a good life . . . like giving people access to health care."

The foundation serves not only Phoenixville and much of northern Chester County but also a big chunk of central Montgomery County, including Collegeville, Limerick, and Lower and Upper Providence.

In Phoenixville, the clinic at 143 Church St. is in the renovated rectory of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. The uninsured, regardless of income, can get free health care from doctors and nurses who donate their services, and the foundation was instrumental in arranging $12,100 in grants for the clinic, which is also funded through private donations. "People are averaging $14 donations when they see a physician here," Beccaria said after the tour. "That is great, considering many of them are out of work."

Beccaria, 57, wants the focus on the Phoenixville Community Health Foundation, not himself, but most who know him say it is virtually impossible to separate the two.

"He is the foundation," said Richard Kunsch, who is board chairman of the foundation as well as president of Phoenixville Federal Savings Bank. . .He finds a way to make things happen for those who are most in need."

The foundation was started in 1998 after Phoenixville Hospital was sold to the nonprofit University of Pennsylvania Health System. With a $32 million endowment, the foundation has channeled $7.5 million into good works and projects in the 19 towns served by the hospital.

"He is on a mission. . . . It is almost religious for him," said Frances Sheehan, president and chief executive officer of the Brandywine Health and Wellness Foundation. An example, Sheehan said, is the foundation's new initiative, called Phoenixville Respite Care, which offers relief for those who are caring for ill family members.

"I don't think you can separate who Lou is personally from who he is professionally," Sheehan said. "He is one of the most compassionate people I have ever known."

Beccaria said the service grew out of a desire to offer relief from the stress and burnout that can come when someone is taking care of an ill or handicapped person.

"Everyone should be able to have a Friday night out to dinner or a movie. No one should have to be chained to the house," he said.

Beccaria's interest in helping others has its roots in his childhood growing up in the Tioga section of Philadelphia.

Beccaria, an only child in a ***working-class*** family, said his parents never went beyond ninth grade and were determined to make the sacrifices to send him to college. His father made massive gears for bridges; his mother worked in an electronics factory.

"My father, John, was a very outgoing person involved in helping people," Beccaria said. "He was an usher at church, a volunteer for community ambulance companies, a Knight of Columbus."

Beccaria has two grown children - a son, David, head baseball coach at Haverford College, and daughter Andrea, a critical care nurse at Christiana Hospital, in Delaware. He has been divorced for 13 years and said that the job of running the foundation is all he really needs.

"This is going to sound boring. I love what I do so much; it fulfills all my needs, and it is fun. It is almost like a ministry." His workweek averages 50 to 60 hours.

Before coming to Phoenixville, Beccaria was president of the Stewart Huston Charitable trust in Coatesville from 1992 to 1998. He forged bonds with that community, making grant awards in excess of $1 million to nonprofit charitable organizations. Before that he held a variety of posts, including chief of staff to Delaware's secretary of the Department of Health and Social Services, and director of development at the University of Delaware. He has a doctorate in urban affairs and public policy from the University of Delaware.

"I like working in a small community where you know everyone on a first-name basis, where you can help people, and things are done more informally," Beccaria said, sipping coffee in the foundation's offices on Valley Forge Road.

"I don't have patience for a lot of bureaucracy; that's why I would not do well in a corporation. Here you can make things happen," said Beccaria, who makes $99,000 as head of the foundation.

His ability to find people and connect with them has resulted in a program lauding the community's unsung heroes. He hosts the weekly TV show, Poking Around Phoenixville, on Channel 54, Pottstown Community TV, highlighting community folks with interesting or unusual backgrounds.

Beccaria says he just hopes the foundation can continue to be a vehicle to help the community that he both loves and lives in. This year he is president of the Phoenixville Rotary Club and is on the board of directors of the Phoenixville Chamber of Commerce.

"The community," he said, "has a very positive sense of self-esteem and pride in its roots as a steel town, and it has a sense of optimism about its future as it goes about redefining itself for life in the 21st century."

Best of all, he said, "the Phoenixville area has a lot of very nice people who care deeply about their community."

Send People news to suburban staff writer Susan Weidener, The Inquirer, 120 N. High St., West Chester, Pa. 19380; e-mail it to [*PApeople@phillynews.com*](mailto:PApeople@phillynews.com); or fax to 610-701-7630. Contact Susan Weidener at 610-701-7623 or [*sweidener@phillynews.com*](mailto:sweidener@phillynews.com).

Public Service

\*FREE\* Allied Health & Nursing Career Fair 2003 With more than 30 area healthcare providers. Delaware County Community College, A Bldg, 901 S Media Line Rd, Media; 610-359-5331. Noon-2 p.m. 3/5.

Marcus Hook Children's Learning Center Seeks used cell phones, empty printer cartridges for fund new playground fundraiser. Drop off: Learning Center, 46 E 10th St, Marcus Hook; 610-494-2009. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Mons-Fris.

West Whiteland Twp Parks & Recreation Discount tickets to area ski resorts at Rec Dept. Call ahead before pick-up. 110 West Boot Rd, Exton; 610-363-9525.

Volunteer Calls

Adult Literacy Program Volunteers needed to help students speak, read & write English. Bayard Taylor Memorial Library, 216 E State St, Kennett Square; 610-444-2702. Training provided; session begins 3/12. Registration required.

American Helicopter Museum & Education Center Seeks volunteers for guides, admissions & gift shop. 1220 American Blvd, West Chester; 610-436-9600.

Domestic Violence Center of Chester County Seeks volunteers for 24-hour phone line, court accompaniment, community outreach, public speaking, etc. 610-431-3546. Training provided; session starts 3/3.

Mentoring Programs YWCA of Chester Co seeks women mentors for program to help women who want to move their lives in a new direction. YWCA of Chester County, 123 N. Church St, West Chester; 610-692-3737.

Ombudsmen Chester Co Long Term Care Ombudsman Program seeks individuals to make difference in lives of residents of nursing homes, personal care homes & assisted living facilities. 610-344-6350 or 800-692-1100 ext 6350.

The Crime Victim's Center of Chester County Volunteers work with staff to serve clients & their families. West Chester; 610-692-1926. Training begins March.

Underground Railroad Conductors Sought Chester County Historical Society seeks volunteers for their Just Over the Line:Chester County & the Underground Railroad exhibit to run through April. 225 N High St, West Chester; 610-692-4066, ext 231 Call for training schedule.

Winterthur Historic site & museum seeks volunteers to assist with tours. Kennett Pike, , Winterthur; 800-448-3883 or (TTY) 302-888-4907. [*www.winterthur.org*](http://www.winterthur.org).

Religion Calendar

Calvary Lutheran Church 730 S New St, West Chester; 610-696-2475. Taize worship service. 7 p.m. today. Senior High Youth monthly gathering. 7-9 p.m. 3/9. Call for location.

Moms Mentoring Moms Regular mtgs, speakers, crafts, devotional times. Child care provided. Calvary Bible Church, 110 Valley Park Rd, Phoenixville; 610-933-6225. 9:30-11:15 a.m. 1st & 3d Weds of month.

St Peter's Church in the Great Valley Church Rd, between Swedesford & Yellow Springs Rds, Paoli; 610-644-2261. [*www.stpetersgv.org*](http://www.stpetersgv.org). Sunday School. 10:10 a.m. Suns. Adult Bible Study & open forum. Sessions between 9 a.m. & 11 a.m. Sun services. Wed Morning Bible Study. 10 a.m. Weds.

Suburban Jewish Community Center - Bnai Aaron 560 Mill Rd, Havertown; 610-446-1967.

Temple Brith Achim 481 S Gulf Rd, King of Prussia; 610-337-2222. [*www.uahc.org/congs/pa/pa019*](http://www.uahc.org/congs/pa/pa019). Powell Religious School: Preschool-grade 6 (8:30 & 11 a.m. Suns). Grades 3-6 (4:30 & 6:15 p.m. Weds). Grade 7 (6 p.m. Tues). Grades 8-10 (7 p.m. Tues). Call for other programs including choirs, cradle roll.

Meetings

The Art League Art discussions. Main Line Chamber of Commerce (Conference Center), 175 Strafford Ave (Suite 230), Wayne; 610-859-0765. 1 p.m. 2d Fri of mnth.

Barnes & Noble 150 W Swedesford Rd, Devon; 610-695-6600. French Conversation. 7 p.m. Weds Spirituality Book Group. 7 p.m. 2d Mon of month. Theater Talk. 7 p.m. 2d Tue of month. Creative Writing. 7:30 p.m. 2d Thu of month. Spanish Conversation. 7 p.m. 3d Tue of month. Fiction Book Group. 3d Wed of month 7 p.m. Poets Here & Now. 7 p.m. 3d Thu of month. Journaling Workshops. 7 p.m. last Tue of month Living on Purpose. 7 p.m. last Thu of month

Barnes & Noble 301 N Main St, Exton; 610-524-0103. Writer's Discussion Group 7 p.m. 3d Thu of month. Book Groups: Fiction Book Discussion Group. 7 p.m. 1st Tue of month. Science Fiction Book Discussion Group. 7:30 p.m. 2d Tue of month. History/Biography Book Discussion Group. 7:30 p.m. 3d Wed of month.

Book Discussion Chester County Library, 450 Exton Square Pkwy, Exton; 610-280-2642. [*www.ccls.org*](http://www.ccls.org) 7:15 p.m. Mon. Reservation required.

Book Discussion Group Meets at member's house; sponsored by Friends of Newtown Library. 610-356-7981. 2 p.m. 3d Sun of month.

Business Networking Tri-County Business Network meets. Prudential Realtors, 216 Lancaster Ave, Wayne; 610-892-1166. 7:30 a.m. 1st Wed of month.

Delaware Co Camera Club Trinity Lutheran Church, 1141 West Chester Pike, Havertown; 610-352-7632. 7:30 p.m. Mons (except 1st Mon of month & holidays).

Child Free Network Social group for women without children holds monthly dinners, other events. 610-688-6899. [*http://chesco.nokidding.net*](http://chesco.nokidding.net). Basil's, Paoli. 6 p.m. 3/27. Cafe San Pietro, Ardmore. 4/29. Ristorante Primavera, Wayne. 5/28. Registration required.

Tredyffrin History Club Tredyffrin/Easttown group meets. Trinity Presbyterian Church, 640 Berwyn Ave, Berwyn; 610-644-8994. 2 p.m. last Sun of month.

LeTip Great Valley business networking group meets. New members welcome. Chester County Chamber of Business & Industry, 1600 Paoli Pike, Malvern; 610-291-7057. 7-8 p.m. Tues.

Main Line Stitchers American Needlepoint chapter meets. St Luke Evangelical Lutheran Church, 203 N Valley Forge Rd, Devon; 610-647-4462. 7:15 p.m. 2d Mon of month except July & Aug.

Newcomers Club Kennett Square Newcomers Club invites new residents for variety of meetings, activities. 610-274-0666. Call for schedule & locations.

Newcomers Club Central Chester Co group meets. Minquas Fire Hall, 202 E Lancaster Ave, Downingtown; 484-678-6690. 7 p.m. 2d Tue of month.

Rug Hooking Brandywine Rug Hooking Guild. Chester County Historical Society, 225 N High St, West Chester; 610-942-3992 or 610-458-7540. 7-10 p.m. 1st Wed of month.

Speakers Club Sunday Breakfast Speakers Club. Wyndham Suites Hotel, 888 Chesterbrook Blvd, Wayne; 610-408-8351. 8:45 a.m. 3d Suns.

University Women American Assoc of Univer Women/Valley Forge chapter. Tredyffrin Library, 582 Upper Gulph Rd, Wayne; 610-296-9392. 7 p.m. 2d Tue of month & 9:30 a.m. 2d Sat of month.

Snapshot

Louis Beccaria

Age: 57

Favorite book: "I generally like to read nonfiction works in the philanthropy field, works that relate to the human-interest side of the sports world, biography books, and those that have a philosophical/spiritual slant to them. I recently read A Guy Named Joe about Pennsylvania State University football coach Joe Paterno. Regarding the more philosophical/ spiritual type readings, I really liked Tuesdays With Morrie."

On movies: "I saw Chicago three times: I like movies and plays that are upbeat musicals and full of passion, energy, humor/comedy, and have a message. The musical scores were terrific, and the acting by all of the main characters was great, in my opinion."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

BOB WILLIAMS, Inquirer Suburban Staff

Louis Beccaria, president and CEO of the Phoenixville Community Health Foundation, stands with Mother Marie Swayze, pastor of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. A free clinic is in the renovated rectory.

**Load-Date:** July 14, 2005

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[***This bishop is no pawn;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V8F-9DY0-009B-P12M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***From the relative quiet of New Ulm, Minn., Bishop Raymond Lucker is making national and international news with his support of married clergy.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V8F-9DY0-009B-P12M-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

December 5, 1998, Metro Edition

Copyright 1998 Star Tribune

**Section:** Faith & Values; Pg. 5B

**Length:** 1691 words

**Byline:** Nolan Zavoral; Staff Writer

**Body**

The celebrated and controversial bishop ducked into an elevator full of people, expecting to ride without fanfare to the first floor of the Milwaukee hotel. Big mistake. The doors closed, mouths opened.

"There he is, the star of the day!" one man piped, and a spatter of applause and compliments fell upon Bishop Raymond Lucker of New Ulm, Minn.

A tall, stately man, wearing a collar and clerical black, Lucker had delivered one of the best-attended speeches during a two-day national meeting of Call to Action last month. Approximately 500 people rose to give the white-maned septuagenarian a standing ovation, after he had been introduced to the Catholic reformists as "someone who has spent a lifetime dedicated to church renewal."

Now, in a continuation of attention and adulation, Lucker, 71, was flushed crimson with embarrassment - glancing quickly up and then back down at his black shoetops.

"Ahhh," he said, so softly that you had to be standing beside him to hear it. "I never asked for this. I just wanted to be a parish priest."

A change of direction

Raymond Alphonse Lucker has not been a parish priest for 22 years, and he never will be again. His career has taken a turn, as they say, several in fact. One result is that he has become something of a celebrity among Catholics who believe, as he does, that Catholic laity has not only the option but the ecclesiastical obligation to share in the life of the church.

That married men should be ordained.

That the church should never stop renewing itself, in the spirit of the Second Vatican Council, and that, as he said, "the way in which primacy is exercised - as Pope John Paul himself acknowledged - is one of the greatest stumbling blocks to renewal."

In all these beliefs, Lucker walks the tightrope between Vatican hierarchy and American democracy. During his speech, shading his eyes to peer past the bright television lights into his audience, Lucker - a double Ph.D., in sacred theology (University of St. Thomas, Rome) and education (University of Minnesota) - placed the predicament in historical context.

"The two-tiered [form of] Catholicism existed for 1,500 years," he said. "There was the clergy and the laity. The church was identified with the clergy.

". . . But there should be no tiers today. All of us share in the mystery. All of us are teachers. All of us are listeners. All of us are followers of Christ."

'Prayerful discussion'

Lucker is both teacher and listener. He believes in open discussion of church issues, a "prayerful discussion," in which "we are guided by the spiritual teaching of the church - and if there are mistakes, let the theologians have at it."

But Lucker also abides by the Vatican's dictum that Catholic theologians and clerics should let stand, without debate, the church's opposition to the ordination of women.

If Lucker is a renegade, he is a faithful renegade. His motto hangs in his office: "Lord I do believe, but help my lack of trust (Mark 9:24)"

"For me, nothing is more important in my life than my faith," Lucker said. "Jesus has touched my life. . . . And through the grace of God I am able to say, 'Lord I believe in you, I trust you, I love you, I give you my life.' "

Throughout his clerical career, Lucker has weighed doctrine and theology: what the church teaches and how that teaching is expressed. It is a tug-of-war at times, a battleground, at the core of which is the mystery of God.

Serving up controversy

Occasionally Lucker has served a steaming public porridge that is too hot for most of the other U.S. bishops to digest.

Last summer, conducting official business at the Vatican with other bishops from Minnesota and North and South Dakota, Lucker took as strong a position as he could in favor of female priests, saying that the matter should be open for discussion - until Pope John Paul ordered an end to such talk.

Then, in the October edition of the Prairie Catholic, the New Ulm diocesan newspaper, Lucker posited that the solution to the priest shortage in his diocese and nationally was the ordination of married men. His candidness stirred discussion and controversy both in the church and in the American media. Lucker found himself interviewed by public television for the "Jim Lehrer News Hour," and the Associated Press carried his comments around the world.

In the article, Lucker stated, "I believe that there would be no incompatibility between marriage and the service of God's people. Ministers of other Christian churches have adequately demonstrated this to us."

Acknowledging that he was nearing the mandatory retirement age of 75 (in the year 2002) and wouldn't see church law changed in his lifetime, Lucker added, "Nevertheless, I think we need to pray over the issue, discuss it, and see if there wouldn't be some way to begin to have the ordination of married men."

Few bishops rallied publicly to Lucker's side. An exception was James Shannon, former auxiliary bishop of the Archdiocese of St. Paul and Minneapolis - himself a controversial figure who resigned as bishop 30 years ago in a dispute with the church.

"It [Lucker's statement] gives others courage," Shannon said. "I agree with him. I think what he says is reasonable."

More support

Former Archbishop John Roach, declining to debate Lucker's position, nevertheless stood fast with the man with whom he shares the same ordination date as bishop, Sept. 8, 1971.

"He's an explorer of options, and always has been," Roach said. "He had reached the point where he thought this option should be pursued. I'm not surprised. I don't find it a radical departure from the kind of progression of thought he's shown over the years.

"I'm sure he prayed and thought about it. I think he does what his conscience tells him."

Lucker, an avid gardener, allows his thoughts and positions to germinate like a seed, then flower in the light of evidence and reexamination. The issue of homosexuality, for example, brought this exchange:

Q. Do you condemn homosexuality?

A. Well, I would never condemn a homosexual person for what he or she is. The difficulty comes with living it, or acting out. We have a firm teaching [against] acting out.

Q. But there are studies showing that homosexuality could be predetermined, before birth. What then?

A. I struggle with that. Now the question is what do we expect a gay or lesbian person to do? I say we should study the guidance of Bishop [Thomas] Gumbleton, who says we should be pastorally sensitive. He says that we know the teaching of the church - and we should let homosexual people know it - and tell them they have to do the best they can according to their conscience.

Q. So what would you tell a gay or lesbian Catholic who came to you for advice?

A. Well, I don't hear things like that. Parish priests in this diocese would.

Q. Hypothetically, then, what would you say?

A. I would give the teaching of the church and the principles of theology, and I would tell them to apply them to their daily lives. That's where they would follow their conscience.

Q. Would you tell them they're going to hell if they don't change their ways?

A. I would never do that, in any case. Only God knows the condition of a soul.

On the way up

For the first part of ordained life, Lucker - third of six children born to a St. Paul railroad worker and his wife - seemed as upwardly mobile as a corporate whiz kid. In 1966, still under 40, he became superintendent of education for the Archdiocese of St. Paul and Minneapolis; three years later, he moved to Washington, D.C., to head the department of education for the U.S. Catholic Conference.

In a 1984 interview in U.S. Catholic magazine, Lucker refuted the theory of teaching Catholicism that relied on cramming information, as if for a final. He talked about "going through a series of instructions, through handing on a body of truths, along with a series of obligations and responsibilities."

"We didn't really call them a conversion - we didn't say there had to be a change of heart," he said. "Conversion is a continuous process. It's not something that happened just when you were baptized, confirmed, or married; but it's every day."

Eventually, Lucker filtered out of the educational mainstream and into parish life. He began at St. Austin's in Minneapolis in 1971; then four years later the Church of the Assumption, St. Paul, and finally, bishop in New Ulm, in 1976.

Looking to move

It was, and is, farm country, principally, just 9,300 square miles, with a Catholic population of 72,000 out of a population of 285,000. And after about a decade or so, Lucker figured it was time to move on, pump new blood into the diocesan arteries.

Yet he remained locked into the New Ulm diocese, residing in a community of religious in the Catholic Pastoral Center, just outside of town, past a row of ash trees standing straight as pencils. There were openings elsewhere, and he knew his name was on the short-list, but the positions were filled with others: the much larger St. Cloud diocese, even an archbishop's position in Iowa.

The possibility that Lucker had been "blackballed" by one or two prelates at the Vatican hung over the decisions.

"I always suspect my strong support of women in the church had something to do with it," Lucker said, and he cited another bishop who suggested as much.

"But," Lucker added, "when you have that kind of a [secret] system, a lot is just unknown."

It's a good match

Not to suggest that Lucker hasn't thoroughly enjoyed his assignment in New Ulm. He is man with a blue-collar background in a ***working-class*** milieu, and the partnership has worked and flourished. Who in the diocese wouldn't appreciate their bishop stripping to his T-shirt and slacks and sealing the floor of the Pastoral Center's garage himself?

Or this: When the U.S. bishops hold their semiannual meeting in Washington, D.C., each fall, Lucker stays in college dorm rooms rather than bill his diocese for triple-digit rooms where the other bishops stay.

He takes the Metro downtown, and he walks or rides a bus the rest of the way. And then he goes out to eat with his colleagues and leaves them to return to his room.

Yet again, a bishop apart.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** December 6, 1998

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[***Author's restaurant is a mushroom lovers' Mecca***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-62F0-002B-H1W0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 2, 1995, Metro Edition

Copyright 1995 Star Tribune

**Section:** Taste; Pg. 1T

**Length:** 1562 words

**Byline:** Robert Armstrong; Staff Writer

**Body**

Jack Czarnecki might not be the best mushroom cook in the world, but if there's ever a contest along those lines I'm fairly certain he'd be one of the finalists.

If the name Czarnecki doesn't set off any bells, don't worry; there are only two reasons it might: (1) You have seen one of his two mushroom cookbooks, or (2) you've eaten at his restaurant, Joe's, in Reading, Pa. He was in the Twin Cities recently promoting his latest cookbook, "A Cook's Book of Mushrooms" (Artisan, $ 30, 208 pages).

He began his visit by dashing from the airport to the Staring Lake Outdoor Center to talk to a meeting of the Minnesota Mycological Society. He also did what he does best: cook mushrooms.

He's an unassuming sort of man until he starts talking about mushrooms; then his face lights up. When he spied a bag of chanterelles a friend had brought, he grinned, and the light got even brighter.

The sauteed chanterelles, mushrooms with herbs and Tuscan mushrooms he prepared all contained different flavors, and were delicious. But bringing out the flavor of a simple mushroom is no trick for someone who has been doing it as long as Czarnecki has. His grandfather, Joseph, opened the restaurant as a ***working-class*** bar in 1916, and it was with him and Jack's father, Joe, that Jack learned to hunt mushrooms and, best of all, cook them. He became the third generation to run the restaurant in 1974.

Joe's is about 65 miles northwest of Philadelphia, and its blue-collar neighborhood location gives no hint of what awaits inside.

The late James Beard and Calvin Trillin have praised it, and the New York Times has said Joe's "offers one of the most varied and sublime assortments of mushroom dishes one is likely to find in a restaurant."

I remember only three things from my first visit to Joe's in 1985: a wild mushroom soup made with morels and served with an outline of the morel in creme fraiche; we were the last ones in the restaurant, and Czarnecki showed me the hand-written rough draft of his first cookbook, "Joe's Book of Mushrooms," (Atheneum, $ 20.95) before an editor had touched it.

Wild boar with cepes was the highlight of my second visit four years later, and I would have recalled it if I had had only a taste.

Today, the restaurant's menu remains as exciting as it was then. A friend from Edina returned from a visit in July and raved about his dinner.

He started with "fresh wild mushrooms" (wild mushrooms in season prepared in a manner appropriate for the variety) - in this case the mushrooms were morels from the northwest, because the season in Pennsylvania was long over - for $ 13.50. He followed it with Veal Diccalata (a chop from the rack covered with a porcini sauce. The veal is raised locally and milk fed) for $ 33. A chocolate mousse cake made by Czarnecki's wife, Heidi, who runs the restaurant in her husband's absence; coffee; a bottle of beer, and a glass of the house wine rounded out my friend's stay at Joe's. With an 18 percent service charge in lieu of a tip, the bill was $ 86.

The answer to my question, "Worth every cent, wasn't it?" was a big smile.

The wine connoisseur would have a ball at Joe's. Almost totally American, Joe's wine list includes 31 California chardonnays (topped by Chalone, estate-1988 and Grgich Hills-1991 at $ 75 each), 11 merlots (topped by two Dominus, '83 for $ 110 and '84 for $ 125), 108 cabernet sauvignons (including 47 in triple figures), and 24 pinot noirs.

But back to the cookbook. Its 100 recipes include only two carryovers from the first book, and it features more than 25 color photographs.

There are seven chapters, on: buttons and saucers; aristocrats of the forest (morels and truffles); the king and lesser nobility (cepes and their cousins); flowers or fungus (chanterelles); mushrooms from wood (oysters, hen-of-the-woods, chicken-of-the-woods); from the East (shiitake, enoki, namedo), and the best of the rest (lobster, fairy ring).

The 100 recipes include appetizers, salads, main and side dishes and dishes for breakfast.

Nor do you have to go into the woods to use the book. You'll be able to find most of the mushrooms - dried or fresh - in local stores. That's one of the things Czarnecki is most excited about - the boom in the availability of mushrooms in supermarkets and speciality stores. Locally, in the last year, stores have carried enoki, morel, shiitake, hedgehog, oyster, porcini, chanterelle, hen-of-the-woods (maitake), portobello, crimini, wood ears and, of course, champignons de Paris - the ordinary white button mushroom.

The book isn't just a collection of recipes, either, but is filled with personal stories, mushroom lore and advice on canning, drying, storing.

Czarnecki advises subtlety when seasoning mushrooms. Everything he does with a mushroom is designed to bring out its own special flavor, not the flavor of the herb or spice that was used. "Garlic and mushrooms are great, but garlicky mushrooms all taste the same. Instead, savory is the best herb to use."

"Just sauteing in butter is best," he says. "Everything else is embellishment." But he also says he'd rather braise than saute; that way the mushrooms create their own sauce. He helps them do so with a little chopped onion, and what he calls the "fungal holy trinity" - small amounts of salt, soy sauce and sugar.

Get him talking, and he's like a wind-up toy, bouncing from the cookbook, to the restaurant, to the thrill of collecting, to his belief that chopped green pepper helps bring out the flavor of morels, to his excitement about the hen-of-the-woods - the next big mushroom, he calls it, and not just because of its culinary uses, but its medicinal ones.

"Its Latin name is Grifola frondosa," he says, "and it's been effective in the treatment of cancer and AIDS because it shares many of the same characteristics of AZT."

If you're not a mushroom fanatic before being exposed to Czarnecki, it's likely you will be afterward. His cookbook is worth adding to any collection, and his restaurant, as a Michelin Guide might say, is "worth a detour."

Mushroom Caps Stuffed with Spicy Guacamole x

2 medium tomatoes, seeded and diced

1 small onion, diced

2 serrano chilies, finely diced

1 tsp. salt

1 ripe medium-size avocado

1/2 bunch fresh cilantro, stems removed

1 tbsp. white wine vinegar

Juice of 1 lemon

1 to 2 lbs. fresh button mushrooms, cleaned and stems removed

Combine the tomatoes, onion, chilies and salt in a medium bowl and allow to macerate for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, split the avocado in half and remove the seed. Scoop out the avocado meat and place in a food processor. Add the cilantro, vinegar, 2 tablespoons water and the lemon juice and blend until smooth.

Fold the avocado puree into the tomato mixture and refrigerate 1 hour before using.

Adjust seasoning with salt if necessary. Stuff the mushroom caps with the guacamole and serve. Serves 8 to 10. Suggested wine: Long Vineyards Sauvignon Blanc.

Ziti with Chinese Sausage and Oyster Mushrooms x

4 oz. ziti pasta

3 tbsp. peanut or vegetable oil

2 links Chinese sausage, thinly sliced (available in Asian markets)

1 tsp. roasted sesame oil

1 bunch green onions, white part and 1 inch into the dark green, sliced into 1-inch pieces

1/2 lb. fresh oyster mushrooms, cleaned and sliced

3 tbsp. Chinese oyster sauce

Bring a large pot of lightly salted water to a boil. Add the ziti, stir and cover, reduce to a simmer and cook until al dente, about 10 minutes.

Meanwhile, heat the peanut oil in a large saute pan or wok. Add the sausage and saute until some of the fat in the sausage begins to blend with the peanut oil, about 3 minutes. Add the sesame oil then add the green onions and saute for 30 seconds. Stir in the mushrooms and saute for 2 minutes, until the mushrooms go limp. Add the oyster sauce and stir to combine. Remove from the heat.

Drain the ziti in a colander, pour into a bowl, add the mushroom mixture and mix. Serve immediately. Serves 4. Suggested wine: Heitz Grignoliono.

Painted Portobellos in Puff Pastry x

The "paint" can be anything from hoisin sauce to a ready-made Mexican mole or any combination of thick sauces such as oyster or black bean. Here it is a combination of Mexican and Chinese sauces.

4 5-inch squares frozen puff pastry

4 fresh portobello mushrooms, 3 to 5 inches wide (no wider), cleaned and stems removed

2 tbsp. chipotle peppers in adobo sauce, available in Mexican food stores

2 tbsp. Chinese oyster sauce

Egg wash: 1 egg, lightly beaten with 1 tbsp. water

Preheat the oven to 425 degrees. Roll out the puff pastry on a floured surface so that it can be folded easily over the mushroom caps. Since portobello caps vary in size, you may have to roll out the puff pastry to different sizes.

In a blender, puree the chipotle peppers with some of the adobo sauce. Combine the puree with the oyster sauce.

Paint the caps and undersides of the mushrooms liberally with the pepper-oyster sauce and place cap down on the puff pastry; fold the puff pastry ends up so they meet and completely enclose each mushroom cap. Turn the pastry packages over and place on a parchment or wax-paper lined baking sheet. Brush some egg wash over each puff pastry package and then cut a decorative design into the pastry if you wish.

Place in the oven and bake for 7 minutes, or until the pastry is golden. Serve immediately. Serves 4. Suggested wine: Parker Riesling.

x Recipe has been tested

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** August 3, 1995

**End of Document**



[***FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TWB-HNM0-009B-P3BM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Three-time challenger Newinski hammers Vento on money issue***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TWB-HNM0-009B-P3BM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 15, 1998, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Pg. 1B

**Length:** 1898 words

**Byline:** Greg Gordon; Kevin Duchschere; Staff Writers

**Body**

Scores of House Democrats have kept a safe distance from President Clinton this fall, hoping the taint of scandal won't sour their reelection prospects.

Rep. Bruce Vento, D-Minn., is not fleeing.

Clinton would be welcome to campaign with him in his congressional district enveloping St. Paul and its suburbs, Vento said.

"On the issues . . . he's done a good job," Vento said. "I can't defend the indefensible in terms of his behavior, but I'm not running away from the president."

Republican Dennis Newinski says he doesn't need images of Monica Lewinsky to defeat Vento, that there are plenty of other reasons why his third race against the 11-term Democrat will finally propel him to Congress.

"Mr. Vento has a 22-year history of increasing taxes on the people of the Fourth District and the people of this country," Newinski said. "What we have to do is allow people to have more of their hard-earned money and let them use that money to direct their lives."

Newinski added that he's hearing a lot of criticism of Clinton. Yet Vento's decision to stand up for the president - and challenge the motives of Republicans and independent counsel Kenneth Starr - seems emblematic of the way he has approached his job representing the Fourth District since 1977.

Not going to sit there

The district is a mix of ***working class*** and white collar, ivory tower and corporate culture, stretching from the barrios of St. Paul's West Side to the leafy lanes of exclusive North Oaks.

Despite Republican incursions in the suburbs nationwide, Democrats, including Eugene McCarthy, have owned the district for half a century. So Vento has had few reasons to back off from his social programs and the environment, even when "liberal" is routinely portrayed as meaning support of big government, big spending and high taxes.

Newinski, a Northern States Power Co. lead machinist, is attacking those points this year, after focusing his 1996 campaign on the term-limit theme that "20 years is too much."

Vento has gotten irritated enough with Newinski's relentless advertising salvos - including those accusing him of voting for "the six largest tax hikes in history" - to counterpunch with his own attack ads.

"I'm going after him," Vento said. "This guy has run a negative campaign for the last three campaigns. I'm not going to just sit there."

Money is key

Newinski is pinning his hopes on his plans to abolish the IRS and simplify the tax system, on St. Paul Mayor Norm Coleman's coattails and on a contributor roster that he contends is now long enough to finance a big league media campaign and overcome Vento's advantages.

Newinski, a former state legislator who won high marks for ethics and tax reform, is the only Minnesota congressional candidate to regularly campaign in a hardhat. He touts himself as "a unique guy," a Republican and union member in a district where labor ties are valued and unions ordinarily side with Democrats.

Campaign manager Bridget Cronin said that two years ago Vento began pulling away from Newinski only after running TV ads linking him with House Speaker Newt Gingrich. That's why Newinski ads have appeared early and often this year.

Making the spots possible is Newinski's donor base, which Cronin said has grown from 2,900 contributors in 1996 to 3,800.

One of the biggest differences between this year's race and previous campaigns, Newinski said, is that he's spending far more time raising money, "dialing for dollars" as he put it.

Many Republicans doubt, however, that Vento is vulnerable.

The Cook Political Report, put out by political analyst Charles Cook, does not include Vento's among the 32 endangered Democratic seats and it rates Vento "likely" to return for a 12th term.

As of Aug. 26, Vento held the usual incumbent's financial edge: his $ 288,262 in cash more than quadrupled Newinski's $ 63,825.

While the state and national Republican parties have big war chests, they've shown little interest in investing heavily on Newinski's behalf. He lost by 20 percentage points in 1996, a worse showing than the 13-point gap in 1994.

Until Republicans took control of Congress that year, Vento's seniority had helped him rise to the chairmanship of the national parks, forests and lands subcommittee of the House Resources Committee, where he put his staunch environmentalism into action.

The son of a union machinist, he has not forgotten his roots, receiving a perfect score on eight key votes from the AFL-CIO and scraping the bottom on ratings kept by the American Conservative Union.

Newinski takes far less of his money from political action committees than does Vento, who enjoys solid financial backing from organized labor and financial institutions well aware that he is the third-ranking Democrat on the House Banking Committee.

But Newinski does receive big-dollar contributions from members of the Freedom Club, a group of Twin Cities business leaders that backs socially conservative candidates.

Newinski said that Coleman's jump from Democrat to Republican in 1996 has made conservative values alluring to traditionally DFL voters. "I think the barriers came down a little and I think the stereotyping of Republicans has mended a little bit because of the leadership that [Coleman] has provided," he said.

Another factor is the absence of a Reform Party candidate. Newinski said he aims to pick up the 4 percentage points that Richard Gibbons won in 1996.

Four minor party candidates oppose Vento and Newinski in the general election. Accounting student Michael Neitzel, the Libertarian Party candidate, wants to end income taxes and privatize Social Security. Business consultant Carol Simmons Schulstad, of the Minnesota Taxpayers Party, said she would cut government spending and taxes, retire the national debt and restore parental control of education.

Ramsey County financial case worker Dan Vacek has run for Congress before on the Grassroots Party ticket; this year he's running his own campaign under the banner of Legal Marijuana Now. He wants to decriminalize drug use. Socialist Workers Party candidate Heather Wood, a steelworker, said that she favors affirmative action with quotas for minority groups and women, and dramatic cuts in military spending.

Held accountable

Vento says his extended tenure has not diminished his intensity, just given him valuable experience. "As members stay here awhile," Vento said, "we don't lose our moral compass or intensity. But you obviously gain more experience and more contacts within your district and more confidence. One of the things that happens when you get more confidence is that . . . you're not as easily intimidated by a single group."

But there are signs, as Newinski suggests, that many voters believe it's time for Vento to go. "I think people are ready for a change. I think change is good," said Luke Compton, a Little Canada barber who said he used to cut Vento's hair and once hung his sign in the shop window. "Our forefathers never intended for [politics] to be a career. It was meant to be public service. But they've turned it into a full-time job with full-time benefits."

Vento seems unruffled by suggestions that his time is up. Nor does he appear intimidated by the prospect of voting on Clinton and impeachment. "I have to use sound judgment," he said. "I'll be held accountable by the people I represent."

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Bruce Vento, DFL, St. Paul, 58

- High school science teacher; member of Congress, 1977-present

- A.A., University of Minnesota; B.S., Wisconsin State University

- Single, three children

- Taxes: Has denounced as a "gimmick" Republican-backed legislation to use a portion of projected budget surpluses for tax cuts, arguing they should be put off until Social Security is saved.

- Schools: Wants the federal government to heavily invest in public schools, including providing funding to hire more teachers and shrink class sizes. Opposes proposals to give parents school vouchers so they can send their children to private schools.

- Crime: Supports community policing initiatives. Opposes moves to repeal restrictions on the private ownership of assault weapons and the Brady bill requiring a waiting period before a handgun can be purchased.

Dennis Newinski, Republican, Maplewood, 54

- Lead machinist, Northern States Power Co.

- Graduate of St. Paul Vocational Institute

- Married, four children

- Taxes: Favors using 90 percent of budget surplus to bolster Social Security and 10 percent for tax cuts. Wants to replace the IRS and current tax code by 2002 with either a national sales tax or a flat tax system.

- Schools: Favors tax credits and education savings accounts to assist parents who want to send their children to private schools. Wants federal block grants awarded to needy school districts.

- Crime: Wants federal money awarded to states that increase prison sentences. Favors automatic sentences without parole for people convicted of crimes using a gun and mandatory life sentences for murder.

Carol Simmons Schulstad, Minnesota Taxpayers Party, Shoreview, 43

- Business recruiter and consultant

- Graduate of Brown Institute in computer programming

- Single, three children

- Taxes: Favors consideration of flat tax. Wants to reduce taxes through cuts in spending and elimination of government waste.

- Schools: Favors tax credits rather than vouchers for parents who want to send their children to private schools. Prefers local government rather than federal government to make most school decisions.

- Crime: Supports community service and restitution for nonviolent first-time offenders and a "three strikes you're out" policy for repeat violent criminals. Favors a concealed carry law in Minnesota.

Dan Vacek, Legal Marijuana Now, St. Paul, 36

- Financial case worker, Ramsey County

- Attended Hamline University and University of Minnesota

- Married, two children

- Taxes: Supports tax reduction by cutting bureaucracy and spending sensibly; tax system should be "progressive and family-friendly," using simple and clear language.

- Schools: Believes in strong public education system.

- Crime: Strongly supports decriminalization of all drugs, especially marijuana. Favors some gun-control laws; wants to see gun safety taught in schools.

Michael Neitzel, Libertarian Party, St. Paul, 29

- Courier for Federal Express, accounting student at Augsburg College

- A.A., Anoka Ramsey Community College

- Single

- Taxes: Favors replacing IRS and income tax with a national sales tax, with the goal of someday running the federal government with excise taxes and tariffs.

- Schools: Wants to eliminate the U.S. Education Department and stop all federal spending and mandates involving education. Also favors return of local control to schools.

- Crime: Strongly supports Second Amendment rights to own guns and favors repealing all federal gun laws. Favors ending war on drugs in inner cities.

Heather Wood, Socialist Workers Party, St. Paul, 25

- Production worker, North Star Steel

- Attended University of Minnesota

- Single

- Taxes: Favors eliminating taxes for low- and middle-income workers and establishment of a steeply graduated income tax that targets high-income earners.

- Schools: Favors increased federal funding for public schools and free tuition for public universities.

- Crime: Opposes gun control laws and would redirect federal crime funds to social programs helping working people.

**Graphic**

Chart; Chart; Chart; Chart; Cartoon; Map; Map; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** October 15, 1998

**End of Document**



[***THE MOVIE GUIDE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42N1-KXH0-0027-X50T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***SHORT REVIEWS OF SELECTED FILMS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42N1-KXH0-0027-X50T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

March 23, 2001, Friday,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** GO!,

**Length:** 1960 words

**Body**

RATINGS

A - Excellent

B - Good

C - Fair

D - Poor

F - Abysmal

\* -Not reviewed

ANTITRUST

(PG-13) D This laughably bad suspense thriller is a rip-off of The Firm set in a cutthroat, Microsoft-inspired computer software company. Ryan Phillippe plays a programming whiz who is recruited to work for a ruthless Bill Gates clone (Tim Robbins). You don't need to be a genius to see where this clunky thriller is headed. Apart from a few tense moments, the film is ridiculous, predictable and dull. However, it's hard to top for unintentional laughs. (1/12) Some violence and brief language; 13 and older.

\* For a complete list of film capsule reviews whenever you want

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.

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. Highly accessible and vastly entertaining, it's the best film of 2000. (1/19) Martial-arts violence and some sexuality (in Mandarin with English subtitles); 13 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.

ENEMY AT THE GATES

(R) B+ The most expensive European film ever concerns the true story of a war within a war: a deadly cat-and-mouse game between two heralded snipers - one German, one Russian - in a pocket of Stalingrad during World War II. Jude Law and Ed Harris prove to be credible and worthy adversaries, and Jean-Jacques Annaud's seasoned direction makes for a gripping, insightful action drama. (3/16) Adult themes, profanity, graphic violence, sexuality; 18 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

EXIT WOUNDS

(R) D Steven Seagal returns to the silver screen - minus 30 pounds and his ponytail - but the upshot is no less grimy, preachy and nonsensical than the martial artist's previous works. This trashy tale, co-starring rapper DMX (who should take acting lessons or stick to music), involves corrupt cops - but the director's objective gets lost amid a haze of gunfire, crashes, slow-motion Kung Fu and explosions. (3/17) Adult language, gratuitous violence, nudity; 17 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

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.

FINDING FORRESTER

(PG-13) B Gus Van Sant returns to Good Will Hunting form in this sentimental drama about a young genius (stellar newcomer Rob Brown) and the reclusive Pulitzer Prize-winning author (Sean Connery) who befriends him. The director's keen eye and steady hand, complemented by his co-leads' chemistry, overcome a suspenseless climax and F. Murray Abraham's impossibly cavalier prep-school pedant. (1/12) Adult language, mild sexuality; 12 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.

MALENA

Not rated C- The once-acclaimed Guiseppe Tornatore can't get his mind out of the gutter with this misguided coming-of-age chronicle about a boy's infatuation with a war widow. Perhaps we should be impressed by its wondrous score and sumptuous photography, but the child acts like one of Adam Sandler's characters and the story is generally unrealistic, melodramatic hogwash. (3/2) Adult language, violence, sexuality, nudity; 18 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

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.

MONKEYBONE

(PG-13) C- The first live-action feature from acclaimed stop-motion animator Henry Selick has all the makings of a surreal dark fantasy for adults. But the pointless shambles shows all the sense and maturity of a monkey flinging poop. Selick scores points for his imaginative visual touches. However, the story has been hacked to the point of incoherence and dumbed-down with large doses of broad, lowbrow humor and silly physical shtick. (2/23) Crude humor and some nudity; 13 and older.

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.

POLLOCK

(R) B The intriguing story of late American painter Jackson Pollock is treated with respect and precision (perhaps too much) by director and star Ed Harris. Its filmmaking is fundamentally sound, the performances - notably that of Marcia Gay Harden - are up to snuff, but the maestro's creative and disturbing mind remains impalpable. (3/16) Adult language and situations; 17 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic

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.

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.

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.

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.

**Load-Date:** March 24, 2001

**End of Document**



[***FURNISHING 'BELOVED' WITH CARE AN IRON SLAVE COLLAR. CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES. AN ANTIQUE BARBER CHAIR. IT TOOK A LOT OF RESEARCH AND CARE TO GIVE THE FILM ITS LOOK OF AUTHENTICITY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DJR0-01K4-93XC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

OCTOBER 16, 1998 Friday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: HOME & DESIGN; Pg. E01

**Length:** 1651 words

**Byline:** Diane Goldsmith, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

It wasn't the kind of thing you'd leave lying around the house, this iron collar with the ugly curved hooks.

But as assistant to the propmaster for the movie Beloved, Kia Steave-Dickerson had been asked to find and forge the slave artifact - and, after filming, she kept the fabricated prop as a memento.

Perhaps the fact that such devices were a century-plus removed from use had rendered the collar "a part of history" for the Philadelphia designer - but she did feel kinship with the pain it evoked.

"I think of the black women back then and the strength they needed to persevere," said Steave-Dickerson, who saw her father, William Dickerson, become the first African American admitted into Philadelphia's theatrical and stagehands union in 1972. "I do feel it inside."

In Beloved, starring Oprah Winfrey as a runaway slave, Sethe, who goes to lengths to keep her children from bondage, the collar is an important detail in a bid for authenticity. Assembling such building blocks of truth was key to establishing the movie's mood - and kept the filmmakers busy from the spring of '97 through the start of this year, combing the area for period-correct items.

Toni Morrison's novel, filtered through the prisms of research, imagination and artistic vision, was the wellspring for Beloved's design. But researcher Miriam Schapiro was careful not to nitpick its history.

"It's hard to dissect the book for historical accuracy because it's [Morrison's] creation," she said. "It's beautiful. It's about the words and the way she uses them as much as it's about the story."

Production designer Kristi Zea and art director Tim Galvin were old hands at working together, having collaborated on The Silence of the Lambs and Philadelphia. She, in conjunction with the director, producer and cinematographer, developed the broad strokes, said Galvin, while he came up with ways to implement them consistent with the action. Others who helped shape the look of the movie included Karen O'Hara, set decorator; Kevin Ladson, propmaster; Colleen Atwood, costume designer; and Tak Fujimoto, director of photography.

A visit to a former plantation near Roanoke, Va., was pivotal in creating perspective, Galvin said. "It was really spooky, a huge place, maybe 6,000 acres, that was kind of tumbled down, kind of overgrown. But you sensed everything that had gone on there," recalled the Mount Airy resident, speaking from a film shoot in Canada.

"There was a barn where the slaves were bred, blocks where the slaves were sold, and a boat dock where they were shipped down the river. That really stayed with me - where these characters came from - and it informed our design just knowing it."

In Morrison's novel, the story unfolds in 1873 in rural Ohio, so research focused on real communities there that might have been models for the story. Much of the action takes place at 124 Bluestone Rd. - Sethe's first home as a free woman, which was along the road between Cincinnati and a small suburb.

Schapiro consulted historical experts in Cincinnati to learn that there had been such a suburb called Walnut Hills that, with its sizable free African American community, could have been a prototype for the village. She studied descriptions of life there and consulted newspaper accounts of the time.

"Harriet Beecher Stowe lived there when in Cincinnati. Her father was involved in a college there - he was the head of a theological seminary," said Schapiro, who resides in Manhattan.

Lancaster's Landis Valley Museum, which focuses on Pennsylvania German heritage during the 18th and 19th centuries and includes many buildings in a living history setting, was tapped to embody Walnut Hills. The addition of a few buildings helped create a village with some shops for various scenes. Meanwhile, Philadelphia's Old City, Manayunk and Pine Street areas, as well as New Castle, Del., provided sites for more urban scenes.

Determining how to depict Sethe's house was an issue that occupied the creative team: Galvin designed it from details of houses from the period, making sure the floor plan worked with the action. The Bodwins, a white family, had given the house to Sethe's mother-in-law, Baby Suggs, when her son bought her freedom.

The Bodwins had left some furnishings there - "In those days, there wasn't a great need for a lot of furniture," said Zea, "so in the kitchen there was a sink and stove and a big table and chairs and a few cupboards. And if you were lucky, an icebox and a pie safe, as well as a larder for canned goods. The bedrooms might have had a wardrobe, a bed and a nightstand with a kerosene lamp."

Galvin added: "When we built the house and decorated it, we were trying to give the sense of possession that Sethe and Baby Suggs would feel there. This was something of theirs at last, and no one could throw them out."

The tiny windows in the forlorn-looking home were fashioned to yield a distinctive look, "slightly wacky and unusual," said Zea, speaking from her home in New York's Hudson Valley. The house was built at the Fair Hill Natural Resource Management Area in Maryland, a wooded area of more than 5,000 acres just 45 minutes south of Philadelphia, with another version constructed for the "shaky set," the special effects set used for scenes showing the haunting of the house, and yet another on the soundstage at Philadelphia's Civic Center.

Throughout filmmaking, the Beloved team members were forced to check their history. "When did they put down cobblestone? When did gaslights come in? We needed to know," said Zea. "One of the things we found out about the post-Civil War era was that there was a serious depression. We came across information about people standing in soup lines when we delved into research."

The depression also had a chilling effect in keeping new items from entering the market. Without much money, people used the same washboards or clothes, say, from a few years back. As a result, "the look of 1870 was really much earlier," said Christine Wick, a buyer for the set dressing department.

The Queen Village resident put 15,000 miles on her car during an eight-month period, hunting for period-correct items for the movie. A real stickler was locating a barber chair from 1870. "There were ones from 1880, oak ones. But in 1870, they looked like a folding camp chair with a carpet slingback.

"I hadn't seen anything like it. We finally found one on display in a barbershop in Glenside." It belonged to Ralph Siani 3d, proprietor of Ralph's Barbershop.

Another challenge was finding a blue carpet suitable for a scene in the relatively well-to-do Bodwins' house.

"We had already found Oriental rugs in rust, creams and beiges, and had to scrap them because the book mentioned blue," Wick said. She eventually tracked down her rug at the Middle East Rug Co. in Haverford - but the rug never made it to the final cut.

The same attention to authenticity carried over to render undergarments and hairstyling historically accurate.

"All the photographs I saw of African American [slave] women, they were all wearing head scarves or some sort of turban," said Schapiro. Which explains why - when Danny Glover's character Paul D reenters Sethe's life after she has become a free woman, he is taken with her hair, commenting that he has never seen it before.

Schapiro considers herself lucky to have found pictures by African American photographer J. P. Ball of Cincinnati that coincided roughly with the film's 1855-to-1873 time frame. He photographed his family and friends "so we had access to photographs of ***working-class*** and middle-class African Americans of the time . . . and learned they had some nice clothes" - which indicated that the filmmakers "didn't have to clothe the characters in rags," said Schapiro.

Yet another element that had to ring true was the style of the ubiquitous carriages and wagons that rumble through the story. "Carriages were hard to come by - finding them in good shape and function and not in too pristine shape and too perfect from collectors," said Zea. Northern Liberties' 76 Carriage Co. provided the majority of horses and carriages in the film.

Owner Michael Slocum's personal collection of antique horsedrawn vehicles was the basis for the 35 antique carriages, wagons and buggies his firm provided. Slocum said some were painted down to make them look used, older or weathered, and he was careful to maintain authenticity by providing more primitive-looking vehicles for the rural settings. His company also furnished 20 horses, oxen, mules and donkeys.

The emphasis on being true to the novel meant adapting some elements that didn't jibe with history. Schapiro referred to the scene in which Paul D tries to ingratiate himself with Sethe's daughter, Denver, by taking her and Sethe to a carnival.

"I looked in wacky old books about circuses and came up with information that there wouldn't have been a carnival like that in that time period," she said. "Maybe some people would travel around with a carousel, but there was nothing that extensive. They hadn't figured out how to put it all together. There were circuses, and circuses did travel . . . and usually had animal acts, but there wasn't something like a carnival. . . . In cities, there were museums like P.T. Barnum's that had oddities like a sideshow tent."

When research showed that such carnivals did exist in Europe at that time, the filmmakers decided to make the carnival a German group, Zea said. That also made sense in terms of modeling the big city on Cincinnati because it was a major center of German population by the 1830s.

There was one instance, though, in which Schapiro did not wish to adapt: a request from director Jonathan Demme for a screen door for the front of Sethe's house. Although needed to advance the action, it was inaccurate, she said. And with Zea's support, the idea was eventually scrapped.

"Part of my job," said Schapiro, "was to keep everybody honest."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Sethe's house in a Cincinnati suburb, her first home after she becomes a free woman, was built for the film in a park in Maryland. (KEN REGAN, Camera 5)

Third Street between Arch and Market in Philadelphia stood in for 19th-century Cincinnati. The carriages and the wagons rumble their way through the story. (BONNIE WELLER, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Kia Steave-Dickerson, assistant to the propmaster, with the iron slave collar she forged for the film. (GERALD S. WILLIAMS, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Set workers laid imitation cobblestone along Third Street between Arch and Market last year for "Beloved" filming. (BONNIE WELLER, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Prop worker Kia Steave-Dickerson displays leg and wrist shackles that were made to look like authentic 19th-century items. (GERALD S. WILLIAMS, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***AVEDON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-65B0-002B-H4P3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***For 50 years, photographer Richard Avedon's images of celebrities and unknown citizens have startled, enticed and beguiled us with their graphic power. A major retrospective of his work opens today at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-65B0-002B-H4P3-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

July 9, 1995, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Entertainment; Pg. 1F

**Length:** 1664 words

**Byline:** Mary Abbe; Staff Writer

**Body**

The last time a show of Richard Avedon's photographs opened in Minneapolis - July 2, 1970, at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts - the crowd went wild in the final gallery. They sang and shouted, waving clenched fists in power-to-the-people defiance of what was then called "the Establishment."

Chances are, that ecstatic moment will not be repeated today when another Avedon photography show opens at the same museum. A quarter century later, the United States is a different country, although Avedon is very much the same artist.

In fact, many of the photographs that inspired the 1970 frenzy will return in "Evidence 1944-1994: Richard Avedon." The 50-year retrospective sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and Eastman Kodak, which debuted last year at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, already has been seen in Cologne, Germany, and Milan, Italy. It will not travel elsewhere after it closes in Minneapolis Sept. 17.

The photograph at the center of the 1970 outburst will be on view again. It's a considerably larger-than-life-size group portrait of the Chicago Seven, the Vietnam War protesters whose disruption of the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago triggered street riots. Their obstreperous trial, which ended earlier in 1970, became a piece of political theater, a national referendum on the war and a rallying point for alienated youth.

Originally the museum had planned to fill the final gallery with a galaxy of Avedon's leggy fashion stars of the 1960s: Penelope Tree, Jean Shrimpton, Twiggy and Veruschka.

But the photographer had just been to Chicago and had other ideas. Besides the immense mural, he filled the gallery with enormous portraits of the Seven. They were ordinary, rumpled guys whose long hair and taciturn expressions summed up the hell-no-we-won't-go mood of the moment. Dramatically posed against white paper, they were the Everyman heroes of the antiwar movement, with faces as boyishly fresh as those of the Beatles.

"The walls were black, the carpet was black, and there was a tape of each of them speaking about what they thought was going on in America at that time, so it was a very charged moment philosophically and psychologically," recalled the institute's photography curator, Ted Hartwell, who organized the 1970 show and coordinated the current one.

Then in a high, clear, operatic voice, someone started singing "God Bless America." The crowd joined in, voices rising in an epiphany of solidarity that ended with a fist-raised salute that Avedon, who was at the opening that night, captured on film. (His photo of that electrifying moment is included in the catalog for the current show, although not in the exhibition.)

"A lot of our more conservative trustees thought it was the apocalypse upon them," Hartwell said, recalling the spontaneous demonstration. "But the kids meant it as a very affirmative thing. Despite all the trauma and travail that the country was going through, it was an affirmation. It's remarkable that any picture can move people to that kind of passionate statement of faith and patriotism, but those pictures provoked an incredible, memorable outpouring of collective sentiment."

For the past half-century, the pictures of Avedon, 72, have shaped the way we view the world, especially his elegant images of beautiful models dancing gazellelike across the pages of Vogue, Harper's Bazaar and other high-end fashion magazines. In Audrey Hepburn's 1956 film "Funny Face," Fred Astaire played photographer Dick Avery, a role closely modeled after Avedon, who was hired as visual consultant for the production.

The current show opens with a gallery of Avedon's famous "jumpers" - enormous black-and-white fashion shots of leggy models leaping against the seamless white backdrops that are an Avedon signature. Then, flashing back to his earlier work from the 1940s, the show offers a gallery of spontaneous beach, park and street scenes, followed by one filled with legendary portraits from the 1950s, '60s and '70s.

Then it's on to darker moments in the photographer's work - portraits of drifters, roustabouts and other ***working-class*** folks from the American West that he made between 1979 and 1985 at the request of the Amon Carter Museum of Fort Worth, Texas. They're followed by grainy pictures of inmates in a Louisiana hospital for the insane, intense portraits of people grotesquely deformed by napalm during the Vietnam War and an entire gallery of his larger-than-life-sized group portraits, including the Chicago Seven, a crowd of Andy Warhol groupies, poet Allen Ginsberg and his entire family, and the men who ran the Vietnam War.

This section of the show, the design and layout of which was planned by the artist himself, will end with portraits of his father taken over several years before the elder Avedon's death in 1973. Avedon specified that the next gallery be left empty, as if to clear the eye and mind, before viewers are directed across a hallway to a selection of his most recent images - huge pictures of revelers at Berlin's Brandenburg Gates on New Year's Eve 1989, and fascinating, surrealistic images of Venetian partygoers from 1991.

Among the strangest and most arresting work of Avedon's career, the Venetian pictures pioneer a complex collage technique that he's also used in recent work for the New Yorker magazine. A seamless montage of images merged from different negatives, the Venetian photos are eerie collages of real people moving like somnambulists through a Machiavellian dreamscape. Theirs is a glamorous, glittering but ultimately haunted world that is as much a product of Avedon's imagination as of his eye.

Artistic will and vision have always ruled Avedon's art. Where other photographers might aspire to capture some external truth or observed experience, Avedon has always controlled and shaped his pictures. As early as 1949, he recognized his need to manipulate rather than record images: Life magazine gave him $ 25,000 to photograph New York City for an entire issue of the magazine. He spent six months doing so and then, according to curator Jane Livingston, stowed the pictures away and returned the money. He wasn't a "street" photographer, he realized, and he wasn't about to trust someone else to edit or lay out his work.

As his friend Adam Gopnik observes in a brilliantly playful essay in the exhibition catalog ("Evidence 1944-1994," Random House, $ 35 in paperback): "Avedon is a director of pictures. All his occasions are performances; all his subjects, actors; all his images, scenes. . . . His images are orchestrated, retouched, composed, collaged. Nothing happens by accident."

Entering the profession in the 1940s, a time when photography still was asserting its claim to be a fine art, Avedon was cavalier about the rules that defined its pretensions. He overexposed, underexposed, enlarged and cropped his pictures mercilessly, flaunting traditional dictates about focus, format and pictorial "integrity."

His audacity was encouraged by his mentor Alexey Brodovitch, the legendary art director of Harper's Bazaar, with whom Avedon studied at the New School in New York. From him he learned how to make merely interesting subjects arresting and the gorgeous breathtaking.

It is not a casual process, as the show's catalog makes clear by reproducing a sheet of Avedon's instructions to a printer. On the face of a Utah coal miner he shot in 1971, the photographer scrawled 19 different numbers indicating how he wanted tonal nuances to be enhanced or diminished. There are five different shades for the left eye and its surrounding wrinkles alone.

Avedon is equally demanding of his subjects, curator Hartwell said, recalling a story Avedon told about a 1957 portrait of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Having observed the Windsors before the photo session, Avedon arrived knowing not only how he wanted to pose the couple, but even what sort of expression he wanted on their faces. Despite his best efforts, however, the faces of the ex-royal lovers never lost the bland composure that was their hallmark.

Noticing that they were dog lovers, he told them the sad story of a little pooch that had been mercilessly run over by his taxi en route to their flat. Attentive concern wrinkled the Windsors' brows as they leaned together, worrying about the dog. Click.

Avedon never told them that he made the dog story up. His image of their anxious pathos hangs in the exhibition now.

As the photographer once observed, "There's no such thing as objectivity. The minute you pick up the camera, you begin to lie - or to tell your own truth. You make subjective judgments every step of the way - in how you light the subject, in choosing the moment of exposure, in cropping the print. It's just a matter of how far you choose to go."

Richard Avedon

Born: 1923, New York City.

Family: Son John, 43, from his second marriage to Evelyn Franklin.

Home: New York City.

Education: Influenced by legendary Harper's Bazaar art director Alexey Brodovitch with whom he studied at New York's New School after serving in the Merchant Marine during World War II.

Career: Has photographed for Harper's Bazaar, Vogue, innumerable advertising campaigns, especially Calvin Klein and Christian Dior. Currently staff photographer for the New Yorker magazine. Was portrayed on film by Fred Astaire. Has produced six books of his own images: "Observations" (1959), "Nothing Personal" (1964), "Portraits" (1976), "Alice in Wonderland" (1973), "In the American West" (1985), "An Autobiography" (1993).

Exhibitions: Smithsonian Institution (1962); Minneapolis Institute of Arts (1970, 1995); Metropolitan Museum of Art (1978); Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas (1985); Whitney Museum of American Art (1994).

Thoughts: "A portrait is not a likeness. The moment an emotion or fact is transformed into a photograph it is no longer a fact but an opinion. There is no such thing as inaccuracy in a photograph. All photographs are accurate. None of them is the truth."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** July 11, 1995

**End of Document**



[***FASCINATING RHYTHMS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42MD-6V40-0094-502G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'GUMBOOTS' RISES FROM THE DARKNESS OF SOUTH AFRICA'S MINES TO CLAIM THE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42MD-6V40-0094-502G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***INTERNATIONAL SPOTLIGHT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42MD-6V40-0094-502G-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

March 18, 2001, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; STAGE PREVIEW

**Length:** 1817 words

**Byline:** CHRISTOPHER RAWSON, POST-GAZETTE DRAMA CRITIC

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

This is a story about percussive dance and song, but it's also a tale of cultural identity, national aspiration and international commerce. Starting in the murky gold mines of Johannesburg, the tale unites South Africa, Australia and America. So to tell it, I naturally found myself in England, faded imperial nursemaid to those three former colonies.

The subject is gumboot dancing, a traditional, black South African art form now packaged for export as "Gumboots," a 90-minute touring show coming Tuesday to Heinz Hall in the Broadway Series.

Gumboot dancing developed under desperate conditions, where the black miners dressed in jeans, bare chests (for the heat), bandannas (to keep sweat out of the eyes) and wellingtons -- gumboots -- to fend off polluted water. Deep in the earth, forbidden to talk among themselves, they developed a percussive artistry that combined subversive code, mesmerizing work song and joyous self-expression. Gradually, it spread back to the surface, inherited by the street kids of Soweto and the other black townships during the dark decades of apartheid. Now, with an assist from the Aussies, it has reached out to the world.

So there I was on posh Grosvenor Street in high-rent Mayfair, London, in a building discreetly labeled SFX. It might as well have said Disney. I was right in the belly of the beast -- Big Entertainment itself -- but why not, since the story involves imperial politics and the international entertainment-financial complex.

SFX, you may recall, owns Pace Theatricals, masters of the American road. For some years, Pace (and now SFX) has run the Broadway Series in more than four dozen American cities, Pittsburgh included, while also producing actively on Broadway. SFX also dominates the touring music scene, owning 120 amphitheaters and other venues. In 1998, some 58 million people saw an SFX-produced show. And recently, SFX has been acquired by Clear Channel, an advertising and radio conglomerate larger still -- but that's another story, suited more to the business pages.

I entered the beast gingerly, determined to resist its blandishments. But at its heart I found Wayne Harrison, human being, Australian and artist, with a sensitive appreciation of indigenous art forms and their vulnerability to the homogenizing pressure of Big Entertainment and foreign exchange.

A youthful 48 -- we met on his birthday -- Harrison is brisk and friendly, with a career path that has prepared him for his current role as cultural midwife. Born in Melbourne, he was a tap dancer at age 4 and went on to win many championships at Australian arts competitions.

"I came from a ***working-class*** family," he said. "In the ' 50s and ' 60s, Australian was a very macho environment, almost a cultural desert. Fathers wouldn't let their sons do ballet, but dance was OK if it was closer to the ground." So lots of boys went into tap dancing, which, thanks partly to Gene Kelly, had an acceptably athletic aura.

Still, as a teen-ager, there was "enormous peer pressure to stop dancing." Harrison stuck it out, moving into stage musicals. Then at 25, he had a vision of growing old in the back of the chorus, so he went back to college, where he came under the transforming influence of Philip Parsons, a great teacher with a passion for Elizabethan performance.

Shining with the memory of Parsons' influence on his life, Harrison talked persuasively about theater's ability "to reflect, analyze and perhaps adjust the nature of society." In the late ' 60s, Australia was "super-saturated with overseas culture -- American and British -- and in response there was a drive to preserve a space for indigenous voices." This expressed itself first in theater, because anyone can afford the equipment. "There was a whole flowering of theater projects in living rooms, old factories, anywhere."

In a decade, Harrison had ridden this theater boom to become, from 1990 to 1999, artistic director and eventually executive producer of the Sydney Theatre Company. With as many as five stages to fill, the STC produced some 18 shows a year as well as bringing in tours. To reach and build nontraditional audiences, Harrison added a night club and looked for new kinds of product.

Enter "Tap Dogs," the percussive dance phenomena, Australia's breakthrough into international show biz. Originally scheduled for 3 1/2 weeks at the STC, it is now in its seventh year, its two international companies having played more than 250 touring weeks.

It didn't come out of nowhere, following as it did in the explosive dance steps of the defining crowd-pleasing dance extravaganza, "Riverdance." There was a "hunger for percussive shows in the ' 90s, at the end of the MTV period," says Harrison. The materials lay ready, but it took a visionary creator to bring them to life. For "Riverdance," that was Michael Flatley. For "Tap Dogs," the creator was choreographer Dein Perry.

Having helped Perry shape "Tap Dogs," Harrison took some knocks for giving STC space to a dance show, but he was already showing the spacious thinking that would lead to his next career move. He found Liz Koops and Gary McQuinn of Back Row UK, the British arm of an American company formed in 1992 to nurture and tour innovative theater. Back Row produced the United Kingdom and European tours of "Tap Dogs," and it wasn't long before Harrison moved to England to join Back Row full-time as creative director, specifically to "curate" "Tap Dogs" (keep the tour up to snuff) but also to develop new touring product.

In mid-2000, SFX bought Back Row to establish its European beachhead. Harrison is aware of the danger: "With big companies, it's all about bottom line." But the resources available to develop new projects are considerable. And in Back Row, he said, "we do a lot of hands-on producing. I'm happiest going out on tour and into the rehearsal room."

Which brings us to gumboot dancing. It long ago spread from the miners all over the South African townships, Harrison said. "It's a traditional dance that everybody takes for granted." All it needed was its Flatley or Perry to take it to another level.

That person was master percussionist Zenzi Mbuli, who turned six Johannesburg street performers into the Rishile Gumboot Dancers -- "rishile" meaning "sunrise." They came to Sydney as part of a fringe festival, and Mbuli and Harrison hooked up. Harrison already had experience in South Africa as a theater director. He'd also participated himself in a gumboots workshop; in fact, his Sydney theater had a lot of South African connections through its many patrons who had moved to Australia after the government changed.

Harrison, Koops and McGuinn went to Soweto to watch Mbuli's group do their show in a church hall. Then "Tap Dogs" designer/director Nigel Triffitt got involved. The goal was to turn isolated material into a 90-minute show with an arc -- the challenge that faced "Riverdance" and "Tap Dogs." The new show, christened "Gumboots," debuted with some free performances in Soweto, then was a big hit at South Africa's Grahamstown Festival. But would it travel well?

The answer came at the 1999 Edinburgh Festival, where it sold out four weeks. Then it toured the United Kingdom. Next came Montreal, and since October it has been touring the U.S.

The trick in shaping "Gumboots" was to keep changing tempo, tone and visual effects. The arc they found turned out to be from darkness to light. Since the original gumboot dancers were miners, the show's key song is "The Man Who Stole the Sun." Through song and dance, the performers work toward sunlight. But since this is an art form from Soweto, it also traces the rise out of the darkness of apartheid into the light of independence.

For the performers, former street kids, the new freedom has been far more than just symbol. Harrison said he's watched them learn to take on responsibility, "struggling because of the system in which they were socialized not to have opinions or make decisions.

"I had to walk a careful line," said Harrison, "not dictating but offering my expertise along with money and resources." The performers' social realities complicate touring: "We don't want to become surrogates for their previous oppressors," but they do need support. Of the original six performers, four are still with the show but with frequent breaks back in South Africa because, although several support extended families of up to 15 people and need the income, they also need to see their children.

The show has continued to evolve, the music growing to be even more important than the dance. The performers write their own songs, laying down one melody, then three or four counter melodies, insistent and seductive. "They can rock it with a township jive or sing sweet a cappella like Ladysmith Black Mambazo," says Harrison.

He cares about "Gumboots," just as he does about "Tap Dogs." Both have freed up previously repressed cultural expression. When Perry started work on "Tap Dogs," most of the originating company had to be called back to dance from the trades they'd been forced into. The cultural desert that exported performers could now begin to employ them.

So, too, with "Gumboots." There's a lot of moral energy invested in it. Mbuli points out that South Africa was built on mining profits that the workers never saw. But there was profit of a different kind. He writes: "Thank you, Boss, for teaching us to work underground because through that dangerous experience we accumulated the wealth that comes from creating music and dance."

Shaped for export, is gumboot dancing in danger of cultural appropriation, of exploitation? There's a parallel in Harrison's own original field -- tap. He said as a youngster he was aware "that an essentially black art form had been hijacked by white Hollywood." Savion Glover is one of many to reclaim that art, melding it with hip-hop. That's empowerment, which is what Harrison seeks for all indigenous performers, extending their arts, not co-opting them.

In the belly of Big Entertainment, they know there's a big market out there. "Cats" played 15 years in Hamburg, Germany; "Phantom of the Opera," 11 years. Along with "Les Mis" and the other pop operas, they created a market that didn't used to exist. What's going to meet that hunger for theatrical extravaganzas that transcend language?

"Fosse" is Back Row's current bet. But whatever the product, Harrison thinks Back Row is perfectly positioned to colonize Europe. "It's incredibly helpful being Australian -- we don't have 500 years of baggage," like the English. There's something cheeky and free about Aussies and other former colonials and their fresh art forms like "Tap Dogs," "Gumboots" and even "Fosse." So here they are in the center of London, showing the Brits a new way.

"Gumboots"

Where: Heinz Hall, Downtown.

When: 8 p.m. Tuesday through Friday; 2 and 8 p.m. Saturday; 2 and 7:30 p.m. next Sunday.

Tickets: $ 31 to $ 49; 412-392-4900.

**Graphic**

PHOTO 3, Photo: Catherine Ashmore: Vincent Ncabashe performs in "Gumboots," a; dance program from South Africa produced with Australian expertise.; Photo: Wayne Harrison, a native Australian, saw the possibilities of making; gumboot dancing into a production like "Riverdance."; Photo: Cast members from "Gumboots" take time out from the touring company's; busy schedule to visit their families in South Africa.

**Load-Date:** March 21, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Local chapters did their part to move civil rights forward***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-65H0-002B-H4VY-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

July 8, 1995, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1612 words

**Byline:** Randy Furst; Staff Writer

**Body**

A white mob of 3,000 had surrounded a house in Minneapolis near 46th St. and Columbus Av. S. The black family of A.A. Lee, a postal worker, had recently moved into the all-white neighborhood. Rocks were crashing through their windows. It was July 20, 1931.

A young black lawyer, Lena Olive Smith, representing the Minneapolis NAACP, met with the mayor and police chief to demand that the police protect the Lees. Cops were sent to the house to hold the mob back.

Over at the Johnnie Baker American Legion Post, black veterans who fought in segregated army units in World War I dispatched four members with pistols to the house to protect the family, said Tela Burt, a longtime Minneapolis NAACP member and former post commander.

Through much of the 20th century, as blacks battled for their rights, the Minneapolis branch of the NAACP was in the middle of the debate, sometimes on the front lines, other times in a more moderate role. The enormous frictions over the direction of civil rights nationally were mirrored locally.

The branch is the host of this year's national convention, the third such gathering in the Twin Cities. At its 1960 convention in St. Paul, Thurgood Marshall, chief NAACP counsel, declared, "The Negroes in this country have had it. They are saying, 'I'm not going to take it anymore.' " At its 1971 convention in Minneapolis, the national board chairman, Bishop Stephen Gill Spottswood, said President Richard Nixon's stance on civil rights earned "cautious and limited approval among black Americans," a statement that earned Spottswood some controversy. That is nothing new for the NAACP.

In 1914, J.E. Spingarn, chairman of the national board of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, came to Minneapolis during a national tour to preach that whites and blacks should band together to seek rights for blacks. Spingarn, who was white, addressed the Minneapolis Luncheon Club. It was "reputed to be composed of the 'best' white men in the city," according to Spingarn's biographer.

That same year the Minneapolis NAACP was founded, four years after the national organization and a year after St. Paul's. The two branches remain separate, although they have occasional joint projects.

The first president of the Minneapolis NAACP was Samuel N. Deinard, a rabbi at a synagogue that became Temple Israel. That a white man would head a civil rights group devoted to black rights might seem incongruous today, but the NAACP was conceived as a multiracial organization. According to Minneapolis NAACP old-timers, there was a commonality of interest among blacks and Jews, who both felt heavy discrimination and lived alongside each other on the North Side.

Deinard's "progressive ideas are slightly ahead of those of his congregation and require some time to be worked out, but will eventually satisfy his followers," a Jewish publication wrote in 1907.

Tela Burt's father had been a slave in North Carolina. "He was what they called a house nigger," Burt said. "He used to take water out to the slaves in the fields." His mother was mostly of Indian descent. At 104, Burt is a lifetime NAACP member with a plaque on a wall in the den of his south Minneapolis home.

Spry and lucid with a warm sense of humor, he said discrimination against blacks was not so bad when he moved to Minneapolis in 1912. "There weren't enough of us to bother with," he said. But after World War I, Burt said, blacks flowed into the city and discrimination increased as whites campaigned to keep them out of their neighborhoods, and restaurants became white-only.

The Minneapolis NAACP was largely inactive in the 1910s and '20s, said Burt, though he attended monthly meetings and was membership chairman. "The Ku Klux Klan set up a camp near Anoka about 1924 or 1925. They had a tent and burned a cross. They were after Jews. There weren't enough Negroes to deal with."

Blacks could shop at Minneapolis department stores in the 1930s, but the lunch counters didn't serve them, said Harry Davis. A member of the NAACP youth section in the late 1930s, he marched on NAACP picket lines outside Kresge's and Woolworth's, demanding that the lunch counters be integrated. "I also remember picketing the Dyckman Hotel, because Marian Anderson, the great singer, couldn't stay there. She was singing at Northrop Auditorium. She had to stay at the Phyllis Wheatley House, a community center."

Nellie Stone Johnson, 89, an organizer in the hotel and restaurant employees union, joined the Minneapolis NAACP in 1934 and became a member of its board. "The more us labor people got involved, the more we were doing things," she recalled. They pressed the branch to join the defense of the Scottsboro boys, eight black teenagers sentenced to death in Scottsboro, Ala., on charges of raping two white girls in 1931. Doctors who examined the girls said no rape occurred.

In the '30s, many Twin Cities jobs were off limits to blacks, including sales clerk, schoolteacher and newspaper reporter. Matt Little, who came to Minneapolis nearly 50 years ago and later became Minneapolis NAACP president, said, "It was unthinkable for a black to be a reporter at a white newspaper."

In the '40s, Mayor Hubert Humphrey was pushing the City Council to pass a fair employment practices act to fight job discrimination, Johnson said, and she made a motion at an NAACP branch meeting in late 1946 or early 1947 to support it. Another branch leader had it tabled. "I hit the streets," said Johnson. She and another NAACPer, Bill Cratic, and others signed up 700 new members at $ 1 a member. Two months later, 300 members packed the branch meeting and voted to support the proposal, which later passed the City Council. "I was the No. 1 wild woman out there," Johnson said, smiling.

On Aug. 15, 1955, a black woman moved into the all-white 4300 block of Portland Av. S. in Minneapolis. Paint was splattered on her son's car. People threatened her. NAACP branch president Bill Cratic called it the worst interracial violence in 15 years.

Real estate agents had an unwritten rule not to sell to blacks south of 42nd St., said Tela Burt, who had become an agent himself. He bought a house there anyway, telling the seller that it was for someone else. He knew he faced trouble because a black on the block recently had been run out of his house. "I was a hunter," said Burt. "The first day I moved in, I sat out on my front step cleaning a rifle. I could see the neighbors looking out their windows at me. They were thinking: 'I'm not going to bother that guy. He's going to kill anyone who bothers him.' " No one bothered Burt. His wife became close friends with a white woman next door.

The civil rights movement was mushrooming when attorney Doug Hall was elected Minneapolis NAACP president in 1959. "We were in a hot and heavy discussion over activism," he said. "Locally, they were not active on the major issues. I went to a national convention and I got turned off by [Roy] Wilkins," then the national NAACP executive secretary. Hall quit the NAACP after his term to join the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), which he felt was more activist. Later he got turned off by CORE and left that, too.

Ron Edwards joined the NAACP in 1959 at age 21. "It reeked of conservatism," he said. "We wanted them to be both relevant and effective." Edwards said he and his group were young black militants who wanted to reduce white influence in the NAACP and have it run by blacks, addressing job discrimination and the lack of jobs. He said that in 1962 and in 1964, his group tried unsuccessfully to elect a militant branch president. Today, Edwards said, the NAACP is "not relevant because they've lost touch with black grass-roots America."

Harry Davis recalls the 1964 election, at which he was elected president. "I was more the NAACP type, and Stan King was more or less the militant," Davis said. Curt Chivers and Cecil Newman, longtime NAACP leaders, "said we couldn't have someone who had militant views be the president. I'm not saying that I didn't have some, too, but they needed a more moderate, level person."

Davis sees a future for the NAACP. "I think it will survive," he said. "People who believe in equality and the true Constitution can't let it die."

Matt Little said that the Minneapolis school administration "really dragged its feet" on desegregation and that the NAACP branch sued, forcing the schools to begin busing in the early 1970s. "It was key at that time," he said, "and it still is."

Art Cunningham, Minneapolis NAACP president in 1975-76, said he found the branch to be too middle class, with not enough emphasis on workers, the unemployed and youth. "The people who were involved didn't need it, and the people who needed it weren't involved," he said. He cited as one of his major accomplishments the organizing of three busloads of demonstrators who went to Boston to support busing in that city.

Cunningham said the NAACP is still relevant. "I think the NAACP needs to polish its image and focus its strategy," he said, "but I think it's still needed. We haven't reached that point where we can say everything is OK and we don't need to keep the battle going."

Nellie Stone Johnson left the NAACP in 1965 but remains an activist. The service industry is growing, but many of its workers aren't in unions, she said, while discrimination continues. "The NAACP has to move in the direction of the ***working class***," she said. But Little said the NAACP has had a long association with labor. "We consider them as our allies."

And the debate goes on.

Staff librarians Bob Jansen, Sylvia Frisch and Roberta Hovde helped with research on this article.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** July 10, 1995

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[***TWIN CITIES CRITICS TALLY TOP 20 ALBUMS OF 2002;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47KR-1HG0-00J2-3565-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In a new annual poll, writers vote on the best local music of 2002.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47KR-1HG0-00J2-3565-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

January 3, 2003, Friday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY / FREETIME; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 2153 words

**Byline:** Chris Riemenschneider; Staff Writer

**Body**

In this music poll, everybody really is a critic.

     In fact, being a music writer is rule No. 1 of the first-ever Twin Cities Critics Tally, which hopes to do for the local music scene what the Village Voice's Pazz & Jop Poll does on a national scale: find a consensus among pop/rock scribes and create the ultimate year-end list.

     The voters \_ 18 in all, including staffers from the Star Tribune, City Pages, Pulse of the Twin Cities, Minnesota Daily and Lost Cause magazine, plus freelancers for many of these publications \_ were told to vote for music of any shape, form or decibel level, so long as it had a born-on date of 2002 and was made by a Minnesota act.

     The results confirm that the Twin Cities music scene is rich in variety and steeped in independent attitude.

     A hip-hop artist, for instance, beat out a local rock legend for the best album of the year, something that would have seemed impossible two or more years ago. On the other hand, a 7-inch EP also made the list, harking back to past eras. Almost as unpredictable, almost all of the members of the best live band lived in another country five years ago.

   One motivation for inventing this poll was to foster a spirit of community in the music scene, especially after the Minnesota Music Awards became such a debacle last year. If that doesn't work, though, then consider it a Cliffs Notes version of what Twin Cities music critics were thinking in 2002.

     1. Atmosphere, "God Loves Ugly" (Rhyme Sayers Entertainment) \_ Slug's flourishing hip-hop group made a recognizable impact in the concert ring this year, but this victory confirms that new ground was broken on record, too. This 70-minute collection, the third full studio album by Slug and his studio partner, Ant, is like a rappers' answer to a Weezer CD. Songs of heartbreak and insecurity \_ neither very common in hip-hop \_ are offset by playful, powerful music and self-deprecating humor, like in "Lovelife" when Slug sheds light on one of his problems with women: "I'm just a Virgo looking for my own version of the Virgin Mary." The refreshing thing is that he's a rapper without a god complex. (85 voter points) 5350

     2. Paul Westerberg, "Stereo/Mono" (Vagrant Records) \_ The former Replacements frontman went from recording with such fast-lane rock producers as Don Was and Brendan O'Brien to making two CDs' worth of material in his basement for the cost of a beater car. The lo-fi, two-disc set shows that no one can spark Westerberg's creativity like himself. "Stereo" finds him strumming softer, introspective material, while "Mono" is more like the garage-y, perfectly unsophisticated records he used to make way back when. (78) 5351

     3. Mark Mallman, "The Red Bedroom" (Guilt Ridden Pop) \_ A madcap, piano-playing pop-rocker known for live stunts such as holding a 26.2-hour music marathon and playing inside a refrigerator box, Mallman applied his wild imagination to record this year. The results are a grandiose concept album \_ loosely about truckers, prostitutes and the '70s \_ that's an indie-rock "Tommy," complete with overture-like instrumentation and a sometimes delightfully melodramatic, quirky flair. (53) 5352

     4. Mason Jennings, "Century Spring" (Architect Records) \_ The Twin Towns' angry young folk star has softened with age and marriage, but his third CD still shows off his charmingly simplistic, ***working-class*** songwriting talent and unabashedly open personality. Musically, the 27-year-old adds some piano to his all-acoustic sound but mostly leaves everything terrifically uncomplicated.(43) 5353

     5. Malachi Constant, "Zenith" (Guilt Ridden Pop) \_ A four-piece sonic-punk band that can build towering walls of guitars, Malachi Constant's strength on its second CD is knowing when to turn the volume up, down or completely off. Crafty time changes and inventive arrangements \_ think Pavement with more muscle. (42) 5354

     6. Prince, "One Nite Alone … Live" \_ The ever-unpredictable '80s superstar spent most of the year winning back fans on the road, and he has a refreshingly strong three-CD box set to show for it \_ his first real live collection. In addition to the two full concert CDs, which include recent and older material, there's a so-called "after-show" disc of muscular jams. (34) 5355

     7. (tie) Selby Tigers, "Curse of the Selby Tigers" (Hopeless) \_ The St. Paul-based punk quartet with boy-girl vocals made a spastically fun album of garage-y nuggets. And then it broke up. Too bad. (31) 5356

     Song of Zarathustra, "A View From High Tide" (Troubleman Unlimited) \_ A frantic-sounding young rock band that originated in Sioux City, Iowa, the guys piled on the noise and pulled a great Pixies cover for its second CD. But then they, too, announced a breakup. (31)5357

     9. The Soviettes, "TCCP" \_ A four-song EP released on vinyl only, it's likely to become a collector's item for this burgeoning, fun-loving, female-led pop-punk band. (30) 5358

     10. (tie) Front Porch Swingin' Liquor Pigs, "Half Cocked and Fully Loaded" \_ The twangy and rootsy barroom favorites keep things loose and boozy for their second CD, but they also show off the six members' fine, Southern-inspired musicianship. (Neckless Records) (29) 5359

     12 Rods, "Lost Time" \_ Coming off some semi-disastrous recordings with Todd Rundgren, the modern-day prog-rockers hunkered down in their own studio and came up with a sonic dazzler that's more fun than their three previous discs. (29) 5360

     12. Heiruspecs, "Small Steps" (self-released) \_ The instrumental hip-hop band came up with some cleverly funky jams but also gave lead rapper Felix time to shine as a lyricist. (27) 5361

     13. Various artists, "Tundra Sessions" (Doomedelic) \_ A vinyl-only collection that concisely compiles the jaggedly rhythmic and dirty punk sounds of the Midnight Evils, Kentucky Gag Order, Howlin' Andy Hound and more. (26) 5362

     14. (tie) Ol' Yeller, "Nuzzle" (SMA) \_ The classic-sounding, Southerney guitar-rock trio of former Glenrustles singer Rich Mattson was influenced and tightened by the rock 'n' roll road life. (25) 5366

     Michael Yonkers, "Microminiature Love" (DeStijl) \_ A collection of long-long psychedelic '60s guitar music from a rediscovered experimental virtuoso. (25) 5363

     16. (tie) Askeleton, "Modern Fairy Tales" (Alone Records) \_ Former Hidden Chord punk rocker Knol Tate turned to his computer and Manchester-styled influences and crafted some surprisingly sophisticated, moody digi-pop music. (24) 5364

     Astronaut Wife, "Flying Saucer" (Susstones) \_ Another electronic pop record with swirling female vocals and sweet sci-fi songs. (24) 5365

     18. (tie) The Crush, "Here Is Where I Cross My Fingers" (Adeline) \_ Emotional but not melodramatic punk-rock songs that got the quartet signed to Green Day singer Billie Joe Armstrong's label. (23) 5367

     Dan Israel & the Cultivators, "Love Ain't a Cliche" (Hayden's Ferry) \_ A year into his 30s, the wizened folk-rocker struggled with worldly issues and everyday problems but wound up smiling. (23) 5368

     20. Nachito Herrera & Puro Cubano, "Live at the Dakota" (Dakota Live) \_ The former pianist/arranger for Cubanismo proves that the jazz of his native country is hot even in Minnesota. (21) 5369

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Chris Riemenschneider's Top local CDs of 2002

   1. Paul Westerberg, "Stereo/Mono"

   2. Ol' Yeller, "Nuzzle"

   3. Atmosphere, "God Loves Ugly"

   4. Mason Jennings, "Century Spring"

   5. Prince, "One Nite Alone . . . Live"

   6. Nachito Herrera & Puro Cubano, "Live at the Dakota"

   7. Valet, "The Glamour Is Contagious"

   8. Marlee MacLeod, "Like Hollywood"

   9. Oliver Hart (Eyedea), "The Many Faces of . . ."

10. Front Porch Swingin' Liquor Pigs, "Half Cocked and Fully Loaded"

     Songs of the year

     1. 12 Rods, "Accidents Waiting to Happen" \_ A dazzlingly hi-fi track from the "Lost Time" CD, it features techno/drum-and-bass rhythms from Dave King going off like fireworks behind frontman Ryan Olcott's warbly voice and the group's blaring guitars. (22) 5360

     2. Paul Westerberg, "Silent Film Star" \_ Classic Westerberg melody and zinger lyrics from the "Mono" half of his two-disc collection. (20) 5351

     3. Atmosphere, "Modern Man's Hustle" \_ The single from "God Loves Ugly" was a tough-sounding romp essentially about Slug's hard-work ethic. (18) 5350

     4. Andrew Broder, "Cockeyed Cookie Pusher" \_ Fog's changeling frontman recorded this haunting solo track for the "Twin Town High, Vol. 5" compilation. (15) 5370

     5. Oddjobs, "Blue Collar Holler" (13) \_ A delicious freestyle romp from the Twin Cities-reared, New York-based hip-hop quintet's second CD, "Drums." 5371

     6. (tie) Kid Dakota, "The Overcoat," and Heiruspecs, "Meters." (12)

     8. (tie) Dolores Dewberry, "Paragraph 64"; Low, "In Drugs"; Mark Mallman, "City of Sound"; Maphead, "Oleo"; Sideways, "Oblivion and Points Beyond," and Paul Westerberg, "Eyes Like Sparks." (10)

Best live acts

     1. Sweet J.A.P. \_ The quintet of hipster Japanese-Americans \_ temporarily renamed Whiskey Screaming Kiss Me Kiss Me while its lineup is in flux \_ wowed crowds with its sheer enthusiasm and ferociously bombastic, MC5-meets-Minor Threat punk noise. (28)

     2. Kentucky Gag Order \_ What Lynyrd Skynyrd might have sounded like if it had started after the Stooges and Misfits, this wild-eyed foursome has a terrifically animated frontman named Dave Matters who delivers his band's warped, bluesy songs with fire and brimstone. (20)

     3. Front Porch Swingin' Liquor Pigs \_ With their regular gigs at the Viking Bar and other places where the beer pours easily, the ramshackle acoustic pickers know enough old blues and country tunes and inside jokes to entertain consistently. (18)

     4. Dillinger Four \_ Like the Pigs, the town's most popular punkers can be hilarious on stage, but their music is frighteningly ferocious, too. (14)

     5. The Suburbs \_ With all its original members and a horn section in tow, the hip '80s party band played four memorable reunion shows at First Avenue this fall. (12)

     6. (tie) The Hockey Night, Malachi Constant, Mark Mallman and Soul Asylum. (10)

How the votes were counted

     Each of the critics turned in a list of their favorite albums \_ usually a top 10 list \_ which was ranked, with 15 points for their favorite release down to 6 for the last disc named. Or, if unranked, each of the records they listed got 10 points. For the song and live-act categories, they were asked to name up to five entries, with 10 points for their favorite on down to 2. If unranked, each pick counted as 5 points.

Signs of life

     The No. 1 sign that rock 'n' roll is alive and well and living in the Twin Cities, as answered by critics who participated in this poll:

     "The long, long list of stuff we had to leave out of our year-end package." \_ Peter Scholtes, City Pages staff writer

     "The reemergence of a strong feminine punk-rock presence: Red Vendetta, the Soviettes, the Goochers, Freeze Baby, Scorned..." \_ Christina Schmitt, freelance writer

     "Dinkytown took its place as the axis mundi of a diverse and vibrant music scene." \_ Rod Smith, freelancer

     "All the cool compilation albums: 'Apartment Music,' 'The Tundra Sessions,' 'Silage,' 'Twin Town High, Vol. 5.' Also, Mark Baumgarten's Lost Cause magazine." \_ Dan Haugen, Lost Cause

     "Lost Cause magazine for caring enough about local music to cover it exclusively." \_ Erik Westra, First Avenue's Foundation magazine

     "It comes from Japan: Sweet J.A.P." \_ Kate Silver, freelancer

     "Matthew St.-Germain. You might not like his sound, but the way he is doing it is an example to us all." \_ Mark Baumgarten, Lost Cause editor/publisher

     "Cheap local beer is alive and well. We at the Pulse all bit our nails when we heard that Grain Belt was going under. But the fine folks at the Turf Club didn't miss a beat: frothy pitchers of Hamm's on tap before any harm could be done." \_ Paul Morel, Pulse of the Twin Cities music editor

     "The way artists support each other in this community. Look around the audience. There are always more musicians in the audience than on the stage." \_ Bill Snyder, freelancer

     "With a flurry of ear-catching discs, Ed Ackerson's Susstones threatens to give the Cities a centerpiece label once again. Plus, a couple big talents whose bands hit the major-label wringer, Adam Levy and Dan Wilson, have promising solo albums in the wings." \_ Tim Campbell, Star Tribune pop editor

     "Hip-hop became the scene's most high-profile musical export \_ and it did pretty well in this poll, too." \_ Chris Riemenschneider, Star Tribune local music critic

Other voters: Jon Bream, Star Tribune critic; Simon Peter Groebner, Startribune.com's FreeTime editor; Keith Harris, Chicago Reader music editor and City Pages contributor; Dwight Hobbes, Insight music writer; Melissa Maerz, City Pages music editor; Jennifer Schneider, Minnesota Daily music editor.

**Graphic**

ILLUSTRATION; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** January 3, 2003

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[***NOT JUST SIDEKICK TO HOWARD STERN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C170-01K4-91HK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 24, 1995 Monday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1584 words

**Byline:** Kevin L. Carter, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

If you've heard Howard Stern, you've heard Robin Quivers.

They're an odd couple: Stern, the tall, gaunt, Jewish Italian New Yorker, and his sidekick, a sturdy-looking African American military veteran from Baltimore.

Every weekday morning, for almost five hours in 19 radio markets (WYSP-FM (94.1) locally), it's Quivers whose commanding voice provides zany counterpoint to Stern's comic rants. She challenges, she scolds. But, most often, she provides cackling accompaniment to his diatribes.

They're linked in our consciousness: Carson and McMahon. Stern and Quivers. Shari Lewis and Lamb Chop.

She's so obviously the second banana, you wonder where she'd be if not for Stern. What would she be doing?

"Robin Quivers would be a TV newsperson or a talk-show hostess," says the co-host, in that third-person beloved by entertainers, politicians and sports stars. "I don't think my ambitions would have been any different had I not met Howard. I've always been ambitious."

That ambition - and phenomenal sales of Stern's autobiography, Private Parts - has led Quivers to write her memoirs, Quivers, newly published by HarperCollins. (She and her broadcast partner, who sold more than a million copies, share the same mentor, celeb editor Judith Regan.)

Coming from one who for years has withheld details of her personal life, Quivers is an unusually candid account by the woman some believe is largely responsible for the success of Stern's radio show.

Childhood sexual abuse by her father led her on a path to mental illness, alcoholism, suicidal tendencies, low self-esteem and sexual vulnerability, writes Quivers.

But like her idol, Muhammad Ali, she's a fighter, and has for the most part overcome her early years.

"She's the smartest person on the show," says Gary Dell'Abate, Stern's producer for more than a decade. "Robin is the one who keeps things together. We all know what she does for our show. I hate to see her referred to as a sidekick. She's much more than that."

At home in her art- and plant-filled Manhattan apartment, her five cats wandering about, Quivers is warm, if sometimes combative. She has a broad array of interests - sculpture, boxing, politics, transcendental meditation - despite a grueling work schedule that requires her to rise by 3 a.m. in order to be on the air at 6.

SHE LAUGHS AND LAUGHS

And that cackle you hear on Stern's show? It's no put-on. Quivers, who was an Air Force nursing officer before making the transition to broadcasting, laughs heartily and often.

It took two years to write Quivers, she says. HarperCollins gave her a hefty advance and sales have been good: The book debuted in the No. 6 spot on the New York Times bestseller list. (She'll do a signing in Philadelphia tomorrow at 7 p.m. at Tower Books, 425 South St.)

She could have written Quivers earlier - there was interest on the part of publishing houses. But she wasn't emotionally ready to dig so deeply or publicly into her past.

"I finally have perspective on it," says the author, whose hair is in long African braids and whose right breast is tattooed with a Chinese character whose meaning she will not reveal. "I'm over a great deal of the effect of what happened to me as a child. I can deal with a great number of things I wasn't ready to do before."

Quivers was born 42 years ago and raised in the Pimlico section of Baltimore. She wasn't deprived of material things: Her parents, Charles and Lula Quivers, were ***working-class***. "We weren't starving," she recalls. "It wasn't a poverty-stricken background. It was emotionally poverty-stricken."

YEARS OF THERAPY

Her parents' marriage was tense and loveless, and her relationship with her mother included mental and physical abuse. When she was 11, her father molested her for the first time. It took years of therapy to recover from the incidents - which stopped short of rape - and which Quivers says her mother all but ignored.

Unlike many authors, who wait to reveal childhood traumas until after their parents have died, Quivers felt no need to protect her parents, from whom she has been estranged for many years.

"I think I'm finally over it. I think I have a resilient spirit, so that no matter what happened, I always believed I could do better, get better, deserve more. It was my belief in myself that saved me. That's a birthright. I think we all deserve the best. If you don't believe that about yourself, you're not going to get it."

It was that belief that led Quivers - who graduated from nursing school at the University of Maryland, served three years in the Air Force, then spent two aimless, hardscrabble years in California - to return to Baltimore and enter broadcasting school. She worked two jobs in central Pennsylvania - at WCMB-AM in Harrisburg and WIOO-AM in Carlisle - and moved to a job as a newscaster on Washington's DC-101, where she ran into a geeky morning guy named Howard Stern. The two have worked together for 14 years now.

"Radio is such a fantastic entertainment medium," Quivers says. "You can do anything with a microphone and a studio and a couple of (tape-cartridge) machines."

Stern and Quivers' on-air chemistry has always been good. But Quivers' personal demons plagued her in Washington, at WNBC-AM in New York, and at Stern's current flagship station, WXRK-FM, also in New York. The tension exploded on the job.

FEELING OF DISRESPECT

Away from the microphone, she threw near-daily temper tantrums, suffered panic attacks, and had drag-out fights with Stern and co-workers. Many of the outbursts, Quivers says, came from the feeling that she was not being treated with respect.

"I was still dealing with a lot of those respect issues that had to do with being female, as opposed to being black," she says. "I had figured out the whole black thing. The woman thing, because of my past, had gotten all screwed up."

"She was completely irrational and out of her mind," says Dell'Abate. "That Robin Quivers no longer exists."

Lloyd Roach, owner and general manager at Delaware County's WPWA-AM (1590), gave Quivers her first substantial radio job when he hired her in Harrisburg in 1980. She worked as a morning newswoman.

"I remember asking her how much she made as a nurse," Roach said. "She told me, and I let her know that this job didn't pay anything near that. I paid her 160 bucks a week."

"She wasn't that good as a newsperson," he recalled. "She was OK, had a pleasant voice. But we had her doing the news in the morning with an old DJ named Mac McCauley. Mac told all these terrible, corny jokes, and Robin started to laugh at them, and we got a lot of calls from people who liked it."

Roach likes to think his station had something to do with Quivers' success, though he never expected her to end up earning more than a quarter-million

dollars a year.

"Not in a thousand years," he said.

"Robin has an extraordinary ability to make people feel good about themselves," Roach says. That's why she's perfect for Stern: She's his "ego reinforcement."

The never-married Quivers is close friends with Stern and his wife, Alison. She has nothing but praise for her partner: "People have no idea of his brilliance, the level of talent we are dealing with. It's not tapped yet."

But she's no apologist for him. Stern is a "sweet, wonderful human being," says Quivers, a political moderate. But when she doesn't agree with a statement he makes on the air, she'll let him know it. She also believes it is her presence among four men (Stern, Dell'Abate, Jackie "The Jokeman" Martling and Fred Norris) that "humanizes" the show.

Asked how an African American female can put up with Stern's right-wing, sexist rant day in and day out, she bristles.

"Why do blacks all have to have one mind? Why is it not possible for a black female to sit and listen to Howard Stern? . . . This political correctness that has sprung up is actually choking the country. We can't even discuss our problems rationally because everyone is worked up about what term is the 'correct' term."

The weekend before her autobiography was released, Quivers visited her parents in Baltimore. It was their first real conversation since she sent them the book's galleys.

"For the first time, my father and mother and I sat down and discussed my childhood," Quivers said. "It was emotional, to say the least.

"I think it was therapeutic, though. They understood, for the first time in a very personal way, how damaged I was, how withdrawn I was, how difficult I was as a youngster because of (the abuse). My mother actually hugged me and said she loved me. She said she could read the book with greater understanding."

Quivers' ailing 78-year-old father, on the other hand, "has never given me an unsolicited apology. I don't think he has it in him." Quivers' parents could not be reached for comment.

Writing her autobiography, Quivers says, has made her less reclusive. Unhappily, she's been celibate for two years.

"It's not that I've been keeping up with it on the calendar," said Quivers, who was briefly linked with illusionist Penn Jillette. "But when you're very, very busy, quite frankly, with my schedule, there was just not any time."

She's got more time now. But any man who takes up with Quivers will have to share her with Muhammad Ali. For almost three decades, she has been a huge fan of The Greatest, and has a limited-edition lithograph of him on her living- room wall.

"I just loooooove Ali," Quivers said. "His career ascension came at a time when I needed someone to teach me how to be proud of being black, to be a stand-up, assertive black person."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Robin Quivers will sign her book tomorrow at Tower Books. She says it took

her a long time to be emotionally ready to dig into her past. (For The

Inquirer, NORMAN Y. LONO)

2. In June 1992, Quivers and Stern appeared at the Judge Lewis Quadrangle to

twit rival jock John DeBella. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, APRIL SAUL)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***SEX, MURDER, SCANDAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-D460-0027-X3CK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

March 18, 1995, SATURDAY,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** LIFESTYLE: WEEKENDLIFE,

**Length:** 1634 words

**Body**

The first "trial of the century" came very early. In 1906, the murder of famed architect Stanford White in New York City exposed the details of a scandalous love triangle that shocked a nation still clinging to Victorian virtue.

Every sensational detail of moral laxity described at the trial of his killer, millionaire playboy Harry Thaw, was covered by an emerging tabloid press eager to expose the society set's "satin-lined sins" for its ***working-class*** readers.

Almost 90 years later, the formula is very much the same. Page 1: Sex, murder, celebrity. This time it's O.J. Simpson's turn.

Among the Big Ones: The Lindbergh baby kidnapping trial of Bruno Hauptmann. The John Scopes "Monkey Trial." The Charles Manson mass murders.

But "trials of the century" reflect the popular culture, not history.

"The cases that changed the history of this country and of the world will never be called trials of the century," said defense attorney William Kunstler.

Those "don't have the rage, the blood, the sex, the celebrities. They don't have the drama, the intrigue that titillates people."

THE 'MONKEY TRIAL'

Defendant: In 1925, a Tennessee law took effect making it a crime to teach evolution theory. Science instructor John Scopes, 25, was asked by a group who opposed the law to be a test case to challenge it. He agreed. Dubbed the "Monkey Trial," the 10-day courtroom drama brought to the forefront the post-World War I tensions between religious fundamentalism and rural provincialism and the rising urban, secular society.

Verdict: Scopes was convicted and fined $ 100.

WHY IT HAPPENED

\* The John Scopes' case was contrived; it originated in the New York office of the nascent American Civil Liberties Union as soon as a Tennessee law took effect in the spring of 1925 making it a crime to teach evolution theory. The ACLU sent a press release to all newspapers in the state saying it would defend anyone accused of breaking it.

\* A group of prominent Dayton, Tenn., residents chose Scopes for the court battle.

\* Journalist H.L. Mencken met with lawyer Clarence Darrow and persuaded him to take the case. Mencken's newspaper, the Baltimore Evening Sun, posted Scopes' bail and paid the $ 100 he was fined after his conviction.

\* Trained chimpanzees performed in the town square, and vendors sold stuffed monkeys. There were bands, sideshows and parades.

\* During the trial, Mencken stood on a table in the corner of the courtroom, watching Darrow take on his old nemesis, William Jennings Bryan, a three-time presidential candidate who had volunteered to prosecute the case to preserve the sanctity of the biblical version of creation. He even took the witness stand to defend it.

\* That dramatic courtoom confrontation became the basis of a Broadway play, movie and book, Inherit the Wind.

\* Although Scopes was convicted of breaking the law, Darrow's blistering cross-examination of Bryan exposed the absurdity of his position. Bryan died five days later in Dayton, and the headlines said it was of a "broken heart."

THE LINDBERGH KIDNAPPING

Victim: In 1932, 18-month-old Charles Lindbergh Jr. was kidnapped from the family mansion in New Jersey.

Crime, scene: Ransom was paid, but the child was not returned. Three years later, his decomposed body was found less than a mile away from his home.

Motive: Money.

Arrested: A German immigrant and New York City carpenter named Bruno Hauptmann. Trial: Hauptmann's trial began in January 1935. He could not afford a lawyer, so the New York Evening Journal agreed to pay his legal fees for an exclusive of his story.

Verdict: Hauptmann was convicted and later executed. His widow fought until her death in 1994 to clear his name.

FRONT-PAGE NEWS

\* In 1927 the only way to cross the Atlantic was by ship, so when Charles Lindbergh left the United States in a specially designed plane and landed two days later in Paris, he brought two continents together and captured the world's imagination. So, when his son was kidnapped the world was captivated.

\* Fifty reporters were at the house within hours of the abduction. For three years the story barely left the front pages.

\* There were 700 reporters at the trial.

It was a carnival outside as 20,000 spectators longed for a seat inside, some waiting all night. The sheriff sold tickets: $ 10 for the main floor, $ 5 for the balcony. Vendors sold Baby Lindbergh dolls.

\* Some of the 129 cameramen were allowed to take photographs in the courtroom, but the press' behavior was so irresponsible and disruptive that soon afterward, cameras were barred from the nation's courtrooms - a move that would not be altered for five decades.

THE STANFORD WHITE MURDER

Victim: In 1906, Stanford White, a celebrity architect, was murdered on the roof of New York City's Madison Square Garden, a remarkable new building and one of the 50 he had designed in the city.

Crime, scene: He was alone at a table on the opening night of a play when millionaire playboy Harry K. Thaw shot him in the head.

Major player: Thaw's glamorous wife, Evelyn Nesbit, the reigning beauty of the day, had been White's mistress until her marriage to Thaw.

Motive: Jealousy. Nesbit said White had given her drugged champagne and raped her when she was a 16-year-old model. The testimony included much detail of the trio's sadomasochistic sex lives, such as White's swinging Nesbit naked from a red velvet swing in his Madison Square Garden penthouse.

Verdict: The first trial ended in a hung jury. At a second, Thaw was found not guilty by reason of insanity. Thaw did not take the witness stand at either trial, nor did he ever confess. He was committed to a mental institution.

\*Thaw escaped the institution on the eve of Nesbit's vaudeville debut and made national headlines. He was recaptured in Canada but before he was returned to the institution, he was pronounced sane by the courts in 1915. However, he soon was recommitted for horsewhipping a teen-age boy.

\*Nesbit's steamy testimony halted the trial until the fuss waned. When she retook the witness stand, a reported 10,000 people were outside the Manhattan courthouse trying to learn more of the racy details.

\*Nesbit went on to a life of celebrity, appearing in vaudeville for a then-unheard-of salary of $ 3,500 a week.

\*The case became the basis for the books and movies Ragtime and The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing.

A SCANDALOUS TRIAL

\*The massive amount of publicity leading up to the trial - there was even an "instant play" produced in Brooklyn that protrayed Thaw as justified in the killing - led to the first sequestering of a jury in the state.

\*Nesbit's story of sex and drugs so shocked and embarrassed the men of the jury that women spectators were barred from the courtoom. Only newspaperwomen "definitely assigned to cover the trial by their city editors" could be seated, according to the order of the trial judge.

\*So shocked was President Theodore Roosevelt by the testimony describing the debauchery that he threatened to prosecute the nation's newspapers for promoting obscenity.

\*The U.S. attorney notified newspapers that he would bring them before a federal grand jury for sending obscenity through the mail. The newspapers defied the threats and their circulations soared..

THE MANSON TRIAL

Victims: In 1969, a band of Charles Manson followers invaded the home of Beverly Hills film director Roman Polanski and killed his wife, actress Sharon Tate, who was eight months' pregnant; Abigail Folger, heir to the coffee empire; and three others. Soon afterward, the gang invaded the home of Leno and Rosemary LaBianca, killing the couple and scrawling slogans in blood on the walls, including "Helter Skelter."

Arrests: One of Manson's followers confessed and arrests were made. The media depicted Manson as a demon who gave a face to the era's malignant atmosphere of violence.

Defendants: Manson was brought to trial with three of his female followers. The young women, daughters of the middle class, shaved their heads, carved crosses into their foreheads and showed no remorse.

The trial: The trial, one of the nation's longest, lasted 9 months. The jury was sequestered for 225 days.

Verdict: The defendants were found guilty and sentenced to die, but were spared when the California Supreme Court threw out the state's capital punishment law. Manson has been repeatedly denied parole.

LOVE AND DEATH

\* Charles Manson, a vagrant who had spent most of his life in and out of prison and reform schools, had established a commune for drifters on a ranch outside Los Angeles that had been used as a film location for Hollywood studios.

\* There, he and what he called his "family" practiced "free love," used LSD and other illegal drugs and conducted quasi-religious ceremonies with Manson as a Christ figure.

\* The prosecution contended that Manson, who was obsessed with Beatles music, ordered the murders carried out to start a race war in the nation. Helter Skelter, from a Beatles song, was said to be the code name of his war. The name of the song became the title of a book and television movie about the Manson family; both are still the most popular true-crime stories ever told.

\* Manson and his band were considered responsible for a total of 35 to 40 murders but were never tried for any other crimes. During the trial, one newspaper published a confidential police file that showed that Frank Sinatra and Elizabeth Taylor were on Manson's celebrity slay list.

\* William Farr, the reporter who broke the story, refused to divulge who provided the information and was jailed for 46 days.

QUOTEOUT

I am what you have made of me and the mad dog devil killer fiend leper is a reflection of your society.

Charles Manson, after his conviction

Sources of information for this page are Newsday, the Associated Press and archival photos. Page compilation and design by Jeanette Barrette-Stokes, Brad Lendon and Key Metts.

**Notes**

WORLD UP CLOSE

**Graphic**

PHOTOS (B&W): (1) 1925: John T. Scopes, left, listens to Judge Raulston impose sentence - a $ 100 fine for teaching evolution in his classroom., (2) 1970: Charles Manson walks into court Feb. 10, where his trial was set for March 30 in the Tate-LaBianca murders., (3) 1926: Henry K. Thaw waits for trial on charges of beating a professional hostess at a New Year's Eve party, the latest in a string of violent charges brought against him. A decade earlier, he was found guilty by reason of insanity in the death of architect Stanford White., (4) 1935: Bruno Hauptmann examines evidence on the witness stand during his kidnapping trial., PHOTO CREDIT: None

**Load-Date:** March 23, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Mark Cuban: A true maverick Dallas owner not about to shut up despite the fines***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:423S-S850-00C6-D33S-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 11, 2001, Thursday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS;

**Length:** 1705 words

**Byline:** Roscoe Nance

**Body**

Keep quiet, listen and learn. Then speak up. That is the NBA's

unwritten code of conduct for new team owners.

But Dallas Mavericks owner Mark Cuban has zero interest in adhering

to it.

In the 12 months since he purchased the Mavericks, Cuban, 42,

has spoken up about practically every facet of the NBA, from the

people who run the league to those who cover it.

Cuban has directed much of his criticism toward referees and has

been fined four times -- totaling $ 295,000 -- for doing so. That's

more money than Dennis Rodman, the NBA's quintessential bad boy,

was fined during his 14-year career. One incident cost Cuban $ 250,000.

Three of his fines -- totaling the other $ 45,000 -- occurred during

an eight-day period.

Cuban rolls on undeterred. Saturday night in Washington, D.C.,

where he watched his club defeat the Wizards, he discussed his

early findings from data he has compiled to determine whether

referees favor particular teams. He said it makes him wonder whether

there is a "star system" among the referees.

"I don't think referees favor one team or another," Cuban said.

"I'm sure they don't. From what I can gather, and it's not complete

information, there's a limited star system. Only a few refs might

do things a little bit differently. But again that's limited information.

I don't know that for a certainty. But I do know there are huge

tendencies. Refs have tendencies like players. Some will call

three seconds. Within certain calls within the game, one ref might

call it four times more than the average. One ref might call it

two or three times fewer than the average, which makes it hard

for players to know where the consistency is.

"In a given game, one ref might make 18 calls against a particular

team. The other refs might make four, five or six calls each.

Yet all the refs are supposed to rotate continuously throughout

the game. Even if you're the senior crew chief, you make calls

based on where you are as opposed to who you are. It makes me

wonder why? Is there a star system among refs? I don't know the

answer. I haven't gotten an answer from the league. But it goes

to the heart of me asking the question."

NBA Commissioner David Stern, through a spokesperson, declined

to comment.

Ready to take on anybody

No NBA owner ever has asked such questions so publicly as has

Cuban, who wrote a column criticizing officiating that was posted

on HoopsTV.com's Web site. He also wrote a column for ESPN.com's

Web site that criticized newspaper columnists who write that the

NBA has problems and the players don't care.

Last summer, he sparred verbally with Los Angeles Lakers coach

Phil Jackson. Jackson told reporters Cuban should mind his own

business after Cuban questioned why the Lakers, at that time,

hadn't signed anyone other than Shaquille O'Neal and Kobe Bryant

to more than minimum-salary contracts.

"He's a maverick in more ways than one, and that doesn't make

it good or bad," says Phoenix Suns chairman, CEO and managing

general partner Jerry Colangelo. "The fact is he has been very

successful and he believes in his own ability to get things done,

and you can't argue with the results to date."

Cuban has made billions in the dot-com industry, and the Mavericks

have become a playoff contender (24-13 and tied with San Antonio

for the Midwest Division lead after defeating host Minnesota 106-86

Wednesday). They are 56-32 since he took over a team that averaged

22 wins a season in the '90s.

"Those who are taking issue with his actions and comments primarily

would prefer for him to pay his dues and earn the respect of people

in the league by being a team player," Colangelo says. "I don't

think that's out of line at all."

The way Cuban sees it, he paid his dues when he put down $ 280

million for the Mavs. That is more than $ 100 million over the

value *Forbes* magazine gave to the team last fall. The NBA

apparently can fine him until he's cross-eyed. He's not going

to shut up.

"I know the rules going in," he says. "The league does what

it thinks is right. Like anything else you do as a businessperson,

you have to make a choice whether it's the right thing to do.

If it's right, the amount would have nothing to do with it."

Cuban also says none of the league's other team owners has complained

to him: "One guy has called me up and said, 'You need to be careful.'

But nobody else has said anything. They've been supportive. Somebody

has to take the bullet. It's not like there hasn't been a single

team that hasn't been upset about some things that have happened."

Ultimate basketball fan

Cuban, who made millions at age 31 after selling MicroSolutions

-- a leading systems integrator he founded -- is a professed basketball

junkie. He plays two or three times a week. He also plays H-O-R-S-E,

shoots around and goes one-on-one with Mavericks players.

"You can put me anywhere and I wouldn't embarrass myself," says

Cuban, who was dunked on by Mavericks forward Dirk Nowitzki in

a one-on-one game shortly after he bought the team.

Cuban's critics say he is a classic example of a rich kid who

has no idea how to spend his money, so he buys an expensive toy.

One of his first moves after buying the Mavericks was to sign

Rodman and allow him to live in his guesthouse, which league officials

later barred him from doing because it violated the league's salary

cap.

When the Mavs released Rodman after a month, Rodman lashed out,

saying, "Cuban isn't a player. He doesn't need to be hanging

around the players like he's a coach or something. That's like

Jerry Jones, and it's dumb. That's why the Cowboys went down."

Cuban travels with the team to most road games, the only NBA team

owner to do so. But he says he doesn't try to coach the team.

"The minute the coaches come in, I get the hell off" the court,

he says. "The last thing I want to do is to be a distraction

or take away from the quality time our coaches can provide.

"I'm not a basketball guy. I let the basketball people do the

basketball thing when it comes to players. My job is to give them

the tools they need. From there, it's up to the basketball people

to make use of them."

Keeps his players smiling

Cuban also believes his job is to give his basketball people happy

players -- and he spares no expense. He has given the players

designer luggage, leather jackets, state-of-the-art audiovisual

entertainment gifts, ergonomic chairs for the locker room and

private limo service. The team provides hot buffet meals in both

locker rooms after each home game, and Mavs players have a catered

meal after each practice.

"He's a player's owner," Mavericks forward Michael Finley says,

"and he's going to do whatever it takes for this to be a better

team. . . . So if he's willing to do that, the guys are

willing to go out and to give 110% effort. There's not too many

players who really respect and appreciate their owner like we

do Mark."

Says Cuban, "That's smart business."

The Mavericks have seven assistant coaches, plus four former players

who have been hired to work with team members on an individual

basis.

When the team's plane had mechanical problems following a game

in Boston and the team was scheduled to play in Detroit the following

night, the players in the regular rotation flew ahead on Cuban's

private jet. Coach Don Nelson credited the move for enabling the

Mavericks to beat the Pistons.

"I think you have to give Mark credit for going out and spending

the money to improve the team," point guard Steve Nash says.

"Now it's up to us to take this team to the next level."

*Contributing: Greg Boeck in Phoenix*

The Mark Cuban file

Age: 42; born and raised in a ***working-class*** section of

Pittsburgh. His father, Norton, ran an auto upholstery business

for 45 years. His mother's name is Shirley. They attend lots of

Mavs games.College: B.S. degree in business from Indiana

University, 1981. Put himself through school by, among other things,

giving disco lessons and starting a chain letter. The chain letter

paid for one full semester.

Business career: Shortly after graduating, Cuban started

his own computer consulting firm, MicroSolutions, without ever

taking a computer class or even owning a computer. By 1990, the

company was grossing $ 30 million a year. Cuban, who says he didn't

take a single vacation during those seven years, sold his company

to CompuServe, became a millionaire and retired at 31. In 1995,

he was living in Dallas and says he and old college buddy/business

partner Todd Wagner were trying to figure out how to catch Indiana

Hoosiers games on the radio. He credits Wagner with coming up

with the idea to broadcast them over the Internet. Cuban says

he figured out how to do it, and Broadcast.com was born. In July

1999, he sold Broadcast.com to Yahoo! for billions, netting approximately

$ 2 billion himself. Cuban has said that out of 330 employees in

the company, more than 300 have become millionaires.

The first thing he bought after becoming a millionaire: A

lifetime pass on American Airlines. "A bunch of friends and I

were sitting around getting drunk, and they asked me the same

question, and we got on the phone to American Airlines to see

if there was a lifetime pass, and there was, so I went ahead and

bought it." (Note: AA doesn't sell the passes anymore, but a

spokesman said some sold for $ 600,000.)

Why he bought the Mavericks: He says he's a "huge basketball

fan, and like every other Mavs fan who sat through all the losing

years, I would sit there and fume and say I could do this better.

So when I got the chance to, financially, I said, why not? I am

the ultimate fan." He paid $ 280 million for the team last January.

Where he lives: A $ 15 million, 24,000-square-foot mansion

in Dallas, of which only a few of the dozens of rooms are furnished.

Cuban says his empty living room is "where we played Wiffle Ball

on New Year's Eve."

Plane crazy: Cuban bought a new Gulf Stream 5, the fastest

corporate jet in the world, on the Internet for $ 41 million, the

largest online purchase in history. He tried to buy a new Boeing

777 for his team, but Love Field, the Mavs' airport, doesn't have

a runway big enough to handle one. However, a new $ 40 million

team plane that will be ready next season will come equipped with

satellite TV, a weight room and a shower.

Cuban's advice to wannabe entrepreneurs: "Most people

are afraid to try, so my advice is to go for it. But realize it

doesn't come easy -- you have to work for it."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Andrew Wallace, Reuters; PHOTO, B/W, Huy Nguyen, The Dallas Morning News, via AP; PHOTO, Color, Bill Janscha, AP; Lone wolf: Mark Cuban says his questioning of the way things are done in the NBA will continue. He says no other owner has complained to him: "They've been supportive. Somebody has to take the bullet." Player's owner: The Mavericks, such as forward Gary Trent, admire Cuban, who provides them and the coaches with the tools to be successful. This season, they're gunning for a playoff berth. Mind power: Mavericks owner Mark Cuban has had fines totaling $295,000 for speaking his mind.

**Load-Date:** January 11, 2001

**End of Document**



[***SWEET SAMENESS IN LONDON THE TRAVELER COULD STAY ANYWHERE, BUT FINDS HIMSELF DRAWN AGAIN AND AGAIN TO SLOANE SQUARE, WHERE FAMILIARITY HAS BRED CONTENTMENT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DH30-01K4-90R9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JULY 26, 1998 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES TRAVEL; Pg. T06

**Length:** 1539 words

**Byline:** Walter F. Naedele, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

White garden fencing painted against a bright green background along subway platform walls - perhaps the most domestic setting on the London Underground system - is unchanged from the last visit the year before.

The escalator is a short ride up, the turnstile eats the ticket and, through the doorless entrance, I'm out onto Sloane Square, slapped again with the surge of Chelsea.

At 7:30 on this morning, as Brits rush toward their workaday worlds, I'm heading to where I've spent vacations over the last 20 years.

The red double-decker buses and the boxy black taxis still scoot around the edges of the square, not yet hauled off to the ash heap of history. (Yes, I allow myself to enjoy this sight, recognizing it's such a cliche.) The marble-tabled restaurant Oriel is still here where I'll idle away a morning hour over huge bowls of yogurt and fruit, reading newspapers and overhearing conversations of the privileged.

But why am I here, why again?

Why does someone return to the same city, the same neighborhood, the same hotel, again and again?

Lack of imagination?

Appalling inability to understand that travel means sleeping in places never experienced? Kuala Lumpur. Machu Picchu. Maybe South Kensington, one Underground stop away.

But I choose Sloane Square every time.

Sure, it's daffy that I imagine these visits are to a wealthy aunt living here on the edge of Belgravia - the setting for Upstairs, Downstairs, that '70s public television series about upper-class life before World War I. It's weird because the two grand-aunts of my childhood lived in a ***working-class*** flat over a flower shop in a grim factory town.

Why not try another city, another neighborhood, another hotel?

It cuts the confusion.

It's like walking through the dark in a well-known house: You don't have to worry about stumbling over the cat on the way to seducing your spouse.

I like being seduced by London. With as few distractions as possible.

\* From the Sloane Square station, I walk past the crew rebuilding the Royal Court Theatre - where John Osborne's Look Back in Anger revolutionized the English stage in the 1950s - cross at the blinking orange globes where vehicles must screech to a stop for all walkers, pass the ironmonger's shop where odd-shaped, high-priced kitchen gadgets are sold in the cellar, walk up the short street where private grammar school boys sometimes pour out of a turreted old home in brown knickers and thick mustard sweaters, follow a narrow curve toward a pricey mews salvaged from stables and at last come down the dead-end one-block street where my hotel differs from the other homes only in having an awning and a small sign outside.

And in this collection of three whitewashed, four-story townhouses, there is this certainty:

The room will be small but the armoire huge.

The bathroom, perhaps a walk-in closet when these were private homes, will be tiny, the shower weak on the top floors, the bath towels 5 feet long and luxuriantly thick.

And in the evenings when I return from the theater, the only warmth will be from a small electric space heater, suggesting a time when central heating was a foreign curiosity here.

Armoire. Weak plumbing. Lack of central heating.

Those are the attractions, too.

I've stepped into a London home of 50 years ago. I'm in a place and time usually experienced on Sunday night public television. I'm in my own version of Masterpiece Theatre.

\* It's 8 on the morning of my arrival. And despite my month-ago booking, there is no room immediately available. As usual. None for a few hours, the sympathetic lady at the desk says. As usual. So I sign in and, in the narrow space between reception desk and broad red-carpeted staircase, stow my bag.

This is the time when returning to a familiar neighborhood works well.

I walk the two blocks to Sloane Square, cross through barely restrained road-rage traffic to buy an International Herald Tribune and a Times of London at a newsstand stocked with a zillion foreign newspapers and magazines.

The newsstand sits near a branch Post Office and, late into the visit, when I've bought enough presents for all the kids of friends back home - kids young enough to still be impressed by strange-looking stamps and customs stickers - the short walk to that office will be a blessing when juggling a small mountain of packages.

But the real blessing is the newsstand itself, where on each of the next two Mondays, I'll spend six pounds ($10.20 at $1.70 to the pound) for a Sunday New York Times. With only a word to the Saturday morning man, I'll find one of the very few reserved for me early each Monday morning, though he knows me only by sight.

One weekday on this last trip, I'll come up short of the exact change that I usually give for my Times and Trib, but the newsstand guy will say I can make it up when I next see him. I'll return with the missing pence only a few minutes later, but he'll seem offended that I didn't trust that he trusted me.

Years ago, before I was familiar with local schedules, a guy at the same newsstand warned me off buying the displayed Time Out magazine, a weekly guide to theaters, concerts, galleries and such. He suggested I shouldn't buy it - he didn't own the stall, for sure - because the latest issue would be out the next day.

Does having such a newsstand make a visit better?

You bet.

Is it a reason to return to the neighborhood?

No. But it suggests you're where you don't have to worry about being treated like an intruder.

So on this morning, armed with my Trib and Times, I walk up King's Road and into the only shop open now before 9 a.m., a workingman's sandwich shop. Instead of wandering around looking for a loiterer's haven, I know this place where I can wait out a half hour over a couple of Napoleons and coffee, getting the sense that I'm here again by overhearing the small talk of the department store staff and Post Office workers and such coming in for their take-aways.

Strange that a vacationer - who can be defined as someone running away from any hint of the workaday world - should seek out a place overflowing with bleary folks on the way to work? Not if your purpose is to imagine yourself into another life.

\* Apart from the coffee stop, you really don't want to waste a moment when you're exhausted at 9 a.m. London time and it's 4 a.m. East Coast time and you haven't slept for almost 24 hours.

Because I've used the Sloane Square station for years, I'll know through the weeks of my visit how long it takes to get to the Embankment station or to the ones at Piccadilly, Barbican or Waterloo - to make it to the theater on time, especially for productions that refuse to seat you if you're late.

So after using one of the photographs from a strip shot on my visit the year before to buy my seven-day Underground pass (for the equivalent of $22.10), I take the first train on the District and Circle lines to the Embankment, knowing it's usually a 15-minute ride and a 10-minute walk to the American Express office for enough cash to make me comfortable.

And when I return to Sloane Square at about 10 this first morning, I know precisely where I have to go:

To the Bliss chemist's shop there on the square for the deodorant, shampoo, talc and toothpaste that I don't carry, to keep my bag a bit lighter. (I'll leave them behind when I leave London.)

To Peter Jones, the department store on the square, to buy handkerchiefs and the umbrella that in this drizzly city is an essential, and that I didn't bring from home for the same reason as the bathroom stuff. (I won't leave that behind, but bad luck suggests I'll lose it within a year.)

To the tiny outlet of the Europa supermarket chain two blocks off the square - lower-priced than the wine shop a long walk away - for the bottle of sherry that will warm the spirit before chilling trips to evening performances.

But one of the best reasons for knowing the neighborhood is this:

One evening a few years ago I returned from a play that had ended early enough that I could manage a visit to the only pub on Sloane Square before the 11 p.m. closing.

I had felt uncomfortable about lunchtime drinking there because I once found myself looking down the bar at one of my hotel's desk clerks, who did not return my glance, which I took as an indication that in this class-conscious society I was terribly out of place there.

Now while I tried to nurse my 10:50 p.m. pint of Guinness, two good-looking but quite tipsy women in their 30s with downmarket accents began loudly talking to me about America - talking at me, to be precise. I don't know whether their game was pick-up or put-down. But I finished off my pint in a New York minute. Said a polite good-night. And skedaddled.

Ever since, when I come out of the Sloane Square Underground station with time for a last one, I walk the few blocks along King's Road to a tiny pub in the Upstairs, Downstairs neighborhood of Belgravia, where the drinkers are what observers of the upper classes call Sloane Rangers - young men and young women still in office pinstripes and talking about weekends at their parents' country homes.

The atmosphere can seem as unreal as a P. G. Wodehouse novel.

And, because I'm grounded in the familiars of hotel and neighborhood, the contrast with that unreality is great good fun.

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

The department store in the square, Peter Jones, is a handy place to stock up on the essential handkerchiefs and umbrella. (Corbis, KIM SAYEN)

Sloane Square is the patch of greenery in the center. In this neighborhood, on the edge of fashionable Belgravia, it is easy to imagine oneself paying calls on aristocratic British relatives. (London Aerial Photo Library, Corbis)

A war memorial stands tall in Sloane Square. The American has returned repeatedly to the neighborhood over the last 20 years. (Corbis, KIM SAYEN)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Burying the shovels***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NJS0-0094-52P0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 26, 1995, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 1649 words

**Byline:** Dennis B. Roddy

**Body**

The Catholics and Protestants of Ulster have many interesting notions about each other. One day I sat in the McDonald's in Belfast and a pair of Catholic teen-agers explained how to spot their Protestant counterparts. A Protestant, they said, has spikier hair and wears a bigger earring. At another juncture, a Protestant explained without a trace of irony that Catholics' eyes are set closer together.

In a museum north of Belfast, there are two shovels on display. For no apparent reason, farmers in the southern, and more Catholic, end of Ulster used a long-handled spade. To the overwhelmingly Protestant north, Ulstermen favored a short-handled spade with a cross-bar on top. Because of their differing designs, the longer shovel was used by putting a right foot to it, where the short-handled one lent itself to the use of the left foot.

One way of inquiring about a person's religion was to ask, ''Which foot does he dig with?''

Last Tuesday, a contingent of clergy and worshippers were at First Presbyterian Church, Downtown, digging with both feet and I was at a loss to use any of Ulster's conventional wisdom to divine who was what.

First, Oliver Crilly, a Roman Catholic priest from Strabane, County Tyrone, one of the six counties of Northern Ireland, opened the service with a prayer utterly lacking in grievance. A few moments later, John Dunlop, former moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, the largest Protestant denomination in Ulster, issued forth with a brief talk that drew on the Gospel of John, the tale of Jesus at the pool of Bethesda, where he asked an ill man a simple question: ''Do you want to get well?''

The man answered by recounting the details of his sickness. Christ repeated the question.

''It is very important that the people of Ireland listen to Jesus posing the question 'Do you want to get well?' '' Dunlop explained. ''I have no doubt that there are appropriate times for the telling of stories. But there is no point telling stories if the purpose of telling stories is simply to explain how it is that you are who you are. Because all the telling of the story does is dig you deeper into the past.''

And with that, Dunlop endorsed a peace document that currently enjoys the support of many Catholics and the distrust of his own people.

These very different words from such different men are important. They come at a time the British and Irish governments have released a sweeping proposal designed to end 25 years of armed conflict between Ulster's majority Protestant population, who want to remain British, and its minority Catholics who view themselves as Irish and want the province to be part of the adjacent Republic of Ireland.

The proposal -- called the framework document -- isn't a solution. In keeping with 75 years of Irish history, it's a proposal that all parties, including Sinn Fein and the Ulster Democratic Party, which represent, respectively, the IRA and its Protestant counterpart, the Ulster Defense Association, negotiate a way back to democracy.

Since 1972, Britain has run Northern Ireland from London. The Northern Ireland Parliament at Stormont, long a bastion of triumphalist bigotry, was disbanded when it failed to reform itself. Town and city councils are still elected, but their powers are limited to trash collection, maintenance of graveyards and some common properties. The system's called the Three Bs -- bins, burials and bogs.

Since the IRA started its latest armed campaign to force the reunification of Ireland and Ulster, the already segregated Protestant and Catholic communities edged farther apart. Protestant mobs launched modern pogroms that drove families out of sections of town. In rural Ulster, pro-Irish gunmen began a campaign of murdering young men who stood to inherit family farms in an effort to put them on the market and make them available to the Catholic Irish. Less than 2 percent of the province's children attend religiously mixed schools.

Ulster's Protestant Unionists, so called because they seek continued union with Great Britain, are possessed of an ungovernable horror at the thought of becoming part of an adjacent Republic that is more than 90 percent Roman Catholic and where, a scant 60 years ago, the Dublin government had to intervene when Mayo council openly rejected a young woman as town librarian because she was Protestant.

Ulster's Catholic Nationalists, who seek a 32-county Ireland -- ''A Nation Once Again'' is a popular song about this aspiration -- fear any return to self-government in Ulster without specific safeguards that include a role for the Republic to which they look as their real government. They've been stepped on before.

Each side thinks the other should go back to where it came from, except, of course, that each side comes from exactly the same place.

It is against this backdrop of distrust, hurt and blood enmity that British Prime Minister John Major and Irish Prime Minister John Bruton released their framework document. It calls for a Northern Ireland assembly that guarantees proportional representation for the Catholic/Nationalist community, as well as a place in the executive Cabinet for that same group. This does not seem to especially excite Protestant Unionists. Even Ian Paisley, the renowned bigot whose reflexive hatred of Catholics helped to set the stage 25 years ago for the low-temperature civil war that has killed 3,285 people, knows better than to complain about a larger political role for the Catholics of Ulster.

Yet another part of the proposal reiterates Britain's argument that it has no inherent, selfish interest in hanging on to Ulster, while the Republic of Ireland suggests it will alter Articles 2 and 3 of its constitution which specifically lay claim to the six northern counties. It is under these articles that Northern Ireland Catholics such as Crilly carry Irish passports.

So far so good.

Then there is the part about cross-border institutions. The framework calls for the establishment of a board, jointly appointed by the Dublin government and the new Northern Ireland parliament, which will adminisiter areas of common interest. Among the examples cited: fisheries and agriculture, culture and heritage, tourism, marketing and promotions abroad.

Pretty dry stuff, this, but so is gunpowder. Ulster Unionists became enraged a month ago when details on this stuff leaked to London newspapers, and skittish Protestants, afraid London was preparing to hand them over to the agents of Dublin, have bolted. The two major parties representing Protestant Unionists, the Ulster Unionist Party and Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party, have threatened to make common cause in boycotting the talks.

A day before the joint framework document was released, UUP leader James Molyneaux released his party's own document, which calls for the new Northern Ireland assembly and holds out cross-border institutions as a possibility later on.

As I lunched with Dunlop and Crilly, the two men explained the various aspirations and quirks of their respective communities.

Crilly pointed to a remarkable change that has come over the Catholic Nationalists. ''For the first time in my memory, they are willing to accept a settlement that falls far short of a united Ireland,'' he said.

Dunlop nodded solemnly.

''What the Unionists ought to be doing is to create a situation where the Catholic community feels so at home, and well off, they wouldn't want to leave Britain,'' he said.

But Dunlop pointed to something larger at work here. The Unionist psyche, he said, is profoundly insecure. Unionists feel neither fully incorporated into Britain nor profoundly welcome in Ireland. Suspicious, they tend to build one brick at a time. Therefore, if the cease-fire works, then consider a parliament. If the parliament works, then think about a cross-border panel.

The Catholic Nationalist, on the other hand, tend to look for larger designs in which to function: an assembly, a cease-fire, ongoing talks, a north-south body.

Because Britain and Ireland have both accepted the principle of self-determination, meaning nobody's changing flags without a clear majority in favor, it would seem there is little to entice the UUP and DUP to the table.

What's in it for the Protestants?

''Well, first of all, the killing stops,'' said Dunlop.

Beyond that, there is the question of investment. Northern Ireland already costs Great Britain $ 5 1/4-billion annually and London is becoming increasingly disinclined to subsidize a troublesome province. Unemployment hovers in the double-digits. In Crilly's home, Strabane, the long-term rate has been around 21 percent.

The major hope, both of ecumenical teams like Crilly and Dunlop, as well as President Clinton, is to get enough business investment into Northern Ireland that the marginalized ***working class*** young men and women who for 25 years provided a steady stream of recruits for the paramilitaries, can be distracted from ideology by economic security.

Before the people of Ulster can dig with both feet, they need a shovel.

The people of Ulster aren't the only ones who have to put aside obsession with grievances. Every year something called the American Irish Republican Army marches in the St. Patrick's Day parade to the cheers of onlookers who seem to have no appreciation of what this name signifies in a place where children and old people are shredded by bombs set by terrorists to feed worn-out dreams.

Before leaving Pittsburgh, Dunlop and Crilly, two men in very different team jerseys but answering to the same coach, had a message for them, as well.

''Their analysis of the problem is that the presence of the British in Northern Ireland is the issue,'' Dunlop said. Then he pointed to himself, a man whose home is on the island of Ireland, but whose identity is far more elusive than a patch of ground. ''Their problem is me, not London.''

Crilly's message was simpler.

''Tell them it's over.''

**Graphic**

INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC, PHOTO, INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: Associated Press: (Anglo-Irish proposals for Northern Ireland); PHOTO: Brian Thompson/Press Association: Ulster Unionist Councillor Cedric Wilson burns a copy of the framework document at Hillsborough Castle in Belfast last Wednesday.

**Load-Date:** February 28, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Lamentations of the DISAPPOINTED FORMER LEADERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6RB0-002B-H3Y5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***When the Ray Hemenway Forum meets in St. Paul, the room is a who's who of the DFL glory days. But instead of merely exchanging fond remembrances of the days when they nurtured a powerhouse of national political figures, they dwell on the present, and what has gone wrong with the party.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6RB0-002B-H3Y5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 3, 1995, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; News with a view; Pg. 12A

**Length:** 1767 words

**Byline:** Frank Wright; Staff Writer

**Body**

For 18 years, Mike McLaughlin, a leader of his party's Irish mafia, honchoed the DFL in St. Paul.

Gruff and ready, he relished skirmishes with his party's goo-goos, those good-government types from around the University of Minnesota's Minneapolis campus whom he considered elitist and too idealistic. At election time, he would lay those differences aside and prod voters in what he considered his more down-to-earth ***working-class*** precincts in the Fourth Congressional District, producing election victory after victory over the Republicans.

But now, as the years pass and McLaughlin and other DFL veterans watch from the sidelines, disappointment and regret have set in. It's bad enough that he must get around in a wheelchair because an infected foot required amputation, doubly bad that he must endure November's defeats by the GOP.

What really gets him down is more basic - the continuing decline and loss of control that the political party faithful, like himself, have over the development and selection of candidates, the conduct and financing of campaigns and the performance of the winners once they are in office.

Those much-ballyhooed 1970s reforms intended to open up the party and make it more democratic and less boss-ridden - such as subcaucuses and a glut of presidential primaries - have instead gone badly awry, swinging too far in favor of one-issue fanatics and excessive voter passion in McLaughlin's view.

"I look at things today, and I think what I did was all a waste of time."

It's lunchtime for the Ray Hemenway Forum at the old Prom ballroom in downtown St. Paul. Soup and sandwiches; spartan stuff, no linen. Attendance is close to 40, two-thirds men, an average turnout.

Other DFL veterans sitting around the O-shaped table nod in agreement with McLaughlin. Like McLaughlin's, their hair long since has turned thin and gray. They spend more and more time attending funerals for old political friends and foes, less time politicking. Their monthly gatherings at the Prom sometimes have the aura of a wake as they lament what used to be, as they remember it, and wring their hands over what likely never will be again as they would wish it.

The forum's name is in memory of an early chairman of the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party in the days when the party as an organization was more vigorous and, in their minds, stood for something influential and meaningful.

They are a remnant of a vanishing generation in Minnesota politics, an old guard that time has pushed aside and failed to replace.

The oldest are activists who helped in the 1940s to form that party with the hyphenated name, that name unlike any other organization in the United States that bears the Democratic label. Along with those at the lunch who are not quite so old, the founders nurtured the party to success, attracting attention for raising up in their time more national figures - Hubert Humphrey, Eugene McCarthy, Orville Freeman, Don Fraser, Walter Mondale - than any other state of similar size and for giving Minnesota a reputation as a progressive state that used government as a tool to solve public problems.

This January day the invited lunch guest is Secretary of State Joan Growe, speaking about proposed changes in election laws, a topic that prompts but a smidgen of discussion. Mostly, those present want to talk about the seeming demise of their party.

One of their number, smiling, describes them as "hacks, has-beens and holdovers." But go around the room. You would be hard put to find a more illustrious who's who of the old DFL days:

George Farr, the forum's organizer and guiding spirit, former party chairman, school teacher, coach, stockbroker, singer, actor, sometime airplane pilot, last of the party humorists. Back in the 1960s when Farr was chairman and President Lyndon Johnson, fellow Democrat, was setting records for tastelessness by publicly displaying the scar from his gall bladder surgery, Farr told a reporter he was "just glad that it wasn't a hemorrhoid operation." What state party chairman would say that about his president today, for publication?

Don Fraser, former congressman and Minneapolis mayor; Bill Kubicek, retired University of Minnesota professor, former party secretary, an engineer of Orville Freeman's first successful campaign for governor in 1954; Art Naftalin, secretary to Mayor Hubert Humphrey, later mayor himself, retired political scientist, admitted goo-goo.

Betty Kane, former state chair; Geri Joseph, former state chairwoman, former national committeewoman and former U.S. ambassador; Charles Backstrom, professor and political demographer; McLaughlin's St. Paul sidekick and sometimes political loose cannon, Terry O'Toole; Jack Costello, St. Paul fund-raiser and campaign treasurer; Jim Pederson, former DFL executive secretary.

Warren Spannaus, former state chair, former attorney general and candidate for governor; Jack Davies, judge and former state senator; Claire Thoen-Levin, former state chair who is faithfully convening meetings of former state chairs to see what can be done about resurrecting the DFL as a potent organization; Marilyn Gorlin, who reputedly sent out agents one night in 1965 to scour the bushes around Sugar Hills resort to see if the Minneapolis Tribune political reporter was spying on the closed meeting at which party leaders decided Gov. Karl Rolvaag's standing in the polls was so low he could not win reelection and should not run again. (The reporter wasn't there, but he dug out the story later.)

And so on, a roster that should be written down and preserved for history before it's too late.

As they drift into the gloaming, they say they know the old days they like to recall are gone. Their complaints on this day are familiar in the chronicling of nationwide party declines.

Participants in single-issue movements such as abortion dominate now. These newcomers take over caucuses without working their way up in the party ranks as door-knockers, phone-callers and the like. Instead of supporting candidates with a broad approach to public issues, the newcomers use their own narrow-gauge agendas as litmus tests in endorsing or opposing those running for public office. Longtime party workers are pushed out.

The complexities of subcaucuses and walking caucuses, installed to open up the parties and attract more citizen participation, have left the parties more divided than ever, they say. A voice in the rear pipes up: Caucuses wide open to anyone who wants to come, as in Minnesota, are a commendable exercise in encouraging democratic participation. This is all but hooted down. To the contrary, caucuses and conventions never were meant for the general public but were intended for the tried-and-true workers and experienced leaders so they could prepare effective party platforms and examine candidates closely, weeding out the weak and unscrupulous and endorsing the best.

Encouraging broad public participation by people with only a passing or occasional interest in issues or candidates destroys parties as a steadying factor in politics, they say. This is especially true, they say, in a state such as Minnesota that doesn't even require voters to register by party and allows any qualified voter to attend either party's caucuses.

Activists like themselves, who, as they recall it, espoused broad programs rather than narrow issues, today are too often left out, they complain.

No examples are mentioned, but those at the forum express concern that unknown and untested candidates, often seeking statewide office, now often come virtually from nowhere, are able to raise money on their own and can reach voters directly on television. They bypass the party, and therefore cannot be held accountable to it. Except at lower levels, such as the State Legislature, party endorsement means less and less. Too often, challengers oppose endorsed candidates in the primary election, further splintering the party. Nominees who emerge as primary winners do their own organizing, ignoring the regular party organization. Meanness prevails as never before as candidates exchange personal, low-level campaign attacks.

The plethora of primaries, especially for president, has greatly damaged the parties, they say. National conventions long since have ceased to be occasions where dedicated party workers gathered to select their nominee for the White House. Instead they are mere coronations based on primary results produced by a candidate's personal campaigns.

Naftalin says he gets the shakes when anyone suggests he attend a party convention. Not anymore, thank you.

Surprisingly, given their frequently acrimonious relationship in the past, Naftalin and McLaughlin generally agree on what has gone wrong, although McLaughlin, under his breath, mutters, "Art, quit pettifogging," as Naftalin, ever the professor, pontificates.

Nobody at the Prom mentioned it, but one manifestation of these changes is apparent in the past two years in Washington. Democrats controlled both the White House and the Congress, at least in name, but the independently elected members of the House and Senate, now used to acting like sovereign lords, and President Clinton, the product of the primaries, never seemed able to get a unified Democratic Party act together. They fought with each other as much as they fought with the Republicans. They now are paying the price, disgruntled voters having given congressional control to the Republicans.

It also was left unsaid at the Prom that a number of those present had had a great deal to do with opening up the party process in the name of reform. Fraser, for instance, chaired a national Democratic commission in the 1970s that recommended some of the changes designed to end bossism and decisions made by a few kingmakers in smoke-filled rooms. Fraser since has recanted his support for some of the changes, calling them mistakes. But on this day he is quiet.

Instead, it sounded almost - but not quite - as if these old pros at the Prom were now asking where are the likes of Carmine DeSapio of New York's Tammany Hall; former Gov. David Lawrence of Pennsylvania, a Kennedy king-maker; even, God forbid, Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, when we need them.

Has what goes around sort of come around?

This month the Forum guest will be Rep. Bruce Vento, from McLaughlin's Fourth District.

Feb. 20. At the Prom. Soup and sandwiches. $ 15 a head. No linen. All DFLers who knew Ray Hemenway or remember him, welcome.

Foreign correspondent Frank Wright covered Minnesota politics for the Minneapolis Tribune from 1963 to 1968.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** February 3, 1995

**End of Document**



[***THE MOVIE GUIDE; Short reviews of selected films***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41RN-14C0-0027-X42S-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

November 24, 2000, Friday,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** GO!,

**Length:** 1924 words

**Body**

RATINGS

A - Excellent

B - Good

C - Fair

D - Poor

F - Abysmal

\* -Not reviewed

ALMOST FAMOUS (R) A-

Cameron Crowe's semi-autobiographical coming-of-age story about a teen-age music fan who covers an up-and-coming rock band's tour for Rolling Stone magazine is funny, insightful and bittersweet. Set in 1973, the touching and often hilarious film - a certain Oscar contender - warmly depicts life on the road from the perspective of a wide-eyed observer, who finds his place in the world among a makeshift rock 'n' roll family. (9/22) Profanity, drug content and brief nudity; 16 and older.

BAIT (R) C

Rising star Jamie Foxx embodies the title moniker - a shrimp-stealing criminal used by the Feds to track down a psychopath - in this fairly standard, if ostentatious, action comedy. Although Foxx strikes the right blend of moxie and sincerity, and catchy one-liners abound, the computer gimmickry and pyrotechnics don't amount to a hill of beans. (9/15) Profanity, sexuality, violence; 18 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

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. Brendan Fraser displays his comedic range through seven different roles, while Elizabeth Hurley delivers a deliciously witty performance as the provocatively attired Princess of Darkness. (10/20) Sex-related humor, language and some drug content; 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.

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.

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.

THE CELL (R) C-

This deeply disturbing psychological thriller follows therapist Jennifer Lopez and FBI agent Vince Vaughn into the mind of a comatose serial killer. The nightmarish fantasy world they find themselves in is strikingly rendered by acclaimed commercial director Tarsem Singh, but the sick things that lurk there are almost unbearable to watch. The film's stunning design is undone by brutally shocking images and a slender, shopworn story. (8/18) Bizarre violence and sexual images, nudity and profanity; 17 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. Like the 1970s television series, there is lots of skin, stunts and explosions but not much plot. The flimsy story is little more than a series of far-fetched situations that allow Drew Barrymore, Cameron Diaz and Lucy Liu to don skimpy outfits in exotic settings and kick some bad-guy butt. (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. The dialogue-intensive screenplay has a liberal bias, but it champions traditional values such as moral intergrity and strength of character. Joan Allen's stunning lead performance makes her a likely Oscar contender. (10/13) Strong sexual content and language; 17 and older.

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 story's point. The film lacks the spirit and warmth of the original tale, 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.

GET CARTER (R) D

Better advice: Forget Carter. Sylvester Stallone's latest debacle, a lead-footed story of retribution, seems less interested in offering a worthwhile script than in conjuring up atmosphere. The upshot is a stale nonthriller with enough darkened sets, shadowy faces and rain-soaked surroundings to make Seven and Kiss the Girls, by comparison, resemble Christmas galas. (10/7) Profanity, sexuality, violence; 18 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

THE LEGEND OF BAGGER VANCE (PG-13) C+

Director Robert Redford uses the game of golf as a metaphor in this inspirational drama that follows a mystical caddie (Will Smith) who helps a battle-scarred World War I veteran (Matt Damon) regain his grip on life. The well-crafted film attempts to strike a universal theme, but take away its hokey platitudes and it's just another feel-good sports movie. The warmly burnished images are lovely to look at, but the story is obvious and dull. (11/3) Some sexual content; 13 and older

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.

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.

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.

THE ORIGINAL KINGS OF COMEDY (R) B

Spike Lee's homage to the highest-grossing comedy tour in history - that featuring a foursome of black comic actors - is uniformly amusing, crafty and respectful of its talented subjects. Insightfully profane Bernie Mac and D.L. Hughley are two of a kind; announcer Steve Harvey and Cedric the Entertainer evoke more genuine chuckles with disarming, old-fashioned charm. (8/18) Adult language; 18 and older. - Reviewed by Jim Luksic.

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.

REMEMBER THE TITANS (PG) B-

Based on the true story of a Virginia high school football team that in 1971 was forced to integrate, this well-intentioned racial drama presents an inspirational tale about uniting for a common goal - in this case scoring touchdowns. Featuring a charismatic turn by Denzel Washington, the film is an entertaining crowd pleaser. However, its approach to the civil rights struggle is almost cartoonishly simple. (9/29) Thematic elements and some language; 10 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. (11/17) Nothing objectionable; all ages. - Reviewed by Laura Dempsey.

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 enjoyable 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 its 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 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.

WHAT LIES BENEATH (PG-13) B-

Robert Zemeckis' supernatural thriller pays homage to Alfred Hitchcock, referencing such films as Rear Window and Psycho. Despite its familiar touchstones, the stylish and sophisticated ghost story raises some effective chills of its own. Zemeckis proves adept at eliciting shrieks from viewers. Unfortunately, he resorts to formulaic shocks in the gruesome final act, which plays like one of his episodes from HBO's Tales From the Crypt. (7/21) Terror/violence, sensuality and brief profanity; 13 and older.

**Notes**

Capsule reviews by Dave Larsen, except where noted. Dates at end show when movie review appeared in the paper.

**Load-Date:** November 25, 2000

**End of Document**



[***WHEN THE NAME OF THE GAME BECOMES ABUSE OF FAMILY HE WAS OBSESSED WITH SPORTS, OBSESSED IN AN UNHEALTHY WAY. THAT OBSESSION CAME TO TRANSLATE INTO VIOLENCE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-BXR0-01K4-922J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 22, 1995 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1610 words

**Byline:** Michael Bamberger, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

All his violence, he realizes now, was somehow rooted in sport.

Tom - a muscular, athletic man who smokes his cigarettes down to his fingers - would spend a weekend watching football on TV, one game after another. His wife, Margaret, would remind him that she and their two children had needs, too, and he'd pop.

Sometimes the rage would take over on the way back from bowling with Margaret, with a dozen beers floating through his veins, as he brooded behind the wheel about a missed spare and his wife's lack of sympathy for him. He'd pull over to the side of the road, drag his wife out of the car, and leave her there.

Other times, he'd snap after returning home from a weekend fishing trip. Or after another night of lifting at a local bodybuilding salon. Or after a day of softball or an evening of volleyball.

During the period of his life when his rage was at its apex, Tom was a bodybuilding fanatic - 260 pounds of rock-hard muscle.

Once, with terrific reflexes and soft hands, he made a heroic save of a birthday cake as it was falling off a table. He caught the cake with one hand, then smacked one of his children, who had shaken the table, with the other.

"I couldn't just enjoy the simple act of catching the cake," Tom said. "I had to show I was in charge."

For the last two years, he has been in therapy for his violent tendencies, involved with a program called Project Rap, which is run through the Family Services Agency in Philadelphia. The therapy has left him with a keen - and unmerciful - sense of awareness.

"It's all about self-esteem," Tom said.

"It's all about control," Margaret said in a separate interview.

She is in a support group for the spouses of abusers. (Both asked that, to protect the privacy of their children, their family name not be used.)

The women in her group are often asked by friends why they stay with their abusive husbands.

"The question is not why we stay," Margaret said. "The question is, why do they hit?"

The relationship between sports and violence - spousal and child abuse in particular - is studied widely. The beer-drinking and gambling that often accompany sports-watching are described in academic studies as factors contributing to domestic violence. Incidents of abuse, according to some experts interviewed, rise around New Year's Day, a day of hangovers and TV football.

One study of sexual abuse by athletes determined that big-time college athletes are likely to be involved in sexual misconduct disproportionate to their numbers. The presumption of researchers is that sexual abuse is, at root, an act of violence.

Darryl Strawberry was arrested for threatening his wife with a gun. O.J. Simpson is being tried on charges of murdering his wife, whom he was known to beat.

Yet Ana Rodriguez, a Philadelphia police officer who works exclusively in the area of domestic abuse, says to connect sports and home violence is to oversimplify the issue. Many psychologists and counselors agree.

"Anything can set them off," Rodriguez said. "There's always going to be an excuse."

Tom doesn't know what it's like for anyone else. He only knows that, for him, as participant and spectator, sports have been a lifelong obsession and that, for years, their value was twisted in his mind.

In a subtle and complicated manner, an unhealthy relationship with sports led him to throw a heavy book at his wife, to slap, punch and push his wife and children, and to point a cocked gun at his daughter's head. His goal, in that last instance, was to force his daughter to end an abusive relationship with the quarterback of the local high school football team.

There's no surprise there for Margaret. Children of abusers are drawn to abusers, she said. She should know. She was abused as a child herself, she said.

"You're comfortable with what you know," she said.

Margaret and Tom, both now in their late 30s, met in high school, in suburban Bucks County, where they live today. Both are from ***working-class*** backgrounds. They married as teenagers, when Margaret became pregnant.

With the pregnancy came the death of Tom's dream of playing professional basketball. He had never even attempted to make his high school team, for fear of failure and for lack of encouragement. But he was an outstanding playground player, he said, and he could have made the pros, he believed as a teenager and for a long time afterward, if only he had had the opportunity.

He thinks of himself as a recovering abuser now, since joining Project Rap. Before starting therapy, his hatred for certain athletes was uncontrollable, as was his depression over certain losses.

"You get disgusted," he said. "You feel like kicking things."

He despised Ron Jaworski, the former Eagles quarterback, because he felt Jaworski was surviving on talent alone, that he wasn't making the most of his ability.

"I'd watch him and think, 'If I had that opportunity, I'd make the most of it,' " Tom said. "I remember reading once that he could bench-press 200 pounds. I thought, 'I could do that when I was 16 years old.' And I resented that."

The resentment led to feelings of worthlessness, to low self-esteem. Those feelings led to violence.

"I didn't feel this way myself, but I can understand people who wanted to bomb Mitch Williams' house," Tom said, referring to the Phillies reliever who gave up the home run that decided the 1993 World Series. "Williams had disappointed them. He had let them down. Some people only understand success."

Tom felt resentment - "deep-seated resentment" - toward Lenny Dykstra for wrapping his Mercedes around a tree in 1991. He felt resentment toward Phillies management for the high cost of ballpark beer. He felt resentment toward professional athletes wealthy enough to have somebody cut their grass.

"That's all they'd have to do - play sports," Tom said. "If that's all I had to do, I'd show more respect for my profession than a lot of these guys do."

He spent his boyhood in Philadelphia's Fishtown section, playing chess, boxing briefly, and serving as a human punching bag for his brother. He quit high school to join the service, and it was in the Army that a test revealed his IQ to be 148. Over the course of a three-hour interview, the depth of his intellect became obvious. But he never wanted recognition for his intelligence.

"I wanted the respect that comes to an athlete," he said.

He found it, briefly, in the Army, playing combat football, a brutal 50-on- 50 game played with two balls and few rules.

"I enjoyed it," Tom said. "Our team was very good. I enjoyed the hitting. I enjoyed being hit. Usually, somebody would be carried off to the hospital. There was no empathy."

His combat football team was very successful, and he found satisfaction in playing for it. He never found that satisfaction in sports again. But he kept trying.

He spent his 20s and most of his 30s trying to lead the life of a boy of 18 - the age at which he had become a father. He'd spend nights playing Foosball and weekends watching sports and playing sports and hanging out with his buddies. He'd get no sleep, then complain about the noise his children were making when he came home, tired and hung over.

"There would be a competition - who was the most exhausted," Tom said. "I wanted credit for being out there, trying to excel at something."

All his friends and co-workers thought Tom was such a nice guy. He wanted to be liked. He was the first to help out. At home, he either terrorized his wife and children or ignored them.

"I thought that if I got the kids interested in sports, that might engage him," Margaret said. "They liked sports, but it didn't work. He wasn't interested. He was almost completely disengaged from the family. It contributed to my low self-confidence. It made me feel unimportant."

Given her history with her husband, it is no wonder that Margaret has wondered about the value of sports.

"He has extreme competitiveness in every sport he plays," she said. "He doesn't accept that there's always going to be someone who's better. If he bowls a 170 average, that's a high average, but somebody else would have a higher average. So he'd say, 'Well, if I bowled as much as he does, I'd be as good.' His competitiveness led to feelings of inadequacy."

Which led to violence.

Tom didn't want to be violent. He took up bodybuilding because he thought if his physique were intimidating, he could win respect. A 6-footer, he saw his weight climb from 190 pounds to 260 pounds. He was a rock. His rage only increased.

For Margaret, that period of bodybuilding was one of the most frightening. During it, Tom ingested natural products designed to increase his testosterone level. His dedication to weightlifting was maniacal, and so was his behavior at home.

Tom still listens to WIP, the all-sports radio station, but not endlessly. He is a sports fan in recovery. He does not question the value of sports in society. The issue, he says, is whether one has a healthy or unhealthy relationship with sports. From some of the callers, he says - and some of the announcers - he hears voices that remind him of his unreformed self. He hears voices that are not healthy.

"Listen for that personal identification with the team, how they talk about the players," he said. "The guy's a hero one week. Then he's a bum. It's always one extreme or the other. It indicates some kind of unhealthiness.

"In sports, everything can be seen in black or white, win or lose. I've finally realized that not everything's black and white. I used to have two

emotions - happy and angry. Now I have a whole range of emotions. I know hurt, frustration, anticipation. It's not so bad, feeling hurt. It'll go away. I don't have to hurt someone I love to feel better."

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Stomp is old hat***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NV50-0094-53VV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 9, 1994, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; WEEKEND MAGAZINE

**Length:** 1584 words

**Body**

I noticed that your headline writers didn't have enough originality to avoid using the same ''big bang theory'' phrase in titling two separate stories, one on Stomp (Dec. 2) and one on the Dance Alloy (Dec. 5). But more importantly, dance critic Jane Vranish didn't seem to be able to see through the thin veneer of ''high-end culture'' respectability that the group Stomp has created.

You see, they have all the heavily funded arts organizations across the continent (such as the Dance Council) convinced that they are a dance troupe. In fact, what they actually are, as far as I could tell from their performances on television, is an industrial band, and a sickeningly pandering one at that -- Einsturzende Neubauten (who, by the way, did a piece for Canadian dance troupe La La Human Steps) is to Stomp as the Pittsburgh Symphony is to … Yanni.

I find the overnight sensation of Stomp both mildly amusing and disgusting, since between 1987 and 1992 I personally advocated a whole slew of first and second generation industrial acts (Crash Worship, Hunting Lodge, Zoviet France, Illusion of Safety, Nocturnal Emissions, Z'ev) and received nothing but ignorance and/or ridicule from certain media folks now employed by the PG. None of these concerts came close to charging an outrageous $ 16-$ 38 per ticket.

Now comes the sudden success of these ''third generation'' Johnny-come-very-latelies, who either pack arenas with MTV-manufactured angst disco (Nine Inch Nails) or capture the hearts of wealthy dance matrons everywhere (Stomp with a Coke commercial which merely mimics innovators such as their fellow ***working-class*** countrymen Test Department, who should tour America instead).

In either case, the baby-boomer critics hand out unblinking raves without knowing anything about the music's background. I'll wager that none of them own Throbbing Gristle's ''Second Annual Report,'' for example. True experimentalists will continue to get the shaft in the PG -- after all, as far your critics know, the only noise record ever made was Lou Reed's irrelevant ''Metal Machine Music.'' It is to laugh!

MANNY THEINER

Squirrel Hill

FEEDBACK

Stomp was joyous

PHOTO

PHOTO: Lois Greenfield: Stomp: A refreshing new style or just a rip-off of industrial rock? Pictured are Luke Cresswell and Theseus Gerard.

I guess ''embarrassed'' is the best word to use for my reaction to Jane Vranish's review of Stomp (Dec. 4) at the Fulton Theater. It is a typically provincial review of a performance that has repeatedly thrilled and excited audiences across this country. The so-called ''party-hearty'' standing ovations were expressions of pure joy (a sadly missed component of our society).

I have to say to Ms. Vranish what we say about people who knock Los Angeles: ''If you don't get it, you don't deserve it!''

ROSEMARY NELSON

North Shore

FEEDBACK

Art of the brooms

PHOTO

PHOTO: Lois Greenfield: Stomp: A refreshing new style or just a rip-off of industrial rock? Pictured are Luke Cresswell and Theseus Gerard.

After reading Jane Vranish's review of Stomp, I couldn't help but wonder if we both saw the same show!

My daughter had seen this most unusual entertainment (that's the only way to describe it) in Los Angeles and told us not to miss it when it reached Pittsburgh.

Anyone from 6 to 60 (including a delightful 90-year-old lady sitting nearby) left the theater feeling happy and excited by the sheer energy and rousing performances of the cast.

From Ms. Vranish's mention of ''cleverly designed scenarios around annoyingly commonplace things -- such as three pushbrooms -- three of which snapped,'' I can only gather that she must have been suffering from an acute case of dyspepsia (my mother's favorite word for anyone who didn't agree with her opinion!).

The most frequent comment heard as we were leaving the theater was ''I just wish this was here for a week so that I could tell my friends about this great show!''

ESTHER LAPIDUSS

Squirrel Hill

FEEDBACK

Luther review was rude

PHOTO

PHOTO: Fans come to Luther Vandross' defense.

Tony Norman's review of ''In the Spotlight … Luther Vandross'' (Nov. 30) was totally disgusting and downright rude. Reading the article prior to Mr. Vandross' show that aired on WQED-13 that evening made me even more eager to see just how right or wrong he was. Well my answer was a big ''WRONG.''

I attended Luther Vandross' concert here in Pittsburgh in September 1993 and it was fabulous. I have never seen such a great concert and genuine singing capabilities without all the coverups that are usually done to the recordings. I do not attend many concerts because of the fact the singer does not usually sound like the recording we hear on the radio.

This article was like jealous writing, cut after cut. The show was a tribute to the other singers that had previously recorded these songs in the past, not a comparison, as Tony Norman implies. Mr. Vandross has a talent all his own, and need not be compared to other singers; he has made a name for himself already.

The ''Rules'' Tony Norman describes were totally out of place in an article such as this. Maybe Mr. Norman himself can't ''Sweat.'' Maybe Mr. Norman himself can't ''Sing, and Dress Casually.'' And maybe he shouldn't continue to write such articles if his entire attitude is surrounded by such negativeness.

REBECCA A. CUDLIPP

Jefferson Boro

FEEDBACK

Luther is magnificent

PHOTO

PHOTO: Fans come to Luther Vandross' defense.

Judging from his review, Tony Norman is definitely not a fan of Luther Vandross or R&B music. Did Mr. Norman even watch the entire PBS program or just bits and pieces?

Mr. Norman decided upon himself to compare Luther to the cover songs he described in his article. Luther distinctly did not compare himself to these great singers and even went on to say he felt lucky that he was not compared, glad to be recognized for his own style, he was always just Luther.

If he had watched the program he would have heard Luther say himself that he only covered songs by his favorite singers, not to try to outdo them, but as a tribute to all who have inspired him in the past.

The songs covered, ''Evergreen'' by Barbra Streisand and ''Killing Me Softly'' by Roberta Flack, were beautifully done. ''Endless Love'' with Mariah Carey showed me that he can sing in harmony with one of the top divas of today and, yes, it did sound a lot better than the whining of Diana Ross. And why would he do any more than give her a kiss on the cheek (as you complained), she is a married woman!

And as for ''Hello,'' yes, Lionel Richie may have built the house, but Luther put on! As for sweating, I think that's what most normal humans would do under those hot stage lights. Mr. Norman, have you ever seen James Brown perform live?

Obviously, Mr. Norman, you have never been to a Luther Vandross concert because his stage presence has always been very low key. But his magnificent vocal gymnastics have always made up for any discrepancies in his dance style. Luther Vandross is a balladeer … as he stated, he is just ''Luther.''

P. STEVENSON

Beechview

FEEDBACK

May 'The Force' be with you

I would like to congratulate the management and particularly the morning disc jockeys at WKSS 106.7, better known as ''The Force,'' for a particularly entertaining charity fund drive during Thanksgiving week.

For 52 1/2 hours, Bill Cameron and Carl Anderson showed creativity in addition to stamina in a marathon session featuring the auctioning off of ''no holds barred'' requests and a constant procession of local bands offering up a liberal dose of home-grown rock 'n' roll. This was done as a celebration of the station's one-year anniversary of their conversion to a hard-rock format.

After many years of listening to their big sisters (WDVE and WRRK) feature the same bland, repetitious and unimaginative playlist, it's refreshing to hear someone putting the focus on today's music and taking the chance of using their imagination on the local air waves. And judging by some of the excellent hard rock played by the local bands on the show, maybe Pittsburgh has a shot at displacing Seattle as the scene of the next wave of rock 'n' roll.

ROBERT W. LUKITSH

Glenshaw

FEEDBACK

Cat Stevens: What's the 'Point'?

JEFFREY S. BERRYMAN

Bethel Park

I was quite happy to get a new radio station in town, ''The Point'' with a reasonably fresh music format. However, their new format includes the work of one artist I haven't heard in a long time, and do not wish to hear at all: Cat Stevens.

In case some have forgotten, Cat Stevens changed his name to Yusef Islam on converting to Islam. When the Ayatollah Khomeini sentenced Salman Rushdie to death for ''The Satanic Verses'' Stevens/Islam applauded the move and said that Rushdie should be killed. Every station I knew of dropped him off its playlists at that time.

Khomeini maintained an undeclared state of war against our country for his entire reign. Quite apart from Stevens' criminal endorsement of murder, he collaborated with our nation's enemy during a de facto time of war. Such people do not deserve to make money off of the American listening public. Until Stevens recants his endorsement of Rushdie's murder, I think the American people should have nothing to do with him.

I called the programming director at ''The Point'' and was told that he doesn't get involved in politics. Maybe not, but he does get involved with the sensibilities of his listeners. If there are others out there who agree that Stevens deserves to stay in disgrace, they should call ''The Point'' and say so.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Lois Greenfield: Stomp: A refreshing new style or just a rip-off of industrial rock? Pictured are Luke Cresswell and Theseus Gerard.

**Load-Date:** December 19, 1994

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[***LETTERS: 'COMING OUT' ISN'T JUST FOR HOMOSEXUALS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:470S-WW00-0027-X28H-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

October 14, 2002 Monday CITY EDITION

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**Section:** OPED; LETTERS TO THE EDITOR; Pg. 9A; LETTERS <

**Length:** 1953 words

**Body**

Re the lETTERS and Speak Up comments concerning the UD Coming Out event with Greg Louganis. The gist of many was that gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered persons should live their lifestyle in private but never expose the rest of society to any evidence of who they are.

I would like to first dispel the myth that there is a single GLBT lifestyle. Yes, there are some GLBT persons who engage in wild, irresponsible behavior. That is their lifestyle, but it is also the lifestyle of heterosexuals who engage in wild, irresponsible behavior.

Bush administration disregards the public

I am absolutely appalled at the lack of concern for the American public by our current administration.

The longshoremen/owners strike on the Pacific coast cost our economy $1 billion to $2 billion a day, and our current administration took nearly 10 days to assemble a group to 'look into its ramifications.'

There are GLBT folks who live in committed, monogamous, loving relationships. That is their lifestyle, as it is also the lifestyle of us straight couples in similar relationships.

All of us heterosexual individuals have 'come out.' When a young girl shares with her parents that she has a crush on the boy who sits next to her in class, she is coming out. When a teenage boy takes a girl to the prom, he is coming out. When a young man brings home to Thanksgiving dinner a special woman he is dating, he is coming out. When a couple gets married before God, family and friends, they are coming out. And when we watch an elderly man and woman walk hand in hand in the park, they are coming out. Our GLBT family members and friends just want to be out in the same ways.

I am the mother of a lesbian daughter of whom I am very proud. I am a Christian, active in two churches. I am a member of the Dayton chapter of PFLAG (Parents, Family and Friends of Lesbians and Gays).

I am sad to admit that many of my friends and acquaintances don't know about my daughter because I have been fearful of negative reactions. This letter is 'my' coming out.

Nancy Tepfer Beavercreek

According to a recent

New York Times CBS poll, a majority of Americans says that the nation's economy is in its worst shape in nearly a decade. The poll also found only 41 percent of all Americans approve of President Bush's handling of the economy.

Corporate America continues to demonstrate its resentment of the average working man by thumbing its collective nose at our plans to retire by raiding our investment plans and stealing large bonuses year in and

year out, while our political leaders just watch.

And Mr. 43 continues to politicize a confrontation with Iraq by waging a fund-raising war at home, while Mr. and Mrs. America prepare to send their children off to war so that the likes of our president and vice president can make even more money than they now have.

I am tired of listening to the excuses by the party of Lincoln - tired of their nasty rhetoric and pitiful put-downs of the ***working class***. It is imperative that all of them be voted out of office and be replaced with people who care.

Is there anyone out there?

Frank Groach Germantown

Democrats need to reveal their economic plan

Political parties that aspire to lead this nation have an obligation to disclose their agenda before an election so the voters have a chance to consider, discuss and debate their positions. This is why the Democrats' refusal to say how they would repeal President Bush's tax cuts is so disappointing.

For months, Democrats in the Senate have refused to pass a budget, have balked at taking the necessary measures to cut wasteful spending, and now want to make the American people pay the bill by raising taxes.

Recently, Democrats called for an 'economic summit' after the election, but won't admit that their agenda is liberal tax-and-spend policies. This is highly irresponsible on their part. What are the Democrats hiding? If they're planning to raise our taxes by repealing President Bush's tax cut, then we have a right to know about it before the election.

Lorraine Sever Brookville

Bush policies threaten the American way

George W. Bush has not only redefined what it means to be a conservative, as David S. Broder has suggested in his Sept. 25 column, 'President redefines conservatism.' President Bush has redefined what it means to be an American.

The very things on which America was founded, and which have made this country strong - freedom of speech, human rights advocacy and 'liberty and justice for all' are put in jeopardy under the Bush policies.

Under the guise of homeland security, people are being arrested and held without being charged; our new security and foreign policy statement would allow a preemptive attack on any nation suspected of being a potential threat; and those who would voice disagreement with administration policies are labeled unpatriotic.

The outpouring of patriotism after 9/11 came because Americans are proud of the freedoms and rights which our founding fathers assured in the Constitution. Among those rights, the opportunity to voice dissent and to criticize government policies are perhaps the most important. Without that right, there is no freedom.

Democrats in Congress should focus on speaking out against the most potentially dangerous policies in our history, instead of worrying about the next election. Voters need legislators who are committed to doing what is right, not just what is expedient.

Suzanne Smith Dayton

War-for-oil accusation doesn't hold water

Re the letter of Oct. 2 ,'Iraq war really is family feud:'

The assertion that President Bush's Iraq policy is suspect because Iraq is an oil producer and President Bush has ties to the oil industry betrays either a poor understanding of economics or wishful thinking on the part of the president's detractors.

It would be far more advantageous for American oil interests if the United States did not invade Iraq. An invasion could damage or destroy Iraq's oil infrastructure, costing billions of dollars to restore oil production. Simply lifting the sanctions against Saddam Hussein would allow him to sell more oil to U.S. companies, without any of the risks that attend invasion.

If the president is, as people say, unduly influenced by the oil industry, he would have done exactly that when the American Petroleum Institute lobbied for the lifting of sanctions prior to the 9/11 attacks. It's also worth noting that oil prices go up when war becomes more likely, and go down when the prospects for peace improve.

All this aside, why is it hard to understand that preserving stability in oil markets is a worthwhile goal for the United States, since it's vital to our economy and that of Europe, no matter who our president is?

Logan Rogers Tipp City

Anti-Bush letters made laughable assertions

I could not believe what I was reading in the Oct. 2 Opinion section.

There were three published letters that put forth the opinions that the American government is morally equivalent to the Iraqi government; President Bush is only interested in oil and getting even; and finally, we shouldn't have used those nasty old bombs in Afghanistan to bring al-Qaida to their knees. Does the DDN intentionally print only low-IQ letters to the editor?

Each of these assertions are laughable. While Saddam Hussein was gassing Iraqi Kurds (proof on videotape), the first Bush got us entangled in Somalia trying to feed starving Somali kids (United Nations documented). Yeah, that's equivalency.

As for Bush being an oil/power mad dictator, let's allow Saddam to take control of all the world's oil, and we can ask the letter writer what he plans to do about the elderlys' heating bills this winter?

Finally, we are putting doctors and teachers to work in Afghanistan. The U.S. military just had to clear out the refuse first.

Wesley D. Adams Jr. Beavercreek

READERS' LETTERS, FAXES, PHONE CALLS AND E-MAILS

Unions vital to middle class

The 2000 Census reveals that the median income for Clinton County residents is $40,000 per household. This translates to about $10 an hour for each wage earner in a two-income family. This is considered a 'living wage' - enough to get by, but not enough to buy a house or provide for some of the nicer things in life.

As zoning improves a community, so does union membership improve the status of working people. Polls show union members earn about 15 percent more than non-union workers. Even in conservative Clinton County, there are several unions representing workers in diverse situations, including school employees, postal workers, delivery drivers, pilots and others. This union membership was not forced upon these.

Without organized labor, there would be no middle class. Organized labor has either sponsored or supported legislation that has improved living conditions for everyone. Such legislation as Social Security, the 40-hour workweek, vacations, holidays, minimum wage and family leave are examples of legislation that have become the norm for all workers.

State Rep. Tom Brinkman, R-Cincinnati, introduced House Bill 365, which would make Ohio a 'right-to-work' state. Right-to-work could hurt our productivity and mean lower incomes at a time when Ohioans are facing tough economic times.

This battle has been fought before in Ohio. The 1958 race for governor was decided on this issue. This is not the way to get Ohio on the right track. Whether or not you choose to become a union member should be up to you, not decided by the General Assembly.

Don Spurling Wilmington

Clinton, Gore talk too much

In the Oct. 3 edition of the Dayton Daily News were articles, including photographs, in which former Vice President Gore criticized the Bush economic policy (page A4) and in which former President Clinton presented opinions opposing the Bush administration's foreign policy (Page A11).

One would think that there are actually two administrations: Clinton-Gore and Bush-Cheney. It would be interesting to research the DDN 's archives of 1993 and 1994, when a Republican administration preceded a Democratic administration.

Did the DDN vigorously report news items in which the earlier Bush administration criticized the new Clinton administration? Probably not.

One reason is because the previous administration's leaders chose not to savagely criticize the new administration. The DDN had nothing to report.

Debate is healthy; however, in displaying class and character, the outgoing Bush administration chose to give the new administration a chance to succeed.

The DDN reports any Clinton or Gore utterance, regardless of how trivial and untruthful. It must warm the hearts of the DDN staff when they can harp the Clinton-Gore mantra - just like the good old days.

Clinton and Gore have chosen not to display the character and class expected of a previous administration. Members of the news media have chosen to mimic the same lack of standards exhibited by their Democrat leaders.

Ronald C. Hill Sugarcreek Twp.

OSI is at it again I can see from the article, 'U.S. Nazi-hunting team racing against Grim Reaper,' of Sept. 24 that the U.S. Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations (OSI) unit is conducting anther of its modern-day witch hunts for supposed Nazi criminals.

What's next - perhaps a search for camp cooks and laundry personnel? After all, they worked there, too.

Was it not the OSI back in the '80s that found 'Ivan the Terrible'- John Demjanjuk, allegedly from the Treblinka camp - here in Ohio as well?

After being stripped of his U.S. citizenship, delivered to Israel and tried in a show trial, he was sentenced to death. Fortunately for Demjanjuk, his defense was able to prove he wasn't 'Ivan' after all.

Bravo, OSI. I'm glad to see such extensive research before action was taken on your part.

Casey Martin Fairborn

**Graphic**

PHOTO, JEAN-MARC BOUJI/ASSOCIATED PRESS, MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL Longshore and Warehouse Union walk through the gate of Transpacific Lines in the port of Los Angeles on Oct. 7. The longshoremen returned to work Wednesday after a federal judge ordered the reopening of all 29 Pacific ports at the request of the Bush administration.

**Load-Date:** October 16, 2002

**End of Document**



[***SAILING THE SEAS OF SQUONK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ6-3BC0-0094-51KN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PITTSBURGH'S OTHER OPERA EXPLORES AN OCEAN OF MADNESS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ6-3BC0-0094-51KN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***IN ITS LATEST AVANT-GARDE PROJECT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ6-3BC0-0094-51KN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 24, 1998, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1743 words

**Byline:** JOHN HAYES

**Body**

It's raining on the South Side, a slow, persistent drizzle that leaks from a dark sky onto the bustling morning streets. Anybody with any sense at all is indoors, protected in a car or at least hiding under an umbrella.

But as I pull into a parking lot behind the bingo ball, there's Steve O'Hearn standing beside a dumpster in the rain spraying silver paint onto a giant gaudy earring. He explains that it's not really an earring at all, it's a yard-long Styrofoam serving-tray cover for presenting seafood to dinner guests. He doesn't admit that it's gaudy, but he invites me inside to where he's engineering the stage fixtures and props for Squonk Opera's new performance piece, ''The Great Circle Route.''

''It isn't all ready yet,'' he says. ''You can see that some of it hasn't been assembled.''

Some of what? All I see are piles of junk, scraps of material, pools of hot glue, cellophane balls, 2-by-4s and messy stacks of old magazines. But in O'Hearn's mind, I can tell, the bingo hall is an assembly line efficiently delivering the yardarms, sails, sailors' costumes and flooding mechanisms that will turn the Byham Theater stage into a sea of madness.

Despite the slipshod appearance of O'Hearn's workspace, ''The Great Circle Route'' isn't an amateur play production or some esoteric museum installation. It's the performance art troupe's latest commissioned work - this one paid for by grants from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, the Pittsburgh Cultural Trust and the Pittsburgh Foundation. As explained in the grant proposals, ''Circle Route'' employs classic mythological imagery to chart the decent into madness. The churning sea is indicative of the human consciousness - the deeper you sink into your own mind the closer you come to the bottom-feeding monster of total insanity. Only by clinging to the bubble of human intellect can we rise to the surface. Or something like that.

Homer would have told the story with Sea Hags. Wagner would have written a grand and tempestuous score. Van Gogh would have warped the dimensions of his twisted nautical metaphors. Squonk Opera dances in happy-shrimp faces made from plastic scraps.

''We decided when we wrote the grant proposal to made it about madness,'' says O'Hearn, lounging comfortably on the cold, checkered tile floor. ''It's about the kind of everyday madness that everybody has, you know, when you get claustrophobic in the elevator or momentarily paranoid. Images of madness initially took us to an image of water in the ocean. There's a great quote by (Michel) Foucault where he talks about the classic motif the sea of madness and the ship of fools sailing forever and never able to land. ''On the great shifting plane of the ocean this is no God, there is only the madness.'' Something to that effect. Then we started looking at Grade B horror movies. I just watched ''It Came From Beneath the Sea,'' which is a '50s-era octopus movie. Very cool. So it's all coming together.''

''Coming together into what?'' is the next logical question, but I've seen Squonk Opera enough to know not to ask. These are the people who turned ''Night of the Living Dead'' into an avante garde opera of spoken-word parody, musical scores, dance numbers and multimedia effects all performed live over a rear-screen projection of the original film. The same people who enacted a tongue-in-cheek manual on modern steel manufacturing for industrially displaced Pittsburghers, and who released a new age album with enough barking sound effects to send Yoko Ono back to the recording studio.

''The part I really enjoy of all of this is the research,'' says O'Hearn. ''I like spending days flipping through pages of National Geographic, reading medical texts and watching bad, old movies. We look at all the sources we can get our hands on at once and all the bits of information cross-fertilize each other. When you're watching ''It Came from Beneath the Sea'' and reading Foucult, how can you not imagine something new?''

Squonk Opera's philosophy is simple: Fine art stinks and pop culture is predictable, so you might as well do something different. They're as disinterested in impressing the cultural elite at Heinz Hall as they are in looking cool to the crowd at Nick's Fat City. In fact, despite their disparate views on entertainment, the two audiences have one very important thing in common.

''They don't think,'' says O'Hearn. ''They go along with what's fashionable. I think that about most high art - the ballet, the opera and most symphony. The stuff is so stylized it's hard to find the emotion there. We all know that stuff is schlock. The ''Nutcracker'' is schlock, except now it has the air of antiquity, of being so out of date that we can pretend it's classic instead of the schlock it always was . . . Pop music is the same. Brownie Mary, I think, has more to do with picking up prospective mates in bars than about saying something. That's popular culture rolling along on its own momentum. It's simply responsive to what's out there on the radio.''

It's hard to say at times whether Squonk Opera is a bunch of cultural elitists or ***working class*** heroes. O'Hearn is a former shopping-mall designer who pitched the T-square and picked up wind synthesizer. Despite his evident disdain for the artistic hierarchy, they've given him dozens of awards and published several of his books and articles. Musical director Jackie Dempsey has music degrees from two universities, five performance and academic awards and was twice granted fellowships from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts. Movement director Jana Losey is a published photographer and experienced choreographer from Ithaca College. Award-winning percussionist Kevin Kornicki has released a half dozen albums - mostly ethereal new age stuff - who runs a music publishing company. Upright bassist T. Weldon Anderson, the newest Squonker, toured internationally with two Midwestern orchestras and moonlights with free-improvisation ensembles. And Casi Pacilio, the off-stage technical director fondly referred to by the group as ''maestro d'buttons,'' has won several prestigious honors as a film director and sound engineer.

Pretty exclusive credentials for a troupe dedicated to bridging the gap between high art and popular culture. Then O'Hearn reminds me about the hand-made props strewn around us on the floor.

''It'd be hard to say a dancing sea monkey is too exclusive,'' says O'Hearn. ''You might say a lot of bad things about it, but you wouldn't say it's exclusive.''

Squonk Opera pokes a lot of fun at itself in an effort to seem accessible, but it's essentially the strong musical element that separates the group from other performance artists.

''It's really just taking advantage of all the backgrounds we have available,'' says Dempsey. ''A background in the classics is wonderful, but we have other things to work with, too.''

An example may be a unique percussion device cooked up by Dempsey and Kornicki.

''We wanted to use only non-traditional sounds and we starting talking about working with water, playing with it, really,'' she says. ''So we plopped some water and recorded it. Now when we hit that key, we get the plop sound over and over. Kevin arranged it so he can get keyboard sounds from his drum synthesizer. We do a piano duet with him playing the notes on the drum and me making percussion sounds and melody on the keyboards.''

If Dempsey can't play it or O'Hearn and Pacilio can't build it, Squonk Opera isn't averse to bringing in someone who can. To coach them on the choreographic elements of ''The Great Circle Route,'' Squonk brought in movement coach Dan Kamin, the mime and theater coach who taught Robert Downey Jr. to waddle in ''Chaplin.''

''Dan is always saying, 'Well, where's the insanity in that?' says O'Hearn. He's enriched the show by being a little more demanding than we generally are. So, for instance, he doesn't say, 'Cut the brine shrimp.' He says, 'The brine shrimp should look at the other character and be amazed that they should be the same character after transforming in the last scene' We're not dancers, we're essentially musicians and designers. Dan is teaching us how to move without embarrassing ourselves.''

''Musicians normally don't have a lot of responsibilities except the music,'' says Kamin. ''They have four standard moves: tossing the hair, leaning on one foot, leaning on the other foot and banging their heads. I coach a lot of opera singers who have a great deal of vocal training but who look like cardboard cutouts on stage. The particular thing I'm bringing to the Squonkers is not dance, but movement. There are a lot of illusions in the show: drowning, descending into madness. How do you visualize that on stage?''

Kamin says that working on the performance piece has been unlike anything he's done' before.

''It's not like this is a movie where everything is worked out and they bring me in to repair a few scenes,'' he says. ''This is completely different. I'll tell you, I'm pretty awestruck by the level of talent I'm working with.''

In May, Squonk takes ''The Great Circle Route'' to a week of performances in Toronto, and plans are being made for a tour of Europe. Although they're still unfamiliar to West Coast audiences, the group is gaining momentum on the Eastern seaboard.

''Are you kidding? They're fantastic,'' says Bobby Mrozek, executive director of the Baltimore Theater Project, a forum for contemporary arts in Maryland that booked a performance of Squonk's ''BigSmorgasbordWunderWerk'' last season.

''They're very innovative and entertaining,'' he says. ''They essentially perform music and they perform it well, but there's a very unique and engaging theatrical quality to it. It's movement, dance and avante garde music - nobody else is doing anything quite like it that I've seen.''

Is Squonk Opera destined for performance art stardom? Squatting on the floor of his bingo hall workspace, O'Hearn laughs at the suggestion.

''I think we're clearly too weird. We'll always be an oddball, niche market. In fact the idea of having real resources to work with would probably change the high-tech, low-tech nature of what we do. But it's too far off to think about. We're still using egg cartons and hot glue.''

VOICES FOR A NEW MILLENNIUM

SQUONK OPERA: 8 p.m. tonight at the Byham ; $ 12, $ 10 for students THE KLEZMATICS: 8 p.m. tomorrow at the Byham; $ 12; $ 10 for students FILMS OF MEXICO: Harris Theater; Information: 412-456-6666.

WEEKEND MAG

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Squonk Opera's Steve O'Hearn takes a fish-eye view of high and; pop culture.

**Load-Date:** April 25, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Picture-perfect marriage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-NSX0-0094-520P-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 22, 1994, Thursday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 1534 words

**Byline:** Marylynn Uricchio, Post-Gazette Film Critic

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

When Liam Neeson talks, it's easy to drift across the ocean on the waves of his voice. The Irish accent is soft, seductive. He was born to sit in front of a roaring fire, telling stories in his leisurely fashion while he scrapes the mud from his boots.

Now that Neeson has hit his very long stride as an actor, it seems the most natural thing in the world. What other occupation could make an asset out of a nose broken in a boxing match, eyes as sad as a sick dog's and a reticent manner that belies his powerful, 6-feet-4 frame?

His reputation as a womanizer who has been involved with Julia Roberts, Barbra Streisand, Helen Mirren and a host of starlets came to an end with his marriage this year to Natasha Richardson, the daughter of Vanessa Redgrave. They starred together on Broadway in ''Anna Christie'' and team up again as dueling doctors in ''Nell,'' which opens tomorrow.

His reputation as a great actor who was largely unknown also came to an end this year with the world-wide success of ''Schindler's List.''

How has his life changed?

''People send me clothes for nothing. I get paid exorbitant amounts of money that I just hand back to the government again. I don't like to analyze it too much, but isn't it crazy? The more successful you get, everybody in the world wants to send you stuff for nothing. I can't figure it out. You go into a restaurant and the manager comes over. 'It's on me, sir.' No please, I want to pay! 'No, no, it's on me.' But I want to give you money! 'Please don't. It's an honor having you, sir.' ''

So what's the bad side of stardom?

''That is the bad side,'' says Neeson with a laugh.

''Look, I'm very aware there's 85 percent unemployment among actors all the time. Michael Caine once said it's a gamble, being an actor or an actress. When it works, when it pays off, it's like .0001 percent who are able to sustain themselves with a modicum of comfort. He said go with it, you know. Don't feel guilty, because you could have easily fallen flat on your face.''

And, of course, when he needs a dose of perspective he can always go home to his native Ireland, to Ballymena near Belfast.

''The Irish are proud of you if you do well, but they don't like to see you get too far above your station. The last time I was back home -- there's so much in a couple of words that I don't know if there's an American equivalent. I was walking down the street and there was a guy about my age standing there with a couple of friends, and he said, 'Aye, there's the big man.' It was the way he said it. I knew exactly what he meant. It was like an acknowledgment of who you were, but he's walking down our street, he hasn't got that far above us.''

In fact, Neeson has. From a ***working class*** upbringing -- his father was the school custodian -- Neeson has risen to rarefied heights. Marrying Richardson would have been a fantasy if he had remained a teacher, which is what he trained to do. The Redgrave family is the closest thing to royalty in the theater world, producing three generations of acclaimed thespians. And yet when you meet Richardson, it's immediately apparent what they have in common: incredibly dowdy taste in clothes.

Neeson, 42, looks like he borrowed someone else's crumpled blazer, and it almost fits. Their first child is due early this summer and Richardson, 31, is just beginning to show beneath a drab black dress and shapeless cardigan. But she has that dewy English beauty, and her manner is fresh, witty and warm. She's as chatty and personable as Neeson is guarded and thoughtful.

In ''Nell,'' Richardson plays a psychologist who battles with a small-town doctor, played by Neeson, over the fate of a young woman who's been found living alone in the mountains. Nell, who's portrayed by Jodie Foster, has never had contact with civilization and speaks her own language. Should she be left alone or taken to a hospital where she can offer a rare case study on human development? The latter is what Richardson's Dr. Olsen suggests.

''We were privileged enough to have the writer come work with us, and we were very pleased with the script. We were all obsessed with not making Paula Olsen the bad guy. She may have her problems, and she may have a different approach, but her point of view, the audience should feel, is just as valid as Jerry Lovell's (Neeson's character), though of course the audience is going to go with him and like him immediately. We didn't want it to be a black-and-white thing where she's the scientific doctor and he's the good local guy,'' Richardson explains.

Working with her husband is much like working with any actor, Richardson says.

''It's not moving into a different mode. You don't have to pretend you don't live with that person or whatever. It's just that you're actors. Liam's an actor I tremendously admire and I love working with him. We met working together; that's how our relationship started. We're used to working with each other, but there's probably a certain shorthand and textures that we bring that we're probably unaware of.''

Having grown up in a theatrical family, Richardson is an old hand at working with family members. She won rave reviews for her stage performance in ''The Sea Gull'' opposite her mother, but movies have always held more appeal for her. She credits her father, the late director Tony Richardson (''Tom Jones''), for that.

''Apparently father used to bounce me on his knees when I was 3 and say, 'Movies, movies, movies,' and it went in,'' she says with a grin.

Though having such illustrious lineage can be an enormous help to a young actress, Richardson admits that it also can overshadow her own work, and that she hasn't always been happy about the attention focused on her background.

''I think that's been one of the great things for me about living in this country. American people and New York City have been very generous to me as an actress, in welcoming me and appreciating my work. Here the fact that I come from my family is an interesting sidebar rather than the main event.

''For years when I was starting out I hated all that attention on that, and then as you grow older you think, is it ever going to end? There are times when you think hang on a moment, what do the press ask my contemporaries about when they're busy asking me about my background? There are times when I do get a little weary of it, but at the same time I feel privileged to have come from this great family of working actors.''

She says she learned an approach to her work, a professionalism, ''the way to behave'' from her family that can be traced back to her grandfather, Sir Michael Redgrave. But her biggest inspiration was her mother. ''Just watching her movies when I was growing up, I just thought, 'Oh, it doesn't get any better than this!' ''

But she also cringed at her mother's political activity and the controversy and sometimes shame it brought the family. Redgrave herself has said she wishes she had been a better mother.

''It's made me very gun-shy of politics for the rest of my life. It's turned me right off. Because of the effect on our family life -- it's so hard to see your own mother pilloried, and because the politics took her away from her children. I admire her tremendously for saying what she believes in and being a woman of great principle and great care for human beings, but I have disagreed with her politically and I still do.

''I feel very bad for mother. I keep saying, 'Don't feel guilty, it's too late.' She was always very loving, even if she wasn't as hands-on as she could have been. I find it sad she feels that way now. At least we're not totally messed up. She did something right. Apart from the political stuff, I think she did a great job.''

In fact, says Richardson, there's not a lot she would change in bringing up her own children. She understands the demands of acting careers, and she and Neeson intend to juggle their schedules around their family while keeping a base at their newly purchased home in New York state.

''As long as there is that love and support, children love going to different locations and moving around with their parents. They're far more adaptable than adults. But I'm not that far yet. I'm still dealing with what it feels like to not be able to put on any of my clothes,'' she says with another laugh.

While Richardson concentrates on motherhood, Neeson is completing ''Rob Roy,'' a movie about the Robin Hood of Scotland. It's yet another character with heart, ''but at least I wear a skirt,'' chuckles Neeson.

''With heart you go through a range of emotions. I think losers are the hardest, and they're the best, the most satisfying to do. The cinematic cliche, the stone-cold killer, that's not satisfying.''

Was Neeson surprised by the success of ''Schindler's List,'' a movie many thought was too uncommercial to succeed despite the magic name of Steven Spielberg?

''I was. It seemed to touch a piece of the world's psyche, I think. …

''I don't think movies change society. They never have, never will. But they will give people cause for thought. A person can make a difference. You shouldn't take anything laying down. We're all absolutely unique and special. We are the best we are, though we can always be that much better.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Andrew Cooper: Natasha Richardson, left, and Jodie Foster and Liam Neeson star in the film ''Nell.''

**Load-Date:** December 30, 1994

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[***THE 'SMART-JOB' MYTH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SM8-2R70-0094-5507-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 5, 1998, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

Copyright 1998 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 1846 words

**Byline:** JANE BLOTZER

**Body**

Ask anyone what the solution to low-wage, dead-end jobs is, and the answer is immediate - education.

Ask Mayor Murphy and Pittsburgh Schools Superintendent Dale Frederick and they'll tell you. Community college officials and CEOs and President Clinton all know that the way to a brighter tomorrow is through a well-trained work force. It is one issue on which Republicans and Democrats agree.

But the nation's public schools simply have not been up to the task. There's a crisis in education. Everyone knows that, too.

According to this widely accepted scenario, the increasingly unequal distribution of income resulted largely from a technology explosion that left many workers deficient in the skills needed to navigate the new, high-tech world.

Once that deficit is overcome, America will become the land of high-skill workers doing high-wage jobs. The income gap, which is at a post-war high, will narrow and the sea of working poor will shrink.

The bottom line is, the educated do well while the uneducated fall behind. You see, Dorothy, the power was yours all along.

So goes the popular mythology.

It's very compelling, as all good mythology is, because it takes a complex phenomenon and neatly explains it. And frankly, the message is dead on target. You can't argue with the value of education - it is an intrinsically worthy pursuit that will enhance your career opportunities and your life. Lack of an education today is an economic death sentence.

For individuals, there is no more sane and logical course than to get a good education.

The dirty little secret, however, is that education alone will neither break the American economy out of the box of scandalously divergent income distribution nor end the scourge of poverty-level wages.

First of all, there will never be a day when all Americans are educated well enough to thrive in the new economy. Second, there are plenty of educated workers who have seen their wages stagnate. And finally, if all Americans were ''educated,'' then who would do the millions of low-pay, low-skill jobs that continue to be created?

\*

The problem for many individuals is that they do not have enough education to get decent jobs. The problem for the economy as a whole, however, is that so many jobs are less than decent.

Economist Stephen Herzenberg, of the Keystone Research Council, describes it as a lottery economy. Without an education, you don't own a single chance to hit the jackpot of a living-wage job. Good training buys you chances.

These days, more and more people are buying tickets to the lottery by continuing their education past high school. And their odds at getting some kind of a payoff are pretty good because millions of others don't even get that far.

But if you waved a magic wand and schools finally started educating all the children who came through their doors, and post-secondary learning suddenly became the norm, there is little evidence that the problem of growing wage disparity would vanish. The numbers explain why.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics prognosticators believe that through the year 2006, the economy will continue to churn out millions of low-skill, low-pay jobs. While some of the fastest-growing job categories are those that require advanced degrees and pay well above median wages, a full 43 percent of new openings (22 million jobs) are expected to occur in positions that require the least skills and that pay the lowest wages. Opportunities for cashiers will outstrip all other job openings over that period.

The problem goes beyond the kind of jobs available. It involves what has been happening to wages in all but the highest level jobs.

Until the last two years, virtually all the growth in income since the late 1970s has been enjoyed by the richest 10 percent. So if you believe that education is the key to sharing the wealth, then you would also have to believe that only 10 percent of Americans are sufficiently educated to merit a fair share.

Workers with one to three years of college - the kind of education that President Clinton wants to make the birthright of every American child - saw their real wages drop 9.9 percent between 1979 and 1995. Those with college degrees enjoyed a very modest 4.3 percent gain over that same period. While those with advanced degrees (making up less than 10 percent of the work force) experienced wage growth of 12.1 percent.

The premium enjoyed by college grads over those with just a high school education soared over the period from 27 percent in 1979 to 44 percent in 1995. But the biggest reason for that growing gap was the plummeting wages of high school graduates (down 11.8 percent).

Higher education will make you better off than someone without it, but it won't necessarily make you better off than those with the same educational attainment 20 years ago. (Women did better than men in wage gains over the same period, but still lag men in every category.)

The early 1990s were hard on relatively well-educated middle managers as companies slashed payrolls to boost profits and placate Wall Street. Many of those who lost jobs were not able to find new ones that matched their previous salaries. The 7-year-old economic expansion has finally begun to benefit all workers, but many still have not made up the lost ground.

A closer inspection of wage statistics reveals additional complications.The growing gap between the rich and the rest is not merely a function of changes in fortunes between groups (college grads vs. high school grads). It also occurs within groups (some college grads do much better than others; some high school grads do much better than others). In the 1990s, it was the within-group differential that grew most.

\*

OK, but what about all these computers everywhere? You can't even make a phone call without getting run over on the Information Highway. Surely that must have made an impact on the economy and economic relationships.

The Information Age is undoubtedly upon us, but there is little convincing evidence that changing technology is primarily to blame for growing inequality.

If there had been a huge technology shock, it should have been accompanied by a tremendous growth in productivity. No such boost has been apparent. And it should have bid up the wages of educated workers. It didn't (unless we define educated as a master's degree and higher).

Economic Policy Institute economists concluded from their statistical analysis of technology's impact, that while there has been a demand for increased skills in the 1980s and 1990s, it is no greater than the demand that accompanied technological progress in the 1970s, and perhaps even less.

So here's the paradox: Education is not primarily responsible for the growth of income inequality and cannot, by itself, make it go away. But for individuals, education has never been more critical to economic survival.

Unfortunately, the children who need the biggest boost from education, get the least out of it.

Schools do a reasonable job of educating about half of the students. But they have never done well by those on the bottom of the academic and socio-economic ladder (two indicators that are in depressing lock-step with each other).

In the past, the bottom half either dropped out or scraped by through graduation, then went on to get jobs of varying quality that generally made it possible to support a family in modest style.

But now when schools fail to teach kids, they are not only deprived of the richer life that an education can provide, they are also left without an economic lifeline.

Some schools work better than others, some programs do a remarkable job of teaching all kids. But whether it's because of lack of resources or lack of will, most schools make minimal progress, at best, toward providing truly universal education.

Deborah Meier is one of those educators who managed to fashion a program that worked for poor and disadvantaged children. She is nationally known for her work as principal of a public school in East Harlem and is now running a school in Boston.

She knows that schools have lots of problems but thinks it's ludicrous to blame them for the economic crisis and income declines of the '80s and '90s ''as though it were illiteracy on the assembly line that undid Detroit!''

Schools are willing to accept the blame to an extent, however, because it allows them to push for more and more money - spending on education has increased from 5 percent of the gross domestic product to 7 percent over the last 40 years. (Of course the distribution of local education dollars, based largely on property tax revenues, is grossly inequitable.)

But despite her skepticism about the big-picture analysis, Meier is desperate to make sure that the children in her schools are not casualties of the new order. She works to make sure they have enough tickets to win a payoff in this lottery economy.

What she is most concerned about, though, is not a well-trained work force but well-educated individuals, and that's where she believes the true crisis lies. ''If you're a well-educated person, your life will be better. It will help sustain you. You will have strong interests and passions. You will see that the world can be an interesting place. It will save you from despair.

''It would be nice if you could get paid decently at the same time, but there may not be anything schools can do about that.''

\*

It is not schools, nor the global economy, nor trade, nor technology, nor supply and demand that have brought us to the current state of economic play, though they are all implicated to varying degrees.

Growing income inequality is a result of all those factors, yes. But these are not natural laws that are outside the scope of human endeavors. We are not watching gravity at work. We are watching human beings and human organizations embrace a new ethic about what's important and who wins and who loses. And in a poignant reprise of an old theme, it turns out that them that's got, gets.

Unions, which used to make sure the wealth was spread more evenly, have lost their power and are limping along. Despite signs of new life, unions still don't have the muscle to effect large-scale changes.

Because of union decline and the ascendant power of capital, Congress is less responsive to ***working-class*** needs. The tax structure is less progressive than it was several decades ago and the real value of the minimum wage has fallen well below levels that allow workers to support themselves, much less their families.

High-paying industrial jobs have vanished, replaced largely by low-paying service jobs. Economic decision-makers have worked within these new circumstances to enhance their power and wealth and, in the process, diminish the power and wealth of others. It will take the concerted efforts of the rest of us to return some balance to the system in order to achieve a more just economy and a more just society.

So by all means, get a decent education. There's work to be done.

Jane Blotzer is a Post-Gazette associate editor. This is the third in her occasional series on income inequality, its ramifications and possible responses.

**Load-Date:** May 5, 1998

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[***BOY GEORGE'S DAY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:419H-WHT0-0094-52B5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SINGER AND RE-FORMED CULTURE CLUB ARE HONORED TO BE COMING HERE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:419H-WHT0-0094-52B5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 29, 2000, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,; POP MUSIC

**Length:** 1681 words

**Byline:** SCOTT MERVIS, WEEKEND EDITOR, POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

Boy George is no less surprised than the rest of us that Pittsburgh City's Council unanimously proclaimed this Sunday to be Boy George Day in Pittsburgh.

The flamboyant singer and his band, Culture Club, won the Grammy Award for Best New Artist of 1983. And he recalls once getting the key to Tasmania.

But this honor, Boy George Day, comes out of the blue.

"I don't know why," he says from a New York hotel room, "but it's very nice. I was like, OK. I've never had a Boy George Day before. I don't know what it means you can get away with. I won't be taking advantage of it and running through Pittsburgh in high heels or anything like that."

No, he seems to prefer flats or boots. But Boy George running around Pittsburgh not looking like a post-apocalyptic Barbie doll, now that would be disappointing.

The androgynous one, who helped usher in England's New Romantic wave, arrives here Sunday with a re-formed Culture Club, featuring all the original members: bassist Mikey Craig, guitarist Roy Hay and his former lover, drummer Jon Moss. Last year, Culture Club released the slick but blue-eyed soulful "Don't Mind If I Do," their first new studio record since 1986, but they realize a lot of fans will be at Metropol Sunday for the ' 80s nostalgia and hits like "Do You Really Want to Hurt Me," "Church of the Poison Mind" and the chart-topping "Karma Chameleon."

Getting Culture Club back together in May of 1998 was no small feat, considering the ugly breakup in 1986 that came amid George's drug scandals. He says of his brief and former heroin addiction that, "I managed to cram a lot of damage into a short space of time."

Now, the 39-year-old George O'Dowd (his real name), who emerged from the British punk scene in 1981, has managed to reinvent himself as a club DJ in his native country. In addition to his solo work -- he had a hit with "The Crying Game" in ' 92 -- he's been releasing dance mix CDs in England and has his first due in the States in January.

Still, the image of him singing "Karma Chameleon" is his tunic and floppy hat is a hard one to erase, and he knows it. Fortunately, he's bright, creative and gets by just fine with a charming sense of humor.

Here's what he had to say Tuesday evening, where in New York, the weather was pleasantly cool. "Heat," he says, "is the enemy of style."

When you're in New York, can you walk around, or are you obviously Boy George?

People sort of look at me -- obviously some people recognize me. I find that American people talk about me like I'm not here. People walk past me and make comments as if I'm like a lampshade or something. People go "I love him." When you come to America, and you haven't been here for a while, people are like, "Oh my God, it's you." People get a bit nostalgic if they see you walking around, or in a juice bar or restaurant. You get much more extreme reactions. Obviously, the hardcore fans know what I've been doing, but the general public probably thinks I've been in a coma since "Karma Chameleon."

And young people probably don't know who you are?

Well, in England it's the reverse, they know me as a DJ. I'm more known as a DJ than a musician.

What exactly do you do?

I've been DJing for like seven years, every Friday and Saturday, all over the country. I do big, underground clubs, playing a mixture of progressive and house.

That keeps you up on what's happening musically?

Well, I've always known. I'm a Gemini. I know what's going on. I know what you're doing tomorrow. It's just in my nature. I've always been very inquisitive and I try to keep my ear to the ground, and I enjoy being creative. And for me the DJing thing is the same as making records. It's all about entertainment.

You've said before that you're not necessarily comfortable as a performer. How you feel about it now?

I think it's a really unnatural process. I'm not one of those treading-the-boards types. My songs are kind of personal songs about my love affairs and disasters and joys and things like that. So I always think it's kind of odd to be on stage singing about my relationships. I always think the best rock venue is people's bedrooms. It's much better to just do in the dark on your own. I think in the last 10 years performance has become much more about visual stimulation. It's not enough to connect on an emotional level. People say "Where are the dances and explosions and spaceships falling from the sky?"

Well, you haven't tried to adapt to that, right?

No, because I can't dance. I think people like Prince and Michael Jackson made it much harder for the rest of us. I can dance in my own way, but I can't formation dance. I can kind of dance around like a hippie at a disco.

How do you feel about your old material now? I know you've gone through times when you didn't want to sing it.

Em, I've always done a few of the songs live. This particular show we've kind of taken a slightly different approach to the songs anyway. We're using a bit more technology, so it's a little more rhythm-based. We haven't obliterated those songs. I think we've made them sound a bit more spiky. We're doing a lot of new things as well. But I think whenever you do a live show, particularly when you have a history, you have to balance those so people don't get bored. I'm as a guilty as anybody else. If I go see Prince, I want to hear "Little Red Corvette" and "Take Me With You" and all that sort of stuff. But I'm also willing to absorb new things and listen to what people are doing.

Your record sounds good -- and contemporary. Was it like working with the band again?

Well, it's really like a trial-and-error thing. A lot of adjusting in the studio and arguing about what sounds right. Being in a band is like going home for Christmas. It's this kind of enforced family environment. As much as you strive for democracy, it's hard to achieve it. You have to find a way of maneuvering around people's tastes and ideas, and come up with something you collectively like. And a lot of the time it depends on your moods. Sometimes you're just a little touchy and the stupidest thing can have you throwing a fit. Other times there can be some serious argument going on and you handle it in a really adult way. I don't know. Human beings, weird creatures.

I want to ask you something that goes back to the British punk scene. It seemed like it was all very masculine, with the Sex Pistols and the Clash, and yet you emerged with this effeminate persona.

In some ways it was masculine. But at the time, guys walking around with orange hair, you'd get beaten up for that. The punk scene was very small. It wasn't the whole country was a punk. At the beginning, it was a tiny scene, then it became more pedestrian, like a student concern. When the Sex Pistols first started, it was so small. I can remember people attacking me just for looking different. Originally, it was more about just dressing up and showing off and upsetting your parents.

But there was also an aggression to it that you didn't have. Well, maybe you did early on…

No, no. I was never kind of a lad or anything like that. The whole idea of punk was kind of anti-establishment, but it became more aggressive as it went on, because I think people started believing their own press. Like, when they become punks they were expected to spit and step on flowers and be obnoxious to old ladies. And it became almost predictable.

Did you fit in well within the scene?

As a sort of gay man, you're kind of a outsider to start with. And then you join a group of another set of outsiders, and you're sort of outside the outside. Which is really confusing. Me and my friends used to go to punk shows and then to gay clubs. And when you'd go to the gay clubs, you'd be ostracized by the gay people for looking like a freak. When I started going to gay clubs, everyone wore jeans and checked shirts. It was very straight visually. They all had perfect bodies, mustaches, like a Burt Reynolds look.

Do you think you helped to break down some of that?

Well, yeah, there were kind of a handful of people. That kind of drag tradition goes back much further than me, to Oscar Wilde and Quentin Crisp and Little Richard and David Bowie, a daisy chain of people that, even though some were supposedly straight, they had an effect culturally on the way people looked at male vanity, male sexuality. So I suppose in the long term, we've all played a part. I think what I did, unwittingly, I made being queer a little more ordinary. Do you know what I mean?

No [laughing], I don't.

'Cause I was from a ***working-class*** background, and I had a kind of big Irish family. I wasn't like an alien. If you take someone like David Bowie, he was like a space creature. That was a huge influence on me, but I think I made it a bit more kind of grounded. The gay boy next door.

Did your family react well to that?

Well, they had a long time to deal with it, 'cause I was dressing up when I was in school and stuff. They always thought it was something I would grow out of. And they were wrong! My brothers were lads, they were construction workers and they were into boxing and sport. And I was into playing with dolls and swapping jewelry. But they've always been very protective of me. If people picked on me, I could always say, "I'm gonna get my brothers."

I feel like Barbara Walters asking you this. But has fame been a good thing for you?

Em, yes, in many respects it's been a great thing. I get paid for doing something I love. But at the same time, what happens is, it turns you into a sort of human dartboard. People forget that you're a person and you have feelings. They tend to talk about you in the third person. And before they meet you, they've decided what you're all about, and what your political and social views are, and what kind of person you are. Especially if you dress like me, they think, oh, you're frivolous, you're lightweight, you don't have any morals. That can be annoying, but sometimes it can work to your advantage. People think you're going to be one thing -- and then you're not.

CULTURE CLUB

Where: Metropol, Strip.

When: Sunday at 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: $ 30; 412-323-1919.

WEEKEND MAG

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Photo: Culture Club - Boy George, Mikey Craig, Jon Moss and Roy Hay -; brings '80s hits and new stuff to Metropol Sunday.

**Load-Date:** September 29, 2000

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[***TROUBLES BEHIND? TROUBLE AHEAD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P750-0094-52F7-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

SEPTEMBER 4, 1994, SUNDAY,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 1683 words

**Byline:** GEOFF WILSON AND DENNIS B. RODDY

**Body**

Patty Hollingshead was, in the words of the Northern Irish, banjaxed. That is to say, the people of Northern Ireland had once again proved unfathomable.

A Pittsburgh woman now living with her engineer husband in Carrickfergus, County Antrim, the heartland of Northern Ireland's Protestant, unionist majority, Hollingshead has grown used to the political funks of Northern Ireland's Protestants. A cease-fire by the Irish Republican Army was to take effect within the hour, and yet a people who had suffered under the IRA's 25- year long campaign to pry Northern Ireland from union with Britain, were talking to the American Hollingshead in language reserved for the world's end.

''It's so strange to me,'' Hollingshead said. ''The IRA calls a cease-fire and then people say 'aha, this means civil war.' There are a lot of things beyond comprehension here. That's one of them.''

In a land beyond comprehension, the language of peace and war can turn on a single word. The IRA didn't use the word ''permanent'' in front of cease-fire. In a place where hope springs never, it is pessimism that seems eternal. And a people who have felt deep reservations about paramilitary violence have proven just as tentative about paramilitary peace.

''In broadly political terms, the two communities are trying to pull in an opposite direction,'' said Peter Weir, chairman of the Ulster Young Unionist Council. ''The unionist community is trying to strengthen the ties with Great Britain, while the nationalist community seems more interested in creating All Ireland institutions.''

As the cease-fire kicked in, people were on the streets of Catholic, nationalist communities like the Falls Road and Derry's Bogside, celebrating in ways that made unionists worry the nationalists had gotten some concession that London wasn't ready to reveal. In Laura Luney's neighborhood in Protestant Merville Gardens, the streets were empty at midnight Thursday, and beds were filled with sleepless Protestants.

A political scientist could have taken the Unionist pulse though Laura Luney, a hotel worker, mother of two grown children, and a Protestant in the sense that it is a political definition. That is to say, she hasn't much interest in the fine points of liturgy. She has every interest in remaining a British subject.

At the moment the IRA cease-fire took effect, Luney was wondering if an end to 25 years of terrorist warfare had been worth the cost. For that matter, she wondered what the cost has been. Like the bulk of Northern Ireland's 1 million Protestant unionists, she suspects some deal had been offered to the IRA by the British government that would loosen the province's ties to Britain.

So, in a circuitous tradition as old as the politics of survival, Luney hasn't a firm opinion about whether a cease-fire is a good thing.

''I'm sitting on the fence, aren't I?'' she asked. ''And I'm going to stay sitting on the fence. Why shouldn't I? There's no one listening to the average person.''

The average person in Northern Ireland is a Protestant. His or her ancestors settled in the region at least 305 years ago, giving them a longer claim on their land than most Americans have on theirs. And much like Americans, be their pedigree Mayflower or steerage, the ''average'' folks of Northern Ireland aren't planning to hand their land back to the natives.

Yet it is Americans who, perhaps, know the least about the identity and aspirations of Northern Ireland's majority. What they want, in short, is to remain British citizens, an aspiration that has existed under constant threat for more than a generation now.

Says Patrick Corr, a Catholic native of Dungannon, Northern Ireland who's active in Pittsburgh's center for reconciliation: ''No one appears to understand the position of the Ulster Protestants.''

The position of the Ulster Protestants, in short, is that they don't view themselves as Irish. Yet, when an Ulster Protestant visits mainland Britain, he's just another Paddy.

It is a dilemma where each side in Northern Ireland views itself as a minority. The Catholics, about 43 percent of the population at last census, have widely established their status in the world's eyes as an oppressed minority, denied a meaningful vote in the early years of partition, and discriminated against in jobs, housing and the now-disbanded Stormont Parliament.

Less apparent, though, is the Ulster Protestant's perception of himself as a minority on the island of Ireland, where his divorce is not recognized by a government that has outlawed it, and his religious traditions are smothered by an overwhelming influence of the Catholic Church. He sees himself as neither English nor Irish, and there is an emerging body of literature by Ulster Protestants advocating the existence of a distinct Ulster ethnic character, a nascent race awaiting the full creation of its own all-encompassing mythos.

The Ulsterman is a minority at home, a minority abroad, and a minority in the United Kingdom.

And, as the gunfire died down in Northern Ireland at midnight's stroke Thursday, Ulster's Protestants were no longer sure just where the boundaries between home, abroad and the UK now lay.

This failure of the outside world to listen to or even acknowledge a separate, distinct political agenda on the part of the unionists has led to a stiffening of resolve encapsulated in its famous declaration of 1985: Ulster Says No.

What it was saying ''no'' to -- at a rally attended by a quarter-million people -- that is to say, one-fourth of the Ulster Protestant population -- was the ostensibly innocuous Anglo-Irish Agreement. The document, cobbled together by staunch unionist Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and two Irish prime ministers gave Dublin an undefined, much less strongly worded, ''consultative'' role in whatever future talks might evolve about the province's future.

But a reasonable observer could see that Ulster's Protestants do not want consultation, advice, or much else from Dublin, capital of a country whose constitution makes unambiguous claim on Northern Ireland, a province shorn from the rest of Ireland in a 1920 agreement.

Northern Ireland's Protestants want more say in their own affairs. They had their own parliament in Stormont from 1921 until 1972, when it was dissolved in the face of continued unionist intransigence at a range of reforms pushed by London. On one hand, that dissolution of Stormont made possible the quick implementation of anti-discrimination legislation, effective merger of the police and other security forces. Local town councils, created in 1973, have virtually no powers. Elected members, both Catholic and Protestant, butt heads on government policies over which they have little say and, by extension, little opportunity to gridlock.

The down side was that where the Catholic minority sees the British army an occupying military force, Protestants see the London-run Northern Ireland Office as an occupying bureaucracy. On both sides of the divide, Catholic and Protestant alike have developed a generational sense of entitlement. Welfare is a way of life for many. The government is responsible, directly or indirectly, for 70 percent of the economy. Britain has endeavored to buy peace with a subsidized standard of living better than citizens in Manchester and Liverpool enjoy.

The result is a generation of Northern Irish political leaders with marginal political skills. Prominence of place goes to hardliners like Sammy Wilson, the Democratic Unionist Party spokesman and Belfast council member famous for his remark that incorporated both a traditional slur for ''Catholic'' and the British term for taxes: ''Taigs don't pay rates.'' Some, like the better-skilled Hugh Ross, run for European Parliament advocating an independent country of Ulster, and receive, as he did, the support of many in the paramilitary Ulster Defence Association.

Protestants bitterly remember that it was the leader of the non-violent Social Democratic and Labour Party, which represents the majority of Northern Ireland's Catholics, John Hume, who opposed the creation of a new Northern Ireland assembly in talks during the early 1990s. Hume has enjoyed the status of world statesman for his moderate nationalist politics and anti-IRA stance.

At home, among the protestants Hume hopes to win to the cause of a united Ireland, he is seen as the man who obstructed one of their aspirations and later dealt with their worst enemy, Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams.

What many Protestants now fear is that the violent men of their own side, the coldly sectarian murderers of the Ulster Freedom Fighters and the Ulster Volunteer Force, will displace the IRA as the prime source of political violence. Only the political aims will have changed.

Roy Magee, a Presbyterian minister who has counseled the so-called Loyalist gunmen from the Protestant side, received a call Wednesday morning. The shadowy Combined Loyalist Military Command, wanted a meeting.

''They're going to be trying to find out if any concessions have been made to the IRA,'' Magee said. ''If they're satisfied that no constitutional concessions have been made, it is my attitude that they will respond to it positively by calling a cessation of violence.

''They, at this point in time, are not in the business of civil war.''

Not everyone was as optimistic. Brian McClintock, a former member of the Loyalist Ulster Volunteer Force who, at the moment of his conversion to Christianity acknowledged his hand in murder, went on Radio-Telefich Eireann, the Irish national network, a few hours before the cease-fire kicked in.

His message: he spends his time on the ***working-class*** Protestant Shankill Road trying to keep young men from joining the UVF. He predicts his job will be harder now.

In a large sense, the IRA cease-fire has left a Unionist community already estranged from its British ally, and now more fearful of its nationalist rivals, holding the bag. If Ulster again says ''no,'' and violence erupts, they are the villains. If Ulster says ''yes,'' it might soon cease to be the Ulster they know.

So Ulster, for now, says nothing.

**Notes**

Geoff Wilson is a visiting researcher for the Northern Ireland-based Ulster Society. Dennis B. Roddy is politics writer for the Post-Gazette and has reported from Northern Ireland for the PG.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), Dennis Roddy: The founder of Northern Ireland, Sir Edward Carson (statue in center) promised a Protestant state. To that end, the parliament at Stormont (behind statue) was established in 1921. But the parliament was closed in 1972 when members balked at giving full rights to the Catholic minority. The ghostly building was a painful reminder of 25 years of Catholic-Protestant turmoil.

**Load-Date:** October 14, 1994

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[***A TIME TO GET SERIOUS JOEY CALLAHAN IS ON A QUEST TO MAKE IT IN THE COMEDY BUSINESS. IT'S HIS CALLING, BUT THE CLOCK IS TICKING.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P5N0-01K4-9042-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

October 18, 1994 Tuesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: WORKLIFE; Pg. G01

**Length:** 1394 words

**Byline:** Ellen O'Brien, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

At the time in their lives when Joey Callahan met Donna Robinson Callahan, they were in college and he was spending a lot of time trying to juggle bowling balls.

This was not something he had embarked on lightly.

"And axes. He had axes," she says.

Neither did Callahan take ax-juggling lightly, for more reasons than the most obvious.

No. Rather, it was Callahan's later occupations - for instance, as a reporter on a weekly newspaper, and then an ad salesman for the same paper; as a pharmaceutical salesman; as a house painter; and as an assistant landscaper - that Callahan never quite, well, settled into.

For instance, the newspaper job. "They would send me to council meetings, and I would make stuff up."

Callahan is a young man who believes he has a calling, and it is not as mundane as newspaper writing, sales, painting or moving trees.

No. Rather, it is being funny.

Funny. Callahan's big dream in life - let's face it, we all have one - is to be a stand-up comic in the big time. And Callahan has decided - let's face it, not a lot of us do - to go flat-out after that dream.

"It's just who I am. People say, 'Why don't you quit? Aren't you getting frustrated?' " he says. "Actually, if I stopped doing this, I'd stop being who I am."

And so, you may have seen him Saturday night at the Comedy Cabaret at Second and Chestnut Streets in Philadelphia. Or maybe in August, in another little second-floor club over a motel in Doylestown. Or some place like that in Connecticut, or Delaware. Or maybe St. Louis.

You may have seen him smiling, gesturing as broadly as a single spotlight admits, the picture of aplomb, while the young couples that make up most of those audiences dip into a bowl of salted peanuts, sip their drinks, and will him to make them laugh.

What you might not have seen is the green room that he wanders back to when his 15 minutes are up, the quizzical expression on his face. How did I do? What was wrong with that audience? Was it something about timing? No, they'd laughed all right, but the laughs were scattershot - no buildup, no crescendo . . .

You might not have seen him joke with his friends and his competition, back there in the small, edgy, backstage world of comedy, all of them similarly bemused - What worked? What didn't? That one line really got them, did you hear it? - looking pale under pale lights, and anxious to get home to spouses they haven't shared a Saturday night with in months.

This is something his own wife puts up with. It came with the package.

\*

"We have over six tons of those little shampoos and little soaps," Callahan says. He means the guest soaps, of varying quality, from motels and hotels everywhere.

His wife says: "I knew that was part of the deal when I married him."

She doesn't mean the toiletries. She is 29 and he is 28. Donna Callahan has a timetable for her husband's success, and it has to do with having children.

By the time Callahan is 33, Donna Callahan wants to have the money and stability to begin a family.

He says: "It's going to happen, if I have to work six jobs. Whatever it takes. . . . My father worked 15 hours a day driving a truck. I can certainly handle three jobs a day, doing what I want to do."

Callahan was raised in the city's Fishtown section, and attended Archbishop Ryan High School. His mother was a homemaker, and his father was a Teamster who drove an ice cream truck.

The gestalt of images those two experiences convey - a ***working-class*** household rotating in the center of an Irish Catholic tradition - is what makes up Joey Callahan's take on life.

The first joke he told professionally, onstage in the small hours of the morning to what was left of the audience - he was 25th out of 25 comics at an open mike - was in the Comedy Cabaret in Center City, and it was about his father, and Notre Dame:

My father used to say, 'You aren't my REAL son - my real son is on the football team at Notre Dame.' And I said, 'Well, that's funny. My REAL FATHER has the money to send me there.'

Despite the audience and the hour, Callahan was successful enough to be invited back as an emcee.

Most comedy clubs are open only on weekends, although some run Wednesday or Thursday nights through Saturday nights. Donna Callahan used to travel regularly with him, but she rarely does so now. "I get nervous being in the audience, hearing the people around you," she says.

She and Callahan met when they were students at Lock Haven University. She crashed a party in his dorm room. The bowling balls and axes were part of an early and unsuccessful street-performer's shtick.

Callahan says, now, with the nostalgia of a veteran: "I was exploring my creative outlets."

His wife says: "He's calmed down a lot."

They were married a year after their graduation. Minnie and Mickey Mouse bestrode their wedding cake. They look very typical, but they were not your typical bride and groom.

"Oscar night for us is like the Super Bowl," Donna Callahan says, to which he adds: "The entertainment (cable) channel, that's our CNN."

"I know I push him a lot more than he pushes himself. I know that's what he really wants to do," says Donna Callahan, who is a kindergarten teacher - a professional job that was always her own, more manageable dream.

\*

Comedy is one of the few things Callahan does not take lightly. Give him a chance, and he will tell you about humor as a craft.

"It's almost (what) Catholics say about vocations. This is my vocation," he says.

And Callahan practices this craft as long and as often as he can.

When he's working at a temporary job - right now he's an office temp - he gets up every workday morning at 5 and works at his jokes until 7:30.

He pores over newspapers on his lunch hour, looking for topical material. He runs through it in his mind, over and over, while he's at work.

And then he goes home and boots up his computer in the spare bedroom, and sends out the jokes he's crafted - to one or another of his private clients, or Comedy on Call, a national joke-service wire, or to Jay Leno's Tonight show.

He gets paid $5 to $50 for each joke. "On a good day, I can make $150," he says.

And how often is that?

Well. "My accountant says, 'Why are you doing this?' I try not to think about it."

The first $50 check Callahan got from Leno's Tonight show - he winces before he grins before he tells you this - was actually pay for a joke his wife wrote. It was a joke about President Clinton and his attempt to hire women for cabinet-post positions; about that being the best way Bill could get women into the White House, under Hillary's nose.

Donna Callahan sent in the joke under his name, and didn't tell him. Until Leno used it in his monologue. At that point she jumped, shouting, up off the couch and paraded around the living room. Sometimes he's afraid she's funnier than he is; she says she could never tell a joke before a crowd.

For Joey Callahan, that's the thrill. He writes jokes to stay in form, and to become known.

"It doesn't matter if I sell them, as long as I write them," he says. For him, really, it's the limelight that beckons. He spent some time in Los Angeles - Donna sent him; she didn't want to go, where he met Joe Medeiros, Leno's head writer. Medeiros, another Archbishop Ryan grad, has taken an interest in Callahan's career. So has Gene Perret, Bob Hope's head writer.

While he was out there, Callahan got a spot at the Laugh Factory, a club hosted by Wayne Cotter, another Philadelphia comic. "I was able to hold my own," Callahan says, adding that "the big key in this business is just hanging out."

Perhaps the best moment for him in that West Coast trip was the moment backstage at the Tonight show when he met Jerry Seinfeld, one of his idols.

"I said: 'Hi, Mr. Seinfeld.' And Jay Leno punches me in the chest, and says (to Seinfeld): 'Remember when we used to call Hope 'Mr. Hope?' "

It is moments like that, maybe, that keep a comic going. Callahan thinks about going back to Los Angeles, or New York. His wife is encouraging him to do it, although she doesn't intend to go with him.

"I had even told him, not that long ago, 'I don't want to go to California. I don't want to go there,' " she says. "But I tell him, 'If you have to go there for six months or a year, just go there."

That's what she tells him, and she means it. They're still young. They're still ambitious. They have five more years, and a boxcar full of those little shampoo bottles, to go.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (4)

1. Though the walls are more on the beige side, this is the green room, where

comedian Joey Callahan prepares for a show.

2. Another night, another club. Before a show, Callahan surveys the scene

from the bar at the Comedy Cabaret in Doylestown. (For The Inquirer, CHERIE

KEMPER-STARNER)

3. Show time, and people actually look up from their drinks to watch him.

4. Before going on, Joey Callahan (left) shares a light moment with fellow

comedian John Rogers. "It's almost (what) Catholics say about vocations,"

says Callahan. "This is my vocation." (For The Inquirer, CHERIE KEMPER-

STARNER)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***FROM POLITICS TO PENGUINS, MOREHOUSE A KEY PLAYER \; \; A STEEL BEAM TO THE HEAD SEEMINGLY KNOCKED SOME SENSE INTO BEECHVIEW NATIVE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:50V6-S981-DYRS-T0TH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 22, 2010 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. A-1

**Length:** 3213 words

**Byline:** Gene Collier, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

At the end of this month, the hierarchy of the Pittsburgh Penguins will validate the ascension of David Morehouse to CEO, the logical capstone to an incandescent streak of success rarely glimpsed even in this city's joyful but sometimes inelegant hockey history.

If Mario Lemieux is the face of what's matured into an internationally admired organization, if Ron Burkle is its financial muscle and Sidney Crosby its signature talent, then Mr. Morehouse is inescapably its most remarkable brain.

All the more frightening then, what nearly happened to the brain-to-be that terrible day some 28 years ago, by which time Mr. Morehouse had already arrived at the blue-collar station of his life's dream. He was in the boilermakers union, working on a construction scaffold, when a steel beam snapped and swung straight at his coconut.

"I ducked, and my hard hat fell off," he said, "and the beam just clipped the back of my head. They told me, it hits me flush -- it takes my head off."

Across most of four Pittsburgh decades, plenty of hockey administrators demonstrated that you didn't really need much above the neck to run the Penguins, but that one swinging beam begat a personal catharsis that changed everything -- not only for a Pittsburgh kid of modest ambition, but also for both the hockey club and the resilient city that just last week unveiled still another dazzling public jewel, the Consol Energy Center.

Sometime after waking up in the hospital, sometime after the frustrating therapy sessions, the memory loss, the cognitive rebounds, David Morehouse was struck again, this time by the most profound thing that ever entered his brain to that point.

"I'm not using my head," he thought. "I'm wasting my brain."

And that, Mr. Morehouse said, is when he started taking classes at CCAC.

Yeah, you read it right. The CEO of the Penguins studied at the Community College of Allegheny County. He earned an associate's degree in general studies.

"I did nothing in school for 12 years," he said.

Nothing?

"I mean nothing."

You'd never suspect such academic indifference if you were able to consult, for example, one Al Gore, Nobel Prize winner, former vice president of the United States.

"The first thing I can tell you about David is that he is very smart, an extremely quick study," Mr. Gore said in a recent e-mail exchange.

"He had a great feel for people, and he was very calm under extreme pressure. He literally started with the Clinton administration at the bottom (motorcade driver) and worked his way up by performing excellently in each successive job, to the point where he came to play an important role in the White House.

"I picked him to play a key role in my presidential campaign and then, to no one's surprise, he played an even more important role in John Kerry's campaign four years later," Mr. Gore said. "It was obvious to everyone he was a guy who was going places."

Also ...

"He organized the hot pepper-eating contest in Des Moines one night."

That right there, the jarring dichotomous profile, is the essential Mr. Morehouse.

He has operated at the highest levels of government, making 17 trips around the globe on Air Force One. He has taken a master's degree from the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. He came within a mangled election of radically changing the course of American history in 2000, and again in 2004. His political skills ultimately helped keep the Penguins from loading the moving vans, and his people skills were critical in turning the team into a public relations prototype -- No. 1 among all pro sports teams in fan relations, according to ESPN The Magazine.

And still, even now, he's just sooo ... Beechview.

"He dresses a lot better than he did then," said Greg Gattuso, the defensive line coach at the University of Pittsburgh and a buddy from the old neighborhood. "He was always the guy you liked, always positive, always friendly. I was a nut case, but I never had even an altercation with him. If what's happened to him could happen to one guy, he was the guy you'd pick.

"Right there at Pauline Park, we'd play all day and all night. We'd get up late, around 11 a.m. and we'd go down there and play basketball until dinner time. Then at night, we'd play in league games. People would bring their lawn chairs and watch. There were refs, and it wasn't fun reffing those games because there were some maniacs, me being one of them."

The translator

In the '60s and '70s, the maniac quotient was indeed running pretty high in Beechview, where some of the most insane hills in the city are still a metaphor for its social topography -- a hard place to climb, with descents that are treacherous.

Treacherous came almost too early for Mr. Morehouse, or "House" as he was known then and, to many, even now. His parents split when he was 7. He lived with his mom, who worked 12-hour shifts six days a week.

"It was hard for kids growing up without two parents to navigate things," said Mr. Morehouse, 49. "I think of it as a good place to grow up, but when I tell people about it, they think I grew up in a Martin Scorsese film. Some of my friends died. They OD'ed. I remember finding hypodermic needles in Pauline Park and bringing them home to show my mom."

Mr. Morehouse once ran into some Beechview maniacs at Super Bowl XXX in Phoenix, where the Steelers were playing the Dallas Cowboys. They were walking into Sun Devil Stadium carrying NBC television cameras and microphones.

" 'Hey guys, what are you doing here?' I said. 'Are you working for NBC now?'

" 'Nope.'

" 'No? So why the ... oh.'

" 'That's right, we're going to the game. Do it all the time.' "

Some years later, he was standing on Grant Street talking to then-Mayor Tom Murphy when his peripheral vision identified another character from his deeper memories.

"As soon as I saw the guy, the mayor's voice became the voice of Charlie Brown's teacher," Mr. Morehouse said. "All I could think of was how this guy was going to embarrass me. I thought, 'Don't worry, he's probably just going to jail.' But he's walking right toward me, and I'm thinking, 'Mayor, please just finish and walk away. Walk away.' And just as he does, Guido comes up to me and says, 'Hey House, you got a twenty for a cab? I just got outta jail.' "

On Mr. Gattuso's Guided Beechview Tour (appointments only), the place gets described as pretty much intact from the ***working-class*** family enclave where House and his friends played basketball, whiffle ball, hockey, baseball and an especially virulent strain of football.

"Kill 'em quick," Mr. Gattuso called it. "Two safe areas, otherwise, kill the kid with the ball."

Up and down Beechview's sloping concrete grid, Mr. Morehouse could identify only two professions at the outer limits of his aspirations.

"Boilermaker and [Pittsburgh] Press truck driver," he said. "They were the ones with the nice houses, nice things, nice cars. There weren't a lot people going to college."

So when it occurred to him that playing basketball at Pauline Park was not technically a profession, he'd get up at 5 a.m. and totter down to Boilermakers Local 154 on Banksville Road.

"I'd look for Ironhead Gualteri, the foreman, because he was from Beechview, too," he said. "That's how I got started."

But after the beam rattled his brain and he began his higher education, Mr. Morehouse was working as a clerk on Grant Street when Bill Clinton's first presidential campaign came to town.

Mr. Morehouse volunteered in part because he found himself inspired by the candidate, but also because the prospect of being an advance man thrilled him. He'd been nowhere in his life at that point and couldn't wait to get somewhere, anywhere. It was during those early days as a low- and mid-level political operative that a unique Morehouse skill began to emerge.

"I first met him during that time, and I can tell you that David brings a very intuitive understanding of how people are going to react to things," said Mr. Murphy. "He's what I like to call a translator in the best sense of that word. He has a way of making people understand things, and he does it in very tangible ways.

"When my wife and I were in the Peace Corps, we were on a three-day boat ride on this river in Brazil. The people spoke Spanish, Portuguese and several other indigenous languages, and the most powerful people were not the ones with the most guns or the most money. They were the ones who spoke all the languages, the translators.

"The people who are really important in our society are the translators, and that's David Morehouse."

Real and tough

Mary Beth Cahill, who was part of four presidential campaigns with Mr. Morehouse, said a critical component of Mr. Morehouse's gifts is a rare ability to stay real in unreal settings.

"He's the same when he's talking to President Clinton, to Vice President Gore, or to you or me," said Ms. Cahill, who now runs a political consulting firm. "He has enough sense of himself to say, 'I'm going to do what's right regardless of what other people think of me.'

"Who else is going to body-block Al Gore? I mean Gore is a very proper person, and David stood right in front of him that night and said, 'Sir, we have to go on hold.' "

That episode was immortalized in the first scenes of the HBO film "Recount," which dramatized the events of election night 2000 and the tumultuous weeks to follow. In a motorcade on the way to the Nashville War Memorial Auditorium, where Mr. Gore planned to publicly concede the election to George Bush, Mr. Morehouse happened to be a limo or two closer to the vice president than were other campaign staffers, who were getting urgent messages that Florida's vote tally had tightened to within the margin of error.

"Our boiler room folks were telling us, 'This thing is down to 600 votes; there's going to be an automatic recount -- you guys can't concede,' " remembered Michael Feldman, a former Gore aide. "I got out of the car and started sprinting. Gore and David were already inside. I called David. I said, 'Whatever you do, don't let him on that stage. We've got to talk to him. You've got to stop him.'

"He said, 'Done.'

"Not a lot of people could have done that. David has a certain authority about him when he decides to use his physicality. He actually put himself in front of a guy with Secret Service protection and said, 'No, you can't.' He's been at the red-hot center of a lot of big decisions.

"I think toughness is definitely an element of it, but it's more just a groundedness. He knows where he comes from. He's never blown over, never moved in a strange way by his environment.

"People reach the top of their game in whatever professional environment, and it tends to affect them. Politics is one of those places. Same thing in Hollywood or Wall Street, where you're led to believe that everything you think is the most important thing in the world," Mr. Feldman said. "You can lose perspective. David never loses perspective, and that's the reason you see all these accomplished people who want him nearby. That blend of intelligence and common sense is a rarity."

John Kerry would want that very combination for his campaign, but that was four years down the road, and Mr. Morehouse had spent part of the interim working in Los Angeles in the national office of the Drug Abuse Resistance Education program -- a logical private-sector step for Mr. Clinton's top strategist at the office of national drug control.

"I was writing letters of recommendation for people trying to get into the Kennedy School when someone told me I should go to the Kennedy School; they said I should take the [Graduate Record Examination] and that if I scored high enough, with my life experience, I might get in," said Mr. Morehouse, who didn't have a bachelor's degree.

"I scored high enough, but I was still shocked they accepted me. I was sitting there with all these people, some pretty impressive people, and all I thought was, 'They have to figure out that I shouldn't be here.' It was incredibly motivating. I studied like heck.

"And I've had that feeling at every job I've ever had. Maybe it's reflective of where I come from; I never feel like I've arrived. I always feel as though I have to work hard."

Mr. Morehouse had finished at Harvard by the time the Kerry campaign was up and fully functional, functional being a relative term. Mr. Kerry trailed by 20 points in the Iowa polls, another 20 in New Hampshire. Were it not for Mr. Morehouse's newly polished and fully certified political vision, Mr. Kerry might never have neared a nomination.

"When he came on with me, things were pretty tough," Mr. Kerry said on the phone recently about those days. "He helped pull the team together in a very, very effective way. We made him traveling chief of staff, and stuff was always coming up, but he was always calm."

Calm is one thing, but Mr. Morehouse's gut was never too far from Pauline Park. All these years later, he still wasn't about to give ground, and certainly not to the kind of political mania that typically marks presidential politics.

One day on the campaign trail in Washington state, Mr. Morehouse was riding in a car with Mr. Kerry when some supporters of Mr. Bush held signs saying, "Kerry is a traitor." Decorated in Vietnam, Mr. Kerry was nothing short of crestfallen. He could not reconcile intellectually that even people who opposed his candidacy could say that about him, particularly in support of Mr. Bush, who hadn't served. When the motorcade reached its destination, Gen. Wesley Clark, who was to introduce Mr. Kerry, came up to Mr. Morehouse and said, "I'm going to take some shots at Bush over this war-service issue."

"The policy side of me said, 'No, it's not the message,' " Mr. Morehouse said. "Clark had talking points about education policy. But I heard myself saying, 'Be my guest, general.' "

Gen. Clark's remarks were barely out of his mouth when Mr. Morehouse's BlackBerry started buzzing on his hip like a swarm of wasps.

"What's he doing?" campaign headquarters wanted to know. "Stop him!"

Mr. Morehouse didn't.

"Because Kerry needed it," Mr. Morehouse told them. "Sometimes, even in politics, you have to react like a human."

No wonder that, years later, Mr. Kerry would say, "David really understands how things work in public life and in life itself."

Pittsburgh's pull

When Mr. Kerry lost, Mr. Morehouse didn't know where public life or life itself would take him. He and Vanessa, whom he met on the campaign trail and married in 1996, surveyed the options and potential landing spots for what would become a family of five, ostensibly supported by Mr. Morehouse's consulting business, which didn't quite exist yet.

When Mr. Burkle, the longtime Democratic power broker and, since 1999, part owner of the Penguins, convinced the hockey club's management that Mr. Morehouse's people skills and political experience would be perfect for a franchise with a looming arena issue, one of the most brilliant personnel moves in Pittsburgh sports history was consummated.

"He came on as a consultant and when his deal was done, we just couldn't afford to lose him," said Mr. Lemieux. "He was a great talent and a Pittsburgh guy, and he really understood the marketing and the branding, and he created a lot of relationships that have just worked out tremendously for the Penguins and the community.

"He changed the way we approach each and every sponsor. We try to create a relationship with them before we ask anything of them," Mr. Lemieux said. "He was the perfect guy for us. He was in politics his whole career, and he understood politicians and the way they think, which I wasn't able to do."

Mr. Morehouse first calculated the level of government support for public funding of a new arena -- absolute zero.

"We knew we couldn't survive without an arena," he said. "So we had to make a choice. Do we just fold up when the lease runs out and move, or do we fight for a new arena? We decided to fight, so we needed a strategy, and the strategy was to use our strength, which was public support, in a way to shift the opinion of the elected leaders. The Penguins had been interviewing a number of gaming companies. Then Isle of Capri said they'd pay for the whole arena, and that's when we started our campaign.

"We didn't do an inside politics campaign. We did a public campaign. We made sure it didn't have any qualifiers. Isle of Capri wasn't going to use a percentage of the receipts for the arena, wasn't going to contribute annually to the arena. They were going to pay for the whole arena," he said. "It was a clean argument. It was easy to sell; it made perfect sense."

Then, of course, Isle of Capri failed to get the casino license, which shuffled the deck and changed the game, but not fundamentally. The notion of casino funding stayed on the table, even as ominous political realities returned inevitably to the process. Floated publicly were possibilities called the Kansas City Penguins, the Las Vegas Penguins and like-minded threats from National Hockey League commissioner Gary Bettman.

But before long, at an undisclosed location sometimes called New Jersey, Mr. Morehouse met with Gov. Ed Rendell, Mayor Luke Ravenstahl, County Executive Dan Onorato, Mr. Bettman, Mr. Burkle, Mr. Lemieux, Pittsburgh attorney Chuck Greenberg, and Ken Sawyer, the man Morehouse replaces as CEO, and, in his words "hammered out a deal."

The remaining persuasion was equally intricate, as Mr. Morehouse still had to lobby the residents and leadership of the Hill District on the community benefits of the Penguins' new palace.

"It was one of those agreements that was politically challenging and very complex," said Evan Frazier, then the president of Hill House Association and now a community affairs executive for Highmark. "Difficult as it was, I never lost respect for David Morehouse or questioned that he wanted to contribute to the growth of the Hill District. If I'd felt differently, I would not have helped recruit him to the Hill House board."

Had Mr. Kerry won in 2004, Mr. Morehouse would have been in the White House, perhaps as deputy chief of staff, but he wouldn't have been available to the Penguins. So what part of everything that's happened since would have happened without David Morehouse?

Some of it?

None of it?

Certainly not all of it. Not even close.

Forbes magazine named the Penguins the fastest-growing brand in the NHL last year. The Penguins led all U.S.-based NHL teams with record-setting local television ratings. The Penguins led all U.S.-based teams in website hits for the regular season and led the NHL in merchandise sales.

"The challenge is sustainability," Mr. Morehouse said. "There have only been a couple of teams in the history of sports that have sustained a championship caliber organization. One just happens to be in town. Just look across the river at the Steelers, and you see a sports franchise that is run the way it's supposed to be run. That challenge is to have another one.

"It's much easier being a team with potential. Now it's more difficult. And it's not just about hockey; it's about development. We can transform this city. I never thought I'd come back to Pittsburgh, but it always had a pull on me."

When they write the civic history of this era, it'll be interesting to see whether Pittsburgh was pulling Mr. Morehouse or if Mr. Morehouse was pulling Pittsburgh.

**Notes**

Gene Collier: [*gcollier@post-gazette.com*](mailto:gcollier@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1283./

**Graphic**

PHOTO: David Morehouse -- The Penguins president will become CEO of the team at the end of the month.

PHOTO: Post-Gazette: Democratic presidential candidate John Kerry, left, is briefed by David Morehouse aboard his campaign plane in 2004.

PHOTO: Rebecca Droke/Post-Gazette David Morehouse inside the Consol Energy Center last month. (Photo, Five Star Edition)

**Load-Date:** August 24, 2010

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[***Diverse housing and megamall, too;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-79C0-002B-H3MP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Bloomington has 35,000 houses, Mall of America***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-79C0-002B-H3MP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 27, 1994, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Home; Pg. 4H

**Length:** 1745 words

**Byline:** Jim Buchta; Staff Writer

**Body**

Bloomington may be best known these days as the home of the Mall of America - the country's largest shopping mall - but the city also is considered the consummate post-World War II suburb, and a big one at that. Bloomington's northern border stretches east to west nine miles, abutting Richfield and Edina. Its southern border runs along the scenic Minnesota River and its stunning bluffs and wetlands.

Bloomington has developed steadily over the past several decades. It's now Minnesota's third largest city with 86,918 people and more than 35,000 houses in all price ranges. It has become the largest suburban housing market in the Twin Cities, with perhaps the most diverse range of housing types.

Three cities in one, but where's downtown?

While Bloomington has more houses than any other suburb, Chuck Ballentine, director of local assistance at the Metropolitan Council, said the suburb isn't particularly unique. It "is a bigger example of a 1950s and 1960s development trend" in which lots of moderately priced houses were built to accommodate returning soldiers buying their first homes.

Most of this early development began in east Bloomington, which is defined by modest ramblers on small, flat lots lining grid-patterned streets, not unlike neighboring Richfield. Almost two-thirds of Bloomington's 35,000 or so houses were built before 1970. East Bloomington - a more ***working-class*** area - extends from Penn Av. on the west and Nicollet Av. on the east.

Large waves of subsequent development in other parts of Bloomington over the past four decades have helped define two other distinct regions in the city.

In the 1960s, central Bloomington started growing as developers began building split-level houses on curving streets. Central Bloomington is an amorphous transition area between east and west Bloomington.

By the 1970s and '80s, development spread into hillier west Bloomington, which in many places looks like an extension of Edina. Home sites in west Bloomington are built to take advantage of natural amenities, including Bush and Hyland Lakes. West Bloomington - faster-growing and more affluent - is generally defined as the area west of France Av. or Normandale Blvd.

Despite having several commercial, retail and industrial areas, Bloomington is "an example of an area that developed without a downtown," Ballentine said. In an effort to address that void, the city built a brick clock tower near the intersection of 98th and Lyndale Av. S. Just off Interstate Hwy. 35W, the clock tower presides over several shopping areas and strip malls. Nevertheless, "A lot of the stuff people do is oriented towards the strip malls and the Mega Mall," Ballentine said.

A complex housing market

Describing Bloomington and its housing market is almost as difficult as describing the kinds of shops in the Mall of America. Simply put: from the simple and inexpensive to the exclusive and extravagant, you name it, they've got it.

Home values range from less than $ 60,000 to more than $ 1 million. Because of the wide variety of housing options and influences affecting housing in Bloomington, community development director Larry Lee calls it "a microcosm of the whole metro area."

Multiple Listing Service (MLS) sales figures from 1993 show the average sale price of houses in east Bloomington was $ 88,070, and in west Bloomington $ 157,418. The average sale price of homes last year for the entire metro area was $ 107,569.

Danese Anderson, a 15-year Bloomington resident, president of the Minneapolis Area Association of Realtors and a real estate agent with Great Minneapolis Realty Co., agreed that Bloomington's housing market is complex and difficult to stereotype.

"We're talking about several markets," she said. In terms of demand for houses in Bloomington, "If you get under that $ 200,000 mark, there's more pressure on the market. In the $ 300,000, $ 400,000 and $ 500,000 range, it's a little slower - like everywhere else."

Mary Wesenberg, an Edina Realty-Bloomington agent, said that in many cases you can get more house for your money in Blooomington. Often buyers are attracted to the area because of its proximity to downtown Minneapolis and the Minneapolis St. Paul International Airport.

"The prices have gone up and the market times have gone down" in the past two years, she said. "I've had more multiple offers on properties I've sold in the past couple of years than ever."

It wasn't long ago that Bloomington looked like a slice of rural Americana. Anderson recalled when she and husband Ed began exploring Bloomington. "We used to live in South Minneapolis. . . . The first few times going out there [to Bloomington] you thought that you had to take your suitcase. I think nothing of it [the drive] now.

"Fifteen years ago there were no stop lights . . . now there are very few parcels of land available any more," Anderson said. She recalled that a neighboring farm near Bush Lake - one of the last large plots of developable land in the city - recently was subdivided into about 58 high-priced lots, many of which already have been sold.

Today, less than 100 acres of residential-zoned land and 350 acres of commercial property remain vacant, according to city records.

It's that scarcity of land that has caused new home prices to soar. "Most of the newer houses being built are more expensive, relatively speaking. For example, you can't buy a new $ 125,000 house in Bloomington today," Anderson said. "The lot value alone has to be at least $ 50,000 to $ 60,000 - if you can find it."

Redevelopment

While the city has enjoyed a reputation as a fine place to live - crime rates are low and home values stable - parts of the suburb are maturing. Recognizing the damage that deteriorating housing can inflict on a community, Lee said that the city has tried to be proactive in its approach to maintenance and redevelopment.

"The problem is not serious. However, Bloomington tries to be anticipatory of problems because such a large number houses were built between 1950 and 1960, and we don't want [houses in] that age range to run down. About half our housing was built during that time and if they were allowed to run down it would be hard to catch up," he said.

The city is dealing with several issues, but its priorities include providing more options for its aging residents, many of whom would now like to retire in the part of Bloomington where they raised their families, and redeveloping or remodeling existing housing instead of building new houses.

"It's basically foolishness to let existing housing fall down, while trying to build a modest cost house on vacant land," Lee said. "We use community resources to remodel, replace housing in poor shape. We have successfully done several examples, but the volume is not up to the speed we need to get to."

Developing new housing in Bloomington often is difficult because of high land prices. Most developable land is available only on an in-fill basis in older established neighborhoods and on large lots that some homeowners are willing to subdivide.

The city council recently approved a program that requires inspections when a house is sold. It begins Jan. 1 for owner-occupied housing. The city also has rental housing licensing regulations to help promote the upkeep of rental units. Renters are likely to find plenty of choices: about 30 percent of the housing units are rentals.

One of the city's newest formal housing and neighborhood revitalization programs is the Community Enhancement Program, which targets defined areas of between 1,000 to 1,300 housing units, according to Regina Harris, deputy administrator of the Housing and Redevelopment Authority.

The program is a cooperative effort among city departments and is comprised of four basic elements: a neighborhood home improvement effort that features two rehabilitation loan programs; a housing-code enforcement sweep that notifies homes and businesses that they may have a problem; a clean-up phase that allows targeted properties to dispose of yard waste, construction materials and other unsightly objects, and a neighborhood watch/crime prevention program.

A recent clean-up of a target neighorhood in east-central Bloomington resulted in 62 tons of yard waste, including fence wood, construction material and 10 tons of recycled metal.

Affordable housing

As palatial houses rise on the south shore of Bush Lake, the need for low-income housing is being dealt with in several ways, including a self-sufficiency program begun last year that provides housing and support to families who meet the program's guidelines.

Families enrolled in the program pay 30 percent of their monthly income to rent city-owned single-family houses. To participate in the program, families must set long and short-term goals and undergo regular progress evaluations. They also establish an escrow account to be used for a future home purchase.

For at least one family, the program appears to be working. "We're getting a chance a lot of people don't get - they stay trapped in the cycle. This is one way of getting out of it," said a 35-year-old mother of four who asked not to be identified. "It's nice to have a little push in our lives to keep planning, instead of resting on your laurels. It makes you take a fresh look each year."

The city provides Section 8 rent assistance to more than 500 households a year, Harris said. In total, the city has more than 1,000 HRA assisted, project-based independent and section 8 apartments and houses.

The Mall of America:

Mega help or hindrance?

Has the mall helped or hurt Bloomington's housing market? Though the city has yet to conduct a formal study of the mall's impact, for the rental market, "one could make the leap that it did help," Harris said. "Our vacancy rate is below 2 percent." Before construction of the mall, he said, the rate was in the 6 to 7 percent range - "the highest they'd ever been, and owners weren't able to raise rents. Those days are gone and rents are on their way up."

The mall's impact on residential property taxes hasn't been as great, at least in the short term. So far, many taxpayers have seen an increase in their property taxes comparable to the rise in other Twin Cities areas. Taxpayers are not likely to get a break because of increased property taxes from the mall until at least the year 2005, when city-issued bonds used to build the mall, plus a loan from the mall's developer, are scheduled to be repaid.

(See microfilm for chart.)

**Graphic**

Photograph; Chart; Map

**Load-Date:** August 30, 1994

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[***AMERICA: FOR RICHER AND POORER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RXV-R7C0-0094-502D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***WORK HARD AND YOU'LL GET AHEAD.' IN THE NEW ECONOMIC ORDER, WRITES JANE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RXV-R7C0-0094-502D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***BLOTZER, THAT BASIC AMERICAN BELIEF IS BECOMING A CRUEL JOKE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RXV-R7C0-0094-502D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 1, 1998, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL,

**Length:** 1778 words

**Byline:** JANE BLOTZER

**Body**

''The new inequality threatens us with a two-tiered society, an apartheid economy in which the successful upper and upper middle class live lives fundamentally different from the ***working class*** and poor.'' - Richard B. Freeman, economist, Harvard University

''Things changed. Now you work harder for less. The working man is getting killed out there.'' - Joseph Sudar, former steelworker at Jones & Laughlin's Aliquippa Works, now employed by Hussey Copper in Leetsdale.

Back in 1983, when the Pittsburgh unemployment rate stood at a wrenching 15 percent, the region's elected officials trooped dutifully off to Washington seeking relief for the shell-shocked victims back home. Impassioned speeches were made as legislation was introduced to extend unemployment benefits, provide health care coverage, fend off mortgage foreclosures and create jobs.

All the rhetoric resulted in very little action. The growing deficit and the beginnings of a recovery helped to kill the recession-relief efforts. But a more chilling reason for government disinterest also emerged: Many saw the plight of those crushed by the industrial collapse in cities like Pittsburgh as a comeuppance for having been overpaid for too long.

As the Washington correspondent for the Post-Gazette at the time, I covered committee hearing after committee hearing in which congressmen tsk-tsked about steel workers who had two cars and a boat coming with hat in hand asking for the government to bail them out.

It soon became clear that it wasn't going to happen. But what was less clear at the time was that old economic relationships were changing, not only here but throughout the country, and not just for the span of a recession but into the foreseeable future.

If it was comeuppance, it came with a vengeance. Just mentioning the shifting fortunes of the rich and poor nowadays is viewed, at best, as impolite, and more likely, as class warfare. Class warfare is under way, make no mistake. And the poor are getting hammered.

Whether it was caused by a technological revolution, increased trade and globalization, a decline in unionization, or something else altogether, the bottom line is this: A nation that for three decades after World War II enjoyed rapid and broadly shared economic growth, is now growing in a wildly unequal way. A yawning gap is opening up between the rich and everyone else.

And nowhere have the changes been more dramatic than in Pittsburgh. Janice Madden, a University of Pennsylvania sociologist, has examined the growth of income inequality in metropolitan areas between 1979 and 1989 and found that Pittsburgh led the pack by a good margin, followed by Cleveland, Buffalo, New Orleans and Houston.

The Keystone Research Center in Harrisburg issued an equally disturbing report last Labor Day titled ''The State of Working Pennsylvania.'' It noted that the real median income in Western Pennsylvania, that is the point at which 50 percent of the families are higher and 50 percent are lower, declined 11 percent between 1979 and 1989. ''Western Pennsylvania saw its household income decline by more than all but two states,'' according to the authors, largely because of the collapse of industry. Between 1970 and 1995, the number of manufacturing jobs in the state ''fell by almost twice as much as the rest of the nation put together.''

The impact on family income would have been even more devastating if legions of women had not entered the work force to add their earnings to household coffers.

More recent data is not available for Pittsburgh, but the evidence nationally and in Pennsylvania suggests strongly that nothing has happened to change the trend. A study released late last year by the Center for Budget Policy and Priorities, a liberal Washington research group, found that inequality increased around the nation in the 1990s, but the income gap grew more rapidly in Pennsylvania than in all but a handful of states.

While CEOs and other members of the elite have been winning huge salary increases year in and year out, men like Joseph Sudar of Beaver County consider themselves lucky to have a job that pays better than the minimum.

I first interviewed Sudar in 1985 for a story about the human casualties of deindustrialization. He had been laid off the year before from the J&L job paying more than $ 10 at hour. Retraining seemed out of reach as he watched his two young children while his wife went back to work. He hoped he would either find another good job or win the Lotto. His odds didn't look promising.

He was lucky to find an industrial job and is now making $ 12.30 an hour. But that is equivalent to $ 7.50 in 1983 inflation-adjusted dollars, meaning his wages are more than 25 percent lower than they were 15 years ago at J&L.

Pittsburgh's income gap is not worse in absolute terms than many other metropolitan areas. But because the income used to be more equitably distributed here than elsewhere (thanks to powerful unions and good industrial jobs) the change has been much more dramatic.

As can be seen most graphically below(CHANGE as needed) however, it is happening everywhere.

There has been economic growth throughout the 1980s and 1990s, but virtually all of the gains have gone to the richest 5 percent of the families. As Harvard economist Richard Freeman and host of others have pointed out, while the income for 80 percent of the population stagnated or fell, those in the top 1 percent of households watched their income double.

The increasingly unequal distribution of this nation's wealth and income has been a staple of public policy discourse for the last five years, and it was a central focus of the 1992 presidential election. But the prolonged recovery of recent years, complete with sustained high employment levels, has tended to take the edge off what is the most profound and disturbing economic trend of the waning days of the 20th century.

While the rich have been getting richer and the middle class has been treading water, the poor have not been so lucky. And the fastest growing group of poor people are those who work but are unable to lift their families out of poverty by dint of their labor.

As economist Rebecca Blank wrote in a piece published by the Chicago Tribune last year, ''The biggest problem facing most poor adults is the economy. . . . In fact, it's harder to escape poverty through employment in the mid-1990s than it has been at any time in the last 25 years.''

Economic recoveries used to be enough to automatically bring about higher wages and better standards of living for all Americans - the rich, middle class and poor all got richer. This time around it took five years of recovery before the median incomes began to inch up and poverty rates to creep down. And most Americans still have not made up the ground lost during the recession at the beginning of the decade.

''The recent income news is a great development,'' said John Schmitt of the Economic Policy Institute in Washington, a nonpartisan research group that has painstakingly detailed the breadth and depth of the new inequality. ''The problem is, we need 15 more years of it to get back to where we were.''

\*

We are, the statistics show, in a very different place than we used to be. But is that so bad? Why not forget about what used to be? Forget about breathing life into the corpse of shared prosperity. Get on with the business of making the best of what you've got.

That is frequently the advice given by those who already have it good. But if the new economy does not offend your sense of justice, there are plenty of other reasons for concern.

In the new economic order, the rules of a previous generation - work hard and you'll get ahead - no longer apply. Over the next several years, many welfare recipients will follow the mandate to ''get a job'' and will still find themselves mired in poverty.

In the new order, another group of individuals with no skills and fewer opportunities have been marginalized into an ''underclass'' with little connection to the mainstream and little regard for its rules of behavior.

In the new order, educational failure means an economic death sentence, but schools still don't come close to saving - that is, teaching - all children.

In the new economic order, blacks and Hispanics find themselves disproportionately on the wrong side of the income gap, with long-term implications for the future of race relations in an increasingly polarized society.

This is not a healthy new direction for a nation building bridges to the 21st century. Rather it is a ''recipe for social disaster,'' to use the words of economist Milton Friedman. He wrote in The Washington Post in 1995: ''We shall not be willing to see a group of our population move into Third World conditions at the same time that another group of our population becomes increasingly well off.'' If something isn't done to alter the trend, he feared that the pressure to turn to protectionism and other ultimately harmful measures would be irresistible.

Whatever the social implications, many believe it is impossible to change course because the new economic order is dictated by market conditions. They make that statement as if it is equivalent to saying the gameplan has been phoned in by God.

If, in fact, the market is immutable and the '50s and '60s were the aberration, if capitalism is really about the richest 5 percent of the populace making off with all the wealth, then what does this system have to offer everyone else?

I do not believe capitalism need be so fundamentally flawed.

Certainly supply and demand have a lot to do with the change. But it is also the ''market'' at work when a group of corporate executives decides it would be more cost-effective to spend millions of dollars to bust the union or to resist an organizing drive than it would be to negotiate with workers' representatives in good faith. And when those same executives decide to reward themselves with handsome bonuses for being so very clever, that is the market, too.

In many ways, the market is what you can get away with. Corporate morality, strong unions, and government mandates can all help to narrow the parameters of what you can get away with. Unfortunately, all three institutional controls have been severely weakened.

Reasserting those controls to improve the lives of the majority of working people might hurt the interests of a very privileged minority, but it surely would not offend the laws of God, nature or even the marketplace.

Jane Blotzer is a Post-Gazette associate editor. This is the first in her occasional series of commentaries on income inequality, its ramifications and possible responses. The next piece will appear March 1.

**Graphic**

DRAWING, CHART, DRAWING: Daniel Marsula/Post-Gazette:; CHART: "The State of Working America, 1996-97," Economic Policy Institute;; based on analyst of U.S> Bureau of Census; Post-Gazette: (Family income,; average annual change)

**Load-Date:** February 3, 1998

**End of Document**



[***the contenders;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G9T-Y830-00J2-34D9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Hold Steady is Minneapolis' most happening band of the moment. Too bad the guys live in New York.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G9T-Y830-00J2-34D9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 3, 2005, Friday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY / FREETIME; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 2130 words

**Byline:** Chris Riemenschneider; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** New York, N.Y.

**Body**

Scene 1: Soundcheck

Craig Finn is starting to sweat through his Twins T-shirt as he runs around the empty Bowery Ballroom. Among the items on his to-do list is checking on the arrival of his favorite Minneapolis rapper, Brother Ali, and his favorite Edina residents, Mom and Dad.

"I think they might've been on the same flight," Finn said, flashing a dry smile. "Wonder what they'd talk about?"

One thing Finn didn't have to worry about was filling up one of Manhattan's best-loved rock clubs two weekends ago. The Hold Steady's release party for its second CD, "Separation Sunday," was oversold, with close to 700 attendees. A month earlier, the band had a meeting "to figure out how to even get a respectable amount of bodies in here," Finn recalled.

"A lot can happen in a month," he said.

With the May 3 release of "Separation Sunday" - a disc loaded with lyrics about the Twin Cities - the band that plays classic-rock without any ironic retro gimmickry was greeted with an onslaught of equally unpretentious press in Rolling Stone, Entertainment Weekly, Spin, the New Yorker and the Village Voice.

The Voice piece was especially huge. Finn and his boys were the first New York musicians on the cover of the NYC alt weekly in five years. Playing off the album's religious themes, the headline read: "We Believe in One Band."

"A friend of mine who's totally into the New York music scene put it into perspective when he said the Beastie Boys never even got the cover of the Voice," said guitarist Tad Kubler, one of three former Twin Citians in the band.

Tellingly, though, the band had to do a second photo shoot for the Voice to produce a cover-worthy shot. These guys aren't exactly poster-boy rock stars. The Voice story refers to a blog comparing the bespectacled Finn to Charles Nelson Reilly (also a comment on his nasal, stammering vocal style). It might have added that Kubler looks a bit like Jeff Daniels in "Dumb & Dumber" (not a comment on his intelligence).

Said Village Voice music editor Chuck Eddy, "Not every band in New York has haircuts like the Bravery [the most stylish band of the moment]. But the Hold Steady didn't get the cover because they do or don't have that haircut. They got it because they put out the best album so far this year."

Scene 2: Pre-show party

the hip Bowery neighborhood bar Lolita feels like a good midpoint between Manhattan's trendiest hangouts and its ***working-class*** swill spots. Never mind that it's just around the corner from Teany, a tea bar owned by the Voice's last local cover boy, Moby.

As Kubler and drummer Bobby Drake sit in a corner, Husker Du repeatedly pops up from the bar DJ's Apple laptop.

"I miss Minneapolis, but obviously this is great," Drake said of his role in the band. Son of longtime Children's Theatre actor Gerry Drake, the former End Transmission drummer left for New York six months ago with the promise he'd have a band to play in, "and they'd help me get a job," he recalled.

With four out of five still holding down day jobs, the Hold Steady's members obviously weren't expecting such a hype storm with this record. And why should they? Finn's and Kubler's former band, Lifter Puller, also made great albums but never got past cult status or small punk-rock clubs.

"We wouldn't be where we are now in Minneapolis," said Kubler, who grew up in Janesville, Wis., across the street from Cheap Trick's manager's kids (read: free records galore). After the 2000 breakup of Lifter Puller, a band he joined midway through its tenure, Kubler played in roar-rock band Songs of Zarathustra for a while. He eventually followed his girlfriend to New York and reunited with Finn, who said he moved there "to get away from being that guy in Minneapolis from Lifter Puller."

Like Finn and Milwaukee-born bassist Galen Polvika, who started the Hold Steady in 2002, Kubler was dismayed by the electroclash/disco-punk sound that enraptured New York three years ago, with bands such as the Rapture. Hearing a classic Thin Lizzy riff or an Angus Young guitar solo - Kubler's strong suits - was like getting a juicy T-bone in a vegan restaurant.

That contrast, along with the fact that New York has more rock critics than Minnesota has dairy farmers, has helped the Hold Steady climb higher than Lifter Puller ever did. "But you can't discount the reputation that Lifter Puller had in New York," said keyboardist Franz Nicolay, the only longtime New Yorker in the band.

Said Kubler, "One thing the Hold Steady took from Lifter Puller: As long as you have a guy like Craig who's writing great songs, you don't have to reinvent the wheel musically. I suppose that's more a Midwestern thing than a New York thing."

Scene 3: The show

it's only two songs into the Bowery performance, and it already looks as if Finn is going to talk too much. "I hate to turn this into the Academy Awards," he says before going down a list of people to thank. His parents, watching from a balcony table, are first.

At the Hold Steady's Triple Rock shows in March, Finn yammered nonstop about the Replacements, Soul Asylum, cable TV and a lot else that defined his teen years. It turned out this was all a set-up for the new CD.

Except for the thank-you barrage, though, he mostly kept mum at the Bowery and let "Separation Sunday" speak for itself. The band played the album straight through, augmented by a horn section and even a backup singer: Nicole Wills, a '60s scenester who sang the "School House Rock" children's ditty "Elbow Room" (she's a family friend of Kubler's). When Wills sings "welcome back, welcome back" in the CD's rah-rah closer, "How a Resurrection Really Feels," it's like hearing your mom's voice from the other end of a dark tunnel.

The Bowery show was as ambitious as the album. Recorded over 28 days instead of the six spent on last year's debut, "The Hold Steady Almost Killed Me," its dueling guitars and piano and organ melodies sound more geared to geezer-rock station KQRS (92.5 FM) than college outlet Radio K (770 AM).

Dave Gardner, the former Selby Tiger who co-produced the album, saID:jaw "Those guys made me listen to the first Billy Joel record before I came out. I was like, 'You're kidding me.' "

Like other Twin Citians at the Bowery, Gardner didn't have to imagine the places name-dropped in the songs, such as City Center, or Nicollet and 66th. But knowing the sites doesn't seem to matter.    After the show, a guy from Pittsburgh tells Finn, "It sounds like we did the same things you did growing up."

A concept album with woozy, rollercoaster pacing and a purposeful story arc, "Separation Sunday" involves a teenage girl named Holly who falls in with a wrong crowd. She has run-ins with druggies, hoodrats ("chicks who dig gangsta types," says Finn) and a pimp named Charlemagne. All the while, her religious upbringing nags at her.

In short, it's about being a teenager with nothing to do but get lost, and maybe be found.

As Finn later explains: "There's that time when you're old enough to get your hands on alcohol but not old enough to have a place to drink it. So you spent a lot of your time driving around, listening to classic-rock radio, and a lot of times ending up at places like the banks of the Mississippi, where it was always kind of scary. You never knew who was going to be around. There might be a fight, or a bust."

At the Bowery, Finn was put in the uncomfortable position of singing these songs - with seedy details of teenagers getting high and losing control - in front of his mom and dad.

"I think Craig has a very good imagination," Barbara Finn coolly said after the show.

Scene 4: The day after

the L Train's first stop across the river from Manhattan, Brooklyn's Williamsburg section is dotted with four-story apartments, small groceries and unassuming cafes. It's the 'hood of choice for New Yorkers who think small spaces are a fair trade for big ambitions.

Sitting in a booth at one of those cafes, a few blocks from the apartment he shares with his wife, Finn has visibly settled one ambition: playing an unforgettable show with his new band in his new hometown. "Getting a crowd in New York is a lot harder than it is in Minneapolis," he brags.

Not a guy who likes to dwell on irony - "A kid once told me he thought I was being ironic by wearing my Twins shirt, and I wanted to cry" - Finn realizes the great irony of "Separation Sunday." It made him the toast of New York, but it's really about his time in the Twin Cities.

He also realizes that people back home might consider the album a tad disingenuous. A 1989 graduate of Breck High School - which locals know is where smart kids go - Finn, 33, didn't exactly lead the troubled gutter-teen life that's spilled out on "Separation Sunday." You say Edina, I say money.

A smart kid, however, knows how to take literary license.

"I read 'On the Road' again recently, which I thought was so totally cliched when I was 17," Finn said. "This time, I sort of remembered that Kerouac wasn't really taking part in a lot of what goes on in the book. He was recording it. There's really a big difference."

In other words, he hopes people distinguish between what's real and really imagined on "Separation Sunday." A lot of the characters are composites of people, some maybe exaggerated by the insecurities of teendom. Many of the stories really happened, but usually to other people.

The most autobiographical part seems to be the religious struggle. Finn grew up in a devout if not-too-strict Catholic home, but like a lot of Gen X-ers, he's been turned off by the politicizing of religion. "There's a sense of beauty and peacefulness about going to mass that doesn't have anything to do with the religious right or birth control," he said. "You get that in your head and heart, and even when you don't go to church, it still gives you that sense that everything's going to be OK."

Before leaving the restaurant, Finn goes down the checklist of who's still in town from the Twin Cities. Brother Ali slept at his place last night. Mom and Dad are on for dinner. "They've been to New York a lot, so it's not like I had to get up at 9 a.m. to take them to the Statue of Liberty. Thank God," he said.

When the idea of moving back to Minnesota is raised (his wife, Barbara, is also from here), Finn doesn't hesitate.

"Yeah, we probably will," he says, not mentioning anything about his band or what New York has done for him.

"When they build that outdoor ballpark, I'm there."

He definitely wasn't being ironic.

Chris Riemenschneider is at [*chrisr@startribune.com*](mailto:chrisr@startribune.com).

local motions

Where you're from is not where you were born, but where you went through puberty, says Craig Finn, who based the Hold Steady's new CD, "Separation Sunday," on his teen years in Edina. Said Finn (who was born in Boston): "It's like you fall apart when you're a teenager, and you have to put yourself back together." Here are songs that should hit close to home for many Twin Citians.

"HORNETS! HORNETS!"

"I guess the heavy stuff ain't quite at its heaviest by the time it gets out to suburban Minneapolis/ We were living down at Nicollet and 66th/ With three skaters and some hoodrat chick/ Drove the wrong way down 169/ Nearly died up by Edina High."

Finn's comment: "I didn't go to Edina High, but one of my friends who did was in the state hockey championship. They had these great virginal cheerleaders who come out of nowhere yelling, 'Hornets! Hornets!' A great visual, I thought."

"YOUR LITTLE HOODRAT FRIEND"

"She said City Center used to be the center of the scene/ Now City Center's over, no one really goes there/ Then we used to drink beneath the railroad bridge/ Some nights the bus wouldn't stop/ There were just way too many kids."

Finn's comment: "We wound up over in St. Paul a lot, which always seemed wilder." He laughs. "There might be a scary heavy-metal guy at the party or something like that."

"STEVIE NIX"

"She got high for the first time down by the banks of the Mississippi River. Lord, to be 17 forever."

Finn's comment: "A lot of this record, and this band, is based on growing up on classic rock. When you're 16 or 17, you want to spend as little time at home as possible, so you spend it driving around listening to the radio. Back then, there weren't any alt-rock stations. So it was classic rock, 92 KQRS. To this day, I can sing every song on classic-rock radio, and I never liked a lot of it."

IF YOU GO: The Hold Steady

- At Grand Old Day: 1-3 p.m. Sun., Dixie's Stage, Grand Av. at St. Alban, St. Paul. 21 & older. Free. - At First Avenue: 8:30 p.m. Mon. with P.O.S., Plastic Constellations, 701 1st Av. N., Mpls. $12. 612-338-8388.- Soundbites: To hear samples from "Separation Sunday," go to [*www.startribune.com/music*](http://www.startribune.com/music), or call 612-673-9050 and enter 5355 for "Your Little Hoodrat Friend," 5356 for "Stevie Nix" and 5357 for "How a Resurrection Really Feels."

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** June 3, 2005

**End of Document**



[***On the fore front Tiger Woods has fired up kids' imaginations. By the thousands, youngsters are teeing up to learn the suddenly cool sport of golf.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40Y4-15P0-00C6-D36X-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

August 11, 2000, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2000 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1704 words

**Byline:** Mike Snider

**Body**

NEW ORLEANS

hwack. Wusssssssh. Kerplunk.

With each towering tee shot that Tiger Woods sends through the

air and each putt he sinks, the 24-year-old wunderkind is revolutionizing

the game of golf. Not content with rewriting the record books,

Woods is on a mission to spread the game's reach.

On this stormy morning, he huddles under a tent with more than

two dozen junior golfers, giving tips until lightning forces the

action indoors.

Those kids and 2,000 more pack into the city's Municipal Auditorium

this afternoon to watch Woods demonstrate how he bounces a ball

on his club in a popular Nike commercial, adding a 180-degree

spin to the routine.

He takes more questions, and one gets to the crux of his crusade:

Why aren't girl golfers taken more seriously? Madalyn Radlauer,

14, wants to know.

"Golf needs to be more inclusive, but that takes time," says

Woods, who conducts several junior golf clinics each year through

his Tiger Woods Foundation. "My advice is to keep fighting for

what's right and keep playing -- because the better you play,

the more they let you in."

Later, Madalyn, who started playing two years ago, says she thinks

Woods' powerful presence will draw more children to the game.

"Because he is black, Tiger playing says it doesn't matter what

you look like, it doesn't matter if you're a girl or a guy. It

just matters that you go out there, have fun and do well."

The cartoons-and-wrestling crowd have been glued to Woods' exploits

lately on TV and are begging their parents for lessons so they

can be like Tiger.

"I consider him an interracial Pied Piper," says Tiger's father,

Earl Woods, who nurtured an interest in golf that his son had

even as an infant. Tiger's impact on kids and golf, he predicts,

"will get bigger instead of smaller."

Kids are the fastest-growing category of golfers, according to

the National Golf Foundation, which says that 836,000 children

ages 5 to 11 played last year. That's more than double the 333,000

who played in 1986, the NGF says.

"He's got kids coming out of the woodwork," says Bill Dickey,

president of the National Minority Junior Golf Scholarship Association

and a mentor at the clinic coordinated by the Greater New Orleans

Sports Foundation. "You see gang kids at the driving range. Maybe

some kid decides he doesn't want to be in a gang anymore."

With a beaming smile, the charismatic Woods has become the most

engaging golf personality since Arnold Palmer or Nancy Lopez.

His face adorns the current *Time*. Beyond attracting kids

to the game, he has done what even golf lovers may have thought

impossible: He's made the sport hip.

"Golf used to be an incredibly uncool sport, an elitist country-club

kind of sport. Now it has become cool. It's undergone this great

people's revolution led by Tiger Woods," says Michael Caruso,

editor in chief of *Maximum Golf*, a new magazine aimed at

young male golfers (18-39). Its September issue has Woods on the

cover, too.

In terms of cachet, the game "is enormously more popular than

it was 10 or 20 years ago," says Bob Cullen, author of the new

*Why Golf? The Mystery of the Game Revisited* (Simon &

Schuster, $ 22). "It used to be thought of as being played by

white-bread, blond, pink-polyester-wearing clones. Now the world's

most dynamic and successful athlete is a multiracial golfer."

Woods' emergence "has certainly fueled" interest, making it

more likely that families and younger people will give golf a

swing than in the past, says NGF president Joe Beditz. But he

suggests that increased TV coverage and celebrity preoccupation

with the game also have energized a steady rise in the number

of golfers. Since 1986, total golfers have increased from 19.9

million to 26.4 million, the foundation says.

An additional 40 million people would like to try golf or have

tried it and would like to play more.

"We're measuring our highest interest ever," Beditz says. "I

think people have hooked into (this idea that playing golf) is

a cool thing."

Golf attracts a who's-who these days, from Celine Dion and the

Red Hot Chili Peppers to Clint Eastwood and *Malcolm in the*

*Middle*'s Frankie Muniz. Sports greats John Elway, Jerry Rice

and Michael Jordan are avid golfers. Captains of technology such

as Sun Microsystems' Scott McNealy and Microsoft's Bill Gates,

who was seen in a commercial for club maker Callaway Golf, smack

the ball around, too.

The sport's trendiness hasn't escaped clothing designers such

as Giorgio Armani, Liz Claiborne, Perry Ellis, Tommy Hilfiger

and Prada; all have new lines of golf attire.

"Younger people and fashion are definitely creeping into golf

because golf is getting more mainstream," says Scott Rosan, 29,

who owns The Nines, an upscale golf fashion shop in the trendy

Manayunk section of Philadelphia. "Everybody is playing. You

are hard-pressed to find a person who hasn't been exposed to game

a little bit. You play and get hooked."

But clearly, Woods is driving much of the surge. Ratings records

were set during all of his major victories, and Woods' eight-stroke

victory at St. Andrews last month was the most-watched British

Open ever, ABC says. "In the TV age, there have been two people

who have attracted viewers beyond their sport," NBC Sports chairman

Dick Ebersol said after Woods' U.S. Open victory in June. "They

are Muhammad Ali and Michael Jordan. Tiger Woods clearly is the

third one."

Woods hopes to use his ambassadorship to break down golf's barriers.

"The kids I'm trying to reach are in the inner city, and traditionally

they've always been told, 'No, you can't achieve this,' or 'You

can't achieve that.' They aren't allowed to dream because it's

not realistic, and I think that's wrong," he says. "The traditions

of the game, the morals and values that are instilled in you when

you play the game of golf, I think that's what a lot of kids need

in their lives."

Guardians of the game plan to capitalize on golf's current boom.

The NGF, course operators, equipment makers and the professional

tours are collaborating on a national initiative to increase access

with welcome centers providing instruction on golf skills, rules

and etiquette. The program is expected to offer affordable avenues

to the game for kids and families, while increasing retention

of newcomers.

Already, experts are debating the Tiger Effect on the future of

golf. In sheer numbers, "it might be several years before we

see how many people who wouldn't have taken up the game have taken

it up because it is cool," says Larry Dorman of Callaway Golf.

Some wonder whether Woods' popularity is enough to offset the

barriers associated with the sport. Playing golf "is a lot harder

than Tiger makes it look," says author Cullen. "He certainly

might have an impact on the number of people who play once in

a while, but I'm not sure how much that will affect the number

who become steady-to-avid golfers."

Cost is a factor, too. Children's golf clubs can be had for as

little as $ 12 to $ 15 at used sporting goods stores but can run

$ 300 or more for a set. Although some sports groups offer free

youth lessons, individual sessions typically start at $ 25 and

go as high as $ 500 for week-long camps. Courses have kids' discounts,

but a round of golf is seldom available for less than $ 10.

"Unless you find a way for kids to play occasionally for a limited

amount of money, all the clinics Tiger holds in the world aren't

going to make a difference," Cullen says.

Golf remains a symbol of affluence, says *Maximum Golf*'s

Caruso, but he's hopeful that could change, having noted at the

British Open that golf is a ***working-class*** game in Scotland. "Here

in America, it took this weird turn and became an elite, snobby

sport. We're trying to reclaim the sport for the people."

And in the end, if golf becomes *too* popular, could that

harm the character of the game?

"Golf has a particular culture, and if it's watered down either

through a lot of new people coming to the game or through technology,

a great deal would be lost," says Russell Bowie, a New Orleans

golfer and parent whose kids participate in a junior golf league.

But at Woods' clinic in New Orleans, Edwin Turner is content to

savor the moment. As a teen, he worked as a caddie. After hours,

Turner says, "we did what they call sneaking onto the golf course.

We wouldn't play no more than two, maybe three holes, and then

we would get run off."

Watching Woods' ascent got his son, Raynell, 15, interested in

the sport, too. "I try to copy Tiger's attitude," Raynell says.

The elder Turner gestures, taking in a group of black men accompanying

their children. "Every one of those men out there, they didn't

have an opportunity to play," Turner says. "Now (the children)

have an opportunity. They get their kids to play, and if their

kids win, then they, too, are winning."

TEXT WITHIN GRAPHIC BEGINS HERE

<>Kids in the fore<>

Junior golfers, ages 12 to 17

In millions

19861.4

19992.0

Beginning golfers

Female

19860.7

19991.2

Male

19861.0

19992.1

<>

Tiger, dad build solid foundation

Tiger Woods and his father, Earl, created the non-profit Tiger

Woods Foundation in 1996, using golf as a vehicle to empower youngsters

to reach their potential.

After an initial $ 500,000 donation from Woods, the foundation

has received more than $ 2 million in corporate contributions.

So far, the foundation has conducted more than a dozen junior

golf clinics in inner cities across the USA. Each event includes

seminars on golf rules and history and affordable options for

playing. The clinics culminate with Tiger meeting one-on-one with

area junior golfers and leading an exhibition for 2,000 or more

local minority children and their parents.

The last clinic this year is Sept. 23-25 in Norfolk, Va.

The foundation, which also gives scholarships to local heroes,

"is a way for Tiger and I to give back not only to golf but also

to the communities," Earl Woods says. "Inner-city kids are constantly

overlooked. We want them to appreciate and enjoy the benefits

of our success. Too long, they've been conditioned to think they're

nothing now, were nothing before and they'll be nothing after.

We're here to change that."

A Tiger Jam concert to raise funds for children's charities is

set for Oct. 7 at the Mandalay Bay Events Center in Las Vegas

and features Christina Aguilera, LeAnn Rimes and Seal.

For details on the concert or the foundation, call 714-816-1806.

There is a link to the foundation at [*www.tigerwoods.com*](http://www.tigerwoods.com).

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, Color, David Rae Morris for USA TODAY(2); PHOTO, Color, Michael Pugh, AP; GRAPHIC, B/W, Julie Snider, USA TODAY, Source: National Golf Foundation (BAR GRAPH); PHOTO, B/W, Richard Drew, AP; Pied Piper of the sport: When bad weather forced a New Orleans golf clinic indoors, the youngsters followed Tiger Woods into the Municipal Auditorium. Giving back: Tiger Woods and his father, Earl, created a non-profit foundation that uses golf to help children.

**Load-Date:** August 11, 2000

**End of Document**



[***SWEDES IN AN IDENTITY CRISIS AS WELFARE STATE SHRINKS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P210-01K4-94CS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

June 26, 1994 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** EDITORIAL REVIEW & OPINION; Pg. C01; ANALYSIS

**Length:** 1640 words

**Byline:** Dick Polman, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** UPPSALA, Sweden

**Body**

At night, 6-year-old Frederik Warnsberg wets the bed. In the morning, he cries to his parents, and pleads to stay home from school. When he gets home at day's end, he is exhausted.

His father, Ulrik Warnsberg, blames the government. This, he says, is what happens when you start slashing the welfare state.

The budget at Frederik's public child-care center has been cut, teachers have been laid off, and more children are being herded into fewer classes. When Frederik was 3, he shared a room with seven children, taught by three adults. Today, the average size is 24 children and two adults. Next autumn, in first grade, it will be 27 children and one adult.

"The government isn't interested in how we feel," said his father, a civil servant in this town 35 miles from Stockholm. "They're not interested that our kids don't feel well, with all the noise and overcrowding and lack of adult attention. What kind of society does Sweden want? This was always a country that took care of people. Are we still Swedish?"

The world's most generous welfare state is getting stingier.

Not that the cuts Sweden is making would seem particularly draconian to most Americans: Unemployment pay is being reduced from 90 percent to 80 percent of a worker's full pay, with a 600-day limit on payments; sick pay, after the first year of illness, is being cut from 80 percent to 70 percent of full pay; the retirement age is rising from 65 to 66, and rent and nursing- home subsidies are being trimmed.

But for Swedes, such reductions seem revolutionary. So much so that three years after they elected a conservative government that has made good on its promises to reduce welfare, many are yearning for the good old days. A poll recently found that 78 percent of Swedes do not want their taxes reduced, if such a move would lead to further cuts in benefits.

"Sweden has been such a happy society since after the Second World War," said Niklas Ekdal, a young political analyst who enjoyed a free education and has never paid more than $15 for any medical treatment. "But now this is the biggest crisis we've ever had, and it's really shocking the people. Very slowly, we're waking up to the fact that we can't be so different from the rest of Europe. We won't be so lucky again."

Olof Ehrenkrona, the government's chief domestic policy adviser, agrees. "We are closing an era of social democracy in Sweden," he said. "There is no going back. Socialism, as a concept, is stone dead. In terms of burying it, it is only a question of the pace."

Similar vows can be heard these days throughout Western Europe, where a growing number of experts and political leaders have lost faith in the welfare state - the high-tax, cradle-to-grave safety net that has cushioned people

from want in the postwar era.

The critics see a vicious circle in Western Europe's welfare states: High wages and generous benefits slow economic growth, making it tougher for Europe to compete with America and Asia. When growth is slow, fewer people work. When fewer people work, welfare spending rises. And when welfare spending rises, growth slows again.

The unemployment rate in the European Union is 11 percent, nearly double the 6 percent rate in the United States. On average, social welfare spending in EU countries equals roughly 26 percent of gross national product; in America, it's 15 percent, and in Japan, 12 percent.

Europe's workers are also less productive than those in America and Japan, where government-mandated sick leave and vacation allowances are far less generous. The average German worker takes off 60 days a year; in France, 55; in the United States, 30, and in Japan, 29.

So European leaders are trying to trim welfare programs. Germany and Britain have reduced unemployment benefits. France has raised the age at which workers receive a full pension. The Netherlands has toughened rules for disability insurance. To curb casual absenteeism, Germany has stopped paying for the first two days of sick leave.

But the most turbulent changes are unfolding in Sweden, which created its Folkhelm (people's home) - or welfare state - in the decades after World War II.

"We lived in a fool's paradise, and we have been paying dearly for it," said Magnus Lemmel, a former telecommunications executive who directs the Federation of Swedish Industries. "It was possible to have our own little ship before, but that doesn't work any longer. The whole world is much more open now, with the flow of goods and financial information. We can't go back to what we had. We have to reduce our expectations."

Sweden now has the biggest budget deficit in the industrialized world - 13 percent of GNP. Its unemployment rate (14 percent) exceeds the EU average. Its rate of social welfare spending (40 percent of GNP) outpaces every EU nation's. Now it must tighten its belt, even cut some new notches, to prepare for EU membership and a referendum in November.

But as the conservatives press their cuts, the people squirm.

"There's a real crisis of identity," said Jan Edling, a trade union official in Stockholm. "People will have to start paying out more money for themselves. So they will become more interested in themselves, and less interested in others. That is a danger for Sweden."

Opposition politicians have fanned the public's anxieties. Birgitta Dahl, a member of the parliament and spokeswoman for the Social Democratic party, which built the welfare state, said in an interview: "What we're getting now is a system that's against all our ideals of equal rights and opportunities. It is like a free fall, like water rushing through a broken dam."

\*

At the state-funded Rosenlunds Nursing Home, on Stockholm's west side, administrator Ingrid Hjalmarson tallies the cost of the new policies. Two years ago, she said, the average patient would pay about $250 a month out of pocket to live in her comfortable facility. That was before she was forced to raise fees 350 percent to compensate for a sharp cut in government subsidies.

The higher fee has driven a wedge between rich and poor patients. The poorer ones have been forced to sell some of their personal assets, including property, to pay up. "The richer patients can still keep theirs," Hjalmarson said. "They still have choices. The government seems to be saying, 'If you have money, you can still get what you want.' That is the way Sweden is developing now. Before, things were more equal."

In a tiny kitchen in Rikerby, a ***working-class*** suburb of Stockholm, Swedish Covenant Church pastor Anna Bergeruettner poured tea and said, "My life and a lot of my neighbors' lives are getting to a situation where we can't manage anymore." Her rent has risen by 57 percent in the last two years. Her out-of- pocket child-care costs have jumped by 33 percent, because the local center can no longer make ends meet with its reduced government outlay.

"Traditionally," she said, "we have been proud of the fact that people aren't starving here or freezing to death in the winter. But we are crossing that line now. That's the change, and I guess that some people in government think it's a good change. But most Swedes don't agree with an American-style 'sink or swim' philosophy."

So why, in 1991, did the Swedes elect a conservative government, toppling the left-wing Social Democrats for only the second time since the war?

"People wanted to make the Social Democrats a little more humble," she said. "They didn't think the conservatives meant what they said about the welfare state. People started calling me, it's a tradition in my church, and saying, 'Do something!' I said, 'I am sorry, I am in no position; this is a democracy and they won.' Nobody thought they would go as far as they have."

Indeed, the conservatives, borrowing a page from Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan, are pushing hard for privatization - businesses that will compete directly with the public sector, or, in some cases, take over the government's functions.

Many fear the policies will erode Swedish traditions of social equality. Already in many Swedish neighborhoods, affluent parents are pooling private resources to open their own schools and child-care centers - and a new conservative law, passed last week, allows them to draw government aid from the same kitty that funds the public facilities.

"You can already see the beginning of an underclass," said Christer Berg, a bureaucrat and father of four in Uppsala. "This is the problem we will have in the future, a problem of class against class that has never been here before."

By contrast, Olof Ehrenkrona, the government's domestic policy adviser, made an argument that would have been treasonous just a few years ago: "I pay taxes, but why should I pay for schools I don't use? Why can't I, in effect, take my money and put it into the schools my children use? . . . Those people who are not part of the changes, they get some angst."

Lemmel, the industrialist, conceded: "By making these changes, you do open up more possibilities of social cleavages and segregation. But the real problem for Europe, as opposed to the U.S. and Japan, is that we have the largest public sector. We are forced to do something about it."

Nobody can say how much will be done. The Social Democrats are expected to oust the conservatives and regain power in September's elections, but most people don't believe that the new holes in the old safety net will ever be mended. The budget deficit won't disappear. At best, the pace of dismantlement will only be slowed.

And the Swedes can't seem to face it. As Solweig Persson, a child-care official in Rikerby, put it: "We can't accept that our social ambitions should disappear so quickly. We are longing for those ambitions again. We feel empty inside without them. They are still part of our identity. We have no choice but to be optimistic. We are working at being optimistic very hard."

**Graphic**

CHART;

CHART (1)

1. Social Welfare Spending (SOURCE: Organization for Economic Cooperation and

Development; The Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***7 seek seat in Butler County Court; All have law degrees and agree on key issues; what distinguishes them is their backgrounds***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NM0-49N0-TX33-C2VC-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 29, 2007 Sunday

NORTH EDITION

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**Section:** METRO; Pg. N-4

**Length:** 2443 words

**Byline:** Karen Kane, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

They all hold law degrees and promise to be fair. They all believe in creative alternative sentencing of first-time, nonviolent offenders and incarceration of career criminals. They all will apply the law as written, whether they like the law or not.

The distinguishing characteristics among the seven judicial candidates for Butler County Common Pleas Court, a position that's being vacated by retiring Judge George Hancher, rest largely in their backgrounds.

b> MARK LOPE

/b>

Mark Lope, 49, of Penn, a county prosecutor, says his broad experience as a prosecutor, criminal defender and civil lawyer has prepared him to handle any kind of case that would come before him as a Common Pleas judge.

He grew up in Johnstown and moved to the North Hills in the eighth grade, graduating in 1975 from Shaler High School. He got a political science degree in 1979 from Penn State, then a master's degree in public and international affairs in 1982. He worked as assistant finance director of McKeesport in 1982 and 1983, and served as a legislative assistant for state Sens. Doyle Corman and John Hopper from 1983 to 1986.

He got his law degree from Dickinson in 1989 and moved to Butler County to work with his brother, Phil, in a Zelienople law practice. He stayed there until 1997, when he and his wife, lawyer Susan Lope, bought a building in Butler and set up individual law practices there.

He became an assistant in the Butler County district attorney's office in January 2006 and he continues a limited general private practice.

He said he saw becoming a judge as a fitting way to conclude a legal career for someone with his experience and temperament.

"I think I have the broadest, most relevant experience for the job and I am fair-minded, even-handed and pretty practical," he said.

Mr. Lope promised to ensure that those involved with the legal system will have their day in court in as timely a way as possible.

"I think my ... experience gives me a good perspective on how to evaluate cases and parties so we can cut to the chase and resolve matters and problems," he said.

He said he believed the county's biggest issue was alcohol and drug abuse and that, as judge, he would make education a component of the sentences he orders.

Mr. Lope said he believed he was in touch with the community he wants to serve as judge. He coaches youth sports teams, is vice president of the Butler County Bar Association and has been active in the Paul Lawrence Dunbar Community Center, the Zelienople Lions Club, and the Zelienople-Harmony Chamber of Commerce.

He and his wife have three young sons.

Mr. Lope is a registered Democrat, though he has cross-filed.

b> KELLEY STREIB

/b>

Kelley Streib, 42, of Cranberry, has been serving as district judge since 1994. She was based in Evans City until Cranberry and Seven Fields were given their own district. Now her office is in Cranberry.

She grew up in Mississippi and came to Pittsburgh after graduating in 1986 from the Mississippi University for Women to study law at Duquesne University. She received her law degree in 1992. That's where she met her husband, lawyer and professor, Michael Streib. They have four children..

Though Judge Streib is a Republican, she has cross-filed and will appear on both primary ballots.

Most of her professional experience has been on the bench as a district judge, a position that involves cases that range from traffic citations to preliminary hearings and preliminary arraignments on the most serious felonies.

As a district justice, she has heard about 25,000 cases, she said. In practice, she focused on family law from 1992 to 1993 and clerked for Allegheny County Common Pleas Judge Lee Mazur while in law school. Her current term as district judge will end in December 2011.

"I want to be the kind of judge I think I've been as a district judge. I will follow the law and allow the attorneys to present their case. I want people to feel they have gotten their fair day in court," she said.

Judge Streib believes drug addiction, which spawns other crimes, can't be solved by the courts alone. "Drug abusers have to be punished, but pure punishment for drug issues doesn't work. We need dual responses," she said, referring to education and rehabilitation.

To those who have pointed to her lack of experience as a lawyer, Judge Streib responds: "I may not be practicing as a lawyer, but I didn't stop being a lawyer," she said, noting that she had been teaching trial advocacy at Duquesne Law School for more than 10 years.

She has instituted as district judge several programs to expose students to the legal system, including Junior Judge and the Wise Up anti-drug programs, and Campus Court.

She has participated in Leadership Butler County, is active in the Victory Family Church, and was honored as a U.S. Angel in Adoption in 2003 for her work with families adopting children.

She was appointed in 2006 to the Pennsylvania Court of Judicial Discipline.

b> TIM SHAFFER

/b>

Tim Shaffer, 61, of Prospect, is a Vietnam War veteran, a former state senator and a "small-town lawyer." Now he wants to be judge.

He said he believed passionately that Butler County's next judge should be "an activist in combating juvenile crime and drug use."

"We're losing a generation of our kids to drugs," he said.

A central component to his strategy would be to plug juveniles into private sector organizations such as 4-H, the YMCA and the YWCA "to change their lifestyles." He said he'd convene a juvenile drug task force to get input from youth ministers and other experts.

He graduated from Penn State University in 1966 and received his law degree from Duquesne in 1974. In the interim, he served as a first lieutenant platoon leader in Vietnam. He went to law school at night and worked in various law-related internships during the day.

A Republican, he has cross-filed.

Mr. Shaffer said he has practiced all varieties of law. He served in the state Senate from 1981 through 1996, when he retired, choosing to return to the practice of local law. He has an office in Downtown Butler he shares with the Dillon McCandless King Coulter & Graham firm, though he is not in partnership with them.

He is accepting no contributions from lawyers. "I want the public to know that no attorney will have any leg up in my courtroom because he or she gave me a donation," he said.

He said he was a "law and order kind of guy," but that he recognized there was a cost to keeping people in jail "and, if for no other reason than financial, we have to try to keep people out of jail." He said he believed in alternatives to incarceration for the nonviolent, first-time offender but that repeat offenders "will find themselves in unfriendly territory before me."

He sees his age as a plus. "I think that there's something to be said for mature judgment," he said.

He is interested in pursuing electronic filing on the county court level.

In addition to being a lawyer, Mr. Shaffer is a small-business owner of Butler Indoor Records Storage on Main Street in Butler. "I'm not an ivory tower guy. I understand insurance, workers comp, people," he said.

b> CHARLES NEDZ

/b>

Charles Nedz, 40, of Butler Township, is the only one of the seven candidates who didn't cross-file. He is a Republican. "I think cross-filing is misleading and I don't want to participate in that," he said.

Mr. Nedz, a county public defender, is all about clarity. He said he had tried every type of criminal case there is and had litigated every kind of issue that can be litigated. "I understand the thought processes and procedures of the law. I understand how important the issues are to the litigants. I know how important it is to make the right decision. And I'm equipped to make the right decision," he said.

He has never sought political office before.

He graduated from Dayton University in 1988 and Dayton School of Law in 1992, entering private practice immediately, dealing with family, civil, criminal, bankruptcy, wills and estates. He has been a full-time public defender for seven years.

Mr. Nedz said he would be fair, neutral and "will apply the law as it's written." He will not approach the bench with a "cookie-cutter way of handling issues. No two cases are the same. They should be dealt with individually."

He said such programs as work release and house arrest were important components to the criminal justice system and "can save the county a lot of money." And, while he believes that "hard-core criminals" should be locked up, alternatives to incarceration for some defendants can be the most effective way to reduce crime.

"I think my experience as a PD will help me discern the difference between those who need to be locked up for a long time and the person who, given a chance, you won't see in court again," he said.

He and his wife, Leeanne, have four children.

b> TERRI SCHULTZ

/b>

Terri Schultz, 44, of Center, a Butler County public defender, will bring to the bench a work ethic forged as a young single mother who put herself through law school at night.

She graduated Indiana University of Pennsylvania in 1985 and received her law degree after four years of night school at Duquesne University while raising her son, Justin, now grown.

"I learned early on to be hard-working. I was never given anything. I had to work to pay for law school," she said.

After obtaining her law degree, she practiced family and juvenile law, then became a public defender. She has spent 13 years representing indigent clients accused of criminal offenses.

A registered Democrat, she has cross-filed, and has never sought political office before.

Ms. Schultz said she would consider each case on its merits, and will be fair, neutral and impartial.

She believes that her perspective -- "I'm in the courtroom every day" -- has helped her home in on what it takes to be a good judge.

Ms. Schultz sees herself as a team player and believes that improving the court system rests in "consulting with people who know the system and realizing that the judge is only one part of the team."

She sees the system straying by focusing on incarceration and rehabilitation as the answers to drug offenders. "Neither of these things are working on their own," she said. "I see people going through rehab two, three, four times and it hasn't worked. Jail isn't working," she said. She believes drug and alcohol education has to reach into the schools in a more energetic way.

"I would limit rehab. If it doesn't work the first time, that's it: incarceration. Rehab has become a crutch," she said.

She said she thought the state penal system's intensive drug rehabilitation program is a good model. The idea is to bring intensive drug rehabilitation within the prison setting to prisoners.

She has two sons and two daughters and is married to David Nading.

b> CINDY DUNLAP HINKLE

/b>

Cindy Dunlap Hinkle, 31, of Muddycreek, a litigator for a Pittsburgh law firm, is the wife of a factory worker, the daughter of an over-the-road truck driver and a woman who struggled with English, and she's the first person in her family to attend college.

She believes her background puts her in touch with the people of Butler County she would serve, should she be elected.

"A vote for me is ultimately a vote for a public servant. I would be doing something at the closest level to the population," she said.

She grew up in West Middlesex, near the Ohio border, and graduated in 1997 from the University of Pennsylvania in three years while working the equivalent of a full-time job throughout. She got her law degree from Temple Law School in 2000.

She said she believed her mom's stories about working in a courthouse in Korea planted the seed of desire for a law career. "I've known since I was about 8 years old that I wanted to be a lawyer and, someday, a judge," she said.

Her parents, Tom and Kim Dunlap, met while her father was serving in the Army in Korea.

"I think I got my work ethic and my drive from my parents. My mom worked hard to learn English," said Ms. Hinkle, who said she began working when she 13 at an ice cream shop.

Ms. Hinkle worked as a clerk for a Hermitage law firm beginning at the age of 18 and continued in similar work throughout college. She interned for U.S. Federal District Judge Thomas N. O'Neill Jr. in Philadelphia.

She's been working as a litigator since graduation, first in Philadelphia and now for the firm of Buchanan Ingersoll Rooney. She specializes in civil and commercial litigation.

Ms. Hinkle said she had experience with some petty criminal matters and one major criminal appeal to the federal third circuit.

She said she believed community service is important and volunteers as a firefighter for the Portersville/Muddycreek department and is a member of its ladies auxiliary.

"I'm proud of my ***working-class*** background because it reflects on my parents who taught me what it means to be a hard worker and a dedicated member of the community," she said.

She said she would treat all litigants with respect and would "apply the laws fairly and impartially. I'll approach each case individually."

She's lived in Butler County since 2003. She and her husband, Gerald, have a young son.

Ms. Hinkle is a Republican who is cross-filed, and hasn't sought elected office before.

b> MARGARET C. ABERSOLD

/b>

Margaret C. Abersold, 48, of Middlesex, a private-practice lawyer, said she would bring her life philosophy to the Butler County bench if elected judge: "Treat individuals the way I want to be treated."

A registered Republican, Ms. Abersold is cross-filed.

She said she had practiced an array of civil and juvenile law and was a legal intern at the Allegheny County district attorney's office during her last year of law school at Duquesne University.

She said she first thought about becoming an attorney during a social studies class at Baldwin High School. "It was fascinating, reviewing amendments to the Constitution. I knew I wanted to study the law," she said.

She finished her undergraduate studies at the University of Pittsburgh in three years, in 1979, then received her law degree from Temple University in 1982.

She delayed entry into practice until 1991 to stay home with her daughter, who is now grown. Her husband, Charles, is a retired law enforcement officer.

She worked with a Butler law firm from 1991 to 1994, then went into sole practice. She is not accepting any political contributions.

She pledged to be thorough, well-researched, and fair.

Though she has never been a judge on the county bench, she has been on the playing fields as a referee for the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletics Association. A couple of times a week, Ms. Abersold said, she officiates basketball and volleyball from elementary through high school for girls and boys.

**Notes**

CAMPAIGN 2007/ Karen Kane can be reached at [*kkane@post-gazette.com*](mailto:kkane@post-gazette.com) or 724-772-9180.

**Load-Date:** March 17, 2009

**End of Document**



[***REEL IN THE FALL; AUTUMN BRINGS ITS USUAL SCREEN HARVEST OF BIG STARS AND OSCAR CONTENDERS, PLUS TWO MOVIES FILMED HERE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TC9-CKP0-TX33-C1M4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 4, 2008 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. W-16

**Length:** 2995 words

**Byline:** Barbara Vancheri, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

If you didn't happen to run into Viggo Mortensen outside the Cork Factory or the grocery store or at a Pirates-Reds game, you can see him this fall in "Appaloosa" and "The Road."

The first is a Western co-starring Ed Harris, while the second is the movie version of the Cormac McCarthy book largely filmed in Southwestern Pennsylvania earlier this year. It's about a father and son in a world stripped of all we hold dear, and its scheduled release near Thanksgiving should remind us of our bounty of blessings and that we should not take food, family, friends and those jobs we grumble about for granted.

Or, for that matter, Harry Potter, who had been expected to reappear in November. But Warner Bros. set off a seismic shift by jumping the boy wizard to July 17, a date that proved magical for the Batman.

That sent other studios to the release chess board, moving "Twilight," the next James Bond adventure and an animated Disney comedy about a superhero Hollywood dog, to new dates. Before anyone sharpens the carving knife for Thanksgiving dinner, other dates are likely to change and titles will be added, deleted or moved.

Sept. 5

"Bangkok Dangerous": Filmmaking brothers Oxide and Danny Pang remake their Hong Kong action film, set in the Bangkok underworld, with Nicolas Cage. He's a remorseless hitman who finds himself mentoring the street punk he planned to kill and drawn into a romance with a shop girl.

"Baghead": Mark and Jay Duplass, who made "The Puffy Chair" (not to be confused with Seinfeld's puffy shirt), direct this tongue-in-cheek horror story, a send-up of indie movies.

"Dancing in Amdo": Pittsburgh premiere of Pittsburgher Carl Cimini's documentary about Tibetans living within China and those living in exile in India.

Sept. 12

"The Women": Forget "Mamma Mia!" or "Sex and the City." This is the chick flick to end all chick flicks, with an all-female cast led by Meg Ryan, Annette Bening, Eva Mendes, Debra Messing and Jada Pinkett Smith, in an update of the George Cukor film (and Clare Boothe Luce stage play before that).

"Burn After Reading": Brad Pitt, George Clooney, Frances McDormand, John Malkovich, Tilda Swinton and Richard Jenkins star in a dark spy comedy from the Coen brothers. A memoir by an ousted CIA official falls into the hands of two gym employees, intent on exploiting their find.

"Righteous Kill": Almost 13 years after they generated heat in "Heat," Robert De Niro and Al Pacino are reunited, this time as veteran New York police detectives on the trail of a serial killer targeting violent felons who have fallen through the cracks of the judicial system. The supporting cast includes Curtis Jackson, aka 50 Cent.

"Tyler Perry's The Family That Preys": Kathy Bates and Alfre Woodard star as matriarchs of very different families, one wealthy and the other ***working class***, being torn apart by greed and scandal. Perry turns up as a construction worker alongside characters played by Sanaa Lathan, Rockmond Dunbar, Cole Hauser, KaDee Strickland and Taraji P. Henson.

"Gonzo: The Life and Work of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson": Alex Gibney, who won an Oscar for "Taxi to the Dark Side," directs this examination of the writer whose life, death and funereal fireworks were unconventional. Johnny Depp, who played Thompson in "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas," narrates.

Sept. 19

"Lakeview Terrace": A young couple, played by Patrick Wilson and Kerry Washington, discover home ownership can be hell when you move next to an LAPD officer, a stern, widowed father with strong views about ... everything. Samuel L. Jackson crackles as the cop.

"Ghost Town": Ricky Gervais is a misanthropic dentist who dies, briefly, during a hospital stay and comes back to life with the ability to see ghosts who pester him for favors. Greg Kinnear and Tea Leoni co-star.

"My Best Friend's Girl": Romantic comedy starring Jason Biggs, Kate Hudson and Dane Cook as, respectively, a dream girl, an overzealous suitor and his best friend, a rebound specialist who meets his match.

"Igor": Animated comedy set in the land of mad scientists and diabolical inventions, where a lowly lab assistant named Igor (voice of John Cusack) dreams of becoming a scientist.

"Transsiberian": Train-track thriller, starring Woody Harrelson, Emily Mortimer and Kate Mara.

"Kenny": Quirky Aussie comedy about a lovable middle-age guy named Kenny Smyth, who installs "port-a-loos" at public events.

"Spike & Mike's Sick & Twisted Animation 2008": Twenty-six films, aimed at adults, featuring old favorites and introducing new and probably disgusting ones.

Sept. 25

"Greetings From Pittsburgh": As part of Pittsburgh's 250 celebration, 10 filmmakers use a range of styles to explore 10 neighborhoods. A 90-minute compilation will show at the Regent Square. Tickets, $10, will be available at Pittsburgh Filmmakers locations.

Sept. 26

"Miracle at St. Anna": Spike Lee directs this adaptation of James McBride's novel about four African-American soldiers trapped behind enemy lines during World War II when one risks his life to save an Italian boy. Derek Luke, Michael Ealy, Laz Alonso and Omar Benson Miller star.

"Eagle Eye": Race-against-time thriller, with Shia LaBeouf and Michelle Monaghan, about how pervasive technology such as GPS devices, ATMs, cell phones and surveillance cameras can be used against people.

"Nights in Rodanthe": "Unfaithful" stars Richard Gere and Diane Lane reunite, this time in a romantic drama based on the Nicholas Sparks novel.

"The Lucky Ones": When three very different American soldiers find themselves on an unplanned road trip, they form a deep bond that may be the closest thing they have to family. Rachel McAdams, Tim Robbins and Michael Pena star.

"Frozen River": An upstate New York mother teams with a Mohawk Indian to smuggle illegal Chinese and Pakistani immigrants into the United States. In a story inspired by real life, they hide the people in the trunk of a car and drive across the frozen St. Lawrence River.

"Battle in Seattle": Stuart Townsend turns the riots that accompanied the World Trade Organization's 1999 meeting in Seattle into a fictionalized story starring Charlize Theron, among others.

"Choke": Dark comedy about mothers and sons, sexual compulsion and the sordid underbelly of Colonial theme parks, starring Sam Rockwell and Anjelica Huston.

"In Search of a Midnight Kiss": A lonely and broke 29-year-old posts a personal ad on Craigslist, where he meets a surly blonde determined to find the right guy by midnight.

Oct. 3

"The Duchess": The Duchess of Devonshire, Georgiana Spencer (Keira Knightley), was the original "It Girl." Like her direct descendant Princess Diana, she was beautiful, glamorous and adored by an entire country, except for her husband, the Duke (Ralph Fiennes).

"Beverly Hills Chihuahua": Drew Barrymore speaks for a diamond-clad Beverly Hills chihuahua who gets lost in Mexico with only a street-wise German shepherd (voice of Andy Garcia) to help guide her home.

"Appaloosa": Robert B. Parker's novel inspired this Western about a pair of hired guns, played by director-writer Ed Harris and Viggo Mortensen, who try to clean up a dangerous town run by a ruthless rancher. Cast includes Jeremy Irons and Renee Zellweger.

"Flash of Genius": Greg Kinnear portrays a college professor and part-time inventor who came up with intermittent windshield wipers but watched the auto giants take his creation and ignore him. Based on a true story.

"Nick & Norah's Infinite Playlist": Comedy, starring Michael Cera and Kat Dennings as strangers whose chance encounter leads to an all-night quest to find a legendary band's secret show.

"Religulous": Political humorist and author Bill Maher travels around the globe interviewing people about God and religion in a film directed by Larry Charles ("Borat").

"Blindness": A mysterious epidemic of blindness allows director Fernando Meirelles ("The Constant Gardener") to explore human nature, good and bad, in this film starring Julianne Moore and Mark Ruffalo as wife and husband.

"What Just Happened": Comedy about two roller-coaster weeks in the world of a middle-age Hollywood producer, as he juggles two ex-wives and families with a movie that will flop unless it's re-edited before the Cannes Film Festival. Robert De Niro stars with Catherine Keener, Sean Penn and Bruce Willis, sometimes as themselves.

"How to Lose Friends & Alienate People": Fish-out-of-water tale tracking the escapades of a small-time, bumbling British celebrity journalist (Simon Pegg) who is hired by an upscale magazine in New York.

Oct. 10

"The Express": The book "Ernie Davis: The Elmira Express," about the first African-American to win the Heisman Trophy, is turned into a movie starring Rob Brown as the superstar athlete and Dennis Quaid as his legendary Syracuse coach.

"Body of Lies": Ridley Scott directs an adaptation of David Ignatius' 2007 novel about a CIA operative who devises a plan to infiltrate a terrorist's network in Jordan but must win the backing of a cunning CIA veteran. Leonardo DiCaprio and Russell Crowe lead the cast, with a screenplay by Oscar winner William Monahan ("The Departed").

"Quarantine": Remake of a Spanish horror movie about a TV reporter and cameraman who follow Los Angeles firefighters to an apartment building where a woman has contracted a rare strain of rabies. The CDC quarantines the building and cuts communication. Jennifer Carpenter and Steve Harris star.

"I Served the King of England": Based on Bohumil Hrabal's book, it tells the story of a "little" Czech waiter before, during and after World War II. It was the Czech Republic's submission for foreign language film a year ago.

"City of Ember": Bill Murray, Saoirse Ronan and Tim Robbins lead the cast of this adaptation of Jeanne Duprau's young adult novel about an underground world where the generator that powers the light is failing.

Oct. 17

"Max Payne": Mark Wahlberg plays the title role, a maverick cop who seeks revenge for the murders of his family and partner, in this action-thriller based on the video game.

"W": Director Oliver Stone dramatizes how President Bush found his wife and his faith and tackles the days leading up to the decision to invade Iraq. Josh Brolin is W, Elizabeth Banks is Laura Bush, James Cromwell and Ellen Burstyn play George and Barbara Bush, with other roles filled by Toby Jones, Thandie Newton, Jeffrey Wright, Scott Glenn and Richard Dreyfuss.

"The Secret Life of Bees": Adaptation of the Sue Monk Kidd novel about a 14-year-old white girl and her black housekeeper who flee an abusive South Carolina home in the 1960s and find refuge with beekeepers. Dakota Fanning and Jennifer Hudson star.

"Morning Light": Disney documentary about young men and women who race a 52-foot sloop in the Transpac, an open-ocean sailing competition.

"Sex Drive": Teen comedy about a virginal 18-year-old who decides to take a road trip with his two pals so he can meet the dream girl he encountered on Facebook. Josh Zuckerman, Amanda Crew and James Marsden star.

"A Man Named Pearl": No, not a companion piece to a boy named Sue but a look at a self-taught topiary artist Pearl Fryar, nicknamed Edward Scissorhands by his South Carolina neighbors.

"Happy-Go-Lucky": Mike Leigh directs this comedy about a free-spirited school teacher who takes driving lessons after her bike is stolen and encounters a fuming, uptight cynic.

Oct. 24

"High School Musical 3: Senior Year": Zac Efron, Vanessa Hudgens, Ashley Tisdale and the rest of the gang return for senior year, a basketball championship, prom and spring musical, even as some sophomore Wildcats are introduced in this first installment to go to the big screen.

"Pride and Glory": The moral code of a family of cops is tested when one of two sons on the force investigates an incendiary case involving his older brother and brother-in-law. Edward Norton, Colin Farrell and Jon Voight star.

"Saw V": Jigsaw or his legacy is back in this fifth installment featuring Tobin Bell, Costas Mandylor and Pittsburgh native Julie Benz.

"Brothers Bloom": Globe-trotting comedy about the last great adventure of the world's best con men and the bored, single New Jersey heiress they target. Adrien Brody, Mark Ruffalo and Rachel Weisz star, along with Rinko Kikuchi ("Babel").

Oct. 31

"Zack and Miri Make a Porno": When Zack is dragged to his 10th high school reunion in Monroeville by lifelong friend and classmate Miriam, he gets an idea for a moneymaker: a porn flick. The made-in-Pittsburgh Kevin Smith comedy stars Seth Rogen and Elizabeth Banks, along with Craig Robinson, Traci Lords and Jason Mewes.

"Changeling": Clint Eastwood directs Angelina Jolie and John Malkovich in a thriller, based on an actual incident, about a mother whose son goes missing in 1928. Months later, a boy claiming to be the 9-year-old is returned, but the mother realizes the child is not hers, and when she speaks up, she's branded delusional and unfit.

"RocknRolla": Guy Ritchie wrote and directed this crime story about a Russian mobster, a crooked land deal, a money grab and London's criminal underworld. Gerard Butler, Tom Wilkinson, Thandie Newton and Chris Bridges star.

Nov. 7

"Madagascar: Escape 2 Africa": In the sequel to the 2005 hit, the zoo animals land along the vast plains of Africa. The voice talent includes the late Bernie Mac, with Ben Stiller, Chris Rock, David Schwimmer and Jada Pinkett Smith from the original.

"Role Models": Paul Rudd and Seann William Scott star as salesmen who trash a company truck on an energy-drink-fueled bender and are sentenced to be mentors to a pair of very different boys.

"Soul Men": Bernie Mac and Samuel L. Jackson play estranged singers brought back together by the death of a friend and tribute concert at the Apollo Theatre. Mac, of course, died last month, and so did Isaac Hayes, who has a small role.

27th Three Rivers Film Festival -- Let the kids have their "HSM3" lovefest. This fall event, through Nov. 22, always sprinkles homegrown and Hollywood movies amid the foreign, indie and offbeat selections.

Nov. 14

"Quantum of Solace": Princes William and Harry are scheduled to attend the world premiere of the 22nd James Bond adventure on Oct. 29 before it begins its worldwide roll-out. Daniel Craig is back, skipping around Austria, Italy and South America.

NOV. 21

"Twilight": Stephenie Meyer's popular teen vampire series vaults to the big screen, with Kristen Stewart and Robert Pattinson.

"Bolt": Animated comedy about a dog who is the star of a hit TV show and is accidentally shipped from his Hollywood soundstage to New York City. As he navigates the real world to be reunited with his owner, he's joined by a jaded house cat and a TV-obsessed hamster. John Travolta and Miley Cyrus provide the lead voices.

"The Soloist": A drama about the redemptive power of music starring Robert Downey Jr. as a journalist who discovers a former classical music prodigy (Oscar winner Jamie Foxx) playing his violin on the streets of Los Angeles.

"Nothing Like the Holidays": Last year brought "This Christmas" with an African-American family reunited in Los Angeles, and this year it will be the Rodriguez clan in Chicago celebrating the season. John Leguizamo, Freddy Rodriguez, Debra Messing and Alfred Molina lead the cast.

"The Boy in the Striped Pajamas": A forbidden friendship forms between the son of a Nazi commandant and a Jewish boy in a concentration camp in this fictional story set during World War II.

Nov. 26

"The Road": Viggo Mortensen and Kodi Smit-McPhee play a father and son dodging cannibals and searching for shelter, food and remnants of a civilized life in this film version of the Cormac McCarthy novel, made largely in Southwestern Pennsylvania.

"Australia": "Moulin Rouge" director Baz Luhrmann reunites with his leading lady, Nicole Kidman, in this epic set in Australia on the brink of World War II. She is an English aristocrat who goes to Oz and joins forces with a rough-hewn local (Hugh Jackman) to save the land she inherited.

"Four Christmases": Vince Vaughn apparently can't get enough of holiday movies. The former Fred Claus joins Reese Witherspoon in a romantic comedy about an upscale San Francisco couple who are socked in by fog on Christmas morning and trade their exotic vacation for a family-choked one.

"Transporter 3": Jason Statham, now running a "Death Race," returns as Frank Martin, a former Special Forces operative who specializes in high-risk deliveries.

TBA

"Flow": Documentary that builds a case against the growing privatization of the world's dwindling fresh water supply.

"Everybody Wants to Be Italian": Isn't that the truth? Here, two non-Italians pretend to be Italian to win the other's heart in Boston's North End.

"The Grocer's Son": French film about a man whose father falls ill, leaving him with the task of driving the family grocery cart from hamlet to hamlet.

"A Girl Cut in Two": Claude Chabrol film about a TV weathergirl torn in two directions by two men.

"Rachel Getting Married": A Jonathan Demme picture starring Anne Hathaway as a woman fresh from rehab who arrives for her sister's wedding.

Closer to Thanksgiving, we will roll out the dates for the December releases starring the likes of Brad Pitt, Jim Carrey, Tom Cruise, Clint Eastwood, Adam Sandler, Samuel L. Jackson and others.

FIVE MOVIES NOT TO MISS:

1. "Miracle at St. Anna" -- Spike Lee directs his World War II movie. Take that, Clint Eastwood.

2. "Zack and Miri Make a Porno" -- In Monroeville, which is also where director Kevin Smith made this movie, edited from NC-17 to an R rating.

3. "W" -- Just when you thought the election season couldn't get any more unpredictable, Oliver Stone turns out a movie about George W. Bush, starring Josh Brolin.

4. "The Soloist" -- Robert Downey Jr. can do no wrong this year, and he doesn't even have an Oscar, like co-star Jamie Foxx.

5. "The Road" -- Yes, Pittsburgh will look bleak on screen, but, if done properly, this movie could be nectar for Oscar voters and a reminder about the fragility of modern life for the rest of us.

-- Barbara Vancheri

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG/ Movie editor Barbara Vancheri can be reached at [*bvancheri@post-gazette.com*](mailto:bvancheri@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1632.

**Load-Date:** September 6, 2008

**End of Document**



[***U.S. neighborhoods grow more crowded***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4668-BYK0-010F-K0RT-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 2, 2002, Tuesday,

FIRST EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 2084 words

**Byline:** Haya El Nasser

**Dateline:** TRENTON, N.J.

**Body**

TRENTON, N.J. -- It's all they talk about these days on the front stoops of old ***working-class*** neighborhoods in this frayed city. The six, sometimes eight immigrants crowded into the tiny row house next door. The loud stereos. The beer bottles in the backyard. The neighbors even have a name for the small homes rented to large groups of Hispanic men who work odd hours: Guatemalan motels.

Fifteen miles to the east in tony West Windsor Township, talk of crowding is muted. No one complains that too many people live in the 4,000-square-foot houses. But property taxes keep rising to help pay for more schools. So the neighbors grumble about the Asian families who take in the children of out-of-town relatives to get them in the local schools -- among the best in the country.

After almost a half-century of decline, crowding in American housing is on the rise. Census 2000 data released last month show that 6.1 million households are classified as crowded, up 36% from 1990. That's almost three times the increase in the general population during the same period. The percentage of all households that are crowded has increased less dramatically, but the rise is significant because the population has grown substantially.

By U.S. housing standards, any home with more than one person per room (except bathrooms and kitchens but including living rooms, family rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms) is considered crowded; more than 1.5 persons per room is severely overcrowded.

Unlike a century ago, crowding is not limited to the poor immigrant neighborhoods of inner cities. It's spreading to rural areas, middle-class and even affluent suburbs, now home to more immigrants. In many suburban communities, the noise over crowding has less to do with dangerous living conditions than cultural friction between large immigrant households and their neighbors.

'Lifestyle crowding'

"Say the word 'crowding,' and people think of lower Manhattan around 1900 -- kids out of every window and pushcarts on the street," says Robert Lang, director of the Metropolitan Institute at Virginia Tech University. "Modern crowding is more complicated. It's a new kind of lifestyle crowding, which diminishes quality of life for residents who are used to living with small families in big houses."

The trend is creating a clash of cultures. Some longtime residents fear property values will tumble and their quality of life will decline. Local governments feel the financial pressure of providing services to a family of 12 that pays the same property taxes as a family of four.

Public officials are dragged in to neighborhood feuds that they can't always referee by enforcing health and safety ordinances. It's not illegal to have more than one family living in a house, and often, no one is violating health and safety codes -- just the neighbors' quality-of-life code.

But as public and financial pressures mount, communities from Virginia to California are scrambling to crack down on crowded households without violating anti-discrimination laws or displacing residents:

\* Mount Vernon, Wash., pop. 26,232, is rewriting its building code after complaints that 12, sometimes 20 people are living in one house. The code limits occupancy to eight unrelated people. But it does little to prevent large, extended families from cramming into one house or apartment. Retirees fleeing high housing prices are settling in. So are immigrant farm workers who often stay well beyond crop season. Lifestyle clashes are growing in this town 60 miles north of Seattle. Neighbors tattle on neighbors who have too many people crammed into homes and apartments and too many cars jamming driveways.

\* Fairfax County, Va., a suburb of Washington, D.C., last month banned homeowners from turning their front lawns into driveways and parking lots. The law is a response to complaints by longtime residents that new homeowners -- many of them immigrants -- are destroying property values by paving their front yards to accommodate a half-dozen cars. Fairfax County, the nation's second most affluent, now forbids parking on grass and limits the paved area of the front yards of most small lots to 25% of the front yard. Immigration advocates complain that the restrictions unfairly target recent immigrants who must double up to afford housing and who need cars to get to jobs that are not on mass-transit lines.

\* The school district in West Windsor, N.J., tightened attendance requirements for children who move in with aunts and uncles during the school week and go home to New York and other nearby communities on the weekend. The children can't attend school unless their West Windsor relatives file for legal guardianship. Some have.

"Many of these immigrant families seem to have a great deal of wealth," former school board president Lynn Thornton says. "They buy the larger homes so they will be able to accommodate more people." Neighbors don't like it because "everybody's conscious of the fact that schools take the lion's share of taxes."

Sam Surtees, West Windsor's community development director, says that dozens of homeowners are renovating their basements -- usually to create guest apartments. The township can't legally stop them. It can only enforce safety requirements that such basements have a separate entrance, bathroom, kitchen and bedroom.

\* Santa Ana, Calif., a heavily Hispanic suburb 30 miles from Los Angeles, has tried unsuccessfully for years to stop overcrowding. When it tried to tighten occupancy standards from 10 to five in a one-bedroom apartment, courts ruled that local laws could not supersede state housing standards. Santa Ana then argued that too many people under one roof create a fire hazard. State fire officials refused to change the code. It asked legislators to set occupancy limits, but a bill failed.

"The state housing code was established years and years ago," says Pat Whitaker, housing manager for the city. "It was never meant to deal with the issues our community deals with. I don't know if there are any solutions."

A century ago, immigration created a national debate over crowded housing. Health concerns -- especially the spread of tuberculosis in close quarters -- dominated the discussion. In 1940, the Census began to track crowded households. By then, immigration was at a standstill and the nation was prosperous. Housing construction soon was filling the needs of the postwar baby boom.

In 1950, housing policy experts changed the crowding standard from more than two persons per room to any household with more than 1.5 persons per room. By 1960, it was dropped to the current standard of more than one per room.

The following decades, houses kept getting bigger and families smaller. Crowding promptly fell off the national radar. But a new wave of immigration in the 1980s changed everything. The 1990 Census showed crowding rates inching up for the first time in decades, especially in California and other high-immigration states.

Crowding continued its climb in the 2000 Census, largely because housing construction hadn't kept up with the population boom fueled by immigration. The shortage of affordable housing is prompting poor immigrants to double up in small apartments to pay the rent. Skyrocketing housing prices are forcing the middle-class to pool resources to own a piece of the American dream. And immigrants as a whole have larger families.

"In the past, people worried that crowding would give them tuberculosis," Lang says. "Today, some worry that crowding will give them higher taxes."

Counties with the highest rates of severe crowding tend to be ethnically diverse and home to many immigrants, says Patrick Simmons, a housing demographer with Fannie Mae Foundation, a non-profit community development organization. His research shows that in the five large counties with the highest rates of severe crowding -- Los Angeles County; Miami-Dade, Fla.; Orange County, Calif.; Bronx, N.Y.; and Queens, N.Y. -- foreign-born residents make up between 29% and 51% of the population.

A matter of perception

Despite the increase in crowding, the likelihood of living in an overcrowded home in America is small: Only 2.7% of households were severely crowded in 2000.

But the public outcry is getting louder, prompting some experts to say that American middle-class housing standards may no longer apply in an increasingly multiethnic society.

"How much crowding is excessive?" asks Dowell Myers, professor of urban planning and demography at the University of Southern California. "Immigrants don't view it as overcrowding at all. But outside the home, the neighbors do. "

For many immigrants, the idea that a home with 1.5 persons per room would be called crowded is laughable. In India, the average middle-class family lives in a 500-square-foot apartment -- the size of many studio apartments in the United States, says Siddhartha Sen, a professor of city and regional planning at Morgan State University in Baltimore. The typical family would be two children, parents and grandparents.

Myers' research shows that the longer Asians are in the United States, the less likely they are to live in crowded housing. That's not necessarily true of Hispanics. He found that even when incomes rise, Hispanics tend to live with more people under one roof because they have larger families, they like to live with extended families and often take in friends and distant relatives when they first arrive in the United States -- a sign that crowding may not be temporary.

Elizabeth Ibanez is Peruvian-American. She was born in New York, grew up in Peru and came back to the United States in 1991, settling in Mount Vernon, Wash. She lives with her husband, four children and her mother. When her brother-in-law came to the USA, "we provided him shelter for two months." He left and moved in with his mother, forming another extended family unit.

"It creates a concern among other citizens," says Ibanez, an outreach coordinator in one of Mount Vernon's immigrant neighborhoods. "There are a lot of cars coming in and out, there are many kids around. It just creates an uncomfortable environment."

Culture clash

In the Washington, D.C., area, many immigrants are buying old brick ramblers in neighborhoods like Broyhill Park, in Fairfax County. There, houses are considered affordable, although they sell for $ 250,000 to $ 300,000. The local civic association's Web site describes the neighborhood as "tree-lined streets with well-kept yards."

When large families moved in, cars clogged the narrow streets and jammed driveways. Longtime residents felt the neighborhood's image was in jeopardy.

"Many of us lived here when it was a mother and father and three children in every house," says Jane Craddock, 59, who has a Cambodian family on one side, a Bangladeshi family on the other and a Vietnamese family on the corner. "The mother stayed at home and there was one car in the driveway. It's tough to adjust."

The complaints pour in to Fairfax County, which allows no more than four unrelated persons to live in one unit. But it has no limits on family members related by blood or marriage living under one roof.

"Sometimes it's not what's going on inside the houses," says Jane Gwinn, county zoning administrator. "It's the vehicles that prompt the concern. There may be different standards of property upkeep."

Perception is tough to regulate.

"People perceive overcrowding because they see a lot of people going in and out," says Skip Simmins, director of housing inspections for the city of Trenton. "We go by floor space."

In Trenton, a family of five can live in an apartment as small as 550 square feet and not violate any laws. "The only thing that we have a problem with is the fact that the definition of a family has changed so much," Simmins says. "It used to be just the father, the mother and children and maybe the grandmother. Now it's unrelated persons living as a family unit."

That would be the "Guatemalan motels" old-time residents refer to. Simmins gets plenty of calls from people reporting a lot of late-night comings and goings in the house next door. When inspectors investigate, they find nothing illegal. Just six immigrants, three who may work the day shift at a restaurant and three on the night shift.

"They're hard-working people," admits Brent Elmer, 46, a carpenter who fixed up a 100-year-old house in Trenton. But he's packing up his wife and four kids and getting out. "When we moved in, it was all Italians," says his wife, Lori, 39. "We hardly know anybody anymore."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, Color, Karl Gelles, USA TODAY, Source: Analysis of decennial data by Patrick Simmons, Fannie Mae Foundation (BAR GRAPH); PHOTO, B/W, AP; Crowded city: Pushcarts and peddlers pack the streets in Manhattan in 1939. Experts say today's crowding problems are more complicated.

**Load-Date:** July 2, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Sayles Belton: Still on course? // Six months into her term, the Minneapolis mayor is beset by critics who say she has yet to pick up speed in many areas. Supporters say she has been distracted by outside issues like the Timberwolves.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-7K40-002B-H0P9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 29, 1994, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1B

**Length:** 1720 words

**Byline:** Kevin Diaz; Staff Writer

**Body**

Mayor Sharon Sayles Belton came into office six months ago with a sense of history-in-the-making and great hopes for a sweeping agenda of jobs, neighborhoods and kids.

As Minneapolis' first woman mayor - and first black mayor - she brought with her a cadre of women, a few of them longtime activists in the city's DFL feminist caucus, and installed them in key posts in City Hall.

She also brought in people of color - City Attorney Surell Brady and Civil Rights Director Ken White - to round out a fresh slate of city officials. Together they broadly reflect the social movements of the 1960s and '70s, the mayor's politically formative years.

Ebony magazine termed her one of America's "top black powerbrokers who are flexing their political, economic and social muscle on behalf of African-Americans."

Then, with everything in place for a new beginning, the threat of a lost professional basketball franchise came crashing down on the city like a monster in a low-budget horror movie.

Critics contend that despite her expansive social agenda, her administration has still to get off the ground, particularly with regard to police and planning issues. But to her supporters, Sayles Belton has brought fresh blood to a City Hall bureaucracy that had grown a bit musty from the inertia of former Mayor Don Fraser's 14-year stewardship.

"She's got a long way to go, but that's only because there are some tough issues she has to deal with," said Clarence Hightower, director of The City Inc., an agency that serves inner-city youth. "But she's taken the right steps and shown initiative and leadership."

While Sayles Belton has made a studied effort to keep human needs in the forefront, administration officials concede that the controversy over the Target Center buyout proposal has sapped precious energy.

"It's like a slow leak," said Mary Pattock, the mayor's spokeswoman and speechwriter. "Who knows what other things we could have been doing?"

Administration officials were stung back in February when the city's legislative delegation criticized city lobbying priorities, which they said favored state help for the Target Center and the Minneapolis Convention Center over money for needed social programs.

What hurt most, perhaps, was that the sharpest barbs were delivered by Sen. Carl Kroening, a conservative DFLer from the ***working-class*** Northeast Side who termed the Target Center initiative "junk."

Stunned mayoral aides considered the attack unfair, especially since they tended to see the Target Center not as an issue of their own making, but rather one that had been foisted upon them by events in the private sector.

But until Sayles Belton joined a Minnesota delegation two weeks ago imploring the National Basketball Association to keep the Timberwolves in Minneapolis, she had played a behind-the-scenes role on the Target Center, leaving the hard charging to Council President Jackie Cherryhomes.

That has worked both to the mayor's detriment and advantage. It has positioned her to be perceived as a mayor with more pressing social problems to attend to, and it has opened her to criticism that she is aloof and uninvolved in the ongoing political fights that determine the city's direction.

Sayles Belton likes to portray herself as a healer and consensus-builder who eschews political bickering. Council Member Joan Campbell credits the mayor's negotiating skills for getting the city's park and school boards to cooperate on her "Phat Summer" initiative to keep parks and gyms open to teenagers in the evenings.

But some council members complain that they never see her and thus fail to get a strong sense of where she is headed.

"I wish she would be much more participatory with us," said Council Member Steve Minn, a political independent serving on an overwhelmingly DFL council. "She and her staff do not communicate with us except when things go wrong."

She also has kept a wary distance from the press, maintaining an enigmatic profile that keeps outsiders guessing about her views on the city's day-to-day problems. The mayor said her schedule precluded her from being interviewed for this article.

In a weak-mayor city such as Minneapolis, in which the City Council shapes the minutiae of policy, the mayor's main legislative forum involves chairing the city's executive committee, which also includes Cherryhomes and City Coordinator Kathy O'Brien, a former council member who provides pragmatism and experience to Sayles Belton's management team of outsiders.

When it's been crunch time before important council votes, Sayles Belton and Cherryhomes often have met privately. They also collaborated in lobbying for the Target Center buyout, casting it as an issue of jobs and economic development.

At the same time, they have taken public pains to downplay any real or perceived rivalry between them, blaming the press for taking the relationship between two powerful female leaders and turning it into a "cat fight."

But the tensions are sufficiently strong that Cherryhomes won't discuss the mayor for the record. "I'm not going to say anything," Cherryhomes said. "Whatever I say is misperceived and misconstrued, and I'm not going to play into that."

However, few issues of substance have separated Sayles Belton from the City Council. In six months, she has returned only two vetoes, none over major policy issues.

Her biggest council fights, and her main public disagreements with Cherryhomes, came in two successive confirmation battles. One was for Emma Hixson, an outspoken gay activist whose renomination as civil rights director was eventually withdrawn. The other was for Fire Chief Tom Dickinson, who was confirmed after a bitter debate over integration efforts in the department.

While the mayor laid out her general agenda of jobs, neighborhoods and kids in her State of the City speech on Feb. 1, observers say it is still too soon to see what priorities will be reflected in her first major budget, which will come up in the late summer and fall.

"The jury's still out on how much she will be able to accomplish," said Dennis Schulstad, the lone Independent-Republican on the council. Schulstad credits Sayles Belton for effective leadership so far but argues that there are limits to how far city government can go toward shaping society as Sayles Belton would like.

"She raised very high expectations when she was elected mayor," Schulstad said. "I hope she didn't raise expectations too high."

Sayles Belton has had the advantage of beginning her administration from a position of strength: Minneapolis is one of a few major American cities that has balanced books and a Triple-A rating of credit worthiness from Moody's and Standard & Poor's.

Proclaiming Minneapolis to be a city at the "crossroads," Sayles Belton offers a social agenda weighted heavily on youth. Her schedule is laced with ceremonial school functions and meetings with students. She has initiated youth graffiti removal efforts and the "Phat Summer" program.

But some say she has yet to mount much of an effort against some of the city's perennial demons - crime, neighborhood decay and the poor relations between police and the city's growing minority communities. She is still looking to fill some of her most important posts: a permanent planning director and a permanent director for the Minneapolis Community Development Agency, the city's primary public vehicle for generating jobs, housing and economic development.

Her first choice for MCDA chief, longtime friend David Feehan, backed out at the last minute for a higher-paying job in Detroit, and there's no second choice in sight. A months-long search is underway, but some council critics contend that the continuing vacancy is inexcusable, given the MCDA's importance and its track record as a battleground for council favors and political fiefdoms.

"This is a position she should have had in mind before she was sworn in," said Minn, who opposed Feehan's appointment. "She should have had her team in place. It gives us an opportunity to question her leadership, which might be an unfair criticism because it may be that she's just proceeding cautiously."

The Police Department also remains a major problem. Civilian authorities have long sought to wrangle control over a department beset by allegations of brutality and excessive force, particularly in the black community.

"The one thing we'd like to see come to the fore is some improvement in police-community relations," said Ray Harp, president of the Minneapolis NAACP.

Sayles Belton has so far placed her trust in Police Chief John Laux, who replaced Tony Bouza five years ago and generally gets high marks for having his heart in the right place. Since Sayles Belton became mayor, Laux has appointed a female inspector and a black deputy chief.

But to Harp and other black leaders, that is not enough. "He [Laux] has not been able to bring about change in the Police Department," Harp said.

The department is defending itself against a high-profile, multimillion-dollar brutality suit involving Lt. Mike Sauro. Laux's administration was also rocked recently by an investigation by WCCO-TV, Channel 4, that showed cops loafing on the downtown foot patrol.

Taken together, the two episodes have raised questions about supervision and control under Laux, and Sayles Belton has recommended that a consultant be brought in to assess "supervisory, morale and ethical issues in the Police Department."

Some council members have suggested privately that instead of hiring a consultant, the city should just get another chief. With a verdict due soon in the Sauro case, and Laux's term due to expire at the end of this year, the department is likely to remain a hot-button issue for Sayles Belton.

In the meantime, critics say they will wait to see her deliver on the specifics of her ambitious human services goals. "Very often, the challenge is in the details," said Rip Rapson, a former Fraser aide who ran against Sayles Belton in last year's DFL primary.

But to supporters such as Minneapolis Urban League Executive Director Gary Sudduth, Sayles Belton has already begun to deliver on promises to bring diversity and equality to City Hall. "She's putting her money, her energy and her resources as mayor where her mouth is," Sudduth said. "She is definitely a mayor for all people."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** June 30, 1994

**End of Document**



[***A LIFE AMID CANS AND CANNES BETWEEN THE SODAS AND LOTTERY TICKETS, HE SHOT AN AWARD-WINNING FILM.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P1H0-01K4-92YS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

June 12, 1994 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1428 words

**Byline:** David Lee Preston, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** LEONARDO, N.J.

**Body**

A true-life Jersey scene: Behind the counter at the only convenience store in town, Kevin Smith, the 23-year-old clerk, snatches mouthfuls of Frosted Flakes in skim milk from a styrofoam cup, while Vincent Pereira, 21, thumbs through July issues of Stacked, Juggs and Biker Parties.

Pereira, a clerk at the video store next door, prefers to while away his workday hanging here at the Quick Stop. But Smith, who has been out of town for two eventful months, has chosen the worst possible day to return - New Jersey Lottery day - and from the start of his 4 p.m. shift comes a steady parade of customers needing mainly cigarettes or tickets to fortune, or both.

Look who's back! Kevin! Congratulations! . . . How's movie life treating you? . . . I need five Quick-Sixes, and my wife wants your autograph. . . . I saw you on the news. You gonna do more films? That's your purpose in life? . . . Movies started in New Jersey, right? Thomas Edison!

It was on the news a few days ago: The kid jockeying the cash register at the Quick Stop has hit the big time. On May 21, Clerks, a raunchy, low-budget, semiautobiographical movie that Smith filmed at the Quick Stop and video store in three weeks in the middle of the night between shifts - the video store's stained red carpet serving as the cutting-room floor - captured two international awards at the Cannes Film Festival.

Now, after four years behind this counter, Smith, a postal worker's son who had never made a movie, has a "Jersey guy's trilogy" in the works and a huge advance from Universal for his next project.

So why is he back here in Leonardo, working at the Quick Stop?

"To stay grounded," he says, carving out a scoop of Entenmann's Golden Chocolatey Chip Loaf cake with a plastic spoon.

"'Cause it's easy to believe your own press after a while. And then you forget all the important stuff. Writers buy into that lifestyle, and their writing loses that freshness. They wind up going back to that place where they did their best work.

"So," he adds, "I just figured I'd skip the middle man."

\*

Flash back to Kevin Smith's nearby hometown of Highlands: At Henry Hudson Regional High School he was, by his own admission, lazy. He excelled in English, wrote short stories to entertain himself, and dreamed of writing for Saturday Night Live. He hated basketball, yet won a varsity letter without a single dribble - for videotaping the school's games.

Smith's life changed on Aug. 2, 1991 - his 21st birthday - when he saw Richard Linklater's first film, Slacker, in a Greenwich Village theater. The movie - a quirky, offbeat paean to the MTV generation, made for $23,000 - spurred the clerk to study filmmaking.

Based on his own experiences working in both stores, Smith cooked up the idea for Clerks, in which assorted customers and youthful hangers-on lend momentum to a plot centered on a philosopher/clerk from the video store and the Quick Stop clerk.

An ad lured Smith to a film school in Vancouver, British Columbia. He stayed for only half of the eight-month program but met Scott Mosier, who would become the co-producer of Clerks, and David Klein, its cinematographer.

Clerks, which Smith wrote and directed, is an absurdist look at a day in the life of Quick Stop clerk Dante Hicks and video-store clerk Randal. It is a New Jersey movie, to be sure, but it's also a film for everyone who has ever looked at life through the well-focused lens of a menial job. And for sheer zaniness, the story behind the making of Clerks matches the movie itself.

From high school friends and hockey buddies at the rec center - most of whom had never acted before - Smith selected much of the cast and crew; others, he auditioned at a community theater. The film's $27,575 budget was financed by credit cards, a loan from Smith's father - and a $3,000 Federal Emergency Management grant Smith got for a VW bug and Rabbit that were totaled in a storm and flood in January 1993.

The black-and-white movie was shot in March 1993, Klein coming to New Jersey from his Idaho home and Mosier from Vancouver. To qualify for a student discount on film from Kodak, Smith signed up for Roast Suckling Pig, a cooking class at the New School for Social Research that enabled him to get a student ID. He put the course on a credit card, then dropped it after buying the film.

Clerks won its first award in January at the Robert Redford-sponsored Sundance Film Festival in Utah - then was snapped up by Miramax Films, which will release a 91-minute version - trimmed from 104 minutes - this fall..

"My interest in this film just stemmed from the number of times I not just laughed out loud, but so hard I thought I might get sick," said John Pierson, a producer's representative who peddled the film to Miramax.

Smith, the youngest of three children, has been writing more screenplays. He sees Clerks as part of a trilogy that will include Mall Rats and Busing - inspired by restaurant busboy jobs he held. And then there's Dogma, a satire on the Catholic Church that draws on his eight years at Our Lady of Perpetual Help School in Highlands.

"There's a certain philosophy that goes with independent filmmaking: Don't write above your head. Ascertain what you have, and then write from there," says Smith. "So, I had the convenience store, and then it was just a matter of building a story around the convenience store. And also, nobody had ever done anything on a convenience store before."

\*

Cut to the Quick Stop: The Skoal tobacco clock says 6 p.m., the lottery machine is slowing down, the line of impatient customers extends to the door. A blond-haired kid with purple sunglasses and acne steps up: You're famous, man. He asks for a carton of L&Ms. The bearded Smith, standing in black Nikes and white socks beneath two fluorescent bulbs, his denim shorts extending below the knee, puffs on a Marlboro Light 100.

You'll be in Hollywood, and you'll be flying back here for work.

"I will never be in Hollywood," he says earnestly.

Mosier, 23, is behind the counter now, too, leafing through the July Playboy photo spread of Ronald Reagan's daughter, Patti Davis. "God, she's got a nice friggin' body," says Mosier, drinking a Yoo-Hoo and munching Fig Newtons.

Mosier grew up in Vancouver and briefly studied screenwriting in California before enrolling at the Vancouver Film School. He's no stranger to the Quick Stop. For four months, he spent 24 hours a day here and at the video store - before, during and after the making of Clerks. Like Smith, he has decided to remain in this white, ***working-class*** town off Sandy Hook Bay in Monmouth County. Today, he's in the store to keep Smith company.

"A walk down memory lane," says Mosier. "I had to learn to work all of this. I worked Kevin's shifts. Most of the time, he was right next door, cutting the film."

At 7:37, with 12 customers waiting anxiously for tickets, the lottery machine dies. "Anybody waiting for the lottery, the machine just crapped out," Smith announces. He sighs. He flicks a lighter marked Festival du Film, Cannes onto a Marlboro Light 100, sips from a Snapple Orangeade and bites into a Joey's ("Luv in every bite!") Gourmet Devil.

\*

Pan to the Marina Diner Restaurant, two miles up Route 36 in Belford: Smith has driven here in the new black Dodge Neon he bought at Motor World in Paramus. At closing time, 10:30 p.m., he had pulled down the Quick Stop's steel shutters - the ones that are jammed shut in the movie because someone

put gum in the locks - and now he'll get together with other friends and associates from Clerks.

Smith and Mosier order mashed potatoes. They share the gravy bowl. Smith also orders a hot chocolate with whipped cream. Pereira and Jason Mewes, a 19- year-old roofer who plays a crazed teenage drug dealer in the film, order mozzarella sticks.

They discuss how uninhibited New Jersey seemed to Mosier when he arrived

from the West Coast for the filming: All that open sex talk! But after the earthy dialogue in Clerks was warmly received in Utah and Seattle and Japan and Cans - as they call it - it was clear they had struck a universal nerve.

"I thought it was isolated to pure Jersey behavior to just sit around and 'talk smack,' " Smith says. "But I guess it's not such a Jersey phenomenon.

"One guy in the industry said it was the quintessential Jersey movie. And I remember thinking, 'What the hell does that mean?' "

He wants to spend the next 10 years writing and directing low-budget comedies. Meanwhile, a screening of Clerks is planned for nearby Atlantic Highlands at the end of this month, so the local cast and crew can see it.

Fade to glory . . .

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO (3)

1. Kevin Smith mans the register at the Quick Stop - an experience that forms

the basis of his award-winning film, "Clerks." (For The Inquirer, SCOTT

HAMRICK)

2. Among the cast and crew of "Clerks": (from left) writer-director Kevin

Smith, co-producer Scott Mosier, actor Walter Flanagan (seated) and actor

Vincent Pereira. The film was shot in the store. (For The Inquirer, SCOTT

HAMRICK)

3. Locals gather at the Quick Stop where Smith works. His film of life on the

job took awards at the Sundance and Cannes Film Festivals.

MAP (1)

1. Leonardo, N.J. (The Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Take a casual look at who's suited for office Bush: Conservatively comfortable in a tie Gore: Liberally loosening his image***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40RT-05P0-00C6-D14B-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 17, 2000, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1833 words

**Byline:** Maria Puente

**Body**

No man is a hero to his valet, as those cynical French used to

say, but his tailor is another story. Not to mention the guy who

makes his cowboy boots.

So who better than tailors and bootmakers -- along with clothiers,

haberdashers, style consultants and a crowd of carping fashionistas

-- to dish a little on the wardrobes of the presidential candidates,

sometimes known as the boys in blue. Suits, that is.

Voters have heard plenty about the candidates and their strategies,

policies and 10-point plans. This is about the candidates and

style: Do they have any?

Are they cuff link men? Armani or off-the-rack? Does the candidate

care about his clothes? Or does he care but *says* he doesn't

care? Maybe it's his political consultant who cares?

We know, we know. This subject isn't quite as elevating as, say,

saving Social Security or remembering the name of that guy who's

running Pakistan. On the other hand, these fellows who want to

be president are going to be in our living rooms every night for

the next four months, and one of them is going to be hanging around

for the next four years. If we have to look at them, maybe we

should, well, *really* look at them.

We have trolled the style waters far and wide for some answers,

fishing for a consensus among those who study men's clothing for

clues about personality and politics. So far, we can say this:

\* Republican George W. Bush may be the Texas governor,

but he isn't really a cowboy-boot kind of guy. He's a Brooks Brothers

kind of guy -- meaning he follows the standard for conservative

dressing. And that is a big improvement over his college days,

when, by all accounts, he was rather untidy.

\* Democrat Al Gore, who started out his vice presidency

in suits that were embarrassingly short and tight, has trimmed

down and bought new duds. But he has seized on the idea that polo

shirts, casual slacks and earth tones will loosen up his famously

stiff image. Some fashion watchers despair -- and politicos aren't

too impressed, either.

\* Reform Party candidate Pat Buchanan invokes "peasants

and pitchforks" to symbolize his campaign and declares himself

a friend of the ***working class***, but he's certainly not wearing

blue-collar clothes. Count him another member of the blue-suit

gang, in elegant striped Turnbull & Asser shirts and $ 5 gold-piece

cuff links. When he wants to look casual, he dons a union jacket

and a flag-bedecked baseball cap.

\* The Green Party's Ralph Nader wears "cool" shoes, say

reporters who follow him, but he might want to get a new suit

-- it appears as if he has been wearing the same thing for 30

years. As Buchanan jokes, Nader often looks like an East German

bureaucrat.

One thing the candidates have in common: If they have professional

style advisers, they aren't saying, preferring to give their wives

credit (or blame) for their clothing choices.

Shelley Buchanan admonishes her husband when he takes off his

suit coat for outdoor rallies or informal meetings. Laura Bush

is credited with "civilizing" her husband, famous in his youth

for a devil-may-care attitude toward grooming. And Tipper Gore

says she's the one who persuaded the vice president to try more

browns and tans this year.

"I have always gone and picked out clothes for him or dragged

him to the store and tried to get him to do (something) a little

different," she told USA TODAY in January. "I personally get

a little tired of the blue pinstriped suit. So, yeah, actually

that was my idea."

Nonetheless, the conventional wisdom still holds: American male

politicians are fashion-phobic. Think of style-praised presidents

of the past: John F. Kennedy, Ronald Reagan, even Harry Truman,

the haberdasher-turned-president. They looked presidential, but

they weren't exactly runway-ready. Even FDR's signature cape was

more upper-crust quirky than cool.

Only Bill Clinton has come close to fashionable. After a disastrous

beginning -- remember those skimpy running shorts exposing way

too much presidential thigh? -- he lost weight and got a designer

makeover. Now he wears beautifully draped three-button or double-breasted

suits and fine shirts with French cuffs. Even White House reporters,

not known as a fashionable group, say Clinton looks great. Thank

you, Donna Karan.

But presidential hopefuls have to stick to a familiar uniform

of conservative dark suits, red ties and white shirts. This year's

contenders are following suit, so to speak.

"Look, these are Brooks Brothers kinds of guys," says Mike Deaver,

who was an image adviser to the always-natty President Reagan

and now is vice chairman of a Washington public relations firm.

"They wear what they're comfortable in, and if they're comfortable,

the people watching them will be, too."

Both Bush and Gore were in full uniform mode last week in their

separate appearances at the annual national convention of the

NAACP in Baltimore.

Last Monday, Bush showed up in a two-button, square-shouldered

suit in a rich shade of blue with a slight sheen and wide lapels,

a bright white shirt with a spread collar, and a faintly striped

tie in blue. He looked like a million bucks.

On Wednesday, Gore wore a light-gray/taupe, soft-shouldered suit

with three buttons and semiwide lapels, with a pale-red, faintly

striped tie on a white shirt with a semispread collar. The suit

was flattering and looked custom-made.

"They try to be generic, to blend in, to follow the male clothing

mandate of the last 200 years," says Valerie Steele, costume

historian and chief curator of the museum at the Fashion Institute

of Technology in New York. For politicians, "being well-dressed

means people don't notice your clothes."

In other words, stay away from Armani. Only black male politicians

can ignore the rule. Someone like San Francisco Mayor Willie Brown,

probably the best-dressed politician in the USA, can get away

with wearing exquisite Italian-made suits (Brioni, up to $ 4,000)

without suffering politically.

"There's a tradition of African-Americans being more fashion-forward

than Caucasians," Steele says.

Bush wouldn't be caught in designer wear. He sticks to custom-made

suits in blue and charcoal. He prefers two buttons and absolutely

refuses to wear double-breasted. No cuff links. No stripes, unless

they're so faint you can't see them.

"There's no peacock in George Bush," says Clay Johnson, Bush's

gubernatorial executive assistant.

"He does not want to be overdressed. He wants very simple clothes,

but still dressing well," says Bush's tailor, Ghassan "Gus"

Karim of Gassane in Austin, a Syrian-Lebanese immigrant who used

to make Lyndon Johnson's clothes.

The governor is definitely a hero to his tailor -- and not just

because he gets $ 1,300 to $ 1,900 per suit. Karim goes to the governor's

mansion to measure Bush (size 43), bringing books of about 200

samples of medium-weight wool.

"He's fun to be around. He's down-to-earth," Karim says. "He

likes to look very sharp, in good taste. That fits his personality."

The Bush personality, clotheswise, is less Texas good ol' boy

and more dear ol' dad, as in former president George Bush. Both

are products of prep school, Yale, Harvard and a passel of VIP

jobs -- and both look the part in their clothes.

"Bush looks like a very well-dressed corporate CEO, like his

father, who had great Ivy League style," says Glenn O'Brien,

who writes "The Style Guy" advice column in *GQ* magazine.

But some fashion lovers give him thumbs down.

"B is for boring," snorts Leon Hall, co-host of *Fashion Emergency*

on E! Entertainment Television, where he advises people on

fixing their fashion dilemmas. "Has the man never heard of Neiman

Marcus? I don't see anything modern about his clothes."

But Johnson, who was Bush's college roommate, remembers the old

days when his roomie built an impressive collection of unlaundered

T-shirts, despite dress codes requiring coats and ties.

"His fashion decision was which gray T-shirt to wear. He cared

absolutely nothing about clothes," Johnson says. "If you had

asked me then, 'Will George Bush ever be candidate for president?'

I would have said maybe. If you asked me will he ever appear in

*GQ* magazine (as he did in 1998), I would have said absolutely

no way."

To be sure, Bush occasionally turns up tieless, in plaid shirt

and jeans, or in ostrich boots and a Texas-size belt buckle.

His staff says that is how he dresses at his ranch in Crawford,

Texas, near Waco. He bought the ranch just before he began running

for president.

Rocky Carroll, the Houston cobbler whose handmade cowboy boots

start at $ 295 (Elizabeth Taylor bought a diamond-studded pair

for $ 40,000), has made more than 100 pairs of cowboy boots for

the extended Bush family.

Carroll has made a pair for Bush to wear next month during the

Republican National Convention. "They're black eel skin with

a U.S. flag with an elephant and the words 'RNC 2000 Philadelphia'

and the governor's initials."

But Al Gore wears cowboy boots -- plain black leather, decades

old, resoled twice, no logos -- on the stump more often than Bush.Indeed, Bush may call himself a moderate, compassionate conservative,

but almost everything about his campaign wardrobe says deeply

conservative.

Gore, on the other hand, is making an effort to break out of the

uniform. He wears hip three-button suits and occasionally dons

a daring tie. Gore's most attention-getting attire: polo shirts

with tight jeans, which he hopes make him look more like a regular

guy.

But as reporters on his plane point out, even his knit shirts

look starched, and his boots are perfectly shined. The guy never

looks rumpled. He, too, is a product of prep schools and the Ivy

League and the son of a former U.S. senator.

"He's trying to be the first 'casual Friday' president," O'Brien

says. "He's modeling himself as an executive who doesn't wear

a tie every day, carries a cellphone and puts a PalmPilot on his

belt. He's the modern guy vs. Bush, who represents the old school."

As a political strategy, Gore's adoption of the casual look is

debatable. Switching back and forth from casual to uniform may

convey confusion. Or worse, it suggests he's wearing a disguise.

"The voters may conclude that his message is as mixed as what

he wears," Deaver says.

"Informal clothes are perfectly fitting for some occasions, but

it has got to be authentic, to look natural," Pat Buchanan says.

"You can't be dressing as if you're wearing a costume."

The reviews from style mavens are mixed. "Gore has never looked

better," Hall says. "His body is buffed. He's got decent arms

and good shoulders, a look of vigor and youthfulness. He looks

good in casual clothes. The man is terrific-looking."

"He's too often underdressed," sniffs Wilkes Bashford, the San

Francisco clothier who supplies Mayor Brown with his Brioni suits.

"I don't think that, except in appropriate relaxed circumstances,

he should be in just shirt sleeves.

"He should be wearing clothes with a little more panache, a little

more personality. I don't want to see a vice president looking

like he's going out to mow the lawn.

"Unless, of course, he is."

\*\*\*

Contributing: Judy Keen reporting from the Bush campaign, Susan

Page from the Gore campaign, and Tom Squitieri from the Buchanan

and Nader campaigns.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Eric Draper, AP; PHOTO, Color, Eric Gay, AP; PHOTO, Color, Doug Mills, AP; PHOTO, Color, Tim Dillon, USA TODAY; PHOTO, B/W, AP; PHOTO, B/W, AP; Dressed for success: Texas Gov. Bush likes custom suits in blue and charcoal, though he also enjoys the open-collar look. Vice President Gore occasionally wears a daring tie, but his polo shirts have become the attention-getter. Showing how it's done: President Clinton and San Francisco Mayor Willie Brown.

**Load-Date:** July 17, 2000

**End of Document**



[***CRY for the CITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-7M20-002B-H1VH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 20, 1994, Metro Edition

Copyright 1994 Star Tribune

**Section:** News; News with a view; Pg. 9A

**Length:** 1712 words

**Byline:** Steve Berg; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Philadelphia, Pa.

**Body**

Elijah Anderson lives in the city, studies the city, loves the city. But now he is thinking of leaving the city. A respected sociologist at Penn University, Anderson laments that so much of our understanding of urban culture is based on research done in think tanks in ivory towers. To understand the city, you have to get on the streets.

Elijah Anderson appears to live in the ideal urban neighborhood. His house, on a shady street, is a three-story Victorian with two fireplaces and hardwood floors. His neighbors are a mix of working people and middle-class professionals, a cosmopolitan blend of black, white, gay, straight, young and old. His commute to the University of Pennsylvania, where he is one of the nation's foremost urban sociologists, is a matter of only eight blocks.

And yet Anderson and his wife and two children are thinking about moving, as many of their neighbors already have done, because, in Anderson's words, "the city is getting so bad."

These words are heartbreakers for Anderson, who has devoted his professional life to a remarkably intimate and empathetic study of the urban poor.

But now, from just down the block, comes the intrusive, thump, thump, thump thump of a boom box cranked to the max, a relentess reminder that a particularly unwelcome welfare mother and her six loosely supervised children have moved in several doors down. Gradually, the neighborhood has taken on a more unruly, increasingly hostile flavor. Anderson and his neighbors have had to chain their lawn furniture to the porch because there's a growing assumption on the streets of West Philadelphia that anything not fastened is free for the taking, just as there's a growing assumption that when two kids held a gun to Anderson's neighbor's head one night as he walked to the video store that the robbery was his fault, that he had been stupid even to consider walking the streets at twilight, especially with only $ 5 in his pocket, an insulting amount that can cause a robber to feel disrespected and, thus, get a victim justifiably killed.

"The ghetto is expanding its boundaries," Anderson said, meaning not only its geography but its attitude. Already the attitude has devoured many ***working class*** neighborhoods. Now, he said, it is gnawing at the gentrified, middle-class, politically liberal backbone of this old city and of many others.

Few Americans see these trends with as much clarity as Anderson.

For 15 years he has criss-crossed the neighborhoods of West Philadelphia, passing as a genuine traveler in two separate yet interrelated worlds: his own racially mixed, gentrifying community where residents only recently have begun to feel their grip on city life slipping away, and the adjacent ghetto that for 30 years has absorbed the crushing blows of joblessness, neglect, poverty, racism, irresponsibility, crime, drugs, despair and now, finally, has given birth to something far scarier. Anderson calls it an "oppositional culture."

What he means is that a relatively small number of urban residents feel so rejected by mainstream society that they have become profoundly alienated, contemptuous of mainstream values, and that they are engaged in a self-destructive rage that, collectively expressed, lies somewhere between crime and war.

In everyday terms, they've developed a new "code of the streets," says Anderson, a code based on threats and violence from which they fear no consequences. While the most ruthless practitioners of this code are extremely small in number, they've become enormously influential, not only in their own and nearby neighborhoods but in national attitude, reflected in everything from clothing to music to a kind of joyless brutality that has overtaken many sports.

While this is mere style for much of the nation, for many inner-city residents it is intimidation of the worst sort. What middle-class suburbanites must understand, Anderson said, is that despite a tough veneer most inner-city kids are not fully vested in this code but rather find it necessary to "pass for bad" in order to get through their daily lives. Some also use it as a cultural device to "define their blackness," he said.

Anderson uses the terms decent and street to divide ghetto residents because these are terms they themselves use, he said, even to differentiate between members of their own extended families.

Decent families tend to accept mainstream values and try to instill them in their children, he said. They value hard work, self-reliance and sacrifice, harboring genuine hopes that their children will achieve better lives. At the same time, they recognize the dominance of the street culture operating beyond their front doors.

By contrast, street parents show a lack of consideration for others and a superficial sense of family and community. They may love their children but have a hard time reconciling children's needs with their own. Anderson describes their daily lives as disorganized waves of dispute over bills, food, drink, cigarettes and drugs. Bitterness over their condition shortens the fuse in many of these people, he said. They're quick to lash out at their children, yelling and hitting for the slightest infraction, and seldom explaining why. These, in turn, are the children who have developed the new code of the streets.

Inevitably, children from these two orientations mix. And decent children are confronted with a decision of which way to go, or, more accurately, how much of a tough veneer to erect and how far they must go to prove themselves. Unfortunately, Anderson said, his city and many others are becoming dangerous proving grounds.

In the ensuing contests, virtue and humility are not valued as much as cursing and fighting, he said. For many kids, life centers on negotiating their way through a series of verbal insults. This repartee traditionally has been an important part of African-American street life, a way to display humor and cleverness. But now there's little room for humor.

For Anderson, the reasons are strikingly apparent. Many neighhorhoods are wastelands. Jobs left first. Most everything else followed. Public spaces are overtaken by graffiti, broken bottles, the scent of urine and the threat of danger. The police and the court systems are almost universally distrusted. People, whether "decent" or "street" are arming themselves.

A world containing so many minuses eventually takes on a zero-sum quality. The only way to get what you want, it seems, is to take from others: a jacket or sneakers or jewelry, perhaps, or the most precious commodity of all, respect.

Nothing matters more than the accumulation of respect, a commodity hard to win and easy to lose, Anderson said. "One's bearing must send the unmistakable if sometimes subtle message to 'the next person' in public that one is capable of violence and mayhem when the situation requires it," he wrote recently in the Atlantic Monthly. You must look, speak and act as if you "have nothing to lose," he wrote.

Girls, too, have taken on an increasingly tough demeanor, he wrote, finding themselves pushed toward violence to defend their honor against seemingly petty rumors, known in the street as "he say, she say."

Anderson's aim in all of this is to describe a world that he said "is not being adequately represented in the writing of academics," some of whom seldom venture into the laboratory. By contrast, Anderson has become a fixture in the barber shops, grocery stores, playgrounds, laundromats, taverns, crack houses and on the street corners of the poorest sections of West Philadelphia. Despite his Ivy League credentials, no one can accuse him of practicing ivory-tower sociology.

"I can code switch," he said, meaning that he can move comfortably in almost any setting. "I'm street smart," he said, meaning that his radar is constantly operating. He doesn't park his car in the first available spot if certain people are "hanging" nearby. He doesn't walk without focusing his eyes two blocks ahead to look for possible trouble. He's never encountered any.

What Anderson sees is a world far more desperate than the street corners of his youth in South Bend, Ind., during the 1950s.

He came from share-cropping people on the Mississippi Delta. His parents moved north during World War II. His mother ran a grocery store. His father, with only a fourth-grade education and a strong back, worked in the foundry of the city's big Studebaker automobile plant. The work was hard but satisfying, and the money was good. "What my dad did was set his kids up for middle-class lives," Anderson said.

As a child, he had the run of South Bend, selling newspapers on the street and setting pins at a bowling alley. In his early teens, the owner of a typewriter store, a white man named Marion Forbes, gave Anderson a job that helped push him toward college. The two developed a fond mutual relationship that lasted until Forbes' recent death at age 92.

Anderson says that these two enormous influences - his father's stable industrial job and his own job at the typewriter store - are now tragically missing from the urban scene. Studebaker is gone, both in fact and metaphor. And not enough smaller employers have the patience or understanding to see beyond the tough veneer of inner city kids, especially black kids, to give them the chance they so desperately need, Anderson said.

He's not emphasizing a better chance for black college graduates, he said, but rather for those who are "squeezed out" of the vast middle of the workforce, denied fair opportunities to work as waiters, mechanics, car salesmen.

"Everything starts with economic opportunity," he said. "Without that everything else slides down hill. If these kids felt they had a stake in the system, they wouldn't be so cavalier in their sexual practices or in their other behavior. Things would start to get better."

Perhaps the most devastating development for the great cities has been the decline of industry. Work that required a strong back and a willingness to sweat helped millions of people achieve a middle-class existence over the past 50 years. Those opportunities have faded as the emphasis on work has shifted from the physical to the mental realm. And as they fade, the city collapses under the weight of frustration and despair.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** June 22, 1994

**End of Document**



[***PEDUTO SAYS HE'S UNFAZED BY CRITICS AND DOUBTERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G1M-M4M0-027V-K4MW-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 24, 2005 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 2440 words

**Byline:** James O'Toole, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

"Did you vote to take money from the police pensions?" the retired officer demands.

Councilman Bill Peduto can't remember the vote exactly. It had something to do with a health care supplement, he ventures. But yes, he acknowledges, standing on the ex-cop's steps, he believes that is one of the belt-tightening votes he's made on the city of Pittsburgh budget.

"Then I can't vote for you," the Beechview resident barks while ostentatiously tearing a piece of Peduto's campaign literature into confetti.

There are good doors and bad doors for Peduto as he peddles his mayoral candidacy up and down the tidy streets of a community heavily populated by retired police officers and firefighters; good days and bad days for a relatively young politician fighting a two-front war at the end of his first term in public office.

Peduto, 40, is defending his council seat against a challenge from Harlan Stone, an East End lawyer with the endorsement of the Democratic Party organization. More prominently, although not perhaps as prominently as he'd like, he's waging an underdog bid for the Democratic nomination for mayor of Pittsburgh, vying with Prothonotary Michael Lamb to be the chief rival to the better-known, better-funded candidacy of former Councilman Bob O'Connor.

On this terrain, every block has a high side and a low side. Peduto, sporting rimless glasses and a thick shock of dark hair, bounds up the steps two at a time, displaying more energy than his nascent paunch might lead one to expect.

"I gave up hockey for the campaign," he says. "This is my workout."

On this perfect spring day, Peduto gets more polite responses than negative ones, despite recurring quizzes over the pension vote.

"P.J.'s a dead man," he says cheerfully after yet another question at another door. He's referring to P.J. Lavelle, 26, a campaign strategist, who's dispatched him and another aide to this potentially hostile territory for a Saturday afternoon of door-knocking under a perfect spring sky.

Peduto professes not to be fazed at the occasional critics he encounters as he walks up and down the hills of Beechview. It comes with the territory, he maintains, for someone who's going to make the choices demanded by the city's fiscal straits.

/ Making tough decisions

On this day and throughout his campaign, he portrays himself as the candidate of tough decisions. After a career in various political roles, he characterizes his candidacy as an alternative to the local government establishment, a fresh voice of hope in a town whose civic morale is as battered as its budget.

Opponents, however, noting his relatively brief tenure in office, argue that his candidacy is premature. He's at the end of his first four-year term on council, and critics contend that the Point Breeze resident may have mastered the intellectual concepts of city government but he has yet to demonstrate the ability to assemble broad political coalitions beyond the boundaries of his East End council district.

"I'm the only candidate who has made the difficult decisions to help the city of Pittsburgh," Peduto says on another afternoon as he sits in his crowded council office. "O'Connor never made those decisions when he was on council. He voted for what was politically expedient, and Michael [Lamb] wasn't there. I was the one who called for Act 47 while the mayor said it was too draconian. I know what it's like to have messages on that desk from the wives of … police officers who just bought a house, who just found out they were going to be laid off."

Shortly after taking office, Peduto called for the city to face its red ink by seeking distressed status under state law, a course finally adopted with the complication of parallel state oversight boards. Peduto points to that recent history as a vindication of his earlier proposal.

A colleague, Councilman Jim Motznik, offers a different analysis. Motznik, who supports O'Connor in the mayor's race and who opposed Peduto on several city budget issues, faults his strategy.

"His statement that he was the first one to say that the city should file for Act 47 is accurate, but I didn't agree with some of my colleagues who were for Act 47 too early," Motznik said. Motznik's view is that the city was forced to give up too much in terms of contract and budget concessions in order to gain the fiscal protection of Act 47.

"If you go to buy a car and the guy says, 'That's $15,000,' and you say, 'Fine,' guess what? You're paying $15,000 for that car. If you're not afraid to bargain, you're going to do better."

Peduto argues that the positions of Motznik and other Act 47 skeptics are at odds with the fiscal realities that hung over the city's spending long before he took office.

His campaign message is not all belt-tightening and eat-your-spinach, however. Peduto calls himself the one candidate who can restore hope to the city, as a leader with big ambitions for the city's future.

At a recent mayoral debate, there was consensus among other candidates that a supermarket would enhance the possibilities of Downtown living.

Peduto scoffed.

"I don't just want a grocery store," he said. " I want a Strip District market Downtown. I want Wholey's and Benkovitz and Pennsylvania Mac."

He doesn't like every big idea. Peduto is a harsh critic of the ambitious and expensive Mon-Fayette highway project.

"People have no idea what a complete snow job that is," he fumed. "People don't understand that it's not going to touch down in those brownfields." Referring to its proposed route into the city through Hazelwood and Oakland, he said, "We're the only urban area in the country that's building a highway along river banks."

/ Budgeting reforms

Peduto would redirect economic development by merging the city's planning department and the Urban Redevelopment Authority. He said he would reform the overall budget process by instituting a system of "outcome-based budgeting," starting each year's spending plan with a blank slate rather than being constrained by the inertia of previous spending patterns.

In a campaign position paper, he maintained that he would pare $50 million from city spending through initiatives, including reforming budgeting, shifting tax collections to the state, bidding out the city's refuse collections and cracking down on tax deadbeats.

He would spur Downtown development, in part, by offering a program of tax abatements for residential conversions of existing buildings.

Peduto has made a point of cultivating a rapport with the city's arts communities, seeing them as crucial to the city's overall fabric and to its economic development potential in particular. His cultural affinity is reflected in the unique design of his campaign signs and literature, inspired by the style of the noted Pittsburgh artist Burton Morris.

City Councilman Doug Shields worked on Peduto's staff briefly before taking office himself. He worked for a considerably longer period on O'Connor's council staff and is supporting him in the primary. Shields has praise for Peduto's overall record on council and credits him for working with diverse community groups within his district, but he questioned his political outreach beyond those East End neighborhoods.

"He's certainly cultivated a constituency among younger people, progressive people in the arts community," Shields said. "But where's he going with the ***working-class*** family, the senior citizens? … The broader constituency doesn't hear Bill because he's not speaking their language."

Peduto rejects that critique.

"My message to the senior citizen is the same as my message to college students," he said. "Too many feel that this is a dying city. Too many senior citizens think the past was a better time for the city. To both, my message is that we can bring hope back to the city."

He argues that his outreach to groups outside the normal orbit of politics is a strength, not a weakness. Using a homespun metaphor, he said, "I've had a very deliberate process of bringing people who were at the card table up to the main table."

Eric Marchbein, the leader of the 14th Ward in Squirrel Hill, the city's largest, has a harsh view of the councilman, who represents his district. Marchbein formerly supported Lamb and, at least nominally, switched his allegiance to O'Connor after he was endorsed by the Democratic organization.

Noting that none of his council colleagues are supporting Peduto's mayoral bid, Marchbein said, "I don't think he's been effective. He's isolated himself from the other members. He doesn't communicate with parts of the community that aren't enthusiastic about his message."

A significantly different picture of Peduto emerged at a fund-raising pasta party on a recent Sunday at the Schenley Park ice rink. The crowd of about 100 appeared considerably younger than the middle-age-plus average for Pittsburgh Democratic gatherings. Aside from the Peduto signs, the hovering judicial candidates flitting from table to table were among the few visual clues that this was a political function.

In introducing the candidate, Mark DePasquale, himself the son of a former City Council member, Eugene DePasquale, praises Peduto's work with community groups in combatting a neighborhood drug problem.

"Bill Peduto is one of the finest human beings and the most caring public servants I have ever met in my life," DePasquale said.

/ Nuts and bolts background

Among the supporters listening approvingly is Peduto's mother, Eve, a quiet woman who has to be coaxed to reminisce about her son in the spotlight. Her husband, Bill's father, died seven years ago. She still lives in the Scott home where Bill grew up.

Pittsburgh Penguins player Lowell McDonald lived down the block, reinforcing Peduto's lifetime passion for hockey. He went to Foxcroft Elementary School and Chartiers Valley High School, where he was elected president of student council his senior year.

Eve Peduto dates her son's interest in politics to family gatherings. Bill's grandfather would preside over the table where Bill's father and uncles would linger after meals, talking politics.

"From the time he was in high school, he was interested in running for office," she said, pointing to his student council success.

Rick Chadwick was the campaign manager for that bid. Now the owner of an advertising agency near Boulder, Colo., he's returned to Pittsburgh to handle the media for his old kindergarten classmate's latest election.

The national economy of that time was going through a rough transition, particularly in Pittsburgh, where the steel industry was falling off a cliff. But the era lacked a galvanizing political issue, such as the war in Vietnam, which had consumed students half a generation earlier.

"We were blessed when we came of age," Chadwick said. "The big issue of the campaign was to get more dances. I think we ended up having about a dozen."

From Char Valley, Peduto went on to Carnegie Mellon University, but ended up transferring to Penn State, a campus he left a few courses short of a degree.

In his first taste of professional campaigning, he was field director for now Chief Justice Ralph J. Cappy's 1989 election to the state Supreme Court. A long string of campaign staff jobs followed, most of them with losing candidates. Among them were former Lt. Gov. Mark S. Singel's races for the Senate and for governor in 1992 and 1993, now Auditor General Jack Wagner's loss to Mayor Tom Murphy in the 1993 Democratic primary for mayor and Rep. Allyson Schwartz's bid for the U.S. Senate in 2001.

Peduto was former city Councilman Dan Cohen's campaign manager in a challenge to former U.S. Rep Bill Coyne, an Oakland Democrat, in the 1996 Democratic primary. That losing effort left scattered hard feelings with the perception that Cohen had waged a particularly negative race against the popular veteran. On the eve of the primary, another top Cohen aide, Rich Fitzgerald, who is now president of Allegheny County Council, resigned in protest over the campaign's sharp-elbowed tone.

After Coyne won in a walk, Peduto said he decided that he was more interested in policy than the nuts and bolts of campaigns.

Peduto shifted to Cohen's City Council office, serving as his chief of staff until Cohen decided to return to private life in 2002. With Cohen's support, Peduto won the open seat. In that, he joined the recent parade of council aides who have ascended to council seats. Motznik, Shields, and Twanda Carlisle followed similar paths.

After 1996, Peduto had hoped to shift his focus away from campaign tactics, but now he can't help but be consumed by them. Against the conventional wisdom, he insists that an upset of the front-running O'Connor is well within his grasp. To achieve that, he said, he is concentrating on a strategy relying heavily on the votes of the council district he hopes to win in his concurrent re-election bid.

Based on turnouts in previous mayoral primaries, he expects roughly 67,000 Pittsburgh Democrats to show up at the polls May 17. With this crowded field, he anticipates that 25,000 votes will be enough for a plurality. His chief hunting grounds are the five wards that overlap his council district: the 4th Ward (Oakland), the 7th Ward (Shadyside), the 8th Ward (Bloomfield), the 11th Ward (Highland Park) and the 14th Ward (Squirrel Hill).

Those communities are the chief targets of his effort, quarterbacked from his crowded headquarters at the cusp of the Strip District. There, the results of his team's door-knocking and phone calls are entered into computers nightly, and charted by a geographic information system program. Peduto's Saturday foray into Beechview strayed from his focus communities. But those neighborhoods can't be ignored, because a special election for its state Senate seat contest is expected to spur an unusually high local turnout. That race, between state Rep. Michael Diven, who recently switched to the Republican Party, former county Councilman Wayne Fontana, a Democrat, and Libertarian Mark Rauterkus is a priority of both statewide political parties.

Surrounded by his supporters at the Schenley ice rink, Peduto acknowledges O'Connor lofty poll numbers, but assures the crowd that their goal is within reach.

"We need 25,000 votes; the president of Penn State's student council probably got more than 25,000 votes."

He promises, however, not to wage a negative campaign to get there.

"Bob O'Connor's a nice guy. Michael Lamb's a nice guy," he said. Then, drawing laughs with a passable imitation of O'Connor's regular-guy Pittsburgh accent, he adds, "That Bill Peduto, he's a pretty good guy, too."

**Notes**

This is the second of three profiles of the major candidates for the Democratic mayoral nomination May 17. Bob O'Connor's appeared last Sunday and Michael Lamb's will appear next Sunday. / Politics editor James O'Toole can be reached at [*jotoole@post-gazette.com*](mailto:jotoole@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1562. (SERIES) The race for mayor

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Bill Peduto

/ PHOTO: Martha Rial/Post-Gazette: Mayoral candidate Bill Peduto, right, listens to longtime Mount Washington resident Paul Wacker while campaigning yesterday afternoon.

**Load-Date:** April 26, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Louis Armstrong: Touting a great horn Hello, Louis! The Year of Satchmo promises to trumpet one of the most important figures of the 20th century***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40MB-9XC0-00C6-D4PB-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

June 30, 2000, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2000 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1744 words

**Byline:** Steve Jones

**Dateline:** FLUSHING, N.Y.

**Body**

FLUSHING, N.Y. -- Louis Armstrong taught the world to sing --and

swing -- and the international party celebrating the centennial

of his birth won't stop any time soon.

The modern-day Gabriel, who forever changed popular culture the

first time the masses heard him blow his horn, is too mythic of

a figure to be contained by a single birthday. He claimed July

4, 1900, all his life, but years after his death, a biographer

found it was really Aug. 4, 1901.

Rather than argue, most people are content to pay homage to him

from one date to the next.

Countless programs will be staged from New York to New Orleans,

California to France. President Clinton will mark the celebration

from aboard the aircraft carrier USS John F. Kennedy. Armstrong

will be featured in every episode of filmmaker Ken Burns' 10-part,

20-hour PBS documentary *Jazz*, which will air starting Jan.

8. National Public Radio just began its 13-week *Jazz Profiles*

series on Armstrong.

While this outpouring of love may seem overwhelming, Pops' impact

on popular culture cannot be overstated. In the early 1920s, jazz

was the popular music of the day -- more dominant than rock or

hip-hop is now -- and Armstrong, who died in 1971, was so far

ahead of his time that everyone scrambled in his wake to keep

up.

For most people today, the enduring image of Armstrong is the

smiling, gravel-voiced trumpet player of *Hello, Dolly!*

fame, often seen on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. But it was Armstrong

who turned jazz into a soloist's art, who invented jazz singing

and who played trumpet with such a singular style that musicians

still marvel at his virtuosity.

"It's just unbelievable that a man could, just off the top of

his head, stand up and play with that kind of confidence and for

it to be that coherent, so rich in feeling and yet so fundamental,"

says trumpeter and Jazz at Lincoln Center artistic director Wynton

Marsalis. "It was like when people first started to speak."

"He was at such a high level of musicianship that he influenced

everyone that came after him," says trumpeter Jon Faddis, who'll

tour Europe this summer playing Armstrong music. "Dizzy Gillespie

talked about it. Miles Davis talked about it. Charlie Parker played

Louis Armstrong quotes in the middle of his solos."

"He's the man that really wrote the book as far as jazz is concerned,"

says Dan Morgenstern of the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers

University in Newark, N.J. "Without him, there would have been

jazz, but it is hard to imagine what would have developed."

Filmmaker Burns says, "He is to music what Einstein is to physics."

Historian Gary Giddins, who wrote the 1988 biography *Satchmo*

(named after Armstrong's nickname, a compression of "satchel

mouth"), says Armstrong's impact was immediate when he arrived

in Chicago from New Orleans in 1922 to play as second cornetist

(he would soon switch to trumpet) in father figure King Oliver's

band.

"He looked like a country boy, and the members of Oliver's band

made fun of him, but within weeks they started changing their

styles," says Giddins, who adds that it happened again in New

York when Armstrong played with Fletcher Henderson.

Armstrong opened the door for future singers a year later when,

as leader of his original Hot Five band, he introduced the world

to that still-familiar voice of his on hit song *Heebie Jeebies*.

"He had a huge impact on singers," Giddins says. "Probably

the most important figure he influenced was Bing Crosby, because

Crosby became so immensely popular. He, in turn, influenced Armstrong,

who started singing ballads for the first time, and it made (Armstrong)

hugely popular.

"Before him, guys that sang like that, who growled and moaned,

either sang in the church or did country blues or hillbilly music.

Armstrong took that vernacular voice into popular music and laid

the foundation for people like Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin."

That voice gave him hits from the '20s through the '60s. It was

Armstrong, in 1964, who knocked The Beatles -- owners of the top

*five* hits the week before -- out of No. 1 with *Hello,*

*Dolly!*

Bassist Arvell Shaw, who played with Armstrong for 26 years and

now leads the Armstrong Legacy Band, recalls, "When he heard

*Hello, Dolly!*, he hated it. But we did it and three other

tunes and then went back to Chicago. Then we hit the road and

were doing one-nighters in Iowa and Nebraska, and every night

people would ask for *Hello, Dolly!* At first he ignored

it, but one night he turned around and said, 'What is *Hello,*

*Dolly*?' The first time we put it on in a concert, pandemonium

broke out. We were so far out in the tall corn out there he didn't

realize he had a hit."

That was the last U.S. hit of his career, while he was alive.

But in 1987, the movie industry -- which played a significant

role in popularizing Armstrong through his roles (usually performing

a big musical number) in such films as *High Society*, *Pennies*

*From Heaven* and *Paris Blues* -- brought him back into

mainstream consciousness. Robin Williams' DJ character in the

film *Good Morning, Vietnam* played the 1967 Armstrong recording

*What a Wonderful World* -- a worldwide hit that failed to

reach the charts in his homeland at the time -- and before long,

Armstrong had a smash in a sixth decade.

"The remarkable thing about Louis is that he is the only figure

in Western music who was equally important and equally influential

as a (musician and a) vocalist," says Michael Cogswell, director

of the Louis Armstrong House & Archives at Queens (N.Y.) College.

"The critic Stanley Crouch once said, 'It was as if Beethoven

stood up and started to sing.' "

Cogswell sits among dedicated self-archivist Armstrong's personal

effects at Queens College, including manuscripts, sheet music,

85 scrapbooks, 120 awards, five trumpets and more than 650 reel-to-reel

tapes in hand-decorated boxes. Armstrong's tapes contain music,

backstage conversations with bandmates, dirty-joke swapping with

friends and talks with such diverse figures as W.C. Handy and

Dean Rusk.

Fascinating quirks

Cogswell says there was a fascinating personal side to the entertainer.

Armstrong was a daily marijuana (or gage, as he liked to call

it) smoker and a firm believer in home remedies.

Also among the artifacts are packets of Swiss Kriss, a powerful

laxative he used regularly and sent to friends, and crates of

lip balm bearing his name.

Armstrong was born poor in New Orleans, spent time as a youth

in the Colored Waifs' Home for Boys, where he received his first

music lessons, and lived out of a suitcase all of his adult life.

He was extremely proud of his first real home -- a modest white

house that is now a national historic landmark. Lucille, his fourth

wife, bought it in 1943 in Corona (Queens), New York. Though he

could have lived almost anywhere, the couple would stay in that

***working-class*** neighborhood for the rest of their lives. Lucille

left the entire estate to the Louis Armstrong Educational Foundation,

which supports the archives and is turning the home into a museum,

expected to open in 2002.

"Neighbors talk about how when Louis would come home from the

road, kids would help carry his trumpet and suitcases into the

house, and Lucille would fix everybody big bowls of ice cream,

and they'd sit around watching Westerns on TV," Cogswell says.

"He was a down-to-earth guy."

Burns says that in the making of *Jazz*, he conducted more

than 50 interviews about Armstrong.

"They all have their own perspective about what his impact was,

but then they talk about his humanity and say he was this gift

from God. An angel."

Phoebe Jacobs, a longtime friend of the Armstrongs' and vice president

of the foundation, remembers when Armstrong asked her to set up

the organization in 1969.

"I asked him, 'Why in the world would you want to have a foundation?'

and he said, 'I would like to give back to the world some of the

goodness I got.' He dedicated it to helping children with music."

Armstrong had a great love of children, even though he never had

any from his four marriages.

He married Gretna, La., prostitute Daisy Parker in 1918, but that

marriage ended four years later. He next wed Hot Five pianist

Lil Hardin in 1924, and she was instrumental in pushing him to

become a bandleader. They divorced in 1931, but she remained devoted.

(Three months after he died in 1971, Hardin had a fatal heart

attack in Chicago while playing a tribute concert to him.) In

1938, he married Alpha Smith, who eventually left him for a drummer.

They divorced in 1942, and he married Cotton Club dancer Lucille

Wilson that same year.

Dissed by beboppers

Throughout the '30s and '40s, Armstrong had been adored by his

fellow players. But many of the up-and-coming musicians in the

bebop movement, led by Parker, Gillespie and Thelonious Monk,

felt his style to be too old-fashioned. For his part, Armstrong

bristled at the negative attitude and what he saw as the artistic

laziness of some of the players.

Eventually, though, players such as Miles Davis recanted earlier

criticisms. All was forgotten by the time of Armstrong's 70th

birthday celebration at the Newport (R.I.) Jazz Festival.

"Fortunately for him and everybody else, by the time he came

into his later years, he had become a venerated figure," Morgenstern

says. "It's good that it happened before he died. A lot of younger

musicians who had dissed him came back into the fold. I was editor

of *downbeat* magazine at the time, and we had quotes from

86 musicians paying tribute. He was moved by that. All that bitterness

and conflict had disappeared."

One place the bitterness never appeared was in concert. Armstrong

was on the road 300 days a year, and wherever in the world he

went he was received by beaming, enthusiastic crowds. He graced

the stamps of several nations and was the subject of dozens of

books (including two autobiographies). He played for presidents,

kings and queens. Even Pope Pius XII was a fan, but Armstrong

never lost touch with the common man.

"No matter where we played -- all over Africa, out in the bush,

in the cities, all over Europe, Asia and Australia, everywhere

-- people all reacted the same way," Shaw says. "When he walked

on that stage, they recognized his sensitivity, his honesty, his

humility."

Two days after he died in his sleep on July 6, 1971, thousands

of mourners came to see Armstrong as he lay in state at the armory

on Park Avenue in New York. His funeral at the Congregational

Church of Corona was attended by Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington,

Gillespie, Crosby, Lionel Hampton, Frank Sinatra and Earl Hines,

and it was broadcast around the globe.

For both Armstrong and all he touched, it indeed was a wonderful

world.

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, B/W, 1966 AP file photo of Louis Armstrong; PHOTO, B/W; PHOTO, Color; PHOTOS, B/W, Courtesy of the Louis Armstrong House & Archives at Queens College/CUNY (2); Egyptian romance: On one of his many tours abroad, Armstrong serenaded wife Lucille by the Sphinx. Masterful lessons: Armstrong clearly was devoted to children, as seen here in a teaching session for youngsters in his neighborhood.

**Load-Date:** July 1, 2000

**End of Document**



[***KENNETH PEAKE: IN THE BATTLE FOR THE STREETS, HE REFUSED TO LOSE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RCB-DPH0-0027-X1SG-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

May 15, 1994 SUNDAY,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS,; KIDS IN CHAOS

**Length:** 1453 words

**Byline:** Cheryl Reed

**Body**

A brand new leather jacket kept 15-year-old Kenneth Peake warm as he walked home from a Dunbar High football game one chilly October evening.

Suddenly, two men jumped from the shadows and demanded the coat. Kenneth refused.

He had waited weeks for that jacket. It remained on layaway while his mother worked overtime to buy it.

The men broke a bottle over Kenneth's head and left him bleeding on the sidewalk. They ran off, jacket in hand.

Kenneth was hospitalized for three days. That winter he had to wear one of his brother's old coats.

The beating instilled in Kenneth a rage against anyone who might make him a loser. Kenneth vowed he would always have the upper hand, even if that meant violence.

"He wanted to get them. He was very vindictive," his father Carl Davis said. "Incident after incident drove him to have a vindictive mind. He wasn't going to take having his family whipped by others."

Soon after the beating, Kenneth got his first "piece" - a 38-Special that he bought off the streets for $ 40. He had never even fired a gun.

There's nothing to it. It's real simple. Just like pulling a trigger.

Soon Kenneth would learn that the decision to kill only takes seconds.

By the time Kenneth reached 17, he'd been shot three times, owned a small arsenal of guns, been arrested 10 times and was known as a suspect in several serious crimes.

As 15-year-old Kenneth palmed that first gun, though, he had no idea that his life on the streets would eventually end up like a scene from Boyz 'N the Hood.

Kenneth's life, though, was no movie.

People think it's a fad. You get loud music, get drunk and high and then say I'm gonna pack me a pistol. A little bit of alcohol, a little bit of marijuana, a gun and in the wrong circumstances, it's murder.

Kenneth didn't grow up in poverty. He had a mother and father at home. His mother was a nursing assistant at a local hospital. His father was on disability. There were few things Kenneth wanted that his ***working-class*** mother didn't buy or borrow.

His parents describe him as a quiet, thoughtful child who had few problems until he hit his teen years.

"Yes, Kenneth was spoiled," Lathedia Peake admits, sitting in her two-story, apricot-colored home off North Main Street.

His mother blames herself for her son's life of crime. She wonders what she could have done to convince him to stay in school, to be content with what he had and to leave the streets alone.

Kenneth's parents say they tried to raise him with religious values. Kenneth attended a Baptist church until he started getting into trouble. At first, his parents spanked Kenneth when he skipped school or was arrested.

After awhile, the belt lost its sting.

"I stopped whipping him when it seemed to have no effect. He didn't show any remorse," his father said.

Shortly after his 14th birthday, Kenneth began selling drugs. It was a turbulent year. His brother Carlton Peake had just been sentenced to 8-to-15 years for felonious assault and carrying a concealed weapon. Kenneth was bitter; he thought his brother had been railroaded by police.

With Carlton in prison, Kenneth began to miss the $ 50 a week his drug-dealing brother gave him.

I started missing my allowance. I started selling drugs. After that it got to be about more than my allowance but about real money. Thousands and thousands of dollars. Selling drugs is an alternative to robbing people.

Kenneth's desire for material wealth increased. His friends had cars and he wanted one, too. But his parents wouldn't buy him one. It was one of the few times his mom and dad said no.

So what his family wouldn't buy him, Kenneth bought with drug money or stole. At 13, he was caught with a stolen car. At 14, he stole a pair of jeans at the Dayton Mall.

School records mirrored his growing criminal life. Frequent expulsions for drug abuse and assaulting students. He was transferred from school to school, in hopes he would turn around. When he reached 16, Kenneth dropped out.

I was young and hot and I wouldn't try to hear what you was saying. I didn't have to be out on the street. I wanted a sense of self security that I could handle my own.

Only prison could keep Kenneth from the streets.

Some people get addicted to drugs. I got addicted to money and the life I was living. Once you get the taste of it, it's hard to break.

Kenneth's mother blames the juvenile system for not detaining her son long enough. She says she would beg juvenile officials to keep Kenneth because she couldn't handle him.

"He would say 'Yes, ma'am, No ma'am.' And you'd think you'd gotten through. But then he'd go upstairs and sneak out the window."

Soon, Kenneth didn't bother using the window. He would come and go as he pleased, staying only long enough to shower and change clothes.

"I was scared," his mother remembers. "Whenever I would hear police sirens or an ambulance or whenever the phone would ring at night, I would think it was him and he's been hurt or hurt someone."

A mother's intuition is rarely wrong.

In August 1991, just hours after his release from juvenile detention on charges of receiving stolen property, Kenneth was shot by a teen-ager he'd beaten up in a bar.

The bullet nicked Kenneth's arm. The next day, the shooter met his target. He shot Kenneth in the back with a .45.

"Kenneth went to the hospital where I work and I was worried about what people would say," his mother said.

His father confronted him about carrying a gun, but Kenneth said he needed it for protection. Like his son, Carl Davis had been shot twice in his life. Other family members had died on the streets.

"Eventually you'll become a villain like the villains you hang with," Davis told his son. "I had prayed crack would not hit my family. And when it did, all hell broke loose."

Kenneth had tried the straight life. He worked one summer as a maintenance worker. But when his girlfriend got pregnant, he felt he couldn't support a family working a regular nine-to-five job. He knew an easier route to riches - crime.

I didn't want to work a minimum wage job. I wanted something like my mother had, but I knew that took time. Getting a job was out of the question.

In November 1992, police say Kenneth planned "the big one" - masterminding a scheme to rob two brothers of what he believed was $ 20,000 stashed in their home. The brothers were eating dinner when he and two buddies barged into the Anna Street home about 10 p.m.

One brother pulled a gun. Kenneth, finger on his own trigger, decided he wasn't going to lose again.

This guy can kill me. I'm in his house. It's all happening in seconds. Everything is passing through my head. If I don't do this, it could be me. It could be over. What it comes down to is it's either me or you.

Kenneth pulled the trigger five times.

I want to make sure he isn't going to get up and shoot me. I just don't want to take another bullet.

Wallace Tompkins was found dead on the front lawn, his brother Larry in the living room. Kenneth and his friends quickly searched the house for cash, but found only a safe containing food stamps.

But before police could catch up with Kenneth, he'd met up with another gun.

This time, Kenneth nearly lost it all.

He was shot in the stomach with a 9-mm and was lying near death in Grandview Hospital when he was charged in the Nov. 19 shooting of Larry and Wallace Tompkins.

Kenneth doesn't regret the killings - he believed he saved himself from death.

I think I did the right thing. It's not like I was running around looking for someone to shoot. I would much rather have been bowling.

Once again, his mother tried to make things right. Lathedia wasn't going to let her son's future rest in the hands of a public defender. So she took out a loan and hired a private attorney.

"I didn't even want to think about it," the mother says of her son's alleged crime. "It was too hurtful and too painful. Two guys had lost their lives. I'm a mother and I put myself in their mother's shoes. I still had my son. She has to go to the graveyard to visit her sons."

Juvenile Judge Arthur Fisher didn't take long to decide that Kenneth should be tried as an adult.

"This child is addicted to a life of crime," Fisher wrote. "He has been shot on three different occasions and now is a participant in two murders."

In April 1993, Kenneth was sentenced to 17 to 53 years behind bars. In the courtroom, he turned to the victims' father, Wallace Tompkins.

"I know you might hate me and everything, you know," Kenneth told the father. "My heart goes out to your mother and your family and kids. . . . I've been shot three times. I know how you feel."

Kenneth is appealing his conviction, steadfast to his story that he shot the Tompkins brothers only because they were going to kill him.

Everybody has to play a role, that's life in the streets.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (2): (#1) Kenneth Peake in his unit at the Warren Correctional Center - "It's not like I was running around looking for someone to shoot", (#2) Last year, Peake was sentenced to 17 to 53 years in prison for the two slayings. He is appealing his conviction., , PHOTOS BY MONA REEDER

**Load-Date:** September 1, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Evenly divide, mostly undecided;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40KD-V870-00J2-31YP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Most DFL voters don't know who they'll choose in U.S. Senate primary election.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40KD-V870-00J2-31YP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

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**Section:** NEWS; Minnesota Poll; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 2035 words

**Byline:** Dane Smith; Staff Writer

**Body**

   DFL voters start off this summer's primary election campaign primarily undecided \_ and pretty evenly divided \_ about who to send up against Republican U.S. Sen. Rod Grams this fall.

     None of the four major DFL Senate candidates get the support of more than a fourth of the likely primary voters surveyed in a Star Tribune Minnesota Poll conducted June 12-18.

     Trailing behind "undecided," which came in first at 29 percent, the DFLers are tightly bunched: state Sen. Jerry Janezich was preferred by 22 percent, trial lawyer Mike Ciresi by 18 percent, construction company executive Rebecca Yanisch by 16 percent, and former State Auditor Mark Dayton by 11 percent.

     Because the margin of sampling error for these results is 5.7 percentage points, the gap between most pairs of the top four candidates isn't statistically significant.

     Several factors explain the situation.

   The Sept. 12 primary is almost three months away, and most voters haven't begun to tune in, much less assess and make final decisions. None of the four candidates, except Dayton, have run for statewide office before and their names are unfamiliar to many Minnesotans.

     And there may be a rough parity among the candidates in their relative assets and liabilities, ranging from money, to interest-group support, to such intangible determinants as perceptions of personality and character.

     Like the DFL Party's endorsement fight, won by Janezich two weeks ago after a nine-ballot marathon at the party's state convention in Rochester, the DFL primary campaign promises to be closely contested.

     Unlike the 1998 gubernatorial campaign, when Gov. Jesse Ventura already was making waves at this stage as a third-party rebel, his Independence Party (called the Reform Party in 1998) doesn't appear to be as strong a factor in this Senate race.

     Two candidates for Independence Party endorsement, which will be conferred this weekend, are environmental activist Leslie Davis and software developer James Gibson. The poll showed that among likely general election voters, neither name was recognized by more than 20 percent of the voters.

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Spinning the numbers

     Despite a consensus that nobody's ahead, or very far ahead, campaign staffers on Tuesday tried to interpret the poll results to their advantage.

     "This is great news for Rebecca," said Dean Levitan, Yanisch's campaign manager. "Jerry's gotten what he's gonna get from his endorsement, it's a one-time bump, and he will be sitting at 20 to 25 percent from now on."

     Levitan continued: "In 10 days of media [Yanisch's recent, heavy TV advertising campaign, with ads focusing on her tough early life as a single parent], we surpassed Ciresi on positives and tied him in votes." He estimated that Ciresi has spent more than a million dollars on advertising compared to Yanisch's "several hundred thousand."

     Indeed, the poll does show Yanisch, the only woman in the race, with the best ratio on "favorable-unfavorable" perceptions by poll respondents. That ratio was 42 percent favorable to 6 percent unfavorable for Yanisch, compared to 37 to 7 for Janezich, 34 to 14 for Ciresi, and 50 to 15 for Dayton.

     Statistically significant or not, first place is a good thing in politics, and Janezich's campaign manager, Randy Schubring, said "we like where we're at. . . . This poll shows that voters can see beyond the big-money campaigns."

     Ciresi and Dayton have personal fortunes to spend on their campaigns, and Yanisch has a national network of women's groups that have poured money into her effort.   Janezich generally is considered the financial underdog in the race, despite the party endorsement and Janezich's hopes to get formal endorsement and funding from the Minnesota AFL-CIO next month.

     Unlike Ciresi and Yanisch, Janezich hasn't aired TV ads yet. "Without any paid media, we were able to get Jerry's message out there, and voters were smart enough to see it," Schubring said.

     Ciresi's campaign manager, Bob Decheine, said the poll shows "we've established a strong base. We've gone from a relatively unknown private attorney to being in the thick of a competitive race. . . . We like the way this is looking."

     Dayton's communications director, Sharon Ruhland, said the campaign was "at a loss" to reconcile the Minnesota Poll with a Ciresi poll of about a month ago that showed Dayton leading.

     She said Dayton's own recent poll, conducted by the national firm of Penn, Schoen & Berland, shows Dayton ahead with 25 percent, followed by Janezich and Yanisch at 17 percent apiece, and Ciresi at 15 percent.

     The Minnesota Poll showed that Dayton has the highest name recognition among likely primary voters, at 82 percent. The other three range from 60 to 65 percent. Dayton, an heir of the department store family who has made millions of dollars with his own investment company, is financing his campaign but hasn't yet begun to air TV ads. Ruhland said Dayton expects to hold his fire on advertising until mid- to late-summer.

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Grams numbers steady

     The poll also measured the political health of Grams, who has long been considered one of the more vulnerable Republican senators in the nation.

     And the results showed little change from polls over the last year. Among likely voters in the November general election (Grams is unopposed in the primary), 47 percent view him favorably and 36 percent unfavorably. A favorable rating below 50 percent is considered dangerous territory for an incumbent.

     Another measure, whether Grams deserves reelection, also highlights his vulnerability. Half of all likely voters in the general election say someone else deserves a chance, and only 30 percent say he deserves reelection.

     However, Grams has been advertising heavily, and media coverage of his enthusiastic reception and endorsement at the GOP convention in Rochester may have bolstered his level of support. The percentage of those who "strongly approve" of Grams has risen from 15 percent in January to 22 percent in the latest poll.

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Respondents tentative

     Comments by respondents suggest that even those who picked a favorite are far from committed.

     Betty Tobin, a 56-year-old federal government worker from Apple Valley, said she's leaning toward Yanisch "because she's a woman, but I need to know more about her platform. I haven't heard much about her, except her past."

     Tobin said she can't support Ciresi because he's "too rich" and she's "a little nervous about Janezich [who emphasizes his humble station as a bar owner] because I'm afraid he'll be too much like Ventura. I'm not sure I want another idiot in high office."

     But Janezich's ***working-class*** image and his status as the only DFLer who lives outside the Twin Cities is a plus for Donald Ness, a 68-year-old retiree from the Foreign Service who lives in Northfield.     "We need more people like him in Washington," Ness said, adding that Janezich's ordinariness "keeps the guy's feet on the ground."

     Ciresi and his impressive courtroom performance in securing a $**6 billion settlement for the state from tobacco companies ranks highest in the eyes of Harold Hanson, a 67-year-old Coon Rapids resident who has been a musician, realtor and chemical dependency counselor.**

     "Those kind of skills always help if you're a lawmaker," Hanson said. But on the other hand, Hanson said, his parents were bar owners for 60 years and "that guy from up north [Janezich], he'd be OK too."

     Backing Dayton is Mary Star, a 48-year-old Cottage Grove resident on disability from her job at the Treasure Island Resort & Casino.      "I've heard him speak several times, and I'm pretty well agreed with what he's had to say," she said.

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- Among DFL primary likely voters …

    "If the DFL primary election for Senate were held

     today, would you vote for ..."

     Janezich      22%

     Ciresi        18

     Yanisch       16

     Dayton        11

     Franson        1

     Savior         1

     Other          2

     No opinion    29

(These results include supporters and those

who lean toward voting for the candidate.

The order of names was read randomly.)

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- Among likely November voters …

     "Right now, do you think Rod Grams deserves to be reelected

to the U.S. Senate or do you think someone new deserves a chance?"

     Deserves to be reelected:         30%

     Someone new deserves a chance     50

h     No opinion                        20

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- Candidate name recognition, image

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     "Now I will read a list of people in politics. For each one,

please tell me if you have a favorable or unfavorable impression of

that person. If you don't know the name, just say so."

     .

Among DFL primary likely voters …

                Name      Favo- Unfavo- Not sure of Don't know No

             recognition rable rable    impression   name        opinion

Mark Dayton       82%      50%    15%       15%        18%         2%

Mike Ciresi       65       34     14        15         35          2

Rebecca Yanisch   62       42      6        14         38          -

Jerry Janezich    60       37      7        14         40          2

Dick Franson      26        8      9         9         74          less than 1

Ole Savior        26        7     10         7         74          2

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Among general election likely voters …

                 Name        Favor- Unfavor- Not sure of Don't know    No

                 recognition able   able     impression   name        opinion

Rod Grams (Rep.)   96%        47%     36%      12%          4%          1%

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Among all Minnesota adults …

Leslie Davis       20%        5%       5%       9%          80%         1%

(independence)

.

James Gibson       16         3        4        8           84          1

(independence)

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Source: Star Tribune Minnesota Poll of 1,050 adults statewide June12-18. Among likely DFL primary voters, margin of sampling error is no greater than 5.7 percentage points, plus or minus; among all respondents and among general election likely voters, it is 3 points.

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How poll was conducted

     Results are based on the Star Tribune Minnesota Poll conducted June 12-18. A random-digit-dial telephone sample of 1,050 adult Minnesotans was interviewed.

     Results for the poll were weighted for age, gender, education and geography to make sure the sample reflected 1996 census estimates for Minnesota's adult population. Weighting also 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 1,050 interviews, one can be 95 percent confident that error because of sampling will be no more than plus or minus 3 percentage points. Margins of sampling error for smaller groups, such as Democrats or Republicans, are larger.

     Some results also were weighted for likelihood to vote. The accuracy of any preelection poll is related to how well it measures a likely electorate. Nearly all adults are considered potential voters, because they can register to vote on Election Day.

     Consequently, researchers used two turnout models, one for the general election, and one for the DFL primary election. For both, respondents were asked four questions to determine how likely they were to vote: voting history, registration, interest in the election and probability of voting. Responses of those likeliest to vote were assigned heavier weights, while those less likely were assigned lower weights. Also, researchers asked the DFL primary trial heat question only of those 245 who might participate in that party's primary election.

     Results also may be influenced by such things as question wording and order, and the practical difficulties of conducting any poll, which include the effect of news events on public opinion.

     The Market Solutions Group of Minneapolis conducted the interviews for the Star Tribune. News Research Director Rob Daves directs the Minnesota Poll. Readers can e-mail comments about the poll to mnpoll@

startribune.com.

     Findings also are available by appointment at the Star Tribune, 425 Portland Av. S., Minneapolis. More information about the poll and how it is conducted is available on the Internet at [*http://www.startribune.com*](http://www.startribune.com).

**Correction**

The headline to this story was incorrect in saying that most DFL voters are undecided and don't know whom they'll choose in the U.S. Senate primary election. Seventy-one percent indicated a preference.

**Graphic**

CHART; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** June 26, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Welfare as WHO knows it?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-83W0-002B-H3NJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Reform plans evoke memories of a family's struggle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-83W0-002B-H3NJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 9, 1994, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; News with a view; Pg. 14A

**Length:** 1599 words

**Byline:** Wayne Washington; Staff Writer

**Body**

There was real passion in Bill Clinton's voice when he talked about the hopes and potential of poor people who depend on welfare.

The people who most want to change this system are the people who are dependent on it. They want to to get off welfare, they want to go back to work, they want to do right by their kids. . . .

I know this president has the gift of gab, and I often steel myself from being suckered in too deep. I also wonder if he really understands, if all the commissions and task forces and their voluminous reports have told him that reforming welfare needs to be more than just an alteration of how the federal government provides financial assistance to the poor. Attitudes and expectations have to be changed.

This is the president who has promised to "end welfare as we know it." I only hope Bill Clinton knows welfare as I knew it.

No one had to pull the plastic cord and sound the bell. The city bus driver knew that most of the passengers on this route through urban Charleston, S.C., got off at this stop. We weren't a festive lot. Old ladies clutched crumpled paper bags, girls clutched the hands of their children - all were like stragglers to a party no one wants to attend.

My mother and I had gotten on this bus at the stop across from the Piggly Wiggly grocery store on Meeting St. We lived 7 miles and a river away from "the city," so we had to walk 4 miles, catch the bus across the Cooper River, and change buses at the Piggly Wiggly. By the time we got on that second bus, the one bound for the welfare office, we were already tired.

When the bus stopped, my mother and I rose with the rest of the crowd and stepped down through the side door onto the curb. Mom's grip on my hand was strong, almost painful. There was no sidewalk. Once the bus pulled off, its gray puff of smoke never failing to make me cough, Mom checked traffic, and we crossed the street.

The welfare office was an old converted schoolhouse, a solemn red-brick building located at the head of an expansive parking lot in a part of town that seemed frightening to me, with its broken glass and constant, wailing police sirens. We walked up the big steps - Mom's hand still gripped mine - and went through the double doors. Some left their pride and dignity outside. Mom - lips tight, brow furrowed - refused to.

Politicians have always delighted in railing against America's welfare system. Ronald Reagan bashed "welfare queens" for sitting back and fattening their pockets with welfare money. Didn't he - or shouldn't he - have known that welfare pays a family of three an average of $ 390 per month? Didn't he know the poverty line for a family that size is drawn at $ 905 per month?

Certainly, some poor people see the welfare system as a lamb to be fleeced. But welfare fraud occurs in only about 5 to 10 percent of households on welfare, according to Martha Armstrong, president of the United Council on Welfare Fraud.

Reality, however, hasn't lowered the decibel level on the welfare reform rhetoric. Welfare reform is still the perfect political pitch to make to blue-collar, ***working-class*** Middle America. But as the blame is bandied about, the true scope of the problem is obscured.

Less than 1 percent of the federal budget is spent on welfare. While the total number of people on welfare has risen, the percentage of Americans on welfare has remained at about 4.5 percent since 1970.

Poor people are not bankrupting the country. In fact, poor people, people on welfare, aren't a lot of what they're made out to be.

Welfare recipients, for example, are not all minorities. A sizable percentage - 38.1 percent - are white. A disproportionate percentage of welfare recipients - 38.8 percent - are black, but that percentage has steadily declined over the past 25 years.

Furthermore, most welfare recipients are not shiftless and lazy. Despite the fact that 80 percent never attended or finished college, 54 percent of them work.

What is a domestic worker?

We were in the welfare office, with its dusty wood floors and hard, orange plastic chairs. Mom was filling in one of the many forms she'd been handed by the curt lady with the superficially superior Southern twang. I saw Mom write "domestic worker" next to the space for occupation.

She explained that a domestic worker is what you call someone who cleans people's houses for a living.

I was never under the illusion that Mom didn't work; I just didn't know what to call it. The toll, however, was plain to see - like many other parents, she came home exhausted.

My two brothers and I pooled our money one year to buy her a a foot massage machine, the electric kind you fill with water. We knew she worked. "Domestic worker" just wasn't as easily understood as accountant, lawyer or doctor.

It was a leap of faith for Mom to consider getting off welfare and applying for a better-paying job. The prospect of failure was daunting:

What if I got this new job, moved off welfare and the new job doesn't work out? she asked us, knowing we didn't have the answer. How long would it take to get back on? What if this new job doesn't offer health care and one of us gets sick?

If Clinton's ideas were law, Mom wouldn't have had those fears.

The president hasn't formally put forward a welfare reform plan, but his goals in the area are well-known: Welfare is to be a pit stop on the way to productive, decent-paying employment. A maximum of two years of welfare, job training and education, followed by a move off the rolls. For those who don't find jobs in the private sector after two years, the hope is that community service-type, government-financed jobs will fill the void.

Such a plan would have been a saving grace for my family. If enacted, it still could be for the millions below the poverty line.

"They want a job. They do not like welfare. They do not like to be dependent," said Pablo Eisenberg, executive director of the Washington, D.C.-based Center for Community Change, an organization that works to make government more responsive to the needs of the poor.

Of course, Clinton's ideas aren't problem-proof, and they've already drawn criticism.

One problem with welfare reform is the potential for expanding the welfare bureaucracy and swelling the deficit. Another is the plight of recent immigrants, who would need to spend much of their two years on welfare learning the basic skills needed to function in this society, not receiving job training.

As for the criticism, it's been widespread.

Unions, still smarting from Clinton's pro-NAFTA stand, worry that moving people off the welfare rolls could displace some low-wage workers.

"After NAFTA, something has to be given back to the unions. I'm a little afraid that will affect welfare reform," Patricia Farnan of the Employment Policies Institute told the Washington Post in January.

Marie Monrad of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees told the Post that AFSCME unions have met repeatedly with the Clinton administration and "asked them to slow things down" because of job displacement fears.

Conservative politicians worry that Clinton's ideas will be too expensive to enact; liberals worry that the two-years-and-off notion is too harsh.

Eisenberg's concern is that the administration won't go far enough, that it won't back up a promising idea with the funding necessary to pull it off. The country would gain more by going all out than by half-stepping, he said.

"You'd get a lot of talented, good people off a state of dependency," Eisenberg said. "We get increased taxation from those who will begin to earn wages. It is a way to provide human dignity and decency and an equitable chance to be first-class citizens."

It was the hope of first-class citizenship and freedom from the welfare system's sense of failure that Mom never gave up on.

She, like millions of other welfare recipients, dreamed of something better.

When I was older, when my older brothers grew up and moved away, my younger sister and I dreamed, too. We circled job advertisements in the newspaper and pummeled Mom with the positive possibilities: better pay, health care that goes beyond the rudimentary.

Nothing we could say, however, had the power of her own desire to move off welfare.

Finally, when one of my uncles called about a job possibility in the factory where he worked, she took the blind leap welfare recipients wouldn't have to take if they had job training, education and health care.

Luckily for us, Mom landed that job - and never looked back.

Wayne Washington, 26, covers race relations for the Star Tribune. He grew up in Mount Pleasant, S.C., a small, rural town in Charleston County, and graduated from the University of South Carolina.

LORE: "POOR PEOPLE ARE BANKRUPTING THE COUNTRY"

FACT: Less than 1 percent of the federal budget is spent on welfare. While the total number of people on welfare has risen, the percentage of Americans on welfare has remained at about 4.5 percent since 1970. And the real value of welfare payments has declined by 43 percent since 1970.

LORE: "ALMOST ALL WELFARE RECIPIENTS ARE PEOPLE OF COLOR"

FACT: A sizable percentage - 38.1 percent - are white. And while a disproportionate percentage of welfare recipients - 38.8 percent - are black, that percentage has steadily declined over the past 25 years.

LORE: "MOST WELFARE RECIPIENTS ARE UNEMPLOYED"

FACT: 54 percent of welfare recipients work.

LORE: "WELFARE IS A WAY OF LIFE FOR MOST DEPENDENTS"

FACT: More than 70 percent exit the system within two years of receiving assistance, although most women return to the rolls within a year or two of getting off.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** February 9, 1994

**End of Document**



[***MIAMI SPICE IT'S EASY, BREEZY AND BIG ON FLAVOR. FLORIBBEAN CUISINE IS HOT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-R1X0-0094-545Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

JANUARY 19, 1994, WEDNESDAY,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** FOOD,; RECIPE

**Length:** 1636 words

**Byline:** MARLENE PARRISH

**Body**

Snow. Cold. More snow. More cold. We're sure paying our dues for living in the north. Wouldn't it be great to escape for a few days to a nice warm place in the sun? Pittsburghers heading for a respite at the beach in Florida peel off I-95 at Daytona, Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale and on down the coast.

Anyone booking rooms in Miami gets the bonus of being dropped into the epicenter of the latest, hottest and only recently recognized regional cuisine. Florida cuisine. Sometimes called Floribbean cuisine. It's an easy, breezy, big-flavored style of cooking that expands our imaginations, not our waistlines.

For the past dozen years and more, a regional food movement has been sweeping the nation. To qualify for this status, a type of menu has to present a selection and profile that can't be duplicated in any other place.

First, there was Alice Waters' pioneering California cuisine. Then Paul Prudhomme became the guru of the New Orleans Cajun style. Nathalie Dupree emerged as queen of the Deep South. Entrepreneur Mark Miller became synonymous, not to mention wealthy, with his Southwest and Santa Fe interpretations. It could be only a matter of time before other chunks of the states would take turns in the limelight for their regional specialties.

There is much to be said for being in the right place at the right time. Steven Raichlen is an enthusiastic and talented cooking teacher, food writer, syndicated columnist and lecturer. The former Bostonian fell in love with a cooking student from Miami.

During his long-distance courtship over 10 years, he watched Miami blossom from a gastronomic backwater to a culinary hot spot. Three years ago, the couple married, he set up shop in Coconut Grove and soon became Florida's most vigorous cheerleader.

We met a few weeks ago at a sidewalk cafe in his adopted hometown. He talked about his latest cookbook, ''Miami Spice,'' which is packed with Florida lore, anecdotes, gossip and appealing recipes, every one mouth- watering. Florida cuisine is the result of a sort of tropical stew of cultures, tastes and ingredients, he said.

It was bound to happen because of a unique confluence of events:

-- Political upheaval in Latin American countries and the Caribbean caused a rapid influx of immigrants to Florida, mostly to Miami. Castro sent Cubans packing, and with the fall of Somoza, Nicaraguans fled. Miami's Haitian and Colombian communities are the largest in the nation. As a result, nearly 50 percent of Dade County today is Hispanic.

-- Florida is home to a cornucopia of resources: The Atlantic Ocean and Gulf of Mexico are a fisherman's paradise and supply as many as 500 varieties of finfish along with stone crabs, spiny lobsters and Gulf shrimp. There's a year-round growing season in the semi-tropical climate. Most famous are the citrus groves. Is there anything more refreshing than an Indian River ruby-red grapefruit?

-- Experiments in agriculture have lead to crops of exotic fruits and vegetables never before grown in the United States. Homestead, a farming community near Miami, has become the nation's exotic fruit capital harvesting crops such as mamay, starfruit, passion fruit and mangoes. It is currently coming back after being ravaged by Hurricane Andrew.

-- Fickle fashion played its role, too. Not so long ago, Miami Beach was retirement-city for ambulatory geriatrics. Now, the 800 or so streamlined, pastel-colored buildings in the art deco district of South Beach have been transformed and given historical designation. Enter European jet-setters, Rollerbladers, fashion photographers and sun-starved Yankees. So-Be, as South Beach is referred to, is a multilingual, 24-hour a day carnival. It's where the action is.

While a nation of couch potatoes was watching ''Miami Vice'' and pondering the time lapse between shaves of Don Johnson's 5 o'clock shadow, a gang of young Florida chefs was honing the cutting edge of a new style of cooking. Nobody taught them. Working in classical styles in their day jobs, they'd hang out in ethnic neighborhoods on their own time. They experimented in their kitchens. They played with strange and exotic produce. Nobody said, ''Hey, let's invent Florida cuisine.''

Curious about the ethnic, tropical, technological and fashionable influences, each chef evolved his owntake on the scene.

These founding chefs are Mark Militello of Mark's Place, Allen Susser of Chef Allen's, Robbin Haas of the Colony Bistro, Doug Rodriguez of Jordan's Grove, Sonia Zaldivar of Victor's Cafe and roving author-chef Norman VanAken.

As a result, Florida may be the proving ground for the way health-conscious Americans will eat in the next century. The vibrant food with the big flavors and healthful choices emphasizes fish and shellfish, fresh fruits and vegetables, salsas instead of sauces, spice rubs and marinades for grilling instead of frying.

After all, if you're spending time on the beach, a body wants to be trim and taut.

But wait a minute. There's a different, critical accent to this multilingual cuisine, and it's the seminal influence on the whole food movement. Tons of restaurants serve the ***working class*** Hispanic population of Miami. We're talking beans and rice, garlicky plantain fritters crisped in lard and massive roast pork platters garnished with strips of salty, crisp pork fat.

Miami is also famous for delicious, piled-high, wild-combination sandwiches that would make our Primanti's on The Strip blush with envy. The Cuban area, called Calle Ocho, is famous for empanadas, tamales and arepas, a popular Colombian snack that's a cross between polenta, pancakes and a grilled cheese sandwich.

For a beef fix, folks order churrasco at Los Ranchos restaurant, founded by members of Nicaragua's former ruling family, the Somozas. Frosty fresh fruit shakes called batidos quench thirst in the tropical heat. Tiny cups of sweet Cuban coffee put a jolt on the day, and rum-and-lime daiquiris smooth it out. Searching out and enjoying the roots of Florida's exciting regional cuisine is as much fun as discovering the sophisticated variations.

Next time you're smothered in mufflers, shoveling the sidewalk and digging out the car, think about the sun, the beaches and the fabulous food in Florida. Aren't you due for a couple of vacation days?

Tangerine Tuna

The marinade is a sort of teriyaki sauce made with fresh tangerine juice. It's terrific on tuna, and all types of seafood, chicken breasts, beef and lamb.

4 tuna steaks (about 1 1/2 pounds total) cut 1/4- to 1/2-inch thick

Tangerine Marinade:

1/4 cup soy sauce

1/4 cup fresh tangerine juice

4 strips ( 1/2-inch each) tangerine zest

3 tablespoons honey

2 tablespoons Oriental sesame oil

3 cloves garlic, minced

2 scallions, trimmed and white part minced, green part finely chopped and reserved for garnish

1 tablespoon minced fresh ginger

3 strips lemon zest (each 1 1/2 inches long)

1 tablespoon Oriental sesame oil, for brushing the tuna

2 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds

Preheat a barbecue grill to very hot. Rinse fish steaks and pat dry. Whisk all of the marinade ingredients in a shallow mixing bowl. Place tuna steaks in a baking dish and pour marinade on top. Marinate tuna, covered in the refrigerator for 30 to 60 minutes, turning once or twice. Drain the steaks and blot dry. Brush steaks with sesame oil. Grill tuna for 1 minute per side, or until cooked to taste. Sprinkle tuna with chopped scallion greens and sesame seeds and serve at once. Makes 4 servings.

''Miami Spice'' by Steven Raichlen, Workman Publishing

Key Lime Pie for the Nineties

This pie is Florida's most famous dessert. Creamy, crunchy, tart and sweet, it's a perfect partner with a seafood dinner.

Crust:

1 1/4 cups cinnamon graham cracker crumbs

1/3 cup (5 1/3 tablespoons) melted unsalted butter

Filling:

3 egg yolks

1 (14-ounce) can sweetened condensed milk

5 tablespoons fresh lemon juice

5 tablespoons fresh lime juice

2 teaspoons grated lime zest

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Prepare crust: Combine graham cracker crumbs and butter in a mixing bowl and mix to form a crumbly dough. Press mixture into an 8-inch pie pan. Bake crust for 5 minutes. Remove crust from the oven, but leave oven on.

Meanwhile, prepare the filling. Combine egg yolks and sweetened condensed milk in a mixing bowl and beat with a mixer at high speed until light and fluffy, about 5 minutes. Gradually beat in lime juice and zests. Pour mixture into the crust. Bake pie for 6 to 8 minutes or until filling is set and an inserted skewer comes out clean and hot to the touch. Remove pie from oven. Cool pie to room temperature, or refrigerate until serving time.

Topping: Place 1 cup whipping cream in a chilled bowl and beat until soft peaks form. Add 3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract and 1/2 teaspoon grated lime zest and beat until the cream is stiff. Spread or pipe the whipped cream over the pie and refrigerate, uncovered until serving.

''Miami Spice'' by Steven Raichlen, Workman Publishing

Chimichurri

Think of this pungent condiment as Latin American pesto. It originated in Argentina where it's an indispensible accompaniment to grilled meats. But it was the Nicaraguan exiles arriving in Miami after the fall of Somoza who popularized it in Florida. Serve on grilled meats and chicken or use as a marinade.

1 bunch curly parsley, stemmed and minced (about 2 cups)

8 to 10 cloves garlic, minced

1 cup olive oil, preferably Spanish

3 tablespoons fresh lemon juice

1 teaspoon red pepper flakes

1 teaspoon salt, or to taste

freshly ground black pepper

Combine parsley and garlic in food processor and grind to a coarse paste. Work in the remaining ingredients. Correct seasonings, adding lemon juice or salt to taste. Thepesto can be served right away, but it will be better if you let it ripen for a few days in the refrigerator. Makes about 2 cups.

''Miami Spice'' by Steven Raichlen

**Graphic**

DRAWING, By Anita Dufala/Post-Gazette

**Load-Date:** September 15, 1994

**End of Document**



[***How can decline of the Twin Cities area be stopped? - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-86T0-002B-H25J-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Variety; MINNESOTA'S TALKING; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1748 words

**Byline:** Jeremy Iggers; Staff Writer

**Body**

What can we do to prevent Minneapolis, St. Paul, and their inner ring of suburbs from following the downward spiral of social and economic decline that has devastated so many other U.S. metropolitan areas?

That's the topic for discussion at this month's Minnesota's Talking Roundtables. Participants will share their experiences in dealing with the social and economic problems that their communities face, and consider four approaches to improving the economic and social health of our metropolitan area.

Is welfare reform the solution? Should we use enterprise zones and tax incentives to encourage new investment in the urban core? Can we prevent the concentration of poverty in our core cities by increasing low-income housing in the suburbs? Would a better transit system bridge the gap between inner-city job seekers and suburban job growth?

When urban policy expert David Rusk came to the Twin Cities in September, he delivered a good news/bad news message: Unlike many other metropolitan areas, there is still hope for the Twin Cities. But we have to act now.

If current trends continue, Rusk warned, the Twin Cities could face the same fate as Detroit, Newark, Hartford and dozens of other metropolitan areas: In every case, the basic pattern is the same: as poverty concentrates in the core communities, middle class flight accelerates, and the core cities become less able to meet the basic needs of residents.

Rusk, the former mayor of Albuquerque and author of "Cities Without Suburbs," has identified three benchmarks of urban decline: a loss of 20 percent of their population, a minority population of more than 30 percent, and average city incomes less than 70 percent of the suburban average. No city that has reached those benchmarks of social and economic decline has recovered economically. Neither Minneapolis nor St. Paul has reached any of those benchmarks yet, but Rusk estimates that we are "about one generation" away from the point of no return. The challenge, in the coming years, will be to agree on strategies for stopping the increasing polarization of the metropolitan area into a poor core and wealthy suburbs.

Although urban decay is often portrayed as a problem of the inner cities, poverty is actually growing faster in ***working class*** inner-ring suburbs such as Columbia Heights, Brooklyn Park, South St. Paul and Richfield, which lack the commerce, industry and civic amenities of the central cities. But the impact of this polarized pattern of development has adverse effects on the entire metropolitan area. New job growth is concentrated in areas beyond easy reach of the greatest concentration of job seekers. Billions of dollars are spent duplicating infrastructure in new communities while existing cities decay. And the environment is damaged as new low-density, automobile-dependent suburbs replace forest and farm land.

Although there is wide agreement that we must do something, there is little agreement about the best course of action. Each of the four options described below represents a different diagnosis of the problem. In discussing the issue, Roundtable participants may decide that there are merits to more than one option, and that elements of several approaches are needed.

Option #1: Welfare Reform and Educational Opportunities.

What's the diagnosis? Welfare policies have created a culture of poverty that encourages dependency and discourages self-sufficiency.

What should be done? We need strategies that focus on encouraging individual responsibility and work-preparedness:

- Welfare reform should provide incentives for family units to stay together.

- Welfare payments should be lowered to make the Twin Cities less attractive to welfare recipients.

- Welfare rules should be changed to encourage recipients to work or acquire job skills, rather than penalizing them for working.

- A European-style system of apprenticeship programs should be introduced to provide training in the service sector and other areas of job growth.

Why this course of action? Advocates argue that the urban crisis is primarily a crisis of values. Because current welfare policies do not link benefits to work or preparation for work, they encourage a culture of dependency and irresponsibility. A strategy of stricter welfare rules, lower payments, and requiring work or work training will lower the welfare burden on our inner cities, and encourage the development of a proper work ethic.

What do critics say? Critics say this approach may reflect public perception of the problem, but welfare isn't the real issue here. And most of the people who come to the Twin Cities come looking for jobs in this area's comparatively robust economy, not welfare. Requiring job training isn't a meaningful answer when there aren't any jobs for which to train, or when the jobs that do exist are inaccessible.

Option #2: Business-Government Partnerships.

What is the diagnosis? A loss of jobs is at the heart of the problem.

What should be done? We need strategies in which government and business work together to revitalize economically distressed communities:

- Bureaucratic regulations that discourage businesses from staying or expanding should be eliminated.

- Local governments should use creative financing strategies to encourage small business development.

- Enterprise zones and other tax incentives should be used to channel new jobs to areas of high unemployment.

Why this course of action? Advocates argue that our central cities represent a tremendous human and economic resource. Rather than spending millions to create new housing developments and duplicate existing infrastructure in new suburbs, and disrupting urban communities by requiring job seekers to relocate in order to find employment, this strategy will bring the jobs to where the people and the infrastructure are.

What do critics say? Critics say that there are simply too many obstacles to enticing industry to the cities, and neighborhoods often really don't want them. Government (i.e. taxpayer) subsidies to companies that create jobs in the inner cities are not cost-effective, take away tax revenues from other public uses, and give subsidized companies unfair competitive advantages.

Option #3: A Metropolitan Approach.

What is the diagnosis? Poverty doesn't cause crime; it's the concentration of poverty that causes crime and urban decay. A fragmented system of metropolitan governments turns some communities into dumping grounds for the poor.

What should be done? We need metro-wide strategies to prevent poverty from concentrating in the core cities and inner-ring suburbs:

- More of the power now held by dozens of local governments must be placed in the hands of an effective, accountable elected metropolitan government.

- Suburbs should be required to lower their zoning and other barriers to allow low-income housing.

- Revenue sharing between tax-rich and tax-poor communities should be increased, and some tax revenues from communities with strong tax bases should be channeled to support a metropolitan redevelopment strategy.

- Metropolitan land planning authority at the edge of the region should be strengthened to foster more compact and diversified development.

Why this course of action? Our metropolitan area must be healthy to compete successfully against metropolitan areas of Asia and Europe in the global marketplace, but our fragmented system of local government pits our cities and suburbs against each other. Metropolitan government is needed to stop the polarization. Promoting low-income housing in areas of job growth will reduce traffic congestion, increase opportunities for the underprivileged, and enable people to remain in their communities when their circumstances change (e.g., divorced mothers, laid-off workers).

What do critics say?

Local control is best. Suburban communities should have the right to draw zoning ordinances and other regulations that are in their own best interests, and to spend their tax dollars as they see fit. Residents of affluent communities should not be required to subsidize the lifestyles of inner-city residents. Many of the central communities' problems can be traced to poor leadership and wasteful, self-serving government bureaucracies.

Option 4: A Transportation Strategy.

What is the diagnosis? There are enough jobs, but a lack of adequate mass transportation makes it difficult for people in core communities, which have the greatest concentration of joblessness, to get out to the outer-ring suburbs, where most of the new jobs are being created.

What should be done?

- Make improvements in the mass transit system to make it easier for inner-city people to commute to suburban jobs.

- Remove organizational barriers that restrict access of core-city jobless to suburban job training and employment programs.

- Reorganize job-referral services so that job applicants from the core cities have better access to information about suburban job opportunities.

- Provide day care and other support services for commuting workers from inner-city communities.

Why this approach? Advocates of this approach argue that a transportation strategy is the most cost-efficient, and makes the best use of existing resources. It gives city residents access to jobs without forcing them to abandon their home communities, and it meets the labor needs of suburban employers without burdening suburban communities with the costs of building new schools, roads and other infrastructure for new residents. It is a more realistic solution than encouraging job development in the core cities, which cannot be done without costly public subsidies.

What do critics say? The outer-ring suburbs were designed with the automobile in mind; creating mass-transit systems to ferry individuals from various central areas of the Twin Cities to the far-flung reaches of Eden Prairie or Woodbury would be too expensive.

In addition to these four options, participants in the Roundtables will be free to offer their own solutions, including the option of doing nothing: Some people believe the problems of urban decay are part of the natural life cycle of cities, and that any attempt to engineer systemic solutions to these problems cause more problems than it can solve.

If you'd like to get involved, Roundtables will be meeting this month at locations throughout the metropolitan area and in greater Minnesota. For a complete listing, call 673-9068. If you have questions or need further information, please call 674-7733.

**Correction**

A phone number for Minnesota's Talking Roundtables was incorrect on Page 3E Monday. The correct number is 673-7733.

**Correction-Date:** January 11, 1994

**Graphic**

Photograph; Illustration

**Load-Date:** January 11, 1994

**End of Document**



[***VIVA ZAPATA! THE SPIRIT OF EMILIANO ZAPATA, "ONE OF THE PUREST, IF NOT THE PUREST, OF THE REVOLUTIONARIES OF MEXICO," IS ALIVE IN THE CURRENT INSURRECTION THERE. HE WAS A TOUGH BUT QUIET MAN WHO SOMETIMES SEEMED CLOSE TO TEARS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NSW0-01K4-9170-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 9, 1994 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES STYLE; Pg. P01

**Length:** 1547 words

**Byline:** Ellen O'Brien, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Emiliano Zapata. Who was he?

He was never Mexico's president. In fact, he never held a national office. The title "general," by which people called him, was a revolutionary title, not a title he'd earned in the federal army.

He was scorned by his country's ruling elite for lacking the soft airs and charm of the "educated" and moneyed class. He was dismissed as "Indian," although he came from a ***working-class*** mestizo family.

And he died by the gun.

But Zapata is still invoked by the Mexican people, 75 years after his death.

Guerrillas calling themselves the Zapatista National Liberation Army have been staging an insurrection in the southern Mexican state of Chiapas since New Year's Day. They say they want to direct international attention to the plight of Mexican Indians, and to their concerns that the price of corn, a staple crop, may plummet in Mexico as a result of the North American Free Trade Agreement.

And so the insurrectionists turn to Zapata as to a sort of national saint - the patron saint of pure motives in a conspicuously impure world.

This is far from the first time since he died in 1919 that Zapata's name has been appropriated by rebels, activists and protesters in Mexico. His portrait in chaps and spurs - not the portraits of moneyed landowners of his day, with their starch and monocles - has adorned the banners of populist movements for seven decades.

Who was he? He was a rebel, part Indian and part Spanish. He was a small- town man. And he was loyal to the cause of returning farmland to peasants. He was smart. And he was betrayed.

Photographs, in their gray, dusty way, show Zapata to be a slight, dark- skinned man with piercing dark eyes, a handlebar mustache, somewhat overglamorous clothes and somewhat unruly hair.

But his life has taken on a legendary quality in Mexico, much as George Washington's personality in the United States has been subsumed into snippets of morality tales.

For example, John Womack Jr. of Harvard, a Zapata biographer, recounts a story about him that may or may not be apocryphal, but which echoes the spirit of Washington and the cherry tree. As a 9-year-old, Zapata saw his father weep in frustration when a rich local landowner took over his village's orchard. And so Zapata promised his father that someday he would get the land back.

"The myth is (that) he's one of the purest, if not the purest, of the revolutionaries of Mexico," said Mexican historian John Benjamin of Central Michigan University, who specializes in the state of Chiapas.

Added historian John Tutino of Georgetown University: "In Mexico, figures are first defeated - usually executed - and then turned into icons. And this was what happened to Zapata. He was turned into an icon by precisely the regime that killed him."

The record of Zapata's birth has been lost, but he was born around 1880, in Anenecuilco in Morelos, south of Mexico City. With its population of about 400, Anenecuilco was a community that had existed, working the land, for seven centuries.

"In country terms . . . he was not a poor man," Womack says in Zapata and the Mexican Revolution. The biographer describes him as a small, quiet man who possessed "the rare plain qualities of unambitious courage and dogged, abiding integrity . . ."

"Sometimes, though he was as tough as nails and no one fooled with him, he did look near tears," Womack goes on. "A quiet man, he drank less than most of the other men in the village, and got quieter when he did." That quiet control is the characteristic Mexican historians remark about first when they speak of Zapata.

He was barely 30 when he set off his first rebellion - inserting it, almost, into the chaos roiling throughout his state. As the country south of Mexico City continued to develop, the peasants there watched helplessly as hacienda owners seized and fenced their farms; this was particularly true for the village of Anenecuilco, whose fields were appropriated by a hacienda called Hospital.

"Of the hundred pueblos in the state . . . there was probably not one that was not involved in a freshly embittered legal dispute with a neighboring hacienda," according to Womack.

But there was only one pueblo where Zapata was elected president of the council of elders. He went out into the fields with 80 armed men. He announced that the land belonged to his village - and that his village would farm it. That was his first act of open rebellion.

By March 1911, the still angry Zapata was able to foment his first insurrection in the nearby Villa de Ayala. His men disarmed the local police and called the townspeople to the town square, exhorting them to join the new movement. By the next day, 70 men were heading south along the Cuautla River, and Zapata's movement was underway.

At times, thousands of men rode for Zapata. At times, honest national officials sided with him. But there was no real peace for the man himself until he was killed eight years later.

Throughout that time, he remained fixed in a single cause - to return appropriated land to the peasants. His plan, which set up a federal agency to oversee the redistribution, was called "the Plan of Ayala." If Zapata had any limitation, it was that he was too regional, some historians contend.

Benjamin and Tutino believe that Zapata could have taken over all of Mexico. Certainly, at one point, he and his fellow revolutionary, Pancho Villa, were virtually holding the reins of power in Mexico City, where ceremonies were held in Zapata's honor at the National Palace. But Zapata refused to attend those ceremonies. Villa went home north and he went home south. At the time, they thought that they had been successful, and their work was completed. It was not.

Womack paints this wistful picture of the revolutionary, sitting at a train station in the national capital, talking to a newspaper reporter, waiting to return to his Morelos:

"It can't be said of me that I went off to the battlefields under the

pressure of poverty. I've got some land and a stable . . . which I earned through long years of honest work and not through political campaigns, and which produce enough for me and my family to live on comfortably. . . .

"Now I'm going to work at discharging the men who helped me, so I can . . . go back to farming my fields. For the only thing I wanted when I went into the revolution was to defeat the dictatorial regime, and this has been accomplished."

Zapata went home to Morelos, where his love of the land, and the people, had been bred into him.

He was the ninth of 10 children, four of whom survived to adulthood. The family lived in a solid stone and adobe house, Womack says. He also points out that Zapata was not illiterate, as enemies depicted him.

"Neither (Emiliano Zapata) nor his older brother, Eufemio, had ever worked as day laborers on the haciendas, and both had inherited a little land and some livestock when ther parents died," Womack says.

When Zapata was about 32, he married Josefa Espejo, whom he'd been courting since before the revolution; she was one of several daughters of an Ayala livestock dealer. By then, Zapata already had at least one child with another woman, "and no doubt assumed," Womack says patronizingly, "that he would have many more by many women he cared about." He had four children with Josefa.

Zapata may have wanted to get out of politics - and gunfire - but he never could. The day he and Josefa married, he was still friendly with Mexico's president. But his wedding celebration stopped with the news that Zapata's mortal enemy, Brig. Gen. Victoriano Huerto, had entered Morelos with 1,000 men.

By the time his fighting days ended, many of Zapata's allies and friends had been worn down, or made crazy, by constant fighting. His brother and fellow rebel, Eufemio, had been killed in a revenge slaying. Another lifelong friend had been executed for treason.

And Zapata himself was later described this way by a young man who served under him: "His normally taciturn character had become dark, crabbed, irascible, somewhat neurasthenic, to the point that even the men of his escort feared him when he called them."

Zapata was ambushed by Mexican soldiers in a meeting he himself had arranged with a federal cavalry officer named Col. Jesus Guajardo, on April 10, 1919, just about 35 miles from the village of Ayala - where he had first stepped into the fight. He was on his way to dinner.

"Three times the bugle sounded the honor call; and as the last note died away, as the general-in-chief reached the threshold of the door . . . at point blank, without giving him time even to draw his pistols, the soldiers who were presenting arms fired two volleys. . . ." So said a witness, according to Womack. "The surprise was terrible. . . ."

\*

Last week, the Mexican government acknowledged that it had known the Zapatista National Liberation Army had been operating in Chiapas since May - but the "backwardness" of the region and a history of mistreatment of the Indians had led officials to keep silent about the guerrillas.

Meanwhile, the Mexican army said it had regained control over the region through air attacks on rebels south of San Cristobal de las Casas. Soldiers were guarding the city's plaza and blocking major highways.

The latter-day Zapatistas were reported to be continuing their retreat, up into the mountains.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (4)

1. Emiliano Zapata was a small-town man devoted to returning land to the

peasants. (SENORA Y.C. DE CASASOLA)

2. In 1914, Zapata (seated, center) awaited a meeting with fellow

revolutionary Pancho Villa at Mexico City's National Palace.

3. Marlon Brando portrayed the rebel in the 1952 film "Viva Zapata!"

4. Zapata's life has become legend in Mexico.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***CHALLENGING FRONTIERS IN FERTILITY AND ETHICS EUROPEAN CASES RAISE ISSUES OF AGE, RACE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NSY0-01K4-91B1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

January 9, 1994 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1643 words

**Byline:** Dick Polman, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

By now, it's quite possible that four infertile women have become pregnant with Donna Damoussi's eggs. Damoussi will never know for sure, because, by law, egg donors are never told. But that's fine with her. She's happy just to strike a blow for sisterhood.

"When I had my son 3 1/2 years ago, I was so overwhelmed with joy," said Damoussi, who lives in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in south London. "A lot of women want to feel that joy, but they can't. They get totally obsessed with their condition, and I wanted to do something for them. I have faith in science. The thing is, we women have to stick together."

But if you ask her about the frontiers of science, you soon discover the limits of her altruism.

What if she were to learn that a 59-year-old woman had given birth to a child, grown from her egg? "I suppose it's up to the woman to decide, morally and ethically," she replied, a tad uncomfortably. "Personally, I wouldn't want a baby at 59."

What if she were to learn that a black woman had given birth to a white baby, born from her egg, in the expectation that such a child would fare better in a racist world?

"It's true this is a racist world," she said slowly, "but I would think that the mother was being racist toward herself."

And what if there was no future need for Damoussi's services, because millions of eggs were being extracted from aborted fetuses - a scenario now thought to be only three years away?

"That's awful," she snapped. "If you were the child from that egg, how would you like to be told your mum didn't exist?"

Once again, technological change is playing havoc with the values of contemporary culture - particularly in Britain, which hosted the birth of the world's first in-vitro baby, in 1978. Four recent developments have triggered an anguished debate, in Britain and in France and Italy as well, over whether advancements in fertility treatment will exceed the limits of public acceptability.

The moral and ethical issues are profound. The sole consensus is that there is no consensus. As Deanna Lumonsky, who counsels egg donors in London, put it the other day, "This science is constantly ahead of our own thought processes and our ability to cope with it all."

First came the Christmas Day news of a 59-year-old British businesswoman who had twins in London, after an implant in Rome. Five days later, the Italian press announced that a black woman in Italy had delivered a white baby, after being implanted with a white donor's fertilized eggs, in the hope that the child would escape racial discrimination. The same day, British specialists said they were planning to honor a similar request, from another black woman, at a clinic in Cambridge.

And, two days later, a fertility team at Edinburgh University said it was on the brink of a revolutionary treatment, involving the use of eggs culled

from aborted fetuses - in essence, producing children from mothers who had never been born. The team is now awaiting further guidance from the government agency that oversees and licenses fertility treatment in Britain.

There's a problem: This agency - the only one of its kind in the world - isn't ready to provide guidance. Like everyone else, the 21 members of the Human Fertilization and Embryology Authority have been whiplashed by the recent events. Groping for a reaction, member Steve Hillier, a doctor at Edinburgh University, said of the fetal-egg research: "There is an unquantifiable 'yuck' factor which is very disturbing."

The authority intends to withhold guidance until it knows what guidance the public wants it to give.

The hitch, said Sir Colin Campbell, the agency chairman, is that "I don't know what public opinion will be like in four or five years time. In 1978, when (in-vitro baby) Louise Brown was born, the reaction was absolute astonishment, filled with considerable doubt and anxiety. Yet today we're quite happy, in all sorts of circles, to talk about fertility treatment. I have to wait and see what people say, and see if there is clear advice."

Admitting its "distaste and surprise" at the possibility of creating life

from aborted fetuses, the board on Friday launched a broad inquiry into the ethics of reproductive technology.

Scientists have agreed to temporarily halt research, the board said, while it studies the moral implications and assesses whether the public would accept the use of eggs from fetuses.

The board's desire to reflect public opinion, rather than shape it, is an attempt to defuse a sensitive political question: As scientists gain greater knowledge of the human reproduction process, should fertility treatment be controlled by the politicians and their appointees - or by the doctors and their patients?

Some politicians are calling for tighter controls.

"We've got to balance the scientific possibilities with the acceptability of the outcomes," said David Blunkett, a member of Parliament and Labor's health spokesman. "There are real possibilities for the improvement of human life, and there are also very considerable dangers - that we allow (researchers) to override what is right for us, as human beings."

But Raanan Gillon, a London doctor who edits a medical ethics journal, said: "I'm wary of any government rules. We should allow people to choose. Choice is a fundamental ethical principle. It's respect for people's autonomy. You can't just voice a 'yuck' response. The fact that many people may feel disgusted is not necessarily a good indication of morality. It's a pity that we have an appointive agency making moral decisions on our behalf."

These were the parameters of an emotional Parliament debate three years ago. In the end, Campbell's agency was set up - but not before a number of politicians argued that government should leave doctors and parents alone. As Maria Fyfe, a Labor member, said at the time: "(We) are not qualified to advise on ethical and moral questions. . . . The buck does not stop in Parliament. It stops with the men and women who are desperate for children."

Yet, in that long debate, there was no mention of today's front-page issues - no mention of postmenopausal mothers, race selection, or fetal-egg research - because, even a mere three years ago, such things were not foreseen. And the British fertility agency, which now licenses 107 treatment centers, has set no rules in those areas. That will probably change.

"I think we also need to get agreement within Europe," said Blunkett. "Then Europe should negotiate worldwide, to ensure that the scientific possibilities aren't exploited by people who could make a lot of money for themselves." (In the United States, there are no federal curbs on fertility treatment and research.)

Some European nations vow to get tougher. France, with its tradition of cradle-to-grave government involvement in health care, is mapping a law to ban postmenopausal motherhood - although President Francois Mitterrand reportedly disagrees, saying, "I do not yet feel entitled to tell a woman what she must do."

Italy wants a similar ban; its health minister said, "Desires are not rights, and babies are not consumer goods."

In Britain, the debate over race selection is particularly hot. Tom Wilkie, a Londoner who has written a book on ethics and genetics, said the whole issue was phony, because, genetically, humans are quite homogenous. The public outcry against the black woman in Italy, he said, is merely an example of society's "ingrained racism" - the same racism that led her to want a white child.

He said, "Society finds it more difficult to cope with a collective moral responsibility (for racism), than to pass moral judgments on individuals." Or, as Gillon said, "Banning race selection would just be a polite way for people to say, 'Black women and white babies - how disgusting.' "

Yet this is not the universal view, even in the medical field. Counselor Deanna Lumonsky, who sees 30 infertile couples a month, as well as donors, tackled the race question in a highly personal way. It was the only guidepost that came to mind:

"I lived abroad, at one point, with my husband and children. Everyone picked up the foreign language except me. I felt very left out. . . . So if you have a black mother and a white child from a white egg, I think of him feeling left out. How comfortable would it be for the child to explain, 'This is really my mother, but, as you can see, she's not really my mother'? We have to consider the welfare of the child."

Damoussi, the egg donor, is also concerned with the welfare of the black mother: "She should be proud of what she is. Everyone should be good enough for this world. By wanting a white baby, she is making a statement about her own lack of self-esteem. That's how I feel, anyway."

How the British will sort all this out is anyone's guess. Another Parliament debate is probably in the offing. A fresh set of guidelines by the fertility watchdogs won't surface before next autumn. And in France, the Paris Center for the Study of Humanity has just established the world's first department on the ethics of the new genetics.

As for Damoussi, she has twice gone under the knife at a London hospital, giving up 22 eggs, and she vows to do it again. It's certainly not for money, since British donors aren't paid; aside from helping women, it's a chance to be on the cutting edge of science. And, for better or worse, she doubts that society can fence off the frontiers.

"The whole procedure has gotten a lot of bad press," she said. "That's a shame. These latest cases are the exceptions."

She is right; about 1,800 British couples are treated successfully each year. "I don't think we should be afraid of science. Everything around us is there because somebody took something one step further. We can't be afraid, we just have to be smart."

What if her son marries a girl who evolved from one of her own eggs?

"Fortunately," she said, "I'll never know."

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A countdown of uncertainty;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8FP0-002B-H0YT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Indecision rules the race - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8FP0-002B-H0YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1707 words

**Byline:** Patricia Lopez Baden; Steve Brandt; Staff Writers

**Body**

Campaign worker Vernon Wetternach poked his head inside the office of mayoral candidate Sharon Sayles Belton on Wednesday with some cheery news: only 154 hours until the election polls close.

"You counted, Vernon? Really?" Sayles Belton asked, laughing.

Over at John Derus' headquarters, Tommy Heryla was popping aspirin while phones rang incessantly.

"I found out how you stop aspirin from tearing up your stomach," he said. "You just chew it up before you swallow. Works quicker that way."

As Minneapolis mayoral candidates head into the home stretch, campaign workers are starting to sound and look a little haggard, as are the candidates themselves. And little wonder. The race for mayor has been long, brutal and extraordinarily close - and promises to become more so in the days ahead.

Most indications are that a significant number of voters remain undecided, and that holds both peril and promise for both candidates. In Derus' case, studies have shown that in a race between a black and white candidate, undecided voters tend to break along racial lines - an advantage to him in an overwhelmingly white city.

But, and this could work to Sayles Belton's advantage, the feminist community in Minneapolis is a strong one, and undecided women may well walk into the booth on Tuesday and vote for the woman.

"Nobody knows how that's going to go, and anyone who tells you they do is kidding," a Sayles Belton volunteer said. "I think it's made both campaigns a little skittish about the undecideds. We're working hard to turn out the people we know will vote for Sharon."

Sayles Belton's strongest support is among liberal DFLers, feminists, minorities and gays and lesbians. In a traditionally liberal city, that offers a broad base if she can reach deeply into it and motivate groups without strong track records at the polls.

Derus' support base is narrower - conservative DFLers, some Independent-Republicans, unions, residents of north and northeast Minneapolis, some seniors - but includes more proven voters.

That makes getting out the vote important for the Sayles Belton campaign, and her officials have said they will use five phone banks to call supporters, in addition to doorknocking and election-day voter registration.

Political observers have said that to win, Derus not only must draw well in the city's North Side and Northeast wards - the First, Third and Fourth - he also must reach to the South Side's 11th, 12th and 13th. "If he does that, he could nail it," one observer said.

Derus will use his well-honed themes of crime, lower taxes and more jobs in those wards to attract conservatives and those fed up with high property taxes. During the primary Derus led the 12th Ward and trailed Sayles Belton in the 11th and 13th, although he did better than many expected.

Sayles Belton, for her part, is expected to give Derus a ferocious fight in the southern wards, and will tackle him on a weak point - airport noise, an overriding issue for residents in the wards under the jet paths. Derus has little history on that issue, while Sayles Belton has been one of the most ardent advocates of noise reduction.

She also needs to maximize turnouts in the inner-city wards, which are her strongholds, but which historically have light turnouts.

In the primary, Derus survived by running a campaign that focused mostly on the city's more conservative northern and southern edges. He is trying to broaden that reach by focusing on the Seventh, Ninth, 10th and 11th wards, hoping to win two and break even in two.

The campaign's bellwether, in fact, may be the Ninth, with the 11th and 13th also playing major roles. The Ninth is a mix of ***working-class*** and middle-class residents, who, some DFL regulars worry, might be attracted to the Derus message.

In the 11th, Sayles Belton led Derus in the primary, but there's a huge bloc of votes for favorite son Steve Cramer up for grabs. He and IR predecessor Walter Rockenstein are backing her.

The 13th is expected to produce the biggest turnout. Steve Minn, an IR council candidate there, senses that Derus may have peaked. "The debates have helped Sharon. That's what I'm hearing at the door," said Minn, who said he's staying neutral.

Derus backers think they're gaining ground in the Seventh with IR appeals to tax-burdened upper-bracket homeowners, but Sayles Belton forces say voters there will be swayed by her literature, which says that county taxes rose more than city taxes when Derus was on the County Board.

The more liberal 10th should break for Sayles Belton, but independent council candidate David Paquette said it's not easy to judge, because Derus supporters aren't as open about their preferences.

"Sharon's supporters going into the primary had positive reasons for her. Those joining more recently have concerns about more cops, tougher sentencing. They're not necessarily comfortable with that," Paquette said. Among those choosing Derus since the primary, "They're saying he isn't the perfect choice for mayor but they're leaning toward him because they think the city can't afford to remain stagnant, and they think he's willing to take more chances."

Both Derus and Sayles Belton will mount as much of a media campaign as possible, hamstrung slightly by the unwillingness of many radio and television stations to air political commercials. Recently, after a legislator threatened legislation that would force them to give time, several stations have revised their policy.

That set off a mad scramble for media buys on Thursday, The Derus campaign spent at least $ 50,000 on media advertising in the last eight days.

"As we make money, we spend money," Derus said. "We put everything we have into advertising."

It's a strategy designed to offset the probable phone bank disadvantage that the mostly volunteer Derus effort will suffer, as well as the Sayles Belton campaign's access to the DFL sample ballot and her plethora of political endorsements.

Most of Derus' blitz will be aimed at television. Some of his ads will have him talking about the city's future beside City Hall's statue of Hubert Humphrey, and others will compare his and Sayles Belton's positions on the issues.

Radio ads will hammer at the familiar themes of crime and mismanagement. They'll be supplemented by several support ads with by Independent-Republican figures. A print ad will flesh out Derus on secondary issues.

"John has to let people know that there are a tremendous amount of positive things about John," said Dennis O'Leary, who has produced these ads. "We need to project him as having more depth."

Sayles Belton backers say they plan to continue their recent strategy of sharply attacking Derus, with television ads that question his stands on gun control, crime and ethics. Targeted mailers will go out on abortion rights and, in the 11th and 12th wards, on airport noise. Another mailer, featuring the endorsement of several moderate Independent-Republicans, will go to the more conservative 13th Ward.

In funding, Derus enters the last week with an advantage, having raised about $ 30,000 more than Sayles Belton has since Sept. 1, although, since both continue to raise funds, they may pull even.

Together they have raised and spent a half million dollars in the most expensive mayoral campaign in city history, by far. Both have contributor lists fat with political action committees, developers and lawyers, in addition to grass-roots supporters who give less than $ 100.

Derus has raised more outside the city since he filed than Sayles Belton has. They're roughly equal during that period in raising out-of-state money, but that's not a major factor for either. He has built a 3-2 advantage over her in funds raised from Hennepin County suburbs and has a wider advantage from suburbs elsewhere in the metro area.

DFL political observer D.J. Leary said the two campaigns have been a classic battle between candidates with wildly different styles.

"I have to say John has run a brilliant campaign," he said. "The simplicity of it has been brilliant. He's been terribly effective at staying absolutely on message. People know exactly what he stands for. They may not agree with it, but they know. Sharon's message has gotten better, but is still less defined and too reactive."

Sayles Belton, he said, "has touched far more issues than he has, and for some voters, that's part of her appeal. If she can make that appeal to her liberal constituency, she can do well."

However, he cautioned, "She is swimming against the tide of time in that other cities that turned to African-American leadership, with the notion that they could better solve the problems of inner cities - L.A., Chicago, Philly - have reversed and gone to very conservative white males, so she may be swimming against a national tide."

Handicapper's guide to the Minneapolis mayoral race

Here's how the Star Tribune's political reporters rate the two mayoral candidates' campaigns heading into the last weekend before Election Day:

Advertising

Sayles Belton: Her ads overall have been rather diffuse - and reactive to an agenda set by Derus. She's sharpened her attack in last week, not only on Derus' record but on personality issues.

Derus: He's in the midst of a $ 50,000-plus last-minute ad blitz. He's "stayed on message," sticking consistently to a theme of crime, taxes, and fiscal management.

Organization

Sayles Belton: She has a large, fulltime staff, a big phone bank effort with substantial support from abortion choice backers. She's also done some polling.

Derus: His is more of a seat-of-the-pants effort. There's that impressive lawn sign showing, plus the enthusiasm of labor groups and other volunteers. He hasn't done any polling - doesn't believe in them.

Endorsements

Sayles Belton: She has the clear lead with DFL executive committee endorsement, plus a variety of women's, minority and more labor endorsements. Her placement on the DFL sample ballot could be a crucial edge.

Derus: Supported by building trades, police and fire unions.

Money

Sayles Belton: She's raised $ 318,000 but spent most of it before the primary. Still soliciting.

Derus: He's raised less overall, but much more since the primary and reported almost four times as much in hand for his final ad blitz.

**Correction**

The party affiliation of Minneapolis City Council candidate Steve Minn was incorrectly reported on Page 19A Friday. He is campaigning as an independent.

**Correction-Date:** October 30, 1993

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** November 1, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Loan counselor shows clients the way home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8DK0-002B-H4S2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 8, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Marketplace; Monday profile; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1732 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

Dozens of lower-income people in the Twin Cities area have started their months-long journey toward qualifying for a mortgage with Nadine Knibb as their guide.

Knibb, who became frustrated as a real estate agent when she couldn't get more minority clients into houses a decade ago, has spent the past three years as a loan counselor at ACORN and since May at Southside Neighborhood Housing Services. She helps aspiring home owners clear up credit problems, document employment and income histories and otherwise resolve the issues that most often get mortgage applications rejected by lenders.

"I still don't see the banks as great risk-takers," Knibb said. "What has changed is their willingness to communicate and to construct programs that are both workable to the banks and palatable to the communities."

Knibb, a calm, determined woman who raised four children on her own after she was widowed at age 23, has seen mortgage lenders move from a "we-don't-discriminate, period!" mentality to a more amiable approach in which they're willing to reach out a little to make loans that they concede aren't any greater risk.

"Nadine develops a good rapport with her clients and they trust her with personal, private financial information," said Paul Turner, executive director of Damascus, a Twin Cities Joint Ministry Project (JMP) spinoff financed by Firstar Bank, TCF and Northeast State Bank that acquires and develops vacant inner-city properties.

"Plus, she's not afraid to kick people - clients and bankers - in the [butt] once in a while . . . and that's the other part of being a good counselor."

Prodded by neighborhood activists and federal law, some bankers have funded community-based loan counseling, the hiring of minority loan officers and, in some instances, a relaxation of loan underwriting guidelines.

Four years ago, grassroots organizations such as ACORN and JMP, a group of inner-city churches and their congregations, charged lenders with avoiding mortgages in inner-city neighborhoods. By 1990 and 1991, Federal Reserve and other studies of mortgage applications showed that blacks and other minorities were being rejected by 2-1 or greater margins compared with whites seeking loans.

Nobody, certainly not Knibb, who recently declined a higher-paying job to become a bank loan officer, is declaring victory.

Knibb, 47, is used to long odds.

The Arkansas daughter of a domestic worker and a sharecropper, Knibb can recall as a 9-year-old eating in the "colored" section of a bus-stop cafe.

The family, including Knibb's three brothers, moved north to Milwaukee and rented half a duplex. She graduated from North High in 1963 and enrolled in vocational school to study business.

At 18, she married a young engineer who worked for a Milwaukee industrial manufacturer. They had four children and were in the process of buying their first home when her husband died in 1970 from complications resulting from routine surgery.

Knibb bought a house with money she got from a settlement with the hospital, and set about raising a baby and three toddlers.

"There was a period of rebellion," she said.

Loan officers wouldn't be the first she would take on.

"I said, 'God, you have betrayed me. I didn't deserve this.' But I hedged," she chuckled. "I engulfed each of the children in a protective bubble. I said, 'God, this is between you and I, big guy.'

"I just focused on the children. I couldn't have any fun. It used to feel overwhelming."

Gradually, Knibb was able to release the pain of her burden, reconcile and draw again on a deep-rooted spirituality, she said. In 1976 she moved her family to Minneapolis, where she had friends, and bought a house.

As the children grew, she worked as a claims adjuster, a secretary and even the Chocolate Moose character at Valleyfair one summer.

She became a real estate agent with Merrill Lynch in 1983. She worked north Minneapolis, St. Louis Park and Plymouth. And she can recall her frustration when she couldn't get other agents to tour North Side houses because of the area's reputation as a minority, crime-infested community.

In 1989, while recovering from a spinal injury she received in a car accident, Knibb got involved in JMP - established to push banks, insurers and others to invest in inner-city neighborhoods - through her Zion Baptist Church. She was hired as ACORN's $ 20,000-a-year loan counselor after JMP and ACORN negotiated a big inner-city lending commitment from TCF in 1990.

Knibb, who believes that white applicants of similar economic circumstance often get the benefit of doubt from lenders while minorities are denied, still "screams to high heaven" and the bank when she believes one of her prospects has been denied credit unfairly. But, she said, the give-and-take now is less confrontational.

There are bank programs for ***working-class*** people that often permit a little more housing debt as a percent of income than usual, give credit to income sources other than wages, rehab-and-purchase packages, and even lender assistance with down payments and closing costs.

"Nadine and the community groups, that's where we as lenders learn," said Gary Beatty, manager of community lending for FBS Mortgage. "We sit down and Nadine says, 'Why can't we approve this or that?' Nadine brings to the table the ability to teach the responsibilities of home ownership, the risks and the advantages. We're trying to set lower-income people up to succeed, not fail.

"We had a session - and this is typical between underwriters and counselors - we talked about the welfare mom who got herself an education, a good job and who can now afford a home. You can't oftentimes go through that process and emerge with spotless credit. Nadine, working with her client, brings that reality to the lender. As she does that, we look at what counts: what has been accomplished and what the borrower is trying to do."

The upshot: Banks such as TCF, FBS and Norwest are accepting more low-income applicants, the ranks of which tend to be disproportionately populated by minorities. Knibb works to "pre-qualify" applicants before they commence a home search or pay what might otherwise be a disappointing initial visit to a mortgage loan office.

And commission-paid loan officers aren't likely to waste much time on a tough prospect in search of a $ 45,000 mortgage compared with an affluent individual looking for a $ 150,000 loan.

"There is a nurturing process," said Knibb. "There's a certain patience needed. When you're a lender, under scrutiny of an organization that has a financial agenda, you don't have the luxury of time to nurture."

Take the divorced mom who had a clean credit history, but whose ex-husband used her Social Security number to help a girlfriend get a credit card. They ran up $ 1,400 in unpaid bills, which came up on the surprised woman's credit file. Rejected by one bank, Knibb got the credit card company to drop the charge against her client after proving that it wasn't her doing.

Another bank accepted her application.

Knibb sees herself as an advocate who's willing to push the banks when she believes a client's character offsets a deficiency that on paper might mean a rejection. Bankers, until loosening the rules a little in recent years in the face of criticism from advocates for low-income communities, have moved toward formula-based underwriting that often discounted extenuating past circumstances or a capacity and willingness to make it right in the future.

"We as lenders have an experience to rely on, statistical information that tells us what's a good or not a good risk," said Loreen Engebretson, special projects manager for TCF Mortgage. "A community-based loan counselor didn't have that experience."

ACORN and TCF officials clashed initially over the slow pace of applicant approval and what Knibb and ACORN members thought was still too high a rejection rate. Sometimes Knibb's advocacy paid off. And she credits Engebretson with teaching her the intricacies of underwriting and "ferreting things out" in analyzing a borrower.

In one case TCF initially rejected a black woman because a loan her father had co-signed for her brother popped up on the father's credit report, and TCF wanted the father to co-sign for the mortgage. The woman, who was referred to Knibb by a friend at Knibb's church, had sufficient down payment and income from a part-time job and welfare for her kids to cover modest house payments.

"I said, 'Whoa! No! Come on!' " Knibb recalled. "There's no reason why your father need co-sign. They were also concerned about the [public assistance]. But federal law says you can't discriminate because of source of income."

TCF approved the mortgage application.

"Everyone's intent was good, but sometimes the definitions were different on what's a good loan," Engebretson said of the disagreements. "In general, we have a really good relationship. Loan counseling is a good place for individuals to start learning about what it takes to purchase a home."

But only about 10 percent of the people who start the process eventually get a mortgage.

"Last year there were 292 people here attending workshops, getting counseling, taking corrective action on credit," said Ralph Whitcoff, Knibb's boss at Southside. "Of that, 25 received a mortgage."

Knibb's hard work has drawn notice.

TCF earlier this year asked Knibb if she'd like to hire on as a loan officer at higher pay. She appreciated the offer but said she couldn't take it.

"I couldn't see myself doing that in a way that might not compromise a position with TCF," Knibb said. "Being an advocate, your primary focus is on the client and sending a client where the client has the best chance."

Her hard work at home has paid off, too.

A daughter is an engineer with an architectural firm and a son is a senior majoring in physics at the University of Minnesota. Another daughter is, you guessed it, a business school graduate looking for work with a bank.

Nadine Knibb

Born/Sept. 9, 1946, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Family/ children, Byron, 29; Babette, 28; Cynthia, 26; Dionne, 23

Home/Minneapolis

Education/North High, Milwaukee, 1963

Career/Homemaker, worked intermittently as a secretary, claims adjuster, and as a real estate agent from 1983-89. Loan counselor with ACORN, 1990-93; loan counselor with Southside Neighborhood Housing Services since May 1993

Hobbies/Family, church activities, housing issues and architecture

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** November 10, 1993

**End of Document**



[***WHEN BIG-BOX DRUG STORES MEET MAIN STREET BRINGING CHAIN PHARMACIES INTO SMALL TOWNS CAN BE A PRESCRIPTION FOR CONFLICT. IT CAN CALL FOR AESTHETIC COMPROMISE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:451N-2450-0190-X11P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

FEBRUARY 27, 2000 Sunday CNEW JERSEY EDITION

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**Section:** NEIGHBORS GLOUCESTER COUNTY; Pg. GL01

**Length:** 1842 words

**Byline:** Jennifer Moroz, INQUIRER SUBURBAN STAFF

**Body**

Ask Medford Mayor Scott Rudder about the big off-white building with a peaked roof that rises above Stokes Road near the corner of Jackson Road.

Standing alone in a sea of asphalt, the boxy building is in stark contrast to the Victorian-style homes and quaint storefronts of historic Main Street less than a mile up the road. In Rudder's eyes, it is equally incongruous with the small "community-commercial" district and the hundreds of acres of preserved open space that sit on either side.

It's the new Eckerd.

"It just smacks you right in the face," said Rudder, who has refused to set foot in the store since it opened last year.

Once content to fight for customers in strip malls, drugstore chains are moving onto Main Street, bringing with them the stand-alone mega-store that has become their prototype.

The chains say the stores provide what their convenience-driven customers want. Usually located at major intersections, the stores have ample parking and drive-through service, and offer a wide variety of products in addition to basic prescription service. But preservationists and some townspeople say the stores' huge dimensions and cookie-cutter sameness are better kept on suburban thoroughfares already marked by development.

The National Trust for Historic Preservation declared the corner of "Main and Main" in small towns one of America's most endangered sites in 1999. Representatives of the nonprofit organization say the one-story buildings with few windows, front parking and drive-through lanes are an affront to communities' look and feel, and threaten to take away from local commerce with their one-stop shopping.

In Paulsboro, Gloucester County, the borough's oldest building, a 1926 bank, was torn down in 1996, despite community opposition, to make way for an Eckerd. The bank was not big enough to house the size of store the company wanted to build.

"The commerce at that corner is an asset to the community," conceded John Burzichelli, mayor of the ***working-class*** town. "But there is still sadness at the loss of the bank building. If all this had happened today, we would have exhausted ourselves to marry the two - lobbied to keep the bank and build the pharmacy, too."

Today, some towns are negotiating with the new drugstores to spare the wrecking ball. In Camden County's Berlin Borough, Eckerd bought the land on which the 172-year-old Berlin Hotel sat and donated $110,000 toward renovations for the former stagecoach stop, which is to be moved next to the municipal building to house a library.

In Burlington City, the 72-year-old Burlington Diner on Route 130 is due to be moved a quarter-mile down the road to make way for an Eckerd.

While the number of independent pharmacies has been dropping nationwide in response to low prescription reimbursement rates brought by managed care, chain leaders Eckerd, CVS, Walgreens and Rite Aid have been aggressively expanding, driven by an aging population and a booming prescription market.

Watching the landscape change around them, some communities have equipped themselves with protections to prevent - or at least regulate - the chains coming in.

In Collingswood, officials halted Eckerd's plan to build a bigger store in 1997 by denying the company the easement it needed for a parking exit. In that case, it was not only the appearance of the proposed megastore that irked townspeople, but the perceived threat the store - with its food mart - would be to local grocers.

Eckerd's arrival in Medford caused so much resentment that the slogan "Just Say No to Drugstores" became the platform for two candidates who won in last November's Township Council election.

Since the store's opening, the township has established a citizens architectural review committee, before which any new construction project must pass. The committee, while not backed by the force of law, makes recommendations on design.

The Planning Board also has amended height restrictions for structures in the town's community-commercial zone, where the Eckerd store is located, so that one-story structures can be no taller than 27 feet. The former height restriction was 35 feet; the Eckerd is 311/2 feet tall.

Finally, officials are reviewing the master plan two years early - all to make sure that whatever is built in the future fits in with the style and dimensions of the town.

"Eckerd was strongly encouraged to work with residents to come up with a better design," Rudder said. "They said, 'We hear you, but we have a plan and we're going to go through with it because the law says we can.' Well, we have to strengthen the law so they can't anymore."

Eckerd spokeswoman Tami Alderman said the company tried to be sympathetic with surrounding architecture, and had built brick stores and installed brass lighting fixtures in some locations. In Medford's case, she said, the color of the building had been changed to please residents. "We work with communities to make concessions," Alderman said. "We do listen."

Representatives of other chains said that while working with the community was a priority, sticking as close to the prototype was equally important. They said straying too far from the standard design might mean added cost and reduction of brand recognition. With a 30 percent average increase in sales over the first year when stores relocate from malls, the companies also are reluctant to change a formula that has proven to be financially successful.

"We don't change the prototype in all cases," said CVS corporate spokesman Mike DeAngelis. "We prefer not to. We look at community concerns case by case."

One case in which CVS did amend the prototype was in Moorestown, Burlington County. There, company representatives worked with local officials and members of the township's appearance committee to come up with a design that would be conducive to the downtown's historic character. With its red brick, windowed walls and peaked roof, the new store, which opened on Main Street last month, is more reminiscent of the fire hall down the street than the CVS prototype.

"Everybody has been real happy with how it turned out," said Thomas Ford, Moorestown's senior planner. "We were pretty lucky."

If towns want to be absolutely sure to get a store that fits in with its surroundings, they must have the appropriate legal protections in place, said Peter Brink, vice president of programs for the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

Brink said the best tool to fend off unwanted architecture is to attain, often with the help of a preservation consultant, historic designation of commercial districts. In Haddonfield, for example, much of the town's downtown has been placed on the National Historic Register, ensuring strict protections of its character and making it nearly impossible for chains to build the type of structure they want to. The CVS on Kings Highway is housed in a Colonial-style white building with red brick accents, nestled between two other storefronts.

If historic designation is impossible, Brink said, the route Medford is taking is the next best thing.

"It's the more proactive community that has thought this through with a master plan and zoning," Brink said. "But to make it stick, it has to be translated into law."

Not all communities have gone as far as Medford, but they have added some legal protections to help regulate the type of building that comes in.

Before Eckerd came into Paulsboro in 1996, taking the place of the 1926 First National Bank & Trust Co. building at the corner of Broad and Delaware Streets, all a company needed to move in was a building permit. "It was because of Eckerd that we decided to create a site-plan review [ordinance]," said Marc Kamp of the borough's Planning Board. "Before that, the borough had no control over what came in."

Kamp added that despite the higher level of scrutiny, the town still has no control over design.

Where some communities are relying on land-use and design-element protections, the residents of Mullica Hill have turned to community activism to try to keep out the chains. When CVS wanted to move onto the corner of Route 45 and Colson Lane, residents protested until the company backed down, moving to the commercial strip along Breakneck Road between Routes 55 and 295.

Townspeople are now fighting Eckerd, which wants to relocate to the busy intersection at Routes 322 and 45 from a mall across the street. To build, the company must gain a land-use variance for the four lots zoned residential.

Residents are circulating petitions and have lined Main Street with red-and-white "No Eckerd" signs. Led by a group called PRIDE (People Resisting in Developing Eckerds), they also have hired a local attorney and planner to counter the testimony of experts brought in by the pharmacy giant to argue its case for the variance.

In response to opposition, the company has scaled back original building plans by more than 1,000 square feet to about 12,000 square feet, cut parking spaces, reduced the number of drive-through lanes from three to two, and proposed a new Victorian-style design to blend in better with the town's historic district, which abuts the site.

Despite the concessions, residents say the sheer dimensions of the building and its proposed placement at the entrance to the historic district are ludicrous, especially because commercial property is available for such projects elsewhere in the township.

The Zoning Board has had two public hearings already, and so many people turned out that another hearing has been scheduled for Tuesday.

Regardless of the outcome in Eckerd's case, the group plans to lobby the township for stronger laws and comprehensive design elements to restrict other chains from moving in.

Small towns need small stores, said local pharmacist Andrea Villare, 33. That is why, recognizing the need in Mullica Hill for a pharmacy, Villare opened the old-style Main Street Apothecary in 1992 - long before the chains started moving in.

"I think every small town should have an apothecary," she said. "It fits in.

"My problem with them - and any big corporation - is if you let them get their foot in the door, they will never stop," she said. "We can drive to those places - we don't need them in our own backyard."

For all the ill will, the chain stores seem to be well-frequented and prospering.

Even Rudder of Medford agreed: "I have yet to talk to a person that likes that Eckerd, and yet you see cars there every day."

One of those cars belonged to Ernie Keebler, 26, of Marlton, who stopped at the store after work recently to pick up a few things.

"Look - bread, snacks, milk, cough medicine . . . and cigarettes. All in one go," he said.

Behind Keebler, Douglas Little and his mother, Marlene, of Tabernacle, were coming out with their prescriptions and cans of soda for the car ride. Both agreed that development - including the influx of the mega-drugstores - was natural.

"Everyone's opposed to everything now," Douglas Little said. "I work at the Super Wawa on Route 70 [in Medford]. Everyone was opposed to that, too, when it opened and now they're all coming in."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Andrea Villare, owner of Main Street Apothecary in Mullica Hill, with her dog, Alexandria. Villare says small towns should have apothecaries, not chain drugstores.

**Load-Date:** January 30, 2002

**End of Document**



[***ROCKIN' THE SUBURBS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4522-T7M0-00J2-32F1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A strip mall in Maplewood. A bowling alley in Apple Valley. Mainstreet in Hopkins. Nowadays, some of the most popular nightclubs are in the most unlikely locations.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4522-T7M0-00J2-32F1-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 1, 2002, Friday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY / FREETIME; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 2030 words

**Byline:** Chris Riemenschneider; Staff Writer

**Body**

Suburban nightlife, scene 1: Woman, late 30s, teased bleach-blonde hair, tight leather pants, revealing shirt. Looks like something out of a Van Halen video circa 1984. Which is fitting, since the Van Halen tribute band Fair Warning is performing tonight to a packed crowd at the Rock in Maplewood.

     As she leaves her table \_ and, yes, the Rock has tables, chairs and other comfortable accommodations foreign to many downtown nightclubs \_ someone sitting nearby suggests it's funny she dressed up retro for the show. Turns out, it's not funny. She always dresses that way when she goes out.

Let's get it out of the way right away: If you're looking for nightlife that's trendy, edgy or hip in any sort of post-George Bush (Sr.) way, you're probably not going to find it in any of the growing number of suburban music venues.

   These are not the places where Josh Hartnett hangs when he's in town. You won't catch a surprise gig by Semisonic or Iffy. And there will never be any comparison between the Viper Room in Hollywood and, say, Sharky's in Columbia Heights.

     But the thing is \_ and this is why many clubgoers are hitting the suburbs instead of downtown \_ nobody in these venues seems concerned about all that.

     The musicians don't care.

     "I don't look at audiences and clubs as cool or not cool," said singer-guitarist Brian (G.B.) Leighton, a top draw for many suburban and downtown clubs. "I'm not in high school anymore. I'm in a working band."

     The bartenders and waitstaff don't care.

     "Our customers are less stuck up and a lot friendlier than in a lot of places, so I'm not complaining," said Heather Zoe, a young waitress with a pierced eyebrow at Jersey's in Inver Grove Heights.

     And the customers really couldn't care less.

     "I'm out to have a good time, not win a fashion contest or be seen by all the pretty people," said Dan Szylagi, 36, of Maplewood, as he watched the band Austin Healy perform at BrewBaker's in North St. Paul.

     When the Southern-y, middle-aged rock band started up "Don't Ask Me Questions," its first of several Lynyrd Skynyrd covers, Szylagi beamed.

     "And anyway, you don't hear great rock 'n' roll like this at the downtown clubs," he said. "It's all that rap and punk-rock."

     Suburban nightlife, scene 2: Woman, early 20s, behind the counter of a convenience store on the outskirts of Ramsey, is all too happy to give directions to Diamonds. She mentions a bank, a church, a red barn and then cautions against speeding.

     "The cops out here don't have much else to do," she gripes. Apparently, she doesn't, either. She was at Diamonds the previous night. "The band rocked," she says.

One club butts up against a Subway sandwich shop in White Bear Lake. Another shares its lot with a chiropractor's office and a mortgage broker in Fridley. There's a popular one dropped into a bowling alley in Apple Valley. And two of the newest venues \_ in Hopkins and Inver Grove Heights \_ used to be rougher, roadhouse-like bars that changed hands and clientele as suburban sprawl came knocking on the door.

     Like most businesses in the suburbs, nightclubs have popped up anywhere they can be easily spotted by someone running everyday errands.

     Except for Hopkins \_ where the historic downtown has been transformed into a tidy strip of restaurant, bars and a movie theater \_ there are no entertainment districts that make natural neighbors for these venues.

     The awkward, unlikely locations do not seem to faze people hanging out in the 'burbs.

     "Once they're inside, I think people forget where they are," said Don Baker, the owner of BrewBaker's, which is sandwiched between a pizza carryout place and a hair salon, across from a Target.

     Of course, such locales have their perks, including lots of free parking for customers and lower overhead for owners (which can mean lower prices and cover charges). Then there's the fact that they're so close to many people's homes.

     Mostly, the suburban nightclub trend appears to be driven by what fuels everything else in the suburbs: simplicity.

     "Give me a beer tap and a band, and I'm set," said Ted Wilonsky, 33, from East St. Paul, who was at the Rock.

     Most suburban venues don't appear to have much loftier goals than Wilonsky's. Inside, they are essentially sports bars that serve burgers, chicken wings and live music on the side. With a few exceptions, they are indistinguishable \_ just as it's hard to tell one Bed, Bath and Beyond or Olive Garden from another.

     Here, it seems, is the recipe for a suburban night club:

     1 large bar, oval or square

     6-12 booths

     12-24 table/chair sets

     1 large dance floor, actually to be used as dance floor

     6-10 hanging TV sets

     4-8 beer taps, mostly domestic

     2-4 pool tables, nice ones

     2-4 dartboards, electronic

     1-3 video or pinball games

     2-6 waitresses, not waiters

     3-6 ads above urinals, typically for something daring, like skydiving, the army or dating services.

     Suburban nightlife, scene 3: Guy, mid-30s, jeans and sweatshirt, orders a (domestic) beer at the (oval) bar inside the Main Event in Fridley. Off to the right, on a stage that dwarfs those in many downtown clubs, a band called Weird Science sound-checks.

     "What's the band like?" he asks the bartender.

     "They're sort of like '80s punk," she responds. "Sort of like . . . Duran Duran."

It's unlikely you're going to hear a band that sounds any more modern than, say, Pearl Jam in the 'burbs. It comes down to simple demographics.

     "There are so many young couples and people in their 30s living in townhomes and first houses out here, that's usually who we cater to musically," said Carl Xavier, who books bands at Bogart's, the bowling-alley club in Apple Valley.

     Two of the most popular acts in the 'burbs are Boogie Wonderland and Soulvation, which play retro-'70s funk with sexy female singers out front. Both bands are great at pulling the opposite sexes into a club \_ women for the dancing and men for the drooling.

     There are many '80s favorites, too, such as Weird Science, Controversy and Fixx of Seagulls. For early-'90s alternative-rock, fans often catch Uncle Chunk or Gel. Also popular are guys like Leighton or Tim Mahoney, who play their own, heartfelt, blue-collar kind of songs a la Bruce Springsteen or Bryan Adams.

     None of these acts are critics' favorites or even get played on the radio, but they are some of the top draws in town \_ and that includes places such as the Fine Line, the Cabooze and Bunkers in Minneapolis or O'Gara's and the Minnesota Music Cafe in St. Paul.

     Many suburban clubs are booking national talent. In particular, the Rock and BrewBaker's \_ which are only about a mile apart \_ are competing for road shows. The Rock recently presented Motley Crue's Vince Neil and Bad Company's Paul Rodgers. BrewBaker's has hosted Bo Diddley, the Marshall Tucker Band and ELO II and plans more blues shows.

     Thanks to the booming business at many of these venues, bands often are able to command as much pay in the 'burbs as they are downtown.

     "We usually find that the more uncool a club is, the more they're probably going to get paid," said Hello! Booking's Brian Swanson, who represents Martin Zellar, Tina and the B-Sides and more.

     "The money varies, but it's usually as good," Leighton confirmed, echoing other musicians. "The real value is that they're just extra places to play. We can play four gigs a week now without going any farther than Apple Valley or Ramsey."

     Suburban nightlife, scene 4: Pat Hayes, singer, bandleader, Lamont Cranston Band, way cool guy, sits in the corner of Jersey's discussing the pros of playing the suburbs. He talks about the decent pay, the good sound systems and the fact that many of the group's ***working-class*** fans have always lived on the outskirts. He and the band's manager, Rico Anderson, also discuss cons, such as the unnamed venue that wouldn't fulfill a simple request from the blues-rockers.

     "We asked them to play blues CDs between the sets, but all they played was that disco [stuff]," Rico says.

     At Bogart's an hour later, Soulvation goes on break to the thump-thumping sounds of Destiny's Child "Bootylicious." The disco [stuff].

To be fair, sports bars and retro dance or rock music are not all that's available for live music in the suburbs.

     There's the intimate and quaint Bean and Wine Cafe in Excelsior, for instance, which has become a haven for songwriters. There are several roadhouse-like blues venues worth hitting, including the Narrows in Navarre, P.D. Pappy's in Stillwater and Bailey Ray's in Santiago, northwest of Elk River. Several cities, including Hopkins, Maplewood and Lakeville, have reached out to the arts with community centers suited for "sit-down" shows, such as acoustic folk singers or jazz and gospel acts.

     And let's not forget the metro area's oldest and most beloved "out-there" music venue, the Medina Entertainment Center in Medina, which is unlike anywhere else.

     As popular as they are, suburban clubs probably won't replace downtown clubs, most people agree.

     "There's still something special about getting to play the Cabooze or Fine Line vs. these kind of places, and I don't think any band would say otherwise," said Soulvation's Jeremiah Zortman.

     Hello! Booking agents believe the two types of venues will co-exist.

     "Chicago has had places like Fitzgerald's in Berwyn and other nightclubs on the outskirts for 20-some years," Swanson said. "The Twin Cities is probably catching up to that, population-wise."

     Suburban nightlife, scene 5: Back at the Rock, awaiting Fair Warning. Adam and Andy Meyer, 24 and 27, brothers from small-town Madison, Minn., now live in Robbinsdale and Plymouth, respectively. Dressed modestly hip. Nice, smart guys. Both like old metal and plenty of new rock. Both like hanging out downtown and in the 'burbs.

     "It's a totally different experience coming here, is all," Andy says. "Downtown is cool, can be fun. Here, it's more like the kind of places they have around [Madison]."

     Fair Warning goes on 10 minutes later, with a guitarist that's a spitting image of Eddie Van Halen, plus about 75 pounds. Adam and Andy get some good laughs out of the band, never look too excited. Mostly, they seem content hanging out together.

     "It's cheaper than the real thing," Adam shrugs. He means the band, not the club.

\_ Chris Riemenschneider is at [*chrisr@startribune.com*](mailto:chrisr@startribune.com).

DOWNTOWN VS. THE 'BURBS

They're different animals, as this comparison of some prominent nightclubs illustrates:

DOWNTOWN CLUB: First Avenue: $3-$10 parking nearby; use caution in walking down Hennepin Av. or near homeless shelter.

SUBURBAN CLUB: The Rock: Free parking galore; use caution not to park in Pizza Hut delivery spaces or Old Country Buffet's handicap spots.

DOWNTOWN CLUB: Fine Line Music Cafe: $4-$5.25 beer pints, three domestic and four import.

SUBURBAN CLUB: BrewBaker's: $3-$4.75 beer pints, five domestic and one import.

DOWNTOWN CLUB: The Quest: A half-dozen tables with chairs at back of room.

SUBURBAN CLUB: Decoys: A dozen booths and two dozen tables.

DOWNTOWN CLUB: 400 Bar: $10 cover for local acts Iffy or Detroit on recent weekend nights.

SUBURBAN CLUB: Jersey's: $3-$7 for local acts Lamont Cranston or Nathan Anderson.

DOWNTOWN CLUB: 7th Street Entry: Persistent smell of smoke and beer, circa 1981 Replacements show.

SUBURBAN CLUB: Bogart's: Persistent smell of fried food and perfume.

IF YOU GO

     Bogart's: 14917 Garrett Av., northeast of Cedar Av. & Co. Rd. 42, Apple Valley. 952-432-1515.

     BrewBaker's: Hwy. 36 at McKnight Rd., North St. Paul. 651-779-0243.

     Decoys: 1022 Mainstreet, Hopkins. 952-935-7718.

     Diamonds: 7550 NW. Hwy. 10, Ramsey. 763-576-1696.

     Jersey's Bar & Grill: 6449 E. Concord Blvd., Inver Grove Heights. 651-455-4561.

     Main Event: 7820 University Av., Fridley. 763-502-0056.

     Medina Entertainment Center: 500 Hwy. 55, Medina. 763-478-6661.

     The Narrows Saloon: 3380 Shoreline Dr., Navarre. 952-471-3352.

     The Rock: 2029 Woodlyn Av., Maplewood. 651-770-7822.

     Sharky's: 4480 Central Av., Columbia Heights. 763-571-8643.

**Graphic**

CHART; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** February 1, 2002

**End of Document**



[***NOW IN THEATERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YF3-V030-00C6-D02T-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 14, 2000, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 2000 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 1869 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.

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 -- MTV before MTV was cool. And during

an exclusive four-month run on giant 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) -- Susan

Wloszczyna

Galaxy Quest

\* \*

Lord knows we don't need any more *Spaceballs*-style movie

spoofs. But if any film could make you nostalgic for a slice of

Pizza the Hutt with extra cheese, it's this strangely earthbound

takeoff on *Star Trek*-type TV shows. Restraint hangs heavy

in the air, and it suffocates many potential yuks. At least the

premise is promising: Actors from a long-canceled sci-fi series

are mistaken for genuine action heroes by sweet-natured aliens

called Thermians and are enlisted to save their race. Tim Allen

as the Shatnerian commander, a blond Sigourney Weaver as an astronaut

Barbie and Alan Rickman as a Spock-ish sidekick all help elevate

material that comes dangerously close to what it parodies: a second-rate

space opera. (PG: violence, mild language, sensuality) -- 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 directed by

James Mangold 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.

The Green Mile

\* \* \*

This reunion of Stephen King and *The Shawshank* *Redemption*

writer/director Frank Darabont is worth walking, if not a mile,

at least a couple of blocks to see. The '30s period piece concerns

a nice-guy Louisiana prison guard (Tom Hanks) whose bladder condition

is mysteriously cured by a death row prisoner (Michael Clarke

Duncan), who Hanks eventually comes to believe is innocent. Extremely

well acted and crafted, the movie is a compelling one-time view

-- even at three-hours-plus. (R: violence, language and some sex-related

material) -- M.C.

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 looney 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 is

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: lan- guage, 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.

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 Scott Guterson best seller. (PG-13: disturbing

images, sensuality, brief language) -- Andy Seiler

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.

The Talented Mr. Ripley

\* \* \* 1/2

Patricia Highsmith's 1955 novel -- and Rene Clement's 1960 film

version *Purple Noon* -- get a lavish makeover from writer/director

Anthony Minghella, who pours on production values to compare with

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.

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*, the Judy Garland *A Star Is Born* and Powell's

own *The Red Shoes*. (R: scene of risque nudity) -- M.C.

Tumbleweeds

\* \* 1/2

A mother with a checkered romantic history and a daughter wearied

by the experience hop in a car and head for a new life in California.

Though it sounds like *Anywhere but Here*, this affable low-budget

comedy/drama is less slick and more focused, depending almost

exclusively on a pair of screen newcomers: British stage performer

Janet McTeer and young Kimberly Brown. There are a few familiar

faces in the supporting cast, including Michael J. Pollard, who

doesn't look much older than he did in 1967's *Bonnie and*

*Clyde*. (PG-13: language, sensuality, domestic discord)

-- M.C.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Disney; PHOTO, Color, Demmie Todd, Touchstone Pictures; PHOTO, Color, David Appleby, Columbia/TriStar; Splendor: Death and rebirth take the form of a sprite in one of seven new segments in 'Fantasia 2000.' He's no dummy: Joan Cusack and Bill Murray in 'Cradle Will Rock' Cold fusion: Julianne Moore and Ralph Fiennes in 'End of the Affair'

**Load-Date:** January 27, 2000

**End of Document**



[***POINT MAN FROM HIS BACKGROUND TO HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS TO HIS WORK BRINGING THE SPORT TO URBAN YOUTH, PETER WESTBROOK HAS CUT AN UNUSUALLY COMPELLING FIGURE IN THE WORLD OF FENCING.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B230-01K4-933F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 27, 1997 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: LIFESTYLE; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1677 words

**Byline:** William R. Macklin, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

On the walls of the Fencers Club and School in Manhattan, some of the greatest sword fighters the nation has ever known gaze out from their black and white portraits.

These taciturn men and robust women, in sleek white fencing jackets, wire mask under one arm, foil or saber in hand, are monuments to tradition, standard-bearers for a sport deeply rooted in the chivalry, wealth and genteel militarism of Europe's vanishing aristocracy.

And not one of them looks a thing like Peter Westbrook.

The club's most celebrated member, Westbrook, 44, is the greatest American fencer of his generation - a lithe, incisive warrior who has been on six Olympic teams, won 13 national saber championships, and is, said Mark Holbrow, a Philadelphia fencing master, "our current fencing guru."

Westbrook also happens to be black.

To be precise, he is the son of an African American father and his Japanese war bride. And as Westbrook puts it in his new memoir, Harnessing Anger: The Way of an American Fencer (Seven Stories Press, $22.95), there have always been those, in and out of the insular fraternity that is international competitive fencing, who have wanted to diminish his blackness.

"I've always been amazed by the things people will say to me because I'm biracial," writes Westbrook. " 'Man, Pete, it's too bad you're a black guy, but at least you're half-Asian!' 'Look, you know you're different. Come hang with us. ' "

Westbrook prefers to choose his own company. Each Saturday morning at the Fencers Club and School, the fencing master, who grew up in an all-black housing project in Newark, N.J., can be found in the company of the dozens of young members of the Peter Westbrook Foundation.

Many of the foundation's 70 to 90 members are black, many from ***working-class*** or poor families, and most are devoted to a sport long dominated by old-money Europeans and South and Central Americans.

Westbrook said he set up the foundation in 1991 to train urban kids in the art of the sword and to school them in the personal benefits of fencing: character development, honesty, individual achievement.

Perhaps.

A few weeks ago, as the fencing champion and a hand-picked squad of trainers and coaches put 52 sneaker-wearing, T-shirt-clad elementary students and teens through a three-hour workout, including footwork training, drill-sergeant-style verbal instruction, and finally, sword-to-sword sparring, it seemed just as likely that Westbrook had a secret agenda: building an army of championship-level African American fencers.

"These kids are basically the best in the country," he said. "Do I believe it? It's a fact."

When it comes to his foundation, Westbrook's boasts aren't idle. His star discovery, Akhnaten Spencer-El, a 17-year-old from Harlem with wide shoulders and the kind of muscular, finely etched legs you usually see on running backs, is ranked No. 2 among American fencers who use the saber - a latter-day variation on the sword once favored by European calvary officers.

Spencer-El said he initially rebuffed Westbrook's efforts to recruit him because he considered fencing "a wimpy sport," but he changed his mind after Westbrook, who also lives in Harlem, "showed me all the medals he's won."

A SISTER SETS AN EXAMPLE Tall, graceful Erinn Smart, 17, is ranked third with a foil, the thin elegant blade used by most fencers. She joined the foundation when she was 10, responding to an ad her father saw in a newspaper. Smart, whose brother Keeth took up the sword after watching his sister earn her first trophies, starts at Columbia University in the fall, attending on a fencing scholarship.

Like Spencer-El and the Smarts, all members pay a one-time $20 registration fee. Westbrook provides equipment, brings in coaches and guest speakers, and, when he spots potential champions, picks up the tab for a rigorous four-day-a-week schedule of private coaching sessions ($25 an our). He also finds the money to pay the cost of traveling to crucial tournaments.

Westbrook said he covered most of the foundation's budget with funding from corporate sponsors, the United Way, the U.S. Olympic Committee, and private contributions from well-heeled supporters, including Bill Cosby, Wilt Chamberlain and Neil Diamond.

As the foundation's founder and full-time director, Westbrook said that he has yet to take home a paycheck, and that he and his wife, Susann, cover their expenses with her salary as a financial officer for a Harlem development corporation and with money he earned working as a corporate computer and marketing executive, first for IBM, then North American Van Lines.

Even so, the foundation has begun looking to create an endowment that would ensure that the fencing master gets paid.

It seems unlikely that the parents of members would balk at a salary for the former champion.

"Peter is somebody who is giving back," said Rhonda Tarver, whose son, David, 12, is a Westbrook student. "These kids come here and he gives them his time . . . his attention . . . his love."

A MOTIVATIONAL APPROACH What he doesn't give them is an easy time.

At that foundation session a few Saturdays ago, Westbrook was busy coaching a small group of saber students when 14-year-old Tor Hamer, a strapping, 6-foot-1 eighth grader from uptown Manhattan, stepped too close to his sparring partner and instead of swiping the top of his opponent's mask with the tip of his blade, as instructed, whacked him with several hard inches of steel.

"You did that because you're lazy, brother," shouted Westbrook. "That's why you're never going to be great. As much as I love you, that's why you get on my nerves."

You'd think Hamer would have cried, maybe pout a little.

He didn't.

"He's motivating me," he said. "I am lazy. I'm the kind of guy who will get up in the morning, watch TV, eat popcorn, then go back to bed. But lately I've been pushing myself harder. I do it, just to prove that he's wrong about me."

Westbrook's relationship with his own coach, the late Hungarian saber master Csaba Elthes, was hardly warm and fuzzy.

In Harnessing Anger, Westbrook writes about how, after years of seeing violence and intimidation around his home and housing project, he initially resented Elthes' taunts and physical intimidation. That resentment led Westbrook, then a student at New York University, to walk out on the legendary coach, who had once described him as "a zero" who should "flush [himself] down the toilet."

A year later, convinced that no one else could help him hone the skills that would result in his first slot on a U.S. Olympic team, Westbrook returned to Elthes in 1976. The separation was crucial for both coach and trainee. Elthes stopped using physical intimidation, and Westbrook, who won a bronze medal at the 1984 Olympics (the first medal of any kind for an American fencer since 1960), began what has become a lifelong process of learning to confront his own demons and restrain his own anger.

He had plenty of demons.

Westbrook's relationship with his parents was both troubled and inspiring.

His father physically abused his mother, finally leaving her, a scion of an aristocratic Japanese family whose ancestors included samurai warriors, alone and impoverished with two small children to raise. Westbrook distrusted his father, but came to regret his decision not to honor the older man's deathbed wish that they meet one more time.

"There is a bitterness and rage that surfaces when I think about my father," writes Westbrook. "It's a part of me, and it propels me to fight. [But] I wonder who I would be today if I had healed the rift with my father."

His relationship with his mother, shunned by her family after marrying an African American, was far more affectionate and close.

She enrolled him in an upscale parochial school (agreeing to clean classrooms in exchange for a scholarship), and to head off her son's fascination with small-time street violence, offered to pay him $1 if he would take fencing lessons.

Westbrook was devastated when his mother died in 1994 from injuries she received during a bizarre quarrel with another passenger on a Newark city bus.

The tragedy had one important effect: It forced Westbrook and his sister, Vivian, to make contact with their relatives in Japan. Since then, they have developed closer ties with their mother's family, and Vivian has undertaken a serious study of her Japanese roots.

Westbrook, who is all but retired from competition, places little emphasis on genes off or on the fencing strip. But there are those who do. Westbrook said that Csaba Elthes was among a group of international coaches convinced that America could eventually achieve dominance in fencing by promoting the sport to athletically gifted African Americans.

Westbrook dismissed that idea as "pure nonsense," saying "the game," as fencers call a competitive match, usually goes to the best-trained warrior and not the most innately talented.

"It's exposure," he said. "Whoever is exposed to the best coaching will be the best. My kids are the best because they have the best coaching."

Westbrook's personal confidence is well-founded.

Mark Holbrow, head fencing master for the Bucks County Academy of Fencing in New Hope, said it was impossible to overstate Westbrook's importance to the sport or his ability to pass on what he knows to another generation of champions.

Still, it is his character and dead-on personality that have made Westbrook "a wonderful ambassador" for fencing, said Holbrow.

"He is such a gentleman in competition," said Holbrow, a foilist who was easily defeated by Westbrook during a saber match in Philadelphia four years ago. "He may never hesitate to tell you how wonderful he is, but he is not a prima donna."

Westbrook credits his high school fencing coach, a New York psychotherapist, his Baptist faith, and his wife with helping him learn to restrain his rage. He admits his confidence can sometimes bubble into arrogance.

"I might be cocky, and if I am, I apologize, but I have to use my charisma to help my children," he said. "I just feel so lucky that I have a God who loves me even though I am an arrogant knucklehead."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Fencing students of Peter Westbrook take part in one of his weekly training sessions at the Fencers Club and School in New York City. (For The Inquirer, NORMAN LONO)

Peter Westbrook (left) confers with one of his prize students, Akhnaten Spencer-El of Harlem.

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***GOING TO BAT FOR BALTIMORE A ONCE OLD AND GRAY PLACE, THE NATION'S 13TH LARGEST CITY FAIRLY GLEAMS WITH A;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F5X0-0094-2213-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***REVITALIZED CORE, ANCHORED BY RENOVATIONS IN ITS INNER HARBOR. THIS WEEK THE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F5X0-0094-2213-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TOWN ROLLS OUT THE RED CARPET TO BASEBALL FANS WHO ARE FLOCKING TO THIS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F5X0-0094-2213-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ALL-STAR CITY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F5X0-0094-2213-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 11, 1993, Sunday,

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 1649 words

**Byline:** DIANA NELSON JONES, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

In the old dirty cities league, Baltimore was a member in good standing.

When it wasn't home looking dumpy and gray, it hit the comedy circuit with Pittsburgh, putting punch in the punchlines.

It's bad image was sending the city ''to hell in a basket,'' says Walter Sondheim Jr., 85, a long-time leader behind Baltimore's rebirth who already has had a monument built to him by the city on the World Trade Center Plaza in the Inner Harbor.

''The queen city of the Patapsco River drainage basin,'' is what Evening Sun columnist John Goodspeed dubbed Baltimore in the '50s. It had such a long way to go and has come so far that each time a Baltimorean tells of how the inner-city warehouses slumped beside railroad tracks littered with glass shards and trash -- where Oriole Park at Camden Yards is now -- the weeds get thicker in the telling, and the rats get larger -- people hold their hands as though holding an invisible football end to end.

''Baltimoreans were accustomed to the fact that whenever there was a ranking of the top 20 cities, it never made the list, even though it was the seventh or eighth largest,'' Sondheim said.

Now the 13th largest, Baltimore is this year's ''All-Star'' city -- the baseball game at Camden Yards is Tuesday -- and as desirable as any of its larger neighbors. Though major problems still threaten to distance it from its success, they are the problems of all cities -- disparities between haves and have-nots, weak public school system, crime and unemployment.

But Baltimore has high expectations now, Sondheim said. It's a city that still makes eye contact. The locals love to give directions. Cab drivers joke with you, talk baseball, ask your name. In touch with its humbler days, Baltimore has an us-guys camaraderie, a lack of pretense and, if the vision of its leaders continues, a chance to reverse more of its problems.

''It takes eternal vigilance,'' said Sondheim. ''You can't rest on your laurels.

''The last couple years have been tougher with the general recession, but we still maintain a huge tourist base. Before, we had none at all.''

''Before'' was pre-1957, when Baltimore was close to too far gone. Sondheim says he was ''one of the youngish Baltimoreans who decided city government ought to be paying more attention to problems in the city.''

Pittsburgh's 1950s renaissance was showing Baltimore the way, he said. ''One thing that influenced us was that you changed from being 'the Smoky City.' '' Baltimore copied the renaissance efforts of the Allegheny Conference, he said, and decided to ''go activist.''

''Pittsburgh got started quicker and it was driven by a wealth of business interests Baltimore didn't have.

''The mayor was Thomas d'Alesandro Jr., who was famous for saying, 'Pittsburgh has Mellons and all Baltimore has is watermelons,' '' which boats unloaded at the harbor.

Forming the Greater Baltimore Committee, the activists first proposed to revamp 33 acres along Charles Street, a mid-town corridor that had slumped into lifeless limbo. Tree-lined and hopping with retail business and cuisines from Greek to Caribbean now, Charles cuts a heavy path north from the Inner Harbor.

The proposal required the use of eminent domain, changes in the street patterns and so much faith that some first reactions Sondheim remembers were, '''My grandchildren won't live to see it.'

But it had accumulated so much civic support and private and public money, the mayor embraced it, Sondheim said.

Plus, Baltimore had an aggressive new Urban Renewal and Housing Commission (whose homesteading plans would later be voted the best example of urban renewal in America by the International Association of Planners).

The Charles Center success led to other inner-city developments:

-- Market Center, a rejuvenation around Lexington Market, the oldest continuously operating market in the nation.

-- The Inner Harbor project, which comprises the National Aquarium, the Maryland Science Center and Harborplace, a pair of retail and food pavilions.

-- Oriole Park at Camden Yards, home of the Baltimore Orioles.

The city awaits Columbus Center, a $ 160-million complex dedicated to marine science and Inner Harbor East, a $ 350-million living and shopping place, both due within three years.

When Oriole Park at Camden Yards opened last year, the enthusiasm of baseball fans all over hit the town during a recessionary lull; better timing couldn't be hoped for on a change-up pitch, and Baltimore once again had a winner.

At any given game, the people in your section of the ball park include many out-of-towners. Camden Yards continues to sell out most games, says Orioles spokeswoman Julie Wagner, even the 275-plus standing-room-only tickets. Though she said scalping is ''a problem,'' scalpers give stray fans a chance to see a game, and some don't charge more than the ticket price.

Pratt Street leads toward Camden Yards from Harborplace; in the other direction it leads to Little Italy. In between, tourists wear Baltimore T- shirts and go from one attraction to the next.

Most popular seems to be the National Aquarium, which bubbles daily with parents towed by shrieking children. They make the Great White sharks that swim in see-through tanks along the walking ramp seem peaceful.

The aquarium is a wonder of marine life. Pools of kite-shaped eels shimmy below the entrance walkway and, farther along, the rain forest mists down from the top of an escalator like an incongruous transition in a dream; at the top, the slide-whistle of tropical birds accompanies you through hanging vines and rolling mists.

The sparkle of tourism rides above the regular Baltimore, whose dowdier streets look all the more genuine because of it: at the corner of Lombard and Broadway, a thrift-store door hangs open and furniture litters the sidewalk. A woman sits in an avocado-colored easy chair and smokes a cigarette; a man pedals an exercise bike. Children play in the street along a corridor of public housing units, half of which are boarded up.

Many office workers still walk into the old-days eateries for mashed potatoes and overcooked vegetables. In that way Baltimoreans, like Pittsburghers, still seem amazed when a tourist raves about the great things to do.

Patsy Williams, a tourism sales manager with the Baltimore Area Convention and Visitors Association, said the 13-year-old Harborplace has counted as many as 18 million visitors in one year, more than Disney World, and regularly draws 16 million people a year.

In Fell's Point, a 270-year-old cobbled maritime village on the bay east of the Inner Harbor, people stroll from antique stores to boutiques and cute food shops, licking ice cream cones and carrying shopping bags.

Fell's Point is home to the Thames Tavern, the Daily Grind -- a gourmet coffee place -- and the Orpheum Theater, a revival house that shows first-run movies. It also has the Cat's Eye.

Inside at midday, several local drinkers sat silently along the bar, and Howard Schweitzer stood behind the bar in a T-shirt that defies another washing.

A narrow tavern of brick and wood, it dates to the early 1800s and reeks of busy nights, those recent and long ago; Schweitzer said it was once a house of ill repute and now live bands play nightly.

''We got discovered about 10 years ago and it's been downhill ever since,'' he said, threatening to crack a smile but never doing so. ''I live right around the corner. Used to be I could sit on the stoop with a beer. There's more police now.

''But I guess it's better nowadays,'' he said reluctantly.

Fell's Point visitors can return to the Inner Harbor by paddle boat or water taxi as well as drive to other attractions, including:

-- Little Italy, between Fell's Point and the Inner Harbor, a haven of trattorias and old row houses.

-- Fort McHenry, where America defeated the British navy in 1814 and inspired Francis Scott Key to write ''The Star Spangled Banner.''

-- The Great Blacks in Wax Museum, which features life-sized figures of Harriet Tubman, Martin Luther King Jr. and other wax representations of notable African Americans.

-- Pimlico Race Course, home of the Preakness, the second race in the Triple Crown.

-- The Baltimore Museum of Art, home of the Impressionist Cone collection and the Walters Art Gallery, known for its Egyptian artifacts and a collection of Faberge eggs.

-- The Babe Ruth birthplace on Emory Street and the Babe Ruth Museum at Camden Yards.

-- Mount Vernon, a treat for architecture buffs and where Charles Street parts for the Washington Monument.

Baltimore also holds 20 ethnic festivals and a flower festival on the first Wednesday in May. Visitors can buy ''lemon sticks,'' peppermint candy straws stuck in lemons.

This week, vertical banners hang along light poles proclaiming Baltimore an ''All-Star City,'' with baseball and star motifs.

Sondheim said Baltimore's reversal was inevitable; its conversion to permanent all-star city is more tenuous.

At a certain point, development will likely hit saturation, he said: ''There is a limit to the amount of retail you can have.''

There's little chance Baltimore will gentrify the stuffing out of its basic character and charm, he said. The wharfy smell, the cobbles that don't look trendy, the Bawlmer-ese that rivals Pittsburgh's ***working-class*** diction,the boarded-up block buildings ringed by cyclone fencing and the parking lots sprouting weeds … these, Sondheim predicts, will keep Baltimore from pinching itself too often.

But the city pride is evident. When people started seeing articles ''in Time magazine and the New York Times, they began to swell with pride,'' Sondheim said. ''I think it has changed their attitudes about themselves.''

In the early days of what he calls '' 'the Work,' if you said you were going to do something people looked at you with a questioning eye. Now they wonder why something isn't finished in three weeks,'' he said, laughing.

''It was easier when people didn't expect too much.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Baltimore Area Convention & Visitors Association: An aerial view of Baltimore's Inner Harbor, home of the National Aquarium, the Maryland Science Center and Harborplace.

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1995

**End of Document**



[***GENIUS IN A SECOND LANGUAGE IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO WIN THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD. XUEFEI JIN, AUTHOR OF THE ACCLAIMED "WAITING," HAD TO LEARN ENGLISH FIRST.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-VBN0-01K4-92P1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 9, 1999 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: LIFESTYLE; Pg. G01

**Length:** 1829 words

**Byline:** Jennifer Lin, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** ATLANTA

**Body**

Imagine you are a promising graduate student in literature. But one day, for reasons beyond your control, you realize that you will no longer be able to write in English. From now on, you will have to express yourself in Chinese.

You must not only master the vocabulary and syntax of Chinese, but its rhythms; not just be conversant, but poetic.

And that's not all: You must support your family by writing fiction in Chinese, and you must be so inspiring that China's most esteemed writers laud you as one of the best.

Impossible?

Meet Xuefei (Shway-fay) Jin. The 43-year-old Chinese immigrant made just such a linguistic about-face, only in his case, English became his adopted language - and the language of his acclaim.

In New York last month, the Emory University professor - who uses the pen name Ha Jin - won the National Book Award for his first novel, Waiting (Pantheon, 1999), about a Chinese military doctor who wants to end his arranged marriage to wed a nurse he loves. In accepting the award, Jin thanked his agent, his wife - and English.

"Above all, I thank the English language, which has embraced me as an author and provided me with a niche where I can do meaningful work," Jin told a constellation of publishing luminaries.

It was only the third time in the 50-year history of the award that the fiction prize went to a novelist who didn't speak English as his native language. (The other two winners were Polish novelists Isaac Bashevis Singer and Jerzy Kosinski.)

When Lynna Williams, Jin's colleague in the creative writing program at Emory, watched a videotape of his acceptance speech, she threw her 20-year-old cat off her lap and jumped up and down, clapping.

"On one level, it doesn't make sense," said Williams, the director of Emory's writing program who had recruited Jin six years ago. "When I try to contemplate what Xuefei has done, I kind of shut down. I can't even think about it. I can't think about a similarly reversed experience."

Jin describes his accomplishments in less heroic terms. "If you have to survive, you don't have a choice," he explained in his small, spare, book-padded office at Emory in Atlanta. Spoken English does not come easily to him. He speaks slowly and deliberately and wraps many of his words with the strong "r" sound of the Mandarin dialect. On mastering English, he said, "It was hard. It has been hard. It is still hard."

This isn't at all where Xuefei Jin expected to be. When he arrived in Boston in 1985 to study American and British poetry at Brandeis University, he had it all figured out. He would earn a doctorate, return to China and settle into a cushy job as a professor, translating American poetry and novels on the side.

But everything changed for him on the night of June 3, 1989. In his Boston apartment, Jin watched U.S. television news reports from Beijing's Tiananmen Square, showing Chinese soldiers quashing pro-democracy protests. Jin, who spent five years as a Chinese soldier, could not fathom that the People's Liberation Army was shooting at - killing - the people. He cried. "It was a very painful moment for him," said his wife, Lisha Bian.

Then and there, Jin decided not to return to China. "I was outraged - still am outraged," Jin said.

In the poem June 1989, spoken in the voice of a Chinese expatriate in the States, Jin wrote:

Here, our flags, our national flags,

Have dropped halfway on every pole.

Even schoolchildren stand silent before class.

The whole world knows, except

The Chinese who mourn and celebrate,

Mourning for the deaths of murderers,

Celebrating the murder of themselves.

Deciding to stay in America was one thing; he was quickly granted permission. Now came the hard part: finding work.

Jin failed at landing a college teaching job and just about everything else. He couldn't find work as a translator. He couldn't find work as a Chinese language tutor.

Just one step shy of a doctorate from Brandeis (all he had to do was defend his dissertation), he enrolled in the creative writing program at Boston University, partly because, as a graduate student, he could buy cheap health insurance for his wife and son.

Chinese friends scolded him as impractical. They urged him to switch to business school. Instead he told them he would write books of poetry and fiction.

In English.

Unlike other exiled writers, he had no following in China, no established audience. He was starting from scratch. "Most Chinese thought he was crazy and stopped communicating with us," said Lisha Bian, 44. "They think he was a loser."

In just nine years, the "loser" has published two books of poetry, two books of short fiction, a novella, and the novel Waiting. His collection of short stories, Ocean of Words (Zoland Books, 1996), won the Ernest Hemingway Foundation/Pen Award for First Fiction. The other collection, Under the Red Flag (University of Georgia Press, 1997), received the Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction.

"I had to start as a regular common person making my own living," Jin said. "With modern Chinese, especially educated Chinese, there is a kind of aristocratic mentality. Step by step, I squeezed that out of myself."

Leslie Epstein, director of the creative writing program at Boston University, said of his former student: "He's the only writer that I've had in my program - and we've had famous writers like Sue Miller and Arthur Golden - who may be a genius."

Nothing came easy for Xuefei Jin. The son of an Army official, he joined the People's Liberation Army at 14. It was the height of the Cultural Revolution, a decade of chaos when schools all over China were closed and young Red Guards terrorized the populace.

Jin was sent to a military outpost in Hunchun, a forsaken finger of northeastern China with North Korea on one side and the Soviet Union on the other. His job was hauling ammunition for antitank cannons, aimed at Soviet border troops. One day, shivering in the snow on duty, Jin started reading a translation of Leo Tolstoy's War and Peace, one of the few books on hand. He had a revelation: The Russians were the same as the Chinese. They have the same human yearnings and yet here we are guarding against them at the border.

He began to write poems and essays. "I was basically illiterate," he said. "I had to start my schooling by myself."

Five years of the army were enough. At 19, Jin was discharged and got a job with the railway as a telegraph operator in another frontier town, Jiamusi, even farther north and colder.

The best part of the job was the office Jin had all to himself. He stole time to read whatever he could get his hands on from the railway's small library: Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, translated Russian epics, Chinese propaganda. Determined to educate himself, he rose at dawn every morning for a half-hour lesson in English on the radio. His goal was to read Engels' The Condition of the ***Working Class*** in England in 1844 in its original English.

In 1977, when colleges in China reopened after the anarchic Cultural Revolution, Jin passed the entrance examination. The next year, he entered Heilongjiang University in the northeastern city of Harbin as an English major - his last choice.

Jin went on to earn a master's degree from Shandong University in eastern China. His specialty was American literature, a hot subject among Chinese intellectuals in the early 1980s. China had just opened its doors to trade and travel. After decades of politically correct Russian novels, it was now OK to read American writers.

"Everyone was talking about Hemingway's novellas at the time," Jin said. "I was just following the trend."

At Brandeis, he studied British and American poets by day - and did just about every menial job by night. He was a waiter until he was demoted to busboy because he couldn't remember the wine list. He was a hospital janitor and a night watchman at a chemical factory - his favorite job because he gave him a lot of time to read.

After he made his decision to stay in the United States, Jin warned his wife that it wouldn't be easy.

"I was very confused at that time," Jin said. "I was really lost for a year. I told her, 'If I continue to write, perhaps after eight years I could find a decent job teaching creative writing.' She said, 'OK, I could wait.' "

"I could write papers, but fiction and poetry are different," Jin added. "Basically, I had to relearn the language. It took quite a few years to go through that process. I'm still learning, but it's less frustrating."

Epstein, his first writing teacher at Boston University, remembers how hard it was to decipher what Jin was saying because of his thick accent. "He didn't have a grasp of English idioms at all, and he insisted on writing in English," Epstein said. "We just worked at it. At the end of one semester, he was correcting my English."

Of all the languages to slip into, moving from Chinese to English is one of the most daunting. Different words, different architecture. In Waiting, Jin starts the book with the powerful sentence, "Every summer Lin Kong returned to Goose Village to divorce his wife, Shuyu."

In Chinese, the structure would be, "Every year summer, Lin Kong to Goose Village go to get with his wife divorce."

"It doesn't sound as good as English," he said, laughing. "English is more eloquent."

Determined to compose in English, he found a voice. His writing style is sparse and calm, but his descriptions in Waiting of commonplace scenes in China - a dormitory cafeteria, a village house in northeastern China, a typical banquet - are layered with images.

His first book of poetry was published in 1990. He spent two years at Boston University - one just to audit the program and the second as an enrolled student. After he got his master's degree, Emory recruited him in 1993 as a poet for its writing program.

Now a tenured professor, he and his wife and their son, Wenjin, 16, have settled into a comfortable life in Atlanta. Lisha no longer has to clean houses or watch other people's children to make ends meet.

On the Emory campus, where the strapping oaks and pines seem to remind all who pass underneath of their smallness, Jin is a star.

Last week, on the first cold day of the fall, he read from his novel for the first time since winning the National Book Award. At the modern marble Robert W. Woodruff Library, more than 150 people crammed into a conference room. Students in the back stood on chairs to get a better look. His colleagues from the writing department, who filled the front rows, seemed genuinely thrilled by his success.

Xuefei Jin sat next to his wife in the front row, waiting for Emory president William Chace to make his introduction. Lisha pushed back a wisp of her husband's curly hair.

Chace, a former English professor and James Joyce scholar, hailed Jin as "a most extraordinary writer and most extraordinary man."

The applause were long and loud.

"I'm really dazed by this," Jin said into the microphone with quiet embarrassment. Without much ado, he opened his book and read his words.

The wait was over.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***From mean streets, a tough defense lawyer;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-90G0-009B-P37N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***From a motorcycle shop owner facing drug charges to a man accused of hiring a personal shoplifter, Earl Gray's clients are represented by a risk-taker with a winning record and a sometimes less-than-respectable reputation as a no-holds-barred scrapper.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-90G0-009B-P37N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 10, 1997, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1B

**Length:** 1686 words

**Byline:** Jim Adams; Staff Writer

**Body**

Earl Gray was in his element: 12 jurors in a federal courtroom riveted on him as he accused investigators of using lying informants to paint his client as a drug dealer.

"This is not a war on crime. This is a war on truth!" Gray thundered during closing arguments in the case involving a $ 6 million-a-year Twin Cities drug ring. "Don't let these lying criminals do the same job on you that they have done on the government!"

Gray's boisterous defense pried open the door of reasonable doubt wide enough for Robert Cory to slip out of U.S. District Court in Minneapolis and back to his motorcycle business near St. Paul. Cory was the only one of the mostly suburban defendants to be acquitted.

Earl Paul Gray, 53, has been a fighter in and out of court since his boyhood days growing up in St. Paul's West End and later, in brawls with his motorcycle buddies.

In court, Gray usually prevails. Since going into private practice in 1973, he has won more acquittals for alleged murderers, drug dealers, prostitutes, rapists and even police officers than most of his peers, say local attorneys and judges.

Currently, he represents James Dick, a son in the Roseville family charged with buying expensive goods from a professional shoplifter, and a Shakopee man accused of raping and killing his girlfriend's 3-year-old daughter.

"I'm the type that's for the underdog," Gray said. "I guess I was brought up that way."

Although Gray's critics say he relies more on ranting than reason to sway juries, even cops whom he has tried to intimidate on the witness stand have a grudging respect for his skills.

Lawyers and others have questioned his choice of clients and his decision to socialize with them, especially when authorities investigated Gray in 1980.

Gray acknowledges that his personal and professional lives have sometimes collided. He recalls one night in the 1970s, when he was a federal prosecutor and police broke up a bar fight in South St. Paul. An officer whom he knew from work picked him up off the street, looked at his blood-smeared face and told him to scram.

Gray first gained local, and national, attention in 1984 during the Scott County child sex ring scandal. He and another lawyer won acquittals for Robert and Lois Bentz, who were accused of holding parties where their own and other children were abused. Charges against 21 others were dismissed; only one man was sent to prison.

Gray, who represented Robert Bentz, said he first pushed to go to trial because he assumed the Bentzes would plea bargain and "get the best deal to snitch on the other ones."

But Gray got a surprise when he tried that idea on Bentz, a Ford employee who has since died.

"I said, 'Bob, if you go in and admit it and agree to these sex parties - nothing. Otherwise this judge is going to hammer you. You are going to have 30 years in jail.'

"He said, 'I didn't do it. I ain't going to do that.' And I got heavy on him. I said, 'What, are you . . . nuts? You didn't do this? Look at all this . . .! You had to do some of it!"

Bentz still denied it, and Gray realized he had to go to trial with lots of damning evidence against his client and no good explanation for what happened.

He opted for a high-risk strategy that he later would defend on ABC-TV's "Nightline": grilling six child witnesses in an attempt to show that the prosecutor and investigators had brainwashed them. One 11-year-old boy admitted on the stand that he had lied.

"Was that a big lie or a little lie?" Gray asked. "A big one," the boy said.

Standing 6 feet tall and weighing 205 pounds, Gray has played tough since he was a kid.

Lorrayne Gray, a retired waitress, remembers her son as "no sissy, but he was pretty ornery and not afraid of anything." His father, a chef and restaurant manager, taught him to defend himself with a punching bag in the basement. "You always stand sideways to people and watch them so nobody sucker punches you," Gray recalled his father's advice.

An All-City linebacker at the former Monroe High School in St. Paul, Gray won a football scholarship to Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minn.

"He was a little guy, but he played big," said Gary James, a teammate at Monroe High and later on West End touch football teams. "I was talking to him over some beers a few years ago. He said, 'I have to win. Losing is not an option.' He approaches his life like that."

Gray still lifts weights and indulges his passion for motorcycles, but he said his brawling days are over. He has six children ranging from twin 2-year-olds to a married 30-year-old daughter and is separated from his third wife. He became more cautious after his cycle hit a guardrail in 1983 "and I almost killed myself," he said.

Now he spends more time in his white Mercedes convertible than on his white Harley Classic.

Gray started his career in high gear as a state public defender in 1970. After a year, he became a federal prosecutor.

"He was a tiger," recalled then-U.S. Attorney Robert Renner, who hired Gray. "He was a vigorous young man who was ready to fight anyone for any cause."

Gray proved that by returning to the defense side after two years, making Renner an adversary.

"He is always dangerous if you are a prosecutor. He's capable of turning what appeared to be a tough case into a lollipop," said Renner, now a federal judge. He said Gray is "much better than most" defense lawyers and often wins in federal court, where acquittals are rare.

According to Gray's own tally of his major felony trials in state and federal courts since the Scott County sex ring case, he has a 38-14 record - a 73 percent acquittal rate.

But some prosecutors contend that Gray is shameless in playing upon jurors' sympathies, rather than sticking to facts of a case.

"He goes for the visceral," said Deputy U.S. Attorney Paul Murphy, who has lost a case to Gray. "He tries to talk common sense to juries or whatever will sell."

Even defense lawyer Joe Friedberg, who has jointly tried many cases with Gray, said Gray is so intent on winning that "he is unable to bridle his emotions."

Friedberg recalled one trial in which videotaped testimony was used. He had asked Gray to tone down his closing arguments to make sure that he wouldn't cast aspersions on Friedberg's client. Gray agreed, but it didn't last long.

"Within five minutes," Friedberg said, "he slammed his fist down so hard that he split a government VCR."

Gray said his empathy for his mostly blue-collar clients stems in part from his ***working-class*** roots. But he also knows what it feels like to be under government scrutiny.

In 1980, he laid low several months, including leaving town for a month, after an informant told federal agents that he was involved in drug trafficking. Federal officials only would confirm that Gray was investigated.

"I didn't do anything wrong," he said. "There was a grand jury investigation. I later read the police reports, and there was a guy named Earl the Pearl from Florida that an informant said was me."

Gray said he was scared but admitted he was partly to blame.

"The mistake I made was I ran around with my clients, which you can't do," he said. "I don't run with my clients anymore."

The incident raised some legal eyebrows. "Earl was deserted by some of his friends," Friedberg said, even though "we all have gone over that line sometimes."

Still, Gray makes no apologies for defending unsavory characters.

"You're not much of a lawyer if you just get innocent people off," he quipped. More seriously, Gray said, he couldn't recall a client ever admitting to any violent acts.

For Gray, the greatest sin is not doing his best.

"If you are going to trial and you are dealing with somebody's life and you don't do a job for them, that's the most immoral thing I can imagine."

Regardless of the outcome, Gray doesn't forget his clients, said Carol Rumple, his secretary for 13 years. He once gave money to an inmate so he could go home for a family funeral. He also exchanges Christmas cards with many former clients.

Cory is definitely one of Gray's satisfied customers.

"I owe him my life," he said last week in his Gem Lake shop, where he had been polishing Gray's motorcycle. He said he sold it to Gray in 1993 for about $ 14,000, but paid far more for Gray's services in the drug ring case.

After the verdict was read, Gray bearhugged Cory then took him back to his office, where Rumple also hugged their teary-eyed client.

"If he did it, I hope he learned a lesson," she said. "If he didn't do it, thank God he had Earl."

Grateful baby sitter

Earl Gray's victories sometimes live on outside the courtroom.

In 1995, baby sitter Susan Roers was acquitted of killing a 1-year-old Eagan boy. Gray was so persuasive that jurors publicly said afterward that Dakota County had indicted the wrong person. They even held a victory party for Roers, emceed by Gray at a South St. Paul bowling alley.

Roers and her husband were so grateful that they used Gray's name as a middle name for their two children born during and after the case.

Earth shoes

If there's one thing people agree on when it comes to Earl Gray, it's his rapport with jurors - most of the time.

Gray and co-counsel lost the highly publicized Midwest Federal Savings and Loan trial in 1991. Gray's client, executive Robert Mampel, was convicted of bank fraud along with Harold Greenwood and others.

It was the first and last time Gray used a jury selection expert. He said he knew he'd never win over the jury foreman: "I didn't like the guy because he wore Earth shoes. He won't find for a . . . banker."

He did it, but. . .

Gray is known for using the entrapment defense, which is considered risky if not impossible in many cases.

In a Minneapolis drug case about 15 years ago, an undercover officer made four or five drug buys from the suspect and police thought they had him cold. Gray argued that his client was gay and sold the drugs because he fell in love with the officer who, Gray noted, was the most handsome cop on the case.

Gray's zinger in his closing arguments: "They knew my client was gay. So who do they send to [buy the] dope? Pretty boy!" The jury acquitted.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** March 12, 1997

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[***A temporary job turned into spot on Piper board***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8YR0-002B-H0SN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

May 17, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Marketplace; Monday profile; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1723 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

In August 1976, Karen Bohn applied for a secretarial job in downtown Minneapolis after she realized that her accountant-spouse's entry-level pay wouldn't cover living expenses - and her doctoral degree aspirations.

"I needed to work a few months to build up a kitty before I could go back to school," recalled Bohn, who got a job offer after her first interview.

Still, she had the willies about going to work in big, bad business.

What could Bohn, then 22 and a holder of a master's degree in child and family psychology, tell her down-on-business college classmates? There was that anti-establishment hangover from the 1960s.

"A securities firm?!" Bohn thought incredulously when she took the job at Piper Jaffray Inc. "Oh, well, it will only be a few months."

Surprise, surprise.

Seventeen years later, Bohn is knocking out a six-figure salary and running the joint. Well, at least a big chunk of it.

Moreover, Bohn, the only female director on Piper's board and one of its nine managing directors, is among only 3 percent of U.S. women who have risen to senior management posts in corporate America, according to Business Week magazine.

Named chief administrative officer in 1988, she rose through Piper's corporate finance department, headed a special projects group, spearheaded a planning process that has helped Piper become one of the most successful regional brokerages in the country and expanded its vanguard role as a company that addresses societal ills through employment, philanthropic and volunteer initiatives.

Bohn discusses her odds-defying rise in a male-dominated industry with an economy of words that underscores her operating style.

"I'm proud of being a woman, and I advocate for women," said Bohn. "It's a matter of choice and hard work. But I don't wear it on my sleeve.

"I think they recognize [at Piper] that a woman can do it. I hope as a society we can respect the differences and build trust. Men and women have a lot in common, too."

Bohn, the product of a ***working-class*** family in Grand Forks, N.D., who also studied music and mathematics at the University of North Dakota, doesn't make much ado about much. Associates say her performance speaks for itself.

"She's unassuming, but never one to be underestimated," said Chief Executive Tad Piper. "Very determined, very goal-oriented. She doesn't talk a lot, a thoughtful listener type. But she knows what she's doing."

The late Bobby Piper, Tad Piper's father and predecessor at Piper Jaffray, discovered something he liked in Bohn from the get-go. In those days, the senior Piper tried to meet every new employee and to impress upon them Piper's mission of commitment to customer and community.

Piper, noting her background, suggested that she might enjoy volunteering at the Washburn Child Guidance Center, an inner-city nonprofit agency that counsels distressed kids and families. Bohn thought it interesting that a powerful businessman sought her out to explain Piper's mission beyond making a buck. She took him up on it.

"I took the bus to Washburn and worked with the bed-wetters," recalled Bohn, who says she's learned more from her hands-on volunteer experiences than from the nonprofit board work that more commonly fills the resumes of corporate executives. "I try to make the theoretical real."

It was Bohn's quantitative and problem-solving abilities that similarly intrigued Bobby Piper and others.

Within a few weeks, she wasn't doing much typing and filing in corporate finance, the department that underwrites stocks and bonds. Instead, she was analyzing prospective deals.

"She was an excellent secretary," mused David Crosby, Piper's longtime head of corporate finance. "That didn't last long.

"She was just a quick study. And good with people."

A couple of years later, Bobby Piper recruited Bohn to assist him in defense of a shareholder lawsuit over the price at which Piper was buying back its own stock to increase its employee-ownership base. The case - which involved complex and disputed probes into the underlying value of Piper's equity - was a quantitative gymnastics match. It eventually was settled after several years of litigation.

She now chairs the Piper Jaffray Employee Stock Ownership Plan, which owns a whopping 41.6 percent of the company's shares. Piper contributes 30 percent of pre-tax profits to the plan, which has contributed, in some cases, to six-figure retirement payouts to support staff, as well as executive retirees. The plan builds a tremendous employee interest in the success of the firm, she said.

By the early 1980s, Bohn was an investment banking veteran. It's often considered the sexiest and most lucrative end of the business. It also can be a grueling marathon - days of analysis, interviews, writing, legal hurdles, investor schmoozing and travel.

Bohn was good at it, Crosby said.

But serious eye surgery in 1981 and the birth of Bohn's first child in March 1983 led her to realize that there was more to life than work.

"After a period of time, I lost the fire in my belly to 'do the deal,' " Bohn said. "It was important that Piper Jaffray do the deal. But I don't need to be doing them. My scene wasn't being queen of investment banking. It's also a little difficult to plan your days."

On maternity leave and mulling her professional future in 1983, Bohn conceded that she wanted a change more than an early out.

Tad Piper, long impressed with Bohn's analytical and go-get-'em skills, tapped her to head a new special projects and long-term planning effort. The tasks ranged from grass roots to corporate blue skies.

She coordinated Piper's move from several downtown locations to its new namesake skyscraper on 9th St. in Minneapolis. And she headed a planning committee focused on better integrating and expanding Piper's business to mitigate the vicious market cycles that historically resulted in erratic earnings performance for securities firms.

Senior management of the firm, many of whom had worked their way up from entry-level posts, were recognizing that the winners in the consolidating financial services industry needed to be better planners.

Bohn, who juggled three majors in college en route to academic honors and who is known for her street savvy, grooved on the job.

"A lot of people told me that you can't plan in this industry," Bohn said. "Some of them aren't here anymore. We were able to overcome the initial resistance of some of our managers.

"Because of our process we came through the [market crash] of 1987 profitable. We knew what our fixed costs were. We had a good plan in place."

Piper has systematically built a retail network of 68 offices in 17 states, developed its capital markets business, estate planning, institutional sales and a mutual fund business that is the largest among regional brokers. Thus, it has diversified away from an unduly heavy reliance on individual investors.

Bottom line: The company's net income has increased tenfold to $ 37.5 million over the past decade on revenues that have increased six times to $ 360 million.

In early 1988, Bohn succeeded the retiring Stanley Cowle as a managing director and chief administrative officer.

Bohn, 39, is responsible for the employee-stock plan, human resources, planning, community affairs and more at the 2,500-employee company.

Her pet project is community affairs. She spearheads the efforts of Piper, which donates 5 percent of pre-tax profits to nonprofit causes, to connect every employee with a volunteer mission from environmental causes to youth mentoring.

"Her concerns for children and the betterment of the community as a whole have always impressed the staff of the Children's Defense Fund of Minnesota," fund Director Luanne Nyberg wrote in support of Bohn, who received a special commendation for her longtime service to the Girl Scouts in 1990.

In 1992, Bohn was the first woman to chair the Greater Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce.

In recent years, the Chamber of Commerce has evolved from a traditional business boys' club to more of a sometimes critical collaborator of government that deploys corporate resources to tackle problems of unemployment, transportation and public service delivery.

The new chamber is more an economic developer, said Connie Levy, its president for the past five years.

"The past cheerleading was a lot of effort and, frankly, it didn't matter," said Jim Howard, chief executive of Northern States Power Co., and Bohn's predecessor as chair. "Karen's got a deep sense of this community, of everybody doing well. She's worked hard at it - the broad-based level and the nitty-gritty, volunteer end of it. She and Connie are the new model."

Levy credits Bohn with moving the chamber further along the community-collaboration model.

"She's a graduate of our 'Leadership Minneapolis' program," Levy said. "It challenges a lot of young executives to hit the trenches [of community service]. Lord knows we'll need all we can get."

Bohn also tries to make sure that her kids - through volunteering with low-income families and other experiences - know that most kids don't grow up affluent in Edina, their home.

She and her husband have had the same woman tend to their boys for nine years. That's another blessing, said Bohn, which made career decisions easier.

"But he's an equal partner in child rearing and the home stuff," she said of her husband, Gary Surdel.

Would the late Bobby Piper be pleased with how things turned out for the North Dakota kid who planned to stay only for a short stint?

"I think Bobby would say he's proud of me," Bohn said.

But Piper may not have her forever. There's still that doctorate to get.

"I tell my kids it's not going to be hard for them to go to college, because I'm going with them," she said.

Karen M. Bohn

Born/ Aug. 27, 1953, Grand Forks, N.D.

Family/ husband, Gary Surdel; sons Peter, 10, Matthew, 5

Home/ Edina

Education/ B.A., psychology and music, 1975; M.A., family and child psychology, 1976, University of North Dakota

Career/ 1976-81, secretary, research assistant and investment banker, corporate finance department, Piper Jaffray Cos.; 1981-83, vice president of corporate finance; 1983-87, special assistant to management committee; 1988-present, managing director and chief administrative officer; 1992, elected to the board of directors

Hobbies/ piano, reading, outdoor exercise, video games

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** May 18, 1993

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[***A CLASH OF INTERESTS OVER DAM PROJECT WEALTHY COMMUNITIES UPSTREAM SAY THERE'S NO NEED FOR IT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CJF0-01K4-937X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

NOVEMBER 24, 1996 Sunday CNORTH EDITION

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**Section:** NEIGHBORS BUCKS; Pg. BC01

**Length:** 1708 words

**Byline:** Rena Singer, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Noah could only dream of such powers.

The Bucks County Commissioners will decide next month which parts of the county will flood.

That will be the impact of their impending vote on the Dark Hollow dam, a long-dormant flood-control project for the Neshaminy Creek that has been revived after a series of ruinous floods this year.

The Dark Hollow dam was designed to save the houses of ***working-class*** residents in Lower Bucks County - Middletown Township, Bensalem and Bristol - by instead flooding about 600 acres of woodlands in Central Bucks - tony Warwick and Doylestown Townships.

It was one of nine dams that federal and state agencies proposed for flood control in Bucks County during the 1960s.

It was the only one never built.

Dark Hollow was to be the largest of all the dams, providing almost as much flood protection as all the others combined. Fifty-five feet high and 1,000 feet long, it was to be a dry dam - a dam with a hole in it. The hole would allow the normal flow of the Neshaminy every day.

But during heavy rains, it would hold back floodwaters like a bottleneck, creating a temporary lake stretching from near Route 611 in Doylestown Township through Buckingham and Warwick Townships to just upstream from Dark Hollow Road, where the dam would be built.

Thirty years ago, the cost of construction was put at about $9 million, but there are no official figures for what it would cost today.

In the 1960s and '70s, Dark Hollow was fiercely criticized by Central Bucks residents as an overzealous manipulation of nature, and county commissioners repeatedly voted against it. During the 1980s and early '90s, dry conditions kept the Neshaminy - and interest in the plan - low.

After flooding led to three federal disaster declarations this year, Lower Bucks residents resurrected the proposal just as the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which would pay for building the dam, was about to use the millions set aside for it for another project. If the county commissioners do not vote to proceed with the dam project by Dec. 31, they will lose that federal funding for good.

\* Opponents of the dam, past and present, live mostly in Warwick, Buckingham and Doylestown. They are generally wealthier, better-educated and more Republican than are the dam supporters downriver.

These Central Bucks residents have run an aggressive anti-dam campaign, defining their opposition in environmental terms.

Flooding is good, they say. It is natural. It is nature's way of cleaning debris from streams.

Dam opponents say that the people who own houses - many of which are converted summer cabins - along the lower Neshaminy in Middletown should have known better than to settle in a flood plain.

Besides, they say, shouldn't the commissioners try to preserve the beautiful woodlands surrounded by estates, horse farms and artists' cottages?

They have pressured the commissioners to delay, pushing for cost-benefit analyses, environmental-impact assessments and other studies.

In 1986, the Department of Agriculture Soil Conservation Service in a three-page letter criticized what it called stalling tactics and the commissioners' lack of will.

"Over the past 10 years, since 1975, there have been three reevaluations, and many seemingly contradictory statements, but one thing remained unchanged throughout - that is . . . it has always been feasible to complete this project," the letter said.

Bucks County Planning Director Robert E. Moore said that in his 25 years in the department he has yet to see an objective study of the dam.

"It's all emotions," Moore said. "Ignorance, naivete or paranoia have driven this debate on both sides. I guess we've done a bad job communicating the facts, probably because half the time we can't agree on the facts."

In 1990, the commissioners bowed to pressure from Central Bucks environmental groups and proclaimed the 614-acre dam site a county park.

"This is the first major victory for environmentalists in my memory," said Wrightstown resident Rich Myers, who was chairman of Del-AWARE and head of the Bucks County Conservation Alliance, as well as the founder of the Neshaminy Watershed Association, and who led the fight against the dam.

Since then the commissioners have returned some of the land condemned for the dam to its original owner and other parcels have been quietly sold off. The core 614 acres remain undisturbed parkland.

\* Downriver, 40 percent of the nearly 200 residents affected by this year's floods in Lower Bucks County live on fixed or low incomes. Fewer than 8 percent were covered by flood insurance. Most are Democrats.

Many are trying to resuscitate the dam project.

"We know the dam isn't a cureall," Lower Bucks resident Kathy George said. "But we need something. We aren't going away and neither are the floods."

John D. Dougherty Jr., the Emergency Management Agency coordinator for Bucks County, said that the dam would not stop all the flooding along the lower Neshaminy, but that it would have prevented the latest flood.

On October 1996, the Neshaminy poured over its banks in Middletown six hours after rain had stopped falling in the area. Dougherty said that indicates that the floodwaters came from Upper and Central Bucks, and that the dam would have held them back.

Edward J. Brzostek, a conservationist with the U.S. Department of Agriculture, said that the dam would have prevented about $1 million in damages in the June 12 flooding.

"It is the key to flood protection for the whole lower end," Brzostek said.

The dam would reduce floods a maximum of 2.8 feet, not eliminate them, he said. That would be enough for Sam Smith, who lives in one of 200 flood-prone houses in Lower Bucks.

"Five inches will make a lot of difference to a lot of people," Smith said. "Five inches is a mile if it's the difference between basement and first-floor flooding."

"We can't sleep at night because we're afraid our children will be swept away," said Bristol Township resident and flood victim Don Mobley. "Why is the park more important than our homes?"

Smith, Mobley and their neighbors have won few converts.

Some county officials contend that the exasperated residents along the lower Neshaminy have, in their frustration, become their own worst enemies.

On Nov. 6, Mobley and another dam proponent angrily refused to let commissioners continue their meeting until they discussed the dam. The two were supported by about 80 flood victims, some of whom held pro-dam signs rife with misspellings.

County Commissioner Michael Fitzpatrick called Mobley "a demagogue.

"He is telling people that we don't care about their homes and that if we built this dam they wouldn't have any more flooding," Fitzpatrick said. "He knows that a lot of people in the lower end of the county are flooded by Mill Creek and Queen Anne Creek. They won't be helped by this dam. But he is whipping them into a frenzy about it."

Angry flood victims have threatened to deliver patches of moldy carpet and other flood-ruined items to the homes of Fitzpatrick and County Commissioner Charles Martin. Both are Republicans and both have said that they are not sure whether the dam should be built. Both said they have received dozens of faxes from Central Bucks residents opposed to the dam, and angry phone calls from Lower Bucks residents in favor of it.

Democratic Commissioner Sandra Miller is the only county commissioner who has made public her support. On a tour of the Middletown flood site last month, Miller called for immediate approval of the dam.

That request was met with resounding silence.

\* John Carson, former director of the county division of natural resources, which oversaw construction of the eight other dams in the county, and the former executive director of the Neshaminy Water Resource Authority, said the commissioners have a simple decision to make:

"Where do they want it to flood?

"Flood control by dams is simply a matter of moving floods," said Carson, who lives in Doylestown Township. "Do the commissioners want to move it from a place where it damages people's property to where it doesn't damage property? The county already owns the land in Warwick. They already paid people for the rights to flood that area."

However, the plans for the dam are so old that even some who are sympathetic to Lower Bucks residents say there is a need for new studies.

Residents of the Greens, a new Doylestown Township townhouse development that borders the dam site, worry that the dam would flood their homes. Their development didn't exist when the potential effects of the dam were last studied.

"These surveys were done a long time ago," said Virginia Kenyon, a Greens resident. "We're so close to that flood plain. This dam might destroy 122 new homes up here."

Opponents say that technology and engineering innovations as well as new thinking in environmental science have provided other options that the commissioners would be remiss not to investigate.

Rich Myers of Del-AWARE recommended that the commissioners buy up the tiny flood-prone houses along the lower Neshaminy - an idea rejected by Lower Bucks residents, some of whom have said they would refuse to move. The federal government will not pay to move Lower Bucks flood victims.

Myers also warned the commissioners that if they chose to build the dam and it collapsed, "there will be 14 to 15 homes in catastrophic danger," including his.

Meanwhile, the floods have had little financial impact on the county. Except for overtime for Bucks emergency-management coordinators, the federal government has picked up the tab.

Since 1992, FEMA has paid $3.5 million for flood damage to houses or businesses in the county.

During the same period, FEMA sent $3.8 million to Bucks for damages to public property.

If the dam is built, the county's economic responsibilities will be limited. The feds would pay for the dam.

The county would have to move roads and power lines in Dark Hollow's flood path.

That the debate has degenerated into a fight over what is good for individual homeowners and that it is devoid of references to what benefits the county as a whole saddens County Planning Director Moore.

IF YOU GO Bucks County Commissioners are expected to vote on the Dark Hollow dam at a meeting at 7:30 p.m. Dec. 4 at Bristol Borough High School, Garfield and Wilson Avenues.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, CHART AND MAP;

PHOTO

Floodwaters surged through parts of Bristol along Route 13 in June. The latest floods damaged about $1 million worth of property. Dam proponents say the disaster could have been prevented. (For The Inquirer, BARRY GUTIERREZ)

CHART

MAP

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Breaking down barriers;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XFV-V5G0-00J2-33X9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Female and black and a naive college student, Peggie Samples Carlson found a whole new world when she worked for Minnegasco in the 1970s. She learned more than pipefitting, her new memoir reveals.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XFV-V5G0-00J2-33X9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 20, 1999, Monday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1855 words

**Byline:** Peg Meier; Staff Writer

**Body**

As soon as she started as a blue-collar worker for Minnegasco in 1974, Peggie Carlson knew she would someday write a book about her experiences \_ "because it was all so bizarre."

     She expected the book to be an angry, feminist novel. But as she began writing, she realized it couldn't be that.

     She was laughing too hard.

     On almost every day of her training as a pipefitter, she telephoned her mom and said, "You'll never guess what happened today!" The stories of how she was treated as a black woman in a white man's world struck the two as so ridiculous that they laughed until they hooted.

   The book that she started writing in her head 25 years ago will be published this month. "The Girls Are Coming" (Minnesota Historical Society Press, $15.95 paperback, $24.95 hardcover) is a memoir, rather than the novel she once had envisioned.

     The story is funny, but it also shows the frustration, and some of the anger, of the first woman in Minnesota to get a pipefitter's license.

     Carlson describes herself and other women in nonsecretarial jobs being subjected to cruelty after cruelty from some of their male co-workers and supervisors. Those men used abusive language, vicious pranks and rotten job assignments to make their point that a woman shouldn't have a pipewrench in hand.

     That kind of blatant sexism and racism, of course, is not permitted now at Minnegasco, or in most other work environments. The company, now called Reliant Energy Minnegasco, had this to say about "The Girls Are Coming":

     "When we read about Peggie's early days at the company, she describes situations and events that we hope would not exist anywhere in today's society. We admire Peggie for having the spirit and ability to become one of the first women . . . to work in a non-traditional role. . . . We hope the strong and lasting friendships that Peggie made with employees at the company contributed to some of the fond memories mentioned in the book. We congratulate Peggie for pursuing her dream to become a writer and realizing the success of having her books published."

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The good and the bad

     Strong and lasting friendships, that's true. Carlson still keeps in touch with some of the people she met at Minnegasco. The book tells of a wide spectrum of employees she met on the job, most of whom she gave fictitious names:

     - There was "Elmo," a sweetie with a heavy Scandinavian accent who told her sincerely, "S'long as a guy does his job, it don't matter to me if he's a gal."

     - There was "Rockhead," a dense character who she said burned more calories hitching up his tool belt than he did working. In a rare act of civility toward Carlson, he once offered cream for her coffee. When she declined, he muttered, "Can't even treat some guys white. Oh, 'scuse me. I meant some ladies."

     - There was "Box," the foreman whom Carlson describes as having more hair sticking out of his ears than on his head. He made a sign for Carlson reading "Girl at work." Fortunately, he turned out to be a good, patient teacher of pipefitting.

     Lured by good wages, Carlson started with the Minneapolis gas utility when she was a 22-year-old University of Minnesota student named Peggie Samples. She was one of the first three women hired by the company into nonsecretarial jobs after the passage of the Equal Opportunity Act of 1972.

     Carlson had expected her race to be a problem on the job. She was flabbergasted to realize that her colleagues were much more offended that she was a woman than that she was black. That turned out to be a bit of a relief. The racism was vicious, she said; the sexism was "mostly awkward."

     Early clues made her realize there was an unofficial effort to make her life at the gas company difficult. She was hired as a meter reader and told by a personnel man that she was special, being both female and black. He told her, "You will help Minnegasco look good in two different categories." She wrote:

     "Minnegasco proved to be serious about hiring women into Meter Reading. Eventually, there were enough women meter readers to form a softball team. The men's team was called the Minnegasco Flames. The women's team, I'm sorry to say, was called the Flamettes."

     Among the scarier incidents that Carlson recalls was the encounter with an elderly woman in a Richfield double bungalow. She peered at Carlson with steel-gray eyes and snapped, "You're a nigger." She permitted Carlson to go down to the basement meter but then yelled, "I got a knife. I'm gonna use it! You better get outta here, nigger!" She swung a meat cleaver. Carlson, some 50 years younger, forced the woman to drop the knife and was able to escape.

     Her supervisor, a man named "Mason," had been spying on her, knowing that the customer hated black people and was as mean as they come. Openly grinning, Mason reported that the old woman accused Carlson of hitting her. It was clear that he was trying to frame her.

     Carlson's conclusion: "I'm done with Meter Reading forever!"

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Sheltered childhood

     So after just a few months in that department, Carlson went on to pipefitting. Thanks partly to her good nature, things worked out. She became skilled at her job and came to respect some of her co-workers; over the years, the bad apples quit or retired. She even married a Minnegasco man. When they met, Richard Carlson, who's white, was a night janitor and a graduate of the University of Minnesota in history. He later became a lawyer.

     Peggie Carlson stayed with Minnegasco until 1985. Then she taught at Ascension Catholic School in north Minneapolis for five years and became a freelance writer in 1991.

     Working for Minnegasco back then was like being in a foreign country, Carlson said in an interview. For the first three years, every single day presented experiences she'd never had before.

     She'd grown up in a middle-class Richfield home. Her mother was Mary Jane Samples, who wrote for the St. Paul Pioneer Press under her maiden name, Mary Jane Saunders. Peggie spent high school at an expensive Catholic boarding school for girls in Mankato, Minn., the only black girl in the place. What she knew of ***working-class*** life came from TV's Archie Bunker. She separated people into white, black and Indian; until she worked in northeast Minneapolis, she didn't know there were strong communities of white people such as Italians, Lebanese and Ukrainians.

     Reality on the job was so astounding that she took notes. For years, she documented in her journal the stories that are the backbone of her memoir. Unfortunately, the journals got tossed just when she needed them. After her mother died in 1995, Carlson's brother said he was about to throw out some papers. She didn't realize he meant her stuff as well as their mother's. But some memories are indelible, she said.

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Co-workers' memories

     Her friends from those years helped her with details. She tried to check facts such as dates and work stations with Minnegasco, but she said the company provided only limited help.

     Jolene Kohn of Inver Grove Heights, another female pipefitter trainee of the time who is called "Sonny" in the book, said recently, "Peggie got more hurt [at Minnegasco] than me. I got mad."

     Kohn remembers being severely stressed out on the job, mostly because the older men had no idea how to get along with women at work, she said: Women's work was sabotaged. Sexual innuendoes flew. The guys would sit around and watch women work, waiting for them to make a mistake. One to one, some men were fine, Kohn said. They'd talk about their lives and their families, but in a group, she said, they were nasty to the max or didn't acknowledge they'd ever met the women.

     Urbin Mayer, Carlson's co-worker who became a mentor and friend, said Carlson was "pretty naive, not at all street-wise" when she started. He was only a few years older than she, and he sometimes told older men to stop being crude in front of her and the other women. "I don't go for that kind of thing" or "You shouldn't be saying that; she could be your wife or daughter," he remembers saying. But change came slowly.

     After her editor suggested a memoir approach, Carlson never considered not naming Minnegasco. The truth will out, she believes.

     She said that she's figured out why some men in the old days didn't want women as co-workers: "They'd be afraid we'd tell their wives how little work they really did."

     Many, many a day, she said, some of the guys did hardly a lick of labor. They'd check on their rental properties, play cards and stop at the liquor store to lay in a supply of beer for the evening, Carlson said. Some of the best thinking of the work day went into cribbage hands.

     One aftermath of her Minnegasco years is that she learned a lot about how mechanical things work. She still gets calls from friends saying, "My sink is dripping" or "My dryer isn't working." She's fixed a few things for really close friends. Usually, though, she responds, "So is mine. I've learned to ignore it." That's something she said that she learned at Minnegasco \_ ignoring unpleasantries and using humor to get through the day.

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     - What: Reception for Peggie Carlson, author of "The Girls Are Coming"

     - When: 5 to 7 p.m. Tuesday. She'll read from the book at about 6 p.m.

     - Where: Minnesota History Center, 345 Kellogg Blvd., St. Paul

     - Admission: Free

     - Call: 651-296-6126

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Peggie Samples Carlson

     - Age: 48.

     - Family: Husband, Richard; daughter, Jenna, 20, and son, Frankie, 13.

     - Home: South Minneapolis.

     - Education: The Academy of Our Lady of Good Counsel in Mankato for high school and the University of Minnesota, majoring in communications and history.

     - Books: "Canning Season," a fictionalized memoir for girls, and "The Girls Are Coming," a memoir about her 11 years as a blue-collar worker for Minnegasco. Finishing writing two mysteries, each with a black girl protagonist.

     - Hobbies: Reading, walking, tennis.

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An excerpt:

     "Go get me dat t'ing."

     "Excuse me?"

     "Dat t'ing. Dat t'ing dat goes like dis."

     I stared at Elmo. He waved five greasy fingers in the air. They looked like tree roots. I had no idea what he wanted.

     We were bent over a maze of pipes in the boiler room of the Linden Building, a mile west of downtown Minneapolis. Elmo was the foreman, and I was his gofer. He was the pipefitter, I the apprentice. I had been an apprentice for 15 minutes and was already doubting that I would ever be a pipefitter.

     "Could you give me a clue?" I asked, wondering how he expected me to know what a t'ing was. I was female, black and unfamiliar with the intricacies of the Scandinavian workingman's dialect.

     Elmo straightened up as if he had been bent over for several days. He moved unevenly, swaying from side to side. I braced myself for a barrage of insults attacking my femaleness. He said nothing. Instead, he adjusted his sagging dungarees, scratched his privates and belched. I watched without reacting. I had spent the entire previous evening practicing apathy.

     \_ "The Girls Are Coming," by Peggie Carlson

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** September 21, 1999

**End of Document**



[***PEREGRINE FALCONS OFF ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X8D-17D0-0094-5012-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE RAPTOR HAS SOARED FROM 39 U.S. BREEDING PAIRS IN 1970 TO MORE THAN 1,650;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X8D-17D0-0094-5012-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TODAY.;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X8D-17D0-0094-5012-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***REBELS PUSHING ' POW' SWAP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X8D-17D0-0094-5012-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 20, 1999, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

Copyright 1999 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** WORLD,

**Length:** 1916 words

**Byline:** MATT KELLEY, THE ASSOCIATED PRESS; CESAR GARCIA, THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Dateline:** SAN VICENTE DEL CAGUAN, Colombia

**Body**

Summoned by the leftist rebels who hold their sons, husbands and brothers, relatives of 382 Colombian police and soldiers captured over the past two years converged on this southern guerrilla stronghold.

Most got small parcels of hope: letters and pictures attesting to the mens' health and well-being. Some got nothing but frustration.

But everyone got the same message, pronounced Wednesday from a flatbed truck by a green-fatigued rebel political officer: They won't see their loved ones until the government agrees to free some 450 jailed guerrillas.

"It's very clear that the state and the military high command are radically opposed to exchanging prisoners of war," Comandante Ivan Rios told the 600-odd relatives the rebels had trucked to a pasture just outside this steamy ranching town.

President Andres Pastrana's government has refused a prisoner exchange, saying there must first be substantial progress in negotiations to end nearly 40 years of armed conflict. The government also insists the rebels must free dozens of civilians kidnapped for ransom as part of any swap.

"The topic, I must repeat again, is not on the agenda," Interior Minister Nestor Humberto Martinez told reporters Wednesday in Bogota, the capital.

When guerrilla leaders told the crowd that Pastrana's government wasn't concerned about winning the release of their loved ones because most were from the lower class, many relatives applauded.

And when they received letters and photos of their boys - most of the captives are under 25 - some mothers dropped to their knees and thanked the Lord.

"We demand that President Pastrana accept the prisoner exchange," said Fanny Giraldo, whose son Alex Arroyabe was captured Dec. 21, 1997, in an attack on a radar station in Patascoy.

Colombians like these, many of whom feel abandoned by the government, have been key propaganda targets for the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia, or FARC, the country's oldest and largest rebel band.

The guerrillas helped pay for their bus journeys from all corners of Colombia. Each family received $ 53 for travel expenses, in addition to food and basic lodging during their stay from Tuesday through yesterday.

"The rebels received us and listened to us and were the first to open the doors to us while the government has so far done nothing," complained Olga Ruiz, 29.

Ruiz got a letter from her brother Luis Eduardo, a soldier who surrendered to the FARC a year ago when it overran an anti-narcotics base in the town of Miraflores.

"I don't feel humiliated being with the rebels," she said. "They also have their goals and we're going to support them because they, too, belong to the people."

Others who left empty-handed said they felt manipulated.

"It's really painful to come and be humiliated in this way," said Magdalena Rivas, who received nothing to show that her son, a police officer captured six months ago, was still alive.

San Vicente is the main town in a sparsely populated Switzerland-size region that Pastrana cleared of government forces in November as a condition for launching peace negotiations. The talks have yet to begin in any formal sense.

The 15,000-member FARC has refused to let an international verification commission attend the talks as an arbitrator and monitor potential abuses by both sides. Meanwhile, the FARC has grown more powerful since Pastrana launched his peace initiative a year ago.

pg99 0078 990820 N S 9908200180 00004150 IT N

Habla espanol?

If so, you might walk into an El Cenizo city meeting and wonder what side of the Rio Grande you're on.

Two weeks ago, commissioners in this small ***working-class*** community along the Mexican border passed an ordinance declaring that all city meetings and functions would be held in Spanish. They also passed a measure forbidding city employees to turn in illegal immigrants.

El Cenizo is believed to be the only U.S. city with an all-Spanish policy. English translations of meetings are available but must be requested 48 hours in advance.

"It's not because we don't speak English," said city Commissioner Flora Barton. "It's because we're doing it for those that speak only Spanish, and we want everybody to be comfortable and to understand and to be aware of what's going on here in El Cenizo."

El Cenizo is a largely blue-collar town of 7,800 about 10 miles outside Laredo. Its main streets are paved, but dirt roads also run through the city. Well-kept, modest houses exist side by side with ramshackle homes and buildings. For years, the city had no garbage or ambulance service.

Barton estimates that more than 90 percent of El Cenizo's residents speak Spanish, though many also speak English. A few people, particularly younger ones, speak only English.

For several years, meetings have been bilingual, since residents routinely asked commissioners to explain things in Spanish, she said. But some Spanish-speakers wouldn't attend city meetings because of the language barrier and were surprised by commissioners' decisions.

The most recent city council meeting, on Aug. 12, was conducted in Spanish after passage of the measure. Ordinances and resolutions will still be written in English, but the city will translate them upon request.

English First, a Virginia-based organization working to make English the official language of the country and to undo bilingual education, was troubled by the city's actions.

"El Cenizo is the canary in the mine," executive director Jim Boulet Jr. said yesterday. "I think this is a wake-up call to this country, where in a land where 328 different languages are spoken, that we either are going to speak in one language in this nation of immigrants or we are going to be speaking in many."

In addition to the language measure, El Cenizo passed a Safe Haven Ordinance, forbidding city employees and officials to ask residents whether they are legal immigrants or citizens or to help an agency like the Border Patrol and the Immigration and Naturalization Service find illegals. City employees who violate the ordinance can be fired.

Barton said the city would still cooperate with the Border Patrol on other matters, such as stopping drug smuggling.

She said the ordinance was not aimed at making El Cenizo a haven for illegal immigrants. She said residents simply resented constantly having to prove their status to the Border Patrol.

INS spokesman Tomas Zuniga warned: "If there comes a time when we come into conflict with the city ordinances, we would pursue the matter at that time. I don't foresee it going that far, but the extreme level would be where we take action through legal means."

Jessika Silva, director of the El Cenizo Community Center, which offers a basic English class taught by a volunteer, said the Spanish-language ordinance reflected a harsh reality for many people in El Cenizo: "They have to work hard all day, so they don't have time to learn English."

But Virginia Salazar, an El Cenizo resident who teaches nutrition at a community clinic, believes the ordinance is wrongheaded.

"We want our children to get educated," she said. "We want them to have better jobs, to progress. It looks like we're going backward instead of progressing."

pg99 0079 990820 N S 9908200186 00002551 IT N

The commander of U.S. forces in Europe jumped into the controversy over the Navy's use of a Puerto Rican island for target practice, saying the moratorium on live-fire training there will undermine combat readiness of naval forces such as those used in the Kosovo war.

Army Gen. Wesley Clark, commander of U.S. European Command as well as the top NATO commander, wrote Monday to Army Gen. Henry H. Shelton, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, that Navy and Marine Corps forces "may not be fully combat ready" for missions if they are not allowed to resume realistic bombing practice on Vieques, an outlying island of Puerto Rico.

Practice bombing of Vieques - a 22-mile-long island with 9,300 residents was halted indefinitely after a Puerto Rican security guard for the Navy, David Sanes Rodriguez, was killed April 19 when two bombs dropped by a Marine Corps F-18 fighter missed their target within the Navy range.

Puerto Rico wants a permanent end to live-fire exercises on Vieques, claiming that frequent bombing runs have hobbled eco nomic development, scared away tourists and contributed to Vieques' high cancer rate.

A Pentagon panel studying the Navy's requirements and possible alternatives to the use of Vieques is to report its findings by the end of this month. Top Navy officials have said there are no viable alternatives.

In San Juan yesterday, Puerto Rican Gov. Pedro Rossello said Vice President Al Gore told him in a telephone call Wednesday that he wants the Navy to find an alternative to Vieques as a bombing range. Gore's support would be the highest-level Clinton administration en dorsement yet for Puerto Rico's struggle with the Navy.

In his letter to Shelton, Clark said the naval aircraft that flew missions against Yugoslavia from aboard the USS Theodore Roosevelt in the Adriatic were accurate in their bomb drops mainly because of the "realistic live-fire strike warfare training" they had received at Vieques. Likewise, training at Vieques was instrumental to the success of the Marines of the 26th Marine Expeditionary Unit who also participated in the Kosovo war and were the first American troops to enter Kosovo after peace was achieved, Clark wrote.

pg99 0080 990820 N S 9908200192 00002458 IT N

The very name - shelter - promises safety.

When hurricane winds have buckled banana trees, the lights have begun to flicker and the weather forecaster's voice has vanished into static, countless Floridians have, over decades, abandoned their coastal homes for the safety of schools and other sturdy buildings farther inland.

But now a draft report on the ability of those shelters to withstand a strong hurricane, like the infamous Andrew in 1992, has called into question just how safe the state's safe havens would be if struck by winds of 155 miles an hour or more from a Category 3 or higher hurricane.

The report, conducted by the state and a private engineering firm in Maryland, found that 95 percent of some 800 shelters tested in coastal Florida failed to meet at least one standard on a 15-point safety check list.

That does not mean, state officials said, that those structures would buckle under a hurricane's wind. While some of the buildings did fail inspection because their walls were not made of concrete reinforced with steel, others failed because they had no storm doors or were in areas that flood, according to the report.

The study, which is in its beginning stages, is intended "to identify opportunities for improving buildings," said Craig Fugate, bureau chief for preparedness and response for the Florida Division of Emergency Management.

Inspectors failed some shelters because of poor roof drainage - which can cause a roof to cave in - and others for problems like being near nuclear power plants, proximity to trees and the absence of an electric generator.

The initial draft of the report, which was made public in Wednesday's issue of The Fort Lauderdale Sun-Sentinel, has drawn a heated response from some emergency management officials in Florida's coastal counties, some of whom have said the study picks nits and may cause undue alarm, perhaps even scaring people away from shelters.

Emergency management officials said they did not want people to be in their cars along highways when a storm strikes because they did not want to go to shelters closer to home.

**Load-Date:** August 27, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Ventura mangles syntax, but he makes his point;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XC3-3KS0-00J2-31PK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The governor's speech probably is part of the reason he's so popular. Voters know he's not from society's upper echelon.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XC3-3KS0-00J2-31PK-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 6, 1999, Monday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1895 words

**Byline:** Dane Smith; Staff Writer

**Body**

"You got the charisma, you got the panache,

You turn the language into hash. (Don't be rash)"

        \_ From a poem by Minnesota Public Radio's Dale Connelly, written in honor of Gov. Jesse Ventura.

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      On the David Letterman show in January, Gov. Jesse Ventura mischievously let it slip that he had thought of cutting in on President Clinton as he was dancing with the First Lady, and he prefaced it by saying: "What I shoulda did was . . ."

     A few months later, revealing that he would like to be a vice presidential running mate to retired Gen. Colin Powell, Ventura noted that until then, "I never said nothin' about the VP."

     It's not just what Ventura says that makes people cringe or laugh, it's often how he says it. And the great paradox, friend and foe seem to agree, is that this grossly incorrect talker may be one of the most effective communicators on the national political scene.

   His offenses against proper English are endless: Double negatives. Tortured syntax. Improper pronouns, possessives and verb tenses. Not to mention the dropped G's and frequent mispronunciations, including the very word pronunciation, which he pronounced "pro-NOWN-ci-a-tion" on the radio this summer.

     It's HIGH-poc-risy instead of hyp-OC-risy, bi-ANN-ual instead of bi-EN-nial, and he often fractures common adages and catch phrases. Take the slogan "Keep It Simple, Stupid." In Jesse-speak it's "Keep It Simple and Stupid," a very different meaning indeed.

     The subject has become a talking point for Lt. Gov. Mae Schunk, a career schoolteacher. At a St. Paul School District rally last week, she joked that people always are asking her: "Can't you teach Jesse to use better grammar? Can't you teach Jesse to use better vocabulary?" She assured them that while he may not say things properly, people know where he stands.

     Others aren't quite as charitable about Ventura's rampant rule-breaking.

     "It's driven me mad for at least seven years," said Barbara Carlson, a former talk-show colleague of Ventura's at KSTP-AM Radio. "It can be somewhat endearing, but I truly don't know anybody who speaks as poorly. Normally people who don't speak well don't get this far."

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Liability to asset

     By now, almost every Minnesotan, and many people outside the state, know that the governor abuses the language in grand style. His detractors say his speech confirms that he's an oaf and a bad example for children. But ask any Ventura fan about the governor, and the inevitable first response is that he speaks "the truth," "tells it like it is" or "lets you know where he stands."

      The consensus is that his speech ain't pretty, but that it's authentic and it works for him. In fact, Ventura sounds a lot like the farmers and mechanics and other working people who get bossed around all their lives by folks with fancy degrees.

      During a recent Ventura appearance at the State Fair, a man stepped forward to praise him as a symbol of all underlings. "I'm tired of all these upper-echelon types," the man said. "We don't need that no more."

     Ventura's speech is part and parcel of his populist appeal. It's a boldly class-conscious signal that he comes from the ranks of those with dirt under their fingernails \_ an enlisted man and definitely not an officer and a gentleman.

     Perhaps the basic premise of Ventura's candidacy and governorship is that every citizen, regardless of background, should have a shot not only at participating in politics but also at holding its highest jobs.

     "Aren't we all qualified to serve?" he asked after his election. "I believe that's what our forefathers had in mind, that all butchers, bakers, candlestickmakers and former pro wrestlers can all serve."

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No apologies

     "He has no sense of inferiority, no sense of shame, and that's actually quite healthy," says Joel Weinsheimer, director of writing in the English Department at the University of Minnesota and a man who has "spent half my life trying to teach proper English."

     Weinsheimer, who figures he's one of the few university professors who voted for Ventura, speculates that the governor's speech might be part genuine, part shtick. "If you want to be a grass-roots man of the people, you might want to affect an ungrammatical style," Weinsheimer said.

     Speech patterns increasingly define class differences in the United States, Weinsheimer argues, and Ventura taps into a "contempt for eggheads and pointy heads," especially among the "pragmatic occupations."

     Ventura declined to be interviewed on the subject, but he often has suggested that he's both sensitive to his relative lack of higher education \_ one semester at North Hennepin Community College \_ and proud of making it with few academic credentials.

     Two weeks ago, during a break in his radio show, he chuckled about a counterattack he unleashed on his media critics, opining that he was doing pretty well for "an old Slovak knucklehead."

     Ventura's childhood in a blue-collar neighborhood in south Minneapolis obviously influenced his patois. It might be dubbed northern hard hat, with touches of Archie Bunker, the Iron Range and unique Minnesotaisms such as "go with," characteristically uttered without an object for the preposition.

    Then there's also the remnants of his sailor days \_ his occasional use of barnyard epithets and obscenities, most recently highlighted during his guest refereeing appearance at a wrestling event.

     Throw in the professional wrestling career, where he learned to communicate in the most primitive ways, and Ventura has cover enjoyed by few other politicians.

      For instance, former Vice President Dan Quayle's misadventures with the language were much more damaging. After all, he was the son of a newspaper publisher, a lawyer and a member in good standing of the upper classes. He had no excuse.

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***Working-class*** roots

     Ventura's paternal ancestors were Slovakian immigrants who didn't speak English. His grandfather was a Pennsylvania coal miner, his father, George Janos, a laborer for the city of Minneapolis. His mother was a well-educated farm girl from Iowa who got a nursing degree and rose to be the chief nurse anesthetist at North Memorial Medical Center in Robbinsdale.

     Biographer Jake Tapper writes in "Body Slam: The Jesse Ventura Story," that the Janos boys were "supposed to go to college." Brother Jan did so, but James, the impetuous one, was bored by college and struck out on his own, succeeded in pro wrestling and show business and never went back.

     Ventura, however, is hardly antieducation. He often extols the value of higher learning, at least for others, and pushed for increased spending for state colleges in his first legislative session. He also expresses wonder at how much he's learning as governor.

     He told CNN journalist Wolf Blitzer, in a classic run-on sentence, that he essentially was getting a college education on the job: "I can tell you unequivocally right now that the knowledge you gain with this on-the-job training that I've had in just the last six weeks, eight weeks, whatever it's been, when this four years is over, there isn't an institution of higher learning in this country that could teach you what I'm going to learn in the next four years."

   In fact, in recent months, a few fancy phrases have sneaked into Ventura's vocabulary. He recently used the Latin term "per se," meaning intrinsically or by itself.

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Plain speaking

     Despite praise for Ventura's plain speaking, he hasn't been compared to truly eloquent characters who have used common language to express perceptive truths about politics and government. Ventura is outrageous, quotable and sometimes funny, but nobody yet suggests that he's a budding Will Rogers, much less a Harry S. Truman.

     The man who taught English to the future governor in community college, Tom Bloom, also subscribes to the theory that at least part of the time Ventura's bad grammar is a pose.

     As a 22-year-old Navy veteran in 1973, he had the highest scores in Bloom's freshman English class, was particularly astute in literature and short fiction and, Bloom said, "he couldn't have written [the way he speaks] and gotten away with it."

     "As someone who cares very much about the language, I get uncomfortable with his butchering, yet he's almost teaching us a lesson about righteousness and smugness," he said. "He breaks the rules, but manages despite it . . . a peculiarly American phenomenon."

     When Bloom and Ventura met after the election at an event promoting higher education, Bloom recalls, Ventura greeted him warmly and said: "I'm gonna do a big brag on you."

     "And this was to his English teacher," Bloom said. "I thought, 'Is there a statute of limitations on grades?' I wanted to say: 'I'm gonna do a big grade change on you.' "

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A tale of two languages

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Governor of Minnesota Jesse Ventura

His Majesty King James the VI of Scotland and I of England

JESSE'S ENGLISH: "I Ain't Got Time to Bleed" (Title of autobiography)

THE KING'S ENGLISH: "I Have No Time To Bleed."

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JESSE'S ENGLISH: "What I shoulda did was..." David Letterman show, January 1999.

THE KING'S ENGLISH: "I should have..."

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JESSE'S ENGLISH: "Steve (Sviggum, Republican House Speaker), don't sweat it. You and I's relationship is going to be just fine." (Weekly radio show, June.)

THE KING'S ENGLISH: "Steve, do not concern yourself. Our relationship will remain cordial."

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JESSE'S ENGLISH: "I got the winning ticket, that could win it right now...I promised I wouldn't' run for president, I never said nothin' about the VP."(Star Tribune interview, May.)

THE KING'S ENGLISH: "I have in mind a presidential ticket that could prevail...I promised I would not run for president. I did not say anything about the office of vice-president."

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JESSE'S ENGLISH: "My fiscal and Norm Coleman's fiscal are about the same." (Frequent campaign statement.)

THE KING'S ENGLISH: "My positions on fiscal issues are similar to Mayor Coleman's positions."

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JESSE'S ENGLISH: "I've always been one when you open good bottle of Dom (Perignon champagne) you ain't pouring it down the sink. Hey, ya finish that baby." (Commenting on hangover after Election night.)

THE KING'S ENGLISH: "Good champagne, once opened, cannot be saved for consumption later. It has been my practice to finish the bottle."

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JESSE'S ENGLISH: "And it's a duty that many men, like you see throughout the crowd here, our military have spilled their blood and given their lives to protect the simple right, the right to vote." (Inaugural address, January.)

THE KING'S ENGLISH: "Voting is a duty and a right, for which many men in this crowd have risked their lives."

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JESSE'S ENGLISH: "If the Minnesota economy stays as blusterous as it is right now...) (Weekly radio show, July 23, 1999.)

THE KING'S ENGLISH: "If the Minnesota economy stays as (prosperous, bullish, strong) as it is right now..."

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JESSE'S ENGLISH: "Haven't read none of the top 10 (on the list of the best 100 novels of the 20th Century). The ones I read were because I had to. Where's Thunderball by Ian Fleming? Goldfinger? We're just not that well-read, shall we say?" (Radio show, July 1998.)

THE KING'S ENGLISH: "I have not read any of the novels on the list. I have not read much of anything beyond required texts in public school. How could the list-makers exclude "Thunderball" and "Goldfinger," by Ian Fleming?

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** September 8, 1999

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[***Green's past says much about his present***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-9C50-002B-H2N0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

January 2, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Sports; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1593 words

**Byline:** Jay Weiner; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Harrisburg, Pa.

**Body**

He was 15 in 1964. He was lanky and smart. His parents had died. He was a sophomore running back at John Harris High School, a dynasty in football-rich central Pennsylvania.

Dennis Green understood that the time was ripe, that there was no sense in waiting, that nothing would be handed to him.

"Some kids like Dennis are more mature than others," Bob Green said Tuesday, remembering his youngest brother. "Maybe that's because they had to grow up fast."

Dennis Earl Green, the first-year Vikings coach, grew up rapidly and rationally in Harrisburg, Pa., wanting to wear the crimson and silver of the John Harris Pioneers, wanting to fulfill his late parents' wish that he graduate from college.

Still not old enough to drive a car, wearing a white shirt and a tie to school, earning A's and B's in class, he seized his first major football opportunity characteristically: with hard work, and sooner than expected.

In the Harrisburg of the '60s, the glory days for Pennsylvania's capital city, Green laid the earliest groundwork for the personal path that has led to the Metrodome today and his first NFL playoff game as a head coach.

A star at Edison Junior High for two years, Green faced the prospect of playing on the junior varsity in the fall of '64.

The varsity Pioneers had been champions of the Central Penn League for three straight seasons. Making it to the big team was no easy task under coach George Chaump.

Denny Green wondered out loud to Bob, his brother and father-figure, about the potential trauma of being second-fiddle, of playing with the JVs, away from the stage that attracted up to 5,000 people to Severance Field for intrasquad scrimmages, away from the spotlight in which John Harris was producing carloads of college-bound players.

"He said to me, 'I'm not used to playing on the JVs,' " Bob, now 52, recalled. "I said, 'They don't give you anything at John Harris. . . . You'll just have to work hard.' "

He did. Green, quick and tough, became the Pioneers' starting tailback that fall and for two more seasons. John Harris posted a record of 32-1, captured three more Central Penn titles and was ranked No. 1 in statewide polls in his junior and senior years.

"We preached performance and not potential," said Mickey Minnich, Green's eighth-grade science teacher and the Pioneers' running backs coach then. "Dennis believed us."

John Harris had an off-season weight program at the Harrisburg Boys' Club. Denny Green, with troublesome ankles, was there all the time, bulking up his 6-foot body to 185 pounds by his senior year.

When John Harris' offensive linemen boasted that they were the key to the Pioneers' explosive I-formation offense, Green led the other players in testing his teammates' mettle. "You're so tough, run over me," Green told his bigger teammates.

In practice, he would stand on the goal line and challenge the linemen to score past him. "Denny would not give an inch," Minnich said.

On the dusty playgrounds, behind his drums on the top floor of his house, at the corner store operated by an Italian family, Denny Green was formed in Harrisburg, a pleasant city of 53,000 filled with beige state office buildings, shadowed by the Three Mile Island nuclear plant.

At home, the youngest of five sons, Denny Green learned to live with hurt and love. By the time he was 13, his father, a postal worker, and his mother, an award-winning beautician, had died, and brother Bob, then 22, had become a stand-in single dad.

On Walnut St., in the neat, red-brick, 12-foot-wide rowhouse, Green was an example to others, even if he was only in his teens. He would talk to younger kids about doing well in school. He was a positive force, even if inside he buried some pain.

"I remember going through the feelings with him and seeing his sad face," neighbor and teammate James (Jimmy) Jones said of the days after Green's mother died of breast cancer in 1962. "I remember seeing him stand alone sometimes."

On the Hill, where ***working-class*** black and immigrant white families mixed, life was safe, rules were obeyed, discipline was communal.

"You couldn't stand on a corner cursing without someone yelling from a window to stop," said Jones, who lived two doors down from Green, who was a grade behind him and who went on to become Southern Cal's first black quarterback in 1969. "Then they'd tell your parents. And your parents would thank them for telling them."

At John Harris, Green found himself in an integrated environment that was intellectually, morally and athletically stimulating. He would become a member of the track and basketball teams, the junior and senior class president and the vice president of the student council.

To hear other players, coaches and teachers talk about John Harris nearly 30 years later is to be told of "a miracle time," as Jones put it, of a slice of Harrisburg - perhaps American - history when opportunity's door was swung wide open. The young men of John Harris - especially the black young men - were practically ordered to walk through those doors of plenty.

"The doors had been closed before," said Jones, now a minister and the director of a program to develop small businesses in Harrisburg. "We knew that there were struggles that had gone on before. But we were told, 'If you do this, you can achieve.' It wasn't said in that many words. It was told almost by spirit. Not just coaches, but parents, the community. People locked into a vibration."

Being exceptional was the norm and football was the vehicle. The coaches weren't much older than the players and just as eager. Chaump, now the head coach at Navy, was John Harris' head coach and only 28 years old. He tracked athletes' academic performance. He bused the team to pregame lectures - offered by local priests, ministers and rabbis. He organized pregame steak and potatoes meals funded by an active booster group.

Chaump and his assistants attended clinics, introduced pro sets into their high school playbook and distributed clean shoestrings for every game. Helmets were polished.

"You had to follow the map," Jones said. "The map wasn't just football. You have to grow up to be a good human being. You have to be on time. You have to be the first at practice and the last to leave. All the cliches you've ever heard, you had to believe they would work for you."

They worked. Jones went on to set 13 records at USC and played professionally in Canada. At least 10 other Pioneers during Green's three years moved on to Division I college football. Green went to Iowa, his football persona firmly established. For when Jones sees Denny Green on TV now, standing intently on the Vikings sideline, it is very familiar. "I see Dennis Green as a 16-, 17-, 18-year-old guy who is now, what, 44," Jones said. "The same character, the same aura, the same drive, the same will to win."

Brother Bob said: "When I see him on the sideline, I say, 'That's my hero.' I don't believe much in heroes. But that dude's my hero. He stands for the Greens."

The Greens were Penrose and Anna Green, father and mother to: Bill, 54, a systems manager at the U.S. Department of the Interior in Washington, D.C.; Bob, a veteran postal clerk; Stan, 51, who refinishes autos in Pittsburgh; Greg, 45, director of personnel for the Pennsylvania Department of General Services, which has 1,300 employees, and Dennis.

Penrose Green, once a semipro football player, was 39 when he died in 1960, his appendix ruptured while working in the Harrisburg post office. It was sudden, shocking.

His wife, Anna Ledbetter Green, who operated her own beauty shop in the basement of their Walnut St. house, kept the family together. Bill, Bob and Stan were in the military, married or about to be. Only Greg, 13, and Dennis, 11, were still in school.

Twice named Pennsylvania's Black Beautician of the Year, Anna Green attended classes at a Penn State branch campus after her husband's death. She hoped to become a state inspector of beauty shops.

But in the summer of 1962, at the age of 41, Anna Green died. Bob Green, stationed in Rome, N.Y., left the U.S. Air Force to become Greg and Denny's dad-figure.

Greg Green, 18 months older than Dennis and a John Harris running back himself, said his parents' deaths gave him - and perhaps Dennis - a heightened sense of urgency. "It affected me in understanding how short life really is," Greg Green said. "If you want to get things done, you better do it now. Tomorrows aren't promised to any of us. I think Dennis has this same desire to get things done, to not put them off."

From fishing intently to easily mastering chess, from teaching drums to neighborhood friends to running track on a moment's notice, Dennis Green's desire was born and nurtured in Harrisburg.

"Penn Relays in Philadelphia, his senior year," said Minnich, "Dennis was the alternate on our mile relay team. Well, our leadoff guy got hurt. It was a Friday night. I think Denny was at the prom. I got to him about midnight. 'Denny, you got to get down here. You're the leadoff leg in the Penn Relays tomorrow.' "

Green responded: "I can't get there until 3 or 4."

That's 3 or 4 in the morning, what with Harrisburg 120 miles from Franklin Field, site of the Penn Relays. Minich said: "Good enough."

Green got there, ran the opening leg in 53 seconds that afternoon and John Harris High, of course, won the mile relay of one of the nation's most prestigious track meets.

"That's the Denny we know," Minnich said. "He's always asking, 'What can I do? How can I do it? When can I do it?' "

The answer has always been now: right now.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** January 4, 1993

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[***Courtroom master faces biggest jury***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CYN-W9F0-010F-K4DV-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

July 28, 2004, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 2309 words

**Byline:** Joan Biskupic

**Body**

Lawyers used to crowd North Carolina courtrooms to watch John Edwards work his magic with juries.

Many would study his stance -- arms open and palms up, as if he were gently inviting jurors to walk with him along trails of evidence. Others marveled at how Edwards -- whose work for patients in medical-malpractice cases made him one of the state's wealthiest lawyers -- could present a dizzying array of technical information in a folksy, conversational way.

His legal operation was sophisticated. In choosing cases, Edwards used teams of medical and legal experts to identify those that were particularly winnable and lucrative. But in court, he focused on not coming off as a pushy know-it-all who might offend ***working-class*** jurors. "You never win points by being a bully," he wrote in *Four Trials*, a recent book about his work.

Edwards' tactics were admired both by the patients' advocates who saw him as standing up for the little guy, and by those on the other side, the defense lawyers and critics who said that the type of multimillion-dollar lawsuits he promoted has driven up medical costs.

Tonight in Boston, as he accepts the Democratic nomination for vice president in a nationally televised speech, Edwards and his velvet hammer will embark on what will amount to a 14-week closing argument for a different type of client: Democratic presidential candidate John Kerry.

With America as his jury, Edwards tonight will cast Kerry as a commander in chief who would lead the world, "not bully" it. The argument, which Edwards already is making on the stump, is classic Edwards: a not-quite-confrontational dart to the opposition -- in this case, President Bush and Vice President Cheney. Edwards says their policies have isolated the USA from other nations.

For Edwards, 51, still a relative novice to politics nearly six years after he was elected to the U.S. Senate, it's unclear whether the tactics that served him so well in relatively intimate North Carolina courtrooms will work in a national campaign in which audiences will be large and the issues wide-ranging.

It's also not clear whether his upbeat, avoid-the-negative approach will hold up as the fall contest inevitably becomes nasty.

Republicans already are trying to link Edwards' record in the courtroom with spiraling medical costs, and they are suggesting that he would be beholden to trial lawyers. Since his successful run for the U.S. Senate in 1998, Edwards has raised $46 million in campaign funds; about 45% has come from lawyers.

So far, rather than bluntly say what he thinks Bush or Cheney have done wrong, Edwards typically has listed issues and essentially invited his audiences to look at the evidence.

As he did in court, he emphasizes his points by nudging his listeners toward his point of view. His speeches often are peppered with phrases such as, "I think it makes sense . . . " and "don't you think . . . ?"

"There is no question that he can charm the birds out the trees," says Scott Reed, who was campaign manager for Republican presidential candidate Bob Dole in 1996. "Now, he has to sell Kerry, which is a different kind of sell." Reed adds that the traditional role of vice presidential candidate is to talk tough, take the hits and protect the top candidate.

"I think John Edwards can articulate the case for John Kerry better than anyone else in the country," says David Kirby, Edwards' former law partner.

Kirby notes that when Edwards ran against Kerry during the Democratic primaries, Edwards researched the Massachusetts senator's record just as he would a courtroom foe's.

"John is able to look at John Kerry's career, what he stands for, and cut through all the smoke and mirrors," Kirby says. "This is a continuation of what he was in the courtroom."

In court, a savvy advocate

In court, Edwards was a star.

"When he took a case, you knew it was going to be prepared better than you'd ever seen," says Bob Wicker, a defense lawyer and former president of the North Carolina State Bar who opposed Edwards in a case that was settled out of court. "And there was a very high probability that he was going to prove to a jury just what he wanted to prove."

During the 1980s and '90s, he won 54 verdicts and settlements that totaled more than $1 million each, according to *Lawyers Weekly,* which publishes legal newspapers. When he entered politics, Edwards had won more than $200 million for his clients.

Precisely how much went to Edwards is not clear. Mike Dayton, editor of the *North Carolina Lawyers Weekly*, says that trial lawyers in the state typically take 33% to 40% of judgments as their fees. On his 2003 campaign financial disclosure form, Edwards estimated his fortune at $12 million to $34 million.

The University of North Carolina law school graduate got his first big personal-injury case in 1984, when he was with a Raleigh law firm. Before long, his savvy in the courtroom became apparent.

Howard E.G. Sawyer, a once able-bodied salesman, had suffered permanent brain damage after he was prescribed an overdose of the drug Antabuse. In moderate doses, the drug is supposed to help alcoholics kick their habit by making them nauseated if they drink.

"My challenge would be to shatter the jurors' prejudice in favor of a good but mistaken doctor, and against an alcoholic E.G.," Edwards recalled in *Four Trials*.

Andy Penry, a lawyer who worked with Edwards on the case, recalls the day they visited Sawyer's apartment and saw him for the first time, hunched and unshaven, in his wheelchair. Sawyer communicated through a plastic spelling board.

"He lived in a squalid apartment," Penry says. "John said, 'This is a terrible thing that has happened to this guy.' He was very motivated to win this case."

When Edwards told a judge at a preliminary hearing that he was seeking $1.5 million in compensation for Sawyer, who no longer could work or care for himself, the judge said, according to Edwards' account, "That's ridiculous. Why, you're just trying to get a notch in your belt, aren't you?"

Edwards countered that the case was "about fairness and justice."

In the Sawyer case, Edwards showed what would become a familiar pattern in his legal work: an obsession for detailed research. He learned the language of the medical profession, and sought out creative visual aids to help present his case in court.

Recalling how jarring his first impression of Sawyer had been, Edwards also avoided bringing his client into court until it was time for him to testify. If Sawyer had been in court throughout the trial, Edwards thought, the jurors would have become accustomed to his condition and his appearance as the case went on.

Edwards' strategy worked: The jury awarded Sawyer $3.7 million.

In 1993, Edwards started his own firm in Raleigh with Kirby, a law school classmate and longtime friend. Edwards focused on medical-malpractice, particularly cases that involved deliveries that had caused severe injuries to babies; Kirby's specialty was product-liability cases.

By then, each had a reputation for winning big awards. Their office had the pick of cases, many of them from lawyers who lacked the resources to adequately research complex lawsuits.

Edwards and Kirby used an elaborate process aimed at selecting cases that seemed to be sure winners. Edwards developed an expertise in cases that involved deliveries that had caused severe injuries to babies.

Kirby says they vetted cases with a team of four nurses who specialized in different areas of medicine, such as obstetrics and cardiac care. Edwards and Kirby also got help from experts at Harvard, Duke University and elsewhere.

"When we had a medical appliance case," Kirby says, "we would find out who invented the appliance." At a time when lawyers in their part of the country rarely did so, Edwards and Kirby also used focus groups to test their arguments.

Kirby says they sought cases that could lead to a product improvement or policy change.

"Just about all the cases that came into the office were walking disasters, horrible tragedies," he says. "If we took on a client's case, we took it as a cause."

Dewey Wells, a veteran Winston-Salem lawyer who lost a case to Edwards, says that his "ability to attract and select cases is what he gained his wealth on. His success built on itself."

Going for heartstrings

Edwards' talent for evoking empathy from jurors became legendary. In a 1985 case, a defense lawyer even warned jurors before Edwards' closing argument for a girl who had been born with brain damage: "I suspect we'll all be affected by his argument. I plan on having my box of Kleenex ready."

When it was his turn to speak, Edwards essentially channeled the child, Jennifer Campbell, whose injuries arose from a loss of oxygen during her birth in 1979. He told jurors that the delivering physician, nurses and other hospital personnel ignored signs of Jennifer's distress, and that the jurors should give her a huge reward.

"Six years ago, Jennifer Campbell did everything she knew how to do . . . to speak to the hospital," Edwards said. "And the only way she knew how to do it was through the (fetal monitor) strip . . . . She said at 3 (o'clock), 'I'm fine.' She said at 4, 'I'm having a little bit of trouble, but I'm doing okay.' Five, she said, 'I'm having problems.' At 5:30, she said, 'I need out.' "

The jury returned a $6.5 million verdict, a state record at the time. A judge later set aside the award as excessive; Edwards appealed, and the hospital and doctor settled with the Campbell family for a total of $4.25 million.

In the case of 5-year-old Valerie Lakey, whose intestines were sucked out as she sat on a faulty drain in a wading pool in 1993, Edwards drew on a personal tragedy.

In April 1996, Edwards' 16-year-old son, Wade, was killed after a wind storm blew his Jeep off of an interstate highway.

"Nothing in my life has ever hit me and stripped everything away like my son's death," Edwards wrote in *Four Trials*, recalling how he focused some of his grief into Lakey's case when it went to trial in late 1996.

During his closing argument in the Lakey case, Edwards spoke of a community's responsibility to its children. He said it was important that the jury make sure that no more children be injured the way Valerie had been. Later that day in January 1997, the jury announced that the drain manufacturer owed Valerie and her parents $25 million.

Neil Vidmar, a professor of law and psychology at Duke who has interviewed jurors from Edwards' cases, says that many initially were skeptical about Edwards' requests for big awards.

"But this guy is prepared," Vidmar says. "He is organized. Yes, indeed, he has persuasive powers. But he also has the pictures. He has the mothers. He has the evidence."

Still, Vidmar wonders whether the skills Edwards honed before small groups in courts will translate to large groups in a presidential campaign. "Those," Vidmar says, "are different skills."

GOP blasts 'frivolous' lawsuits

This month, a USA TODAY/CNN/Gallup Poll indicated that 67% of Americans believed that Edwards' work filing "lawsuits against hospitals and companies in personal injury cases" would be a "strength" in the fall campaign. Twenty-seven percent said it would be a "weakness"; 6% had no opinion.

Edwards' supporters say his courtroom skills were an asset when he unseated Republican Sen. Lauch Faircloth in 1998, after a campaign in which Edwards deflected criticism of his trial lawyer record. Today, he says he is proud of his work "fighting for kids and families against big insurance companies and HMOs."

Still, many Republicans believe Edwards' trial work makes him a vulnerable candidate.

At an appearance in Missouri on July 19, Cheney said that "frivolous" medical-malpractice lawsuits drive up the costs of health care and insurance. He said that "a big chunk of the money goes to the trial attorneys, not to the patient who has been wronged."

Two days later, on CNN's *Larry King Live*, Edwards said, "I think it's a mistake to stereotype and demagogue against anybody or any profession. There are wonderful, wonderful doctors in this world. There are some who are less good. Same thing is true of lawyers."

Edwards' top five jury verdicts

*Case / year*

*Facts of case*

*Amount*

--

Lakey vs. Sta-Rite Industries, 1997

Valerie Lakey, 5, lost most of her intestines when she sat on a defective drain in a neighborhood wading pool.

$25 million jury verdict.

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Griffin vs. Teague and Charlotte Obstetrics & Gynecologic Associates, 1997

Bailey Griffin suffered brain injuries because of a lack of oxygen at birth. The lawsuit claimed that an emergency cesarean section should have been performed.

$23.3 million jury verdict.

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Phillips vs. Huffman, 1989

Bryan Joseph Phillips was born blind and with cerebral palsy during a breech delivery. His family alleged that the hospital and medical personnel failed to realize the need for a prompt cesarean section.

$8 million jury verdict. (The verdict, against a doctor, was lowered to $1.5 million in an agreement between the doctor and the boy's family. The family also won a $4.5 million verdict against the hospital.)

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Howard vs. Collins & Aikman Corp., 1990

Three-year-old Josh Howard's parents were killed by a tractor-trailer that crossed into their lane and hit their car head-on. Edwards sought a high award for the son, saying he had been denied the special relationship a child shares with his parents.

$6.5 million jury verdict.

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Campbell vs. Pitt County Memorial Hospital, 1985

Jennifer Campbell was born with brain damage. The lawsuit alleged that the physician and hospital staff failed to heed signs on the fetal monitor that she was losing oxygen.

$6.5 million jury verdict. (The trial judge set aside the verdict as excessive, and the hospital settled with the family for $2.75 million. The doctor settled for $1.5 million, giving the family a total of $4.25 million.)

Sources: *Four Trials* by John Edwards; *Lawyers Weekly*

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, 1997 (Raleigh, N.C.) News & Observer photo; PHOTO, Color, 1997 (Raleigh, N.C.) News & Observer/ZUMA Press photo; PHOTO, B/W, 1997 (Raleigh) News & Observer photo; Heat of battle: John Edwards speaks with Sandy Lakey, whose daughter, Valerie, was injured by a pool drain, during a civil trial in 1997. <>Injured: Valerie Lakey with her cat in January 1997. Lakey, now 16, requires constant special medical care.<> Persuasive powers": John Edwards waits for a verdict in the pool-drain case with Sandy and David Lakey. During his closing argument, Edwards spoke of a community's responsibility to its children.

**Load-Date:** July 28, 2004

**End of Document**



[***GOOD GOAL FOR THE FLYERS: GET ANOTHER SCORER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TVK0-01K4-932W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 9, 1999 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. D04

**Length:** 1793 words

**Byline:** Tim Panaccio, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Picture the American worker at the turn of the century, laboring for a meager wage, working long hours to make ends meet.

Now picture the 1998-99 Flyers. OK, there's no such thing as a meager wage in today's National Hockey League. But coach Roger Neilson's team worked long hours to score goals. Often, they didn't make ends meet with a victory.

When Bob Clarke returned to the Flyers as general manager in 1994, he built a team based almost entirely on brawn, then vacillated, acquiring speed in one trade, muscle in the next.

This season, one in which 45 players dressed for the Flyers, the team that ended the season exhibited brute strength down low but remained short on speed and finesse - and scoring ability.

Unlike the Pittsburgh Penguins, who beat a bigger, far more physical New Jersey Devils team with European-style skill, the Flyers outworked, outhit, and outchanced their opponents. They just didn't outscore enough of them.

That is the singular difference between Neilson's club and any number of better teams in the NHL: Dallas, Detroit and Colorado, to name a few.

Even before Clarke's 12 in-season trades, the Flyers were touted as capable of winning the Stanley Cup. That was an illusion.

The reality is that the Flyers are:

\* A ***working-class*** team with only one natural scorer: John LeClair.

\* A team that had a suspect defense in the second half of the season. The defense played better in the playoffs, but the breakdown in the final two minutes of Game 2, when two quick Toronto goals beat them, 2-1, was the turning point in the first-round series.

\* A team with a No. 1 goaltender who had an inconsistent regular season, played well in the postseason, but allowed three soft goals at critical times.

In their six-game series with the Maple Leafs, the Flyers yielded a record NHL low of only nine goals and were plus-20 in the plus-minus ratings. They still lost. Why?

Granted, their captain, Eric Lindros, was missing while recuperating from a collapsed lung. But for a third consecutive postseason, the offense, despite a plethora of talent, was nonexistent.

"You can look and say, 'Well, if we had Eric, that would have been the difference,' and it probably would have," Neilson said. "But we didn't have him and had to do it with what we had. We had enough skill to win the series."

Just not enough goals.

The first off-season priority will be to find a sniper. Someone who can put the puck in the net without having to measure his shot first. Someone who can score off his first whack, not his fifth.

The second off-season priority will be to find a No. 2 defenseman. Despite Neilson's stubborn belief that his defense was airtight, it wasn't during much of the final two months of the regular season. The Flyers need to upgrade it, preferably with a righthander, a player who doesn't have to spin to get off his shot on the power play.

"It really hurts us not having a righthander on the power play," Neilson said.

Righthanders are hard to find in a league in which more than 60 percent of the players are lefties. The Flyers have but one righthanded defenseman, Eric Desjardins, and five righthanded forwards.

There is no one who would fit the righthanded bill available in free agency. That means the Flyers must make a trade. And it means that Clarke must probably give up one of his core players - not Lindros, LeClair or Desjardins, but maybe Rod Brind'Amour.

If the Flyers are ever going to evolve into a club that wins a Stanley Cup, instead of one that merely competes for one, a core forward has to be dealt for an impact defenseman.

This could be the summer that Clarke actually deals Brind'Amour, a player many clubs would like to have. Brind'Amour collected 74 points this season, and he remains a strong commodity because of his defensive ability and special-teams prowess.

Look for Luke Richardson to be dealt, too. He sat out the playoffs, and it doesn't make sense to sit a player getting $2.5 million. Richardson, the best available free-agent defenseman in 1997, has not been the tough, crease-clearing performer the Flyers thought they were getting.

Besides looking at players who might improve the Flyers, Clarke has eight restricted free agents to consider re-signing: Lindros, Keith Jones, Mikael Renberg, Valeri Zelepukin, Karl Dykhuis, Dan McGillis, Sandy McCarthy and Daymond Langkow. The team also has three unrestricted free agents: Steve Duchesne, Craig Berube and Mark Recchi.

Lindros said he would stand by his word and re-sign for one year at $8.5 million. He had his most dominating season yet in the NHL, and in many ways, he has matured into the kind of captain the Flyers need.

Some in the NHL think Pavel Bure or Theo Fleury would have been better for the Flyers than Recchi, an excellent all-around player, because they are natural-born snipers who score big goals, the kind of players Neilson wished he had against Toronto.

But Recchi is a proven 50-goal scorer. And a healthy Recchi, one not reeling from concussions or migraines, should make a big difference next season.

Jones gave the Flyers added muscle on the first line and brought a missing element: chippiness. He was irritating to play against. He drew as many penalties as he took, but he also scored 20 goals, 18 with the Flyers. Re-signing him is a no-brainer.

Langkow was a valuable addition, a fine playmaker at center despite his 5-foot-9 size, but he vanished after March 11, when he scored his last goal, his 14th.

The Flyers need more players with Langkow's skills but with Zelepukin's size: 6-foot-1, 195 pounds. They don't have enough players who can weave through traffic with the puck instead of chipping it off the side boards or shooting it into the offensive zone.

The decision on whether to re-sign Renberg will not be clear-cut. Renberg was the only Flyers forward who seemed to have the determination to go full bore in the playoffs on every shift, even though he didn't score a goal. Yet he has never been the same player since his 1996 abdominal surgery.

Zelepukin was the biggest surprise, scoring 16 goals. He can fly, he makes nice moves to get open, and he can carry the puck. He should be re-signed.

Duchesne showed that he could quarterback the power play, even if he couldn't throw touchdown passes. A one-year-plus-option deal would seem fair, but his agent, Tom Reich, is going to want the big dollars that Clarke is reluctant to pay. Clarke should try to re-sign Duchesne if the money is right. Duchesne moves fluidly and quickly with the puck on defense. Who else back there does?

Buffalo coach Lindy Ruff was right: The additions of McCarthy and Berube changed the Flyers' appearance. Guys like the New York Islanders' Rich Pilon won't be looking to run Lindros and LeClair now. Re-signing Berube will be the higher priority.

The decisions on McGillis and Dykhuis will be interesting. If the Flyers are going to trade for a top defenseman, they likely will have to give up one of their own. Throw in Chris Therien's name here, because Clarke is down on Therien's conditioning. Therien was suffering from a groin pull in the playoffs and made a terrible defensive gaffe that played a big role in the Game 2 loss.

Someone in the defensive mix figures to be trade bait. Maybe Clarke will package Richardson and a top forward to get the player he wants on defense. McGillis and Therien were the Flyers' top two hitters on defense, which would help make them attractive to other teams.

Dykhuis played well when he arrived in December but was brutal approaching the playoffs, got benched, then came back a changed man in the playoffs. Clarke wonders which Dykhuis will return for 82 games next season - the one who combines all that natural skill and speed with brains, or the one who doesn't think before he reacts. Dykhuis is not assured of being re-signed.

For the second consecutive year, the Flyers have a decision to make in goal. Ron Hextall played three times in the final two months of the season and appeared in just 23 games overall. Clarke said Hextall, 35, would be exposed in the expansion draft to Atlanta. The Thrashers will be looking for a younger goalie.

So the assumption is that Clarke will try to buy out the remaining $1.2 million (plus deferred money) left on Hextall's deal. That means that either Brian Boucher or Jean-Marc Pelletier will be called up from the Phantoms to be the backup to John Vanbiesbrouck or that Clarke will sign another goalie. At some point soon, Boucher and Pelletier will need NHL experience.

Hextall and his agent, Steve Mountain, expect nothing to change for next season, but obviously something will.

As for Vanbiesbrouck, it's hard to argue with his playoff performance (1.46 goals-against average, .941 save percentage). Over the final 10 games of the regular season, he had a 1.67 GAA and a .917 save percentage. Yet, in Vanbiesbrouck's head-to-head competition against the "other" goalie the Flyers could have signed as a free agent last summer, Toronto's Curtis Joseph won.

Can the Flyers win the Cup with Vanbiesbrouck? His play was outstanding, at times, but those three soft goals in the series with the Leafs were killers. Still, he shouldn't have to pitch a shutout to win in the postseason.

Which brings us to Neilson's attack-the-puck system. Several players quietly complained during a stretch of 17 games in 31 days at season's end that the relentless forechecking it required had worn them down.

"This team plays a harder forechecking system than any I've ever coached," Neilson conceded.

The Flyers were banged up and spent, physically and mentally, by April. Other clubs had similar schedules. The difference is, they adjusted by not playing the same system every night, giving their players' legs a chance to recover.

"Maybe we could play more of a backchecking style than a forechecking style in those kind of situations," Neilson said, when asked how he would handle such a stretch of games next season.

Lindros' injury took Neilson off the hook for this spring's playoff ouster. And chairman Ed Snider's tirade on the officiating let the entire Flyers organization off the hook.

Neilson is entering the final year of a contract, one in which he will be paid $650,000. For all his seemingly loopy ways, his players genuinely respect him, and against the odds, they have developed a strong bond among themselves. This has not gone unnoticed by Clarke. That Neilson got them to buy into a defensive system shows that the players will listen to him.

Unlike what they did last May, the Flyers do not need an overhaul.

Are they better than a year ago? Absolutely.

Are they closer to winning a Cup? Marginally.

It's time for Clarke to trade a core player while adding a sniper and an impact defensemen. Then, perhaps, the Flyers can win the Cup for the first time in a quarter-century.

**Notes**

Analysis

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Bob Clarke may have to part with a key player.

Roger Neilson knows his defense needs a righthander.

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***IN ONE DISTRICT, 'G' WORD IS A NO-NO***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4385-MXP0-0094-53W6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

June 12, 2001 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL,

**Length:** 2066 words

**Byline:** MACKENZIE CARPENTER, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

In 1995, between 40 and 50 children in the Quaker Valley School District's elementary school were labeled as gifted.

Today, three are.

It's not as though all the music prodigies, computer whizzes and budding novelists decided to leave the district, which last year had among the highest scores in Pennsylvania on state assessment tests.

It's just that after years of wrestling with parents and paperwork, Quaker Valley officials decided to tackle the task of teaching gifted children in a different way.

Unless a parent insists on it, the Quaker Valley schools no longer measure a student's IQ or write up a formal Individual Education Plan. All that testing and meeting time, officials decided, can now go into instruction.

And while the district still offers advanced classes and special teaching techniques, it offers them to a broader range of students, who get those services based on their abilities, rather than whether they possess a "gifted" label.

To skeptical parents, "we said, trust us, let us skip these identification battles and we'll put the time and people spent on paperwork and meetings to better use: in the classroom," said Linda Conlon, who coordinates the district's program in the middle and high schools.

"We try not to use the 'g' word, ever," said Conlon, who trained with Joseph Renzulli, a nationally known gifted expert who also advocates a more inclusive approach rather than one that adheres to the IQ-based model of gifted education.

Quaker Valley still uses all the teaching tools advocated by gifted experts: frequent pretesting to gauge a child's mastery of a subject; acceleration, either in one subject or skipping a whole grade; curriculum compacting, in which a child can complete a compressed course of study in two months, for example, instead of a year; even grouping by ability, both inside and outside the classroom.

"Despite the lower numbers, our students are in no way less gifted than they were in the past, nor do we have fewer of them," Conlon said. "We have simply chosen a different way to serve students, a way that is not contingent upon classifying them first."

Reaching new students

The changes aren't just semantics. It means students who don't make the standard 130 IQ cutoff but who have special talents have access to advanced classes, competitions and other activities that they might be excluded from in other districts.

In fact, Conlon said, the gifted education now reaches nearly half the district's students, compared with only 15 percent before.

"Gifted status is no longer a season ticket to all the educational goodies," Conlon said. "Children with strong abilities in math get to go to math competitions. Creative children get to do Odyssey of the Mind," a problem-solving competition. "The bookworms get to do the English Festival."

In this region, Quaker Valley is pretty much alone in implementing this philosophy.

Other districts tend to sort themselves into three different genres.

Some, such as Mt. Lebanon, have reduced their emphasis on formal gifted programs, arguing that those children are better off in mixed-ability groups, with gifted students getting advanced work inside regular classrooms.

Others, such as Pittsburgh or Chartiers Valley, follow a pullout model, where gifted children are taken out of the classroom to pursue projects or an advanced curriculum. In Pittsburgh, for example, children are bused to gifted centers one day a week; in Chartiers Valley, it's closer to two hours a week.

And a few districts, such as North Allegheny, combine a gifted student labeling process with both pullout programs and ability grouping in regular classes.

Quaker Valley followed that model, too, until the mid-1990s, recalled John Hoover, principal at Osborne Elementary School, when a group of school psychologists from districts around the region met to brainstorm better ways to deliver services to gifted children.

The psychologists agreed that the cumbersome process of identifying students as gifted was frustrating. Many complained that in order to meet with parents to discuss the individual education plans, teachers sometimes had to find substitutes for their classes.

Some in the group were bothered, too, that gifted programs weren't reaching everyone. Some children might have extraordinary talents in one area only -- math or languages -- but might not test at the required 130 IQ to be eligible for services.

Taking a risk

"Sometimes the IQ discriminates," noted R. Gerard Longo, Quaker Valley's superintendent. "A child can be gifted in sciences but not in language arts. There are children with IQs of 129 or 120 who are also very able and can benefit from additional services."

Hoover said the school psychologists realized that under state law districts did not necessarily have to test students' IQs or develop individual written plans for them as long as they met gifted students' needs.

Quaker Valley was willing to try such an approach, he said, but other gifted teachers who went back to their districts reported less enthusiasm. It would be too difficult to persuade parents to let go of the sought-after gifted designation -- the politics would be too risky, they said.

But in this diverse but relatively small district of 2,000 students, which spans 11 municipalities ranging from wealthy Sewickley to ***working class*** enclaves like Leetsdale, most parents apparently have decided to go along.

There were protests in the beginning. At school board meetings, parents complained they were "losing" something.

"I thought, are they going to notice my son?" recalled Debra Rego, a Quaker Valley parent who teaches in the Pittsburgh city schools. But she, like other parents, came to accept and even commend the new approach.

"I do believe a label helps recognize who the bright children are, but things have changed dramatically. The teachers are listening. The children are being pretested and challenged. And if they're not, I'll be the first up there to say something."

District officials believe they have saved more than 950 hours of time that otherwise would have been devoted to paperwork for the gifted labeling process. Now, that time is spent in the classroom.

Parental sign-offs

Quaker Valley's individualized approach to education does present challenges.

Not only has it meant customizing the schools' computer system to create new types of grade transcripts, but each new educational project must get approval from a student's parents.

Once teachers decide a student needs something that isn't provided in the regular classroom, a group devises a plan, clears it with the parent, and then, the parent must write a letter to the principal asking formal approval. Having the parent articulate the proposal helps to increase the parent's understanding of it, and serves as a kind of a contract, Conlon said.

The new approach is much more flexible than the old gifted program, Conlon said.

Since children's situations change every year, they may need extra attention one year, but not the next year. "A science superstar might have a less than inspiring teacher one year and need help, but if next year she gets a different one who shares her passion, her need for special attention may disappear," she said.

Even though the district spends less time labeling children as gifted, it has added to its gifted staff, increasing it from a single half-time gifted teacher traveling between elementary buildings, plus counselors at the secondary school level, to one full-time gifted facilitator in each of the four buildings.

And these staff members are not there to teach students as much as they are to train other teachers, because in the end, getting teachers to sign on is the most important part. "Simply expecting classroom teachers to start 'doing gifted' makes them mad and resentful towards the children," Conlon said.

How does the new approach work at the classroom level?

Three elementary school teachers might oversee a total of 75 students, for example, who are divided into three rooms. One would have 20 to 28 students who master the curriculum at a faster pace; the remaining students would be assigned to the two other rooms. And despite the accelerated pace of the high-end classroom, some very capable students might require even more and be pulled out into small groups in a particular subject.

Students' reactions

How do the students like the district's program?

Hilary Palevsky, by all accounts extremely gifted and talented in all things -- "except sports, which I'm incredibly bad at" -- is one of about a dozen children in the high school straddling several grades.

Chronologically an eighth-grader, officially a ninth-grader, she could now be said to be "in 10th or 11th grade, depending on what day it is."

Hilary could have gone to college yesterday. This year she won first place in the statewide Junior Academy of Science competition at Penn State University and will graduate a year early on top of that.

Hilary gets her "enrichment" through independent projects and an online writing tutorial from Johns Hopkins University that Conlon helped set up for her.

While she was labeled as gifted at an early age in another school district, she has no formal individual education plan. She has no idea what her IQ is, and she doesn't care. "I'm no more gifted than someone who plays sports well," she said, her wide dark eyes shining with amusement. "I got the little [gifted] label in first grade. It doesn't mean much."

For every child prodigy like Hilary, there also are later bloomers like 10th-grader Melissa Gilmore.

She not only has never been identified as gifted, she was only considered a "solid but unspectacular student" until last year, when "something broke through," Conlon said.

The daughter of a nurse and a doctor, she decided she wanted to become a physician herself. And that's when she went to the district with a proposal: Could she study trigonometry -- which the most advanced children take in 10th grade -- over the summer after her ninth-grade year, and if she passed the exam, could she then skip forward to Advanced Placement calculus?

Conlon was slightly taken aback, but she and other officials decided to let Melissa give it a try.

Melissa, a slight, serious 16-year-old with a delicate face, shrugged.

"It wasn't that hard. I went to cheerleading practice, then I'd come home and study a few lessons, and then go to the pool. Sometimes a friend would come over and help me."

"She blew us away," said Conlon.

Despite results like Melissa's, some parents still aren't sold on the district's program, and a handful continue to insist their children be identified as gifted.

Pam Nelson, an advocate for parents of gifted children who's based in Beaver County, is skeptical that Quaker Valley's success can be duplicated elsewhere, especially in rural communities, where the gifted label is the only legal tool parents have to force districts to comply with the law.

"In some districts, you get nothing if you don't get the label. Gifted programs are a way for some districts, for no cost, to give some gifted children a chance to go outside the box and be with children like themselves. In a good district, it's not necessary, but who's going to trust that that happens? It's the law that makes those districts attend to these children," Nelson said.

Quaker Valley's approach "is not perfect," Conlon said. "I'm sure that every year we miss someone or something or don't solve a problem adequately, but we really believe that what we've accomplished here is doable elsewhere, if schools really want to change.

"It's not true that we could do this only because we're Quaker Valley. When we started, we had virtually no resources -- only a superintendent and administrators who were determined to do right by these children."

District snapshot

QUAKER VALLEY

Total enrollment: 1,839

Gifted: 76 (includes more than 70 students in grades six to 12 who were identified before new policy de-emphasizing labeling went into effect)

Average fifth grade math score (state assessment): 1510. (State average: 1320)

Average fifth grade reading score (state assessment): 1420. (State average: 1310)

Criteria for gifted program:

Gifted support services are available to any student demonstrating a need for enrichment, acceleration or both as determined by interest, motivation, performance on curriculum-based assessments and/or other appropriate data.

**Notes**

Last of three parts (SERIES) WHAT'S BEST FOR THE BRIGHTEST?

**Graphic**

PHOTO: John Beale/Post-Gazette photos: (For two photos) Hilary Palevsky, left, and Melissa Gilmore exemplify the individualized approach to teaching gifted children taken by the Quaker Valley School District. Hilary arrived in the district after being labeled a gifted student at another school, and pursues independent projects, some set up with the help of the district's gifted coordinator, Linda Conlon. Melissa, meanwhile, had never been identified as gifted. But when she proposed to the district that she take a trigonometry class during summer that would let her place in an advanced class in 10th grade, a program was worked out to allow her to do that.

PHOTO: Linda Conlon is the coordinator for gifted programs at the middle- and high-school level in the Quaker Valley School District: "We try not to use the 'g' word."

**Load-Date:** June 12, 2001

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[***THE WORLD AS WITNESSED BY THE CREATOR OF DILBERT< SCOTT ADAMS HAS A NEW BOOK OUT. IT'S SLIGHTLY SUBVERSIVE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CD70-01K4-93TD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 9, 1996 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** BUSINESS; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1630 words

**Byline:** Andrea Knox, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

From the depths of the corporate cubicle has come a new hero - or perhaps mascot - of the white-collar ***working class***: Dilbert.

The nerdy cartoon-strip engineer has clearly struck a chord with American (and overseas) workers. They send creator Scott Adams 300 e-mail messages a day with real-life tales of the corporate idiocies portrayed in the cartoon, from clueless bosses to dead-end projects and purposeless reorganizations.

The strip, first published seven years ago, is now carried by more than 1,000 newspapers in 29 countries and has burgeoned into a multimillion-dollar business that includes T-shirts, mugs, an Internet site ([*http://www.unitedmedia.com*](http://www.unitedmedia.com)), an e-mail address ([*ScottAdams@aol.com)*](mailto:ScottAdams@aol.com)), a newsletter, and seven books of collected cartoon strips.

And now there's a new book, a takeoff on management handbooks called The Dilbert Principle, in which Adams combines text and cartoons in a wholesale slaughter of such corporate sacred cows as performance reviews, marketing and team-building. The book has blasted its way onto best-seller lists - last Sunday it was eighth on The Inquirer nonfiction list and second on the New York Times business list - even though the first copies were shipped only three weeks ago and it wasn't expected to be in all bookstores until this week.

The book is already in its sixth printing, at 200,000 copies. That pace, normally reserved for the sensational likes of a Howard Stern book, has put The Dilbert Principle on course to dethrone Re-Engineering the Corporation as the best-selling business book of the '90s, says publicist Maureen Kelly of HarperBusiness, publisher of the $20 hardback.

Adams, 38, who has a B.A. in economics and an MBA, was a cubicle-dweller himself for a 17-year corporate tenure. He describes his jobs as "engineering-type things," although he isn't an engineer. He left Pacific Bell a year ago to devote full-time to the Dilbert business. Adams talked Monday by telephone from his California home about the Dilbert phenomenon.

Question: When did you first start to notice that the world was absurd?

Answer: It happens as a teenager. Until then, you buy into the illusion that when you know more, you'll be able to make sense of the world. But at some point you realize that it doesn't make sense to other people, either, but they've stopped worrying about it.

Then, when I was about 24, I took a course in hypnosis. There, you actually begin to realize that people do stuff first and rationalize it after the fact. I started seeing everything that way, and business, in particular, started looking more absurd than ever.

Q: Who do you think buys the book - ordinary workers, or managers?

A: I would say cubicle buyers are 90 percent because there are more of them. But there's a market among managers - they all think it's talking about somebody else. Bosses have bosses, too.

Q: Do you expect the book to become a sort of samizdat tract, secretly circulated and discussed by workers behind the backs of their bosses?

A: I hear stories about bosses who confiscate the book to read themselves; that's fairly common. Other bosses call it heresy, or disrespect for the company, and have scolded employees for just having it on their desks. On the other hand, some companies include it in their company newsletters. Pacific Bell, Levi Strauss, Microsoft.

Q: So, we might find it next to Business Week on coffee tables in some corporate waiting areas?

A: Usually it gets into the lounge because the receptionist puts it there, trying to see how much she can get away with. But usually it's stolen [by someone who wants to read it] before it's confiscated [by management].

Q: Now that you're running your own show, have you become an empowered worker striving for a total quality customer focus?

A: Exactly. In a way, I'm a little laboratory unto myself: 'OK, wise guy, now let's see you do it.' Fortunately, I can do lots of innovative things because I have no committee [to report to].

For example, I was the first cartoonist to run an e-mail address. That gave me direct feedback, telling me what readers liked and didn't like. When I started the strip, I had more about life at home, dating. But when people said they really liked the stuff about stupid bosses and performance reviews, I took that information and changed the product into what people wanted. And that was when the strip started taking off.

Q: If you had a personal mission statement, what would it be?

A: To ignore my mission statement.

I think there's only one mission statement: to have fun and make money. And it's OK to give up some fun to make money, or give up some money to have fun. But most companies are giving up both to quality circles and meetings, and that's indefensible.

Q: When Total Quality Management was the hot thing, companies rushed to tell the world that they were doing total quality. It was the same with teams, empowerment and reengineering. In "The Dilbert Principle," you espouse a management principle whose goal would be to let workers leave at 5 p.m. They would do that by eliminating activities like policy formulation, employee surveys, and writing mission statements, which don't directly improve either employee effectiveness or product quality. In these "Out at 5," or OA5, organizations, the manager's role would be to fire employees who irritate others, to encourage creative thinking among employees, and to set examples of efficiency.

Do you think we are about to see a wave of companies trumpeting themselves as OA5 organizations? If they do, should we believe them?

A: I think you'll hear from the first "OA5" organization in about six months. If it's less than 100 people, you might believe them. If it's IBM . . . [chuckles] . . . I can't think about it without laughing. Although I also think this idea may be self-canceling, in the sense that the people who have the power to make it happen don't have the motivation to make it happen.

Q: Why should a company want to shoo its employees out the door at 5 p.m. if it could get a couple hours' more work out of them?

A: If you're going to make someone work 80 hours a week and give up their family life, you've got to have a damn good reason, and most companies can't pass that test. We are going to look back on these years and realize that companies, through incompetence or understaffing, are causing people to miss the best parts of their lives. And people are only mentally productive a few hours a day anyway, so the company isn't even getting any profit out of those extra hours. That's the depth of immorality.

Compare that to a driver who hits someone, breaks their leg and drives off. Most of us would consider that immoral. Compare that to a company whose stated objective is that you must work 14 hours a day - even if there's no real work, even if you miss seeing your kid grow up or wind up getting a divorce. If you had to be the victim of one of them and knew the other wouldn't happen, which one would you choose? I'd take the broken leg. Yet somehow, we've allowed this corporate behavior to not be defined as immoral.

There are lots of cases where it's perfectly OK to ask people to work late: If you're pushing out a new product, or you've really got something going on. But not just because you're understaffed, or have a policy of long workdays.

Q: You get 300 messages a day detailing corporate idiocies. One you quote in your book tells about a company that promoted an employee from a cubicle to an office, but didn't give him enough rank to be entitled to office furniture, so the only way he could get a desk was to have a cubicle assembled inside his office. How do you keep from getting depressed?

A: People see these things as humorous, so the messages often make you laugh. And I feel this is a kind of mental-health regime for people, that I'm telling them they're not crazy and they can laugh at this. The messages often say, "You probably can't use this, but it made me feel good to say it." It's cheaper than therapy.

Q: Here you are in this book offering dead-serious management advice. You also put in a good word for reengineering if it's done right. You've already licensed the production of Dilbert videos for use as corporate meeting-openers. Have you been co-opted? Are you turning into a management wanna-be?

A: That was a big issue with the videos originally. We talked about it, but I don't see it as an issue now. And my management concepts aren't meant to be a prescription, I just want to broaden the discussion. But it's true that there's nothing I would like better than to be the head of a large corporation. I don't think I'd be good as a middle manager, though.

Q: What's the real story about why you left Pacific Bell?

A: I had told my boss some time before that, with the strip taking off, I could no longer work 14-hour days. I told him that when I became more of a cost than a benefit, he should let me know and I would leave. Eventually, he took me up on the offer.

Q: Will you be taking Dogbert (the dog in the Dilbert strip) with you on your book tour?

A: He's always with me in a way. He's that part of my ego that's unchecked, or would be if I didn't have to keep it in check.

Q: How has success changed your life?

A: I'm finding that with some amount of success comes an approximate amount of money, and more money is a license to be stupid. If you don't have much money and you want to buy a can of corn, you have to do a lot of figuring prices and weights. Now, I can just buy the one with the cool label.

I still don't have enough money to make big mistakes, like slaying my wife and leaving blood all over the Bronco. But I can make small mistakes.

Scott Adams will be at Gene's Books in the King of Prussia Plaza on June 17 from 12:30 to 1:30 p.m. Gene's is on the upper level between J.C. Penney and Nordstrom's.

**Notes**

BEST-SELLERS

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CARTOON;

PHOTO (1)

1. Scott Adams is the creator of the cartoon character Dilbert. Adams has written a book, "The Dilbert Principle," that pokes fun at the latest corporate fads.

CARTOON (2)

1-2. (Uncaptioned) (Reprinted with permission, United Features Syndicate.)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***HARKING BACK TO CONNIE MACK / THE BALLPARK, AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD, EVOKES BASEBALL AT ITS GRANDEST.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TK40-01K4-90K9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

FEBRUARY 14, 1999 Sunday DCITY EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1720 words

**Byline:** Rusty Pray, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The smells are what Merrill Freedman remembers most about Connie Mack Stadium, the once and future ballpark of Philadelphia.

Real grass - the natural antidote for AstroTurf - is what Paul Pogharian recalls most vividly about the old stadium in North Philadelphia.

Those memories of the senses, the kind that can transport a man back to his youth and restore his innocence, likely will be evoked again in Philadelphia now that state lawmakers have approved $320 million to help fund construction of stadiums in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

When the baseball-only park rises sometime early in the next century, it no doubt will have more in common with Connie Mack Stadium - with its distinctive smells, real grass, odd field dimensions, and ornate architecture - than with Veterans Stadium - with its vanilla flavor, artificial turf, symmetrical dimensions and all-purpose saucer shape.

Such a development would be just fine with Freedman and Pogharian, two men who have never met and who have little in common - except for memories of making their first trip to the ballpark at 21st Street and Lehigh Avenue with their fathers in the 1940s.

Freedman, 59, is a commercial real estate broker who grew up in West Oak Lane and who lives in Cherry Hill.

Pogharian, 64, is a retired warehouseman who grew up at 22d Street and Montgomery Avenue in North Philadelphia and who lives in Upper Darby. He works part time for Mitchell & Ness, a Center City sporting goods store specializing in nostalgia.

"In those days, most everyone smoked," Freedman said. "That's what I remember - the cigar smoke, the smell of hot dogs. I don't think people bathed as often as today, so there was lots of body odor and cigar smoke.

"It was wonderful."

As a boy, Freedman often would go to games by himself, leaving his parents' bakery at 16th Street and 68th Avenue and taking the C bus to Broad and Lehigh. From there, he would walk to the park and buy a grandstand ticket for 75 cents. A seat in the left-field bleachers cost 50 cents.

"The view from some of the grandstand seats was obstructed by poles," Freedman said. "The secret of getting a good grandstand seat was to get there early so you could sit where the poles would block only part of the outfield."

Pogharian, a walking, talking baseball encyclopedia, remembers taking the trolley to his first game. It pitted the A's against Detroit in what turned out to be one of the longest day games ever played in the American League. It lasted 24 innings before play had to be stopped.

"When I walked inside, I just kept looking around. I couldn't believe what I was seeing," Pogharian said as he removed an arm patch from a Cleveland Indians jersey at the store. "I was living at 22d and Montgomery; I'd never seen grass before. You had to walk all the way to Belmont Plateau to see grass.

"The outfield looked like jade to me. I loved it."

\* Connie Mack Stadium, officially known as Shibe Park from its opening in 1909 until 1953, was home to the Athletics for almost a half-century - until they fled to Kansas City after the 1954 season. It housed the Phillies from 1938 until they moved into the Vet after the 1970 season.

The Eagles played at the stadium from 1940 until after the 1957 National Football League season, when they moved to Franklin Field. They share the Vet now with the Phillies, but will get their own new playground in due time.

Although the Eagles played some big games at Connie Mack, the park's history is rooted in baseball.

From its opening until it was literally torn apart slat by slat by out-of-control Phillies fans during the final game in 1970, the fortress-like stadium served as the canvas upon which the art of baseball - the good, the bad and the ugly - was practiced. The artists were men named Cobb, Foxx and Ruth, and later DiMaggio, Ashburn and Roberts, and later still Mauch, Allen and Bunning.

Hall of Famer Ted Williams was a favorite of Warrington resident Ernie Montella, vice president of the Hatboro-based Philadelphia Athletics Historical Society.

"I would hop on the train in Chester and go any time Boston was in town," said Montella, 64, who grew up in Marcus Hook.

No less a baseball personage than Connie Mack is central to the park's history. It was at Mack's urging that A's owner Benjamin Shibe, a Fishtown sports manufacturer, bankrolled stadium construction. It was the first all concrete-and-steel stadium built.

The park cost Shibe $301,000, and $76,000 more when improvements were made in 1913, according to University of Pennsylvania Humanities professor Bruce Kuklick, who wrote To Everything a Season: Shibe Park and Urban Philadelphia, 1909-1976.

Mack, the manager and eventual owner of the club, fielded his share of good teams and great talent in the American League in the early years. Between 1910 and 1930, the A's won five World Series and played in one other with players such as Hall of Famers Al Simmons, Jimmie Foxx, Lefty Grove, Eddie Collins and Mickey Cochrane.

When the A's beat the Cubs in the 1929 World Series, President Herbert Hoover was at the park for the clinching fifth-game victory. Philadelphia fans were then as they are now. The ancestors of the fans who booed Santa Claus in the late '60s, heckled Hoover over Prohibition, chanting that they wanted their beer.

The Phillies escaped the decrepit Baker Bowl at Broad and Lehigh to begin play at Shibe Park on July 4, 1938. They contributed their share of history to the stadium, most of it sad.

Sure, the Whiz Kids, led by Robin Roberts and Richie Ashburn, won the National League pennant in 1950. But there was also the epic 23-game losing streak of 1961, and then there were the Fizz Kids of 1964, who blew a huge lead down the stretch in September and scarred every fan in the region for life.

The park also was the site of three Negro League World Series.

Like all the old parks - Wrigley Field in Chicago, Fenway Park in Boston, Tiger Stadium in Detroit - Connie Mack sported characteristics unique to itself.

"Connie Mack Stadium was much more interesting to look at than the Vet," said Charles Von Ray, 36, a lifelong resident of the 2700 block of North 20th Street, just beyond right field. Connie Mack Stadium, he said, "was a ballpark. The Vet is something else."

The old ballpark featured a double-deck main grandstand running from first base to third and two-tier bleachers in left field. The right-field wall, an innocent 12 feet high in the beginning, became the infamous "spite fence" when, in 1935, it was raised to 50 feet to block the view offered by the rooftops of the rowhouses on North 20th Street.

The wall gave way to a scoreboard in right-center that in the mid-1950s was enlarged until it eclipsed even the spite fence. A huge Longines clock perched atop the scoreboard, which featured an ad for Ballantine beer with the distinctive three-ring logo.

The field was not symmetrical. The distances from home plate to the fences were 340 feet down the right-field foul line, 378 feet to left, and a trolley ride of 515 feet to the flagpole in center field. After renovations in 1925, the distance from home to the right-field wall became 331 feet, to left 334, and to center 468.

Part of the beauty of Connie Mack was being able to sit close to the field. Montella recalled sitting behind the visitors' dugout on the first-base side of the field, so close to the on-deck circle that he "noticed Joe DiMaggio had a hole in his sock as he knelt there. I remember wondering how someone like Joe DiMaggio could ever have a hole in his sock."

Parking was a problem. Beginning in the 1930s, it became a tradition for neighborhood children to charge fans parking on the streets surrounding the stadium to "watch" their cars. Fees ranged from 10 cents in the early days to $2 or more in the '60s.

Afraid their tires would be slashed if they didn't pay, fans coughed up the money.

"I remember going over with my brother-in-law and paying kids like $3 to watch the car," said the Rev. Edward Rusk, 49, pastor of Pennsauken United Methodist Church and a longtime Phillies season-ticket holder.

It's hard to envision a stadium built early in the 21st century becoming as integral a part of a neighborhood as Connie Mack was to 21st and Lehigh and environs. According to Kuklick's book, storefronts, including a furniture warehouse, were part of the structure.

The neighborhood was largely ***working class***, made up of Irish, Italians, Germans and English. A small but well-established African American community had settled nearby.

Many of the neighbors worked at the stadium, and those who lived on North 20th Street cashed in in other ways. Before the "spite fence" was built, they admitted economy-minded fans to their rooftops at prices lower than those at the ballpark.

Bars such as Quinn's Deep Rightfield Cafe at 20th and Lehigh sprang up around the park.

And then there were those parking entrepreneurs.

\* The stadium and the neighborhood were in serious decline by the time the Phillies played the last baseball game at Connie Mack. Oct. 1, 1970, always will be regarded as an ugly day in the city's history because 31,822 fans showed up with demolition on their minds.

People brought hammers and saws to the park, and began dismantling it soon after the first pitch. Seats, turnstiles, even urinals were removed. Thirty-five people had to be treated for injuries. One man was stabbed outside the stadium as he tried to buy a ticket.

"It was so crowded, I just stayed on my front porch," said Ray, the North 20th Street resident. "I remember there was a lot of rowdy people around and they were carrying red seats and benches."

Connie Mack Stadium was all but destroyed by fire in 1971, then became overgrown by weeds, then became a dumping ground. It was demolished in 1976.

Today, the neighborhood is surviving. It is dominated by the Deliverance Evangelistic Church, which bought the lots between 20th and 22d and Lehigh and Somerset for $415,000 in 1981. The rambling, red brick building is fenced in, giving it the feel of a compound.

Parking, by the way, is free.

A small sign on Lehigh near 20th is all that marks where Connie Mack Stadium once stood.

The old park's place is now in the minds of the fans who remember.

"By the end it was tired, old; it was ready to go," Freedman said. "But that doesn't take away from the wonderful memories. That's where we spent our youth."

**Notes**

Toward 2000

Philadelphia's past 100 years.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Connie Mack Stadium, at 21st Street and Lehigh Avenue, began life as Shibe Park in 1909. Fans remember the days of the Phillies' Whiz Kids and Fizz Kids as well as the Athletics. (Inquirer Archives)

Paul Pogharian, left, remembers Connie Mack's grass field vividly. "The outfield looked like jade to me. I loved it." Merrill Freedman, below, remembers "the cigar smoke, the smell of hot dogs." (APRIL SAUL, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

The main entrance of the stadium in 1954 was a gateway to a ballpark of odd field dimensions and ornate architecture. (Inquirer Archives)

Stadium workers measure the distance from the pitcher's mound to home plate. The park had a double-deck grandstand. (Inquirer Archives)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***Buchanan stuns Dole***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-M8B0-0094-54K4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 21, 1996, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1806 words

**Byline:** James O'Toole and Jack Torry, Post-Gazette Staff Writers

**Body**

In a stunning rebuff to the Republican establishment, Pat Buchanan won the New Hampshire primary last night, battling to a narrow lead in an extraordinarily tight three-man race.

The results mean that a nomination battle that once had been expected to be a slam dunk for Senate Republican leader Bob Dole now shapes up as a protracted, unpredictable struggle.

With 89 percent of the primary precincts counted, Buchanan was leading, with 27 percent; Dole was right behind him, with 26 percent; and former Tennessee Gov. Lamar Alexander was a close third, with 23 percent. Publishing magnate Steve Forbes was a distant fourth, with 12 percent.

Among the also-rans, Sen. Richard Lugar of Indiana had 5 percent; political commentator Alan Keyes, 3 percent; business executive Morry Taylor, 1 percent; and Rep. Robert Dornan of California, less than 1 percent.

''The people of New Hampshire voted their hopes not their fears,'' said Buchanan, a former CNN and newspaper political commentator, addressing his cheering supporters shortly before 9:30 p.m.

''This is not a victory for a man. This is a victory for a cause, (it's a) victory for a brand new bold conservatism -- a conservatism that gives voice to the voiceless, which speaks up for the right to life of the innocent unborn, … a conservatism that looks out for the working men and women of this country whose jobs have been sacrificed on the altars of a trade deal done for the benefit of trans-national corporations who have no loyalty to our country.''

Alexander could also boast of a strong showing in a contest that confounded expectations about the nomination battle.

But even as Buchanan was proclaiming his triumph -- and after the major TV networks had declared Buchanan the winner -- the tally tightened through the evening, and the Dole camp was not ready to concede defeat. New Hampshire Sen. Judd Gregg, a key Dole supporter, insisted that the contest was so close that its outcome might not be determined until all the absentee ballots were counted.

Bill Lacy, Dole's deputy campaign manager, insisted that a disappointing showing in the Granite State wouldn't be fatal to the majority leader. He contended that Buchanan's iconoclastic positions would make him unacceptable to mainstream Republicans.

Lacy also noted: ''Alexander lacks the money and organization to continue to challenge Dole as an alternative to last night's apparent winner. Alexander didn't even get on the ballot in New York; he's not on the ballot in Pennsylvania. Those two states combined are roughly the equivalent, in terms of delegates, of California.''

One of the tightest races in the four decades in which New Hampshire has served as a gate-keeper to the nomination process came on the strength of a record GOP turnout, a development that wasn't supposed to work to Buchanan's advantage. Conventional wisdom going into the balloting had been that he would benefit most from a smaller turnout because of his supposedly limited corps of committed supporters.

But that turnout probably had more to do with new voting rules that let voters register at the polls than to enthusiasm for the candidates. Voters have protested the sour, testy dialogue that dominated the race's final days.

Never before last night had three candidates been so closely bunched in a New Hampshire finish. The slimmest margin of victory in any previous Republican primary came 20 years ago, when Ronald Reagan lost to incumbent President Gerald Ford by 1.4 percent of the ballots cast. But Reagan went on to win the nomination.

The stage for last night's photo finish was set last week, when Buchanan nearly overtook Dole in Iowa's voting and Alexander emerged from single digits to a surprising third-place finish.

In Iowa, where conservative Christian activists are a fixture in the Republican establishment, it was Buchanan's conservative stand on social issues such as abortion that attracted the most attention.

But as the race moved east, Buchanan sustained his momentum by appealing to many voters' sense of economic insecurity. He acknowledged that his brand of ***working-class*** Republicanism was at odds with the big-business agenda traditionally associated with the party.

Dole and other Republicans have scoffed at Buchanan's policies, claiming they are so extreme and polarizing that Buchanan can't beat Clinton in the fall. Buchanan scoffs at that critique, declaring that his ''new conservatism of the heart'' gives him the broadest potential appeal of any Republican candidate.

''I can bring the (Ross) Perot voters home, … I can bring the Reagan Democrats on social issues. Those fellows can't do it,'' he said last week.

While no other Republican embraced Buchanan's denunciations of the GATT and NAFTA free-trade accords, most -- in one way or another -- addressed anxieties about a changing economy.

Alexander proclaiming his was the candidacy of ''new ideas,'' called for major shifts of programs from Washington to local governments and private institutions. He would privatize welfare by distributing states' block grants through private charities. He also called for a new armed forces branch to police the nation's borders and for transforming Congress to a part-time legislature with reduced salaries.

Yet Alexander's chief appeal in New Hampshire appeared to be as a Washington outsider without the extremist baggage that many moderate Republicans saw in Buchanan.

Forbes said he would remain in the nomination battle despite his fourth-place finish. ''If this had been held three weeks ago, Forbes would have won,'' said Republican state Rep. Robert Scott. ''It's amazing; he's sunk like a rock.''

Dole planned to go on to North and South Dakota, which hold primaries next week. Both Alexander and Buchanan were heading south to campaign in South Carolina and Georgia.

Much has been made of the vast increase in TV advertising in this contest, but those who would uphold the state's reputations for retail politics could point to the fact that the three candidates so closely bunched at the front were also the candidates with the strongest grass-roots organizations.

Buchanan had the intensely committed support of groups including abortion opponents, Christian conservatives and gun owners.

Alexander's ground troops were led by local political veterans who started organizing more than a year ago. Dole's local network was headed by popular Gov. Steve Merrill, who conferred a built-in organization on the majority leader.

How New Hampshire voted

Findings from a poll of 2,556 voters as they left the New Hampshire Republican presidential primary Tuesday:

-- Pat Buchanan got much of his support from strong conservatives and abortion foes. One in four voters said the most important quality in a candidate is ''he stands up for what he believes in,'' and half of them voted for Buchanan. He fared best among voters who are not college graduates and those whose 1995 family incomes were $ 30,000 to $ 50,000.

-- Bob Dole won half the votes among the 15 percent who said the federal budget deficit is the top issue. About as many voters said beating President Clinton is the most important quality in a candidate, and Dole won among them, too. He fared best among the oldest and wealthiest voters and those who called themselves somewhat conservative.

-- Lamar Alexander did best among moderates and appeared to have an edge among the one third of primary voters who called themselves independents. He was close behind Dole among those who said beating Clinton is most important, and he got 36 percent among the one in seven who said the top candidate quality is that ''he has a vision for the future.''

-- Steve Forbes won 33 percent among the one in five voters who cited taxes as the top issue, and 29 percent of those who said vision is a top candidate quality.

Reasons for the outcome

DOLE DEFECTORS: Nearly one in four GOP primary voters said they had supported Dole at some time this year but voted for someone else. Alexander got four in 10 of the Dole defectors, Buchanan three in 10.

DOLE'S AGE: A third said it would hurt him in serving as president, and that hurt him in the primary -- he got just 6 percent of that group. Dole is 72.

IDEOLOGY: A more moderate electorate than in the Iowa caucuses on Feb. 12, and that apparently helped Alexander and Dole. In Iowa, 34 percent of caucus-goers called themselves very conservative, 41 percent somewhat conservative and 21 percent moderate, and the rightward tilt worked in Buchanan's favor. On Tuesday, 16 percent said they were very conservative, 39 percent somewhat conservative and 36 percent moderate. Alexander won a third of the moderate vote in New Hampshire, with Dole not far behind; all three shared the somewhat conservative vote pretty evenly; and 53 percent of the very conservative favored Buchanan.

RELIGIOUS RIGHT: Christian conservatives made up 35 percent of Iowa caucus-goers but only 17 percent in the New Hampshire GOP primary. Buchanan got half their votes; Alexander and Dole edged him out among the eight in 10 who did not call themselves part of the religious right. Buchanan did even worse, just 14 percent, among the 54 percent who said they have an unfavorable opinion of the religious right.

ABORTION: Two thirds said the Republican Party platform should not support a constitutional amendment banning abortion, and Dole and Alexander did best among that group. Among those who support an anti-abortion plank, half voted for Buchanan.

PARTY IDENTIFICATION: A third of GOP primary voters said they usually think of themselves as independents, and Alexander had an edge over Buchanan among them, with Forbes and Dole trailing. Asked how they are registered, two-thirds of GOP primary voters said as Republicans, 26 percent as undeclared and 6 percent said they registered Tuesday, as allowed under a new state law.

ATTACK ADS: Two thirds of voters said the candidates' ads were attacks on other candidates and didn't address issues.

AND IN THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY: President Clinton, predictably, got an extremely high job approval rating -- 85 percent -- among voters in a primary where he had no serious opposition. Asked how Hillary Rodham Clinton is handling her role as first lady, 78 percent approved. Twelve percent of Democratic primary voters described themselves as very liberal, 33 percent somewhat liberal, 45 percent moderate, 10 percent somewhat conservative and 2 percent very conservative. Ten percent said Clinton is too liberal, 9 percent deemed him too conservative.

Tight races of the past

Closest Republican finishes in the New Hampshire presidential primary:

1964

CANDIDATE.........… VOTES… PCT.

Henry Cabot Lodge.… 33,007… 35.5

Barry Goldwater...… 20,692… 22.3

Nelson Rockefeller… 19,504… 21.0

1976

Gerald Ford.......… 55,156… 49.4

Ronald Reagan.....… 53,569… 48.0

1988

George Bush.......… 59,290… 37.6

Bob Dole..........… 44,797… 28.4

**Graphic**

PHOTO (6), INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC:, INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: Exit poll conducted by Voter News Service, a consortium of The Associated Press, ABC, CBS, CNN and NBC. For sample of 2,556 voters, margin of error is plus or minus 2.5 percentage points.; Kerry Johnson/Post-Gazette: (How New Hampshire voted) (Reasons for the outcome) (Tight races of the past); PHOTO: Pat Buchanan; PHOTO: Bob Dole; PHOTO: Lamar Alexander; PHOTO: Steve Forbes; PHOTO: Doug Mills/Associated Press: Sen. Bob Dole speaks at a campaign party last night in Manchester, N.H., after the results came in.; PHOTO: Eric Draper/Associated Press: Pat Buchanan, with his wife, Shelley, whoops it up in his hotel room in Manchester after early television results declared him the winner in New Hampshire.

**Load-Date:** February 22, 1996

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[***From TIME to troubles;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-56D0-002B-H45T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Ex-governor Anderson's star dims***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-56D0-002B-H45T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

February 13, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1677 words

**Byline:** Steve Brandt; Mike Kaszuba; Staff Writers

**Body**

Wendell Anderson was Minnesota's boy wonder, first as an Olympic hockey medalist, next as a legislator before he'd even finished law school and finally as a 37-year-old governor. At 59, he has the well-toned body and rugged good looks of his youth.

He also has financial problems that underscore the fall of a man once touted as a rising star in national politics.

The former U.S. senator hasn't paid last year's property tax, and has been delinquent in other recent years. His ex-wife has obtained a judgment against him, according to court records, because he's almost $ 45,000 behind on what he owes her under their divorce settlement.

He also appears to be highly leveraged. Court records filed in 1990 show he had 22 loans and a debt of more than $ 900,000, against assets of $ 1.1 million.

He has taken a less active role at the prominent Twin Cities law firm where he has worked since leaving politics. And as he pursues new business ventures, Anderson has surprised friends by entering the world of modeling - doing a TV commercial for exercise equipment and posing in a $ 14 sweatshirt in a small hunting magazine.

Anderson bristles at personal inquiries as to what's happened. He declined to talk of his personal finances, and attributed much of his problem to the burden of putting three children through college.

"Being leveraged in America is a very common situation," he said. "I'm not the least bit embarrassed that I have debts. I'm not the least bit embarrassed that I sacrificed hard to keep my kids in school. I'm not embarrassed about doing a television commercial."

In many ways, Anderson is the same proud, stoic figure who marched across the Minnesota landscape two decades ago. But the journey of a man who graced the cover of Time magazine in 1973 has not been easy. When his 27-year marriage ended in 1990, the only household items he left with were his hockey medals and the chairs he sat in while serving as governor and U.S. senator.

Anderson rose from ***working-class*** roots on the East Side of St. Paul. He became the nation's youngest governor in 1971, and was reelected by a record margin. He insisted on changes in state taxing and spending that became known as "the Minnesota Miracle." He was selected by Time as a promising young leader, and was chairman of the 1976 Democratic convention platform committee.

Yet his decision late that year to assume a vacant U.S. Senate seat abruptly swung public opinion against him. Voters turned him out two years later, leaving him in a political wilderness.

Today, Anderson is a man without a single focus. His income as a lawyer appears to have declined as he pursues other interests. He sits on the Board of Regents at his beloved University of Minnesota, but earns no salary in doing so.

He also receives $ 25,000 a year as a board member of Fingerhut Corp., where longtime friend Ted Deikel is chairman. He also is an aspiring businessman, and in 1990 tried unsuccessfully to become a Burger King franchisee in Sweden.

Dick Meredith, a teammate on the 1956 Olympic hockey team, still plays hockey with Anderson weekly. But he said Anderson rarely confides in him, and doesn't talk about financial problems.

"I am not privy to that information. (But) I can see it. He's hit on some hard times," he said. "Whenever you're talking with Wendy, everything's upbeat. . . . He's never on a downer."

The most obvious indicators of financial pressure on Anderson are in Hennepin County records. His 1991 property tax, due last October, remains unpaid. Anderson was supposed to pay $ 4,129 on a Wayzata townhouse valued at $ 145,000. With penalty and interest, his bill has reached $ 4,786.

"I have paid property taxes late," he said. "If you pay property taxes late, you pay a penalty. What's the problem?"

Meanwhile, his ex-wife, Mary McKee, recently had her attorney obtain a $ 44,865 judgment against Anderson for unpaid obligations under their divorce settlement. Court records also indicate he is $ 19,865 behind on monthly spousal payments and failed to make two lump-sum payments totaling $ 25,000. An additional $ 25,000 payment is due July 1.

"I'm not going to talk about my domestic situation. Any obligation I have to my ex-wife I will meet," Anderson said.

Life also has changed for McKee, who with Anderson and their three small children brought a Kennedy-like quality to the Governor's Mansion. McKee now works as a part-time clerk at Hennepin County Medical Center and lives in a modest older house on Parkers Lake in Plymouth. She declined to be interviewed for this article.

Anderson's recent work as a model has raised eyebrows among friends and others. In the past two years, he has appeared astride a rowing machine for NordicTrack, the Chaska-based exercise equipment maker. He has modeled a sweatshirt showing an American flag with the words "These Colors Don't Run." He also has been in ads for in-line roller skates.

Kimberly Franson, who owns a local modeling agency, remembered Anderson being recommended to her by a friend. "We were looking for a male, 50s, a good head of hair . . . and somebody said, 'How about Wendy?' " she said.

"We said, 'Wendy who?' "

Anderson said he was motivated largely by the flattery of being asked to model at his age. Though he does get paid, he said he does not see it as a new career. But he indicated that money was part of the decision. "I'm not the least bit embarrassed by the fact that every day when I get up I have the need to go out and earn a living," he said.

His foray into modeling has produced some regrets. In an ad for the Sportsman's Guide, a locally published hunting catalog, Anderson is pictured on a page where customers can order sweatshirts carrying a variety of slogans, such as "Happiness is Yelling BINGO" and "I Don't Drive No Ugly Truck."

Anderson said of the ad: "Very frankly, I didn't know the nature of it."

Rosemarie Finnegan of Sportsman's Guide said she was surprised when Franson sent over the former governor to model for the catalog. "All I remember, she said we're sending Wendy Anderson in. I said, 'Yeah, sure.' When he walked into the studio, I almost fell off my chair," she said.

To his close friends, Anderson's financial problems, divorce and even his modeling are parts of a personal side that are rarely revealed. They say what little they know suggests a story of a once-popular politician and athlete who never quite found a niche in private life.

"Wendy is not one to dump his bucket in your lap," says Austin Sullivan, a General Mills executive who has known Anderson since the late 1960s. "My impression is he was very gifted as a politician and made a very bad decision and paid a hell of a price for it."

In 1979, with several law firms vying for his service, Anderson left politics and joined Larkin, Hoffman, Daly & Lindgren, a prominent office where college pal Jack Daly was a partner. Like many prominent politicians, he was hired to use his connections to attract clients.

In his 1990 divorce, Anderson reported annual earnings of $ 125,000. He said $ 78,000 was earned as a partner in the firm, with the rest coming from serving on boards of directors and other sources. Anderson left the law-firm position last year to pursue other interests and now has the title "of counsel."

He was awarded $ 1.1 million in assets when he was divorced, but had to sell the family's Wayzata home. The sale price of $ 335,000 was $ 20,000 less than the four mortgages against the property.

According to court records, Anderson reported 22 outstanding loans totaling more than $ 900,000. Some of them came from banks connected with prominent political allies.

He has two mortgages totaling $ 229,076 on his new home, a Wayzata townhouse assessed at $ 145,000. He secured a second loan from a Stillwater bank, pledging as collateral the home, his fees as a director of Fingerhut Corp., a $ 100,000 life insurance policy, and his profits from a real estate partnership.

Anderson has made attempts to move on with his life. When Sweden withdrew its diplomat from Minnesota in a budget cutback, Anderson - who takes pride in his Swedish ancestry - was named honorary consul general in 1989. The voluntary job is part ceremonial, part paperwork, according to Lave Johnsson, the Swedish consul general in Chicago.

In 1990, Anderson tried to trade on his Swedish expertise to acquire a dozen Burger King restaurants in Scandinavia. The project involved John Grossman, the local music producer and son of N. Bud Grossman, a prominent Twin Cities businessman, and Del Blaske, the owner of 22 Burger Kings in Minnesota.

With Anderson providing entry into Swedish business circles, the group tried to acquire the Burger Kings in Scandinavia. "Wendy wanted to become a franchisee," said Blaske. At one point, Anderson went ahead to Stockholm and then met Blaske and his wife when they arrived at the airport.

"All of a sudden, Wendell and a gentleman appeared, and they're carrying our luggage," Blaske said. Blaske said he then learned the unidentified man was a senior executive at the SE-Banken of Sweden, Sweden's largest bank. "It's like a CEO at First Bank carrying our luggage . . . Wendell really knew the people," he said.

But just as quickly as the deal came together, it fell apart. Blaske became ill and began a protracted fight with Burger King Corp. over his restaurants. Without Blaske's input, Blaske said, the project evaporated. "We were close," he said.

It's unclear where Anderson intended to find the $ 300,000 to $ 500,000 that Blaske estimates he would have needed to individually become a franchisee. But Anderson's dealings with Grossman were a reason he diminished his role at Larkin, Hoffman.

"He made a decision ultimately to go into business," said Robert Hennessey, a former president of Larkin, Hoffman who plays tennis regularly with Anderson.

"He's had some difficult times," he said. "Within a 10-year span, he had gone from being elected by the widest margin to a position where he didn't have a broad following. . . . It was, I'm sure, a surprise to him."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** February 14, 1992

**End of Document**



[***John Kerry's Vietnam***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C52-WW30-010F-K171-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

April 13, 2004, Tuesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;

**Length:** 2163 words

**Byline:** Andrea Stone

**Body**

John Kerry stood in the pilothouse of his swift boat as it churned noisily up the mangrove-choked Dong Cung River in Vietnam's Ca Mau Peninsula. The young lieutenant inhaled the sweet fragrance of wood fires and the pungent odor of fish sauce. But his thoughts were on the ambush that most surely lay ahead.

"We were one helluva target," Kerry recalls, 35 years after serving in Vietnam. For nearly three months, his lightly armed patrol boats had been sitting ducks for Viet Cong snipers. The usual response was to clear the ambush zone and shoot back from a safer distance. Sailors stayed on board.

But the young officer had a more "creative" plan on Feb. 28, 1969. This time, Kerry beached his boat toward the attacking VC. He jumped ashore, chased a startled, armed guerrilla and killed him. Crewmates say the audacious move saved their lives. Kerry was awarded the Silver Star, the Navy's third-highest combat award.

"He was hard-charging," recalls Del Sandusky, the senior enlisted sailor who drove Patrol Craft Fast (PCF) 94 that day. "Kerry thought offense was the best defense."

The fierceness Kerry exhibited then is on display as the Massachusetts senator battles President Bush in what is already a nasty campaign. While Bush has been forced to defend his service in the Texas Air National Guard, Kerry has willingly conjured up his past as a combat-tested Mekong Delta skipper. Campaign ads feature footage of him in the jungle. Kerry, 60, says his actions then inform his leadership now.

"I was a good leader, a strong leader. I had strong awareness and perception of the things around me. I listened. I took things in," Kerry said in a 50-minute interview. "I was decisive."

Interviews with 18 officers and enlisted sailors who served with Kerry in Vietnam mostly portray a young leader with an aggressive command style. Many recall a warm, compassionate officer who cared deeply about his ***working-class*** crew. They also remember a warrior who ferried pregnant women and hungry villagers down river for medical care and food.

They recall how he initiated water-balloon fights to break the tension. How he asked his crew to call him "John" on the river and "sir" back at base. And how he listened to their problems in a way that foretold a career in politics.

"His concern for us was overwhelming," says Fred Short, a PCF-94 gunner's mate who would get the shakes when the adrenaline of battle wore off. "He would come around then and put his hand on your shoulder and ask if you're all right," says Short, 56, of North Little Rock, Ark. "I never had another officer do that."

Ambitious self-promoter?

Asmaller number of veterans remember an ambitious self-promoter who left Vietnam after only four months, his ticket out the three Purple Hearts he earned for minor wounds. They recall a budding politician who, at just 25, already had an eye on posterity and would write about his experiences for hours rather than join fellow officers at the beach or for a beer. They say it was no accident that Kerry volunteered for swift boats, the Vietnam equivalent of John Kennedy's PT-109 in World War II.

"John was a master at looking out for John," says Larry Thurlow, a fellow boat commander. "John has never been bashful about saying, 'Man, I'm a war hero.' "

Yet, except for one crewmate, even those who felt betrayed by Kerry for later leading Vietnam Veterans Against the War and who call themselves Bush supporters acknowledge that he showed courage under fire. "He was extremely brave, and I wouldn't argue that point," Thurlow says.

Douglas Brinkley, whose *Tour of Duty: John Kerry and the Vietnam War* mined Kerry's letters and other writings, says the senator has long suffered jealousy of his wealth and intelligence, even of his JFK initials.

"He's a very passionate person, and nothing is he more passionate about than Vietnam," Brinkley says. "Vietnam is part of this guy's makeup."

In his senior year at Yale University, Kerry signed on as a Navy officer. He joined several equally privileged friends with the means to avoid the draft who volunteered for the military. He would lose six close friends by war's end.

Kerry's first tour in early 1968, aboard the guided-missile frigate USS Gridley off the coast of Vietnam, proved a bore. He wanted his own command and volunteered for swift boats, the 50-foot, aluminum-clad crafts that patrolled the relatively safe Vietnamese coast.

A new, dangerous mission

But shortly after arriving at Cam Ranh Bay in November 1968, he was assigned to Operation Sealords. The new mission sent six-man boats deep into Viet Cong territory to "show the flag" and harass enemy forces who controlled the dense, remote jungles south of Saigon.

Vice Adm. Elmo Zumwalt, the Navy's commander in Vietnam, later wrote that Sealords sailors had a 75% casualty rate.

"The level of danger was extremely high," says Jim Rassmann, the Army Special Forces officer who rode PCF-94 for nearly a month before Kerry saved his life during a ferocious river battle. The noisy boats "had no place to hide. People could hear them coming a half-mile away."

Ambushes were a constant. Viet Cong lurked among civilians. Boat officers were given wide berth in "free-fire" zones where troops were allowed to shoot first and ask questions later. Kerry preferred caution unless fired upon.

"He wouldn't let you go randomly down the river shooting up everything in sight," says Stephen Hatch, who served on the first of Kerry's two boats.

Still, innocents were sometimes killed. One pitch-black night, Kerry's PCF-94 stopped a Vietnamese sampan boat after curfew in a free-fire zone. Kerry told his gunner to fire a warning round, but in the ensuing confusion the entire crew began shooting. Moments later, they learned to their horror that they had killed a small child, the limp body already covered by the child's mother. Although they had done nothing technically wrong, Kerry refused to uncover the body for fear, he later wrote, that the face would haunt him forever.

"The image of that child on that pile of rice in the night will never leave me," he says. "And the terror in the eyes of the faces of civilians. The look of our own wounded, and seeing someone carrying a human being in two halves. Those things stay with you."

Such incidents convinced Kerry and other officers that the river excursions, which took no terrain but resulted in many casualties, made more enemies than friends. But the missions continued.

On the February 1969 mission to transport South Vietnamese troops deep into enemy territory, three boats under Kerry's tactical command came under small-arms fire. But this time, the convoy did the unexpected.

"Zero-Nine-Zero. All boats turn," Kerry ordered. Whipping sharply to shore, the boats terrified the ambushers, who were quickly overwhelmed. The tactic, Kerry recalled, "worked superbly."

Hearing shots ahead, Kerry headed farther up the river, where his boat was attacked a second time. Kerry signaled Sandusky, his driver, to ram the shoreline again. They hit just 10 feet from a bamboo-covered spider hole. A panicked guerrilla wearing a loincloth and wielding a B-40 rocket launcher sprang up and started to run.

Kerry jumped onto the bank and chased him. The guerrilla fell when his leg was grazed by fire, but quickly got up and ran down a path. He was about to duck out of sight behind a hut when Kerry "dispatched him" with his M-16, says radio operator Michael Medeiros, who followed close behind.

"In war, there's got to be some instinct, some instant reaction," Kerry says now. Some critics have cited remarks at the time by George Elliott, Kerry's division commander, for sparking questions about Kerry's actions. After the battle, Elliott says he cracked "tongue-in-cheek" that he didn't know whether to court-martial Kerry or give him a medal. But in a recent interview, he was clear: "This was an exemplary action. There's no question about it."

In an evaluation written in late 1969, Elliott said Kerry's decisiveness was "unsurpassed" and he was an "acknowledged leader in his peer group. His bearing and appearance are above reproach."

"When he recognizes a threat or problem that is serious, many of us would become defensive and perhaps try to move ourselves from the threat," says Skip Barker, a retired Navy captain who met Kerry during swift boat training in Coronado, Calif. "John's reaction is different. It gets his attention. He focuses on it and goes after it."

Friends and foes

Not everyone agrees. Stephen Gardner, a gunner's mate on PCF-44, spoke out for the first time last month after hearing conservative radio commentator Rush Limbaugh question Kerry's war credentials. Gardner, who says "this country's in a world of trouble" if the Democrat is elected president, calls Kerry a "hesitant" commander who shunned danger.

Gardner, 56, claims Kerry retreated during a firefight under the pretense that he wanted to get Gardner medical attention. "It was a panic run," says Gardner, who calls his wound superficial. While he refuses to call Kerry a coward, he recalls "a guy who was protecting himself most of the time."

That view does not square with the recollections of eight other enlisted sailors who served with Kerry and were interviewed for this story. Kerry and other PCF-44 veterans say the shooting was over when they turned back to base.

"I never saw John back down from anything," crewmember Bill Zaladonis says.

"I have no idea where he's coming from," Kerry says of Gardner.

Rassmann also dismisses the idea of a cautious Kerry. He says he is alive today because of Kerry's courage during a vicious battle in March 1969. The Special Forces soldier had been blown off PCF-94 by a mine that also injured Kerry's right arm. Swimming in the river while being strafed from both banks, Rassmann was convinced he was about to die before Kerry's boat returned. As the soldier struggled to climb scramble nets draped over the boat's bow, Kerry reached down with his uninjured arm and pulled him on board.

"He was frankly nuts coming up to the bow and exposing himself" to the barrage of bullets and mortars, Rassmann says. The two met in an emotional reunion in Iowa in January after Rassmann called the campaign and offered to appear at an event. It became a pivotal moment in Kerry's comeback, which culminated days later in the state's caucuses.

Rassmann, a Republican, now works on Kerry's campaign. But a few other Vietnam veterans have spread stories -- some of which Thurlow admits are "hearsay" -- on conservative Web sites.

Kerry says his war record has become "a target of right-wing revisionism." His campaign is considering legal action against what officials call lies and slander spread on the Internet. The accusations range from calling him a "baby killer" to questioning whether he legitimately earned his Purple Hearts. "I'm not going to suffer someone on the Internet playing games," Kerry says. "They weren't there and don't know what the hell they're talking about."

Tedd Peck, who skippered PCF-94 before being wounded and giving way to Kerry, says he "had a dislike for the man as soon as I met him. He was not a genuine type of guy." Peck, 60, never went on a mission with Kerry; PCF-94's enlisted sailors compare his leadership style unfavorably to Kerry's. But Peck charges that Kerry "politicked" for his first Purple Heart after being wounded Dec. 2, 1968.

Three Purple Hearts and out

Questions about Kerry's award may be relevant because Navy regulations stated that sailors wounded three times, "regardless of the nature of the wound or treatment required," were eligible to go home early. Kerry left after just four months of his second tour.

Grant Hibbard, the division commander, says he initially rejected Kerry's first Purple Heart because he only had a "little scratch" on his arm and a "squiggly" one-eighth-inch shrapnel shard in his left hand. A Navy "sick call" sheet provided by the Kerry campaign shows that he was treated the next day for shrapnel in his left arm above the elbow.

"It just didn't seem to warrant" a Purple Heart, Hibbard says. He later "acquiesced" after receiving "some correspondence" -- he doesn't remember from whom -- and because he was going home soon and didn't feel like fighting it.

Kerry doesn't remember Hibbard or the conversation but does recall "someone raising a question" about the award. If he asked for the award, he says, it was because he didn't realize Purple Hearts were given automatically and not at the discretion of commanders. "They decided to award it," he says. "I'm not going to rehash a judgment made by the Navy 35 years ago."

Nor will he apologize for serving less than a year. By the time Kerry says commanders told him he could go home, the young lieutenant had decided that he wanted to work to end the war.

"Some people don't like the fact I went back and spoke out against the war," Kerry says. "These guys are working overtime searching for something destructive, trying to tie me to all kinds of things. I know my record. It will stand."

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, B/W, Julie Snider, USA TODAY, Source: Tour of Duty: John Kerry and the Vietnam War, by Douglas Brinkley; USA TODAY research by William Risser and Andrea Stone (BAR GRAPH); GRAPHIC, B/W, Adrienne Lewis, USA TODAY (MAP); PHOTO, Color, Undated video image via John Kerry; PHOTO, B/W, Michael Medeiros; PHOTO, B/W; PHOTO, B/W, Lou Dematteis, Reuters; PHOTO, B/W, John Kerry personal collection; PHOTOS, B/W, AP (4); PHOTO, B/W, National Archives; Kerry and crew: John Kerry, right, served in Vietnam on PCF (Patrol Craft Fast) 94 with, from left, Gene Thorson, David Alston, Tom Belodeau and Del Sandusky in early 1969. The lightly armed Navy boat was one helluva target" for Viet Cong snipers, Kerry says. Kerry once chased a sniper and killed him. In the jungle: This is an image taken from a video of Kerry's. He served in the U.S. Navy from 1966 until 1970. Reunion: John Kerry puts his arm around Jim Rassmann at a campaign rally in January in Des Moines. Kerry saved the Green Beret's life in Vietnam, and the two men had not seen each other since 1969. In the Mekong Delta: John Kerry relaxes with his puppy, V.C., in 1969. "I was a good leader, a strong leader," Kerry says.

**Load-Date:** April 13, 2004

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[***HELP IS ON THE WAY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V5T-JYD0-0094-51HF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***VOLUNTEER FIREFIGHTERS EXPLAIN WHAT MAKES THEM RISK THEIR LIVES TO SAVE OTHERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V5T-JYD0-0094-51HF-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 18, 1998, Wednesday,

SOUTH EDITION

Copyright 1998 P.G. Publishing Co.

**Section:** METRO,

**Length:** 1807 words

**Byline:** LINDA WILSON FUOCO, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Children screamed as the flames got higher and hotter, trapping them inside their home. Bethel Park firefighters who answered the siren's call were met by a grim-faced police chief who issued a statement that was part-opinion, part-command:

"You can't get them out."

Firefighters were reluctant to accept that pronouncement. Their fire chief refused to accept it.

"I sent my two best guys in," recalls former Bethel Park Mayor Reno Virgili. "When they came out a few minutes later, one was shaking his head and the other was crying like a baby. You don't know what that does to you hearing children scream.

"I said ' I'm going in, damn you. This is no time to cry.' I got to the children - two little boys - and threw them to other firefighters" who had followed him into the fire. "Then I went after their grandmother.

"The floor joists were burning. John Foster and John Shisler caught her just before she fell all the way in. She panicked when I picked her up to carry her out. She fought me and knocked my mask off."

With his air supply cut off, Virgili carried her to safety. His lungs were damaged "and my liver and kidneys temporarily shut down. I recovered, but I had liver problems for the next 20 years."

Virgili, 68, recounts the rescue nearly 30 years later, recalling a "career" that ran from 1953 through 1979. He has no regrets about compromising his health doing a job that paid nothing. He does regret that people including a 3-year-old child - died in fires despite the best efforts of Bethel Park volunteer firefighters.

\*

Though Tennessee is the volunteer state, Pennsylvania could easily claim that distinction when it comes to fighting fires. As the birthplace of volunteer fire fighting, dating back to the late 1700s when Ben Franklin established the first company, Pennsylvanians risk life and limb in greater numbers volunteering to fight fires than residents of any other state.

Volunteer firefighters number 70,000 in 2,418 companies statewide, outnumbering the 12,000 "career" firefighters, in the 40 companies that never use volunteers, by more than 5 to 1. And volunteers save their communities a lot of money - an estimated $ 5 billion a year, money that would otherwise be spent on salaries and benefits.

But their numbers are declining - down from 130,000 in the last 20 years, according to the Pennsylvania Fire Commission. That decline is not surprising to some extent. After all, why would anyone voluntarily perform, for no pay and little thanks, one of the most dangerous jobs in the world - a job that claims some 100 lives in the United States every year? A job that when the siren song calls, you must drop everything. They leave spouses, children and sometimes their jobs; they walk away from Christmas dinners, from Monday night football games.

What inspires men - as well as a growing number of women - to volunteer?

The people who do it commonly cite two reasons: community service and family tradition. Many volunteers follow grandfathers, fathers, uncles and brothers into a service that helps make their hometown a better place to live.

But there's something else motivating many of them.

Call it the guts-and-glory factor, call it macho bravado, call it the proverbial moth attracted to flame. It's the adrenaline rush, the fast-beating heart that comes from doing something that is downright dangerous. It's an experience that is hard to explain to people who have never voluntarily entered a raging inferno, where temperatures soar to 2,000 degrees.

"Fire evokes horror and fascination," says Marko Bourne, a York County volunteer fireman and press secretary in the Pennsylvania Fire Commissioner's Office. "People are drawn to fire. We never want to see it, but we do not want to miss it when it happens."

There's an axiom that firefighters are fond - and proud - of re peating:

"When everyone else is running out of a burning building, we're running in."

"To put that another way, some would say firefighters aren't wrapped too tight," says Terry Gruneberg, who has been doing it for 25 years with the Mt. Lebanon VFD.

\*

Nicholas Radoycis has a bed in his McKees Rocks home, but he never sleeps in it. He sleeps every night on the living room couch, fully clad in a sweat suit, his shoes and jumpsuit within arms-reach. His coat hangs on a dining room chair, close to the front door.

"My mom yells at me all the time about the coat," says Radoycis, a fireman since 1983 and chief of the 34-member McKees Rocks VFD since 1991.

His mother, Mary Radoycis, is accustomed to living with firemen. Nicholas Sr., Nick's father and her husband, was a McKees Rocks volunteer for six years, quitting in 1958 to become a police officer.

"I can be out of the house in one minute. I've timed myself," Radoycis says. "I am in the fire house three minutes later.

"There's no one answer to explain why we do it. I think it's the challenge and the feeling we get from making a situation better.

"The adrenaline pumps, no question. Minutes after you jump out of bed you're running into a burning building. Is it scary? You don't think about that. You rely on your training and the team effort of very brave fellow firefighters."

Fires are the defining force in the life of Nick Radoycis. By day he's an Allegheny County assistant district attorney, spending much of his time prosecuting people who intentionally start fires.

"When I was hired 13 years ago, my supervisor said, ' You're a fireman? Great! You can prosecute arsons.' "

Radoycis brings a special passion to the task of prosecuting arson because "people get hurt in fires. Firemen get hurt. It bothers you that people would do this."

Arson has had a serious impact on the town that has been his home for 50 years.

"McKees Rocks had a serious arson problem and we were lucky to find a suspect. When we convicted him, our calls dropped drastically. Last year we had 53 calls. There used to be over 140.

Radoycis' experience in hardscrabble McKees Rocks is decidedly different from that of volunteer firefighters in Mt. Lebanon. There, the beep-beep-beep of personal pagers has generally replaced sirens as the method of rousing volunteers.

When beepers go off in Mt. Lebanon - as they do about 1,700 times each year - the blue-lighted vehicles that arrive at the scene include many sport utility vehicles, Volvos and other expensive luxury cars. Yet, perhaps paradoxically, wealthy Mt. Lebanon seems to experience less trouble finding volunteers than do less affluent communities in the South Hills.

In the macho world of fire fighting - a job traditionally viewed as a blue-collar, ***working-class*** pursuit - Mt. Lebanon's 36-member force includes attorneys, software engineers, tradespeople, chemical engineers, a CPA and an Internet Web site designer.

The department has other elements that set it apart from the majority of volunteer departments. Mt. Lebanon firefighters do not stage bingo games, carnivals, haunted houses or raffles.

A once-a-year mailing to the town's 33,000 residents covers costs of trucks and other equipment.

Elected officials are willing and able to allocate $ 1.6 million per year, which includes salaries and benefits for 15 paid, "career firefighters."

"Don't call them professional firefighters," says Bourne, the Fire Commission press secretary, who is a former career fireman and a current volunteer.

"Today's volunteers are highly trained," Bourne says, partly because "Pennsylvania is unique. We provide training programs on demand at no cost to the volunteers."

Mt. Lebanon VFD "has the best equipment and training that money can buy," says volunteer department Vice President Rick Bean.

The grandson of a former Green Tree chief, Bean has 13 years under his fire fighting belt. A carpenter by trade, Bean is self-employed "which gives me some flexibility in responding to fire calls. I volunteer about 40 hours a month, but you don't have to put in that much time."

Another heavy-hitter in the time-donation department is Terry Gruneberg, a certified public accountant.

"Terry made the mistake of retiring [from his paid job] recently," jokes Chief Steve Darcangelo.

Besides using his professional skills to handle the company's bills and bookkeeping, Gruneberg is one of only five volunteers who can drive the company's big rigs.

"Big toys for big boys," he answers with sparkling eyes and a big grin, when asked if he enjoys it.

Mt. Lebanon's elderly art deco municipal building puts special demands on fire truck drivers. The garage doors are only eight inches wider than the company's widest pumper truck.

When a call comes in, firemen have to stop traffic on heavily traveled Washington Road while trucks are eased out of their cramped quarters. The situation has unified the entire company in a passionate push for new quarters.

Darcangelo, a full-time paid fireman who started his 30-year career as a volunteer, speaks with pride about his department. Only two Mt. Lebanon residents have died in fires in the last 20 years, a testament, he says, to his department's fire fighting skills. Moreover, the department's top-notch ranking from the insurance industry means lower insurance premiums for home owners.

"Fortunately, we do not have many fires in Mt. Lebanon, but we are very busy," Darcangelo says.

"Most of our time is spent NOT fighting fires," says the man who has made 500 visits to thousands of school children who know him as "Firefighter Kevin."

Don't tell the children, but firefighter Kevin S. Maehling is also one of the guys who wears the "Sparky" Dalmatian suit at parades and public appearances.

He's been hanging out at the station since he was 5 years old because his father, the late J. Peter Maehling, was a Mt. Lebanon volunteer for 36 years, including a stint as chief.

Kevin Maehling became a junior fireman at 14, served seven years as a volunteer and the last nine as a "career" fireman.

The fire department does free chimney inspections and "whole-house evaluations" that include a safety check on wiring. Firefighters - and trucks - go to 50 block parties each year.

The department is also one of the few local companies to have a Web site designed and maintained by volunteer Joe Polk, 27, a Web page designer by profession.

Polk is the company's "other" Sparky. "No, it's not a punishment," he says, in response to ribbing. "I enjoy it. You get to take on a new personality. It's especially fun when I see friends at parades and they don't know it's me."

"There is a tremendous sense of camaraderie and friendship among firefighters," Bourne says.

And volunteers are still willing to volunteer, he suggests, because this esprit appeals to them, and perhaps for one other intangible reason: what they do commands respect in their communities.

"In many ways we are the last of the good guys. Police officers are under-appreciated" and heavily criticized, in some quarters. "Very rarely do you ever hear anyone complain about firemen."

**Graphic**

DRAWING PHOTO, DRAWING: Ted Crow/Post-Gazette; PHOTO: Robert J. Pavuchak/Post-Gazette: Reno Virgil, veterna Bethel Park; volunteer firefighter, says he has no regrets about compromising his health; doing a job for 26 years that paid nothing. He has more regrets for lives lost; in fires despite the best efforts of firefighters.

**Load-Date:** November 25, 1998

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[***2006 PRIMARY VOTERS GUIDE - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JYS-K960-TX33-C36C-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

May 9, 2006 Tuesday

SOONER EDITION

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** LOCAL; VOTERS GUIDE; Pg. A-9

**Length:** 2645 words

**Byline:** Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

The furor over last year's legislative pay raise and its subsequent repeal brought a wave of challengers into the contests for several state House seats representing Western Pennsylvania.

But that was not the case for the five state Senate seats that are up for election this year. Four of the five incumbents -- Jim Ferlo, D-Highland Park; Jane Clare Orie, R-McCandless; Wayne Fontana, D-Brookline; and J. Barry Stout, D-Bentleyville -- have no opponent in either the May 16 primary or the fall general election.

In the 32nd District, incumbent Democrat Richard A. Kasunic of Dunbar and Republican Ronald L. Gallo of Connellsville are unopposed in the primary and will face off in November.

All 203 state House seats are up for election.

Following is a rundown of contested primary races in Western Pennsylvania House districts.

STATE HOUSE

10th District

In the contest for the Democratic nod, voters will choose between two candidates who share a variety of traits and points of view.

The battle between challenger Jaret Gibbons and incumbent Frank LaGrotta pits men who live in the same Lawrence County town, attend the same Roman Catholic church, love the theater, aren't married and came to politics young.

Mr. LaGrotta, 47, of Ellwood City, has been in office for 20 years. Mr. Gibbons, 25, is a law student.

Mr. Gibbons contends that his opponent has been around too long to be effective and that "fresh blood" is needed.

Mr. LaGrotta counters that he's as energetic as ever and, as chairman of the state tourism committee, able to capitalize on opportunities to bring home the bacon for local constituents.

The district covers Franklin, Marion, part of New Sewickley, North Sewickley and part of Economy in Beaver County; Perry, Plain Grove, Scott, Shenango, Slippery Rock, Taylor, Wayne, Ellport, Ellwood City, New Beaver, South New Castle and Wampum in Lawrence County; and Slippery Rock township and borough in Butler.

Their opponent on the Republican ticket, Chuck Morse of Slippery Rock, is unopposed.

Though Mr. LaGrotta voted in favor of last year's pay increase, he did not accept the unvouchered expenses that would have bumped his $71,000 annual salary by $4,414.

Mr. Gibbons will graduate from law school at the University of Pittsburgh May 27. He is a 1999 graduate of Ellwood City Area School District and a got bachelor's degree in 2003 from Duquesne University in political science with a certificate in business administration. Though he has never sought political office, he has interned and volunteered in several government and political venues.

Mr. LaGrotta grew up in North Sewickley and graduated in 1976 from Riverside High School. He earned a bachelor's degree in American studies with a concentration in journalism in 1980 from the University of Notre Dame. He got a full graduate scholarship and received his master's degree in communications arts with a concentration in public policy in 1981 from Notre Dame.

He initially worked as a sports writer for Gannett News Service and then shifted into politics.

-- Karen Kane

11th District

Rep. Brian Ellis, R-Butler, is facing a challenger in the May 16 primary election, but not because of a long tenure or support for last summer's pay raises.

Mr. Ellis, 36, is in his first term representing the 11th District. He voted against the pay raise and didn't take the money as an unvouchered expense before the raise was revoked.

Gregory S. Walter, 50, of Clearfield, simply believes he can do a better job than Mr. Ellis.

Mr. Walter runs Pine Haven personal care home in Fenelton after spending 20 years in the Air Force and previously owning Gunners Grill and Pub in downtown Butler. He said he is concerned about attracting businesses, the high cost of health care and the need for more state funding for education.

He is running as part of PA CleanSweep, the organization trying to oust all incumbent legislators.

Mr. Ellis, who with his brother owns Ellis Suzuki in Lyndora, said he believes the Legislature has made some steps toward "more honest and open government" while he has been in office. The conservative Commonwealth Foundation has rated him the third-best state lawmaker for defending his constituents' liberties in the past year.

The candidates agree on gun owners' rights, job growth and property tax reform. Mr. Ellis is 100 percent against abortion. Mr. Walter believes in exceptions for rape and when the mother's life is at risk.

The winner of the primary will face Democrat Bill Neel, 68, of Butler, who is unopposed in the Democratic primary.

-- Ed Blazina

14th District

The contest for the Democratic nod in the 14th House District boils down to this: One candidate is Mike Veon; the other candidate is not Mike Veon.

Mr. Veon, of Beaver Falls, is a 22-year legislative veteran who is, as minority whip, the second most powerful Democrat in the House. In the last half-decade in particular, he has used that power to pour grant funding into his economically troubled district and into Beaver County in general.

That has earned him the staunch support of labor unions -- still a powerful force in Beaver County -- and municipal officials, county officials and the Democratic establishment in general.

But there is real doubt whether it will earn him his party's nomination; polls have shown Mr. Veon in a dead heat with his challenger, Jay Paisley of Big Beaver.

The reason? Mr. Veon was one of the prime architects of the legislative pay hike last summer, and when the Legislature bowed to public outrage with a 197-1 repeal of the raise, Mr. Veon cast the sole dissenting vote.

Mr. Paisley has called that "arrogance" and run a campaign based on the theme that he is "a different kind of Democrat," not beholden to the traditional power structure or special interests, willing to work across party lines to embrace good ideas wherever they come from.

A retired Blackhawk teacher and coach and twice an unsuccessful candidate for county commissioner, Mr. Paisley, 61, has espoused education reform and called for cutting tuition payments to online charter schools. Primarily, though, he has focused on a message that Mr. Veon has been ineffective despite his power base, and is out of touch with his constituents.

Mr. Veon, 49, has most recently focused on bringing gaming to Pennsylvania and has led the effort to get a harness track and casino built in his district. He has a long legislative record of supporting the ***working class*** and families, and using state funding for education and economic development.

Whoever wins the Democratic primary also will face opposition in November from one of two Republicans seeking the party nomination.

Jeff Harris, 43, of New Sewickley, is an electrical designer for power systems and public relations officer for the motorcyclist rights group ABATE of PA. He has signed a pledge to vote against all tax increases.

Jim Marshall, 46, a Big Beaver councilman, has spent 20 years in the service industry. He is a proponent of municipalities jointly providing services.

-- Brian David

15th District

The two primary election challengers to Rep. Vince Biancucci, a Democrat from Center, Beaver County, are focused on an issue that may attract some voters.

Both want to cut the size of the 253-member Legislature.

"The Legislature doesn't belong to the people anymore," said Roger Strauss, 69, a retired engineer also from Center.

The other challenger, print shop owner Domenic Leone, 49, of Hopewell, labeled the Legislature a "good ol' boys' club," and would like to see its size cut 40 percent, even if it means eliminating the 15th District.

If cutting the Legislature sounds like a stand-in for an anti-pay-raise vote, that may be because Mr. Biancucci did not vote for the pay raise and did not accept the unvouchered expenses attached to it.

"Given the economic problems in Beaver County, I thought it would be wrong for me to take the raise," said Mr. Biancucci, 65, who served as an aide to his predecessor for 17 years before being elected in 2002.

Mr. Biancucci touts a record of supporting economic development efforts in Beaver County, and he is a strong supporter of gaming, looking for proceeds to help offer some tax relief.

Mr. Biancucci generally has taken a family-friendly stance, supporting broader availability of health care for children and the elderly and an increase in the minimum wage, among other things.

Mr. Leone said as a business owner, he sees a greater need to make Pennsylvania business-friendly, with greater prosperity helping families. He questions the need for a minimum wage hike and thinks Democrats need to be able to work with Republicans to create a good atmosphere for business.

Mr. Strauss, meanwhile, simply sees the Legislature as terribly inefficient, and believes applying engineering-style logic could help.

Todd Hockenberry, 39, of Beaver, is unopposed for the Republican nomination.

-- Brian David

20th District

State Rep. Don Walko, a North Side Democrat seeking his seventh term in Harrisburg, will face a crowded primary field on May 16 largely because of his support for last year's controversial pay raise.

Three challengers -- Susan Banahasky of Lawrenceville, Mark Purcell of Ross and Chuck Geiger of Brighton Heights -- all voice anger at Mr. Walko's decision, even though he later joined his colleagues in overturning the raise.

"I have to live with my vote. I realize that," he said. "I'm not trying to duck away."

Instead, the 53-year-old attorney is focusing on accomplishments that include pushing for an expansion of the state's drug assistance programs and securing hundreds of thousands of dollars for local projects in the district, which includes parts of the city of Pittsburgh, Reserve, West View and Ross.

His opponents, however, won't let constituents forget the pay raise issue.

Mr. Purcell, 59, a former Ross commissioner, recently put a giant inflatable pig in front of Mr. Walko's North Side office. If elected, Mr. Purcell would call for a constitutional convention to reduce the size of the Legislature and the extensive perks that come with a job there.

Mr. Geiger, 62, a former Army paratrooper who owns a cleaning business, is making his first run for public office. He also wants to cut the Legislature's size and benefits.

Ms. Banahasky, 50, thinks her years of experience in management positions in the insurance business will help her find potential savings in the state budget. She's also making her first run for public office.

All four candidates would like to see some type of property tax reduction.

Bill Stalter of Reserve is running unopposed for the Republican nomination in the 20th District.

-- Jerome L. Sherman

21st District

Frank J. Pistella, D-Bloomfield, may be facing his toughest challenge in his bid for a 15th term.

Mr. Pistella, 55, is battling family law attorney Lisa Bennington, 30, of Morningside, for the Democratic nomination. The issues are similar to many of the races: the incumbent's long tenure and vote in favor of legislative pay raises that were later revoked.

Mr. Pistella said he considered the pay raises "stupid" when they were passed but he voted in favor so that party leadership wouldn't punish him and the district by taking away committee assignments and grant money. He later voted to revoke the raises and has repaid $4,629 he had received.

Mr. Pistella said his experience benefits the district, especially his position as minority chairman of the Aging and Older Adult Services Committee. That matches well with the makeup of the district, he said.

Ms. Bennington said Mr. Pistella is part of the "old boys' network" that runs the Legislature and must be eliminated for reform to occur. She is running with PA CleanSweep, a group to oust all incumbents, and Run, Baby, Run, a campaign to encourage more women candidates. There are no female state representatives in the five-county area.

"If we want to build a bridge to the future, we need a diverse work force," she said. "When I look around the Legislature, I don't see a diverse work force."

-- Ed Blazina

24th District

Democratic Rep. Joseph Preston's 23-year House career faces a tough challenge.

Holding the Democratic Committee endorsement is his former aide, Edward C. Gainey, 36, of Highland Park. He worked for Mayor Tom Murphy's administration before leaving city government to run this race.

Also in the running is William D. Anderson, 33, of Homewood, a body shop owner and reformed drug dealer from a political family. There is no Republican candidate.

Mr. Preston, 58, of East Liberty, touted his influence as minority chairman of the Consumer Affairs Committee and ability to bring home state development assistance.

Mr. Gainey criticized the incumbent's vote for a legislative pay raise, especially in light of the economic stagnancy in much of the district. Mr. Preston took the raise and did not pay it back even after he joined nearly every other legislator in voting to rescind it.

Mr. Gainey also pointed to Mr. Preston's votes for water rate hikes and for easier gas company shutoffs as evidence that he's out of touch with his constituents.

Mr. Preston would like to see the city's eventual casino owner finance a new arena, possibly with state help. Mr. Anderson opposes state aid for an arena. Mr. Gainey hasn't developed a position on funding for an arena.

None of the candidates is a strong proponent of reducing the size of the Legislature, fearing that minority representation would be reduced.

-- Rich Lord

25th District

Daniel Mator and Steve O'Donnell are challenging veteran lawmaker Joseph Markosek for the Democratic nomination in the 25th District.

Mr. Markosek, 56, has served in the House since 1982. His reputation for securing state money for roads, libraries and municipal projects has usually made his seat safe. Last year he voted for the controversial pay raise. Then he recanted, voted to repeal it and returned the money.

Mr. Mator, 33, was drawn into the contest on the PA CleanSweep reform slate.

He was orphaned at age 2, experienced homelessness and bankruptcy, earned two college degrees and owned a pizzeria.

He says life has prepared him to represent average people. He wants to reduce the size of the Legislature and eliminate property taxes.

Mr. O'Donnell, 60, has managed mental retardation programs. In 1996, he was forced out as head of Life Service Systems, and the Greensburg agency declared bankruptcy. A U.S. trustee attributed its demise to the people who took it over.

Since then he has invested in real estate and other ventures.

Mr. O'Donnell says he wants to work on housing, health care, education, retiree issues, jobs and governmental integrity.

Ed Nicholson, 47, of Monroeville, is unopposed for the Republican nomination.

-- Bill Heltzel

voters guide primary 2006 on the web:

For links to all of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette's Campaign 2006 coverage to date, visit [*www.post-gazette.com/election*](http://www.post-gazette.com/election)

To determine in which state Senate and House districts you reside, visit the Pennsylvania General Assembly Web site, [*www.legis.state.pa.us*](http://www.legis.state.pa.us)

The following districts have no contested primary races(incumbents are listed in boldface):

8th, Dick Stevenson (R); no Democrat filed.

12th, Daryl Metcalfe (R); no Democrat filed.

16th, Sean M. Ramaley (D); no Republican filed.

19th, Jake Wheatley (D); no Republican filed.

22nd, Chelsa Wagner (D); no Republican filed.

23rd, Dan Frankel (D); no Republican filed.

28th, John Henry (D); Mike Turzai (R).

32nd, Anthony DeLuca (D); no Republican filed.

33rd, Frank Dermody (D); Eileen Watt (R).

36th, Harry Readshaw (D); no Republican filed.

40th, John Maher (R); no Democrat filed.

44th, Mark Mustio (R); no Democrat filed.

45th, Nick Kotik (D); no Republican filed.

48th, Timothy Joseph Solobay (D); no Republican filed.

54th, John E. Pallone (D); Jason D. Fularz (R).

55th, Joseph A. Petrarca (D); no Republican filed.

56th, James E. Casorio Jr. (D); Joel Reiter (R).

57th, Thomas A. Tangretti (D); Steve Schaefer (R).

60th, Jeff Pyle (R); no Democrat filed.

**Notes**

2006 PRIMARY VOTERS GUIDE/ The Post-Gazette Voters Guide continues tomorrow with coverage of more state House races.

**Correction**

Scott Witon is a Republican candidate for state representative in the 54th District. His Web site is [*www.witonnow.com*](http://www.witonnow.com) and his campaign telephone number is 724-448-0566. His name was omitted from the Voters Guide candidates list on May 7, and the May 9 Guide erroneously reported that Jason D. Fularz was unopposed for the Republican nomination in the 54th District.

**Correction-Date:** May 16, 2006

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Walter

PHOTO: Ellis

PHOTO: Veon

PHOTO: Paisley

PHOTO: Biancucci

PHOTO: Strauss

PHOTO: Purcell

PHOTO: Banahasky

PHOTO: Walko

PHOTO: Geiger

PHOTO: Pistella

PHOTO: Preston

PHOTO: Anderson

PHOTO: Gainey

PHOTO: Mator

PHOTO: O'Donnell

PHOTO: Markosek

PHOTO: LaGrotta

PHOTO: Gibbons

PHOTO: Bennington

MAP: (State House districts Allegheny region)

MAP: State House districts Pittsburgh)

**Load-Date:** May 16, 2006

**End of Document**



[***The 12 phenoms: How they did it***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JXY-M370-TX31-W23Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

May 12, 2006 Friday

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE; Pg. 2E

**Length:** 2490 words

**Byline:** Susan Wloszczyna

**Body**

They found success the hard way, overcoming humble beginnings and a lack of financing on the way to mainstream popularity. USA TODAY's Susan Wloszczyna tells the story behind the top 12 phenoms of the past 25 years.

Porky's

1982

1Sound bite:

"I'm gonna get laid. Yes, Virginia. There is a Santa Claus." -- Pee Wee (Dan Monahan)

Plot: Libidinous Florida high school guys in the '50s seek satisfaction at the ramshackle pleasure palace known as Porky's.

A phenom is born: American Graffiti and Animal House mixed nostalgia and sex first. But what Porky's lacked in artistry and Belushi antics it made up for with full-frontal nudity, off-color jokes and a loudly aroused Kim Cattrall.

"Porky's did a simple thing: telling it as it was," says director Bob Clark, who based his script on memories from Fort Lauderdale High. "I wanted to look at how Americans developed our sexuality at that time. It was never treated with any honesty before. Just some Beach Blanket Bingo nonsense."

How the audience was hooked: Execs at 20th Century Fox "didn't want to release it and wouldn't show the movie to test it," Clark says. A screening finally was held in San Diego. A line formed 90 minutes before the start. "They smelled something about this movie," Clark says.

Lasting impact: The Farrelly brothers. The American Pie series. All owe a debt to Porky's for demonstrating how to milk titillating titters.

The Terminator

1984

2Sound bite:

"I'll be back." -- The Terminator (Arnold Schwarzenegger)

Plot: Machines send a cyborg back in time to kill the mother of a yet-unborn human hero.

A phenom is born: In the early '80s, James Cameron's lone directing credit was Piranha II. And no one who caught Schwarzenegger in the ridiculous if profitable Conan the Barbarian adventures took the ex-Mr. Universe seriously. But playing a mechanical monster turned Schwarzenegger's acting limitations into a plus.

How the audience was hooked: The poster was killer: Arnold with sunglasses, scowl and massive gun. Although Orion chairman Arthur Krim didn't think much of the film, action fans ate it up. Barbara Boyle, Orion production chief, says he later confessed, "I don't know what the audience wants. Clearly, The Terminator is it."

Lasting impact: Cameron would captain 1997 all-time box-office champ Titanic. Schwarzenegger ascended as Hollywood's top action hero until the century's end. The film was one of the first big hits of the home-video era, leading to the $200 million-plus success of 1991's Terminator 2: Judgment Day. No wonder there is talk of a T:4.

Crocodile Dundee

1986

3

Sound bite: "That's not a knife. That's a knife." -- Dundee (Paul Hogan)

Plot: Down Under Tarzan meets Yankee Jane and relies on his native know-how in the Big Apple.

A phenom is born: If the scaffolder turned product spokesman's laidback charm could start a run on Foster's Lager and encourage a 40% surge in Australian tourism, why not sell that same genial persona in a full-length feature?

How the audience was hooked: Crocodile Dundee's clean-cut laughs could be safely shared by the entire family. Or as Hogan once said: "It's not full of boob jokes or lavatory-wall humor, and the guy looks at the world through rose-colored glasses and gives everyone the benefit of a doubt."

Lasting impact: Dundee broke records for an Aussie import, and Hogan paved the way for Aussie-bred talents like Russell Crowe and Nicole Kidman. Alas, all Hogan could do was degrees of Dundee.

Dirty Dancing

1987

4

Sound bite: "Nobody puts Baby in a corner." -- ***Working-class*** mambo king Johnny Castle (Patrick Swayze)

Plot: At a Catskills resort in 1963, sheltered Baby's life is forever changed by dance teacher Johnny.

A phenom is born: It was quickly clear that this summer romance was a swooner. "At the first screening in New York, it scored like a real studio movie," says MJ Peckos, who oversaw marketing and distribution at Vestron Video. "It captured a time that people related to." The real pay dirt, though, was in the suggestive dancing and catchy music, a phenom of its own. The film spun off two best-selling soundtrack albums and four hit singles, as well as a touring stage show.

How the audience was hooked: Cliches aside, the crowd-pleaser packed with sexual heat, girlish emotions and the Oscar-winning tune (I've Had) The Time of My Life connected strongly with women. As for the magnetic Swayze, a few pelvic thrusts to Otis Redding's Love Man was all it took to achieve superhunkdom.

Lasting impact: The DVD continues to sell well, and a 20th anniversary edition is planned. A stage version is flourishing overseas.

Teenage Mutant

Ninja Turtles

1990

5

Sound bite: "Cowabunga!" -- Turtle battle cry

Plot: Pets mutate into human-size reptile crimefighters beneath New York's streets.

A phenom is born: The attraction of these nunchuck-swinging, pizza-gorging wisecrackers confounded most adults. "I had never heard of them," says Robert Shaye, founder and co-chairman of New Line. "But I listened to my colleagues, and they had 7-, 8-year-old kids who were completely gaga over the Turtles. Children embrace things that are subversive."

How the audience was hooked: Unlike most tie-in targets, the comic-book superheroes and cartoon stars came to the big screen with a merchandising empire in place. They were presold and prepared to rock the box office, opening to $25.4 million.

Lasting impact: The Turtles dragged kid culture out of the Care Bear dark ages. After a good run in the '90s, with more than $4 billion in entertainment and product sales, they're having a revival. A CG-animated feature is due next year.

Boyz N the Hood

1991

6

Sound bite: "Either they don't know, don't show or don't care about what's going on in the 'hood." -- Doughboy (Ice Cube), watching the news

Plot: Three high school seniors try to survive gang-infested South Central L.A.

A phenom is born: Spike Lee's breakthrough She's Gotta Have It ushered in a new wave of black cinema, but few were as acclaimed as John Singleton's filmmaking debut. What set Boyz apart from the pack was its portrait of a caring single father (Laurence Fishburne) and his influence on his son (Cuba Gooding Jr.). "It was a rough and raw look at South Central, but it also had this great relationship," says Mark Gill, who handled publicity at Columbia. At 24, Singleton became the youngest Oscar nominee ever for best director and the first black director so honored.

How the audience was hooked: "We first sold it to the African-American community, but we also went after white kids who were listening to rap," Gill says. Sporadic violence marred the film's $10 million opening on 837 screens, causing eight theaters to pull it. Because of demand, it expanded to 920 a week later.

Lasting impact: Singleton continues directing (Shaft) and producing (Hustle & Flow). The cast was a launching pad of black talent. Ice Cube proved rappers could act, and Hollywood keeps plundering the music, themes and stars of the hip-hop world.

The Crying Game

1992

7Sound bite:

"I can't help it. It's in my nature." -- Irish Republican Army prisoner Jody (Forest Whitaker)

Plot: IRA terrorist grows close to his hostage. When matters end tragically, he escapes to London and looks up the soldier's mistress, Dil.

A phenom is born: The surprise twist was a curse at first. Studios wouldn't touch the script by Dublin-based filmmaker Neil Jordan (Mona Lisa), fearing that the plot shocker -- she was a he -- would be a turnoff. Producer Stephen Woolley dug into his own holdings to raise the money to produce the film.

When Miramax, which had rejected the script, saw the finished product, it snapped it up. "It was Harvey at his best," says Gerry Rich, head of marketing, of boss Harvey Weinstein. "Miramax would take on films no one else would and approach them in a renegade way." Jaye Davidson, who had no acting experience, was discovered at a party and was Oscar-nominated for his beguiling Dil.

How the audience was hooked: Weinstein's rep as a relentless promoter was honed by the stunts he pulled to attract attention to The Crying Game, publicizing that the film had a "secret" yet insisting that no one reveal it. He and his staff made calls to assure that the media played along.

Lasting impact: The Crying Game took Miramax's PR game to the next level (though blogs have made such secrets obsolete) and legitimized the gender-bending genre. Many embraced its exploitation of a twist, for good (The Sixth Sense) and bad (The Game).

Scream

1996

8Sound bite:

"Never say, 'Who's there?' Don't you watch scary movies? It's a death wish." -- The killer

Plot: Teens who have seen way too many slasher flicks are stalked by a ghost-masked fiend.

A phenom is born: Scribe Kevin Williamson's Scream was a true original, an arch spoof stitched from used parts found in such scary thrillers as Halloween and Friday the 13th. Bob Weinstein, the Miramax co-chief who ran fledging genre label Dimension, took a stab at Scream and wisely hired veteran slice-and-dicer Wes Craven as director. "It was taking an old cliche and giving it a new twist, reinventing horror films with irony," says Mark Gill, Miramax's then-marketing maven. "It scared you, yet you were in on the joke."

How the audience was hooked: The most terrifying decision was the opening date: Dec. 20. Horror and ho-ho-ho weren't supposed to be mixed. "Filmmakers were saying we were just dumping the movie," Gill says. Although it grossed only $6.4 million on its opening weekend, it hit $21.3 million the next.

Lasting impact: The Scream trilogy re-awakened interest in horror, a trend that has yet to abate. After Dimension's success, other companies started genre divisions, including Focus with Rogue (Shaun of the Dead) and Sony with Screen Gems (Resident Evil).

The Blair Witch Project

1999

9Sound bite:

"I'm afraid to close my eyes. I'm afraid to open them." -- Heather Donahue, leader of the project

Plot: Three student filmmakers become lost in the Maryland woods while shooting a documentary about a creepy local legend.

A phenom is born: Blair Witch's minimalist techniques, complete with shaky camera, led to freakouts at the Sundance Film Festival. "The comment we heard the most is that guys our age won't get it, but the young people on the acquisition team get it, and it's the scariest thing they've seen," says Steve Beeks, head of home entertainment at Artisan, buyer of the film.

Then there was the website, created by the movie's makers months before release, jammed with lore, police findings and extra footage that gave the impression that the events were real.

How the audience was hooked: The interactive Web material was light-years beyond other movie sites. Artisan intentionally overpacked sneak previews in college towns, causing lines and setting house records. As a result, Blair Witch became the highest-grossing non-studio film of all time -- until 2002's My Big Fat Greek Wedding.

Lasting impact: Blair Witch was a case study in bewitching moviegoers via computer. Less gore, more psychological chills -- also effective in 1999's The Sixth Sense -- was the scare standard for a spell.

My Big Fat Greek Wedding

2002

10

Sound bite: "There are two kinds of people -- Greeks, and everyone else who wish they was Greek." -- Gus Portokalos (Michael Constantine)

Plot: Toula (Nia Vardalos), a 30-year-old wallflower who works in her family's Greek restaurant, is rescued by a white-bread prince.

A phenom is born: Vardalos based her screenplay on her one-woman show. Rita Wilson -- Mrs. Tom Hanks -- saw the play and ended up co-producing the film version with her husband. It really didn't matter that the broad comedy was a glorified sitcom. Everyone could relate: Whose relatives aren't nosy and meddlesome?

How the audience was hooked: Critics were dismissive, but IFC distribution honcho Bob Berney knew better. He had seen an older audience in L.A. falling out of their chairs with riotous laughter. The film opened on 108 screens in eight cities. But not too many -- the better to pack theaters. "We kept the film small to make it big," he says. When it went wide months later, "people were being dragged to it by friends and relatives."

Lasting impact. Vardalos' script was nominated for an Oscar and she starred in a brief TV spinoff. Most influential was Berney's blueprint for buzz on the cheap. As president of Newmarket, he used the experience to push 2004's The Passion of the Christ, which topped Greek Wedding as the highest-grossing non-studio film.

Napoleon Dynamite

2004

11

Sound bite: "I spent it with my uncle in Alaska hunting wolverines!" -- Napoleon (Jon Heder) on what he did last summer

Plot: A teen misfit in Preston, Idaho, contends with his eccentric clan and manages his friend's unlikely campaign for class president.

A phenom is born: It's about time that the kids of '00s got their own icon. Napoleon is a nerd defiant, an underdog snarling at a world that barely knows he exists. Critics were mystified by this draggy pageant of the mundanely bizarre. But Fox Searchlight didn't buy the Sundance hit to please cranky grownups. One hang-up: "I knew there was no way to advertise the film," says Nancy Utley, who devised the marketing. "If you showed individual scenes, they would look too weird."

How the audience was hooked: If you've seen a "Vote for Pedro" T-shirt, you've felt the power of Dynamite, fed by screenings -- 350 in 65 cities -- 10 weeks before the opening. Added incentive: free T-shirts. "Those people became walking billboards," Utley says.

But what rocketed Napoleon to instant cultdom was its Internet site, which encouraged fan club members (250,000 and still growing) to recruit friends to join.

Lasting impact: The film only reinforced the importance of the Internet as a tool to stoke must-see desires. And for those who want more Dynamite, pick up the Like, the Best Special Edition Ever DVD ($27) on Tuesday.

March of the Penguins

2005

12

Sound bite: "This is a love story." -- Narrator Morgan Freeman

Plot: Emperor penguins in Antarctica make an arduous 70-mile trek to breeding grounds.

A phenom is born: When the French documentary was shown at Sundance, reps from 20 companies walked out. But Warner Independent Pictures stuck around. "There was potential in a story about the extraordinary lengths one family goes to survive and prosper," says former president Mark Gill. A thumping techno soundtrack and too-cute penguin voiceovers had to go, replaced by a symphonic score and Freeman's rich narration.

How the audience was won: The film went out as an art film on just four screens in late June. "We could see the possibility of crossing over to families in suburbia," Gill says. By mid-August, it was on more than 2,000 screens. "It worked for everyone, except maybe the Rob Zombie crowd."

Lasting impact: The Oscar winner became the second-highest-grossing documentary after 2004's Fahrenheit 9/11. Two computer-animated features showcase the birds, this fall's Happy Feet and next summer's Surf's Up. Plus, a parody: Farce of the Penguins.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, TCFHE

PHOTO, B/W, Joyce Rudolph, Orion Pictures

PHOTO, B/W, Paramount Pictures

PHOTO, B/W, Live Entertainment

PHOTO, B/W, New Line Cinema

PHOTO, B/W, D. Stevens, Columbia Pictures

PHOTO, B/W, AP

PHOTO, B/W, Dimension Films

PHOTO, B/W, Artisan Entertainment

PHOTO, B/w, Sophie Giraud, IFC Films

PHOTO, B/W, 20th Century Fox

PHOTO, B/w, Jerome Maison, Bonne Pioche Productions

**Load-Date:** May 12, 2006

**End of Document**



[***CLASS TENSIONS BUBBLING UP PARISH CLOSINGS HAVE CATHOLICS QUESTIONING ARCHDIOCESAN COMMITMENT TO THE URBAN POOR.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TX50-01K4-90D5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 25, 1999 Tuesday SF EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 4171 words

**Byline:** David O'Reilly, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

On Good Friday afternoon, about 50 Catholic parishioners set off through North Philadelphia, singing and praying behind a man with a large wooden cross hoisted on his shoulder.

The procession began at 18th and Girard, at a brick building with twin belfries. Now a school chapel, it once was the Church of the Gesu, their church.

Cavernous, majestic - and nearly empty of worshippers toward the end - Gesu was one of 17 parishes in this poor sector of the city and in Chester closed and consolidated by the archdiocese in 1993. Its members were reassigned to St. Malachy, a mile away at 11th and Master. But of 350, only 130 went. Many still are struggling to make it their home.

They've clung to Gesu traditions - greeting people arriving for Mass, holding hands during the Lord's Prayer. St. Malachy veterans have warmed to the former ritual, but rarely join in the latter.

They also still take their Good Friday Stations of the Cross to the streets, but now it is a journey to St. Malachy, marking the death of Gesu and a new, yet-evolving life.

"I was baptized there, went to school there. We buried our parents, got married, educated our children there," Byron McCook, 39, said as the group threaded its way east.

"We've come to accept Malachy as our own, but . . . " He shook his head sadly. "Gesu is sorely missed."

\* The protesters outside archdiocesan headquarters at 222 N. 17th St. - chanting, "The Lord hears the cry of the poor; why can't the archbishop?" - long ago dispersed.

The empty churches, with their rectories and schools, have been turned to other uses. In some, there are public school classes, Head Start programs and Police Athletic League activities. In others, there are Pentecostal congregations, Catholic and secular social services - signs that other kinds of ministries can thrive where traditional parishes did not.

But wounds remain.

Six years after the largest wave of closings in the archdiocese, "we're still bleeding," said the Rev. Edward Hallinan, pastor of St. Martin de Porres at 24th and Lehigh, a 1,100-member parish formed by the merging of Most Precious Blood, St. Elizabeth's and St. Columba's.

"I'm trying to bring people from the three parishes together liturgically, pastorally and socially. But there's still a lot of hurt and anger."

Lingering, too, on the minds of many Catholics is a question: What is the archdiocese's long-term commitment to its poor urban parishes?

Lately it has been asked with renewed urgency, as the five-county institution reengineers its parish system under a three-year project called "cluster pastoral planning."

The process has centered on the sometimes-painful reallocation of resources for both the archdiocese's shrinking urban parishes and its growing suburban parishes.

From those 287 parishes, 41 clusters were formed, each represented by panels of laity and clergy charged with finding ways to bring new energy to Catholic life.

Some far-suburban clusters, beneficiaries of the land rush in Bucks and Chester Counties, will be getting help - more priests and even some new buildings.

Twenty-three clusters, nearly all in the city and its near suburbs, will lose a total of 53 priests by next year. To survive, at least 30 congregations will be "twinned," meaning they will share clergy. That has allayed immediate fears of mass closings - but not the anxiety that some of those parishes, the smallest and weakest, someday will fall.

The Rev. David Sicoli understands the concern. He was pastor of Our Lady of the Holy Souls, in Tioga, when it closed in 1993. He now is pastor of St. Anthony of Padua in Grays Ferry, one of three parishes marked for closing so far in cluster plans.

"People have the conception that the church is withdrawing from the poor. It's easy to make that leap," he said. "You build a $30 million high school in Chester County" - the year-old Bishop Shanahan in Downingtown - "and close a parish in the inner city.

"I don't think people understand that we are reprioritizing what the city needs. Lots of these structures were built for a population that came into this city in the beginning of this century, and that population, to a large extent, has moved and a new population has come in."

Incoming parishioners, however, hardly have replaced the departed. In 1960, registered Catholics in Philadelphia numbered 740,000; today, 450,000. In Chester in 1960, there were 18,500; today, about 2,800. Nearly two-thirds of the archdiocesan membership now is suburban.

City-based dioceses, particularly in the Northeast, have been dealt much the same statistical hand. How to play it has vexed many a bishop, none more so than Anthony Pilla of Cleveland.

A former president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops and a notable voice on the future of the urban parish, Bishop Pilla has traveled the country addressing "the moral dimension of regional sprawl" and assailing policies that pump money into suburban development while bypassing the inner city.

Catholicism, he said in a recent interview, will not likely become the faith of choice for most African Americans. Nor can the church, he maintained, stanch migration from the city, "but we can speak out on its negative impact and the moral obligations of the community. We need to be advocates."

In that role, he has promoted financial-aid and community-service partnerships between suburban and urban parishes. In Cleveland, 90 of 238 have been partnered.

The Philadelphia archdiocese has no "overarching plan" to guide city parishes into the future, Cardinal Anthony J. Bevilacqua said in an interview this month. Given the great diversity of neighborhoods, he said, that vision should bubble from the "bottom up," not be imposed from above.

"That's the purpose of changing to this new approach," he said of cluster planning. ". . . If we begin to see patterns [of needs] in several clusters, that might send a signal to us. But I don't think we can see anything now."

As for the charge that has echoed since the 1993 closings, the cardinal said: "I refuse to accept the accusation that we were hurting the poor. Our whole goal was to improve our assistance to the poor by concentrating the number of priests and funds, instead of spreading them around."

Besides, he noted, the archdiocese's social service agencies - under the $148-million umbrella of Catholic Human Service - tend to the urban needy and typically do it more efficiently than parishes: "I see we're doing as much as we can for the poor."

In urban neighborhoods here, there is no lack of pastors who've come to view the traditional model of insular parish life as passe. Absent any "overarching plan," their quest to make the church relevant to the inner city is proceeding, in self-determined directions.

"What's needed is a model of parish that uses the physical plants" - rectory, church hall, school - "to do community service, regardless of the creed of the people," said the Rev. Aidan Rooney, pastor of St. Vincent's in Germantown.

His church sits amid considerable poverty, but the congregation is an anomaly: majority-white, liberal and residing in more than 50 zip codes regionwide. Few of its members are direct beneficiaries of their own dogged community work, in which they've joined secular groups and Protestant churches to create independent nonprofits devoted to, for instance, transitional housing, job training, and after-school care.

"On the books, we've got 1,200 [members]," Father Rooney said. "But we see ourselves as 10,400 - all the people in our parish territory."

At Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Kensington, Msgr. Edward Deliman need look no further than the pews to see the fresh, and needy, faces of urban Catholicism. Of 1,900 parishioners, 1,300 are Hispanic and 600 white; 30 Vietnamese are registered, but 300 attend Masses there. He and two assistant priests provide Masses in three languages, while struggling to make "one parish" for all.

In one of the city's poorest neighborhoods, Msgr. Deliman also is a pillar of the Eastern Philadelphia Organizing Project (EPOP), a coalition of three Catholic and three Episcopal parishes and eight public schools to promote leadership. EPOP's offices are in Visitation's grammar school.

"Our servanthood is to call the people to be louder prophetic voices in their communities," he said.

That can include teaching anxious Vietnamese immigrants to trust police and government agencies and encouraging insecure Hispanics to demand better protection and services from those agencies.

Today's Catholic parish, he said, must be "like the arms of Christ, reaching out" to people, "regardless of whether they're Catholic, non-Catholic, or nonbelievers."

Msgr. Deliman's example guides Father Hallinan at St. Martin de Porres.

The latter turns to "222" (as the archdiocese is known, for the address of its headquarters) for financial help. His is among 33 needy parishes receiving annual subsidies of about $100,000 each.

Of the $3.5 million distributed last fiscal year, $700,000 came from the archdiocese's $75-million fund drive, Catholic Life 2000, which ended in 1997.

Also from "222," Father Hallinan recently got $40,000 to repair the belfry and $10,800 for a fence around the school's recess yard.

The hierarchy, however, has not been a source of strategy, Father Hallinan said.

On his own, he has established a partnership with St. Katharine of Siena in Wayne, whose parishioners each year contribute nearly $50,000 in cash and gifts. And he is considering creating a "community empowerment" group like EPOP.

"Does the institutional church know what to do here?" Father Hallinan asked recently, quickly supplying his own answer: "No."

"But have the people of God, and the pastors and the principals, turned their backs? No way. That's 'church,' as much as the cardinal, the vicars, and 222."

\* Renee Freckleton still grieves for St. Elizabeth's, the parish she had called home for 15 years. She dearly misses the gospel Masses.

"We had drums, flutes, clarinets, guitars at St. E's," she recalled between bites of a hot dog at one of Father Hallinan's "parish unity" picnics at St. Martin de Porres, where she was reassigned. Father Hallinan has gospel Masses, too, but they're not as lively as those she knew "down there," about a mile away at 23d and Berks.

"Don't get me wrong," she said. "They try to make people feel like they belong. But I don't feel that unity. Not yet."

Time has perhaps gilded Freckleton's memories. By the early 1990s, just before St. Elizabeth's was closed, she was one of only about 40 people attending Sunday Mass there. The building itself was in such bad shape that in 1995 it was torn down.

Conventional wisdom predicted disaster in an area already bereft of other mainstream churches.

Steve Honeyman, executive director of the Eastern Philadelphia Organizing Project, calls Catholic churches "an important glue" in city neighborhoods. "If we took [them] out, we'd be in big trouble."

Yet, he said recently, "the immediate neighborhood around St. Elizabeth's is a lot better off now than when the parish was there."

Credit for that goes in large part to Sister Mary Scullion, a Sister of Mercy and director of Project HOME, a secular, nonprofit organization that promotes housing, education and medical care in the inner city.

As St. Elizabeth's buildings fell into disuse, Project HOME got permission from the archdiocese to rent and rehab them. The convent now is a residence for 25 recovering drug addicts and alcoholics. The convent chapel, where the Sisters of St. Francis once prayed, is the fitness center; a gleaming, white Nautilus machine has replaced the marble altar.

The rectory houses a three-day-a-week health clinic. Adult GED classes are held in what was the priests' dining room, and computer-training classes meet upstairs.

At Most Precious Blood, a small Pentecostal congregation, Garden of Prayer, bought the rectory and church at 28th and Diamond. Project HOME paid $36,000 for the convent and turned it into a residence for 10 men in recovery.

The Sisters of St. Francis and the Sisters of Mercy gave $1.5 million to Project HOME to restore abandoned homes and build new ones around both sites, for first-time homebuyers and single mothers.

Sister Scullion envisions a playground and community farm market on the lot where St. Elizabeth's sanctuary once stood.

"It's not 'church,' " she said. "But we still call this site 'St. E's' and that up there 'Blood.' "

Go well east of Broad, to 4400 N. Fifth St. There in the yellow and lavender offices of Casa del Carmen are mental-health services, day care, prenatal and neonatal counseling, and a health clinic that log about 3,500 client visits each year.

Only a few clues - a terrazzo floor, a ghostly footprint of a bygone baptismal font - hint at what the space had been: the sanctuary of St. Henry's. Now it is an outreach center run by the archdiocese's Catholic Social Services.

"When this church closed, it generated a lot of pain among the parishioners," said Casa director Giovanni Morante. "This is giving back to the community."

Next door to the Casa, in the old rectory, is the archdiocese's Hispanic Evangelization Center, which trains lay parish leaders and hosts neighborhood group meetings.

The activity perking at St. Henry's is a measure of "how the community has dealt with the loss," said Msgr. Nelson Perez, the center's director. "They're functioning with pain, but they're functioning."

"Don't forget," he said. "At the most radical core of Christianity is the belief that out of death comes life."

\* In Chester, six parishes became one in 1993. Blessed Katharine Drexel now covers 10 square miles, the entire city, and holds about 2,800 parishioners.

Rose Zappala isn't among them.

Half a dozen years ago, she was president of the Parishioners to Save St. Anthony's, who fought loud and hard but couldn't.

"Eventually we probably would have closed" anyway, she said recently, "but I felt we could have lived a few years longer and [the archdiocese could have] let us phase ourselves out. Our people were smart enough to know we were getting fewer and fewer."

When it was over, "the pastor got us cups with the face of the church on it, and he had paperweights made," Zappala said. "We were allowed to take some statues. I got the Blessed Mother. A small one."

Zappala now belongs to Our Lady of Charity, a sprawling complex in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Brookhaven, outside Chester. But every year on the Feast of St. Anthony in June and at Christmas, she joins a couple hundred former members of the old parish for reunions.

"We try to bring back some of the church by reminiscing," Zappala said. "Deep down, there's resentment. But life goes on."

That life isn't necessarily Catholic.

In 1996, St. Anthony's was bought by the White Rock Christian Church, a nondenominational congregation that moved from a single room to the elaborate edifice on West Third Street. It distributes food and clothing to the needy and runs community outreach programs, some with Catholic Social Services. Membership now is 350 and, according to Deacon Howard Jennings, growing.

White Rock's ambition is more than matched by that of the River of Life Assembly of God, a Pentecostal church that left Marcus Hook in 1995, having seen a mission in the hard-luck city upriver.

"Chester needs someone to care and hope," said the Rev. Wendell Jones, its pastor.

River of Life has purchased, or is negotiating to buy, nine buildings from the archdiocese. Its 120-member congregation, he said, is carrying a $750,000 mortgage.

"It's kind of sad for the people who invested their lives in these parishes," Mr. Jones said. "But I guess things changed."

They have surely changed at what once was the Resurrection of Our Lord parish complex at Ninth and Highland. In the sanctuary, Mr. Jones preaches; its school is home to Chester Charter School; Head Start classes meet in the rectory.

At St. Hedwig's, Fourth and Hayes, the archdiocese maintains a worship site. But in the rectory is River of Life's foster-child placement center, and Mr. Jones has plans to turn the convent into a transitional residence and training center for women leaving homeless shelters.

At St. Michael's, Seventh and Avenue of the States, the sign on a fieldstone house still reads "St. Michael's Rectory," but a River of Life deacon, Ken Howard, answers the door.

Inside, church volunteers have painted the peeling walls and water-damaged ceilings, in preparation for administrative offices.

When the clean-up began, Howard found - and saved - a half-dozen sheets of pharmaceutical stationery, filled with ballpoint-pen writing and tucked under spoons and spatulas in a kitchen drawer.

On them was a finely detailed summary of St. Michael's 150-year history, anonymously authored and left for the future tenants.

"First church corners laid Sept. 29," it read. "Est. St. Michael dementions[sic] 42x72. Spire 100 feet high. Gothic style tower bell. 1000 lbs.

"First Mass May 25, 1843. Property cost 300.00. Last Mass June 20. 150 yrs. 1993."

\* The Catholic church's urban quandaries are, in some respects, the ironic epilogue to its own 20th-century American success story.

Until the late 1800s, Catholics here and in most U.S. cities were a minority, and a poor one, disdained by the majority Protestants.

Then came the historic waves of European, mostly Catholic, immigrants: some 17 million between 1880 and 1924.

Many headed straight for the industrial cities, where the church was prepared for neither their numbers nor their diversity.

"Italian priests refused to baptize Lithuanians, Poles detested Czechs, Germans contended with Irish," wrote historian Charles Morris in his 1997 study, American Catholic. "Even the most conscientious bishops occasionally threw up their hands at the ethnic cacophony."

They responded by creating ethnic or "national" parishes, centered around magnificent churches often so close that their steeples cast shadows on one another. From 1900 to 1930, an Italian parish opened every year in Philadelphia.

Bishops sought to insulate not only ethnic groups from each other, but Catholics from secular culture.

The church's plan - famously accomplished in Philadelphia under Cardinal Dennis Dougherty - "was to make it possible," Morris wrote, "for an American Catholic to carry out almost every activity of life - education, health care, marriage and social life, union membership, retirement and old-age care - in a distinctly Catholic environment."

It succeeded, perhaps too well.

As African Americans arrived from the South, they found Catholicism - its lengthy conversion process, its Latin liturgies, its white-male hierarchy, its fortress mentality - less than welcoming.

Conspicuously so was the Rev. James Maguire, an Irish-born Jesuit at the Church of the Gesu.

In 1936, he formed the Gesu Parish Neighborhood Improvement Association, and urged Gesu's nearly 5,000 parishioners to buy up homes in the area, and to make sure the deeds barred resale to blacks.

"Our colored brethren are happier in their own little neighborhoods," he insisted, and steered any of them wishing to join Gesu to the "colored" parish, Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament at Broad and Fairmount.

Looking for endorsement, the priest took his plan, unwisely, to Cardinal Dougherty. The prelate already had decreed that no parochial school could exclude children because of their ethnicity, and he warned Father Maguire that "any Catholic who despises anyone for any reason, particularly on such baseless foundation as race or color, is not a loyal Catholic."

Eventually, Father Maguire "became viewed by his colleagues as an embarrassment," wrote University of Notre Dame historian John McGreevy in Parish Boundaries, his acclaimed 1996 study of urban Catholicism and race.

By midcentury, legions of whites who could afford the suburbs were moving there, followed by synagogues and Protestant churches. Catholics were slower to leave the city parishes that were the hubs of their lives. In 1952, according to McGreevy, Protestant church members made up 16 percent of Philadelphia's white population; Catholics, 40 percent.

It wasn't long, though, before parish membership and grammar-school enrollment in the city went into a spin.

By the mid-1980s, the pastors of as many as 10 North Philadelphia parishes had, on their own, hired a consultant and begun meeting with a committee of congregants. Parish costs weighed so heavily that, for relief, they wanted to close their schools and create one "super school" at three sites, including the Church of the Gesu.

"People worked really hard," said the Rev. James Gormley, then pastor of St. Stephen's. "We submitted a plan, then Cardinal [John] Krol got sick. It never got off the ground."

By 1990, the neighborhood around Gesu was blighted and semivacant, drained of its middle and ***working class***, white and black. Membership tumbled below 200. Despite annual archdiocesan funding of $25,000, "we had trouble supporting even the basic ministries," recalled the Rev. George Bur, Gesu's last pastor.

Yet its school was thriving. In 1985, the Jesuits had put more than $1 million into upgrading the building, making it a magnet for children across North Philadelphia.

In 1992, Cardinal Bevilacqua advised Father Bur that the parish would close - but the school should stay open, as an independent grammar school run by the Jesuits.

Today it has 418 students. About 70 percent are non-Catholic.

With St. Joseph's Preparatory School next door, it shares a grand chapel: the Church of the Gesu, which the Jesuits bought from the archdiocese and restored at a cost of more than $1 million.

"A little reverence, guys, a little reverence," Father Bur, now the school president, called out to a gaggle of giggling seventh graders on the altar, rehearsing a Lenten play. "Jesus" was Jermaine Graham, 13; he worships at Victory Baptist Church.

Looking up into Gesu's 10-story Romanesque barrel vaults and towering Corinthian columns, Father Bur noted, "It's not going anywhere."

\* Now, as the archdiocese redistributes its resources under cluster planning, other sectors of Philadelphia are taking it on the chin.

Two parish clusters in the west and southwest portions of the city - Numbers 23 and 33 - have sustained many of the worst blows. Within them are all three of the parishes slated to be closed; two of the four parishes to be consolidated; three of the six schools to be closed and consolidated.

In Cluster 33 alone, the archdiocese will remove more priests than in any other cluster - six of its current roster of 18.

Numbers dictate it.

In Cluster 33, the Catholic population has dropped 25 percent just since 1990, from 32,000 to below 25,000. Its 11 parishes sit in some of the most socially and economically troubled territory in the city, from the Schuylkill on the east to the Delaware County line on the west, from Philadelphia International Airport north to Chestnut Street.

Cluster 33 was among the first to submit its plan for the future, a list that began with grim strategies - the consolidation of St. Carthage and Transfiguration of Our Lord, the twinning of Most Blessed Sacrament and St. Francis de Sales. The latter two had more than 25,000 members between them in the 1960s; now, they have 3,500.

As Cluster 33's list went on, it promised improved evangelization. It proposed hiring a youth minister.

Item Nine, the last, was a request: "Bring back to the Cluster the Presence of Catholic Social Services."

The cardinal approved the plan in January 1998. By last summer, social workers Kathy Nelson and Joe Clark were walking the streets, visiting not only pastors and parishioners but municipal courts, police precincts and schools, trying to determine everyone's needs.

"For centuries we thought 'parish, parish, parish,' " said Nelson, who is unfazed by the closings and consolidations. "If you have 20 people sitting in a church built for immigrants, why not send them to the next church over? Why sink hundreds of thousands of dollars into heat in a year, when you can put it into the needs of the people?"

Since last year, Catholic Social Services - an arm of Catholic Human Services - has helped Cluster 33 parishes start fuel and energy-rebate programs and run workshops on the new welfare rules. Nelson and Clark also are working on the Southwest Summit, a nascent alliance of churches, community groups, and District 12 police.

When Christine McMenamin, social services coordinator at St. Barnabas in the Elmwood section, discerned a worsening problem with teen alcoholism, Nelson and Clark helped her develop a program with Common Pleas night court in which underage drinkers who have been arrested are referred to parish social workers.

McMenamin dares to hope not only that life in Southwest Philadelphia can be improved, but that the parishioners who are left will stay.

"I see more potential for good here than I've seen in 11 years," she said of her time at St. Barnabas.

"The idea of the church and the community working together is a knockout punch."

\* Inquirer staff writer Kristin Holmes and suburban staffer Kay Raftery contributed to this article.

**Notes**

Remaking Their Church

The archdiocese follows the flock

Last of three parts

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Leading a Good Friday procession, Nick Anderson carries the cross with Patty Krohn's help. They are making their way to their new parish, St. Malachy's, at 11th and Master Streets, from the site of their old parish, Church of the Gesu. Gesu closed in 1993. (MICHAEL S. WIRTZ, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Stopping to observe a station, LeRoy Etgeridge and his son, Jonathan, 6, steady the cross on the way to St. Malachy's in North Philadelphia. The Rev. Neal Ver'Schneider (left) stands by. (MICHAEL S. WIRTZ, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

What was once Resurrection of Our Lord Church in Chester now belongs to a Pentecostal congregation, River of Life Assembly of God. Member Charles Green organizes boxes of food for a food bank. It is among several churches that have bought archdiocesan property. (JOAN FAIRMAN KANES, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Delaware County Head Start classes now meet in the rectory at the former Resurrection of Our Lord church in Chester. (JOAN FAIRMAN KANES, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***Revised law inspires inner-city loans;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3C00-002B-H2M8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Banks prodded by change***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3C00-002B-H2M8-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 29, 1991, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Marketplace; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1821 words

**Byline:** Neal St. Anthony; Staff Writer

**Body**

Earlier this year, Pati Yeager worried that her St. Anthony Development Center - a North Minneapolis day-care center for 75 low- income toddlers - might have to close for lack of a mortgage on its W. Broadway building.

A $ 260,000, five-year contract for deed was due in July on the former mortuary. Yeager, the executive director, was searching for permanent financing. Enter Marquette Bank, but not entirely altruistically.

The $ 2.4 billion-asset institution was brought to the deal by Minneapolis officials, who were encouraging Marquette to increase participation in city-supported, inner-city loans. Marquette also was inspired by the beefed-up Community Reinvestment Act (CRA), federal regulations that prod banks to spread money in struggling neighborhoods.

Marquette discovered that the 15-year, 11 percent loan will generate cash - and community goodwill.

"St. Anthony has strong underwriting and cash flow, with support from federal and county funds for day care," said Chris Andersen, a Marquette lender. "I've been here many times to talk about occupancy and capacity. An appraisal . . . came in at $ 400,000."

The Minneapolis Community Development Agency (MCDA) is contributing $ 99,500 for building improvements. That will further enhance Marquette's collateral.

"The loan gives us permanence," Yeager said. "Now I can concentrate on the business."

The St. Anthony Center loan is one result of a growing movement by governments and community groups to encourage banks under the rejuvenated, 14-year-old CRA to make loans for housing and to fledgling businesses and nonprofit agencies in inner cities.

Until this year, lenders could keep the results of CRA examinations private. But the act was amended in 1989 so that exams after July 1990 are public. In addition to the "stick" of disclosure, there is a "carrot"; bankers want to be regarded as fair lenders who don't discriminate by geography or race. Some are starting to use strong CRA grades as marketing tools to entice deposits and business from so-inclined customers.

Many critics - such as ACORN and the Joint Ministries Project - focus on residential-mortgage "redlining," alleging that some depositories are denying credit to inner-city neighborhoods with sizable minority populations.

That issue surfaced again last week, when a Federal Reserve Board study showed that minorities, including Twin Cities residents, generally are rejected for home loans by a rate of 2 to 1 over whites with similar incomes. Big Twin Cities mortgage bankers protested that the race- income criteria failed to consider issues such as credit background, employment history and the restrictive underwriting guidelines of the secondary mortgage market.

But the lenders also recently have introduced inner-city mortgage programs targeted at ***working-class*** people frozen out of the market by traditional loan underwriting criteria. Norwest and TCF, in fact, report success in their year-old, inner-city efforts. They should top $ 100 million, or up to 20,000 mortgages by 1996. Marquette and First Bank are poised to announce similar residential initiatives. They focus on loan counseling - getting borrowers qualified for mortgage financing before they look for houses - and underwriting flexibility, without putting the bank at undue risk of repayment.

But CRA lending embodies more than home loans. CRA exams cover five broad categories of credit, services, discrimination tests and outreach efforts.

And regulators are denying branching and acquisition requests from banks that score poorly on CRA exams. That sobers the likes of First, Norwest and Marquette, which are on the expansion trail as branching and merger barriers fall to deregulation.

The Midwestern banking world is shuddering from the the Federal Reserve Board's denial this month of the merger of two big Montana and Wyoming banks that were owned by the same family. The Fed said the banks paid lip service to CRA, specifically the needs of Indian communities that protested the merger.

"Banks should have their CRA houses in order before filing (such) applications," warned Karen Grandstrand, assistant vice president of banking supervision of the Minneapolis Federal Reserve Bank. The Minneapolis Fed recommended that the Montana-Wyoming bank merger be denied.

Minneapolis officials aren't partial to the bank lobby demonstrations of some activists, but they quietly made their point.

"Up until 1991, Marquette was not an active participant in city-assisted development programs," said Iric Nathanson, a neighborhood finance specialist at the MCDA. "We had been particularly concerned about the Lake St. office, which was right in the middle of our inner-city target area."

Mayor Don Fraser and Council Majority Leader Steve Cramer met with Marquette executives in December to advise politely that the bank make more loans or they'd yank millions in city deposits. By then, Marquette already had made some attitude and personnel changes.

"I think we're looking (more) at this type of lending because it makes sense," said Doug Hile, Marquette senior vice president of consumer services. "We're not being forced by regulators to do bad lending."

In fact, Marquette officials say they expect to make roughly the same return on a CRA-related loan as any other credit. Often, its risk is mitigated by a government grant to the borrower and participation by a foundation, nonprofit group and other lenders.

The MCDA now considers Marquette - along with big commercial lenders First Bank and Norwest and several smaller banks - willing to consider seriously any proposal it or neighborhood developers advance.

"It doesn't have to be city-endorsed," said Andersen, an architect and former First Banker whom Marquette hired in 1990 to work with community groups and who counsels Marquette bankers on CRA-related lending. "The best projects bubble up from the neighborhoods."

Anderson works out of Marquette's E. Lake St. office, which since 1990 has been headed by Joe Nordlund. City and neighborhood officials generally regard him as much more attuned to inner-city projects than his predecessor.

Earlier this year, Marquette, owned by Carl Pohlad, resolved to achieve the top CRA rating, which only 4 percent of Minnesota banks have received since CRA evaluations became public.

"I've explained to them what happens if you're not a good CRA lender," Hile said. "This is consistent with our philosophy. It's good business."

Still, there's evidence that bankers and regulators are circling each other gingerly. Some bankers also believe CRA is a more a government paper-generating exercise than community service.

"I'd like to make every good loan that comes in," George Erickson, president of Cambridge (Minn.) State Bank said last summer about his "substantial noncompliance" score, the lowest CRA rating.

"A lot of banks put a bunch of stuff in the file for the regulators," he said. "We don't waste time on that stuff."

Erickson also was lending out only a paltry $ 1 for every $ 9 in assets.

"The bank needs to have some documentation to show what its doing, whether CRA or a credit file," said Janet Nesch, a national bank examiner with the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation's (FDIC) regional office in Kansas City, Mo. "But we're going to look at substance. We're going to be able to verify by talking to community groups. Our office has an outreach program."

But Erickson's paper-chase complaint is understood by red-tape-bound bankers. There's even an effort before Congress to exempt small banks from CRA exams on grounds that it's already their bread and butter.

In another case, Western Bank of St. Paul, an inner-city lender that got an "outstanding" CRA rating last spring from one team of FDIC examiners, was forced by an FDIC financial exam team to take reserves - expenses in anticipation of loss - against a $ 600,000 commercial loan in a minority neighborhood. The borrower in question had the financial support of the city and federal development agencies. Moreover, the retail development is prospering.

That, Chairman Bill Sands said, has a whipsaw effect on bankers trying to do the right thing and make a buck.

The four federal regulators admit that CRA exams aren't a science and that their "financial fitness" examiners aren't always in sync with CRA examiners. The CRA exam isn't quantified like the confidential financial fitness exams. Regulators are lumping four-fifths of all banks in the "satisfactory" category. But there are wide differences in the underlying evaluations.

For example, First Bank was credited with a great job of assessing community credit needs and its "volume of consumer and commercial loans, especially low-to-moderate income housing credits is sizable in relation to its resources and the community's identified credit needs."

"The good news is that the results of the planning, what we're doing is excellent," said Becky Malkerson, senior vice president of corporate relations at First Bank. "But they're saying we need to document better for the examiners. We feel we're delivering, that we're close to the 'outstanding' rating."

By contrast, Marquette has a way to go. The government said its 1990 community outreach efforts "are not sufficient to ensure that the bank ascertains the credit needs of its entire community." It was concerned about Marquette's past "responsiveness to the credit needs of the community."

Marquette says 1991 is a watershed year. Its CRA-related lending is increasing.

But Nathanson said First Bank shouldn't rest on its laurels.

"First has not been very active this year . . . in financing for city-sponsored programs," he said. "We need to talk. They rank at the bottom behind Norwest, Marquette, National City, Riverside, Franklin and Union, very, very small banks."

Most lenders rated 'satisfactory'

In addition to understanding financial exams, the nation's banks and S&Ls are given performance evaluations under the Community Reinvestment Act (CRA) of 1977. Few are found to be "outstanding."

Federal regulators check five categories:

- Solicitation/understanding of local credit needs.

- Origination of residential and home improvement loans, small business credit and participation in government-sponsored programs.

- Geographic distribution of loans, denials, office openings and closings.

- Evidence of discrimination.

- Participation in local community development projects.

CRA ratings since they became public in July 1990#

Outstanding - National: 7.5% Minnesota: 4%

Satisfactory - National: 81% Minnesota: 84%

Needs improvement - National: 10.5% Minnesota: 11%

Substantial Noncompliance - National: 1% Minnesota: 1%

# About 4,500 banks and S&Ls nationally, and 297 in Minnesota, less than half of all institutions, had received CRA evaluations by Sept. 30.

Source: K.H. Thomas Associates, Miami; Federal Reserve, FDIC, Office of Thrift Supervision, Comptroller of the Currency

Star Tribune graphic/ Ray Grumney.

**Graphic**

Chart; Photograph

**Load-Date:** November 13, 1991

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[***Prisons release record numbers of ex-convicts Communities are scrambling to set up 're-entry' programs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:420J-21R0-00C6-D1PG-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

December 27, 2000, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 2068 words

**Byline:** Toni Locy

**Dateline:** SPOKANE, Wash.

**Body**

SPOKANE, Wash. -- Not long ago, this ***working-class*** city's West

Central neighborhood was so infested with drug addicts, thieves

and sexual predators it was called Felony Flats.

Finally, police and residents decided they'd had enough. Using

the community-based, zero-tolerance policing approach that's been

so successful throughout the nation, they targeted everything

from trash-filled lots to drug houses, arrested hundreds of troublemakers

and took the neighborhood back, street by street. Tougher sentencing

rules kept the offenders locked up longer.

But now in West Central and similar communities across the USA,

felons arrested during the anti-crime sweeps of the 1980s and

1990s have done their time and are returning home in record numbers,

a situation that analysts say could threaten the peace that followed

the crackdowns. Though the great lockup continues, it now has

led to what might be called the great release.

This year, a record 585,000 felons will be released from state

and federal prisons -- roughly three times the number turned out

20 years ago. And the number will stay high for several years,

authorities predict.

"Ready or not, here they come," says Rhode Island corrections

director A.T. Wall, who is beginning to track the destinations

of released offenders in that state.

The unprecedented wave of felon releases actually began in 1996,

when inmate releases topped 500,000 for the first time in U.S.

history. But most jurisdictions are only now beginning to address

the potential impact that the continuing influx of felons could

have.

In communities rich and poor, officials are scrambling to set

up programs to help offenders mesh back into society. They're

driven in part by doomsday predictions by law enforcement and

health analysts who predict that:

\* Crime rates, now at historic lows, could spike upward.

In a few major cities, the number of violent offenses is creeping

up as the economy cools. Add a large number of released felons

to the mix, analysts say, and the relative calm that many urban

areas enjoyed the past eight years could be shattered.

\* Similarly, record-low unemployment rates could rise.

Many felons, lacking skills and education, will have trouble finding

jobs, especially those from urban areas that have not experienced

the rate of job growth the suburbs have in recent years, analysts

say.

\* Public health costs could soar, and local social services

are likely to be stretched. Many offenders have serious health

problems, such as HIV and AIDS, hepatitis C and tuberculosis.

Most are drug addicts who didn't get treatment in prison.

\* The social consequences could be equally ominous. Domestic

violence and child abuse could increase when offenders try to

reconnect with women and children who've moved on with their lives.

Homelessness could rise. And because they leave prison with little

besides the clothes on their backs, offenders could drain community

food and clothing banks.

"The current situation is different" from anything communities

have experienced, says Joan Petersilia, a criminologist at the

University of California-Irvine. "The numbers (of inmate releases)

dwarf anything in our history."

Everyone -- not just people living in inner-city neighborhoods

-- should be concerned, says Jeremy Travis, a senior fellow at

the Urban Institute in Washington, D.C.

"Poor communities are a drain on our resources, on our health

systems, on our education systems, on our criminal justice systems,"

he says. "If more released offenders return to those disadvantaged

communities and further weaken the social fabric, we all pay a

price."

That's why officials and community leaders in Spokane, Boston,

San Antonio and more than a dozen other cities have begun unprecedented

efforts to keep tabs on these felons and offer them help through

"re-entry" programs.

In a sense, they say, these efforts are an acknowledgement that

crime-fighting is more complicated than the lock-'em-all-up approach

of the past several years that led to huge jumps in spending on

law enforcement and prisons.

In Boston, where authorities say the arrival of 200 to 250 offenders

per month fueled a rise in firearms-related offenses this year,

police and the Suffolk County sheriff's office are working with

the clergy and state agencies to help offenders get on their feet

after they've been released.

A few years ago, a crackdown would've been proposed, not a helping

hand. But Boston Police Superintendent Paul Joyce says there's

more to keeping a community safe. "We see a much bigger picture

these days," he says.

Attorney General Janet Reno has recruited 17 jurisdictions across

the country to start re-entry programs. Congress approved nearly

$ 100 million in funding for the next fiscal year.

Officials in Boston and elsewhere are looking west to Washington

for ideas on dealing with the influx of felons. Two decades ago,

Washington was the first state to toughen its sentencing standards,

starting a trend that experts say was a big factor in the incarceration

boom.

Last year, Washington's Legislature changed direction, and established

the nation's most ambitious effort to deal with the exodus of

felons. Lawmakers created a system for tracking violent offenders

by using teams of corrections officials, police, community groups

and residents that begin meeting with offenders six months before

their release.

The teams help felons line up housing, jobs and drug treatment,

among other things.

"This is a massive culture shift for us," says Joseph Lehman,

the state's corrections secretary.

Tougher laws hiked sentences

The record releases of inmates from federal and state prisons

are the legacy of aggressive anti-crime efforts that led to record

incarceration rates across the USA during the last two decades,

analysts say.

In 1980, about 600,000 people across the nation were incarcerated,

on parole or on probation. That year, about 170,000 state and

federal inmates were released. By last year, a record 6.3 million

men and women -- one out of every 32 adults in the USA -- were

locked up, on parole or on probation.

Offenders today are subject to tougher laws and many are held

behind bars longer than those who committed similar crimes previously,

mainly because of the revolution in crime and justice known as

"truth in sentencing."

For years, judges, prosecutors and defense attorneys in state

and federal courts guided a system in which defendants who received

lengthy sentences went to prison knowing they would actually serve

only about a third of their time.

In the early 1990s, state and federal truth-in-sentencing laws

began requiring inmates to serve up to 85% of their sentences.

Along with mandatory minimum sentences, "three strikes" laws

that locked up repeat offenders longer and a reduced use of parole,

the tougher sentencing rules increased the average time served

from 22 to 28 months between 1990 and 1998. Federal and state

inmates incarcerated in 1998 are likely to serve an average of

43 months, federal officials say.

At the same time, state legislatures' all but eliminated training

and treatment for inmates.

Beverly Watts Davis, executive director of a non-profit group

called San Antonio Fighting Back, worries that felons might be

bitter upon their release from prison. "Any person without hope

is incredibly dangerous," she says.

Funded by the United Way, Davis' group runs a boot camp-like program

that gives offenders job training and watches them so closely

that it even monitors how they spend their paychecks.

Not everyone believes that re-entry programs are a good idea.

Some corrections officers in Washington state say it's a waste

of time and money to work with felons who've shown time and again

they don't want or deserve help.

Earlier this year, the corrections union called it "a New Age

hug-a-thug approach." That position has softened as officials

addressed its concerns about who was released, says Tim Welch,

a spokesman for the Washington Federation of State Employees.

"It's the age-old debate of what's paramount," he says. "Rehabilitation

of the offender, or protection of the community?"

Police, corrections officials and community leaders say re-entry

programs can do both and save taxpayers money by lowering criminal

justice costs.

Tracking is not an easy task

That's the theory behind Washington state's Offender Accountability

Act, which requires corrections officials to establish the nation's

most comprehensive plan for tracking released offenders. And it's

being done with modest increases in staffing and funding.

Corrections chief Lehman views it as a basic government responsibility.

"I think the public is saying, 'Pay attention to the guys who

really scare us,' " he says.

But that's not easy. Convicted rapist Lawrence Gaines, 45, whose

case was reviewed recently by a Spokane re-entry team, illustrates

how difficult and complex it is. The 12-member team reviewing

his case -- a group that includes four police officers -- initially

split on what should be done with Gaines, an admitted drug dealer

and addict.

Should Gaines be released with six months left on his sentence

so the state could continue to tell him what to do, and threaten

him with more prison time if he didn't obey?

Or should he be left in prison to "max out," or finish all of

his time, leaving the state with no authority over him? If that

happened, he'd join an estimated 100,000 Washington offenders

whom no one is watching because they have finished their sentences

and aren't subject to parole restrictions.

Gaines wanted to be released immediately in Spokane, where his

wife and children live. But several team members initially wanted

him kept behind bars until April, when his sentence runs out.

At that point, he'd be ordered back to Seattle, the scene of his

crime.

The team eventually agreed with Spokane police Detective Jerry

Keller, and decided to release Gaines immediately so the state

could force him into drug treatment. "Sending him to Seattle

without treatment is only going to get Seattle another victim,"

Keller says.

Stopping "re-victimization" is what re-entry programs are all

about, says Cheryl Steele, a West Central resident who is an adviser

to Lehman. She organized a program that created police substations

in Spokane eight years ago.

The community-run substations are staffed by members of re-entry

teams -- police and corrections officers -- so the team members

can be close to the felons they are watching. Offenders Vernell

Glover, 40, and Billy Tate, 36, meet with their community corrections

officer at West Central's substation.

Glover helped Felony Flats get its nickname by running one of

the neighborhood's worst drug houses. At 40, he's committed 17

felonies, but says that kind of life is behind him. "You have

to get sick and tired of being sick and tired," he says.

Tate served nearly 1 1/2 years on methamphetamine charges. He

says he likes his chances of staying out of trouble because he

finally has a job he enjoys, painting computer parts. "All of

the other times, I always said I was going back" to prison, he

says. "This time, I don't think I'll go back."

Spokane's police substations also are home to "guardians," residents

who've agreed to be part of the team helping offenders adjust

to life on the outside. Lehman says they will play a key role

in monitoring offenders statewide. The substations already are

in Seattle's Georgetown section, where they've been working with

sex offenders for a year.

Some residents began meeting with the sex offenders after learning

that the state had arranged for 22 of the felons to move into

a 50-unit apartment complex. The guardians don't consider themselves

thug-huggers; when a sex offender overdosed on heroin recently,

they didn't dwell on it.

"If this was somebody trying to work with us, I'd be grieving,"

says resident Ann McMahon, 54. "But this guy was blowing us off."

That attitude is shared in Boston, where officials say they'll

offer help to felons but won't cut them much slack. If offenders

don't accept help, says Tracy Litthcut, director of youth services

and recreation for Boston's community centers, "the community

isn't going to lose sleep over their going back to prison."

More inmates in and out of prison

The number of prisoners being released from federal and state

institutions has jumped in recent years, along with the USA's

prison population:

Releases from federal and state prisons nearly triple

1980169,826

1985234,496

1990419,783

1995491,858

2000(1)585,400

Number of prisoners quadruples

1980  314,272

1985  480,268

1990  738,894

19951,085,363

2000(2)1,366,721

1 -- Projection

2 -- An estimate; actual number not final

**Graphic**

GRAPHIC, b/w, Marcy E. Mullins, USA TODAY, Source:Bureau of Justice Statistics(Bar graph); PHOTO, color, Colin Mulvany for USA TODAY; PHOTO, b/w, Colin Mulvany for USA TODAY; Successful re-entry: At I-90 Express Finishing in Spokane, Wash., Billy Tate sands a part of a video game monitor. Tate served more than a year on methamphetamine charges. He vows to stay out of prison. In Spokane, Wash.: Billy Tate says girlfriend Dawn Minton helped him rebuild his life. some say re-entry programs waste time and money.

**Load-Date:** December 27, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Fall brings back Olsen twins and the '70s . . . … and swings with more singles of every sort***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TJB-JK70-00C6-D4RW-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

September 4, 1998, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1998 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 1743 words

**Byline:** Ed Martin

**Body**

The annual unveiling of the broadcast networks' new fall series

used to be the most exciting time of the year for viewers and

TV executives alike.

Those days have gone the way of the antenna.

In the cold, hard world of modern media saturation, many viewers

hardly notice all the new product September brings.

But there are welcome glimmers of hope: A year ago, Fox's phenomenonal

*Ally McBeal* was an unknown commodity, and WB's teen hit

*Dawson's Creek* was still in development. Now, they're the

inspiration for such anticipated new programs as *Felicity.*

Ed Martin offers a look at fall's fresh offerings.

Single dad syndrome

\* Holding the Baby: After his wife runs off with

another man, a young executive struggles to balance the demands

of caring for his 6-month-old baby with those of his stressful

career. His live-in, layabout brother provides little help. (Fox)

\* *Brother's Keeper:* A strait-laced young English

professor copes with playing single father to his 8-year-old son

and baby sitter to his brother, a professional football player

whose lucrative new contract hinges on his reforming his wild

ways. William Ragsdale *(Herman's Head)* stars. (ABC)

\* Two of a Kind: ABC's ratings-challenged "TGIF"

franchise is certain to get a boost with the return of the Olsen

twins to the Friday-night time period they once called home. Just

as on *Full House,* they're being raised by a harried single

dad. (ABC)

Home again

\* Hyperion Bay: Mark-Paul Gosselaar, best known

as high school hottie Zack on *Saved by the Bell,* plays

a former teen introvert turned adult computer whiz who returns

to his sleepy hometown as a big-time businessman. Dylan Neal *(Dawson's*

*Creek)* plays his resentful older brother. Though it sounds

like a sitcom, this is actually a young adult drama from *thirtysomething*

writer/producer Joseph Dougherty. (WB)

\* Maggie Winters: After 10 years of playing a small-town

girl who found big-league success on *Murphy Brown,* Faith

Ford shifts gears in this sitcom about a divorced woman who leaves

the city and returns to her roots in tiny Shelbyville, Ind. Clea

Lewis *(Ellen)* co-stars as the unpopular former classmate

who becomes Maggie's vengeful new boss. (CBS)

\* Buddy Faro: Dennis Farina, still remembered as

Lt. Mike Torello from the cult detective drama *Crime Story,*

stars in this similarly stylish series about a legendary Los

Angeles private eye who returns to the City of Angels and resumes

his career after lying low in Mexico for 20 years. (CBS)

\* *Encore! Encore!:* Nathan Lane makes his TV series

debut in this comedy from the creators of *Frasier.* He plays

a self-centered, internationally acclaimed opera star who is forced

to move back home with his mother and sister after he loses his

voice. (NBC)

Retro nights

\* That '70s Show: This funky disco-era spoof from

the creators of *3rd Rock From the Sun* caused a flap by

including laugh-out-loud scenes involving marijuana in its pilot.

But with a winning cast of young unknowns and strong ratings for

August's premiere, Fox has good reason for high hopes. (Fox)

\* The Secret Diary of Desmond Pfeiffer: This dumbfounding

comedy takes place in the Lincoln White House during the Civil

War, but feels as timely as a *Saturday Night Live* sketch.

The title character is the president's butler, who strives to

conceal his boss's wayward ways with the ladies. (UPN)

\* Legacy: UPN goes for some sort of programming

record by simultaneously offering two new series about the 1800s.

This feel-good family drama is set at a horse farm in post-Civil

War Kentucky. (UPN)

\* Fantasy Island: Although this is a contemporary

update, it certainly evokes the past, even airing on the same

night (Saturday) as the campy original. Malcolm McDowell replaces

Ricardo Montalban as Mr. Roarke, but there was no replacing the

late Herve Villechaize as the diminutive Tattoo. This Roarke has

three assistants on the island and two travel agents on the mainland,

all helping visitors live out their fantasies. (ABC)

Weird heroes

\* Brimstone: Peter Horton *(thirtysomething)*

plays a dead detective who is sent to hell for the cold-blooded

killing of his wife's rapist. But the devil offers him a deal:

to capture 113 superpowered demons who have escaped to Earth in

exchange for his own salvation. (Fox)

\* Cupid: Jeremy Piven *(Ellen)* stars as a

matchmaker cast down from Mount Olympus, ordered to bring together

100 lasting couples after a spate of bad pairings. (ABC)

\* Martial Law: Sammo Hung is a martial arts superstar

in Hong Kong, and, if CBS has its way, he'll ignite in the USA

as well. Starring as a compatible lead-in to *Walker, Texas*

*Ranger* on Saturday nights won't hurt his chances. Hung plays

a famed cop from Shanghai who joins the LAPD. (CBS)

\* Vengeance Unlimited: ABC has seen numerous dark

dramas die long, lingering deaths on Thursday nights, opposite

NBC's mighty "must-see" comedies and *ER.* Here's the latest

sacrifice. Michael Madsen *(Reservoir Dogs)* stars as a somber,

enigmatic man who helps crime victims seek justice when the courts

fail them. (ABC)

\* Seven Days: Call it *Early Edition* meets

*The Time Tunnel,* with some envelope-pushing violence thrown

in. A covert military intelligence unit creates a device that

allows a man to go back in time a week to prevent today's crises.

Jonathan LaPaglia (Anthony's brother) stars. (UPN)

Spunky singles

\* Felicity: A spirited 17-year-old copes with the

mostly romantic trials and tribulations of her freshman year at

a New York university. All signs point to another WB youthquake:

The press has been chattering about this series for months, tagging

it "Ally McBeal goes to college." *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*

is its lead-in. And buzz-worthy lead Keri Russell is being compared

to Calista Flockhart. (WB)

\* Jesse: Christina Applegate of *Married .*

*.* *. With Children* plays the working single mother

of a young son who must also contend with her father, two brothers

and a handsome new next-door neighbor. This looks like another

sure-fire ratings winner: It's from the creators of *Friends,*

and it's nestled between *Friends* and *Frasier*

on Thursday night. (NBC)

\* Charmed: The spitfires of *Beverly Hills, 90210*

(Shannen Doherty), *Melrose Place* (Alyssa Milano) and *Picket*

*Fences* (Holly Marie Combs) are cast against type in this drama

about three sisters who discover they're *good* witches.

(WB)

Single guys

\* Conrad Bloom: NBC's "must-she" Monday night

comedy strategy tanked last season, so this year the network will

add a few funny fellows to the lineup. But women still outnumber

the men, especially in this entry about a young advertising executive

with too many high-maintenance women in his life. Mark Feuerstein

and Linda Lavin star. (NBC)

\* Will & Grace: Although the title

suggests otherwise, there won't be any sparks flying between these

lead characters. Eric McCormack and Debra Messing play best friends

and roommates who would make a perfect couple, were he not gay.

(NBC)

\* The Secret Lives of Men: Three recently divorced

men in their 30s try to get on with their lives in a comedy from

*The Golden Girls* creator Susan Harris. *Men* has landed

what may be the most coveted spot on ABC's schedule, Wednesdays

between *The Drew Carey Show* and the midweek edition of

*20/20.* (ABC)

\* The Brian Benben Show: Call it *Man Behaving*

*Badly at Work.* Brian Benben of HBO's *Dream On* plays

a top Los Angeles news anchor demoted to reporter and replaced

by a sexy young anchor team. The result is much rivalry, deceit

and trickery as Benben seeks to reclaim his professional throne.

(CBS)

\* Sports Night: Screenwriter Aaron Sorkin *(A*

*Few Good Men)* is the creator of this series about the behind-the-scenes

action at a nightly cable sports show. Any resemblance to *SportsCenter*

on ABC's sibling network ESPN is purely intentional. Peter Krause

and Josh Charles star as the hosts of the show within this show.

(ABC)

MTV alumni

\* Guys Like Us: Two roommates in their 20s -- one

a career-minded businessman, the other an aspiring musician --

reluctantly change their ways when the former takes in his 6-year-old

brother. Chris Hardwick of MTV's *Singled Out* stars. (UPN)

\* The Army Show: Former VJ John Sencio plays a convicted

computer hacker who is forced to enlist rather than serve time

and finds himself at an all-but-forgotten military base, where

predictable young male high jinks ensue. (WB)

\* *Wind on Water:* Bo Derek plays the terrifically

attractive mother of two terrifically attractive sons who struggle

with unscrupulous but terrifically attractive neighbors for control

of their land in Hawaii. Jacinda Barrett of *The Real World*

(in London) plays the terrifically attractive girl next door.

(NBC)

Irish in America

\* Costello: Stand-up comedian Sue Costello stars

as a brash, outspoken bartender in a blue-collar Irish-Catholic

neighborhood who moves back in with her equally strong-willed

parents rather than marry her longtime boyfriend. (Fox)

\* Trinity: *ER* executive producer John Wells

is the driving force behind this drama centered on the five young

adult siblings of a ***working-class*** Irish-Catholic family in New

York City. Tate Donovan stars. (NBC)

\* To Have & to Hold: Boston is

the setting for this romantic drama about a beautiful public defender

and a dashing detective, both Irish, whose love affair endures

despite professional obstacles. Moira Kelly and Jason Beghe star.

(CBS)

Back to the burbs

\* Living in Captivity: Three couples struggle with

the contrived complexities of life in the suburbs in a new comedy

from *Murphy Brown* creator Diane English. (Fox)

\* The Hughleys: Stand-up comedian D.L. Hughley stars

as a successful black businessman who has trouble adjusting after

transplanting his family from the city to an upscale suburb. (ABC)

\* DiResta: New York City transit cop-turned-comedian-turned-actor

John DiResta stars in a semiautobiographical comedy about his

experiences as a hard-working family man on the subway beat. Leila

Kenzle *(Mad About You)* co-stars. (UPN)

\* The King of Queens: Kevin James, *Everybody*

*Loves Raymond* star Ray Romano's pal in life and on TV, moves

up to star status with his own sitcom. He plays a New York delivery

man in Queens whose simple life is thrown into turmoil after his

father-in-law moves in. Jerry Stiller co-stars. (CBS)

Medical marvels

\* Mercy Point: Set at a deep-space hospital in the

23rd century, this science-fiction drama centers on a group of

talented doctors who tend to the medical needs of humans and aliens

alike. (UPN)

\* L.A. Doctors: This medical drama is even more

far-fetched: These doctors make house calls. Four health-care

professionals turn away from the red tape of HMOs and strike out

on their own. Ken Olin *(thirtysomething)* and Sheryl Lee

*(Twin Peaks)* star. (CBS)

**Graphic**

EAR PHOTO, Color, Murry De'Atley, ABC; PHOTO, B/W, Spike Nannarello, CBS; PHOTO, B/W, Peter Tangen, ABC; PHOTO, B/W, Michael Lavine, Fox; PHOTO, B/W, Bob D'Amico, ABC; PHOTO, B/W, Kevin Foley, UPN; PHOTO, B/W, Larry Watson, Fox; PHOTO, B/W, Alice S. Hall, NBC; 'Buddy Faro': Dennis Farina as a private eye in Los Angeles, with Tara Nichol, right, and Jessica Chavez. 'Two of a Kind': Twins Ashley and Mary-Kate Olsen return in a series. 'That '70s Show': Topher Grace, top left, Laura Prepon; Wilmer Valderrama, bottom left, Ashton Kutcher, Mila Kunis and Danny Masterson 'DiResta': John DiResta stars as a subway cop, with Leila Kenzle. 'Cupid': Jeremy Piven, with co-star Paula Marshall, is a mythical matchmaker sent to Earth from Mount Olympus.

**Load-Date:** September 4, 1998

**End of Document**



[***HORRORS! CLIVE BARKER THINKS THAT GETTING HIS TWISTED TALES OUT IN THE OPEN IS THERAPEUTIC. THE NEW FILM "LORD OF ILLUSIONS" IS ANOTHER DOSE FROM THE SO-CALLED MASTER OF TERROR. /***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C400-01K4-93BJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AUGUST 24, 1995 Thursday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. E01

**Length:** 1605 words

**Byline:** William R. Macklin, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** NEW YORK

**Body**

The master of terror takes his tea with cream, very sweet, three lumps not two, served in china cups translucent as dragonfly wings.

He is dapper, like Vincent Price in House of Wax - milky-white tab shirt, tuxedo slacks with razor creases and a designer-print vest of swarming hues.

He quotes Carl Jung, but it is James Whale, long-dead director of Frankenstein, with whom he most identifies: "He was a horror filmmaker, British, and gay, so it feels like there's a synchronicity."

He is Clive Barker, erudite author of illusory stories turned erudite writer-director of illusory films.

The redoubtable creator of Hellraiser (1987), Nightbreed (1990) and Candyman (1992) - quirky, quasi-intellectual gore-fests infused with simmering sex - is back to serve up Lord of Illusions, a creepy, change-of-pace detective story that opens tomorrow.

Perhaps more shocking than the movie's tale of a New York private eye drawn into the vile doings of a powerful sorcerer and his cult (adapted by Barker

from his 1985 short story "The Last Illusion") is the director himself. Accommodating and polite, charming and unaffected, the 43-year-old Barker - labeled "the master of terror" by publicists promoting Hellraiser, his directorial debut - is decidely unscary. And he wants you to understand that. Please.

"It's weird because nobody expects the actor who plays Macbeth to be a mass murderer," Barker says, pushing himself deep into a chair in his richly furnished suite at New York's Regency Hotel. "What I'm doing is getting this stuff out in the open where it's safe. I express what my imagination tells me to express. It's very therapeutic."

Behind Barker's lean, handsome face with its salon-clipped goatee, silvery rings glimmering in both ears, is his mind. It isn't full, it's infested.

The same phrenic wellspring that produced Harry D'Amour, the intense, wisecracking private dick who finds himself neck-deep in magic, murder and chicken guts in Lord of Illusions, also gave us the Prince of Pain, that puckish blackguard from Hellraiser with a face full of pins and an affinity for leather.

"Pinhead," as he's known to almost anyone who has seen Hellraiser or its two sequels, may be the product of Barker's imagination, but he's not Barker's product. To raise the money needed to make the movie, he sold the rights to the film for $1 million. Sound like a deal? It wasn't. Hellraiser cost $1.5 million to make and grossed $30 million. Extensive merchandising of the waxy- faced Pinhead character accounted for millions more. None of it lined Barker's pockets.

As a serious-minded artist who tries to "give the audience something fresh," the writer-director lost more than money on the deal.

Critics, who generally found Hellraiser's ambitious attempt at literate horror refreshing, eviscerated two sequels as derivative and silly. Barker, without full control over the films, executive-produced both, directed

neither, and doesn't seem particularly proud of either one.

"The audience," he says, "actively wants you to revisit the situation. You can't break too far off from what worked in the first picture, otherwise the audience doesn't want it."

Barker, author of a shelf full of best-selling fantasy-horror novels (Weaveworld and The Great and Secret Show), says he did what he had to do to get the first Hellraiser made.

"My bank manager kicks me once in a while, but there was no other way," he says. "I wasn't prophetic. I wasn't looking at this stuff thinking there was a series."

He has a far different vision now. If Lord of Illusions scores, Barker envisions a stream of sequels. And with his knack for exploiting an audience's most desperately repressed fears, 23d-century moviegoers could wind up following the exploits of Harry D'Amour in 3-D Projecto Vision at the googol- plex out on Anna Nicole Smith Skyway.

The way Barker sees it, Lord leaves him plenty of wiggle room.

A sequel with Harry - a fixture in a number of Barker stories - "will be a completely fresh situation," says the director, "because we're not bringing back the bad guys."

That's "a change from the way horror films have been in the last 10 or 15 years where you have had Freddy Krueger, Pinhead, Candyman, movies in which you identified with the monster," Barker says.

By casting Scott Bakula as Harry, Barker hedged his bets. Bakula doesn't have much in the way of major movie credits, but millions of would-be ticket buyers recognize him as Dr. Sam Beckett, the time-lost character he played for five years on the television series Quantum Leap.

Ticket sales won't be hurt, either, by the presence of Famke Janssen - she of the pouty lips, the bulging model's portfolio, and the contract to kill as the female nemesis in the next James Bond film, Goldeneye.

Between Lord and Bond, there's been enough buzz about Janssen to fill a hive.

"Suddenly, she's everywhere," says Barker. "I think she's going to be a movie star."

And stars cost money. So do sets, and effects and music scores.

But how much should a movie cost?

Barker made Lord of Illusions for a modest $11 million and nearly collapses with glee when a guest estimates that the film, which is laden with bizarre effects, including a mind-bending stunt involving falling swords, cost twice that amount.

"It's magic, I love that," he says. "We got a lot on the screen. See, it feels like movies just cost too much."

That's hardly been a problem for Barker. For far less than it cost to make one Waterworld, Barker has executive-produced three films (Hellbound: Hellraiser II; Candyman, Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth; and Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh), directed three (Hellraiser, Nightbreed, and Lord of Illusions) and provided scripts for two others (Underworld and RawHeadRex).

Creating films on what some directors would consider a shoestring has its advantages.

"People pretty much leave you alone," Barker says. "United Artists left me alone to make my movie, which I'm not sure any movie studio could do if you're spending $70 million of their money."

But how long can he hold the line?

As his ambitions grow, won't his budgets?

Barker has already begun work as executive producer on The Thief of Always, an animated adaptation of his 1992 children's book, and while he doesn't say what it will cost, producing an animated feature can be a long, expensive process.

Then there's Father of Frankenstein. Barker hopes to turn the Christopher Bram book about James Whale into a movie, but the cost of re-creating scenes

from the director's big 1930s classics, Frankenstein and Bride of Frankenstein, could be a budget buster.

Barker, who has lived in a Beverly Hills mansion for the last four years, is surprisingly adept at being frugal. He's had to be.

Born into a ***working-class*** family in postwar Liverpool, he learned early to entertain himself with little more than a stack of library books. Growing up poor, precocious, and gay in the England of the late 1950s and early '60s, Barker found solace in his own imagination, gradually developing into what he describes as "a weird kid."

"I think I was genetically predisposed to imagine," he says. "It came naturally to me."

His father, a dockworker, and his mother, a welfare office clerk, were not amused.

"They were troubled," says Barker. "The prospect of having this somewhat offbeat child meant that I was going to have a hard road ahead of me. Which to some degree I did have because I was a strange child. I was a lousy Boy Scout. I couldn't put up a tent. But I could tell stories. And when you realize that, you get this sense of power."

Barker, who spent years struggling to establish himself as a London playwright and underground theater director before publishing his first collection of horror stories (The Books of Blood) in 1984, has never lost that sense of power.

"The book," he says. "will always be the primary impulse."

But what becomes of print in a world of movies and TV? Barker is convinced that film can compel people to read, especially in cases like Interview With a Vampire, in which the movie adaptation spurred fresh sales of the Anne Rice best-seller.

The real challenge to literature won't come from movies, says Barker. The danger lies in video games and computer interactive software.

Barker has thought long and hard on the subject, offering this expansive explanation of his views:

"What is the difference between what a storyteller does and what someone who creates interactive games does? The storyteller has a worldview. The storyteller says there were once two young lovers, Romeo and Juliet, and even though they loved each other deeply, the hatred between their families was so strong that the two lovers died. That's a story. The interactive version says that in any city you choose there may be two families, but there could be four and here's any number of ways that the lovers may meet or, by the way, not meet. In the gay version Romeo might fall in love with Tybalt and Juliet would go off with Friar Lawrence, and depending on your desires they may or may not die. That's not a story. That's a series of options."

Perhaps, but interactive entertainment is a fact of life, even for the power brokers in Hollywood.

On its debut weekend, Mortal Kombat, a movie adaptation of a heavy-selling video game, raked in $23 million.

The video game has innumerable possible endings. Lord of Illusions has just one. And Barker, gentleman ghoul, incubus auteur, wouldn't have it any other way. That is, after all, the nature of a story.

"It's what Jung teaches . . . there is inside everyone a dream scene, a place where we are all connected," says Barker. "What stories allow us to do is go into that place and understand ourselves better."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (4)

1. Clive Barker grew up "a weird kid," but found a sense of power in his

storytelling skill.

2. Scott Bakula (right) stars in "Lord of Illusions."

3. In "Lord of Illusions," Scott Bakula is a wisecracking private eye

protecting Famke Janssen from the forces of evil.

4. Daniel Van Bargen plays Nix, a master of sorcery who leads a pack of

satanic cultists in Clive Barker's latest film.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Catching up with Barbara Smith, a model for stylish entertaining***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-F3V0-0094-54G9-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 16, 1995, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** FOOD,; FOOD PLUS

**Length:** 1699 words

**Byline:** Carole Sugarman, The Washington Post

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, D.C.

**Body**

Former model Barbara Smith picks up an industrial-size bag of makeup and excuses herself from the table, returning with a fresh flash of lipstick and eye shadow. She worries that her nails aren't polished. Should she wear her blazer or not?

She smiles, the photographer snaps, she tilts her head, the photographer snaps. With Smith leading, they seem like longtime dance partners, moving to the same beat.

Were it not for the food on the table and the restaurant guests trickling in, this could be a fashion shoot. Or maybe it really is.

''Being a model is about fantasy,'' Smith likes to say. ''And so is entertaining.''

Smith has practiced both arts of illusion. An astonishing knockout at 45, she was the first African-American to appear on the cover of Mademoiselle magazine and the second model to appear on five Essence covers.

For eight years, she's been a restaurateur, co-owner of B. Smith's restaurant in Manhattan's theater district and, since October, of B. Smith's at Washington's Union Station. And now with ''B. Smith's Entertaining and Cooking for Friends'' (Artisan, $ 30), she's an author.

''Fantastic,'' is how the Fayette County native describes the process of writing the book, which started out as an autobiography but ended up an upscale, glossy cookbook.

Artisan, a division of Workman Publishing, calls it ''the first entertaining book written by a high-profile African-American.'' Publishers Weekly called it ''an African-American answer to Martha Stewart.'' And Smith calls it a compilation of tradition, romance and ''why-not?'' entertaining.

As for the Martha Stewart comparison, Smith thinks ''it's great. I do think it's true.''

True, Smith has some Stewart-ish leanings -- replacing all the regular light bulbs with pink ones for a Valentine's Day dinner; setting a formal dinner table a week in advance and sitting in every chair to gauge each guest's vantage point; asking guests to dress according to a theme (she was once invited to a party where everyone dressed as their favorite building in Manhattan).

But Smith is not the corporation that Stewart has become, and so her ideas are less involved and innovative, and her approach is more common-sense.

One thing is certain, however. Smith is helping to carve out a new and largely ignored market niche -- cookbooks for middle- and upper-class blacks who like to entertain.

Why has it taken publishers so long? ''Madison Avenue has been so rigid,'' she says, sitting at a table in the enclosed terrace at B. Smith's in Union Station. ''For African-Americans and for women, many things have lagged behind.''

While she thinks the book has particular appeal to African-Americans (''I am who I am,'' she says), she also believes there's something in it for everyone.

In the book, Smith describes five parties -- a cocktail gathering, a Valentine's Day dinner for two, a beach picnic, a formal dinner and a Kwanzaa/Christmas buffet -- plus 60 pages of recipes gathered from her New York restaurant, home and travel.

The food ranges from the homey (smothered pork chops, chitterlings, macaroni and cheese) to the trendy (roasted plum-tomato soup with chevre croutons, salmon tartare, mocha torte with creme anglaise and raspberry coulis).

Like Smith, the book is lovely to look at, although there are no startlingly new ideas. Nonetheless, the recipes are appealing, accessible and not overly complicated -- well within the reach of anybody who likes to entertain. As she put it, ''I'm not a chef; I'm a cook.''

In some ways, the book reads more like a lifestyle magazine, a window into the beautiful-people parties given by Smith and her husband, Dan Gasby, a television producer, in Manhattan and at their Sag Harbor, L.I., beach house.

On a recent Monday morning, after a busy weekend at the beach house (her 9-year-old stepdaughter's birthday party), Smith is trying to rev up at her Washington restaurant, which she visits about once a week.

With her gold ballet shoes, silky leopard-print skirt, beige sweater, chain belt and hoop earrings almost as wide as her chunky bracelets, she is both informal and totally put together -- a naturally stunning look that gives the illusion of little effort.

This is her entertaining style, too -- the appearance of ease, plus small touches that convey something more complex. ''I can see almost anything and make something of it,'' she says, pointing to the creamer on the table and showing how she could put a simple flower in it to dress it up.

Later, over lunch, she will seem disappointed with the presentation of the food, saying it doesn't look as ''delicate'' as at the New York B. Smith's.

Aside from having ''a vision thing,'' Smith is one of those people who are perpetually ''on.'' Even she describes herself as having a ''personality like the Energizer bunny.''

Her resume charges off in all directions too. In addition to being a model and a restaurateur, she's been a cabaret singer, play producer, actress and television spokesperson -- currently for Oil of Olay. At the same time, she's involved in fund-raising and community and national causes, serving on the boards of the New York Women's Foundation, the Feminist Press and others.

Smith grew up in Everson (pop: 2,000), a ***working-class*** town outside of Pittsburgh. Her mother liked to entertain, and there were always lots of relatives over for Sunday dinners and holidays, which meant freshly baked fruit pies, vegetables from the garden, homemade bread and a turkey or a ham.

They were formal gatherings with pretty things, and as a young girl Smith would polish the silver, set out the china and help her mother and grandmother with the cooking. These parties turned out to be the training ground for Smith, who picked up her mother's style and attention to detail.

Since those early days, she's gained about 20 pounds, which puts her in the category of being ''slender'' rather than ''skinny.'' But she says she must still work at staying thin, jogging four mornings a week in Central Park and going to a spa twice a year.

Despite her hectic schedule, she still manages to entertain once or twice a month. Her latest bash was the beach-house birthday party, at which she served hot dogs and hamburgers, a green salad, a pasta salad (the leftovers, when combined impromptu with prosciutto, cream, garlic and chicken stock made a great hot pasta dish for the adults later on) and store-bought ice-cream cake (she's a ''real believer'' in purchasing a few ready-made items). She had planned on serving grilled marinated chicken but then figured, ''Why make myself crazy on a hot afternoon?''

For entertainment, Smith hired someone she describes as a ''dancer-performer-artist.'' For a tablecloth, she used an oversized lavender paper napkin with a fish motif on it, and there were multicolor paper cups and plates. ''I use a lot of colors. It's energy,'' she says.

Energy is also one of the ingredients to a great party -- what Smith likes to call ''keeping the buzz.'' How do you keep it? ''Invite an eclectic group of people,'' she says. ''I like to put together people from different backgrounds.''

What are the ingredients for a flop? ''The host and hostess are so rigid. They get tense about everything being perfect,'' she says. ''If you don't have a good time, your guests won't either.''

Tangy Gazpacho

Originating in Spain, this soup has a peppery taste and is an excellent no-cook option in hot steamy weather. It makes perfect picnic fare when transported by Thermos and sipped out of cups. (Toss some small ice cubes made of tomato juice into the Thermos bottle to help the chill last longer.) To add an extra kick for a brunch or a summer supper, add a splash of vodka.

3 cups peeled, seeded and chopped ripe tomatoes (about 2 pounds)

1 cup peeled, seeded and chopped cucumber (about 1/2 medium)

1 cup chopped red bell pepper

1 cup chopped green bell pepper

1/2 cup chopped red onion

1/4 cup chopped carrots

1/4 cup chopped celery

1/4 cup fresh cilantro leaves

1 teaspoon chopped garlic

2 tablespoons olive oil

2 tablespoons cider vinegar

1 tablespoon fresh lime juice

1/2 teaspoon paprika

1 teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon ground black pepper

1/4 teaspoon ground cumin

1/8 teaspoon cayenne pepper

1 1/2 cups tomato juice

Fresh cilantro leaves, for garnish

Place the tomatoes, cucumber, bell peppers. onion, carrots, celery, cilantro leaves and garlic in a food processor. Add the oil, vinegar and lime juice and puree until desired consistency is reached. Transfer the mixture to a large bowl and stir in the paprika, salt, black pepper, cumin, cayenne pepper and tomato juice; blend well. Refrigerate for 2 to 3 hours or until thoroughly chilled. Before serving, garnish with extra cilantro leaves, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

Per serving: 110 calories, 16 g. carbohydrates, no cholesterol, 600 mg. sodium,

3 g. protein, 5 g. fat, 1 g. saturated fat.

Lemon Pound Cake

This pound cake is the most versatile of desserts. You can cover it with fruit, chocolate sauce, ice cream, frozen yogurt, whipped cream or raspberry coulis. Or you can just eat it by itself.

3 cups all-purpose flour

1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 teaspoon salt

3/4 teaspoon ground mace

1 1/2 cups unsalted butter, at room temperature

2 1/4 cups sugar

6 large eggs, at room temperature

1 tablespoon vanilla extract

3 to 4 tablespoons freshly grated lemon zest

Preheat the oven to 325 degrees. Thoroughly grease a 10-inch tube pan or two 9-by-5-inch loaf pans with nonstick cooking spray or melted butter.

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt, and mace together in a large bowl. In another large bowl, beat the butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Then beat in the eggs, one at a time, along with the vanilla and lemon zest. Gradually add the flour mixture to the butter mixture, beating well after each addition. Pour the batter into the prepared pan, and bake in the preheated oven for 1 hour, or until the center is as solid to the touch as the outer edges.

Let the cake cool in the pan for 10 minutes. Then turn it out onto a wire rack and allow it to cool completely. Makes a 10-inch tube cake or 2 9-by-5-inch loaf cakes, 16 servings.

Per serving: 379 calories, 47 g. carbohydrates, 127 mg. cholesterol, 95 mg. sodium, 5 g. protein, 19 g. fat, 11 g. saturated fat.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, PHOTO: Thomas Ondrey/Post-Gazette: Cookbook by restaurateur Barbara Smith is made to appeal to middle- and upper-class blacks who like to entertain.

**Load-Date:** August 17, 1995

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[***FOR-PROFIT HOSPITAL COUPS MAKE INROADS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TG4-TF00-0094-550D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 24, 1998, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** STATE,

**Length:** 1965 words

**Byline:** FRANK REEVES, POST-GAZETTE HARRISBURG CORRESPONDENT

**Dateline:** HARRISBURG

**Body**

If Berwick Hospital Center in Columbia County is purchased by Community Health Systems, it will mark a milestone in Pennsylvania.

The hospital, founded in 1905, would likely become the first nonprofit acute care hospital in the state to be taken over by a for-profit company.

The sale, which has yet to be reviewed by the state attorney general and approved by the Columbia County Orphan's Court, is likely to presage a wave of such transactions. Tenet Health Corp., based in Santa Barbara, Calif., and Vanguard Health Systems Inc., based in Nashville, Tenn. - both for-profit hospital operators - have offered to buy the Allegheny Health Education and Research Foundation's eight bankrupt Philadelphia hospitals.

Until recently, the conversion of nonprofit hospitals into for-profit operations has aroused little debate here, unlike in other parts of the country, where the prospect of such takeovers has sometimes sparked contentious, bitter disputes.

Until AHERF's financial collapse, legislation to regulate such conversions appeared to languish in the Republican-controlled state House. But in the wake of AHERF's bankruptcy filing last month, lawmakers from both parties are calling for legislation that will clarify the attorney general's responsibilities when such transactions occur.

Five years ago, no state had passed legislation regulating the sale of nonprofit hospitals to a for-profit firm. In most states, legal doctrines, based on English and American common law, defined the responsibilities of state officials. But as the pace of such conversions has picked up, so has the interest of lawmakers in regulating them.

In 1996, Nebraska passed the first hospital conversion bill in the nation. Today, at least 13 states and the District of Columbia have enacted similar legislation, according to the Volunteer Trustees Foundation for Research and Education, based in Washington, D.C.

This year, lawmakers in 34 states have introduced more than 90 bills dealing with the sale of not-for-profit hospitals and insurers, according to the National Conference of State Legislatures, which monitors the activities of lawmakers around the nation.

In the 10 years prior to 1995, the number of conversions of nonprofit hospitals into for-profit entities was about nine a year, according to the Health Affairs journal. The pace appeared to be accelerating, according to the article. In 1994, 34 conversions occurred; in 1995, there were 59.

But despite this, as authors of the Health Affairs article noted, the ''distribution of hospital beds remains markedly stable. In 1994, as in 1984, about 70 percent of all beds were nonprofit, 20 percent were public, and 10 percent were for-profit.''

Berwick's history

For nearly a century, Berwick Hospital has been a fixture in the borough of Berwick, a ***working class*** town about 100 miles north of Harrisburg.

But in recent years, it has been hit by the same changes that have buffeted other hospitals: reductions in Medicare and Medicaid reimbursements to hospitals, a decrease in the length of time patients stay in hospitals, and the rise of managed care - all of which have put a squeeze on hospital revenues.

The hospital has been hard pressed to attract primary-care physicians and raise the capital needed to upgrade the 144-bed hospital and the 240-bed nursing home, which together make-up the Berwick Health Care Corp.

And after a few years, when the hospital lost money, the hospital's board of directors sought ways to keep the facility open. Quorum Health Group, a for-profit hospital chain, was hired to manage the hospital, in hopes it could turn things around. The hospital entered a merger agreement with Wilkes-Barre General Hospital, with hopes Berwick Hospital could gain access to a Blue Cross managed care plan.

But after a two-year trial period, the Berwick directors decided to end the deal with Wilkes-Barre General Hospital. The hoped-for advantages of merging with a larger hospital didn't materialize, recalled Dr. James Ferrigno, a radiologist at Berwick Hospital and a member of the hospital's board of directors.

Eventually, after considering the recommendations of outside financial and strategic-planning consultants, the board decided that selling the hospital to a for-profit company was the best way to obtain badly-needed capital, recruit physicians and recoup the hospital's market share in the face of competition.

But financial considerations weren't the only factors.

''We wanted to guarantee that the hospital would be in existence for at least 10 years and that there would be no layoffs,'' said Ferrigno, who headed the Berwick board's acquisition task force.

The board also wanted to ensure that indigent care would remain at current levels or greater, even after a for-profit company took over.

Board members also were aware that once they sold the hospital and nursing home, local control of the facility would end.

The Berwick board considered proposals from the Quorum Health Group, based in Brentwood, Tenn., Community Health Systems, based in Nashville, Tenn., and United Health Systems, based in King of Prussia, Montgomery County, Ferrigno said. Eventually, they accepted Community Health Systems' bid.

CHT owns, manages or leases 39 hospitals with 3,657 beds in 15 states. Most are in rural areas.

''We look for hospitals in markets where they are the sole provider,'' said Ken Hawkins, CHT's vice president for acquisitions.

Part of CHT's strategy is to pump capital into these hospitals so they can upgrade the facility. CHT also seeks to stop the loss of patients by actively recruiting physicians. CHT also brings in its management team to improve efficiency and cut costs.

Berwick Hospital fit the CHT profile: the nearest hospitals are about 20 miles away. It has been long dominant in the community.

Under CHT's letter of intent to purchase, the for-profit hospital chain would pay $ 50 million for the hospital and its nursing home. Berwick Hospital's revenues in recent years have been around $ 36 million a year, according to hospital officials.

Of this, $ 33.4 million would go into a nonprofit foundation to provide health services for the Berwick area. Another $ 1.6 million would be used to pay off the hospital's debts, and $ 15 million would be used for capital improvements at the Berwick Hospital during the next five years.

Ferrigno said CHT also agreed that there would be no layoffs at the hospital for at least a year, and any layoffs after that would be accomplished through attrition. The hospital would continue to provide uncompensated care at at least current levels, Ferrigno said.

The pact between CHT and the Berwick board appears to have widespread support. ''There was no organized opposition,'' said Democratic state Rep. John Gordner, whose legislative district includes Berwick. Indeed, Gordner, 36, was born in Berwick Hospital and is slated to serve on the board of directors of the nonprofit foundation that would be established once the hospital is sold.

Hospitals after the sale

The sale of a community hospital can stir strong emotions. Many feel that the business practices, which make for a profitable company, are in opposition to providing good health care.

The debate usually focuses on several issues:

What will happen to the nonprofit's charitable assets?

Will the for-profit hospital operator continue to provide care to indigent patients?

Will the new operator maintain services, such as AIDS clinics or a 24-hour emergency room, which are typically unprofitable?

Will there be massive layoffs of employees?

''It is hard to find much difference in practice between nonprofit and for-profit hospitals,'' said Mark Pauly, professor of health systems at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, who said he has reviewed much of the academic literature on the subject.

Pauly said nonprofit hospitals are more likely to provide more charity care than for-profit hospitals, but that is mainly because for-profits are less likely to acquire hospitals that provide a high degree of uncompensated care.

It was also the conclusion of Chris Convers, who recently completed a study of 11 hospital takeovers for Duke University's Center for Health Policy, Law and Management.

''Not-for-profit hospitals do provide somewhat more uncompensated care and do admit more uninsured and Medicaid patients than their for profit-counterparts. But for-profit hospitals also tend to locate in areas where there is less uncompensated care to provide.

''When not-for-profit and for-profit hospitals serve the same area, differences in serving uninsured patients will disappear,'' the Duke University study noted.

Martin Goldsmith, president and CEO of the Albert Einstein Medical Center in Philadelphia, said that both sides in the dispute over the merits of for-profit hospitals can use studies to back up their positions.

''And,'' he said, ''there are a good many not-for-profit hospitals, I am sure, that act no differently from publicly-owned companies.''

But Goldsmith said such debates often miss the ''baseline question,'' which is: Who do you ''as a consumer of health care, want in charge? People in a remote city, whose company seeks to get a return on investment, or civic leaders whose name you recognize . . . Who do you want in charge, Main Street or Wall Street?''

Convers said there is no single best answer to whether a takeover by a for-profit company is good.

''Whether it is a good idea depends on what a community wants and can get in exchange for loss of hospital ownership,'' he added.

In June 1997, long before AHERF filed for bankruptcy, state Rep. Richard Olasz, D-West Mifflin, introduced legislation to regulate the takeover of nonprofit hospitals by for-profit companies. Olasz also introduced a companion bill that would regulate the conversion of nonprofit insurers, such as Blue Cross and Blue Shield, into for-profit companies.

''Hospitals once controlled by local nonprofit boards of directors now find that they must join forces with other hospitals and health systems in order to survive,'' Olasz said recently.

He added that ''today's informed health care consumers must read the newspaper's business page to find out whether his or her hospital of choice is able to adequately respond to health care needs.''

Olasz's bill would require approval by the state Department of Health and the state attorney general before a for-profit company could acquire a nonprofit hospital. Both agencies would also have to approve takeovers of nonprofit insurers.

The bill would give the attorney general the authority to hire an appraiser to assess the value of the hospital's assets.

Under the bill, the hospital's charitable assets would be placed in an independent foundation, dedicated to meeting the health care needs of the community affected by the takeover.

The bill would also prohibit ''pay-offs'' to a hospital's board of directors to make sure board members don't profit by the hospital's sale.

''Some have received high-salaried positions on the independent foundation board as a 'thank you' for selling out,'' Olasz noted.

Jim Redmond, lobbyist for the Hospital and Healthsystem Association of Pennsylvania, said the group doesn't oppose the bill, although it feels such legislation is not needed.

At a legislative hearing earlier this year, Mary Beth O'Hara Osborne, who heads the state attorney general's bureau of charitable trusts, said the bill ''addresses some of the major shortcomings in the existing law.''

It provides that the office of attorney general be notified when takeovers are about to occur as well as providing reimbursement to the attorney general's office when it must hire consultants to review these transactions, she notes.

In June, the National Association of Attorneys General also approved a model statute dealing with hospital conversions.

AHERF IN CRISIS

**Load-Date:** August 25, 1998

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[***A PUNK AMONG SOLONS NO MORE, SANTORUM NOW AT HOME IN SENATE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41GD-JBB0-0094-53N2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 22, 2000, Sunday,

ONE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 2193 words

**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 federal 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 childen 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.

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.

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."

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2000

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[***KLINK SAYS COLLEAGUES IN HOUSE URGED HIM TO TAKE ON INCUMBENT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41GD-JBB0-0094-53KD-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 22, 2000, Sunday,

ONE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 2032 words

**Byline:** JACK TORRY, POST-GAZETTE NATIONAL BUREAU

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA --

**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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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.

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2000

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[***WHITE PREACHER, BLACK CONGREGATION; Peter Fowler believes God has called him to Omega Baptist Church - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T4S-JS90-0027-X3W4-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

CITY EDITION

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** LIFESTYLE,

**Length:** 1770 words

**Byline:** Charlise Lyles DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Body**

The Rev. Peter Fowler, a self-described 'white boy from the west side of Cleveland,' spoke to God before joining mostly black Omega Baptist Church in Dayton nearly three years ago.

The Lord said, 'Go, Peter.' The Spirit expressed one concern: Fowler's mother, who raised him to be a good Presbyterian, might smart.

Still, Peter joined.

Soon, Omega Pastor Daryl Ward sought to hire the 31-year-old preacher as minister of outreach and racial reconciliation. It was an affirmative action, before God. "He fits well because of his commitment and his heart, and he is also an excellent Bible teacher," Ward said.

Some Omega members still question Fowler's motives. Why would this white preacher want to serve in a black church? Can he be trusted?

"My attitude is that it remains to be seen," said Frances Sumlin, as she left Fowler's Bible study class on a recent Sunday. "I find that when white people come in black space, they always have some agenda, whether good or bad. I'm not sure what the agenda is in this case. Hopefully, he wants to see justice and empower young people."

Then Sumlin paused to reflect. "I've been around a long time," she said, stretching out the "long." "And I see sometimes that people have a hidden agenda."

Others trust Fowler's preaching at places such as Phillips Temple CME Church and his work with jail ministries and with the Omega Character Academy's nearly 50 grade-schoolers. "I think his care is sincere," said Londa Wiggins, 35, who attends Fowler's class. "He is comfortable and does not feel threatened. He is genuine. Not only that, Peter lives in the same neighborhood. He has a lot of one-on-one contact with black single mothers, black men who're incarcerated.

'Whereas a lot of Caucasians are on the outside looking in, he's here and he can see a lot that they can't see - the injustice, the inferior treatment.'

Blue-eyed and gangly, with spiky dishwater-blond hair and a reddish goatee, Fowler appears to move with ease in the 2,000-member church that is decidedly Afrocentric in appeal.

Carved African sculpture greets the faithful at the 1821 Emerson Ave. sanctuary, a former synagogue. At services, some middle- and ***working-class*** members don African kufi hats and other bright ethnic garb. The church bookstore is shelved with a book by O.J. Simpson lawyer Johnnie Cochran, volumes on how to find a black man and black theology.

In the pulpit, scripture is pegged to a message of black activism: The Israelites shouting down the wall of Jericho in Joshua 6:5 likened to protests against the wall of racial injustice.

Afrocentrism is a concept that puzzles and alienates some whites. But Fowler, pensive and soft-spoken, appears to embrace it with the insight of a native son.

"Afrocentrism is having a perspective that intentionally includes, accentuates and celebrates the best of the black experience," he said. "Afrocentrism is a pro-blackness that is not anti-white."

A CROSSCULTURAL MINISTRY

Several years ago, Fowler had recently left a job as a social worker on Chicago's South Side when he showed up in the Rev. Daryl Ward's classes on urban ministry and the black religious experience at United Theological Seminary. In 1996, Fowler, who is ordained, received a UTS master of divinity degree.

The "white boy's" grasp of Afrocentrism impressed Ward, as well as Fowler's experience in urban ministry.

"He wrote papers about his belief that the power of the African American religious experience, its deep spirituality and its social witness, is what the church, black and white, and the country as a whole needs," Ward recalled. "Peter believes the combination of the two are key for the liberation of society as a whole."

That belief places Fowler in the vanguard of clergy pledged to crosscultural ministry. They include black pastors leading predominantly white churches, and interracial pastoral teams such as the Revs. Mary Olson and Rosunde Nichols at Victory United Methodist Church in Dayton.

"It's rough," said Ril M. Beauty, a black pastor who formerly led a white congregation in Rushsylvania, Ohio. "Peter is willing to allow no stumbling blocks to stand between him and what God wants him to do. He is looking at the 'content of character,' not the color of skin."

Still, Fowler says he knows his sincerity remains to be proven.

\* \* \*

On a steamy June morning in the church basement Bible class, Fowler paces before a row of mocha-brown complexioned students. Skin to skin, he appears especially white, his eyes especially blue.

He clasps a Bible to his chest, opened to Isaiah 3:12. And just like that prophet, this morning Fowler has a "live coal" on his tongue.

"Your leaders say everything is fine, there's no more racism in the land. Then James Byrd Jr. is murdered in Texas, dragged to death because he's black," the teacher preaches, steadily pacing. "Your leaders tell you one thing. But we are misled."

Some of his students, eight or nine women, lean in, eager for the lesson. Others sit slightly on the edge of their folding chairs. Some fan the still air. Some nod, "uh-huh."

The women vent their anger over the modern-day lynching of a black man. Perhaps it is a holy catharsis of sorts, unleashing their wrath on a white man who absorbs it without shock or judgment. Perhaps it is an act of grace.

"Isaiah talked about this 'sinful nation' in the very first chapter. Do you see racism as sin? In this society, there are people who are considered disposable and it's almost accepted," Fowler says, then reads from Isaiah. "'What do you mean by crushing My people and grinding the faces of the poor?' Do you see the same issues today, disposable people?"

He lapses into sermon.

"How do we stop doing evil, knock off racism? How do we stop this ridiculous rate of incarceration of black men in this country? Do you think it's just by coincidence that our public school system is going down the toilet?

"We act like Jesus was so humble and loving, and just said anoint oil and pray. Jesus got mad. Jesus was a radical."

What, Fowler asks, is the church going to do. "Are we just going to sit back?"

Now, ready to answer, the women shift in their seats rustling the air.

Frances Sumlin answers first. A close-cut Afro crowns her head. She is a foot soldier of the civil rights movement, impatient, at times, with what she sees as the church's slowness to activism.

"We can't afford to wait any longer," she says.

"People are lazy," says Londa Wiggins. "They always act like Jesus was so passive."

The students are on board with the teacher. They are ready to hammer out an activist agenda, to get involved. But there's no talk of when, where, what they will do. Fowler leads the closing prayer. They hurry upstairs for service at 11 a.m., what many call America's most segregated hour.

\* \* \*

When Fowler spoke to the Holy Spirit about joining Omega, it may have told this son of Irish heritage who wears a Celtic cross: Go where you best fit.

"I was looking for an opportunity to serve, an opportunity to engage in worship that I'm comfortable with, charismatic, expressive, spirit-filled worship," said Fowler, leaning back in his compact office on Omega's second floor. "I don't have a problem in the sanctuary being the only set of blue eyes.

"I grew up in Parma. It was the first suburb where Eastern Europeans moved," he said. "From first and second grade, there were Hungarians, Polish, Serbians, then Puerto Ricans, Greeks, Lebanese, Koreans. I could go to a friend's house every day after school and hear a different language. Different wasn't anything unusual."

STEADFAST SERVICE

As a social worker in South Side Chicago, Fowler had no car. One Sunday morning he slipped into a black church.

"Without skipping a beat, the deacon said, 'We want to welcome our blue-eyed brother.' He walked out of the pulpit, come down and shook my hand and set me down next to Sister so and so," Fowler recalled.

He says his social life centers on the church. His hanging buddies like Walter Briggs are there. An Irish Clauddagh ring on Fowler's right hand with the heart turned outward signifies he has no special girlfriend. He is not a member of the church singles club. But when choosing dates, "I don't discriminate," he said.

Fowler's heart, at least part of it, seems to be behind bars. Jail chaplains about town swear to his exceptional loyalty. Despite chronic migraine headaches due to an athletic injury, Fowler is at the facilities come heat or high water, said Leon Wilkinson, who is also chaplain at MonDay Community Correctional Institute.

But how can this "white boy from the west side of Cleveland" preach to black men who may know discrimination and poverty that Fowler cannot know?

"Peter is like a brother, a homeboy, a black guy," said the Rev. Daniel Felix, Omega's associate for jail ministry, who mentioned that several inmates regularly write letters to Fowler. "He's just like one of my cats. He's partied, hung out, messed around with different women. Ninety percent of the people in the county jail are in for drugs. Peter drank beer, smoked weed. He can speak on their level. And he can do it because he is so humble, very humble. And wise."

And you can tell, said Felix, Fowler listens to black gospel music.

A similar question applies to Fowler's duties with the Omega Character Academy, the church's free after-school program. Is a white man the best character model for black children, especially boys?

Wiggins, whose 10-year-old son Jesse Watts has attended the program for two years, said it's fine with her.

"This is something that we talked a lot about," said Pastor Ward, who put Fowler in charge of the program. "Peter is not trying to change who we are. He doesn't come trying to act black."

'THIS IS MY CHURCH, TOO'

In French cuffs, sharp ties and cuffed pants, however, Fowler appears to pattern the sauve style of some black ministers. And when Peter Fowler preaches, there is that characteristic cadence, and that deep-down feeling, that elusive "something-something" known as 'soul.'

"He's not a fire-and-brimstone white preacher. And he doesn't preach like a storefront black man," said Wilkinson. "With his education and knowledge, that's not his style. He is a very exciting and emotional preacher."

When Fowler spoke with the Holy Spirit, it may have pointed out that the "black church" might take offense: How dare he infringe upon the singular turf in America where the black man is CEO, in charge of souls, dollars and other resources?

Fowler says he does not intend to impose.

"I have the same concerns as the black church," he said. "I live in the neighborhood … so this is my church, too. I'm not trying to take over leadership. I'm here … as a servant."

**Notes**

\* CONTACT Charlise Lyles at 225-2436 or by e-mail at [*charlise\_lyles@coxohio.com*](mailto:charlise_lyles@coxohio.com)

**Correction**

SEE PUBLISHED CORRECTION SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1998.<  
**Correction-Date:** JULY 11, 1998

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: 1. Peter Fowler 2. Rev. Peter Fowler baptizes an inmate from the MonDay Community Correctional Institute rehabilitation program. 3, Fowler teaches a Bible study while visiting Mount Zion Baptist Church in Middletown. CREDIT: JAN UNDERWOOD/DAYTON DAILY NEWS

**Load-Date:** July 12, 1998

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[***Chinese and 'U' go way back;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T26-F8M0-009B-P0BN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Contacts date to 1914, have flourished since***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T26-F8M0-009B-P0BN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 28, 1998, Metro Edition

Copyright 1998 Star Tribune

**Section:** china; Pg. 13A

**Length:** 1935 words

**Byline:** Frank Wright; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** Xian, China

**Body**

They laugh about it now, but back then it was a dangerous time for scholars.

Today, Tao Wen-Quan and He Dayu, University of Minnesota alums, sit in a lounge at Jiaotong University in Xian and talk freely about how, during China's Cultural Revolution, they were forced to work at the local brick factory.

They were young teachers at Jiaotong, targets of the Red Guard hooligans turned loose by Chairman Mao to destroy what he viewed as a growing elitism in his supposedly egalitarian Communist society. The devastation went on from 1966 to 1976, when Mao died.

Schools were closed. Students and faculty members were forced into the countryside or the factories for "reeducation" at the hands of peasants and workers.

The young were required to denounce the Communist shortcomings of their elders, often including their parents. Religious observance was attacked ferociously, and places of worship were defaced or obliterated. Many people were beaten or killed for beliefs and behavior that were alleged to be subversive.

The hours of heavy lifting at the brick factory for He and Tao were long; the taunts of their less-educated fellow workers, loud. There was less to eat than usual in a China plagued by food shortages.

Not until Deng Xiaoping succeeded Mao did life improve. Jiaotong and other schools were reopened. "Some of our bricks may have been used on this campus," He said, a touch of sarcasm in his voice. He and Tao were allowed to teach again.

In 1980, they were selected to do advanced research as visiting scholars at the University of Minnesota, He in electrical engineering and Tao in the mechanical engineering department. It was a breakthrough time, "just like a dream to be able to go abroad then," He said.

They were among the first to resume a flow of Chinese scholars that stretches back at least to 1914 and has established Minnesota as the host to the largest number of academics from China on any campus in the United States.

Annually they total between 1,000 and 1,300, most of them doctoral candidates or visiting scholars. Most are from the mainland - almost 900 this year - with sizable representation from Hong Kong and Taiwan.

The alums number in the thousands. Together, they reflect much of the history of modern China, especially the days since the Japanese occupation in World War II, Mao's 1949 civil war victory over the Nationalists, the Great Leap Forward that starved tens of millions in the 1950s, the Cultural Revolution, what Tao calls the "open policy" of Deng and today's continuing reformation. They have seen it all.

In the earliest days at the university, most of the Chinese visitors focused on improving their country's food production. Their successful experiences on the farm campus, as the story is told, cemented what is now Minnesota's reputation in China as a premier venue for advanced study abroad.

Emphasis has shifted over the years. Science, engineering and health care now lead, with agriculture and related studies still strong. Business is more popular than in the past, reflecting the economic changes in China - changes that President Clinton is seeing firsthand during his visit there this week.

Vigorous two-way traffic has nurtured the connection. Official delegations from China are common on the Minnesota campus. Numerous Minnesota faculty members have reciprocated as part of an exchange program.

Official alumni organizations have been established in Beijing, Tianjin, Xian (where Jiang Zemin, China's president, graduated from Jiaotong but never made it to Minnesota) and Taipei. Others have been started in Shanghai and Hong Kong.

Former university President Nils Hasselmo visited the alums before his retirement, and new President Mark Yudof continued the commitment as a member of Gov. Arne Carlson's delegation to China in January.

The China Center was established on the Minneapolis campus in 1979 to assist Chinese students and oversee the many continuing contacts.

The alums' perspective

A score of alums interviewed in Tianjin and Xian endorsed their time at the University of Minnesota as one of the high points of their professional lives.

Repeatedly, they referred to the guidance they received from faculty advisers - labor historian Hy Berman, E.M. Sparrow, Donald Riley and others.

Tao recalls consulting in Sparrow's office at midnight about his heat-transfer experiments. "The light in his office was a symbol to me that he was there to help." Today, Tao, 59, is dean of the school of energy and power engineering at Jiaotong and chairs the national advisory board on the teaching of thermodynamics and heat transfer.

Zhang Youlun was attracted to Minnesota as a Fulbright scholar in 1982 after meeting Berman during Berman's year on the Nankai University campus in Tianjin.

Since studying in Minnesota, he has written extensively on U.S. social and labor history and has served as president of the American History Research Association of China. Now 66, his main responsibility is supervising 10 doctoral candidates in U.S. history.

Until the Minnesota opportunity came along, he said, "intellectuals like me were very isolated. We had little knowledge of the world. Now, many Chinese people think of the world and have a broader vision of the future."

Lu Zheng Rong also was in that early group after the Cultural Revolution. He recalled 1978 as "a big year" because he passed the Chinese government's rigorous English tests, meeting a standard required for advanced study in the United States.

With Riley as a mentor, Lu was able to begin specializing in the new field of computer graphic design. Today, at 64, he is director of Jiaotong's computer-assisted design center.

Not all of the alums see their Minnesota experience as totally positive, however.

Cai Baoli, professor of biochemistry at Nankai, remembers his discomfort at "being followed" by strangers as a newcomer in 1989, the year of the Tiananmen Square debacle in Beijing.

Ren Yunxiang, who came to Minnesota in 1947 and received his master's degree in 1949, the year of the Communist takeover and the beginning of the Cold War, tells of his run-in with U.S. immigration authorities.

He was, he said in a China Center alumni publication, arrested by the state police, jailed and taken to a hearing. Asked whether he was a Communist, he said he replied that he was not. But he said he told the investigators that he believed in communism and wanted to return to China to "participate in the socialist construction."

Eventually deported, Ren spent many years teaching at Yunnan Agricultural University and doing research that led to quantum leaps in sweet potato yields.

"During the period of the Cold War between socialism and capitalism, I experienced some blows," he said. "That is something we can understand."

The alums also uniformly agreed that life today is better in virtually every way than in the past. Living standards are rising. There is more freedom to speak out, to be critical of the Communist Party and the government.

On one occasion, for example, a lively luncheon discussion erupted among the Xian alums over the central government's announcement that it would provide more development funds to inland provinces such as Shaanxi. Shaanxi is Minnesota's sister province, and Xian is its capital.

Some of the alums were pleased and said it was about time. Others said that the money would never come, that the announcement was just more empty words.

They were not deterred by the fact that two translators from the Beijing People's Daily, the press arm of the Communist Party, were listening closely. Afterward, one of the alums said, "Only a few years ago we could never have had that conversation."

The alums seemed most bothered by what they considered a brain drain. They were referring to China's loss of a bright younger generation, including their own children. Members of that generation not only have studied overseas but have remained overseas to pursue their fortunes instead of returning as their elders did.

Lu was typical. He acknowledged the need for China to seek knowledge outside to advance its science and technology. "The country cannot stay closed forever."

But he lamented the fact that his own offspring are typical of those who do not return to "help the motherland" as did 90 percent or so of his contemporaries.

One daughter who earned a doctorate in the United Kingdom is closest to home, teaching in Hong Kong. Another is studying for a master's in business administration in Canada and plans to stay there. Now the third, having obtained her master's in history at Jiaotong, "wants to go abroad."

"You can't ask them to return," he said wistfully. "Now they want us to come see them where they are."

The newest generation

The issue of whether to go home is a prime consideration for the current crop of mainlanders at the University of Minnesota, most of them in their 20s or 30s, many married with children. They feel torn.

Some were on the fringes at Tiananmen or sympathetic to the protesters' cause. Some admit to having lied to investigators about their role and feelings in order to gain clearance to study abroad.

They endorse the economic changes and the beginnings of political change in China, and some believe that, with advanced U.S. degrees, they could do well back home.

Others are less certain of their prospects. They know that their years in the States can cause them to lose out in the networking that has been so crucial to success for centuries in China. They fear, too, that their children, who are learning to speak Chinese in Minnesota but do not read and write it fluently, would suffer in China's highly competitive school system.

They also are well aware that many younger Chinese who have stayed in Minnesota are doing very well, especially in high-tech industries.

Xue Youngquan is one who is debating with himself. A doctoral candidate in microbiology, he is the first of his peasant family to attend college and earn a degree. He said he feels a great obligation to return and help his family and his country, especially because his older brother, "who is much smarter than me," lost out when schools were closed during the Cultural Revolution. Xue said his brother served in the army and now is home on the farm.

But the temptation to stay in the United States - which most legally can do - is strong.

His decision is unmade.

One who has decided, at least for now, to return home is Deng Xiong, who has served as president of the Friendship Association of Chinese Students and Scholars, the mainlanders' organization at Minnesota.

He came to the university in 1994 to seek his doctorate in entomology - the "study of bugs," as he puts it - after seeing a magazine photo of the Walker Art Center's "Spoonbridge and Cherry" sculpture. "I decided Minnesota was for me."

Although his grandfather, a landlord, was executed by the Communists and his father, a high school principal, was publicly criticized by "members of the ***working class***" during the Cultural Revolution, Deng said that he would go home "if a position was open." He would pursue research on pest control and work within the system for greater political freedom.

"I would not be a radical," he said. "Human rights have improved, but the Communist Party is not moving as fast toward democracy as people want. There still is only one party.

"Things will change," he said. "The people have tasted the fruits of greater economic freedom. It will come in politics, as well."

Deng said he has become a Christian since arriving in Minnesota, "and that could give me a reason to return too. It would be another mission."

**Graphic**

Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** June 29, 1998

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[***A CURRENT ATTRACTION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41BK-VXC0-0094-503Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***RECORD-SETTING FIELD FOR HEAD OF THE OHIO RACE JUST ONE INDICATION OF HOW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41BK-VXC0-0094-503Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ROWING IS GROWING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41BK-VXC0-0094-503Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 4, 2000, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 1906 words

**Byline:** BOB BATZ JR., POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

For many, the embodiment of Pittsburgh sport still is the burly and battered bulk of a football player, a Steeler with a thick skull. But there is a fresh face to area athletics. While she, too, may play in size 12 shoes, she only half fills them, and she shares them with many others, since these shoes are bolted to the bottom of communal "sculls" and "shells."

Meet Lynn Lofton.

And meet, if you haven't, rowing, a sport with a history here older than football's, complete with beer, betting and bawdiness. Despite its low profile, rowing may be more emblematic of Pittsburgh as it flows into the next century.

"It's exhilarating," says Lofton, who's learning to participate in the novice program at the Three Rivers Rowing Association.

The 42-year-old transplant from Chicago is a ceramist with a studio in a restored 123-year-old North Side firehouse. She likes sculpting herself, too, and owns her own rowing machine, but first came to the TRRA last year after hearing about it at a party. On a recent Saturday, in her fade haircut and funky jewelry, orange parachute pants and green top (with matching toenail polish), she looks more artist than athlete and concedes that when it comes to competing, "I'm not heavy on that. It's more for the fun of it and the relaxation. It's good on the body."

On this chilly but sun-splashed fall morning, she's one of dozens of colorfully clad bodies putting their sliver boats into the misty Allegheny River back channel at Washington's Landing, just upstream from Downtown.

At the TRRA boathouse here, as she now knows, a scull is a boat for one, two or four people, each of whom rows, or sculls, with two oars. Other shells -- including even more amazingly long and thin four- and eight-rower boats -are rigged to be propelled either by sculling or by "sweeping," in which rowers each wield a single oar.

The nonprofit TRRA owns more than 40 different shells, which are used by many more different kinds of people. So the fixed shoes, which rowers, in sliding seats, use to push off into their powerful strokes, are purposely big so anyone can fit in. Not that there still aren't problems.

"I literally came out of my shoes once," says Lofton, whose feet are size 6 1/2. Now she first slips them into green gardening clogs, then tightens them -- clogs and all -- into the rowing shoes with Velcro straps.

All around her, boats are coming in and going out, filled with less-experienced beginners as well as serious competitors from area college and high school "crew" teams. Children paddle past in smaller boats, part of the TRRA kayaking program. It's a wondrous scene, especially considering that as recently as the early 1980s, this island was abandoned stockyards and foundries, and the water so polluted that it dissolved thoughts of rowing on it, and might have dissolved the oars.

Fast forward to now and, "You wouldn't believe it," says Mike Lambert, who founded TRRA in 1984 and remains its executive director.

"It definitely is growing by leaps and bounds," says Lambert, who calls this "truly an exciting time" for rowing here for several reasons.

Most immediately, this Saturday the TRRA holds its big bash, its 14th annual Head of the Ohio event. Actually, it's the biggest yet, with a record 4,538 racers (though the number of actual rowers is smaller, since some rowers will race more than once). They'll come from all over the country to compete in various gender, age and skill categories over a 2.8-mile course on the Allegheny River. One of the biggest two or three such regattas on the continent, it is co-sponsored by the Pittsburgh Mercy Foundation, with all monies going to the Mercy Hospital Burn Center.

No matter how many points its rowers earn, the TRRA is moving fast and well in the year 2000.

Plans are in place to build not one but two new boathouses within a year or so. One, just across the back channel of the Allegheny in Millvale, is to feature a pair of indoor rowing tanks, which means local rowers will be able to get their oars in the water in winter. The other boathouse, originally slated for Sewickley, is to be built on Neville Island on the Ohio River. Each is to cost $ 1.5 million, money that TRRA will start to raise within weeks.

"Programs are trying to expand, and we can't," says Lambert, who started rowing out of an old truck trailer before the center was built in 1989. Now, its eight storage bays are stacked full of more than 130 boats, many of them owned by the six college and 12 high school programs based here. High schools alone bring in 550 students. TRRA also has about 360 regular members, who pay $ 275 a year. Many others row here, including 270 participants in its corporate program, which enables workers at companies like Alcoa and FreeMarkets to row and socialize one night a week.

Started three years ago, the corporate program is helping drive "phenomenal" growth and make the character of rowing more fun, Lambert says. "We turn away well over 100 [people] every season."

Meanwhile, TRRA's longtime efforts to reach out to others -- namely, specially challenged rowers and minorities -- got boosts this year in the form of foundation grants. Now the center has a special programs director in Roberta "Bert" White-Melvin, an amputee who facilitates rowing for physically challenged, even blind people. Starting just weeks ago, the center also now has a full-timedirector of community programs in Robert W. Chambers III, a black man, formerly a sports organizer with the city Housing Authority, who will actively recruit minorities into a sport that still has a mostly white, prep school image.

"I think the problem is exposure," says the buff Chambers, who was senior MVP as a defensive back on the 1988 Penn Hills football team. Now he's schooling in sculling and, "I've actually gotten pretty good," he says. "It is a sport for all shapes and sizes and athletic ability."

Indeed, not only are Saturday rowers leaving their street shoes piled on the bank, a few are leaving their (prosthetic) legs. One rower even is lifted via hoist into a double shell from her electric wheelchair.

This brings us back to Lynn Lofton, who's heading out in a "four" with three other novices and a non-rowing "coxswain," their coach. Their boat may not yet represent perfect technique, but it does show the range rowers come in.

In the bow, but with his back to it since they row backwards, is Jim Fornof, 42, of Penn Hills. A financial vice president for an energy services startup, he works in an office in One North Shore Center, from where he's watched people rowing past, "and I wanted to do it."

Next is 22-year-old Sarah Pearcy of Carnegie, who just moved here to work as a hydrologic technician for the U.S. Geological Survey, and right away looked up rowing. "I've been wanting to do it since high school but there was nowhere to row in North Carolina."

After Lofton, in the "stroke" position nearest the stern, is Paula Taylor, 50, of McCandless, who works as a secretary. A skier and kayaker, she read about rowing "in one of those magazines that tell you all the things you can do in Pittsburgh."

In the coxswain's seat is Squirrel Hill's Marta Habermann, who's rowed since she was a teen in her native Holland. When a job brought her husband to Pittsburgh, she came, too, and got involved early in TRRA. She's still rowing strong, at age 70.

You might be even more surprised to learn that rowing in Pittsburgh is much older, dating back to the mid 1800s. In a fascinating and footnoted article in the summer 1990 issue of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania's quarterly, Pittsburgh History, professor John Kudlik brings to life the days when rowing boomed as the first "immensely popular" spectator sport. At one point, the riverbanks boasted at least 20 boathouses, of clubs with names like "the Clipper." ***Working-class*** rowers -- some national champions, and some female -- competed in races that drew big news coverage and up to 10,000 spectators.

"When the fans arrived," Kudlik writes, "beer flowed, fists occasionally flew and betting was usually quite heavy."

As Kudlik has pages to detail, it was betting scandals that helped sink rowing by the late 1880s, as baseball and other sports began their rise, and industry took over the rivers.

Today, rowing is growing, especially among women, fueled by developments like Title IX law that requires colleges to offer women equal scholarships. According to the sport's Indianapolis-based governing body, the United States Rowing Association, or USRowing, there were seven NCAA rowing programs in 1994. Now there are 128 (including Robert Morris College, whose women's four won a national championship this May).

The number of USRowing member groups is way up, too, to 741, from 444 in 1993. And, says membership manager Suzanne Lewis, Pittsburgh's TRRA stands as an oft-consulted model for other community programs. "They really have been successful in all aspects."

Indeed, TRRA also fosters serious "jocks," like Suzy McIntosh jokes about being. Just about every morning -- around 5:30 a.m., when rowers beat the barges and other river traffic -- she hits the still-dark waters, solo and/or with other "master" women. By 8, she's dressed for her job as senior manager in retail banking at Mellon Bank, Downtown.

This Saturday, the TRRA board member plans to compete in three races. Not bad for a 57-year-old who last year had her last chemotherapy treatment for breast cancer.

She rowed in college -- at Wellesley -- but gave it up upon graduation, since, "In those days, women over 18 didn't sweat." Now, "It's so wonderful to see these women who just are perfectly happy to be strong."

Like other rowers, she loves it for more than the full-body-but-easy-on-the-joints workout. There's also an intense camaraderie from having to work together to row well. Even single sculling takes a focus and a rhythm that are not easy to achieve. "It's almost like a meditation," she says, almost dreamily.

It remains the dream of Lambert and others that one day rowers and other human-powered boaters will be a much more common sight on the three rivers. That's why TRRA has been active in current efforts to reclaim the rivers, which Lambert says soon will have tangible results ranging from public canoe/kayak launches to a river center. Thus are rowers catalysts as well as benefactors of changes that aim to bring the vitality of the rivers full circle.

One thing all faces of rowers seem to appreciate is how delightful it is to be out on the water.

"It's just a real interesting way of connecting with the rivers," says Vince Finizio, 45, of Ross, an architect who rows several times a week. He'll row a couple of races in the Head of the Ohio, including one with his buddy Jeff Mulkern, 40, of Shaler, who does customer service for the Internal Revenue Service.

That's why, in the pre-dawn darkness of another recent morning, the two are shouldering their "double" down to the dock's very edge.

"One little step," says Finizio.

"Got it," says Mulkern, as he plants his outside foot.

They carefully flip the scull into the water and, as rowers do, Finizio steadies it as Mulkern gets in, straps himself into the shoes, then sets his folding cane behind his seat. He is blind, but it doesn't matter, not at this hour, not at this sport.

Rowing in synch, they head upstream, against the current. They'll be coming down river toward the lights of the skyline as the sun comes up on a new Pittsburgh day.

**Graphic**

PHOTO 2, Photo: Gabor Degre/Post-Gazette: Before sunrise, rowers approach the; 31st Street Bridge. On Saturday, the Allegheny River will be filled with; rowers for the 14th annual Head of the Ohio, one of the largest meets in the; country.; Photo: Peter Diana/Post-Gazette: Crews heard toward the finish during the 1998; Head of the Ohio race.

**Load-Date:** October 4, 2000

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Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 1, 2000, Sunday,

ONE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 1989 words

**Body**

CUBA FROM PAGE F-1

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 work force.

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 -- 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 Los Industriales de Habana, whose national playoff games against Isla de la Juventud last season were played in front of 55,000 fans.

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 gave birth to 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 midlevel 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**



[***INTIMACY SELLS A COMPUTER MAKER AND A RESTAURANT CHAIN THAT TREAT YOU LIKE "FAMILY." A DEPARTMENT STORE THAT WELCOMES ITS "GUESTS." EVEN NEW YORK'S MAYOR IS TAKING A WARM-AND-FUZZY APPROACH. GETTING PERSONAL IS THE LATEST IN MARKETING.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DFB0-01K4-93CB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 10, 1998 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES LIFESTYLE; Pg. H01

**Length:** 1751 words

**Byline:** William Macklin, Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

Hey, Linda, how's the old man and the kids?

Truth be told, Linda Pentz, 37, a health-care account executive from North Wales, Montgomery County, doesn't have any children and she recently separated from her husband. But as long as Pentz has her Gateway 2000 computer, she'll always feel like one of the clan.

Pentz, 37, says she's a proud member of Gateway's self-styled "family," even though she knows that the billion-dollar South Dakota computer corporation's cozy, Middle-American image (played out in everything from shipping cartons speckled with cow spots to customer-service reps who insist on doing "whatever it takes to make you happy") is mostly market-savvy bluster calculated to make sure that she remains loyal to their brand and doesn't do something outrageous, such as, say, buy a Compaq.

"I like to feel like the most important person in the world and they really go out of their way to make a customer feel special," Pentz said. "I guess part of why I am saying this, too, is because I'm in sales and I pamper my customers. It's nice to be on the receiving end, to be the one being pampered."

A big, faceless corporation that turns slivers of silicon into warmth and understanding?

You betcha.

Gateway knows what scores of other corporations, and even the city of New York knows: Intimacy sells. Where once Madison Avenue played to the intense American desire for status, advertisers and others wishing to affect the public will now summon up images of loving kin and embracing involvements. Marlboro Man rarely rides alone anymore.

Never mind that it's not true intimacy, but a cloying marketing strategy, as contrived as an episode of South Park, and just about as true to life. Never mind that it is familial closeness without familial responsibility. Never mind that it is, to coin a phrase, designer intimacy.

"The trend is to make people feel as if they are part of a larger community," said Joseph Turow, a professor at the Annenberg School for Communication and author of Breaking Up America: Advertisers and the New Media World.

The idea, said Turow, "is to create customer loyalty . . . it costs less to keep a customer than to attract a new one. Gateway is going whole hog on this idea - or whole cow. I find it a little hard to take myself. But if it's done well, it can work."

That's not news to corporations, which have begun playing soft and friendly to retain customers.

Greg Lund, communications manager for Gateway, said that while his company is in the business of selling computers and will do anything within reason to achieve that objective, their folksy approach reflects a "heartfelt philosophy."

"We're Midwestern, we're folksy, it's part of our roots," Lund said. "It means something to us."

You hear roughly the same things from some of the other major players in the designer intimacy game: The warm feelings expressed through their public personas are honest, real and from the heart.

What they don't say is that the supposed affection is usually the result of careful market study, work about as tender and emotional as strip mining.

Last month, after exhaustive market testing, the Olive Garden, a chain of 464 Italian-theme restaurants, launched a series of ads with the slogan: "When you're here, you're family."

Cathie Weinberg, spokeswoman for Olive Garden, said that her company's market research showed that "when people think of Italy and the Italian heritage, what they think about is food, warmth and celebration around family events. We decided to run with that."

The Olive Garden has plenty of company on that run.

There's Saturn, General Motors' homey, "different kind of car company." In its long-standing effort to project itself as the great egalitarian choice of the American car-buying public, the Tennessee-based automaker's recent TV ad subtly suggested that African American drivers who had been rudely treated by other carmakers should consider a Saturn.

Then there's Target, the sprawling department store chain that informs its customers that they are "guests," presumably deserving of home-style treatment, even if it's under bright fluorescent lighting on glimmering tile floors amid shelves crammed with bathrobes, dish detergent and Hot Wheels.

And America Online, where chat rooms are jammed with close friends who never meet, lovers who never touch, and business associates who never exchange a single piece of paper, recently took another step toward establishing itself as the unabashed capital of designer intimacy. The new software for the 4.0 version of the world's leading online service opens with a set of icons depicting a cartoon user running across the screen to join a cartoon crowd, symbolizing America Online's vast, invisible "community."

And it's not just corporations looking to exploit their customers' fears of personal estrangement.

In New York, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, has been leading a campaign to get his town's 7 million residents to be as warm as buttered toast to one another, and perhaps, more important, to the tourists who drop billions of dollars in the city each year. He's been spiffing up scruffy New York school youths with crisp uniforms, demanding an end to reckless bicycling, shutting down porn parlors in Times Square and insisting that New Yorkers' propensity for noisy public outrage is just plain uncivilized. He would apparently like to make his city the most genteel town in America. Does that mean that the next time a New York cabby thrusts his finger at you, he'll just be saying, "We're number one?"

Not likely.

And New Yorkers don't necessarily feel any more warmly inclined to one another, or their mayor.

"I think Giuliani takes it too far, he tends to be an extremist," said Melanie Williams, 28, a television producer who lives in Greenwich Village. "But Times Square is fabulous now. Bryant Park is no longer a drug-addict haven. But roping off certain streets to pedestrians and handing out tickets to jaywalkers? I think that's kind of dumb."

Over the long haul, Giuliani may succeed because, like corporate marketing managers everywhere, he's selling an irresistible concept to a public desperate for warm fuzzies, said Peggy Thoits, an expert on social psychology at Vanderbilt University.

"The argument is that our lives are fragmented by geographic mobility and the stress between the demands of home and work," Thoits said. "And so we hearken to a nostalgic view of past closeness."

But when warmth and kindness are dictated by a marketing plan and not spontaneous human decency, isn't there a danger of backlash?

"It's a balancing act," admits Denise Workcuff, spokeswoman for Target, its 752 stores, and the 166,000 employees the retail chain describes as "team members."

"We want our team members to treat our guests the way they would treat someone visiting their home. But you also want an attractive price and trend-right merchandise."

After her first visit to Target's store in Cherry Hill, Virginia Smith, 54, said she liked the bright lighting and wide aisles. But she shivered with discomfort over Target's practice of having team members direct "guests" to open check-out lanes during busy periods.

"I like to go into a store and be left alone," said Smith, a middle-school teacher who lives in South Philadelphia. "I don't like people following me around trying to help me. If I need help, I will ask for it."

Still, a homespun appeal is hardly lost on Smith. A Saturn car owner before her vehicle was destroyed in an accident a few months ago, Smith said that the auto company, which promotes both its no-haggle pricing and no-pressure sales consultants, really did make her feel "like a member of the family."

"It was the first time I ever bought a car and felt that I wasn't getting taken," she said.

Saturn spokesman Greg Martin insisted that the familial feelings summoned during Smith's car-buying experience are not contrived but are the result of his company's genuine interest in customers' needs. He said a recent television ad in which an African American dealer, Roland Daniels, says he wanted to sell Saturns because when he was a boy, his father had received unfair treatment by another dealer was not a patronizing ploy to appeal to black drivers.

"We didn't think it was going too far," said Martin, adding that it was Daniels who had suggested the ad.

Still, when companies capitalize on genuine feelings of disenfranchisement and isolation, they substitute showmanship for truth, suggested Claude Fischer, a sociologist at the University of California, Berkeley.

Fischer, who has studied the decline of community closeness in the United States, said that a spate of reports about the waning nuclear family and the rise of social distrust and personal detachment have left people feeling so unsettled that they are easy targets for contrived promises of intimacy and connection.

And what's worse, insists Fischer, is that there's little hard evidence that the interpersonal chaos that people seek to ease by warming up to a Saturn dealer or sharing a moment of happy chat with a Gateway sales rep, truly exists.

"Where is the data?" Fischer asked. "But people got along for centuries believing the world was flat. So from the standpoint of an advertiser, it doesn't matter if communities are really in shambles and people are really disparate and desperate. What matters is that people think they are."

That certainly seems to be the case in the chat areas of America Online, where it's possible to round up a group of strangers for personal discussions about arcane topics of every sort without ever seeing a human face or hearing a human voice.

Judy Hirsch, 41, doesn't know anybody in the real world who is a fan of the BBC-produced television show EastEnders. But on AOL, she's got hundreds of "friends" who share her love for the steamy, PBS-broadcast soap opera about ***working-class*** Brits.

"I came on AOL in February 1995 and as soon as I did, I started looking for EastEnders fans," said Hirsch, affirmative-action officer for SEPTA.

Her EastEnders fan list now has 500 names. All but 100 are people she met through AOL.

Hirsch also cohosts AOL's Women's Forum, but admits that the sense of community promoted by America Online "can be very on the surface," because unlike with true closeness, designer intimacy doesn't oblige people to respond to the problems of their corporate family members.

"People have the right to do as little or as much as they want," said Hirsch. "But mostly women come in just to talk . . . they are able to say things they wouldn't say face-to-face."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Linda Pentz of North Wales, who owns a Gateway 2000, admits that she enjoys being made to feel "like the most important person in the world." (For The Inquirer, SCOTT S. HAMRICK)

"EastEnders" fan Judy Hirsch finds intimacy on the Internet: She discusses the steamy British soap opera with friends she met in computer chat rooms. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, BONNIE WELLER)

The Olive Garden's chummy new slogan, "When you're here, you're family," was the product of market testing. (For The Inquirer, BILL CAIN)

Joseph Turow of the Annenberg School for Communication wrote "Breaking Up America: Advertisers and the New Media World." He says selling intimacy can work "if it's done well." (The Philadelphia Inquirer, JOHN COSTELLO)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

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[***PENN STATE'S NEW LEADER BRINGS RECORD OF CHANGE / IN LINCOLN, NEB., HE USHERED IN THE INFORMATION HIGHWAY, GAVE WOMEN TOP JOBS AND TIGHTENED ADMISSIONS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-C1D0-01K4-92CK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 2, 1995 Tuesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1659 words

**Byline:** Lily Eng, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** LINCOLN, Neb.

**Body**

When Graham Spanier became a chancellor at the University of Nebraska four years ago, it didn't take him long to make an impression. His first day on the job, he wore a gorilla outfit.

His debut at the university's Lincoln campus broke the ice with faculty members who expected a stone-faced, gray-haired administrator. Instead, they got someone young - 42 at the time - and boisterous. Someone who knew how to make an entrance.

"It really freaked people out," journalism professor and former faculty leader George Tuck said with a laugh. "He showed that he had a good sense of humor, he liked jokes, and that he was accessible."

Here in America's heartland, the man who will be Pennsylvania State University's next president has proved to be much more than a gagster. Educator, sociologist and amateur magician, Spanier has put the pedal to the metal on a campus accustomed to moving at a snail's pace. He has razed a parking lot for a grassy park, wired the campus for the information superhighway, named the first two women to the chancellor's cabinet, and put tough new admission standards in place. He has collected devotees and - though in lesser numbers - detractors.

That's perfectly fine with Penn State's 32 trustees, who hired Spanier in March to "lead the university into the 21st century." There is much to do in Happy Valley, and they want him to go about it with as much gusto as he did at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

Like other public universities across the country, Penn State has seen its share of state dollars dwindle over the years. A decade ago, the school received 24 percent of its budget from Harrisburg. Today, it gets 17 percent, or $269 million - $65 million less, administrators say, than the average state appropriation to other Big Ten schools.

Tuition is among the highest of any public university nationwide: $4,752 for state residents.

So Spanier, who began his professorial career at Penn State in the '70s, already has his first order of business: to sell the 70,000-student school to taxpayers, who, in turn, will tell lawmakers to fling open the treasury. Or so he hopes.

Though Spanier has four months before he is scheduled to replace president Joab Thomas, Spanier's calendar is booked. He plans to spend one day a week on the road, on the Rotary-Jaycee-Lions-Elks-high school circuit.

"Penn State is one of Pennsylvania's greatest resources, if not its greatest," Spanier said. ". . . You can't go too far in communicating that message to the state."

At UNL - considerably smaller (24,700 students) and less expensive ($2,400 tuition) - the regents had hired Spanier to transform the school from one that almost never turned down a Nebraskan to a top-notch research university with high admission standards. Friendlier, too.

"He is a fearless leader," Nancy O'Brien, president of the University of Nebraska regents, said of Spanier. "If he believes in a cause, he gives everything to it."

NOT WITHOUT CRITICS

But what has drawn raves from defenders such as O'Brien also has rankled critics such as regent Robert Allen. A businessman from Hastings, a small town 120 miles west of Lincoln, Allen has accused Spanier of fostering a "social agenda" and "getting caught up in diversions" at the expense of education during his four-year tenure.

In his second month at UNL, for instance, Spanier sent a letter to U.S. Sen. James Exon (D., Neb.) on behalf of the Academic Senate, the faculty's governing body, which passed a resolution calling on Congress to allow gays and lesbians to serve openly in the military.

Exon wrote back, scolding him:

"Regardless of anyone's opinion about homosexuals serving in our armed forces, I do not believe it is proper for the UNL Academic Senate and the Chancellor to attempt to dictate to the United States Senate and federal government on a matter which is not central to the education of our young people."

Allen also has lambasted Spanier for allowing the school's performing arts center to book a show featuring a dancer who was HIV-positive.

"I don't think we need that in Nebraska," said Allen, who has offered to help Spanier pack.

To O'Brien, Spanier has shown a strong sense of right and wrong.

"You know that old saying 'There is no fair but the state and county' ?" she said. "He would never believe that. Graham Spanier has an innate sense of what is fair."

Allen's comments have left even Spanier - nearly as mild-mannered as Clark

Kent - shaking his head with annoyance. "I've tried to operate a university that everyone is a part of and welcomed, and that's not a social agenda," he said. "That's the way anybody in the university presidency should operate."

\*

When Penn State trustees announced Spanier's appointment, his office at UNL was flooded with mail from Happy Valley - congratulatory and cautionary.

Spanier also was the recipient of a rather large letter published in the Centre Daily Times, University Park's local paper.

A handful of faculty members, calling themselves Penn State 2000, bought the $840 full-page advertisement to air their concern that the university was ignoring its faculty and undergraduates and spending too much on research.

Spanier has offered the professors a meeting, not to mention a little advice: "They can save a lot of money by contacting me directly."

That's what professors at Lincoln are used to doing. Here, Spanier has attended nearly every monthly Academic Senate meeting. When he couldn't make it, he sent a representative. Past chancellors rarely showed up unless it was urgent.

"He doesn't believe that faculty cannot talk to him," said Tuck, a former Academic Senate president. "Certain administrators prefer the chain of command. If you're God, you got to talk to God's emissary first. That's not Graham at all. He doesn't draw any artificial barriers."

And that includes students.

OPENING A LINE TO THE TOP

It was half past noon one recent day, and Spanier was hooked, live, into Talking Trash on Thursdays, a student radio talk show at Penn State. Across the crackle of the airwaves, the students stumbled over one another to say hi to Spanier first.

For 10 minutes, they shot the breeze with their new president, who sat in his office back at UNL popping Hershey miniature chocolate bars. A giant glass jar already was half-empty, and wrappers were strewn all over his desk. A Bugs Bunny mug grinned widely next to his phone.

They talked about where he will live on campus (in a house next to a favorite parking lot for football fans), whether he prefers teaching or administrating (teaching is more fun), and how often he plans to meet with students (a lot).

"This job is so taxing, you've got to find a way to have some fun," Spanier said later as he opened a cabinet filled with gag masks and magic equipment.

So perhaps it was an understatement when Penn State trustee Mimi U. Coppersmith Fredman said Spanier was a standout among the candidates because he wasn't "stiff."

"He had a high degree of self-confidence," Fredman said, "but he didn't come off in a way that was cocky."

The self-confidence goes back to when Spanier was growing up in Southside Chicago. His grandmother had given him a gas-guzzling lawn mower for his ninth birthday, so he cut his neighbors' grass. When he was 12, he started his own lawn-mowing business. A year later, he was financially independent and saving for college.

Spanier was one of three children in a ***working-class*** family. His father loaded trucks at a warehouse, and his mother was a homemaker. They had met in South Africa, to where his father had fled from Nazi Germany in 1936. No one in his family had ever gone to college.

His father made it clear his oldest son had to earn enough money to support

himself, to buy his own books and clothes, and to pay for his college education.

"It was sort of like, 'You're a man now,' " Spanier said. "It was rough. . . . It is not the kind of upbringing I would wish on children today."

Spanier applied to only one school, Iowa State University, and was accepted. From the start, he was a classic overachiever, the kind of student who handed in his book reports two days early. With 27 college credits earned during high school, Spanier sped through college, majoring first in math, then in sociology.

Spanier met his wife, Sandra Whipple, at Iowa State when he was a 21-year- old graduate student and she was an 18-year-old freshman.

By the time Spanier was 24, he had earned his doctorate at Northwestern and was an assistant professor at Penn State. Eight years later, he became one of the university's youngest professors in the College of Human Development.

Sandra Spanier, who earned her master's and doctorate in English at Penn State, is an expert on expatriate American authors, such as Hemingway and Kay Boyle.

The Spaniers moved to State University of New York at Stony Brook in 1982; then to Oregon State in 1986, where he was provost; then to Nebraska with their two children, Brian and Hadley, in 1991.

C. Peter Magrath, president of the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges, said of Spanier recently: "He's been on a career climb since he got out of the womb."

\*

One early April evening in Lincoln, the Spaniers welcomed hundreds of guests into UNL's old Coliseum for the annual donor dinner. It was Spanier's first meeting with the university's most generous patrons since he had accepted the job at Penn State.

Close by, football coach Tom Osborne, whose team won the national championship last season, also greeted guests amid the Mylar-topped dinner tables. The well-wishers lined up, forgoing platters of smoked salmon, pate and prawns for a hearty handshake and a few words.

It was hard to tell who was more popular in this city that ferociously worships football and is home to the crown jewel of Nebraska higher education: the coach or the chancellor.

A close call - but, judging by the line, it looked like the chancellor's night.

"Thank you for letting me share in the good life," Spanier said, and waved good night.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Graham Spanier will start in the fall. His first order of business: to

attract more funding for Penn State. (For The Inquirer, TED KIRK)

2. Graham Spanier will be on familiar ground when he takes over Penn State's

presidency in the fall. Spanier and his wife, Sandra, had taught at Penn State

for several years until they left in 1982. (For The Inquirer, TED KIRK)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS / UNITED STATES NATIONAL TEAM GOALKEEPER KASEY KELLER IS A BIG NAME IN ENGLAND***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DFB0-01K4-93DJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 10, 1998 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1670 words

**Byline:** Mike Jensen, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** LEICESTER, England

**Body**

Amid a grove of chimney-topped rowhouses stands the only soccer stadium in Europe where you consistently hear the chant "USA . . . USA."

At Filbert Street stadium, when goalkeeper Kasey Keller walks out to warm up, the Brits start singing for America.

At home, Keller, the most accomplished American ever to play this game, can walk down streets in peace. Twelve-year-olds may know of him, but most of their parents have no idea.

But here, in this ***working-class*** city in the Midlands, 75 minutes up the train line from London, away from the tourist haunts, an American is a football hero.

"Kasey wants a score," the crowd sings when his Premier League club, the Leicester City Foxes, goes too long without a goal.

No part of his game goes unnoticed. Last weekend, a columnist for the Times of London felt the need to comment on Keller's increasing hair loss: "My heart sinks, for I know, as nature robs him of a roof, he will have to suffer the gibes and cruel unwanted gifts alone and without legislation."

Keller will get more exposure when the World Cup begins a month from today, when he'll be the keeper for the U.S. national team. But his heady play has already attracted considerable notice. In February, the great Romario - Brazil's '94 World Cup hero - reached out and shook Keller's hand after a great save. Keller dove to his right, fully extended, and latched on to a Romario header from six yards out that looked headed for an empty net.

After more Keller acrobatics pushed the United States to a stunning 1-0 upset over the world's top team in that semifinal of the CONCACAF Gold Cup, Romario said, "That was the greatest performance I have ever seen in a goalkeeper. It was an honor to be on the field with him."

Keller, who grew up on an egg farm in Lacey, Wash., and took correspondence courses to finish his degree at the University of Portland after moving to England, is long and lean and springy quick on the field, but looks and acts like a visiting graduate student away from it. Nearly blind without his contact lenses, Keller is insightful, accommodating and occasionally forgetful.

He is low-key about his Brazil heroics, perhaps because big games are now part of his life. Two weeks before Brazil, Leicester had gone to English League powerhouse Manchester United's storied Old Trafford grounds and won, 1-0. Last year, Keller's work in goal helped Leicester win the League Cup final at Wembley Stadium. He said he seems to play his best in English League games that are televised.

Shutouts haven't been automatic, of course. In his first game for his club after the Brazil success, Leicester gave up five goals to Blackburn Rovers. ("The fun thing about being a keeper is that today you're a hero and the donkey tomorrow," Keller said.)

Right now, Keller, the MVP of his club last year, is considered one of the top three or four keepers in England and among the top 10 in the world.

"He's always going to pull off world-class saves because he's a world-class goalkeeper," said U.S. assistant coach Clive Charles, a former English League professional who also coached Keller at Portland. "Sometimes, the busier he gets, the better he gets."

That had better be true next month, when Germany and Yugoslavia (plus Iran) will be steaming in on goal against Keller and the U.S. team in the first round of the World Cup. Only two countries advance out of that group into the second round, and the United States is not expected to be one of them.

In that first game, the United States will face Germany on June 15 in Paris. Keller said he won't prepare any differently than he did for last weekend's Premier League game against Barnsley, a tail-end team that will be relegated to a lower division next season. He'll probably shave the night before ("I always said if I looked good for a game, I'd play well.") He'll probably stay up a little later than most players. But he won't be watching hours of film on Germany.

"Some guy might be all left-footed and decide to hit one off his other foot," Keller said. "I can't say, 'No, you can't do that.' I have to react to whatever happens. You give them something, because you think they're going to do something else, at this level, you're going to look stupid."

What you get from Keller, on and off the pitch, is a sense of utter confidence and complete calm. Once the game starts, he doesn't roam around the box like some goalies. He doesn't scream at his defenders. He just always seems to be in the right place. Against Barnsley, he left his feet just once, to keep a ball from going over the end line for a corner kick.

"I'm reading the game, year in and year out, better and better," said the 28-year-old, now in his sixth year playing professionally in England. "Very rarely do I get caught making a wrong decision. In the past, a lot of times maybe I made a wrong decision but I got away with it physically. Now it's not a problem. Everything's right in line. I don't have to hope somebody pulls me out of trouble."

He wasn't so cool, he said, when he first showed up for a tryout with another English club, Millwall, in 1992 and played a reserve game against Arsenal.

"I was afraid to look in the stands or do anything because I didn't know where the ball was going to be," Keller said. "It was moving so fast."

Against Barnsley, the action wasn't exactly nonstop. Leicester scored the only goal of the chilly afternoon when a cross went off the hands of Barnsley's keeper right to a waiting Leicester player, who found the open net.

Such mishaps rarely happen at the other end.

"Everything's clean," Charles said. "He doesn't drop anything."

His career has been an almost steady upward progression. While still in college, Keller went to the 1990 World Cup in Italy as a backup. He began his professional career in the English League in 1992, at Millwall, and made a name for himself, starting 51 consecutive matches and being named the club's MVP in 1993.

The only downward spike came in '94, when Bora Milutinovic, the soccer gypsy who was then the U.S. coach (and now is Nigeria's coach), left Keller off the World Cup team, even though all of England and plenty of America thought Keller deserved to be the starting keeper.

"I don't know the reason," Keller said. "There's only one person who does, and I don't think you'll get it out of him."

Charles said Keller was more puzzled and confused than hurt. Looking back, Keller said, "It was frustrating. But I was in a fairly win-win situation. Most everyone thought I should have been playing and I didn't have to prove it. It was easy. I could just sit back. Everybody was saying, 'If Kasey would have been playing, we would have done this or that,' and I didn't actually have to do it."

If Keller seems calm about the month ahead of him, maybe it's because "coming from Millwall, you don't worry about much."

The Millwall fans, whose London stadium is popularly known as "the Den," have the reputation of being the worst hooligans in Europe. Keller got used to standing on his line with police horses behind the net, trying to prevent the constant pitch invasions.

He remembers the last game of one season, when the team was going to be relegated to a lower division. His wife, Kristin, who has known Kasey since they were in grade school, was at the game.

"Everyone knew who my wife was at Millwall," he said. "Two fans kind of ushered my wife out of the stands after the game, basically saying, 'You've got to get out of here; there's going to be a lot of trouble.' They ushered her out, and then ran back and started ripping seats out and hammering people.

"One guy I knew was a very, very nice guy who, when he was younger, was arrested as a Millwall fan for trying to light a rival fan on fire. But he was a great guy. . . . There's just such extremes, where they can be so nice, and then so bad."

While Keller was at Millwall, he became a folk hero. Children were named for him, "probably in the double-digits. And a score of pets."

The way people treat him in Leicester now, it's as if he's back home in Washington. People walking by say hello. He just doesn't happen to know them. As he ate lunch with his wife the other day, a man politely interrupted, apologized three or four times, and asked if Keller would be willing to sign a photo for a friend at another table since it was the man's 50th birthday.

"He's one of the most popular," said 14-year-old Jon Christie, talking outside the stadium before the Barnsley game. "People thought he might be big-headed [when he came to the club], but he's level-headed."

It's probably hard to be big-headed growing up on an egg farm. Keller knew he was going to spend Sunday afternoons gathering eggs. "Basically, you'd sit at a table, press a button, and they came to you," he said. "Very boring."

Summer mornings were spent in the processing house, and afternoons on a tractor. There was no soccer in his background, but plenty of athletic ability. His father was drafted by the Yankees, and eventually played semiprofessional fast-pitch softball.

When Charles recruited Keller, "he was the best goalkeeper I'd ever seen at that age, ever. . . . His technique and his confidence, and his unbelievable athletic ability as well."

Charles calls Keller the most focused American soccer player he's ever seen.

"Since the time I've known him, he didn't do anything that would hurt his soccer," Charles said. "If there was a party and he knew he shouldn't be there, he wouldn't go. If he shouldn't have a drink of alcohol, he wouldn't drink it. He just did everything right."

Keller figures that, barring injury, he is a couple of years away from his prime. But he is only a month away from the games that may define his career, and bring him into focus back home.

Just don't ask him to jump out of his skin in anticipation. If the cameras zoom in during the national anthem, America's goalkeeper will be standing there, looking at the ground, chewing his gum.

"Just because it's a little bigger thing, it's too late if you say, 'Now I'm going to do something different,' " Keller said.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Keller, although off the U.S. team for a while, has starred in England for years. (Allsport, ROSS KINNAIRD)

In England's top division, where Kasey Keller (right) stars for Leicester City, play is a weekly battle for the American goalkeeper against rivals such as Oyvind Leonhardsen (left), Liverpool's Norwegian midfielder. But Keller, who has been playing in England since 1992, is used to it. (Associated Press, RUI VIEIRA)

Beating opposing players (such as the Netherlands' Philip Cocu) to high balls is a big part of the job for a goalkeeper like Kasey Keller. (Reuters, COLIN BRADLEY)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Pursuing the suburbs Gore talks about traffic, Medicare, labor disputes, and executions***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:413H-SS30-007M-41VC-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

August 27, 2000, Sunday, Cook/DuPage/Fox Valley/Lake/McHenry

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**Section:** News;

**Length:** 1960 words

**Byline:** Madeleine Doubek Daily Herald Political Editor

**Body**

GOP presidential nominee George W. Bush says Democratic nominee Al Gore engages in class warfare with his appeal to ***working-class*** families.

But in an exclusive exchange with the Daily Herald, Gore argued his proposals reach across income and geographic barriers, appealing both to middle-class suburbanites and low-income city dwellers.

Democrat Gore is expected to pile up big city support, but his strategists recognize the predominantly Republican Northwest and West suburbs are a swing battleground where they must boost their vote totals if they are to carry Illinois. The suburban vote is so critical the vice president's aides arranged the one-on-one interview with Gore before his recent remarks to the United Brotherhood of Carpenters union.

Sitting in the corner of a temporary room built in the midst of cavernous McCormick Place, Gore set aside reading e-mails on his laptop computer to take questions on a range of suburban concerns including sprawl, government spending and United Airlines' labor problems.

Sunburned and hoarse after his Mississippi River tour, Gore wore the standard politician's suit atop black cowboy boots as he rattled off reasons he believes suburban voters should consider his candidacy. An edited transcript follows.

Q. Describe a couple of specific policy areas that appeal to suburban voters where you and your opponent differ.

A. I'm for giving seniors a prescription drug benefit under Medicare. The burden on seniors and their families from the growing costs of prescription medicine must bring a response in public policy. We need more competition to bring some of the prices back down.

The patients' bill of rights is designed to take the medical decisions away from the clerks in the HMOs and insurance companies and give them back to the doctors and nurses, and no matter your income or where you live, you have an interest in seeing integrity in the medical decision-making process.

Community policing; continuing bringing the crime rate down; a commitment to smart growth to recognize and deal with the challenge described as sprawl and to respond with a concerted effort to improve the quality of life. A clean environment, clean air and clean water. A commitment to make our public schools the best in the world is in everyone's interest because it helps to guarantee our future success as a nation.

Having an economic policy that is fiscally responsible instead of moving back to large deficits helps to keep the stock market growing, helps to keep the economy booming, helps to keep prosperity and progress going. On each of these issues, the position that I have taken is, I would argue, in the best interest of people in upscale suburbs as well as lower-income inner city. And on each of these issues my opponent has the wrong position and, if adopted, would, in my opinion, be harmful to our country.

Q. Why wasn't there more talk about gun control at your convention? That's an issue Democrats have used with some success to win support from swing voters in suburbs here and throughout the country.

A. I should've mentioned it in my list right there. I did in my speech at the convention, as did Joe Lieberman, as did probably a majority of speakers at the convention. So when you say why wasn't more made of it, I don't know if your premise is that it was low- balled. That was not my impression. We are committed. The NRA declared me their No. 1 public enemy. I could scarcely be more strongly committed to common-sense restrictions on guns.

Q. You mentioned sprawl, and that was something you addressed early on, but it hasn't been the focus for some time. People in our suburbs can spend a couple of hours a day …

A. in traffic.

Q. … trying to get 20 miles, but stuck in traffic. It's time spent away from their families.

A. It's a big issue for me.

Q. Can a president really do something about that?

A. Absolutely, absolutely.

Q. What?

A. I have put out a policy agenda … that is designed to empower local communities and counties with the tools needed to stimulate smart growth instead of sprawl. We need parks and playgrounds. We need more comfortable, accessible and affordable mass transit. We need less polluting vehicles. We need an overall commitment to a pattern of growth chosen by local communities themselves. I was, I think I was the first, I don't really know

…

Q. You might want to be careful about that (after the Internet flap).

A. I want to be careful on that. You're right. Let me just ignore that part, but I know I'm the only candidate in this national race to talk about urban and suburban sprawl and the need for smart growth.

Q. Your speech included quite a litany of pretty specific proposals, leaving some critics to suggest the price tag may be too high.

A. They all have price tags that fit well within a balanced budget.

Q. But when you talk about using the surplus to preserve Social Security and Medicare first and then go from preschool for all children to prescription drug benefits for seniors and all those other ideas, independent voters whom you're trying to target at this point are saying, 'He's just another liberal, old-style, tax- and-spend Democrat.'

A. That's not what I'm hearing. That's not what I'm hearing. On the substance, if you go to my Web site, algore2000.com, you'll find that all of these proposals are costed out conservatively and not only fit easily within a balanced budget but also allow us to continue to pay down the national debt and completely eliminating the national debt by the year 2012.

Q. You're confident that can be done?

A. Absolutely, absolutely. My priority is to ensure fiscal responsibility because that keeps the prosperity and progress going and generates the economic strength we need to address all these other problems. It would ill behoove us to make commitments in excess of what we have available to spend and in the process short- circuit economic growth. I won't do that. My opponent's plan, on the other hand, clearly overshoots the mark in committing far more than even the most optimistic projections for the surplus.

Q. But his plan, by its nature, is appealing because he's talking about broad-ranged tax cuts.

A. Maybe, maybe not. His tax cuts are targeted on the wealthiest; mine go to the middle class.

Q. Changing the topic completely: A couple of days before the convention, President Clinton came to the Northwest suburbs and gave what amounted to a confessional of his personal shortcomings. It stole headlines from you for a couple of days. What did you think about that and the timing of it?

A. (Few seconds pause.) Um, I appreciated what he said and he had said it before and he went on to say that this election is about the future, as all elections are, and I agree with that.

Q. Were you bothered that it took attention away from you just before your big moment?

A. No.

Q. United Airlines' hub is at O'Hare International Airport, and their customers are experiencing terrible cancellations and delays because of labor-management problems. U.S. Transportation Secretary Rodney Slater recently got involved. You're about to address a labor union. Is there more a president can do in a labor-management situation like this?

A. Well, I'm sure there is. I don't want to jump into the middle of a dispute, but if I'm entrusted with the presidency, I would certainly do whatever I can to help improve air safety and the air transportation system.

Q. Without jumping into the middle of the dispute, is there more you think can be done from the federal government's perspective to stem this problem?

A. Modernizing the air traffic control system; facilitating productive discussions between labor and management; working with regional leaders to develop a consensus for the next steps to modernize the air traffic system.

Q. Would you favor a third airport in the region, which Democratic Chicago Mayor Richard Daley opposes but Democratic Rep. Jesse Jackson Jr. favors, or do you think more runways are needed at O'Hare?

A. It's premature to address that.

Q. The death penalty has become a focal point in Illinois and Texas. GOP Gov. George Ryan has placed a moratorium on capital punishment after reports that prosecutors often are cutting corners and defense attorneys are ill-equipped to handle those cases. Would you call a halt on executions at the federal level? Would you put pressure on more states to halt executions?

A. I was surprised at the findings here in Illinois and I felt that the governor was justified in responding to those findings by imposing a moratorium, and I've said in any state where there's a comparable record established, then I would think a governor in such a state would be justified in also halting executions. However, I have not seen evidence of record nationally that would justify a national moratorium. But the Justice Department now is looking at various factors and I will wait until that study is concluded.

Q. Our newspaper recently examined repeat drunken driving in Illinois. We found 185,000 drivers with a supervision and conviction for drunken driving. Nearly 5,300 had two or more convictions. We took a closer look at a smaller group who had between five and 17 convictions and …

A. Still driving?

Q. Many still driving, and judges rarely sentenced them to more than a year or two in jail. They regularly drove illegally once they were released. Is this an area where the federal government can play a role to try to help stop repeat drunken drivers?

A. I've been a hawk on drunk driving. I've had people close to me killed by drunk drivers and I've worked with Mothers Against Drunk Driving and other groups to try to get tougher laws. I've supported a national minimum blood alcohol test (.08 percent) and the use of highway funds as leverage.

A lot of people disagree with me on that, but you know it's a deadly mixture - people who have a weakness for alcohol and the speed and power of a vehicle. Mix them together and tragedy often results. People have a right to expect that streets and highways will be kept free of that kind of deadly terror.

Q. Why pick campaign finance reform as the very first bill you'd like to sign?

A. Because I think the integrity of democracy requires it.

Q. Critics already have suggested it rang hollow when you said that because of your own campaign finance controversy with the Buddhist temple fund-raiser.

A. I'm aware that some people may think that and I don't care.

Q. Why?

A. I have fought for 24 years to get campaign finance reform, and I'm not about to stop. I've learned from experience and made an even stronger commitment to the issue.

Q. There was a wire service story recently that suggested it's suddenly cool to be uncool because of you.

A. I missed that. I find that a heartening fact. That's the only way I'll ever be cool.

Q. Why, after a lifetime in the business of politics, is it that it wasn't until your convention speech that you began to make a connection with people?

A. When I was in the House and Senate for 16 years, I never had that reputation. It wasn't until I became vice president that I started getting that rap. I think it kind of goes with the turf - you're standing there motionless, silent behind the president.

It's an honorable way to serve your country … but it's not necessarily a role that people generally associate with leadership and initiative.

But when I was able to stand in front of the American people as my own man and invite them to see me for who I really am, both phrases I used in the speech, I think it made a difference.

I always expected that at the convention and in the aftermath of the convention as the spotlight hit me, that I would be able to form a direct line of communication with the American people and ask them to hear me out, not on the basis of some preconception, but trust their own eyes and ears.

**Load-Date:** September 1, 2000

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[***DUBLIN WEARS WELL ROLE OF THEATER DYNAMO***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B1N-WC10-0094-52HF-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 16, 2003 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,; FESTIVAL REVIEW

**Length:** 2409 words

**Byline:** CHRISTOPHER RAWSON, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Dateline:** DUBLIN, Ireland

**Body**

The Irish didn't invent theater. But it's one way they could beat the British at their own game, as witness all the Irish-bred playwrights who have taken London by storm over the centuries, from Goldsmith and Sheridan to Wilde and Shaw.

Freed of the British yoke -- most of it, anyway -- in the past 100 years, the Irish have developed a theater culture central to the English-speaking world. So it's not surprising that for a theater lover, the Dublin Theatre Festival is a delight -- and it's in Dublin, itself an inviting city of charm, history and excitement.

There's always some sort of theater available in Dublin, but the annual festival is when you get critical theatrical mass, with the added zest of being crammed into a couple of weeks in the early fall. The whole city hums with high-profile international groups and Irish companies, most from Dublin but others visiting from Belfast, Galway or Cork.

Dublin, of course, is always Dublin, which means a visitor can expect a friendly reception, good conversation and bustle. There are more museums, historic sights and special neighborhoods than can be exhausted in several visits. But at festival time, the bustle intensifies, touching the whole city with a sense of occasion.

The 45th edition of the Dublin Theatre Festival took place this year Sept. 29-Oct. 11, accompanied by the Dublin Fringe Festival, which gets a week head start. Should the account of activities that follows whet your appetite, you can mark your calendar now with the dates of the 46th festival, set for Sept. 27-Oct. 9, 2004.

And if it doesn't whet your appetite, theater just isn't your meal of choice.

The 2003 festival featured 14 major theater attractions -- "theater" in the large current sense, shading off into music and dance -- along with programs of children's plays, art exhibits and concerts, plus a large accompaniment of lectures, critical panels and encounters. It wouldn't be Ireland if the art weren't bolstered by lashings of good talk.

The major international artists included Quebec's Robert Lepage, Israel's Rina Yerushalmi, Spain's Calixto Bieito, Belgium's Het Muziek Lod and Ro Theater, London's Royal Shakespeare Company and director Max Stafford-Clark of the Royal Court and Out of Joint.

Lepage brought his marvelous "the far side of the moon," a moving, technologically complex, one-actor play of great beauty -- of particular interest in Pittsburgh, because it was supposed to have been a highlight of the Cultural Trust's Quebec Festival. Coincidentally, it was staged at Dublin's O'Reilly Theatre, named for the same Tony O'Reilly as Pittsburgh's. This is a modern, multi-purpose space at Belvedere College, O'Reilly's secondary school (and also James Joyce's).

Yerushalmi is known in Pittsburgh from her tenure as a director at Carnegie Mellon. She brought "Mythos," her own exciting new adaptation into Hebrew of Aeschylus' "Oresteia," staged by Israel's ITIM and Cameri theaters with simultaneous English translation. Bieito brought his raw version of "Hamlet," staged with British actors originally for the Edinburgh Festival. And the RSC contribution was a coals-to-Newcastle special, "The Lieutenant of Inishmore," a grisly funny play set in Ireland but written by the London Irish Martin McDonagh and controversial in Ireland for that reason and for its savage satire of the IRA.

The work of the Irish companies mirrored this international dynamic, whether in inspiration, content or personnel. Ireland is no longer the mossy emerald backwater of American nostalgia but an energetic crossroads of contemporary Europe, and Dublin, awash in foreign students, has a pan-European flavor.

Witness the festival's hottest Irish show, "Giselle." I hadn't picked it in advance, since who goes all the way to Dublin to see a familiar old ballet? But this was neither familiar nor old: Michael Keegan Dolan moved the classic story into a fevered cross between the Irish hinterlands and the American West, performing it with a predominantly male company drawn from not just Ireland and the United Kingdom but also Slovakia, Austria, Nigeria, America and Italy. The international face of contemporary Ireland was also featured in "HURL," Barabbas theater's sprawling play about a hurling team of immigrants from Africa, Latin America and Eastern Europe who compete for the Irish championship.

If there are degrees of Irishness, the most Irish show on offer was "Sharon's Grave," a lyrical, darkly mystical piece by the great, recently deceased John B. Keane. It was directed by Garry Hynes of Galway's Druid Theatre, one of Ireland's hot international directors, originator of McDonagh's "Beauty Queen of Lenane," but to my deep regret it was scheduled in the festival's first week, before I arrived. Irish in a more modern sense was the Belgian group's "The Woman Who Walked into Doors," an opera "for soprano, actress and videoscreen," based on the intense novel about a battered wife by the Irish Roddy Doyle.

Young Ireland was represented by Stella Feehily's fresh, gamey "Duck." There were also (also!) world premieres of new plays by Ireland's greatest living playwright, Brian Friel, and one of his peers, Thomas Kilroy. Other mainstage attractions were Fascinating Aida, a comic cabaret trio of "glamorous old troupers"; the flamenco of Compania Maria Pages (Pages is most famous in Ireland from "Riverdance"); and the fabulously weird The Tiger Lillies, a band that's roughly a cross between Weill, Dickens, Joyce and passionate castrati. And among those speaking at the supporting panels and at "Critical Engagement," a week of events arranged by Irish Theatre Magazine, were Arthur Miller and Richard Eyre.

Meanwhile, rumbling along in pubs, art galleries and various holes in the wall, was the Fringe Festival, which described itself as "13 countries, 1,200 participants, 140 events, 650 performances, 20 days, 20 nights." Given the exigencies of eating, drinking, sleeping and non-theater tourism, in three days I could not manage more than the main festival. Two of its attractions I'd reviewed before -- "The Lieutenant of Inishmore" in London last year and "HURL" in Galway last summer -- so here are the six I chose to see.

"Giselle"

The original 1841 story is familiar -- an incognito prince woos a village maiden, who dies when he is unmasked and joins the wilis, vengeful female spirits, from whom she protects him. It's the quintessence of Romanticism. But the brooding mood of Dolan's radical transformation of the story to the fictionalized Irish town of Ballyfeeny, a dark, secretive place, feels familiar, too -- familiar from the plays of Keane, McDonagh and especially Marina Carr.

The brutal lives of Ballyfeeny, with its wild west/Appalachian feel, are lightened when a charismatic dancer comes to teach line dancing. But sexual jealousies are also stirred as he carries on with both men and women. The result is a mix of gothic comedy and horror, stirring powerful currents in which Giselle is caught.

Predominantly ballet but with dialogue, narration and song, this "Giselle" is robust, probing the pretty "Giselle" to reveal its dark side of deceit, lust, repression and class -- the more lurid subjects of the Romantic imagination. The Fabulous Beast Dance Theatre cast of nine men and one woman play many roles with both vigor and grace. "I believe that physical theater should be more visceral than cerebral," Dolan has said. His work is very visual, pulsating with imagery. It feels like theater for today.

"the far side of the moon"

Pittsburgh lost something astonishing when the visit of Lepage's compelling piece, planned for the Byham in April 2004, was canceled. Lepage wrote, directed and originally performed it himself, but it is now performed by Yves Jacques, who plays all the characters, especially two Quebecois brothers, astrophysicist Philip and TV weatherman Carl -- and also their mother. Philip is a hapless romantic, pursuing a Ph.D. in astrophysics and obsessed with strange byways, but also something of an artist, creating a wistful autobiography which turns out to be what we are watching.

The set is dominated by a huge, stage-wide mirror that spins longitudinally, facilitating fabulous transitions as well as mesmerizing optical effects, including one magical sequence that replicates weightlessness in space. At the rear is a metal porthole that starts as a washing machine, then morphs into a goldfish bowl, an airplane window and the airlock in a spacecraft.

Philip was born in 1957 (like Lepage), and his youth is dominated by the space race. Seeing this from a perspective doubly distanced from the United States (Canadian, but also French Canadian), we recall that the early space triumphs were Russian before Americans arrived on the moon in 1969. Lepage interweaves Philip's present, his past, the history of the space race and meditations on humankind's place in the cosmos, using also puppets, magical lighting and the plaintive music of Laurie Anderson. It's a comi-tragedy of two brothers but also a speculation on mirroring (the moon as Earth's mirror) and on the intersection of science and popular culture.

Ireland and French Canada share a long struggle against the British empire and the English language. At the curtain call, performer Jacques told the audience he is part Irish and felt at home -- much of what "far side of the moon" is about.

"Performances"

Everything Brian Friel writes commands interest, but his past two plays have been short on the fully imagined life and spiritual dimension that fired "Translations," "Faith Healer," "Dancing at Lughnasa" and "Molly Sweeney," to name just four. "Afterplay" is all delicate surface, without the rich context we expect. And "Performances," just 65 minutes long, feels like an essay, not a play.

The two characters are Czech composer Leos Janacek (1854-1928) and Anezka Ungrova, a present-day researcher working on the history of Janacek's autumnal love of Kamila Stosslova, 36 years his junior, whom he met in 1917. He wrote her some 700 love letters and made her his muse for song cycles and operas, culminating in his second string quartet, "Intimate Letters."

Returned from the grave, Janacek argues with Ungrova over the meaning of his love for Stosslova and its relationship to his art. The debate is important, but she is never a convincing person with something at stake -- just a mouthpiece, telling him about his past or talking like a music critic. And as played in a language where he is not at home by the distinguished Romanian actor, Ion Caramitru, Janacek seems more genial floorwalker than passionate artist.

As they argue, part of that final quartet is played off-stage by the Alba String Quartet, who then enter -- talking, as characters scripted by Friel -- to play the rest of it on stage. This is moving, supporting Janacek's insistence that the meaning is in the music, not the letters, a theme familiar from other Friel plays.

"The Shape of Metal"

Thomas Kilroy is another Irish master, though his output of 13 plays is far less than Friel's. Staged at the Abbey, "The Shape of Metal" asks, like "Performances," how much the artist may consume people in pursuit of art. But it, too, feels like deep speculation in search of a play to embody it.

Kilroy's artist, Nell, played by Sara Kestelman, is a strong, independent sculptor, age 82, who has led her life for herself and her art, depriving her daughter Judith, 47, of motherly attention. There is another daughter, Grace, older than Judith, who has disappeared -- we see her only in flashbacks, at age 25, 30 years before. The ultimate selfish, controlling mother, Nell is Lear-like, her chair set mid-stage like a throne. She will hide behind any justification for her selfish ways -- age, art, even parenthood. But where is her heart? Judith is just a device to accuse Nell, but Nell is such a monster of self that she's impervious.

Kilroy's speculation on art is extended by Nell's memories of great men -- Beckett, whom she knew in Paris and who introduced her to Giacometti -- and by her sculptures, which show many a different influence. For a while, the play seems ready to turn into a mystery, and, in a surreal surprise that suggests other non-naturalistic possibilities, Nell's portrait bust of Grace speaks. Act 2 gathers interest, but it is a long slog to get there.

Still, as with Friel, Kilroy's track record suggests that, freed of this shrill but empty production, his play may prove worthier with time.

"Duck"

The brochures appropriately call this a "sparky and moving first play from Stella Feehily." The central character is ***working-class*** Cat, called Duck by her domineering boyfriend. She and her middle-class friend, Sophy, are teenagers living risky lives in nighttime Dublin. Though the play keeps threatening to slide into brutal violence, it never really does. Feehily has an eye for telling detail and sociological complexity, and you come to care about these tough but vulnerable waifs surviving on vivacity, spunk and good luck. Director Max Stafford-Clark has a nurturing way with new writing. And you can't take your eyes off the emotionally transparent young Ruth Negga, playing Cat.

"The Woman Who Walked into Doors"

This opera by Kris Defoort (libretto and music) and Guy Cassiers (libretto and direction) tackles Doyle's book with lavish resources -- an actress and a soprano who voice the abused wife, Paula; 22-person classical orchestra; 10-person jazz combo; and elaborate, large-screen video accompaniment, including lots of text.

Paula's tale is harrowing, taking her from abused youth, repressed and discouraged by her teachers, to a brutal marriage that, with so little self-confidence, she is slow to protest. But gradually she begins to see more clearly through her alcoholism and splintered consciousness, and she escapes. The turbulence and pain of the story occasion music with many varied moods, modes and rhythms, sometimes cacophonic, sometimes sweet. Most of the time, it's like being inside Paula's head -- a painful, powerful 90-minute experience.

Let's hope that some of the above productions eventually come to Pittsburgh: If "Giselle" tours, the Cultural Trust should try to entice it, and why give up on "far side of the moon"?

As to the Dublin Theatre Festival, it will offer a whole new slate next fall.

For other Post-Gazette reviews and comment on the groups and plays in this article, see the links on [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com).

**Notes**

Post-Gazette Drama Critic Christopher Rawson can be reached at 412-263-1666 or [*crawson@post-gazette.com*](mailto:crawson@post-gazette.com).

**Graphic**

Photo: Ros Kavanagh: The hot show to see at Dublin Theatre Festival 2003 was Michael Keegan Dolan's "Giselle," which featured a predominantly male company drawn from America, Austria, Ireland, Italy, Nigeria, Slovakia and the United Kingdom.

oto: Tom Lawlor: Sara Kestelman, left, as Nell and Justine Mitchell as Grace played out a complicated mother-daughter relationship in Thomas Kilroy's "The Shape of Metal," part of this year's Dublin Theatre Festival.

Photo: John Haynes: Ruth Negga portrayed vulnerable waif Cat in "Duck" by Stella Feehily, one of the offerings at this year's Dublin Theatre Festival.

Photo: Sophie Grenier: Yves Jacques played all the parts, including an elderly mother, in Robert Lepage's "the far side of the moon."

**Load-Date:** November 18, 2003

**End of Document**



[***'Hard Luck and Good Times';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6JX0-002B-H36T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Even with a nightmare family, life has beauty***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6JX0-002B-H36T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 21, 1995, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Variety; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1637 words

**Byline:** Karin Winegar; Staff Writer

**Body**

Over the last hundred years Carolyn See's family were mostly poor, chronically mean, periodically violent and regularly, hugely drunk. But when See talks or writes about it, she manages to make them fascinating, even funny.

There was genteel Uncle Bob who was so drunk that he unfurled his napkin into a candle flame one Thanksgiving dinner and set himself on fire. And nasty Aunt Helen whose life revolved around a "short snort" and "toddy time." And See's dashing, womanizing, party-loving father George, who scraped his mother's brains off the bathroom wall at 14 after she fired a shotgun into her head; he became a sometime journalist, married four times, was a charter member of Alcoholics Anonymous and ended up writing hard-core pornography.

And there's her mother, Kate Daly, a masterpiece of cold fury whose own father had died drunk in a snowdrift. Kate chugged jelly glasses of bourbon, took naps in her dinner plate and beat her children until her arms were tired.

See's new book, "Dreaming: Hard Luck and Good Times in America" (Random House, $ 23), is a history seen through a purple haze of drugs, drinking, depression and divorce. And yet See is able to say, "in some places, some times this is a beautiful world." It's also not unlike the story of many American families, she believes.

"If it were just about our family, who cares?" said See, in a recent telephone interview. (She will speak at Hungry Mind bookstore in St. Paul tonight.) "But it should be about 90 percent of America's families. It's about everybody, one way or another, except for the really happy few that we don't know."

See ruminates about how her tribe tried desperately to be different from everyone else. But from tuna casserole in the '50s to acid in the '60s to silly seminars from new-age abundance gurus in the '70s to cleaning up and calming down in the '80s, they conformed.

She acknowledges "the embarrassing Californianess of it all," but See says her saga "about a family blowing up and then coming back down again and fitting a different pattern" happens to many Americans.

"The whole country went on a bender, the way I see it," said See. "Everyone was so disillusioned by World War I. And after World War II, the party line, the historical line is [that] the '50s were happy, calm. Eisenhower was president, but out of it came a bunch of novels about kids having nightmares and watching the bomb explode over again on TV. The world was blowing up, so why not blow up along with it? A kind of 'Oh what the hell if I want to lie down in my dinner plate; what does it matter, because we're all going to be blown to smithereens.' "

See, a successful California novelist and English professor, has managed to attain the life her father never had.

"My dad was a wonderful writer, but every time his life would sort of get in order, even after he stopped drinking, he would think, 'Well, it's time for me to get another wife, so I'll leave all my worldly goods with the wife I have and start all over again.' And then another five or seven years would go by, and he'd do it again. That was his way to keep from writing. And no one ever called him on it. You need some awareness, and he didn't get any."

Seeing those patterns and breaking them, she says, takes outside help.

"I think it takes pounds and pounds of therapy, and there was a year when my two daughters and I spent more on therapy than we did on food. Before that we were smart, everybody got a Ph.D., but we didn't have any common sense. And it wasn't part of how we were raised, so we had to acquire it very painfully."

"Everyone in America is supposed to 'make something of himself or herself,' " she explained. "It's as though your self, the way it is right now, wasn't fine. In fact, success is open-ended in America. Everybody in America except the president is a failure . . . we're a nation in disgrace, because we're a nation of unlimited opportunity and potential and we have failed to quote 'make something of ourselves.' And that can make you nuts. Everybody in the world drinks or does some kind of drugs, but they don't drink from that perspective of being disappointed or having a disappointed life."

As for AA and other ways of breaking chemical dependency, See notes:

"People who sober up often are just as crazy but they're not drinking. We're just as wacky, it's just about something different. I think we're prisoners of our genes a lot more than we like to think. That's another reason nobody stops in the middle of things and says, 'Why am I getting married for the third time to a person who looks exactly like wife number one? Why am I buying the same flowery dress on May 1 and on July 1 throw it out?' You're too busy, caught in the process, for introspection."

Despite her own family legacy, See drinks - "only white wine," she said. "I feel pretty good about it. I know there are a whole lot of dangers involved with alcohol, and I can certainly see them my whole life. On the other hand, partly because of being raised in AA, I go to meetings once in awhile because I admire them greatly, and I think I really will quit. But then I get there and I think, 'Oh no I don't think so.' I'm not sure this is politically correct or even plain old correct, but I don't think it's the drinking that is the problem: I think it's that there are some people with terrible personalities out there who, when they drink, have permission to let their demons come forward. And they really get out there and perform."

See's first husband, Richard, was a "riproaring, unending, absolutely awful and unpredictable drunk - a wonderful guy when he was sober and a monster when he wasn't." Her second husband, Tom, loved skindiving, running, wine and - another woman. Tom still drinks, she adds.

"It was never a problem for him," she said. "He would sit down to a wonderful meal and have a lot of wine and play some records and laugh. When he was sober, he was kind of a pain in the butt."

"My best friend does not drink, never has, and one of her two children is a heroin addict, and she gives him the talk all the time, and he says, 'Well, Carolyn drinks and you don't get on her case.' But there's a real difference, because I'm a functioning member of the family. I hold down a job, write books, I'm happy. And I don't perceive it as a problem. But then maybe I'm in that famous denial. I like to drink white wine. There it is."

And there is her younger half-sister Rose, the designated family scapegoat, who grew up to be a drug addict and dealer. See has seen her six times in the past 21 years.

"It's possible my half-sister Rose has a light case of fetal alcohol syndrome [FAS]. That's one of the things that made her have such a hard time in life," said See. "My mother was drinking very heavily when she was pregnant with Rose. Michael Dorris [author of "The Broken Cord," about FAS] said it sounded to him very much like his kids. There's that sort of disconnect, a lot of intelligence rattling around in your brain but an inability to hook up cause and effect."

See believes a culture's choice of drugs reflects the spirit of the times and is abetted by tacit government approval - a theory inspired by the etchings of William Hogarth.

"Everyone knows about 'Gin Alley,' where the lower class is drinking gin, and people are falling over and a mother is dropping a baby from her breast," she said. "But you very rarely see its companion picture, 'Beer Street': Everybody is drinking beer as if there were no tomorrow, but they are painting their houses and sweeping the streets, and the children are happy and smiling and well dressed and everyone is busy. The idea is that gin renders you unconscious, and you are not a help to society, but beer is a terrific drink for the underclass. It keeps them industrious and relaxed. When I saw [the etching], it blew me away.

"I looked at it and looked at it, and then I saw it: Bud Lite, there you are. You get up, you don't really have a hangover, you can work all day and then you get in one of those reclining chairs and put a six-pack by and just kick back. And there's no way you're gonna think 'I'm living in this ratty little two-bedroom house and 3 percent of the country has 90 percent of the money, and I really oughta go out and organize or do some union work or maybe foment a revolution. But I think I'll just have this fourth can of Bud Lite instead.' It's the perfect drink of the ***working class***."

Cocaine was the drug of the hardworking '80s, See said.

"Do a little cocaine and you could work a 20-hour day and keep your girlish figure. The drugs respond to the Zeitgeist."

From Hill and Hill Blend to vodka to acid to martinis, See's family played out the drug or behavior of the moment. But after 100 years of drinking and dreaming, they have finally decided, she says, "to stop suffering and screwing up. [It's] time to stop being mean to each other."

Carolyn See

Event/ See will speak at 8 p.m. today at Hungry Mind, 1648 Grand Av., St. Paul. No admission fee

Occupation/ Professor of English at UCLA, book reviewer for the Washington Post, wrote the Monica Highland thrillers with daughter Lisa and third and current husband, scholar John Espey

Residence/ Topanga Canyon, outside Los Angeles

Major works/ "Golden Days," "Making History," "The Rest Is Done with Mirrors," "Rhine Maidens"

Honors/ The Robert Kirsch Award

On drugs in the '90s/ "It's so distressing that the drug of choice is Prozac rather than acid."

Words of warning/ "I think America is playing blindman's buff with drugs of all kinds. The pattern is to deplore what everybody else is doing and forget what you're doing. There's also the pattern set way back by St. Augustine: Debauch until your body can't stand it, then moralize and pass judgment for the last third of your life. Meanwhile something else is going on."

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** March 22, 1995

**End of Document**



[***MANY SPOTLIGHTS, MANY SEXUALITIES LESBIAN AND GAY FILM FESTIVAL HAS A WIDE FOCUS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:452N-TMN0-0190-X11N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JULY 14, 2000 Friday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES WEEKEND; Pg. W20

**Length:** 2062 words

**Byline:** Carrie Rickey, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Body**

Romance is out this year, according to organizers of the Philadelphia International Gay & Lesbian Film Festival, which commenced its sixth season last night with the local premiere of The Broken Hearts Club.

And that's not the only thing out at a movie event which, with 80 features over 12 days, is bigger than this year's Festival of World Cinema.

But first, permit Ray Murray, the festival's executive director, to tell you what's in:

"Bisexuality, with some 12 films on the subject; family dynamics, with a number of movies about how homosexuality redefines the domestic sphere; and also Nazi persecution of gays and lesbians, with three documentaries devoted to the topic, most prominently Paragraph 175," says Murray, whose day job is president of TLA Video.

This year's festival is aglitter with highlights and spotlights. The big klieg is on Joel Schumacher, the Hollywood director of Batman and Robin, The Lost Boys and Flawless, who is the recipient of the PIGLFF Artistic Achievement award. The latter two films are in the festival, and Schumacher will be on hand for tonight's screening of Flawless, starring Robert De Niro as a bigoted cop who befriends drag queen Phillip Seymour Hoffman.

The spotlight Saturday is trained on Absolut Best, a montage of movie clips of the best lesbian and gay films of the 20th century, hosted by Comedy Central's Frank De Caro and sponsored by Absolut Vodka. Ballots were cast on the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) Web site last year. The top vote-getter? The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert, the 1994 comedy about two drag queens and a transsexual in outback Australia.

Curiously, the top-10 films in the Absolut countdown address gay male rather than lesbian life, an imbalance PIGLFF organizers struggle with in programming the festival every year.

"It's harder to find films with lesbian content," observes Murray, who theorizes that "gay men seem to have more access to financing to get their films made."

Films addressing lesbian life and love include . . . But I Was a Girl, about the life of orchestra conductor Frieda Belinfante; Chutney Popcorn about a young Indian-American girl whose lesbianism challenges her traditional family; Muriel's Parents Have Had it Up to Here, about a French nymphet who prefers girls to boys; and Julie and Me, a Quebecois film about romantically bruised young women. "Girls Rule" and "Ladies With an Attitude" are programs devoted to lesbian short subjects.

As in previous years, the politics of sex and sexual politics - as in seriousness, fun and serious fun - inform a lineup that promises something for everyone as well as something to edify or offend everyone.

Journey into a Hate Free Millennium documents recent hate crimes, including the 1998 murder of Matthew Shepard. Directors Brent Scarpo and Matthew Bedogne try to look beyond the hate into the life-affirming lessons that can be drawn from hate deaths. Judy Shepard, Matthew's mother, is one of their interview subjects and will be on hand for the Q&A session following the film.

On a lighter note, festival programmers have included silliness with films such as The Attack of the Giant Moussaka, about a man-eating casserole in Athens.

In the service of social history, the festival's Queer Flashback is a retrospective of films such as The Rocky Horror Picture Show (1975) and Cruising (1980), to put this year's festival in a historical context. There was a time when gays and lesbians were commonly depicted as transgendered twistos or predatory criminals.

Appealing to the baser instincts, the festival does not neglect sexcapades. There is Annie Sprinkle's Herstory of Porn, a guided tour by the woman born Ellen Steinberg in Philadelphia. There is 101 Rent Boys, interviews with male hustlers. And there is The O Boys, about Los Angeles hosts who put on multi-partner safe-sex parties.

For those who want to graze the festival, Murray suggests this sampler:

Most sexually aggressive food dish: The title character in The Attack of the Giant Moussaka.

Most sexually ambiguous superheroes: Batman and Robin in Batman Forever.

Most romantic film: The Journey of Jared Price, in which two teens discover love.

Here are festival highlights selected by organizers of the event. For descriptions of other festival films, visit the Web at [*http://www.tlavideo.com/piglff*](http://www.tlavideo.com/piglff)

Absolut Best (2000, USA, 2 hours) Comedy Central's Frank DeCaro provides live commentary to a compilation video featuring the 20 best gay and lesbian films of all time, as voted in a poll. 7:30 p.m. Saturday, Wilma.

The Attack of the Giant Moussaka (1999, Greece, 1 hour, 43 mins.) A spoof of horror/sci-fi films in which a lesbian alien falls into a huge slice of moussaka and goes on a rampage through the streets of Athens. 9:40 p.m. Wednesday, Prince.

Beat (1999, USA, 1 hour, 30 mins.) Kiefer Sutherland stars as writer William Burroughs and Courtney Love is his wife, Joan, in this drama on the couple's life in Mexico. 9:45 tonight, 12:30 p.m. Saturday Wilma.

Benjamin Smoke (2000, USA, 1 hour, 8 mins.) A documentary on an HIV-positive, Atlanta-based singer/songwriter known for his "queer Southern blues." 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, Wilma.

Burlezk King (1999, Philippines, 1 hour, 49 mins.) A drama about a young man's descent into prostitution and erotic dance while he searches for his long-lost parents. 9:30 p.m. Tuesday, 12:15 p.m. Thursday, Ritz East.

But I Was a Girl (1999, Netherlands, 1 hour, 9 mins.) A documentary on the life of Frieda Belinfante (1905-1995), an orchestra conductor, half-Jew and lesbian who fled to America when Hitler invaded the Netherlands. 2:45 p.m. Saturday, Wilma.

Chutney Popcorn (1999, USA, 1 hour, 30 mins) A family comedy/drama about an Indian American lesbian who decides to have a baby, against her family and lover's wishes. 7:30 p.m. Saturday, 12:15 p.m. Sunday, Prince.

Could Be Worse! (2000, USA, 1 hour, 30 mins) A mock-umentary about a gay man who decides to come out to his Greek American family in the form of a musical. 7:30 p.m. next Friday, 2:45 p.m. July 23, Ritz East.

Criminal Lovers (1999, France, 1 hour, 30 mins.) A psychosexual drama about a teenage girl who gets her boyfriend to kill a fellow student. They bury the body in the woods, but are captured by a sexually ambiguous woodsman. 9:45 p.m. Tuesday, Prince.

The Einstein of Sex (1999, Germany, 1 hour, 38 mins.) A historical drama centering on the life and work of German sexologist Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, a gay Jew who started the Institute of Sexual Studies in 1920. 7:15 p.m. Thursday, Ritz East; 7:15 p.m. July 22, Prince.

The Eyes of Tammy Faye (2000, USA, 1 hour, 19 mins.) A documentary on the life of Tammy Faye Bakker, who, along with her husband, Jim, became celebrated televangelists, only to lose it all due to money and sex scandals. 7:30 p.m. Wednesday, Prince.

Flawless (1999, USA, 1 hour, 50 mins.) Joel Schumacher's drama on the friendship between a retired cop (Robert DeNiro) and a drag queen (Philip Seymour Hoffman). Schumacher will receive the festival's Artistic Achievement Award preceding the screening. 7:30 tonight, Prince.

Forgive and Forget (2000, UK, 1 hour, 40 mins.) A ***working class*** young man falls in love with his straight best friend. He decides to reveal his affections on a TV program called Forgive and Forget. 9:30 p.m. Monday, 5:15 p.m. next Friday, Prince.

Get Your Stuff (1999, USA, 1 hour, 35 mins.) A gay family comedy that centers on the problems that plague a rich gay couple when they become foster parents to two trouble-prone boys. 10 p.m. July 22, 12:30 p.m. July 23, Wilma.

I Love You No More (1975, France, 1 hour, 28 mins.) Joe Dallesandro stars in this 1975 French revival as a gay man who becomes involved with a boyish woman (Jane Birkin), much to the dismay of his lover. 5:30 tonight, 2:45 p.m. Sunday, Ritz East.

Johnny Greyeyes (2000, Canada, 1 hour, 20 mins.) An imprisoned Native American woman's loving bond with another female prisoner is threatened when one of them is released from jail. 8 p.m. July 22, Wilma.

Journey into a Hate Free Millennium (2000 USA, 1 hour, 20 mins.) A documentary that examines three hate crimes: the murder of Matthew Shepard, the dragging death of James Byrd Jr., and the Columbine High School massacre. Judy Shepard, Matthew's mother, will attend. 7:15 p.m. Thursday, Wilma.

The Joys of Smoking (1999, USA, 1 hour, 26 mins.) A low-budget drama about the problems that arise when a young gay couple, on the eve of a commitment ceremony, discover that they might not be suited for each other. 5:30 p.m. next Friday, 9:30 p.m. July 23, Wilma.

Julie and Me (1998, Canada, 1 hour, 31 mins.) Two women meet again after a long time apart. One wants to pursue a relationship; the other is not so eager. 7:30 p.m. next Friday, Wilma.

Just One Time (1999, USA, 1 hour, 33 mins.) A comedy about a young man who asks his bride-to-be for one pre-wedding gift: that she sleep with another woman. She strikes a bargain - only if he sleeps with another man. 7:30 p.m. next Friday, 2:45 p.m. July 22, Prince.

Lost in the Pershing Point Hotel (2000, USA, 1 hour, 46 mins.) A comedy about one man's experiences living with drag queens and hustlers in a run-down Atlanta hotel. Starring John Ritter, Michelle Phillips, Kathy Kinney and Leslie Jordan. 7:15 p.m. July 22, 2:30 p.m. July 23, Prince.

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me (2000, USA, 1 hour, 30 mins.) David Drake reprises his one-man Off-Broadway show in this comedy/drama on one gay man's life from the 1970s through today. 7:15 p.m. Sunday, Prince.

No One Sleeps (2000, Germany, 1 hour, 48 mins.) An English language crime thriller in which a German student becomes a suspect as a gay serial killer when he begins to search out how HIV began. 7:30 p.m. Saturday, Ritz East; 5 p.m. Sunday, Prince.

Oi! Warning (1999, Germany, 1 hour, 30 mins.) A teenager becomes involved with skinheads and punks, then is drawn to a young man who opposes the gangs. A low-budget German drama. 10 tonight, 12:15 p.m. Saturday, Prince.

Outtakes (1999, USA, 1 hour, 22 mins.) A romantic comedy about a straight woman who falls under the charms of a lesbian filmmaker on the set of a film. 7:15 p.m. Wednesday, Wilma.

Paragraph 175 (1999, USA, 1 hour, 21 mins.) The persecution of gays and lesbians under the Nazis is examined in this documentary by award-winning filmmakers Rob Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman (The Times of Harvey Milk, The Celluloid Closet). 7:30 tonight, 2:45 p.m. Saturday, Ritz East.

Psycho Beach Party (2000, USA, 1 hour, 34 mins.) Charles Busch stars as a female detective investigating a murder in this spoof. Also starring Thomas Gibson, Lauren Ambrose and Matt Keesler. 9:45 p.m. next Friday, 5 p.m. July 23, Prince.

Punks (2000, USA, 1 hour, 44 mins.) A gay African American comedy that centers on the lives, loves and emotional turmoil of four friends. Writer/director Patrik-Ian Polk will attend. 9:45 p.m. Saturday, 2:30 p.m. Sunday, Prince.

St. Pauli Nacht (1999, Germany, 1 hour, 33 mins.) An ensemble drama set in Hamburg's seedy entertainment strip and centering on the various people who live, play and work in the area. 7:15 p.m. Sunday, 12:15 p.m. Tuesday, Ritz East.

Verbal Assault (1999, Spain, 1 hour, 21 mins.) A Spanish comedy structured in eight vignettes involving two characters in each episode. The finale includes a lesbian who shares remembrances with a woman she thinks is a former lover. 2:30 p.m. Tuesday, 9:30 p.m. Wednesday, Ritz East.

Water Drops on Burning Rocks (1999, France, 1 hour, 30 mins.) Francois Ozon adapts an unproduced Rainer Werner Fassbinder story about the dominating relationship between an older man and a young man barely out of his teens. 7:30 p.m. July 22, Ritz East.

If You Go

Tickets

Day of show: Tickets may be purchased at venue 30 minutes before screening. Cash only. Subject to availability. $5 for shows before 4 p.m. $7 for evening shows.

In advance:

By phone, credit-card purchases only (up to 2 p.m. for tonight's screenings). Call TLA Video at 215-735-7887.

In person at TLA Video, 1520 Locust St. (up to 2 p.m. for tonight's screenings), or at the Prince Music Theatre, 1412 Chestnut St., for screenings there. Cash, check, credit or debit card.

Discount passes:

Package deals for $60, $95 and $150.

Information

Festival hotline 215-733-0608, Ext. 701.

Festival Web site [*http://www*](http://www). tlavideo.com/piglff

Carrie Rickey's e-mail address is [*crickey@phillynews.com*](mailto:crickey@phillynews.com)

**Load-Date:** February 4, 2002

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[***IN SLAYING GOLIATHS, DAVIDS SOMETIMES NICK EACH OTHER / AMID DEBATES OVER FIRST UNION AND PECO, MANY USUAL ALLIES HAVE FOUND PLENTY TO DISAGREE ABOUT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DD90-01K4-92YN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 15, 1998 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** BUSINESS; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1930 words

**Byline:** Jeff Gelles, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

When Philadelphia activist Lance Haver recently denounced the leader of a community-development coalition as "a sellout" for striking a deal with First Union Corp., there were some across the region who felt an uncomfortable pang of familiarity.

After months of rancor among community groups over another such deal - a pact with Peco Energy Co. that Haver helped negotiate - it seemed that, once again, natural allies might be at each other's throats.

At the very least, the incident raised a question about the overall health of the progressive community in Philadelphia, the loose amalgam of dozens of groups on the left side of the political spectrum that claim to represent the interests of the city's poor and its working- and middle-class consumers.

Sometimes, these are groups whose political sway far outweighs the size of their membership rosters. Other times, they are relegated to positions on the fringe, striving gamely to stem the tide of the nationwide welfare overhaul, or to cope with crises in Philadelphia's schools and neighborhoods.

So the question is: Does evidence of a rift among them threaten to undermine the groups' ability to score the occasional David-vs.-Goliath success?

The answer, say leaders of a wide range of groups, is that the recent brouhahas are nothing extraordinary in the history of impassioned activism. Community groups that make deals with corporations, typically using leverage provided by a law or lawsuit, always face the question of whether they gave in too easily, or shouldn't have dealt at all. Sometimes, accusations fly.

As Michael Morrill, executive director of the Pennsylvania Consumer Action Network, puts it: "There's a little joke that when progressives make a firing squad, they form a circle."

Many said the recent high-profile disputes were largely a reflection of the personalities involved, Haver's in particular.

It was Haver, after all, who scored one of those outsize victories last year, playing a key role in the deal with Peco that promised electricity rate cuts of 7 percent to 10 percent.

Haver's success was underscored by his appearance at an August news conference announcing the deal, alongside Peco chairman Corbin McNeill Jr. and Philadelphia's State Sen. Vincent J. Fumo, perhaps the state's most powerful Democratic politician.

But the deal caused a split. It pitted the organization Haver inherited from legendary consumer advocate Max Weiner, the Consumers Education and Protective Association (CEPA), as well as some allies, against other consumer and environmental organizations.

The deal, the opponents said, gave Peco too much and its customers too little.

The dispute got heated, to say the least. At one point, Haver and a Fumo aide even threatened to picket the offices of the Clean Air Council if the environmentalists' coalition didn't sign on to the proposed deal.

The split widened in December, when the state Public Utility Commission rejected Fumo and Haver's deal with Peco in favor of its own plan that it said would benefit consumers more by swiftly fostering a competitive market in electricity.

The PUC's plan was authored by Commissioner John Hanger, a former legal-services attorney who represented CEPA in the mid-1980s. It promised initial rate cuts of about 15 percent for customers who shop for electricity. But it was sharply criticized by Haver for not guaranteeing across-the-board cuts.

Haver has done little, if anything, to narrow the breach. Last month, he heckled Hanger as "Judas John," and wrote a letter to Gov. Ridge urging him not to reappoint Hanger to the PUC when his term expires on April 1.

That position has put Haver at odds with usual allies such as Action Alliance of Senior Citizens.

"Action Alliance is 100 percent behind John Hanger," said Tim Kearney, its executive director. Kearney said the PUC's December decision "wasn't perfect by any means. . . . But I disagree that it was horrible, and I disagree on whether Hanger should be renominated and whether Hanger is helpful or hurtful to the poor."

Kearney said the split has had personal consequences. "It's painful on a personal level, because Lance is a friend, and I think that he thinks that I'm doing something that's wrong."

But the dispute hasn't stopped them from working together in such efforts as opposing a plan to introduce competition in natural-gas sales, a proposal that both Haver and Kearney say will threaten Philadelphia Gas Works' discounts for the poor and elderly.

Morrill of the Pennsylvania Consumer Action Network said the ability to juggle disagreements and alliances was crucial to success as an activist, something he said he learned when he attended his first training as a community organizer at age 19.

"One of the first lessons you learn is that, in doing organizing, there are no permanent enemies and there are no permanent friends. I have personal friends who have been on the opposite side of issues who have remained friends during the battle and are still my friends. And I've had people who I didn't like personally that I've worked with closely on issues in order to attain a common goal," Morrill said.

Haver, for his part, draws a distinction between disagreements with people and groups that he respects, such as Kearney and Action Alliance of Senior Citizens, and disputes with those that he believes are disconnected from poor and ***working-class*** people.

Steve Culbertson, executive director of the Philadelphia Association of Community Development Corporations and the man Haver derided as "a sellout," belongs squarely in the second category, Haver said.

"When people are not representing our interests . . . we're going to tell the truth about that," Haver said.

Hanger is in that same category, Haver said, despite the four years he spent at Community Legal Services.

"At one point, I agreed with what he was doing. He was connected to poor and working people, representing their interests, taking directions from organizations. And then he decided he didn't want to do that anymore, he wanted to be making the rules isolated from everyone else. And he got his wish," Haver said.

Now, he said, "I don't think Hanger's part of my community."

Culbertson and Hanger say Haver's approach isn't the only way to help those who haven't shared in the nation's recent boom times.

Culbertson said many former activists had turned to community-development work, seeing it as a pragmatic tool for helping residents of struggling neighborhoods.

"Ultimately, my mission is social justice, just like Lance's," Culbertson said. "But my interpretation of how to get to social justice, I think, differs."

It was pragmatism, he said, that led him to seek a deal with First Union, to ensure that the new bank in town would continue and expand on CoreStates' community-development lending, "the lifeblood of community development."

"Did I want the merger? No, I wanted CoreStates. . . . But from Nov. 17, 1997, I knew that there would be a merger of the two banks, so, from that point on, it was always my belief that we needed to get to an agreement for community development," Culbertson said.

Hanger said he believed he had done "on a day-to-day basis more for poor people in Pennsylvania . . . as a commissioner than I could do when I was a legal-services attorney. And that's just the nature of the job. It's a tremendous privilege, but it's also a tremendous opportunity."

Hanger said his chief goal as a PUC commissioner had been making utility service more affordable.

"I'm very proud of the fact that we're now arguing like the dickens about how much electrical rates are going to come down in Pennsylvania and when are they going to come down," he said. "Before I became a commissioner, and before we were talking about competition, the question always was how much electricity prices were going to go up and when were they going to go up."

Haver's vocal opposition to Hanger's reappointment does not appear widespread in the activist community, even among those disappointed with his ruling in the Peco case. Some say Haver is trying to hold Hanger to an impossibly high standard - expecting that as a former advocate for the poor, he would somehow meet the demands of advocacy groups that couldn't even agree among themselves on the best course.

Neither ACORN (the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now) nor the Tenants' Action Group, which both joined CEPA in signing the August deal with Peco, has taken a position on Hanger's reappointment, officials at the organizations say.

Some allies question Haver's more aggressive stances.

Kearney said Haver "sometimes allows his ego to get the best of him, and needs to realize that he is not the only person who thinks, and he is not the only person who has an organization that has a mission or agenda."

One consequence, Kearney said, is that some groups are staying more at arm's length from CEPA than in the past.

In the Peco case, Action Alliance and CEPA shared a lawyer, Steven P. Hershey of Community Legal Services. When Action Alliance decided it couldn't go along with the deal Haver signed, it agreed to drop out of the case to allow Hershey to continue representing CEPA.

In the First Union case, Action Alliance went elsewhere for representation, as did many of the other community groups that raised questions about the merger.

"Lance needs to read the road signs a little better. . . . The road sign is that people are learning how and when and why to keep their distance and their space," Kearney said.

John Dodds, director of the Philadelphia Unemployment Project, said he was "a little surprised" by Haver's letter urging Ridge not to reappoint Hanger. "I thought he might be taking it too far. . . . I'd be surprised if Ridge will appoint a better commissioner."

Dodds, who is working with CEPA against the First Union-CoreStates merger, said he wouldn't have called Culbertson or his group a sellout, either.

"He may not have gotten all he could have gotten. Strategically, they made a decision. I might have made a different one. It doesn't make you a sellout," Dodds said. " . . [Haver] might have made a mistake.

"I think Lance gets pretty emotional," he said.

Many activists say the high-profile work of community groups in the Peco and First Union cases is a good sign that outweighs any bickering. And even some bickering can be a sign of vibrancy, they say.

"These are highly emotionally charged issues . . . bread-and-butter issues for all of us," said Liz Hersh, executive director of Tenants' Action Group. "And we each have a slightly different piece of the puzzle."

Hersh, who previously worked in Chicago and Milwaukee, said she found Philadelphia activists "extraordinarily cooperative, collaborative [and] collegial." But she said it was inevitable that they sometimes go separate ways.

"I don't agree with everything Lance does. I agree with a lot of what he does. I don't agree with everything Steve Culbertson does. I agree with a lot of what he does. I think Steve Culbertson and Lance are both very, very important voices in the community.

"There's a place for everybody's voice on these issues. Some are going to be more radical, and some are going to be more conciliatory. And I think it's important to have those different voices."

Said Morrill of the Pennsylvania Consumer Action Network: "I think it's crazy to think that people who come from such diverse backgrounds as the so-called progressive community are going to be of one mind on things. And I think it can be healthy when people disagree, as long as it doesn't become personal and doesn't remain something that divides the community forever."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Lance Haver (above) of the Consumer Education and Protective Association (The Philadelphia Inquirer, RON CORTES) and Tim Kearney (left) of the Action Alliance of Senior Citizens disagree about PUC Commissioner John Hanger, but they agree they can work together on other issues. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, REBECCA BARGER)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***'GOVERNMENT CAN'T BE ALL THINGS TO ALL PEOPLE. WE MUST DECIDE' / 'I BELIEVE PARENTS - NOT GOVERNMENT - KNOW WHAT IS BEST'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-BYW0-01K4-91JY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 8, 1995 Wednesday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A12; TEXT

**Length:** 1800 words

**Byline:** ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Body**

Following are excerpts from Gov. Ridge's budget address yesterday to a joint session of the state legislature:

When I asked you to elect me governor, I promised we would do things differently. With this budget, I put that promise to paper.

This budget marks a new way of thinking about the relationship between our government, our communities and ourselves. It is responsible, disciplined and balanced.

Budget discipline was something my parents understood well. They made choices every day of their lives. I still remember my dad sitting at the kitchen table, staying up late, figuring out the best way to provide for his family.

Each check he wrote represented a choice and a priority. Instead of family vacations to distant places, it was a week enjoying Presque Isle or a visit with my grandparents in Pittsburgh. Instead of a new car, it was a quality education for my brother, my sister and me. Like thousands of Pennsylvania

families, my parents set priorities, made tough choices, and lived within their means. Government must do the same.

This budget is meant to trigger a long overdue public debate about the core functions of government. I define the core functions as these: economic competitiveness, education, helping those who can't help themselves, and public safety. That's where I put my priorities.

Let's face it, state government can't be all things to all people. We must choose. We must decide.

Budget discipline creates opportunity. This budget is about both.

Discipline. Spending grows by only 2.3 percent.

The result is opportunity. Opportunity to cut taxes by more than $200 million. We cut job-crushing taxes on employers and employees. And we eliminate the oppressive widow's tax, two years ahead of schedule.

Discipline. This budget starts with the first rule of family budgeting - don't spend money you don't have. And so, I based this budget on the most conservative revenue forecasts . . .

Discipline. This budget eliminates 19 programs, saving taxpayers $44 million. It's never easy to eliminate programs. In fact, it's darn tough. Each has a constituency. But it must be done.

\*

Fiscal discipline is critical to provide greater economic opportunity for Pennsylvania. Every day we are challenged by the fiercest economic competition the world has ever seen. And every day we must look for ways to preserve the jobs we have and to create new ones.

Pennsylvania can't spend its way to prosperity. We can't afford it and, more important, it simply doesn't work. To compete, and to win, Pennsylvania needs a tax and regulatory climate that is pro-worker, pro-employer and pro- growth.

Under this proposal, we take Pennsylvania's Corporate Net Income Tax under 10 percent, two years ahead of schedule. We cannot afford to wait. This reduction will help level the playing field with our neighboring states - New York, New Jersey and Ohio.

But there is more to being competitive than lowering the CNI. New small businesses deserve the chance to survive. Any employer can tell you that in the early days of a new venture, they are more likely to suffer substantial loss before they experience gain. Most states reflect that in their tax codes, but not Pennsylvania. Right now, we have the most restrictive Loss Carry Forward provision in the country. That is about to change.

This arcane-sounding, but critically important tax incentive encourages new businesses to work through those difficult start-up years. By increasing the deduction to $1 million, 99 percent of our employers and their workers will be given an extra incentive to stay in business.

\*

Yet, taxes are not the only government impediment to job creation. So, too, is the web of government regulations.

Some of you may have heard me mention that I consider the old Department of Environmental Resources to be an obstacle to Pennsylvania's economic growth. This administration has set about creating a new environmental partnership in Pennsylvania. My budget starts by splitting DER in two. One agency will protect our parks and forests. The second will help Pennsylvanians understand environmental regulations and help them comply.

Pennsylvania's job creators - not state government - must be empowered to expand. We have redirected our economic-development efforts to make them more effective. We have consolidated 22 programs into six - favoring a more flexible, efficient and comprehensive approach.

Capitalizing on the programs that work, this budget bolsters the Ben Franklin Partnership and Industrial Resource Centers with nearly $3 million in additional funds to nurture the development of high-tech industries . . . .

We will further link Pennsylvania to the world market with a first-class transportation plan that unites our roads and rails; our harbors and airports. We have increased funding for repairing our state highways and bridges by almost $45 million. For the first time, maintenance spending - taking better care of our roads and bridges - will exceed $800 million.

\*

At this point, it is important to remember one basic irrefutable fact. There is absolutely nothing a government program can do to provide a breadwinner's job unless people have a good education.

As parents, Michele and I work every day to nurture the desire to learn in our two young children, Lesley and Tommy. That's our job as parents.

As governor my job is to make certain that the opportunity of a good education is available to all our children.

By far, education is the commonwealth's single largest investment. From kindergarten to college, nearly 45 percent of the budget is dedicated to making education a Pennsylvania priority. But, I think, for too long, it has been a priority in decline. So, this budget reverses a seven-year trend. For the first time since 1988, education's share of the budget goes up.

This budget provides an additional $124 million to support the basic education funding subsidy. Our funding formula will incorporate the equity provisions enacted by the legislature over the last several years. But, unlike those years, we will base state aid on enrollment. Every school district in Pennsylvania will receive at least a modest increase.

But, money alone won't guarantee quality or improvement.

We must do things differently. Because, in the end, education is not about money or teachers; school boards or budgets. It's about our children; their opportunity; and Pennsylvania's future.

I believe parents - not government - know what is best for their children. I want families to decide for themselves where their children should attend school.

Why is it that students begin year 13 of their education by using government funding to attend the school of their choice, yet we routinely deny the same choice from kindergarten through 12? The needs of one 7-year-old are different from the next. Who better to respond to those needs than parents?

This budget empowers parents with the opportunity of school choice.

It provides nearly $40 million for Educational Opportunity Grants. It is the first installment of a plan that begins with poor and ***working-class***

families. We will start by reaching into 167 of Pennsylvania's poorest school districts and offering choice to the kids who need it most. In years two and three, school choice will be a reality statewide.

This budget also encourages the development of charter public schools - a new kind of school - that provides even more choice within the public school system. It's an exciting concept. Parents, teachers, communities - together - designing their own schools. Harrisburg mandates will not be an obstacle to local efforts to enrich their children's education.

\*

There is no greater pressure point on Pennsylvania's budget than the ever- increasing cost of welfare. Over the last 10 years, state welfare costs have nearly doubled.

We must control those costs. We will do so with compassion and common sense. We will help those who seek to help themselves. We will care for those who cannot.

This budget continues to provide cash benefits to those who cannot work. But, it eliminates the $360 in cash that young, single, able-bodied adults with no dependent children receive every two years. We will continue their health-care coverage. We will continue to make job-training available. But we will not continue to hand out cash to those who are able to work.

The greatest challenge we face is controlling health-care costs.

The cost of health care for the poor has increased 177 percent over the last 10 years. It now consumes 16 cents of every state tax dollar.

To control costs, we will insist that those on medical assistance go to a doctor or a clinic for routine treatment - not an expensive emergency room.

We will move drug and alcohol rehabilitation out of $600-a-day hospitals and into less expensive community settings.

We will crack down on prescription-drug abuse and we will demand that Pennsylvania receive the same low pharmaceutical prices given to insurance companies and HMOs.

As a forerunner to more comprehensive welfare reform, this budget seeks to move people from the welfare rolls onto a payroll. We will provide day care for 4,500 additional children, enabling thousands of welfare parents to work.

\*

The most basic function of government is to ensure the safety of our citizens. Crime touches each one of us. The fear of crime haunts us all.

If we live in fear, we cannot learn. If we work in fear, we cannot compete. We cannot and will not surrender our streets, schools and communities to fear . . .

This budget underscores my commitment to protecting Pennsylvania's communities from crime with a $132 million increase.

We must be tough on crime and wise in our use of public resources to combat it.

To keep predators off our streets, we need to build more prisons. I propose $92 million in the capital budget for four additional facilities. One will house adults, another, juveniles convicted as adults. And I propose two new maximum-security youth prisons for violent juvenile offenders.

But there is more to fighting crime.

This budget empowers school districts to create safe schools. It provides funding for drug and alcohol rehabilitation. And for the victims of crime - for whom we have dedicated the special session, we will:

\*Provide additional funding for legal services.

\*Speed up victim restitution.

\*And guarantee them a state advocate to ensure they are informed of their rights.

\*

Two basic principles guided my budget deliberations. They should guide yours as well.

First, this budget is about people. Not percentages or numbers.

Second, every dollar we spend really belongs to decent, honest, hard- working Pennsylvanians. As their stewards, we are obligated to treat their money as our own.

Members of the General Assembly, it is up to us. I ask that we work together, Republicans and Democrats, and do our jobs.

We have 116 days.

Let's get to work.

**Notes**

RIDGE'S BLUEPRINT FOR PENNSYLVANIA

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Rock around the block How Wheeling's Hayden Thompson caught up with rockabilly stardom***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4J00-2X50-TWHS-437D-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

January 5, 2006 Thursday

All Editions

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**Section:** SUBURBAN LIVING; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2351 words

**Byline:** Mark Guarino, Daily Herald Music Critic

**Body**

Late in the fall, as most seniors in the Chicago suburbs might have been planning for holiday celebrations or retreating to Florida to escape the pending cold, Hayden Thompson walked onstage in France, turned up his guitar and made the 1,000 or so people in the audience shake, rattle and roll.

He later signed autographs, posed for pictures and met the major of Autun, a city 100 miles southeast of Paris. "They rolled out the red carpet," he said. "You left there feeling like a million dollars."

Thompson, 67, is only today enjoying the fruits of a life he set out to create in 1956, when he recorded for Sun Records, the Memphis label that should have made him a star like it did other wild Southern mavericks like Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee Lewis.

Although the songs he recorded would later be hailed as prime gems of 1950s rockabilly, Thompson was scuttled by bad luck, shifting popular taste and the white noise of competing up-and- comers in an explosion of music that would only be sorted out and appreciated in the decades to come.

After his brief stint at Sun and many recordings later, Thompson hung up his guitar and resigned himself to driving a limo full- time. Years later he discovered his recordings had traveled farther than he ever did, first to record collectors in the U.S. and overseas, and then to the first generation of punk rockers that fed on the energy of those early recordings.

It led to Thompson becoming what he always dreamed: a star.

"My one desire in life was to make good music. I've wanted to be in the business as long as I can remember," Thompson said, sitting at the kitchen table of his home in Wheeling. "But I've always been smart enough to know that sometimes it doesn't happen."

Son of Sun

Thompson was born three years after Presley, in Booneville, Miss., just 25 miles north of Tupelo, Presley's hometown. An only child to parents who both played instruments, he sang and performed music in church and school. "Same old story. Everyone got a guitar. It's a musical part of the country," he said. When he was 9, his mother arranged to have him sing on a local gospel music radio show one Saturday morning.

As a teenager, he joined the Southern Melody Boys playing country music at parties and on the radio. The owners of The Von, a 300-seat theater in town, also ran a tiny label. In 1954, Thompson cut his first single, "I Feel the Blues Coming On," becoming only one of three artists the label would ever produce. Needless to say, the records are highly collectible today. "They made great skeets," he said, laughing. "But I didn't know 50 years ago somebody would want to buy them."

That same year, Sun Records, a local label run by Memphis entrepreneur Sam Phillips, released "That's All Right Mama," a cover of a song by blues singer Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup and sung by a newcomer called Elvis Presley. Sun had earlier focused on recording local black singers and licensing them to Chess Records in Chicago. In Presley, Phillips had recognized his dream of selling black music to white audiences.

"It sounded so different from anything we had heard. And we didn't know if he was black or white," Thompson said.

As Presley started to travel throughout the South to play shows and his reputation slowly built, musicians, including Thompson, started dropping his songs into their sets. Thompson's band grumbled, insisting the phenomenon would soon fade. It didn't, and the next year the group was hired to accompany the film "Rock Around the Clock" as it toured the Southern movie theater circuit, playing frenzied live sets before and after it screened.

Thompson remembers talking to Presley after a show at The Von as he stood out back alone, next to his signature pink and white Cadillac. "People couldn't figure out if they liked him or didn't like him," Thompson said. "He was standing out there all by himself." Time has since erased the conversation's details. "What do 19-year-olds and 16-year-olds talk about? Music. I was a big fan," he said.

At that point, record companies in the South were in a race to find their own Elvis and Thompson was only too happy to oblige. "Everyone wanted to make money and drive a Cadillac. We all figured if Elvis had four, we should have one apiece," Thompson said.

He was invited to Sun Records in 1956 with a new band, the Dixie Jazzlanders. They recorded four songs: "Blues Blues Blues," "Fairlane Rock," "Mother Goose is Rockin'" and "You Are My Sunshine." Sun shelved them all and they remained unreleased until the late 1970s. Later that same year, Thompson broke up the group and returned to Sun to record, among other things, "Love My Baby," a cover song written by blues singer Little Junior Parker.

"Love My Baby" became Thompson's signature song and the one that later enthusiasts would hail as one of the best rockabilly singles of the era. Thompson's slurpy vocals mirrored Presley, and its train car beat came courtesy of Jerry Lee Lewis, who happened to be in the studio that day and agreed to join in. The song became Lewis' first-ever Sun recording.

"Hayden typifies what the righteous rockabilly cat will do. You have a mixture of country and Southern vocal, it moves like hell and there's a bluesy undertone. That's what made Elvis," said George Paulus, a Chicago-area record collector who just recently recorded Thompson's new album, "Rockabilly Rhythm" (St. George).

Thompson's big break came at a time when Phillips was scouring for hits. He had sold Presley's contract to RCA Records for $40,000 and wanted to replicate his success with his new label, Phillips International. In October 1957, Phillips released both "Love My Baby" and "Raunchy," an instrumental by tenor sax player Bill Justis. "Raunchy" became a smash and Phillips put all his resources into promoting it. "It left the rest of us treading water," Thompson said.

Dejected, Thompson hung out in Memphis, performing and recording. "I couldn't get anything," he said. When a friend contacted him in 1958 and asked if he would like to lead the house band in a club he bought in Highwood, a northern Chicago suburb, Thompson left the South and never returned.

Midwest gamble

"It was quite a scene," Thompson said of the lively strip of bars and nightclubs that lit up downtown Highwood, a stone's throw from Fort Sheridan. Thompson was one in a stream of white Southerners who were setting up new lives in the area, coaxed up North by bountiful factory work. Because of its proximity to Fort Sheridan and the fact that the surrounding communities were largely dry, Highwood became the center of nightlife for the Navy population, the new ***working class*** and North Shore locals thirsty for a drink, said Peter Alter, curator at the Chicago Historical Society.

The Tally Ho, the nightclub where Thompson played five nights a week for five years, was the primary music club in what was then called "Whiskey Junction." According to Alter, Highwood once held the Guinness World Record for having the most bars of any metropolitan area per capita.

At the Tally Ho, Thompson was a novelty to Midwesterners who had never heard rockabilly music onstage. Adding to his mystique was his flashy clothing, which included black-and-white shoes, striped coats and checkered shirts. "I think people came to see the monkey. The point is, they came. It was just a happening place. Nobody was doing what I was doing," he said.

But rockabilly was in its decline. Presley, its king, entered the army. Many artists of the era like Chuck Berry, Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee Lewis were battling the law. The raw energy and danger that early rock music thrilled its audience with would not reappear until the British Invasion of the 1960s. It was a time when artists from the Sun era turned a corner and met a brick wall.

"When the rockabilly sound died, people had to make a change into pop, a la Fabian," said Paulus. "Some people are capable of doing that, some people are not. And a lot of those guys couldn't change."

Luckily for Thompson, country music was taking hold in urban centers like Chicago. Thompson returned to his country roots and found a job as the bandleader at the Rivoli Ballroom, at Montrose and Elston on Chicago's Northwest Side. There, he accompanied the flood of new country artists who came to town, including Bobby Bare, Waylon Jennings, Buck Owens and Merle Haggard. Through the encouragement of country music superstar Roy Acuff, Thompson was invited to perform at the Grand Ole Opry three times in 1966. It led to recording a country album and after that, more singles and recordings on a variety of small labels that, once again, didn't have the resources for promotion. The attention kept him in music but because he was in Chicago, not Nashville, nothing really took off.

By 1972, he decided that living a life playing small bars for little change would not work. A job shuttling businessmen from the North Shore to O'Hare would have to be it.

"I told my wife, I said, 'I'm just tired of it.' I just quit. I had beat the bushes, made records and played the nightclubs and done everything in the world except get that door open," Thompson said.

He had periodically driven cabs and buses in Chicago, so he was prepared for his new fate behind the wheel of a limousine. "I wouldn't even talk about the music business. Once in a while someone would say, 'I remember you from the Tally Ho Club'. I felt bad about it," he said. "But you can't cry over spilt milk."

Across the kitchen table, he looks at his wife Georgia, whom he met at the Tally Ho and married in 1966. In explaining how he dealt with the blow over time, he added, "She's part of it. We've been connected a long time."

Lost sound

Rockabilly is the first incarnation of rock and its closest cousin to country music. Performed with an upright bass in a small band setting, the music has the high energy of bluegrass with an even more insistent beat. Its stripped down aesthetic and driving rhythm is what connects it most to punk rock of the 1970s. While many rockabilly artists like Thompson thought they were forgotten, a new generation of record collectors and music fans were steadily seeking out the music.

"Just because you weren't heard of doesn't mean one of your records wasn't a classic," said Michael Gray, a curator with the Country Music Hall of Fame in Nashville. "These people rediscovering these artists didn't care if (the artists) were known or not. They would find one terrific record by a guy like Hayden Thompson or Ronnie Dawson and they were instant heroes."

In the U.S., bands like the Cramps, the Blasters, Gun Club, the Stray Cats and X were redefining rockabilly, but in Europe, the attention was more widespread. Record labels like Bear Family in Germany, Charly in Britain and Sunjay in Sweden were reissuing every Sun single they could find on compilations. To their audiences, the rockabilly era didn't die and songs like "Love My Baby" were significant hits.

One reason why the music became so easy to market was volume. Labels like Sun recorded hundreds of records by a deep well of artists, yet only a small percentage ever made it to the top, with the rest resigned to a shelf. It became easy for labels to keep satiating fans with music and concert promoters to organize tours. All they needed to do was hunt the artists down, convince them they were ready-made stars and bring them overseas to see for themselves.

That's what happened to Thompson in 1984 when he got the call to tour Holland, Sweden and Britain by British concert promoter Willie Jeffries. It took three years to convince Thompson, his wife and their son to make the trip.

"She's excited, the boy's excited and I'm a total wreck," Thompson said, remembering. "I walked (onstage) and there were 3,000 people. I couldn't believe it."

His most recent trip to France marked his 28th trip to Europe, where he often shares bills with rockabilly veterans like Billy Lee Riley, Wanda Jackson, Sonny Burgess and others. In recent years he has played major concert halls, from Lincoln Center to Wembley Arena. His song "Blues Blues Blues" was recorded by the Cramps. He said he is struck by how informed fans are of the tiniest details from the Sun era: what microphones were used, the make of guitars.

He has since quit his limo job and started recording again. He was contacted by Paulus, a lifelong record collector who first heard Thompson's music after he bought a large cache of Sun Records from the label's warehouse in 1967. Obsessed by blues and rockabilly ever since he first heard musicians playing on Maxwell Street at age 17, Paulus said he made it his mission to record Thompson once more. "I'm preserving the art," Paulus said.

"I had to convince him that this was a project worth doing. After the third song (Thompson) said, 'this is starting to sound like something'. After that, he put 100 percent what he had into it. There's a life to that music. It's played live and it's played real," he said.

Indeed, if you did not notice Thompson's picture on the cover, the music sounds transmitted directly from his teenage years. His voice shows little element of age and the understated playing is of an era where precision and attitude worked in tandem.

"I think he's at his peak now," said Steve King, overnight host on WGN radio and who has often invited Thompson to play in the studio. "I'm a Sun Records geek but, with all due respect, he sounds better now than when he was younger. Part of that maybe because he's concentrating on it full time again, and he's not distracted and (he's) completely focused on his music."

Thompson today lives a secret life many of his neighbors know nothing about. He's happy to fill in the details after they notice how proficient he is on the guitar or that he's often slipping out of town for weekend trips to Los Angeles, Las Vegas or Lyon, France. I'm not on vacation, he can finally say. I've got a gig to play to my fans.

"Sometimes it's not easy for a man my age to crawl onstage," he said. "But once I'm up there, I forget."

- "Rockabilly Rhythm" is available via stgeorgerecords.com or by sending $15 to P.O. Box 331, Downers Grove IL 60515.

**Graphic**

At 67, Wheeling's Hayden Thompson is a rockabilly star across Europe. Paul Beaty/Daily Herald

**Load-Date:** January 5, 2006

**End of Document**



[***THE NEXT STAGE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VPP-3RP0-0094-514H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE NEW WORKS FESTIVAL SHOWS THAT AUDIENCES WANT TO SEE NEW PLAYS, BUT WHERE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VPP-3RP0-0094-514H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***DO PITTSBURGHER'S GO FROM THERE?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VPP-3RP0-0094-514H-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 11, 1998, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 4121 words

**Byline:** JOHN HAYES

**Body**

The line for tickets trails out the door and onto the narrow gravel lot between City Theatre and its smaller satellite, the Lester Hamburg Studio. Look again, and everything about this ticket queue seems strange.

It hardly resembles the crowds of aging patrons waiting outside most Downtown. It looks more like the crucial demographic sliver of youngish, active adults that every entertainment outlet in Pittsburgh is clamoring to attract.

The show they're waiting to see isn't part of a star-studded blockbuster tour or even a famous farce. It's a Spartan showcase of new one-act plays, most written by local, unknown playwrights.

And though you'd think the ticket line, which has now bottlenecked and split in several directions, might include at least a few curious bar hoppers who've strayed from the East Carson Street nightlife corridor, it's a line for reserved-seat holders only. There is no walk-up line. Every seat was taken in advance.

In its seventh season, the Pittsburgh New Works Festival filled the 100-seat Hamburg on most of its nights, with some shows topping 100 percent capacity. (Folding chairs were squeezed in to accommodate the overflow.) The burgeoning young theater crowd can't seem to get enough of it, and you'd think Pittsburgh playwrights would be thrilled with all the attention.

But the playwrights don't see it that way. New Works provides a valuable showcase for beginning and developing writers, they say, and several seated-or-staged reading series provide other opportunities to crash-test their scripts on audiences and peers. But after they've mastered the entry-level contests, where do the playwrights go from there?

Pittsburgh's big, professional theaters rarely, if ever, produce full-length plays by local writers. A few smaller, established houses occasionally indulge them, but not often enough to accommodate the surprising number of scripts pouring from the rapidly growing pool of Pittsburgh talent.

Writers are often forced to become producers, bankrolling their own shows at tiny, out-of-the-way holes in the wall. Most send their scripts to producers in New York and the heartland never to hear from them again. Some others join the exodus of young Pittsburgh artists, hoping to catch a star in another city that might offer more opportunity.

Opinions are split as to whether Pittsburgh is a good or not-so-good town for playwrights, but there are two things on which most agree:There are a lot of them, with enough on- and off-stage talent here to produce high-caliber productions, but not enough of their works are being done.

A wealth of talent

Of produced this year in the greater Pittsburgh area, 10 were written by eight local playwrights. That's not bad for a city this size, but the numbers may be misleading. Artistic directors and governing boards at both large and small houses aren't embracing the local resource - nearly half these writers had to produce their work themselves.

That's curious considering Pittsburgh's national reputation as a roiling theater melting pot. Carnegie Mellon University runs the oldest degree-granting theater program in America and is recognized as one of the leading schools for actors. Point Park College's theater-training programis gaining ground. Film companies rate the city's technical crews near the top in their field, and one of the best living playwrights uses Pittsburgh as the backdrop to his award-winning plays.

It's impossible to talk about great American playwrights of the 20th century without citing August Wilson, who has turned memories of his Hill District boyhood into some of the most compelling modern tragedies. Theaters that slap Wilson's name on a marquee are bound to draw a crowd, particularly in Pittsburgh. But even Wilson didn't become a prophet in his own town until he was first worshiped elsewhere.

In fact, as a playwright, leaving Pittsburgh seems to have set Wilson free. It was when he moved to St. Paul, Minn., already in his 30s, that he found his playwriting voice in the fertile story-telling and folk poetry of the black streets, stoops, diners and barbershops he remembered from the Hill. He later moved to Seattle, another cool, northern, Scandinavian-dominated city that appealed to him precisely because of its unlikeness to Pittsburgh, allowing him to look back more intently at August Wilson Country - the semi-mythic, northern, urban African-American world of his plays.

Still, Wilson remains a Pittsburgh playwright, unlike his most famous Pittsburgh predecessor, George S. Kaufman, who left town for Broadway in the . Wilson once said, "Like most people, I have this sort of love-hate relationship with Pittsburgh. This is my home and at times I miss it and find it tremendously exciting, and other times I want to catch the first thing out that has wheels." He asserts that "it is Pittsburgh which has provided the fuel and the father for all of my work."

But there's a formidable gulch between Wilson and those playwrights still struggling in Pittsburgh, although some have begun building reputations elsewhere. Tammy Ryan is among the few playwrights living in Pittsburgh whose work is embraced both at home and on the competitive streets off-Broadway.

"Pig," her award-winning, blue-collar tale of a backyard barbecue from hell, has played in two runs to supportive Pittsburgh crowds and one run in New York. The Theatre Collection at the New York Public Library extended Ryan the rare honor of videotaping her show for posterity, and The New York Times called "Pig" "an emotional explosion." This year she premiered a new play commissioned by Prime Stage, and "Pig" was reprised at the Pittsburgh Playhouse. Her "Vegetable Love" is being produced this fall in New York.

Originally from New York, Ryan was lured to town by the playwriting program at CMU, but now she seems practically native ***working-class*** Pittsburgh. Indeed, she and Melissa Martin have been paired by Post-Gazette drama critics as proponents (along with others) of a gutsy, comic, semi-surreal family drama that might almost be called a Pittsburgh style.

"City Theatre and the Public haven't produced my plays, and in a way I don't blame them," Ryan says. "I write for a ***working-class*** audience because that's my background, but those aren't the people who go to the theater. I'm sure they're not the majority of subscribers at those places. My audience is just ordinary, average people who . . . think theater is elitist, and when the big theaters in town put on plays that seem foreign to them, it's hard to convince them that it doesn't have to be."

Ryan's New York productions make it possible for her plays to be seen by some of the industry's important publishers and producers. Attaining that level of recognition is an important next step that generally can't occur in Pittsburgh. Still, Ryan says the Playhouse productions of "Pig" rivaled those at the 29th Street Repertory in quality.

"I think the talent that was on that stage [at the Playhouse] was absolutely as good if not better than the people who did it in New York," she says. "Pittsburgh has this inferiority complex. They think anything done here can't be as good as what's done somewhere else. But that's not true, and audiences would find that out if they had the chance."

Ted Hoover has quit writing. Again. An award-winning local playwright who also critiques theater for In Pittsburgh newsweekly, Hoover says that while the pressures on any playwright are draining, local playwrights have additional burdens to carry.

"Like finding a place to work," he says. "Like coming up with the money to do it. Like dealing with a shrinking population of people who might be remotely interested in what you have to say and a city government that couldn't care less about you."

At various times over the past 15 years, Hoover has tried to solve the nagging problem of limited theater space. In the early 1980s, he worked at the Pittsburgh Lab Theater, where an early farce of his was staged. Later, he joined with playwrights Ryan, Martin and Dan Kennedy to form Pyramid Productions, a workshop of sorts for disenfranchised writers which - among other things - produced a long-running series of 12 10-minute plays called the No Doze Dozen that helped local artists to hone artistic and technical skills.

One of Hoover's first full-length plays, "Eulogy," won a chance to be workshopped at the prestigious National Playwrights Conference at Connecticut's O' Neill Theater Center - the same place where August Wilson came to national attention. Hoover's works have been performed at smaller regional theaters across the country, but he says he decided before this year's self-production of "Welcome Home" that it would be his finale. He's said that before - repeatedly - but this time he says he means it.

"One of the reasons I stopped is I was tired of begging for space," he says. "When you're in the arts, you're told again and again that the arts don't pay for themselves and sports do. . . . But now we're going to be forced to pay for stadiums so professional businesses can chase balls around the field. Plan B is going to cost taxpayers a billion dollars before they're through, and it's coming from us. How is that paying for themselves? This city doesn't support its artists, and that's part of the reason artists are leaving Pittsburgh like it's on fire."

Hoover says although he lost his shirt on "Welcome Home" - which was very well-received critically but not as well-attended as it deserved - producing it was one of the most fulfilling experiences of his life, though not enough to tempt him to write again.

"You hate doing it at the time, but I think it was helpful as a playwright to produce my own plays," he says. "You learn lots of practical things, and you work with other people, and I've worked with some extremely talented people in Pittsburgh. But theater is a dying art. Even nationally, I don't think it matters anymore. I think theater will end up like opera - very gentrified, heavily subsidized. I think that's really why I'm out. It just doesn't matter anymore."

A melting pot of talent

All Pittsburgh playwrights aren't so pessimistic. The off-Broadway success of "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Bloomingdale's" in 1970 launched an impressive playwriting career for Chicago native Ernest McCarty. He chooses to live in Pittsburgh and has had four plays produced here.

Since 1994 he's been the artistic director at New Horizon Theater, an African-American company with professional aspirations. "Granted, there is no tremendous thoroughfare of industry activity for playwrights and artists in Pittsburgh," he says. "There isn't anyone here who could see your play and take it elsewhere. . . . But I've found it easier to get involved in the smaller theatrical community here than in New York. I can be involved in theater every day without waiting for some big producer. I can help some people and write in the relative calm of a very beautiful city."

When McCarty needs to network his material, Manhattan is only an hour away by plane. Talented actors and stage crews are easier to get here, he says, as long as you don't need an entire cast of "triple threat" talent who can act, sing and dance.

Writer Eileen Hodgetts, a native of England who moved here in 1970, parlayed several playwriting awards from CATPAWS (a new play contest staged by Cranberry's Comtra Theatre for seven years) and the New Works Festival awards into a viable - though not profitable - career. She's won writing fellowships and grants, teaches playwriting through the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, and has earned money writing commissioned works written for nontraditional outlets like Fort Ligonier and the town of Niagara Falls. Although she's not from Wheeling, the West Virginia town is planning an Eileen Hodgetts festival that will include nine of her plays.

"The problem, I think, is salesmanship," she says. "There are many very good, very talented people in theater in Pittsburgh, and very nice work can be done. But to get your play produced elsewhere, you have to be a bit of a salesman, and I think that's hard for a lot of people."

After being produced and winning several writing awards early in her career, Melissa Martin says she became "spoiled" and didn't want to wait for the next call from a producer. She became a "control freak" and started producing them herself, although in recent years she's become aware of the inherent flaws of self-production.

"Producing yourself is not good enough because it ends there," she says. "Someone's got to see your play and want to do it elsewhere, and those people aren't in Pittsburgh. You either need [your play] to be seen by important people or you need a big-mouthed person who knows important people to like it."

From the outside looking in

For several seasons in the 1970s, Thom Thomas was artistic director for the fondly-remembered Odd Chair Theater, one of the city's formative production companies. His "The Interview" has been performed at regional theaters all over the country and "Without Apologies," a witty sequel to Oscar Wilde's "Importance of Being Ernest," has done almost as well. But in 1981, Thomas went to Los Angeles to work on a "Hill Street Blues" script and never came back.

"I guess I got sidetracked doing TV and film," he says. "You cannot make a living writing for the theater. You have to supplement it with writing for TV or film, or just get a regular job. Even if a play goes to New York and becomes a big hit, it has to travel across America and stay out there to make any money for the playwright."

Milan Stitt disagrees. The new director of the playwriting program at CMU, now a part-time resident here, won a "best play" award in 1977 for his "The Runner Stumbles," which was later made into a movie. A former head of playwriting at Yale, Stitt says the secret to turning a buck as a playwright is to have your name known in New York but your plays performed regionally.

"Pittsburgh is never going to make a playwright a living," he says, "but as a launching place, I think it's terribly important. I'm from Detroit, a bigger city than Pittsburgh, and they have one theater and it isn't as good as those you have here. If you have a chance to go to New York, take it, because it's still the center of theater in America. But if you're getting your plays performed here and they have an audience, use that to learn to make your plays better."

Stitt's long-time predecessor at CMU, Arthur Giron, agrees that the way for playwrights to make money is to have a large body of published work available to regional theaters. Last year, after a family tragedy, Giron left his tenured position at CMU and returned to New York to write.

While living here, he had the honor of being the only "Pittsburgh" playwright produced on the mainstage at the Pittsburgh Public Theater - both "Edith Stein" and "Becoming Memories." Three of his plays recently closed off-Broadway, and several more have been produced this year at regional theaters across the country. "Edith Stein" is based on the true story of a Jewish woman who converted to Catholicism and was murdered in the Holocaust. Today the Roman Catholic Church is officially canonizing Stein, and Giron was invited to the ceremony at the Vatican.

"It's a small industry, and people outside Pittsburgh know what's going on there, particularly because you have CMU," he says. "I think what people [in Pittsburgh] don't know is that productions there are frequently compared to those in big urban centers, and that the quality of some of the writing that comes out of Pittsburgh is very high."

A pat on the back

While most of the city's larger theaters are still reluctant to take a chance on staging shows by homegrown playwrights, there's enthusiastic support among the smallest, grass-roots, ethnic organizations. The Jewish Community Center has employed local writers to draft scripts for outreach programs, and Kuntu Repertory Theater and New Horizon actively recruit and develop African-American talent.

Pittsburgher Rob Penny has been regularly produced by Kuntu, but his work is also well-known nationally. In honor of his and August Wilson's work with the Kuntu Writers Workshop, Kuntu is this year offering a four-play mainstage schedule that includes Johnson's "Papa's Blues." New Horizon's season will include pieces by McCarty and Pittsburgher P.J. Gibson.

"The talent is here and the theory is if you provide a place for them to work, the audience will discover them," says New Horizon's McCarty. "Once the audience proves with their dollars that they will support local artists, the big theaters would want to follow that money. That's the theory, anyway."

Javon Johnson, a grad student in Pitt's acting program, has had several plays produced. Surprisingly, he says, none were done through the university. He's had better luck with small theater groups and the community-outreach programs at New Horizon and Kuntu. "There's support [in the black community] for developing artists, but I don't look at that," he says. "I've written three short plays and three full-length plays, and only half are African-American-based. I think black theaters are financially in a different place than predominantly white theaters. They call for more community-based support, and they get it. I think their audiences want to feel like they're helping you get started. It's a different kind of support in the small black theaters - very hands-on."

But a chasm still exists between entry-level support and the viable, potentially profitable production of locally written plays. Writers continue to take their work elsewhere to be performed. After his one-act play "The Butter Bin" picked up five awards in last year's New Works Festival, Sean M. O' Donnell found a New York backer. He's there now preparing the show for its New York premiere. So is Pittsburgher Zoje Stage, who has a show now running off-Broadway.

Other emerging writers have skipped town altogether in search of someone to produce their plays. Scott C. Sickles is among Pittsburgh's recent up-and-comers who have packed up and left, but not before he founded and ran Pittsburgh New Voices, which for several years staged premieres of local works.

Other writers may just be on hold. Elvira DiPaolo also had a play at the O' Neill Center, and her "Bricklayers," about residents of South Oakland, was City Theatre's first mainstage offering at its new South Side home in 1991. But DiPaolo hasn't written anything lately.

The New Group Theater, which strove mightily to establish itself for more than a decade, featured many home-grown works, chiefly by its founder, Martin Giles. Now, Giles works mainly as an actor, but a revived New Group has hopes of once again doing its own works.

"Believe me, the industry knows about Pittsburgh," says Giron. "But Pittsburgh would be more famous in theater circles if they did more new plays. I understand it's a business and they have to please their subscribers, but local producers need to have more courage. People will get on a plane and go to Pittsburgh if there's an important new play opening. . . . Blue-collar people say the theater doesn't tell stories about them. Well, Pittsburgh playwrights do, and the audiences will come if the artistic directors will just show a little courage."

"I can understand that they have to be commercial in a certain aspect to keep the doors open," says Thomas. "But I also think Pittsburgh theaters have a responsibility to do new plays by Pittsburgh writers who they think have some merit. There's no encouragement for the Pittsburgh playwright, and they should be looking for them."

Too little too late

Fulfilling its mission to foster the creation of new works, Pittsburgh Civic Light Opera does more for local writers than the other big houses. Homegrown spectacles are occasionally performed, and "Arriba!Arriba!," Jason Coll's musical tribute to Roberto Clemente, is in its second year touring local schools. CLO thinks enough of it to have brought national producers to town to see it last spring.

City Theatre has a long-running community-outreach program that couples local writers with community groups to produce one-act scripts that relate thematically to their mainstage productions. And Melissa Martin's Hamburg premiere of "The Last Bridge" was part of another City Theatre initiative - a new Independent Artist Program that makes City Theatre resources available to local playwrights, directors and performance artists.

"Melissa was the first one to take advantage of that," says City Theatre producing director Marc Masterson. "Another one is coming up this year. Having the Hamburg next door and this new program puts us in a position where we can help people afford to do the things they want to do."

City Theatre starts next Sunday to host the long-running, oft-moved Sunday Night Live reading series - a chance for writers to hear the words they've written and network with other theater professionals. Making its spaces available to other groups is important, but how many locally written plays are produced each year on the City Theatre mainstage? At least one?

"Unfortunately, no," says Masterson. "It's a competitive world. Local writers are competing with writers from all over the country. There's no ban on local playwrights . . . but there are many factors involved in putting a season together other than whether a playwright is a local person."

Since the death of Public Theater's artistic director Bill Gardner in 1992, the city's largest theater has shown little interest in local writers who aren't already famous. Off stage, however, the Public's director of education and outreach, Rob Zellers, coordinates an informal playwright's workshop that meets every week and gives writers a chance to bounce ideas off each other. "We call it the Playwright Lab," says Zellers. "It's not open to the public, but audiences are invited to their readings. . . . It would be my great desire to see the Public produce one of the plays developed in the Lab, but we're not doing new plays, that's the thing. Not to say we won't go there someday."

Gargaro Productions has a mission to develop new talent, but not new works. Still, producer Ken Gargaro says development of a new play contest is included in the company's current five-year plan.

Other resources are available to local playwrights. CMU's Showcase of New Plays thrived under the tutelage of Frank Gagliano, although some CMU alumni who stayed in town felt locked out of the process. With Gagliano now pursuing another job opportunity, Stitt promises big changes for the festival, which he hopes will attract national attention. Included in the restructuring is one slot per season guaranteed to a CMU student or grad.

The recent closing of Upstairs Theatre ended the city's only open festival of new full-length plays, but Gemini Theatre managing director Denny Martin, who worked on the festival at Upstairs, is picking up the pieces. Gemini's board of directors has inaugurated a competition for new plays. In its first season, this Pittsburgh New Play Festival is restricted to playwrights from southwestern Pennsylvania. Submissions are due at Gemini Theatre by Thursday, and the festival is scheduled to run for three weeks beginning in mid-January.

A new, public, independent workshop recently started at Gemini lets writers, actors and comedians try out new stuff. The Sunday Night Lab meets every Sunday at 7 p.m. - the same evening as the older Sunday Night Live.

There's an old backstage maxim that claims you can't make a living in theater, but you can make a killing. Some Pittsburgh playwrights seem to have the right stuff, but they're still searching for the right place to prove it.

Recent works by local playwrights

This year, Pittsburgh audiences have had access to nearly a dozen homegrown, full-length plays and musicals. Most of the productions, however, were limited by space and financing, and nearly half were self-produced by the playwrights. Some were good and others weren't, but at least a few deserved consideration at the city's.

\* Hosana"Hosanna" by David Bordas, Coca-Cola Star Lake Amphitheatre.

\* Dracula: The, a Musical" by Paul Michael Brown, McKeesport Little Theater.

\* Limoges" by Geanne Drennen, Upstairs Theatre.

\* Welcome Home" by Ted Hoover, The Acting Company.

\* Red Berries" and "The Pawn" by Javon Johnson, New Horizon Theater and Pittsburgh New Voices, respectively.

\* The Last Bridge" by Melissa Martin, Lester Hamburg Studio.

\* The Hex" by Ernest McCarty, New Horizon Theater.

\* The Music Lesson" and "Pig" by Tammy Ryan, Prime Stage and Pittsburgh Playhouse, respectively.

John Hayes is a Post-Gazette is a Post-Gazette staff writer. Christopher Rawson, PG drama editor, contributed to this story.

**Graphic**

PHOTO (5), PHOTO: John Heller/Post-Gazette: Pittsburgh-based playwrights who; hope for a hometown future beyond the New Works Festival include, front and; center, Tammy Ryan, and from left, Eileen Hodgetts, Ted Hoover, Melissa Martin; and Earnest McCarthy.; PHOTO: PITTSBURGH PLAYWRIGHTS' PRO-AM: August Wilson, left, and Javon Johnson; met at a theater festival in Valdez, Alaska, where Wilson was given a lifetime; achievement award and Johnson received the top prize for a new play.; PHOTO: Writer and teacher Arthur Giron Lone "local" writer produced ont the; mainstage at the Public.; PHOTO: Actor and theater group founder Martin Giles: "The industry knows about; Pittsburgh. But Pittsburgh would be more famous in theater circles if they did; more new plays."; PHOTO: Writer Tom Thomas, Playwright left Pittsburgh when Hollywood beckoned.

**Load-Date:** February 3, 1999

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[***TOWNS OF LANCASTER COUNTY HAVE A SLOWER RHYTHM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49N7-DHD0-0094-5167-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

September 28, 2003 Sunday

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 2382 words

**Byline:** LISA M. CHRISTOPHER

**Dateline:** LANCASTER COUNTY

**Body**

When people think about Lancaster County, many conjure up an image of an Amish buggy clip-clopping past a verdant field of neat cornrows.

Eleven million people visit the county in south-central Pennsylvania every year to get a glimpse into the Plain People's way of life. But there's an untapped resource in Lancaster County that hides in Plain site -- its quaint towns and villages.

Eleven historic towns are set in the breathtaking backdrop of the Pennsylvania German countryside. These unspoiled crossroads settlements are like portals to an earlier time when the rhythm of day-to-day life was a little slower and less complicated.

Alphabetically, they are Churchtown, Columbia, East Petersburg, Elizabethtown, Lancaster, Lititz, Manheim, Marietta, Maytown, Mount Joy and Strasburg. Though the towns may not be household names, each serves up a heaping helping of hometown Americana.

Each of these towns has a Local or National Register Historic District. The 11 were featured recently in a new 129-page guidebook "Historic Towns & Villages of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania," which I authored. Each chapter profiles one of the towns, providing an in-depth portrait of its history and character, but here's a series of quick, thumbnail sketches.

Lancaster

Lancaster, the largest city in the county, covers more than seven square miles. It started in the early 1700s as a small crossroads village called Hickorytown. Once the largest inland city in the Colonies, it has one of the largest National Register Historic Districts in the country and is known for its predominating Victorian architecture, which characterizes the look of Lancaster.

In its early days, Lancaster perched on the edge of the American frontier. The hardware store in town was one of the last supply stops pioneers made on their westward treks. In fact, two icons of the American West -- the Conestoga wagon and the Pennsylvania (sometimes called the Kentucky) rifle -- were made in Lancaster County.

The city's convenient location on the major east-west corridor of the Colonies contributed to its development as a commercial hub. In 1879, F.W. Woolworth established his first successful five-and-dime store in Lancaster. Another famous entrepreneur, Milton Hershey, started his confectionery career with the Lancaster Caramel Co. before he perfected his chocolate-making technique and founded Hershey Chocolate Co. in nearby Hershey.

Today, while many American downtowns struggle to attract visitors, Lancaster is teeming with shops, boutiques and restaurants. The Central Market is the oldest publicly owned, continuously operated farmer's market in the country. Every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, fresh-from-the-farm produce is sold along with baked goods and specialty items.

Those who love art will appreciate Lancaster's many galleries. There is also the home and re-created garden of cubist Charles Demuth (1883-1935), a native son whose "Figure 5 in Gold" hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Artists also congregate on Queen Street, three blocks north of Penn Square, the center of the city. Often called Lancaster's SoHo, this part of Queen Street is where the avant-garde congregate in an array of offbeat shops that sell vintage clothing, music, art and stained glass.

Lititz

The Moravian 26-point stars that hang from store windows, front porches and churches characterize Lititz, about seven miles north of the city of Lancaster. It's a picture-postcard-perfect town, especially this time of year when the maples that line its main streets change to brilliant shades of golden amber and bronzed orange.

Lititz was founded in the 1720s as part of a religious experiment by a strict missionary society known as the Moravians. The town was open only to Moravians and didn't accept non-Moravians until 1856.

Lititz's principal intersection, Broad and Main streets, has an assortment of boutiques and antiques shops offering a variety of one-of-a-kind or decorative arts items hand-crafted in the region. There are also restaurants and coffee and ice cream shops, not to mention Wilbur Chocolate Co., from which the smells of cocoa often waft through town. A candy museum and gift shop feature vintage cocoa tins, advertisements and, of course, Wilbur Buds, bite-sized chocolate rounds that melt sinfully on your tongue.

Next to Wilbur is the visitors' center in a replica 1884 Lititz Passenger Depot and Express Station of the Reading Railroad. The station is also located at the entrance to Lititz Springs Park, which was an attraction in the late 1800s when people came to enjoy the spring's reputed medicinal benefits. Today the park is the site of the oldest continuous Fourth of July celebration in the country.

Churchtown

Located in eastern Lancaster County, Churchtown rises on a ridge surrounded by a sea of green farm fields of alfalfa, tobacco, and corn, in the heart of the Amish and Mennonite farms that surround it. Two-lane Route 23, which slices the center of town, is lined with antique shops, bed-and-breakfasts and historic homes.

Founded in the 1720s as an early stagecoach stop, the town became known for its iron-making because several forges were located on its outskirts. Churchtown, however, was bypassed by the railroad industry in the mid-1800s.

While the railroad's snub might have been viewed as a drawback at the time, it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Cut off from major transportation routes, Churchtown has retained much of its charming unspoiled personality. The entire town is little more than a half-mile long and one of the few places left that is not fringed with housing developments, shopping malls and superhighways.

Strasburg

Also a former stagecoach stop in eastern Lancaster County that grew into a town and survives today, this peaceful village is located amid many Amish farms. Its beautifully preserved, stately 18th- and 19th-century brick architecture belies the town's rowdy past during the second half of the 1700s, when it developed as a trade center known as Hell's Hole.

Strasburg's main intersection, where Routes 741 and 896 cross, has a handful of tiny shops that sell antiques, Christmas decorations and coffee. A homemade ice cream shop with hand-made waffle cones also is located on the square. The shop, with its tiled floor and polished brass, is a throwback to the early 1900s, and a heavenly, sweet aroma engulfs those who walk in the door.

Just east of Strasburg on Route 741, the Strasburg Railroad, the oldest short line in the country, takes passengers on a steam-powered Victorian train for a nine-mile tour through scenic Amish farms. Dedicated railroad buffs will also enjoy the state's Railroad Museum of Pennsylvania nearby, known for its collection of prized locomotives and rolling stock.

Columbia

Columbia, along the banks of the Susquehanna River, is a quaint Lancaster County town that grew, in part, because of the railroad's influences. Its location along major land, water and rail routes made it an industrial hub for lumber, coal and assorted goods heading east to the seaboard.

Originally founded in 1728 as Wright's Ferry, the town changed its name to Columbia in the late 1700s, when it was for a brief time a candidate for selection as the nation's capital. ("Columbia" signified the spirit of freedom and American independence.) Although the town lost its bid to be the seat of federal government, it did prosper as an industrial and manufacturing center.

Antique shops and art galleries are sprinkled throughout Columbia. It's the site of the world-renowned National Watch and Clock Museum, the largest horological collection in North America.

It's also home to Wright's Ferry Mansion, built in 1738 for Columbia's founding family. The house, which is furnished with a rare collection of housewares made before 1750, is the sole surviving structure of the town's settlement period.

Don't leave Columbia without taking a drive along the river and the Columbia-Wrightsville Bridge on Route 462. It offers some breathtaking views of the mighty Susquehanna.

Marietta

Just four miles north of Columbia on the Susquehanna River, Marietta was founded as an American Indian trade outpost and ferry landing. It quickly became a hard-drinking, gritty river town at the center of the lumber and iron industries.

Today's Marietta has stately brick mansions as well as ***working-class*** row homes, relics of its iron-producing past. The town is replete with art galleries, antiques shops, restaurants, coffeehouses and charming bed-and-breakfasts.

The first Sunday in December is reserved for Marietta's annual Christmas Candlelight Tour, with elegant homes beautifully decorated for the holiday season.

Donegal Presbyterian Church was formed in 1721 by the Scotch-Irish, and the existing stone church was built in 1730.

Mount Joy

The unusual name of Mount Joy, a town in western Lancaster County, stems from a ship that was significant to the Scotch-Irish immigrants who settled in the area. In fact, many nearby settlements, such as Donegal, Drumore and Colerain were named after the towns the immigrants left behind when they sailed to America.

Agriculture is deeply rooted in Mount Joy's past, when it was a farming center where agriculture-related products were manufactured and produce was processed for market.

Main Street in Mount Joy also is known as the Old Harrisburg Pike, once the only road from Lancaster to the state capital. In the old days, the town's economic focus was geared toward the pike, which provided necessary transportation. Things haven't changed much. Restaurants and shops still line the main thoroughfare that provides a steady stream of visitors.

Mount Joy has remained vibrant since the 1700s because it can change with the times. But it remains a friendly place where most of the people who live there were also born there. That brand of down-home folksiness never loses its charm.

Manheim

Manheim, a small town along Route 72 in north-central Lancaster County, also grew up around farming. But it was developed by "Baron" Henry William Stiegel who also made the town famous for its Revolutionary War-era glass production.

Stiegel was a German immigrant who earned the title of "baron" for his lavish lifestyle, which included a cannon that was fired to herald his arrival whenever he drew near his home on Market Square.

Sometimes called Stiegeltown, Manheim came to be known for the glass Stiegel produced in his factory. The factory failed in 1774, but today Stiegel glass is a highly prized collectible ranked among such names as Tiffany and Steuben.

Many local historical landmarks have been preserved in Manheim, including the Fasig House, an early example of log cabin construction.

For something a little fancier, check out Mount Hope Mansion just north of town. The brick Victorian was the summer residence of the Grubb family, wealthy ironmasters. The former home is now the centerpiece of the Pennsylvania Renaissance Faire and a winery.

East Petersburg

East Petersburg is just south of Manheim on Route 72. It, too, grew as a farming center. Wheat, not the corn and tobacco grown today, was an important crop in the early 19th century. In fact, Pennsylvania was one of the leading wheat producers in America.

Two mills, located on the outskirts of East Petersburg, produced flour, animal feed and meal. They also helped establish the town and a transportation network for farmers.

Today East Petersburg is a quiet, friendly town that features many log-construction homes (albeit disguised with aluminum and vinyl siding).

There's also a handful of shops and businesses including Haydn Zug's, an American-fare restaurant named for a store owner who once operated a general merchandise store on the site in the late 19th century.

Elizabethtown

Elizabethtown, close to the Dauphin County border in western Lancaster County, has a wonderfully inviting downtown with wide sidewalks and metered parking for a dime, along with a slew of unique shops and intimate restaurants.

The vibrant hustle and bustle of small-town life is nothing new to Elizabethtown. It started as a trade center between European settlers and Algonquian-speaking Conoy Indians in the early 1700s.

Elizabethtown is named for the wife of early settler Barnabus Hughes, who turned the town into the largest trading post between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh in the 1750s. The locals often refer to their home as "E-town."

It also is home to Elizabethtown College, a liberal arts college. Like Lititz, Elizabethtown has a chocolate factory where 3 Musketeers and Dove Chocolate bars are made.

Maytown

One of the smallest towns featured in the book, Maytown is tucked off the beaten path in western Lancaster County.

Narrow, winding roads surround the town, which is camouflaged by acre after acre of rolling cornfields. Maytown was a self-sustaining village that remarkably is untouched by many of the trappings of 21st -century life. It doesn't even have a traffic light.

Once a self-contained community of hardware stores, markets and assorted merchants, Maytown looks like a Frank Capra-esque movie set of a late 19th- or early 20th-century American town.

Anyone who appreciates architecture will enjoy Maytown's splendid examples of high-style Victorian brick homes.

The best time to visit Maytown is the first weekend in May. That's when the annual Maytown May Fest celebrates the founding of the town on the first day of May (ergo the name) in 1760.

If you go

Lancaster County

"Towns & Villages of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania" by Lisa M. Christopher provides a more comprehensive slice of each town. It includes a list of other charming Lancaster County towns, without designated historic districts, that still are worth a visit. Also identified are a slew of historic sites and lodging and dining establishments that meet the Lancaster County Heritage program's criteria for being authentic. Each Heritage site is easily identified by a logo that is displayed on banners and signs.

The book is available from the Pennsylvania Dutch Convention & Visitors Bureau for $15.90 plus shipping and handling. Call 1-800-723-8824 or visit [*www.padutchcountry.com*](http://www.padutchcountry.com) for information on how to order the book. Or stop by the Visitors Center, at Route 30 and Greenfield Road in Lancaster and pick up a copy in person.

**Notes**

Lisa M. Christopher is a Landisville, Pa.-based writer and heritage researcher/consultant.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Pennsylvania Dutch Convention & Visitors Bureau: The Columbia-Wrightsville Bridge on Route 462 in Lancaster County offers tranquil views of the Susquehanna River.

PHOTO: Pennsylvania Dutch Convention & Visitors Bureau: In eastern Lancaster County, Churchtown rises on a ridge surrounded by fields of alfalfa, tobacco and corn.

PHOTO: Pennsylvania Dutch Convention & Visitors Bureau: In eastern Lancaster County, Churchtown rises on a ridge surrounded by fields of alfalfa, tobacco and corn.

PHOTO: Wilbur Chocolate Co. is a landmark of Lititz, about seven miles north of Lancaster. The Moravians founded Lititz in the 1720s, and the town didn't accept non-Moravians until 1856.

PHOTO: On the first Sunday in December, Marietta holds its annual Christmas Candlelight Tour.

**Load-Date:** September 30, 2003

**End of Document**



[***BREAKING THROUGH ROOTS-ROCKING MARAH IS GOING NATIONAL. AND THE BUZZ ON THE LOCAL BAND'S FIRST ALBUM, OUT TUESDAY, HAS MAJOR-LABEL EXECUTIVE PANTING TO HEAR MORE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DCV0-01K4-9024-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

FEBRUARY 15, 1998 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1703 words

**Byline:** Dan DeLuca, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Little Richard a-wop-bop-a-loo-wops on the CD player. Shoeless Joe Jackson, Edgar Allan Poe, and Jerry Lee Lewis share wall space with a neon Pabst Blue Ribbon sign and a Weekly World News cover that shouts out the shocking news "Hank Williams Sr. Is Alive!"

And Marah - brothers Dave and Serge Bielanko and childhood buddies Danny Metz and Ronnie Vance - does what it does every night.

Soon the guys will pick up their instruments and bang out a few songs in their South Philadelphia rehearsal hideaway. Lou Reed's "I Can't Stand It." Townes Van Zandt's "White Freight Liner Blues." And their own "Head On," from the downright remarkable Let's Cut the Crap and Hook Up Later on Tonight, which will hit stores Tuesday but has already stirred up a buzz well beyond Philadelphia.

Dave blows a harmonica, unofficial fifth band member Bruce Langfeld plays lap steel, and it comes together in an engagingly sloppy style that leads Metz to quip, "As you can see, we're classically trained."

But right now, the members of this "don't call us alternative-country" rock-and-roll band - which will open for Blue Mountain at the Trocadero Balcony on Feb. 26 - are sitting around a table with longnecks in hand, waiting for the pizza to arrive.

The conversation focuses on Marah, named after a river in the book of Exodus and pronounced - according to the band bio written by Serge, whose brother calls him "the Faulkner of the group" - muh as in duh and rah, as in sis-boom-bah.

How in 1993, Dave answered an ad in the Tradin' Times and drove from Conshohocken to meet drummer Vance and bassist Metz in their similarly ***working-class*** Grays Ferry neighborhood. They hit it off while the Rolling Stones played "Factory Girl" on the jukebox. And Vance and Metz decided then and there that the one-eyed guitarist they'd been playing with was out, and Dave and his Hank Williams T-shirt were in.

And how, a year later, Serge went to see Marah. He hadn't played his electric guitar in a while and the garage outfit he and Dave had in high school was history. But after the band his little brother now fronted finished a set that "really smoked," he made a mental note to himself: "How the hell am I going to weasel [myself] into that band?"

And how last year, after dutifully playing clubs once a month, the band (with Serge weaseled in) still "couldn't draw 10 people in this town," says Dave.

They were, in Vance's words, "tired of getting beat up." So with the promise of a $2,500 budget from a tiny Bensalem record label, the four - plus producer Paul Smith, another member of the Marah family that also includes lawyer and consigliere Paul Dickman - hunkered down in the second-floor above Frank's Auto Repair and set about making Let's Cut.

They juggled their schedule around their day gigs. (Dave, 23, still works as a stock clerk; Metz, 25, runs a shipping department; Vance, 25, delivers subpoenas; and Serge, 26, is in the American studies program at Temple.) Their equipment was the cheapest they could rent, and noise from the street and auto shop was often audible in their makeshift studio. But they were determined to turn the circumstances to their advantage - the sound of a passing ice cream truck kicks off the album - and make the best-sounding record possible.

Most of the Bielanko brothers songs they recorded were "back-pocket" tunes no longer on the Marah set list. Some dated to the mid-'80s, when Serge and Dave were known around Plymouth-Whitemarsh High School as the country-music-loving outcasts who hosted a Wayne's World-gone-hillbilly show on public access. But the tunes took on new life as the band members, who now live in South Philly and Center City, worked them over.

"Baby Love" - a country-flavored acoustic number whose wise-beyond-its-years lyrics ("You learn rights when you're arrested, you learn prayin' when you're alone") Serge wrote in school - was updated with the sound of a spinning fishing reel and a last line added by Dave to provide a final dose of big-hearted wisdom.

"Rain Delay," by Dave, is a gently swaying song that uses a genius baseball metaphor to mull questions of ambivalence ("Shall we throw the balls or put them all away?"). Its coup de grace is a spoken intro by legendary Phillies play-by-play announcer Harry Kalas.

And "Boat," once an acoustic ballad, is now a thumping gospel shout-along that sounds as if it came straight from a Pentecostal church.

Before they began work on Let's Cut, the members of Marah were frustrated at being dismissed as another Replacements wanna-be bar band. They wanted to prove something by creating an album that would reflect the influence of heroes Townes Van Zandt and Bruce Springsteen, sound "like a cross between George Jones and Johnny Thunders," and be as wide-eyed and ambitious as the first line in its lead-off song: "These arms open out to grab a-hold of anything."

At the time, Dave says, "It was us against them - we couldn't get arrested. But we really weren't trying to show anybody but ourselves."

As 1997 progressed, the album began to come along, between six-packs and games of stickball out on Bancroft Street. And Marah realized it was onto something.

"In the back of our minds, we knew that it was turning into something good," says Serge, the bearded American history enthusiast who's responsible for the Civil War posters on the wall of the Marah headquarters known as the Marage.

"We'd look at each other and it was like 'Man, there's something there, but nobody's going to get it,' " remembers the baby-faced Dave, who's as circumspect as his big brother is outgoing.

Few have been able to miss it.

After Langfeld added lap steel to tunes such as the three-stages-of-man mini-epic "Formula, Cola, Dollar Draft," he brought his buddy Tom Heyman to the Marage to hear the album. The guitarist for Go to Blazes - the now-kaput Philadelphia band whose scuffed-up, roots-savvy rock-and-roll legacy Marah perpetuates - was impressed.

The members of Marah started to worry that they had been foolish to sign away rights to the album, which Triquetra Records owner Michael Harrington purchased for just $2,500. With all the months they had spent - and the assistance lent free of charge by friends such as Langfeld, Smith, dobro player Mike Brenner, and the five-piece Black-Eyed Peas horn section - "we just thought the record was ours," says Vance. Since they had never signed a contract, the foursome was able to buy the album back.

Heyman got his friend Cary Hudson, whose Mississippi band Blue Mountain was starting its own Black Dog recording label, to listen to a Marah tape. Hudson flipped, as did his partners, his cousin Chris and wife Laurie Stirrat. They decided they had to sign Marah.

"It's such an American rock-and-roll thing. And it's so free," said Chris Hudson. "To have made a record that sounds that good in a room like that, with no soundproofing, is just amazing. [Producer] Paul Smith is a genius."

Though the record is not yet out, word of Marah has been, as gravelly voiced Dave Bielanko sings in "Firecracker," spreading "like a river flowin' straight into a flood."

Last month, Philadelphia Weekly featured the band on its cover. The alternative-country No Depression music folder on America Online has been busy with Marah postings, and next month No Depression magazine plans a feature on the band.

Locally, WXPN-FM (88.5) has been playing cuts from the album. "We're really going to be rocking this record," says Bruce Warren, the station's music director. "This is one of the most incredible records I've heard anywhere recently, and I don't just mean local releases. As soon as you hear those horns on the first song, it's like 'OK, here we go. This is something special.' "

Warren says that a handful of major-label executives have called him about the band, and Stirrat says that Black Dog has been besieged by big-time mucketymucks who smell an alternative-country act they can sell to the masses.

The band will throw a record-release party at the Khyber on March 13, then travel south with Blue Mountain. Marah is also set to play the South by Southwest Music and Media Conference in Austin, Texas, on March 20, where a flock of major-label buzzards is sure to descend.

Marah is a little surprised to find its bandwagon suddenly overcrowded. "Hopefully," says Serge, "it's because they really like the music. And we don't feel unworthy of it: It's more like 'Where the hell you been?' "

They've have heard the stories about bands that succumbed to the lure of a major-label signing bonus too soon, only to wind up without a deal and deep in debt, says Dave. "Right now," he says, "if Guy X likes it, then Guy Y is interested, too. Some of these people are freaking out about the band, and they haven't even seen us play."

He's not worried about the attention going to the band's head, he says, because he and his buddies know "that if you don't build it yourself, it can't happen for you," no matter who sings your praise. There's a mother lode of material to choose from for album two, he says, whether it comes out on Black Dog or a major label.

Let's Cut was possible, as Dickman puts it, because Marah "holed up and figured out who they were. A lot of bands try to cop the sound of what's hot - they want to be Third Eye Blind or whatever. These guys became true to themselves."

The last song on Let's Cut - not counting Serge's goofy talking-blues bonus track, "Punk Rock Radio" - is called "Limb." "I climbed into the ring tonight with nothing to my name," Dave sings as a banjo-flecked march gives way to a wall of bagpipe noise. "I threw a punch I never thought I'd land."

By venturing onto a limb with the fertile rock and country sounds it cherishes, Marah has let fly with a wild combination of punches. And virtually every one has landed.

Dave's description of "Limb" is true of the whole album: "It's all about trying to make a great big epic . . . about this little vibe in a room in South Philadelphia."

"We come here because we need to," Dave says, amid the empty beer bottles and Phil Spector and Tennessee Ernie Ford albums that lie around the Marage. "There's nothing else for us to do. It's either come here, or stay home and fight with your girlfriends. We've got a life sentence in being musical."

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

The band Marah in its rehearsal hideaway called the Marage (from left): Brothers Dave and Serge Bielanko, Ronnie Vance and Danny Metz. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, CHARLES FOX)

The album was produced for $2,500.

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Spreading Urban problems put Dayton at risk - Regional cooperation could be key to the future***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HV8-9XY0-TWV2-535T-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

December 18, 2005 Sunday

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. A1

**Length:** 2585 words

**Byline:** By Ken McCall , [*kmccall@DaytonDailyNews.com*](mailto:kmccall@DaytonDailyNews.com)

**Body**

DAYTON - More than two decades after the old GH&R Foundry closed and threw 700 employees out of work, a cold wind whips across the vacant 12-acre lot just north of the Mad River.

When the owner of the foundry site began clearing it in 1994, he touted its views of the downtown Dayton skyline and ready access to Interstate 75 and Ohio 4. The GH&R site, which was later acquired by the city of Dayton, has water, sewer and utility lines , waiting for use.

Like many other abandoned industrial sites in the city, it sits empty.

Across the river to the west, at Fifth and Broadway streets, a similar scene is repeated, this time in a former residential neighborhood that was once a thriving community of ***working-class*** homes and families.

Up Salem Avenue, North Main Street, and Keowee Street and scattered around downtown, the skeletons of retail stores litter what used to be bustling commercial corridors.

Such scenarios have become familiar not only in Dayton, but in central cities across the Midwest and the nation.

For almost 50 years, Americans have been moving out of cities to the suburbs in increasing numbers - and taking their money with them.

The exodus changed the way we live in this country, creating vast expanses of suburban lots, shopping centers and hundreds of thousands of miles of roads. At the same time, it created something else: a deteriorating core, what urban experts like to call a hole in the donut.

The trend isn't new. Dayton reached its peak population in the 1960 Census and has been steadily losing people since, dropping 96,000 residents .

But what is new is the growing realization that central cities themselves are reaching a critical point of no return - a point past which the lack of income and reinvestment becomes fatal to a city's ability to maintain its infrastructure, much less its vital services such as police and fire protection, planning and zoning, and everything else a city needs to operate.

Dayton has plans to develop many of its vacant sites, and has enjoyed some success, investing close to $18 million in revitalizing the area around the Wright-Dunbar neighborhood.

But there is a long way to go, and as the city population and employment dwindles, so, too, does its ability to maintain its aging infrastructure.

"One of the sad things when you work in this business is you look out here and you see how much infrastructure we have," said Dayton City Manager Jim Dinneen. "How much legacy people have left over hundreds of years of building sewer systems and sidewalks and all this stuff that will last for lots of years if maintained correctly.

"Cities were not meant to be disposable. And we're living in a disposable age."

Another realization is beginning to spread: A failing city core can drag down the entire region surrounding it - suburbs, townships and all. A growing body of evidence suggests suburbs around decaying city centers are significantly worse off than those around city cores that are still managing to thrive. And in many metropolitan regions, the decline shows no sign of slowing.

Indeed, the trend is already evident in the Dayton region. Throughout the first ring of suburbs around the city, from Riverside to Trotwood, from Englewood to Kettering, the abandoned industrial sites, boardedup homes and vacant retail stores are spreading.

True, there have been small victories in economic development here and there. But many of the numbers compiled by recent studies show the city and the region are headed in the wrong direction.

For example:

\* Many suburbs around Dayton are showing signs of financial distress. Until it passed a levy in November, Riverside, for example, balanced the budget the only way it knew how: by cutting police positions and a fire ambulance crew.

\* The Ohio Legislature, feeling its own financial pinch, has threatened several times in recent years to curtail or end a program that sends tax money from the state back to local governments and special districts.

\* Poverty is rising in the region, and not only in the center city. The number of elementary school students eligible for free lunches (a commonly used approximation of the poverty rate) rose by 9 percentage points in Dayton between 1993 and 2000. Meanwhile, some schools in inner-ring suburban districts like Jefferson, Trotwood-Madison, Mad River and Fairborn saw school-lunch eligibility increase by 22 percent.

\* Dayton's metropolitan area doesn't even compare well with Ohio's other big cities. It ranks next to the bottom in property tax base per household and growth in property values.

\* The region lost more than a quarter of its manufacturing jobs between 1998 and 2004, and with the possible closing of some or all of Delphi's five factories in the region, which currently employ about 5,700 people, the picture is only likely to worsen.

Re-examining the region

In the face of such relentlessly bad news, a group of CEOs from the region's largest businesses in 2003 set out to determine how Dayton stacked up against other regions across the country.

"We wanted to know why are they growing and we're not?" said Ron Budzik, a former Mead Corp. executive who now works with the group known as the Dayton Business Committee. "Why are we just kind of moving chairs around and moving employment around? And what happens to the urban core when you do that?"

The committee brought in William Dodge, a nationally known regional planning consultant and author, and worked with the Miami Valley Regional Planning Commission to gather data on 11 regions and rank them on a number of economic and social criteria.

The results of the study were not pretty.

Dayton was near the bottom in 10 of 14 criteria studied and ranked with Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Rochester, N.Y., in the group with the lowest overall scores. The city scored low on housing vacancy rates, educational attainment and population growth.

The study also found that the most prosperous and fastestgrowing regions were the same ones that had done the most to share and coordinate government and services. United regions, Dodge found, tended to have a lower cost of doing business, higher educational attainment among adults, more young adults and more central city residents.

He concluded that regions that cooperate across city, county, village and township boundaries on issues such as planning and zoning and economic development are the ones that win in the global market.

"They're the ones who are going to have the competitive marketplaces," he said, because they earn the respect of businesses and investors.

While the Miami Valley had done some "extraordinary things," Dodge said - he mentioned Challenge95, a 1989 program aimed at shaping the region's economic future - the efforts haven't always been sustained. The top-performing regions in Dodge's study all put money into ongoing programs and facilities that foster regional dialogue among governments, organizations, businesses and neighborhoods.

Birmingham, Ala., for example, formed a nonprofit corporation to guide regional planning and supported it with a $200,000 annual budget. It also created a growth alliance that helps the region address issues such as growth, water quality, sewer and landfill management, housing and transportation planning.

Now, when the mayor of Birmingham gives his annual speech, he calls it his State of the Region speech and shares the podium with leaders of surrounding county governments, Dodge said.

"So when you start looking at other regions, you begin to see a pattern where what you're doing now leads to the next thing," Dodge said. "And that's what was missing when the Dayton business people started looking at it. We don't have that sustained investment in coming together as a region."

A 2003 study by nationally known urban planning expert Myron Orfield contained disturbing news for Dayton's suburbs.

The study, commissioned by the MVRPC, begins with this sentence: "Analysis of demographic and fiscal trends in the Miami Valley shows how uncoordinated, inefficient development and competition for tax base are threatening every community in the region - from the most impoverished to the most affluent."

Orfield and his consulting company, Ameregis, found that nearly all of the suburbs in a four-county region - Montgomery, Greene, Miami and Clark counties - were either in trouble or experiencing trends such as stagnating growth and declining tax income.

His report showed that 49 of the 92 suburban governments in the region were "at risk" because, compared to the region as a whole, they had some combination of slower growth, lower property values, lower household incomes or increasing poverty rates.

Among the at-risk suburbs: Kettering, Centerville, Huber Heights, Englewood, Bellbrook, Miamisburg, Troy, Trotwood, Vandalia, Brookville, and Miami and Jefferson townships.

In a similar study of all the local governments in Ohio, Orfield found that 40 percent of the residents in Ohio's metropolitan areas live in suburbs that he calls at-risk.

Urban problems, in other words, are spreading.

"The older suburbs are going through social and racial change that is quite like what was going on in the cities a generation ago," Orfield said. "You know, race and poverty and changing schools."

Communities at the edge of the region, or in the outer ring, are stressed in a different way, he said.

"They've got all these students that have left Trotwood and Huber Heights and Riverside, and moved out to Bethel (Twp.) and Phillipsburg or whatever. They have to pay for new schools, and they have to pay for all these kids off of residential base of values (property taxes), which isn't enough money."

In other words, all this existing infrastructure in the city is being built anew on distant farmland.

Between 1970 and 2000, the urbanized or developed area in the four counties increased by 44 percent, Orfield found, while the population decreased by 1 percent.

"The way that you grow in Ohio hurts both the developing areas and the older suburban areas," he said. "And I mean one of the things that is pretty clear in Dayton is the Trotwoods and the Harrisons and the Riversides, unless something happens, are going to experience exactly the same kinds of problems Dayton has had."

Do the suburbs care?

Sometime next summer, the region's newest shopping mall - The Greene - will open in Beavercreek, just over the Montgomery County line.

Nobody doubts it will be successful.

"People vote with their wallets and their feet," Dinneen said. "When they open The Greene, people will shop there. If these things aren't what people want, they'd fail. Well they don't fail ... People want to move out and they want to shop out. They may like the idea somehow of urban things, but actions speak louder than words."

Therein lies the problem for Dayton: How do you attract people to the city when there is so much competition in the suburbs?

In a Dayton Daily News poll taken last May and June, respondents by more than a 2-1 margin said they would support the spending of their tax dollars to develop vacant or abandoned sites in the city of Dayton. That support ran across geographic boundaries, income levels and race.

"If Dayton starts to rot at the center it's going to spread out," explained Englewood resident Rick Beck, 54. "So you have to keep the center vibrant."

But Dinneen said the city isn't reaping much benefit from the awareness.

"While some people may theoretically say 'Oh yeah, I can understand that,' my experience is that most people - I don't want to sound harsh - but I think most people think that their lives and their property values and their long-term economic interests are not connected to the center city at all. In other words, the city could go defunct tomorrow and it wouldn't really affect them."

Urban planning experts say Midwestern cities like Dayton are particularly vulnerable to outmigration because they are surrounded by cheap farmland that stretches for miles.

As a result, suburban development can "kind of roll on forever," said Rob Puentes, a Brookings Institution fellow who visited Dayton in February to speak at a roundtable on growth.

"We do know that places like Dayton and other places in the Midwest are growing in ways that may not be sustainable over time, sustainable economically and socially and environmentally," Puentes said. "A lot of these Midwestern metropolitan areas do have a disproportionate amount of physical growth, spreading out of the metropolitan area to accommodate generally a small or anemic population growth.

"So the result then is clear: There is a hollowing out effect of the donut with declines in the center cities and the older suburbs."

What to do?

Clearly, the region has its work cut out for it, and the task is not helped by the constant financial pressure on local governments to compete for the next big thing.

"We're not being regionally strategic about how we're planning for growth, managing growth, providing for the infrastructure for growth," said MVRPC Director Mike Robinette. "We have 311 local government jurisdictions and over 1,500 elected officials in the seven-county area. And that makes trying to do this stuff under a regional strategy, looking at these issues in a strategic way, very, very difficult."

The good news is, somebody is working on it. Actually, a lot of people.

The MVRPC is pursuing a number of initiatives, including the Greater Dayton Compact, a proposed regional agreement on where and how development occurs. So far, the agency has circulated a list of general principles at meetings and on its Web site, mvrpc.org, and will begin a series of public discussions early next year.

A new group called the Dayton Regional Network, which grew out of discussions between members of the Dayton Business Committee and government, higher education and citizen organizations, announced its formation last month and said it would work to "build trust and cooperation" throughout the region. The group will try to promote consolidations of services in the region, beginning with 16 police and fire dispatch centers in Montgomery County.

A new citizen's group, Grassroots Greater Dayton, has formed to focus on growth and planning policies. The group has also drafted a document called the Dayton Declaration of Interdependence and is asking people to endorse it at its website grassrootsdayton.org. Founding member Gail Whipple said the group wants to promote healthy, sustainable growth that enhances the quality of life in the region.

The Dayton Development Coalition has numerous programs to promote businesses, entrepreneurship and economic development in the region.

Other organizations, including the First Suburbs of the Dayton Region, the Greater Dayton Chamber of Commerce, the Greater Dayton Mayors and Managers Association, and the University of Dayton's Raymond L. Fitz Center for Leadership in the Community are all looking at different aspects of the region's problems.

Dick Ferguson, executive director of the Fitz Center, said many local businesses and institutions have a vested interest in the success of the city and the region.

"For the University of Dayton, it makes a lot of sense to pour heart and soul into Dayton because our future is really tied to this community, this region. And I don't think we're unlike any other institution," said Ferguson, who teaches classes on regional issues. "If we fail as a city or if we fail as a region, institutions like UD and Premier (Health Care Services) - I mean big institutions that are place-based - are doomed."

Contact Ken McCall at (937) 225-2393.

**Graphic**

TY GREENLEES/DAYTON DAILY NEWS SOMETIME NEXT SUMMER The Greene shopping and entertainment center will open in Beavercreek, just over the Montgomery County line. 'When they open The Greene, people will shop there,' said Dayton City Manager Jim Dinneen. 'If these things aren't what people want, they'd fail. Well they don't fail ... People want to move out and they want to shop out. They may like the idea somehow of urban things, but actions speak louder than words.'

**Load-Date:** December 19, 2005

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[***THE MELTING POT OF MALTA; HURRICANES, THEMED TRIPS, NEW SHIPS TOP CRUISE NEWS RICH HISTORY HAS GIVEN MEDITERRANEAN ISLAND AN ECLECTIC FLAVOR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HSG-Y2B0-TX33-C1T5-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

December 11, 2005 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL; Pg. H-1

**Length:** 2493 words

**Byline:** David Bear Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

She is just 5 inches tall and 2 inches wide at the shoulders, but the corpulent, headless, hard-fired clay figurine known as the Venus of Malta has celebrated at least 5,000 birthdays, making her among the oldest sculptured human artifacts found anywhere.

Unearthed in 1839 at the megalithic ruins of Hagar Qim on a steep bluff high over the Mediterranean on the island of Malta, this Venus is a legacy from the first distinct civilization to take root in this stony soil, a people about which precious little else is known. At least a dozen other cultures have come and gone on Malta since then, each leaving traces of its culture and genetics.

The independent nation of Malta, situated in the mid-Mediterranean 55 miles south of Sicily and 150 miles north of Africa, consists of two inhabited islands: Malta, which measures about 7 by 17 miles, and Gozo, roughly a quarter as big, along with several other unpopulated specks of rock that jut from the blue sea.

As my wife, Sari, and I discovered during a too-brief visit at the completion of a late-September cruise, the Maltese islands may be small, but they are remarkably well endowed with ancient history as well as modern amenities.

The vast majority of the country's 400,000 inhabitants live on Malta's northwest corner in the walled city of Valletta and the ring of satellite towns that blend seamlessly around it. Called "a city for gentlemen built by gentlemen," the whole of baroque Valletta has been declared a World Heritage City. Settlements to the east across the harbor, Vittorioso, Senglia and Cospicua, are more ***working-class***, while Gwardamangia, Ta' Xbiex, Gezira, and Sliema to the west are a more fashionable district. Farther west, the former fishing villages of St. Julian's and Paceville have become tourism centers, with high hotels, restaurants and lots of other leisure amenities fitted in tight ranks along the slopes and shoreline of the small bays.

Because we had only two days to explore, we decided to rent a car. Based on the 20-minute, early Sunday morning cab ride from the ship's pier in the city of Valletta to the small hotel by the bay in the village of St. Julian's, we realized that taxis can be expensive. And although public buses on Malta are cheap, colorful and relatively convenient, we knew they wouldn't be the most efficient way to make the most of our Sunday and Monday.

After we checked in, the desk clerk at the Hotel Juliani helped us to arrange a rental of a red Ford Fiesta for two days. Costing 37.5 Maltese lire (2.88 Ml to the dollar or about $107 including taxes) plus 10 more Ml for gas ($30), the car proved both a convenience and a bargain. The fact that the Juliani had a free indoor parking garage also helped.

And though compact, the islands are not simple to negotiate. Driving on Malta is a challenge because of the left-hand drive roads, standard-transmission cars, difficult-to-read directional signs, and tangle of narrow, poorly maintained roads. Don't forget the high stone walls that line every back lane, making it impossible to see around the next corner, or Maltese drivers who also seem to be very aggressive. Judging by the care the young man who delivered the vehicle took in cataloging the dents and dings, minor damage is a familiar factor.

Fortunately, in a perverse way, driving challenges such as these only added to my enjoyment.

Having arrived with no itinerary, we took the advice of the desk clerk, grabbed our guidebook and a map and headed out to see what Malta had to offer.

The first stop at 11:30 a.m. was the fishing village of Marsaxlokk, with its Sunday open-air market situated around the small harbor at Malta's eastern end. We strolled through the crowds that thronged in the narrow stall ways set up on the quay. Fishermen were selling their catch with their colorful luzzu boats that bobbed in the harbor. Marked by brilliant Eyes of Osiris, these characteristic vessels are direct descendants of a lineage that extends back to Malta's Phoenician origins.

Stalls also peddled fresh baked breads and pastries, a wide range of foods, spices, sweets, household goods, as well as cheap clothes, local handicrafts and jewelry. Nearby, the bells in the church tower began to peal. We watched the bell pullers waving down to the crowds below.

The sun was blazing, and after an hour we'd had enough. Consulting the map, we headed around the island's southern corner to find the Neolithic ruins of Hagar Quim and Mnajdra. Skirting the airport runway, we somehow found our way through a maze of one-way streets that is the village of Zurrieq, and began passing signs to the Blue Grotto. Being open to discovery, we decided to check it out.

The access road led down the rocky cliffs to a narrow cove, where wet-suited scuba divers and snorkelers were exploring the deep blue water. Malta's mid-sea location and its abundance of sunken ships off-shore make it a delight for divers, but these folks simply seemed to be frolicking in the rocky cleft like seals.

We couldn't resist taking the boat trip out to the grotto, a half-hour excursion in an outboard-powered skiff along the cliff edge to where the sea had cut a series of small caves into the limestone walls. About a half-mile to sea, the uninhabited rocky island of Fifla shimmered in the sunshine.

Back in the car, we continued five minutes further to the Neolithic sites. Perched on the brushy slope above the sea cliffs are the standing ruins of two smallish, circular "temples" dated to be between 3800 and 3400 BC.

Hagar Qim, the nearest ruin to the parking lot, was erected from limestone blocks, the largest of which measures 9 by 21 feet. It was here during excavations in the 1830s that archaeologists found seven statues, including the aforementioned Venus of ample proportions. The temple's facades, mushroom-shaped tables, shrines, and pitted decorations are interesting to examine, although explanations for their purpose seem largely speculative.

The other complex, Mnajdra, is set 200 yards closer to the sea down a raised stone causeway. Built with stronger limestone, its circular rooms are better preserved than Hagar Qim. Heritage Malta, the organization that maintains these and other significant sites on the islands, charges 2.50 Ml to tour the grounds.

Although we were carrying water bottles, after wandering around ancient rubble for an hour in the hot sun, we were parched, and we stopped in the small, shady cafe adjacent to the parking lot. The cold draft beers tasted like ambrosia.

Then it was on to Rabat, Malta's pre-Norman capital on a hilltop in the island's center, with its Arabian name and architecture and Roman catacombs. It's adjacent to the M'dina, a walled fortress enclosing a 2,000-year old maze of streets.

The history of the M'dina is as old as civilization on Malta. Originally built as a fortified settlement in the Bronze Age, the Phoenicians added a wall and called the settlement Malet, which means shelter. During six centuries of Roman rule, the city grew to four times the size it is today, and its name was changed to Melita. In 870 A.D., Saracens took over and erected walls and bastions and changed the name to M'dina, which roughly translated means "city surrounded by walls." M'dina's importance stemmed from its right of internal autonomy via the universita, the group of nobles who ruled Malta back then.

That late in the afternoon, the streets of the "Silent City" were quiet, and we found our way into the great, gaudy Cathedral and the Xara Palace. This later edifice, once a lord's residence, has been converted into a Relais & Chateau Inn. It's where Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston, then still a couple, stayed while much of the movie "Troy" was filmed in the valley below M'dina's walls.

Worn out by so much history and sunshine, we drove back to St. Julian's and dinner at La Dolce Vita, a very nice fish restaurant across the street. The meal was good, but the view from the high balcony was better, a constellation of twinkling lights in the bay and the azure light of dusk. Sari was exhausted, but after dinner, I took a long walk along the bay side promenade, licking a superb gelato and feeling very European.

The next morning, we rose refreshed and eager for more Malta. After the most enjoyable continental breakfast at the hotel, we drove along the seaside in the boardwalk and found our way into Valletta. It took 40 minutes slowly trolling the steep and narrow streets to find a parking spot.

Then we hiked up and checked out St. John's Cathedral. Easily the most impressive structure in this city of impressive structures, the cathedral was built between 1573 and 1577 by the Knights of Malta.

Its austere exterior offers no hint of the lavishly decorated interior. Every surface is painted, gilded or hung with artistic treasures. Marble tombstones line the floors, well-preserved frescoes that pay homage to the different patrons cover the walls, and its side chapels dedicated to different langues (languages or groups of Knights) are richly decorated. Two Caravaggio paintings executed when the artist lived here in 1607 and 1608, "St. Jerome" and "The Beheading of St. John," are the main attractions, and for Sari one of the trip's high points.

We left the Cathedral and walked two blocks to the Auberge de Provence, or the palace of the French Knights of Provence. During the British reign, this mansion became the Union Club and a hive of social activity. Today, it is the National Museum of Archaeology that houses prehistoric pottery and treasures from the early Neolithic period, including the Venus of Malta. We spent a very interesting hour inspecting its impressive collections, which included an excellent selection of Maltese antiquities, featuring one of the coins of the Crusaders and the World of Islam.

We could have easily spent the rest of the afternoon in Valletta, but I wanted to see Malta's other populated island, Gozo. So we fetched the car and headed west along Route 1, Malta's primary coastal artery, to the island's most northwestern tip, from where we would catch the ferry (The round-trip fare for car and two passengers was 8 Ml or $23) for the half-hour voyage to Gozo.

With the afternoon growing short, we headed up from the pier toward Victoria, the island's commercial center. Always seeking the high points, we headed up into the 17th-century citadel around which the city evolved. The view from its ramparts offered a 360-degree panorama of the entire island. Then we happened on the wonderful wine bar down the street, where we were pleasantly distracted and refreshed for nearly an hour. Sari particularly appreciated the local lace, which she pronounced to be of excellent quality.

But we couldn't linger. There was so much still to see and so little daylight remaining. We decided to head off in search of two points of interest near the village of Xaghra, Calypso's cave and Ggantija.

In writing his epic tale "The Odyssey," the Greek poet Homer cast Gozo as a realm of spirits, where the nymph Calypso captured the shipwrecked hero Odysseus and kept him an enchanted captive in a cave for seven years. This was billed as that very cave, although documentation was questionable. It turned out to be, well, a small hole reached by climbing a short flight of steep steps into the cliff edge. While its view of red-sand Ramla Bay below was wonderful, I found it hard to imagine anyone being sufficiently enchanted by the accommodations to live there seven years.

Ggantija is the oldest and most impressive of Malta's Neolithic ruins, a multi-ringed complex with walls 20 feet high. Unfortunately, it was 3:45 p.m. before we figured out how to get there.

Although the sign in the parking lot noted the site would be open until 4:30, the gate was already locked. We had to settle for a peek through the high chain-link fence at the high gray stones and the aerial shot on the billboard at the parking lot entrance.

Well worn and facing the drive back to Valletta, we decided to catch the 5:30 ferry back to Malta. Once again, the connections went smoothly and, despite somehow getting slightly lost, we were back at the hotel about 6:30. We dined at Zest, the pan-Asian restaurant in the Juliani, which turned out to be the perfect way to end a long trip.

Despite a night of anxiety wondering whether we'd get all our luggage in the car and an early morning thunderstorm that flooded several key traffic circles, we made it to the airport with plenty of time to spare.

Looking through the plane's window as we took off two hours later, the two islands seemed tiny, but I realized we hadn't seen all Malta had to offer. In fact, we had barely made a dent.

IF YOU GO

Malta

\* Getting there:

Air connections to Malta are available from London, Paris, Frankfurt, Rome and other European gateways.

A valid passport is all the documentation necessary for U.S. citizens.

\* Language:

Two centuries of British influence and culture have made English Malta's primary spoken language, but the traditional tongue is also strong and proud.

Thought to date back to Phoenician times, Maltese incorporates elements of the many cultures that have ruled here. For example, its alphabet uses familiar Roman characters, but they are transliterated with Semitic sounds and grammar.

Many words and place names are of Arabic origin. Maltese itself favors combinations of double consonants that can seem strange to English speakers, such as villages of Marsaxlokk or Cirkewwa. And simple phrases can be perplexing. For example, to explain to someone that you don't speak much Maltese, you'd say "Ma nitkellimx tajjeb bil Malte."

I can't even figure how that would sound.

\* Currency:

The Maltese lire (Ml) is the official currency, and the exchange rate is $2.90 to 1 Ml. Other currencies are readily accepted and easily changed, even at many ATM machines. The exception is the $20, which, as we discovered has been so frequently counterfeited, even banks are hesitant to accept them.

\* Accommodations:

We stayed at the recently renovated Hotel Juliani, a small, charming hotel right on the bay in St. Julian's. We chose it based on location and online recommendations, and we were pleased. A deluxe room ran 55 Ml per night ($150, including breakfast and taxes). For information: [*www.hoteljuliani.com*](http://www.hoteljuliani.com).

\* General information:

Malta Tourism, [*www.visitmalta.com*](http://www.visitmalta.com). In addition to all the usual advice on where to stay and what to see, this site includes an interactive movie map that provides details on the more than two dozen feature films and television series that have been shot on Malta in the past 40 years.

Malta Heritage, [*www.heritagemalta.org*](http://www.heritagemalta.org). This is the source and manager for all of the significant historic sites and structures on Malta.

[*www.aboutmalta.com*](http://www.aboutmalta.com). A complete compendium of things Maltese.

[*www.maltavista.net*](http://www.maltavista.net). This commercial site posts links to a variety of other details about Malta.

For a guidebook, we relied on the "Lonely Planet Guide to Malta and Gozo" ($14.99 at bookstores or [*www.roughguides.com*](http://www.roughguides.com)).

**Notes**

Post-Gazette travel editor David Bear can be reached at 412-263-1629 or [*dbear@post-gazette.com*](mailto:dbear@post-gazette.com).

**Graphic**

PHOTO: The town of Vittoriso stands in the foreground with Valletta, the capital of Malta, in the distance.

PHOTO: Courtesy of the Malta Tourism Authority: Marked by brilliant Eyes of Osiris, Malta's characteristic luzzu fishing vessels are direct descendants of a lineage that extends back 2500 years to its Phoenician origins.

PHOTO: David Bear/Post-Gazette photos : These rows of standing limestone blocks are the main corridor of Mnajdra, one of two neolithic temple complexes perched high on Malta's southern coast. They predate the Great Pyramids of Egypt by at least 1,000 years.

PHOTO: Just 5 inches tall and 2 inches wide at the shoulders, the corpulent, headless, hard-fired clay figurine known as the Venus of Malta has celebrated at least 5,000 birthdays. She was unearthed at a neolithic temple on the island of Malta.

PHOTO: Fishing boats float in the harbor of Marsaxlokk on Malta.

MAP: James Hilton/Post-Gazette: (Malta)

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[***Civil rights' untold story // Then teens, they 'stood up for something'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S4T-JKM0-0003-F038-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

November 28, 1995, Tuesday, FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A; Cover Story

**Length:** 3580 words

**Byline:** Richard Willing

**Body**

In October, a huge crowd watched as Rosa Parks, mother of the civil rights movement, climbed a podium near the Capitol to address the Million Man March.

Parks, 82, was hailed once again for the simple, well-remembered act that moved a people to action 40 years ago Dec. 1: refusing to give up her bus seat in Montgomery, Ala., to a white passenger.

Claudette Colvin and Mary Ware were not at the march that day. But the two women, as anonymous as Parks is famous, had a lot to do with why Parks was there.

The 56-year-old Colvin was napping, preparing for the night shift at the New York nursing home where she has worked since 1968. At a hospital in Alabama, Ware was already at work, plumping pillows and pushing a vacuum.

But in 1955, in the weeks and months before Parks' arrest, Colvin and Ware, then teen-agers, also were taken off buses in Montgomery and prosecuted for refusing to yield their seats. Their examples, little noticed at the time, largely unrecognized since, paved the way for Parks' arrest, the bus boycott and the civil rights movement that followed.

Why the Parks arrest sparked a boycott, and the Colvin and Ware arrests did not, is a story of timing, luck and to some extent, disharmony in the black community.

Why Colvin and Ware haven't been recognized in the years since is a story of shyness, missed communications and a historical bum rap that has hung over both women.

And how the two women are living now, working mothers leading ordinary lives, struggling with everyday problems, chasing receding dreams, is a story of the curse of anonymity and of its virtues.

"I'm a normal person; I don't like a lot of attention," says Mary Ware, who lives about two miles from where she grew up and has never given an interview. "I don't mind not having any notice."

Claudette Colvin's view is different, colored by a long-remembered snub and years of exile in New York.

"It would be nice to get some recognition," she says. "I'd like my grandchildren to be able to see that their grandmother stood up for something, a long time ago."

They are the unknown soldiers of the movement.

"They primed the pump," says Taylor Branch, author of Parting the Waters, a Pulitzer Prize-winning history of the civil rights movement.

Colvin and Ware were the first, agrees Parks, to "stand up" and show that black Montgomerians wouldn't be treated like second-class citizens.

"We didn't know who they were at the time. . . . We still don't know much about them," says Inez Jessie Baskin, 79, a boycott organizer. "It's sad."

Buses on front line

During most of 1955, she remembers now, Claudette Colvin had felt she was "on a mission" to vindicate black people in her hometown of Montgomery. In retrospect, city buses seemed the place to begin.

Certainly there were more destructive forms of segregation - separate and unequal schools, for one - but perhaps none so plain, in-your-face obnoxious to blacks as separate seating on city buses.

"Buses weren't something optional, like restaurants," remembers Fred Gray Sr., a black lawyer who then lived in Montgomery. "Everyday, the bus situation put the issue of what it meant to be black squarely before you."

In Montgomery, the law had been that way since 1900, when the city became the first in the country to operate its own electric trolley system. By 1955, Montgomerians rode slick green and gold coaches built by General Motors.

The 36 seats divided this way: 10 in the front for whites, 10 in the rear for blacks and 16 in the middle assigned at the driver's discretion. Those middle seats could go to black riders, unless white passengers wanted them. And whites and blacks could not be seated in the same row.

The system was enforced by small moveable placards that indicated, by an arrow, the seats that blacks could take. In December 1955, a black newsweekly, the Alabama Tribune, wrote that the "detested" race boards were the "most tangible symbol" of bus segregation.

But what happened aboard the buses was just a small version of life in Montgomery, where many signs, visible and otherwise, kept 50,000 blacks and 65,000 whites leading separate, unequal lives.

When blacks who lived through segregation are asked, "How did you stand it?" they often answer, "With difficulty" and "You had to be there."

Separation, they explain, was something instilled by parents, who taught their children never to talk back to whites. It was reinforced by white practices, such as the custom of addressing all blacks, regardless of age, by their first names. It was overcome, when it could be, by silent indifference.

Mostly, it just was.

Still, to understand why most people never have heard of Claudette Colvin and Mary Ware, it's important to understand Montgomery's black community as well.

Members of the small black middle class - ministers, air base workers, teachers at all-black Alabama State College or at the city's two black high schools - associated mostly with each other.

Many of the rest, including the families of Colvin and Ware, were poorer and more isolated. They were the "day ladies," maids, or "yard men" who performed menial tasks for less than $ 5 a day at times. They had their own churches and social groups.

This divided black society, says Branch, was like a "flat pan with a tiny triangle sticking up in the middle."

It was within that middle class triangle, however, that the protest first took shape. Women on the faculty at Alabama State were collecting complaints against the bus company and discussing a possible boycott, though few of them rode buses themselves.

"The irony was it was a movement of upper middle-class women in behalf of poorer ***working-class*** women," notes David Garrow, author of Bearing the Cross, a history of the rights movement.

It was early 1955; nothing had happened yet.

Feisty teen-ager

Claudette Colvin knew the rules of segregation by heart when she boarded the Highland Gardens bus downtown at about 4 p.m. on March 2, 1955 and began her journey home to a poor neighborhood on the city's north side.

At 15, Colvin (pronounced Call-vin) was precocious and feisty, a year ahead of herself at Booker T. Washington High School and bound, she hoped, for a career in law. "You can out-talk 40 lawyers," her sister, Delphine, used to say.

Her girlish face hid iron. A teacher, Geraldine Nesbitt, encouraged Colvin and her classmates to "think for ourselves" about the rights of black people. Colvin took her seriously, and tried to get classmates to discuss how they could change things. Usually, she remembers, they "looked at me like I was from another planet."

Colvin's own pet cause was the "hypocrisy" of adults. People such as her mother, a maid who hated the status quo but presented a pleasant face to whites, "really bothered me," she remembers.

"I knew I had to do something," she says. "I just didn't know where or when."

That day in March, a white bus driver named Robert Cleere showed her the way.

Colvin was seated toward the rear of the bus, in the section open to both races, when Cleere tried to move her to accommodate some white high school students. Colvin wouldn't budge.

The bus fell silent.

When the driver said "You've got to move," a voice from the back, another black high schooler, said: "The only thing she's got to do is stay black and die."

Two white officers carried her off the bus "clawing and scratching," according to the police complaint.

Her father bailed her out, and a relative contacted E.D. Nixon, ex-leader of the Montgomery NAACP. Colvin resolved to fight the charge.

Colvin and her family didn't know it, but Nixon and the NAACP, as well as the women at Alabama State, had been looking for a test case to challenge the bus segregation laws.

So why was no boycott called? This part is murky.

Nixon, in an oral history recorded years after the incident, said Colvin was pregnant out of wedlock and not a good model for a boycott or a test case. Historians picked up that story. It continues to be repeated, years after Nixon's death.

Nixon's memory was mistaken. Colvin did become pregnant but that happened the summer after her arrest. A more likely explanation, says California State University-Los Angeles scholar Lamont Yeakey, is timing.

"Blacks weren't ready to give up their reliance on their buses for a teen-ager's troubles," he says. "Not just then."

Colvin has another theory.

Her mother, she notes, was a maid, and her father mowed lawns for a living. Their neighborhood was King Hill, described in the memoirs of a Catholic missionary of the time as the "forgotten backyard of Montgomery among the railroad, stockyards, junkyards."

"We weren't in the inner circle," Colvin says. "The middle-class blacks didn't want us as a role model. . . . I figured (the boycott) was a middle-class thing. I let it go."

Life went on. Colvin joined the NAACP's youth group and told the story of her arrest to the group's adult leader, a seamstress named Rosa Parks. Over the summer she got pregnant by a married man, devastating her family and causing her to drop out of school.

"I didn't know what to do," she remembers. "I couldn't marry him, I didn't have the money to run away, my mother wouldn't hear of an abortion. It was so hard on my nerves."

In December, nine months after the Colvin incident, Parks was arrested. Blacks by the thousands stayed off buses.

"They're re-staging what I did," Colvin thought, feeling both proud and a bit neglected. Two months later, when the NAACP was looking for plaintiffs to file a lawsuit to desegregate the buses, she volunteered. Her son, Raymond, was born the following month.

The baby caused unexpected problems. His father was a light-skinned black man, and Raymond was born fair.

"(Black) people were saying, 'You didn't have a white baby, did you?' " Colvin recalls. "It was hard on my nerves."

The lawsuit produced publicity, and work grew scarce. Colvin moved to New York City in 1958, leaving Raymond to be raised by her parents and sisters. She found work as a "sleep-in" domestic, sent money home, and visited during free time and vacations.

When a second son was born in 1960, also out of wedlock, she again sent him to live with her family in Alabama. In 1968, she got a job as a nurse's aide at a Catholic nursing home. She's been there since.

Life has not been easy. She always has worked and always been on her own, but money sometimes has been short. In 1978, when her younger son Randy was headed to college, she dropped out of a nursing program to send him tuition. Randy "turned out pretty good," she notes. He's an accountant in Georgia.

Raymond was another story. He got kicked out of the Army, she says, then moved in with her, addicted to alcohol and drugs. He never got straight and died two years ago in his mother's apartment of apparent heart disease. He was 37.

Today, Colvin has a tenuous connection with her past. She is proud that legal segregation was defeated but is disappointed by progress since.

"You have to be able to do more than wine and dine" with white people, she says. "You have to be earning enough money to make it worthwhile. . . . That's not happening now."

These days, Colvin says, she prefers the company of West Indian blacks, especially Jamaicans. Their attitude, she says, is appealing: "Get it yourself" and "Don't wait on the white man" to offer help.

Although few but historians know of her role, Colvin hasn't gone entirely unnoticed.

Twenty years ago, a reporter for the Birmingham News found her and wrote a story. In 1990, a researcher named Colia Clark, who specializes in re-discovering lost figures from the civil rights era, brought her to a ceremony in Montgomery. An author, Ellen Levine, interviewed her for a book.

"I'm not looking for anything," Colvin says, sipping coffee in a Bronx luncheonette.

"But sometimes I think, 'It would have been nice when I needed something, raising two kids and all, if someone had done something for me.' "

Is she sorry she did not become the symbol of the bus boycott, instead of Rosa Parks?

Colvin sips and considers.

"I think it's just as well I didn't," she says after a while.

"I'm outspoken. I would have been like Farrakhan, getting after the black people to do things for themselves.

"If you want something, you got to go get it for yourself. I know that."

Having a bad day

Maybe it was something the nuns taught Mary Ware - you are somebody worthwhile, you can be anyone you want to be - that rushed to her defense on the Highland Avenue bus.

Or perhaps the homespun pride instilled by her father - a two-jobs-a-day man, landowner, no-nonsense guy - kicked in to save his daughter from public humiliation.

But really, says Ware, who in those days was Mary Louise Smith, her arrest for refusing to yield a seat to a white passenger on Oct. 21, 1955 was something far more ordinary.

She was seated about half-way back, lost in thought, brooding over a bad day. Suddenly a white woman, red-faced and impatient, appeared at her side and told her to get up. It's the bus driver's job to ask, Ware remembers thinking. And to ask politely. This was not right.

"I was angry, in a bad mood," Ware says today. "My feelings were hurt."

She crossed her legs and refused to move. Then Ware did something she is still embarrassed to talk about. "I used a profanity," she says, shyly.

Mary Ware had a right to be in a bad mood that morning.

She had taken the bus from her home on the west side to an east side residence to collect about $ 12 due her for a week's worth of domestic work. But the family wasn't home, which meant 18-year-old Mary was out the money, which was needed at home, plus the 20 cents for the roundtrip.

"A week of work for nothing, a trip across town for nothing," she recalls. "It was awful."

The arresting officer boarded the bus on Highland. He was almost apologetic. "He kept telling me he knew the president of Alabama State," Ware recalls. "He was trying to convince me he was a nice white person."

The cop needn't have bothered. Ware already thought well of the few whites she knew. Her parents, Frank and Alberta Smith, had taught her to "take every person as they come" regardless of color.

And the parents, baptized by Catholic missionaries in the 1930s, had sent Mary, her three sisters and two brothers to St. Jude's school, run by the all-white Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth.

"They were some of the most wonderful people you could ever see," she says. "They were hard-working, they sacrificed, they gave you some discipline, even if you didn't thank them for it."

The fact that she was Catholic may have kept news of Ware's arrest from spreading.

Black Montgomery had a lot of churches, but the Catholics of St. Jude's were a minority within the minority, set down amid cornfields on the city's perimeter. By the time activist Nixon heard the story, Frank Smith had paid his daughter's $ 14 fine, making a court challenge and a boycott difficult.

In oral histories, Nixon tells a different story. The Smiths, he told researcher Steven Millner in 1977, lived in a "shack." The family's father, Frank Smith, he continued, was "always drunk." The family, he said, would have made a poor public impression if chosen to lead the boycott.

Nixon was almost certainly mistaken.

"Dad took a little snooze of liquor once in awhile, but I never saw him drunk," says Ware. "After my mother died (in 1952), he worked two jobs to support us. He wouldn't have had the time" to drink heavily.

The family home was no shack, but a two-story, three-bedroom frame house. It still stands in Montgomery's Greater Washington Park neighborhood, a historically black, ***working-class*** enclave.

A former neighbor of the Smiths says that father Frank was sober and "rock-solid." He died five years ago at age 90.

Six weeks after Ware's arrest, Parks was charged with the same offense. The earth shifted in Montgomery, and Ware felt it moving.

She boycotted the buses, organized rides for others and heard the 26-year-old Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. speak at boycott rallies. When the NAACP came looking for bus riders who had been abused, she, like Colvin, volunteered to join their lawsuit.

"I just thought it was my turn to do something," she says.

In 1963, Ware rode a bus to Washington, D.C., for a massive civil rights demonstration on the Mall. Rosa Parks was on the speakers' platform, and Ware remembers feeling proud that a Montgomery woman had become so important. It never occurred to her, she says, that she might have been in Parks' place.

"It's just as well I wasn't put forward to the public," she says. "I don't know how I would have been. . . . Remember, I was the girl who lost her temper when someone got mean to me on a bus!"

Ware's last major work for the civil rights movement came in 1965. Typically, she worked behind the scenes, serving meals to marchers who walked from Selma, Ala., to Montgomery, 49 long miles.

"I talked to Harry Belafonte; he was so handsome!" she says, still sounding a little starstruck. "I tried to take his hankie (for a souvenir) but he caught me. He said, 'Please, I think I'm going to need that!' "

After that, Ware says, she "slipped back into life."

She married, divorced and raised three boys and a girl. Her home, a brick and frame ranch house on a shaded lot in a mixed-race subdivision of Montgomery, is about two-thirds paid off. A grown son, who is developmentally disabled, lives with her. Her daughter recently hit a rough spot in her own marriage and has moved back in.

She volunteers at the Capitol Heights nursing home on Sundays and is still a regular at St. Jude's.

"I don't feel like I've missed anything" in life, she says.

Almost no one knows of Ware's arrest. She tried telling her kids once and the part about segregated buses went right over their heads.

"My son kept saying, 'Mama went to jail! Mama went to jail!' like he really couldn't believe it," she says. "That was the part that stuck."

Ware has never been interviewed and had to be persuaded, a few years back, to accept a plaque from a civic committee honoring the plaintiffs in the bus suit. But she skipped the ceremony and sent a sister to pick up the award.

"I don't have any use for recognition; I'm happy the way I am," she says. "Besides, I'm just a girl who people were mean to on a bus. . . . I got mad. I could have been anybody."

Parks and the boycott

On Dec. 1, 1955, Rosa Parks, worn out from a long day's work and long years of humiliation, was arrested for refusing to yield her seat on the Cleveland Avenue bus.

Perhaps 20,000 blacks, nearly all of Montgomery's black bus riders, stayed off the buses on Dec. 5, the day she was tried, convicted and fined $ 14. The boycott lasted another 380 days, until the federal lawsuit filed by Claudette Colvin, Mary Ware and two other women who since have died succeeded in desegregating the buses.

Why Parks? She was well-known in the black community through her work with the NAACP and at 42, clearly an adult. By reputation, says her school classmate Johnnie Carr, Parks was "indisputably, undeniably a woman of poise and distinction."

She was, E.D. Nixon remembered later, "morally clean, reliable, nobody had nothing on her, she's got the courage of her convictions."

Most important, says historian Garrow, Parks was a "bridge between classes" in Montgomery's black community. Blue collar by trade, but middle class in "tone."

This ensured, Garrow says, that black Montgomerians would work together as they might not have had another person been chosen.

The Montgomery bus boycott is history, and its importance is hard to underrate. It gave the world not just Parks but Martin Luther King Jr., who was chosen to be the boycott's spokesman and went on to become the voice of a people.

"Montgomery is the touchstone," says historian J. Mills Thornton of the University of Michigan. "What was learned there was essentially replayed throughout the South."

And Montgomery is important for another reason. It showed what thousands of anonymous black people - thousands of Claudette Colvins and Mary Wares - could do by getting angry, setting a goal and sticking together.

The women had a "lasting impact," Parks says. Colvin in particular, she adds, "suffered quite a bit" for her sacrifice.

Parks, by contrast, leads a simple life in Detroit but travels first class when she attends events like the Million Man March. She's retired from her job as an aide to a Michigan congressman but remains in demand as a speaker.

On her 77th birthday, high profile friends such as Coretta Scott King and Lou Rawls raised $ 325,000 for her youth foundation at a Kennedy Center gala.

And beginning Dec. 1, events will be held in Montgomery and other cities to mark the 40th anniversary of her arrest.

Ware and Colvin, meanwhile, are left without recognition but with the quiet honors memory bestows.

Their best recollections are not of the arrests or the lawsuit or even of the great people they once knew. The best part, they say, is simply to sit and recall how it felt to be touched by the fire of the times.

"It was something beautiful, religious, like nothing you've ever felt," Mary Ware says. "Yes, it was."

"I feel sorry for the youth today," Claudette Colvin says. They can sit where they want, but "they'll never know what it was like to be there when everything was happening.

"That's something," she says, "I get to keep for myself."

**Notes**

HISTORY'S FORGOTTEN SOLDIERS; Most have never heard of Claudette Colvin or Mary Ware. But they paved the way for Rosa Parks.

**Graphic**

PHOTOS, b/w (4); PHOTO, b/w, AP; PHOTO, b/w, Eileen Blass, USA TODAY; PHOTO, b/w, Troy Glasgow, AP

**Load-Date:** November 29, 1995

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[***LUKSIK LIKES A GOOD FIGHT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-P3V0-0094-53HJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 2, 1994, Sunday,

TWO STAR EDITION

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**Section:** STATE,

**Length:** 1710 words

**Byline:** Dennis B. Roddy, Post-Gazette Staff Writer

**Body**

It's me, Peggy.''

She is at the top of the stairs, at first invisible as she slithers under a telephone cord. It is a rare candidate for governor who greets a visitor on all fours.

There are telephones all over the living room in this Moon home. When a call comes in, five women bounce glances from wall to wall trying to figure out which one's ringing.

Peg Luksik answers the door at this unlikely outpost for a collection of 800 numbers. But in Diane Collins' overcrowded driveway, bumper stickers hint at the doings inside:

''Pray the Rosary/Wear the Scapular,'' one advises.

''Abortion is not health care,'' says another.

On a nearby jalopy: ''Peg Luksik, Governor.''

The license on a rust-red Chevy declares ''GODS WL.''

So far, Marguerite ''Peg'' Luksik, who persists in listing herself as ''housewife'' on the occupation line of official forms, hasn't suggested that her elevation to the governor's mansion is God's ''wl.'' But Luksik, a tiny stick of a woman in blue jeans, comfortable shoes and a knit jersey that looks as though it's been attacked by an infant, bounds confidently through the house.

The Collins dining room table is awash in political papers. A woman reads data spilling across the bright blue of a computer screen. The living room is ringed with the kind of tables one sees at church bake sales. Kids storm in and out.

''This is wild,'' says Luksik. ''It's good wild, but it's wild.''

Instant celebrity

At 39, she is an enigma. In one breath, she professes a certain naivete about the stab-and-twist of current politics. In another, she icily calculates the number of conservative, anti-abortion and gun-rights voters she can shear away from Republican Tom Ridge and Democrat Mark Singel.

Four years ago, Luksik became an instant celebrity, the Republican right's stealth bomber, when her anti-abortion, protest candidacy nearly undid Barbara Hafer in the GOP gubernatorial primary.

In the course of the campaign, Luksik fought publicly with Elsie Hillman, the exemplar of moderate Republicanism. Luksik fought with Denise Neary, head of the Pennsylvania Pro-Life Federation, which did not endorse her that year or this. After the election, Luksik fought with the Casey administration over outcome based education, which advocates saw as a rational framework that set goals for what students should know, and Luksik viewed as a sort of New Age values system that would dumb down education.

This is someone who likes to scrap. In her first year of marriage to Jim Luksik, ''We had a terrible fight over what brand of ketchup we were going to buy.''

Growing up Marguerite McKenna, in Norristown, Montgomery County, she got straight A's, debated her engineer father almost nightly, and always used Heinz ketchup. Jim Luksik, a soft-spoken regular guy from Pittsburgh's North Side, bought some other brand. A bottle of Heinz sits in the Luksik refrigerator in Johnstown today.

This candidacy, to hear Luksik tell it, was not to be. She didn't want to run. Her husband didn't want her to run. Her sixth child, after what she describes as a dangerous pregnancy, was born only days before petitions went out for an independent bid in Luksik's name.

Diane Collins, who's running the Luksik 800 numbers and coordinating the state's southwest, describes Luksik as someone who has ''a reverse fantasy life.''

Where others slave with diapers and dishes, dreaming of glamor careers, ''(Luksik) dreams of diapers and dishes.''

No gun control either

Luksik says she changed her registration -- she switched from Republican to independent on the last day in which she could legally run as an independent -- because she was angry at one of the conservative Republican candidates who had been pressuring her for support.

''It was like, 'I'm so disgusted, a pox on all your houses, and I'm out of here,' '' she explains. But she won't give any other details.

When both parties produced candidates for governor who favored abortion rights, Luksik began to hear from folks she'd worked with in years past. One who wasn't pushing for a run was her husband, Jim.

''He'd always said 'no,' '' she says. ''The last time I ran he said when it was over, 'I don't want you to do that again.' I said 'OK.' ''

A decision, though, waited until June, when Luksik's sixth child, P.J., was born. It was her sixth Caesarean section, and one she said risked ending with a uterine hemorrhage. For a woman whose anti-abortion views admit of no exceptions -- none -- it was a harrowing nine months.

''I lived the life-of-the-mother exception,'' she said. ''There was a possibility that nobody would survive. It hurt. As the baby got bigger, it was uncomfortable. But that was how I knew everything was in one piece.''

As the Luksiks talked back and forth in their crowded house in the Johnstown suburb of Westmont, Ed Moffatt, a backer from Philadelphia, gathered up petitions. ''He called me and said 'Let's test it.' ''

There was more than abortion that suggested a potential Luksik constituency. Mark Singel, the lieutenant governor and Luksik's fellow Johnstowner, advocates a ban on military-style rifles. Tom Ridge, the Republican winner and a congressman from Erie, had alienated many sportsmen by voting for a crime bill that contained a ban on such weapons. Luksik opposes gun control with the same totality she opposes abortion.

Wound to the pride

Jim Luksik sounds a bit harried.

''All right, guys, I'm gonna be on the phone! That means -- Andy! Get away from the refrigerator. Here's your pants. Get your pants on.''

As 3-year-old Andy Luksik adjusts his raiment, Jim Luksik negotiates a role reversal that he didn't quite expect when he married Peg McKenna. Much of Luksik's base comes from conservative Christian voters who can be uncomfortable with the idea of a wife working outside the home while the husband tends the children.

''Peg gets a lot of comments on that,'' Jim Luksik says. ''People asking her who's watching the children. Her response, invariably, is, 'Did you ask Singel or Ridge?' ''

Both Jim and Peg Luksik were teachers, in Corry, near Erie, and in Beaver County, early in their marriage. They landed in Johnstown when Jim was laid off in 1982 during the steel-industry contractions that triggered reductions in steel-area school districts. He worked for a time with a placement company, teaches part-time at a nearby junior college and last year walked out on a job with Cambria County's Children and Youth Services, a department he said was doing more harm than good.

The two have drawn income through the National Parents Commission, a conservative advocacy group Peg Luksik started and which Jim Luksik has taken over during the campaign.

He also has taken over six kids.

There is, Jim Luksik confesses, a certain wound to the pride here. It was one of the issues Luksik says he and Peg had to resolve before she went into a second governor's race.

''Absolutely. I make no bones about it. This is difficult,'' Jim Luksik says. ''This is awkward.''

Where Peg Luksik professes dreams about dishes and diapers, Jim Luksik has his own. None of them includes cutting any ribbons or donning anything resembling black-tie regalia. He sees himself on a new deck on the back of their house overlooking the Conemaugh River Gap, a Pirates game on a portable TV and an Iron City in one hand.

But if Jim Luksik isn't completely a '90s kind of guy, he's also a man secure enough to be unburdened by pretensions.

''Peg can run this state. I know it,'' he says. ''I would make a lousy governor.''

For now, he's keen to simply run the Luksik household.

''Can you hold here for a second please? What are you doing! Hand him back the crayons now! Color in your own book!''

'If it's God's will'

Measuring the potential impact of a Luksik candidacy is a math problem with multiple variables.

For one thing, there is another anti-abortion, anti-gun-control candidate, Ligonier dentist Tim Holloway, whose Patriot Party is a spinoff from the same Ross Perot vote base that Luksik wants to tap. Libertarian Patrick Fallon, a Monroe County computer-store owner, also is running.

The Ridge campaign publicly insists that Luksik is of no concern to them, yet privately its officials concede to worries that she will split off conservative, anti-abortion Republicans. While conventional wisdom argues that she helps Singel, Luksik spends time campaigning in ***working-class*** rural regions filled with conservative Democrats, religious, anti-abortion, anti-gun-control, blue-collar types who believe their party has left them.

To reach voters, Luksik has set up a chain of telephone messages, and split her campaign staff four ways. Money is raised at an office in Bridgeport, Montgomery County, the same town Luksik and her parents used to visit in the 1970s when the local Knights of Columbus would pray the rosary outside an abortion clinic.

Collins' home is message central, routing calls on the 800 number. An office in Carlisle handles scheduling and the south-central part of the state. Yet another office in Delaware County coordinates efforts in the Republican-rich southeastern suburbs of Philadelphia.

Just how much progress such a diffuse campaign structure can make is one of the biggest guesses of the 1994 gubernatorial campaign. Luksik said she spotted momentum in her campaign effort four years ago, and she deliberately downplayed it to avoid warning the better-funded Hafer.

This time, Luksik says, ''There are some things the same and some things different.''

Her fund-raising, virtually invisible four years ago, is higher profile now, and includes a letter to potential supporters ''fighting to preserve our Judeo-Christian heritage and to keep government's fingers off our families, schools and businesses.''

Two things are clearly the same as four years ago: Luksik is keeping her campaign spread out enough to mean she doesn't claim to have full control over it. ''In some measure, I can't track all of the campaign,'' she says.

And as ever, because of that grass-roots approach, no one, not even Peg Luksik, knows just what she will do on election day.

Her mother, also named Peg, conceded as much.

''Disappointments are good for you,'' she says. ''We'd always say, 'Well, do your best and whatever happens, you deal with it.' It's difficult. But, I feel, well, if it's God's will, she'll win.''

**Graphic**

PHOTO (2), Thomas Ondrey/Post-Gazette: The fight against abortion was the primary issue in Peg Luksik's 1990 run for governor, when she almost claimed the GOP nomination.; Gary D. Miller/Associated Press: Gubernatorial hopeful Peg Luksik sits with her son, Mark, 12, before speaking at a United We Stand America candidate night Thursday at a Best Western hotel near York.

**Load-Date:** October 5, 1994

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[***Fire inside Russell Crowe invests all he has in a secondlife in music***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49B4-N7N0-007M-4465-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

August 15, 2003, Friday Cook,DuPage,F1,F2,F3,Lake,McHenry

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**Section:** TIME OUT!;

**Length:** 1967 words

**Byline:** Mark Guarino Daily Herald Music Critic

**Body**

Russell Crowe and 30 Odd Foot of Grunts

Where: House of Blues, 329 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

When: 9 p.m. Sunday to Tuesday, Thursday and Aug. 23

Tickets: $29.50. Sunday and Monday's shows are sold out. Call (312) 923-2000 or (312) 559-1212

There's a natural suspicion among rock fans when Hollywood types strap on a guitar and get the requisite record deal. A long list of film actors - Bruce Willis, Eddie Murphy and Keanu Reeves, to name a few - have only made it harder for celebrity musical projects to shed the vanity. They proved that being a star is no excuse for karaoke covers or poor songwriting.

Oscar winner Russell Crowe is changing that. His band, with the famously clunky name 30 Odd Foot of Grunts, separates him from his acting peers mostly because Crowe was seriously invested in playing music long before becoming a celebrity. The songwriter, guitarist and vocalist first started playing and recording with his bandmates in the mid-'80s, and it's clear from talking with him that it was music that formed his creative life from an early age.

Of course, once Crowe became a global film star, booking gigs proved a lot easier. The band is his priority in between film shoots, and the group has diligently toured the world and released albums at a steady pace. Its newest album, "Other Ways of Speaking" (Artemis), features pub rock anthems, writerly ballads, a duet with Chrissie Hynde and austere American-roots rock with fiery undertones.

Crowe's fans are known for jetting across the globe to catch gigs. On Sunday, he begins a five-night residency at the House of Blues in Chicago before what is expected to be an international audience.

In a conversation from his home in Australia, Crowe talked about his lifelong passion for music.

Q. For this album you decided to skip playing an entire U.S. tour and just play Chicago for five dates. Why here?

A. It came down to a combination of things with Chicago being central, being accessible from all other major cities, the venue is fantastic, the people are really cool and also because of timing. We really didn't get to see any of the town. Last time we came in, we did our first show and we basically slept in the next day. Then we did the next show and we were gone again.

This time around, we are coming into town for about two weeks total and the one show we were going to do is now stretched out to five.

Q. Does playing a residency opposed to moving on every night affect your playing?

A. Oh, sometimes it heightens it. Sometimes we get a little road weary. That's all we're doing at the moment. We've gone from Ellis Springs to Darwin to Palm Island to Townsville to Gladston. Now if you've got a map and try to find some of those places, (you'll see) we just did 2,800 kilometers to get to one place and back again. That's a substantial distance. That's probably coming up to 1,500 miles.

We love touring, but … we wanted to do more shows in Australia this time around rather than in America. It was as simple as that. It was a long time since we played a serious tour. In '98-'99, we played here, but we hadn't gone out to the sticks, the regional areas, to thank people for buying CDs.

Q. Before you played music, was there one record or one person who turned you on to music?

A. My grandfather had a house in a place called Church Point, which is now definitely part of the city. But back in the late '60s and early '70s, it was a long way away from town. And a fellow named Reg Livermore, who was quite a famous theater actor, lived next door. And Reg continuously had a troupe of people who were always singing songs and playing instruments around. And I also had Maori background, which is the indigenous culture of New Zealand. So social occasions are all about the guitar, all about singing. So you have that sort of influence when you grow up in an environment where there's music continuously, and it's self-generated, and it's not all about having a record player on.

Q. Which is so different now because usually it's the stereo that drowns everyone in the family out. When you got older and started listening to records, how did it affect who you became?

A. You know, I was just thinking about that last night: How could I turn away from music when music saved my life? When you say that sort of phrase, it's (describing my) 20s, when music was seriously life-changing. But (it goes) all the way back to when I was a kid. Songs with a narrative, something as eclectic or as left field as "Rat Trap" by the Boomtown Rats, exploded in my imagination. I could see the whole picture of what was being talked about in the narrative of songs.

I used to have 20 or 30 7-inch singles when I was 10. That was a lot. Now … I have an iPod with 3,500 songs on it. Times have changed, haven't they? (laughs) To me, music is not a throwaway thing. It's not a thing you can go somewhere and grab. I still have a memory of when I was saving money and doing odd jobs because I want to get that album (laughs), and you couldn't steal it off the Internet.

Q. You were at an age when your record collection was suddenly a shrine in your bedroom.

A. Yeah, yeah, I used to get wooden wine boxes to haul albums in, you know? We're talking about crates - boxes with slide lids and all that sort of stuff - so they were protected and with rope handles so I could move them around if I had to.

Q. In what way did music save your life when you were in your 20s?

A. I was very much sort of still forming as a person. I left New Zealand, and I was now living in Australia. So I was living by myself. I didn't have that immediate family influence around me. I was doing a job for the Seventh Day Adventist Church. They wanted to make a movie, a 25-minute thing for young people who were considering becoming pastors. For the grand total of 500 bucks, I was contracted to go do a video production playing the young man considering becoming a pastor. And I had to stay at one of the pastor's houses.

He happened to be this cool guy who set the radio to a station down here called Triple J. It didn't have any commercial considerations. It was a government-run station, and their playlist is eclectic and it really is. It still remains today the greatest source of new music. They never play us on it, but I don't hold that against them. (laughs)

So the guy sets the radio so that … I woke up in the morning, the first line that I heard is "I'm celebrating my love for you/with a pint of beer and a new tattoo." And I went, well that's got to be Billy Bragg (who was singing "Greetings to the New Brunette"), that's why people talk about him. It was '87, you know. So I went and got that album. Within that album, I found that there's other people with my sense of humor. And I also was inspired to inquire who (Motown songwriter-producer giants) Holland and Holland and Lamont Dozier were.

And within the brutality of some of the things he talked about, you have that great sense of life, and even if things are tough, there is grace still. And politically, he had a different opinion from what I held at the time, but … it inspired me to learn so much.

It opened my eyes to have a look at things like the British law that was current at the time where you could be picked up at the time for suspicion of anything and could be jailed for 24 hours without access to a lawyer. Things like that. So I formed or began to form a lot of attitudes that I still hold today in terms of human rights and the politics of the community.

Q. At that point, did you think music was going to be your thing or acting? Or did you have any idea what you were going to do?

A. Man, I don't think there was ever a grand plan. I knew at a very young age, 6 or whatever, I knew I was a performer. Even though I was a very shy person, I knew. So I got a guitar and started writing songs. I was playing in bands when I was 14, touring when I was 16.

But there was always something intrinsically unsatisfying about the music. I thought, "All we're doing is making a space for different genders of the species to get together and mate." That's basically what we were living on. And as a young idealistic man, that was not good enough for me. So … then I took the musical thing into staged musical theater, and theater led to film.

So it was the strangest of journeys in that respect. I don't think there was ever a grand plan. I think there was a knowledge of self at a very young age and then a journey to find where that was going to lead to.

Q. When you act, you're reading someone else's words, and taking direction from other people. When you're playing music, the expression is completely your own.

A. That's definitely important to me. People always say, "Why don't you do a cover version so you can get on the radio?" But that's not the point. I could easily do straight plays when I want time off from movie sets … but for me, rock 'n' roll is theater. It's a more exiting version of it. And as you say, it shifts and changes as the mood of the room.

I have a very ***working-class*** attitude that if you paid for a ticket, I'm going to make sure you have a good time. The bottom line is, we expend a lot of energy and … I'm actually now OK with the mating ritual aspect of it. I understand probably from a more seasoned aspect where it's a little like, that's OK if that's what music does.

Q. You're also closer to your audience on a stage, whereas on film, there is no connection.

A. Yeah, it's all of that. It's like if you say all 12-bar blues is the same. At first look, maybe. But when you delve into it, there are subtleties and nuances. Every night with a rock 'n' roll show, there is no plan. You have a song list, but I very regularly change that because you don't know what energies are out there.

Here in Australia, it's very different for us because you go out and they're like "prove it." So we do. We're like "let's go to work." When we say "work," it's not like hardship, but "let's do the thing that we're passionate about." In America, it tends to be different. You walk out onstage and there's a massive rush of "howya doin'!" (laughs) coming back to you from the audience. That tends to be different. I tell more stories onstage in America. I like to take that energy and hold it in anticipation a little bit longer.

Q. The songs you write are all character-oriented. I wonder if playing characters makes it easier to create them.

A. I don't think so. I was always attracted to narratives through songs throughout my life. I like Jim Croce. I like those stories. So for me … I don't like those "oh yeah, baby" kind of songs. There's nothing in there for me. If I'm going to dance, I'd rather dance to Moroccan disco than songs going "oh baby yeah, yeah."

So my favorite songs tend to be very clearly etched songs. And that doesn't mean you know what the song's about because you're not privy to the songwriter's muse. But there is enough within that song to make your imagination expand.

Q. Your song "Charlie's Song" seems to be about you perhaps 15 years ago. The narrator seems to be saying why songs are important to him, but why it's a painful process as well.

A. I wrote that song about a particular period, '92 or '93, when we had quite a heavy-duty music producer called Charlie Fisher pursuing us. But at the same time, the acting thing was moving ahead, and I had already won a couple of awards in Australia. We basically had a conversation (where he said,) "I don't (expletive) understand why you don't do this, it's right here for you. You have your songs, you have your band, let's do it." I was like, "There's other things I'm exploring that I want to explore, and it's like I know this world and I've done this thing, but there's this other thing that's mysterious and I'm going to pursue that."

**Graphic**

30 Odd Foot of Grunts plays the House of Blues over two weeks starting Sunday. GRAPHIC/MAP: House of Blues/Chicago

**Load-Date:** August 18, 2003

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[***Playing at the top;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YSY-HWF0-00J2-33PN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***When 12-year-old Nicole Ali touches piano keys or glides her bow over her violin strings, she doesn't just play the music - she becomes the music. She'll demonstrate her talents in competitions this month.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YSY-HWF0-00J2-33PN-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

March 12, 2000, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 2109 words

**Byline:** Darlene Pfister; Staff Writer

**Body**

She's a joy to be around, but her eighth-grade friends have learned something \_ if you want to enjoy Nicole Ali's company, plan ahead.

     A week ahead.

     Give her that, and she'll orchestrate her finely tuned life to fit an outing with friends into the other activities important to her: 30 hours or more each week of piano, violin and composition practice and lessons, top performance in two extracurricular math clubs plus all the reading, studying and homework necessary to maintain a straight-A average in honors classes at St. Paul Academy.

     Given her excellence at just about everything, her classmates joke that she'd be easy to hate, if she weren't such a darn good friend \_ bubbly, bright and fun. Nicole is socially gifted, too, observe her teachers, not the type to call attention to herself.

   This month, Nicole will be the youngest of three Minnesota students competing for national honors in string performance at the Music Teachers National Association (MTNA) National Convention to be held in downtown Minneapolis.

      Her original composition for solo violin, "Winter Silhouette," is also a finalist in the composition category. Of the 1,500 highly talented student musicians the competition draws from across the nation, only 125 make it to this level.

     It was simply lack of time that prevented Nicole from entering the piano performance competition. She plays piano and violin equally well.

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Busy competitor

     Nicole was 7 when she entered her first piano competition. Tiny for her age (she's only 4 feet 7 now) she needed special accommodation to reach the pedals, but the enormity of her talent was evident immediately. She placed first in the junior talent divisions of both the State Fair and St. Paul Winter Carnival talent contests.

     At 10, she took first in her age group in the Minneapolis Aquatennial Talent show and was named grand champion for her performance of Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu."

     She's won the Minnesota Music Teachers Association contest six consecutive years, the prestigious Schubert Club Junior High piano contest and earned top young artist titles in both violin and piano in the Thursday Musical competition, a Twin Cities music organization dedicated to training serious young musicians. Her St. Paul Academy Middle School Orchestra debuted her first full orchestral composition in December to a standing ovation.

     When Nicole plays, every part of her expresses the music; the gracefulness of her movements and the music they produce are inseparable.

     "One time something clicked," Nicole remembers, "And I was in the music, not on top of it. Since then, music has been different for me. I've always loved it, but it became more a part of me."

     Before that, she said, technical excellence was her goal; now, she thinks only about doing justice to the feelings the music was composed to convey.

     That emotional connection is part of Nicole's gift, say her teachers.

      "I don't teach things she doesn't know, I just remind her," said her violin teacher, Sally O'Reilly. With Nicole, she said, she feels she's working with an "old soul," someone born with an instinctive knowledge that a teacher merely helps make conscious.

     These kinds of students, said her composition teacher Chris Granias, you really can't explain.

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Family of curvebusters

     To the rest of the world, Nicole's accomplishments seem amazing, but in her immediate family, they're the norm. Hers is a family of curvebusters.

     Nicole is concertmaster and the second youngest member of the Repertory Orchestra of the Minnesota Youth Symphonies. Her sister Nora is the youngest member at only 10. Leeza, 6, is already playing complex Bach and Beethoven pieces, earlier than her sisters did.

     Well-known piano teacher Paul Wirth says Nicole is unquestionably one of the most gifted students he's ever taught, but Nora and Leeza are equally amazing, says Wirth, who teaches all three girls.

     Their parents are senior research specialists: mom, Mahfuza, with 3M and dad, Zaki, with Imation. When they aren't at their demanding jobs (her peers recently cited Mahfuza as the top performer in their 140-person division; Zaki has been similarly honored in past years), they're supporting their children's success.

     Mahfuza is the benevolent taskmaster. It is she who finds the best teachers, sits through every lesson and rehearsal (and most practice sessions) of each child, taking color-coded notes for their later reference. Her dedication translates into a succession of 16-hour days, but Mahfuza doesn't complain.

     "I feel so blessed," she said. "I can't say how proud I am of them."

     This is a family that works together.

     "I have the feeling she [Mahfuza] never sleeps," said violin teacher O'Reilly. "Either that or she has a clone. And the dad is lovely, too."

     It is Zaki who does the grocery shopping, laundry, child care and a significant share of the cooking and cleaning in their 5,000-square-foot home. The family eats home-cooked dinners together most nights, either curries or stir fry from Mahfuza or American fare from Zaki.

     The couple married 22 years ago in their native Bangladesh. Mahfuza, who claims to be "100 percent science without a bit of art in my head," was the sixth of seven children from a ***working-class*** home. Like her daughters, she started school early and excelled all the way through, ultimately earning a Ph.D. in chemistry. Zaki's family was the musical one, she said. As one of five children of a university psychology professor father and homemaker mother, Zaki played sitar, and two of his siblings were accomplished singers. He, too, has a Ph.D. in chemistry. Mahfuza and Zaki say they were taught to be the best they could be, and that's the lesson they want to pass on to their children.

     "We're tremendously fortunate," said Zaki. "They're musically and academically very good. It's a balance, and they're keeping it."

     Centering their lives around music wasn't planned, however. It just happened, said Zaki. When Nicole's first piano teacher, Maria Rantapaa, told them their 7-year-old had a "special gift," they exchanged their small upright piano for a $20,000 used Yamaha grand piano. Their involvement grew from there.

     Nicole progressed rapidly. Nora followed. Violin and composition studies were added, along with a pair of 100-year-old French violins, a digital piano and a MIDI-keyboard. Leeza hopes to play the oboe.

     Now family life revolves around the family room and adjacent study, where one or more children practice music or do their studies most waking hours of the day.

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Joy of music

     Recently, Nicole has been working as many as eight hours daily to prepare for the MTNA competition. She's had other performances to prepare for, too, with two that included the complex "Spanish Dance" by Fabian Rehfeld, in which she plays violin to her own (recorded) piano accompaniment.

     She doesn't fret over the time it takes to get things right.

     "I don't count practice, I just do what I need to get done," she said. Her first piano teacher, Rantapaa, estimates that Nicole takes 45 minutes to accomplish what others would need five hours to do. Even so, she never cuts corners. Each session includes at least 30 minutes of technique and 10 minutes of scales.

     With her parents' support, Nicole plans her own time. She's busy from the time she wakes at about 6 until she goes to sleep at 10 or later, but it's no hardship, she insists.

     "For me, being idle and doing nothing is torture," Nicole said. "Stuff keeps nagging at my mind \_ stuff I want to do, stuff that I need to do, stuff that I'd like to do."

     School and music are first priorities, but Nicole values her friends, too.      "Her organizational ability is really incredible," said her Latin teacher and adviser, Michael Tiffany. "She is far and away the most accomplished student in the class, hands down, in every category: enthusiasm, homework, knowledge."

     But she's flexible, too, he said. Nicole initially had planned to spend 15 minutes eating lunch and the remaining 30 doing homework to accommodate her workload. Now she spends that time with friends, catching up with homework in the car. She clearly values human relationships and makes them a priority, Tiffany said. Although she is more than a year younger than most of her classmates, (she began school early and skipped second grade), she fits in seamlessly, he said.

     From the outside, the family's pace and expectations appear relentless \_ top performance in music, work and school plus piano lessons, violin lessons, composition lessons, Minnesota Youth Symphony practices and performances, competitions, and practice, practice, practice. But those who know the family well express admiration, not concern.

     What people outside don't see, said piano teacher Wirth, is the joy that's visible when the girls perform.

     "One can be very happy and well adjusted and work this hard," said Wirth. "This is not a family that is motivated by competition, they're motivated by excellence and self-expression. It's coming from the kids, it's not coming down from the parents. They want to do this."

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Not 'a mountain peak'

     One thing instrumental to her progress is that Nicole is not "a mountain peak in the desert," said O'Reilly. Though most are older than she, her musical life is lived among students who are equally advanced, she said.

     "This is a wonderful place for string instruments. The level of teaching here is every bit as high as in New York," said O'Reilly, who taught at the Manhattan School of Music for nine years. For the second year, three of O'Reilly's students are national finalists in the junior high, high school and collegiate string categories for the MTNA competitions.

     When Nicole auditioned for the Minnesota Youth Symphony, a magnet for advanced young players, director Claudette Laureano was impressed.

     "She's playing literature any great artist would play," she said, and performing music that most accomplished high school players couldn't dream of playing.

     But when Laureano offered her a spot in the top-level orchestra, Nicole politely refused. She wanted more background and more leadership experience before moving ahead, she said, choosing instead to be concertmaster in the intermediate orchestra.

     "That's so rare," said Laureano. "I've literally heard thousands of students over the years. I was so impressed with her maturity. She is the one and only child who ever declined a promotion. She wanted leadership experience and she got it."

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Anything she wants to be

     Her teachers agree that Nicole has the talent and charisma necessary to be a world-class violinist or pianist, if that's what she wants to do.

     But she doesn't.

     Music will always be an important part of her life, Nicole said, but it won't be her career. She wants to be a scientist, like her parents. She's quick to point out that Einstein was an accomplished violinist.

     She'll be only 16 when she begins college, but she's already narrowed her choices and set her goals.

     If she studies genetics, she'd choose Harvard; it has a great composition program, too. For physics, she'd take Princeton, and for nanotechnology, she thinks the obvious first choice is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

     She relates these plans without a trace of doubt about their eventual success. Nicole, notes her math teacher Bill Boulger, has a calmness that comes from knowing she has the talent to excel at anything she tries.

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Nicole Ali

     - Born: Sept. 14, 1987.

     - Family: Parents Zaki and Mahfuza Ali, sisters Nora, 10, and Leeza, 6.

     - Home: Mendota Heights.

     - Education: An eighth-grader at St. Paul

Academy; piano studies with Maria Rantapaa and Paul Wirth, violin with Sally O'Reilly and composition with Chris Granias.

     - Accomplishments: National finalist in

string performance and composition in Music Teachers National Association competition; concertmaster of Minnesota Youth Symphony Repertory Orchestra; first place, 1999 Schubert Club Junior High Piano; named junior young artist in piano and violin in 1999 Thursday Musical competition; 1998 grand champion, Aquatennial Talent Contest; first in age group and overall first place in 1998 St. Paul Music Teachers honor contest; Minnesota Music Teachers Association state winner in piano past six years; first place State Fair talent contest, first place St. Paul Winter Carnival. Member of St. Paul Academy's Math Counts and Math League teams.

     - Hobbies: Relaxing with friends, reading literature and news magazines, drawing and writing poetry.

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** March 13, 2000

**End of Document**



[***THE ICE MAN GOETH;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4915-WW40-00J2-311V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Duluth coach's exit spotlights polarized views of program***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4915-WW40-00J2-311V-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

July 6, 2003, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 2325 words

**Byline:** Richard Meryhew; Dennis Brackin; Staff Writers

**Dateline:** Duluth, Minn.

**Body**

On the ice and in the record books, few coaches rank with Mike Randolph.

    In Randolph's 15 years as head coach at Duluth East High School, his teams won more than 300 games, two state championships, the respect of rivals and the awe of hockey fans.

    So when school officials in Duluth didn't renew Randolph's coaching contract this spring, it stirred emotions in a city with a rich and proud hockey tradition and sparked a passionate debate over the direction of a program and the cost of sustaining excellence.

    Randolph said the decision is rooted in politics, jealousy and hard feelings over the way he ran his teams and the visibility he enjoyed as one of the state's top coaches. It has more to do with personal vendettas over player cuts and playing time, he said, than wrongdoing or philosophical differences about the program.

  "I never felt the program was too elitist or too aggressive," said Randolph, a fourth-grade teacher in Duluth. "Never. Ever."

    But critics contend Randolph is an intense coach so consumed by winning that he was undone by his ambition to establish a high school hockey powerhouse. They point to fundraising that skirted school district policies, favored treatment of some players and humiliation of others.

     They see that as evidence that the culture of a program built on the skills and emotions of teenage boys had become unhealthy.

    Randolph, whose coaching salary was $4,100, and his staff "viewed themselves as grooming all-stars for the NHL," said school board member Harry Welty, who has spent hours talking with Randolph and people close to the program in hopes of learning the reasons for the district's action. "The intensity that kind of competition fosters is pretty tough on kids. I know the hockey coaches don't see that. . . . But it was never designed to be a farm system for professional sports."

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Talk of the town

    Last month, nearly 80 Duluth teachers lost jobs because of declining enrollments and state aid cuts. Two weeks ago, the school board began considering closing buildings to balance future budgets. Both issues will have ramifications for years to come.

    But it's the debate over the 51-year-old Randolph and the future of Duluth East hockey that dominates discussion in this ***working-class*** city of 87,000 people on the western shore of Lake Superior.

    District officials won't comment on why Randolph won't return as coach, saying only that it's a personnel matter. At the time of the decision, they issued a statement saying it "was made in the best interests of the student-athletes," the school and the hockey program.

    In the weeks since, Randolph \_ who recently reapplied for his coaching job when the district posted it \_ and his boosters have publicly pressed administrators for answers, questioning the process by which he was let go and lobbying the school board, which wasn't involved in the decision, to overturn it.

     At the May board meeting where members approved the teacher layoffs, more than 150 people gathered in support of the coach. They rallied outside for more than an hour, then dominated the meeting, speaking for more than two hours on Randolph's behalf.

    Former players told of how Randolph inspired and shaped them. Current players wore East jerseys and held signs that read "Return Randolph." One Duluth East alumnus, Patrick Ryan, who served in Iraq, made a passionate plea on behalf of the coach, then handed Randolph a U.S. flag he had taken into battle. One parent, Gary Bates, thanked Randolph for cutting his son, a leading scorer, from the varsity a few years ago because the boy's grades were poor. Jolted by the cut, the boy reasserted himself academically, his father said, and his grades improved.

    "Mike Randolph has made this program. . . . It blows me away that I have to come here and defend his record," said Mark Abalan, a former player. "I'm not talking about wins and losses. I'm talking about his record as a man. He stands for excellence. He stands for success. He stands for winning."

    The only person at the meeting who spoke against Randolph was Gaylen Hill, whose son, a senior forward, quit early last season after he was told that he probably wouldn't get much ice time with the varsity.

     "I think we've lost sight of what the role of high school sports in the community is," Hill said in an interview. "Some of the programs have become bigger than what they were intended to be. My opinion is high school hockey is a program for the kids, not for the coaches or their egos."

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Building the program

    From the time he was hired in 1988, Randolph, who grew up in Duluth and was one of the final players cut from the 1976 U.S. Olympic hockey team, had ambitious plans.

    While coaching at other schools, Randolph watched from afar as talented Duluth East teams failed season after season to make it to state.

    To reverse fortunes, he scheduled some of the best competition, making frequent trips to play in the Twin Cities. Such travel required more money than the district could provide through player participation fees, so Randolph and his coaches organized a Christmas wreath sale to raise cash for bus rides, meals and hotels.

    The coaches also encouraged parents of players who made the varsity and junior varsity to cut checks for several hundred dollars apiece to ensure that their sons played in a first-class program. The team often traveled in motor coaches rather than yellow school buses and wore the best in uniforms and warmups.

    The sums involved were significant. Tax returns show the program generated between $43,000 and $73,000 a year from 1998 to 2001.

    If there were concerns about the program's direction, they were overshadowed by success. From 1994 to 1998, the Greyhounds were one of the top teams in Minnesota, qualifying for the state tournament each year and winning titles in '95 and '98.

    But when disgruntled parents went to administrators beginning last November with complaints about treatment of players and concerns about fundraising, the lid blew. In April, a district administrator broke the news to Randolph.

     The coach was out. The run was over.

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Troubles surface

    Soon after, the school district released findings of an internal audit of the hockey program that provided the first hint about possible reasons for its decision.

    Prepared by the district's auditor, the report showed the hockey program routed funds through a booster account, which made it difficult for administrators to keep tabs on the program.

    District policy requires that funds raised by sports teams be deposited directly into district accounts.

    The audit said there was no way to know how the money was spent because the booster club, which was run by Randolph's assistant coaches, didn't provide documentation for all the transactions.

     Randolph has said all money generated by the East End Hockey Boosters went into the hockey program and that none was misspent. But neither Randolph nor the booster club provided the district with a detailed accounting of the club's transactions.

    After the audit was out, stories of other troubles surfaced.

    Randolph's critics had kept a low profile until then, fearing their comments could jeopardize their sons' hockey careers. Randolph still runs youth hockey camps in the area and remains a dominant personality on the local hockey scene.

    But recent interviews with parents, alumni and current players suggest that concerns about the program had been simmering for years. Much of it centered on Randolph's coaching tactics and how he communicated with players.

    Andy Messer, a goaltender who left East and transferred to a neighboring school last winter, said that after a loss at Hastings a few years ago, Randolph kept players in the dressing room for more than an hour, criticizing many and reducing one to tears.

    Another goalie, Brent Mathison, said that Randolph told him before an early-season game last season that the game was a "must win" for Mathison if he hoped to stay on the varsity. East lost, and Mathison was later demoted.

    Kenny Beck, who played for Randolph in 1990-93 and went on to play small-college hockey, said those tactics took the fun out of the game. In hopes of recapturing it, Beck would sneak out of his house at night to shoot pucks at a nearby outdoor rink.

    "I cried a lot," Beck said, noting that he was shuffled to the junior varsity during his career without any explanation.

     "I've played hockey since I was 4 years old. I'd always been kind of a superstar. Then you go to this level, and you're not told whether you're playing good or bad. It was all mind games with this guy. I'm not going to say he's a bad coach. But I think what he did was say, 'We're out to win; it's not supposed to be fun anymore.' "

    Randolph said he doesn't remember the dressing-room conversation after the Hastings game or the one with Mathison, but said he wouldn't talk to a player so harshly. As for Beck's criticisms, he said East coaches often rotated players between varsity and junior varsity to give more athletes a chance to earn varsity letters.

    Welty, the school board member who has heard those stories and others from parents and players, acknowledged that much of the discussion is "he said, she said. But I certainly have no sense that our coaches ever quite realized how much power they had over these kids.

    "Perhaps if the hockey coaches had been a little more sensitive to some of the lines they were pushing up to, none of this would have happened."

    Some parents say a line was crossed in recent years when several players who grew up outside the district made the team, displacing boys who grew up in the local youth program with dreams of playing for the Greyhounds. Some moved in with their families; others took advantage of Minnesota's open enrollment rules.

    Randolph said he's never recruited players, adding that at least three boys who moved in recently played stints on the junior varsity.

    Players on last year's team also were encouraged to lift weights on Sundays, typically an off day for high school athletes. Randolph said the sessions weren't mandatory, but some players and parents said he always asked team captains who attended.

    Recently, more fund-raising concerns emerged when one of Randolph's assistant coaches, Larry Trachsel, told a school board committee that he still earns a several-hundred-dollar commission off Christmas wreaths sold by a company he once owned that provides wreaths sold by East hockey boosters. Trachsel said he sold his interest in the company a year after the East wreath sale started and negotiated a continued commission off business he brought to the company.

     Bob Mars, a prominent Duluth businessman and chairman of the school board, said the concerns suggest the program had become too big for high school athletics.

     "I think it was just growing in intensity," Mars said. "They raise more money every year, they play more scrimmages every year, and the program was conducted differently in an effort to win. The boosters get more aggressive, he gets more aggressive, and pretty soon, you get the trains going too fast."

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'Some like him, some don't'

    Randolph said nobody ever told him the program had become too ambitious or focused on winning. That kind of talk, he said, surfaced only after his contract wasn't renewed. He also said previous administrators didn't have problems with the booster club and fund-raising.

     "Mike has been controversial in some respects, but nevertheless he's been good for East hockey," said Bob Brooks, who had two sons play for Randolph. "So it really boils down to some people like him, and some people don't."

     Randolph is convinced he's out because of hard feelings on the part of several people, including Laurie Knapp, Duluth East's principal and one of four administrators involved in the decision not to renew his contract. Several years ago, Randolph cut Knapp's son.

    Knapp and other administrators have refused to comment on any issues involving the coaching situation.

    Randolph said he also believes Mars, who once coached at Duluth East and had sons who played there, might have played a part. Randolph said that he and Mars, a major benefactor of Duluth Marshall, a private school, had a falling out several years ago over Mars' suggestion that the community could support competitive programs at all four of Duluth's high schools \_ East, Central, Denfeld and Marshall.

     A former player at Marshall when it was known as Duluth Cathedral, Randolph stopped scheduling Marshall a few years ago. He said he told Mars that enrollments at the schools weren't strong enough to support four highly competitive programs and believes Mars has been angry since.

    Mars calls conspiracy talk "just B.S." and said Randolph received "all kinds of directives from the school district" on how to conduct himself as coach. He said the issue came to a head this year because Knapp, who became East's principal several years ago, and others were willing to investigate parents' complaints. Previous administrators provided insufficient oversight, he said.

    In recent weeks, Randolph has consulted with attorneys and Duluth's teachers' union but has been told that he probably has no legal recourse. Under terms of its union contract with teachers, the district doesn't have to establish cause for making a coaching change.

     Now, Randolph waits to find out whether the district will grant him an interview for the job he lost. "No question it's a real long shot,' he said, adding: "It stinks so bad, it's been handled so bad, I just can't let it go away."

    If someone else is hired, he said, he'll coach his 9-year-old son's team this winter.

     "They can take my job away," Randolph said, "but they can't take away where we brought the program."

The writers can be reached at [*richm@startribune.com*](mailto:richm@startribune.com). and [*dbrackin@startribune.com*](mailto:dbrackin@startribune.com).

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** July 7, 2003

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[***FAR FROM THE VET, BUDDY SYSTEM LIVES ON BUDDY RYAN IS ENERGIZING THE CARDINALS. IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P300-01K4-91YR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

July 24, 1994 Sunday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1672 words

**Byline:** Dave Caldwell, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** TEMPE, Ariz.

**Body**

Buddy Ryan has been the coach and general manager of the Arizona Cardinals for less than six months. He already has boosted ticket sales, hawked black hats, promised a championship, called a player "fatso," run voluntary camps that were actually mandatory, signed a rookie long shot who had waited for him in the parking lot, chided his offense, taunted the football team in Dallas by calling it the "Cowgirls" and, in general, positioned himself at ground zero of a nuclear football explosion.

Same old Buddy.

What is so remarkable about Ryan's second stint as an NFL head coach is how eerily similar it has been to his first stint as an NFL head coach. According to Buddy, there is only one difference between the Cardinals and the Philadelphia Eagles, which he took over in 1986 and coached for five tempestuous years, winning a division title and 43 games (zero in the playoffs) before he was told in January of 1991 by owner Norman Braman to hit the pike.

The football team he inherited in Phoenix, he said, is a lot better.

"Oh, this isn't anything compared to what they had," he said last week of the '86 Eagles. "No football players - or very few. We had to start from the bottom, and cut everybody. Here, you've got an offense that was in pretty good shape. We had a defense that needed some help, and we got it some help, through the draft and the free-agent route. So, if we stay healthy, I think we'll win the division."

You may remember that Ryan also promised a division championship for the '86 Eagles - who proceeded to flop to a 5-10-1 record. You also might know that the Cardinals are in the same division, the NFC East, as the Eagles, Giants, Redskins and Cowboys . . . and have not won a playoff game since 1947, when Ryan was a 16-year-old whippersnapper in Oklahoma.

So what. Ryan, now 63, is aiming high, as always. He is shooting from the hip and thinking about the consequences later, as always. He has assembled a supporting cast with a lot of familiar faces, as he did in Philadelphia. Six current Cardinals played for him in Philadelphia, including free agents Seth Joyner, Clyde Simmons, Jim McMahon and Jeff Feagles. His coaching staff includes five former Eagles assistants, two former Eagles players and his twin sons, Rex and Rob.

"The first day I walked through the halls here, it was like a homecoming," said Feagles, a veteran punter. "It was like I had been on vacation for four or five years, and I came back to a different state. It's just like he brought all the Eagles down here."

Ryan has not mellowed much. Ryan is convinced his new football team will win - now. The color of his team's helmets has changed from green to white, and Buddy is wearing a black, broad-brimmed straw hat, not a black baseball cap, but everything else is exactly the same. There were five fights at the team's voluntary camp Wednesday. No one was wearing pads at the time.

"That's the one thing you're going to get from Buddy - consistency," Joyner said with a smile that had become all too rare during his last two years in Philadelphia. "The same way it was everywhere else, it's that way here."

\*

His schtick is still the same.

Buddy still calls overweight players "fatso." (Not that Ryan, who appears to have gained back all of the weight he lost on a diet milkshake program, has much room to talk.) This year, it was 360-pound defensive tackle Keith Rucker. Rucker could not jettison the weight, so Buddy cut him.

He still is a firm believer in his gambling, heat-seeking, turnover-forcing "46" defense.

Still refers to players only by their jersey numbers.

Still thinks his defense is way ahead of his offense.

Still runs three-hour practices in the blazing summer sun. ("He's been a little lenient on them," said offensive coordinator Dave Atkins, who also coached under Ryan in Philadelphia, "and he hasn't been able to get on anyone for not hustling. We planted that in their minds after the last mini-camp. When they left, we told them to be in the best condition of their NFL careers. To play Buddy Ball, that's what it's going to take.")

Still wants his rookies to be in training camp on time. "The more they miss, the less they're worth to us," he said.

Still sets his entire 53-man regular-season roster before training camp. "Had it set last month," he said last week. "There might be some surprises. But I got all 53 of 'em picked."

Still has a humongous ego. Buddy says he could have taken two other head- coaching jobs in the NFL in the three years between the Eagles and Cardinals jobs. He turned both down, because neither included being the general manager, which he is in Arizona. "I wanted to be in charge," he said.

And still has no regrets. Which brings up Kevin Gilbride, the offensive coordinator Ryan punched on the sideline last year during his one-season stint as the defensive coordinator of the Houston Oilers.

Asked if he ever thought the incident with Gilbride could have jeopardized his coaching future, Ryan huffed that he never heard that and didn't care.

And Buddy still is up to his same old tricks. One is to sign hungry, unknown rookies to push his veterans. In Philadelphia, he signed two unheralded free-agent wide receivers - Billy Hess and Marvin Hargrove - to provide a spark.

In Phoenix, he has brought in an earnest running back from Bucknell named Brian Henesey, a ***working-class*** kid from Manayunk, who waited in the parking lot to meet Ryan and ask for a tryout.

Henesey has as much of a chance of making Ryan's 53-man roster as Hess or Hargrove did with the Eagles. But his presence, like Hess' and Hargrove's, has inspired the rest of the Cardinals. Running back Ron Moore said Henesey has provided the team with a "slap in the face."

"Buddy has his own way," veteran linebacker Eric Hill said. "If you make Buddy Ryan's team, you've put in the effort and the work. He's a guy who, no matter what, happens to be on your side until the end.

"I know a lot of players in Houston. He was there only one year, but they all said the same thing. He'll work . . . you. And you'll be tired. But you're going to love playing for him."

And that is why Simmons and Joyner, both eight-year veterans, signed virtually identical, four-year, $14.45 million free-agent contracts with the Cardinals in March. They love playing for him.

Said Simmons: "I know what kind of coach he is. I know how he chooses players. I know how loyal he was to us when we went on strike in '87. When we had all those negotiations going on, I know how loyal he was to us. It was a good opportunity for me to play with him. It gave me a chance to go to a place where I felt happy again."

Said Joyner: "I think the team would have done good under Buddy Ryan with or without Seth Joyner or Clyde Simmons, because that's just the type of talent they have here. It's just been a situation where they have some bad years, they had some bad breaks and hard luck. Now they're getting a motivator in Buddy, a guy who can teach 'em that killer instinct. That never-give-up instinct. Not that they've ever given up, but there are certain intangibles that a coach gives a team that can put the team over the hump."

Such as?

"He's straightforward with you," Joyner said. "Most coaches will B.S. you, tell you what you want to hear. Buddy's not going to tell you what you want to hear. Buddy's going to tell you how it is. In everyday life, that's what people want. More than anything."

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No, more than anything, people want a winner.

Phoenix, which, like Philadelphia in 1986, is a victory-starved football town with a bit of an inferiority complex, senses it has a winner in Ryan. The town has gone completely bonkers since Ryan arrived in early February. The Cards finished 7-9 last season.

The Cardinals have sold nearly twice as many season tickets as they had at this time last year, more than 48,000 at last count. Their Oct. 23 game against Dallas is a sellout - the earliest a Cardinals home game has sold out since the team moved from St. Louis after the 1988 season.

A Phoenix all-sports radio station held a contest to rename the Cardinals' defense. (The winner was the "Tombstone Defense.") An estimated 9,000 attended a "select-a-seat" season-ticket promotion at Sun Devil Stadium in Tempe, the Cardinals' home field. Buddy Ryan is opening a restaurant in downtown Phoenix. Buddy Ryan's Bar & Grill plans to feature Buddyburgers and, of course, Buddy brewskis.

And Cardinals merchandise is very hot. Julie Kanow, manager of Fan Fair, a sporting-goods store in the Fiesta Mall in Tempe, said an order of 48 Cardinals baseball caps sold out in two weeks. She has a waiting list for black hats similar to the one Ryan is wearing at practices. (And it sells for $29, or about $10 more than copies of the black baseball cap Ryan wore in Philadelphia.)

"They sense in Buddy someone who can make this club a contender," Cardinals vice president Joe Rhein said.

"It's not fun going to work knowing everyone's against you," quarterback Steve Beuerlein said. "It's neat to see the excitement and the enthusiasm that this thing has brought. For the first time, we'll have a home-crowd advantage. Anybody would be lying to you if he said that didn't make a difference."

Ryan is not surprised that another NFL city is in a lather over him. As he said last week, "I guess it does (surprise) some other people, but not me. Fans are important. I mean, it's just like in Philly. I sold 10,000 season tickets the first season I was there, before we played a game. I knew we would do at least that well out here."

For now, Buddy Ryan is the toast of a toasty town. Maybe his players will divide into cliques and bicker, as they did in Philadelphia. Maybe he will say something to alienate owner Bill Bidwill, as he did with Norman Braman. Maybe he will wear out his welcome.

No one is thinking about that.

"We're all excited about winning football games," said Larry Wilson, a Cardinals executive who was the team's former general manager. "We're not looking at anything else other than improving our football team and being winners."

See? Some things never change.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Ex-Eagles coach Buddy Ryan, sporting new headgear, has boosted ticket

sales in Phoenix. (Associated Press, SCOTT TROYANOS)

2. Buddy Ryan, encouraging Eric Hill during preseason workouts, says his

Cardinals will win the NFC East this season, if they stay healthy. (Associated

Press, JEFF ROBBINS)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***PUBLIC SCHOOL WOES MAY BE PRIVATE MATTER HARTFORD CONSIDERS FOR-PROFIT COMPANY.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P270-01K4-901S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

July 4, 1994 Monday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1767 words

**Byline:** Michael Matza, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** HARTFORD, Conn.

**Body**

Thirty-two schools. Twenty-five thousand students. The lowest test scores and highest dropout rate in the state. By any measure, public education in Connecticut's frayed capital is in woeful shape.

Like many of the nation's big-city school systems, Hartford has searched in vain for a solution to declining achievement and mounting discipline problems in its public schools.

Now this largely poor city of 140,000 is debating a radical plan: turning over its public schools to a private, for-profit company.

If it does, it will mark the first time a private company has sold management services to an entire school system.

For Peter McCue and parents like him, it's a wits'-end solution worth a try.

"I'm here representing my daughter, a second grader," said McCue, who spoke recently at a school board meeting interrupted several times because of passionate outbursts. "For the third time this month I put her to bed in tears because of how bored she is in school."

Amid mounting frustration with the slow pace of education reform, Hartford is among scores of school systems throughout the country that are considering a break with tradition. Having tried improvement by other means, they say it's time America's 150-year-old system of public education adopted 20th-century business practices.

With expenditures of $600 billion a year - a full 12 percent of the gross national product - public education already is one of the nation's largest industries. Now dozens of municipalities, including Portsmouth, Va.; San Jose, Calif.; Washington, D.C.; Pinckney, Mich., and Bloomfield, Conn., are

discussing putting their schools in private hands.

In Osceola County, Fla., outside Orlando, the local school board and the

Walt Disney Co. have joined forces to build and run Celebration School and Teaching Academy, a $36 million pre-kindergarten through 12th-grade school scheduled to open in 1996.

Whittle Schools L.P., created by Knoxville-based media mogul Chris Whittle, recently won the right to run three new publicly funded "charter" schools in Boston, Lowell and Worcester, Mass.

In Baltimore, 12 public schools are entrusted to Education Alternatives Inc., the Minneapolis-based company that has ardently wooed Hartford since March.

"Public education is failing in every major city in the United States. We are the first to stand up and go to the brink (to) debate the question of where education has to go," said Webster Brooks, a Hartford City Council aide.

Touted as a way to bring marketplace efficiency and accountability to the public sector, privatization is an attractive option for low-achieving schools plagued by budget deficits, urban ills and burdensome union contracts.

"Many cities now are essentially in educational receivership," said Howard Gardner, a professor at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. "If somebody comes along on a white horse and says, 'I will save you,' it's hard to ignore."

While privatization of schools certainly offers some advantages in cities like Hartford, where 80-year-old classrooms, "portable" outbuildings and paved-over playgrounds are the norm, education experts warn it has limitations and its share of potential problems, too.

"I grew up with a deep commitment to the common school for the common good run by lay boards of trustees," said Ernest Boyer, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching at Princeton, and a former U.S. commissioner of education. "There is nothing inherently evil in contracting for a service that might make a profit. Textbook companies make profit. Schools contract with catering services to reduce the hassle for (administrators) trying to guide the educational program. But I don't think we can contract to a private enterprise, accountable only to itself, our educational obligations for our children."

A private company is a commercial enterprise, added Harvard's Gardner, and "anybody who ever bought a used car knows that's not a recipe for truth- in-advertising."

\*

Leading the charge for privatization is John Golle, 50, chairman of EAI. Although Hartford must solicit competing bids, Golle's company is the top contender. A former Xerox company executive, Golle formed EAI in 1986.

In 1990, Dade County, Fla., picked EAI to help run a school in Miami Beach. Its contract with the Baltimore schools followed two years later.

A spokesman for Golle said he was vacationing and unavailable last week. In a recent Wall Street Journal article, Golle said he is motivated by "a moral responsibility to do better by our children . . . particularly (the) economically disadvantaged."

Through a confederation it calls the Alliance for Schools That Work, EAI proposes to supply Hartford with a level of services that would be otherwise out of reach. To that end it will work with partner firms Paramount Communications for computer technology, Johnson Controls for building maintenance, and KPMG Peat Marwick for financial management.

Enhancements like a computer lab in every school and four computers in every classroom are part of EAI's appeal, as is its promise to spend $20 million of its own money on physical plant and curriculum improvements. Capital would come from investors' holdings in the publicly traded company. Profit would derive from savings on energy costs and bulk discounts on supplies.

EAI would agree to stay within the Hartford school board's $171.1 million budget, spending no more than $8,450 per pupil and retaining all current public employees, according to negotiated contracts. The board would determine curriculum content, retain hiring and firing power, and have the right to cancel the contract for any reason with 90 days notice.

As tantalizing as the proposal is for a district that has an $11 million deficit, not all parents favor it. Lenworth Bunting, PTA president of Annie Fisher, a north Hartford elementary school with 700 students, thinks learning and earning are antithetical goals.

"Who will be (the company's) priority? The stockholders or the children? . . . All the company is going to do is come in and run it to the bone, like a business, to make a profit. Kids that need special attention - handicapped kids, learning disabled kids - are going to get lost in the shuffle," Bunting said.

Moreover, Bunting said, EAI is hawking an unproven product.

Because the share price of EAI stock has fluctuated wildly on the news of its proposal in Hartford - from a high of $49 last fall to below $14 last week - critics also say the company may not have the resources to make the promised improvements.

In Baltimore, where EAI started running schools under a five-year contract that began in September 1992, test scores have not improved, certified teachers have been cut, union paraprofessionals were replaced with lower-paid nonunion aides, and students with special needs were not adequately served, according to a January school district report.

Still, Baltimore School Superintendent Walter Amprey praises the company for cleaning up schools, upgrading security and landscaping - improvements that send a positive message to students about the importance of their education.

In an open letter to the parents of Hartford, Amprey wrote: "Like many other school bureaucracies . . . ours had become so entangled in well-meaning regulations that it took too long to accomplish what students desperately needed to learn efficiently. Our contract with EAI has introduced a new level of accountability."

Since March, the Hartford Federation of Teachers has been working furiously to defeat privatization. A glossy flier mailed to parents last week pictured a young girl next to the words, "The Hartford School Board wants to experiment on your child."

With a student body that is 50.1 percent Hispanic, 41.9 percent black and 1.7 percent Asian, allegations of social engineering are incendiary.

"They want to use our kids as guinea pigs," union president Jeanne Spencer said.

Noting that an unusual number of teachers - 180 - will take early retirement this year, Spencer says the district itself will have the chance to improve the system with creative hiring.

"You don't use taxpayer dollars to seek reform from the outside when you have experts already in place," Spencer said.

On the other hand, while conceding he doesn't know enough to fully evaluate EAI, Fedy Arscott, a residential health-care worker with two children in middle school and two in high school, says he is happy that a private company "has shaken the teachers' organization from its seat of complacency."

Around the table at Peter McCue's house, in a square, circa-1960s kitchen decorated with his children's artwork and smelling of a pan-fried steak, a discussion about EAI is on the menu, too.

McCue, 34, a fax machine technician, earns $30,000 a year. He pays $800 a month rent for a three-bedroom house with peeling red paint in Hartford's ***working-class*** south end. His wife, LeaAnn, 33, stays at home with 7-year-old Molly, a second grader at the blond-brick Naylor School, and son Sam, who is 3. Molly sometimes goes to bed crying because she is so bored with school, McCue says.

"Have you ever heard the expression 'dumbing down'? That's already happening to her. It makes me so upset," said LeaAnn, fighting back tears. "I've had a fifth-grade teacher tell me, 'If Molly were my daughter, I wouldn't continue her education here.' "

But the McCues like the density and diversity of the city. Active in the community through public-access television, they are deeply invested in improving the schools. Last month, Peter went with a busload of parents to Baltimore to observe EAI schools for two days.

He witnessed the 20-minute morning meeting at which students gather to sing inspirational songs in an effort to "restart" the day for inner-city youngsters who may have to go past crack dealers. He visited computer-equipped classrooms in which students gather in small groups and work on independent projects rather than sit idly through lectures. He learned about "personal education plans," in which parents participate in choosing individualized goals for their children. And he saw report cards with "learner outcomes" in place of grades. Instead of an A, B or C, the report card might indicate that a student can count to 50 by fives, for example.

McCue came away impressed by the facilities and the discipline of the students.

"It's the first proposal anyone has made to us where we can actually see, touch and feel it," McCue said. "Why not give it a try? If EAI can't deliver, it's not going to be something we won't notice. Where do you think this school system is going to be in five years if we leave it alone?"

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (2)

1. Molly McCue, 7, walks home from school with her mother, LeaAnn, her

father, Peter, and little brother, Sam, 3. Even the dog Abbey goes along. The

McCues back a plan to have a company run the schools. (For The Inquirer

, JONATHAN OLSON)

2. In Hartford, Jeff Brown gets his son Brenton, 8, ready for school to the

amusement of Collin, 2. The city is targeting school problems.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***NOW IN THEATERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YF9-STF0-00C6-D095-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

January 28, 2000, Friday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** LIFE;

**Length:** 2089 words

**Byline:** Mike Clark; Susan Wloszczyna; Andy Seiler

**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 Gilbert*

*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

the show down. Until overplaying its hand in the final 20 minutes,

this is one of the most entertaining movies of the past year.

(R: language and sexuality) -- M.C.

Down to You

\*

Freddie Prinze Jr. (*She's All That*) and Julia Stiles (*10*

*Things I Hate About You*) have finally graduated from high

school flicks. Now they're playing students at an unspecified

New York university who never seem to do any studying. There's

not a single laugh in one of the most aimless romantic comedies

on record. Wretchedly integrated subplots involve a TV cooking

show (featuring Henry Winkler as Prinze's dad) and the participation

of a Prinze roommate in the porn industry. You also get Prinze

lip-syncing to Barry White because they had to find a way to wrap

up this interminable 90-minute fiasco. (PG-13: mature themes,

sexual content, language, drug and alcohol use) -- M.C.

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) -- Susan Wloszczyna

Galaxy Quest

\* \*

Lord knows we don't need any more *Spaceballs*-style movie

spoofs. But if any film could make you nostalgic for a slice of

Pizza the Hutt with extra cheese, it's this strangely earthbound

takeoff on *Star Trek*-type TV shows. Restraint hangs heavy

in the air, and it suffocates many potential yuks. At least the

premise is promising: Actors from a long-canceled sci-fi series

are mistaken for genuine action heroes by sweet-natured aliens

called Thermians and are enlisted to save their race. Tim Allen

as the Shatnerian commander, a blonde Sigourney Weaver as an astronaut

Barbie and Alan Rickman as a Spock-ish sidekick all help elevate

material that comes dangerously close to what it parodies: a second-rate

space opera. (PG: violence, mild language, sensuality) -- 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, directed by

James Mangold, is like every cinematic snake pit, only less so,

taking its mood cues from Ryder's mopey depression. The doctors

aren't monsters, 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

-- a 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, violence) -- M.C.

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 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). Now the action has moved

from the crime-ridden city to the grime-free burbs, where Cube's

Craig decides 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 cockeyed 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.

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 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: 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 semiobscurity 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

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, 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 seductively 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 postcard Italy. Only he starts enjoying sonny's lazy "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 Hollywood cast, which includes

Jude Law (excellent as Damon's somewhat suspicious new friend),

Gwyneth Paltrow, Cate Blanchett and the dependably scene-stealing

Philip Seymour Hoffman. (R: violence, language, brief nudity)

-- 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 1940s. The result: a

backstage movie you can easily mention in the same breath with

*All About Eve*, Judy Garland's *A Star Is Born* and

Powell's own *The Red Shoes*. (R: a scene of risqué

nudity) -- M.C.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, B/W, Barry Wetcher, Miramax; PHOTO, B/W, Simon Mein, October Films; 'Down to You': Freddie Prinze Jr., as a college student, stumbles through an aimless romantic comedy. 'Topsy-Turvy': Arthur Sullivan (Allan Corduner, left) and William Schwenck Gilbert (Jim Broadbent) break a slump with 'The Mikado.'

**Load-Date:** January 28, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Dreams are emerging of a 'new' New Orleans -- but which one?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H3S-V050-010F-K3K2-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

September 14, 2005, Wednesday,

FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 2603 words

**Byline:** Richard Willing

**Body**

Three days after the New Orleans flood walls broke on Aug. 29, a visit to his hometown left Harry Connick Jr. feeling desperate.

"It is hard to sit in silence, to watch one's youth wash away," the singer and piano player wrote on his website. "I can only dream that one day she will recapture her glory."

On a follow-up visit a week later, Connick saw things that raised his hopes. Floodwaters were receding, violence was being contained, and at least one bar had reopened on Bourbon Street, where the 37-year-old Connick cut his musical teeth. "Man," Connick wrote, "if this isn't a sign of New Orleans coming back to its former state!"

Maybe. As the shock of one of America's worst natural disaster wears off and floodwaters are pumped out of New Orleans, public figures from local performers to President Bush are beginning to speak of reviving the 287-year-old city as if such a thing is inevitable.

They are contemplating what urban planner Robert Lang of Virginia Tech says has "never been done before in America": Using what could be hundreds of billions of public and private dollars to rebuild a modern city on a scale far beyond what happened in San Francisco after its 1906 earthquake, or in Chicago after its 1871 fire.

But what kind of city will rise from the receding waters, and when, and how?

Rebuilding is a complex issue, layered with racially sensitive questions about how to revamp the city while luring back the blue-collar and low-income residents -- most of them black -- who made up the bulk of the roughly half-million evacuees from the area who now are scattered across America. At stake is how much of New Orleans' identity -- its unique combination of grit and refinement, bawdiness and charm -- will be washed away for good.

Politicians, urban planners, business leaders and local residents with different views of a "new" New Orleans already are campaigning for their competing visions.

U.S. Rep. William Jefferson, D-La., whose New Orleans home was flooded, would focus on creating a city where tax credits, housing subsidies and jobs programs would be used to encourage the return of its ***working class***.

U.S. Rep. Bobby Jindal, R-La., whose home in nearby Kenner also was damaged, would appoint a rebuilding czar and dust off plans to diversify the city's industrial base and modernize its hospitals and public housing.

Scientists such as John Rennie, editor of Scientific American, are talking about a safer and perhaps smaller city in which wetlands would be expanded to protect against storms.

Singer Art Neville of the Neville Brothers is calling for a "Newer Orleans" -- a city re-populated by returning evacuees and protected by a new set of the "best levees ever built."

And Dane Ciolino, a criminal defense lawyer and a law professor at the University of New Orleans, wants a rebuilt city that excludes the "looters and the shooters" but that remains racially and economically diverse. He fears that restoring only the upper-income residential areas such as the Garden District and the tourist sites of the French Quarter -- the areas in New Orleans least damaged by the flooding -- would turn the city into an "adult Disneyland with cocktails."

"It's too much to say that (rebuilding) is the storm's silver lining, but there's no denying that it's given us an opportunity no one's ever had before," says Jindal, whose district includes part of New Orleans and its suburbs. "Now the challenge is to bring everyone together, to get the best thinking and planning and ideas out there, and to get together and do it right. … That hasn't been done before, either."

Whatever shape the rebuilding of New Orleans takes, rebuilding the city's psyche will be a key issue.

"I have great faith" in the ability of New Orleanians to rebound, Neville says. "But morale has taken a real blow. The people are down, man."

Several factors unique to the New Orleans disaster make it less likely that people will want to return to a rebuilt city, some analysts say.

"We've never seen scattering (of disaster victims) on this scale before," says Robert Fishman, an urban historian at the University of Michigan. Evacuees "have been relocated to any number of places, and told they'll be staying there for a long time. If it's months or years before people can get back in there, how many are going to want to go?"

Hurricane recovery specialist Michael Lindell says the images of widespread lawlessness and the suffering of many evacuated residents could have a profound impact on rebuilding efforts.

"If folks don't think government and their fellow citizens are up to the task, they may not feel that they are, either," says Lindell, senior scholar at the Hazard Reduction and Recovery Center at Texas A&M University in College Station. "What's civic morale going to be like, long term? I don't think we can say yet. We haven't ever seen anything like this."

The initial cleanup

With about 40% of New Orleans still underwater, it's unclear how long even the initial cleanup of the city will take.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers says it hopes to pump all the floodwater out of New Orleans by Oct. 8. Electric power and drinking water still must be restored. Des Moines needed nearly three weeks to restore potable water to 350,000 people after a flood crippled its water system in 1993.

Meanwhile, the water that has accumulated on New Orleans' streets poses health risks to recovery workers and residents. Besides leaves and dirt, it now carries backed-up sewage, feces and bacteria from decomposing bodies, as well as toxic chemicals from small businesses such as dry cleaners whose storage tanks flooded.

Tests by the federal Environmental Protection Agency indicated that bacteria are present in floodwaters at 10 times the acceptable level. That means workers wading in the water are at a high risk for health problems, says John Pardue, a professor of environmental engineering at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge.

Even when it dries, the polluted stew will coat streets, parks and yards with a film of toxic chemicals and sewage. Cleansing the land of contamination could take months, maybe years.

"Are the schoolyards and people's yards going to be so contaminated that we're going to have to scrape them up? That's the big unknown right now," Pardue says. "It's not a very rosy picture, I'm afraid."

After electricity, water and basic services are restored, homes and businesses will have to be rehabilitated or demolished and rebuilt before New Orleans residents can return home. Given the extent of water damage, many buildings likely will be beyond salvaging, Lindell says.

"The issue is not just structural damage that water is going to do to wood and Sheetrock, but the likelihood of mold," he says. "That's going to make some places that appear to be relatively undamaged turn out to be health hazards that have got to be gotten rid of."

Pete Carkhuff, sales executive for National Property Damage Experts in West Berlin, N.J., says that "you're probably talking about bulldozing entire blocks, maybe whole neighborhoods."

A smaller, safer city?

Once cleanup is completed and basic services are restored, New Orleans will face some difficult choices. Among them: Whether the city and its surrounding area should be made smaller, but safer, by restoring wetlands that have disappeared during the past several decades.

Even when the flood barriers are repaired, the city will remain substantially below sea level, making more flooding likely. And New Orleans is often wet, with an annual average of 64.16 inches of rain from 1971 to 2000, according to the National Climatic Data Center. Only Mobile, Ala., with an average of 66.29 inches, was wetter among major cities in the continental USA.

New Orleans has had more than 20 major floods since 1978, up from just two in the previous 50 years.

Any rebuilding plan, specialists say, should take New Orleans' topography and frequent rains into account. "You can bring the city back without making it any safer," Rennie says. "You want to avoid that."

The problem, Rennie says, is the gradual disappearance of barrier islands and wetlands between the city and the Gulf of Mexico, a process hastened by development in New Orleans and its suburbs. Building flood barriers to keep water away from homes and businesses, Rennie says, ultimately destroys surrounding wetlands and puts development at risk.

"The natural pattern of flooding supplies nutrients and sediment to wetlands areas, keeping them as kind of a buffer and a natural absorber when a really big storm hits," says Rennie, who published a report in October 2001 that said New Orleans was due to face major flooding from a hurricane.

The answer, he says, is to buttress the flood barriers needed to protect central New Orleans, then eliminate or downsize barriers and canals that sustain development on the city's fringes and in its suburbs. That would allow wetlands to resume their natural role of taking the brunt of smaller storms and protecting the city from catastrophe.

"We're talking about a smaller city, but a safer and hopefully more sustainable one," Rennie says. "The alternative is to continue as we are, losing 60 acres (of wetlands) a day. By 2090, New Orleans would be exposed to the open sea, with no protection at all."

The insurance industry could help direct New Orleans' reconstruction by declining to insure homes or businesses rebuilt in high-risk areas, or by making hurricane insurance easier to acquire if rebuilders agree to make new structures safer.

After Florida was struck by four big hurricanes last year, insurers played a "consultative role" in the rebuilding, says Robert Hartwig, chief economist of the Insurance Information Institute, a group funded by companies, trade associations and agents.

Industry representatives advised governments how to strengthen building codes, set up emergency cash pools and identify the riskiest areas in which to rebuild.

"We don't want to promote 'serial rebuilding,'" Hartwig says. "The industry does weigh in in post-disaster debates."

So, too, may Uncle Sam. Private insurers write most policies that cover hurricane damage, but the U.S. government is the principal insurer against flood loss through its National Flood Insurance Program. But the NFIP, Hartwig says, has become increasingly reluctant to insure replacement dwellings in high-risk areas.

House Speaker Dennis Hastert, R-Ill., has said that the federal government "ought to take a second look" at supporting the rebuilding of a city that will remain at risk for hurricanes.

Hastert's office later said that he wasn't advocating abandoning New Orleans, but rather taking risks into account before deciding what to rebuild.

Federal flood insurance will pay up to $250,000 to repair or replace a dwelling and up to $100,000 for lost or damaged contents.

But only about one-third of New Orleans homeowners appear to have taken out flood policies, Hartwig says, apparently trusting that "federal disaster efforts" will bail them out. Given the extent of the damage, and attitudes such as Hastert's, that may not be possible this time.

A tourist mecca

New Orleans also will have to decide how to rebuild its tourism industry.

The city's Convention & Visitors Bureau has opened an office in Baton Rouge, where New Orleans business owners have discussed plans to reopen attractions in the French Quarter and other relatively unscathed parts of the city's restaurant and entertainment district, perhaps by the end of the year.

But even by then, says urban historian Joel Kotkin, tens of thousands of tourists and conventioneers will have been redirected to other destinations. Rather than spending time and money to woo all of them back, Kotkin says, the city could consider trying to attract new industries that could complement a downscaled version of the tourism industry.

That's a tall order: Tourism in New Orleans has employed 80,000 people and each year has attracted 10 million visitors who have spent nearly $5 billion, the Convention & Visitors Bureau says.

"There's always going to be a Mardi Gras -- at least, a lot of Americans hope there will always be," says Kotkin, author of The City: A Global History. "But that doesn't mean that has to be the only reason for your economic existence."

New Orleans, he notes, has been a center for government, agricultural trade, banking and transportation at various times since it was founded as a French colony.

"Some of those industries have gone away, but some have migrated to other more energetic places," Kotkin says. "Look at Houston. It was nothing at the start of the 20th century, (but) now it has the port business and the energy industry that used to belong to New Orleans."

History seems to support that point. Major cities -- Kobe, Japan, in 1995, San Francisco and Chicago -- have suffered huge damage from earthquakes and/or fires and have rebounded smartly.

San Francisco's experience from 1906, detailed in A Crack at the Edge of the World, by Simon Winchester, appears to parallel many aspects of the New Orleans disaster: extensive destruction, loss of life, looting and the permanent relocation of some residents to nearby places such as Oakland. In the aftermath, San Francisco's economy shifted from manufacturing to finance, law and tourism, a mix that sustains the city to this day.

"As long as they've been around, cities have been flooded, burned, shaken by earthquakes or otherwise destroyed," says Thomas Campanella, a professor of urban planning at the University of North Carolina and co-editor of The Resilient City, a 2005 book that examined the revival of a dozen once-devastated cities. What ensures a city's recovery, he says, is the "extent to which (its) social and cultural fabric persists."

He cites the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, after which "New York City took on a small-town feel" as strangers took in stranded travelers and helped families search for loved ones.

"The extent to which citizens can really come together and help each other will go a long way toward determining how resilient New Orleans will be," he says. New Yorkers, he says, essentially told themselves, "Hey, we can come out of this better than ever."

Whether New Orleanians will adopt that approach remains to be seen.

Winchester says the slow-building nature of the disaster -- leaking barriers that led the city to flood over several days -- could harm the civic psyche.

"This isn't (like San Francisco's disaster), a boom followed rapidly by a fire before you can even think about it," he says. "This (was) water creeping up, inch by inch, day by day. It sounds maddening."

Not coming back

Shalom Matthews knows what he means.

The 30-year-old hotel auditor says she had never ventured beyond the New Orleans city limits before she and her sister were evacuated to Baton Rouge. Four terrifying nights at the New Orleans convention center were enough to persuade her to leave the city for good, she says.

"I don't know where we'll end up, but we're gonna get out of Louisiana," Matthews says. "We'll never look back."

But other New Orleans residents such as Eric Morgan seem eager to join in its rebuilding. Lounging on the balcony of a home in the city's Lower Garden District last week, Morgan, 46, said he wasn't going anywhere, despite the mayor's order for residents to evacuate.

Morgan, a construction worker, said he had a working generator and enough food and water to last about two months.

"The police came by to ask if we were all right. We're doing fine," he said, nodding to a friend. "We're gonna get (the city) back."

\*\*\*

Contributing: Kevin Johnson in New Orleans, Traci Watson in Washington, D.C., and Peter Eisler in McLean, Va.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Evan Eile, USA TODAY; GRAPHIC, Color, GRAPHIC, Color, Dave Merrill, USA TODAY (historical maps); PHOTO, Color, for USA TODAY; PHOTO, Color; PHOTO, B/W

**Load-Date:** September 14, 2005

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[***RIFT BETWEEN BLACKS, POLICE LINGERS AFTER CASE ENDS FEELINGS OF HARASSMENT GO BACK YEARS IN GLASSBORO. THE CLEARING OF AN OFFICER IN A SHOOTING DID LITTLE TO CHANGE THAT.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-P1H0-01K4-92XW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

June 12, 1994 Sunday NEW JERSEY EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1692 words

**Byline:** Annette John-Hall, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The day after a grand jury cleared Glassboro Patrolman Peter Amico of wrongdoing in the shooting of 14-year-old Eltarmaine Sanders, Frank Corsey found himself hauled into the police station.

Corsey had been waiting for a bus across the street from the station when an officer picked him up. The officer said Corsey fit the description of another African American male named Corsey who had outstanding court warrants.

Frank Corsey is 40 years old. The Corsey with the outstanding warrants is 17.

"Even at my best, I know I don't look 17," said Corsey, managing some weary humor.

Corsey was questioned and released. But he sees his experience as typical of the harassment African Americans have felt by the Glassboro police for as long as he can remember.

He says the shooting of Sanders, who was black, and the exoneration of Amico, who is white, is an extreme example of the unequal treatment of blacks by the justice system in Glassboro and Gloucester County.

Many community activists agree. The tragedy has become a flash point for the black community, which has organized marches, vigils and protests. But borough officials say the problem is one of perception, not reality.

Frank Corsey says the problem is real, whether or not borough officials - or even other African Americans - acknowledge it.

"Black people are to the point now when we think the cops are going to get their way anyway, so a lot of us have become submissive," he said, fumbling for a match for his cigarette. "There's a difference between being humble and being submissive. I was humble (with the officer) just now. But if he would have kept on, I wouldn't have submitted.

"And," he added, "that's how a lot of these young (black) people think, and that's why the police are always on them. The brothers over in the projects? They won't submit."

He looked over at the police station. "They're under a lot of stress," he said. "A lot of stress. I could see it in their eyes."

\*

Stress has been the operative word in Glassboro since April 17, when Amico, 29, pulled out his .40-caliber service revolver and shot Eltarmaine "L.T." Sanders, an eighth grader at Glassboro Middle School, once in the chest.

Accounts of the shooting differ. Police and the Gloucester County Prosecutor's Office say that a call came in from Delores Sanders, L.T.'s mother, asking for help to settle a violent dispute between L.T. and his cousin, Darrell Sanders.

Amico and his partner, Sgt. Benjamin Harrell, arrived on the scene. Amico said he saw L.T. running at him, arm upraised, with a long, sharp knife. Amico said that he yelled, "Drop it," and that when Sanders ignored the warning, the officer pulled the trigger.

But 14 eyewitnesses said Sanders was chasing his cousin with the knife and threw the knife at his cousin before he was shot.

The NAACP insists that Amico, who is doing administrative duty in an undisclosed town in New Jersey, should be dismissed from the force. Glassboro Police Chief Pat Kunchynski said she wants to put Amico back on the streets.

"I'm just not sure when," she said.

The shooting has thrown this ***working-class*** town of 15,614 into a tumult. Although African Americans are sparsely scattered throughout the county, Glassboro is one of the few enclaves where blacks cluster - nearly 19 percent of the residents are African American.

"I don't think racism should be brought into it," said Michael Notarianni, 16, who is white, and a junior at Glassboro High. He rested his feet on his skateboard as he spoke at a downtown bus stop. "If a white kid was charging someone with a knife, I think I would have done the same thing."

Over at Sharkey's Sneakers, a downtown shoe store, Brian Sprewell, a 26- year-old black male, said the grand jury's decision didn't surprise him.

"This is like business as usual around here," he said. "The grand jury probably didn't see anything wrong with a policeman gunning down L.T. like he did."

Said Allen Fleming, a 28-year-old African American and a lifelong Glassboro resident: "I'm numb. We've been done wrong so much, it's like getting Novocain.'

\*

The relationship between African Americans and law enforcement in Glassboro has always been contentious. The Gloucester County chapter of NAACP was born when a young black man, Davengelish Shoultz, was shot and killed by John Montgomery, a white state trooper, under suspicious circumstances in Lawns, then a section of Glassboro, in 1947.

Though the black population grew at a faster rate than any other ethnic group in Glassboro during the last census period, the borough counts two African Americans among its 40-member police force. It has never had a black mayor or borough department head. And there are no African Americans on borough council, although a black woman, Ingres Simpson, is running for a three-year term in November.

But the most worrisome problem, blacks say, is harassment by police officers in their neighborhoods.

The Glassboro Community Awareness Association, which was formed 10 years ago to address social concerns for black residents, documents eight cases of what it describes as police harassment over a two-year period.

The most recent, they say, involved Effrim Williams, a borough employee who was stopped and warned for having an expired inspection sticker on his borough truck and failing to make a complete stop at a stop sign. The stop came one day after Williams appeared on a videotaped re-enactment in which he described to Sanders family attorney Patricia Darden that Harrell, Amico's partner, reacted to the shooting with disbelief and horror.

Kunchynski said she looked into that incident and found reports of harassment unfounded.

Most of the incidents, according to residents, involve police stopping young black men and citing them for insignificant violations, or telling them to disperse from a public place, such as a park.

Charles Smith, who heads up the Glassboro Community Awareness Association, described the department as "out of control." But the police view their actions differently.

"The biggest battle we have is a matter of perception versus reality," patrolman John DeHart said.

DeHart, recently appointed by Mayor Donald Barger to head a committee on community relations, said that what constitutes harassment to African Americans may not be considered harassment by whites.

"We had a situation about four or five years ago at the College Town shopping center where we had complaints that cars were racing and kids were leaving trash everywhere," he said. "These were primarily white kids with a couple of blacks and Hispanics. We had to go up there and really crack down, and ultimately we cleaned up the problem."

DeHart said that the youths were cited and told to disperse and that police presence was everywhere. But he pointed out that "none of the kids complained that they were being harassed."

He added that the police are "dealing with a pretty significant drug problem downtown," which is the area where many African Americans live. "So it distorts a lot of the things that we do," he said. "The perception is that it's racial, but it's where we happen to have the biggest problem."

Smith said that the younger officers in particular use intimidating tactics when working in black neighborhoods. "They get out with their hands on their weapons, so the impression is that they're trigger-happy," he said.

DeHart, 37, agreed there is a difference between younger and older officers, but said it has nothing to do with racism.

"The younger officers are more ambitious, so generally the young officer is going to make more arrests," he said. "When you deal with younger residents, they're more aggressive, so obviously the situation may seem to be intensified. So if the younger officer is going to make the apprehension, he's going to be more confrontational."

DeHart also agreed that there was some distrust and skepticism toward the police. But, he said, those voices drown out the rest. "You have a small vocal group that has an extreme amount of distrust with any group in authority," he said. "The people who don't have a real problem are not speaking up that much."

\*

Patricia Kunchynski awaits a reporter's next question. A tall woman with formidable presence, Kunchynski has weathered months of public criticism about the alleged insensitivity of her department and the lack of black officers on her force.

As Glassboro's first woman police chief, Kunchynski, 41, says she understands first-hand the benefits that come with diversifying the workplace.

"We continue to try to hire all minorities," she said.

The problem, she said, is retention. She counted six African Americans who left the department over the last five years. "And three went on to better jobs," she said.

The chief said that of the "40 or 50" applicants interviewed during the last year, 25 have been black. Of the two positions open this year, one was filled with an African American officer, Frank Brown, who recently returned to the force. The other position has not yet been filled.

The Sanders shooting has slowly brought about an agenda for change.

Barger, a Democrat who is running for re-election, has appointed a summer jobs program committee that aims to provide employment for low income youth. The NAACP is also putting together a program that will sponsor summer activities for teens, such as outdoor concerts.

Those things, however, won't heal the hurt and ill feelings that divide the community.

The Glassboro Ministerium, which represents churches of all denominations, has been credited with helping maintain calm throughout the aftermath of the shooting. Members of the Ministerium, along with about 100 other residents, prayed for peace and understanding during a prayer service held the week after the grand jury's decision.

But supporters of Sanders, who have handed over additional information to the FBI for a U.S. Justice Department investigation, said they are prepared to file a civil suit if the Justice Department rules that Amico did not violate Sanders' civil rights.

"The police chief, the mayor, everybody keeps saying, 'Let's put this behind us and move on,' " Smith said. "But we can't put this behind us and move on. We're going to move on pursuing this."

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO (2)

1. At the funeral for Eltarmaine Sanders in April, Jere Washington (in

glasses), 11, and others seek consolation. Sanders' shooting became a flash

point for community protests. (For The Inquirer, BOB HILL)

2. Patrolman Peter Amico was cleared of wrongdoing in the youth's shooting.

CHART (3)

1-3. Demographic Shifts in Glassboro (SOURCE: U.S. Census Bureau; The

Philadelphia Inquirer)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

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[***What's in a name?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-8FR0-009B-P379-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Children often are given names that reflect their heritage or their generation. In Minnesota and across the country, however, more parents are rejecting popular names for ones that proclaim individuality.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-8FR0-009B-P379-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

July 13, 1997, Metro Edition

Copyright 1997 Star Tribune

**Section:** Variety; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1944 words

**Byline:** Tatsha Robertson; Staff Writer

**Body**

Marie Helferich of Mountain Lake, Minn., thought she was having twins. Her midwife assured her she heard two heartbeats.

But when Marie went into labor one evening in 1995, she and her husband, Kevin, got a big surprise. After a fairly easy labor, Marie gave birth to only one child - a healthy girl.

Shocked by the single birth, but thankful for its ease, Kevin decided to name the baby Praise T.L. Helferich - for "Praise the Lord."

Praise T.L. stands out among the more than 6,000 names given to Minnesota babies that year, but it certainly isn't the most unusual. Consider these names from that same year: Pepsi, California Seven, Lexxus, Other Day, Soon Boom, Win, Queen Sarauniya, December Rae, Gentle and Laquan.

Some of the names can reflect Minnesota's increasingly diverse population. Soon Boom and Moon Man, for example, have Asian derivatives. And in a state with a larger black population, Laquan wouldn't seem that unusual.

But others clearly mark a trend toward individualism that has been documented by Cleveland K. Evans, an associate professor at Bellevue University in Bellevue, Neb. , and an expert on names.

"The main thing that parents want to know now is what is the most popular name so I can avoid giving that one," said Evans, who answers parents' questions about names online. "They are horribly frightened that there will be someone in their child's kindergarten with the same name."

In literature, names are used to mirror a character's personality. But in life, names often reflect the character of the parent. They reveal important social clues and hold in them a parent's hopes and dreams - and sometimes a link to the past.

In a class by herself

California Seven Thorson went nameless for the first four months of her life.

"We wanted to get to know the kid a bit," explained her father, Mark Thorson, a highway construction supervisor in Bemidji, Minn. "It just strikes me as odd that people name kids right after they pop out."

The name California came from Mark, who for 11 years lived in California, where he worked as a film and television writer.

"I wanted something that would connect to my life, since California was a big part of it," he said.

And Seven, where did that come from? Mark gives the complicated version.

"We added the number of days we knew each other before marrying with the number of months California went without a name and got seven."

The version told by California's mother, Amy, is a little simpler. She wanted the middle name to began with an S. "But nothing cutesy like Susie or common like Sally," she said.

"We wanted a biblical connotation, so then we thought California 666," said Mark. "But I guess that would be a little rude to Christians."

The most popular

Though unusual names are becoming more prevalent, the most popular names are still fairly traditional.

In 1995, for example, Jacob and Emily were the most popular names for babies in Minnesota, according to a Star Tribune analysis of birth records. Ten years earlier, it was Matthew and Amanda.

Other popular choices are Tyler, Rachel, Samantha, Sarah and Megan. But those names aren't as popular as they once were. While Jacob reigns as the most popular boy's name in Minnesota, there were only half as many Jacobs born in 1995 as there were Matthews in 1985.

In the past, parents worried that their children would be teased unmercifully on the playground if they had unusual names, but now they are choosing or inventing names that are unique.

Vicki Flor, a teacher at Kinder Care in Brooklyn Park, hears them all.

"These names rhyme, like Tanisha and Quanisha. You're talking to one child, but they think you're talking to the other."

Driven to find a name

In 1995, Beth Hawkins was driving down Hwy. 169 with her husband, Darryle, and her son, Landon. They were going through a name list, trying to find the perfect name for a new daughter. She already knew the name had to began with L. Their son was named after Michael Landon from "Little House on the Prairie." Beth thought Laura (Ingalls Wilder) would be perfect, but Darryle thought it was too ordinary.

Beth was toying with the idea of naming her daughter Lavender, when a black Lexus automobile trimmed in gold passed by.

She had always liked the car. It began with L: "I said hey, why not Lexus? That would be neat."

They added an extra X to make it unique. And that's how baby Lexxus Hawkins got her name.

There was another Lexus born that year, too, but with only one X.

Gentle on their minds

"We are the only form of animals that do this, this name thing," said Leonard Ashley, a name expert and former president of the American Names Society.

"We do it for various psychological reasons. We don't want to be forgotten. If you forget someone's name, they believe you probably don't like them. And you probably don't. You didn't remember them."

Names often give off a certain connotation, said Ashley, and parents are well aware of that.

Heather Griswold of Andover named her daughter Gentle, because of the way the baby moved when she was carrying her: "She has spunk now, but she really has a gentle spirit."

Other names can conjure up feelings of strength and weakness, said Ashley. Jim sounds friendlier than the stuffier James, he said. And he thinks his name - Leonard - sounds as if he should be an accountant.

Leroy used to be a nerdy-sounding white male name, and then it became a nerdy-sounding black male name. And now, says Ashley, it's becoming a white name again.

Race matters

Race, class and gender are factors that contribute to a parent's choice of names.

Evans said educated parents tend to prefer old, traditional names. They are the ones reviving Sarah, Abigail, Hannah and Mamie, whereas ***working-class*** people choose trendy names like Brittany and Savannah, he said.

But black parents, regardless of class, tend to choose unique names, sometimes inventing them. The only difference is that a black parent with more education will probably research the meaning of an African name rather than just choose a name that sounds African.

The white culture, however, wants new-sounding names, but not too new, said Evans: "The white culture will not give a child a name they never heard applied to another human being. It doesn't have to be a real human being; it could come from soap opera. Whereas African Americans, in their culture it is perfectly fine to stick syllables together."

It is black names that fascinate name experts the most. As subtle as it may seem, their naming patterns tell the story of race relations in America.

Asserting their origins

During the slavery period, blacks' and whites' names were similar, said David Hacker, a University of Minnesota graduate student who is studying the naming patterns in American history.

Fannie was a popular black female name of the period until it was associated with the rear end. There were a few slave names used like Couffee and Sambo (both with African origins), but generally white slave owners were attempting to remove all trace of African language.

During the Black Power movement in the 1960s and '70s, there was an explosion of African names. These days, people are not so much picking African names, but names that have been made distinctly black, like Tireek, and three-syllabled girl's names such as Towanda, LaKeesha and Lashonda.

"What this is showing is that black people are saying 'We are African Americans.' It shows black people tried to force their way into society, but there was still resistance," Ashley said. "So they said 'To hell with you, we will be different and constantly remind you that you didn't want us to join you.' "

Some blacks like to name their boys after basketball or baseball stars. There was one Shaquille born in 1995 in Minnesota, and five Kirbys.

The Scandinavian immigrants who moved to Minnesota during the 1920s tried to assimilate, veering from names common in their homeland. Instead, they picked very American-sounding names, said Gunnar Thorvaldsen, a Norwegian professor who for the past year has worked on Census Project at the University of Minnesota.

There were exceptions: Oscar and Carl were popular names. During that time, they were names of Swedish kings.

"So they had a subtle way of asserting their nationality or origin by choosing kings' names," said Thorvaldsen. "Carl and Oscar do not sound unfamiliar to the American ear, so that's a kind of compromise."

Blame it on TV

People used to name their children after characters in books; now, they are more influenced by television and movies.

Some TV names come in fashion years after the show was a hit, said Evans, who wrote an article on the trend in June's TV Guide. Matthew and Samantha became popular with baby boomers who grew up watching "Gunsmoke" and "Bewitched."

The Muslim name Khadijah wasn't well-known outside of the Northeast until "Living Single" (a popular show about four black women) debuted in 1993, Evans said. After the show began, the name shot up from 229th to sixth most popular name given to black girls in 1994. In Minnesota, one was named Latifah in 1995, after the show's star, Queen Latifah.

The most popular Hispanic name these days for girls is Alondra, from a popular character on Spanish soap opera. There were six Alondras born in Minnesota in 1995.

"We are bombarded daily with messages from various media," said Edward Callary, a professor at Indiana University who studies names in literature.

Some say these names our parents choose for us - whether from the Bible, television, or a name book - are only groups of letters, mere "white noise," said Callary. As we mature, he said, our parents' chosen name for us becomes our own.

That's what Mark and Amy Thorson are hoping for California Seven. She's a sunny child, just like the state, said Mark.

Amy is expecting again. It's no telling, said Mark, what they will name California's new sibling.

There's a strong candidate, though - "Annie Christ."

Says Mark, "Now that sure would rattle some cages in the neighborhood."

- Data analysis for this article was done by Tatsha Robertson and Bill Loving, computer-assisted-reporting editor.

- Cleveland K. Evans is a consultant for the Baby Names! online site at [*www.babynames.com*](http://www.babynames.com). He can be reached via e-mail at [*cevans@scholars.bellevue.edu*](mailto:cevans@scholars.bellevue.edu).

Most popular names in the nation in 1995

Boys: Michael, Nicholas, Matthew, Tyler, Christopher, Jacob, Joshua, Zachary, Austin and Brandon.

Girls: Ashley, Sarah, Kaitlyn, Jessica, Emily, Brittany, Brianna, Samantha, Taylor and Megan.

Minnesota's most popular names in 1995:

Boys: Jacob, Matthew, Nicholas, Andrew, Tyler, Michael, Zachary, Ryan, Alexander, and Joseph.

Girls: Emily, Rachel, Samantha, Sarah, Megan, Hannah, Elizabeth, Jessica, Ashley and Taylor.

Black and White names

1850: black men: John, William, James, George, Henry, Thomas, Charles, Robert, Joseph and Samuel,

1995: black men: Michael, Christopher, Brandon, Anthony, Joshua, James, Kevin, David, Malik, Jonathan

1850: white men: John, William, James , George, Charles, Thomas, Henry, Joseph, Francis and Samuel.

1995: white men: Michael, Nicholas, Matthew, Tyler, Jacob, Zachary, Austin, Christopher, Joshua and Brandon

1850: black women : Mary, Sarah, Martha, Anne, Jane, Harriet, Eliza, Susan, Margaret and Katherine.

1995: black women: Jassmine, Brianna, Ashley, Alexus, Brittany, Kayla, Deja, Aaliyah, Taylor and Jessica

1850: white women: Mary, Sarah, Anne, Elizabeth, Martha, Margaret, Katherine, Emma, Nancy, Susan.

1995: white women: Sara, Kaitlyn, Ashley, Emily, Jessica, Samantha, Megan, Brittany, Rachel and Taylor

Sources: Cleveland K. Evans, Bellevue University, and David Hacker, graduate student at the University of Minnesota

**Graphic**

Photograph; Illustration

**Load-Date:** July 15, 1997

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[***THE FIRST MOVIE MOGUL PHILADELPHIAN SIEGMUND LUBIN MADE THOUSANDS OF FILMS HERE STARTING IN 1896. TOMORROW, A DOUBLE-BARRELED SALUTE WILL HAIL THE MAN WHO RECOGNIZED THE FUTURE OF THE NEW ART FORM - AND MADE MILLIONS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4723-NYW0-01K4-93WV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

May 5, 1994 Thursday FINAL EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. C01

**Length:** 1760 words

**Byline:** Carrie Rickey, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Body**

Siegmund Lubin had use of only his left eye, but he was some kind of visionary.

The 44-year-old Philadelphia optician is believed to have been at the Franklin Institute on Dec. 18, 1895, for the nation's first film exhibition before a scientific group. And as he focused his good eye on the flickering images of a cockfight, Lubin saw the future.

While industrialists such as Thomas Edison hoped to profit from manufacturing movie hardware and arcade showmen exploited the novelty of cinema - the Nintendo of its day - Lubin recognized the multiple possibilities of the medium.

Between 1896 and 1916, the man now hailed as America's first movie mogul produced more than 3,000 films, built four studios in the area, opened the city's first upscale movie houses, manufactured and marketed film equipment and managed numerous scientific breakthroughs, including a way to film through a microscope. Not until Lubin, say historians, did one individual simultaneously develop the technological, marketing and creative aspects of this revolutionary new art form.

For his achievements, Lubin will be the subject of a two-tiered salute tomorrow. At 4 p.m., a historic marker will be installed at 21 S. Eighth St., site of Lubin's optical shop, by the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum

Commission, in conjunction with the Philadelphia Festival of World Cinema. And at 6, at the Balch Institute, the PFWC will hold a lecture on the producer's life, followed by a fistful of Lubin films.

Seventy-five years before Rocky, Philadelphia was the site of Lubin's boxing picture, The Big Fight (1900), featured on tomorrow's program. Also planned is a screening of Thrilling Detective Story (1907), a sidesplitting comedy in which a bookworm walks the city with her nose buried in a volume, so taken with its story that she collides with pedestrians, forklifts and streetcars and ultimately trips into the Schuylkill. (Before he built his

Lubinville studio at 20th and Indiana, the Berlin-educated immigrant used Fairmount Park for exteriors in his films, which include the earliest westerns.)

Most thrilling among the titles in tomorrow's Balch compilation is A Partner to Providence (1914), which spectacularly depicts the collision of two

trains. In its time, the $25,000 sequence was one of the most expensive ever filmed.

Lubin's movie career began with a far more mundane spectacle. Horse Eating Hay (1896), a lost film of a mare munching its morning meal, was shot in the stable behind Lubin's home at 1608 N. 15th St. Not only was it Lubin's maiden effort, it was the first film made in Philadelphia. By the turn of the century, when Hollywood was still a failed real-estate development, Lubin was making comedies, melodramas, sports films, action pictures and kiddie movies. (Some claim the term cliffhanger was coined in reference to cowboys hanging by their cuticles in Lubin westerns shot around what is now Drexel Hill.)

Scientist, huckster and bon vivant Siegmund Lubszynski was born in 1851 (possibly in Breslau, then part of Prussia) and claimed to have arrived in this country during the Centennial year of 1876. A University of Heidelberg- educated optician who lost his right eye in a factory accident, Lubin traveled the country selling eyeglasses and novelties before settling in Philadelphia in 1883.

A towering, well-fed man with a bald head resembling an egg, he possessed the business acumen to create the 19th-century equivalent of Lenscrafters. At a time when those seeking spectacles had to go to one specialist for an exam, another to grind lenses and a third to fit them in frames, Lubin did it all under one roof - in 24 hours. Later he'd apply this approach to his movie concerns.

Lubin was a restless tinkerer. When his wife, Annie, complained that her glasses slid off her nose, he created the "rocking nose guard." To capitalize on the solar eclipse of 1896, Lubin invented viewers made of smoked glass. To augment his optical business, he took photographic portraits. During the summer, Lubin would travel to expositions, selling his wares and gauging public reaction to other technological novelties.

Whether or not Lubin was aware of Philadelphia photography giants such as John Carbutt (who pioneered the use of celluloid film) and Eadweard Muybridge (who shot early motion studies), as an inventor and entrepreneur, he was uniquely situated to recognize the movies' industrial and commercial potential.

In the summer of 1895, Lubin saw his first film at an Atlanta exposition. When its operator, C. Francis Jenkins, came to the Franklin Institute in

December, Lubin bought one of his projectors, later refining it and selling it as a "Cineograph." With modifications to Jenkins' bulky motion-picture camera, he made Horse Eating Hay and another home movie, Daughters' Pillow Fight. Already, Lubin was the purveyor of both hardware and software.

But while Edison saw film in terms of cameras and projectors, Lubin saw it as an industry, an art and an entertainment. Like someone viewing a 30-ton computer in 1950 and recognizing that within 50 years every house would have one, Lubin looked at the primitive medium of film in 1902 and predicted that "the time will come when the . . . moving picture machine will be part and parcel of every up-to-date home."

"Edison . . . thought that as a form of entertainment, movies were

vulgar," says Lubin biographer Joseph Eckhardt, a faculty member at Montgomery County Community College who will deliver tomorrow's Balch lecture. "Lubin said, in effect, 'Of course, that's what makes them wonderful.' " He commercialized movies by emphasizing their value as an entertainment.

The earliest extant Lubin film, shot in the inventor's home, is A Tramp's

Dream (1899), in which a vagabond dreams of dining and dancing in a fancy house. Though initially Lubin used his 15th Street yard as an open-air studio, the sight of hootchy-kootchy dancers and prizefighters in tights scandalized his neighbors. So in 1899, Lubin moved his operation to 912 Arch St. in the middle of the red-light district, comfortably close to the Trocadero burlesque house, an endless source of actresses. There, on his rooftop studio, he staged everything from Biblicals to re-enactments of famous boxing bouts.

Lubin's logo was the Liberty Bell, his company motto "clear as a bell," emphasizing his films' sharp focus. In 1899, in what is now University City, he built what may have been the world's first theater expressly for movies. Later, he constructed the Victoria, the city's first upscale moviehouse, at 926-928 Market St. It was the start of a chain of more than 100 theaters - including the first multiplex, which opened in Baltimore in 1907 - that Lubin would operate.

"Lubin was thus the only established producer in the motion-picture business to be building a vertically integrated business," wrote Yale University film historian Charles Musser.

Lubin's enterprise invoked the wrath of Edison, who claimed the copyright to manufacture and sell motion-picture films and equipment in the United States. The two were enmeshed in litigation from 1998 until 1907. During that time, which saw spectacular development of film in Europe, the United States lagged behind, possibly because money that might have gone into production was spent on costly lawsuits.

Once Edison declared peace with Lubin and a handful of other putative patent infringers, the first movie mogul relocated his studio above the Victoria Theater and stepped up his film production with stars such as Oliver Hardy, Marie Dressler and Florence Lawrence. As opposed to the genteel productions of New York's Biograph company, Lubin's adopted a ***working-class*** contempt for established people and institutions. In John D. and the Reporter (1907), he parodied oil king John D. Rockefeller, the president of "Rancid Oil" who squeezes profits out of the consumer.

In 1911, with profits from film production, Lubin built a studio complex at 20th and Indiana immediately dubbed Lubinville. Philadelphians of a certain age remember him motoring through town in his sleek Lozier touring car adorned with Lubin Liberty Bells.

The following year, Lubin purchased the Montgomery County estate of brewer John Betz across the Schuylkill from Valley Forge. He envisioned Betzwood as a place where part of the land could be farmed to feed the 700 employees who lived and worked there and the rest would serve as locations. "An Arizona desert one day and the Russian steppes the next, Betzwood was capable of being made to look like virtually any place in the world," writes Lubin historian Linda Kowall.

His idea of a state-of-the-art studio complex, air-conditioned and automated, caught the fancy of Marcus Laemmle, who in 1915 based Universal City on Lubin's Betzwood scheme.

Disaster scenes, such as that spectacular train wreck in A Partner to Providence, were a recurring motif in Lubin films of this period. For The Gods of Fate (1914), about lives lost in mines and mills, Lubin filmed the burning of the abandoned Tacony Iron Works.

Perhaps these screen disasters prophesied Lubin's personal calamities: In June 1914 the film vault at Lubinville exploded, destroying negatives of every film he'd produced. Of his 3,000 titles, fewer than 300 are known to have survived.

The outbreak of World War I killed revenue from Lubin's European markets. And the Drexel Bank called in a $500,000 loan that the man who had made millions could not repay. In 1916, Betzwood was shuttered, although other producers made films there until 1922.

Beneficiaries of Lubin's legendary generosity, such as theater exhibitor Jules Mastbaum, bankrolled Lubin during his final years, mostly spent in Ventnor, N.J. Always attuned to the next thing, Lubin spent his last days fiddling with radios. Upon his death in 1923, his former nemesis Edison organized a drive among film pioneers to support Lubin's widow.

"If you look at history of film in the U.S. before 1913, Lubin is equal to Thomas Edison or D.W. Griffith," concludes Pat Loughney, curator of film programs at the Library of Congress,

But Lubin's best epitaph comes from a 1917 headline in the Philadelphia Press: "Gave the World Motion Pictures; Made and Lost Millions."

FOR MORE INFORMATION

\* Siegmund Lubin will be the subject of a talk by Montgomery County Community College associate professor Joseph Eckhardt at 6 p.m. tomorrow at the Balch Institute for Ethnic Studies, 18 S. Seventh St. (215-925-8090). A program of shorts is included. Tickets are $6, available today from Upstages (215-567-0670) and tomorrow at the museum. Information: 215-895-6542.

**Notes**

PHILADELPHIA FESTIVAL OF WORLD CINEMA

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO (3)

1. Mlle. Fifi, a burlesque queen from the Trocadero, appeared in many of

Siegmund Lubin's films. She is shown in "Adam and Eve," shot near Valley

Forge.

2. Siegmund Lubin is being honored with a historic marker, installed at 21 S.

Eighth St., the site of his optical shop.

3. Marie Dressler stars in one of Lubin's few surviving works.

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2002

**End of Document**



[***CAN TIME HEAL HURT IN ULSTER?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4072-32W0-0094-54HH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CITIZENS, ON VERGE OF SELF-RULE, BEAR LONG-TERM SECTARIAN SCARS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4072-32W0-0094-54HH-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 29, 1999, Monday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** WORLD,; WORLD VIEW

**Length:** 2121 words

**Byline:** JOSHUA BENTON, BLOCK NEWS ALLIANCE

**Dateline:** BELFAST, Northern Ireland

**Body**

On the surface, it looks like any other cookie-cutter, ***working-class*** neighborhood in Europe.

Small, dull houses are pushed up against one another, with a few tiny patches of green grass poking through the gray tones.

But look a little closer at this two-block housing development in West Belfast, and you notice what's missing: people.

"No one will live here," said Carl Von Ohsen, a development officer for Making Belfast Work, an agency aimed at bringing peace to Northern Ireland. "This is the border between Catholic Belfast and Protestant Belfast. People know what can happen to people who live here - the beatings, the killings."

At a time when Northern Ireland is supposed to be at peace, those long-empty homes are a reminder that all is not yet well in Northern Ireland.

Last year, the world rejoiced when Catholic and Protestant leaders reached an agreement many thought impossible just a few years ago: a deal for the two sides to put down their guns and share power in a new government.

The date of the deal -

Good Friday - brought overtones of hope and salvation.

In the euphoria, the top leaders of both sides won last year's Nobel Peace Prize.

And on Saturday the last hurdle to forming the new government was overcome when the largest Protestant party, the Ulster Unionists, approved the deal before the Irish Republican Army disarms.

Four parties, including the IRA-linked Sinn Fein, are expected to nominate candidates today for a 12-member Protestant-Catholic Cabinet. The formal hand-over of power from London to Belfast is expected on Thursday.

Nevertheless, winning over the hearts and minds of everyday people, trained to hate one another for four centuries, will prove difficult.

"Socially and economically, Catholics and Protestants are in the same situation, and they've got the same problems," Von Ohsen said. "But each side thinks the other is better off, and they hate each other for it. I'm not optimistic that will change anytime soon."

You can't tell the difference between Belfast's Catholics and Protestants by looking at them. But sometimes you can tell by listening to the words they use.

To Catholics, the second largest city in Northern Ireland is called Derry. To Protestants, it's Londonderry, in recognition of the Protestants from the British capital who took control of the town in 1609.

Protestants often call Northern Ireland "Ulster."

In contrast, the name of one of the two main Catholic parties, Sinn Fein, isn't even in English; it means "we, ourselves" in Irish. Sinn Fein is the political wing of the IRA, a paramilitary group aimed at a reunited Ireland, through violence if necessary.

Catholics point out that the ancient boundaries of Ulster actually include three counties now in the Republic of Ireland and that their goal is to unite them.

A drive around West Belfast - the part of this 300,000-person capital city hardest hit by the "Troubles" - shows quickly that the division goes far beyond language.

Police stations look like forts, surrounded by 25-foot windowless concrete walls topped with barbed wire.

Many Catholics and Protestants choose to get their "justice" through local paramilitaries, who use beatings to get their points across to suspected criminals, even of their own religion.

Ten-foot walls, put up by the government for peacekeeping purposes, divide Catholic neighborhoods from Protestant ones.

The battles over Northern Ireland began in 1609, during the reign of James I, the Scot who had become King of England. British military forces were in control of nearly all of Ireland, with the notable exception of Ulster, a province in the northeast.

English officials came up with a solution to their problem: encourage tens of thousands of English and Scottish Protestants to move to Ulster. This colonization replaced the existing Catholic leadership in Ulster with a Protestant one. While there continued to be battles between the two groups for centuries, the lines were drawn and Ulster became mostly Protestant while the rest of Ireland remained mostly Catholic.

As punishment for a variety of rebellions over the years, the English enacted laws discriminating against Catholics, stripping them of their rights and their lands. By 1700, less than 10 percent of Irish land was owned by Catholics.

Eventually, Great Britain began to relent on its stern command of Ireland. In January 1922, Ireland was formally partitioned politically - one parliament for the six majority-Protestant counties of Ulster, which became Northern Ireland, and one for the rest of Ireland, which became the Irish Free State.

Still, problems continued. Dissident groups within the Free State, unhappy with the accord with Britain, began waging war against the Free State's provisional government. Once the groups settled their differences, the Free State turned its attention to gaining economic strength and severing its ties to Great Britain. This struggle continued for another two decades.

It wasn't until April 18, 1949, that the Republic of Ireland was formed, free of any allegiance to the British crown and the Commonwealth. The next month, the British Parliament voted to keep Northern Ireland as a part of Great Britain. The Republic of Ireland objected, demanding return of the six counties to form a united Ireland. Its leaders have been making that demand ever since.

"There's no reason for there to be two Irelands," said Francie Molloy, a Sinn Fein member of the new assembly created by the Good Friday accord.

Catholics launched a civil rights movement in 1968, which they intended to put them on an equal level with the Protestant rulers. Catholics earned many concessions, such as equal rights in housing, voting and employment. But the peaceful movement was also the start of the violence-ridden Troubles, pitting nationalists and republicans (who want Northern Ireland united with the rest of Ireland) against unionists and loyalists (who want to keep the North's association with Britain).

In the 31 years since, the human cost has been substantial. More than 3,200 people have died from bombings, shootings, and beatings, along with tens of thousands injured. The main culprit has been the IRA, but in response to their actions, several loyalist paramilitaries have taken up arms.

The underground paramilitaries have always been small. Some have only a few dozen members, and experts believe that the IRA has never had more than a few hundred. But they have caught the 1.6 million people of the North in their crossfire.

Because the two sides' demands are so far apart, compromise was almost impossible for decades. Either the North would be part of Great Britain, or it wouldn't. Bombs in Northern Ireland became a regular highlight of the American evening news, and some Irish-Americans chose to help fund the IRA's militant efforts.

The last few years, however, have seen enormous progress. In 1997, the IRA declared a cease-fire, and representatives of Sinn Fein were invited to the negotiating table at peace talks chaired by former U.S. Sen. George Mitchell. Finally, last year, the parties announced an agreement to create a new government in which members of all the major parties would share power.

The accord calls for a national assembly and a 12-member executive, the equivalent of the Cabinet in America. Four of the seats in the executive will go to the Ulster Unionists, and four will go to the largest nationalist party, the Social Democratic and Labor Party, which has always opposed the violence on both sides. As the two largest parties, the UUP and the SDLP have long formed the moderate center of Northern politics; their leaders, John Hume for the SDLP and David Trimble for the UUP, were winners of the Nobel Peace Prize.

Two seats each will go to the more extreme Sinn Fein and the Democratic Unionist Party, an openly anti-Catholic party that considers the Good Friday deal treachery against the Protestant majority.

If it all works, it would be the first time since a brief failed experiment in 1974 that loyalists and republicans shared government power. It would allow Northern Ireland to rule itself for the first extended period since 1972, when the British government took control from the fractured local parliament.

But the Good Friday accord did not settle all the tough questions, for either the politicians or the general population.

For the politicians, the biggest problem has been a dispute over the IRA and other paramilitaries giving up their weapons. The Ulster Unionists have operated for several years under the slogan "No guns, no government," meaning that until the IRA decommissions its guns and explosives, it will not sit in government with any representatives of Sinn Fein.

But that potentially explosive issue was partially resolved on Saturday, when the Ulster Unionists voted to join in the formation of the executive today, the same day the IRA begins negotiations on decommissioning.

It's not a guarantee of peace - the IRA still has not turned in one weapon, and Trimble said he will resign if that hasn't happened by February but it's an important step.

"We need more than assurances," said Rev. Robert Coulter, an Ulster Unionist member of the Northern Ireland Assembly. "We need weapons. If we let them into the government, they have no excuses for armed patriotism any more."

The stakes are high for the current peace talks, as the last few years of relative peace hang in the balance. "History tells us that when there's a vacuum, and the political process isn't working, then in come the people with violent intentions," said Jackie Johnston, an assistant director of political affairs in the Northern Ireland government.

"If this process fails, you'd be straight into open civil war worse than what we've seen," said Pauline Lindsay, a secretary who works for the Ulster Unionist Party. "It'd be Kosovo all over again."

But even if the party leaders reach a settlement of their own, the general population of Northern Ireland will still have four centuries of religious warfare in its history and a pattern of hatred difficult to eradicate. The views of the two sides remain far apart.

While legal discrimination against Catholics has been eliminated, it continues on among the Protestant business owners who have long held economic power in Northern Ireland. Catholic unemployment rates are more than twice as high as Protestant ones; in some Catholic neighborhoods, as many as 65 percent are jobless.

And even if the IRA turns in its weapons - certainly not a foregone conclusion - there are still more violent groups ready to enter the fray to scuttle peace. Several extremist IRA splinter groups, most notably one calling itself the Real IRA, are believed to be hoarding weapons just across the border with the Republic, ready to strike.

Still, there are reasons for hope in Northern Ireland. There has been relative peace since the IRA's 1997 cease-fire, although the paramilitaries on both sides continue to murder dozens of "troublemakers" annually. The economy, fed by the Republic of Ireland's boom and the United Kingdom's prosperity, is doing well. Belfast has seen an influx of foreign capital previously scared off by the violence; a new Hilton has just gone up downtown.

And as scarred psychologically as Northern Ireland may be, it has never been the disaster zone other parts of the world have been.

If the current political debate over decommissioning is solved, and a government is formed, the cooperation that would be created by power sharing could go a long way to building common ground between Catholics and Protestants, who often agree on issues, such as the fact that 60 percent of the economy is still in the public sector and that there are problems with the province's agricultural business.

In time, the decision on the unification question may be made for leaders by Northern Ireland's changing demographics.

The Catholic birth rate is higher than that of Protestants. Some Protestants, perhaps seeing an eventual Catholic victory or tired of the fighting, have left for England.

As a result, some demographers predict that within a decade or so, Catholics will become the majority.

Currently, Northern Ireland is about 42 percent Catholic; Catholics already make up majorities in four of the six counties.

Prime Minister Tony Blair has said that his government would allow the North to join Ireland if a majority of voters ever approved such a move.

All sides agree that a solution to the generations of enmity will take time. Their brightest hope may be the next generation, which is beginning to look beyond the sectarianism of the past.

The Block News Alliance is a joint venture of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and The Blade of Toledo, Ohio, both Block newspapers. Joshua Benton is a reporter for The Blade.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Photo: Christine Nesbitt/Associated Press: Two women walk past a; mural depicting IRA hunger striker Bobby Sands in West Belfast, part of the; Northern Ireland capital that still shows scars of its violent past.

**Load-Date:** May 9, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Yellow Springs' stature still strong after its multiple incarnations;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GRH-NVC0-0190-X43S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Chester County site was once a spa, hospital, art school and film set.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GRH-NVC0-0190-X43S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 4, 2003 Sunday N-MONTCO EDITION

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**Section:** NEIGHBORS MONTGOMERY; Pg. L04

**Length:** 2346 words

**Byline:** Joseph S. Kennedy INQUIRER SUBURBAN STAFF

**Body**

The spa at Yellow Springs, Chester County, held a prominent place socially and medically for more than 125 years in Pennsylvania history during the 18th and early 19th centuries.

During the 1840s, renowned English actress Fanny Kemble, who lived in the Cheltenham area, enjoyed taking the waters at the spa. She wrote of a "beautiful valley in the midst of an exquisite spring of mineral water, rejoice in the title Yellow Springs . . .," according to "Historic Yellow Springs . . ." by Carol Shiels Roark in Pennsylvania Folklife (Fall 1974).

In about 1722, three mineral springs - one of iron, one of sulfur plus one of pure drinking water - were discovered at Yellow Springs, according to Roark, a historian.

Colonial doctors such as Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia endorsed these springs for their restorative powers. As a result, camping parties made their way to the springs. And in 1750, a road and modest inn were built to make the springs more accessible.

The idea of mineral springs for health and refreshment goes back to the ancient world. The waters at Bath, England, made famous in the novels of Jane Austen, date back to Roman England. In general, American mineral springs were much less developed than those in Europe. Other spas in the country that developed during about the same period as Yellow Springs included the springs at Gettysburg, Saratoga, and White Sulphur Springs.

In 1774, the springs and the inn were purchased by a local physician, Samuel Kennedy, who marketed the site so that it attracted hundreds of people during the summer. This development was cut short by the coming of the American Revolution. Kennedy in 1776 was commissioned as a surgeon in the Pennsylvania militia and offered the inn at Yellow Springs as a hospital for soldiers of the Continental Army.

"This hospital seems to be very neat and the sick comfortably provided for," said the Rev. James Sproat, Continental Army chaplain.

Kennedy died in 1778 while attending the sick and wounded, and the hospital was closed in 1781.

Between 1783 and 1830, the spa had several owners who changed the springs into a health resort. This attracted people of means seeking to combine a vacation with healthy recreation. People not only drank and bathed in the water; they also attended lectures, concerts, dances and parties. And while the waters were still touted as having "therapeutic and restorative powers" for such maladies as nervousness, palsy and rheumatism, the spa also was promoted as a place to improve the mind and have some fun.

During the 1830s, people in Philadelphia could board a packet boat at the Fairmount Water Works and travel up the Schuylkill to Norristown. The rest of the journey to the spa was completed by stagecoach.

One of the owners changed the name of the spa to the Town of Bath, laid streets and sold lots. But while Bath never made it, the name Yellow Springs was changed in 1827 to Chester Springs. Today, the spa village is still called Yellow Springs, and the larger area around it is called Chester Springs.

Even though the Bath development failed, people continued to come as vacationers during the summer. As a result, an enlarged inn, bathing houses, and grocery, liquor and hardware stores were added.

Even a newspaper, the Literary Casket and General Intelligencer, was published in 1829, reporting events of the spa community. The paper lasted only a year before it moved to West Chester to take advantage of a year-round readership.

Spa life started to decline in the 1850s as a new industrial society with a large ***working class*** and a new type of capitalism began to reshape American society. The spa, with its emphasis on leisure and rest, did not quite fit into this new mode of bustling economic development.

When the Civil War came in 1861, the spa at Yellow Springs was once again turned into a hospital. At the end of the war, it did not reopen as a spa. But in 1869, the property became the home of the Chester Springs Soldiers Orphan School and Literary Institutes.

In 1916, the property again changed hands, and a summer school was run there until 1952 by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

It was in turn sold to Good News Productions, a film company that produced the cult classic The Blob in 1958. This low-budget horror movie, which made Steve McQueen a star, featured a gelatinous creature from outer space that eats people whole. The bossa-nova theme music in the film was produced by Burt Bacharach. Filming was done in Yellow Springs, Downingtown and Phoenixville.

Since 1974, a nonprofit organization called Historic Yellow Springs Inc. has been responsible for the restoration of the village. Yellow Springs, with its art, antiques and crafts shows, attracts about 20,000 visitors annually and is now on the National Register of Historic Places, according to Karen Jacoby, executive director.

In keeping with the movie theme developed for this summer's activities - including an arts camp and a visit from the Hedgerow Theatre - the "original" Bucket of Blob from the film will be returning to Yellow Springs.

Contact Joseph S. Kennedy at 610-313-8212 or [*Kennedj@phillynews.com*](mailto:Kennedj@phillynews.com).

Historic Homes & Museums

Barns-Brinton House Rte 1, 1 mile N of Rte 52, Chadds Ford; 610-388-7376. Restored 18th-century tavern, with Colonial guide demonstrations. $5 (includes admission to John Chads House); $2 ages 6-12. By appt only.

Brandywine Battlefield Park Rte 1, 1 mile W of Rte 202, Chadds Ford; 610-459-3342. 52 acres of woodlands, meadows; plus Washington's headquarters, Lafayette's quarters, artifacts, weapons, uniforms. Lafayette & Washington bldgs: $5; $3.50 seniors; $2.50 ages 6-12; free ages under 6. Park free. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Tues-Sats, noon-5 p.m. Suns.

Clifton House Headquarters of the Historical Society of Ft. Washington. 473 Bethlehem Pk, Fort Washington; 215-646-6065. Holds museum rooms & the E. Hamilton Parke Library research library. Monthly meetings. 8 p.m. 3d Tue of month. Museum & library hours, 2-4 p.m. Weds & 1st & 3d Sun of month.

Colonial Pennsylvania Plantation Ridley Creek State Park, off West Chester Pike (Rte 3), Edgemont; 610-566-1725. [*www.colonialplantation.org*](http://www.colonialplantation.org). 112-acre living history 18th-century Colonial farm, costumed re-enactments of farm life (weaving, blacksmithing, more).

$4; $3 seniors; $2 ages 4-12; younger free. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sats-Suns.

Historic Fallsington 4 Yardley Ave, Fallsington; 215-295-6567. 300 yr-old village with Burges Lippincott House, Moon Williamson Log House, others. $5; $4 seniors; $2 ages 6-18; free ages under 6. By appt only.

Fonthill Museum E Court St, off Rte 313, Doylestown; 215-348-9461. [*www.fonthillmuseum.org*](http://www.fonthillmuseum.org). Early 20th-century castle & home of manufacturer Henry Chapman Mercer, with Mercer's tile collection. $7; $6.50 seniors; $2.50 ages 6-17; free ages under 6; joint Fonthill/Mercer Museum ticket $12, adults only. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Mons-Sats, noon-5 p.m. Suns.

Graeme Park 859 County Line Rd, Horsham; 215-343-0965. 18th-century Georgian-style homestead of Colonial Pa governor Sir William Keith. $4; $3.50 seniors; $2 ages 6-17. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Weds-Sats, noon-4 p.m. Suns.

Highlands Mansion 7001 Sheaff Ln, Fort Washington; 215-641-2687. 44-acre estate with 18th-century Georgian mansion, barn, springhouse, 2-acre formal garden; home of Highlands Historical Society. Tours $4; $3 seniors; $2 students; under age 6 free. Free admission to grounds. Tours 1:30 & 3 p.m. Mons-Fris.

Historic Harriton House 500 Harriton Rd, Bryn Mawr; 610-525-0201. [*www.harritonhouse.org*](http://www.harritonhouse.org). Built 1704, furnished with 18th & 19th century antiques, traveling desk used by Charles Thomson, Sec to Continental & Confederation Congresses. $2.50; free under age 18. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Weds-Sats.

Hope Lodge 553 S Bethlehem Pike, Fort Washington; 215-646-1595. Georgian-style manor house built by Quaker mill-owner Samuel Morris (1743-1748). $4; $3.50 seniors; $2 ages 6-17. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Weds-Sats, noon-5 p.m. Suns. holidays

Hopewell Furnace 2 Mark Bird Ln, Rte 345, Elverson; 610-582-8773; 610-582-2093 (TDD). [*www.nps.gov/hofu*](http://www.nps.gov/hofu). Restored 1830s ironmaking community. $5; free ages under 17. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. daily.

Pearl S Buck National Historic Landmark 520 Dublin Rd, Perkasie; 215-249-0100 ext 110. [*www.pearlsbuck.org*](http://www.pearlsbuck.org). Author & human rights activist's 1835 farmhouse & estate; Nobel & Pulitzer prizes displayed. Tours 11 a.m., 1, 2 p.m. Tues-Sats; 1 & 2 p.m. Suns. $6; $5 seniors, students; $15 family.

Pennsbury Manor 400 Pennsbury Memorial Rd, off Bordentown Rd, Morrisville; 215-946-0400 [*www.pennsburymanor.org*](http://www.pennsburymanor.org). Wm Penn's 43-acre, restored 17th-century plantation on Delaware River: manor house, craft houses, formal garden, vineyard, stables, more. $5; $4.50 seniors. $3 ages 6-17; free ages under 6. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Tues-Sats, noon-5 p.m. Suns. Call for tour times.

\*FREE\* Pennypacker Mills Haldeman Rd & Rte 73, Schwenksville; 610-287-9349. [*www.montcopa.org/historicsites*](http://www.montcopa.org/historicsites). "Irons: Wrinkles, Ruffles and Wringers": exhibit of irons dating to 19th century. Opens 3/1. To 9/30.

Richard Wall House Museum 1 Wall Park Dr, off Church Rd, Elkins Park; 215-887-1000 ext 114. cheltenhamtownship.org/wallhouse. 1682 house with clothes, tools, artifacts, more, from different American history periods. Donation. 1-4 p.m. Suns & by appt.

\*FREE\* Ryerss Museum & Library 7370 Central Ave; 215-685-0544 or 215-685-0599. [*http://philaparks.org/ppaary.htm*](http://philaparks.org/ppaary.htm) Built in 1859 in Italianate "Burholme" style after an ancestral estate in England. Permanent collection: paintings (family portraits & portraits of the Ryers' pets), sculpture, ceramics, weaponry, pipes, canes, Native American artifacts & Japanese temple furniture. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Fri-Suns.

\*FREE\* Schwenkfelder Library & Heritage Center 105 Seminary St, Pennsburg; 215-679-3103. [*www.schwenkfelder.com*](http://www.schwenkfelder.com). Exhibition, "From the Hands of 21st Century Children." Opens 3/30. Through 9/1. Dedicated to preservation of Schwenkfelders (German Protestant group) history; with 6,000 artifacts on PA German migration & assimilation 18th-20th centuries. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Tues-Fris (til 8 p.m. Thus), 10 a.m.-3 p.m Sats, 1-4 p.m. Suns.

\*FREE\* Swedish Log Cabin Historic log cabin built during era of New Sweden, 1638-1655. 9 Creek Rd, Drexel Hill; 610-623-1650. 1-4 p.m. Sats & Suns.

Thomas Massey House Lawrence & Springhouse Rds, Broomall; 610-353-3644. [*www.marple.net*](http://www.marple.net). Home of indentured servant turned landowner, with walk-in fireplace, beehive oven, late 17th- & 18th-century furniture. $2; $1 seniors, students. By appt only.

\*FREE\* Valley Forge National Historical Park Rte 23, Valley Forge; 610-783-1077. [*www.nps.gov/vafo*](http://www.nps.gov/vafo). Historical programs. 1 or 2 p.m. Sats-Suns. Film, "Valley Forge: A Winter Encampment." Every half hr, 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. daily. Revolutionary War artifacts exhibit. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. Muhlenberg Brigade Hut: living history program on soldiers' lives. 10 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Sats-Suns weather permitting. Musket programs. 2:30 p.m. Sats-Suns. $3 Washington's Headquarters; free for ages 16 & under with adult; collected at Visitors Center.

Washington Crossing Historic Park Memorial Bldg, N of Rtes 532 & 32, Washington Crossing; 215-493-4076. Site of Washington crossing Delaware prior to Battle of Trenton; with 18th cent McConkey Ferry Inn & Thompson-Neely House, 19th cent Taylorsville village, Bowman's Hill observation tower, 500 acres of woods. $5; $4 seniors; $2 ages 6-17. Visitors Center: 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Tues-Sats, noon-5 p.m. Suns.

Washington Crossing State Park 355 Washington Crossing-Pennington Rd, Titusville; 609-737-2515 or 609-737-0623. [*www.state.nj.us/dep/forestry/parks*](http://www.state.nj.us/dep/forestry/parks). Center, living military history laboratory of American Revolution with 700 objects circa 1745-89; 18th century farmhouse/tavern (Johnson Ferry House); 140-acre natural area. Buildings: 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Weds-Suns. Park: 8 a.m.-4:30 p.m. daily.

Historical Societies

Chadds Ford Historical Society The Barn, Rte 100, 0.25 mile N of Rte 1, Chadds Ford; 610-388-7376. "A Legacy Revealed: Brandywine Artists in Chadds Ford," featuring painters N.C. & Jamie Wyeth, Rea Redifer, George Weymouth, John McCoy, Peter Hurd, others. Closes 8/31.

BHM Chester County Historical Society 225 N High St, West Chester; 610-692-4800. [*www.chestercohistorical.org*](http://www.chestercohistorical.org). Chester Co & the Underground Railroad: interactive displays, historic documents, artifacts. Closes 2/28. Exhibit focusing on 1852 Pennsylvania Woman's Rights Convention. Closes 4/12. $5; $4 seniors, students; free ages 5 & under. 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Mons-Sats.

Haverford Twp Historical Society Llanerch Presbyterian Church, Park & Lansdowne Rds, Haverford; 610-789-5169.

Lower Merion Historical Society Ashbridge House, 2d Fl, 1301 Montgomery Ave, Bryn Mawr; 610-525-5831. [*www.lowermerionhistory.org*](http://www.lowermerionhistory.org). Free. 1-4 Thus.

The Millbrook Society Hatboro Baptist Church, 32 N York Rd, Hatboro; 215-957-1877. [*www.millbrooksociety.org*](http://www.millbrooksociety.org). Amy B. Yerkes Museum contains objects of local interest dealing with progress of area since colonial settlement. Free admission. 7:30-9 p.m. Weds.

\*FREE\* Philadelphia Athletics Historical Society Museum 6 N York Rd, Hatboro; 215-323-9901. [*www.philadelphiaathletics.org*](http://www.philadelphiaathletics.org). "A's" (1901-1954 American League team, city's most successful pro sports franchise) & Connie Mack memorabilia; Phillies, other teams' artifacts. Plus seat from Shibe Park, 600 photographs, caps, uniforms, equipment, library, more. 10 a.m.-3 p.m. Tues-Sats, Suns by appt only.

Union Library Civil War Round Table The Union Library, 243 S York Rd, Hatboro; 215-443-7632. [*http://ulcwrt.20m.com*](http://ulcwrt.20m.com). Monthly meeting & lecture. 7:30 p.m. 3d Wed of month. Upper Moreland Historical Association 215-659-3100. [*www.umha.com*](http://www.umha.com). Sponsors lectures, workshops, tours & trips, publishes tour guides & activities brochures. Monthly public meeting & lecture. 7:30 p.m. 4th Tue of month (except Dec & June-Aug). Upper Moreland Twp Building, Council Room, 117 Park Ave, Willow Grove Walking tours: "Mineral Springs Hotel & War Memorial Park"; "Downtown Willow Grove & Frazier's Hill"; "Masons Mill Park & The Pennypack Creek." Bus tours: "Willow Grove & Southern Portion of the Manor of Moreland"; "Northern Section of the Manor of Moreland." Call for schedule.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

Three mineral springs were discovered at Yellow Springs about 1722 and drew large crowds for the healing powers of the springs. Now on the National Register of Historic Places, the site, depicted in the 1840s, attracts about 20,000 visitors annually to art and antique shows.

Three mineral springs were discovered at Yellow Springs about 1722 and drew large crowds for the healing powers of the springs. The site, depicted in the 1840s, now features art and antique shows.

**Load-Date:** July 28, 2005

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[***NOT FANCY, BUT IT'S HOME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XYV-WV80-0094-52WJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

November 26, 1999, Friday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** LIFESTYLE,

**Length:** 2020 words

**Byline:** GARY ROTSTEIN, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The dining room chairs may not match and the dinnerware's plastic, but the informal feel of Lakeside Pines in Richland is what sets it and other small, mom-and-pop personal care homes apart from other assisted-care facilities for seniors

Sitting in wheelchairs, rockers and recliners of clashing colors, fabrics and styles, 11 residents of Lakeside Pines Personal Care Home gathered after a rigatoni dinner for a living-room singalong.

At some of the glitzier assisted-living facilities that have sprouted throughout Pittsburgh and its suburbs, a staff activities director might hire a pianist or vocal group and distribute a song list to encourage participation as the residents gathered in a chandelier-lit social area.

But in this more humble establishment in a century-old country home in Richland, the residents had only their own voices, memories and the cheerleading of owner/administrator Debbie Wiseman to create a chorus of the songs of yesteryear as Wiseman's 6-year-old son and a puppy frolicked nearby.

Emma Joestlein, 85, who is Lakeside Pines' most active veteran after four years there, twirled to the "Hokey Pokey" and about half of the others joined in the singing.

Harry Eckendall, 77, a bachelor recovering from a stroke with hopes of returning to his own home, launched into the opening lines of "The Star-Spangled Banner."A few sat mutely with closed eyes or vacant looks, and one called out in a pitiable voice asking to be removed from the room. A young aide calmed her with a back rub.

The scene was a little crazy, the people and surroundings a tad disheveled, all of it reflecting the informal character of many of Pennsylvania's smaller, older group homes for seniors in physical or mental decline.

Personal care homes have long provided housing that's one step short of nursing homes. The elderly who need non-medical support and can't get it from relatives often move into such facilities close to their own homes. About 1,800 licensed homes of varying size, age and quality operate in the state. Together they have capacity for nearly 73,000 Pennsylvanians, and house about 46,000 on a given day.

Some home operators say they have struggled in recent years because of increased competition from large facilities offering more amenities, and because of the state's unwillingness to support their industry in the same was as it has supported nursing homes and, more recently, in-home services.

For the first time in years, the Ridge administration and lawmakers have begun planning for new ways to regulate and fund personal care homes reflecting increased recognition of their importance for the state's large elderly population - but it's unclear what the outcome will be and when the changes might come.

At deluxe facilities such as Asbury Heights in Mt. Lebanon or Weinberg Terrace in Squirrel Hill, elderly individuals pay $ 2,500 a month and up for apartment-style living and hotel-style decor. The newer places market themselves as "assisted-living" complexes, setting themselves apart from old-fashioned, mom-and-pop boarding homes, even though the state lumps them all in the same category as personal care homes.

In addition to a 24-hour staff to provide housekeeping, meals and personal care services, modern assisted-living facilities commonly feature private bathrooms and kitchenettes; specialized staff such as full-time cooks, nurses and activities directors; and van shuttles for social outings. A lobby's paintings might depict schooners or fox hunts or some other elegant symbol along the wall next to a grandfather clock or large fireplace.

For $ 790 to $ 1,400 a month at Lakeside, a rambling, single-level home located on six acres beneath towering evergreens, you get dining table chairs that don't match, just like the hard plastic dinnerware. You get stains on the linoleum tile. You get small bedrooms, shared bathrooms and 3-foot wide corridors where traffic backs up when someone ahead of you pushing a walker.

But Wiseman, who at 43 is about half the age of most of those in her care, asserts that her residents get a caring, family-like atmosphere, which she deems more valuable than the elegant touches in a larger facility.

"I'd put my facility up against anyone's," said the former schoolteacher, who began running the personal care home five years ago after her father bought out a family that had operated it for more than two decades.

"I may not have the lace tablecloths and fancy china, but our families know we're taking care of them," Wiseman said. "There's a lot of hugs and kisses here."

The comforts of home

Many of the 14 residents back up Wiseman, as do their relatives who casually walk in and out the kitchen door like it's their own place. For many in Pittsburgh's older generation, Lakeside Pines is a more familiar environment than the places charging two to three times as much.

Jimmy Kaufold of Cranberry reviewed about a half-dozen facilities last year before choosing Lakeside Pines for his aunt, Alice Columbo, who had suffered a broken hip and other ailments.

"It seemed comfortable, homey, not real big, like she wouldn't get lost," Kaufold said while visiting during the singalong. "She has her good days and bad, but it's a homey atmosphere."

"Sir, I don't need linen tablecloths or linen placemats - this is home," Emma Joestlein volunteered. "I could have lived with my son, but I don't believe in it. I don't believe in bothering the young. … I love everybody that's here, and we all look out for one another."

Most of Lakeside Pines' residents are from ***working-class*** areas such as Lawrenceville, Spring Hill and Millvale. Many are in early to middle stages of dementia, and they often end up at the home in Richland because the relatives who help manage their affairs have settled nearby in the northern suburbs.

Residents pay Wiseman's modest rates with a combination of Social Security, pensions and savings, sometimes supplemented by their families.

For those who have depleted their assets, the government's Medical Assistance program pays for care in a nursing home, but not a personal care home. The state's 814 nursing homes care for about 90,000 individuals in need of 24-hour medical supervision, about 58,500 of them on Medical Assistance at a state reimbursement rate of $ 36,708 annually.

Lottery proceeds funneled through the state Department of Aging have long funded assistance for people in their own homes, but have lent no help to personal care homes. And in recent years, Medical Assistance funds have been used for home services, but again not for personal care facilities.

Personal care home operators complain they have been the neglected middle child in the state's long-term care planning, while filling a gap in government-subsidized services. With the population of frail elderly growing and the state wanting to avoid a big increase in the expensive nursing home population, officials are starting to give the personal care homes more attention - and, possibly, funding.

The Department of Public Welfare last month announced its intent to pay for special services in personal care homes for low-to-moderate income individuals who decline in health but want to stay out of a nursing home. There is no timetable yet for the program, which would assist those receiving up to about $ 1,500 in monthly income.

So far, government contributions to personal care home living have been reserved for the poorest of the poor those receiving Supplemental Security Income because their own income is less than about $ 800 a month. A combined federal-state check to such individuals gives them $ 794.30 a month potentially to turn over to their personal care home. It amounts to a little more than $ 1 an hour for 24-hour care, which some providers deem too meager to accept SSI recipients as residents.

Three of Wiseman's 14 residents are on SSI. She relies on the higher income from private-pay residents to help make up her costs, but she says her rates still permit her to offer just minimum wage without benefits to her eight part-time employees, and she's heavily in debt.

"If I take a low-income resident, I want them to be able to do most things for themselves, because otherwise, it's not worth it," Wiseman said.

Finding the funding

The state's portion of the SSI payment, $ 301.90, has been unchanged since 1993. The personal care home industry persuaded state Rep. Stephen Maitland, R-Adams, to introduce a bill that would increase the amount by about $ 450 monthly.

With more than 10,000 SSI recipients living in personal care homes, such an increase would cost an estimated $ 60 million a year, which even proponents acknowledge is too exorbitant for serious consideration by Gov. Ridge and the Republican legislative leadership. Industry leaders are hoping Ridge will consider raising the state supplement by at least $ 150 a month - or $ 5 a day - when he unveils his next budget proposal in early 2000.

"If something is not done, the small personal care home that takes low-income individuals is not going to be here," Wiseman said.

The number of personal care homes in Pennsylvania has increased throughout the 1990s, with the new licensees primarily large facilities with more than 50 beds. Since state regulation of the industry began in the early 1980s, the size of personal care homes has been growing, to an average of 40 beds each today.

State officials, industry leaders and senior advocates see no evidence yet of mom-and-pop operators like Wiseman being unable to continue. Of Allegheny County's 223 licensed homes, 113 have 20 or fewer beds while 60 have more than 50 beds.

Officials agree the small homes offer a valuable, lower-cost alternative that should be preserved, even if concerns exist about their ability to offer the same services and quality of care as large, modern facilities, which are often part of national chains.

"The challenge we have in government at this point is how not to leave [the small, older homes] behind," while updating regulations to reflect the new assisted-living trend, said Dale Laninga, executive director of the Pennsylvania Intra-Governmental Council on Long-Term Care, an advisory panel to the governor.

"We're not saying get rid of the old and bring in a new way of doing it," he said. "There ought to be an opportunity for people to choose."

The officials who monitor personal care homes say they see a wide range of quality and that quality and appearances aren't the same. Welfare inspectors perform annual reviews of the homes, and area agencies on aging also follow up complaints by residents or relatives.

"Folks looking into a facility need to look beyond the external things and environmental cues to determine what kind of care they are observing. We suggest that when a person is considering a facility, they should go out at different times to visit, and observe the kind of meals provided and type of care provided at different times of days," said Elizabeth Burgwin, long-term care ombudsman for Southwestern Pennsylvania Area Agency on Aging Inc., which covers Greene, Fayette and Washington counties.

Wiseman knows Lakeside Pines can't compete in its decor or regimen of activities she just doesn't consider those to be priorities .

"I know all my residents," she asserted. "My group would much rather do Bible class on Friday than get in a van and go to the Gateway Clipper. Don't try to get my group to basket weave - they'll smack you."

The Friday Bible discussion rivals in popularity the Saturday evening viewings of "The Lawrence Welk Show," which fills seats around the television perched 5 feet high on a living-room shelf. Otherwise, residents spend much of their time reading, talking, resting, sometimes walking around the grounds.

It may not be the most stimulating of lives, but it's home, and Wiseman and her staff refigure the balance each day between encouraging people and not pushing them too much. Some are incontinent, some occasionally forget where they are - Wiseman tries to keep them all unless they require feeding tubes or ventilators, or other 24-hour medical care she can't provide.

"A lot of my residents," she noted, "this is their last stop."

**Graphic**

PHOTO 5, PHOTO: Joyce Mendelsohn/Post-Gazette photos: Just before bedtime,; Helen Mahoney is comforted by Alicia Beitel, an aide at Lakeside Pines; Personal Care Home. Mahoney kept saying that she wanted to go home.; PHOTO: At Lakeside Pines, owner/administrator Debbie Wiseman talks on the; phone with a government agency, seeking help for one of the residents, Sophia; Bocian.; PHOTO: Above: Jenny Cole, a volunteer, and Stephen Wiseman, 6, who is the; owners' son, listen as Stella Starr sings during a group singalong at; Lakeside.; PHOTO: At left: Debbie Wiseman makes lunch for the residents.; PHOTO: Below left: Alice Columbo sits in on a cooking lesson led by a fellow; resident.

**Load-Date:** November 26, 1999

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[***Did deputies go easy on Grams' son?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XWS-VG90-00J2-33JP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Deputies found marijuana in a car driven by Morgan Grams, but they didn't question him.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XWS-VG90-00J2-33JP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 14, 1999, Sunday, Metro Edition

Copyright 1999 Star Tribune

**Section:** NEWS; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 2123 words

**Byline:** Patricia Lopez Baden and Jim Adams; Staff Writer

**Body**

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     The phone rang in Anoka County Sheriff Larry Podany's office about midday on July 14. U.S. Sen. Rod Grams, R-Minn., was on the line with a personal request \_ he wanted Podany to find his son.

     It was almost certain that Morgan Grams, 21, was in trouble again. Days earlier he had borrowed a rental car but never returned it. The friend and co-worker who lent it to him had already called police, then the senator, trying to get the vehicle back.

     That evening, Anoka deputies tracked down the 1999 black Isuzu Rodeo with Morgan Grams at the wheel. Inside was enough marijuana for a felony charge.

   Morgan Grams \_ on probation and not carrying a driver's license \_ got off without so much as a ticket, as did one of his two passengers.

     The 17-year-old sitting next to Grams wasn't so lucky. He was found in possession of nine of the 10 bags of marijuana in the car. He was handcuffed, arrested and charged. Two days later, he pleaded guilty to drug possession. It was his first offense. He spent more than a month at Lino Lakes Juvenile Detention Center.

     Morgan Grams, on probation for underage drinking and driving, and with several prior misdemeanor convictions, was never questioned about the drugs in the car, even though a deputy found the 10th bag under his seat.

     Instead, Morgan Grams was driven home in the front seat of the chief deputy's unmarked squad car.

     Did Morgan Grams receive preferential treatment from the Sheriff's Office? Podany, who asked Chief Deputy Peter Beberg to handle the senator's call, says no.

     Such "welfare checks" are not uncommon, Podany said. "I think it was handled fairly competently by the chief and his staff. I don't know that I would have done anything different out there."

     Sen. Grams declined to be interviewed for this article. His press secretary, Steven Behm, said the senator would not comment on his personal life. Repeated efforts to contact Morgan Grams were not successful.

     Three experts who were asked by the Star Tribune to review the handling of the incident said it departed from standard police procedure.

     "Normally, you'd arrest everyone in the car," said Neal Melton, executive director of the Minnesota Peace Officer Standards and Training Board (POST), which licenses peace officers. They'd all be questioned separately, then booked on the appropriate charges, he said.

     None of that happened that evening in July.

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A trip to Taylors Falls

     At about the time the senator was calling Sheriff Podany, Morgan Grams was picking up two teenagers in the Rodeo stocked with two 24-packs of beer, said Willie Wichman, who was arrested that day on the drug charge.

     "We each had Baggies [of marijuana]," Wichman said of the trio that also included a 16-year-old who sat in the back seat and who, like Morgan Grams, was neither questioned nor held in connection with the drugs. Because the juvenile was not charged, the Star Tribune is not naming him.

     They headed to Taylors Falls for an afternoon of drinking, dope-smoking and cliff-diving, Wichman said.

     Meanwhile, at Alamo Rent-a-Car at the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport, Robert Hyman was hoping that his call to Sen. Grams would bring results.

     Hyman knew Morgan Grams because both were working at Alamo in July, although they don't anymore. Hyman said Morgan Grams had persuaded Hyman to lend him the Rodeo for the weekend. But the vehicle wasn't returned. Hyman said he tracked down and confronted his missing co-worker on Tuesday, July 13, with help from police in Plymouth, where Morgan Grams was staying.

     "He was supposed to follow me back to the airport," Hyman said. "He took off. Just bolted." A stunned Hyman then put in the call to the senator in Washington.

     By the next day, the Rodeo was three days overdue \_ and was being used for the trip to Taylors Falls. Along with its passengers, it carried the remnants of the beer and 10 quarter-ounce bags of marijuana, police reports say.

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Attempt to locate

     Back in the Anoka County Sheriff's Office, Chief Deputy Beberg alerted officers at that day's 2:30 p.m. roll call to look for the missing vehicle. Beberg also put out an "attempt to locate" order, which popped up on squad cars' computer screens.

     Beberg tried on his own to find Grams and later described his efforts in a 3-page report. The chief deputy called the senator to double-check the rental vehicle's license plate number. He also checked Morgan Grams' last known address in St. Francis, but didn't find him there.

     By evening, Morgan Grams and his two friends were driving to meet two girls in East Bethel, Wichman said. As the chief deputy drove south on Hwy. 65 at about 7 p.m., he spotted the Rodeo and stopped it at 205th Av. NE.

     Beberg asked Morgan Grams for his driver's license, and Grams gave him an expired Senate Staff pass with his picture on it. Grams' spokesman Behm said that Morgan Grams worked for a few months last year as a Senate doorkeeper, but that he is no longer employed there. The pass states it must be "surrendered immediately upon termination of employment."

     Beberg said he then verified that Morgan Grams was licensed to drive and that he had no outstanding warrants. Beberg said he also checked the breath of all three but smelled no alcohol. He also searched the vehicle, finding five unopened beer cans, including one at Morgan Grams' feet. He found no empties.

      Beberg told Wichman and the juvenile they were free to go. Morgan Grams wasn't going to be booked, Beberg said, but he wanted the rental car returned and Morgan Grams sent home.

     But 10 minutes after Beberg made the stop, Deputy Todd Diegnau arrived. He saw Wichman reach back into the car and stash something in the waistband of his pants. Diegnau, in his first year with the Sheriff's Office, stopped the teenager to make sure he hadn't grabbed a weapon, his report said.

     Diegnau found nine bags of marijuana on Wichman. A third deputy, Chris Meyer, checked the Rodeo and found a 10th bag under the driver's seat, according to Diegnau's report. Beberg said he didn't know about the discovery of the 10th bag until he recently read Diegnau's report.

      Beberg said all three occupants were patted down. But Wichman and the other juvenile said in interviews with the Star Tribune that only Wichman was searched.

     Wichman also disputed Beberg's statement about finding only unopened beer cans. The youth said there were empty beer cans under the seats. Hyman confirmed that he found them when he retrieved the Rodeo. "There were five or six empties," he said.

     After Wichman was arrested, the other juvenile was taken home by a deputy. Wichman and Morgan Grams were taken to the patrol station, where Wichman was booked. Beberg arranged the paperwork for the Rodeo to be released to Hyman. Then, Beberg said, he drove Morgan Grams, who sat in Beberg's front seat, back to his room at a Days Inn in Plymouth. The expired Senate Staff pass was also given back.

     At the time, Morgan Grams was on probation for underage drinking and driving. A judge had ordered that he not possess alcohol or mood-altering drugs. Revocation of his probation could have triggered a three-month jail sentence.

     Beberg, who also serves as Anoka's mayor, said political considerations were not a factor in how he handled the stop.

     Rod Grams has ties to the Anoka area, growing up on a dairy farm near St. Francis, which sits on the Anoka County-Isanti County border. And his Minnesota office is in Anoka.

     "If there would have been a charge I could have made at that time, I don't care if it was Morgan or Rod Grams himself, I would have made that arrest," Beberg said. "I have a very good reputation. Just because it's Rod Grams' kid doesn't mean that I would back away from it. But there was nothing that I could arrest him for. Had we not found that marijuana, everybody would have been sent on their way."

    Beberg said even if he had known at the scene about the marijuana under the driver's seat, he would have handled things the same way.

     Sheriff Podany also defended Beberg's actions. "When you make a stop, you have priorities that you set," he said. "The priority was checking on Morgan's welfare, [making] sure he was all right."

     Attempts by the Star Tribune to interview the two deputies, Diegnau and Meyer, were unsuccessful. Although Podany and Beberg initially told reporters that they could talk with the deputies, Beberg said Friday that the deputies were "not inclined" to talk. Diegnau earlier had left a message on a reporter's answering machine saying he was willing to be interviewed when his superiors gave him permission.

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A 'no-brainer'

     The three experts said standard police procedures were not followed in the stop of the Rodeo. None could envision a scenario in which the driver would not be questioned about the drugs.

     "It has all the appearances of a case of clearcut preferential treatment," said Peter Erlinder, professor of constitutional law and criminal justice at William Mitchell College of Law. "It would be easy to find thousands of African-Americans, Hispanics and ***working-class*** white males who are in prison for exactly the circumstances that occurred in this case."

     John Laux, former Minneapolis police chief and former executive director of the POST board, called the incident "bizarre."

     Questioning Morgan Grams about the drugs and charging him with the bag found under his seat, Laux said, "is a no-brainer. That's basic police work. Anytime an officer finds drugs in a vehicle, the driver is going to be held accountable."

     As for allowing Morgan Grams to ride home in the front seat of the police vehicle, Laux said: "I can't imagine finding drugs in a car and then letting the driver ride in the front seat. . . . The way this incident was handled, that's just not the way it's done."

     POST Board Director Melton agreed. All vehicle occupants in a felony drug stop should be arrested and questioned, said Melton, who was a Bloomington police officer for 11 years.

     If the driver were on probation, Melton said, "you would contact the court. Depending on the stipulations, there might be a probation violation." That none of those things were done in Morgan Grams' case, he said, "appears, on the surface, at least, to be very unusual. I'd like to know if there were any extenuating circumstances."

     Wichman's parents also question how the matter was handled, especially because their son was a juvenile and it was his first offense.

     "Grams' kid was an adult," Terri Wichman said. "I thought it was kind of unfair that Willie got busted and Grams' kid got off." Added Tom Wichman: Grams "is an adult and in control of the car. He should have known what was going on in his car."

     Willie Wichman said he didn't know there was a bag of marijuana under Grams' seat. He admitted to a narcotics detective the day after the stop that the marijuana found on him was his. Two days after his arrest, he pleaded guilty to fifth-degree possession with intent to sell, and began his sentence.

     Robert Parta, Anoka County chief deputy attorney, said he'll talk to County Attorney Robert Johnson "about what we are going to do here; if procedures were followed and if there should be any additional charges." Parta said that if it appears Morgan Grams got preferential treatment, the matter likely would be referred to an outside agency for investigation. Johnson could not be reached for comment.

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A troubled past

     The July incident wasn't the first time Morgan Grams had been in trouble with the law, nor is it the only time he has relied on his expired Senate pass.

     He was convicted in 1996 of gross misdemeanors for stealing his aunt's $400 television and later that year for stalking and making harassing phone calls to one of his sister's girlfriends.   His former probation officer said Morgan Grams did two stints in a county jail, totaling three months.

     Less than two weeks after he was driven home by Beberg, Morgan Grams stole a car and purse from a woman he took to a nightclub in Coon Rapids, according to a criminal complaint filed last week. He was charged with unauthorized use of a motor vehicle, a felony, and gross misdemeanor counts of check forgery and credit card fraud.

     The complaint said Morgan Grams used his expired U.S. Senate pass while trying unsuccessfully to cash the woman's checks in Ramsey. His next court appearance is scheduled for Jan. 3 in Anoka County District Court.

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     \_ Staff writer Patricia Lopez Baden can be reached by email at [*pbaden@startribune.com*](mailto:pbaden@startribune.com).

     \_ Staff writer Jim Adams can be reached at 612-673-7658 or [*jadams@startribune.com*](mailto:jadams@startribune.com).

**Graphic**

MAP; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** November 16, 1999

**End of Document**



[***NEVER SAY DIE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GP6-12G0-027V-K39V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TEN YEARS ON, OZZY AND OZZFEST HIT THE ROAD FOR A [BLEEPING] CRAZY TIME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GP6-12G0-027V-K39V-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

July 21, 2005 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT,

**Length:** 2218 words

**Byline:** ED MASLEY, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

Long before the hit TV show or the rise of Ozzfest, years before he'd pulled a "Who's Next" on the Alamo or chomped the heads off any unsuspecting winged creatures, Ozzy Osbourne had secured his place in music history as the singer for the most important heavy metal group the world will know, Black Sabbath.

Even now, as Ozzy celebrates the 10th anniversary of what's become the hottest touring festival in music history, after several multi-platinum albums as a solo act and years of Sabbath-snubbing by the Anti-Metal Hall of Fame, the singer says he's constantly reminded that his legend rests primarily on those first few classic albums he cut at the helm of this year's Ozzfest headliners, Black Sabbath.

They formed on the mean streets of Birmingham, England, as The Polka Tulk Blues Company in 1967 and, after having changed their name to Earth, would arrive at the heaviest, scariest, sludgiest sound in rock 'n' roll in an effort at lighting a fire under unresponsive patrons of the Star Club in Hamburg, Germany (where one of Ozzy's favorite bands, the Beatles, had taken a markedly different approach to reviving an audience).

As Ozzy, a charming eccentric who slings the f-word as freely as Vice President Dick Cheney on the Senate floor, recalls, "When we first started writing music, we had no [bleeping] idea at that time that in the '80s, '90s, now 2005, that kids would look upon that as the [bleeping] Holy Grail. I still don't understand when people come up to me and go 'I'm not worthy' or whatever. I'm just baffled by it. And I'm not complaining at all, but when people tell me, 'Man, you were our biggest influence' and I go 'Which part?,' it's always the Black Sabbath thing. I mean, I was solo longer than Black Sabbath. I was 20 years solo and I was with Sabbath for 12 or something."

If you're talking original run.

They've reunited several times since Sabbath showed Ozzy the door back in '79, beginning with Live Aid, which reunited the singer with fellow original members Geezer Butler, Bill Ward and Tony Iommi in 1985. And they did it again to mark the end of Ozzy's so-called "farewell" tour in '92. In '98, "Reunion" hit the streets. Recorded live in Birmingham after a summer spent headlining Ozzfest, the album was certified platinum in the States while bringing in Black Sabbath's first and only Grammy for a new live recording of "Iron Man," practically 30 years after the song first lumbered into view on "Paranoid."

"Reunion" also featured two new studio recordings, but while Ozzy says he'd like to do a full-length studio recording with the band, that recording would have to be perfect.

"The truth of the matter is, we have tried on a couple of occasions, but when we originally wrote, we never tried," Ozzy says. "We just jammed, and it worked. It would take no time at all for us four to go in and make an album. What I'm trying to say here is, if it's not up to the same standard as when I left, why put out an album? I could do any [bleeping] thing and call it Black Sabbath. There's enough of them kind of albums out already, with the people who replaced me and Bill and Geezer along the way. In my opinion, it's gotta be better than anything we've ever done before. I'd love to do a 'Vol. 4' or 'Sabbath Bloody Sabbath' or 'Paranoid' or whatever. If it's meant to be, it's meant to be. But I refuse to do an album just for the sake of calling it 'Black Sabbath' with Tony Iommi, Bill Ward, Geezer Butler and myself and the album not being any [bleeping] good."

It's not that Ozzy doubts his own ability to come up with an album's worth of solid new material. The problem is, his writing style has changed a bit since "Paranoid." Or "Never Say Die," his final album with the group.

"I mean, Black Sabbath is a completely different animal than the Black Sabbath without me or an Ozzy Osbourne album," Ozzy says. "When we did those two songs for the reunion album, the review so rightly said 'One sounds like an Ozzy track and one sounds like a Sabbath-meets-Ozzy track,' because I've developed, I've changed. I'm not just the singer in the band anymore. I've grown a lot, without knowing I've grown a lot. I've never put an album out where I've gone, 'Now, that is perfect.' And usually, what I would call the filler tracks, I guarantee that someone will come up to me and go 'Why don't you ever play so-and-so or so-and-so live?' And I just think, 'You [bleeping] like that?"

Asked to name a favorite Sabbath album, Ozzy says, "I have a favorite Sabbath moment. The first album was great. The second album was even better. Up until 'Sabbath Bloody Sabbath,' it was cool. But we were ripped off by the management, all this legal [expletive], we didn't have a clue what we were [bleeping] doing or whatever. We were a band working to pay our lawyers' fees. And it kind of got sad at that point. I left at one point then rejoined, then they booted me out. We were all [messed] up on dope and all that [expletive]. But the one thing I'm really happy about is that at the end of the day we all got back together, and we're all really more friendly than we have ever been."

But even so, he says, he'd love to get another solo band together. It's a matter of finding a lead guitarist to replace Zakk Wylde, who's playing Ozzfest with his own band, Black Label Society.

"The problem I'm having," Ozzy says, "is finding a [bleeping] guitar player, 'cause Zakk's off and running. I mean, I'm sure if I asked him, he'd drop everything and come with me, 'cause Zakk and his family and my family, we're like a family. So I really am looking for the next guitar player, but I don't know how to do it. I don't know where to go."

You'd think it would be relatively easy for a guy in Ozzy's shoes to find an amazing guitarist. But as Ozzy says, "When I've auditioned players, I have to sit in a [bleeping] room, and half of them just want to meet me, so you get rid of them, and then the other half, that can play, after 80, 90 [bleeping] guitar players, you don't know what the [expletive] you're listening to in the end. And then you pick the guy and you find out he's a [bleeping] Buddhist monk who's not working on Wednesdays or if it's raining or if his wife looks at him with one eye. Or he's a [bleeping] Jesus freak and he didn't really want to play. He just wants to convert you. But I'm sure it will happen eventually… I hope."

In the meantime, he's writing a musical.

No, really.

"I'm finishing up some music," he says, "for a musical that I've been working on with a friend of mine for the last 10 years. I think I can afford, at this time in my life, to do some experimental [expletive], you know? Like a Broadway show. Not like [bleeping] 'Fiddler on the Roof' or anything. The one I'm doing is about Rasputin, the mad monk."

While there is a certain element of metal to some of the music, he says, "There's also some stuff where you'd go 'Ozzy Osbourne doing this?' I've seen a few musicals, and one thing I've noticed is they're not really musicals. A musical to me is [bleeping] 'South Pacific'… Back in the '50s or '60s, when they did a musical, there was a song every five minutes or something. Now it's [bleeping] one song and it's all guys dressed as [bleeping] cats crawling all over the stage or something."

As for Ozzfest, Ozzy says he'd like to take the next year off to concentrate on other things but knows he can't.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea for somebody else to finish the job," he says, "But then it wouldn't be Ozzfest, would it? So [bleep] it, I've gotta get on with it. But hey, man, I've got a good life."

He often brings the conversation back around to just how good that life has been, with good things often falling right in Ozzy's lap. Take "The Osbournes," for instance -- or, as he would say, that [bleeping ] TV show.

"I just don't understand it," Ozzy says. "I don't go 'Oh, today I'm gonna pick up a reality show, and it's going to be the biggest thing since sliced bread.' I haven't got a clue. It's as if it's all been meant to be that way. I keep saying to Sharon 'How long is this [bleeping] thing gonna last?' And she'll go 'We'll know.' Every year, it gets bigger. We played Hartford last night. [Bleeping] maximum capacity crowd. It was like a [bleeping] sauna up on stage, but it was [bleeping] great."

Ozzfest was Sharon's idea. After all, she is his manager.

"The way it started," he says, "was she tried to get me on Lollapalooza in '94 or something, and they said 'Ozzy's like a dinosaur. He's kind of over.' And yet, their version of diversity is Tony Bennett to Nine Inch Nails and all this. And Sharon just said very politely, '[Bleep] you. We'll do our own festival.' And I said 'Whoa, Sharon, hold on a minute. Don't go too crazy here. Let's just feel our way. See if it's gonna work.' So I think she put five or seven shows out. I said 'Don't go book the [bleeping] planet and end up with one [bleeping] drunk in Pittsburgh. Or London.' And it's grown and grown. I honestly don't understand how it's done it. … I'm the guy that goes 'Oh [bleep] it, it's [bleeping] 10 years. There ain't gonna be anyone there.' But luckily, or whatever, it's getting bigger and [bleeping] bigger. It's the biggest [bleeping] thing for the summer now. I'm not trying to sound like a [bleeping] smirky [bleeper] now. I'm not one of these guys that takes it for granted. If I go on stage and my voice blows out, I'm really unhappy, because I can't give the show that I wanted to for the audience."

It's all about the audience for Ozzy, who sees himself in his ***working-class*** following.

"I do respect and love everyone that comes to see me," he says, "because I'm very fortunate to be in the position at the age of 56 to have an audience anyway. And they haven't all got great jobs that pay high salaries. A lot of these kids have to save pennies and nickels and dimes every year to buy a ticket, and I don't forget that. I've met so many people on my side of the fence with the attitude of 'I'm cool, man. You're so [bleeping] blessed to have me on the stage.' That's not Ozzy. I come from the streets. I know what it's like to want something, and I have never forgotten that. I'm just one of them that's lasted the realm of time."

As for the thought of retiring someday, well, it has been 14 years since Ozzy meant to say goodbye with "No More Tours." And there's no sign of another farewell tour in his immediate future.

"When I'm out here, I want to be home," he says. "And when I'm home, I want to be out here. So I'm one of these contrary [bleeping] rock n' rollers. Then I really stop and think to myself how [bleeping] lucky I am. I was just watching this thing on VH1 about these [bleeping] … do you remember that band in the '80s, did that song 'Be My Cherry Pie?'"

Would that be Warrant?

"One of them [bleeping] bands," he says. "But this guy's got all bloated and he's got on one of these ridiculous 'who can get thin first' shows and I'm thinking 'I'm so [bleeping] lucky to be doing what I'm doing and still be cool. A lot of bands along the way are either dead or pumping [bleeping] gas."

He's philosophical that way, having learned, he says, "that whatever I did yesterday, I can't change today. And I don't know what's gonna happen tomorrow. I know where I am right now, and I know what I'm doing right now, but tomorrow the [bleeping] world could end or I could win the lottery and any [bleeping] thing."

As charmed as Ozzy's life has been in many ways, he's had his share of trials and tribulations, too. In discussing his mainstream breakthrough as the only TV dad more likely than Tony Soprano to swear at his kids, he says, "But don't forget, along the way, as high as I got was as low as we got. My kids all ended up doing dope. I was [messed] up. My wife got cancer. She gets over the cancer, I go home to my house in England and [bleeping] kill myself on a [bleeping] motorcycle. They had to bring me back."

But things are looking up these days. He's sober now, for example, and proud to report that he's given up not only drinking and drugging but cigarettes as well.

"I work a 12-step program," Ozzy says. "I'm 15 months without a drink or a recreational drug."

Asked how being sober has affected his performing style, he says, "I've got more [bleeping] energy, and I know what I'm doing more than I used to. I mean, I don't want to go too much on the sobriety thing because it's a personal thing. But believe me, if I thought by getting [messed] up, I would be a better man for it, I wouldn't be [bleeping ] sober on the [bleeping] phone right now. I'd be drinking. I just wanted to at least remember what I did yesterday and not have to apologize to anybody, you know?"

/ OZZFEST

\* Where: Post-Gazette Pavilion.

\* When: 9 a.m. Saturday

\* Tickets: $30.25 to $100.25; 412-323-1919.

/ \* Ozzfest lineup:

SECOND STAGE

9:20 a.m.: Trivium

9:45 a.m.: The Black Dahlia Murder

10:10 a.m.: The Haunted

10:35 a.m.: Bury Your Dead

11 a.m.: Wicked Wisdom

11:25 a.m.: Gizmachi

11:50 a.m.: Soilwork

12:15 p.m.: It Dies Today

12:40 p.m.: Arch Enemy

1:05 p.m.: A Dozen Furies

1:40 p.m.: Mastodon

2:15 p.m.: As I Lay Dying

2:50 p.m.: Killswitch Engage

3:45 p.m.: Rob Zombie

/ MAIN STAGE

4:35 p.m.: In Flames

5:05 p.m.: Black Label Society

5:55 p.m.: Shadows Fall

6:45 p.m.: Mudvayne

8:05 p.m.: Iron Maiden

9:30 p.m.: Black Sabbath

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG Ed Masley can be reached at [*emasley@post-gazette.com*](mailto:emasley@post-gazette.com). or 412-263-1865.

**Load-Date:** July 22, 2005

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[***Story of the 'O.';***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48B0-SJK0-00J2-33FC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Alexandra Stein came to Minneapolis to join a radical political group, believing it would change the world. Instead, she became trapped in a cult with a violent past.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48B0-SJK0-00J2-33FC-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

April 6, 2003, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** VARIETY; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 2285 words

**Byline:** Kay Miller; Staff Writer

**Body**

On a sunny balcony in New Orleans, Alexandra Stein and her mother listened to jazz and feasted on freshly fried beignets. Stein's mother had flown all the way from London to vacation with her daughter.

     But when Stein called home to check in, her roommate was irate: Stein's trip had not been authorized by their O. contact in Minneapolis. She must return immediately.

     "I didn't know there was a rule," Stein said. "From out of the blue, I was in trouble." Rattled, she concocted a story for her mother and flew home.

   Through the 1980s, every aspect of Stein's life \_ her work, friendships, conversations, housing, what she read and when she slept \_ was dominated by a revolutionary Marxist-Leninist group known as the O. It arranged her marriage and tried to dictate when she had children. It cut her off from relatives and friends, who had no phone number or address for her \_ only a post office box.

     Today at 48, Stein has vivid memories of a wasted decade marked by panic attacks. The day she left, she began writing down her experiences, compelled to understand how a bright woman like herself could be seduced into joining what she now says was a political cult.

     Stein's riveting new book, "Inside Out," is the first detailed insider account of O.

     The O. started in Minneapolis during the co-op movement of the 1970s. Perhaps 100 to 300 people passed through it during its heyday, yet it was so secretive that its existence was known only to members, the FBI and local leftist opposition groups that encountered it in its violent early days.

     Even after '70s activism faded, the O. continued to thrive in Minneapolis as an underground collective of perhaps 30 true believers. Like Stein, they wanted to change the world.

Arranged marriage

     Stein was 28 and living in San Francisco when she first heard of the O.

     Personally and politically, she was at a crossroads. The co-ops and women's groups to which Stein devoted her life had become splintered and ineffective. Friends moved. She and her boyfriend split up. Stein was lonely, frustrated and at loose ends when she met an O. member from Minneapolis.

     He described a group whose tight organization and seriousness seemed a marvel compared with the haphazard hippie ways of conducting business.

     In 1979, Stein spent six weeks in the Twin Cities to check out the O.

     Perhaps she should have been alarmed when her O. contacts put the telephone in the refrigerator and turned the radio up full-blast before talking.

     But at the time, the FBI was infiltrating leftist groups. Black Panther leaders had been killed. If you believed that revolution was coming \_ as Stein did \_ it made sense to limit how many O. comrades you could name, to keep cells separate and go by code names. Hers was "Claire."

     "Secrecy isolates," she said. "It also creates an aura of specialness."

     To join, Stein first had to prove herself. So she returned to San Francisco and became a machinist and then a computer programmer \_ as a stream of O. memos instructed.

     Weeks before she was scheduled to move to the Twin Cities, Stein received a far more personal directive from her O. contact \_ someone she had never met and knew only by the initials P.S.:

      "Claire," the memo began, "It has been seen that you should engage in an organizational PR [personal relationship] with the strategic aim of having a child. This will be a critical step in your development. At present it is suggested you establish a PR with Stan" \_ code name for a Minneapolis man who repulsed Stein.

     Stein wrote back to say that she didn't relate well to Stan but was attracted to his roommate, Ted. She recalled Ted's wit, warmth and the guileless way he brushed his sandy hair from his forehead.

    "I was lucky because I got in a marriage with someone I actually was attracted to," Stein said. "Others weren't so lucky."

     Later Stein discovered that she was Ted's consolation prize for his giving up a lover outside the O.

The real thing

     On May 1, 1982, International Workers Day, Stein packed 10 years of belongings \_ personal journals, the complete works of Mao Zedong, feminist books and a quilt from her mother \_ and drove to the Twin Cities.

     "I was very nervous and very excited," she said. "The excitement is that you're dedicating yourself. This is it. This is the real thing. The old life had its problems. But you're leaving all those behind."

     The O. cadre lived in renovated houses in inner-city neighborhoods of Minneapolis and St. Paul. In addition to their day jobs, members worked in O.-owned businesses: the People's Nutritional Bakery, the Working Woman and Man Bookstore, the Eastside Day Care Center, Dependable Computer Programs, a car shop, a food co-op and a print shop.

     Stein moved into the study of a drab Minneapolis duplex with Ted and three other O. members. Three weeks later, a distant Ted suggested that it was time to share the same room.

      In bed that night, Stein reached for her diaphragm. Why would she be using that, Ted asked, when their objective was to have a child?

      "I was not a woman who normally would have ever let anyone make that choice for me," she said. "It was an act of great submission."

     Everything about Stein's nights and days came to be dictated by faceless leaders and memos on beige paper.

      Many longtime members hadn't met and couldn't name leader Theophilus Smith. As a result, they fantasized about the organization's size and scope. Some thought it was an offshoot of the Black Panthers or the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Others believed it was a nationwide collective run out of Detroit, Chicago or Oakland, Calif.

    Secrecy was so tight that Stein didn't know that O. comrades lived on their block. Correspondence was kept under lock and key. She wasn't certain where Ted worked. It was a security breach for them to discuss their work or answer each other's phone calls. Friendly conversation with nonmembers \_ even workers in the O. bakery or day care center \_ was also a breach.

     Stein got a machinist job \_ as directed \_ until she found a better one as a computer programmer at Lee Data in Eden Prairie. There, she dressed in dowdy button-downs to look inconspicuous, dashing after work to shifts at the bakery; it meant that her workdays lasted 18 to 20 hours.

     She existed in a kind of weary netherworld, marked by freeway drives across the city at odd hours, mass-produced sandwiches hurriedly grabbed from the freezer and stolen snatches of sleep.

     "Most of us were just too tired to think properly," she said. From work she made cult-related calls. "I'd be whispering into the phone about buying a panel truck for the bakery and hoping no one was listening."

     She wasn't allowed to visit her family in England, except for the time she was directed to raise money from her father.

     "I remember once Ted telling me not to write to this person in San Francisco \_ that it was a relationship that was holding me back."

     When Stein didn't immediately conceive, the O. leadership through Ted pressured her to undergo fertility tests. Exhausted and depressed, she asked for a break from the O.

     After a withering cross-examination, her O. superiors agreed. She could leave \_ but without Ted. Stein moved to an apartment in the Uptown area. Visits by O. members were forbidden.

     After three months, she returned in total submission \_ but not before superiors rebuked her, telling her that "the revolution isn't a dinner party."

     She and Ted adopted two children \_ a boy and a girl from Central America. For the next decade they would be her only reliable source of joy.

     "We squeezed the happiness and joy and laughter out of life. And good food. And friendship. And love. All those things that are part of life \_ for the greater good."

Fierce maternal instincts

     For all the O.'s tough talk and self-denial, the underground revolutionaries looked and behaved more like middle-class drones. Stein had done nothing to organize the ***working class*** or change the world.

     But for her to grasp how deeply she was enmeshed and devise a plan to get out took years. The first major step came in 1987, when O. discipline grew oddly lax. For an entire year Stein got no memos.

     She and Ted started a computer consulting business. And they began raising money for the African National Congress (ANC).

     Stein's passion for save-the-world politics had been born in South Africa, where her father was a prominent antiapartheid journalist with connections to Nelson Mandela and the ANC, and London, where her family's four-story Victorian home teemed with liberal writers, artists and politicians.

       Now, through the ANC, Stein met revolutionaries doing dangerous, and what she perceived as historic, work. Yet they laughed, gossiped, ate well, danced and made friends outside the ANC.

     "They were changing the world. And that was a wonderful model for me."

     Only later did Stein learn that during that year of relative freedom, Smith had been in jail for manslaughter. The year before Stein joined O., Smith had shot and killed a man on the green shag carpet where Stein's son later learned to walk. By the time Smith returned to reestablish control, Stein and other members with doubts were talking.

     But it was a series of upsetting events involving her children that pushed Stein to do for them what she couldn't do for herself. Three of the children's favorite teachers were suddenly purged from the O. day care center. Then their son was barred from playing with an O. friend after they were caught pretending to be Ninja Turtles. Both came on the heels of O. memos criticizing Stein and her husband for their children's free-form play.

    "My idea of a happy child did not involve controlling their every move," Stein said.

     Stein challenged the firings, only to have her criticisms turned back on her. Instead of supporting her, Ted crumbled. So when Stein plotted her exit, it was without Ted.

     Leaving the O. was like stepping off a cliff.

     Stein's belief system was shattered. She feared violent O. reprisals. She was undergoing a separation from Ted and fighting to keep her kids. And while she was lucky to have a decent income, she and Ted were splitting the computer business.

     And, at 36, she had no social life.

      Stein recalls being at a gathering that first year and blurting out her bizarre story to a transfixed circle of strangers.

      "You're around normal people. But you don't feel normal. You've got this great tidal wave behind you of roiling emotional upheaval. You're in the middle of a divorce. You've out of this cult that you discover was led by a murderer. And here you are in this Loft class and people are writing about their summer vacations."

Electric shock memories

     Twelve years after leaving the O., Stein lives with her children, both teenagers, in a comfortable north Minneapolis home, warmed by a pot-bellied stove and lively South African art. Her children are doing well in school.

     Ted left the O. a year after she did. And though their efforts to hold their marriage together failed, they cooperate well when it comes to the kids.

     Starting with 10 people who left the O. in 1991, Stein built a wide circle of friends. She loves rolling up her living room rug and dancing, laughing and eating good food. She dates less than she would like.

     "You should see the looks on these men's faces when I tell them how I got to Minneapolis. Or what I studied in school. Or what my book's about."

     Odd things trigger electric-shock memories of the O. \_ driving by the old day care center or placing nonwork calls from her office.

       Stein parlayed a peer-reviewed journal article she wrote on mothers and cults into admittance to the University of Minnesota's master of liberal studies program. She is working on a doctorate in sociology and researching the social psychology of extremist groups. But she feels she was robbed of the most productive decade of her life.

     Occasionally, Stein is asked to counsel families that have loved ones in a cult.

     "I say you have to keep trying. My family didn't know to even try. But I think if they had tried to reach me \_ if they'd figured out there was a problem and what it was \_ I would have come out much sooner."

Kay Miller is at [*kmiller@startribune.com*](mailto:kmiller@startribune.com).

CULT WARNING SIGNS

     - The group or its leader possess the total and only truth.

     - Pressure to cut ties with family members, friends and other attachments.

     - Extreme, immediate and/or inappropriate attention or friendliness.

     - Not answering questions or turning them back on the questioner.

     - Jargon that makes no sense outside the group.

     - A hard sell for commitment.

     - Secrecy or inappropriate "confidentiality."

     - Ends justify the means. It is OK to lie for the cause.

     - Those who leave are shunned.

     - No criticism is allowed of the group or its leader.

MORE INFORMATION

     - "Inside Out: A Memoir of Entering and Breaking Out of a Minneapolis Political Cult," Alexandra Stein, North Star Press of St. Cloud, $16.95. Web site: [*http://www.alexandrastein.com*](http://www.alexandrastein.com).

     - American Family Foundation Web site: [*http://www.csj.org*](http://www.csj.org). Provides information on cults and psychological manipulation.

     - "Captive Hearts, Captive Minds: Freedom and Recovery from Cults and Abusive Relationships," Madeleine Landau Tobias and Janja Lalich, Hunter House Publishers, $14.95. Web site: [*http://www.hunterhouse.com*](http://www.hunterhouse.com). Phone: 1-800-266-5592.

"I worry about young activists today who are not able to distinguish between a democratic social justice and an authoritarian political cult."

- Alexandra Stein

**Graphic**

PHOTO

**Load-Date:** April 8, 2003

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[***EXTRA POINTS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XM9-WWF0-00J2-32DV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Broncos falling on hard times***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XM9-WWF0-00J2-32DV-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 10, 1999, Sunday, Metro Edition

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**Section:** SPORTS; Pg. 12C

**Length:** 2112 words

**Byline:** Kent Youngblood; Staff Writer

**Body**

Unfortunately, Mike Shanahan closed the barn door too late.

     Shanahan, the Denver Broncos head coach, has decided to return to Bubby Brister as his starting quarterback.

     That move . . .

- Proves Shanahan's decision to go with Brian Griese was slightly ahead of its time;

- Provides further proof that too little often follows closely behind too late.

- Pushes Brister into the starting lineup just in time to play Denver's biggest rival, Oakland.

     Welcome back, Bubby. Feeling any pressure?

   "I think there's a lot more pressure," Brister said. "[Running back] Terrell Davis is out, [linebacker] John Mobley is out. We're 0-4. I mean . . . it doesn't get much tougher than this."

     Here's a break: Today's game will be playing in Oakland. Yes, that's good news, in light of how some Broncos fans reacted to last week's loss to the New York Jets. We're talking more than Bronx cheers here. Denver cornerback Dale Carter was hit near an eye by an unidentified flying metal object following the game and is still experiencing vision problems. Love those fans. Give 'em two straight NFL championships and they say, "Here's metal in your eye."

     "That happens sometimes when you have maybe one or two too many 'pops' and they're used to a winning team," Brister said. "I've said since the day I got here that Denver has the best fans in the country. But they turned hostile on us last week."

     What Brister meant to say was that Denver fans have the best aim of any fans in the country.

     Shanahan, meanwhile, has refused to second-guess his decision to bench Brister a month ago.

     "Am I always right?" Shanahan asked. "No. But at the time, do I think I made the right decision? Sure. It's like play calling. You can't look back."

     Of course, there's not much to look forward to at the moment, either.

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Moving time

     And that was the easy part.

     This week the NFL voted 29-0 \_ with Arizona and St. Louis abstaining \_ to award the 32nd franchise to Houston, where Bob McNair has pledged to line pockets to the tune of $700 million.

     Now comes the hard job: realignment. Somebody is going to be really upset when it's over.

     There will be eight four-team divisions in the league, which will have 16 teams per conference once an AFC team makes the switch to the NFC.

     How will those new divisions break down?

     There's no way Dallas will leave the NFC East. The Cowboys are a marquee team and a perfect fit for major eastern markets. Chances are, Arizona will be the odd team out, likely moving into a four-team NFC West that will include San Francisco and the Rams, who won't have a say in the matter thanks to conditions of their move to St. Louis from Los Angeles in 1995. The fourth team will come from the current AFC West, and early money has Seattle making the move. Here is one look at a possible realignment scenario \_ one that assumes no more franchise movement by the time Houston fields a team by the 2002 season:

- NFC East: N.Y. Giants, Dallas, Washington, Philadelphia

- NFC Central: Vikings, Green Bay, Detroit, Chicago

- NFC West: Arizona, San Francisco, St. Louis, Seattle

- NFC. . . South?: Tampa Bay, Carolina, New Orleans, Atlanta

- AFC East: Miami, Buffalo, New England, N.Y. Jets

- AFC Central: Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Baltimore

- AFC West: Denver, San Diego, Kansas City, Oakland

- AFC . . . Southeast?: Jacksonville, Indianapolis, Houston, Tennessee

.

A $40 million foul-up

     Looking for another reason why St. Louis abstained from this week's expansion vote? Here are $40 million of them. As part of their agreement to move from Los Angeles to St. Louis, the Rams agreed to give up their share of the next two expansion franchise fees, which means they lost $23 million this week and $17 million from Cleveland.

     Ouch.

     "I think this kind of puts an end to a very distasteful chapter so to speak," said Rams president John Shaw. "Our team ownership was asked to pay and give up more than any other team relocation in the league. I don't know the rhyme and reason for it, but it's over."

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The Battle of Ohio

     A game this good doesn't need extra hype. It has two teams, zero wins, at least one quarterback controversy and the rich history that this rivalry \_ dormant since 1995 \_ so richly deserves.

     But seriously folks, after today's game between Cleveland and Cincinnati we should know, unequivocably, where the NFL's worst team resides.

     The last time they met was Dec. 17, 1995, when the Browns upset the Bengals in the season finale. Since then Cincinnati has gone through one coach and five different starting quarterbacks \_ Jeff Blake, Boomer Esiason, Neil O'Donnell, Neal Justin and Akili Smith, who will make his first NFL start today.

     And that should make the game at least semi-interesting to football fans, because Cleveland's Tim Couch and Smith \_ who went first and third in the draft in April \_ will be facing each other.

     Smith enters the game with a ready-made chip on his shoulder. Seems he thinks the Browns, who had the No. 1 pick, used him as leverage to sign Couch.

     "I feel some urgency in my heart to go out there and prove to those guys I was the best quarterback," Smith said. "I really believe coach [Chris] Palmer wanted me as their quarterback, deep in my heart. I think the decision came from upstairs."

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Watch your mouth

     Baltimore coach Brian Billick is minding his words. After catching some flack from his mother, wife and one of his daughters, he has decided to fine himself $100 each time he uses an obscene word. Seems he was caught doing that last week after Matt Stover missed a field goal attempt. Despite the miss, the Ravens won their second straight game by beating Atlanta.

     "It was a short-lived win for me," Billick said. "As soon as I got from the locker room to the bus, I called my mother as I normally do and got a 15-minute butt chewing for my foul language on the sidelines. I then got home to that refuge I go to and had my wife ream me for a good half-hour followed by my 10-year-old daughter."

     Enough already. Thus, a proclamation:

     "Henceforth . . . any time I'm caught using the [word] on camera, it's going to cost me $100," Billick said. "I'm not going cross my mother."

     Let this be a lesson to us all. By the way, the money will go to the United Way.

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Fines, Part II

     So if one dirty word is worth $100, how much does it cost when you try to incite a small riot?

     Try $2,500. That's the amount Baltimore receiver Billick said Patrick Johnson would be fined by the league for taunting Atlanta cornerback Ray Buchanan with a sideline dance after a 52-yard touchdown reception. Buchanan responded by body-slamming Johnson, then punched him.

     "It was an ugly dance," Billick said. "My gosh, to give up $2,500 for that?"

     Actually, Johnson ended up paying another $3,500 in a fine handed down by the league. Buchanan's wrestling moves cost him $7,500.

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Takes one to know one

     Dan Marino knows a little about sophomore sensations. In his second NFL season, in 1984, he set an NFL record with 48 touchdown passes, rising to the top of his profession in the process.

     Marino says he sees the same kind of development in Indianapolis quarterback Peyton Manning.

     "I've seen a lot of Peyton on film, especially at the end of last year and this year, and he's playing great," Marino said. "He's made great strides from the beginning of last year and he's making good decisions. He's going to be a big-time quarterback for a long time."

     Manning, who will face Marino today, isn't having as spectacular a second season as Marino did. But he has completed nearly 62 percent of his passes, for 911 yards, seven touchdowns and five interceptions. He is fifth in the AFC in passer rating, two spots ahead of Marino.

     Miami coach Jimmy Johnson, meanwhile, said Manning looks better in his second season than Troy Aikman did in Dallas.

     "[The Colts] have surrounded him with a better supporting cast than what I did in Dallas," said Johnson, who made Aikman his first draft pick in 1989 when he was coaching the Cowboys. "We didn't have free agency when I was in Dallas, so it took a little longer."

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The mighty have fallen

     How much have things changed in the NFL this season? All you need to do is look at the 3-0 Rams and the 0-4 Broncos and Falcons to get an idea. Injuries, of course, have played a big part. How big? Here's a list of last year's top five NFL rushers, and what has become of them, along with a list of this year's top five:

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1998

Player/team                Att.      Yds.      Avg.      TD

1. Terrell Davis/Denver     392      2,008     5.1       21

- Torn ACL means Davis is done for the year; he leaves with 211 yards and a 3.1 average.

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2. Jamal Anderson/Atlanta   410      1,846     4.5       14

- Knee injury helped push the Falcons back in the cellar.

.

3. Garrison Hearst/San Francisco 310    1,570     5.1       7

- Hurt before the season started.

.

4. Barry Sanders/Detroit     343     1,491     4.3       4

- Sanders retires, Detroit starts 2-0. Go figure.

.

5. Emmitt Smith/Dallas       319     1,332     4.2       13

- The only one of these five actually playing this year.

.

1999

Player/team                   Att.      Yds.      Avg.      TD

1. Stephen Davis/Washington    92         400      4.4        9

- Another reason Washington's offense is No. 1; gained 109 yards all last year.

.

2. Tshimanga Biakabutuka/Carolina    34      366    10.8     5

- Finally playing like a first-round draft pick in fourth season.

.

3. Errect Rhett/Baltimore      71      350         4.9        1

- Having best season since 1995.

.

4. James Stewart, Jacksonville     77       310       4.0         3

- An able backup for the injured Fred Taylor.

.

5. Curtis Martin, N.Y. Jets       79       305        3.9        2

- On pace for fifth consecutive 1,000-yard season.

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BY THE NUMBERS

0 - the number of victories the Eagles have in their past 19 road games. Their record: 0-18-1.

4 - The number of touchdown runs of 45 yards or more that Carolina's Tshimanga Biakabutuka has in the past two games. It's about time. Throw in the 1-yarder against Washington last week, and Biakabutuka has as many TD runs in the past two weeks (five) as he had in his first three seasons.

17 - The number of consecutive games the Rams have lost to the 49ers. The last time the Rams won was Nov. 25, 1990.

48 - The number of interceptions Arizona quarterback Jake Plummer would throw if he continues on his current pace (he has 12 in four games). That would be a league record, breaking the mark of 42 set by George Blanda in 1962.

$40 million - The amount of money the St. Louis Rams have missed out in the past two NFL expansions. As part of the agreement to move from L.A. to St. Louis, the Rams agreed to miss out on their share of the next two expansions, unless L.A. got a team. Guess why they abstained from this week's vote.

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THEY SAID IT

- Cincinnati quarterback Jeff Blake: On being benched in favor of rookie Akili Smith today: "If you guys watched the film, you'd take pity on me."

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EXTRA POINT OF VIEW

- Tampa Bay DT Warren Snapp: On the state of the NFL: "Yeah, it stinks. IN all ways, offense, defense, everything. The NFL stinks right now. I wish I could explain it."

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POWER RANKINGS

1. DALLAS

- Smith the Lone Star RB left.

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2. NEW ENGLAND

- Just enough to win . . . so far.

.

3. BUFFALO

- ***Working class*** heroes.

.

4. WASHINGTON

- Even though defense is offensive.

.

5. JACKSONVILLE

- Coach Coughlin wearing on Brunell.

.

6. GREEN BAY

- With Favre, who needs blockers?

.

7. TENNESSEE

- Failed mettle detector last week.

.

8. VIKINGS

- Offense approaching critical mass.

.

9. ST. LOUIS

- Back to reality . . . today.

.

10. SEATTLE

- Held back only by Kitna.

.

11. INDIANAPOLIS

- Proves something today vs. Miami.

.

12. TAMPA BAY

- Sapp-Favre debate at halftime.

.

13. SAN FRANCISCO

- 13-5 in '90s when backup QB starts.

.

14. MIAMI

- How old did Marino look Monday?

.

15. OAKLAND

- So much talent, not enough heart.

.

16. DETROIT

- Batch gets battered by Chargers today.

.

17. KANSAS CITY

- Warren Moon could do better than Elvis.

.

18. CHICAGO

- Bear-ly beat the Saints.

.

19. CAROLINA

- Biakabutuka needs more carries.

.

20. PITTSBURGH

- Hey, Gilbride: Must be your fault.

.

21. N.Y. JETS

- Now the defense is getting hurt.

.

22. N.Y. GIANTS

- Let the Kerry Collins era begin.

.

23. SAN DIEGO

- In a word: defense.

.

24. BALTIMORE

- Stoney states his case.

.

25. ARIZONA

- Plummer must stop throwing interceptions.

.

26. NEW ORLEANS

- Couldn't even beat the Bears.

.

27. DENVER

- Brister left to pick up scraps.

.

28. ATLANTA

- How frustrated is Roy Buchanan?

.

29. PHILADELPHIA

- Why stick with Doug Pederson?

.

30. CLEVELAND

- Gets its first victory today.

.

99. CINCINNATI

- Couldn't win in Arena League.

**Graphic**

CHART; PHOTO

**Load-Date:** October 12, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Lives up in the air;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8C00-002B-H2FP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Residents must pick where to go after airport buyout***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8C00-002B-H2FP-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

November 26, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; The buyout of New Ford Town; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 1756 words

**Byline:** Norman Draper; Staff Writer

**Body**

First in an occasional series of articles about the plan to level New Ford Town.

Carol Hansen can look ahead to the time when she'll bring her 5-year-old son back to Standish Av. S. to see what has happened.

"It'll be weird to come back in three years and say, 'Brett, this was where you used to live,' " she said.

What will be most notable about such a return visit won't be what's there, but what's missing. It's likely that the three-bedroom house that Carol, Brett, and Carol's husband, Gary, shared for eight years will be gone, as will the houses around it, replaced by empty space.

The Hansens live in a Richfield neighborhood called New Ford Town, an almost-square 87-acre enclave of two businesses, one church, seven apartment buildings, nine duplexes, and 285 single family homes that juts east of Cedar Av. S. into Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport land and the Rich Acres Golf Course. Plans call for all of that to be gone by 1997 - either razed or, in a few instances, moved elsewhere.

It's the airport that has caused this. Nearby takeoffs and landings create a ceaseless rumble throughout the neighborhood that rattles windows, shakes walls, and sometimes makes conversation an exercise for the vocal cords. The smell of jet fuel fouls the air.

The noise has been there for a long time, of course, but residents say it has gotten much worse in recent years. Even newcomers who realized there was a problem never figured it would be so bad.

"I guess I didn't realize how bad it was until one of my boys ran out into the street and I was yelling at him and he couldn't hear me," said Shannon Phillips, who has lived in the neighborhood with her husband, Charlie, and two boys, for three years.

Now, with neighborhoods facing oblivion, people are thinking about other things besides airplane noise.

The Phillipses are perusing fliers sent by the city of Memphis, Tenn., and wondering if they should move there. Charlie wishes he could pack up the big elm tree in the back yard and take it with them, but he wants to leave Minnesota winters right here.

Tom and Mary Martin know they will pine away for the good neighbors they have gotten to know since a few years ago, when the neighborhood started fighting hard to get bought out and moved. Mary wants to take them all along and plop everybody down right next to each other, in a cul-de-sac somewhere.

Right now, though, they're itching to move out of a home that has grown pitifully small for the two of them and their three daughters. "It's just so cramped," Mary said.

Terry Erickson likes the idea of a flower garden, when she has time in her retirement to do things properly. "I want my birdbaths looking just right," said the 60-year-old Erickson, a resident of New Ford Town for 37 years.

But there's still that indecision: Just where is she going to go?

The Rev. John Easterwood wonders how he's going to find a new worship place for his 75-member flock at the the Richfield Evangelical Church.

Many wish George Szafranski could be here to be thinking about all those things with them. Szafranski, one of the leaders of the buyout movement, died of a heart attack last Labor Day, just a couple of weeks short of the news that the buyout would go ahead.

"We were always going to go golfing," said Mike Hutchinson, who had just found a new friend in fellow buyout activist Szafranski.

The last straw

For decades, the neighborhood's residents - who number 940, according to the 1990 census - have complained about the noise and the expansion of the airport, which has bought more land around them.

Citizen disenchantment peaked several years ago, after the details of a dual-track approach to airport improvements was announced. The dual-track approach opened the door to both a scouting expedition for a new airport and possible expansion of the current airport; an expansion that might send an extra runway slicing through the northeastern quadrant of the neighborhood. Property values plummeted, and neighbors banded together to work for a buyout.

Their efforts bore fruit in September, when the Metropolitan Airports Commission approved the acceptance of $ 12 million in federal funds to buy out the first block of homes in New Ford Town and move the residents elsewhere. MAC is chipping in another $ 3 million.

A private consultant - W.D. Schock Co., of Cincinnati - was hired to handle the buyouts. Schock is now lining up a small army of appraisers, relocation experts, closers, environmental inspectors, and others to put prices on the properties, buy them, and help move the residents.

Schock project director Ralph White estimates that appraisals will begin shortly before Christmas, and that offers on the homes could be forthcoming by the beginning of next year. White hopes to have all the offers for the first phase of the buyout made by early 1994. At that point, an additional federal grant for phase two is expected. White said he hopes to have the whole project completed in three years.

A smaller neighborhood to the south - Rich Acres - is scheduled for a similar buyout.

A product of the Ford plant

New Ford Town was originally built in the early 1920s as a convenient, low-cost location for the workers at the new Ford plant in St. Paul. An advertisement that ran in a local newspaper in 1924 trumpeted quarter-acre lots for $ 95, $ 1 down, and dollar a week payments. It's close to the Ford plant, lakes, churches, and "away from high city taxes, reached by paved highways," noted the ad.

New Ford Town has grown and changed since then, but it remains older than most neighborhoods. Most houses there were built in the 1940s and '50s, very few after the 1970s.

Census statistics paint New Ford Town as a community with a smaller percentage of college graduates than Richfield as a whole, and the metro area, and with a lower median family income. Its home values, depressed by the nearby airport, come in at an average $ 71,100, almost $ 14,000 lower than the Richfield median, and more than $ 17,000 below the metro area average.

Residents say it is primarily a ***working-class*** neighborhood.

Richfield police say New Ford Town is a low-crime neighborhood. That means there are occasional burglaries, thefts, and domestic assaults. But even that can take a toll. Hutchinson has been burglarized twice in the 15 years he has lived in the neighborhood. The second time was in 1989, and it shook up Hutchinson's wife, Elaine, and daughter, Tanya.

"That's when I got my dog," said the 38-year-old Hutchinson, who works as a fire sprinkler systems fitter. "The girls got afraid, so I said, 'I'm going down to the Humane Society and get the biggest dog I can find.' " What he found was a big yellow Labrador named Maverick, who does indeed raise a ruckus when strangers approach the house.

Hutchinson has other things on his mind. His 10 year-old son, "Little Mike," suffers from cerebral palsy, and Hutchinson wants his next house to accommodate his son's needs. It will have to be a rambler with a specially-built bathroom and a big main room so that "Little Mike" can move around more freely in his wheelchair.

Hutchinson built an addition to his house and put in a new fireplace and garage. That makes him an anomaly in a neighborhood where many have decided to forgo even simple maintenance jobs because of the buyout.

A date to remember

Sometimes, big, frightening things happen in New Ford Town.

On Sept. 20, 1956, a Marine reserve pilot crash-landed in the Mother Lake wetland area just north of New Ford Town, saving his own life and just barely sparing the residential area. On Sept. 24, 1984, New Ford Town resident Hugh Wong was shot and killed as he pulled his car out of his driveway at about 10 p.m. Richfield police Capt. Vaughn Lambert described the killing as an execution-type murder. It remains unsolved.

Carol Hansen remembers that she was just coming back from an aerobics class when she heard about the murder. "That was scary," she said.

The date many New Ford Town residents are most likely to mark in their memories is last Sept. 20. That's when MAC approved the federal funds for the buyout. The neighborhood went wild. Parties started in several locations.

Eight to 10 people gathered in the Martins' yard, and other small groups clustered elsewhere. A bigger shindig was going on at the Phillips' place. There was a big bonfire, and the mayor was there.

Some don't want to leave

Larry Rathburn doesn't mind the noise, and he doesn't want to leave, either. Rathburn is something of an institution along 19th Av. S., and is known as Lawn chair Larry to some of his neighbors. That's because, during warm weather, the 65-year-old Rathburn habitually sets five lawn chairs out on the front lawn, an open invitation for anyone passing by to stop by and chew the fat for a while. Some neighbors will stop by for a few minutes, and others for as long as an hour or two.

One factor in wanting to stay is all the stuff the Rathburns collected over the almost 30 years they've lived in the same home. "We're both packrats," Rathburn said.

Rathburn's wife Rose foresees packing up for a move as "a real nightmare."

Rathburn's particular vice in this regard is hardware. By his own estimate, he has 50 pliers, 50 hammers, three sets of auto mechanics' tools, seven lawn mowers, three snow blowers, an entire drawer-full of pipe wrenches, not to mention numerous drawers and file cabinets filled with screws, bolts, nuts and nails.

Eight-year-old Sarah Easterwood, the daughter of the Rev. Easterwood and his wife, Pam, also wants to stay put.

"She says, 'I'm staying here,' " said the Rev. Easterwood, who has been pastor of the Richfield Evangelical Church since the first Sunday in August, 1985. "Whatever she knows about home is right here and all her friends are close by."

The place has grown on the Easterwoods, too. Both are from military families and were used to a lot of moving.

When they got to New Ford Town, they moved into a house provided by the congregation across the street from the church, and were just starting to get that settled-down feeling when all the buyout talk started.

Said the Rev. Easterwood: "It's the first place we've been [where] we've been able to form a sense of belonging to the community."

Profile of New Ford Town

New Ford Town Metro area

Population 940 2.4 million

Percent high school graduates 88.7% 87.2%

Percent college graduates 8.0% 27.3%

Median family income $ 35,865 $ 43,284

Households with married

couples and children 26% 23%

Median home value $ 71,100 $ 88,500

Median year houses built 1951 1965

**Graphic**

Photograph; Map; Chart

**Load-Date:** November 29, 1993

**End of Document**



[***TO BE CONTINUED ...; SUMMER MOVIE SEASON IS AWASH IN SEQUELS, NOT TO MENTION COMIC-BOOK HEROES AND WEDDING ROMCOMS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52R9-6BS1-DYRS-T1YG-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

April 28, 2011 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; COVER STORY: SUMMER MOVIE PREVIEW; Pg. W-16

**Length:** 3900 words

**Byline:** Barbara Vancheri, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

**Body**

Summer 2011 will be more of a numbers game than usual.

The eighth and final "Harry Potter" movie will bring the fabled franchise to a close, having already grossed more than $2 billion since the boy wizard crawled out from under the stairs and into the world's heart.

"Pirates of the Caribbean" will set sail for a fourth time, under the stewardship of one-time Pittsburgher Rob Marshall, while the wolf pack of "The Hangover" reunite and head to Thailand, where Stu (Ed Helms) hangs onto his teeth but not his unblemished face.

"X-Men" turns back the clock for a prequel, and sequelitis will be rampant with "Kung Fu Panda" and "Cars" back for second helpings, "Transformers" in line for a third, "Spy Kids" for a fourth and "Final Destination" for a fifth.

Comic books will be king as four-time Oscar nominee Kenneth Branagh tackles not Titus Andronicus or Hamlet but "Thor," Ryan Reynolds goes green in "Green Lantern," and Chris Evans becomes a super soldier known as Captain America.

Summer vacation may still be weeks away, but summer movie season starts May 6 and it promises:

Wedding bells: Don't credit or blame Wills and Kate, whose engagement came as these movies were well under way or completed, but three wedding romcoms will march down the aisle. "Something Borrowed" and "Jumping the Broom" will slug it out May 6, while "Bridesmaids" will burst out of the cake May 13.

Magic date: The first or second Friday in August has become chick flick time. It started with "Julie & Julia" Aug. 7, 2009, continued with "Eat Pray Love" Aug. 13, 2010, and this year will deliver a movie version of the book "The Help" Aug. 12.

Critter crazy: The spring brought elephants in the living room and the wild, plus big cats in two movies, but the summer will deliver talking animals and Kevin James in "Zookeeper" and peripatetic penguins with Jim Carrey in "Mr. Popper's Penguins." And let's not forget "Rise of the Planet of the Apes."

Keeping the streak alive: "Cars 2" seems like it cannot miss, but it faces the daunting task of keeping Pixar's unbroken streak of winners alive. This time, it will have the help of some new voices, including Michael Caine.

Double duty: Justin Timberlake will star opposite Cameron Diaz in "Bad Teacher" and Mila Kunis in "Friends With Benefits." Colin Farrell will play one of the "Horrible Bosses" in the raunchy movie of the same name and turns up in a remake of 1985's "Fright Night."

Triple duty: Anton Yelchin plays Mel Gibson's son, a high school senior who fears he will inherit his father's crippling depression, in "The Beaver," speaks for Clumsy Smurf in the big-screen version of the blues, and is part of the "Fright Night" remake along with Mr. Farrell.

Welcome back: The Hollywood Theater in Dormont will reopen May 4 with "The New Metropolis," a documentary about the challenges older suburbs face and solutions for their revitalization.

Free admission May 7 for 2 p.m. cartoons, 7 p.m. "The Outlaw" and 9:30 p.m. original "Night of the Living Dead" and on May 8 for a 2 p.m. silent film fest and 7 p.m. "African Screams" and "At War With the Army." For details, see Kaitlynn Riely's story at [*www.post-gazette.com*](http://www.post-gazette.com).

A year ago: Summer of 2010 grossed a record $4.35 billion, thanks to such releases as "Toy Story 3," "Iron Man 2," "The Twilight Saga: Eclipse," "Inception" and "Shrek Forever After," although tickets sold were down from the previous summer.

At this point in 2011, attendance is off 18 percent compared to 2010. We may never again see a summer like 2002, when blockbusters such as "Spider-Man" and "Star Wars: Episode II -- Attack of the Clones" helped to sell more than 653 million tickets.

As always, dates are subject to change, especially when movies open in limited fashion and expand to markets the size of Pittsburgh, and this list will gain and lose some titles by Labor Day:

b> MAY 6

/b>

b>"Thor":

/b>Thank heavens Natalie Portman is such a good actress because she turns up (again!) in this movie about the powerful but arrogant warrior whose reckless actions reignite an ancient war. Kenneth Branagh directs an ensemble that includes Chris Hemsworth, Stellan Skarsgard and Anthony Hopkins.

b>"Something Borrowed":

/b>Emily Giffin's novel of the same name inspired this romcom starring Ginnifer Goodwin as a perpetual good (and single) girl who unexpectedly ends up in the arms of her best friend's fiance -- a guy she's had a crush on since law school. Kate Hudson, Colin Egglesfield and John Krasinski co-star.

b>"Jumping the Broom":

/b>Things go awry when two very different African-American families meet for the first time at a weekend wedding on Martha's Vineyard. Paula Patton and Laz Alonso are the engaged couple, while Angela Bassett is an old money mom and Loretta Devine the down-to-earth postal worker parent.

b>"In a Better World":

/b>Anton is a doctor who toggles between his home in an idyllic town in Denmark and his work at an African refugee camp. In these very different worlds, he and his family are faced with conflicts and choices between revenge and forgiveness in this Oscar winner for foreign language film.

b>"Lebanon, Pa.":

/b>Bittersweet comic drama exploring the cultural divide in America through one extended family and starring Josh Hopkins, Rachel Kitson and Samantha Mathis. Mr. Hopkins is a Philadelphia ad man who goes to the title city to bury his father and faces some unexpected questions about his future.

b> MAY 9

/b>

b>"American: The Bill Hicks Story":

/b>Feature-length animated documentary about the comedian who started performing at age 15, fell in with the Texas Outlaw Comics and developed an alcoholic and drug problem and got clean and skewered organized religion, the American media and government hypocrisies before dying of pancreatic cancer at age 32.

b> MAY 13

/b>

b>"Bridesmaids":

/b>The wedding season is in full flower this summer. "Saturday Night Live" regular Kristen Wiig promises to be her best friend's maid of honor even though her life is unraveling in this comedy. Ms. Wiig co-wrote the screenplay with Annie Mumolo, and Maya Rudolph is the bride-to-be.

b>"Priest":

/b>Post-apocalyptic action thriller, set in a world ravaged by war between men and vampires, stars Paul Bettany as a legendary warrior priest. When his niece (Lily Collins) is abducted by a murderous pack of vampires, he must find her before she's turned into one of them.

b>"POM Wonderful Presents: The Greatest Movie Ever Sold":

/b>"Super Size Me" filmmaker Morgan Spurlock explores the world of product placement, marketing and advertising in this entertaining, eye-opening documentary.

b>"Everything Must Go":

/b>A short story by Raymond Carver sparked this movie starring Will Ferrell as a salesman who is fired and, on the same day, discovers his wife has left him, changed the locks on their home and dumped his possessions out on the front yard. He turns it all into a giant (and symbolic) yard sale.

b>"Winter in Wartime":

/b>Nazi-occupied Holland in 1945 provides the backdrop for this story about a 13-year-old boy drawn into the Resistance when he aids a wounded British paratrooper.

b> MAY 20

/b>

b>"Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides":

/b>Rob Marshall takes the directing wheel of this blockbuster franchise pairing Johnny Depp's Capt. Jack Sparrow with an enigmatic woman (Penelope Cruz) who might be using him to find the fountain of youth. In an inspired bit of casting, Ian McShane plays Blackbeard the pirate.

b>"The First Beautiful Thing":

/b>Italian comedic drama, known by its original title of "La Prima Cosa Bella," about a strong and optimistic mother who teaches her family to remain open and loving despite grief and pain.

b>"Beautiful Darling":

/b>The story of transgender pioneer Candy Darling, a star in the constellation that was Andy Warhol's Factory. New and vintage interviews and footage along with diary and letter excerpts tell the story of the Long Island native born James Slattery but transformed into a blonde from Hollywood's golden age.

b> MAY 21

/b>

b>"Queen of the Sun":

/b>Subtitled "What are the bees telling us?" this investigation examines colony collapse disorder in which honeybees vanish from their hives, never to return. It focuses on beekeepers, philosophers and scientists whose voices haven't been heard in other films.

b> MAY 26

/b>

b>"Kung Fu Panda 2":

/b>Jack Black returns as the voice of Po, no longer the klutzy panda who works in his family's noodle shop. He is now living his dream as the dragon warrior, but a formidable villain emerges and threatens his awesome existence.

b>"The Hangover Part II":

/b>Phil (Bradley Cooper), Stu (Ed Helms), Alan (Zach Galifianakis) and Doug (Justin Bartha) travel to exotic Thailand for Stu's wedding. Stu opts for a safe, subdued pre-wedding brunch, but what happens in Bangkok tops what happened in Vegas.

b> MAY 27

/b>

b>"The Beaver":

/b>Jodie Foster directs and co-stars, with Mel Gibson, in the story of a man plagued by demons. Once a successful toy executive and family man, he now suffers from depression and cannot get back on track until a beaver hand puppet enters his life.

b>"Bill Cunningham New York":

/b>Audience favorite from festivals about a New York Times photographer who is obsessively interested in only one thing -- the pictures he takes that document the way people dress. He lived in a small studio apartment above Carnegie Hall for 50 years, got around by bicycle and shot downtown New York eccentrics and uptown social swells.

b>"Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives":

/b>2010 Cannes Film Festival winner, directed by Apichatpong Weerasethakul, tracing the dreamlike final days of a man dying of kidney failure as the ghost of his dead wife returns to tend him and his long-lost son comes home in the form of a furry jungle spirit.

b>"The Tree of Life":

/b>Terrence Malick's impressionistic story of a Midwestern family in the 1950s. The film follows the life journey of the eldest son through the innocence of childhood to his disillusioned adult years as he tries to reconcile a complicated relationship with his father. Brad Pitt and Sean Penn star.

b> JUNE 3

/b>

b>"X-Men: First Class":

/b>Director Matthew Vaughn spins the clock back to the beginning of the X-Men and explores a secret history of the Cold War and the world on the brink of Armageddon with the help of James McAvoy, Michael Fassbender, Rose Byrne, January Jones, Oliver Platt and Kevin Bacon.

b>"Beginners":

/b>Story of an adult son, newly in love with an irreverent woman and flush with memories of his father who came out of the closet at age 75 after his wife of 45 years died. Ewan McGregor, Melanie Laurent and Christopher Plummer star.

b>"Submarine":

/b>A 15-year-old boy has two big ambitions -- to save his parents' marriage via carefully plotted intervention and to lose his virginity before his next birthday in this coming-of-age story based on Joe Dunthorne's novel.

b> JUNE 10

/b>

b>"Super 8":

/b>J.J. Abrams went to Weirton, W.Va., to direct his sci-fi story, set in the summer of 1979 when a group of friends in a small Ohio town witnesses a catastrophic train crash while making a Super 8 movie. They soon suspect it was not an accident.

b>"Judy Moody and the NOT Bummer Summer":

/b>When her best-laid plans for a summer full of fun go comically awry, an imaginative third-grader creates her own vacation adventures in this movie based on the books by Megan McDonald.

b>"Incendies":

/b>This Denis Villeneuve film, about twins who learn after their mother's death that they have a brother and that their father is not dead, was nominated for an Oscar for foreign language film. It also was honored as best Canadian feature at the 2010 Toronto International Film Festival.

b> JUNE 17

/b>

b>"Green Lantern":

/b>The fabled DC Comics characters come to life, with Ryan Reynolds as Hal Jordan, a gifted and cocky test pilot who could become the greatest member of the Green Lantern Corps, protectors of peace and justice, of all. Cast also counts Blake Lively, Peter Sarsgaard, Mark Strong, Angela Bassett and Tim Robbins.

b>"Mr. Popper's Penguins":

/b>When Thomas Popper receives a mysterious crate from Antarctica, it marks the end of his well-ordered existence as a New York real estate mogul and his new life as caretaker and parent figure to six penguins in this family comedy starring Jim Carrey, Carla Gugino and Angela Lansbury.

b>"The Art of Getting By":

/b>Freddie Highmore is a lonely, fatalistic teen who's made it to his senior year without ever having done a real day of work, and Emma Roberts plays a complicated girl who befriends him and recognizes in him a kindred spirit.

b> JUNE 24

/b>

b>"Cars 2":

/b>Will the Pixar streak be unbroken? When race car Lightning McQueen (voice of Owen Wilson) and tow truck Mater (Larry the Cable Guy) head overseas for the first World Grand Prix, Mater is detoured by international espionage. Michael Caine speaks for Finn McMissile, a master British super spy, while Emily Mortimer is Holley Shiftwell, a spy in training, in this sequel to the 2006 original.

b>"Bad Teacher":

/b>Cameron Diaz is a foul-mouthed, ruthless and inappropriate teacher who is dumped by her fiance and sets her sights on a rich, handsome substitute (Justin Timberlake). She finds herself competing for his affections with an overly energetic colleague, Amy (Lucy Punch).

b> JULY

/b>1

b>"Larry Crowne":

/b>Tom Hanks plays the title character, the affable superstar team leader at a big-box store who loses his job and heads to a local college to start over. That's where he meets a teacher (Julia Roberts), who has lost passion for her profession and her husband in this dramatic comedy.

b>"Transformers: Dark of the Moon":

/b>When a mysterious event from Earth's past erupts into the present day, it threatens to bring a war so big that the Transformers alone will not be able to save us. Shia LaBeouf returns, and Frances McDormand turns up, too.

b>"Monte Carlo":

/b>Selena Gomez, Leighton Meester and Katie Cassidy are friends who land in a fairy-tale European vacation thanks to a case of mistaken identity involving a socialite.

b>"Vincent Wants to Sea":

/b>German comedy about a young man with Tourette's syndrome who loses his mother and is sent to a rehab clinic by his politician father. He and a couple of fellow residents embark on a road trip to the Mediterranean Sea.

b> JULY

/b>8

b>"Zookeeper":

/b>Animals at the Franklin Park Zoo break their time-honored code of silence and reveal they can talk when their kindhearted caretaker (Kevin James) contemplates leaving in the search of romance. They decide to teach him the rules of courtship in this comedy with the voices of Cher, Nick Nolte, Adam Sandler and Sylvester Stallone.

b>"Horrible Bosses":

/b>Strangers on a train? What about beleaguered employees plotting to get rid of their intolerable bosses. The underlings are Jason Bateman, Jason Sudeikis and Charlie Day while their odious overlords are Kevin Spacey, Colin Farrell and Jennifer Aniston, and Jamie Foxx turns up as a hustling ex-con.

b>"One Day":

/b>Anne Hathaway and Jim Sturgess are a principled, ambitious ***working-class*** young woman and a wealthy charmer who meet on July 15, 1988, the night of their college graduation. For the next two decades, every July 15 reveals how the pair are faring as their friendship ebbs and flows in this adaptation of the David Nicholls novel.

b> JULY 15

/b>

b>"Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows -- Part 2":

/b>That's all she wrote. In the franchise finale, the battle between the good and evil forces of the wizarding world escalates into an all-out war. For the first time, Harry Potter and Lord Voldemort will be shown in 3-D in select theaters.

b>"Winnie the Pooh":

/b>Youngstown, Ohio, native Jim Cummings leads the voice cast in this Disney return to the Hundred Acre Wood. Owl sends the gang on a wild quest to save Christopher Robin from an imaginary culprit in this hand-drawn feature inspired by A.A. Milne stories.

b> JULY 22

/b>

b>"Captain America: The First Avenger":

/b>More Marvel characters, as Steve Rogers (Chris Evans) volunteers to participate in an experimental program that turns him into a super soldier known as Captain America. He joins Bucky Barnes (Sebastian Stan) and Peggy Carter (Hayley Atwell) to wage war on Hydra, a subversive organization dedicated to global domination.

b>"Friends With Benefits":

/b>This is the second 2011 movie about friends hooking up and realizing it complicates everything. This one stars Justin Timberlake and Mila Kunis while the first, "No Strings Attached," featured Natalie Portman and Ashton Kutcher.

b>"Sarah's Key":

/b>Kristin Scott Thomas stars in an adaptation of the Tatiana de Rosnay best-selling novel of the same name. It's a fictionalized account of the round-up of Jewish families in Paris that sentenced thousands to their deaths.

b>"Another Earth":

/b>On the eve of the discovery of a duplicate Earth, tragedy strikes and the lives of strangers -- a young woman accepted into MIT's astrophysics program and a brilliant composer -- become irrevocably intertwined.

b> JULY 29

/b>

b>"Cowboys & Aliens":

/b>Jon Favreau directs Daniel Craig and Harrison Ford in a cross between the classic Western and alien-invasion movie set in 1875 in the New Mexico Territory. When the town of Absolution comes under attack by marauders from the sky, the once-rejected gunslinger played by Mr. Craig becomes the only hope for salvation.

b>"Crazy Stupid Love":

/b>Premise sounds sad, but the preview is funny. Steve Carell demands a divorce after learning his wife (Julianne Moore) cheated on him, but he doesn't love the single life, even after a handsome playboy (Ryan Gosling) takes him under his wing.

b>"The Smurfs":

/b>In this blend of live action and animation, the evil wizard Gargamel chases the Smurfs out of their village, through a portal and into our world. They land in New York's Central Park and must find a way to get back home in this 3-D comedy.

b>"The Devil's Double":

/b>Dominic Cooper stars in an adaptation of Latif Yahia's autobiographical novel, set in 1987 Baghdad, about an army lieutenant summoned from the frontline to be Iraq's notorious Black Prince Uday Hussein's body double.

b> AUG. 5

/b>

b>"Rise of the Planet of the Apes":

/b>Modern-day San Francisco provides the backdrop for epic battles involving man and primate in this movie starring James Franco, Freida Pinto, John Lithgow, Brian Cox, Tom Felton, David Oyelowo and, as the principal ape character, Andy Serkis.

b>"The Change-Up":

/b>Body-switching comedy starring Jason Bateman and Ryan Reynolds as once inseparable friends who wake up in the other's body. Before the change-up, Mr. Bateman is an overworked lawyer, husband and father of three while Mr. Reynolds is a single, quasi-employed man-child (they are all the rage in movies).

b>"Dirty Girl":

/b>Danielle is the "dirty girl of Norman High" in 1987 Oklahoma, but when she gets banished to special ed, she meets a shy, friendless, closeted gay boy. California, here they come, with the mismatched misfits played by Juno Temple and Jeremy Dozier.

b> AUG. 12

/b>

b>"The Help":

/b>Book clubs, mark your calendar (if you haven't already). The adaptation of Kathryn Stockett's novel stars Emma Stone as an aspiring writer who turns her friends' lives and her small Mississippi town upside down in 1963 when she decides to interview black women who have spent their lives taking care of prominent Southern families. Viola Davis, Bryce Dallas Howard and Octavia Spencer co-star.

b>"30 Minutes or Less":

/b>Action comedy featuring Jesse Eisenberg as a small-town pizza delivery guy who is kidnapped by wanna-be criminal masterminds (Danny McBride and Nick Swardson) and forced to rob a bank.

b>"Don't Be Afraid of the Dark":

/b>Reboot of the 1973 film of the same name, this time in the haunted hands of writer Guillermo Del Toro and director Troy Nixey. A young girl who moves to Rhode Island to live with her father (Guy Pearce) and his new girlfriend (Katie Holmes) in the 19th-century mansion they are restoring starts to hear malevolent voices in this horror film.

b> AUG. 19

/b>

b>"Fright Night":

/b>Remake of the 1985 comedy-horror flick, this time starring Colin Farrell as the neighbor a high school senior (Anton Yelchin) suspects of being a vampire. The original featured Chris Sarandon, who drinks bloody Marys and whistles "Strangers in the Night."

b>"Conan the Barbarian":

/b>Robert E. Howard's pulp novel warrior, played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the 1980s, gets a new star in Jason Momoa, a relaunch and 3-D, to boot.

b>"Spy Kids 4: All the Time in the World":

/b>Jessica Alba is a retired secret agent turned wife and mother who is called back into action when the maniacal Timekeeper (Jeremy Piven) threatens to take over the planet in this Robert Rodriguez sequel returning spy kids Alexa Vega and Daryl Sabara to the franchise.

b> AUG. 26

/b>

b>"Final Destination 5":

/b>Yeah, yeah. You can run but you can't hide from death.

b>"Our Idiot Brother":

/b>Paul Rudd steps into the title role of Ned, an erstwhile organic farmer who relies on the honesty of mankind. When his girlfriend dumps him and boots him off their farm, his sisters (Emily Mortimer, Elizabeth Banks, Zooey Deschanel) come to his rescue.

b> AUG. 31

/b>

b>"The Debt":

/b>John Madden ("Shakespeare in Love") directs this espionage thriller starring Helen Mirren, Tom Wilkinson and Ciaran Hinds and trafficking in issues of life, death and a nation's honor.

b> SEPT. 2.

/b>

b>"Shark Night 3-D":

/b>A sexy summer weekend for college students turns into a bloody nightmare when they realize they're marooned near a lake stocked with flesh-eating sharks.

b> ALSO

/b>

b>"I Am Comic":

/b>Jordan Brady calls on his fellow comedians to pull the curtain back on stage routines, hecklers, trends and how jokes are structured in this documentary. (June)

b>"Harvest":

/b>A beautiful shoreline town provides the backdrop for three generations drawn together by the family patriarch, played by Robert Loggia. (June)

b>"Queen to Play":

/b>Kevin Kline, in his first French-speaking role, and Sandrine Bonnaire star in a feel-good comedy set on Corsica. Screened once during the Three Rivers Film Festival. (June)

b>"Midnight in Paris":

/b>New Woody Allen movie, starring Owen Wilson, Rachel McAdams and Marion Cotillard. Characters move through the whole of Paris, from Montmartre to the banks of the Seine, with some key places such as the Rodin Museum and the Musee de l'Orangerie, Variety reports. (June)

b>"The Tree":

/b>Mystical drama of loss and rebirth in the Australian countryside, starring Charlotte Gainsbourg as a widow with four young children. Her 8-year-old becomes convinced her late father is whispering to her through the leaves of a gargantuan fig tree that towers over their house. (July)

b>"Small Town Murder Songs":

/b>Modern gothic tale of crime and redemption about an unidentified female crime victim and the aging small-town police officer (Peter Stormare) whose life starts to unravel as he tries to solve her murder. (July)

b>"Road to Nowhere":

/b>Monte Hellman's first feature film in 21 years is, according to Variety, "one of his finest and deepest, a twin peak to his 1971 masterpiece, 'Two-Lane Blacktop.' " A filmmaker is drawn into a web of intrigue as he straddles art and truth. (July)

b>"Hesher":

/b>Indie drama, about a heavy-metal drifter who befriends a grieving boy, with Joseph Gordon-Levitt and Natalie Portman, who also served as producer.

b> ON THE WEB

/b>

See video of Barbara Vancheri and Sharon Eberson discussing the summer movie season at post-gazette.com.

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG/ Movie editor Barbara Vancheri: [*bvancheri@post-gazette.com*](mailto:bvancheri@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-1632. Read her Mad About the Movies blog at [*www.post-gazette.com/movies*](http://www.post-gazette.com/movies)./

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Chris Hemsworth in "Thor." \

PHOTO: Johnny Depp and Penelope Cruz in "Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides."\

PHOTO: Justin Timberlake and Mila Kunis in "Friends With Benefits." \

PHOTO: Mel Gibson in "The Beaver." \

PHOTO: Michael Fassbender, left, in "X-Men: First Class." \

PHOTO: Daniel Radcliffe, Emma Watson and Rupert Grint in "Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Part 2."

**Load-Date:** April 29, 2011

**End of Document**



[***CAPITALISM, NOT HUMAN LIBERTY, SEEMS ASSURED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4719-B020-01K4-90MH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MARCH 2, 1997 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 1852 words

**Byline:** Jennifer Lin, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** HONG KONG

**Body**

Like myriad moneymakers in this energized city of cash and dreams, Sze Chi Ching turned nothing in his pockets into millions in the bank.

Sze, 60, left his hometown in China's Fujian province for Hong Kong four decades ago. He planned to make a stopover in Hong Kong on his way to Manila to find work.

He never left.

From his hand-to-mouth days as a trader selling canned food, Sze now rules a business empire with nine factories across the border, 2,000 workers, an industrial park in Fujian, as well as office buildings and apartments in coastal cities.

Sze looks to the future with nothing but optimism. And why not? China has made him a rich man. The return of Hong Kong to the mainland on July 1 can only make things that much better, he reasons.

"The idea of having 'one country and two systems' will let Hong Kong people rule Hong Kong," Sze said assuredly in a room filled with pictures of himself standing with China's leaders. "No one will interfere."

While wealthy businesspeople such as Sze might be expected to embrace Chinese control, many ordinary Hong Kong citizens are resigned to the likelihood that economic continuity will come at the expense of political liberties and individual freedoms. The return of the British colony is less than five months away (after 13 years of preparation the process accelerates this week). And six million people here have reluctantly come to grips with the fact that the future is now.

The panic of prior years has given way to an atmosphere of calm and growing confidence. The stock market is enjoying an impressive run, while housing prices are soaring.

"The Hong Kong people accept the handover as a fait accompli," said Henry Tang, a businessman and newly tapped senior adviser to the incoming government of Chief Executive Tung Chee Hwa. "To us, it has already happened. We're eager to get on with things. It's a common Hong Kong attitude."

Never in history has a capitalist society willingly returned to the control of a Communist nation. The return of Hong Kong - followed by the handover of the neighboring Portuguese colony of Macao in 1999 - goes against every trend of the last decade. The Communist empire of the Soviet Union has imploded, while the boundaries of China are expanding.

This is not to say that Hong Kong's people will raise their voices every morning to the communist anthem, Internationale. But there is no denying the obvious: The fate of Hong Kong now rests with the authoritarian People's Republic of China, instead of democratic Great Britain. For that reason, there are deep concerns here over human rights and personal freedoms under Chinese rule.

In 1984, China and Britain came to an agreement: The British were merely short-term boarders in this 416-square-mile territory, and their lease was up. At midnight on June 30, the last governor of the colony, Chris Patten, plans to sail out of Hong Kong Harbor on the Royal Yacht Britannia with Prince Charles at the helm.

The people of this gleaming capitalist enclave have had 13 years to prepare: 13 years to fret, finagle foreign passports, shift money offshore, move offices to Singapore, run for cover.

They also have had 13 years to accept the inevitable: Hong Kong is going back to its rightful owner. China was forced to cede Hong Kong Island to Britain in 1841 after its defeat in the Opium War. Britain fought to open Chinese ports for its drug traders - a chapter in the empire's history that even the most loyal subject would consider shameful today.

Britain leased additional land on the peninsula across from Hong Kong Island in 1898. It is that 99-year lease with China that expires this year.

Over the last two decades, Hong Kong and China have reunited economically. Beginning in 1978, with the launch of Deng Xiaoping's economic reforms that allowed foreign investment to come to China, Hong Kong has been in the catbird seat.

Hong Kong investors have poured billions of dollars into south China, jump-starting the stagnant economy by building factories and transferring manufacturing know-how.

Hong Kong has provided the brains, while the Pearl River Delta in Guangdong province has supplied the brawn to turn the region into a major exporter of toys, clothing, electronics, plastics, textiles and shoes for the world. Companies run by men such as Sze and Tang now have large investments and workforces in China.

When it comes to making money, Hong Kong people can reach a meeting of minds with their comrades across the border. The workaday worlds on both sides of the border now rely on each other for success.

But will societies with different traditions, histories and needs fit together as nicely?

Meshing the free spirit of Hong Kong with the rigid ways of China is bound to cause problems.

The media in Hong Kong, often shrill and feisty, are worried about the future of free speech. Religious groups, meanwhile, wonder if they could face pressure. China already has sent subtle warnings to Catholic groups that their first allegiance should be to China - not the Vatican.

The elected government of Hong Kong is getting a rude look at the future: The sitting Legislative Council (Legco), which became the first fully elected body in 1995, will be replaced by a "provisional" legislature, handpicked by a committee of 400 pro-China citizens of Hong Kong. That body will stay in office until elections planned for 1998.

Meanwhile, China's National People's Congress is expected this week to scrap sections of the colony's six-year-old Bill of Rights. It also will void liberal rules governing public gatherings and the freedom of political groups to have outside links. In their place, China will bring back authoritarian colonial laws.

Also this week, as the cruise liner Oriana sails from Hong Kong harbor on Thursday, a British tradition will end. Each year, the English provided official passage out for civil servants assigned to the colony. This year's trip is the last.

The laws being dumped, China says, were passed without its consent. Tung and his advisers concur.

"It's coming to an end, and a new power is emerging," said Emily Lau, an advocate for democracy who was not asked to join the Provisional Legislature. "The things they have proposed are really very disturbing. The rollback on civil liberties and human rights is very terrible."

In the ***working-class*** district that she represents, Lau said her constituents are resigned: "Obviously there's a feeling of anger, but they are feeling powerless."

China has promised to let Hong Kong be Hong Kong for the next 50 years - the "one country, two systems" pledge that entrepreneur Sze trusts so much.

But there is no precedent.

"There's no past experiment that we can draw from," said Tang, chairman of the influential Hong Kong Federation of Industries, who was tapped for the Provisional Legislature. "It's up to us to make it happen."

The stakes are high for China. Not only is its international reputation on the line, but so is the possibility of someday reuniting with Taiwan. China sees Taiwan, where Nationalists fled after losing the civil war to Communists in 1949, as a renegade province.

"The Beijing leaders have bigger things in mind," Tang said. "They want to show Taiwan that if Hong Kong works well, they might want to try out 'one country, three systems.' "

Many in Hong Kong are not staying around to see if it all works out. In the last decade, 503,800 people, mostly middle class and educated, have emigrated from Hong Kong. Ninety percent have gone to Canada, the United States or Australia.

Interestingly, many return: One in 10 people who get foreign passports ends up coming back to the territory. Once people leave, they come to realize that Hong Kong is still one of the best places on earth to make money.

For the moment, the brain drain has slowed. More people, in fact, are moving into Hong Kong than leaving. But in a hint of things to come, most new arrivals are poorer cousins from China.

With the coming China era, the man who will lead Hong Kong through this difficult transition is Tung Chee Hwa, scion of a Shanghai shipping tycoon. Tung was selected by the 400-member, pro-China committee to be Hong Kong's first chief executive last December in a three-way race.

Tung has strong support in China. The Communist leaders in Beijing have put their confidence behind a billionaire capitalist whose own family fled the mainland and advancing clutches of Mao Tse-tung's revolutionaries in 1949.

Tung, 60, is a success as a businessman.

As a politician, he seems to be taking his cues from other authoritarian leaders in Asia, such as Singapore's senior statesman, Lee Kuan Yew, himself ethnic Chinese.

Tung has stressed Asian values and the importance of public order at the expense of individual rights. He has publicly asked whether Hong Kong wants to be an indulgent Western society or a place with good public order.

In his address to the people of Hong Kong on Chinese New Year on Feb. 7, Tung said they should not worry so much about politics. The business of Hong Kong, after all, is business. He also attacked popular Democratic Party chairman Martin Lee for "bad-mouthing" Hong Kong.

"Tung's Chinese identity is very strong," said Thomas Chan, head of the China Business Center at the Hong Kong Polytechnic University. "He's like an elder looking after the interests of his people."

Often, he comes across like a British governor.

As a British colony, Hong Kong was never a democracy in the American sense of the word. Britain ruled Hong Kong like a benevolent master. But the people of Hong Kong have had no say in the appointing of the governor and, for most of the last 150 years, little influence in setting policy.

That changed quickly with the 1989 Tiananmen crackdown and massacre of student protesters in Beijing. Fear took hold of the colony, and Britain began to speed up the introduction of democratic reforms. The Legco became a fully elected body in the 1995 election. A Bill of Rights was passed in 1991.

But lost in all the worry about the future is the fact that a remarkable transition is about to take place: Local Chinese citizens are set to take firm control of the lifeblood of Hong Kong, a Special Administrative Region of China.

For all its British veneer, Hong Kong is a city of Chinese refugees. Of the 438,200 foreigners who call Hong Kong home, only 25,500 are British and 34,700 are Americans.

Far more than their British neighbors in the colony, Chinese merchants have turned Hong Kong from a backwater port into a prosperous gateway to China.

Men such as Henry Tang have made their fortunes in Hong Kong and now have political clout as well. If their stewardship runs aground and leads to a massive loss of confidence, it is their millions that could be lost as well.

Tang, whose own grandfather, a Shanghai textile magnate, was persecuted as "a capitalist roader" by Communists during the Cultural Revolution, said he trusts China's leaders. And he has no doubts that Chief Executive Tung will fight to make sure that they leave Hong Kong to its own devices.

"Tung believes our way of life should continue," Tang said. "And he'll do his damnedest to keep it that way."

**Notes**

Hong Kong Countdown

One in an occasional series on the transfer of a British colony.

**Graphic**

MAP AND CHART

**Load-Date:** October 18, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Romance, Canadian style Mountains of snow and a strong U.S.dollar make Jasper an affordable winter hideaway***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47X8-59V0-007M-43M2-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

February 9, 2003, Sunday Cook,DuPage,F1,F2,F3,Lake,McHenry

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**Section:** GOING PLACES;

**Length:** 2191 words

**Byline:** Dan Leeth Daily Herald Correspondent

**Body**

Boarding is announced. My wife and I walk down the train platform in Vancouver and tender our tickets to a VIA Rail attendant who leads us to our compartment. As he opens the door, my spouse's eyes mushroom into a pair of blue-iris portobellos.

The wall between two adjoining rooms has been folded away to form a double suite. A full-size berth lies buried beneath a down duvet, and oak bed-trays grace either side of the mattress. One bears a bouquet of fresh-cut flowers. The other holds flutes for the sparkling wine that chills in a silver ice bucket.

"I splurged for the Romance by Rail package," I whisper, not revealing that by converting American dollars to Canadian, such amorous indulgence comes one-third off.

Needing a romantic getaway, my wife Dianne and I had considered two winter options - sand or snow. Choosing bumps over beaches, we packed skis and headed for the Great White North. With two American "greenbacks" buying three Canadian "loonies," we can afford a modicum of luxury on a middling budget.

Our destination is Jasper, the Alberta mountain town in the Canadian national park of the same name. Rails or roads provide its only winter ingress.

The Canadian, western Canada's cross-country train, provides a civilized means of travel. From the dome of the trailing Park car, we sip champagne and watch Vancouver disappear in the afternoon twilight.

Come morning, we awaken to wisps of fog veiling bridal-white meadows. Beyond tower the Rocky Mountains, sculpted by ice and polished with snow. Although American ranges might stand higher, the Canadian Rockies look loftier because their valleys are lower. The town of Jasper sits at less than two-thirds Denver's mile-high altitude.

The overnight train arrives around noon, descending from forested slopes to the valley of the Athabasca River. Encircled by jagged peaks, it looks as though we have landed in the Alps, only here folks speak a language we understand. After renting a car at the station, we drive four miles east to Jasper Park Lodge, nestled in the pines between two frozen lakes.

The resort began as a tent city in 1915. In the '20s, Canadian National Railways obtained the site and built a log dining room, dance hall and a dozen guest bungalows. Now a Fairmont property, the greatly expanded retreat resembles a private wilderness community.

Our room offers ample space, comfortable furnishings and a stone-faced, wood-burning fireplace. Dianne slips into "something comfortable," and we spend the evening enveloped in glowing warmth. The fire is nice, too.

Unlike most American national parks with commercial development lying outside the borders, Jasper features a legitimate town in its center. The community does not appear glitzy, flashy, quaint or cute. Some of the in-town accommodations resemble mom-and-pop motels, most restaurants seem small and understated, and a hodgepodge of businesses from souvenir shops to coin-operated laundries lines two commercial streets. Beyond, tidy homes stand atop small lots. It's here that Jasper reveals its roots as a ***working-class*** railroad town.

"There was this big push to link eastern Canada to western Canada," says park tourism officer Gloria Keyes-Brady. "The first railroad came through Banff. A few years later, it came through here. Jasper was a section change-off point where crews ended shifts."

Like Banff, which lies 165 miles to the south, Jasper National Park was established in part to induce travelers to sample Canada's wild beauty. While the Banff town site grew into an overdeveloped tourist mecca, the more remote Jasper suffered less wanton growth and has better preserved its remote allure.

Jasper's ski area, Marmot Basin, sits near timberline 12 miles south of town. Midsize by western U.S. standards, it sports 1,500 acres, 75 runs and eight lifts. Naked and unpretentious, Marmot seems like a ski field flashback.

"A lot of people say that Jasper and Marmot Basin are what Banff used to be 30 years ago," says area spokesman Rob Ellen. "Jasper has managed to retain that quiet feel. Sometimes it's nice to get away from it all."

We share our first lift with Matt Sikkes and end up spending much of the day with this gregarious oldster. He says he came to Jasper in 1969 as a railway engineer and just forgot to leave.

"I retired last year, and this is part of my retirement," he says. "I show people around the hill. It gives me a reason to get out more."

Sikkes, who knows every flake on the mountain, leads us down groomed runs lubricated with 4 inches of fresh fluff. We mash moguls and plow powder. He then shows us the "rock gardens" where snow-plastered boulders and ridges provide enough natural jumps to make it a snowboarder's nirvana.

"My kids find some big air in there," Sikkes says, smiling.

Sharing lunch at the base restaurant, Dianne and I opt for burgers. Our companion orders poutine: french fries smothered with cheese curds and hot gravy. Invented in Quebec, this gooey concoction has become a Canadian national dish. He offers a sample.

"Next time I'm ordering these!" my finger-licking wife announces.

Back on skis, we spend the afternoon riding slopes that seem to float in a vast sea of mountains. Waves of cliffs, crags, summits and spires crest in every visible direction. Between them lie the troughs of forested valleys. What Marmot lacks in acreage, it makes up with eye-popping grandeur.

The next day, we switch to skinny skis and join Paula Beauchamp of Walks and Talks Jasper. We and her dog Scout are the only participants on the afternoon cross-country tour.

Beauchamp drives us up the Maligne Valley, its name coming from a French expletive meaning "wicked" or "bad." The ground here, made from porous limestone, sports an underground drainage system. In winter, caves sluice away the diminished water flow and the river stays shallow. When the snow melts in summer, the subterranean channels swell beyond capacity and the river flows deep.

"A French-speaking priest was making his way up the banks of the Athabasca when he came to the Maligne River," Beauchamp tells us. "In October, his horse forded with no difficulty. The next time he came was July and the Maligne was swollen. Trying to cross as before, he and his horse went for a swim. The swearing priest called it Maligne!"

We pass Medicine Lake, which Beauchamp jokes is the world's largest bathtub. Because of the underground porosity, it drains every winter. Now only a small channel of open water cuts through the snowy bowel.

"There are fish in there," she says. "Osprey and bald eagles love to come in and capture them. The fish are just sitting ducks."

She takes us to 14-mile-long Maligne Lake, a blue gem in summertime that now lies frozen beneath a glaze of white. Snowshoe paths border one shore while machine-laid nordic tracks line the other.

"The park offers close to 100 kilometers of trails," says Beauchamp. "You could ski a different route every day for a week, easily."

Kicking and gliding along the shoreline, we gaze across the expanse to a wall of striated peaks that rise into gray clouds at lake's end. The scene looks like a muted landscape sketched in charcoal. Turning into the forest, we loop back over gently undulating terrain with zinging skis and panting breaths providing the only sounds not muffled in the snow-smothered silence.

That evening at the lodge we dine in the Edith Cavell, a five- fork, three-figure extravagance best afforded with the exchange- rate discount. Walnut trim and floral carpet bestow quiet elegance, and the gourmet dishes arrive as works of art almost too exquisite to eat. After dessert, we stroll back to the room to sip champagne beside the flames of a blazing fireplace.

"Thank you," my appreciative wife murmurs, "but I still want some poutine."

It doesn't happen. We never seem to be in the right place at the right time. Dianne fears the worst when on our last full day in Jasper we forgo lunch for a canyon crawl.

The seasonal river that drains Maligne Lake has carved a 100- foot-deep cleft through the soft limestone. It's a summertime kayaker's paradise, churning with chutes and cascades. In winter, its trickling flow freezes to provide an icy path through a shadowy canyon. To keep us from slipping, Jasper Adventure Centre guide Rob Logan issues rubber boots over which we strap studded traction pads.

As we traverse the narrow chasm, Logan points to where summer's swirling currents have scalloped the rock far overhead. Dribbling streams and melting snows have draped the slot with curtains of ice. The frozen pleats vary from ghostly white to cyanotic blue. We stop at the Queen of Maligne, a house-high waterfall frozen in time. It looks like a surrealistic, crystalline column rising from an oversize base on the canyon floor. We walk completely around it.

"Some Boy Scouts came in here about two weeks ago. They went a little too far," says Logan. "One boy fell through and went about chest deep. He became a little hypothermic, but came out OK. We're going to turn around here."

Hiking out, we face the pink cliffs of Pyramid Peak, a snow- dusted crag near town. That evening, we enjoy another exquisite, poutine-free meal at the Pines, a restaurant near its blushing flanks. In the morning, we pack, check out of the lodge and drive into town. To avoid another day's rental charge, I return the car two hours before the train departs.

"Poutine time!" Dianne proclaims. "I hear the best is served at the Jasper Pizza Place. They boil meat just for the gravy."

We cross to the corner restaurant where she orders the Quebecois creation swamped under three melted cheeses and drowned beneath a vat of gravy. Fork filled with dripping fries, she looks at me and moans about now being a fulfilled woman. A plate of potatoes has done what flickering fires and five-star dinners could not.

At least I can pay for this, too, in loonies.

- Information for this article was gathered on a research trip sponsored by the Canadian Tourism Commission.

If you go

When to go: The snow season in Jasper generally runs from late November through late April, with January through March often offering the best ski conditions. Some activities, such as the Maligne Canyon Crawl, require freezing temperatures and might not be available later in the winter season.

Getting there by car: Roads and rails provide the only ways to reach Jasper during the winter months. The nearest major international airports are in Edmonton (about 227 driving miles) or Calgary (255 miles) to the east, and Vancouver (545 miles) to the west. Highways through the mountains are generally kept open, but might be subject to temporary closure during major storms.

Getting there by train: VIA Rail ((888) 842-7245, [*www.viarail.com*](http://www.viarail.com)) offers three-day-a-week service on board the cross-country Canadian. It departs Vancouver on Tuesday, Friday and Sunday afternoons and arrives in Jasper around noon the following day. Westbound trains leave Edmonton on Monday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, reaching Jasper the same afternoon. Economy fares run about $145 round trip from Edmonton or $200 from Vancouver (all prices in U.S. dollars). A standard double bedroom compartment with meals from Vancouver costs about $660 round trip per person. The Romance by Rails package, which includes a double room, flowers, champagne, pillow chocolates and meals with breakfast in bed, goes for about $960 per couple one way.

Accommodations: Once only a summer resort, the Jasper Park Lodge ((800) 441-1414, [*www.fairmont.com*](http://www.fairmont.com)) is now open year-round. Depending on demand and availability, winter rates vary from about $100 U.S. for a standard room to $220 U.S. for a Lakeview Suite.

Jasper contains numerous other lodging opportunities from utilitarian to luxurious. An extensive online listing can be found at [*www.discoverjasper.com*](http://www.discoverjasper.com), or bookings may be made through Rocky Mountain Reservations ((877) 902-9455, [*www.rockymountainreservations.com*](http://www.rockymountainreservations.com)).

Downhill skiing: The Marmot Basin Ski Area ((780) 852-3816, [*www.skimarmot.com*](http://www.skimarmot.com)) season runs from late November through late April, snow conditions permitting. Single-day adult lift tickets cost about $35 U.S. in high season.

Cross-country skiing: Walks and Talks Jasper ((888) 242-3343, [*www.walksntalks.com*](http://www.walksntalks.com)) leads Learn the Maligne Valley Secrets on cross-country skiing and snowshoe tours. Trips last three to four hours, groups are limited to a maximum of six participants and the cost runs about $33 U.S. per adult with special family rates available.

For those who want to ski on their own, Parks Canada ((780) 852- 6176, [*www.worldweb.com/ParksCanada-Jasper*](http://www.worldweb.com/ParksCanada-Jasper)) offers about 100 kilometers of groomed trails. Check at the park's information center in downtown Jasper for more details.

Maligne Canyon Crawl: Jasper Adventure Centre ((800) 565-7547, [*www.jasperadventurecentre.com*](http://www.jasperadventurecentre.com)) offers Maligne Canyon Icewalks several times daily. The three-hour trips cost about $25 U.S. per adult, which includes use of waterproof boots and traction straps. Those lacking proper equipment or who are unfamiliar with the conditions should not attempt the trip unguided.

- Dan Leeth

**Graphic**

Unlike most American national parks where development lies outside the borders, the town of Jasper is within the park. With roots to the railroad, it isn't flashy or cute. Dan Leeth/Special to the Daily Herald Rocky Mountain sheep come to lick salt off the highway leading to the Jasper town site. Dan Leeth/Special to the Daily Herald Queen of the Maligne waterfall. Dan Leeth/Special to the Daily Herald The Edith Cavell offers five-course elegance at three-figure prices. The restaurant at Jasper Park Lodge is ideal for romantic dining. Dan Leeth/Special to the Daily Herald Paul Beauchamp and her dog Scout take visitors across cross-country ski trails in Jasper National Park. Dan Leeth/Special to the Daily Herald Encircled by jagged peaks, the valley of the Athabasca River imitates the best of the Alps. Dan Leeth/Special to the Daily Herald

**Load-Date:** February 12, 2003

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[***YOUR BIRTH ORDER PLACE AMONG YOUR SIBLINGS MAY DETERMINE THE KIND OF PERSON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X3G-MKS0-0094-51XM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***YOU BECOME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X3G-MKS0-0094-51XM-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

August 3, 1999, Tuesday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** HEALTH,; COVER STORY

**Length:** 1894 words

**Byline:** GARY ROTSTEIN, POST-GAZETTE STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Debbie Pascale sees herself as a classic example of the first-born child in a large family: a resourceful motivator, a perfectionist who toed the line and set an example for six younger siblings.

The 48-year-old sales director figures that being raised first in her parents' ***working-class*** Aspinwall household has a lot to do with why she's developed her self-assured personality and become successful in business.

"I always had to be the leader, with so many of us and my mother always working," says Pascale, who now lives in O' Hara. "My mother would say: ' You're the oldest - you've got to take care of everyone. Some of her siblings symbolize theories of birth order influence as well: the "loner" sec ond child; the "outcast" or "scapegoat" who comes later; the young "mascot" who makes everyone else laugh and feel good.

Psychologists and other authors hit the bookstores with some regularity to reassert the notion that such personal traits can often be linked to someone's sequence among his or her siblings. Two recent examples are "The New Birth Order Book," by Tucson, Ariz., psychologist Kevin Leman, and "Birth Order Blues," by Meri Wallace, a New York child and family therapist.

"In no case that I have handled in more than 25 years of psychological practice has birth order not applied to a substantial degree," Leman asserts in his update of an earlier popular book on the topic. "That is not to say that birth order explains everything but it has always proved to be a helpful tool that my clients can understand and apply to their lives."

Leman believes birth order has such significance that it helps determine whom you marry and whether a marriage is likely to be successful. He says business people can use an understanding of birth order among their customers and contacts to become more successful. And he happily makes a public show of trying to guess the birth order of strangers after sizing them up with a few questions and observations.

Some local therapists also use knowledge of birth sequence to try to help their clients. Yet, there's no universal consensus in their field on the practical value of knowing if someone was born first, second or later in his or her family. There are some professionals who find the subject to be little more than pop-psychology entertainment for the masses.

"Everybody has a birth order, so it's something everybody can identify with," noted Toni Falbo, a University of Texas professor of educational psychology and sociology. She has researched the topic for a quarter-century, but found little basis for linking it to personality.

Falbo credits birth order with no more than 2 percent influence in determining who you are.

"It's minor compared to other factors like whether you're a man or woman, the educational attainment of your parents, the genetic predispositions you arrived with - all of these put together account for much more variance" in personality, she said.

Looking around the Fox Chapel Yacht Club last Wednesday evening, as Pascale floated from sibling to cousin to friend to make sure everyone was enjoying her birthday party, one could understand how birth order theories gain support.

Sitting quietly at a table, catering to the needs of her grandchildren, was Claudia Jackson, 46, who was born two years after Pascale to their parents, Robert and Rose Marie Diehm.

Birth order theory holds that a second child will commonly take on an opposite personality from the first, and Jackson is every bit as shy as her older sister is social. Jackson, a nanny, is more likely to ask two people to a birthday celebration at her O' Hara home, compared to the 30 that Pascale invited to the yacht club.

"I'm sort of in the background" at family gatherings, Jackson said, accepting that as her natural position though she's very close to her sister.

The sixth of the seven siblings, Marcy Lynn Diehm, 37, also sat to the side with a friend at the party. Families are supposed to have one child between first and last who feels left out and is more troubled than the rest - or so goes the theory. Marcy Lynn, a tattooed bartender who never finished high school, acknowledges her role as the family's "black sheep."

"I just like doing my own thing. The rest have got their good jobs and nice houses. … Maybe I was adopted and left on the doorstep," she says with a chuckle, professing great affection nonetheless for all her siblings and their mother, with whom she lives in Aspinwall.

Their father is deceased, and all of the children say they feel a close bond with one another.

The fourth of the Diehms at Pascale's party was the baby of the family, John Diehm, 36, a well-grounded father and computer consultant who doesn't appear to fit his birth order role. The youngest is typically supposed to be spoiled, flighty, used to getting his way and having others take care of him.

John, of Ross, believes his more serious personality was influenced by a severe auto accident when he was 3, which scarred him physically and made him more withdrawn in childhood.

He would be an example of how other factors in a young life besides family sequence can influence development. Even the biggest proponents of birth order theory, including Leman and Wallace, note that physical and mental illness, death, divorce, addiction, adoption and other issues can override any predictability associated with birth position. Big gaps in age between children can also make a later-born act like a first-born.

Three siblings couldn't make it for Pascale's 48th birthday.

Her oldest brother, Bobby, 44, is an electrical engineer in Port St. Lucie, Fla. He also had a take-charge role among the siblings, which is supposed to be typical of the first male child.

The fourth of the seven children, Tammy Zelenko, 42, of Moon, is head of a local home health services company who is busy pursuing a master's degree. She attached herself closely to Bobby when young and they spent a lot of time jointly with friends outside the family, which birth order theorists say is a natural way for middle children to find a less crowded place for themselves.

Families are also supposed to have a "mascot," a child who is easy-going, funny and finds a niche in bringing a smile to the others. It's often the youngest, but in the Diehm family it's Kevin, 40, nicknamed "Dizzy," who has worked as a standup comedian in Los Angeles, where he now owns a record store.

Local therapists may not write books on the subject, but some find birth order to be a useful guidepost in examining personal issues.

"It's one piece of a puzzle," said Tom Devereaux, coordinator of child and adolescent outpatient services for St. Francis Medical Center. "If someone seems entrenched in a role and it was affecting their mental health, [birth order] would be one of the things to home in on."

Just because someone could be influenced by his place in the family, it doesn't mean there's a problem connected with it. Then again, it might, if it leads to personality extremes. Therapists say parents' treatment of their children has a lot to do with whether the anticipated roles become troublesome.

"Being aware of birth order will not cure you, but it helps us avail ourselves of some opportunities to heal" through therapy, said Linda Bazan of St. Francis Psychology Associates.

Birth order can lead to both good and bad habits, the psychologist said. Through therapy, she said, "You can learn how to maximize and enhance your gifts and talents, and minimize the reactive, negative things we do that are not conscious."

The theorists say the first-born may become the "family hero" who acquires confidence and leadership skills, but can also have difficulty in other personal relationships by becoming too workaholic, demanding and critical.

A second-born or middle child living in the first child's shadow might respond by doing a lot of reading or creative tasks on her own and pursuing beneficial relationships with peers, or she might engage in rebellious, socially destructive behavior.

An only child may succeed in life as a result of the undivided attention of both parents, or he may be spoiled to the degree that he has trouble interacting with peers.

A youngest child may develop the kind of carefree, warm personality that helps her navigate all of life's troubles without stress, or she may be so dependent on others that she finds it hard to manage her life herself when reaching adulthood.

Birth order theory holds that the family role that influences development of a youngster can be long-lasting, just as Debbie Pascale is still considered the ringleader among her siblings even though they're all adults.

"It's probably most clear and dominant in adolescence and young adulthood, but it's probably an important factor in people's lives all of their lives," Devereaux said.

The primary reason that birth order theory hasn't gained universal acceptance is it's so hard to prove, even if it sounds plausible. Two Swiss researchers who evaluated hundreds of studies on the topic from the 1950s to 1980s simply dismissed the theory as unreliable.

"There aren't data sufficient to come up with conclusions, because for questions of personality, there are so many factors that enter into it," said Robert Zajonc, a Stanford University psychology professor who agrees with the findings by Cecile Ernst and Jules Angst.

Zajonc is satisfied that birth order influences one characteristic alone educational performance.

He studied standardized tests such as the SAT and found first-borns averaged higher scores than peers who had been born later. Zajonc says first-borns are influenced primarily by adults in their formative years, whereas later children are comparatively hampered by the significant influence of their older siblings.

One of the most recent birth order studies to gain wide attention was that of historian Frank J. Sulloway, author of "Born to Rebel."

The book published three years ago, after Sulloway's study of thousands of historical figures, pronounced later-borns far more likely than first-borns to resist authority and lead the major revolutions of their era. But even that research found a split in acceptance in the field of psychology.

The bottom line for a number of psychologists is that the level of influence, whether from birth order or any other variable, is all very personal. That's even the viewpoint of the head of the Alfred Adler Institute of San Francisco, named after the associate of Sigmund Freud who developed birth order theory.

"My answer to the whole thing is, ' It depends,' " said psychotherapist Henry Stein. "In one case, it might be very important. In another case, birth order might be almost irrelevant. You kind of have to throw out the theory, as a clinician, and look at the person's story and say, ' OK, what is the influence here?' "

He estimated that in his clinical cases, "birth order appears to be a significant influence" in about 25 percent of patients.

That's giving the theory a lot more credence than some critics who have lumped it in with astrology, in terms of its practical application.

Then again, Debbie Pascale reads her horoscope each day and visits palm-readers when in New York, in addition to being a believer in birth order theory. At least when she looks at her siblings, she can see some hard evidence for the latter.

"There's certainly something to it," Pascale says. "I just know it from my family."

**Graphic**

PHOTO 2, CHART, PHOTO: MARTHA RIAL/POST-GAZETTE: BIRTHDAY OF THE ONE WHO CAME FIRST; AMONG THEM - DEBBIE PASCALE. THEY ARE, FROM LEFT, JOHN DIEHM, MARCY LYNN; DIEHM, CLAUDIA JACKSON AND DEBBIE PASCALE. CLAUDIA WAS THE SECOND CHILD BORN; TO ROBERT AND ROSE MARIE DIEHM OF ASPINWALL. MARCY WAS THE SIXTH CHILD AND; JOHN WAS THE LAST. SOME BIRTH ORDER THEORIES HOLD THAT THE SECOND CHILD MAY BE; THE OPPOSITE OF THE FIRST. ONE CHILD MAY BE A REBEL, THESE THEORIES HOLD, AND; FREQUENTLY THE LAST, THE BABY, MAY BE EITHER SPOILED OR HIGHLY INDEPENDENT.; PHOTO: BELOW: THE DIEHMS (AND THEIR PLACE IN THE FAMILY BIRTH ORDER) IN 1963,; CLOCKWISE FROM LOWER LEFT: JOHN (7), DEBBIE (1), CLAUDIA (2), BOBBY (3), TAMMY; (4), MARCY LYNN (6) AND KEVIN (5).; CHART: ALFRED ADLER INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANCISCO;POST-GAZETTE: (BIRTH ORDER)

**Load-Date:** August 4, 1999

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Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

January 19, 2003 Sunday

FIVE STAR EDITION

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**Section:** TRAVEL,

**Length:** 2200 words

**Byline:** THOMAS SWICK, SOUTH FLORIDA SUN-SENTINEL

**Dateline:** BRUSSELS, Belgium

**Body**

My first day in Belgium -- Tuesday, appropriately -- I walked south from my Saint Catherine hotel toward the Gare du Midi along Boulevard Maurice Lemonnier or, as it is more familiarly known, "Kandahar Lane."

For this is Brussels' Arab quarter -- the newspaper Le Soir would publish Thursday a special report on the history of Moroccan immigration in Belgium -- and the stomping grounds of a number of terrorists. Last February, the New York Times Magazine published an article, "How to Fake a Passport," which identified Belgium as the preferred place to do it. Here in the bosom of the European Union, while bureaucrats are fine-tuning position papers, foreign mafias are forging travel documents.

September 11 not only changed travel but also altered travel writers' itineraries. I probably would have poked around this neighborhood anyway, but I wouldn't have known that the Dar Salaam Hotel was where Richard Reid, the thwarted "shoe bomber," plotted to blow up an American Airlines plane en route to Miami. (Its bar this afternoon was thick with middle-aged Arab men engaged by a televised soccer match.)

Just up the boulevard, I took a quick look around the Marrakech Cafe, wondering which of the six computers -- or was it one of the dozen telephone cabins? -- Reid had used to make arrangements to pick up the explosives. A bookstore on one of the side streets displayed in its window various books in French: "For You, Muslim Sister"; "The Rights and Duties of the Woman in Islam"; and the self-help title, "How to Behave in the Face of Passions."

That last book might have been more appropriate in the neighborhood of the Gare du Nord, a station that was the Midi's opposite in more than geography. For along a street that ran parallel to the tracks, women stood like disrobed mannequins in the picture windows of grimy houses.

To go in Brussels -- a city normally viewed through the linguistic divide of French and Flemish -- from the south station to the north is to move from women in headscarves to women in brassieres, from fundamentalism to eroticism, from East to West.

\*

The lobby of the Foundation Jacques Brel was done up to resemble a provincial hotel circa 1966: curved coffee table spread with cigarettes and period magazines; a tan trench coat hanging on the wall, clunky guitar case leaned up next to it; a small TV playing a video of the singer's last performance at the Olympia in Paris.

Do we think of that time as simpler because the images from it are in black and white? Brel, who grew up in the city's Schaerbeek section, wrote what has been called the greatest popular love song ever written, "Ne Me Quitte Pas (Don't Leave Me)." "I will make a domain where love will be king, where love will be king, and you will be queen. Don't leave me. Don't leave me. Don't leave me."

In French, "ne me quitte pas" -- with its repeated cycle of gradually hardening sounds: tongue kissing teeth, lips softly bonded, then a kick from the throat, tongue butting teeth, now lips exploded -- has a crisp, hypnotic, popping quality. Ne me quitte pas. Ne me quitte pas. Ne me quitte pas.

The phrase is a microcosm of the typical Brel song, which starts out slowly, delicately -- Marieke, Amsterdam -- and builds to a crescendo of defiant triumph or raw indignation. He sang his songs with his whole being -- his body, his face, his arms, his hands -- not as singers today do, sexually, but emotionally. His arms rose and fell, his hands flittered and clasped.

He sculpted the song as he sang it. He perspired, he spat, involuntarily, his saliva getting in the way of the words. He didn't care how he looked -- febrile and horse-mouthed; he was not important, the song was important. He was just the messenger (and creator). In the museum quiz, which you take at a computer set into the table of a mock train station cafe, you learn that he lost 800 grams (nearly 2 pounds) per performance. And he rarely moved from the microphone stand.

He started in a little club in the Petite Rue des Bouchers. Then he went to Paris. He sang not just about love (love is not all you need), but about society, religion. He raged against small-mindedness and hypocrisy. (Though for all his grand words, his beaux gestes, he left his wife and children and ended up living with his girlfriend in French Polynesia.) He was unique, even in the long tradition of French chanteurs, and thus irreplaceable. He is Brussels' most famous son.

There are other great men associated with the city: Victor Horta. Though born in Ghent, the "father" of Art Nouveau built his sublime houses here (inexplicably, a number of them were torn down). Herge (Georges Remi), beloved creator of the comic book hero Tintin (well-remembered in a comic book museum, and a souvenir shop off the Grand Place). And Rene Magritte, who came to Brussels to study art. In the Musees Royaux des Beaux Arts, you can go from Brueghel's lusty peasants to Magritte's empty nighttime street under a blue midafternoon sky. From the earthy to the cerebral.

From the museum, it is a short walk down the hill, past the dandyish Old England building, to the old town. You descend through a gauntlet of Greek and Turkish restaurants co-existing peacefully side-by-side (swords into kebabs).

In the Grand Place the ancient guild houses rise up like the ghosts of buildings, all sooted gilt, or gilded soot. Then you enter the aptly named Butter Street, past the elegant Dandoy biscuit shop, whose delicious ginger cookies -- speculoos -- fly out the door in equally elegant tins. Then you go past St. Nikolas Church, small shops clinging to its sides like carbuncles, and alongside the Bourse, up Anspach Boulevard -- the rows of chocolates, the whiff of waffles -- and down a few side streets until you are back by the fountains of Saint Catherine.

\*

"In Brussels," Geert Van Istendael said, "many people speak a language they don't know very well."

He was speaking English, fluently, on the terrace of a restaurant down the street from my hotel. He had grown up in Brussels, speaking what he called Dutch. "The difference between American and English is greater than the difference between Flemish and Dutch," he explained. His mother had tried "to Frenchify" the family, which helped him in learning French. "Ninety-nine percent of the Flemish in Brussels speak French," he said, adding that only about 30 percent of the French-speakers in the city know Dutch. He also spoke German. "Many Flemish think they do," he said, "but they don't."

He was a writer, of that particular European stripe that moves effortlessly from poetry to politics. (Does an ability to travel among languages help in moving across disciplines?) He ordered a bottle of beer, Chimay Bleu, from our Iranian waitress, and then gave me a quick overview of immigration to the capital: Italians in the postwar years (who had come initially to work in the mines); Spanish and Portuguese in the ' 50s; Moroccans in the ' 60s, after a Belgian delegation traveled to North Africa in search of workers for low-paying jobs; then Turks and Eurocrats; more recently Poles. He left out all the Central Africans, and the parvenu terrorists.

"My daughter lives in a neighborhood of Turks and Moroccans," he said. "And they make an effort to speak Dutch."

I asked what language people use when they go into a shop.

"I always speak Dutch. But the shopkeeper always speaks first, in French. There follows a very complicated process of trial and error."

Brussels must be one of the few cities in the world where daily interactions can range from power struggles to acts of accommodation. (While being, also, a relief to tourists: a mostly Francophone city where you need have no complex about your imperfect French.)

"It might have been wise for me to switch to French at 20," he reflected, "but I couldn't bear to identify myself with the upper class." For the language dilemma in Belgium, he said, ran along class not ethnic lines.

For years, it was the French-speaking Walloons of southern Belgium who wielded power over the Dutch-speaking Flemish of the north. "There was total domination of French," Van Istendael said, adding that the country's first Dutch-language university, in Ghent, was not established until 1930. "It was the upper class imposing its rules on the lower. That's why I never started writing in French."

Our waitress returned with more beers, dropping the French and speaking to us in English. I half-expected Van Istendael to say something to her in Persian.

"The predominance of French has stopped in Flanders," he said. "Laws were passed. In the ' 80s, Flemish parents stopped sending their kids to French schools. Now the French-speakers are sending their kids to Flemish schools. There's smaller enrollment, better discipline.

"French is still associated with the upper class," he said, "but in private life, not public life."

\*

The St. Catherine restaurant was about to close for the night, but the owner let me in for a glass of wine. He was from Belgrade. There was one other customer, a woman from Croatia. She and the owner talked, here in the neutral, administrative, polyglot city, in their Slavic way, like old friends, old compatriots. The manager put on the songs of the Serbian singer Bregovic, followed by the wistful, middle-age chansons of Serge Reggiani.

Leaving, I turned the corner to my hotel and found a wrought-iron bed in the middle of the street. A large man in a nightshirt and a luxuriant mustache was trying to mount it. The bed was surrounded by Hare Krishnas and the complicated thicket, poles and cables, of a movie shoot. When the man was aboard, the whole scene became illumined by floodlights, extras rolled the bed down the street, and the Krishnas twirled with their tambourines.

Sur les paves de la Place Sainte Catherine

Dansaient les hommes …

If you go

Brussels

\* GETTING THERE: A comfortable option is to fly US Airways from Pittsburgh to Paris and there -- right at the airport -- hop on the TGV (fast train) that will get you into Brussels' Gare du Midi in a little more than an hour.

\* LODGING: I stayed at the friendly Hotel Welcome in the Saint Catherine area, site of the old fish market and still vibrant with seafood restaurants, one of which occupies the hotel's first floor. The area has a pleasant, neighborhood feel, and is only a 10-minute walk from the Grand Place. Rooms start at around $70 a night and, unfortunately, are decorated according to geographical regions: I had the "Out of Africa" room and woke up every morning to leopard prints. But the staff is extremely friendly and helpful (and English-speaking), and the two resident dogs are big, lazy and gentle. Hotel Welcome, 23 Quai au bois a Bruler; phone 011-32-2-219-9546; [*www.hotelwelcome.com*](http://www.hotelwelcome.com).

\* EATING: Brussels is one of the great gastronomic cities of the world, with acclaimed chefs, world-famous chocolate, hundreds of different types of beer. The classic repast is mussels and french fries (moules frites), the fries served on a separate dish for everyone and with mayonnaise for dipping. Unfortunately for most tourists, many restaurants are sticklers about not serving mussels out of season, which generally means in any month not ending in "r." In June, to compensate, you can eat fresh white asparagus.

There are two streets near the Grand Place -- Rue des Bouchers and Petite Rue des Bouchers -- that are lined with restaurants, are very picturesque, and also very touristy. Some guidebooks recommend that if you must eat here, do it at Chez Leon (now found in other countries) or at Aux Armes de Bruxelles.

My best meal was at Vismet in the St. Catherine neighborhood: excellently cooked salmon with tapenade washed down with a bottle of Duvel (Devil) beer. Another good meal -- broiled sole with fries and a glass of Kwak (a beer served in something resembling a test tube) -- was in the high-ceilinged, fin de siecle Falstaff, alongside the Bourse, where a visiting Russian chamber ensemble provided background music.

\* BARS: There are at least two atmospheric ones that you should check out: A La Mort Subite (Sudden Death), named for its most famous beer, which was named because of the card games played there, not because of its effect on people. And, just down from the St. Catherine neighborhood, Greenwich, an old Magritte hangout where men still pass the hours drinking, smoking and playing chess.

\* GIFTS: Lace, comic books, Tintin paraphernalia, speculoos (the scrumptious ginger cookies, best from Dandoy), chocolates (I'm partial to Neuhaus), beer, beer glasses, beer coasters, etc.

\* SIGHTS: The Grand Place, Manneken-Pis (the famous fountain of the little boy urinating), Musees Royaux des Beaux Arts, Musee Royal de l'Afrique Centrale, Galeries St. Hubert (with the charming cafe "La Vache Qui Regarde Passer Les Trains" -- The Cow Who Watches the Trains Go By), the Belgian Comic Strip Center, Foundation Jacques Brel, St. Jean-Baptiste au Beguinage (said to be the city's finest example of Flemish baroque), Musee Horta (in a neighborhood of other Art Nouveau buildings).

\* INFORMATION: Contact the Belgian Tourist Office, 780 Third Ave., Suite 1501, New York, NY; 10017; 1-212-758-8130; [*www.visitbelgium.com*](http://www.visitbelgium.com).

Thomas Swick

**Graphic**

Photo: Left: The Marolles, Brussels' ***working-class*** district, includes such attractions as the imposing Palace of Justice, the largest public building in Europe, and the Vossenplein, where a daily flea market takes place.

Photo: Belgian Tourist Office photos: The Musees Royaux des Beaux Arts has a collection ranging from Brueghel and Bosch to Magritte.

Photo: Forty-eight bronze statuettes by Art Nouveau artist Paul Hanker, representing the guilds of medieval Brussels, adorn the Gardens of Petit Sablon in Paris.

**Load-Date:** January 22, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Fall brings Hollywood's harvest of 'serious' films***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8M40-002B-H25R-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 12, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Entertainment; Pg. 1F

**Length:** 1845 words

**Byline:** Jeff Strickler; Staff Writer

**Body**

Let's get serious. Summer is over, and Hollywood is changing gears. The kids are back in school, and the adults are back in the movie theaters - or so the studios hope.

Big-budget, special effects-driven blockbusters have been shelved (at least until the Thanksgiving-to-New Year's blitz of Oscar wannabes). Escapist movies - the kind intended to be consumed along with a bushel basket of popcorn and a gallon drum of a soft drink - are out.

Seriousness is in. Fall is the time for movies that raise issues that adults can discuss after the lights come up. Substance is supposed to be more important than pizzazz. These are movies that you're supposed to pay attention to, as opposed to kicking back and letting them wash over you.

If summer is a time to remake old TV shows, fall is when Hollywood turns to more sophisticated material for inspiration. The list of films is peppered with impressive literary legacies: "The Age of Innocence" is an adaptation of Edith Wharton's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel about an 1870s romance, "M. Butterfly" comes from the Tony Award-winning play about sexual obsession, "The Remains of the Day" is based on the wistfully nostalgic novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, while "The Joy Luck Club" showcases Amy Tan's book about the generation gap between immigrants.

Even going to the movies is going to take a serious commitment. If you thought "J.F.K." and "Malcolm X" were difficult to fit into your schedule because they were three hours long, wait until you tackle the Civil War epic "Gettysburg." It's coming in at a taut five hours.

Here's a list of the movies (release dates are subject to change):

"El Cid" - No, this isn't the biography of Star Tribune sports columnist Sid Hartman, although that's not a bad guess. (It's pronounced "el seed," anyway.) It's a rerelease of the 1961 action classic about a legendary 11th-century hero who drove the Moors from Spain. Charlton Heston stars. Friday.

"Into the West" - Written by Jim Sheridan ("My Left Foot") and directed by Mike Newell ("Enchanted April"), this playful fable follows a couple of youngsters and a magical horse. It was a big hit in April at the Rivertown Film Festival. Friday.

"The Real McCoy" - A caper featuring a master burglar (Kim Basinger) and an inept holdup artist (Val Kilmer) who team up in an attempt to break into a tightly guarded bank. Friday.

"Striking Distance" - A maverick cop (Bruce Willis) takes it upon himself to track down a suspected serial killer. Sarah Jessica Parker costars. Reportedly this one has been test-marketed and re-edited several times in hopes of avoiding a repeat of Willis' "Hudson Hawk" fiasco. Friday.

"The Age of Innocence" - The talent on this period romance is impressive from top to bottom. Martin Scorsese directs a cast that includes Michelle Pfeiffer, Daniel Day-Lewis and Winona Ryder. Word from the Venice Film Festival, where the film was the opening-night feature, is that it has a lavish and elegant look. The budget was $ 30 to $ 40 million (depending on the source of that figure), with most of it going for set designs and costumes. Friday.

"The Good Son" - Macaulay Culkin ("Home Alone") turns his back on his cadre of young fans as he tries to change his image with this R-rated thriller. Although the story takes place in Maine, the climax was shot on our very own North Shore with Lake Superior standing in for the Atlantic Ocean. Sept. 24.

"M. Butterfly" - Jeremy Irons and John Lone star in this period drama in which a French diplomat (Irons) develops an obsession with the opera star he sees perform "Madame Butterfly." It's directed by David Cronenberg. The last time Cronenberg and Irons teamed up, they made "Dead Ringers," the best horror movie never nominated for an Oscar. Sept. 24 or Oct. 1.

"Mr. Wonderful" - A divorced man (Matt Dillon) takes it upon himself to find a new mate for his ex-wife. Annabella Sciorra costars in the bittersweet romantic comedy. Sept. 24.

"The Program" - Football is at the center of this drama about a college coach pressured to win at all costs. If nothing else, it should find interested audiences at the Universities of Washington, Virginia and Auburn, all of which have football teams on NCAA probation, and at Notre Dame, which is the subject of a controversial book about its gridiron legacy. Lou Holtz isn't in the movie, but James Caan is. Sept. 24.

"A Bronx Tale" - Robert De Niro makes his directing debut with a drama about a boy torn between the ethics of his ***working-class*** father and those of a charismatic crime boss. The cast is mostly unknown - including screenwriter Chazz Palminteri - but if there's anyone who knows anything about mob movies, it's De Niro, whose resume runs from "Mean Streets" to "Once Upon a Time in America." Oct. 1.

"Cool Runnings" - Remember the Jamaican bobsled team that captured our hearts at the 1988 Winter Olympics? This is their story. John Candy is the only "name" star; he plays a former world-class bobsledder who becomes the team's mentor. Oct. 1.

"The Joy Luck Club" - Oliver Stone is the executive producer of this drama about four Chinese women who get together once a week in a mah-jongg group. They have suffered much in their lives but are sustained by the hopes they have for their American-born daughters. Wayne Wang ("Dim Sum") directed, with author Tan helping adapt her book. Oct 1.

"For Love or Money" - It used to be that a theater owner could put Michael J. Fox's name on the marquee and then sit back and watch the money roll in. But the former TV star's last two movies - "Doc Hollywood" and "Life with Mikey" - have struggled at the box office. In this lighthearted comedy, he plays a businessman who makes the mistake of falling in love with the mistress of one of his biggest investors. Gabrielle Anwar costars. Barry Sonnenfeld, the director of "Addams Family" and one-time cinematographer for Joel and Ethan Coen, directs. Oct. 1.

"Household Saints" - Tracey Ullman heads the cast of this story, which spans three generations of women in an Italian-American family. Oct. 1.

"Demolition Man" - Sylvester Stallone and Wesley Snipes star in a futuristic cop adventure. This is the season's only movie that's selling itself on its special effects. ("RoboCop 3" is coming in November, but that movie originally was aimed for release a couple of years ago and has been gathering dust in Orion's closet while bankruptcy lawyers have been scrapping over the studio's property.) Oct. 8.

"Gettysburg" - Cable TV magnate Ted Turner is the force behind this epic, and the five-hour running time may leave folks wondering if his production company thought it was making a TV miniseries. The cast includes Martin Sheen, Tom Berenger, Jeff Daniels and Sam Elliott. Oct. 8.

"King of the Hill" - Steven Soderbergh ("sex, lies and videotape") directs this adaptation of A.E. Hotchner's autobiographical novel. The storyteller is a 12-year-old struggling to make the best of a bad situation: His father (Jeroen Krabbe) is a huckster and his mother (Lisa Eichhorn) is sickly. Oct. 8.

"Mr. Jones" - More proof that business and pleasure don't mix: Lena Olin plays a psychiatrist who falls in love with a manic but charming patient (Richard Gere). Oct. 8.

"Baraka" - It's billed as "an evocation of the energy and resiliency of life's forces." There's no plot; in form it resembles the artsy documentary "Koyaanisqatsi." Oct. 15.

"Fearless" - You'd better see this in a theater, because the airlines are never going to make it one of their in-flight movies. Jeff Bridges and Rosie Perez learn a lesson about life when they survive a plane crash that kills the people close to them. Oct. 15.

"A Home of Our Own" - Kathy Bates stars in this drama about a mother of six who decides that she has had enough of the big city and moves her clan to Idaho. Oct. 15.

"Judgment Night" - A psychological thriller. Emilio Estevez and Cuba Gooding Jr. fear for their lives after witnessing a murder. MTV comedian Dennis Leary makes a grab at serious stuff playing a psycho killer. Oct. 22.

"Nightmare Before Christmas" - Tim Burton ("Beetlejuice," "Batman" and "Edward Scissorhands") is overseeing this film, which boasts cutting-edge animation, including computer-enhanced stop-action photography (envision a high-tech Gumby). It's hard to tell what the story is from the information released by the studio - chances are the studio isn't all that sure, either - but it has something to do with a loner facing a midlife crisis. Oct. 22.

"Short Cuts" - Short, it isn't. In this three-hour film, director Robert Altman weaves together nine Raymond Carver short stories about life in suburban Los Angeles. It features a large all-star cast that includes Jack Lemmon, Anne Archer, Robert Downey Jr., Tim Robbins and Lily Tomlin. Oct. 22.

"A Dangerous Woman" - The title character is Debra Winger. She becomes involved in a love triangle with Gabriel Byrne and Barbara Hershey. Oct. 29.

"Farewell to My Concubine" - Acclaimed Chinese director Chen Kaige ("Yellow Earth") made this drama, which spans 50 years of Chinese history. Adding to the anticipation: the movie was banned in China after playing in one theater for one week, although officials eventually backed down. Oct. 29.

"Fatal Instinct" - Veteran comedian Carl Reiner directs this parody of "Basic Instinct" and other thrillers. Sean Young, Armand Assante and Sherilyn Fenn star. Oct. 29.

"Malice" - Alec Baldwin and Nicole Kidman star in a suspense thriller centering on an egomaniacal - and possibly murderous - heart surgeon. October.

"Flesh and Bone" - A drama about an unlikely relationship that forms between a drifter who has given up hope (Dennis Quaid) and a woman who is an incurable optimist (Meg Ryan). Nov. 5.

"Ghost in the Machine" - Not recommended for people already intimidated by personal computers. A serial killer mutates into a computer virus and pursues his (its?) victims through technology. Karen Allen stars. Nov. 5.

"The Remains of the Day" - The last time Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson teamed up with James Ivory and Ismail Merchant they gave us "Howards End." That makes for high hopes regarding this British comedy of manners. Nov. 5.

"RoboCop 3" - This follow-up to the 1987 high-tech adventure has Robert Burke replacing Peter Weller under the armor. The plot has something to with the destruction of Detroit. Nov. 5.

"Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" - Tom Robbins' novel provides the story about a New York City woman (Uma Thurman) who ends up on a ranch on the plains. The cast includes Roseanne Arnold, Crispin Glover, Carol Kane, John Hurt and Sean Young. Gus Van Sant ("My Own Private Idaho") directs. Nov. 12.

"The Three Musketeers" - Charlie Sheen, Kiefer Sutherland and Oliver Platt are the title characters. They are joined by a would-be swordsman (Chris O'Donnell) who must prove himself worthy. Nov. 12.

"Bopha!" - Danny Glover plays a South African policeman who discovers that his son opposes the system he has spent his life upholding. Morgan Freeman makes his directing debut. November.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** September 15, 1993

**End of Document**



[***THE SCREEN'S TOP DOGS DESPITE ALL THE CANINE ACTIVITY AND COMMERCIAL SUCCESS, 1996 WAS A YEAR OF MOSTLY ARTISTIC FAILURE FOR MAJOR HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS. MUCH MORE HEARTENING WERE TRENDS INVOLVING / THE BRITISH CINEMA AND INDEPENDENT FILMMAKERS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CK30-01K4-9188-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 29, 1996 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; Pg. F01

**Length:** 1869 words

**Byline:** Steven Rea, INQUIRER MOVIE CRITIC

**Body**

It was a good year for dogs, a bad year for cows.

You'll hear a lot about 1996's historically high box office, the further influence of independent studios and the return of the British cinema. But make no mistake, the real story in Hollywood this year was this: Rover reigned.

There are those yippy, wizzy, black-and-white-and-merchandised-all-over stars of 101 Dalmatians. There was Ben Chaplin's horse of a Great Dane in the amiable Cyrano re-do, The Truth About Cats & Dogs. A shaggy little terrier is brought back to life in the arms of archangel Michael, played by the almost-as-shaggy John Travolta. Sylvester Stallone plucks a weimaraner from doom in Daylight - though he couldn't do the same for the film's box office. And Labs and golden retrievers survive alien invasion in Independence Day, a KKK fire-bombing in A Time to Kill, and a Level 5 tornado in Twister.

Twister - the year's second-biggest moneymaker - also sent livestock flying. (Presumably the cows landed somewhere, with a big, ugly, bovine splat.) And in one of the early scenes of Tim Burton's gleefully maniacal Mars Attacks!, a whole herd of Kentucky cattle comes galloping down the highway - on fire.

It's Burton who puts the kibosh to the resilient-retriever trend, when cackling green Martians swarm the White House and fry the First Pooch to a crisp.

"Leave it to Tim Burton to kill the dog!" cheered Glenn Close, one of the many stars to populate the director's Mad magazine-like spoof of '50s sci-fi and, not incidentally, Independence Day.

Silly or not, the computer-effects-driven ID4 led the charge at the nation's megaplexes in 1996, grossing a whopping $306 million and sparking a record-breaking year

for the film industry. After tonight's receipts have been tallied, industry analysts predict that ticket revenues will total between $5.7 billion and $5.8 billion.

"That's up more than 8 percent from last year, and last year was the highest box-office year ever," reports Tom Borys, a senior vice president at Entertainment Data Inc., the box office tracking outfit. "And you can't just chalk it up to ticket-price inflation - that's a healthy jump."

A dozen '96 titles joined the elite $100 million club: Independence Day ; Twister (which, at $241.7 million, says Borys, "was a real phenomenon of a film - when you get over the $200 million mark you're in very rare air"); Tom Cruise's TV remake Mission: Impossible ($181 million); the Sean Connery-Nicolas Cage actioner, The Rock ($134 million); Eddie Murphy's comeback comedy, The Nutty Professor ($128.8 million); Robin Williams' gay family farce, Birdcage ($124 million); Mel Gibson's still-in-theaters kidnap caper, Ransom ($118 million); the John Grisham courtroom thing A Time to Kill ($108.7 million); the John Travolta Brainiac thing, Phenomenon ($104.3 million); the marital-revenge comedy The First Wives Club ($101.7 million); the Arnold Schwarzenegger-saves-the-day Eraser ($101.3 million); and Disney's animated musical, The Hunchback of Notre Dame ($99.4 million at last count, but still showing on 150-plus screens and expected to break seven digits by year's end).

So, from a certain vantage - attendance and admissions - 1996 was a very good year. But there are caveats.

For one thing, the price of making and marketing movies continued to rise. The average studio production now costs $36.4 million, according to the Motion Picture Association of America, and marketing a movie and making prints averaged $17.7 million last year. Add the two together ($54.1 million), then subtract the average gross of a wide-release film ($34 million), and you see the problem.

Then there are the $20 million salaries accorded to the top stars. That was Jim Carrey's paycheck for the stalker comedy The Cable Guy (the first Carrey vehicle not to hit $100 million), and it's the amount A-list action stars such as Stallone, Gibson, Harrison Ford and Bruce Willis are demanding - and getting, so far.

Another big, big caveat: The movies issuing forth from studio soundstages and computer-imagery factories simply weren't that good. Can anybody but Tom Cruise make sense of the ridiculous plot permutations of Mission: Impossible ? Can anyone find a three-dimensional human being among the band of suicidal tornado-chasers in Twister ? Was there a single scene in The Rock that lasted longer than an MTV station ID?

Look at the New York Film Critics Circle prizes, the Los Angeles Film Critics Association awards, and even the mainstream, no-critics National Board of Review, and you'll see an alarming dearth of Hollywood fare.

Instead, there are movies about a tormented Australian pianist (Shine - looking more and more like an Oscar contender); about a Hungarian count fever-dreaming of Kristin Scott Thomas (The English Patient - the lush, lovely, tailor-made-for-the-Academy Awards epic); about a pregnant Minnesota cop (Fargo); about a troubled Texas sheriff (Lone Star); about a ***working-class*** London woman reunited with the grown daughter she gave up for adoption (Secrets & Lies); and about a Scottish islander who talks to God and prostitutes herself to save her husband (Breaking the Waves). All of them are from independent or quasi-independent art-house distributors.

Yes, TriStar's Jerry Maguire, with Tom Cruise as a sports agent angsting over his job and his girlfriend, has found its way onto more than a few top 10 lists. Ditto for Columbia's provocative essay about the First Amendment, The People vs. Larry Flynt, which has stirred up Oscar talk for Woody Harrelson, Edward Norton, Courtney Love and director Milos Forman. But rarely has there been a year with less-inspired studio product, or with a more soulless, assembly-line feel than the pictures produced by major studios this year.

In addition to dogs and cows, alien invaders (don't forget the low-budget Charlie Sheen-battles-extraterrestrials pic, The Arrival), and special effects-driven "event movies," some of the trends that zeitgeisted this way over the last 12 months include:

Britannia rules. 1996 was a brilliant year for films from the U.K. From Ireland there were "the Troubles" sagas Michael Collins and Some Mother's Son. From Scotland came Trainspotting - that dazzling, kinetic MacJunkie movie - and Gillies MacKennon's low-key Small Faces. And from England hailed Mike Leigh's powerful Secrets & Lies, the crushingly beautiful Jude, the trippy Loaded, the laugh-riot Wallace and Gromit: The Best of Aardman Animations, the sublimely silly Cold Comfort Farm, and Ken Loach's ode to the Spanish Civil War's idealistic leftie International brigades, Land and Freedom.

Shakespeare rules. Al Pacino explored the conundrums of the Bard in Looking for Richard ; Claire Danes and Leonardo DiCaprio put pedal to the metal in Baz Luhrmann's pumped-up, edge-of-the-millennium interpretation of Romeo and Juliet ; and, yes, Kenneth Branagh took another swipe at Willy the Shake with his marathon Hamlet (which, alas and alack, isn't scheduled to find its way to Philadelphia until mid-February).

Kristin Scott Thomas rules. The immensely talented English actress bookended the year with striking - and strikingly different - performances. In Angels & Insects, Philip Haas' Victorian-era exploration of eroticism and decay, Thomas played a watchful, secretive, pent-up woman who schemes to save the soul of the story's hero. In Anthony Minghella's The English Patient, Thomas is an educated upper-cruster, married to a royal cartographer but fatefully, and fatally, in love with a fiery-eyed European adventurer. In between, Thomas - who lives in Paris with a French husband and is fluent in several dozen languages - found time to join Tom Cruise's crack team of spies in Mission: Impossible.

Phone sex. The sexual revolution met the cellular revolution in a series of films in which love turned telephonic. They were The Truth About Cats & Dogs, Spike Lee's Girl 6, the annoying Denise Calls Up, and the Pillow Talk for the '90s, George Clooney and Michelle Pfeiffer's One Fine Day. (There isn't actually any phone sex, per se, in the last - but flip-phones are courtship-essential in this very retro romantic comedy.)

Kissing cousins. Kate Winslet and Christopher Eccleston fall dangerously in love as the star-crossed cousins of Jude, director Michael Winterbottom's crushingly sad, beautiful adaptation of Thomas Hardy's Jude the Obscure. And Nicole Kidman discovers that her secret - and consumptive - admirer in Jane Campion's The Portrait of a Lady is none other than cousin Ralph Touchett (played by Martin Donovan).

Daunting duo debuts. Among the first-time filmmakers who delivered especially inventive, accomplished work in '96 are several sets of two. Campbell Scott and Stanley Tucci directed the gentle, genuine Big Night. Wes Anderson and Owen C. Wilson teamed up for the loopy, exhilarating Bottle Rocket (Anderson directed and cowrote with Wilson, who also starred). And brothers Larry and Andy Wachowski shared writing and directing on that corker of a guilty pleasure, the lesbian film noir Bound.

Beach buggies. Sometimes it's a metaphor for the wild-and-craziness in us all, and sometimes it simply means somebody's taken a wrong turn. But in 1996 there were an awful lot of actors driving their cars along the shoreline: Shirley MacLaine and Jack Nicholson in The Evening Star, Helen Mirren and Fionnula Flanagan in Some Mother's Son, Meryl Streep and Diane Keaton in Marvin's Room, and John Hannah in the surreal gay love story Madagascar Skin.

Finally, the Year of the Woman. 1996 has been a great year for meaningful women's roles: From Frances McDormand's performance as the crafty small-town police chief in Fargo to Winona Ryder's revved-up turn as the teenage schemer in The Crucible, the year has teemed with top-notch parts for veterans and newcomers alike.

In fact, there are too many to be recognized in the Academy Awards' actress categories, but they include - in addition to some of the names cited above - Debbie Reynolds (in the title role of Albert Brooks' Mother); Brenda Blethyn (Secrets & Lies); Emily Watson (Breaking the Waves); Laura Dern (Citizen Ruth); Patricia Arquette and Tea Leoni (for Flirting With Disaster); Elizabeth Pena (Lone Star); Meg Ryan (Courage Under Fire); the killer ensemble of Kimberly Elise, Vivica A. Fox, Jada Pinkett and Queen Latifah, of the black-bankrobbers pic Set It Off; and, for sheer guts and gusto, Geena Davis' gun-toting amnesiac assassin in her director-husband's gloriously far-fetched action-thriller, The Long Kiss Goodnight.

You must remember this . . . And last, but not least, 1996 was the year that saw two films that echoed - one deliberately, the other perhaps or perhaps not - that cinema classic Casablanca. In May, Pamela Anderson Lee kerplunked into multiplexes in Barb Wire, a scene-for-scene post-apocalyptic remake of Michael Curtiz's War II romance - with the anatomically augmented blonde as the owner of a nightclub visited by her old beau and his vital-to-the-Resistance wife. And The English Patient, with its World War II setting and North African locales, its tragic love triangle and We'll always have Cairo motif, was Casablanca as David Lean would have made it: larger than life, with lots and lots of sand.

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

"Independence Day," with Will Smith (left) and Jeff Goldblum, was the box-office champ in a record-breaking year. The film took in a phenomenal $306 million. (CLAUDETTE BARIUS)

"The First Wives Club" was a big hit for (from left) Goldie Hawn, Diane Keaton and Bette Midler. (ANDY SCHWARTZ)

Ben Chaplin bonds with a big, four-legged buddy in "The Truth About Cats & Dogs," a retelling of the "Cyrano" tale. (MERIE W. WALLACE)

"Twister" was the year's second-biggest moneymaker, pulling in $241.7 million.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Dean of bankruptcy law enjoys the art of the deal***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8VY0-002B-H1T0-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

June 21, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Marketplace; Monday profile; Pg. 1D

**Length:** 1783 words

**Byline:** Susan Feyder; Staff Writer

**Body**

As Northwest Airlines waits to see whether unions will accept contract concessions that could keep the company out of bankruptcy court, Howard Patrick watches the maneuverings of the airline's management, workers and creditors from a distance - but with a keen understanding of what's at stake.

Patrick, widely regarded as the dean of bankruptcy attorneys in the Twin Cities, has a list of past clients that makes up sort of a Who's Who - or in some cases, a Who Was Who - of Twin Cities business. Over the past 30 years, he's represented both debtors and creditors in a number of Chapter 11 cases, including Schaak Electronics, K-Tel International, Pako Corp. and Arctic Enterprises, the forerunner to Irwin Jacobs' Minstar Inc. He recently wrapped up work on the reorganization of International Broadcasting Corp., where he represented IBC's largest creditor, National Westminster Bank USA.

Given that, you might think that Patrick, 61, would be waiting eagerly for the proposed deal between Northwest and its unions to fall through, relishing the chance to see his colleagues - maybe even himself - slug it out in court. If Northwest should seek court protection from creditors while it reorganizes, chances are it would be a long, complex case. Just think of the billable hours.

Think again.

Patrick, who got his start as a litigator before switching to bankruptcy law, said he believes that the bankruptcy system as it now exists is too litigious and so flawed that both debtors and creditors may be better off avoiding it.

"You don't solve economic and business problems by having lawyers bash away at each other in a courtroom," said Patrick.

It's a view that comes from a man who remembers the days when it was a much less formal - and less prestigious - practice. When he started practicing for the Minneapolis firm of Robins, Kaplan, Miller & Ciresi (then called Robins, Davis & Lyons) bankruptcy attorneys were considered "nothing but a bunch of collection lawyers" trying to squeeze money out of failing businesses for their creditor clients, Patrick said. Bankruptcy judges were referees and the cases themselves were "quasi-judicial proceedings," he said.

Today Robins has five of the 220 attorneys at its Minneapolis office devoted exclusively to bankruptcy and reorganization practice. The firm also has attorneys doing similar work at regional offices throughout the country. The expansion at Robins has come as other law firms have started or increased their involvement in the bankruptcy field, meeting the demand from an increase in bankruptcy filings nationwide.

But while the practice of bankruptcy law has become more recognized, the ultimate goal of reorganizing a company so that it can survive may have been easier to reach in the old days, Patrick said. The current system is a difficult one for someone such as Patrick, who sees himself - and is viewed by others - as a deal-maker as well as a legal practitioner.

"A bankruptcy proceeding is like a plane. If you don't have momentum, if you're not moving forward, you fall out of the sky," said James Sullivan, a Twin Cities workout specialist who has known and worked with Patrick on a variety of cases for 20-some years. "Howard is able to pull people together, get them working together. He drives cases."

Recalling, for example, the events that caused Schaak Electronics to file for bankruptcy in 1975, Sullivan remembered how Patrick, who was representing Schaak, was able to loosen a bank's hold on money the company needed to pay its employees and vendors. Basically, it amounted to Patrick's asking for an informal meeting with the bank's attorneys and the bankruptcy judge and laying out why it was crucial to the long-term interests of Schaak and its creditors to let Schaak have control of those funds. The judge agreed. It was the beginning of a successful Chapter 11 reorganization that concluded with creditors' being repaid in full and company founder Richard Schaak's being elected a director of the bank.

Sullivan said that Patrick's high standing in the bankruptcy field made it easier for him to pull off such a deal. Patrick said he likes to think he has the respect of his colleagues in bankruptcy law, but he also wonders whether it was easier to work that kind of deal before the bankruptcy code was overhauled in 1978.

"Today it would be very hard to have that kind of informal session with the judge," said Patrick. "You'd be filing motions for expedited hearings, the other side would be filing. The whole thing would drag on. Meanwhile, the costs and expenses are piling up, weakening the company."

That's precisely what he says happened with International Broadcasting Corp., which emerged from Chapter 11 last month after an arduous reorganization that began in September 1991. Patrick's client, National Westminster Bank USA, got the bulk of the proceeds from the sale of certain IBC businesses and under the reorganization plan became the sole shareholder of the reorganized company.

But Patrick said the length of the case plus the accumulation of legal and other professional fees - about $ 2.5 million, according to the company - left IBC, a Minneapolis-based entertainment concern, with little chance to continue. Deals to sell IBC's amusement parks, Ice Capades ice shows and Harlem Globetrotters basketball shows have either been completed or are pending. Nat West is managing the remaining businesses but has said it is likely that it will sell the operations. In effect, it amounts to a liquidation of the company, Patrick said.

Patrick isn't sure exactly why the IBC case wound up that way except to say that it was unusually contentious with a general lack of trust between the company and its creditors. Burt Merical, a workout specialist appointed by the bankruptcy court to run IBC while it reorganized, lays part of the responsibility with Patrick's client. Merical said Nat West was unwilling to sell IBC as a single entity to interested buyers; that eventually led to the process of selling the company off in pieces.

Patrick said he believes that the less collegial atmosphere in bankruptcy court mirrors what he has seen happen in the world of business. "You no longer can do a handshake deal," he said. "It's happened in other professions. Why should the legal profession be any different?"

That may be why Patrick gently parries any questions about how much longer he thinks he'll continue to practice. He wonders how soon it will be before he starts spending more time at his second home near Scottsdale, Ariz., playing golf, although he says if he practiced law the way he plays the game he "would have been disbarred a long time ago."

Frustration over the current bankruptcy system partly led to the retirement last year of the area's other leading bankruptcy attorney, Melvin Orenstein. Over the years, Orenstein and Patrick found themselves involved in several cases - often on opposite sides. Yet Orenstein said the two maintained a good relationship. "I always felt I could call up Howard and talk over things with him. He is by no means a pushover, but I felt he came at things with a reasonable approach."

Robert Kugler, a bankruptcy attorney who has been practicing for just five years - about three years at the Robins firm - said he has learned a lot about how to practice from watching Patrick.

"You learn that there are more artful ways of representing your client than bashing away at the other side," said Kugler. "His is the old gentleman's approach of civility and problem solving. Howard also has an incredible presence. He can enter a room full of obnoxious New York lawyers and they will all get quiet and listen to what Howard Patrick has to say."

In truth, the reason they hush up is because they have to in order to hear what Patrick has to say. Patrick is a tall and powerfully built man, but his voice is a muted rumble that comes from the back of his throat. Maybe it's just the way he talks. Maybe it's the cigarettes he steps outside to smoke during court recesses. Either way, you have to lean over and really listen to hear Patrick.

But the low voice also gives Patrick a tremendously reassuring presence. That and his distinguished bearing give him the aura of someone born into the legal profession. Actually, he grew up in a ***working-class*** family that struggled financially after his father died when Patrick was 7. He didn't decide to become a lawyer until he was 20. He was in the Air Force, having enlisted after graduating from South High School in Minneapolis. He recalled the reaction of one of his uncles to the news: "Go out and get a real job. Be a barber."

Patrick earned his law degree from the University of Minnesota in 1961 and clerked for U.S. District Judge Earl Larson for about a year before joining the Robins firm. He didn't like bankruptcy practice when he first started it but eventually saw it as "an opportunity to do something very constructive - save a business, save jobs."

His reputation as a savior stands firm with Roland and Ronald Stanchfield, twin brothers, born-again Christians and the former operators of National Vitamin Products Co., a Minneapolis firm that made a milk replacement for weaning young cattle. A plaque from the family naming Patrick a "Super Lawyer" hangs in Patrick's office, testimony to the Stanchfields' gratitude for successfully taking them through bankruptcy about 15 years ago. Patrick recently recalled one intense meeting with the brothers early in the bankruptcy proceeding as he exhorted them to do everything they could to get some working capital to keep the company going.

"I remember them sitting there listening to me, and when I was done, they sat there, and one of them said, 'The Lord will provide.' And I said, 'Yeah, and God helps those who help themselves. Now get off your butts and get moving on this to keep this company going.' "

The Stanchfields, who later sold their business, don't recall that exact episode, but they do give Patrick a lot of credit for saving the business. Ronald Stanchfield refers to Patrick as "an instrument of divine intervention."

Apprised of this, Patrick reacts with a low chuckle and characteristic self-deprecating humor. "I've been called a lot of things in my time," he murmurs. "But never that."

Howard Patrick

Born/July 12, 1931, in La Crosse, Wis.

Family/Wife, Allie; daughter, Alison Jo; son, Howard.

Home/Plymouth for 21 years. Second home in Rio Verde, Ariz.

Education/Law degree from University of Minnesota, 1961.

Career/Clerk for U.S. District Judge Earl Larson 1961-1962. Joined Robins, Davis & Lyons (now Robins, Kaplan, Miller & Ciresi) in 1962.

Hobbies/Golf, gardening and working around the house.

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** June 23, 1993

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[***QUESTIONS FOR CANDIDATES ON SECTION 8 / A TREND TO MOVE SUBSIDIZED RENTERS INTO NEIGHBORHOODS HAS WORSENED RELATIONS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TVK0-01K4-933F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

MAY 9, 1999 Sunday DCITY EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 2124 words

**Byline:** Peter Nicholas and Maria Panaritis, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

It is the taboo topic of the campaign trail, an issue that is so bound up in feelings about race and decline of neighborhoods that the candidates for mayor seem loath to bring it up.

But the debate over the Section 8 housing program is being played out elsewhere - from concrete stoops in Grays Ferry to tree-lined blocks in the Northeast.

A rent-subsidy plan that started with the best intentions - to liberate poor people from forbidding housing projects and put them in established neighborhoods - has ballooned into a program that some say is the scourge of city blocks.

And it is only getting bigger.

Prodded by the federal government, the Philadelphia Housing Authority is flattening high-rises and shrinking the massive, congested public housing projects of old. Displaced tenants are getting Section 8 vouchers and being told to find housing from private landlords across the city.

The trend has roiled once-stable neighborhoods already enduring the loss of manufacturing jobs, stagnant property values, and crime. Some longtime residents have fled to the suburbs, citing Section 8 neighbors who leave trash strewn about, play music too loud, entertain visitors at all hours, and worse.

It is not any easier for Section 8 tenants. Some complain about being demonized by neighbors who, at bottom, don't want racial minorities living on the block.

By any measure, the program has been tough to run. There has been little screening or follow-up of tenants, lax enforcement of rules, and poor bookkeeping.

Federal investigators found last year, for example, that PHA could be paying landlords inflated rents - there was no way of knowing for sure because records were so poor.

Partly to address the rising chorus of complaints, Mayor Rendell brought in a new agency director last year with a mandate to overhaul the program. Many reforms already have been made, including checking the criminal records of new tenants, hiring more investigators and reducing rents.

Even so, there are no signs that the next mayor can escape Section 8.

The mayor controls two seats on the five-member PHA board. The appointments coupled with his stature give him considerable sway over the future of Section 8. Many residents have made clear at packed community meetings that they want the mayor, the federal government - anyone - to keep the program from hurting their neighborhoods.

"If there was a [mayoral] candidate that came into this neighborhood and this area and said, 'I have the cure for Section 8,' " said Debbie Mulholland-Salamon, president of the Mayfair Business Association, "he would win."

Section 8 refers to a 1974 amendment to the United States Housing Act of 1937, which created public housing projects. The new law signaled a new approach. The government wanted to put more money into private hands. Section 8 provided subsidies to private owners who rent to low-income tenants.

Tenants pay no more than 30 percent of their income in rent. The government pays the rest. In Philadelphia, the government pays an average of $484; the tenant $189.

Families are eligible if they make no more than half the area's median income - $25,650 for a family of four. Rents cannot exceed certain amounts. For example, the government will pay no more than $903 for a three-bedroom apartment.

In 1990, about 8,000 Philadelphia families received vouchers for use in any neighborhood. Today, the number is 10,486.

There is no sign that demand will slacken. As of last month, the waiting list numbered 12,264.

At one time, homelessness was the fastest path to Section 8 housing. In the late 1980s, the federal government gave first shot to the homeless. That shut out the working poor. Thousands of once-homeless families trickled into traditionally sturdy rowhouse neighborhoods, with little understanding of how to be a considerate neighbor.

That has been a core objection to the program: Such tenants can ruin the quality of life and potentially erode the value of houses on otherwise quiet streets.

Another source of resentment is the integration of historically white neighborhoods. More than 85 percent of Section 8 tenants are black.

"When people say, 'I have a complaint about a Section 8 tenant,' I can't recall a situation where it has not been about a person of color," said Kevin Vaughan, head of the city Human Relations Commission.

Yolanda Quillen, her fiance, and children moved into a Section 8 rowhouse in Grays Ferry a year ago. Trouble quickly followed. Her windows were broken. Hostile letters were slipped under her door. Trash was dumped in her tiny backyard.

The reason? "They don't want black families on the block," said Quillen, 33. She plans to move.

Vaughan worries that talk about the behavior of Section 8 tenants masks a deeper prejudice that people are reluctant to express openly.

To that extent, the program is unfairly stigmatized. People wrongly assume that every new minority neighbor moving into an established white neighborhood is getting a Section 8 subsidy.

One in four complaints to PHA's Section 8 hotline targets neighbors who are not in the program.

Still, some neighbors cite well-documented instances in which tenants have made life on the block difficult. They blame the way the Section 8 program has been run.

"If they police Section 8, it would help a lot of people," said Rosanne Ross, 46, of the 5900 block of Weymouth Street, an immaculate cluster of aging houses in Lawncrest, Northeast Philadelphia, where residents have clashed with a tenant since April 1998. "The system is so abused it is ridiculous."

At first, neighbors say, there were "little nuisances." Loud music. Foul language. Late-night loitering. Fighting. Spitting.

Then, neighbors learned that one of the tenants of the Section 8 house on Weymouth Street - a teenager - had fought with a group of teens at the nearby recreation center. The boy's family is Puerto Rican. The teens are white.

The incident, which quickly made the rounds on the block, served to stoke tensions. Complaints about the family persisted.

It wasn't easy for the family, either. Someone tossed a bottle through a window of the house, striking the mother, Police Sgt. Sonia Elliott said.

Residents said they did not know until June that the family was on Section 8. A month later, a neighbor phoned the PHA hotline and filed a complaint. PHA investigated.

What began as a dispute between tenant and neighbors had spiraled to a new level: A civic association, the police, State Rep. Chris R. Wogan, PHA, the landlord, the Human Relations Commission, and a fair-housing advocate all became involved.

"I saw with my own eyes that they [neighbors] weren't getting the kind of response that they should have gotten," said Wogan, a Republican who represents Philadelphia.

Eventually, PHA amassed enough evidence to justify yanking the family's Section 8 subsidy, according to an agency official. PHA found 18 police reports documenting everything from loud music to behavior so disruptive that the oldest son's own family called 911 twice.

But the agency is reluctant to punish entire households for the misdeeds of a few. That was the agency's thinking when it chose not to oust the family. The agency more aggressively revokes vouchers if the head of household is to blame, or if a tenant is caught with drugs or commits a violent crime.

"If we just went booting out people left and right, lots of people would be criticizing us: 'You're kicking out the grandmother when you should be kicking out the grandson,' " PHA spokeswoman Robin Leary said.

In the end, PHA removed a 21-year-old son from the voucher program but left the mother with her subsidy intact. She lives there today, but has been searching since last year for a new place, in part to escape the hostility on her block, according to her landlord.

Ronnie Latham, director of the Fair Action Housing Center, who worked on the Lawncrest situation, believes the family was unfairly singled out. Other neighbors police cited for unruly behavior were left alone, she said.

"I think anybody can speak out about anything," Latham said, "but to target a Section 8 family, wouldn't you say that's a form of discrimination?"

The Lawncrest experience underscores what for the community is a mystery: Who is responsible for Section 8 tenants? Is it the landlord? PHA? Police?

According to the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development, which finances Section 8, landlords are responsible for screening and evicting tenants. But they are often difficult to reach.

PHA investigates complaints and has the power to revoke subsidies. But it has no authority to evict.

Another longstanding criticism is that not enough is done to help new residents fit into communities. As Vaughan put it: "Every neighborhood has its own rules." Of course, some say there's a different set of rules for Section 8 tenants. They are watched more closely for the slightest violation of the neighborhood's norms.

What was done to prepare the Puerto Rican family for life on Weymouth Street? "Not as much as should have been done," PHA's Leary said. "That's one of the reasons we're instituting this reform."

Previously, tenants would receive only briefings about their responsibilities. Starting this month, they must complete a training program on maintaining their units and being "good neighbors" before receiving assistance.

That is one of a series of changes PHA executive director Carl Greene has pursued since succeeding John White Jr., a Democratic candidate for mayor, in March 1998. Greene also is working to keep landlords from collecting more rent than their apartments are worth. Critics say high rents encourage owners to buy up many properties, turning neighborhoods of home owners into blocks of renters.

Greene's staff has identified more than 100 cases in which landlords were charging rates that exceeded the rent at comparable properties in the neighborhood. PHA has reduced rents by as much as $100 a month.

Greene said he doesn't yet know how many more cases there are. Grays Ferry residents suspect a few.

The 1500 block of South Marston Street is a gritty, ***working-class*** patch of Grays Ferry. Here is where Quillen clashed with her neighbors.

She lives in a three-bedroom rowhouse bought in 1996 for $10,000. It now rents for about $650. Another house on the block the same size is privately rented for $450. Quillen's house has no washer or dryer, no dishwashing machine and no central air-conditioning. She pays for all the utilities except water.

In approving the rent there a year ago, PHA records show, the agency considered rents at two "comparable" houses also in the $650 range. One is on the 1800 block of Carlisle Street - nearly 40 blocks away. It is two blocks off Broad Street and next to a hospital. Marston is a few blocks from a housing project.

The handwritten PHA worksheet detailing the rents does not show where these houses are on the block, so there is no apparent way to compare amenities and know whether the rent analysis is valid.

Two years ago, White said that rents were not excessive. But White, who ran the agency from 1993 to 1997, is not so sure anymore. "If it went on while I was there, I was unaware and I'm sorry," he said. "Because it should not be going on."

Greene has hired a company to compile an up-to-date record of citywide rents.

That's one of several changes Greene is making. He also is opening the program to the working poor by reserving only one-quarter of all new vouchers for the homeless. Further, PHA is checking the criminal records of new tenants, and has hired two community relations employees to defuse neighborhood squabbles.

But Section 8 clearly remains on peoples' minds. Candidates have faced pointed questions about it. Democratic candidate Marty Weinberg's political operatives have been instructed to bring up White's ties to the programs when canvassing neighborhoods.

At a forum at La Salle University, a student asked Weinberg about Section 8. "It's a real problem in the Northeast," Joe DeFelice, 21, said after the event. "It should be a major issue in the campaign and nobody's really talking about it."

Maria Diaz, 24, mother of five, is proof that Section 8 can work.

Three years ago, she was unemployed and barely able to keep her $235-per-month, roach-infested studio apartment in Kensington. The family shared a queen-size bed.

"It was rodents everywhere," Diaz said. "It was real suicidal for the children. But I couldn't do anything about it. I had to live where I could." Today, they live in a three-bedroom Section 8 rowhouse in North Philadelphia. She works full time at a day-care center for $250 a week and goes to college.

"I'm settled now, so maybe I can achieve more of my goals instead of just worrying about where am I going to live."

Section 8, she said, "really stabilized me."

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND CHART;

PHOTO

Maria Diaz and her daughter Veronica Galan enter their subsidized home. Diaz, mother of five, viewed as one of Section 8's success stories, says the subsidy program "really stabilized me." (REBECCA BARGER, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***Special Report: A young girl placed in the hands of danger wins a million-dollar award from DHS. Her mother awaits an apology.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MMN-K640-TWX3-K1R6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

December 22, 2006 Friday

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 2844 words

**Byline:** Ken Dilanian, Inquirer Staff Writer

**Body**

It was a victory, but to Vanessa, not a satisfying one.

Sitting in a windowless federal courtroom at Sixth and Market Streets, the 41-year-old librarian quietly absorbed the news. The City of Philadelphia had agreed to pay her adopted daughter $1 million for the harm she'd suffered while under the supervision of the Department of Human Services.

In the careful language of such arrangements, the city admitted no wrongdoing. But to Vanessa, who had taken the girl known in court records as T.J. into her home three years before, the seven-figure number spoke for itself. It was one of the city government's biggest civil-rights awards in memory.

The money, in addition to $1.85 million T.J. had received from two city-funded private agencies involved in her care, would ensure that the 15-year-old would be secure for life.

But T.J. had been hurt in ways that money couldn't fix.

At the age of 8, she had been indecently assaulted by a convicted bank robber who DHS had decided would make a good caregiver.

In hours of deposition testimony, no one from DHS expressed contrition, or took responsibility or promised to fix any of the astonishing lapses that led to this child's suffering.

*When do we hold these people accountable?* Vanessa wondered.*When do they see the kid face to face and say, "I damaged your life"?*

Before the agreement was signed in March, the federal mediator asked Vanessa if there was anything else she wanted from the city.

"An official face-to-face apology," she replied.

The city doesn't do apologies, the lawyers responded. But it did agree to a sit-down with Vanessa, T.J., the head of DHS, and the two workers who had made key decisions in her case.

Vanessa imagined how she might begin:

"Meet T.J., 14 years old, HIV-positive, life expectancy, 42."

**At library, striking up friendship with sisters**

Vanessa was an inner-city librarian - and a good one. It wasn't just about books, though she had her master's degree. Having grown up in a tough neighborhood herself, she could relate to the boisterous kids who'd stream in after school, flirting and laughing. A mother of three daughters, she was part social worker, part teacher, part disciplinarian.

In the summer of 2000, in a Free Library branch in one of Philadelphia's most impoverished sections, she met T.J., then 9, and her half-sister K.J., then 12.

K.J. was as talkative as T.J. was reserved. From K.J., Vanessa learned that the girls were in foster care, and had been for much of their lives.

They spent hours at the library because their latest foster parents wouldn't allow them at home while they were working.

Vanessa struck up a friendship with the sisters, who bonded closely with this woman who seemed so interested in them. In the week before Christmas, 2000, they brought Vanessa gifts.

Parts of their story spilled out in preteen bursts. Others Vanessa would learn only later.

In 1994, when T.J. was 3 and K.J. 6, DHS, the city agency tasked with protecting children from abuse, had taken the girls away from their drug-addicted mother, who had left them hungry and alone. T.J.'s father was out of the picture.

The girls were sent to a series of foster homes. They spent time in an orphanage.

Rarely did the two half-sisters see their mother. But in 1997, they were told that K.J.'s father, a smooth-talking, broad-shouldered man named John Aloysius Lyles III, wanted to be in their lives.

Lyles was a criminal. He was on work release from state prison when he began visiting with the girls under DHS supervision.

But that didn't disqualify him as a possible caregiver in the eyes of Philadelphia's long-troubled child-welfare system.

In the interest of what DHS records called "reunification" - a misnomer, since neither girl had ever lived with Lyles - the agency began to plan for placing them in his care.

In K.J.'s case, that made some sense - Pennsylvania law favors putting children with their natural parents when possible. And even felons have rights to their kids.

But regarding T.J., DHS was taking a leap.

The department sought to place T.J. with Lyles under what is known as "kinship care." But under Pennsylvania law at the time, Lyles did not qualify as a kinship caregiver to T.J., because he was not a relative.

T.J. wanted to remain with her sister. But when the caseworkers told her they wanted the girls to live with Lyles, she balked.

"He looked mean," she would later testify.

The adults who had control of T.J.'s fate didn't share those qualms, even though they possessed far more worrisome information.

**An extensive rap sheet comes to light later**

On April 22, 1998, three caseworkers assigned to the sisters gathered for a meeting at DHS. Among the topics was John Lyles' criminal record.

Vanessa would learn the details only later, after she hired a lawyer who filed suit, demanded documents, and interviewed people under oath.

According to their testimony, the caseworkers had obtained Lyles' rap sheet.

It was extensive.

A 1996 robbery conviction landed him in prison. There was another robbery conviction in 1982, when he had also been convicted of reckless endangerment, terroristic threats, intimidating a witness, and assault.

He had also been charged, though not convicted, of sexually assaulting a minor in 1985.

The DHS caseworker was accompanied by two others: one from Tabor Children's Services, which was paid to help oversee the placement of the girls, and another from the Defender Association of Philadelphia, ostensibly an independent advocate for the children.

Although Lyles' criminal history was sitting on the table, he spun a tale at odds with the printed pages.

He claimed his recent prison sentence had been for insurance fraud, a nonviolent crime.

He told the caseworkers one of the assaults happened when he beat up a gay man who had propositioned him.

And he said that the child-sex charge was a misunderstanding over a fight with his neighbor.

The workers accepted his story.

They had obtained a printout of charges and convictions. Had any of them walked a few blocks to the criminal courthouse and pulled Lyles' public files, they would have learned that he had just served more than two years in state prison for robbing a PNC Bank branch to buy drugs.

He'd handed a teller a note that said, "Give me 7 $20 bills or I will shoot."

They would have seen that in the 1982 case, Lyles had robbed a man of stereo equipment after holding scissors to his throat.

Had they looked at public records in the child-sex case, they would have learned that Lyles had been accused of forcing a 6-year-old stepson to perform oral sex on him. The child recanted before the case came to trial.

And by reviewing the public court file in the bank robbery case, they would have discovered something else: that Lyles was HIV positive.

The caseworkers mulling T.J.'s fate did not check any of that.

Two of the three would later testify that it wasn't their job.

The DHS caseworker, Jody Houlon, was later asked if she had an obligation to look into the child-sex charge. "No," she testified. "I don't do that. I'm not a criminal social worker."

In fact, Pennsylvania guidelines state that in background-checking prospective caregivers, arrests on child-sex charges should be vetted irrespective of convictions. Experts say it is common for child abusers to avoid criminal prosecution.

Over the next year, something happened that made DHS's ultimate decision all the more baffling.

In July 1999, as the agency was preparing to place the children with Lyles, an arrest warrant was issued charging him with raping and assaulting his girlfriend, Denise Jordan. It was his second domestic-violence charge in six months.

Despite Lyle's violent history, the DHS supervisor, Carol Hochstrasser, testified that it was acceptable under DHS rules to place the children with Lyles.

"I think there was an assumption that people change," she said.

In August 1999, DHS workers discovered T.J. and K.J. had been beaten at the foster home where they had been living.

A day later, carrying their belongings in plastic trash bags, they were brought to live with Lyles.

**Grim details emerge, then worse news**

Over time, Vanessa pieced together the grim details of the sisters' lives. Then, in 2001, during one of their regular library chats, she heard the worst of it.

Just after Christmas in 1999, K.J. confided to Vanessa, Lyles had called T.J. up to his bedroom, rubbed cocoa butter on her, and sodomized her. She was 8 years old.

T.J. told no one, not even her older sister, for more than a year. By that time, the girls had already left the house.

Lyles couldn't pay the rent, and the sisters ended up in a shelter for a while. DHS lost track of them, then finally put them in another foster home.

There, workers told the girls that Lyles wanted to visit them. T.J. seemed scared, and K.J. asked her why.

"Dad raped me," T.J. whispered.

K.J. didn't want to believe that her father would do such a thing.

But then, "I looked at her in her face, and I started crying," K.J. later testified.

She crawled into bed with her little sister and held her.

Sitting in the library, Vanessa listened to the story, and wept.

The girls had a new private social worker, and for some time, the worker had been pushing Vanessa to think about taking in one or both of the children. Vanessa wasn't sure she could pull it off.

But when she heard about the assault, something clicked.

Her ***working-class*** parents had taken in her father's troubled daughter from a first marriage - an abuse victim - when she was 14.

She decided to begin the process of becoming the girls' foster parent.

"There's no continuity in these kids' lives," Vanessa told the worker. "I would like to be that continuity, that constant."

The worker replied: "That would mean the world."

Vanessa and her husband, a computer technician, began the process of getting certified as foster parents.

Ironically, that included a thorough criminal background check.

**DHS doesn't take steps to test for HIV**

Along with raising her children and working, Vanessa devoted herself to the sisters, who had become separated and were bouncing among foster homes and institutions.

In the spring of 2001, Vanessa invited T.J. to her house to fix her hair for her fourth-grade graduation.

During the ceremony, Vanessa and some of her cousins whooped and clapped as the principal called T.J.'s name. The foster parents did not attend.

She also helped T.J. prepare for the criminal case. DHS had concluded that Lyles had assaulted T.J., and he was charged by the district attorney.

In July 2001, as they prepared for a preliminary hearing, Vanessa and T.J. sat with prosecutor Gina Smith. Vanessa glanced over at some paperwork - and then looked again.

The papers said Lyles had AIDS.

"Am I reading this correctly?" Vanessa asked.

Smith replied: "Yes, you are. That's confidential, and we can talk about it later."

Reeling, Vanessa decided that there was no reason for T.J. to know.

That began another painful twist in the ordeal. DHS did not take steps to get T.J. tested for HIV, despite requests from both the prosecutor and the defense lawyer.

DHS representatives claimed they needed permission from her biological mother, which they never got.

By the time Lyles finally went on trial in January 2003, the test still hadn't been done. It wasn't ordered by the judge either, for legal reasons.

As a result, Lyles' lawyer argued that Lyles couldn't have raped T.J., because if he had, she would be HIV positive.

The prosecution asserted that her HIV status was irrelevant.

A medical expert testified that it was unlikely that a single incident of penetration would lead to HIV transmission.

After a four-day trial, Judge Rayford A. Means Jr. acquitted Lyles of the rape, aggravated assault and sexual assault. The judge convicted him of indecent assault, indecent exposure, reckless endangerment, simple assault, corrupting the morals of a minor, endangering the welfare of a child, and simple assault.

Lyles was sentenced to three to six years in prison and 17 years' probation.

For T.J. and Vanessa, the trial's ending was a relief, if an imperfect one.

**She could handle T.J., but not her half-sister**

Somewhere along the way, Vanessa came to a difficult decision. She would become a foster parent to T.J., but not to K.J., who had behavioral problems.

K.J. was crushed. Vanessa hated the unfairness of it all, but she didn't see another option.

In June 2003, T.J. arrived at Vanessa's crowded but tidy home. She and her husband were officially her foster parents. But by then, they had already decided to go further. They would adopt her.

"She needs people, period. She has nobody," Vanessa thought.

T.J. would share a bedroom with one of Vanessa's daughters, whom she had already grown to think of as a cousin.

"No more trash bags," Vanessa said. "You will never have to move again."

Their joy was short-lived.

The next month, T.J. sat with Vanessa and her husband on a couch and listened to a doctor tell her she was HIV positive.

The three sat in silence, floored.

Vanessa looked at T.J., and realized that she didn't - couldn't - grasp the implications.

A few weeks later, Vanessa was sitting in her living room with a new DHS caseworker, Ava Ashley. Ashley told Vanessa that documents describing Lyles' criminal record - including the 1985 child-sex abuse arrest - were sitting, like a rebuke, in T.J.'s file.

"It was there, it was always there," Vanessa remembers her saying. "You didn't hear this from me, but I think you should sue us."

**'... somebody who wanted to take them'**

The federal civil-rights lawsuit was filed on T.J.'s behalf in December 2003. It alleged that DHS had a pattern and practice of failing to screen caregivers.

Tom Johnson, the former sex-crimes prosecutor who represented T.J. with his partner, Daniel Childs, saw a simple and troubling explanation for why the girls were placed with a violent felon.

"They wanted to get these two kids off their docket really badly, and they had somebody who wanted to take them," he said. "And that was enough for them to disregard all these red flags that were screaming, 'Don't do this.' "

These days, T.J.'s older sister, K.J., is living with one of her former foster families.

On Oct. 18, 2004, Veronica and her husband formally adopted T.J.

A November 2005 psychological evaluation found her to be plagued by feelings of inferiority, low self-esteem, and self-doubt. But T.J. has thrived in her new home, maintaining a B average at a private school. She is learning to play the guitar. She wants to be a veterinarian.

Physically, she has remained healthy enough to do without, for now, the drug cocktail that helps protect people who are HIV-positive against developing AIDS.

Her doctor, Richard Rutstein of Children's Hospital of Philadelphia - a pediatric AIDS expert - estimated that she could remain off the drugs for between two and seven years, and could live on them for another 22.

The March settlement agreement between the City of Philadelphia and T.J. required that DHS officials meet with T.J. within 30 days.

That meeting never happened.

Arthur C. Evans Jr., who was appointed acting DHS commissioner in October, said in an interview this week that he was willing to meet.

But Evans said he could answer no questions about the case or whether the city had fixed anything as a result of it.

He said lawyers had advised him that talking could jeopardize the city's position in a related lawsuit. The city has agreed to pay T.J. another $2.5 million if it wins a separate action against insurance companies.

The defenders' association acknowledged in a court filing that it failed to conduct an independent investigation into Lyle's background. It paid T.J. an $850,000 settlement. A lawyer for the organization declined to comment.

Tabor paid T.J. $1 million.

William Haussmann, Tabor's executive director, said he could not comment on specifics.

The initial DHS caseworker, Houlon, no longer works for the agency. Through her husband, a lawyer for the city, she declined to comment.

The second DHS caseworker, Jody Diggs, is now a supervisor at DHS. She was never disciplined in connection with the case, Evans said.

She was instructed by her superiors not to comment for this story, a DHS spokesman said.

Hochstrasser, the DHS supervisor, retired in 2004. In a telephone interview, she said: "We made the best decision for the child that we thought we could make, and unfortunately it turned out very badly. Nobody could be sadder about what happened to this child than we are."

As of July, DHS was still placing children with kinship caregivers who have criminal records, according to public records.

A DHS program evaluation of Concilio, an agency contracted to monitor kinship care arrangements, said:

"In two cases the kinship parents had significant criminal records and they - Concilio management - feel like they are 'stuck' with the cases."

To Vanessa, that is unforgivable.

"How is that possible?" she asked.

"I just don't get the sense that DHS cares about these kids at all. I wonder if they understand that they affect lives, or if they just look at these children as files of paper."

Contact staff writer Ken Dilanian at 215-854-4779 or [*kdilanian@phillynews.com*](mailto:kdilanian@phillynews.com).

**Load-Date:** December 22, 2006

**End of Document**



[***A ROOSTER TALE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8TX0-002B-H059-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***BLAKELEY WOODCARVER GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-8TX0-002B-H059-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

July 5, 1993, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Variety; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1589 words

**Byline:** Bob Ehlert; Staff Writer

**Body**

He lives with a big, red rooster named Washington on a quaint little street called Elm Way in the sleepy off-road hamlet of Blakeley, Minn.

Christopher Blake is his name now. It used to be something else but he up and changed it recently.

"Growing up, I always heard about my grandpa. He was a circus man, well known around here," he said, adding that his father made a name for himself as a woodcarver specializing in carousel horses. "That carried on forever. I would have never gotten away from that. You want your own identity."

Now Blake is out on his own as a woodcarver. He said his new last name will mean "I have no past. People are going to judge me for what I do."

He has no quarrel with his family, which he requested not be named. In fact, they support the idea of him taking on a different name for his own career. So, it's Christopher Blake of Blakeley. That almost sounds like a fairy tale.

And maybe it is.

At the moment he is living happily-ever-after with his rooster down below Hwy. 169, down in the lush Minnesota River Valley where he grew up and where now, at age 26, he has settled in.

His woodcarvings have caught the eye of folk art, craft and antique dealers, though no one is sure how to categorize his work. And though he has won no awards to date, most people simply cast their votes by buying his pieces, or, at the very least, being moved by them.

Bill Moore, former curator of folk art at the University of Minnesota Art Museum, said, "I liked very much the miniature carousel horses and a sort of jazzbo piano player piece. There were other pieces I didn't like." Overall, he said, "I think his work is to be applauded."

Moore was asked recently by Anne Dundas, the proprietor of the Brick House antique and gift shop near Le Sueur, Minn., where Blake's work is being marketed, to examine it.

But what is it?

"Some of his pieces are marginally folk art," said Moore, but different from traditional woodcarving because they are not taken from a single piece of wood. "As nearly as I can tell he doesn't do this. That's OK."

Blake would just as soon not be categorized. His joy is his work and, well, he is pretty good pals with his rooster. Washington lives with him, goes around with him - does everything with him. Washington is even the subject of a story that Blake has told at pre-schools and will even tell at the Brick House when he makes appearances there with his work.

The story is about how a dog and a rooster and a grasshopper who, despite their differences and natural tendencies, learn to get along. Actually, it is a story about how "different" creatures - even humans - can nurture one another by accentuating the positive.

A $ 3 rooster

In a way, that's how Blake and Washington got together.

A few years ago Blake was out looking for home furnishings.

"I was way out in the middle of nowhere on some farm. And there's this rooster crowing on this post and boy, he was shining, and I thought, boy, I'd like to capture that red color on a horse," Blake said. "I asked the lady what she wanted for him, and she said, well, they were going to butcher him."

At the time, Washington was nothing but a scrappy yearling rooster, feisty and almost impossible to catch.

"I said, 'If you were to sell him, what would you take?' She said, 'About a dollar.' So I gave her three dollars. George Washington is on the dollar. I called him Washington."

Under the wing of Blake's tenderness and care - Washington will do a few tricks and eat right out of his hand now - the rooster has grown into a beautiful and curious mascot, often the model for some of Blake's most dazzling work. But there's more to Washington than just his cock-a-doodle-do, his color and his companionship.

In a sense, Washington symbolizes a rescue: Blake rescued him the way art rescued Blake during a childhood marred by a learning disability called dyslexia. That's when kids sometimes read and write words backward.

"I've been sanding and carving since I was 5, 6 years old," Blake said. "I got Fs in art school. I wouldn't do what they wanted me to do."

So he left school in the 10th grade (later getting his diploma elsewhere), joined the Army at age 17 and spent the next two years as a paratrooper. "I was not a very good team player," he said of his military days.

He went home to Blakeley and talked his dad into helping him fix up an old car. One day, in the middle of winter, he drove it up the hill toward Hwy. 169 for a test drive.

"I didn't have nothing but a toothbrush and a little money," he said. "I just kept going to Arizona. I worked on ranches here and there."

Eventually he ended up in San Luis, Colo., for a couple of years, where he did volunteer work for a church parish and pondered the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church.

By the time he had decided that wasn't for him, life had taught him what was: woodcarving. So back he went to Blakeley about three years ago, where soon enough he met Washington and his rendezvous with his current life's work.

'Bone-headed, stubborn'

Things go fine as long as people don't try to tell him what to do, or fuss about him and call him an "artist."

"I'm a ***working-class*** type person," he said. "I produce a certain thing. I'm not getting off on being an artist. I never call myself an artist. . . . I'm somebody who's bone-headed, stubborn. Doesn't sleep much. Constantly going. For me life gets boring real fast. I have to keep busy."

He does just that at his house/studio/shop in Blakeley, a place that he rarely leaves and, at this point in his life, truly cherishes.

"To me, I laugh every day," Blake said. "There's guys on that highway going to work, and I got it made. It may not be some people's idea of having it made, but to me that's having it made. I'm 26. I quit school in 10th grade. I made $ 500 yesterday. In one day, with barnwood and some rusty nails. Only in America."

He spends his days prowling old ramshackle farms looking for just the right wood for his next piece. He'd buy new lumber except he's mad at what he believes are the wasteful practices of the timber industry. At night - sometimes until Washington crows at dawn - he'll work with the secrecy and efficiency of an elf, luring something beautiful out of a chunk of wood. By the light of day he'll then take his trophy in to Dundas, the owner of the Brick House.

He sees it in his mind first

"He'll call me up and tell me that he's bringing in a new piece. He won't tell me what it is," said Dundas, who is still getting to know and understand her new business partner, but who daily marvels at the fruits of his labor.

One time it was an American Indian doll, then a rattle. The next time it was a toy horse, in small and life-size versions. Then intricate toys with moving wooden parts.

"I just see something in my mind and bring it out of the wood," said Blake, who claims all of his pieces are original.

Stylistically he has an ability to make his carvings look old and worn, like a keepsake or artifact. He accomplishes that by incorporating painting processes learned from his ancestors and embellished with a few of his own ingredients.

"That's secret," he said, his brown eyes often darting away as he spoke. "Let's just say I use natural things. You know, like a grasshopper kind of has that tobacco coming out of his mouth? You'd be surprised what you can do with that."

A low-profile life

Like the paint recipe, he likes to keep his life a secret.

"I live a real low-profile life. Most people in this town (Le Sueur) and in Belle Plaine) don't know who I am," said Blake.

Even Dundas confesses she barely knows him. She is as proud and glad as she can be that Blake chose her shop to display his work, of which there are about 20 varieties selling for $ 45 to $ 1,500. The only trouble is, she does business the conventional way. Blake does it his way.

Against her accountant's better judgment, Dundas and Blake have a "handshake" agreement to be associated with one another for at least a year.

"It seems like every night I say to my husband, 'What am I doing? I've been in business for 17 years. This is what I'm promoting, a person I've only known for four weeks?' "

Mutual trust is the glue holding this deal together.

There's a purpose

Way out into the future, way out there beyond the intersection of Elm Way and Christopher Blake's dreams, he sees a purpose for all of this. He'll do his work. Sell it. And do something with the money that he believes will really count.

"I'd like to take my land in Colorado and make a place for troubled kids to come," he said. "I'd like to turn it into a center where kids can go, kids like I was. I was a confused kid because people told me that I was wrong or different. But what I was wasn't bad.

"In the '70s they just didn't know much about kids who were different or were artistic. I want to build a center where these kids can come to get away from the city or whatever. And go to a place for two weeks where no one tells them they're bad, or strange or different."

Maybe all of them will learn to crow like Christopher Blake and Washington.

Christopher

Blake

Occupation/wood carver

Age/26

Birthplace/New Prague, Minn.

Residence/Blakeley, Minn.

Family/single, but shares home with rooster.

Education/graduate of the school of hard knocks.

Work experience/carving carousel horses.

Awards and distinctions/People buy his work, which is on show at The Shoppe, an addition to The Brick House antique and gift shop, 3 miles north of Le Sueur, 27 miles south of Shakopee on Hwy. 169. Call 665-3650 or 892-5870 for more information.

**Graphic**

Photograph; Map

**Load-Date:** July 6, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Big bucks and ballots Donations to both parties skirt limits set by reform***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S3M-GN20-00C6-D0CH-00000-00&context=1519360)

USA TODAY

October 28, 1996, Monday,

FINAL EDITION

Copyright 1996 Gannett Company, Inc.

**Section:** NEWS;; COVER STORY

**Length:** 2002 words

**Byline:** Jill Lawrence; Judi Hasson

**Body**

The 1996 presidential campaign is ending with a fight over a subject

most politicians hate to discuss: where they get their millions

in campaign contributions.

The immediate controversy concerns huge foreign gifts to the two

parties, in particular hundreds of thousands of dollars the Democrats

received from an Indonesian couple now living in Jakarta.

In fact, foreign contributions are only a trickle in a torrent

of special-interest money that continues to flow despite public

perceptions that contributions are limited to $ 1,000 per individual

in presidential campaigns. Already this year the Republican and

Democratic parties have amassed a record-breaking $ 170 million

in unregulated contributions -- so-called "soft money" given

for general party purposes -- more than twice as much as the last

presidential race.

It's become a growing money war, and neither side wants to be

caught underfunded. What kind of influence is all this big money

buying? Are average voters losing out to powerful special interests?

And despite all their complaints, will politicians ever fix the

system?

At the very least, say campaign experts, the way things work feeds

suspicions that politicians can be bought and sold and that citizens

count for little. Everyone in politics, it seems, has dirty hands.

"It is related to the growing cynicism that voters have about

politics being out of touch with people like them," says David

Magleby, a political science professor at Brigham Young University.

Crusaders like Ellen Miller, executive director of the Center

for Responsive Politics, contend the nation's politics and policies

are being shaped by wealthy elites with narrow interests. If the

system isn't cleaned up, Miller says, "we are going to lose the

right to call ourselves a representative democracy."

Reforms left campaign loophole

Ever since Watergate-era abuses ushered in a series of reforms,

Congress and watchdog groups have been wrestling with how to regulate

and monitor campaign contributions.

The Watergate scandal revealed that millions in illegal contributions

were funneled to Richard Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign. Among

them: $ 780,000 from 13 corporations and their foreign subsidiaries.

The outcry prompted new laws that provided for public financing

of presidential campaigns and limits on how much individuals and

political action committees can contribute to candidates and parties.

Contributors must be legal U.S. residents or an American subsidiary

of a foreign corporation.

But over the years big givers -- and big recipients -- have developed

ways to evade legal limits.

Foremost among them is "soft money" -- unlimited contributions

to the parties that are supposed to go toward building support

and turning out voters. That includes issues advertising, phone

banks, direct mail and door-knocking. The money is not supposed

to be used for specific candidates.

In reality, soft money has emerged as a major influence in specific

campaigns. It often pays for advertising blitzes that help individual

candidates for Congress and the presidency, exactly the kind of

disproportionate big-money input that the post-Watergate laws

were supposed to prevent.

For example, Democrats recently used soft money to help pay for

an ad that criticized Republican Rep. Dick Zimmer's record in

his race for the Senate from New Jersey. The ad was considered

legal because it was "issues" advertising and not directly on

behalf of Zimmer's opponent, Democratic Rep. Bob Torricelli.

With Republican control of the House at stake, both parties are

spending millions of dollars in soft money on ad campaigns in

congressional districts across the country. California, with several

House contests too close to call, is attracting much of the largesse.

In at least three districts, for example, GOP soft money is helping

pay for an ad that contends "big labor bosses" are trying to

buy the Democrat in the race.

Soft money bigger than ever

Public interest groups call soft money a scandal, a back-door

way to inject special-interest money into federal campaigns.

The practice took off in the mid-1980s and exploded exponentially

with every two-year election cycle.

This one is no exception. From Jan. 1, 1995 through Sept. 30,

1996, the parties more than doubled the soft money they collected

during roughly the same period in the 1991-92 presidential campaign.

The cold cash, as calculated by the Federal Election Commission:

-- Republicans, $ 87 million, up from $ 47 million.

-- Democrats, $ 83 million, up from $ 31 million.

Here's another measure, this one from the watchdog group, Common

Cause: By June 30 of this year, Democrats had raised five times

as much soft money as they had in the first 18 months of the 1993-94

campaign cycle. Republicans, meanwhile, doubled their receipts.

The soft money dwarfs the $ 62 million the FEC gives each presidential

candidate to spend on the general election campaign -- money that

comes from taxpayers, not special interests.

Republican nominee Bob Dole has seized on possibly illegal contributions

by Indonesian nationals to the Democratic Party to underscore

his contention that the Clinton administration is unethical.

Democrats say Dole and the Republicans shouldn't make an issue

of foreign money because, according to Democratic research, the

GOP accepted $ 2.4 million from U.S. subsidiaries of foreign firms.

No one is really sure how much foreign money is flowing through

the American political system, but there is plenty. Still, it's

trivial compared with the massive sums produced by tobacco companies,

the financial community, telecommunications giants, trial lawyers,

the entertainment industry, labor unions and others.

"Basically there's a bidding game going on for who can raise

the most money," says Larry Makinson of the Center for Responsive

Politics. "The Indonesians have gotten all the press, but these

guys are small fry compared to American special interests that

have been lining up for years."

Buying influence and access

What do donors buy with this kind of money?

"No lobbyist ever made a contribution without expecting something

in return," says retiring Rep. Andy Jacobs, D-Ind., who limits

his fund-raising to donations of $ 100 or less from his Indiana

constituents.

"The only reason it's not bribery is that Congress gets to say

what's bribery," he says.

Most analysts and would-be reformers stop short of saying votes

on specific legislation can be bought. But that's not to say the

huge sums are thrown away.

"I think it's clear that those who do make these contributions

are receiving special access" such as participating in roundtables

and having their pictures taken with the president, says Anthony

Corrado, a campaign-finance expert at Colby College.

And people who eat breakfast with Bob Dole or Bill Clinton have

a much better shot at drawing high-level attention to their concerns

than people who send letters or merely go to the polls on Election

Day.

They also have better odds of getting their phone calls returned

by high-level staff assistants who know they have contributed

generously.

At both the Democratic and Republican conventions, party operatives

threw lavish functions that put important donors in the same room

with influential policymakers and their aides.

Industries that contribute big bucks may even get to write parts

of bills that affect them. That's what happened early last year

when the new Republican congressional leaders let business lobbyists

draft legislation for a moratorium on federal regulations.

The Indonesia connection

The flap over foreign money erupted a month ago when the *Los*

*Angeles Times* reported that the Democratic National Committee

had received $ 425,000 in contributions from an Indonesian couple

living legally in the United States.

Arief and Soraya Wiriadinata, now in Jakarta, did not appear to

have the means to make such a gift on their own. They lived in

a modest town house in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in suburban

Virginia. Wiriadinata was a landscape architect, his wife a homemaker.

Her father was the late Hashim Ning, a business partner of Mochtar

Riady, the head of an Indonesian corporate conglomerate called

the Lippo Group.

Riady is well-known in U.S. political circles. President Clinton

met with him and his son, James, a key Lippo official, in Jakarta

in 1994. Clinton had long known the father and son because they

were investors in an Arkansas bank, according to reports.

The Lippo Group, with interests in real estate, banking, securities,

and insurance, has been aggressively pursuing business deals in

the United States. As a result of trade promotional trips by Clinton

and the late Commerce secretary Ron Brown, Lippo has signed more

than a billion dollars in deals in China and Indonesia with U.S.

companies.

The Lippo connection is one of several campaign-finance embarrassments

suffered recently by the DNC. It returned $ 250,000 from Cheong

Am America Inc., a new U.S. subsidiary of a South Korean electronics

firm, after discovering it hadn't yet generated any revenue. The

DNC also returned $ 20,000 from a reported Cuban-American drug

kingpin, Jorge Cabrera. After making the gift last November, he

visited the White House for a reception and attended a dinner

with Vice President Al Gore in Miami's exclusive Cocaplum section.

The sugar connection

Dole has been attacking Democrats with variations on the sarcastic

line that "foreign aid has finally come to America." But the

Democrats aren't the only ones dabbling in foreign contributions.

In fact, one of Dole's financial backers is sugar magnate Jose

Fanjul, a Cuban citizen who lives in Florida and holds a Spanish

passport. *The New York Times* reports that his company has

given $ 234,000 to the Republican National Committee, and his family

has given $ 44,000 to specific GOP candidates.

The result: back and forth accusations about who's doing what

for whom. Republicans say that Clinton's policies toward the Indonesian

government were affected by the contributions and that Clinton

softened his position on the Suharto government's human rights

violations.

"When you're getting millions of dollars from citizens of one

country, especially from the ruling clique, one of which has three

private meetings with the president of the United States, this

raises serious problems," says Sen. John McCain, R-Ariz. The

White House denies any link.

Clinton campaign spokesman Joe Lockhart notes that Dole fought

an effort to repeal the sugar subsidy last spring. The Dole campaign

denies any linkage as well.

The DNC says Dole himself received $ 1,000 from James Riady's wife

in 1988 and was honored in 1993 at a dinner hosted by Riady.

'Past time to clean up'

Pledges to fix this system are perennials in any election year,

yet have never been carried out. The truth is politicians are

not anxious for change.

Any revisions are bound to put someone at a disadvantage, whether

it's Democrats or Republicans, incumbents or even candidates from

poor districts who don't like geographical limits on fund-raising.

Ross Perot campaigned with his own money in 1992 and railed constantly

against the influence of special interests. Clinton vowed back

then that "it's long past time to clean up Washington." In *Putting*

*People First*, his campaign book, he accused George Bush of

vetoing reform "to protect the special interests that support

him."

Clinton had a Democratic Congress for two years, but congressional

leaders were reluctant to act and he did not press them. Nor did

the current Republican Congress pass reform, despite a concerted

bipartisan push by McCain and Sen. Russ Feingold, D-Wis.

House Speaker Newt Gingrich and Clinton agreed last summer to

form a commission to make recommendations, but even that did not

materialize. Now Dole is promising another commission and a ban

on foreign contributions if he's elected.

The enormous amount of soft money in play this year undermines

the integrity of the whole system and makes it impossible to pretend

the federal law is working as intended, says Magleby, the Brigham

Young professor. But he adds that doesn't necessarily mean anything

will change:

"I'm not sure we've had the crisis that will precipitate the

process of reforming the system."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, Color, Rick T. Wilking, Reuters; PHOTO, Color, Eric Lesser, AP; Dole: Criticized Clinton for taking contributions from couple connected to Indonesian company. Clinton: Democrats say the GOP has accepted $2.4 million for U.S. subsidiaries of foreign firms.

**Load-Date:** October 28, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Undiscovered gems: The epitome of modernism, Chicago architecture is much more than the sum of its skyscrapers as we found in our exploration of its lesser-known marvels***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WB7-H7C0-007M-431J-00000-00&context=1519360)

Chicago Daily Herald

April 23, 1999, Friday, Cook/DuPage/Fox Valley/Lake

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**Section:** Time Out;; Main Event;

**Length:** 2098 words

**Byline:** Barbara Vitello Daily Herald Staff Writer

**Body**

Chicago architecture is modernism personified and as the birthplace of the modern skyscraper, its stunning skyline is modernism's legacy. Yet you need only cast your eyes downward to discover there is much more to this city's architecture than its mountain range of glass and steel.

"Part of what marks Chicago is its exciting built environment," says Bill Hinchliff, docent for the Chicago Architecture Foundation and contributor to the "AID Guide to Chicago."

Few cities offer the tremendous variety of Chicago, says Hinchliff, who has taught courses on Chicago architecture, history and literature and conducted architectural tours of the city for more than 20 years.

"The city is exciting to explore because of its variety," he says. "There are important modernist buildings, highly decorative buildings, gothic universities, Victorian neighborhoods, neo-classical museums and a remarkable collection of churches and synagogues with every style of stained glass."

Today, with Hinchliff as our guide, we go off the beaten path for an exploration of Chicago's lesser-known gems.

Alta Vista Terrace: London comes to Wrigleyville

An intimate counterpart to the stately neo-classical mansions, Georgian row houses and modified chateaus of Astor Street is Wrigleyville's Alta Vista Terrace, a quaint stretch located several blocks north of Wrigley Field.

Built in 1904 by Samuel Eberly Gross, noted developer of ***working-class*** housing during the late 19th century, Alta Vista Terrace "seems to have been plucked out of London," says Hinchliff. "There's nothing else like it in the city."

The narrow block between Grace Street and Byron is a colorful stretch of 40 town houses (20 on each side) that recalls British row houses.

The colorful brick gives the street an overall cheeriness and the decorative facades, each of which mirrors diagonally those across the block, making this among the city's most and distinctive streets.

Elks Veterans Memorial: "The triumphs of peace endure"

Mention the Elks Veterans Memorial and you'll probably be greeted with a blank stare. Describe the majestic ivory-colored rotunda at the corner of Diversey and Lakeview, however, and eyes light up in recognition, proving that the extraordinary Elks Memorial at 2750 N. Lakeview Ave., may be among Chicago's most recognizable and least visited public spaces.

That may have something to do with the impact of modernism. Sleek, streamlined structures such as Mies van der Rohe's Commonwealth Promenade Apartments across the street - the epitome of the glass-and-steel movement - made buildings like the Elks Memorial seem quaint but hopelessly out-dated relics, says Hinchliff.

In recent years, however, the public has come to appreciate dazzling anachronisms like this one, especially in the wake of the  six-year, $ 5 million renovation that restored the memorial

to its original grandeur in 1997.

"It has been brought back to its original luster and it's a knock-out," says Hinchliff.

Built by the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks to honor members who served in World War I (and subsequently rededicated to include everyone who served in America's armed conflicts), the memorial opened in 1926 as a monument to peace.

Scarcely an inch remains unadorned in this highly decorative interior. Marble from 26 different countries and an array of murals decorate the interior. A dome made of 24 karat gold leaf and indirectly illuminated to create the illusion of natural light, tops a magnificent rotunda that includes 12 award-winning allegorical panels by Eugene Savage.

The reception room behind the rotunda is as opulent as its counterpart. Murals by Savage depict armistice and peaceful pursuits. The walls are made of rich oak from England and Scotland, and the vaulted ceiling is filled with paintings of flowers, cherubs (symbolizing the Elks service to youth) and mythic scenes. Two acoustically perfect rooms with Wedgewood inlay ceilings flank the reception hall.

But there is more to the memorial than its intricate decor. The sculpture is noteworthy as well, says Hinchliff, especially the award-winning elks by Laura Gardin Fraser which flank the entrance and the bronze statues depicting patriotism and fraternity by Adolph Weinman located in the north and south niches.

The Elks National Memorial is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday year-round and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday from April 15 to November 15. (773) 477-2750.

Garfield Park Conservatory: "Landscape art under glass"

According to the "American Institute of Architects Guide to Chicago," legendary landscape architect Jens Jensen wanted the Garfield Park Conservatory to be a "work of landscape art under glass."

Built in 1907, the conservatory was reportedly among the world's largest indoor gardens at the time. Noted for its structure (which was inspired by haystacks) and its size, it also reflected Jensen's determination to showcase plants in a natural setting. Until that time, most conservatories arranged their displays in pots. Jensen introduced the then revolutionary concept of planting directly in the soil. As with his other designs, Jensen used the natural landscape of the Midwest for inspiration. In the Garfield Conservatory, however Jensen went even further and recreated the Chicagoland of prehistoric times.

Although the Chicago Park District renovated the conservatory in 1958, Jensen's influence is still evident on this 4 1/2 acre landmark, still home to one of the largest collections of indoor plants in the world.

Among the highlights is the impressive fern room. Overflowing with plants, the room includes a babbling brook flowing from a "prairie waterfall" and winding paths surrounding a small pond.

Garfield Park Conservatory is at 300 N. Central Park Ave. In addition to the palm house and fern room, there are rooms devoted to aroid and desert plants as well as a warm house and a show house where conservatory holds five  seasonal flower shows each

year. The spring flower show continues through May 9. Several rooms are under renovation and a new children's garden and demonstration garden are set to open this year. The conservatory is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily. (312) 746-5100.

St. James Episcopal Cathedral: A study in grace

Although it is among the city's oldest and most distinguished churches, St. James Cathedral at 65 E. Huron St. (at Wabash Avenue) is often overshadowed by its more famous neighbor, Holy Name Cathedral, located several blocks to the north.

Built in 1857, the cathedral survived the Chicago Fire (scars from which remain on its tower) and was rebuilt several times before its 1985 restoration.

According to the AIA Guide to Chicago, the glorious Victorian interior, notable for the extensive stenciling throughout, is among the finest of its kind in the nation. It reflects the highly decorative aesthetic movement of the late 19th century, says Hinchliff. And the palette of sienna, green and gold adds a sense of old-world grandeur to the cathedral, which also boasts a magnificent gothic-style altar and rich stained glass.

Few churches have been decorated in quite this way, says Hinchliff. In fact, "there might not be another church in America that looks like it," he says.

St. James Cathedral holds a daily Eucharist at 12:10 and another at 5:30 p.m. Wednesday. There is a healing service at 9 a.m. Saturday and services at 8, 9 and 11 a.m. on Sunday. (312) 787-7360.

Madonna della Strada Chapel: Modernism meets the sacred

When it comes to university churches, the Rockefeller Memorial Chapel at the University of Chicago gets most of the attention. However, if you prefer the crisp elegance of the art moderne movement to the ornamentation of Rockefeller's gothic revival, head north to Loyola University's lovely Madonna della Strada Chapel located lakeside at 6525 N. Sheridan Road.

An example of late 1920's modernism, Andrew Rebori's exquisitely streamlined chapel is a striking reflection of the modernist impulse, says Hinchliff.

The quietly elegant chapel boasts the graceful curves and geometric detail characteristic of art moderne. The unique folds of the "accordioned" apse contains glass blocks that allow sunlight to filter through the ceiling onto the altar.

Construction was reportedly contentious, with Rebori and Father James J. Mertz - who single-handedly raised the money to build the chapel and oversaw its construction - frequently at loggerheads. From great contention, however, a brilliant building emerged. The chapel opened in 1941 to a warm reception. During the '80s, the university restored the interior. Light and airy, it features a fresco of the Assumption of Mary and the Stations of the Cross by Chicago artist Melville Steinfels.

Rebori designed the chapel and its neighbor, the Elizabeth M. Cudahy Memorial Library, as a pair and the two impassive structures are the perfect complements and well worth a visit to Loyola's Lake Shore campus.

Madonna della Strada is open daily from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. Liturgical services are at 7:45 and 11:45 a.m. Monday through Friday and at 10:30 a.m. and 10 p.m. Sunday.

St. Frances Xavier Cabrini National Shrine: Testament to faith

At science's core there is faith and nowhere is that more evident than the Shrine of St. Frances Xavier Cabrini.

Surrounded by the concrete and steel of Columbus Hospital, the national shrine to Mother Cabrini - an Italian immigrant who founded 67 orphanages, schools missions and hospitals (including this one) and became the first U.S. citizen canonized by the Roman Catholic Church - is truly an undiscovered gem. Hidden from view to all but a few staff members, the shrine features a glorious, seven-story chapel that looks as though it had been plucked from an Italian village. Intimate and graceful, it conveys a quiet strength that many hospital chapels lack.

"It is very beautiful and very much of the beaten path," says Hinchliff. More importantly, it remains very much a traditional chapel, one remarkably unaffected by Vatican II, he says.

From the hospital lobby, etched bronze doors open to a modern romanesque chapel made entirely from Italian marble. Suspended above the simple black and gold marble alter is a large red, blue and gold baldachino or canopy. The dome above it contains a fresco of the Holy Trinity by Joseph Ciotti surrounded by panels depicting scenes from the life of St. Frances Cabrini.

Brilliant stained glass windows, side altars carved from Carrara marble and lit from below and discreet lighting create a warm glow throughout the chapel.

Among its most impressive features is the Tamburini pipe organ. Imported from Italy and crafted especially for the shrine, it is one of only two such organs in North America.

The shrine, which also contains Mother Cabrini's room and a number of her artifacts, is located at 2520 N. Lakeview (at Deming) within the Columbus Hospital complex. Hours are 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. daily. Mass is at 11:30 a.m. Monday through Friday, at 8 a.m. and 4 p.m. Saturday and at 10 a.m. Sunday. (773) 388-7338.

If you'd rather stay in the 'burbs…

there's lots of eye-catching architecture.

Admirers of Frank Lloyd Wright can  journey to Oak Park. A

Chicagoland mecca for Wright fans, Oak Park was the birthplace of the Prairie School of Architecture and Wright's home from 1889 until 1909. More than 30 of his buildings still stand there and in the adjoining suburb of River Forest. Tours of Wright's home and studio at 951 Chicago Avenue are available daily. (708) 848-1976.

Guided and self-guided walking tours of the historic district are also available through the Oak Park Visitor Center (708) 848-1500.

Ernest Hemingway was another of Oak Park's famous sons. His birthplace and boyhood home at 339 N. Oak Park Ave. (currently under restoration in preparation for the Hemingway centennial this summer) and the Ernest Hemingway Museum at 200 N. Oak Park Ave., are open for public tours. (708) 848-2222.

The Cuneo Museum and Gardens at 1350 N. Milwaukee Ave., Vernon Hills includes an Italianate mansion, a conservatory, 75 acres of beautifully landscaped gardens and more. (847) 362-3042.

Cantigny at 1S151 Winfield Road, Wheaton, is the site of the former estate of Col. Robert McCormick and includes his 1896 Georgian mansion and the First Division Museum. (630) 668-5161.

Among Evanston's architectural highlights is the Charles Gates Dawes House, 225 Greenwood, home of the Nobel Laureate and former Vice President of the United States. (847) 475-3410. Another is the Grosse Point Lighthouse, 2601 Sheridan Road, soon to be the only American lighthouse on the Great Lakes with National Landmark status. (847) 328-6961.

**Load-Date:** April 26, 1999

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[***CHOOSING HER BATTLES / HAPPY FERNANDEZ: A PRACTICAL IDEALIST.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TM60-01K4-92M1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

FEBRUARY 28, 1999 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** LOCAL; Pg. A01

**Length:** 2042 words

**Byline:** Maria Panaritis, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

Gladys Vivian Craven was just 15, a high school sophomore from Omaha, Neb., nestled in the backseat of a cushy DeSoto, whirling toward a new home in the East.

Destination: Garden City, Long Island. A fast-paced, affluent New York suburb. A long way from the solid Midwestern city that inspires frugality and nicknames like "Happy."

"I remember just sort of cowering in the backseat," she said.

That was November 1954.

Seven years before Miss Gladys Craven became Mrs. Happy Fernandez. Seventeen years before the young mother chained herself to a fence in opposition to the Vietnam War. Three decades before she earned her fourth academic degree.

And 45 years before Fernandez, a two-term City Councilwoman and former university professor, became the first woman seeking a major-party nomination for the top political job in the nation's fifth-largest city: mayor of Philadelphia.

At 59, Fernandez is a complicated mix of many worlds - at once pragmatic and idealistic, shrewd and maladroit.

She also is the only Democrat in the primary field of five ever to have run a successful citywide campaign. She did it in 1991 and 1995.

And as her historic campaign proceeds, supporters hope Fernandez can bring it home once more, for the big one:

Mayor Happy Fernandez.

In her seven years on Council, Fernandez kept a relatively low profile.

To bolster school revenue she voted for a controversial liquor tax.

She supported Mayor Rendell's hard bargaining with municipal unions in 1992 and 1993, helped him defeat a proposal to penalize banks that charge ATM fees, and backed Schools Superintendent David Hornbeck, which alienated the powerful teachers' union.

"I know that on the important issues of education . . . she has been supportive, and we've endorsed and supported her in her races for Council," said Ted Kirsch, president of the Philadelphia Federation of Teachers. "But she's not at the top of my list for mayor."

Fernandez puts education at the top of her list.

She wants the mayor - not the school board - to have the power to appoint a superintendent at the start of each mayoral term. She wants more money for summer school and after-school programs.

But there are skeptics.

"One could look at Happy Fernandez and ask, where has she been from 1992 to 1998 in making public education an important item in Council, in public thinking, anywhere?" asked Randall Miller, a history professor at St. Joseph's University.

Fernandez said she made the most of her committee assignments: transportation and public utilities.

She founded the Southeastern Pennsylvania Transportation Coalition, which put together a comprehensive report on regional transportation priorities.

But from that effort, her prime legislative initiative was "Operation Crosswalk," a crackdown on errant bicyclists and jaywalkers.

"I know a lot of people pooh-pooh and say it's a silly thing," Fernandez said. But it reduced pedestrian deaths in 1997 by a third, she said.

During a 40-day city transit strike in 1998, Fernandez made few overtures. She said it was not her role to interfere in negotiations.

Other Fernandez proposals that became law included lockout devices to keep teenagers away from cigarette vending machines and zero-tolerance-for-graffiti zones.

"I'll pick and choose my battles," she says. "I'd rather get five things done than give speeches . . . and never see anything happen.

"I was not in Council to serve my colleagues or to be loved," she adds defiantly. "I'm in public life to get things done."

Fernandez says she has a greater vision.

Beyond better schools, she wants to continue the economic momentum that pulled the city out of near-bankruptcy. Her formula: a tourism-based economy and a network of small-business incubators in local universities.

Fernandez hopes to create an agency under the Commerce Department to regulate and help foster neighborhood-based child-care facilities but won't restore funding to the dormant Women's Commission, which studied pay equity.

At a campaign forum last week on women's issues, she asked: "Wouldn't it be a bit ridiculous if we had a Men's Commission?"

\* Fernandez has been schooled at some of the nation's top institutions - Wellesley College, Harvard University, the University of Pennsylvania - and spent 18 years teaching at Temple University, where she earned a doctorate.

She married a liberal-minded Congregationalist minister whose strident civil rights and antiwar activism inspired her own emerging sensitivities.

She raised three sons, cofounded a citywide parents' lobby, and pressed on with full-time academia.

All before setting foot in City Hall in 1992.

She entered politics as a "goo-goo," or "good-government," advocate, hovering above the muck of patronage and dealmaking in a town dominated by politicians, lawyers, ward leaders and, most of all, men.

Fernandez is out to prove that you don't have to be a backslapping good ol' boy to get things done.

Or, at least, you don't have to do the backslapping yourself.

"Happy's not a politician," said Henry J. "Buddy" Cianfrani, the powerful former state senator from South Philadelphia who served a 27-month federal prison term for a 1977 conviction on racketeering and other charges.

But Cianfrani is.

And in a stunning move that disenchanted some of her supporters, Fernandez hired him in 1991 and 1995 after an unsuccessful bid in 1987 for Council-at-large. Cianfrani reined in enough ward leaders to push her to impressive victories.

"I don't think Happy will ever be a politician," said Cianfrani, who is supporting old pal Marty Weinberg in the primary. "Maybe we've got too many politicians. Maybe Happy's style is what we need."

Maybe so. But to raise the kind of money needed to win, she can't come across as above it all. In January, she had $747,000 in campaign cash - far less than the stockpiles of Weinberg and former Council President John Street.

Her style is deliberate and analytical in a city passionate with ***working-class*** grit. It rubs some people the wrong way while feeding the perception that she's an intellectual with no aggressive, citywide vision.

"All the degrees in the world won't get you what you need to be in this business," said Councilman Frank DiCicco, who tangled with Fernandez after being asked to swap seats in Council chambers. DiCicco said he refused to give up the seat - which is in the line of television cameras - because Fernandez sent an intermediary to ask instead of approaching him herself. Her office was right next door.

"You have to have common sense and an understanding of the personalities you're working with," DiCicco said. "And I don't know that you can get that from any book."

\* The crippling virus crept up on Gladys Craven when she was 10.

"I was just sitting on the porch late one afternoon and I told my mom I had a stiff neck and sort of a headache," Fernandez said.

Everyone in Omaha knew someone with polio in 1949. Scanning the newspaper for names of the afflicted was a daily ritual.

For two weeks, her parents were forbidden from visiting. And no one - not even her sweet nurses - had uttered the "p" word.

"I remember looking up to see the sign that said 'polio ward' and I figured that meant, going the other way," she said, her voice choking.

"I would lay in bed and I was afraid my hands were going to . . ." A brief pause. "So I put them under my fanny to try to keep them from getting paralyzed."

After three months, doctors sent her home with a weak right arm and left leg, and a strict physical therapy regimen at the hands of her father, Orvin Craven.

Her late father, an executive for Addressograph office machines, once told his daughter it was the most traumatic thing he would ever do as a parent.

Telling words from a man who had run away from his parents' farm as a teenager to escape his father's harsh beatings.

But Orvin Craven lashed his own children when they misbehaved.

"You'd have to go out and pick out the willow off the willow tree and then he would give you a switching," Fernandez said. "I remember it really churned up very angry, stubborn feelings in me."

That obstinacy is rivaled only by her concentration.

Fernandez's tennis game - at first a form of physical therapy - became a competitive obsession. Eventually, she reached top rankings in the U.S. Tennis Association.

"I think when you're in the hospital for three or four months and don't know if you'll walk or play with kids again," said her younger brother, Don Craven, "and you get a second chance, I think there's a desire to get the most out of your time and what you have."

\* Happy was the middle child. Her older brother, Ray, was the first Craven to go to college - Harvard, to become a doctor. Don Craven became a doctor, too.

It was Ray who turned the name Gladys into "Glad-ass" before the more merciful "Happy" finally stuck.

In Garden City, as in Omaha, she attended public school. But almost all of her classmates now were upper-middle class and, like Happy, college-bound.

Fernandez wanted to be "brainy." Wellesley, she decided, was the place to go. "As a woman, it freed me from thinking that I always had to be worried about what the boys think," she said.

At age 19, this daughter of a Goldwater Republican was so apolitical she couldn't decide between Richard M. Nixon or John F. Kennedy in 1960. She now counts JFK among her earliest political inspirations.

That turnaround is largely due to a man she met at a church conference in Maine while in college - Richard Fernandez, a liberal activist from a New England family whose Spanish ancestors settled in New York in the early 1800s.

They married in 1961. While completing seminary studies in Andover, Mass., Richard Fernandez took part in civil-rights protests across the nation. Happy Fernandez pursued a master's degree in teaching at Harvard.

"The joke is - but there's always some truth to a joke - if it weren't for me she would have voted for Richard Nixon in 1964," said the Rev. Fernandez, now executive director of the Northwest Interfaith Movement in Mount Airy.

They lived briefly in Ohio, then Brooklyn, before he became a campus minister at Penn.

Expecting their first child, they moved to Powelton Village, where in 1968, they bought the Victorian twin on Baring Street that remains their home. It was a block from the MOVE compound, where a 1978 standoff left one policeman dead and seven other police officers and firefighters wounded.

There, among students from Penn and Drexel, Happy Fernandez burst into the world of civic activism.

She and her neighbors transformed three abandoned buildings into a preschool and playground. She pursued a master's in history from Penn.

Twice in 1971 she went to Washington to protest the Vietnam War - once with 36 other women who chained themselves to the fence around the Executive Office Building. At a protest two weeks later, she was arrested.

During a three-month teachers' strike the next year, Fernandez cofounded the Parents Union for Public Schools, which she helped lead until 1982.

\* Fernandez was a tenured professor in Temple's School of Social Administration when the activist turned to politics.

She had begun teaching child advocacy at Temple in 1974, published the Child Advocacy Handbook in 1980 and earned a doctorate in urban education in 1984.

Then the university eliminated the Department of Child Care, one of the few in the nation in the 1980s.

Fernandez might never have run for Council if that department had remained intact, her husband said. Fernandez says it was time to go from policy teacher to policy maker.

Running for one of five at-large seats, Fernandez placed a respectable seventh out of 18 candidates in the 1987 primary.

Then, in 1991, she hired Cianfrani - and won.

But her detached style clashed immediately with that of her colleagues: She wanted to be "Doctor" Fernandez during roll calls.

"My gut told me that people were not going to like it," said Street, former Council president now running for mayor. His gut was right.

Fernandez was equally starchy about her courtesy title.

"You need all types in Council," she said. "I like to treat everyone with respect and . . . be treated with respect."

She believes that, as mayor, she will have the respect - and clout - to push an agenda through Council.

"I'm smart enough to know what my strengths are," she said, "and what my weaknesses are."

**Notes**

Road to City Hall

**Graphic**

PHOTO;

PHOTO

Fernandez

Happy Fernandez with her son John in 1965.

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***CHANGING FACE OF 7TH WARD WHEN W.E.B. DU BOIS WROTE OF THE CITY'S 7TH WARD A CENTURY AGO, IT WAS A STRONGHOLD OF BLACKS, PROSPEROUS AND POOR. TODAY, IT IS OVERWHELMINGLY WHITE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4725-TKY0-01K4-925R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

FEBRUARY 25, 1999 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Section:** FEATURES MAGAZINE: LIFESTYLE; Pg. D01

**Length:** 1907 words

**Byline:** William R. Macklin, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

The Rev. Walter Henry nods toward a row of impeccable townhouses around the corner from Mother Bethel A.M.E. Church, their burnished brass door knockers glimmering in the late-day sun. He confesses that he "wouldn't mind owning a home here."

Then Mr. Henry, an assistant pastor at the church, concedes that his desire to own a home in Society Hill "is really just in the fantasy stage."

It's an expensive fantasy.

Mother Bethel, the historic home of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, is nestled at the corner of Sixth and Lombard near the eastern end of the old Seventh Ward, just a block from those pricey townhouses, down the street from a row of posh apartments, and only yards from a half-dozen new homes that recently sold for upwards of $300,000 each.

Mr. Henry lives in a comparatively modest apartment across from the church. In his spare time the minister, who arrived in Philadelphia eight months ago, strolls his neighborhood, longingly admiring its impressive homes. And now and then, he considers how much things have changed since another newcomer, W.E.B. Du Bois, walked these streets a century ago.

Du Bois, a sociologist, activist and writer, surveyed the area near Mother Bethel for his pioneering study, The Philadelphia Negro, published in 1899 by the University of Pennsylvania.

In Du Bois' time, the ward - bounded by Spruce Street on the north, Seventh Street on the east, South Street on the south and the Schuylkill on the west - was the nexus of the city's black community, a mix of hard-working prosperity and incapacitating poverty. It was bustling, energetic and proud, and at a time when blacks made up just 4 percent of the city's population, nearly a third of the 30,000 people who lived in the ward were of African descent.

Today, barely 8 percent of the area's residents are black. Even the vaunted black upper class that made parts of the ward a showplace for what Du Bois called "estimable families" has been dispersed.

If Du Bois were looking to study "the Philadelphia Negro" today, he might feel compelled to survey the entire city, where the vast, economically diverse African American community makes up 40 percent of the population. In any case, the old ward is no longer the microcosm of black life researched by Du Bois.

"The neighborhood seems to have gone the way of so many city areas," says Mr. Henry. "People were not able to hold onto their homes, they wore down, and then other people bought them dirt cheap."

Why and how did life in the old ward change? And how do those changes mirror life for African Americans all over Philadelphia?

Tukufu Zuberi, a sociology professor at the University of Pennsylvania and an expert on the city's black community, sees the social and economic changes in the Seventh Ward as emblematic of factors that have challenged African Americans for the century since Du Bois.

Systemic racism and widespread job discrimination denied African Americans the chance to accumulate or maintain wealth, Zuberi says.

"In some sense, Du Bois saw it coming," says Zuberi. "He was arguing even at that time that black people were not being given an equal chance to participate in the gains of society."

In the Seventh Ward, those factors spurred high poverty rates through much of the first half of the century. That left the neighborhood ripe for developers who began buying up property in the 1950s, starting a process of relocation and redevelopment that would transform its racial and economic makeup.

"Philadelphia had a pioneering urban renewal plan, one of the first in the country," says University of Pennsylvania sociologist Elijah Anderson, author of the introduction to a 1996 reprint of The Philadelphia Negro.

"Developers went to the city and said, 'We are going to bring the area back.' But in doing that they ended up moving most of the black people out," Anderson said.

When Carlos Alverez and his family moved to Philadelphia from Puerto Rico in 1951, they rented an apartment in one of the bedraggled old homes that lined Lombard Street between Ninth and 10th. Many of their neighbors were African American, some were Italian, some were Jewish, and virtually all were poor, says Alverez, who now operates a flower shop across the street from where he grew up.

Alverez, who owns a pleasant, 18th-century home next to his shop, says the old neighborhood was "one of the worst ghettos in the city." But he also recalls it as a place of friendship and cooperation.

"Today, people go to work at 8, come home at 5, lock the door behind them, and never look back," says Alverez, 51.

Mark H. Haller, a professor of history and criminal justice at Temple University who has lived in three houses between Lombard and South Streets since 1968, disagreed.

"When I moved in, there was something like 19 kids being raised on my block," says Haller, coeditor of the book Peoples of Philadelphia. "It was an extremely cohesive place, a place where people got to know each other."

Alverez says he's also content in his "quiet and safe" neighborhood, but adds that some of his former African American neighbors were forced out as housing became increasingly expensive.

He recalls landlords eager to sell to developers, mailing out handfuls of eviction notices. His family's came in February 1961.

"We got a letter saying we had to move because they were going to tear it down," Alverez says. "I remember my mother and father talking about it: 'They picked the coldest time of the year for us to move.' "

Architect Stephen M. Goldner, who lives near Mother Bethel in one of six homes built two years ago on property he owned with two partners, says changes in Society Hill and parts of the old ward were driven by market considerations and nothing else. He says the expense of renovating or building homes is responsible for the high cost of properties there.

"Properties in Philadelphia are developed just like they are anywhere else - based on market demand."

The homes on his property sold quickly despite their prices of $300,000 to $400,000, says Goldner. He noted that even though there are few African Americans remaining in the neighborhood, he sees no effort to price anyone out of a home. And, he adds, within a block of his home are 14 low-income units - a sign, he says, that the area can and does accept diversity.

The low-income housing, with its red-brick facade fronting Lombard near Sixth, was completed in 1981 after a group of older residents won a nine-year legal battle in which they claimed that redevelopment in the neighborhood was pricing out longtime residents.

Edmund N. Bacon, who became director of the Philadelphia Planning Commission in 1949 and oversaw the redevelopment of Society Hill, says that even though he opposed having any area "become an enclave for the rich," it was important to attract wealthy property owners.

"We had a government program that gave subsidies and assistance to low-income people to help them find other housing . . . but I knew perfectly well that there was no way of salvaging Society Hill unless we attracted the very rich," Bacon says. "And we knew that it would take an antiseptic environment that was cleared of any remembrance of its lowly state for the rich to be comfortable."

Redevelopment did serve to lower population density in the old ward. Eighteenth-century houses that had been carved into multifamily dwellings were restored as single-family homes. What Du Bois found to be "a thickly populated district of varying character," with 30,038 people in 1890, housed just 14,046 people by the 1990 census.

While the area east of Broad bears little resemblance to the community Du Bois surveyed, west of Center City's main thoroughfare the old ward retains some of its original character. Economically and socially more stable than the area to the east, the ward west of Broad contained some of the finest "Negro residence sections of the city," Du Bois wrote. The well-maintained properties were largely immune to the sweeping physical changes that resulted from urban renewal.

The changes in the area's racial makeup were more dramatic. Penn sociologist Zuberi says that African American business owners and professionals, many of whom lived and worked west of Broad, faced challenges in the early part of the century that diminished their number and led many to leave the city.

Those challenges, according to Zuberi, included a racist backlash against black-owned businesses, especially service enterprises such as catering; the movement of factories and other places of work outside the city; an increase in the African American ***working class***, which prompted strong competition for housing; and the movement of whites from outlying parts of the city into the suburbs. All of this, he says, fueled the exodus of the ward's more affluent black families.

"In the '30s, '40s and '50s you begin to see the period where African Americans are beginning to move out of the city and into . . . enclaves in Germantown, Mount Airy, Wynnewood and Chestnut Hill, taking over homes and properties abandoned by whites," Zuberi says.

Work, the lifeblood of any community, was an issue. Du Bois considered the inability of African Americans to find and keep work one of the area's most pressing problems. His survey found that even as Philadelphia was riding the leading edge of the industrial revolution, most African Americans were relegated to menial work as servants and laborers, so-called Negro jobs.

Competition from hostile white immigrants made factory work hard to come by, and even when African Americans found jobs, they were often denied the chance for advancement and were paid less than their non-black counterparts, Du Bois asserted.

Little or no work meant little or no money, and that meant little or no chance for economic advancement, says Jacqueline Jones, chairwoman of the history department at Brandeis University and author of American Work: Four Centuries of Black and White Labor.

"Racism was institutionalized in the workplace," Jones says. "Blacks just weren't hired. And if they were hired they were kept in the most unskilled jobs - jobs you stayed in for life. As late as the 1930s, blacks were still being excluded from the city's industrial centers."

The same factors worked against African Americans throughout the country, says Jones. And so, despite significant economic progress in the century since Du Bois' study, African Americans have continued to lag behind whites in earnings.

A 1992 statistical report by the Census Bureau found that African Americans earned 54 percent of the median income of whites.

Du Bois, confronting the garbage-strewn gutters and overcrowded housing of the Seventh Ward, suggested that the suffering would be relieved not only by improvements in the economic condition of African Americans, but by the adoption of a middle-class standard of personal conduct by blacks.

Mia Bay, a history professor at Rutgers University, says that Du Bois, just 27 when he began his study, was naive and overly optimistic.

"There was so much segregation and racism that having blacks live next door to whites wasn't going to achieve a great deal," says Bay.

And what of Du Bois' legacy in the Seventh Ward?

Mr. Henry, the assistant pastor at Mother Bethel, worries that despite Du Bois' unprecedented work, the sociologist is little known and little understood among people who call the old ward home.

"There are plaques on the street," Mr. Henry says, "but I wonder if anyone knows who he really was."

**Notes**

W.E.B. Du Bois' "The Philadelphia Negro," 1899-1999

Last of three parts.

**Graphic**

PHOTO, MAP AND CHART;

PHOTO

The Rev. Walter Henry says he "wouldn't mind owning a home" in Society Hill, near the church, Mother Bethel A.M.E., where he is assistant pastor. But redevelopment in the 1950s in that neighborhood, part of the old 7th Ward, has made real estate prohibitively expensive for many. (BONNIE WELLER, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

Carlos Alvarez has lived on Lombard Street since 1951. The neighborhood, now gentrified, was friendlier in the days when is was a ghetto, he says. (GERALD S. WILLIAMS, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

This is roughly the view W.E.B. Du Bois would have had from his lodgings, looking north across Starr Garden Park to the 600 block of Lombard Street. (TOM GRALISH, Inquirer Staff Photographer)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2002

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[***KILLER ASKS FOR FREEDOM; \* Raymond Tanner cut his wife's head off in 1990 but he's better now, his lawyer says.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VW0-0H20-0027-X4JS-00000-00&context=1519360)

Dayton Daily News (Ohio)

February 22, 1999, Monday,

CITY EDITION

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**Section:** NEWS,

**Length:** 1922 words

**Byline:** Ken McCall Warren County Bureau

**Body**

On Valentine's Day 1990, Raymond Tanner, following weeks of severe depression and paranoid delusions, attacked his 21-year-old wife Maria with a carving knife in their apartment's parking lot. Tanner, then 33, stabbed his wife of two years repeatedly in the hands, forearms, face and neck, finally cutting her head off. Nine years later, Tanner's attorney says his client, who has been living and working in Dayton since 1996, is a "well individual" who no longer needs court supervision. Greg Howard said he will ask a Butler County judge Friday to end court supervision and other provisions of Tanner's 1996 release from the Dayton Mental Health Center.

That possibility horrifies and enrages the family of Maria Tanner, who believe Raymond Tanner was never insane and has "gotten away with murder."

"I'm madder than hell," said Maria's mother, Shirley Cleaver, who lives in Xenia. "And I get angry every two years.

JUSTICE

"I think he snowed them all. I always felt this case was thrown under the rug and into the trash, because the man was never insane.

"The whole thing is beyond me. How does a man get away with decapitating somebody? How does that happen?"

Tanner was found not guilty by reason of insanity in 1990 after forensic psychologists for the prosecution and defense found him to be insane at the time of the killing. Both psychologists stated Tanner suffered from paranoid delusions that his wife plotted to have him killed. One diagnosed him as having acute paranoid schizophrenia and another said he had either schizophreniform disorder or delusional paranoid disorder. They both concluded that he was incapable of distinguishing right from wrong or of controlling his actions.

In the days following his arrest, according to psychologist Roger Fisher, Tanner was "biting people and howling like a dog." At one point, Fisher said, Tanner "licked blood up off the floor of the jail."

Only five months later, however, Tanner was reported by a ward psychiatrist at the mental health center to be over his behavior problems and no longer showing signs of "active psychosis." Evaluations in August and September of 1990 found Tanner clear of delusions and hallucinations, obeying hospital rules, and asking to be taken off his medication.

Tanner was, in fact, taken off his medication soon thereafter and has remained free of symptoms ever since, according to subsequent evaluations.

It is exactly that speedy recovery that is so troubling to the Cleavers and others.

A 1992 state study of sanity laws found that most people found not guilty by reason of insanity have been previously diagnosed as mentally ill, have had several prior hospitalizations for mental illness and have had multiple contacts with law enforcement.

Tanner did not fit that picture.

In addition, schizophrenia is often a chronic illness that requires long-term medication, which Tanner did not need.

"He got away with it," said Robert Cleaver, Maria's step-father. "It's a simple fact.

"I don't care what that nutty psychologist … says. Paranoid schizophrenics supposedly always have to take the medication all the rest of their lives, but (Tanner) only had to for six months."

The Cleavers haven't been alone in their skepticism.

John Staup, director of the Butler County Mental Health Board, which administers Tanner's continuing treatment, said the unique case caused him "a lot of doubts."

"Because of the lack of history (of mental illness) and such a relatively short period before a full and complete recovery, I doubted whether the case had been handled correctly," Staup said.

"But over time, when I had the opportunity to review the case and talk to Mr. Tanner, I eventually became convinced that this was one of those instances of temporary insanity."

Troubled youth

Raymond Tanner was born on Oct. 19, 1956, to ***working-class*** parents in Cincinnati. The son of a truck driver and a housewife, Tanner was the sixth of 11 children. Although he is described as having a "fairly uneventful" childhood, Tanner was also said to be hyperactive.

"He was careless and sometimes behaved so as to create a substantial risk to himself," states a report by psychologist Fisher. "This problem was so acute the mother would sometimes tie Mr. Tanner to a chair so that she could attend to her other children without worrying about the defendant's getting himself hurt or into something."

Tanner was a poor student and dropped out of school in the ninth grade to work full time. He served in the U.S. Army Reserve for 2 1/2 years, but did not receive an honorable discharge. He was married for the first time in 1975 to a 16-year-old girl who was pregnant by him. The child was given up for adoption. They had another. The marriage ended in divorce in November 1976.

With the help of his brother, Tanner got a job with Ryan's Steak House, where he eventually met Maria. They were married in September 1987, but Fisher reported that Maria Tanner's diaries showed "a troubled relationship from the very beginning, with Maria feeling insecure, unloved and trapped."

After two miscarriages, Maria gave birth in 1989 to a girl, Roseanna. Tanner later said the baby brought him great joy.

"For the first time in my life, somebody had touched my heart," he told Fisher. "When the baby was born, I started laughing - for the first time in years I started laughing."

The laughter didn't last long.

The following November, the Tanners received a shock when a former girlfriend of Raymond wrote to tell him he had a 5-year-old illegitimate son, and that she wanted child support. This news greatly upset both Tanners and reportedly made Maria consider divorce.

But the couple took a much worse blow the following month when Roseanna, in the care of a babysitter, died of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome, beginning Raymond's downward spiral into clinical depression and, finally, psychosis. Tanner told one psychologist that the baby's death "sucked the life out of him."

Tanner later said he partially blamed Maria for the death, because he said he had a premonition and had begged her to go home from her job early.

He lapsed into a deep depression and during the final days before Maria's killing developed what psychiatrist Phillip Resnick called "severe paranoid ideas." Tanner became convinced, among other things, that Maria had hired a hit man to kill him, that he was being followed by airplanes and cars, and that some decorative plates he had purchased were signs of the end of the world. In addition, he kept imagining that he smelled gas.

On the day before the killing, the Tanners went at Maria's insistence to a cemetery to hear a sales pitch about pre-paid burial plots. The experience played directly into Raymond's delusions, convincing him that Maria wanted him dead.

Tanner later said he got no sleep that night, and hadn't slept for three days.

The next morning, he told Fisher, "Something made me go completely crazy. I didn't know who I was, where I was or what I was doing. I'd been so long without sleep, I went off the deep end."

Tanner began throwing plates, then began threatening his wife.

At that time, Shirley Cleaver called her daughter.

"She was yelling, 'Mommy, Mommy, help me. Mommy help me, he's going to kill me.'" Cleaver said last week.

"I was yelling, 'Run Maria. Get out of that house and run.'"

Maria did get out of the apartment, but she didn't get away.

A neighbor driving into the parking lot witnessed Tanner stabbing Maria "about the head and body," Cleaver said. The woman, who has since gone to Xenia to talk to Cleaver and visit Maria's grave, fled into her apartment and called 911.

"Now she says she wished she had run him over."

'A well individual'

Tanner's attorney, Howard, said his client has completely recovered and it's now time to end his court supervision.

Tanner has to see a psychologist twice a month, a case worker once a week, refrain from drugs and alcohol and submit to random urine tests, own no weapons, and engage in no threatening or violent behavior.

"Just from my discussions with him," Howard said last week, "I don't see the need for those to continue.

"He's doing great. He's completely self-sufficient. He's employed. He's paying his own bills. He's a well individual and doesn't need all these programs."

Despite the stresses of his life, which included one firing when an employer found out about his history, Howard said Tanner has coped well with the real world and is now working "somewhere" in Dayton as a delivery man. Howard said Tanner and his family just want to be left alone.

He will ask the judge to allow Tanner to continue therapy on a "voluntary, as-needed basis."

"I've known him for nine years," Howard said. "I don't think there's any danger of him relapsing at any time."

Like Tanner's attorney, Staup, director of the mental health board, said Tanner is "doing well" and has shown no signs of mental illness.

Staup also agrees that it's "appropriate" to change Tanner's mental health plan to make his visits with professionals less frequent. He won't advocate closing the case, however.

Nevertheless, Staup thinks there is little danger to the public from Tanner's release, because a psychosis would take weeks to develop and Tanner now knows what symptoms to look for.

"People always think a person can just snap at a moment's notice," Staup said. "That rarely happens. It didn't even happen in this case."

Howard is sure his client understands his situation and would seek treatment if symptoms recur.

"I don't have any doubt that he would do that."

Judge will decide

Tanner's future will be up to Butler County Common Pleas Court Judge H.J. Bressler. If previous experience in the case is any indication, the judge will be heavily influenced by a new psychological evaluation done by Resnick, a psychiatry professor at Case Western Reserve University School of Medicine.

Resnick's evaluation and recommendations in 1996 were followed closely by then-Judge George H. Elliott in granting Tanner's release from hospitalization.

Resnick said last week he examined Tanner on Feb. 10, but refused to discuss the results of the examination or his recommendations before the hearing.

The psychiatrist agreed that Tanner doesn't fit the usual profile for those found not guilty by reason of insanity. But, he said, that's because Tanner is not schizophrenic.

"He had a major depression with psychotic features," Resnick said. "Depressions, even with psychotic features, may clear completely and do not have the chronic conditions."

Tanner's recovery was neither rare, nor surprisingly fast, he said. The average length of hospitalization for psychotic patients, he pointed out, is two weeks.

"Seven months isn't quick," Resnick said. "Seven months is very conservative."

This is all very difficult for Maria's family to accept - and Howard and Staup say they realize that.

"If I were a member of the victim's family," Howard said, "I think I would be appalled."

But you have to remember, he said, that Tanner was found not guilty.

"He regrets it. He is very remorseful. He was from day one. They don't believe it."

The Cleavers, meanwhile, are left coping with the emotional devastation.

Shirley said she hopes the court will continue some kind of monitoring, because she otherwise fears Tanner will just disappear and kill again.

Still, she expects the judge to let Tanner go, and it makes her bitter.

"He didn't serve any time for my daughter's murder," she said. "That's what I'm so mad about, they didn't do anything. They sent him to a hotel for a couple years."

\* CONTACT

Ken McCall at (513) 743-5309 or e-mail him at [*ken\_mccall@coxohio.com*](mailto:ken_mccall@coxohio.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO: ASSOCIATED PRESS Raymond Tanner (shown during a 1996 news conference by his attorney) lives and works in Dayton and has asked to be released from court-ordered supervision.

**Load-Date:** February 23, 1999

**End of Document**



[***IT'S ALL IN THE BALL< WITH HIGH-TECH ENGINEERING INSIDE AND OUT, THE BOWLING BALL< IS CRASHING INTO THE COMPUTER AGE. CRITICS SAY THE CHALLENGE< AND INTEGRITY OF THE SPORT ARE FALLING ALONG WITH THE PINS.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CF80-01K4-93JM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

JUNE 27, 1996 Thursday SF EDITION

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**Length:** 1704 words

**Byline:** Bob Fernandez, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Body**

With ceramic cores and lane-gripping shells, the lowly bowling ball has gone so high-tech it's now sometimes called a "hook-in-a-box" or "cheater ball."

Spurred by tests in the early 1990s that showed exactly how to bowl a pin-smashing game, bowling-product companies are furiously developing balls designed to hurtle down the lane, swerve sharply and smash into the head pin for a strike.

"The only thing left is to put a remote control in the ball and charge $400 for it," said Frank Lynch Jr., outside the cubbyhole bowling equipment pro shop he runs inside Erie Lanes, located in a ***working-class*** neighborhood at M Street and Erie Avenue in Philadelphia.

In a seemingly unlikely arena for technology to run wild, new bowling balls go by names like After Shock and Danger Zone and Omega, retail for more than $175 and have quietly and relentlessly transformed bowling into a sport where it might not be the most skilled bowler who wins the game, but the bowler with the best ball.

Sophisticated in design, devastating with the pins and relatively expensive, these new balls have led to a sport-wide run-up in scores and prompted bowling officials to re-examine equipment regulations.

One regulation states that balls cannot use metal ballast for weighting. The stipulation is fallout from the "Dodo ball" controversy earlier in this century, when bowlers poured hot metal into balls to cause them to hook.

But metal ballasts pale in comparison to the technology being brought to bear on America's lanes today. Ball manufacturers are designing core systems on computers and encasing those cores in lane-gripping, plasticlike materials that together produce a sharper hook and more strikes. About 1.8 million bowling balls are sold each year, with an average price of about $70. The high-tech models go for as much as $250.

"You don't have to practice anymore to be a 200-point player," said Dennis Baldwin, president of Faball Enterprises, a company in Baltimore that recently fell behind in the race for a better ball.

"You can buy a hook-in-a-box," he said, referring to the idea that high-tech bowling balls now come with a hook.

Bowlers like Barbara Armstead, 39, of Mount Airy, say altering lane conditions, or changing the amount and viscosity of mineral oil spread on the lanes, have helped bowlers increase scores in recent years.

But the new balls have added more punch to their throw, too. With resin balls, "the pins fly, which increases your chances of knocking down anything standing up," she said.

"These resins are unreal," continued Armstead, a research specialist at the University of Pennsylvania Cancer Center. "Once they hit the dry portion of the lane they take a left turn. It gives us pin action like we have more revolutions on the ball than we do." Pin action refers to pins rebounding off the wall and back onto the lane, knocking down more pins. Indeed, something is happening in bowling.

Figures from the sport's main governing body, the American Bowling Congress/Women's International Bowling Congress, show bowlers racking up perfect 300-point games in unprecedented numbers during the last five years.

Since the 1990-91 season, bowlers have more than doubled the number of 300-point games thrown in sanctioned tournaments and leagues. Five years ago, the number of 300-point games bowled by women was 293. In the 1994-95 season, the number was 622. For men, five years ago the number of 300-point games was 14,192. By 1994-95, the number had risen to 29,032.

This happened as the ranks of sanctioned bowlers declined - significantly: a 25 percent drop for women and a 19 percent decline for men. Thus, fewer bowlers are throwing more perfect games. Sanctioned bowlers are members of the ABC/WIBC.

"These balls," said pro bowler Mark Roth of Wall Township, N.J., "are so powerful they're like putting a loaded weapon in someone's hand."

Ebonite International is one of the nation's largest bowling-ball makers. Randy Teitloff, manager of product development and engineering for the company in Hopkinsville, Ky., acknowledged that "the equipment has masked a lot of inconsistencies."

Said pro shop owner Lynch: "As long as somebody is a half-decent bowler, I can put reaction in their hands. The public wants to see hook and the more hook they see, the happier they are." Along with the Erie Lanes, Lynch runs pro shops at the Adams Lanes at Adams and Foulkrod Streets in Philadelphia and La Martinique Lanes on the White Horse Pike in Stratford, N.J.

Some critics say, however, that the emphasis on technology is undermining the sport.

Bowling is in a crisis, said Edward Tenner, a fellow at the Woodrow Wilson Center at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington and author of the recently published Why Things Bite Back: Technology and The Revenge of Unintended Consequences. Bowling policy-makers should make an effort to devise regulations that maintain the challenge in the sport, he said.

"All sports could learn a lot from golf, which has allowed significant technological change but hasn't let change run away with the game," Tenner said.

Since the early 1970s, the United States Golf Association has approved for competition the two-piece golf ball, the cavity-backed golf club and the graphite club shaft. Frank Thomas, technical director for the USGA, maintained that these innovations had not given any player an unfair advantage. "All of these innovations have made the club cheaper to make and have helped the average player but have not helped the superstar or elite player," Thomas said.

So how did a technology race intrude upon the sport of tenpins?

Some say the craze for the best ball began in the early 1980s when urethane replaced plastic and hard rubber balls because it provided more hook. Ball innovation accelerated in the early 1990s after the ABC/WIBC tested ball rotation, spin, pin behavior and lane conditions.

"Everybody had their opinions [about scoring], and I was an engineer and I wanted to bring some scientific facts to the table," said Dan Speranza, manager of equipment specifications at the ABC/WIBC, of his effort to test lanes and balls.

Speranza asked math professors from the University of Wisconsin to devise equations on ball dynamics, and he used radar sensors on testing lanes to follow ball speed. He studied pin fall by rolling balls down ramps into the pins.

The ramp tests showed the importance not only of where the ball hit the head pin for a strike, but of the angle at which the ball hit the head pin, Speranza said. The sharpest entry angle for the ball nearly doubled the size of the strike pocket, or the area where a ball contacts the head pin and still scores a strike, when compared to the shallowest entry angle, he said.

With the rise of computer technology, ball development at first focused on the core. No longer did designers have to experiment with balls containing cores shaped like beer cans or plunger heads. The computer could tell them how balls would behave with certain core shapes, and this sped the design-to-prototype cycle to less than a month.

"It was impossible to do some of these things before computers," said Bill Wasserberger, a ball designer with Brunswick Corp. of Muskegon, Mich. Wasserberger, 37, who said he got interested in the dynamics of bowling balls as a youngster, received a patent in August on a process he called "lightweight dynamic integrity," which is used to design bowling balls.

Flare is a recent advancement in ball design, and it was largely led by a better understanding of cores. It forces a ball to constantly shift the surface touching the lane, thus creating a series of oil rings on the ball as it travels down the lane. When the ball reaches the unoiled back end of the lane, it will be rolling on dry ball surface, providing a better grip on the wood.

That grip is provided by polymers used in the cover stock. These "reactive resins" skid through the oiled portion of the lane and grab the unoiled back end of the lane. The core then delivers the hook. "Right now everybody is riding the reactive resin train," Ebonite's Teitloff said.

One of the best examples of a ball designed for flare is the After Shock from Columbia Enterprises in San Antonio, Texas. The cross section of this ball almost resembles a spaceship module. The center is a dense ceramic weight that is surrounded by a football-shaped core, with hockey puck-shaped flare-delaying caps at each end.

For years, Faball Enterprises, which gets its name from contracting the words "fabulous ball," sold what were widely considered the sport's best urethane bowling balls - the Blue Hammer and the Burgundy Hammer.

Faball owner Dennis Baldwin said that the first reactive resin balls had jerked on the lane, and that he had thought they were a fad. Equipment makers, however, quickly solved the jerky ball behavior, and sales of reactive resin balls took off.

In May, Faball filed for protection from creditors in bankruptcy court, placing some of the blame on the company's bad bet on urethane. Baldwin said he had learned a lesson and expected Faball to emerge from bankruptcy protection intact and stronger than ever. The company is now selling a reactive resin ball with a dense core. "We were wrong" about reactive resin, Baldwin said. "Everybody makes mistakes."

In Greendale, a suburb of Milwaukee, where operators at the ABC/WIBC offices answer the phone with the greeting "Bowling Headquarters," officials are considering new regulations on equipment to make scoring more difficult. One approach may be new specifications for pins, which are manufactured from maple wood and sheathed in plastic. Pins weigh about 3 pounds, 6 ounces.

Making the pins heavier is one choice; another option is to push the pin's center of gravity closer to the ground. This would make the pins harder to knock down. "We're investigating it now," Speranza said. "I don't think weight is the secret."

In Hopkinsville, San Antonio and Muskegon, meanwhile, bowling-equipment makers are coming up with the next-generation ball. A new ball - with some new bell or whistle - is announced by a manufacturer every few weeks.

"I feel sorry for the people coming after us because we're going to run out of ideas," Teitloff said. "We're on a merry-go-round and it's going fast."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, DIAGRAM AND CHART;

PHOTO (2)

1. Frank Lynch Jr. displays some of the high-tech balls. "The public wants to see hook," he said. (For The Inquirer, NANCY WEGARD)

2. Frank Lynch Jr. drills finger holes in one of the high-tech balls at his pro shop in Stratford. "As long as somebody is a half-decent bowler, I can put reaction in their hands," he said. (For The Inquirer, NANCY WEGARD)

DIAGRAM (4)

1. Columbia's After Shock (high-tech bowling bowl)

2-3. The text that unleashed the bowling ball wars

4. Traditional bowling ball

CHART (2)

1-2. While the number of sanctioned bowlers has declined in the last five years. . .the number of 300-point games has soared. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, CYNTHIA GREER)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

**End of Document**



[***London calling;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VJ4-01Y0-009B-P26S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***A lifetime isn't enough time to know England's great city. And there's far too much to squeeze into just a few days. But the call of London is insistent, and our correspondent couldn't resist trying. She combines old favorites, a couple new ones and serendipity to make for a fine time in the old town.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VJ4-01Y0-009B-P26S-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

January 10, 1999, Metro Edition

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**Section:** 48 hours; Pg. 1G

**Length:** 2095 words

**Byline:** Catherine Watson; Staff Writer

**Dateline:** London, England

**Body**

What do you do when there's a whole city at your feet and you have only a couple of days to give to it? Besides die of frustration, I mean. The question gets tougher when it's this city, the imperial city, the world city: London.

This is a delicious dilemma, and one that ties me in knots every time I manage to get here, as I did for a few days in early November.

Even if you had a lifetime, instead of a vacation, you couldn't know this city. Greater London's population is more than 7 million now, but it's been too big to "know" for centuries. Unless, I guess, you're a London cabbie.

Whenever I travel to a place I've been before, I aim for a mix of old experiences - things I already know will be enriching - and new haunts. It's something of a struggle, because human beings are creatures of habit, and habits form simply by walking down the same street twice:

So do you go to that cute little restaurant you ran into last time? Or try the place three doors down that may not be as good? Here are some tips on how to approach such questions and some specifics in case my examples sound appealing.

Explore a new neighborhood

Until this visit, the little neighborhood called Clerkenwell was a place I'd visited only because I was doing research at the Greater London Public Records Office, which is located there.

Officially part of Islington, Clerkenwell lies just north of the City, which was the original London and remains its financial and legal heart. The nearest Tube (subway) stops are Farringdon Station and Angel.

Once a village, Clerkenwell still has a village feel, with shady streets and twisting lanes and its own small village green (now paved). The name refers to "Clerks' Well," a medieval well - still extant - where law clerks met to perform religious plays. Other wells in Clerkenwell survive in the name of one of London's most famous theaters, Sadler's Wells.

In the three years since I'd last seen it, Clerkenwell had evolved into one of London's newest fashionable venues, with old offices turning into expensive flats and ***working-class*** shops turning into clean-walled, polished spaces given over to antique books, design studios, hard-edged hairdresseries, clothing shops and art galleries.

Because the old shopfronts are "landmarked," meaning they have historical significance and can't be changed, I kept doing double-takes at such incongruities as a butcher shop whose windows displayed handmade silver jewelry instead of steak.

Also in the last three years, Clerkenwell citizens and business owners had banded together to create a historic walking trail, inspired by the Freedom Trail in Boston, Mass., right down to the metal markers in the sidewalks. A well-done booklet describing each site is available at many neighborhood shops. More help will be available from the Clerkenwell information center that should open this winter near the green.

Find a new restaurant

I stuck to Clerkenwell for discovery of new restaurants. As the area develops, more small, chic restaurants will spring up like shiitake mushrooms. Two that are there now are Moro - credited by locals with igniting the revitalization when it opened about 18 months ago - and Chez G erard. The two stand little more than a block apart at the north end of the neighborhood.

Moro, on a short street called Exmouth Market, is the more original, drawing its mood and menu from southern Spain, Turkey and Morocco. (A three-course meal runs about $ 30 per person without wine; on the night I was there, the menu included hot yogurt soup with walnuts and coriander; pumpkin kibbe stuffed with pine nuts and chard, and for dessert, a cake flavored with bitter chocolate, coffee and cardamom.)

Opening the restaurant tied in "with the trend to the East (End) in London," Mark Sainsbury, one of its founders, told me just before the dinner rush one evening. His family has a food connection - Mark is a son of Lord Sainsbury, founder of an extensive British grocery store chain - but the restaurant was a risk.

"It was a bit of a shot in the dark," the younger Sainsbury said, "but by the end of our first week, we knew we hadn't made a mistake." That's a bit of English understatement: Moro was recently named best new restaurant in London by the BBC.

Chez G erard is part of a London chain. This one is in a former bank building, just off Exmouth Market. The decor is sleekly industrial, meaning high ceilings, a stark white-and-black color scheme and lots of chrome, but the menu is updated French bistro. It promises "the best steak-frites this side of Paris," but it also comes through with such unexpected main dishes as a four-mushroom tart - four types of mushroom - topped with fried eggs. Dinner for three with wine and rather heavenly creme brul ee came to about $ 125.

Go for a hike

You can easily tour London by bus - including the famous big red double-decker buses - but you get a whole different sense of the city if you walk. This visit, I took three tours with "The Original London Walks," an organization I'd encountered nearly 20 years before.

I'd done its best-known tour back then - to the East-End neighborhoods where Jack the Ripper prowled. That's still being offered, virtually daily, but the options have expanded to dozens of other themed tours, including "The Beatles' 'In My Life' Walk"; landmarks in Princess Diana's life; the neighborhoods of Charles Dickens, Oscar Wilde, George Bernard Shaw and Jane Austen, and tours by taxi or train to Stratford-on-Avon, the Cotswolds, Bath, York and Stonehenge.

(There's even a branch of London Walks in Paris: Paris Walks at 10 rue Samson, 93200 St. Denis, France; e-mail Pariswalking@ compuserve.com)

Tours are given, come rain or come shine, and require no reservation. You just show up at the meeting point listed in the London Walks brochure, pay the guide 4.50 (about $ 7) and spend the next couple of hours walking and listening.

I opted for two of the Princess Diana tours (see related article) and another of the mysterious Inns of Court, the core of the British legal system, where barristers (trial lawyers) train and office. We had heavy rain on all three tours, and they were delightful anyway.

The London Walks brochure is available at tourist offices and many hotels and sights. Or check out its Web site at [*http://london.walks.com*](http://london.walks.com), or e-mail [*london.walks@mail.bogo.co.uk*](mailto:london.walks@mail.bogo.co.uk) for information.

See a new museum.

I'm overdue to see the Globe Theater - the wonderful replica of Shakespeare's "wooden O" on the south bank of the River Thames - and I've always wanted to tour the "Cutty Sark," one of the last of the clipper ships, on view at the waterfront in nearby Greenwich.

But I decided to save those outdoor experiences for warmer weather, when I could investigate the ship without a bulky winter coat and when plays are performed on the Globe's outdoor stage and you can stand in the pit and talk back to the actors, 16th-century style.

I opted instead for the wonderful but undervisited Museum of London at 150 London Wall (Barbican, St. Paul's or Moorgate tube stops). It covers life in what would become London from 400,000 years B.C. to the present day, which is like saying it covers European civilization, but what I went to see was a fascinating and slightly grisly exhibit that opened at Halloween.

Called "London Bodies," it runs until Feb. 21 and stars some of the museum's collection of 6,500 skeletons of former Londoners. The show's curator made no bones (sorry) about its rationale: The Museum of London's visitor count has dropped steadily since it opened 20 years ago, and this was a way of drawing more people in.

The bones told disturbing stories, like the S-curved legs of a malnourished 18th-century child with rickets. Or the pelvis of a medieval woman with a sprinkling of tiny bones inside. I wasn't the only person who gasped as the meaning of those miniature bones sank in. The woman had died in childbirth, and the baby had died with her.

Not everything was heart-rending, though. I was particularly intrigued by Roman-era skulls with distinctive flaring jawlines - common 1,900 years ago, but rare in London's population now.

This trait would have made the men look like stereotypical Mounties - Roman versions of Dudley Do-right. For the rest of my stay, I eyed the jawlines of London men - on the street, in stores, in the Tube - and spotted at least one of these unique jaws a day. Old genes are still drifting around in the population.

Go shopping

You know you'll shop anyway, so plan for it. I set aside a scrap of late afternoon and early evening, on a day when stores had longer pre-Christmas hours, and set out for Harrod's, the world's best-known department store. I planned to start there and work my way through some of Knightsbridge's other appealing monuments to capitalism.

But after I'd checked my camera bag in Harrod's left-luggage department across the street, a space larger than most normal stores; after I'd had tea in one of Harrod's 19 restaurants (really: 19), and after I'd battled the crowds in Harrod's ground-floor Christmas boutique, there wasn't much time left for trolling other establishments.

So I spent all the rest of my shopping time and budget in Harrod's. And loved it. The grand escalators are worth the trip alone. The store, I'd learned on one of the walking tours, has 5,000 employees; will do nearly 1 million ($ 1.5 million) in the first hour of its annual January sale, and has a dress code for its visitors, not just its staff. It even boasts its own antiques shop, where you can gawk at dining room tables fit for palaces - and some that used to be in palaces.

See a play.

I don't advise going all the way to London to see big Broadway musicals, or even big British musicals, because you can probably catch those at home eventually, whether live in New York or the Twin Cities or on a movie screen or video. It's more interesting to look for stuff you can't see elsewhere - British playwrights, British actors - at the smaller West End theaters.

Besides making reservations from home (Ticketmaster, among others), you can wait till you're in London and check what's available at the half-price ticket agency in Leicester Square (in the morning for same-day matinees, in the afternoon for same-evening performances).

Formerly a quadrangle bounded by thickly trafficked streets, Leicester Square is now a pedestrian plaza in the middle of the West End's entertainment district. It's busy during the day, but after dark it's a party.

Signs in the Tube stations in this crowded, exhilarating, slightly seedy part of town warn against pickpockets. So don't carry a lot of cash, and what you do carry should be difficult for anybody, even you, to get at.

If you're willing to pay full-ticket price, and there's a play that appeals, contact the theater directly, by phone or by just walking up to the box office. On a prior visit, that approach got me a good seat on no notice for the Edward Albee play, "Three Tall Women," with actress Maggie Smith playing the lead.

What sounded good this fall was "Alarms and Excursions," a pleasant collection of comedy sketches, starring Felicity Kendall. I bought a ticket at the Gielgud Theatre's box office about 90 minutes before curtain time, got a quick meal at a nearby restaurant and walked back in time to claim my $ 40 seat. The play wasn't memorable, but the evening was.

The weekly London Theatre Guide, available free at tourist venues and hotels around town, will tell you what's on. You can also check its Web site, [*www.OfficialLondonTheatre.co.uk*](http://www.OfficialLondonTheatre.co.uk).

Do something touristy

I'm assuming that repeat visitors will have done a lot of touristy things already. And will, in fact, believe that such things are now beneath them. But knowledge is cumulative, and sometimes it can use a booster shot. Besides, what's touristy in London is knock-your-socks-off terrific in most other places.

Even if you've seen them before, the Crown Jewels are still luscious. The Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace is a world-renowned tradition. Tussaud's, the famous wax museum, is the most visited site in the city. And the stories the Beefeaters tell at the Tower of London are still scary - and true.

Pick one of these and go indulge yourself - even if it's nothing more demanding than heading for Trafalgar Square and hanging around the fountains with the pigeons. Whatever you pick, it'll be interesting. That's what made these things touristy in the first place.

(For general information on London, contact the British Tourist Authority in New York at 1-800-462-2748.)

**Graphic**

Map; Map; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** January 12, 1999

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[***REVOLUTION ROCK; WITH A NEW CLASH EXHIBIT AT THE ROCK HALL, MICK JONES AND TERRY CHIMES; LOOK BACK ON 'THE ONLY BAND THAT MATTERED'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M6H-8F60-TX33-C25K-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

October 26, 2006 Thursday

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT; COVER STORY; Pg. W-20

**Length:** 2647 words

**Byline:** SCOTT MERVIS, PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE

**Body**

Little Stella Jones might be the world's youngest Clash fan. The 2-year-old with dark wavy hair is darting around the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, chased by various family members, wearing a little black skirt and black Clash T-shirt.

"Where do you find a Clash T-shirt that small?" I ask her father, Mick, the man who wore one of the guitars in that band.

He leans close like he's going to reveal a secret.

"You can get them at Henne's," he says, with an incredulous look on his face. "Do you believe it?"

Mick Jones sounds almost embarrassed that you can buy a Clash T-shirt for a toddler in the giant British retailer that's been called the "IKEA of clothing stores."

Then again, he never expected to find his guitar, white leather jacket and other shreds of Clash history behind glass in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

"It's pretty weird," he says, viewing the new exhibition on the fifth floor. "It's strange being alive and getting to museum level."

"Revolution Rock: The Story of the Clash," which opened last weekend, is the first major examination of a punk rock band at the Hall of Fame in Cleveland. To assemble it, the curators had Jones clear out his closet of stylish military-punk attire and rummaged through Joe Strummer's garage for hand-written lyrics, press clippings and guitars.

"Craig [Inciardi, one of the curators] said, 'You have all this stuff that needs to be looked after and needs to be preserved,' " says Lucinda Mellor, Strummer's widow, "and he sifted through damp boxes full of endless sheets of lyrics and bashed-up guitars and old carrying cases and he said, 'This stuff is worth putting in a museum,' and I just couldn't believe it."

Among the items sure to grab Clash fans are the vintage poster designs. But one that stood out had no color and no graphics at all. It was simple black lettering on faded white paper announcing a gig on Aug. 29, 1976, at the Screen on the Green in England.

The bill: The Sex Pistols, The Clash, The Buzzcocks.

If anyone can get their hands on a good time machine, let's go!

London's burning

They were "The Last Gang in Town" and "The Only Band That Matters."

OK, CBS Records said that, so it was just hype, but as the '70s were coming to a close, it wasn't far from the truth.

The Sex Pistols got there first and combusted in a blaze of infamy, but The Clash were Britain's greatest punk export, starting as an outfit deemed too "crude" for American audiences and then living on to expand the possibilities of punk over a decade-long run.

Sitting in a back meeting room at the Rock Hall, Mick Jones, a lean figure in a pin-striped jacket, white shirt and gray slacks, sips a Heineken and recalls the band's early years. At 51, his mop of hair is mostly gone, and what's left is streaked with gray and combed straight back. He's soft-spoken and quick to smile, the kind of guy who treats you like a friend upon first meeting.

Jones says that back in the mid '70s, his mom, a Russian Jew, was living in New York and sending him home copies of Creem magazine, where he kept tabs on American punks like the Ramones, the New York Dolls and Patti Smith, who were offering an alternative to the excesses of ELP, Pink Floyd and other prog-rock bands.

"[The Ramones album] was a big influence on us in the early days of the Clash. But the Sex Pistols definitely made an impression. The first time you saw them it was like, 'This is it.' They truly were a revelation. You knew that everything that came before was over."

Jones had been playing in a hard rock band called the London SS, but was looking to form a new one. He taught his friend Paul Simonon to play the bass and, along with guitarist Keith Levene and manager Bernie Rhodes, they went looking for a singer.

"I'd seen him play quite a lot around town 'cause he was playing in a band called The 101ers," Jones says of Strummer. "They were kind of lumped in with the pub rock scene, but they weren't really. He and his band were all squatters. You'd see them play around town a lot. So, we were looking for a singer. We auditioned a couple guys and we had one who was OK named Billy."

"Billy" didn't get the job. Instead, they pried Strummer away from The 101ers and that band's covers of "Back in the U.S.S.R." Born John Graham Mellor, Strummer was the well-traveled son of a foreign service diplomat and had a nice middle-class, boarding-school upbringing compared to Jones' more roughneck ***working-class*** roots. Strummer was a converted hippie and leftist who related to a certain American folk legend so much he called himself "Woody" Mellor.

Then he saw the Pistols open for The 101ers in April 1976.

According to Mojo, when Strummer joined up with Jones and the gang he toughened up his image and "subjected himself to a crude punk make-over," complete with dyed blond hair, an ugly sneer and a violent streak that may have been sparked by the suicide of his brother.

Unemployment and youth dissension was raging in England and Strummer, so named for his furious guitar style, set out to be its mouthpiece with songs like "White Riot," "London's Burning" and "Career Opportunities." While Johnny Rotten just seemed to be flipping everyone off, Strummer looked like the guy who would lead you into battle.

"We weren't political like 'political party' political. We wouldn't form our own party like the White Panthers or anything," Jones says, referring to Detroit's MC5. "It was more like personal politics. We started to write about what affected us and our own concerns. People say, 'You guys were political,' but really we were only writing about what was going on around us."

Terry Chimes (a k a Tory Crimes), the Clash's original drummer, didn't care what Strummer was going on about -- in fact, he probably couldn't even hear it with all that racket. Along for the exhibition opening, Chimes says, "I was less aware of that than the others. I wanted the loudest, fastest, most energetic band going, and they were that."

The first Clash gig was opening for the Sex Pistols on July 4, 1976, at the Black Swan in Sheffield. Jones remembers riding there bouncing around with the equipment in the back of a "removal truck."

"It went all right," he says. "Paul didn't stop one number and just carried on playing. We were a bit nervous. Then when we came back a week later in Melody Maker there was a letter and it said, 'I saw the Clash in Sheffield last week and they were awful.' And that was the letter. We were all thrilled -- 'cause we were in the paper."

After another gig or two on the Anarchy tour, a second publication, On the Road, declared the Clash: "The First Band to Come Along Who'll Really Frighten the Sex Pistols."

Jones says that was never the goal, but Chimes remembers it differently. "I remember feeling, 'They're the ones we've got to beat. We've got to be better than them.' And I remember Mick saying, 'I don't see it that way. We're just different.' And I remember Joe saying, 'I'm with you. We've got to be better than them!' "

The Clash signed to CBS in the fall of 1976 and recorded its first album over three weekends later that year with the aim of simply getting the powerful live set on tape. "The Clash" is a set of raw, guttural, politically charged punk without even the polish of the Pistols' "Never Mind the Bollocks." The rhythms are rushed and erratic, and the two singers offer a yin-yang quality, with Strummer's sandpaper vocals offset by the high harmonies and melodic sense of Jones.

"We didn't want to know anything about production," Jones says. "We just wanted to get in, get it over with and just do it. That's why it sounds unlike anything else. It hasn't been tampered with in that way. It has a purity to it."

It was released in England in 1977 with the single "White Riot," but CBS considered the production too "crude" for American ears and released it here in modified fashion two years later, during which time it was snapped up as a hot import in indie record stores.

"The label didn't know what it was," Jones says of "The Clash."

The raw sound was cleaned up by producer Sandy Pearlman (Blue Oyster Cult) for "Give 'Em Enough Rope," the first Clash album to hit the States and the troubled middle child between the debut and the tour de force to come.

By the time they got to "London Calling" in late 1979, the Clash had moved well past the limitations of punk. The double-record set, named the No. 8 album of all time by Rolling Stone, found the band blending punk with rockabilly, funk, ska, dub and even disco in Jones' hidden track and first American hit "Train in Vain."

Was the band just bored with punk?

"Not really," Jones says. "We were always reaching out and responding to what was going on around us and playing the music we liked and we gradually developed into that. We were very instinctual in what we did. We knew we didn't want to do the same thing twice. We were very influenced by jukeboxes. There was one in our rehearsal studio, and it had a lot of old reggae on it."

If the record wasn't all punk, the cover photo of Simonon smashing his bass certainly was. It was shot at the Paladium in New York in 1979, the only time Simonon ever actually did that. The exhibit includes the broken bass and explanation: "The frustrating thing was the sound wasn't good and the audience wasn't allowed to stand up and dance. When you're angered you tend to smash things. Well, I do ..." In the end, he regretted doing it, because after that, he had to play the spare bass which was a lot lighter and didn't have "the guts."

The Clash became even more ambitious (read: self-indulgent) in 1980 with the sprawling, militantly left-wing and dub-heavy triple album "Sandinista!" which managed to alienate the punk base even further. The placard at the Rock Hall quotes Strummer saying they released it as three records "even though it would have been better as just a double album ... or a single album ... or maybe an EP! Who knows?"

By the "Combat Rock" sessions, Strummer and Jones were barely talking, drummer Topper Headon was addicted to heroin, and they couldn't even agree on what country it would be recorded in. Jones said at the time, "If you record in New York, I'll turn up," to which Strummer commented, "So we got a studio there so the Emperor could attend."

"Combat Rock," which brought the band to Pittsburgh for the first time in 1982 (Stanley Theatre and then Carnegie Mellon University) was the last real Clash album (no one counts "Cut the Crap") and the best-selling with two non-punk hits -- "Rock the Casbah" and "Should I Stay or Should I Go" -- that still get airplay. During that year, the band was also managing to get booed off the stage opening for The Who.

In September of 1983, Strummer and Simonon fired Jones for "drifting apart from the original idea of the Clash."

"Those 'musical differences' -- that's what they always say -- were just part of the whole thing," says Jones, who left before "Cut the Crap." "You must remember we'd been together for six years every day. We all got fed up, and we didn't really have a holiday. And there was other stuff going. But we soon became friends again."

The next battle

Jones went on to drift away from the original idea of the Clash with the cut-and-paste funk-pop band Big Audio Dynamite, an obvious influence on Beck and his ilk. Recently, he's busy raising Stella and her sister, in addition to older daughters, producing the Libertines and working with old London SS mate Tony James in a new project called Carbon/Silicon that puts its music on the Web for free.

Crimes/Chimes went on to become Dr. Chimes, a chiropractor practicing in England. The bio on the Chimes Chiropractic Web site begins, "After a successful career in music ..." without even mentioning that he was the on-again/off-again drummer for The Clash and later toured with Black Sabbath.

Asked if his patients are aware of his punk roots, he says, "This is amusing, 'cause some people are, other people say, 'Did you play for a band or something? Which one?' And I say The Clash, and they kind of look at me, like, very apologetic. They don't know who they are. Especially older ones. And then I say, 'And I played in Black Sabbath,' and they say 'Ahh, I know them' and they're kind of relieved and happy that they know it."

While The Clash may be an obscurity to some older back patients in England, they have no shortage of fans at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, where the band was the first British punk representative inducted in 2003. Jim Henke, the VP of curatorial affairs, wrote the cover story on the band for Rolling Stone in 1980. Warren Zanes, VP of education at the Hall and former member of Boston post-punk band The Del Fuegos, says he and brother Dan grew up as big Clash fans.

"The Sex Pistols I understood and loved as an idea," he says. "I understood and loved these guys as a band. For us it was like Tom Petty, The Clash, Chuck Berry, Dylan and the Band. For us, it was part of the same fabric. There was something continuous there."

Howard Kramer, curatorial director at the museum, doesn't need to rely on Rancid, Anti-Flag and half the bands on Warped alone. He can gauge the enduring popularity of The Clash by the T-shirts that walk through the door.

"You see a fair amount of Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd, AC/DC and the Stones. But you also see a lot of Clash T-shirts. Kids are still drawn to them because their music is real. There are a lot of punk bands out there that are a pale imitation of what The Clash did. They were a great band, had a great look, made great records and it's immortal, and I think the Clash should have an afterlife like Led Zeppelin did. They weren't around for a long time. They had a small body of work and everything's great."

The Clash also managed to resist the inevitable itch to tamper with the legacy. While most punks -- even the Pistols -- were trotting out the rotting corpse for reunion tours, The Clash stayed home, although there was talk that the band might play together for the induction ceremonies in March of 2003.

"Joe and I both wanted to do it," Jones says. "Topper would have done it as well. Paul strongly objected and so we were at that point. But we never reached an agreement on anything, so ... there you go. It just wasn't to be."

Strummer died of a heart attack just months before his Hall of Fame moment in December 2002. His last gig was a benefit concert in London on Nov. 15 with his worldbeat band, The Mescaleros. Jones had joined him on stage for encores of "Bankrobber," "White Riot" and "London's Burning."

Jones says of Strummer, "He was serious and he meant what he said and had a great heart."

Chimes, who left the band after working on the first album and returned to the fold a few times over the years, remembers Strummer as an intense character and bandleader.

"The band was never comfortable being comfortable. We always had to argue about something. Joe was never happy sitting down and relaxing, having a drink and enjoying himself. He never wanted to stop and enjoy the fruits of labor. He always wanted to fight the next battle."

Unable to deal with that torrid pace and disinterested in the band's politics, Chimes left and left again. "I suppose it was a selfish thing to do," he says, looking back at his first departure. "I suppose my leaving disrupted things. And Joe never forgave me for it, really. He used to say to me, 'You should have never left the band,' years and years later.

"I used to think the two of us would be 80-year-old men on the bench and he'd say, 'You should have never left the band.' And I'd say, 'For God's sake, give that one up!'

"I always thought that would happen," he adds, turning pensive, "and I'm a bit disappointed that it won't."

'REVOLUTION ROCK: THE STORY OF THE CLASH'

Where: Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, Cleveland.

When: Through April 15; 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. daily; till 9 p.m. Wednesdays.

Admission: $18; $14 seniors; $11 kids 9-12; [*www.rockhall.com;*](http://www.rockhall.com;) 216-781-ROCK.

**Notes**

WEEKEND MAG/ Scott Mervis can be reached at [*smervis@post-gazette.com*](mailto:smervis@post-gazette.com) or 412-263-2576.

**Graphic**

PHOTO: John Quinn photo courtesy of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum

PHOTO: Mick Jones and Terry Chimes with a Joe Strummer guitar last Friday at the Rock Hall.

PHOTO: The Clash -- Topper Headon, Mick Jones, Paul Simonon and Joe Strummer -- are the subject of a new Rock and Roll Hall of Fame exhibit and an Epic/Legacy boxed set called "The Clash -- The Singles."

**Load-Date:** October 27, 2006

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[***Valerie's story***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VCS-YMR0-009B-P45H-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

December 20, 1998, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Pg. 41A

**Length:** 2006 words

**Byline:** Dave Hage; Staff Writer

**Body**

Any parent can understand what drove Valerie Morris to move with her children to Minnesota. She got them out of a neighborhood infested with drugs and violence, and has built a safer, better life. Along the way, she received public assistance. Now Minnesota has changed its welfare laws to make success stories like hers more difficult.

In her resolute quest for a better life, Valerie Morris traded a seamy drug zone of south Chicago for a sunny apartment in south Minneapolis. She traded a welfare check for a paycheck. She uprooted her daughters from a neighborhood of bullets and decay, and replanted them on a leafy street where she can set them on a course toward the propriety and comfort she has so steadfastly sought for herself.

You would think these exertions might qualify Valerie as a heroine of America's new welfare system - an emblem of pluck, motivation and persistence.

But in Minnesota and 14 other states, parents like Valerie are pariahs. In the two years since Congress dismantled the old federal welfare system, these states have enacted residency requirements designed precisely to discourage poor families from moving in. Some states deter new residents from applying for benefits. Others, like Minnesota, pay them a lower-tier benefit.

The clash between parents like Valerie and states like Minnesota is one of the vexing legacies of the landmark welfare law that Congress passed in 1996. By changing the funding formula for family assistance, Congress transferred the financial risks of welfare to the states. This, in effect, penalizes states that have strong economies and safe neighborhoods - amenities that can trigger an influx of the poor. And these states in turn are penalizing clients like Valerie who are trying to make better lives, just as society asks them to do.

One visit to Valerie's old neighborhood in Chicago is enough to explain why she and her daughters left. West Englewood was once a bulwark of the black ***working class***, a neat gridwork of factories, churches, duplexes and bungalows. But the neighborhood went into a tailspin during the Rust Belt recession of the 1980s. Today it is dotted with weedy lots, abandoned factories and boarded-up houses. At last count, unemployment was 22 percent for women and higher for men.

In 1993, when her daughters were 12 and 1, Valerie began thinking about getting out. Her marriage had broken up after 11 years. Without child support from her ex-husband, she had to drop out of library school and move back in with her mother. The Chicago Public Library, her former employer, had a hiring freeze. Valerie couldn't find work and fell into a period of depression and sloth.

Telling her story with a combination of sunny charm and steely resolve, Valerie recalls thinking: "This is not how I want my daughters to see me - sleeping late and going to the currency exchange to pick up an aid check. I wanted my daughters to see me happy and productive."

Time to go

In the meantime, West Englewood had turned ugly. A community the size of Richfield, it has two to three homicides every month - the fifth-highest murder rate among Chicago's 77 neighborhoods. Block club volunteers are trying to reclaim its street corners from drug dealers, erecting signs that read: "No drugs. No loud music. No loitering." Even so, Valerie's mother, Magnolia Davis, won't let her grandchildren play outside unsupervised.

Valerie and her mother could sit on the front porch on summer evenings and watch teenage boys quarreling over drug deals across Garfield Boulevard. "They would come running across the boulevard waving guns," she recalls. "You'd have to jump up and run inside the house."

The turning point came one evening when Valerie's older daughter, Alexandria, strolled down to the corner store with a cousin. Shots rang out across Garfield Boulevard and the children had to dive onto a neighbor's porch to take cover. "This was not where I wanted to raise my daughters," Valerie says.

Meanwhile, a neighbor's daughter had moved to Rochester, Minn., and said it was a place where you could find work and make a fresh start. Valerie started talking to her mother about relocating. Magnolia, who had herself left rural Mississippi as a teenager in search of excitement and opportunity in the big city, told her: "I'll miss you, Valerie. But I'd be proud of you."

When another neighbor offered a ride to St. Paul, Valerie screwed up her courage and packed her bags. She arrived in Minnesota on Oct. 5, 1994.

What makes Valerie's story worth telling is not that she is extraordinary or exemplary, but that she is fairly typical of low-income Americans who move every year. Certainly, some migrants fit the ugly stereotypes - gaming the system or spreading social pathologies. But social scientists have spent a lot of time studying migration by poor Americans, and their conclusions contradict the stereotypes.

It turns out that poor parents who move across state lines have higher incomes, more education and fewer children than those who stay put. They are also more likely to get jobs than other poor adults, and less likely to draw welfare benefits, according to sociologist John Hartman of Columbia University.

Says Hartman: "Mobility seems to be a marker for the willingness to take risks and better one's family."

This research comes as no surprise to Valerie, who beneath a courtly exterior carries her own share of moxie. On her first night in Minneapolis, she found herself at the People Serving People shelter in downtown Minneapolis. She saw drunks on the sidewalk below her window and heard men making catcalls at the women inside. She tucked in her baby for the night, then sat down on the bed and cried. "If I can't find a better place for us, we're going home," she told the sleeping Alexis.

The next morning Valerie got on the phone with a list of other shelters and didn't quit till she found a vacancy. By that night she and Alexis were at St. Anne's Place, a small home for families in north Minneapolis. By December, she had a job at Target and an apartment of her own. Within 14 months, she would be off welfare.

Rep. Kevin Goodno, a Republican state legislator from Moorhead, has nothing but respect for motivated parents like Valerie. Still, he defends residency requirements on the grounds that some migrants might exploit the system. And even if the new arrivals are well-intentioned, he asks, why should Minnesota taxpayers foot the bill?

Goodno has a point. When Congress passed the Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Act in 1996, it rewrote the funding formula that had governed welfare for 60 years. Under the old system, Washington split the cost of welfare 50-50 with the states, whether caseloads went up or down. Under the new system, Washington gives each state a fixed annual "block grant." If caseloads go too high, state taxpayers pick up the cost. Worse, Congress wrote in penalties for states that fail to cut caseloads or place clients in jobs - even if migration is a cause.

The result is tremendous competition among states to cut caseloads and shed clients. "Even now, with caseloads falling, the federal law makes you look over your shoulder," says Deborah Huskins, Minnesota's assistant commissioner of human services.

Minnesota's solution was a residency rule passed by the Legislature in 1997. It's not designed to punish migrants, merely to remove welfare as an attraction. If you move here from a low-benefit state, you get that lower benefit for your first 12 months in Minnesota.

Valerie has no objection to residency rules; she scorns people who exploit the system. Nonetheless, a residency rule like Minnesota's would have pulled the rug right out from under her in 1994. Instead of $ 532 a month, the Minnesota benefit for a family of three, it would have paid her $ 370, the Illinois benefit. Valerie's rent alone was $ 390. And it was many weeks before she earned enough to cover her remaining expenses - phone bill, electric bill, clothing and bus passes.

You can be as tough as you like about personal responsibility, but it's hard to see how a single mother gets to the grocery store, arranges child care and hunts for a job without bus fare, a telephone or presentable clothes.

Even as it was, Valerie and the girls led a Spartan life: a drab apartment on Bloomington Avenue, occasional handouts for household linens. A big indulgence on Friday night meant a video from Blockbuster. A month when Alexis or Alexandria needed new shoes was a month when the phone bill didn't get paid. "You get lonely," Valerie says. "My mom would try calling those months when the phone was cut off and just say, 'Oh, Valerie's off the air again.' "

A new form of federalism

The clash between anxious states and mobile families is headed for the U.S. Supreme Court, which will hear arguments early next year on a California residency rule. Minnesota's law is under court challenge, and probably won't be enforced until the high court rules.

But even the Supreme Court can't untangle the contradictions created by the new welfare federalism. If the court strikes down residency rules, states with long traditions of generosity will face naked competition with the stingier states around them. "Residency requirements protect us from having to cut benefits," Goodno says.

But if the court leaves residency rules in place, it undercuts a valuable American tradition of mobility. And today, mobility is more important than ever. The 1996 federal law requires welfare recipients to get jobs. Yet statistics show that nearly half of all welfare families are concentrated in 10 states with the nation's highest unemployment rates. Many will have to move. "We pride ourselves on having an integrated economy," says political scientist Paul Peterson of Harvard University. "To discourage mobility is really a step backward."

Congress could resolve this contradiction with any number of modest changes. It could adjust the block-grant formula for states with growing poor populations. It could boost the grants of states that register significant immigration. It could even create new grants that help poor families relocate, not unlike existing refugee assistance.

Any one of these would restore the attractive features of the old federalism - giving states great autonomy, recognizing that poverty is a national problem, and supporting parents like Valerie Morris who, by any reckoning, are helping to solve society's problems.

It's a mild December evening, and Valerie is home from her job as office manager at the American Indian Business Development Corp. Alexis, now 6, is clearing dinner dishes. Alexandria, 17, has crashed early after a long day at Southwest High School and an after-school job at the Nordstrom department store.

It's four years since she left Chicago, and Valerie is celebrating the way things have worked out. It's been two years since her phone was last cut off. More than a year since she had to ask her mother for money.

Alexis, joining her mother on the couch, has news from kindergarten. "We went on a field trip today. We went to Wisconsin, to the Little House on the Prairie."

Valerie lights up at this news. She has read the Laura Ingalls Wilder books to both her daughters, and she fantasizes occasionally about moving to the country and opening a rustic bed-and-breakfast.

Alexis was delighted with the replica of the Ingalls house, but puzzled that it had no furniture. "Only leaves and gum wrappers," she reports. Valerie tells her the pioneers wouldn't have had gum wrappers - and wouldn't have had much furniture either.

"Those people must have been pretty brave to leave their old homes behind and move to new places," Alexis observes.

Valerie purses her lips and nods. Yes, she agrees, they must have been pretty brave.

- Dave Hage is a Star Tribune editorial writer.

In July#, newcomers represented about 7% of all families on cash assistance in Minnesota.

Of the 57,490 family and general assistance cases…

… 3,900 arrived within the last 12 months.

# Most recent figure available.

**Graphic**

Chart; Chart; Chart; Chart; Cartoon; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** December 22, 1998

**End of Document**



[***MENTORING TROUBLED KIDS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-44N0-002B-H1TC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***'One-to-one' program is a success, but more volunteers are needed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-44N0-002B-H1TC-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 20, 1992, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Variety; Pg. 1E

**Length:** 1866 words

**Byline:** Kay Miller; Staff Writer

**Body**

It is all so ordinary. So blissfully ordinary: Pizza on the table. Cans of pop and easy talk.

Hutch Earl has already picked every ripe tomato in Karen Kleinsteuber's garden and listened to Chuck's funny stories about the family vacation. Now, the 11-year-old's cross-trainers swing happily under the dining room table as he wolfs down hunks of pizza.

He doesn't talk for a while. Just listens to the patter of his family mentors, Karen and Chuck Kleinsteuber of Plymouth. They've made all the difference in the life of a kid deemed to be at-risk of delinquency five years ago.

With troubled kids seemingly on every hand, government money scarce and families so stressed that many cannot provide for their children's basic needs, mentoring has been touted as a salvation of sorts. In a year-long initiative to recruit adult volunteers, the Minneapolis Youth Trust has pulled 37 existing mentor programs under one umbrella called the Buddy System.

Some of its programs have very traditional configurations - long-term, one-on-one relationships that we associate with Big Brothers/Big Sisters programs.

But across the Twin Cities, mentorships are assuming other shapes as well: teams of adults tutoring squads of troubled children; a grandmother who teaches incarcerated kids at the County Home School to sew; and families guiding single mothers just out of chemical dependency treatment.

Hutch found his mentors through Kinship of Greater Minneapolis, a non-denominational, church-affiliated program whose participants have come from Catholic, Lutheran, Baptist, Evangelical Free and other churches.

Simple, direct and cheap

Author Marc Freedman said in his study, "The Kindness of Strangers," that mentoring programs are highly attractive because they appear simple, direct, cheap, legitimate and flexible ways for people to create social change. "The 'one-to-one' concept takes an overwhelming set of social problems, such as poverty, and makes them comprehensible by focusing on the needs of a single youngster," wrote Freedman.

And mentoring appears to work.

Look at studies of resilient children and one fact leaps out at you: Those children who thrived - despite being raised in grinding poverty and dysfunctional families - tended to have an adult or a special person who functioned as a mentor, says Sallye McKee, whose Youth Mentoring Institute this summer paired 135 low-income, mostly minority students with professors at the University of Minnesota.

As chair of the Youth and Volunteer Agency Alliance, Dean Larson has seen the number of such Twin Cities mentoring programs increase five-fold since 1985.

"There's a lot of talk about recruiting people to become mentors. But there comes a point that we have to ask, 'Why are so many people needed?' " says Larson, who as coordinator of H.C. Community Services Department's Friend To Child Program runs a mentoring program for some of the region's most troubled children.

By nature an optimist, Larson nevertheless said he believes that the systemic problems that have led to a geometric rise in numbers of children in poverty (one of every five in Minnesota), infant mortality, high drop-out rates, homelessness and unemployment go far beyond what volunteers can tackle.

"Are we missing some very basic needs for children and attempting to fix them by utilizing volunteer support later on, trying to correct what's not right in the beginning?" Larson asks.

The need for mentors has far outstripped the supply. Nineteen of the Buddy System's agencies, alone, estimated that 3,700 kids are waiting for mentors. Of those, 66 percent are at-risk of or have already engaged in destructive behavior.

Even Hutch - short and positively scrawny at 6 - was throwing rocks at cars for entertainment and swearing like a dockworker when he and the Kleinsteubers connected.

After Hutch's father left home, his mother realized that she alone could not provide everything her four children needed. Her daughter was acting like a little mother and her two oldest boys were getting into scrapes with the law. And moving as much as they had to, stability was hard to come by.

Martha Earl sought a strong male role model for Hutch. But she candidly admits hoping for mentors with the wherewithal to provide Hutch with experiences she couldn't - taking him to the science museum and the zoo.

Like other Buddy System mentoring programs, Kinship has a screening process that includes applications, three references, a police check and an interview. It's sufficiently thorough that one applicant showed up - in jest - with a copy of his fingerprints.

Needed: Stability, consistency

"We look for people who are stable, who can be consistent with the kids. A lot of our kids have moved around and have broken relationships. So what they need most is someone they can count on," says Dan Johnson, Kinship's executive director.

Kinship volunteers range from college students to retirees, but most are solidly middle class, Johnson said. "What we really need is people like the guy who works at the garage, or the bakery or ***working class*** people."

The vast majority of kids waiting for mentors are minorities, so there is an especially great need for African-American and American Indian volunteers, says David Moen, program coordinator of the Youth Trust.

Often, minorities haven't volunteered because no one has asked, says Tony Hunter, youth program director at the Neighborhood Involvement Program (NIP) in Minneapolis. Hunter has been unusually ingenious in recruiting minority volunteers - finding them on the Stairmaster at the YMCA, through KMOJ-radio sponsored block parties, in black corporate clubs - even at upscale nightclubs such as Glam Slam and Mississippi Live.

"I would like to see more black mentors, especially black men," says Etolia Biggs, a black computer specialist and NIP mentor. Biggs has found it a big plus for minority children to have role models of the same race. Regardless of race, however, she has found children's greatest need is to have someone - anyone - who cares about them.

Kinship has about 90 children - ages 5 to 15 - currently matched with mentor families. But it has another 70 waiting for family mentors. The degree of trauma that marks many of their lives is just one indicator of how bad things are getting for children generally, says Johnson.

Hundreds of kids need help

Volunteer mentors are being asked to befriend children with increasingly serious problems. At the Hennepin County Juvenile Detention Center, 80 adults volunteered last year to be tutor/mentors to hundreds of kids accused of serious crimes and incarcerated for as long as a year as they await disposition of their cases.

Mentors are warned that if they expect immediate results and feedback for their good work, they're probably in the wrong place. Children with violent histories often have learned to blunt their emotions; it can take a very long time for them to open up to new relationships.

"Yet, it amazes them that someone cares enough about them to volunteer time," says Marion Nelson, resource coordinator of volunteers at the detention center. "They might like staff, but they know they're paid to be here."

It's extremely important that mentors be consistent and do what they have said they will do, says Moen. These are children who have been let down by so many adults. When a mentor does it, it just confirms to them that they aren't worth much.

Like other mentors, Karen and Chuck Steinsteuber stress that they're not there to replace Hutch's family, or even to become a foster family of sorts. Martha Earl is a terrific, resourceful mother, says Karen.

They've had plenty of experience

But the Kleinsteubers have had plenty of experience with children. Chuck, 52, is a third-grade teacher at Northstar Elementary and full-time dispenser of wisdom. Until recently when Karen, 48, took a parttime job at a framing studio, she was a stay-at-home mom. By the time their own three children were grown, they had hosted four foreign exchange students.

Martha Earl is very pleased at the changes she's seen in Hutch during his five-year long association with the family. Hutch is now more attentive to schoolwork, more courteous, surer of himself. When his 12-year-old brother egged him to skip school, Hutch had the backbone to say no.

But Martha Earl is also curious: Surely, Hutch misbehaves when he's at the Kleinsteubers. And she wonders out loud what form of discipline they use.

"We don't discipline him," says Karen Kleinsteuber, slightly taken aback when the issue is broached during an interview. "We've never had to."

Hutch explains that he stopped throwing rocks after he met the Kleinsteubers because they provided more interesting things to do: canoeing, camping, visiting a dairy farm, baking cookies on a cool afternoon, reading.

But there's more. Chuck and Karen wouldn't like that kind of behavior, Hutch adds solemnly. And he wouldn't want to disappoint them.

After Hutch was caught shoplifting at Brookdale a couple of years ago, it was Karen who helped him work his way through readings suggested by mediators.

Never ones to doggedly moralize with Hutch, the Kleinsteubers are nevertheless very comfortable talking about right and wrong - setting firm boundaries. And there is, in the conduct of their lives, the consistent thread of doing right by others.

They hope that Hutch will make the connection between the kind of life that education has made it possible for them to enjoy.

And there's a lot to connect: The Kleinsteubers live at the end of a long, black-topped drive in a rambling, beamed home in Plymouth. They never could have afforded this place on Chuck's teacher salary, had they not built it themselves 22 years ago. It has a huge lawn where Hutch can romp with the family dogs, Gilley and Booj. The Kleinsteubers even put in a tennis court, complete with a basketball hoop at the end.

"Wanna go shoot some baskets?" Chuck asks Hutch after pizza.

"Against you?" Hutch challenges, trying to turn his 11-year-old soprano into a growl, "Chuck, you think you're so bad!"

Hutch is not scrawny any more

No longer the scrawny little kid that he was when he first came out here, Hutch at 11 is beginning to acquire the physique of a pre-adolescent.

As the sunlight turns to dusk, Hutch and Chuck play so spirited a game of HORSE that Hutch's lemon-blond hair becomes wet and he rips off his black White Sox sweatshirt. When Hutch scores more misses for Chuck than the mentor figures he deserves, Chuck calls out, "How do you spell HORSE? What are ya - Dan Quayle?" Chuck's constant, soft jibes are signs of affection. And Hutch's delighted giggles tell you he accepts them as such.

Though the mosquitoes are biting and Hutch is so tired that his throws start dropping shy of the basket, he wants to continue. Hutch never wants to quit while he's behind.

"We try to instill in him that if you stay in school and work hard," says Karen, "all things are possible."

Five years ago, the Kleinsteuber family signed on to be a friend to some kid considered at-risk of delinquency. Their commitment was to last one year.

Now, it's likely to last forever, Karen adds. After all, how do you put time limits on a friendship?

**Graphic**

Photograph

**Load-Date:** September 23, 1992

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[***FEAR AND LOATHING IN THE HEARTLAND / ONE THING AMERICANS AGREE ON: THEY'RE TIRED OF THE CLINTON SCANDAL.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:472R-DMR0-01K4-93KB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

DECEMBER 20, 1998 Sunday D EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL; Pg. A25

**Length:** 1874 words

**Byline:** Richard Jones, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

**Dateline:** RICHMOND, Ind.

**Body**

As he watched the numbers on the big-screen television set in motion the inevitable yesterday, Rob Owen - construction worker, proud Republican and even prouder Hoosier - noted that there was possibly only one thing worse than the last 11 months of bitterness, rancor, rhetoric, divisiveness, innuendo and lurid detail.

Eleven more.

"It's going to be a big circus - another O.J. Simpson," Owen said, considering the prospect of a long, drawn-out Senate trial while watching TV coverage of yesterday's impeachment vote at a restaurant on the outskirts of this small, ***working-class*** town. "At this point, it's all inevitable. They should just let it go. Let's leave it alone. Everybody just wants it to go away."

That sentiment resonated across several hundred miles of Middle America last week as the nation braced for the second presidential impeachment vote in its history. In dozens of conversations over four days and four states, those interviewed - however divided over whether President Clinton should be removed from office - seemed increasingly unified in their unhappiness at the pain that the divisive process already had caused.

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, as the vote approached - and as partisan acrimony in Washington was intensified by Wednesday's air attack on Iraq - it seemed that Americans were waking to how nasty and difficult this process, until now only an abstraction, would be. They wanted it over. Soon.

But even before the House approved two articles of impeachment yesterday to set the stage for a Senate trial, most realized that expedience was unlikely, and their impatience with the process mixed with anger that it had come to this point.

Some believed Clinton should be impeached, or that he should resign, or both. Others condemned the Republicans, saying they were overpoliticizing impeachment, using it improperly to try to pry Clinton from the White House. Whatever their opinions, however, virtually everybody had one.

James Reed, 72, a Middletown, Ohio, Republican who favored impeachment, had one, too: In his opinion, the whole thing was a sign of something else.

"I think that all the politicians, if they stay in Washington too long, they lose touch with what real people are thinking, what we're talking about," he said.

Here is what real people were talking about last week in Carthage, Tenn., Lexington, Ky., Middletown, Ohio, and Richmond, Ind.

CARTHAGE, TENN.:

'WE'RE ALL JUST WAITING' The home of Vice President Gore, this town 50 miles east of Nashville was like a hospital waiting room filled with anxious family members who don't want to discuss a dying relative's condition for fear of seeming overly eager about the will.

So on Wednesday, folks mostly were respectfully silent. Mostly.

"There's not too much talk about here," said Bill Markham. "I think everybody knows Al would do a good job. We're all just waiting to see what happens."

Markham was waiting with a little more interest than some others. Inside his Markham Family Clothing Center is the Clinton/Gore Campaign Memorabilia Store - a collection of buttons, bumper stickers, watches, T-shirts, even a fishing lure (slogan: "Will never get hanged up on a Bush") commemorating the duo's campaigns.

Then there are the "Al Gore, 43d President of the United States" mugs. Although he said he got them for Gore's expected 2000 run, Markham acknowledged that circumstances could make them a hot item well before then.

"It's a sad situation," he said. "I think he should be punished for lying to a grand jury, but I don't think he should be impeached. But I think they will, though. I think they will."

Markham, a longtime friend of the Gores, gestured out the window toward the brick courthouse, where the Tennessee and U.S. flags flew at half-staff for the vice president's father, former U.S. Sen. Albert Gore Sr., who died earlier this month.

Markham said Clinton might have fallen victim to his own verbal gymnastics, which Markham witnessed firsthand during a 1992 campaign stop at the courthouse.

"I went up to him and I shook his hand - gave it a real good squeeze. I looked him in the eye and said, 'Being president's a big job. You think you're man enough to handle it?' He said, 'Yes, sir, I think I am.'

"I said, 'What're you going to do, raise my taxes?' He said, 'Not unless you make more than $100,000.'

"The guy standing behind me in line said, 'I make half a million.' And he said, 'Under our plan, you'll pay less.' He's just able to turn it on," Markham said. "Bill Clinton was the type who would tell you what you wanted to hear. I don't know if you would call that lying or just being a good politician."

Some Carthage Republicans knew exactly what they would call it.

"A lie's a lie, and he just keeps on doing it," said Terrell Nelson, a pipefitter lunching at the Timberloff Restaurant just outside town. "That's the way this whole thing got started - he lied to cover up a lie."

Timberloff owner Kevin Jones said he had heard similar sentiments from other customers.

"You can say, 'Oh, it's just politics,' and 'Everybody does it,' but it's not just politics and everybody doesn't do it. If a guy's going to lie to his wife, cheat on his wife, what does he think of me?"

LEXINGTON, KY.:

'IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS' Carla Nowlin woke up Thursday morning and found that she had something else to get mad about.

The 24-year-old aspiring screenwriter, already upset by what she regarded as the partisan pettiness of the impeachment process, was even more disturbed to learn that Clinton had ordered an attack on Iraq.

But as she sat in the Common Grounds coffee shop that afternoon, she realized that her reaction to the Iraq news showed how cynical the impeachment fight had made her.

"When I first heard about it, I thought he was just keeping this in his back pocket" as a way to postpone the vote, she said. "Then I thought about it and said, 'Nothing he does now will meet anybody's approval.' "

And all her suspicion was prompted by a process that the self-described moderate Democrat thinks is pointless. Though unsure whether Clinton should be allowed to finish his term, she said it seemed silly to remove him for a controversy related to adultery.

"It's so stupid. It was his personal life. It had nothing to do with the country. If they'd found out what JFK was doing and asked him to testify -," she said, not finishing the thought.

At another table, Brad Waller, a Presbyterian minister who counsels University of Kentucky students, was talking with architecture major Chad Clary about Clinton's declaration that he had sinned.

"I can be forgiven for my sins and have God in my heart," Mr. Waller said, "but there are consequences to sin." To Mr. Waller, 29, the only appropriate consequence for Clinton was impeachment.

"It would be one thing if it was a one-time deal," he said, "but you should judge him by what characterizes the man, and he does this time and time again."

In the back sat Ray Chundzinski with his three essentials: coffee, Camels and a crossword puzzle.

For Chundzinski, 30, a business major who sports a goatee and a silver hoop in one ear, it all boils down to a private marital matter that became public.

"Look, man, the problem is between him and his wife," he said. "It's none of your business. Forget Congress, Hillary's the one who should be kicking some a- and taking names. You can't take the leadership of this country down for something like this. He has got two years left. Let him do his deal, man. He's doing his job.

"We're animals, man," he concluded, preparing to light yet another Camel, "sexual, social animals, and we all make mistakes."

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO:

'IT'S ABOUT LYING' On Friday morning, as the television at Anchor's Restaurant stayed tuned to the House debate, James Reed kept on trying to ignore it, sipping slowly from his coffee cup and chatting up the regulars.

But every now and then, he would steal a furtive glance and shake his head. "I don't think he had any respect for the office he had," Reed said. "If he had, he would have lived up to that office.

"It's not about Monica Lewinsky. See, people get sidetracked by that. It's about lying under oath. About respecting that office."

Two bar stools down, James Priest, 56, didn't look up from his plate of fried eggs and sausage.

"I'm dead-set against all of this," he said. "He's one of the best presidents we ever had. The only other one we had of this caliber is JFK, and he was assassinated and taken from us."

Priest said that any punishment Congress might dish out would pale in comparison to what Clinton had already endured.

"What can they do to him?" he asked. "Just recovering face for next year, or however long he's in there, is going to be hard enough to deal with. I'm sure all the ridicule he's getting will really hit him, and every time he goes home and sees his wife and daughter. . . . It's just a shame, that's all."

With that, Priest went back to his eggs and Reed took another sip of his coffee. On the screen, the debate over the fate of William Jefferson Clinton flickered on.

RICHMOND, IND.:

'IT'S WILD' Yesterday, as his Congress tallied the final votes that would impeach his President, it struck James Fraley for the first time that this was not an end but a beginning. A beginning that he dreaded.

Staring at a four-foot restaurant TV screen carrying live coverage of the congressional vote, Fraley muttered over and over: "It's wild. It's wild."

"I never thought it'd come to this," said the 45-year-old, who had stopped for Buffalo wings and potato skins while Christmas-shopping with his wife, Kathy.

He was referring not just to the vote, nor to yesterday morning's stunning resignation announcement by Louisiana Rep. Robert L. Livingston, but to all that has unfolded over the last year and to the uncertain prospect of what was to come.

"I think the best thing for the Republicans to do is just let him run the country, finish out his term, and go after him when he's done," said Fraley, who is a rarity here - a Democrat in this heavily Republican region of Indiana, where just about everybody honks when passing the big sign reading "IMPEACH CLINTON" on State Road 37.

Rob Owen, 31, is a local rarity, too - a Republican who opposed impeachment and said he was disappointed in his party: "I'm amazed at how much venom there is. It's like they don't just want to impeach him, they want to destroy his life." He predicted a backlash in the 2000 presidential election.

"I think it'll hurt the party because they are just running it into the ground," he said. He thought Livingston's announcement that he would quit - after his admission Thursday that he had had several affairs - could be the first sign that the party was crumbling.

"They're all running scared," Owen said.

The Fraleys had a different analysis of Livingston's departure. "What does the Bible say?" James Fraley asked. " 'Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.' "

Kathy Fraley nodded. "There's skeletons in their closets, too. In everyone's," she said.

Then, before heading back to his shopping, James Fraley glanced at the TV screen, where the tally of votes in favor of the first article of impeachment continued to rise. Uncertain what was to come, unsure of what to say, he could only turn to his wife and repeat: "It's wild. It's wild."

**Notes**

The Clinton Impeachment

**Graphic**

PHOTO AND MAP;

PHOTO

Vice President Gore and his political prospects are the talk of some in Carthage, Tenn., in light of the Clinton scandal. Another Gore also has been on their minds: Many paid last respects outside a Carthage funeral home to former Sen. Albert Gore Sr., who died Dec. 5. (CHRISTOPHER BERKEY, Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 2002

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[***BRIDESBURG'S ENEMY? TO MANY, IT'S CHANGE< IT IS A HARDSCRABBLE WARD - AND IT HAS REMAINED 99 PERCENT WHITE.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:473F-CCC0-01K4-90F0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The Philadelphia Inquirer

APRIL 7, 1996 Sunday DCITY EDITION

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**Section:** CITY & REGION; Pg. B01

**Length:** 1863 words

**Byline:** Suzanne Sataline, INQUIRER STAFF WRITER, Inquirer staff writers Lea Sitton and, Craig R. McCoy contributed to this report.

**Body**

The Pizza Man opened his doors more than a year ago. He endured a summer of taunts, of vandalism and fights, but when someone poured gasoline into his basement, he left. He is remembered by his former neighbors as "the Arab."

The gift to the black family who moved to Thompson Street last summer was an exploding M-80, a firecracker that makes a deafening bang. After one month, they moved.

Bridget Ward may not last long, either. Last weekend, after she carted her couch into her new Eddington Street home, someone slathered it with the kind of message you don't find on welcome wagons:

"Move Nigger."

Fitting in isn't easy in Bridesburg - not if you look different, talk different or have a different-sounding name. In the hardscrabble river ward in the lower Northeast, people make clear that they take solace in sameness and feel threatened by the outside world's celebration of "diversity."

"The problem," said a white resident who asked not to be identified, "is if you don't have roots here, if you don't have someone who lived here before . . . if you're a different color, they don't want you here."

She said she has lived in Bridesburg a year and is considered a newcomer.

People who live there say there is no one cause, no single, convenient villain, for the hatred that spilled out of a felt-tipped marker and a ketchup bottle onto Bridget Ward's windows, walls and front step.

Some neighbors blame teenage toughs. Others blame adults.

But broader forces - anger, insularity and fear that unstoppable change is eroding the safety and harmony of the neighborhood - are also at work.

"People on Eddington Street are afraid and intimidated," said Tony Radocaj, a second vice president of the Bridesburg Civic Association. "I attribute a lot of what happened to the frustration."

Ward said she checked out her new home four times before deciding to sign the lease. A certified nurse's aide from North Philadelphia, she wanted to make sure that she and her two daughters would feel secure if they moved in.

On March 29, they trundled their belongings into the rented rowhouse in the 2700 block of Eddington. That night, Ward heard taunts outside her door. She awakened the next morning to discover racial epithets scribbled on her steps and ketchup smeared on her back door.

The antagonism was timeless. The translation was: You don't belong.

"You wouldn't think it would be like that in Philadelphia," Ward said.

The rage behind the attack is rooted in fear - fear of change. Over the decades, minorities moved into Kensington and Frankford, neighborhoods on Bridesburg's doorstep, but Bridesburg remained almost exclusively white.

The 1980 census recorded a single African American in the neighborhood. In 1990, there were three, making it 99 percent white in a city where blacks make up 39 percent of the population.

Yet many residents say new people are accepted, even embraced.

"It's not an issue," Radocaj said. "There are other ethnics in the neighborhood. People live with them, respect them, work with them, befriend them."

The reality is that Bridesburg is remote and feels parochial. It is cut off by highways. Families, mostly Polish, are tethered by generations. Daughters live around the block from moms, and houses are passed down within families.

Residents feel crime lapping at their heels. They say they have been targeted by teenagers who rip out car antennas, intimidate merchants and scrawl graffiti everywhere. They look at formerly blue-collar bastions, like Frankford Avenue in Kensington, that are now battling blight, and they feel the world closing in.

An unfriendly, dangerous world.

"What used to be thriving neighborhoods are now homes . . . that are abandoned, sealed houses," Radocaj said. "Bridesburg never had sealed houses. They're afraid it's going to get bad by changing, as opposed to improving."

So residents, wary of becoming another Kensington, are vigilant. The Town Watch patrols every night. The 15th Police District, which covers Bridesburg, is not nearly the city's most dangerous area, but officers are stretched thin answering calls on petty crimes.

In a changing world, traditions are treasured - and change fiercely resisted. In the corner of Bridesburg where Ward moved in, residents used to spend soft nights sitting on the steps of the local hardware store. But when a new owner, a former police officer, took it over, he shooed away the youths who hung out there during the day.

He soon felt a torrent of wrath: graffiti, BB holes through his windows, bomb threats. The owner, who declined to give his name, said police have done little to stop the violence. He and his wife keep a diary of their mistreatment in a small spiral notebook.

"We don't bother them; it's them that comes to us," his wife said, her eyes bloodshot from fretting. "All we wanted to do is run a decent business."

Now she worries, she said, whenever she leaves her husband there alone.

Bridesburg is a place that at times seems to be bruising for a fight. One resident's white Ford Escort proudly declares, on its fender: "My kid can beat up your honor student."

Last fall, at a Mischief Night party, youngsters squirted cars with shaving cream. After a while, the party exploded into a fracas and three adults beat a 12-year-old girl, nearly breaking her hand.

"They think Bridesburg is one quiet little neighborhood, when it ain't," said resident Rick McCartney, a mechanic. "Every Friday and Saturday night, there's a bar fight, and the cops don't come. Granted," he added offhandedly, "I've been in a few of them."

The brooding has bred a climate of insularity and suspicion that has pitted neighbors against one another and forced out businesses and families - black and white. New residents feel it best to mind their own business, lest they be blamed for something.

Cohesion is a kind of protection for residents who say they look around and see other ***working-class*** neighborhoods crumbling and police ignoring those residents' pleas. It is their shield against the fear of change.

"I see it as someone trying to keep one community a solid place," said McCartney, who has lived all but two of his 22 years on Salmon Street, around the corner from Eddington. "It's common sense that tells a white man not to move into an all-black community."

On a warm spring night last week, in the midst of Easter break, children were unshackled by school and their usual bedtimes. An intense night game, a combination of hide-and-seek and tag, was brewing on Eddington. Little bodies darted down alleys, and giddy shouts punctuated the night air.

What if, McCartney asked, the black children from the neighborhood were out here playing? What if the others didn't like it and beat them up?

"It would make the young black child grow up and say, 'White people are trash.' What if it were me living in their neighborhood?" asked McCartney, whose red hair is buzzed close around his ears, giving him a tough look. "Would I get the same protection they got?" he asked, referring to a patrol car stationed on Ward's block 24 hours a day.

He leaned his thick frame on a neighbor's teal Chevrolet. Just then, a man sprang open his rowhouse door and asked, sternly: "Could you get off my car?" McCartney apologized and stood up. The guy slammed the door.

"You hear people say, 'Stop the violence. Peace on the streets,' but it ain't going to happen," McCartney said. "There's too much hate out there."

Fights and antagonism simmer and boil over constantly in Philadelphia neighborhoods. And they are not always labeled racial incidents.

But when the incident catches the attention of the city's Human Relations Commission, as the vandalism on Eddington did, city officials turn out to reassure residents that it is an aberration.

After hearing of what happened to Bridget Ward, Kevin Vaughan, the commission's executive director, dispatched employees to interview her neighbors. Mayor Rendell offered his support and assurances.

"Whoever did this . . . is someone who is resistant to change," Vaughan said, "but [the incident] doesn't speak for the whole neighborhood. I think the neighborhood, by and large, doesn't condone the kind of behavior we saw in this case."

But if it is not reported to Vaughan's office, it might be written off as simple vandalism. A police report might be stuffed into a file cabinet, causing the incident to sink without a trace.

That's what happened to the Pizza Man.

He opened his business more than a year ago at Richmond and Croyden, a block from Bridget Ward's house. He is remembered as an Arab, an Iraqi, a Greek. A neighbor recalls his relatives as wearing turbans and playing exotic music.

"People were calling him 'the Arabian Knight,' " said Ben, a 14-year-old who used to work at the shop and who asked that his last name not be used.

From the start, David Nowicki, 47, a former resident who was raised in the neighborhood and then owned a hair-styling shop next door, saw problems ahead.

"I knew from the day he opened - I laughed - he would never make it," he said. "The neighbors don't like to support local people, let alone a stranger coming in."

At first, the Pizza Man allowed neighborhood youths into the store. But then he wanted them gone - their rowdiness was scaring off customers - so he removed the pinball machine and ushered them out the door.

Last summer, someone broke his windows and threw a trash can into the place. Then someone threatened to beat him up, Ben and Nowicki recalled. The man was robbed three times, Nowicki added.

"He was such a gentle person, and he was just afraid," he said. "He lived in a bad part of Olney, and he said he had had no trouble compared to what he had" in Bridesburg.

The residents are "mad at themselves, I guess," Nowicki said. "I think the minority might rule there because the majority are nice people who don't want to get involved. . . . You just tolerate it because you don't want to make any waves. Who wants to confront a bully?"

The attack on the Wards happened in a climate that could be referred to as Bridesburg's version of the Troubles in Northern Ireland. For the last two years or so, residents say, teenagers have become brazen in painting graffiti and in their pillaging of other people's property. The teens say they are being unfairly blamed.

When the police are called over such matters, it may take hours for them to respond, residents say, so neighbors are forced to deal with matters themselves. That has sparked further confrontations.

The us-versus-them attitude seems so ingrained in Bridesburg that, for some residents, the racial epithets directed at Ward were not as upsetting as the round-the-clock police protection that she and her daughters received as a result.

"When we wanted the police, we couldn't get them," said Marie Nejman, a Town Watch member who raised her six children in the neighborhood. "They have police 24 hours a day. Where are we being protected? In other words, they're showing partiality to a family because they just moved in."

Bridget Ward has decided to stay put - for now. Some residents have inundated her with Easter baskets and bunnies and cards that plead: "Don't Move!"

"I'll be here till the next incident occurs," she said, "or if it takes too much out of me."

**Graphic**

PHOTO, MAP AND CHART;

PHOTO (1)

1. After meeting with Mayor Rendell Tuesday, Bridget Ward went home to an unwelcoming stare from her next-door neighbor. Dwight Scott, 18, and Jan Moore, 13, looked elsewhere. (The Philadelphia Inquirer, PETER TOBIA)

MAP (2)

1. Area of detail

2. Bridesburg (The Philadelphia Inquirer, ROGER HASLER)

CHART (1)

1. Ethnic Profile of Bridesburg (SOURCE: U.S. Census Bureau)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2002

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[***Buchanan stuns Dole***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SD5-M8B0-0094-54J6-00000-00&context=1519360)

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Pennsylvania)

February 21, 1996, Wednesday,

SOONER EDITION

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**Section:** NATIONAL,

**Length:** 1885 words

**Byline:** James O'Toole and Jack Torry, Post-Gazette Staff Writers

**Dateline:** MANCHESTER, N.H.

**Body**

In a stunning rebuff to the Republican establishment, Pat Buchanan won the New Hampshire primary last night, battling to a narrow lead in an extraordinarily tight three-person race.

The results mean that a nomination battle that once had been expected to be a slam dunk for Senate Republican leader Bob Dole now shapes up as a protracted, unpredictable struggle.

With 99 percent of the primary precincts counted, Buchanan was leading, with 27 percent; Dole was right behind him, with 26 percent; and former Tennessee Gov. Lamar Alexander was a close third, with 23 percent. Publisher Steve Forbes was a distant fourth, with 12 percent. Among the also-rans, Sen. Richard Lugar of Indiana had 5 percent; former broadcaster and State Dept. official Alan Keyes, 3 percent; tire manufacturer Morry Taylor, 1 percent; and Rep. Robert Dornan of California, less than 1 percent.

Both Dole and Alexander told supporters that the battle is down to two people, each depicting himself as the alternative to Buchanan.

''The people of New Hampshire voted their hopes, not their fears,'' said Buchanan, the CNN ''Crossfire'' commentator and conservative columnist, addressing his cheering backers shortly before 9:30 p.m.

''This is not a victory for a man,'' he said. ''This is a victory for a cause, (it's a) a victory for a brand new bold conservatism -- a conservatism that gives voice to the voiceless, which speaks up for the right to life of the innocent unborn, … a conservatism that looks out for the working men and women of this country, whose jobs have been sacrificed on the altars of trade deals done for the benefit of trans-national corporations who have no loyalty to our country.''

Even as Buchanan was proclaiming his triumph -- and long after the major TV networks had declared him the winner -- the margin remained tight. The Dole camp was not ready to concede defeat. Even with more than 90 percent of the ballots counted, Sen. Judd Gregg, R-N.H., a key Dole supporter, was insisting that the contest outcome might not be decided until all absentee ballots were counted.

Dole, who lost New Hampshire primaries in 1980 and '88, told his crowd: ''I know why they call this the Granite State; it's tough to crack. We don't know the final outcome of the race yet, but one thing I do know: It's a two-man race.

''We now know we are in a fight for the heart and soul of the Republican Party,'' he said, adding that the struggle would determine whether ''we are the party of fear or of hope, if we are a party that keeps people out or brings people in.''

But Alexander countered, ''The debate will now will be between my ideas -- fresh conservative ideas -- and Pat Buchanan's ideas.'' And in a shot at Dole, he added, ''As long as we're going to have an ideas contest, let's have a couple of people in that contest who have some ideas.''

In a state where polls had shown his strength in single digits only weeks ago, Alexander could boast a strong showing. But to exploit it, he will need to quickly raise more money to carry his campaign to the dozens of states voting in the next six weeks. Dole has a significant fund-raising lead and crucial support from governors in many states poised to cast ballots soon.

One of the tightest races in the four decades for which New Hampshire has served as gate-keeper to the nomination process came amid a record GOP turnout, a development that wasn't supposed to work to Buchanan's advantage. Conventional wisdom just before the balloting was that Buchanan would benefit most from a smaller turnout because of his supposedly limited core of committed supporters.

But that turnout probably had more to do with new rules that let voters register at the polls than with enthusiasm for the candidates. Voters in recent days protested the sour, testy dialogue that dominated the race's final days.

Never before last night had three candidates been so closely bunched in a New Hampshire tally. The stage was set for this photo finish last week, when Buchanan nearly overtook Dole in Iowa's caucuses and Alexander emerged from obscurity with a surprising third-place showing.

In Iowa, where conservative Christian activists are a fixture in the Republican establishment, Buchanan's conservative stand on social issues such as abortion attracted the most attention. But as the race moved East, he sustained his momentum by appealing to many voters' sense of economic insecurity. He acknowledged that his brand of ***working-class*** Republicanism was at odds with the Big Business agenda traditionally associated with the GOP.

Dole and other Republicans have scoffed at Buchanan's policies, claiming they are so extreme and polarizing that he can't be elected in the fall. Buchanan scoffs at that critique, claiming that his ''new conservatism of the heart'' gives him the broadest potential appeal of any GOP candidate.

''I can bring the (Ross) Perot voters home. … I can bring the Reagan Democrats on social issues,'' he said last week. ''Those fellows can't do it.''

While no other Republican embraced Buchanan's denunciations of the GATT and NAFTA free-trade accords, most -- one way or another -- addressed anxieties about a changing economy.

''There is a Buchanan phenomenon going on right now,'' Scott Reed, Dole's national campaign manager, acknowledged last night. ''A lot of turned-off and disaffected voters are voting for Pat Buchanan's message.''

Alexander proclaimed his was the candidacy of ''new ideas,'' calling for major shifts of programs from Washington to local governments and private institutions. He would privatize welfare by distributing states' block grants through private charities. He also has promoted a new armed forces branch to police the nation's borders and transforming Congress to a part-time legislature with reduced salaries. But his chief appeal in New Hampshire appeared to be as a Washington outsider without the extremist baggage that some moderate Republicans see in Buchanan.

Forbes said he would remain in the nomination contest despite his fourth-place finish. ''If this had been held three weeks ago, Forbes would have won,'' said Republican state Rep. Robert Scott. ''It's amazing; he's sunk like a rock.''

Buchanan had the intensely committed support of groups including abortion foes, Christian conservatives and gun owners. Alexander's ground troops were led by local political veterans, who started organizing more than a year ago. Dole's local network was headed by popular Gov. Steve Merrill, who conferred a built-in organization on the Senate leader.

In one of scores of joint appearances, Merrill and Dole traveled to Laconia last week to greet voters at a dog-sled racing championship. As Dole left the competition, he may have had a premonition of what now appears to be a long and difficult road ahead for the Republican race.

''There's a real inspiration here,'' Dole said, gesturing back toward the yelping teams of sled dogs. ''Just keep running.''

How New Hampshire voted

Findings from a poll of 2,556 voters as they left the New Hampshire Republican presidential primary Tuesday:

-- Pat Buchanan got much of his support from strong conservatives and abortion foes. One in four voters said the most important quality in a candidate is ''he stands up for what he believes in,'' and half of them voted for Buchanan. He fared best among voters who are not college graduates and those whose 1995 family incomes were $ 30,000 to $ 50,000.

-- Bob Dole won half the votes among the 15 percent who said the federal budget deficit is the top issue. About as many voters said beating President Clinton is the most important quality in a candidate, and Dole won among them, too. He fared best among the oldest and wealthiest voters and those who called themselves somewhat conservative.

-- Lamar Alexander did best among moderates and appeared to have an edge among the one third of primary voters who called themselves independents. He was close behind Dole among those who said beating Clinton is most important, and he got 36 percent among the one in seven who said the top candidate quality is that ''he has a vision for the future.''

-- Steve Forbes won 33 percent among the one in five voters who cited taxes as the top issue, and 29 percent of those who said vision is a top candidate quality.

Reasons for the outcome

DOLE DEFECTORS: Nearly one in four GOP primary voters said they had supported Dole at some time this year but voted for someone else. Alexander got four in 10 of the Dole defectors, Buchanan three in 10.

DOLE'S AGE: A third said it would hurt him in serving as president, and that hurt him in the primary -- he got just 6 percent of that group. Dole is 72.

IDEOLOGY: A more moderate electorate than in the Iowa caucuses on Feb. 12, and that apparently helped Alexander and Dole. In Iowa, 34 percent of caucus-goers called themselves very conservative, 41 percent somewhat conservative and 21 percent moderate, and the rightward tilt worked in Buchanan's favor. On Tuesday, 16 percent said they were very conservative, 39 percent somewhat conservative and 36 percent moderate. Alexander won a third of the moderate vote in New Hampshire, with Dole not far behind; all three shared the somewhat conservative vote pretty evenly; and 53 percent of the very conservative favored Buchanan.

RELIGIOUS RIGHT: Christian conservatives made up 35 percent of Iowa caucus-goers but only 17 percent in the New Hampshire GOP primary. Buchanan got half their votes; Alexander and Dole edged him out among the eight in 10 who did not call themselves part of the religious right. Buchanan did even worse, just 14 percent, among the 54 percent who said they have an unfavorable opinion of the religious right.

ABORTION: Two thirds said the Republican Party platform should not support a constitutional amendment banning abortion, and Dole and Alexander did best among that group. Among those who support an anti-abortion plank, half voted for Buchanan.

PARTY IDENTIFICATION: A third of GOP primary voters said they usually think of themselves as independents, and Alexander had an edge over Buchanan among them, with Forbes and Dole trailing. Asked how they are registered, two-thirds of GOP primary voters said as Republicans, 26 percent as undeclared and 6 percent said they registered Tuesday, as allowed under a new state law.

ATTACK ADS: Two thirds of voters said the candidates' ads were attacks on other candidates and didn't address issues.

AND IN THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY: President Clinton, predictably, got an extremely high job approval rating -- 85 percent -- among voters in a primary where he had no serious opposition. Asked how Hillary Rodham Clinton is handling her role as first lady, 78 percent approved. Twelve percent of Democratic primary voters described themselves as very liberal, 33 percent somewhat liberal, 45 percent moderate, 10 percent somewhat conservative and 2 percent very conservative. Ten percent said Clinton is too liberal, 9 percent deemed him too conservative.

Tight races of the past

Closest Republican finishes in the New Hampshire presidential primary:

1964

CANDIDATE.........… VOTES… PCT.

Henry Cabot Lodge.… 33,007… 35.5

Barry Goldwater...… 20,692… 22.3

Nelson Rockefeller… 19,504… 21.0

1976

Gerald Ford.......… 55,156… 49.4

Ronald Reagan.....… 53,569… 48.0

1988

George Bush.......… 59,290… 37.6

Bob Dole..........… 44,797… 28.4

**Graphic**

PHOTO (6), INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC:, INFORMATIONAL GRAPHIC: Exit poll conducted by Voter News Service, a consortium of The Associated Press, ABC, CBS, CNN and NBC. For sample of 2,556 voters, margin of error is plus or minus 2.5 percentage points.; Kerry Johnson/Post-Gazette: (How New Hampshire voted) (Reasons for the outcome) (Tight races of the past); PHOTO: Pat Buchanan; PHOTO: Bob Dole; PHOTO: Lamar Alexander; PHOTO: Steve Forbes; PHOTO: Doug Mills/Associated Press: Sen. Bob Dole speaks at a campaign party last night in Manchester, N.H., after the results came in.; PHOTO: Eric Draper/Associated Press: Pat Buchanan, with his wife, Shelley, whoops it up in his hotel room in Manchester after early television results declared him the winner in New Hampshire.

**Load-Date:** February 22, 1996

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[***FIFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TWF-9SX0-009B-P3MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***Sabo's foothold is challenge for his chief opponent, Taylor // Many don't consider race to be competitive***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TWF-9SX0-009B-P3MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

October 16, 1998, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Pg. 1B

**Length:** 2187 words

**Byline:** Tom Hamburger; Eric Black; Staff Writers

**Dateline:** Washington, D.C.

**Body**

Martin Sabo behaves like a politician from another era.

He prefers ringing constituents' doorbells to sitting for television interviews. He refuses to criticize his opponents. And he champions causes that have an antiquated quality in an era when both parties aggressively cultivate Wall Street investors.

One of his fights these days, for example, is for providing assistance to low- and moderate-income rental housing tenants. He's one of the few members of Congress still talking about closing the income gap between rich and poor. And he tries, in vain, each year to pass legislation that would discourage stratospheric salaries for corporate executives.

And yet this taciturn man of atypical interests has considerable influence in Congress and remains popular back home. He continues to win reelection with more than 60 percent of the vote even though his district has changed in the past decade to include more Republican suburban precincts in addition to DFL Minneapolis.

The situation makes the job of his chief challenger this year, Republican Frank Taylor, difficult, to say the least.

Taylor, 58, a junior high school science teacher and a relative unknown, has not raised enough money to do any advertising. Taylor says that he is concentrating on the issues of education, crime and taxes and implies that the existing rates of crime, poverty and poor educational performance in the Fifth Congressional District are evidence of Sabo's ineffectiveness.

Taylor has only a few ideas of how he would respond to these problems, and some of them are unusual. For example, his suggestion for education reform is a bill that would make it a federal offense, punishable by life in prison without parole, to kill a teacher.

The Fifth District race doesn't appear on any of the political handicappers' lists of races that could be competitive. The Cook Political Report, for example, lists Sabo's hold on his seat as "solid," the rating given to the safest incumbents in the nation.

Differ on impeachment

Like Sabo, Taylor declines to criticize his opponent directly, or even to specify where they differ on the issues. But the two major party candidates have a clear disagreement on the question of presidential impeachment.

Taylor favors an impeachment inquiry like that approved this month by the House, though he has no position on whether President Clinton should be removed from office. Sabo is among the few House members who have stated that Clinton's alleged misdeeds do not rise to the level of impeachable offenses.

Which is not to say Sabo finds the allegations inoffensive. "The acknowledged relationship between President Clinton and Ms. Lewinsky was clearly wrong and showed a lack of good judgment on the president's part," Sabo said in a statement issued a day before the House voted to proceed with an impeachment inquiry.

"However, I am not convinced that the framers of the United States Constitution had this type of situation in mind when they said officials may be removed from office for treason, bribery or other high crimes and misdemeanors. While President Clinton lied to us and displayed terrible behavior, it does not appear to me that he was using his constitutional powers to subvert the public good."

Sabo's decisionmaking on impeachment was characteristic of his approach to tough issues, his staff said. For weeks, he declined to answer reporters' questions on the topic.

Aides said the former Augsburg College history major sat in his office mulling over the historical and legal questions raised by Clinton's situation. Puffing on cigarettes, and the occasional cigar, Sabo read law books and the 1974 impeachment report on President Richard Nixon and reached several conclusions.

He was among 63 members who voted against release of independent counsel Kenneth Starr's report on Clinton because, among other things, he thought it was unfair to do so before the president had a chance to review the report.

In the end, Sabo voted "no" on the Republican-backed impeachment inquiry and "yes" on a Democratic alternative that would have limited the inquiry's time and scope.

A party man, mostly

Sabo voted with his party 92 percent of the time last year, according to Congressional Quarterly. But he breaks rank periodically, sometimes in unexpected ways. Last month, he was the only Democrat to vote with Republicans in defeating a symbolic effort to lock away all of the expected budget surplus until Social Security is protected.

Sabo, the former chairman of the House Budget Committee, sided with the GOP because, he said, "these rules that are 100 percent dogmatic . . . they often simply don't work." Congress needs flexibility, he said, and should not impose rigid limits on how to use government resources.

"We should be very cautious [with the surplus] before we start using it," he said. But he also said he did not want to restrict Congress from using some of the surplus to restore money from "overly harsh" cuts in domestic programs over the next few years.

He said that more money is needed for education and that "we are desperately short of low- and moderate-income housing, not only in the metropolitan area but throughout our state."

Sabo likewise is critical - when asked - of the plan promoted by Clinton and other Democrats to establish new programs for school construction and the hiring of teachers. Although it is the centerpiece of the Democrats' election strategy, Sabo objects philosophically to starting federal initiatives rather than delivering funds through existing channels.

Sabo has some reverence for government's ability to assist its citizens. He grew up on a wheat farm in Alkabo, N.D., the son of Norwegian immigrants. His mother served as a volunteer cook in the public school where he graduated as valedictorian in a class of three. He recalls the government's role in providing electricity to rural parts of his native state.

Though Sabo is one of Congress' most persistent advocates of government intervention to promote education, transportation infrastructure, health care and income security, his most noteworthy achievement may be the attention he brought to reining in deficit spending.

When Clinton celebrated the end of the deficit last month, he went out of his way to credit Sabo, who was chairman of the House Budget Committee in 1993 and helped steer Clinton's first budget to passage. Sabo, a vigorous partisan, often recalls that the budget passed with no Republican votes.

But he's uncomfortable with the spotlight on his behavior. In fact, for someone who has held office since he was elected to the Minnesota Legislature at 22, he is remarkably ill-at-ease in such public venues as interviews and speechmaking.

Sabo fiddles with matches during an interview in his office and seems to relax only when the subject changes to baseball.

Taylor's roots

Taylor is likewise from humble origins. He comes from a family of 10 children, and his father attended, but didn't quite finish, first grade. Taylor put himself through high school and college by shining shoes, washing dishes and delivering newspapers.

But his life has led him to a roughly opposite conclusion about the proper role of government.

"The government has just clearly gotten too big and is taking too much of our money in taxes," he said, although he didn't specify what government functions could be eliminated or how the tax system should be changed. He said he doesn't believe in speaking on a subject until he has done all the research.

Taylor and Sabo are scheduled to debate at 7:30 p.m. Oct. 20 at St. Louis Park City Hall. The debate, sponsored by the League of Women Voters, will be broadcast on Minneapolis Television Network (Ch. 32 for Minneapolis cable subscribers) at 2 and 6 p.m. Oct. 30.

Also on the ballot are three minor-party candidates:

- Kevin Houston of the Libertarian Party is calling for a radical reduction in taxes and the size of the federal government. He proposes to do away with the federal income tax and the FICA payroll tax. To offset those reductions in revenue, Houston would eliminate the Social Security system and most of the rest of the federal government's functions.

- Michael Pennock of the Socialist Workers Party would transfer the tax burden from the ***working class*** to the wealthy, eliminate all military spending and create a national health care plan that would cover all Americans.

- Jason Kassel, the Anti-Federalist candidate, said his key issue is the belief that our society adopts new technologies too fast, without thinking through all of the potential consequences. This leads him to oppose, for example, the FBI plan to start a national database of DNA identifications and funding for the so-called information superhighway.

FIFTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Martin Olav Sabo, DFL, Minneapolis, 60

- Member of Congress, 1979-present; speaker of the Minnesota House, 1973-79; state representative, 1961-79

- B.A. Augsburg College,

- Married, two children

- Education: Opposes use of federal funds or tax credits for private school. Favors increasing federal support for existing school programs, such as special education, rather than creating new ones.

- Crime: Favors a few specific federal programs, such as those that provide funds for community policing, but generally sees crime as state and local problem. most effectively addressed on the state and local level.

- Budget and taxes/ Opposed to a tax cut until the Social Security Trust Fund is secure. Opposes balanced budget amendment to the Constitution. Favors legislation that would reduce disparity between rich and poor Americans.

deduction for executive compensation at 25 times the salary of the lowest paid full-time worker within the same firm.

Frank Taylor, Republican, Minneapolis, 58

- Science teacher, Anthony Middle School, Minneapolis School District

- B.S., Alderson-Broaddus College, Philippi, W.Va.; M.Ed., University of LaVerne, Laverne, CA.; doctoral candidate, University of Minnesota

- Married, three children

- Education: Says key is restoring teachers to proper position of respect. Favors federal law imposing life sentence without parole for killing a teacher. Says federal aid should be given without strings attached directly to schools.

- Crime: Wants to fight crime by attacking its roots in poverty and welfare dependency. Proposes program to enable those in public housing to buy the buildings from the government, which Taylor says would generate pride.

- Budget and taxes: Favors significant cut in taxes but hasn't been specific. Favors reduction in size and cost of government but doesn't specify cuts. Favors increased funding for education, fighting crime and defense.

Kevin Houston, Libertarian, Minneapolis, 33

- Software engineer.

- Normandale Community College; University of Minnesota.

- Married. No children.

- Education: Says the federal government should have no role in funding or regulating schools. Would eliminate the U.S. Education Department. Says education should be controlled by parents and local communities.

- Crime: To make our streets safe again, would end the war on drugs and legalize their sale and use. "The only effect of prohibition is to force prices so high that people are willing to kill over the sales territory.

- Taxes and spending: Would eliminate federal income taxes. Would do away with most Cabinet-level departments, retaining much smaller versions of departments of State, Interior, Justice, Defense and Treasury.

Jason Kassel, Anti-Federalist, Minneapolis, 29

- Political science teacher, Minneapolis Community and Technical College.

- University of California at Santa Cruz; Ph.D candidate, University of Minnesota.

- Single.

- Education: Schools should be geared toward producing good citizens rather than good workers. Therefore curricula should focus on a more classic view of education, stressing arts and humanities.

- Crime: Opposes creation of a DNA database by the FBI, partly out of concerns about excessive government intrusion. But this position is symbolic of Kassel's larger concern that U.S. is adopting new technologies too quickly.

- Taxes and spending: Opposes spending money on creation of the so-called information superhighway. Believes military spending is too high. Would freeze taxes, open debate over how to have a more sustainable economy.

Michael Pennock, Socialist Workers, Minneapolis, 49

- Factory worker.

- B.A., Michigan Start University.

- Separated, one child.

- Education: Favors major increase in federal spending to build new schools. Favors all measures that strengthen public education but opposes any allocation of public funds for private schools, such as voucher programs.

- Crime: Says the biggest criminals are big business exploiters who rob millions from working people every year, paying wages that represent less than the value of their labor and appropriating too much for the employer class.

- Taxes and spending: Favors higher income taxes on the rich and opposes taxes on working people. Opposes all sales taxes and federal taxes on cigarettes and gasoline. Says major spending required to provide national health care system.

**Graphic**

Chart; Chart; Chart; Chart; Cartoon; Map; Map; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Photograph; Cartoon; Cartoon

**Load-Date:** October 16, 1998

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[***Spotlight on Elliot Park is on the way up by downtown***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3THM-NFB0-009B-P06N-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

August 15, 1998, Metro Edition

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**Section:** Pg. 4H

**Length:** 2095 words

**Byline:** Vickie Gilmer; Staff Writer

**Body**

In some parts of downtown Minneapolis, developers are building luxury apartments and condominiums and townhouses. But in Elliot Park, just south of the heart of downtown, the community is toiling quietly to save itself from urban degeneration.

Elliot Park is sandwiched between Interstate Hwy. 35W on its southern border, the Metrodome to the east, Loring Park to the west and the skyscrapers of downtown Minneapolis on its northern boundary. Its housing is almost all rental apartments; there are only a few houses in the neighborhood, and 20 percent of the land area is surface parking, said Loren Niemi, executive director of Elliot Park Neighborhood Inc.

In some ways, Elliot Park caters to commuters more than residents, yet the area has survived as one of Minneapolis' oldest residential neighborhoods. Its housing stock is a mix of 19th-century brownstones, a few Victorian houses and lots of late-20th-century high-rise apartments.

Although commuters use Elliot Park as a pathway to downtown destinations or a convenient parking spot for events at the Metrodome, passersby may not notice that it is a lively, multi-ethnic community. Its residents have fought hard to make its streets safe and, in the past few years, have renewed efforts to encourage commercial development and affordable high-density housing.

"Basically, people have failed to take a look at the neighborhood," Niemi said. "Our feeling is that the city has basically been focused on the river, and when that's complete, Elliot Park is going to be the last downtown neighborhood that hasn't been developed.

"Elliot Park has all the characteristics of a classic neighborhood," she added. "One of the things we're trying to do is to reinforce a traditional urban community. We're not trying to create single-family homes; we're interested in high-density housing, underground parking, keeping the historical aspects of the area intact, being pedestrian-friendly and maintaining green space."

Niemi said the neighborhood group, with the help of the city's Neighborhood Revitalization Program (NRP), Minneapolis Community Development Agency, Central Community Housing Trust and other organizations, has moved forward in planning for the development of affordable housing and street-level businesses that cater to residents. It also has worked to unify the community through neighborhood patrols and events.

"We're actually making some progress," Niemi said. "One of the reasons we take an aggressive posture about developing the density of the area is that the more people you have utilizing the streets, the more livable it becomes."

When Minneapolis experienced its first big building boom in the late 1800s, Elliot Park was a gateway for immigrants, a majority of whom were Swedish. As the city expanded outward, Elliot Park remained a largely ***working-class*** enclave that offered all the amenities of urban living: easy access to shopping, plenty of downtown employment opportunities and affordable housing.

A turn-of-the-century gateway

"Elliot Park's origination and development throughout the history of Minneapolis was really to provide housing for people who worked downtown," said Barb Lickness, NRP neighborhood specialist.

With the suburban boom of the '50s and a lot of commercial development in the '70s and early '80s, Elliot Park lost much of its Victorian architecture while gaining a large number of institutional facilities.

In addition, Lickness said, "Over the course of the last 20 years, there's been a large influx of first-generation immigrants. The area is close to services that lower-income people need. … I also think there has been some deliberate move on the part of the city to locate people in transition in the neighborhood."

Ronald Bates, co-owner of BK Enterprises, an investment and development company that owns three commercial buildings and four parking lots on the block between 9th and 10th streets and Portland and Park avenues, agrees that certain undesirable facilities have hurt Elliot Park.

"We used to be in the middle of a migratory path from 'detox' to the Drake Hotel to Little Judges" liquor store, he said.

In recent years Hennepin County's detox center has moved, bars have shut down and the Drake Hotel is no longer used for transitional housing. In February, North Central Bible College did not renew Little Judges' lease.

"Twenty years ago there were a lot of notorious bars," said Bob Scroggins, NRP project coordinator. "The removal of [those] bars has made it a safer place at night. Chronic inebriates are not particularly dangerous, but they don't help the neighborhood, either, because of their visibility."

Now that the community is free of some of those burdens, Scroggins said Elliot Park's challenge is to attract other commercial businesses.

Elliot Park is home to senior-citizen housing centers, Hennepin County Medical Center, various social service agencies such as House of Charity and other organizations.

Today, about 40 percent of Elliot Park's residents are Somalian immigrants - residents in need of the area's resources. Adding to this need is the fact that many Somalian families have only one parent. Ahmed Kahie, executive director of Urban Families and Development in Elliot Park, estimated that 60 to 70 percent of Somalian families are headed by women. Because most of the Somalian residents are refugees from the civil war in their country, many young mothers are widows or are waiting for their husbands to join them here.

"Our main goal is to teach our women to be independent so they can go to the stores and find jobs and empower themselves," Kahie said. "There are a host of other things we are trying to do, including crime prevention and building a community, which we lost back home."

He said there is an urgency to meet these goals because "changing welfare laws have put us in an awkward position."

A diverse population

Most of Elliot Park's residents work in the downtown area or travel by bus to other work locations. A number of the residents are seniors or people who receive welfare or disability payments and do not work.

Bi Nguyen, 76, has lived in Elliot Park for 22 years. He and his wife have raised three children, he said, and he has worked downtown for as long as he's lived here. He said he and his wife like the neighborhood and have no intention of leaving. They've had "no problems," he said, and his neighbors are "good friends."

James Banks, 71, lives in a senior housing apartment complex and said he thinks that Elliot Park "has changed a lot in 30 years." A former cab driver, Banks said the neighborhood once was very attractive but has been marred by crime and stretches of open asphalt in the many parking lots.

"We need a better image," said Scott Van Cleve, board president of the Elliot Park neighborhood group and a resident at Rappehannock Flats. "It has a scary image. I have friends who come over and it just looks to be a rough neighborhood."

But Van Cleve said there's been a big improvement in just the past year."From last summer to this summer, it's been a night-and-day difference - it's so much quieter. There's crime and drugs in the neighborhood, but I think the police have done a good job of cracking down on that."

Elliot Park has suffered from a lot of problems that plague many urban centers - drug trafficking, prostitution, public drunkenness and the homeless. But residents who were interviewed said they think that the crime problem has abated.

A police Community Crime Prevention report for April showed that there were no reports of assault or prostitution and that only one household burglary was reported. These numbers show that crime in Elliot Park is no greater, and may even be lower, than other segments of the metropolitan area.

The crime in Elliot Park that is most frequently reported is theft from autos - which many residents attribute to naive visitors who park in one of the neighborhood's many parking lots and leave valuables in plain sight in their vehicles.

Millie Schafer, an Elliot Park resident for nearly 30 years, said that although the area has had its problems, "I think we're on the way up, and I think we're going to be a downtown neighborhood in some respects like Loring Park. It's a good place to live - I don't have any plans to move."

Schafer and Van Cleve also are vocal about their concern about the lack of resident-friendly retail stores in the area. Both would like to see a downtown Target store, but Van Cleve said he doesn't want to see downtown gathering places such as the Jitters coffee shop and the Times Bar and Cafe demolished so that it can be built.

"As a property owner, those things connect me to downtown," he said. "When those things go, that severs that connection."

Another long-term resident of the neighborhood has been North Central Bible College, a private Christian college founded in 1930. The college has worked with the community, holding events and opening its gym to neighborhood children.

"We want to be a good partner; we want to be involved," said Dan Call, vice president of college relations. The college plans to expand in the next few years and has no intention of leaving its home of more than 60 years, he said.

Building the future

Elliot Park is working to redevelop its land for the best possible use. There is a moratorium on adding surface parking, a move that nearly all residents and workers in the community see as necessary for future growth.

"I don't want to be in the parking-lot business," Bates said. "Eventually, what we want to do is build townhomes or sell [the block] to a developer to build townhomes."

Next to Elliot Park, where there is now a Dairy Queen store, the Central Community Housing Trust is planning a $ 20 million 175-unit apartment building called East Village. The building will offer below-market-rate apartments for low-income renters as well as market-rate apartments. There are plans to connect the building and the park with a greenway. The project is expected to be completed in about 16 months, said Alan Arthur, executive director of the housing trust.

In Elliot Park, "We've seen a long-term lack of investment, but we're turning that around," Arthur said. The housing trust, a nonprofit developer, also works with other city neighborhoods.

"Our goal is to provide housing for low- and moderate-income people," Arthur said. "The second part of our mission is to remain responsive to the neighborhood - their commercial needs, their safety needs. This is not a quick process; there are no get-rich-quick-schemes. But it's time for re-capitalization of our community."

Recent home sales and rentals

1. $ 116,200

This 2 -story duplex was built in 1900. Each unit has 3,042 square feet, two bedrooms, a fireplace and one bathroom. The lower unit also has a porch. The sale closed in April after 10 days on the market. The list price was $ 114,900.

2. $ 40,750

A one-bedroom condominium in the Rappahannock Flats building, built in 1890, sold in April. The condo has 600 square feet, a fireplace, a common deck area in the back of the building and one parking space. The list price was $ 41,000.

3. $ 390-$ 410/month (as advertised)

This three-story apartment building on E. 15th Street has one-bedroom units.

Housing profile

- Total units (1990) 3,309

- Occupied housing units 2,602

- Buildings with 10 to 49 units 39%

- Buildings with 50 or more units 46%

- Median home value $ 51,000

- Median year structure built 1964

- Median gross rent $ 329

- Owner-occupied units 5%

Population

- Population (1990) 5,156

- Households 2,678

- People 65 years old and older 21%

- Median age 34

- People below poverty level 23%

- Residents with a bachelor's degree or higher 17%

- Median household income $ 11,646

- Mean travel time to work 17 minutes

Source: U.S. Census Bureau

Neighborhood notes

- Several stone rowhouse and apartment buildings built in the Elliot Park neighborhood in the late 1800s, including the Roselle and Oakland (now known as the Adams building) were renovated in the early 1990s and converted into small apartments. Some of the buildings, which were home to upper-middle-class merchants around the turn of the century, are listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

- The Mighty Ducks movie was filmed in various locaitons in Elliot Park during the winter of 1991-92.

- For more information about Elliot Park, call Elliot Park Neighborhood Inc., 612-335-5846. For information about housing finance programs, call the Neighborhood Revitalization Program at 612-673-5140 or the Central Community Housing Trust, 612-341-3148.

**Graphic**

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**Load-Date:** August 31, 1998

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[***Blocking blight;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9KP0-009B-P2DT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
 [***One north Minneapolis block struggles to hold back the tide of drugs, trash and hopelessness that has claimed nearby streets.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7T-9KP0-009B-P2DT-00000-00&context=1519360)

Star Tribune (Minneapolis, MN)

September 21, 1996, Metro Edition

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**Section:** News; Pg. 1A

**Length:** 4046 words

**Byline:** Steve Brandt; Staff Writer

**Body**

One way or another, life on this Minneapolis block revolves around George Bazoff, an aging, onetime police reservist who spends much of his time enforcing the rules in the 2600 block of Colfax Av. N.

"I don't think I'd stay here long without him," said Eleanor Bushie, a 77-year-old widow. She has driven the two blocks to her church on Sundays since the block club warned of attacks on elderly people last year.

Many on 2600 Colfax credit Bazoff with fending off the tide of blight, drugs and hopelessness that has engulfed parts of their Hawthorne neighborhood. But there's another view, most frequently expressed by black tenants such as Michelle Davis. She objects to Bazoff, 55, who lives in his sister's duplex, calling black tenants "you people." When she attended a few block-club meetings, other neighbors were fine, but "he made us feel like we weren't welcome there," she said.

The conflicting views of Bazoff provide a glimpse of the tension on this North Side street, where the dominance of ***working-class*** homeowners is fading as renters move into properties often owned by suburban landlords.

For some residents, Colfax is a step up, a refuge from worse North Side blocks or from the jobless, violent streets of such places as Chicago. For others, it's a trap where advancing age and sinking property values create a powerful inertia against starting over elsewhere.

For some, it's a place to make a stand. For others, it's a place to mind your business. And for still others, it's a place to reach out. On Colfax, people are learning what many living in Minneapolis will face in coming years: the difficulty of getting along when cultures collide.

At first glance, the tensions on Colfax seem racial, and there's no denying that race plays a role. But visit the block repeatedly, as a Star Tribune reporter and photographer did from May through August, and differences in social and economic class loom larger.

As remaining homeowners age, the future of the block - and of many other blocks adjoining blighted areas of the city - is up for grabs.

Colfax homeowners need only look a block east to Bryant Av. - a street few of them would walk - for an uncomfortable reminder of what unchecked blight means. Homeowners are a minority; trash lines the street gutters like confetti, and drugs are proffered to passing motorists. One block farther east, the gap-tooth facade of Aldrich Av. forecasts Bryant's future, with almost as many vacant lots as houses.

Residents' concerns echo those who spoke emotionally about the future of their neighborhoods at Thursday's Minneapolis Town Meeting.

Falling property values

trap some residents

Two things seem to unite folks on Colfax. Nobody seems to like the messy locust trees the city planted on the boulevards.

And the squirrels are cited as pests nearly as often as bad landlords. They wrecked longtime resident Marcy Dolezal's tomatoes and the onions she planted to protect the tomatoes.

"Maybe I'll just let the squirrels take the house," Dolezal joked at a meeting last spring of the block club, one of only a half-dozen or so in the Hawthorne neighborhood. But there was bite behind the humor. She'd just reported that a man had offered her and her husband, Les, $ 7,000 for a house the city values at $ 48,000. She has lived there for 53 years, the first 30 as a renter. The house bears seven bullet holes of unknown origin.

Among some residents, falling property values incite anger toward careless landlords and obnoxious renters. The dropping values have trapped some who might otherwise leave. Thirty years ago, Rita and Harris Lemanczik's small stucco home was moved out of the path of Interstate Hwy. 35W to Colfax Av. N. She remembers when the assessor valued it at $ 79,000. Now it's $ 34,600.

"Where are you going to go? You aren't going to go anywhere else with the money in this house. It's just a down payment on another house," Rita Lemanczik declared, arms folded. They live on Social Security and her part-time job selling pulltabs.

Her ire is focused on the large blue-sided duplex next door, which drew nine police calls in the first six months of this year. Much of its front yard is worn to dirt, littered with trash and ringed by the twisted skeleton of a chain-link fence. "We shouldn't have to put up with trash like this next door. There must be 15 to 20 people in the yard with boom boxes. They block traffic, and when you ask them to move, they give you the finger." She's white; they're black.

"I'm as racist as can be since I've had to live among these people," she said.

The Lemancziks' views are considered extreme by others on the block. But their location earns them some sympathy. "God, I wouldn't want to live in that house," said Bushie, who lives half a block away but not out of earshot. "I'm not prejudiced one bit, but they live differently than we do. And the language!"

Some homeowners

blame landlords, tenants

"Homeowners want to keep the property value up. You get these transients coming in who are renting and on welfare and start destroying the property they're in, and then they start destroying your property." So says Walter Smith, who has lived on Colfax for 25 years.

"I'm very protective of my family. The average black person who moves in here moves in with an attitude. If you come at me with an attitude, I'll give you an attitude. They come in with that I-don't-give-a-damn attitude, and the landlords, you almost have to take them to court to get them to fix things."

Smith is black. His wife, Shirley, is white. But get them together over coffee, and it's clear they're talking as homeowners rather than from their racial identities.

They met at a Broadway Av. club. Walter, now the vocalist for Big Walter Smith & The Groove Merchants, had come up from Kansas City, Mo., to play a gig. Shirley bought a house on Colfax in 1970. Walter integrated the block shortly afterward when he moved in. "It wasn't the accepted thing. It wasn't like someone would beat you over the head, but I kept to myself," he said of those first years. Shirley recalled their car's windows and radiator getting shot up shortly after Walter moved in.

Shirley Smith describes the Colfax block as good, but she's voluble about the neighborhood's problems. "I can't tell you the number of times our van has been broken into," she said. She and Walter typically arrive home from the band's jobs after midnight. They cruise the block and alley before they pull into the driveway to avoid getting jumped. There's drug dealing as close as nearby 27th and Bryant Avs., she said. "They'll try to stop you on the corner, and they'll say, 'Do you want to buy a rock?' I say to Walter: 'Don't slow down. Don't roll down the window.' "

She worked as a credit manager for 14 years until her employer was swallowed by a bigger company. Since then, she has been picking up jobs in the music business, including managing the band. At one time, the couple could have afforded to live in an affluent suburb, but her heart and family roots are on the North Side. Besides, she said, "I'm not going to let these bastards run me out of here."

Plenty of room -

and plenty of attention

The spacious blue duplex houses two families. Cynthia Bland lives downstairs with her six children ages 1 to 11. Anita Lewis lives upstairs with two of her own children, five from a sister who died of cancer, and another sister, Loretta Jackson, who's helping mind the children. Lewis and Jackson work for a check-cashing business.

First Bank has foreclosed on the property, and landlord Rickey Gullickson of Brooklyn Park said he'll probably give up the last one of the seven Minneapolis rental properties he once owned.

In addition, the city has canceled its Section 8 agreement with Gullickson because of building conditions. So the two families will have to move in order to keep their federal rent subsidies.

On a day she's interviewed, Lewis is enduring two days without water. She said it's the third or fourth time the water has been shut off in the five years she has rented the five-bedroom unit.

Such apartments that can accommodate a family of nine are rare. "The kids like it here. I hate moving."

The block is quieter than it was when she moved in, Lewis said, although the downstairs unit sometimes has lots of company. "That's the only major problem I can think of."

Downstairs, Bland supports her children with welfare, food stamps and her rent assistance. "My work is just sitting here looking after them, cleaning this house and my yard and constantly cooking," she said. But sometimes it's a losing battle. Her front door is plastered with dozens of handprints. "My floor better not be marked up," she hollers inside.

Bland moved to the three-bedroom unit, which rents for $ 725 a month, after another building she lived in was condemned. "Even though I knew this was a bad street, I took this for my children. It's better than Bryant and Aldrich." She said she was surprised to find Bazoff a block leader after encountering him working for landlords elsewhere.

'The culture clash'

Rowena Hicks, a city crime prevention specialist, works to help people address problem properties on their blocks. She paid the blue duplex a midsummer "knock-and-talk" visit, telling the residents that their behavior is being watched and that the next visit might be less pleasant. After the visit, some neighbors say, the duplex has been quieter.

Hicks said that conflict on a block can arise from differing standards. "I get calls: 'They're barbecuing in their front yard!' I ask: 'What do you expect me to do? Are they setting it on fire?' 'No.' 'Are they loud enough to call the police?' 'No.' What is the issue? It's the culture clash."

While the Lemancziks complain about kids throwing rocks and trash into their yard, another nearby homeowner, Leon Wallace, took a different approach. "I offered them a little income to help pick up the paper. We get a lot of trash blowing down the alley," he said. "They ask me if I have more work for them."

Wallace, like Bland and Lewis, is black. He grew up in Minneapolis, but said he didn't feel welcomed when he moved in two years ago. But that had more to do with economic status than race, the real estate broker said. He'd bought a lawn tractor with attachments that other neighbors couldn't afford. He said that among children, envy can be expressed through vandalism, and that's why it's important to reach out.

But one attempt to reach out left Wallace disillusioned. Attending his first block-club meeting, he felt as if he were sitting in on a group of neighborhood inspectors, who in their zeal critiqued some neighbors' properties and behavior. "I was really turned off. I told my wife, 'It's your turn next.' They seemed to be protecting their turf there. I don't think they have a good sense of community."

Parents' long hours

cause some concern

Colfax is a ***working-class*** block. Some with jobs work long hours. Sometimes that can cause problems for the neighbors.

Elaine McGlothlin-St. Denis, one of the block's nine white homeowners, bought her house nearly 10 years ago after a real estate agent convinced her it would be a better investment than a mobile home.

She goes to work at 8 a.m., taking a shift at the Target on Broadway. By midafternoon she's at Honeywell's Golden Valley plant, steering a forklift until well after midnight. Some days she delivers newspapers, too.

Much of her take-home pay goes into the house, although she splurged recently on a $ 7,000 motor tricycle. She paid about $ 50,000 for the house now valued at $ 42,000 despite a series of improvements, including new siding this summer. "When I was putting the siding on, one of my son's friends said, 'Why are you putting money into your house?' They said, 'This is the 'hood.' " She has several rooms left to renovate before a planned retirement in five years. "In five years, it's paid for. I can't afford to move. I don't want to work another 20 years for a new house."

She said she's working too hard to notice how the block is doing. But street life intruded on the family on Labor Day afternoon when an unknown person shot and seriously wounded one of the family's dogs in their yard.

Several years ago, neighbors complained that during her long working hours, her sons were free to host rowdy, nightlong parties. Sons Roger, 24, and Sean, 19, acknowledge that past. They party elsewhere now. They have jobs, and they'd like to see their mother move to the suburbs. "She says 'easier said than done,' " Roger said.

Across the street, Tron Fondren and Sue Pearson live side by side in a duplex. In June, Fondren averaged 55-hour workweeks as a counselor at a home for the mentally ill and Pearson 80 hours a week as a counselor at two facilities.

Fondren said she sets strict limits for her two sons, Koree, 12, and Darren, 6. "They know they don't go past that big tree there," pointing to an elm three doors away. Pearson's son, Joey, 8, has learned the ropes, too. "I never leave my bike out for a minute - not in this neighborhood," he said. He and brother Andy, 12, are the only white kids on the block. That isolates them, Pearson said; Fondren added that Koree sticks up for Andy when he gets picked on for his red hair.

The problem, neighbors said, comes when the mothers are working and a dozen or so kids congregate at the duplex. On one such Friday night, police were summoned to quiet the Pearsons' booming stereo.

Relief from suburban

prices and attitudes

Some tenants have fled here from the suburbs. Emilie Vetaw moved to Colfax after watching her monthly rent in Richfield climb $ 20 each year. Here her upper duplex is $ 40 a month cheaper for one more bedroom.

Jackie Andrews, who is black, tried Robbinsdale for two years before tiring of the racial tension she found there. "As soon as you do something, they label you something," she complained. "They talk to you like you're ignorant or stupid."

North Side whites are more used to black neighbors, she said. But her daughter Sharnel, 10, of whose math skills her mother speaks proudly, preferred living in Robbinsdale near a pool. "It's boring here," she said. Andrews taught her daughters to drop and roll on top of younger siblings if shooting begins.

First-time homeowner

sees reasons for hope

At age 60, Geneva Davis finally is a homeowner. Last summer, shortly after renting a house on Bryant with her daughter and two grandchildren, she spotted a man fixing up a three-bedroom house on the next block west. She asked whether he'd rent it; he said he'd had it with renters. She saw the hardwood floors. "I liked it from the get-go," she said. The man held the house for them while mother and daughter completed a class for first-time buyers.

She and her daughter, Gwenette Richardson, were eager to depart Bryant. "It's like Bryant is another town. There was a lot of shooting over there all the time," Davis said. "We had to get the kids down on the floor."

They agreed to pay nearly $ 55,000 for the house, although the assessor valued it at only $ 32,000. No matter, Davis said. "It's yours. That's the main thing. The payments are less than we were paying for rent before. It feels beautiful because it's the first time we've owned anything."

Davis was born in Alabama and her family followed the black migration north, settling in Chicago - but conditions there worsened. After Richardson visited relatives in Minneapolis, she returned home determined to persuade her mother to leave the street violence that had left Davis' youngest son beaten to death. They moved in 1993.

Still, they've noted some disturbing signs on Colfax. People seeking drugs have knocked on the door at night. Cars stop frequently in front of a nearby house, often with the honk of a horn and a quick curbside transaction. "I've been around people selling drugs all my life, and if they're not selling drugs, I don't know what they're doing," Richardson said. She worries that a police raid could harm her household.

Richardson, the breadwinner, rides the bus every workday to the Mall of America, 40 minutes each way. She has sold clothing there since the family moved to the Twin Cities. She applauds Bazoff's work as the block's enforcer and has faith that he can rid it of problems. "Once George talk to the people and have decent people move in, everybody will be happy here," she said.

Two couples, two

approaches to ownership

Homeowners still occupy two-thirds of the houses on this block. Nine houses are owned by whites, five by blacks, one by an interracial couple. All of the black-owned homes have been bought in the last four years. There have been no new white homeowners since then. The block contains 15 rental units in 10 buildings, but two of the buildings are also owner-occupied. All but three rental units were occupied at the start of the summer by blacks; two white tenant families were forced out when their landlords surrendered their buildings to lenders.

David Bledsoe and Janice Guider hope to be homeowners in a year. She works for an insurance company; he sells appliances for Wards. He left Chicago in 1994 believing there was no work for him there, and started doing temporary office work the day he stepped off the Greyhound in Minneapolis. Janice arrived later.

She worried about the block before she moved in, but those fears have evaporated. They live next door to Bazoff. It had been a problem property; previous tenants were the target of a drug raid last spring. As long as the landlord rents to good tenants, Bazoff mows the lawn. "If the grass gets long, I know we messed up," Guider joked. "It's good to know somebody's looking out for you."

They hope to look for their own home in about a year - but not on the North Side. "There's a lot of renters," he said. "They're not situated so they're going to take care of things like a homeowner."

Across the street, Garfield and Pamela Williamson decided to stay on the North Side. They said they left Chicago last winter to spare the eldest of their five children from "senseless gangbanging." They rented at 29th and Bryant Avs. N. for five months before buying the house on Colfax. "This block is much, much better than the block we came from - trash everywhere, kids fighting, kids, kids, kids," Pamela said. She works part time at a fast-food eatery; he's assistant manager at an auto parts store.

When they moved, Garfield ferried loads of household goods in a red shopping cart, saving the big items until a friend's truck was available. Since then they've been raking the lawn, grubbing out scrub trees, fixing the fence.

Worries about crime

and newcomers

Bazoff, the block leader, grew up in the area. He returned in 1989 to move in with his older sister, Helen Cline, and her family, in the duplex Cline bought in 1975.

Cline just rented the upstairs of the duplex to a woman with four children. "She seems to be a pretty sensible girl. I thought I'd take a chance. We checked her out pretty thoroughly. We don't like where she's from, but she said she wants to get away from there. . . . We usually don't take anybody off Bryant."

On this day, Cline steers her decaying car to the curb at the end of another week at a suburban food warehouse, where she has worked for 29 years. Out of habit, she picks trash from the gutter before slumping to a seat in front of the duplex. It was quieter back when she first moved in. As a car passes with speakers blaring, she adds: "It wasn't like that."

She had to take a week of vacation to clean up after the previous renter, whom she said cut wires to baseboard heaters and shorted smoke detectors. Because of problems with other tenants, she doubts she's money ahead since first renting the unit three years ago.

A week after moving in, new renter Cassandra Jackson comes purposefully out the front door toward a knot of children checking out the block's newcomers. "You kids ain't going to be hanging out like this. Go home, go home and go home," she points to each visitor. "I don't want the landlord to get upset. Now go! Bye!"

After a week, Jackson doesn't see much difference from Bryant. "You still have the same worries: Will I get broken into? Can I sit outside without worrying about a drive-by?"

Several homeowners have tales of break-ins, but police reports indicate that the block is safer than many. Still, the occasional drug raid can be disconcerting. Last winter, Marcy Dolezal went to back the car out of the garage to take her grandsons to the park. "Then I heard the police: 'Get down on the ground, get down on the ground or I'll blow your head off!' " She heeded police advice to duck inside while they raided a duplex two doors north.

A crusade

for stability

Sometimes, life on 2600 Colfax seems much like any other block in Minneapolis. Jump-ropes slap a rhythm against the sidewalk, sometimes engaging three generations. Neighbors chat on porches and over fences. The wail of sirens on nearby streets and the dum-da-da-dum-da-da-dum spilling from car stereos fades into mere background noise.

On such an afternoon, Bazoff expounds on what he has learned about managing a block. The block club came together after several false starts - after things got bad enough. For four years, Bazoff has fielded complaints from neighbors, doggedly prodded City Hall to address problems, badgered landlords with troublesome tenants. But there are complaints that Bazoff works for slumlords; public records show he has worked for several landlords with repeated housing-code violations.

Roger Streeter, director of the neighborhood organization, said: "George is a conscientious man. He works hard. He's stubborn. He knows right from wrong."

The duplex next door to Bazoff, quieter now that Bledsoe and Guider live there, has been a perennial trouble spot. Bazoff recites one former landlord's phone number from memory. "I called him up at two or three in the morning, and I said, 'I can't sleep, and neither can you.' " Later, the block took over management of the building for the landlord.

The screech of an argument on the other end of the block pierces the afternoon languor. Bazoff talks calmly for several minutes through the high-decibel exchange between one woman in the street and another on the porch of the blue duplex. "We keep a close eye on that house, and we know when it's going to pop and when it's not. . . . If it's just verbal, it's better to let them get it off their chests. If it's getting hostile, you ought to break it up."

The block club has learned other techniques: how to get a criminal background check or a rental history, how to file to evict a tenant, how to report incidents to 911. "You don't call in a loud music call when you've got four or five people. You call it in as a loud party because it gets a higher priority," Bazoff said. They've learned that planting word of a pending drug raid can scare off dealers - even if there's no raid planned.

In May, Bazoff relinquished the job of block-club leader to his niece as he prepared for yet another leg operation. Serving as the block's arbiter of what behavior is challenged has sapped him. "I'm getting burned out. My temper's snapping at the wrong time."

The day Bazoff stepped down as block leader, community crime prevention specialist Hicks gave the club a pep talk. "If you weren't all here, showing that you care, people would do whatever they want. . . . Don't give up. Don't get despondent."

How to help your block:

If you're concerned about keeping your block livable or dealing with problems that have cropped up, here are some ideas from community crime prevention specialists:

Know your neighbors.

Watch each other's properties.

Organize a block club. (In Minneapolis, call 673-3015. In St. Paul, call 292-3625.)

Develop a set of expectations for how people behave and keep their property, and circulate them to new property owners, especially absentee landlords.

Call 911 to report suspicious activity.

Contact housing inspectors if property maintenance slips. (For housing code issues such as trashy yards or peeling paint, call 673-5858 in Minneapolis or in St. Paul, call 292-7771 or 266-8989.)

(See microfilm for other chart.)

**Graphic**

Photograph; Chart; Map

**Load-Date:** September 25, 1996

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