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(Hinchliffe/Simon)
July 19, 1990 4:00 p.m.
PENNDRUGS

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: PHILADELPHIA ANTI-DRUG RALLY
West Philadelphia Community Center
Tuesday, July 24, 1990 1:20 p.m.

Thank you, and thanks to all of you great kids out there for that terrific welcome. [ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS] And hello to all of you across the street, listening on loudspeakers. You must feel great, because not too long ago, the place where you're ~~sitting~~ standing was dominated by a crack house. But your neighbors tore it down; your older kids hacked away at the waist-high weeds; and your children planted the seeds for what is now that rich green lawn\\

I'm so proud of all of you. \\ You might not realize it, but while you've been working away up here, America has been hearing you. **It's listening to the tolling of a bright new sound: Philadelphians shouting firmly and defiantly to the terrorists who deal drugs -- <u>"WE'RE BEATING THE ODDS."</u>** \\\

I see you kids are wearing t-shirts that say that. Terrific stuff. [[You in front, turn around so I can see what's on the back. [reads] "Yes to sports, no to drugs." That's another wonderful message.]] You kids really have the right idea. **<u>No crack in Philadelphia except for the one in the Liberty Bell.</u>** \\\

Here in the birthplace of American Independence, you have another kind of independence. You don't have to depend on drugs; \\ on dealers; \\ on crime. \\ You're free to believe in yourselves. I see your t-shirts say that too: "I believe in me." **Well, I believe in you, too.** \\\

In all that I've been hearing about your Philadelphia Anti-Drug Coalition, there are two stories that really stick in my mind. In one story, your neighborhood families, numbed by fear, routinely barricaded themselves inside their homes while the sounds of battle raged outside: the burst of gunfire in drive-by shootings; the echoing threats of drug dealers; the shuffle of the zombie-like procession to the infested crack house next door.

This was a war-zone of despair. But listen: that story was from the past. Here's a story from today -- with a happy ending.

Phil. Inquirer Mag. 4-1-90 see file

An 11-year-old boy named James used to hang around the edge of the clean-up projects. He didn't want to go home to his alcoholic mother. He needed money for shoes but was too young to earn anything but the $15 drug dealers would pay him to be a lookout.

215-386-4075

Why do I like this story? Because someone who cared found James. He was **Herman Wrice**, the John Wayne of Philadelphia, a towering mountain of a man who started a whole movement by declaring war on a crack house with a sledgehammer. To James, living drug-free in the safety of the Wrice home, he is now "Dad". \\\

**My friends: You showed that individual neighborhoods <u>can</u> work together to restore hope and self-respect. You showed that community commitment <u>can</u> extinguish the destructive blaze of crack burning up our streets and our kids. **

And you speak loudly and clearly. **The adults are saying that no more children will be won over by these desperados of death.** They're saying: **We're not going to surrender to you. We're taking back our kids and we're taking back our streets.**

And you kids -- you're the ones we're proudest of. Because you're saying: **Hey, I believe in me. I believe I'm worthwhile, and I'm not going to waste my life in the filth of your crack houses. I'm going to believe in something bigger than that: I'm going to believe in my community and my life and my future.** \\\

Al Wilson TEAM FAD

Together, you have formed anti-drug Olympics and after-school activities as an alternative to drugs -- and as a source of pride and reward. You've stood on street corners all night long, bearing witness by your presence to the victory being won. And when drug dealers see you coming, they scatter before you like cockroaches in a sudden burst of light.

In an America that worships heroes, you are the real thing.\\\

Robert Armstrong memo Philly's drug czar

And we're also excited by the extraordinary Operation PEARL -- an unprecedented effort to uncover and destroy the dark, dirty roots of drug corruption one neighborhood at a time. This experiment in community/government cooperation combines the services of city, state, and federal agencies with local volunteers. **And it embodies the sort of vision and success that Bill Bennett has been encouraging since taking command of our drug war.** \\

Let me tell you what we've been doing in Washington while you've been waging your own brave battles up here. Fourteen months ago, I stood ~~on the steps of~~ before the U.S. Capitol and announced America's determination to "TAKE BACK THE STREETS."

5/15/89 speech

Cabinet affairs

In September, ~~First,~~ we proposed our powerful National Drug Control Strategy. ~~And~~ As part of a follow-up, just two weeks ago we released our new model drug curriculum. **Called "Learning to Live Drug Free," it is the first time the**

intro 7/12 memo from Ede to D²

government has provided comprehensive guidance to every school in the country on classroom-based drug prevention instruction.

And when our Crime Bill finally passes Congress, we will have in place ~~two new, mighty fronts where we will~~ fight this war on drugs. **Together, they give us new initiatives in prevention; education; interdiction; and enforcement.**

America has waited too long. Congress must move quickly on the Crime Bill: to give us immediately ALL the tools we need to get this job done -- for the sake of this country's future.

Philadelphia Magazine 2/90

You are already getting your job done here -- in efforts like the all-night bonfire vigil one rainy night when 300 of you in white hard hats closed down drug action on Indiana Avenue.\\

**When you lit that first bonfire, you were lighting more than just one flame against the cold. You were setting up a beacon of hope against evil: a symbol to other communities in despair. **

In the westerns of my youth, the good guys wore white hats and stood firmly and proudly for morality. **I'm glad to see that in the Philadelphia of my Presidency, the good guys still wear white hats and still stand firmly and proudly for the same virtues.**

Phil. Inquirer Mag. 4-1-90

Herman has said that he'll take off his hat "only when we win this war." I know I will return one day and find you bare-headed, with your neighbors strong and drug-free at your side.

It has been a privilege to be with you today. God Bless Philadelphia, and all of you.

* * * * *

bds - fax from Tim Simonsen in NY

West Phila. Community Center

ON STAGE: ATTENDEES

1. HERMAN WRICE
   FOUNDER PREVENTION, EDUCATION, ACTION REHABILATATION, AND LAW ENFORCEMENT (PEARL) AND LEADER OF MANTUA AGAINST DRUGS

2. MRS. WRICE

3. JERRY MILBANK
   CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD BOYS'AND GIRLS' CLUB OF AMERICA

4. JUDGE CLIFFORD SCOTT GREEN
   FEDERAL JUDGE DISTRICT COURT PHILADELPHIA, PA

5. JUDGE WILLIAM S. HALL, JR.
   FEDERAL MAGISTRATE

6. BOB ARMSTRONG
   MAYOR'S OFFICE DRUG CZAR

7. FRANCIS (RED'S) BAGNELL
   PRESIDENT PERSONAL FRIEND (Host)

8. MRS. BAGNELL

9. AL WILSON
   EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR FIGHT AGAINST DRUGS

10. MRS. WILSON

11. CHARLES BARKLEY
    PHILADELPHIA 76ERS

12. PETE RETZRALFF
    CIVIL LEADER

Sen. Heinz + Wilson Goode

13. CHUCK LEWIS
    DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

14. CHARLES----------

15. EMERSON MORAN
    CHIEF POLICY ADVISOR DRUGS AND ALCOHOL FOR GOVERNOR CASEY

16. JAMES DURKIN
    INSPECTOR, Phil P. D.

17. TOM BROOKSHIER

(off-stage) Reds Bagnell → Al Wilson → Cedrick Ward → Herman Wrice ↓ POTUS

Philadelphia
FEBRUARY 1990

TELL THEM HERMAN WRICE IS BACK

A '60s street fighter returns to wage war against drugs.

DAN RATHER IS USING THE WORD "emergency." As he sets up the last report on the news this November evening, he talks about "the death and destruction that cuts across neighborhoods and generations all over the country." Another report about the drug crisis.

Just what we need, more footage from Philadelphia. There's Susan Zwerling, that teacher caught in the cross fire between warring drug dealers outside the General Davis

By Glenn A. McCurdy

B. Birney Elementary School.

Then suddenly the report shifts tone. Listen. It's saying something that, in our civic self-contempt, we never expect to hear: "In Philadelphia, something *is* being done."

Now we see scenes of marchers chanting, "We're gonna take . . . back . . . the neighborhood!" They're young and old, black and white; they're all wearing white hard hats. Oh! *White hats!* They're patrolling alleys, they're screaming into bullhorns outside corner bars, they're stretched hand in hand across ghetto intersections.

These people, correspondent Harold Dow tells the nation, are part of the Anti-Drug Coalition, a group that has grown in membership from seven to 2,500 in two years. "They surround crack houses and confront drug dealers head-on."

Some guy named Herman Wrice is the organizer. A big, intense, charismatic man, he walks alongside Dow, explaining why they risk such confrontation: "You hunt drug dealers where they are. It's like crocodiles. You gotta go where they swim to be able to kill 'em."

SHREDDED CLOUDS TUMBLE ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY HIGH above the city. The temperature has dropped dramatically, and the wind has shifted to the north. It smells like snow.

On Indiana Avenue it smells like money. Here, on the streets between Temple University and Hunting Park, drug dealers are welcoming an endless stream of customers in late-model cars. Night and day for seven years it has been like this: boom-box bedlam, Latin music measured by the decibel-ton, kids flashing heavy gold chains and carrying cellular telephones. On this dingy two-lane street lined with trashed cars and crippled buildings, there's an ongoing celebration of commerce and crack.



LEFT: ***Members of the Anti-Drug Coalition assemble at a nearby church to suit up for a long winter's night. Then,*** OPPOSITE, ***they hit the street—in this case, a block of Cambria Street in North Philadelphia.***

Watching from a window in St. Bonaventure's rectory on the 2800 block of North Hutchinson Street is Father Gerald Kelleher. "During the last five years," says Father Kelleher, a stocky, silver-haired man, "I have buried 38 members of my parish who were drug victims. One of them was a 12-year-old kid. Another was 14. Only one of these victims died from a drug overdose. The rest were shot to death, murdered in disputes over turf or money."

From time to time over the years he had called church members together to discuss what they should do, but no one had any answers. Then someone told them about Herman Wrice and his Anti-Drug Coalition.

Tonight Wrice and his army have come to close down all the "drug stores," all the drive-through sales points on Indiana Avenue between Front Street and 5th. The dealers have already heard about this. They passed the word to police in the 25th District to tell everyone not to come. It is a bad idea. People could get hurt.

The people come anyway, 300 of them, from across the city, from Wrice's original group, Mantua Against Drugs, from University City, from West Oak Lane, from South Philadelphia. Sister Carole, Tom Neeley, Reverend Gaines, Al Wilson, Carlos Muniz, Bootman, Kristin Flynn, Len Ward, Jason Madgison, Aaron Porter, Peter Moor, Diane Morgan, Rose Payne, Susan Liddy, Len Scull. They've come on a windy, rain-swept night to close down Indiana Avenue with a march and an all-night vigil.

Carefully planned over a six-week period, this is to be the most ambitious sweep in the movement's brief history of fighting the drug culture. Indiana Avenue is a wholesale drug supplier to a five-state area. The White Hats are here because they decided that if they can take Indiana Avenue, they can take control of any drug-infested neighborhood in the city. So they will seize the intersections. They will clean the streets and sidewalks, bag the trash, drink coffee, camp out in lawn chairs and tell stories all night long. They will be a witness and a presence and they will not leave until dawn. No drugs will be sold on Indiana Avenue tonight.

Wrice moves among the gathering marchers. Even in the darkness there is no mistaking his presence: A 6-foot-4-inch bear of a man, he limps along, favoring the leg he injured playing football for Overbrook High School. He pauses to lean against a wall and light a cigarette. The smoke bellows out from beneath the shallow brim of his hard hat.

"I believe all elected officials want to do a good job," he says. "But most of them still feel that problems can be written away with legislation. Today, most of the major problems faced by society—education, the crime explosion, the homeless, cities falling apart—are directly related to drugs. This problem can't be legislated away. The politicians must realize this and begin to support programs that *do* work, programs that help people help themselves."

Mayor Wilson Goode, who helped provide the city services that made this vigil possible, comes by on foot, wearing a dark blue raincoat over a tuxedo. Wrice invited 87 public officials to attend this gala, including all the members of City Council. Only three people accepted: Goode, Councilman Lucien Blackwell and state Representative Harold James.

Captain Bruce Forstater and officers from the 25th District lead the way as bullhorns crackle with the first chant of the evening: "Up with hope! Down with dope!" A van equipped with a sound system broadcasts the same message in Spanish. The army of white helmets follows the flashing patrol car lights into the heart of drug country, to the intersection of 5th and Indiana. One little dealer, seemingly caught up in all the excitement, jogs back and forth in front of the parade like a lost Mummer, waving a roll of money. Other dealers stand in the shadows, watching without expression.

Most street dealers don't see themselves as criminals, as social outcasts who sell poison to their neighbors. They are happier in the role of cool symbols of inner-city success, of life in the fast lane. Wrice intends to take that role away from them.

Drug dealers, like anyone else, have a need for acceptance. When the White Hats arrive on their turf, they become instantly unacceptable.



The dealers, he says, like anyone else, have a need for acceptance. When the White Hats arrive at night on their turf, the once-powerful drug dealers become instantly unacceptable and strangely vulnerable.

"Why you come down here to fuck with us?" one dealer shouts. "We doing what we gotta do. Why you mess with us?"

The impact of organized social condemnation produces confusion. Confrontation is a completely new experience for most dealers.

The Reverend Alden Gaines, founder of South Philadelphia's Direct Truth Anti-Drug Coalition, leads a short prayer for the success of the evening's work. Then, with military precision, vigil squads are deployed on all four corners of each intersection all the way back to Front Street. Traffic comes to a standstill.

"What should I do about the traffic?" asks Captain Forstater.

"Let 'em all come through," says Wrice. "No question. I want them to see that all these drug stores are closed. I want them to see all these White Hats taking back the streets."

A volunteer in a pickup truck moves along Indiana Avenue, dropping off supplies of trash bags, brooms and shovels to the teams of volunteers at each intersection. The teams fan out; sidewalk litter is quickly swept into piles in the gutter and bagged.

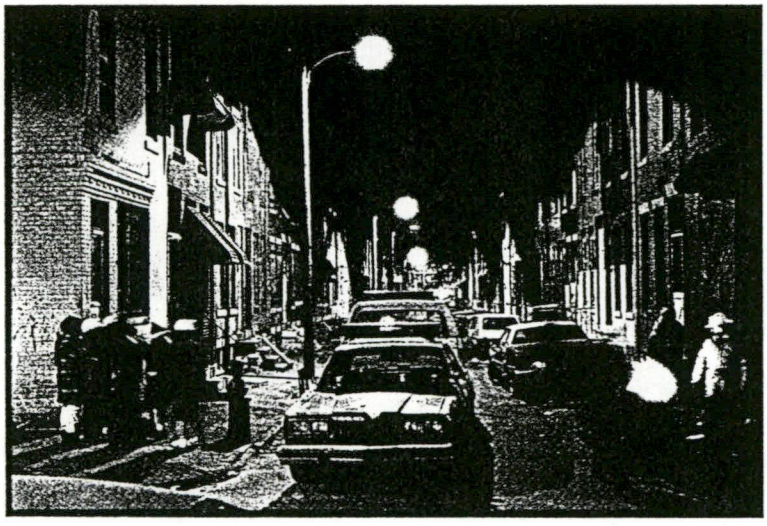
On the northeast corner of 5th and Indiana, Wrice meets Father Kelleher holding down the fort. "I really didn't know that this movement existed," Father Kelleher says. "I've been praying for this for seven years."

At 3 a.m. someone builds a fire in a barrel on a vacant lot near 4th Street. Most of those who stayed on have gathered to feed the fire from some trashed doors and to share in the laugh-

ter. There is bad coffee in styrofoam cups and a bucket of thick chicken soup cooking over a portable gas stove. Two patrol cars from the 25th District are idling nearby; a young woman from South of Market Against Drugs (SOMAD) has her lawn chair planted next to one car's radiator, her feet nestled against the grill. Over by the fire, a volunteer called Pee-Wee delivers a long series of one-liners that stops abruptly when Sister Carole arrives. "I miss all the *good* jokes," she complains.

In between the jokes, they discuss the evening's results and make plans for other marches, other vigils. There is a crack house that should be sealed, an after-school tutoring program to be established as a pilot project and old songs from the 1950s and '60s to remember. This is strictly a volunteer army: housewives, businessmen, students, PECO workers, truck drivers, engineers, radio executives, teachers, grandmothers, advertising executives, social workers, nurses, public relations directors and former football coaches. Approximately 70 percent are women, women who have been pushed to their limits by an inner-city world gone insane.

But tonight, the only sound coming from Indiana Avenue is laughter around a bonfire. A lone drug runner, eyes nervously darting up and down the empty street, pauses to check out the group. They are wrapped in their blankets and have settled in, waiting for dawn. The trash is ready for pickup, and the dealers are scattered, their customers turned away. Indiana Avenue is quiet.



The goal of a street-corner vigil is to shut down an entire night's worth of drug traffic. Here, the marchers use fire barrels and police protection to take back the corner of Cambria and Darien.

Wrice moves a bag of trash closer to the curb. "Isn't this beautiful?" he says to no one in particular. "Isn't this just beautiful!"

I FIRST MET HERMAN WRICE IN THE EARLY 1970S, WHEN HE lived on Spring Garden Street in Mantua and headed an organization called the Young Great Society. I wrote and directed a documentary for Channel 6 called *Fire in the Cool World* that told the story of Herman and the YGS, a non-violent presence in a violent era.

Today, 18 years later, little has changed. Other street activists from that era had more fiery rhetoric and more fame, but they have come and gone. Wrice himself left town for Iowa in 1977. Now he's back.

Wrice was born in West Virginia in 1937, and his family moved first to Chester and then to Philadelphia. He was ten when they settled in a section of Mantua known then as "The Bucket of Blood." Street gangs were a way of life—although, at that time, many gang leaders were more like community organizers, planning athletic contests and breaking up long, hot summer days into a series of adventures for their members.

Wrice became a member of "Poppy" Tate's "Flames." Even as a sophomore at Overbrook, his loyalty to the gang was strong. The football injury—a compound fracture of his left leg—kept him in Philadelphia General Hospital for well over a year, but he escaped from the hospital at one point to help the Flames defend their turf in a gang war. "My leg was so bad they had to prop me up against a wall so I could fight," recalls Wrice. "But the pain didn't bother me as much as not being there to hold that little corner."

The time spent in a hospital bed was not wasted. Sidelined from the action on the street, he began to develop an interest in books and ideas. As he began to study, his grades picked up. With his athletic career over, he became senior class president. He enrolled as a political science major at Temple University and married his childhood sweetheart, Jean Gordy.

Wrice graduated from Temple in 1962 and got a job as a pharmaceutical salesman. Then one day a shotgun blast changed the course of his career. Jean was shopping in a local grocery store when she was caught in the cross fire between gangs using guns instead of fists to settle their differences. She barely avoided serious injury. Weeks later, Wrice began working part time as a volunteer ghetto organizer and founder of an organization known initially as the Young Greats. Made up of a handful of young men equally dedicated to defusing gang violence, they patrolled Mantua like a bunch of Marines on an enemy-infested Pacific Island.

"This became a workshop on how to turn a ghetto around," remembers Wrice. "Andy Jenkins, Roland Gordon, John Banks and Len Libscomb . . . we became street cleaners and electricians and carpenters working side by side. It was kind of like a ghetto version of *This Old House*." The Young Greats evolved into the Young Great Society and grew to more than 600 members running a variety of programs, including day care, preschools and a model block rehab known as the Warren Street Project.

In the process, Wrice became an inviting target for both the traditional establishment and the black militants of the era. "Over the years I have been given almost every kind of label," he says. "The conservatives called me a communist, and the liberals called me a fascist. When I did some trouble-shooting for Milton Shapp they said I was CIA. Those who couldn't understand how these groups could do so much with no money said I must be a thief, and the Black Panthers said I was a traitor to my race, an Uncle Tom."

Wrice had a "build, baby, build" approach to improving the inner city, in direct opposition to the "burn, baby, burn" tack taken by activists such as H. Rapp Brown. One night, at a rally at the University of Pennsylvania, these two forces met face to face. Up at the podium, Brown's fiery diatribe worked the packed house into a frenzy, opening old wounds and offering no solutions except violent revolution. "All those opposed to this revolution," declared Brown, "people like this Herman Wrice and his YGS organization, are Uncle Toms! They should be run out of town!"

Brown didn't realize that Wrice and 20 of his more imposing associates were in the back of the auditorium listening.

Suddenly Rapp Brown found himself staring at a large black man striding down the center aisle and up onto the stage.

• "That Herman Wrice you're so busy trashing is right here!" he said. "If you have something to say, say it to my face!"

Brown switched his tune to black brotherhood.

AROUND THAT TIME, IN THE LATE '60S, WRICE WAS INTRODUCED to August Busch. This introduction of a social activist to the very wealthy head of a major brewing company led to a 22-year relationship in which the Busch Foundation has provided financial support for Wrice's work.

"We began with Herman in an effort to solve the violent gang problems of that time," Busch said during a recent visit to Philadelphia. "I am proud to be associated with his efforts. He is a man from the streets who understands the streets."

The man who introduced the two is Russell Ackoff. At the time he was a professor at the Wharton School; now he heads his own management consulting firm, Interact, at 3440 Market Street. Ackoff is a consultant to Anheuser Busch (among other major corporations) and uses Busch Foundation funds to underwrite many of Wrice's activities. Interact itself pays Wrice his $40,000 salary. "Herman is an employee of Interact, free to work as he sees fit, out in the community," explains Ackoff. "We assume the responsibility to see that he is financed so that he can accomplish the things that must be done."

That mandate can take Wrice anywhere in America. In 1977 he took on the challenge of creating an alcohol and drug rehabilitation program for more than half of the state of Iowa. Attracted by the rural environment, the Wrice family left Philadelphia. By 1985, the program had been named a model for the Western states.

By then, Ackoff was growing alarmed at the rapid collapse of Philadelphia's inner-city neighborhoods. Looking for help, he visited Wrice in Iowa. "Things were running smoothly out there," recalls Ackoff, "and it became apparent to me as we talked that Herman's real interest was in returning to this community. We spent several months studying the problems, and he came out believing that drugs were the single most important problem tearing the city apart. His great concern was in preventing the children in the community from going the way many of the adults had already gone."

Wrice knows from his own family experience what can happen to children. He and Jean have raised 17 kids; 11 of them were adopted. The two youngest are now graduating from college: Tammi, with a degree in sports medicine from Iowa State, and Timmy, who will graduate from Northwestern with a degree in marine biology this June.

"We talked it over each time we adopted a child," says Wrice. "The need for each kid to have a family was there, but nobody else seemed willing to take them in. And we seemed to have the energy to deal with it. Most of them have turned out well, but with 17 they won't all be perfect. Chris has had a drug problem, and we haven't heard from John for years."

Raising such a large family must have honed Wrice's budgetary skills. "Herman operates on an incredibly low budget," says Ackoff. "He must depend on people becoming involved in supporting themselves. He does not entice people with the lure of financial support. He can only entice them with the power of his ideas, and the promise of getting something done about some very serious problems."

Sometimes the budget is *so* low that the money for things like T-shirts, trophies and the all-important white hats has come out of his own pocket. During the years 1985 to 1988, for example, his tax returns show that he contributed a total of $51,000 to his own cause.

When Wrice and Ackoff began looking for a starting point in their problem-solving process, it took months of study to isolate a critical flaw that was allowing the drug culture to flourish: Communities had lost respect for their police, and the police were hesitant to help communities that didn't seem to care.

"That's where this city was bleeding the most," says Wrice.

"The community fought with the police instead of with the real enemy," says Wrice. "The drug business just loved it."

"The community fought with the police instead of with the real enemy. There's something wrong with that picture, because the drug business just loved it."

The first step toward a solution began in Mantua, with a series of meetings between the police of the 16th District and a group of community leaders. The meetings went on for two months. Accusations flew back and forth until everyone was either satisfied or exhausted. "We finally decided that if you're not interested in solving the drug problem, you probably shouldn't be involved," says Wrice. "The discussions about who's bad, who's on the take, who doesn't lift a hand to clean the streets—all that got settled. We're all bad . . . and we're all trying to make things good."

Out of this grew Mantua Against Drugs, a pilot program formed by Wrice and six others. MAD's first official "conference center" was a small park at 34th and Brandywine formerly used by drug dealers. The group perfected a plan of attack that was both non-violent *and* confrontational. After a few trial efforts, it became obvious that they needed some sort of identification as the "good guys"—hence the white hats. "The police in districts, looking for community support, identified with the white hats and the T-shirts," says Wrice. "Wherever we've established an active group, the police have become much more effective. Ninety percent of police join the force because they want to help

continued on page 104

continued from page 69

community problems. Now they have people in the community covering their backs and giving them accurate information about drug activity and crack houses."

Inspector James Durkin of the 16th District took part in those first community meetings with Wrice. He and other members of the 16th, like officers Brenda Robinson-Stowe, David Williams and Gene Clark, and Sgt. Mike Perrone, now themselves volunteer dozens of off-duty hours to a variety of community development programs launched by the movement.

"What we've established here in the 16th with Herman Wrice and MAD is a model that should be used everywhere," says Durkin. "There are thousands of decent people who are willing to fight this epidemic. Seeing them out there in pouring rain and sub-zero temperature tells me we can win this thing."

Inspector Durkin and other officers from the 16th attend MAD's Tuesday meetings; they handle complaints from residents, receive praise for their efforts and deliver the most applauded report on the agenda, the weekly report on drug-related arrests. In only 20 months Durkin has seen the movement grow from the single Mantua model into a citywide coalition of 56 groups. The coalition is now getting support from D.A. Ron Castille's office, which is supplying two-way radios and winter coats out of funds set up by the law that allows federal and local authorities to share the proceeds of property seized from convicted dealers.

"The police want to be as effective as possible out there on the street, but they need everybody's help to do the job," Wrice says. "Once you put aside all the blame—people blaming other people for a problem instead of taking a share of the responsibility—you find a social system gone wrong. It's a blocked artery that is killing a city. What we're doing is like bypass surgery."

ONE OF THE CITY'S WORST DRUG corners is the area around the intersection of 17th and Green in Fairmount. It is a neighborhood caught in tension between drugs and gentrification. You might think that the growing middle-class presence would daunt the drug traffic, or at least make the job of chasing the users and the pushers out that much easier. But many gentrifiers, it turns out, are distinctly uncomfortable with street activism. They don't understand neighborhood life, and they prefer to register their complaints by calling the police or writing pieces for the *Inquirer*'s Commentary Page.

Each month the Anti-Drug Coalition forces target one area for an all-out assault. On November 24th, they moved on this area, marching and chanting past a glitzy restaurant full of curious patrons. A crew from the Fox television network tagged along to document the night's action for a show called *The Reporters*. As the snow-filled evening unfolded, director Lori Siegel began to wonder whether the army of 200 White Hats would actually encounter the enemy.

Then, 15 minutes into the march, the first bottles hit the pavement: Dealers were heaving street litter at the demonstrators. This wasn't going nearly as smoothly as the 5th and Indiana action, where drug dealers had merely scattered. Here the teenage dealers at first refused to leave their corners. They danced to the anti-drug chants, flashed rolls of $100 bills and claimed to be members of that lethal group of urban marauders, The Posse.

At one crack house an inhabitant took exception to the chanting, and came outside into the camera lights with his pipe to debate the issue: "What you're doing is not right," he said. "I work every day, I keep myself clean. How many of you drink beer? Well, I happen to smoke cocaine. I don't do anybody any harm. I know it's illegal, but I do it! And now you've gone and spoiled my high!"

Ideally, the neighbors will maintain vigils all winter long. If they can be that persistent, they can solve the problem—at least their particular problem.

But after an hour or so, all the corners were successfully occupied by blazing 55-gallon drums. A few wandering drug runners came by looking for a contact, and one very confused car thief tried to sneak past a police barricade, only to be reeled in by two women officers. By 9:30 p.m. the Fox video crew had packed up its gear and headed off to dinner. It was a productive evening for all.

This is an area, says Wrice, that will become a special target of the movement. It will require many doses of consistent confrontation. Before this night, five middle-aged women in the neighborhood were the only ones who got involved. One week later, 50 neighbors had requested white hats.

Three weeks later, on December 15th, they stage a second all-night vigil. They do it without the backup of a citywide army of 200; instead there are only about 50 White Hats. But 25 of them are from the neighborhood. On this Friday night, the drug dealers don't throw bottles or mock the chants. They simply retreat into the shadows.

Ideally, the neighborhood group will maintain vigils on key drug corners of Fairmount every weekend night, all winter long. If the neighbors can be that persistent, they can actually solve the problem—at least their particular local problem. The drug dealers will realize the corner is not their turf, that it's no longer a game of easy money, and at the same time the local police will become more involved and confrontational. With persistence, the anti-drug forces *will* prevail. That first night's march will have been the beginning of something, rather than just another media event. Dealers will come around to the fire barrels, as they did the night of December 15th, and they will ask almost plaintively, "Hey, how long are you gonna *be* here?"

The neighbors will answer in chorus: *"All night long!"*

IF YOU WANT TO EXPERIENCE WITH ALL your senses the utter depravity of drugs, all you have to do is set foot inside a crack house.

One day last fall, members of the Anti-Drug Coalition sealed up a house on Colorado Avenue in South Philadelphia. The narcotics squad hammered open the door and went in first. There was still some smoke drifting out of a homemade pipe, but the inhabitants had escaped.

Peter Aborn, a construction consultant in his early 50s, is a volunteer who specializes in this process. He has seen many crack houses over the past two years, and he helped design a practical formula for sealing them up. He often gets the measurements of windows and doors from the neighbors, then pre-cuts the plywood. The total cost of a similar operation that has been given a price tag of $3,000 to $5,000 a house by the city is reduced to about $50 using volunteer labor.

On this day, though, everyone was particularly disgusted by the amount of filth inside the house. It was impossible to imagine how any known form of life could exist in here, even for a few minutes. There was no functioning toilet; the crackheads had used the bathtub and several five-gallon cans instead. The stench was overwhelming. Needles and empty vials and assorted homemade pipes were in every room.

Spray-painted on an upstairs bedroom wall beside the gaping hole that was once a window were three words: "I love crack."

"This is the kind of thing kids ought to see before they even think about experimenting with this stuff," says Aborn. "It would be even better if they could *smell* it. This is it, guys: life in the fast lane." ■■

Free-lance writer and filmmaker Glenn McCurdy is the director of college communications at Ursinus College and a volunteer for Mantua Against Drugs.

INSIDE: BASEBALL GOES GLOBAL

APRIL 1, 1990

The Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine

INQUIRER

Facing down the dealers

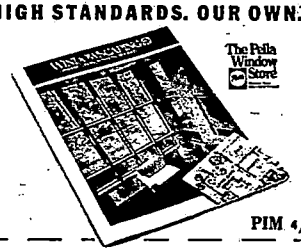
By HOWARD GOODMAN



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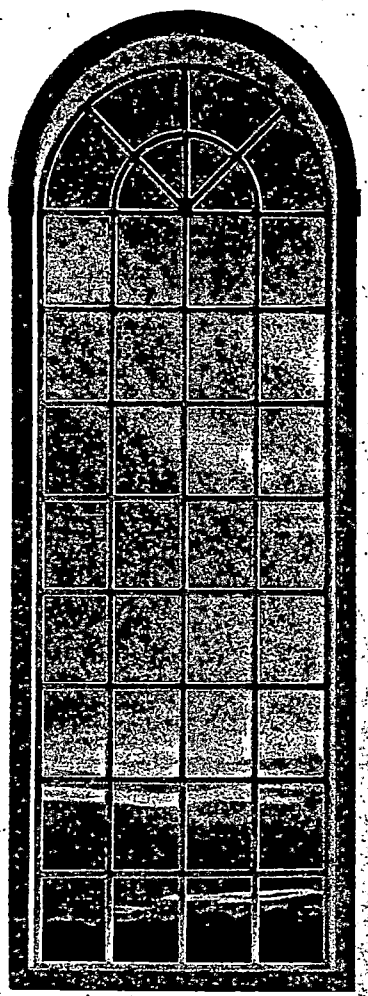
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INQUIRER

April 1, 1990

Like life

TOMORROW IS OPENING DAY. Opening Day. Even to non-baseball fans, the phrase conjures up images of rebirth and new beginnings and hopeful starts. To those unabashedly addicted to the game, it's one of the magical dates one marks down on the calendar — along with family birthdays, vacation plans and the estimated arrival of the first garden-grown tomato. Nothing interferes with the beauty and sanctity of Opening Day. Nothing.

At least that's the way it used to be. When I grew up, the game stayed between the foul lines. Every spring, kids studied box scores, not salary arbitration results. But that was then. Life has changed, become more complicated. In mid-life, the clear definitions of the baselines are often harder to make out. Baseball — one of life's most perfect metaphors — has changed, too. Maybe that's appropriate. What was simple and clean is now cluttered and disrupted. For those of us who grew up with the psychic satisfaction and clarity that baseball provides, seeing the game dragged through crises can be as troubling as living through our own personal changes. After all, they always warned us we'd grow up and life would become more difficult. But baseball was supposed to be timeless and beyond contamination. While silly owners shell out millions of dollars for marginal talent, and mercenary players sell their souls to the highest bidder, we wish for simpler, uncorrupted times.

In my youth, baseball was personified by Sandy Koufax, a nonthreatening, two-dimensional superman who mastered his art and won battles with overpowering strength and admirable humility. Today, as I pitch batting practice to my kids, they invoke the names of their own heroes — Von Hayes and Juan Samuel and (for some inexplicable reason) Darren Daulton. I find these guys hard to embrace, but the kids have already deified them. And 30 years from now, they will probably represent the days when life — and baseball — was pure and easy.

In light of all the troubles the sport has seen recently, Bill Ecenbarger's story today is as welcome as a hanging slider. It represents the up side of baseball — the spread of a good thing around the globe. While Americans mourn what has happened to their game, it is being adopted and cherished by kids and coaches from Armenia to Zimbabwe. It's become that rare commodity: a U.S. export that people are eagerly buying in great quantity.

Maybe the game's not as polluted as we think.

Fred Mann



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Herman Wrice on a street corner in the Mantua section of Philadelphia.
Photography by Michael Bryant

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By HOWARD GOODMAN

HERMAN WRICE

Facing down the dealers

Everybody understands the drug problem, the organizer says, "but nobody's started on the solution. And the solution begins with just standing up."

FOR HERMAN WRICE, THE whole crack problem was some hard-to-see abstraction until the dealers started to fool with one of his kids.

It was the summer of 1988. Wrice was organizing sports leagues, putting ghetto kids in uniforms, giving them teams to join, goals to shoot for, outlets for their energies, same as he'd been doing since the early 1960s. But now something was wrong. Now, coaches were hard to find. Now, men he had known, had trusted, were falling into the shadowland.

Then one of his star pitchers, 15 years old with an 11-2 record on the season, a kid who'd won just the day before, failed to show up for the championship game. The boy's teammates knew all about the problem. "He's bombed, Mr. Wrice," they told him. It hurt Wrice's pride that he hadn't seen it sooner, that this was how the dealers worked their evil. They'd hook the neighborhood's best youth, cocky that other kids would follow.

Someone has to stop this, Wrice started saying, or else we'll have a nation of imbeciles. "I've got to save the babies," he decided. "Somebody has to."

The crack that so rapidly hooked its users seemed to have paralyzed everyone else. The addiction was too quick, the money too big, the jails too full, the dealers too murderous. But Wrice talked it up with some of the neighborhood men, with a few of the local police — people tired of simply watching things decline — and he built a little army: six or seven guys going bald and beer-bellied to chase away the couple of dozen dealers who occupied the corner of 35th and Wallace Streets in the inner-city Mantua section of West Philadelphia.

Neighbors told them they were crazy as the men began walking with their placards — "We Gonna Take Our Neighborhood Back," "Dope Is For Dummies," "Stop Selling Poison To Our Children" — Wrice carrying a sledgehammer, advancing toward the dealers. Some onlookers joined in, a dozen, maybe two. And at the moment of confrontation, the dealers jeered, hurled threats — and ran away, across the street.

It was a perfect little victory, a movie scene. "Nobody had ever tested them before," Wrice said later with satisfaction. But now Wrice directed his little band toward a bigger target, the big vacant Victorian twin where the dealers made their headquarters. "We've got to kick their butts out of there," he declared.

Twenty-five crack heads lurked in that house — the forbidding Brigantine Castle, a looming presence on the street, magisterial and decrepit. The place was an abomination, the dopers parading in and out day and night. They lived in filth, didn't care. Complain, and they'd threaten to come get you. Neighbors had seen one guy shooting a gun into the street for the hell of it.

"It don't matter," Wrice insisted. "We gotta go."

And so they did, the next morning, or the morning after — memories are hazy. The group was looking around for the help they'd been promised from the Police Department, Probation & Parole, Licenses & Inspections. And the only people who showed up were a tipped-off local TV news crew.

Wrice had his sledgehammer, and his group was outside the house, and neighbors lined up across the street to watch. Dopers leaned out the windows and taunted, "You guys ain't going to do nothing with that hammer," and called



Wrice in September, when he and a coalition of 40 neighborhood groups, including his own Mantua Against Drugs, shut down 14 drug corners along Indiana Avenue.

them names, and then a TV guy started pointing his camera, and Wrice was thinking, "Oh no, what did I get myself into?" But now he was standing on the steps and he had the hammer and he was facing the locked front door, and there was no turning back. He lifted the hammer to his shoulder.

Just then the door opened. Someone from inside flung it open, a guy shouting obscenities. Wrice walked in, all 6-foot-4 and 260 pounds of him. The dopers scattered. It was amazing. They ran out of the house the back way.

And then Wrice swung his hammer and smashed a television set, a dining table, a collection of knickknacks and the building's front windows.

His declaration of war.

FOR WRICE, WHO HAS LIVED MOST of his 50 years in Mantua, the attack on the Victorian house began a new campaign in his professional career. Mayor Goode, an old acquaintance, sent him a white hard hat, saying: "If you're going to close crack houses, you better wear this." Wrice thought the mayor was maybe poking fun. But he prizes the symbols of sports and battle, so he put it on. He has worn it almost constantly ever since.

"I'll take this off," he says, "when we win this war. Or if I die."

From anybody else, the statement would sound crazy, but somehow you believe Wrice. Maybe it's his determination and the long hours he puts in. Maybe it's his irrepressible self-confidence: Don't tell him something can't be done. Of course it can, if only people are willing to work, if they don't give up. Energy like his tends to be infectious, people are so desperate for some hope, some answers. So Herman Wrice, with his vigor and optimism and magic, is that most suspect yet yearned-for figure: a leader whose coin is selflessness.

"He is on my list of heroes," says Peter Aborn, a past president of the West Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, who has clashed bitterly with Wrice but is an ardent ally in the drug fight, "and that is because he is absolutely dedicated to this cause, unflinchingly and untiringly. And that total lack of reserve, his willingness to put his whole life force into this, it gives him enormous power."

He's a huge man with a bucket jaw, an enveloping handshake, amused eyes and a lot of spine. His memory works with the precision of a TV remote control, and he keeps multiple conversations going with ease, a Pall Mall never far from his reach. He walks with a rocking limp, the result of a high school football injury that left his right leg so mangled that when he sits, he has to arrange it beneath him by hand to get comfortable. His day may start with 7:30 a.m. phone calls and end with a 4 a.m. drug vigil, yet at any time, he will talk unhurriedly to anyone. So he is habitually late.

If a community building needs painting, he'll just start painting. No discussion. And very often, shame being the motivator that it is, one or two or maybe more people will help before he's done. Soon he'll be putting them in charge of their own buildings to paint.

"He's a catalyst," says Robert Doucette, who began working with Wrice in 1978 and now operates a drug-treatment center. "Herman has a great capacity for making people feel comfortable. And if you can make people feel comfortable in their

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HOWARD GOODMAN is an Inquirer staff writer.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **W. MICHAEL MALLY**

WRICE

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roles of making change, whatever you're doing has a much better chance of working."

For more than 20 years, Wrice has been in and out of the public eye, the willing focus of fantasies of what the perfect inner-city hero should be. Understandably, it's hard for his admirers to acknowledge his flaws. At times, he can be abrasive and blindly obstinate. Critics say he's impulsive and undisciplined, a laissez-faire manager and a haphazard bookkeeper. His resume is puffed up with fabrications.

Yet time and again, observers surrender their objectivity before the onslaught of do-it-now impatience and sheer good feeling that surge through nearly any encounter with Herman Wrice. He is bigger than life — a visionary able to inspire the dispirited. Herman Wrice is about dreams and what is possible.

THEY CALLED THEMSELVES MAD — Mantua Against Drugs — which described both their mood and what most people thought must be their mental condition. In their first three weeks of existence in August 1988, they sealed up 14 abandoned buildings being used as crack houses. They pierced the dealers' aura of invincibility with the gutsy tactic of walking right up and saying what they thought of them. They began circulating "Wanted" posters with pictures of the Dealer of the Week.

Word got around. In South Philadelphia, the Direct Truth Anti-Drug Coalition — a church group that was holding prayer vigils in front of crack houses, trying to do a Jericho number with a bullhorn — was ready to take more aggressive action. MAD came and helped. Wrice bought everyone white hard hats.

A group from the Belmont area of West Philadelphia wanted to take similar steps. They became Belmont Against Drugs — BAD. Then a group from the Saunders Park section in West Philadelphia formed SPAD. And North Philadelphia's United Neighbors Against Drugs created UNAD. Wrice bought them all white hats.

"He makes you feel brave," says the Rev. Alden Gaines of Direct Truth, a husky man who was nonetheless frightened to try Wrice's tactics until Wrice himself accompanied the South Philadelphia group on its vigils. "He cannot afford to show any weaknesses," Gaines said. "If he has them, I haven't seen them. Because it's his strengths we're depending on."

From the beginning, Wrice ignored threats from the drug dealers and users. The day after the rousting of the 35th and Wallace drug house, somebody heaved a firebomb into a halfway house for former prison inmates that Wrice supervises, thinking he was inside. A resident was slashed by broken glass, an upstairs room was burned, but Wrice, who had left the building shortly before the explosion, was uninjured. "I'd have done the same to me if I was them," he said. He went on to act as if nothing had happened.

Soon, word reached him: "They say they're going to get you, Herman."

"I'll be standing at the corner of 35th and Wallace at 9 a.m.," he said.

And he was. He spent the day — until 8 that night — at the corner, a neglected little park. He cut the grass, pulled weeds, picked up litter, swept the street. He talked to people who came by. When he went home, he left a note giving his address and phone number, "just in case they missed me." He spent the next day there, too, sitting on a park bench, waiting for the dealers to make good on their threats. "I had to let them know right away I wasn't afraid," he said.

The dealers didn't come; Wrice had doubted they would. But over the next three months, his car was stolen three times. Each time he recovered it, he discovered a little more stripped away until it was unusable. Christmas week his house was ransacked. The thieves made off with a VCR, a microwave oven, three television sets, stereo speakers and his wife's jewelry, and vandalized a satellite dish he had installed three weeks before. Someone even stole his dog.

"They told me they were going to retaliate," Wrice explained with a shrug. He acted almost cheerful, drawing courage from believing that if he stood up, others would follow. "I had seven with me, and I had to believe I could get to 3,000," he said recently. "Now I've got to believe that some day it's going to be a million."

A year after MAD's founding, a new group was forming every week. One night, in West Philadelphia, gunfire blazed at the marchers, though no one was injured. Another night, someone dumped urine on them. In South Philadelphia, a man unleashed a pit bull, and it clamped its teeth in a woman's leg. Wrice grabbed the dog by the head and pulled him off. That same night, someone tried to plow a car into the marchers. Still, the groups kept forming.

"This whole town was sitting with its hands between its legs," Wrice says. "I said, 'Enough.' I knew about the ACLU, and the housing code, and anything else that somebody might throw in the way, but I said, 'Look, they're doing this to us.' Everybody understands the problem, but nobody's started on the solution. And the solution begins with just standing up."

MORE THAN 60 CITY groups now wear the hard hats. Their ranks include thousands of sometime participants, including a hard core of at least 200 who take to their neighborhood streets weekly, even nightly — braving rain and cold and fear to block drug sales with their massed presence. In most instances, they work closely with the Police Department. Police provide cover for marchers; citizens provide tips for busts. And in a city split by racial tensions, the anti-drug coalition finds blacks, whites, Hispanics and Asians, rich and poor, standing vigil side by side.

Are they solving the drug problem? Who knows? What's certain is that the groups have brought hope and the glow of accomplishment to those who've joined the battle. Police estimate that the vigils have cut neighborhood drug sales by as much as a half-million dollars on a good night. Dozens of drug houses have been emptied and boarded shut. Thousands of residents of besieged neighborhoods have gained greater peace and security. "People are sitting on their front steps again," says Officer Eugene Clark, who patrols in Mantua. "It's amazing. It's great. The community is turning [dealers] in."

Goode, who phones Wrice several times a week to stay in touch with the movement, says the groups are "absolutely" improving conditions where they are active. "It's the only way to do it," Goode says. ". . . The neighborhood people must be involved. The city can't do its job unless the neighborhood people go out there and take control of their neighborhoods."

Harvard's Kennedy School of Government has been examining Wrice's methods as a possible model for other cities. The White House has asked for information, and so have several dozen cities. Wrice has traveled to Atlanta at least three times to brief the Georgia legislature. In January, his presentation so excited that state's Senate Judiciary Committee that its chairman quickly convened the entire Senate in special session to hear it all over again. The response was tumultuous; legislators made plans to don white hard hats and march on drug corners themselves to show the citizenry how to fight the menace. Two weeks later, with the unpaid Wrice returning to address the House and with momentum building for marches in Savannah and other cities, a phone at the legislature was being answered, "Herman Wrice's office."

Sometimes the magic doesn't work. "I go to some of these conferences," Wrice says, "and they say, 'Black and white together? Going to places outside your own neighborhood?' They can't believe it. They're saying, 'We can't do that in our city.' I got to tell them, 'Sure, you can. Because you can't do it no other way. If you just take care of the problem on your own block, that's a false sense of security. You've got to go citywide.' "

Some have dismissed the anti-drug actions as simply feel-good exercises for the participants, the groups as vigilantes who attack drug houses without search warrants. Wrice ignores the critics. "Everywhere else, they're still at the blaming stage," he says. "They're still saying, 'Do we have cancer?' We're saying, 'Yeah, let's get to the radiation.' "

It's an indigenous, word-of-mouth movement. "These are all volunteers," Wrice said one day in late November. "They're all people who have the desire. We don't go to any neighborhood unless we're asked." On his cluttered desk in his bare-walls office that day were handfuls of phone messages. The owner of a Center City travel agency sent $100 and asked for help organizing Rittenhouse Square. Postal workers had a similar request. So did a homeless man who wanted to start Homeless Against Drugs.

Trish DiPietrae had never heard of Herman Wrice when she decided to organize her Spring Garden neighborhood, north of the Center City business district and west of Broad Street. Part gentrifying white middle-class, part poor Hispanic, Spring Garden has been known for some wide-open crack corners. DiPietrae attended some citywide anti-drug gatherings. At her first meeting, Wrice just sat in the crowd, an anybody, although every now and then someone would ask his opinion and a woman would bring him coffee. DiPietrae wondered about the guy deserving the deference.

At her next meeting, people introduced themselves. "I'm from LAD," one would say, "and we had a bad drug problem, but we got it under control with the help of Herman Wrice." The next person would say the same thing. So it went, around the room. Then came DiPietrae's turn. "We're not really off the ground yet," she said, "and I guess it's because we haven't had Herman Wrice's help."

Finally, they met. Several weeks later, Wrice marshaled 120 people to join DiPietrae's 20 and march on Spring Garden's worst drug corners. It was a cold night, and the dealers and their allies — teenagers, many of them — threw bottles and taunts. "You're in over your head," Wrice told DiPietrae. "But don't worry. We got to hit 'em again, every week, and it'll take care of itself."

Wrice was right. Four weeks and four vigils later, DiPietrae's fledgling group seized the 17th and Mount Vernon corner by themselves: 13 women, one man and DiPietrae's teenage son. DiPietrae could not believe it. The dealers saw the 15 white hard-hats coming, and they left. "As soon as we came on," she said, "it was like when you literally turn the light on when there's cockroaches, and they all disappear."

Drug sales haven't ended in the neighborhood, but "buyers know it's not the safe haven it used to be," said DiPietrae, "and the sellers aren't anywhere near as cocky, because there's a counterforce for them to deal with."

Said Ginny Smith, a grandmother 14 times over who marches with LAD — Lighthouse Against Drugs — in West Kensington, "I guess we just needed someone to take our hand and show us the way."

WRICE BEGAN TO FORGE his style in the 1960s, with the Young Great Society, a community development organization that turned around some tough city youths. At a time of "Burn, baby, burn," he was one black leader the establishment could embrace. In 1968, the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Greater Philadelphia named him its Man of the Year. In 1971, Villanova University awarded him an honorary doctorate in social science. Gov. Milton Shapp made him a roving troubleshooter to smooth racial tensions in small Pennsylvania towns. By 1972, R. Anderson Pew, heir to the Sun Oil fortune, was saying, "What I'd love to do is put Herman Wrice in a Xerox machine and make about 500 copies of him." A children's book was published about him in 1975.

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER, APRIL 1, 1990

That year Wrice ran for City Council, but lost in the Democratic primary to Lucien Blackwell, placing a distant third in a four-way race. "I think he couldn't understand it," said Jean Wrice, his wife, "after all he'd done for everybody." The defeat left him depressed and hurt, and a year later he moved to Iowa to manage an eight-county drug and alcohol treatment program.

The Wrices spent eight years in the western Iowa farmlands, the only blacks in several counties. Wrice routinely put in 18-hour days, often working on projects not covered by his agency's budget. Frequently he used his own money, but the agency's governing board had not authorized the activities, and the Dallas County supervisors asked him to resign. "He had more ideas than he could handle," says a former supervisor, "and he could never understand why we didn't have all the money in the world to spend."

Wrice's forced resignation still angers his successor, LaDean Jergenson. "I think everybody forgot what he was achieving," Jergenson said recently. "People like to stand back and be critical, and Herman's not like that. He's a doer. The people who make history are the doers. But a doer can run into problems because they can get ahead of themselves. And then they're vulnerable, being out there on their own."

Wrice has always been more of a motivator than a manager. "It's always difficult to measure what he's done," says Frank Hartmann, the executive director of the program in criminal justice at the Kennedy School of Government. As the Ford Foundation's program director in the early 1970s, Hartmann evaluated Wrice's Young Great Society programs. "Everybody says he's a real presence and his values are correct and he's not selfish in terms of himself.... He's unquestionably charismatic, but would you give him half a million dollars to run XYZ organization of which he's going to be executive director? I'm not sure that taps Herman's strengths."

Wrice's management style is to snap fingers and go. DiPietrae discovered this while setting up her anti-drug group. She mentioned to Wrice that she had been thinking of a name — Art Museum Area Against Drugs. Wrice said fine, he'd send her printed T-shirts tomorrow. DiPietrae protested that she'd first have to get her group's permission. "He was really pushing me," DiPietrae said. "I had to tell him no,

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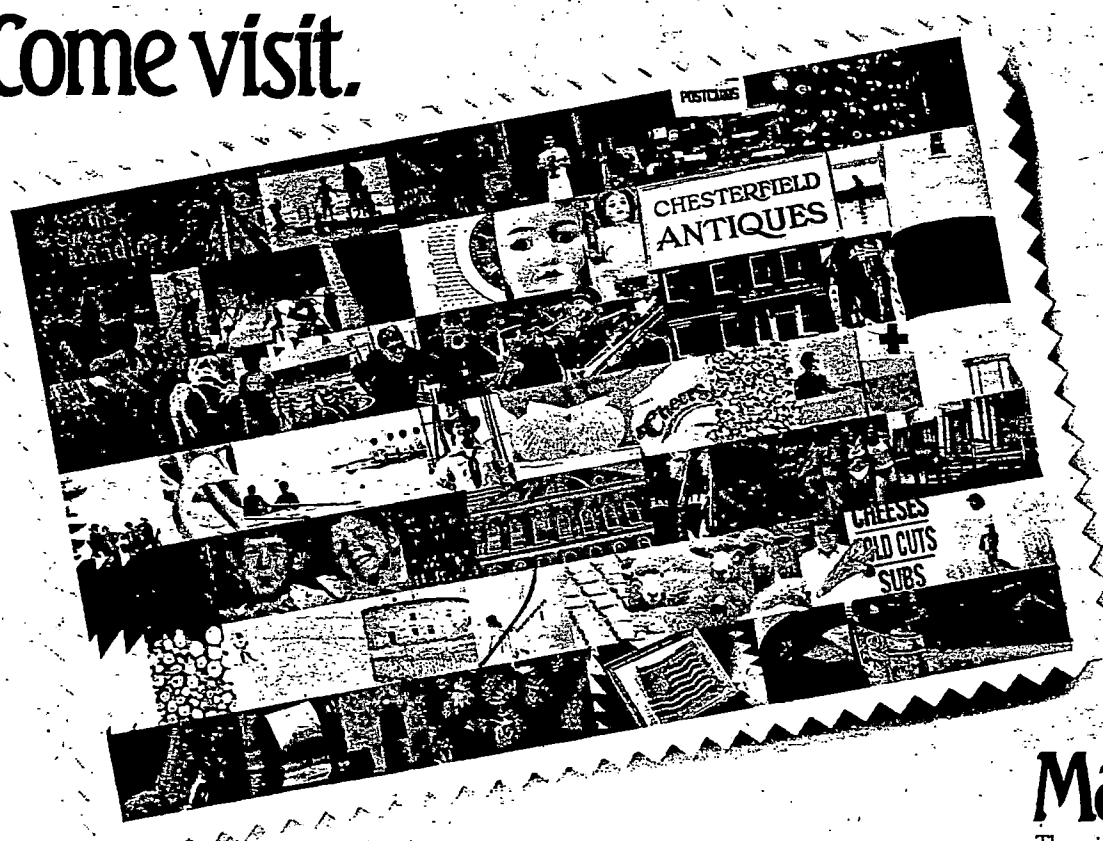
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WRICE

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and I could sense some annoyance."

Wrice's impatience with committees is of long standing. "Whenever people would say, 'Let's have another meeting' before they can come to some decision," Jergenson said, "Herman would just say, 'Cut the crap. If we've got the [guts] to act, let's act.' "

"He's a very outspoken man," adds Aborn, the past president of the West Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce. "A lot of people would prefer to handle differences by saying, 'Let's close the door and talk about this quietly,' but he's not that way. He's 'Goddamn, there's something wrong and we're going to talk about it right here and now.' "

Lucien Blackwell, an admirer, nonetheless says that to call Wrice arrogant is "an understatement. I think as you get older, it's better to use softer words. It doesn't create so many animosities."

Wrice admits that he can be arrogant and that administration is not one of his strengths. "Maybe I ain't a good manager. Maybe I'm more creative than a manager." Small wonder, then, that Wrice's favorite film is *The Music Man*. "The Music Man came into town and he made those people believe they were better than they were," Jean Wrice explains. "He just made them believe in themselves. And when they believe in themselves, they can do anything."

YET THE LEGEND DOES NOT square entirely with the facts. The gilded resume is inflated with needless exaggerations and untruths.

Biographers have described Wrice as the "senior class president" of his 1958 Overbrook High School graduating class. But according to the yearbook, he was merely a member of the student association's House of Delegates. The class president was Lawrence A. Smith.

For his work in Iowa, the Freedoms Foundation in Valley Forge in 1983 awarded him a medallion — he and his followers frequently say for "the best community program in the nation" or "one of the best community programs in the nation." Actually, the award was one of 350 given that year in various categories, and it was awarded, according to Katherine Wood, the foundation's award director, on the strength of a cover letter Wrice wrote.

His four-page resume calls him "Outstanding Man of the Year (one of 10), National Junior Chamber of Commerce," for 1969. But the Tulsa-based organization says it never named Wrice to the honor. Wrice was, however, named one of the "Outstanding Young Men of America" by a private business based in Montgomery, Ala., that prints the names in a book it then sells. Wrice was one of more than 2,500 people named that year.

Most strikingly, Wrice's resume lists a bachelor of arts degree from Temple University in 1962. Countless articles have repeated the assertion, and Wrice has gained incalculable cachet from his image as a college graduate. But he never graduated from Temple. The school's records show that he took just one course there — an introductory political science course in the spring of 1964.

Wrice is not a braggart. So it is not easy to reconcile his modesty and the openness of his personality with the inflations of his record.

Confronted with the facts, Wrice blamed a faulty memory or sloppiness in assembling his resume. He insisted he'd graduated from Temple — in 1964 rather than 1962 — and said he had papers to prove it. Asked to produce a diploma, he said it had been destroyed in a fire. Asked to describe his graduation day, he said he'd been too busy working to attend.

But a week later, he asked for a meeting. For once, sitting in a diner before an untouched cup of coffee, he was not wearing his hard hat. For days, he said, he'd been unable to eat or to shake a feeling of shame. He said he'd reacted reflexively when challenged on his college credentials: "It isn't like me." He said he did not care if the truth were published — "the movement will go on" — but said he had to square things with the reporter he had misled. "I felt I lied to a friend," he said.

Ironically, over the years, Wrice has exhorted scores of young people to stay in school and get college degrees. "I knew they had no chance without one," he said. Yet all that time, he said, he was too busy to pursue his own. "I always knew I should go back," he said. "But I can't. There's no time. At one point I was running 47 programs — drugs, schools, sports programs, going to bed at 3 in the morning, up again at 7."

Wrice said the fiction got started in the mid-1960s. An associate added the credential to Wrice's background when they petitioned the Philadelphia Board of Education for permission to attend special high school classes alongside several dozen drop-outs they were trying to keep in school. It was an experiment, according to newspaper accounts, that helped 43 of the 44 gang kids pass the course. "I knew," Wrice said, "that someone would say, 'Are you qualified?' " He never drew attention to the degree, he said, never believed it was important — but never disavowed it, either.

Years later, the organizer of the streets became a respected figure, a university lecturer, "Dr. Wrice." "Whenever I teach university students with master's and Ph.D.'s," Wrice said, "I tell them that their degrees might be valuable in a classroom, but they won't do much good in the streets. You got to have patience and caring. I tell them, 'Whatever your degree is, fine. My degree is to join in and help others.' "

IT'S THE NIGHT AFTER THANKSgiving, Spring Garden's first big anti-drug march. Temperatures are in the 20s, and the 140 people gathered at 18th and Spring Garden Streets sip coffee and clap palms to keep warm, getting ready.

Carlos Hernandez of Brooklyn, N.Y., is among the marchers, a reminder of the dangers of confronting drug traffickers. Back in his home neighborhood, Hernandez singlehandedly started anti-drug patrols. Drug gangs responded by shooting and wounding him twice, and then someone sprayed gunfire into his home. His wife died in the attack. He's here to see how the Philadelphia groups operate. Large-scale marches like this are unheard of in Brooklyn. "I'm a fighter," he says. "I can't quit. If I did, then it's like she died in vain."

The marchers wait until Wrice arrives, wearing a blue raincoat and sniffling. All week he has been fighting a bad cold. Someone asks how he feels. "Much better," he says. "I don't have time to have a cold."

The march begins, and the chants go up, in English and in Spanish: "Up with hope! Down with dope!" At Mount Vernon and 16th Streets, the marchers are stopped by a crowd of teenagers who are yelling epithets. Twelve men form a line to face them down. Suddenly Wrice is in the forefront while the men chant, "We're fired up! We can't take it no more! We're fired up!"

Some kid throws a bottle. It lands near Wrice and shatters. He doesn't flinch.

In the confusion, some anti-drug marshals urge the marchers to move along, to keep to the route and schedule. But Wrice won't budge, and neither will the men next to him. They stand there, determined to show the enemy — any enemy — no fear, as Richard Payne from LAD explains to Trish DiPietrae, "We're just protecting our leader, hon."

It's tough going. At one point, marchers are startled when the occupant of a suspected drug house steps outside to talk.

"How long you going to be here?" he asks a white hat.

"All night," is the reply.

The man shrugs. "Oh, well. It's just one night."

Drug sales come to a halt, but buyers keep coming. White males in their 20s and 30s drive by slowly, looking bewildered by this disruption of routine. Some flash the finger. But a few, disregarding police parked nearby, approach the demonstrators, clearly thinking that anybody here at this hour must be selling drugs.

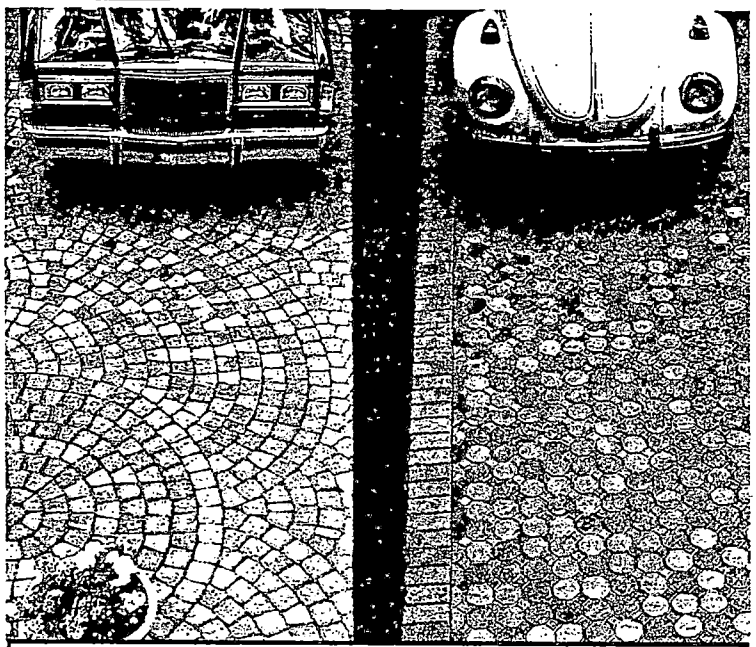
"Any reds?" one well-dressed guy asks.

"Yeah, I'll give you reds," Wrice answers. "How about a white hat?"

"White hat? Who are you?"

"Anti-drug."

"Goddamnit!" The guy is outraged. "I work hard all week, and I come down here to get something to relax, and this is what I get."



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WHEN WRICE WAS A TEENager, a local Episcopal priest, the Rev. Edward Palmer Rementer, saw leadership in him. "He thought rather clearly," recalls Father Rementer, now partly retired in Baltimore. "And he was quite fair in his dealings with people. And he was kind."

Gangs were the big thing in 1950s-era Mantua — the longtime black enclave running from the Schuylkill west to 40th Street and from Spring Garden Street north nearly to the Philadelphia Zoo — with each block and corner boasting its own. Wrice belonged to the Flames. Wrice says that Father Rementer "saw that I used to fight a lot. He said, 'Herman, you can't keep fighting everybody.' He got to show me how stupid that gang stuff was."

Little by little, Wrice managed to lead the gang away from fights and into sports, arranging football and baseball games with other neighborhood teams. Impressed, Father Rementer let Wrice use the church at 36th and Baring Streets for basketball games and dances. "He asked me if I ever thought about becoming a priest," Wrice said. "He had noticed I had a way of working with people."

Wrice coordinated local dances each Friday night at the church — 25 cents admission for boys, 35 cents for boys who brought a date. All went well. But on April 25, 1958, some boys without the money were turned away. They roamed the neighborhood, looking for somebody to rob, and found a 26-year-old Korean exchange student from the University of Pennsylvania named In Ho Oh, out mailing a letter to relatives. As Time magazine later reported, the "11-member teenaged gang pummeled In Ho Oh to death with a blackjack, a lead pipe and hard-toed shoes, while looking for the admission price of a 35-cent neighborhood dance."

The killing stunned the nation. The crime stood as a tragic comment on race conditions. Wrice decided it was all his fault. "I didn't plan for the kids who didn't have 35 cents," he said years later with a pained look. "I felt I should have been thinking how to get everybody into the dance, instead of making money.

"I was 13," said Wrice. Actually, he was 18. As young as he was, Wrice felt responsible for the entire web of circumstances that led to the incident: the poverty, broken homes and racism that shaped the killers. "I blamed me," he said, "and I had to do something about it. I decided: That's it. That's what my life was going to be about."

The death still weighs on his mind, he said. In the 32 intervening years, he said, he has seen "hundreds of kids dying, one by one, from drugs, from guns — and I keep thinking, 'Can't we do something about it?'

"It still motivates me," he said in a quiet voice. "I think about it all the time. I'm sure that deep down inside, everything I do is a guilt trip. No matter how much I do, it's like, it's not enough. If I put in 20 hours a day, it's not enough. When I'm out on those street corners, the people around me are thinking about saving their neighborhood. I think of a whole nation of kids dying."

Kids have always gravitated to him. Jean Wrice remembers dating Herman in high school, traveling across the city to watch him play football, 10 children or so in tow. "They wanted to watch him," she says. "He was good."

They married soon after his January 1958 graduation from Overbrook High, set up house in a Mantua project while he worked as a cook, had one child, two — and before long, discovered groups of children hanging around, waiting for him. He was forever organizing games and activities, and soon founded a Cub Scout troop that swelled with 100 boys. "Seven days a week, we were doing it," he says. "We couldn't stop."

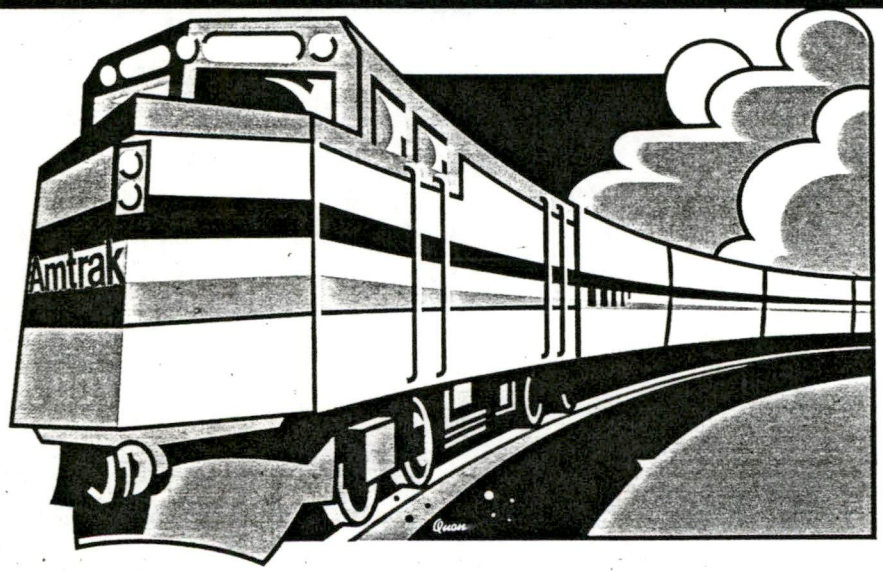
Wrice and Jean took in four of the boys. The "stragglers," as he called them, became part of the family — a pattern that would continue for years. "We had *childhoods*," says Jean Wrice, a radiant woman. "That's one of the things that's missing today, and one of the things that Herman wanted to provide for kids: a childhood and a secure home and a family that loves you."

The Wrices eventually had six children of their own, five boys and a girl, and "adopted" 11 more — teenagers in trouble whom the courts awarded to the family's care. Once they moved to a three-story rowhouse on the 3800 block of Spring Garden Street, countless other boys would stay with them. Wrice children got used to finding a newcomer sharing their bedroom. Tim Spencer, one "straggler," still sometimes calls Wrice "Dad." By his count, 40 to 50 other Philadelphia men do, too.

The oversize family served meals out of

continued on Page 39

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WRICE

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a cafeteria-like kitchen and ate in three living rooms. The house operated on three washing machines, two dryers, two refrigerators, one freezer and a strict system of discipline and self-reliance that, as Jean Wrice says, "put a lot of trust and responsibility on the kids." Older kids saw younger ones to school. Friends and neighbors pitched in. One "aunt" was a barmaid named Wanda whom Herman drafted after she said she wanted to do something different with her life. "I've got something different for you to do, if you're serious," Wrice told her. She wound up cooking supper and overseeing homework one year for 17 kids while Jean studied early-childhood education.

The Wrice children say it was an exciting way to grow up. On holidays, says Tony Wrice, now 26, "you'd find people of different nationalities and races. You'd hear different accents. Being a young guy, just trying to find a spot on the floor was unbelievable. To this day, I cannot figure out why my father had so many friends. It just seemed that everybody trusted him and felt comfortable around him."

Herman Wrice barely knew his own father. His parents separated early, and he was raised in a tiny West Virginia coal town by his grandmother, while his mother worked at a World War II production plant. At 7, Herman was collected by his mother, who had remarried, and they moved to Chester, Pa., and later to Mantua. "Herman really is his mother," said Jean Wrice. "His mother has a big heart. He has her strength and will."

The psychic ingredients were in place when, one night in 1964, Jean Wrice and Patricia Jenkins were shopping at 36th and Fairmount, and a gang member's shotgun blast exploded through the glass. Though their wives were unhurt, Wrice and his friend Andrew Jenkins were powerfully affected by the near-hit. That same night, as memory and lore have it, Wrice coaxed 15 gang leaders to his home, where they teamed up to combat a more abstract common enemy: the lack of opportunities facing young blacks from the inner city. The Young Great Society was born.

Wrice and Jenkins spent most of their waking hours and much of their income setting up patrols to avert violence. By 1966, the Young Greats, who advocated personal responsibility, education and hard work, had started singing groups, basketball teams, Scout troops, a neighborhood security force, a day-care nursery, a luncheonette. They rehabbed scores of houses and established a mobile medical service, a methadone clinic, a halfway house for released prison inmates. Social science professors at the University of Pennsylvania, backed by money from the Anheuser-Busch Co., offered help.

Mantua suddenly burst with experimentation. Small businesses financed through Young Great Society programs employed 125 people and grossed more than $1.5 million a year. In one astounding 1970 project with the Wharton School, 21 gang leaders came to the Penn campus for 21 weeks to study whatever they wanted. A year later, Wharton found that all but four were working. "Herman planned it and chose the people," said Russell L. Ackoff, a former Wharton professor. "He felt these guys had never had the opportunity to learn and have the fun involved in learning."

Most of the Young Great Society programs fell apart after a few years, victims of government's fading interest in inner cities and of their own proliferation; there were too many to manage.

Ackoff still maintains a close relationship with Wrice, calling him "one of the smartest men I've ever met." Wrice credits Ackoff with inventing the whole-systems management theories behind his

continued on next page

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WRICE

continued from previous page

organizing. All the years Wrice was in Iowa, Ackoff tried to persuade him to come back to Philadelphia. "The city needs you," he would tell him. "You wouldn't believe how bad things are getting." When Wrice did return, he accepted a nominal position in Ackoff's management-consulting company at about $30,000 a year just so he could organize communities. The Anheuser-Busch Charitable Trust continues to finance many of Wrice's projects.

No sooner does Wrice earn his pay but he gives large chunks away. A few days before Thanksgiving, he dug into his pocket and handed a wad of bills to Diane Johnson, his secretary. She gave the $1,127 to the anti-drug groups, which bought holiday turkeys for 100 poor families. "Many a day, someone will come up to him and say, 'Herman, I need $30,' " says Victor "Boot Man" Monroe, a former gang member. "He gives it to him, even if the guy is a stranger. And then he turns to me and says, 'Boot Man, can you give me a dollar for some cigarettes?' "

Peter Aborn tells the story about the day in December when the anti-drug groups received beautiful full-length parkas, emblazoned with a movement logo, purchased with cash the district attorney had confiscated from drug dealers. Aborn asked Wrice if he could get one. Wrice said sure, come on over, he had one left. Aborn took the coat. He wore it at the next vigil and noticed that Wrice was wearing, not a parka, but a couple of sweaters and his old beat-up blue jacket.

"He gave me his goddamn coat," Aborn says.

ONE DAY LAST SUMmer, wearing his hard hat, Wrice watched a dozen teenagers hack at waist-high weeds and pick up trash in an empty lot. It was a lazy day in Mantua. There was a gentle wind and not much noise, and it felt more like a small Southern town than a bad part of the big city. Every now and then Wrice would pick up a scythe and hack at some weeds himself. These kids, together with another crew, cleaned up more than 200 lots over the summer. Wrice paid them minimum wage and insisted that they stay drug-free and attend and conduct classes in AIDS education. The drug-free pledge was entree to sports teams or swimming programs.

It was vintage Wrice, building one program upon another, each doing a little more to rebuild a community. In the same way, he sees the anti-drug troops eventually being deployed to rehabilitate run-down housing, care for crack babies, educate the young.

"If I have 500 kids in a month playing ball," Wrice said, "they'll all go home and they'll talk to two or three brothers and sisters and their parents. And the theory of what they're doing spreads around the house. . . . And that's where the parenting program comes in. You start letting them understand the dangers of not having the right strategies for children. . . . It's inspiring them to do the right thing for their own children. Because they become the ones who help you with next year's football."

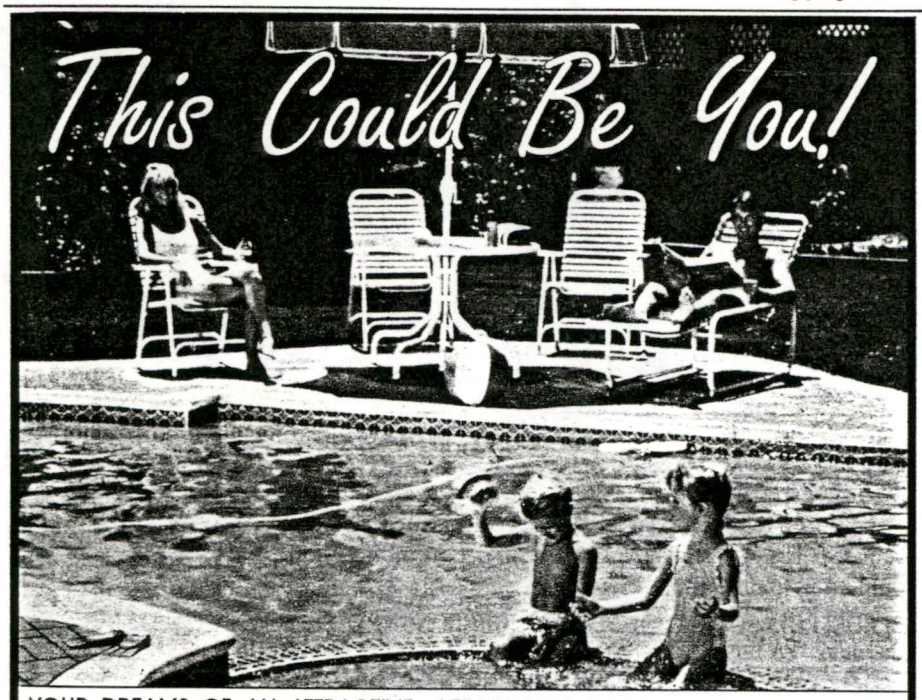
People often ask Wrice if he would consider running for mayor. "Run for it for what? I've seen the incompetence of it, and I don't think I could change the city structure by being its mayor. I think my change comes from the bottom, just where I'm at, right here," he said, hacking weeds. "See, you can do these things when you're not worried about what does half the people think. I can care less what they think if I can pick that trash up and get these kids active."

While Wrice's teenage crews attacked empty lots one day, he noticed a bright-looking 11-year-old named James hanging around. Little by little, the boy gave his story: a father who had long disappeared, an alcoholic mother. James was trying to stay out of the house as much as possible. But he needed money for shoes and clothes for school. Down the block, drug dealers were willing to pay him $15 a day to be their lookout. James said he would rather earn honest pay.

Now, Wrice believes that if you want to teach a kid the work ethic, you have to put a little money in his pocket. So James, though too young to qualify for any bureaucracy's available grants, joined Wrice's crew. In the fall, Wrice let James do light work around his office for $20 a week. In January, the boy asked to move in with Wrice, "for protection." Just until his mother gets better.

The big green house on Spring Garden Street has been mostly empty except for Herman and Jean. And Wrice, seeing a spark that needed fanning, said yes.

"Me and James have a deal. He can live with me and I'll let him work around here," Herman Wrice said, "as long as he gets his grades up." □



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April 9, 1990

PRESS RELEASE

United States Attorney Michael M. Baylson announced that the United States Department of Justice's Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention (OJJDP), Office of Justice Programs, has been providing technical assistance to the Philadelphia Drug Resistance Congress for Operation PEARL since December 1989 and will continue to do so.

A "summit" for community leaders and government representatives will take place April 23 - 24, to allow for broad-based community involvement in developing an architecture for future action. Known as the "Mantua Summit." Considered a big success.

Operation PEARL focuses on both the demand and supply aspects of drugs in Mantua. Attorney General Dick Thornburgh has consistently stated that although law enforcement has an important role in the war against drugs by prosecuting drug dealers, law enforcement alone cannot do the job. Baylson said, "community leadership and just plain old individual responsibility are the key ingredients, along with support from government services. But every street corner, every living room, is a little Iwo Jima where

(For Philadelphia, this summit was as important - maybe more so - than some of the summits I've been to lately.")

this battle must be fought and won."

Baylson stated that he and Commissioner Armstrong, with the support of Senators Heinz and Specter, had secured agreement from all the regional federal agencies in the Philadelphia area, to participate at the summit with the Mantua community.

On the law enforcement side, Baylson reported that the U.S. Attorney's Office, working with the Drug Enforcement Administration, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, and Police Department, would be paying a great deal of attention to drug dealing and firearms violations in the Mantua area. Drug dealers, even those engaged in small quantity street level drug trafficking in Mantua, had a substantial chance of finding themselves in federal court, facing pretrial detention, mandatory minimum sentences of five or ten years for selling a couple of crack vials or carrying a gun, and doing federal time in North Dakota or Texas.

Baylson said he had briefed Thornburgh on Operation PEARL during his visit to Philadelphia last week. OJJDP was particularly impressed with the Mantua program because of the level of community support already in existence and believes an intense neighborhood-by-neighborhood approach to conquering the drug problem had the greatest potential for success. Mantua and Operation PEARL provide a laboratory to try a concentrated attack on both the supply and demand sides of the drug problem. Assuming it is successful, Operation PEARL could be emulated across the United States.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

July 10, 1990

MEMORANDUM FOR DAVE DEMAREST

FROM: EDE HOLIDAY

SUBJECT: The Department of Education's Model Drug Curriculum

On July 12, Secretary Cavazos will hold a press conference to release the Department's new model drug curriculum, Learning to Live Drug Free: A Curriculum Model for Prevention. The curriculum constitutes the Department's first attempt to provide comprehensive guidance to schools on classroom-based drug prevention instruction and will be distributed to every school in the country.

Andy and I have discussed this and think that it might be a good idea to have the President mention this new curriculum at the drug events he is doing in Boise, Idaho and Billings, Montana.

Please let me know if you would like more information.

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ROBERT F. ARMSTRONG

SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE MAYOR

FOR DRUG CONTROL POLICY

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CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

ACTION PLAN FOR OPERATION "PEARL"

P - PREVENTION

E - EDUCATION

A - ACTION

R - REHABILITATION

L - LAW ENFORCEMENT

This operational plan is designed to effectuate the primary goal of taking back a neighborhood from the insidious ravages of drug trafficking and returning it to those law abiding residents who wish to live in a safe, healthy, productive and drug-free environment.

This plan has been developed with the knowledge that law enforcement offers only one of several key components to a winning anti-drug strategy and does not, standing alone, provide a solution to this problem.

A well-defined area can be targeted with stepped-up law enforcement and interdiction efforts, which will cause significant disruption and dislocation of the indigenous drug trafficking. Unfortunately, past experience indicates that this merely results in the temporary flight or dormancy of the illegal drug merchants until intensive law enforcement is scaled back and it becomes conducive for such illicit operations to resume.

This plan seeks to sever the relentless cycle of drug dealing and enforcement within a neighborhood by providing the remaining crucial elements of our anti-drug strategy -- comprehensive delivery of municipal services, education, treatment and prevention. It is useful to analogize to a medical model to explain the rationale underlying this intervention scheme.

A surgeon confronted with a patient who has a malignant growth surgically removes the malignancy. She then quickly follows with radiation or chemotherapy to destroy the last vestiges of cancerous tissue in order to prevent a deadly resurgence of the disease.

Similarly, this plan presents a prescription to treat and cure a patient -- the Neighborhood -- of the virulent stranglehold of drugs. An initial intensive coordinated law enforcement deployment will be akin to wielding the surgeon's scalpel. Once substantial reduction in illegal drug activity has occurred, the enforcement detachment will be gradually reduced to a maintenance level (freeing the larger corps of law enforcement resources for operations in other neighborhoods) while the target zone is fortified against the return of the illegal drug trade by a wide array of specialists who will work with the community to provide: treatment and counseling, repair of the infrastructure, educational services, vocational referral services, prevention resources and long-term rehabilitation that will ultimately involve the private sector. In this way, the

plan will serve to inoculate the target neighborhood against any attempt to reinfect it with drugs. This will be accomplished by improving the quality of life to the extent that a fertile environment for incubating a vibrant and cohesive shared sense of community, capable of repelling any invasion of illegal drugs, will replace the fragmented and depressed communities that now exist.

The linchpin of this plan is the coordination of various city, state and federal agencies in the delivery of a successful intervention program vis-a-vis an operational task force. The various task force representatives will be able to provide the requisite expertise and liaison to the respective agency components that are vital to a successful intervention program.

Implementation of this plan by means of the task force will prove to be highly cost-effective and will not require a great commitment of additional resources. In fact, this plan is designed to rely upon currently existing personnel and material. This method avoids duplication of effort among agencies in overlapping jurisdictions, but most significantly, it creates a synergy via the timely and efficient deployment of task force elements that will yield maximum impact on the target zone.

It is well established that Philadelphia is a city of neighborhoods, each with qualities and attributes that uniquely distinguish one from another. It was imperative that this plan be designed to recognize the inherent

differences as well as similarities, among potential target neighborhoods. A rigid use of task force ingredients in each neighborhood will not produce identical positive results. Rather, it may be a recipe for disaster.

In order to avoid such a scenario, it is absolutely essential that the task force coordinator demonstrate flexibility, from neighborhood to neighborhood, in the tactical decisions employed. Each task force operation will be tailored to meet the special requirements of each neighborhood.

Due to the experimental nature of initial interventions, a data collection and analysis unit will utilize carefully constructed measurement criteria to gauge success and make necessary adjustments in current and future interventions. The task force as a composite of participating agencies is particularly well suited to institutionalize and implement what is learned through its experience.

Criteria for Target Area Selection

1. Identification of existing drug-related problems:

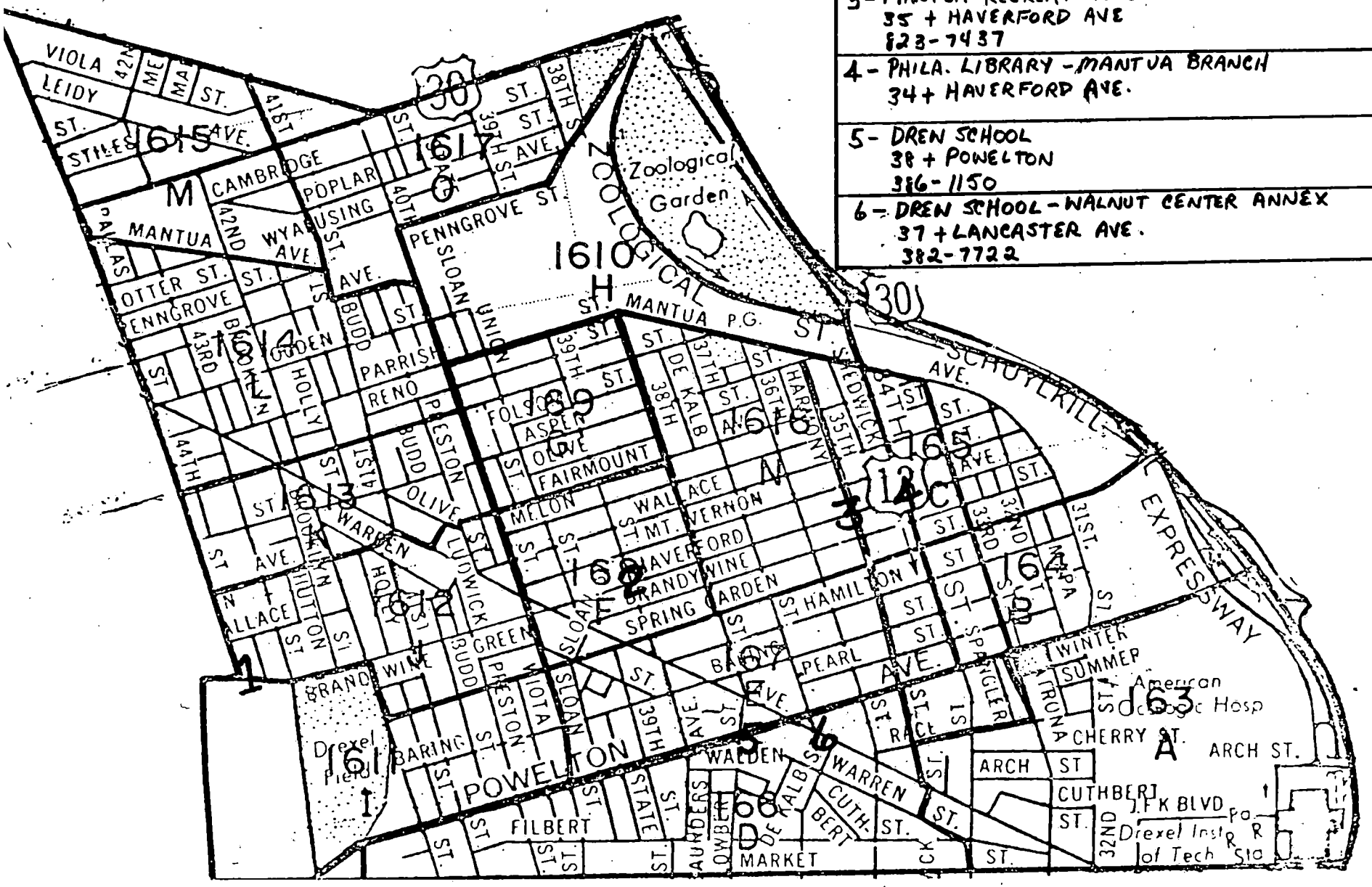
   --intensive illicit drug trafficking
   --crime incident to drug activity or use
   --decaying physical environment (abandoned buildings and cars, damaged infrastructure, abundant L&I, fire and health violations)

2. Presence of a well organized community-based organization that is familiar with the scope and limitations of municipal government.

3. Evidence of strong law and order sentiments among the local citizenry.

4. History of good working relations between the community and local government.

5. Nearby presence of schools, houses of worship, and healthcare facilities.


1 - DISTRICT HEALTH CENTER
4400 HAVERFORD AVE.
823-7600
2 - HAVERFORD COMMUNITY CENTER
39 + HAVERFORD AVE.
3 - MANTUA RECREATION CENTER
35 + HAVERFORD AVE
823-7437
4 - PHILA. LIBRARY - MANTUA BRANCH
34+ HAVERFORD AVE.
5 - DREN SCHOOL
38 + POWELTON
386-1150
6 - DREN SCHOOL - WALNUT CENTER ANNEX
37 + LANCASTER AVE.
382-7722
Zoological Garden
ZOOLOGICAL
MANTUA P.G.
SCHUYLKILL EXPRESSWAY
POWELTON
Drexel Field
American Osteopathic Hosp
Drexel Inst of Tech
MARKET
FILBERT
ARCH ST.
CHERRY ST.
J.F.K BLVD
PENNGROVE ST
VIOLA
LEIDY
STILES
CAMBRIDGE
POPLAR
MANTUA
OTTER ST.
ENNGROVE
HOLLY
PARRISH
RENO
PRESTON
BUDD
OLIVE
FOLSOM
ASPEN
FAIRMOUNT
MELON
WALLACE
VERNON
HAVERFORD
BRANDYWINE
SPRING GARDEN
HAMILTON
PEARL
WINTER
SUMMER
IRONA
WARREN
WALDEN
CUTHBERT
ARCH
SLOAN
LUDLOW
GREEN
WIRE
BARING
STATE
AUDREY
OWBERT
DE KALB
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Community Organization

With A Vision

For A Drug Free Culture

The Mantua Model

for

Taking Back the Streets

"The Battle Plan for Survival"

&

Rebuilding Our Communities

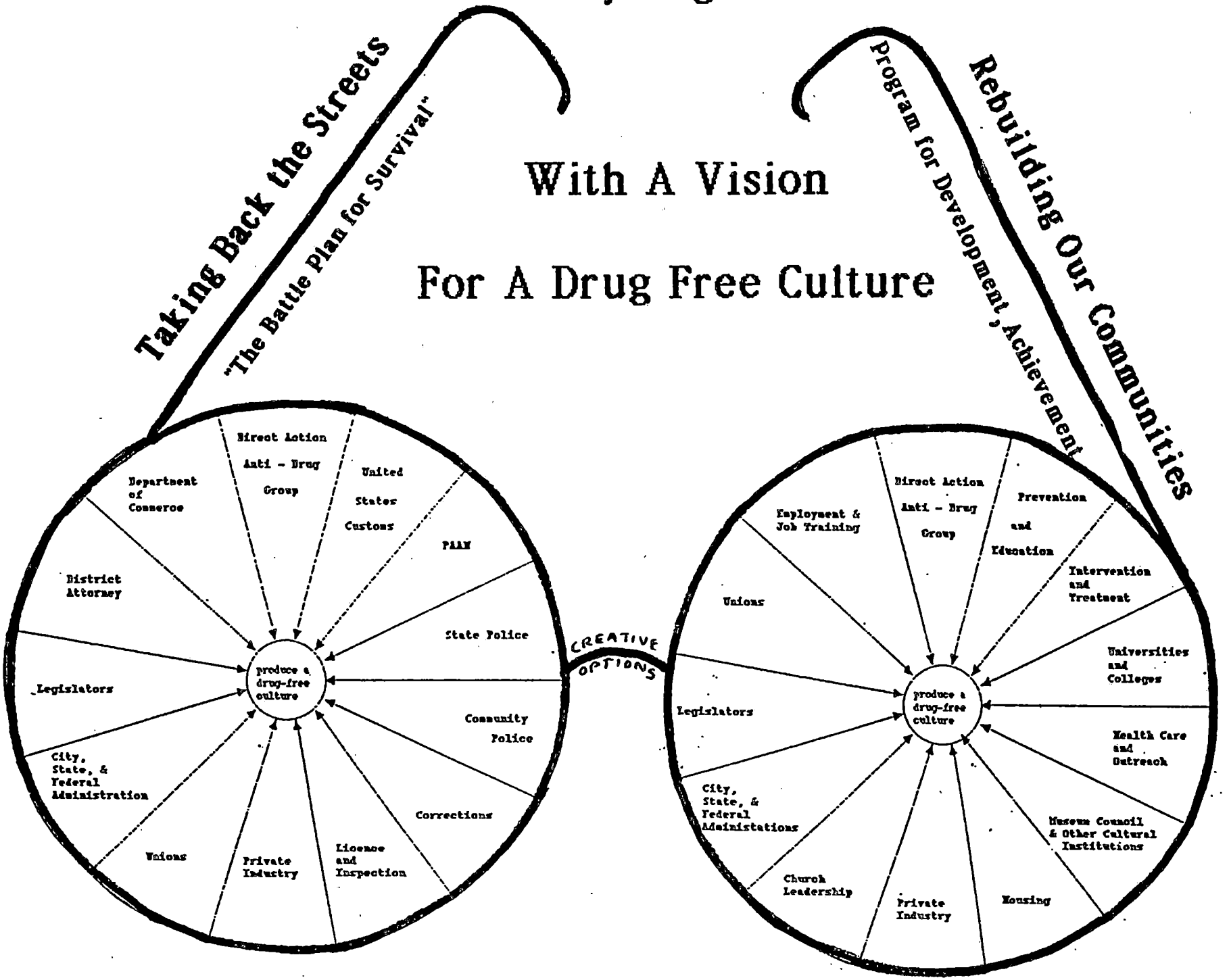
"A Program for Development and Achievement"

Impact Area: West Park, Mill Creek, West Powelton, & Mantua

Community Organization

With A Vision

For A Drug Free Culture



Throughout the West Philadephia area, the drug culture has had a devastating impact on the lives of its residents and the young people in particular. The specific communities upon which this proposal is based are the public housing projects of West Park, Mill Creek, Mantua and the West Powelton communities. People in these neighborhoods have been hooked into the drug culture economically, psychologically, and sociologically. Many of those who are not using or dealing crack cocaine are locked into a mode of hopelessness and despair. The community addiction to crack cocaine and other substance abuses has severely confounded the current problems with housing, formal education systems, parenting, corrections, and the lack of political, institutional, and organizational participation in community development. Because we have been trying to treat the community addiction with the uncoordinated, reactive efforts of agencies working in isolation of one another, the problems have become more complicated and the pain much more devastating. Addiction, pain, and helplessness are now a way of life.

The greatest pain and devastation of this drug culture is felt by the people living in the housing projects. There are several reasons for this. First, it is physically difficult to access the high rise structures of the projects to communicate or organize with the people inside. If and when entrance is physically possible youths and adults of housing project environments often resist the efforts of assistance and programming. Many people living in the projects live in isolation of a diversity of cultural experiences and an understanding of the world outside of their housing project. In addiction, there is a lack of parenting in this drug addicted community. Mothers and fathers are either absent, addicted to drugs, or handicapped by their feelings of fear and despair.

Amidst all the pain, there is hope for change in and around housing projects. We chose Mantua, Mill Creek, West Park, and West Powelton as the impact area for several reasons. First, these neighborhoods incompass four housing projects.

Second. in each community there exists hope because of the presence of eight anti-drug groups within this geographical area. The ravages of crack cocaine addiction have enabled a few people of hope, who have not been downtrodden by the drug culture. to rise up and collaborate their efforts toward the common goal of combatting the drug problem. These people have given birth to groups such as Mantua Against Drugs (MAD) - direct action groups which are willing to fight the drug war on the streets. As MAD and the other groups grow more sophisticated over time. they expand their mission from a goal of reducing drug trafficking toward a goal of a drug free culture through programs for the recovery, development. and achievement of youths and adults.

To continue to eleviate the pain of a community addiction. the drug culture must be dissolved by changing the learned behaviors of all groups of people involved with the community. To affect change. not only neighborhood residents. but also schools. work places. neighboring universities and hospitals. community centers. libraries. churches. legislators. labor and industry. and any other institution that has a connection with the community (geographical or otherwise) should view themselves as a member of the community. We must go beyond the traditional process of looking to agencies and institutions as sources from which neighborhood residents beg for money by way of proposals and grants. Instead. each of us must take ownership and responsibility to become part of the community organization. that is. a lasting network of supportive relationships and coordinated resources. The leadership of Herman Wrice and MAD is assurance that more resources will come in and a model will be created that is applicable to communities across the country. The situation is challenging but the problems are surmountable with a community organization which includes you.

The spectacles (on the first page of this proposal) illustrate the roles that we can play in the community organization of Mantua. Mill Creek. West Powelton. and West Park in a movement which will be twofold. The first lens illustrates the method for

regaining physical control of our neighborhoods. that is. taking back the streets. The second lens illustrates the method for rebuilding our community. How do we know that this can work? MAD has been able to utilize the limited resources existing in the neighborhood to tackle neighborhood clean-ups, youth development programs. and parent training. MAD has also demonstrated strong leadership in its support and education of other communities city-wide in the anti-drug movement.

MAD has shown its ability to coordinate efforts with other agencies to advance programs in youth development. The relationship already estabilished between MAD and TEAM Fight Against Drugs is working in the schools of this neighborhood to establish prevention and education programs. MAD and Team FAD have fascilitated a social movement among youths, teachers, parents. and other community groups to celebrate and support those who are drug free. MAD with the staff of Team FAD have already begun to create a working fabric of agencies and neighborhood people to support youth development by bringing in resources of universities and hospitals. Team FAD has been supportive of the activities of the grass roots Anti-Drug organizations in providing funds to run the city-wide Anti-Drug Summer Olympics. They have also trained the Penn Tennis team to work in the schools with young people doing tennis clinics and drug resistance training. In addition. Team FAD has been able to coordinate the interfacing of inner-city youths and suburban youths in order to combat a common problem of drug abuse and addiction in their communities.

Each piece of the lenses represents an area which we need to develop and groups which can bring in their expertise to become involved. The Creative Options bridge between the lenses is for something we may have missed or a new approach you might have to creating a drug free culture. The community has made suggestions of where you are needed. You can design with the leadership of MAD how you will be able to most effectively impliment your resources. To impliment this "Community Organization With A Vision For A Drug Free Culture" an experimental board of representatives from each piece of the lenses will be put together.

DIRECT ACTION ANTI-DRUG GROUP

- regain physical control of the neighborhood
- instill hope through empoverment of the community
- provide leadership & support to involve community agencies and institutions

UNITED STATES CUSTOMS

What role can you play?

PAAN

- coordinates communication among the anti-drug groups
- aids in the development of sports programs for youths involved in the anti-drug movement

STATE POLICE

- provide special assistance as added law enforcement to provide assistance to the 16th, 18th, and 19th police districts, formulating an action plan for heavily drug trafficked areas

COMMUNITY POLICE

- training police and probation officers about alternatives to arrest
- community supports the police on the streets
- community supports the police in the courtroom
- training of new officers on the methods of the anti-drug fighters

CORRECTIONS

What role can you play?

LICENCE AND INSPECTION

- provide the equipment needed for the clean-up of lots and abandoned houses

PRIVATE INDUSTRY

What role can you play?

UNIONS

- to provide volunteers and funding for special incentive programs for youths
- to provide volunteers and funding for housing rehabilitation and community development

CITY

- Department of Health provides the resources of intense AIDS education and in-patient treatment centers for addicted persons
- Philadelphia Anti-Drug/Anti-Violence coordination of efforts of the eight community groups involved in the neighborhood MAD, SOMAD, BAD, CAD, GPAD, WPAD, WPAD, MCAD
- provide special court facilities for juveniles arrested for drug related crimes
- provide the equipment for clean-up of lots and abandoned houses (L & I)
- heavy emphasis on restaffing the four recreation centers within the impact area
- mayor provide liason person to the drug congress to oversee and coordinate these efforts

STATE

- to provide special assistance from State Police as an added law enforcement to provide assistance to the 16th, 18th, and 19th police districts, formulating an action plan for heavily drug traffic areas

- provide State resources for camps, mountain retreats, State recreational grounds for alternatives for young people

- provide special treatment monies

- provide special emphasis State funded higher education institutions to provide work-study programs, stipends, and credits for students at the University of Pennsylvania, Drexel University, and Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science, Cheyney University, and Lincoln University

- a special assistant from the Governor's drug task force to be assigned to this area to coordinate State agencies that might have resources that would strengthen this effort

FEDERAL

- to provide the coordination of all federal resources (DEA, etc.), preferrably the prevention specialists

- to have access to Mr. Bennet's staff

- to share in all new creative approaches which are being experimented with on a national level

- to have Senator Spector and Hines become partners of this drug impact area

- to provide special federal reservations as an alternative to jail for juveniles, a Ranger Camp for youth

- to provide a special invitation for First Lady Bush to come into the area to lend her name and her husband's clout into making this a reality

LEGISLATORS

- to let our State Senator and our three Representatives Fattah, Hughes, & Oliver to provide the imaginative political creativity to enlist any State elected officials and volunteers to take the lead in the overall plan

DISTRICTS ATTORNEY

- provide representatives from office to work closely with the anti-drug groups

- to provide information about the law for those who are being brought to trial, have been incarcerated, or released on parole or probation

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

- provide assistance in bringing the resources of businesses together to aid the community

PREVENTION / EDUCATION

- provide general health, drug & alcohol, and AIDS education
- provide alternative schooling for drop-outs both in and out of school
- community involvement and support in the schools
- alternative activities for youths both inside and outside of school -recreational, cultural, historical, community service activities, etc.
- training for parents and adult youth leaders, development of surrogate parenting programs
- youth drug-free and AIDS prevention teams initiated in schools, peer educators create positive peer pressure

INTERVENTION / TREATMENT

- outreach through the youth programs to parents who need help
- while on the streets for direct action, anti-drug groups reach out to addicts who want help by bringing them to treatment
- community outreach centers
- after-care with support from the community
- placement and support of the new drug fighters in the community
- providing an alternative to arrest for those who want help

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

- encourage students, faculty, and staff to volunteer in the community, to do field work for research in the community
- to provide facilities, or funding for university affiliated facilities for use in youth development programs
- to provide educational opportunities directed towards the needs of community youths and adults

HEALTH CARE AND OUTREACH

What role can you play?

MUSEUM COUNCIL AND OTHER CULTURAL INSTITUTIONS

- provide educational opportunities for youths to participate

HOUSING

- continual support and monitoring of the progress of families placed in homes by the community
- rehabilitating a house with the participation and training of the people moving in the home
- instead of boarding up houses (abandoned and crack houses), opening them up
- filtering people out of the housing projects and placing them in houses

CHURCH LEADERSHIP

- provide space (with compensation) and volunteers for after-school programs, community meetings, and seminars
- provide support for the homeless and families recently placed in houses in the community
- provide counseling centers for addicted mothers
- surrogate "adopt a grandparent" parenting programs, training for parents and adults who work with youths

EMPLOYMENT AND JOB TRAINING

- Department of Labor to coordinate with the Private Industry Council, the U.S. Department of Labor to provide funds for imaginative new jobs for young people
- to have any State contracts in this area give high priority to youth to train and to become familiar with the work world

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS
FAMILY COURT DIVISION
JUVENILE BRANCH
1801 Vine Street
Philadelphia, PA 19103

EDWARD J. BRADLEY
PRESIDENT JUDGE

JEROME A. ZALESKI
ADMINISTRATIVE JUDGE

MATTHEW M. TIERNEY
COURT ADMINISTRATOR
FAMILY COURT DIVISION

ROCCO DONATELLI
CHIEF
JUVENILE BRANCH

December 1, 1989

The following information is a listing of the number of drug offenders assigned to West District Juvenile Probation. These Offenders are classified by housing project and gender. The first chart consists of Narcotic traffickers for the year 1988. The second chart consists of Narcotic traffickers from January,1989 through June,1989.

Figure One, 1988 Drug Offenders

Housing Project	Male	Female	Total
West Park	42	4	46
Mantua	49	5	54
Mill Creek	20	2	22
	111	11	122

Figure Two, January, 1989 to June, 1989 Drug Offenders

Housing Project	Male	Female	Total
West Park	33	1	34
Mantua	17	0	17
Mill Creek	34	3	37
	84	4	88

Dwight Leevy,

Assistant Supervisor,
Intensive Probation Services

U.S. Department of Justice

United States Attorney
Eastern District of Pennsylvania

MMB:jb:300
(215) 597-1716

3310 United States Courthouse
Independence Mall West
601 Market Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106
(215) 597- 2556

July 17, 1990

Mr. Robert Simon
Room 111
The White House
Washington, D. C. 20500

Dear Mr. Simon:

It was a pleasure speaking with you this afternoon.

I am enclosing some materials I quickly put together concerning Operation PEARL. I look forward to helping you in any way possible.

Sincerely,

Michael M. Baylson
United States Attorney

Enclosure

U.S. Department of Justice

United States Attorney
Eastern District of Pennsylvania

MMB:jb:300
(215) 597-1716

3310 United States Courthouse
Independence Mall West
601 Market Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106

June 19, 1990

The Honorable Clifford J. White, III
Deputy Assistant Attorney General
Office of Justice Programs
U.S. Department of Justice
Room 1300, Indiana Building
633 Indiana Avenue, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20531

Re: Operation PEARL

Dear Cliff:

I just wanted to let you know that I have heard that, after only two months of operation, the people in Manutua are very excited about the early accomplishments and future promise of Operation PEARL. Herman Wrice, the community leader who has sparked the Operation so far, was most enthusiastic about Terry Donahue's work. I understand that the message has been told to community groups in other cities and stands a good chance of being emulated. Herman, joined by the Mayor's Special Assistant Robert Armstrong, is most enthusiastic about a concerted effort to use existing resources, including law enforcement, to concentrate on a specific neighborhood's problems.

I think there is a story to be told here, particularly on how the use of relatively little money can, with local support and deployment of already existing federal resources, play a big role in reducing drug trafficking in a specific neighborhood. In your absence from the office, I suggested that Terry Donahue might want to prepare a short interim report, and I think it deserves some wide circulation. I think this is particularly crucial because it demonstrates the viability of the President's strategy to use existing resources and that the answer to every problem does not necessarily have to be "more money." The Manutua project also relies extensively on individual responsibility, and on focusing the multitude of existing governmental resources in dealing with the drug problem.

I hope it continues to be successful; and, of course, I am privileged to be helpful whenever I can.

Sincerely,

Michael M. Baylson
United States Attorney

U.S. Department of Justice

United States Attorney
Eastern District of Pennsylvania

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Independence Mall West
601 Market Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106
(215) 597- 2556

December 8, 1989

Mr. Robert F. Armstrong
Special Assistant to the Mayor
for Drug Control
ARA Building
1101 Market Street
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Dear Bob:

I would like to give you this brief report on an important meeting I had in Washington yesterday which I hope will provide leads for your staff in developing funding initiatives with the federal government.

I met with Clifford J. White, III, Deputy Assistant Attorney General, Office of Justice Programs, and three people from his staff.

1. OJP is anxious to get operation PEARL off the ground. Although they do not have vast sums of money for allocation, they can provide technical assistance and training and have given me a general commitment that they will provide some visits of their experts to Philadelphia to review our planning progress, and see also below.

2. The largest part of their funds are distributed through formula grants to each state. They have a large sum of money allocated to Pennsylvania, but of course how that is distributed locally is generally decided at the state level.

3. OJP is going to have some additional discretionary grants as to which they will publish regulations. I have asked to be kept advised, but I think you should also request information on the application procedure.

4. They thought that the Mantua project was a good candidate and was right in line with their own model for success in fighting drugs. They think community involvement and support

is essential and mentioned that there was a similar private pilot already underway in Wilmington which OJP is funding in part. I did not get any of the details concerning Wilmington, but I would suggest it would be worth a visit for you or a member of your staff.

5. They discussed some other federal government funding opportunities. They thought that because the Mantua area had public housing that HUD Region III would be very receptive to an application for a grant on drug prevention in public housing and urged that you move aggressively in this area because HUD probably had the most funds available. The recently retired HUD administrator in our area is Ken Finlayson who is now serving as a consultant to OJP. They will possibly pay for his services to your office. He could be a good focal point on developing grant applications for HUD money. In addition, Bud Albright, Esquire, Deputy General Counsel of HUD, is a former Justice Department official who I know slightly. I would be happy to contact him on your behalf, once you have further information.

6. I think that OJP would be most sympathetic to a law enforcement grant of seed money and urge that you consult with the Police Department as to what would be a manageable and short term endeavor in the Mantua program that could be a subject of a direct discretionary OJP grant.

7. The people with whom I met are going to be developing some written material on their ability to provide assistance, and I will give that to you promptly.

8. They also mentioned the National Crime Prevention Council is having a number of written materials for community mobilization that can be secured very cheaply and are instantly available for community distribution.

9. OJP is of course only a small part of the federal effort, but it is the exclusive Justice Department agency involved in providing funding assistance for state and local projects. I think I can have a little bit of influence in seeing that Philadelphia gets its fair share, but I think that the OJP resources should be principally used for development further governmental contacts.

10. I also think you should keep Senators Specter and Heinz advised of what you are doing, and I have drafted a letter which you might send to them. I also think you should send a similar letter to Dr. Bennett so he is kept advised as I think his office

will have an increasingly large say in how the federal effort overall is directed.

I hope you can give the above information to your staff for further development. I mentioned the possibility of a February public announcement and kickoff. I would be happy to assist you with further introductions and look forward to discussing this with you soon.

Sincerely,

Michael M. Baylson
United States Attorney

12/8

December 6, 1989

The Honorable Arlen Specter
The Honorable John Heinz
United States Senate
Washington, D. C. 20510

Dear Senator Specter and Senator Heinz:

Knowing of your great interest in Philadelphia's Drug problem, I would like you to know about Mayor Goode's support and endorsement of the recommendation of the Philadelphia Drug Resistance Congress to implement a project pilot in the Mantua section of West Philadelphia. I am enclosing materials developed by the Congress describing this project, together with my report to Mayor Goode and his letter in response.

We would appreciate your efforts on behalf of the citizens of Philadelphia to secure the maximum amount of federal funding that could be secured to help us launch this project.

We are looking for a February public announcement date and hope that you could secure some commitments and perhaps join Mayor Goode at that time in making an appropriate public announcement.

United States Attorney Mike Baylson is in the process of attempting to secure funds from the Justice Department's Office of Justice Programs.

Perhaps you could designate someone on your staff with whom we could work in coordinating our efforts. Although we were disappointed not to be in the first group of cities designated by Dr. Bennett as receiving special "high intensity" assistance, perhaps there are other types of funds which Dr. Bennett can direct to Philadelphia or your offices could assist us in making the appropriate recommendations.

Sincerely,

Robert F. Armstrong

U.S. Department of Justice

United States Attorney
Eastern District of Pennsylvania

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Independence Mall West
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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106
(215) 597- 2556

December 8, 1989

The Honorable W. Wilson Goode
Mayor
City of Philadelphia
Room 215, City Hall
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Dear Mayor Goode:

I appreciated being part of the meeting with you earlier this week, and thank you for your endorsement of Project PEARL which had been the subject of many discussions at the Philadelphia Resistance meetings.

I have had an initially promising meeting with officials of the United States Department of Justice, Office of Justice Programs, and have given additional details for follow-up to Bob Armstrong and have offered to work with him in gaining the maximum possible amount of federal assistance for Philadelphia.

Sincerely,

Michael M. Baylson
United States Attorney

U.S. Department of Justice

United States Attorney
Eastern District of Pennsylvania

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(215) 597-1716

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12/16

December 6, 1989

The Honorable Clifford J. White, III
Deputy Assistant Attorney General
Office of Justice Programs
U.S. Department of Justice
1300 Indiana Building
633 Indiana Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20537

Dear Mr. White:

I would like to provide this letter to give some background of the material I faxed to you last night, together with a brief explanation of my request for a meeting with a member of your staff, hopefully late tomorrow morning, when I will be in Washington for other meetings.

Earlier this year, Philadelphia Mayor W. Wilson Goode named Robert Armstrong, then Deputy Commissioner of Police and a long-time and respected civic servant, as his Special Assistant for Drug Control. Mr. Armstrong established the Philadelphia Resistance Congress, consisting of representatives of community groups, law enforcement, and professionals in the fields of education, drug rehabilitation with a broad base of representation from all aspects of city life and interests. Many federal agencies are members of the Congress including DEA, Customs; and I have personally taken a strong involvement and have attended all of the Congress meetings. Dr. Herman Wrice, a respected community leader in Mantua, was, together with the other federal representatives, part of a small subgroup of the Congress which developed the Mantua plan that I sent you last night.

We all feel that taking this rather unique and promising ten square block City area and demonstrating that attacking the causes of drug addiction and at the same time using a concerted law enforcement effort to keep drug dealers out of this neighborhood on a long-range basis, would turn the neighborhood around, hopefully within a year, and demonstrate that similar programs in other disadvantaged areas of our City would work.

I strongly believe that this program is a strong action plan designed to implement the goals which President Bush and Dr.

Bennett have outlined as the cornerstone of the National Drug Policy, particularly in combining attacks on both the demand and supply sides of the drug problem and, also becoming their call for a strong state and local response and involvement.

As you note from Mayor Goode's letter, he has committed City resources to the Mantua project and Governor Casey has also directed that part of his "Penn Free" funds be used in Mantua. I, together the with other federal participants, believe that the federal government should similarly financially support this program and that is the reason why I would like to visit with your staff to see what DOJ funding resources might be available for particular phases of this project.

Although your staff can probably advise me better, some possibilities that have come to mind are:

1. Establishment of storefront offices to provide treatment referrals, educational materials, counselling for drug addicts, delivery of information on drug dealers, etc., with the office to be staffed by representatives of both the police, education, and drug prevention groups;

2. Funding additional police officers to patrol in this area (the Police Department estimates that putting an additional four officers in this area would cost at least $100,000 annually);

3. Development of a very proactive recreational/ educational/counselling program for young people who are most susceptible to dealing with addiction within their families or among their contemporaries and attempting to keep themselves drug free permanently.

I hope the above will provide more background, and I look forward to meeting you tomorrow.

Sincerely,

Michael M. Baylson
United States Attorney

cc: The Honorable W. Wilson Goode
Mr. Robert F. Armstrong

City/State: Philadelphia, PA

Event: Anti Drug Rally

Date: 7/16/90

OFFICE OF PRESIDENTIAL ADVANCE

CONTACT SHEET

Name	Office	Phone Number
Presidential Advance Office		202/456-7565
Presidential Advance Fax Number		202/456-2820
Lucy Mackerman	WH Advance	202/456-7565
Carol Blymire	WH Speechwriting	202/456-7750
SPENCER GEISSINGER	WH ADVANCE	202 456-7565
JAY PARMER	WH ADVANCE	202 456-7565
TIM SIMONSON	WH ADVANCE	202 456-7565
Bruce Stebbins	WH Staff	202 456-6510
LARRY FEAST	WH Press Communications	(202) 395-4040
JIM HAMBY	" "	202-395-4024
HERMAN WILCOX	MAD	222-7166
→ Rev. Glen Ernst	M.A.D. / P.E.A.R.L.	(215) 387-2251
GLENN McCLOSKEY	IND/FAD	(215) 387-6310
TROOPER LEONARD WARD	PA STATE POLICE	(215) 560-6202
→ AL WILSON	TEAM FAD	(215) 277-4470
F.J. BAGNELL	" "	215-537-5457
Wilbur E Hobbs	Director - Lo PCC	215-336-4075
Bob Armstrong	City Drug Czar	215 592-5909

Bush spoke 1984 Maxwell Football Club
Herman Wilcox
al Wilson

OFFICE OF NATIONAL DRUG CONTROL POLICY
EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
Washington, D.C. 20500

17 July 199

FAX FOR BOB SIMON

FROM: CHUCK WEXLER

RE: PHILADELPHIA

ACCORDING TO THE OFFICE OF JUVENILE JUSTICE AND DELINQUENCY PREVENTION, WHICH SPONSORED THE "MANTUA SUMMIT" IN APRIL, THE SUMMIT WAS SUCCESSFUL IN BRINGING TOGETHER THE VARIOUS LEVELS OF GOVERNMENT AND THE COMMUNITY. AN ONGOING RELATIONSHIP WAS ESTABLISHED AND AN ACTION PLAN WAS DEVELOPED AND IS PRESENTLY BEING IMPLEMENTED.

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR NEED FURTHER INFORMATION FROM ONDCP, PLEASE CALL ME (673-2513) OR MY ASSISTANT BETH CAVE (673-2750).

Summary

H.R. 5257 would enact real cuts in the Federal government's basic drug treatment and drug education block grants. Its overall increase of $20.7 million in the above four treatment and prevention programs is just 1.8 percent over FY90 -- an increase less than inflation and insufficient to sustain current levels of operation. H.R. 5257 cuts more than $230 million from the President's requests for these vital programs, which together would provide a more than $250 million -- or 23 percent -- increase over FY90.

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PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER JUL 1 1 1990

Sen. Heinz tours a pearl in W. Phila.

By Peter Landry
Inquirer Staff Writer

Sen. John Heinz strode down the steps of the West Philadelphia Community Center, sending a ripple of interest along the Mantua block.

Out on the sidewalk, 12-year-old Chelli Cox pulled back the baby carriage bearing her 9-month-old daughter, Iyane Lee. Across the street, 61-year-old Melvin "Smitty" Smith looked up from his stand selling water ice to see who had attracted the clutch of cameramen. Others simply stopped to gawk.

After a brief ceremonial pause, Heinz peeled off the jacket of his navy blue suit, slung it over his crisp white shirt and headed out with activist Herman Wrice for "The Tour."

The state's senior U.S. senator hit town yesterday afternoon to see how an innovative anti-drug campaign called Operation PEARL was shaping up in the city's Mantua neighborhood.

PEARL — short for Prevention, Education, Action, Rehabilitation and Law enforcement — is a multipronged attempt by city, state and federal agencies to address the issues of addicts as well as sellers, treatment as well as punishment, causes as well as effects.

As tours go, yesterday's was brief — two blocks, round trip — but it was effectively designed to put PEARL before Heinz.

The Community Center in the 3500 block of Haverford Avenue fronts three boarded up storefronts, an abandoned house and a vacant lot, and the corner of Haverford and 36th Street was graced by a yawning expanse of rubble and litter.

Or at least it was until yesterday, when crews affiliated with Wrice's known as MAD — moved in to clean up the mess. Under the watchful eye of Joe Purdy and his retiree pals gathered under a tree across the street, the young workers moved through this urban hayfield and packed dozens of oversize paper bags with trash.

Wrice, dressed, as always, in a white hard hat, blue work shirt, khaki pants and penny loafers going through their third set of soles, led the senator and his entourage across the lot, home years ago to the 3601 Bar.

"What would you be doing if you weren't doing this with Mr. Wrice?" Heinz asked.

"Probably hanging on the corner," answered 24-year-old Robert Winens.

"It's a real jungle," Heinz said, pointing to the portion of the corner still uncleared.

"It was nothing but trash," said 17-



The Philadelphia Inquirer / MICHAEL S. WIRTZ

Heinz greets workers cleaning a vacant lot at 36th Street and Haverford Avenue.

One of the keys to the PEARL approach is to get kids involved in positive activities, like the lot cleanings. It keeps them away from drugs, Wrice argues, and rekindles pride in the neighborhood.

In a meeting before the tour, officials from all three levels of government ticked off some of the other accomplishments since PEARL got underway in April.

City drug czar Robert Armstrong noted that police have hauled off more than 400 abandoned cars that frequently are used for hiding drugs. The Street Department has regularly swept through the area's roadways. The Fire Department has run smoke detector programs. The Recreation Department has upgraded playground equipment. There have been afterschool programs offering information on alcohol and drug use and AIDS education.

National Guard units will be coming in to clean up abandoned buildings. And the state's Department of Community Affairs is about to provide $400,000 in grant money so that developers can rehab those houses and sell them to low income families.

"This program has the potential to be a real national model," Heinz told community leaders in a meeting before the tour.

At an impromptu press conference later, he went even further: "What's taking place with Operation PEARL is a potential model to save an entire generation."

Wrice, whose street-corner-by-street-corner tactics against crack dealers have made him a leader of anti-drug activism, was pleased with the hubbub brought by Heinz's visit.

"All these things get momentum going in the neighborhood," he said. "People see kids working. They see U.S. Senators walking through. They see the U.S. Attorney here. It's excit-

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U.S. Department of Justice

Office of Juvenile Justice and
Delinquency Prevention

Washington, D.C. 20531

^F1^
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Dear ^F6^:

For the past year the neighborhood of Mantua in West Philadelphia has mobilized and taken back the streets from the drug traffickers. They have developed effective community-police relationships, cleaned up the neighborhood, and established a creative voucher system that binds youth to positive activity.

Both the city of Philadelphia and the state of Pennsylvania have targeted Mantua as an emerging neighborhood capable of demonstrating a process that, with their help, could substantially reduce substance abuse. The United States Attorney from Philadelphia has asked the Federal government to join this process. After assessing the situation, the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention (OJJDP) has recommended that key decision-makers from city, state, and Federal agencies join with neighborhood leaders to develop and implement a collaborative action plan that would support this important neighborhood-based movement.

To facilitate the development and implementation of the action plan, OJJDP is sponsoring the " Mantua Summit." You are invited to represent your agency at the Summit on April 23, 24, and 25, 1990.

The summit will begin at 6:00 p.m. on Monday, April 23, with an orientation on the activities in Mantua. On Tuesday, April 24, the proceedings will be conducted by Dr. Russell L. Ackoff of the Warton School, University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Ackoff will guide representatives of all government levels and neighborhood residents through a planning process that will conclude on April 25 with a consensus on the best strategies to support this emerging neighborhood effort.

During the Summit, you will also be able to participate in one of the activities that the neighborhood has been effectively utilizing to reduce drug trafficking - the "night vigil."

On behalf of OJJDP and the Department of Justice, I am pleased to invite you to represent your agency at the "Mantua Summit." Please join us for this important event. Further details will follow in the near future.

Sincerely,

Robert W. Sweet, Jr.
Administrator

Team FAD Philadelphia

Team FAD (Fight Against Drugs) is a national drug prevention campaign for youth of all ages (K-12). It is an independent, non-profit organization that has developed an alcohol and drug awareness program based on the concept of positive peer pressure through role models. Older youths tell younger participants about their successes from leading drug-free lives. Team FAD was founded by the Maxwell Club of Philadelphia, a national football organization dedicated to improving the quality of athletics. It initially targeted young athletes, specifically football players, and then evolved into a program designed for all youth. The organization does speaking engagements in various schools throughout the country.

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER APR 01 1990

HERMAN WRICE

Facing down the dealers

By HOWARD GOODMAN

FOR HERMAN WRICE, THE crack problem was some hard-to-see obstruction until the dealers started to feud with one of his kids.

It was the summer of 1988. Wrice was organizing sports leagues, putting ghetto kids in uniforms, giving them teams to join, goals to shoot for, outlets for their energies, same as he'd been doing since the early 1970s. But now something was wrong. Now, coaches were hard to find. Now, men he had known, had trusted, were falling into the shadowland.

Then one of his star pitchers, 15 years old with an 11-2 record on the season, a kid who'd won just the day before, failed to show up for the championship game. The boy's teammates knew all about the problem. "He's hooked, Mr. Wrice," they told him. It hurt Wrice's pride that he hadn't seen it sooner, that this was how the dealers worked their evil. They'd hook the neighborhood's best youth, cocky that other kids would follow.

Someone has to stop this, Wrice started saying, or else we'll have a nation of baboobies. "I've got to save the babies," he decided. "Somebody has to."

The crack that so rapidly hooked its users seemed to have paralyzed everyone else. The addiction was too quick, the money too big, the jails too full, the dealers too murderous. But Wrice talked it up with some of the neighborhood men, with a few of the local police — people tired of simply watching things decline — and he built a little armada or seven guys going hold and beer-bellied to chase away the couple of dozen dealers who occupied the corner of 56th and Wallace Streets in the inner-city Mantua section of West Philadelphia.

Neighbors told them they were crazy as the men began walking with their placards — "We Gonna Take Our Neighborhood Back," "Dope Is For Dummies," "Stop Selling Poison To Our Children" — Wrice carrying a sledgehammer, advancing toward the dealers. Some onlookers joined in, a dozen, maybe two. And at the moment of confrontation, the dealers jeered, hurled threats — and ran away, across the street.

It was a perfect little victory, a movie scene. "Nobody had ever tackled them before," Wrice said later with satisfaction. But now Wrice directed his little band toward a bigger target, the big vacant Victorian twin where the dealers made their headquarters. "We've got to kick their butts out of there," he declared.

Twenty-five crack heads lurked in that house — the foreboding Brigantine Castle, a looming presence on the street, magisterial and decrepit. The place was an abomination, the dopers parading in and out day and night. They lived in filth, didn't care. Complain, and they'd threaten to come get you. Neighbors had seen one guy shooting a gun into the street for the hell of it.

"It don't matter," Wrice insisted. "We gotta go."

And so they did, the next morning, or the morning after — memories are hazy. The group was looking around for the help they'd been promised from the Police Department, Probation & Parole, Licenses & Inspections. And the only people who showed up were a tipped-off local TV news crew.

Wrice had his sledgehammer, and his group was outside the house, and neighbors lined up across the street to watch. Dopers hooted out the windows and taunted, "You guys ain't going to do nothing with that hammer," and called

Everybody understands the drug problem, the organizer says, "but nobody's started on the solution. And the solution begins with just standing up."

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NEWSEXPRESS
PAGE 1 OF 17

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Wrice in September, when he led a coalition of 40 neighborhood groups, including his own Mantua Against Drugs, shut down 14 drug corners along Indiana Avenue.

them nerves, and then a TV guy started pointing his camera, and Wrice was thinking, "Oh no, what did I get myself into?" But now he was standing on the steps and he had the hammer and he was facing the locked front door, and there was no turning back. He lifted the hammer to his shoulder.

Just then the door opened. Someone from inside flung it open, a guy shouting obscenities. Wrice walked in, all 6-foot-4 and 260 pounds of him. The dopers scattered. It was amazing. They ran out of the house the back way.

And then Wrice swung his hammer and smashed a television set, a dining table, a collection of knickknacks and the building's front windows.

His declaration of war.

FOR WRICE, WHO HAS LIVED MOST of his 50 years in Mantua, the attack on the Victorian house began a new campaign in his professional career. Mayor Goode, an old acquaintance, sent him a white hard hat, saying: "If you're going to close crack houses, you better wear this." Wrice thought the mayor was maybe poking fun. But he prizes the symbols of sports and battle, so he put it on. He has worn it almost constantly ever since.

"I'll take this off," he says, "when we win this war. Or if I die."

From anybody else, the statement would sound crazy, but somehow you believe Wrice. Maybe it's his determination and the long hours he puts in. Maybe it's his irrepressible self-confidence: Don't tell him something can't be done. Of course it can, if only people are willing to work, if they don't give up. Energy like his tends to be infectious, people are so desperate for some hope, some answers. So Herman Wrice, with his vigor and optimism and magic, is that most unspectacular yet coveted figure: a leader whose coin is enthusiasm.

"He is on my list of heroes," says Peter Aborn, a past president of the West Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, who has clashed bitterly with Wrice but is an ardent ally in the drug fight, "and that is because he is absolutely dedicated to this cause, unflinchingly and unfailingly. And that total lack of reserve, his willingness to put his whole life force into this, it gives him enormous power."

He's a huge man with a bucket jaw, an enveloping handshake, assured eyes and a lot of spine. His memory works with the precision of a TV remote control, and he keeps multiple conversations going with ease, a Pall Mall never far from his reach. He walks with a rocking limp, the result of a high school football injury that left his right leg so mangled that when he sits, he has to arrange it beneath him by hand to get comfortable. His day may start with 7:30 a.m. phone calls and end with a 4 a.m. drug visit, yet at any time, he will talk unhurriedly to anyone. So he is habitually late.

If a community building needs painting, he'll just start painting. No discussion. And very often, shame being the motivator that it is, one or two or maybe more people will help before he's done. Soon he'll be putting them in charge of their own buildings to paint.

"He's a catalyst," says Robert Dennette, who began working with Wrice in 1978 and now operates a drug-treatment center. "Herman has a great capacity for making people feel comfortable. And if you can make people feel comfortable in their

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rules of making change, whatever you're doing has a much better chance of working."

For more than 20 years, Wrice has been in and out of the public eye, the willing focus of fantasies of what the perfect inner-city hero should be. Understandably, it's hard for his admirers to acknowledge his flaws. At times, he can be abrasive and blindly obstinate. Critics say he's impulsive and undisciplined, a laissez-faire manager and a haphazard bookkeeper. His resume is puffed up with fabrications.

Yet time and again, observers surrender their objectivity before the onslaught of do-it-now impatience and sheer good feeling that surge through nearly any encounter with Herman Wrice. He is bigger than life — a visionary able to inspire the dispirited. Herman Wrice is about dreams and what is possible.

THEY CALLED THEMSELVES MAD — Mantes Against Drugs — which described both their mood and what most people thought must be their mental condition. In their first three weeks of existence in August 1988, they raided up 14 abandoned buildings being used as crack houses. They pierced the dealers' aura of invincibility with the gutsy tactic of walking right up and saying what they thought of them. They began circulating "Wanted" posters with pictures of the Dealer of the Week.

Word got around. In South Philadelphia, the Direct Truth Anti-Drug Coalition — a church group that was holding prayer vigils in front of crack houses, trying to do a Jericho number with a bullhorn — was ready to take more aggressive action. MAD came and helped. Wrice bought everyone white hard hats.

A group from the Belmont area of West Philadelphia wanted to take similar steps. They became Belmont Against Drugs — BAD. Then a group from the Saunders Park section in West Philadelphia formed SPAD. And North Philadelphia's United Neighbors Against Drugs created UNAD. Wrice bought them all white hats.

"He makes you feel brave," says the Rev. Alden Gaines of Direct Truth, a lanky man who was nonetheless frightened to try Wrice's tactics until Wrice himself accompanied the South Philadelphia group on its vigils. "He cannot afford to show any weaknesses," Gaines said. "If he has them, I haven't seen them. Because it's his strengths we're depending on."

From the beginning, Wrice ignored threats from the drug dealers and users. The day after the rousting of the 35th and Wallace drug house, somebody hurled a firebomb into a halfway house for former prison inmates that Wrice supervises, thinking he was inside. A resident was slashed by broken glass, an upstairs room was burned, but Wrice, who had left the building shortly before the explosion, was uninjured. "I'd have done the same to me if I was them," he said. He went on to act as if nothing had happened.

Soon, word reached him: "They say they're going to get you, Herman."

"I'll be standing at the corner of 35th and Wallace at 9 a.m.," he said.

And he was. He spent the day — until 8 that night — at the corner, a neglected little park. He cut the grass, pulled weeds, picked up litter, swept the street. He talked to people who came by. When he went home, he left a note giving his address and phone number, "just in case they missed me." He spent the next day there, too, sitting on a park bench, waiting for the dealers to make good on their threats. "I had to let them know right away I wasn't afraid," he said.

The dealers didn't come; Wrice had doubted they would. But over the next three months, his car was stolen three times. Each time he recovered it, he discovered a little more stripped away until it was unusable. Christmas week his house was ransacked. The thieves made off with a VCR, a microwave oven, three television sets, stereo speakers and his wife's jewelry, and vandalized a satellite dish he had installed three weeks before. Someone even stole his dog.

"They told me they were going to retaliate," Wrice explained with a shrug. He acted almost cheerful, drawing courage from believing that if he stood up, others would follow. "I had seven with me, and I had to believe I could get to 2,000," he said recently. "Now I've got to believe that some day it's going to be a million."

A year after MAD's founding, a new group was forming every week. One night, in West Philadelphia, gunfire blazed at the marchers, though no one was injured. Another night, someone dumped urine on them. In South Philadelphia, a man unleashed a pit bull, and it clamped its teeth in a woman's leg. Wrice grabbed the dog by the head and pulled him off. That same night, someone tried to plow a car into the marchers. Still, the groups kept forming.

"This whole town was sitting with its hands between its legs," Wrice says. "I said, 'Enough.' I knew about the ACLU, and the housing code, and anything else that somebody might throw in the way, but I said, 'Look, they're doing this to us.' Everybody understands the problem, but nobody's started on the solution. And the solution begins with just standing up."

MORE THAN 80 CITY groups now wear the hard hats. Their ranks include thousands of sometime participants, including a hard core of at least 200 who take to their neighborhood streets weekly, even nightly — braving rain and cold and fear to block drug sales with their massed presence. In most instances, they work closely with the Police Department. Police provide cover for marchers; citizens provide tips for busts. And in a city split by racial tensions, the anti-drug coalition finds blacks, whites, Hispanics and Asians, rich and poor, standing vigil side by side.

Are they solving the drug problem? Who knows? What's certain is that the groups have brought hope and the glow of accomplishment to those who've joined the battle. Police estimate that the vigils have cut neighborhood drug sales by as much as a half-million dollars on a good night. Dozens of drug houses have been emptied and boarded shut. Thousands of residents of besieged neighborhoods have gained greater peace and security. "People are sitting on their front steps again," says Officer Eugene Clark, who patrols in Manton. "It's amazing. It's great. The community is turning [decisive] in."

Goode, who phones Wrice several times a week to stay in touch with the movement, says the groups are "absolutely" improving conditions where they are active. "It's the only way to do it," Goode says. "... The neighborhood people must be involved. The city can't do its job unless the neighborhood people go out there and take control of their neighborhoods."

Harvard's Kennedy School of Government has been examining Wrice's methods as a possible model for other cities. The White House has asked for information, and so have several dozen cities. Wrice has traveled to Atlanta at least three times to brief the Georgia legislature. In January, his presentation so excited that state's Senate Judiciary Committee that its chairman quickly convened the entire Senate in special session to hear it all over again. The response was tumultuous; legislators made plans to don white hard hats and march on drug corners themselves to show the citizenry how to fight the menace. Two weeks later, with the unpaid Wrice returning to address the House and with momentum building for marches in Savannah and other cities, a phone at the legislature was being answered, "Herman Wrice's office."

Sometimes the magic doesn't work. "I go to some of these conferences," Wrice says, "and they say, 'Black and white together? Going to places outside your own neighborhood?' They can't believe it. They're saying, 'We can't do that in our city.' I got to tell them, 'Sure, you can. Because you can't do it no other way. If you just take care of the problem on your own block, that's a false sense of security. You've got to go citywide.'"

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Some have dismissed the anti-drug actions as simply feel-good exercises for the participants, the groups as vigilantes who attack drug houses without search warrants. Wrice ignores the critics. "Everywhere else, they're still at the Hunting stage," he says. "They're still saying, 'Do we have consent?' We're saying, 'Yeah, let's get to the radiation.'"

It's an indigenous, word-of-mouth movement. "These are all volunteers," Wrice said one day in late November. "They're all people who have the desire. We don't go to any neighborhood unless we're asked." On his cluttered desk in his bare-walls office that day were handfuls of phone messages. The owner of a Center City travel agency sent $100 and asked for help organizing Rittenhouse Square. Postal workers had a similar request. So did a homeless man who wanted to start Homeless Against Drugs.

Trish DiPietros had never heard of Herman Wrice when she decided to organize her Spring Garden neighborhood, north of the Center City business district and west of Broad Street. Part gentrifying white middle-class, part poor Hispanic, Spring Garden has been known for some wide-open crack corners. DiPietros attended some citywide anti-drug gatherings. At her first meeting, Wrice just sat in the crowd, as anybody, although every now and then someone would ask his opinion and a woman would bring him coffee. DiPietros wondered about the guy deserving the deference.

At her next meeting, people introduced themselves. "I'm from LAD," one would say, "and we had a bad drug problem, but we got it under control with the help of Herman Wrice." The next person would say the same thing. So it went, around the room. Then came DiPietros's turn. "We're not really off the ground yet," she said, "and I guess it's because we haven't had Herman Wrice's help."

Finally, they met. Several weeks later, Wrice marshaled 120 people to join DiPietros's 20 and march on Spring Garden's worst drug corners. It was a cold night, and the dealers and their allies — bouncers, many of them — threw bottles and taunts. "You're in over your head," Wrice told DiPietros. "But don't worry. We got to hit 'em again, every week, and it'll take care of itself."

Wrice was right. Four weeks and four vigils later, DiPietros's fledgling group mixed the 17th and Mount Vernon corner by themselves: 19 women, one man and DiPietros's teenage son. DiPietros could not believe it. The dealers saw the 15 white hard-hats coming, and they left. "As soon as we came on," she said, "it was like when you literally turn the light on when there's cockroaches, and they all disappear."

Drug sales haven't ended in the neighborhood, but "buyers know it's not the safe haven it used to be," said DiPietros, "and the sellers aren't anywhere near as early, because there's a counterforce for them to deal with."

Said Ginny Smith, a grandmother 14 times over who marches with LAD — Lighthouse Against Drugs — in West Kensington, "I guess we just needed someone to take our head and show us the way."

WRICE BEGAN TO FORGE his style in the 1960s, with the Young Great Society, a community development organization that turned around some tough city youths. At a time of "Burn, baby, burn," he was one black leader the establishment could embrace. In 1968, the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Greater Philadelphia named him its Man of the Year. In 1971, Villanova University awarded him an honorary doctorate in social science. Gov. Milton Shapp made him a roving troubleshooter to smooth racial tensions in small Pennsylvania towns. By 1972, R. Anderson Pew, heir to the Sun Oil fortune, was saying, "What I'd love to do is put Herman Wrice in a Xerox machine and make about 500 copies of him." A children's book was published about him in 1975.

That year Wrice ran for City Council, but lost in the Democratic primary to Lucien Blackwell, placing a distant third in a four-way race. "I think he couldn't understand it," said Jean Wrice, his wife, "after all he'd done for everybody." The defeat left him depressed and hurt, and a year later he moved to Iowa to manage an eight-county drug and alcohol treatment program.

The Wrices spent eight years in the western Iowa farmlands, the only blacks in several counties. Wrice routinely put in 18-hour days, often working on projects not covered by his agency's budget. Frequently he used his own money, but the agency's governing board had not authorized the activities, and the Dallas County supervisors asked him to resign. "He had more ideas than he could handle," says a former supervisor, "and he could never understand why we didn't have all the money in the world to spend."

Wrice's forced resignation still angers his successor, LaDean Jorgensen. "I think everybody forgot what he was achieving," Jorgensen said recently. "People like to stand back and be critical, and Herman's not like that. He's a doer. The people who make history are the doers. But a doer can run into problems because they can get ahead of themselves. And then they're vulnerable, being out there on their own."

Wrice has always been more of a motivator than a manager. "It's always difficult to measure what he's done," says Frank Hartmann, the executive director of the program in criminal justice at the Kennedy School of Government. As the Ford Foundation's program director in the early 1970s, Hartmann evaluated Wrice's Young Great Society programs. "Everybody says he's a real presence and his values are correct and he's not selfish in terms of himself.... He's unquestionably charismatic, but would you give him half a million dollars to run XYZ organization of which he's going to be executive director? I'm not sure that taps Herman's strengths."

Wrice's management style is to snap fingers and go. DiPietros discovered this while setting up her anti-drug group. She mentioned to Wrice that she had been thinking of a name — Art Museum Area Against Drugs. Wrice said fine, he'd send her printed T-shirts tomorrow. DiPietros protested that she'd first have to get her group's permission. "He was really pushing me," DiPietros said. "I had to tell him no,

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and I could sense some resistance."

Wrice's impatience with committees is of long standing. "Whenever people would say, 'Let's have another meeting' before they can come to some decision," Jorgenson said, "Herman would just say, 'Cut the crap. If we've got the [guts] to act, let's act.'"

"He's a very outspoken man," adds Ahern, the past president of the West Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce. "A lot of people would prefer to handle differences by saying, 'Let's close the door and talk about this quietly,' but he's not that way. He's 'Goddamn, there's something wrong and we're going to talk about it right here and now.'"

Lucien Blackwell, an admirer, nonetheless says that to call Wrice arrogant is "an understatement. I think as you get older, it's better to use softer words. It doesn't create so many animosities."

Wrice admits that he can be arrogant and that administration is not one of his strengths. "Maybe I ain't a good manager. Maybe I'm more creative than a manager." Small wonder, then, that Wrice's favorite film is *The Music Man*. "The Music Man came into town and he made these people believe they were better than they were," Jean Wrice explains. "He just made them believe in themselves. And when they believe in themselves, they can do anything."

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YET THE LEGEND DOES NOT square entirely with the facts. The gilded resume is inflated with needless exaggerations and untruths.

Biographers have described Wrice as the "senior class president" of his 1958 Overbrook High School graduating class. But according to the yearbook, he was merely a member of the student association's House of Delegates. The class president was Lawrence A. Smith.

For his work in Iowa, the Freedoms Foundation in Valley Forge in 1968 awarded him a medallion — he and his followers frequently say for "the best community program in the nation" or "one of the best community programs in the nation." Actually, the award was one of 350 given that year in various categories, and it was awarded, according to Katherine Wood, the foundation's award director, on the strength of a cover letter Wrice wrote.

His four-page resume calls him "Outstanding Man of the Year (one of 10), National Junior Chamber of Commerce," for 1968. But the Tulsa-based organization says it never named Wrice to the honor. Wrice was, however, named one of the "Outstanding Young Men of America" by a private business based in Montgomery, Ala., that prints the names in a book it then sells. Wrice was one of more than 2,000 people named that year.

Most strikingly, Wrice's resume lists a bachelor of arts degree from Temple University in 1962. Countless articles have repeated the assertion, and Wrice has gained incalculable cachet from his image as a college graduate. But he never graduated from Temple. The school's records show that he took just one course there — an introductory political science course in the spring of 1964.

Wrice is not a braggart. So it is not easy to reconcile his modesty and the openness of his personality with the inflations of his record.

Confronted with the facts, Wrice blamed a faulty memory or sloppiness in assembling his resume. He insisted he'd graduated from Temple — in 1964 rather than 1962 — and said he had papers to prove it. Asked to produce a diploma, he said it had been destroyed in a fire. Asked to describe his graduation day, he said he'd been too busy working to attend.

But a week later, he asked for a meeting. For once, sitting in a diner before an untouched cup of coffee, he was not wearing his hard hat. For days, he said, he'd been unable to eat or to shake a feeling of shame. He said he'd reacted reflexively when challenged on his college credentials: "It isn't like me." He said he did not care if the truth were published — "the movement will go on" — but said he had to square things with the reporter he had misled. "I felt I lied to a friend," he said.

Ironically, over the years, Wrice has exhorted scores of young people to stay in school and get college degrees. "I knew they had no chance without one," he said. Yet all that time, he said, he was too busy to pursue his own. "I always knew I should go back," he said. "But I can't. There's no time. At one point I was running 47 programs — drugs, schools, sports programs, going to bed at 3 in the morning, up again at 7."

Wrice said the fiction got started in the mid-1960s. An associate added the credential to Wrice's background when they petitioned the Philadelphia Board of Education for permission to attend special high school classes alongside several dozen drop-outs they were trying to keep in school. It was an experiment, according to newspaper accounts, that helped 43 of the 44 gang kids pass the course. "I know," Wrice said, "that someone would say, 'Are you qualified?' " He never drew attention to the degree, he said, never believed it was important — but never discovered it, either.

Years later, the organizer of the streets became a respected figure, a university lecturer, "Dr. Wrice." "Whenever I teach university students with master's and Ph.D.'s," Wrice said, "I tell them that their degrees might be valuable in a classroom, but they won't do much good in the streets. You got to have patience and caring. I tell them, 'Whatever your degree is, fine. My degree is to join in and help others.' "

IT'S THE NIGHT AFTER THANKSgiving. Spring Garden's first big anti-drug march. Temperatures are in the 20s, and the 140 people gathered at 18th and Spring Garden Streets sip coffee and clap palms to keep warm, getting ready.

Carlos Hernandez of Brooklyn, N.Y., is among the marchers, a reminder of the dangers of confronting drug traffickers. Back in his home neighborhood, Hernandez single-handedly started anti-drug patrols. Drug gangs responded by shooting and wounding him twice, and then someone sprayed gunfire into his home. His wife died in the attack. He's here to see how the Philadelphia groups operate. Large-scale marches like this are unheard of in Brooklyn. "I'm a fighter," he says. "I can't quit. If I did, then it's like she died in vain."

The marchers wait until Wrice arrives, wearing a blue raincoat and sniffling. All week he has been fighting a bad cold. Someone asks how he feels. "Much better," he says. "I don't have time to have a cold."

The march begins, and the chants go up, in English and in Spanish: "Up with hope! Down with dope!" At Mount Vernon and 18th Streets, the marchers are stopped by a crowd of teenagers who are yelling epithets. Twelve men form a line to face them down. Suddenly Wrice is in the forefront while the men chant, "We're fired up! We can't take it no more! We're fired up!"

Some kid throws a bottle. It lands near Wrice and shatters. He doesn't flinch.

In the confusion, some anti-drug marchers urge the marchers to move along, to keep to the route and schedule. But Wrice won't budge, and neither will the men next to him. They stand there, determined to show the enemy — any enemy — no fear, as Richard Payne from LAD explains to Trish DiPistrizo, "We're just protecting our leader, hon."

It's tough going. At one point, marchers are startled when the occupant of a suspected drug house steps outside to talk.

"How long you going to be here?" he asks a white kid.

"All night," is the reply.

The man shrugs. "Oh, well. It's just one night."

Drug sales come to a halt, but buyers keep coming. White males in their 20s and 30s drive by slowly, looking bewildered by this disruption of routine. Some flash the finger. But a few, disregarding police parked nearby, approach the demonstrators, clearly thinking that anybody here at this hour must be selling drugs.

"Any rocks?" one well-dressed guy asks.

"Yeah, I'll give you rocks," Wrice answers. "How about a white hat?"

"White hat? Who are you?"

"Anti-drug."

"Goddamnit!" The guy is outraged. "I work hard all week, and I come down here to get something to relax, and this is what I get."

WHEN WRICE WAS A TEENager, a local Episcopal priest, the Rev. Edward Palmer Rennecker, saw leadership in him. "He thought rather clearly," recalls Father Rennecker, now partly retired in Baltimore. "And he was quite fair in his dealings with people. And he was kind."

Gangs were the big thing in 1960s-era Harlem — the longtime black enclave running from the Schuylkill west to 40th Street and from Spring Garden Street north nearly to the Philadelphia Zoo — with each block and corner boasting its own. Wrice belonged to the Fiends. Wrice says that Father Rennecker "saw that I used to fight a lot. He said, 'Herman, you can't keep fighting everybody.' He got to show me how stupid that gang stuff was."

Little by little, Wrice managed to lead the gang away from fights and into sports, arranging football and baseball games with other neighborhood teams. Impressed, Father Rennecker let Wrice use the church at 20th and Buttonwood Streets for basketball games and dances. "He asked me if I ever thought about becoming a priest," Wrice said. "He had noticed I had a way of working with people."

Wrice coordinated local dances such

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Friday night at the church — 25 cents admission for boys, 35 cents for boys who brought a date. All went well. But on April 25, 1958, some boys without the money were turned away. They roamed the neighborhood, looking for somebody to rob, and found a 28-year-old Korean exchange student from the University of Pennsylvania named Ik Ho Oh, out mailing a letter to relatives. As Time magazine later reported, the "11-member teenaged gang pummeled Ik Ho Oh to death with a blackjack, a lead pipe and hard-toed shoes, while looking for the admission price of a 35-cent neighborhood dance."

The killing stunned the nation. The crime stood as a tragic comment on race conditions. Wrice decided it was all his fault. "I didn't plan for the kids who didn't have 35 cents," he said years later with a pained look. "I felt I should have been thinking how to get everybody into the dance, instead of making money.

"I was 13," said Wrice. Actually, he was 19. As young as he was, Wrice felt responsible for the entire web of circumstances that led to the incident: the poverty, broken homes and racism that shaped the killers. "I blamed me," he said, "and I had to do something about it. I decided: That's it. That's what my life was going to be about."

The death still weighs on his mind, he said. In the 20 intervening years, he said, he has seen "hundreds of kids dying, one by one, from drugs, from guns — and I keep thinking, 'Can't we do something about it?'

"It still motivates me," he said in a quiet voice. "I think about it all the time. I'm sure that deep down inside, everything I do is a guilt trip. No matter how much I do, it's like, it's not enough. If I put in 20 hours a day, it's not enough. When I'm out on those street corners, the people around me are thinking about saving their neighborhood. I think of a whole nation of kids dying."

Kids have always gravitated to him. Jean Wrice remembers dating Herman in high school, traveling across the city to watch him play football, 10 children or so in tow. "They wanted to watch him," she says. "He was good."

They married soon after his January 1963 graduation from Overbrook High, set up house in a Mantua project while he worked as a cook, had one child, two — and before long, discovered groups of children hanging around, waiting for him.

He was forever organizing games and activities, and soon founded a Cub Scout troop that swelled with 120 boys. "Seven days a week, we were doing it," he says. "We couldn't stop."

Wrice and Jean took in four of the boys. The "strugglers," as he called them, became part of the family — a pattern that would continue for years. "We had child-hands," says Jean Wrice, a radiant woman. "That's one of the things that's missing today, and one of the things that Herman wanted to provide for Mike: a childhood and a secure home and a family that loves you."

The Wrices eventually had six children of their own, five boys and a girl, and "adopted" 11 more — teenagers in trouble whom the courts awarded to the family's care. Once they moved to a three-story rowhouse on the 5600 block of Spring Garden Street, countless other boys would stay with them. Wrice children got used to finding a newcomer sharing their bedroom. Tim Spencer, one "stuggler," still sometimes calls Wrice "Dad." By his count, 40 to 50 other Philadelphia men do, too.

The evening family served meals out of

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a cafeteria-like kitchen and ate in three living rooms. The house operated on three washing machines, two dryers, two refrigerators, one freezer and a strict system of discipline and self-reliance that, as Jean Wrice says, "put a lot of trust and responsibility on the kids." Older kids saw younger ones to school. Friends and neighbors pitched in. One "aunt" was a housemaid named Wanda whom Herman drafted after she said she wanted to do something different with her life. "I've got something different for you to do, if you're serious," Wrice told her. She wound up cooking supper and overseeing homework one year for 17 kids while Jean studied early-childhood education.

[illegible] way to grow up. On holidays, says Tony Wrice, now 26, "you'd find people of different nationalities and races. You'd hear different accents. Being a young guy, just trying to find a spot on the floor was unbelievable. To this day, I cannot figure out why my father had so many friends. It just seemed that everybody trusted him and felt comfortable around him."

Herman Wrice barely knew his own father. His parents separated early, and he was raised in a tiny West Virginia coal town by his grandmother, while his mother worked at a World War II production plant. At 7, Herman was collected by his mother, who had remarried, and they moved to Chester, Pa., and later to Mantua. "Herman really is his mother," said Jean Wrice. "His mother has a big heart. He has her strength and will."

The psychic ingredients were in place when, one night in 1964, Jean Wrice and Patricia Jenkins were sleeping at 36th and Fairmount, and a gang member's shotgun blast exploded through the glass. Though their wives were unhurt, Wrice and his friend Andrew Jenkins were powerfully affected by the near-hit. That same night, as memory and lore have it, Wrice cornered 15 gang leaders in his home, where they teamed up to combat a more abstract common enemy: the lack of opportunities facing young blacks from the inner city. The Young Great Society was born.

Wrice and Jenkins spent most of their waking hours and much of their income setting up patrols to avert violence. By 1966, the Young Great, who advocated personal responsibility, education and hard work, had started singing groups, basketball teams, Scout troops, a neighborhood security force, a day-care nursery, a lunchroom-cafe. They rehabbed scores of houses and established a mobile medical service, a methadone clinic, a halfway house for released prison inmates. Social science professors at the University of Pennsylvania, backed by money from the Anheuser-Busch Co., offered help.

Mantua suddenly burst with experimentation. Small businesses financed through Young Great Society programs employed 125 people and grossed more than $1.5 million a year. In one astounding 1970 project with the Wharton School, 21 gang leaders came to the Penn campus for 21 weeks to study whatever they wanted.

A year later, Wharton found that all but four were working. "Herman planned it and chose the people," said Russell L. Ackoff, a former Wharton professor. "He felt these guys had never had the opportunity to learn and have the fun involved in learning."

Most of the Young Great Society programs fell apart after a few years, victims of government's fading interest in inner cities and of their own proliferation; there were too many to manage.

Ackoff still maintains a close relationship with Wrice, calling him "one of the smartest men I've ever met." Wrice credits Ackoff with inventing the whole-system management theories behind his

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organizing. All the years Wrice was in town, Acinoff tried to persuade him to come back to Philadelphia. "The city needs you," he would tell him. "You couldn't believe how bad things are getting." When Wrice did return, he accepted a nominal position in Acinoff's management-consulting company at about $30,000 a year just so he could organize communities. The Anheuser-Busch Charitable Trust continues to finance many of Wrice's projects.

No sooner does Wrice earn his pay but he gives large chunks away. A few days before Thanksgiving he dug into his pocket and handed a wad of bills to Hiram Johnson, his secretary. She gave the $1,127 to the anti-drug groups, which bought holiday turkeys for 100 poor families. "Many a day, someone will come up to him and say, 'Herman, I need $20,'" says Victor "Boot Man" Monroe, a former gang member. "He gives it to him, even if the guy is a stranger. And then he turns to me and says, 'Boot Man, can you give me a dollar for some cigarettes?'"

Peter Ahern tells the story about the day in December when the anti-drug groups received beautiful full-length parkas, emblazoned with a movement logo, purchased with cash the district attorney had confiscated from drug dealers. Ahern asked Wrice if he could get one. Wrice said sure, come on over, he had one left. Ahern took the coat. He wore it at the silent vigil and noticed that Wrice was wearing, not a parka, but a couple of sweaters and his old beat-up blue jacket.

"He gave me his goddamn coat," Ahern says.

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, wearing his hard hat, Wrice watched a dozen teenagers hack at waist-high weeds and pick up trash in an empty lot. It was a hazy day in Mantua. There was a gentle wind and not much noise, and it felt more like a small Southern town than a bad spot of the big city. Every now and then Wrice would pick up a scythe and hack at some weeds himself. Then kids, together with another crew, cleaned up more than 200 lots over the summer. Wrice paid them minimum wage and insisted that they stay drug-free and attend and conduct classes in AIDS education. The drug-free pledge was extra to sports teams or swimming programs.

It was vintage Wrice, building one program upon another, each doing a little more to rebuild a community. In the same way, he saw the anti-drug troops eventually being deployed to rehabilitate run-down housing, care for crack babies, educate the young.

"If I have 500 kids in a month playing ball," Wrice said, "they'll all go home and they'll talk to their brothers and sisters and their parents. And the theory of what they're doing spreads around the house. ... And that's where the parenting program comes in. You start letting them understand the dangers of not having the right strategies for children. ... It's inspiring them to do the right thing for their own children. Because they become the ones who help you with next year's football."

People often ask Wrice if he would consider running for mayor. "Run for it for what? I've seen the incongruence of it, and I don't think I could change the city structure by being its mayor. I think my change comes from the bottom, just where I'm at, right here," he said, hacking weeds. "See, you can do these things when you're not worried about what does half the people think. I can care less what they think if I can pick that trash up and get them kids active."

Willie Wrice's teenage crew attacked empty lots one day, he noticed a bright-looking 11-year-old named James hanging around. Little by little, the boy gave his story: a father who had long disappeared, an alcoholic mother. James was trying to stay out of the house as much as possible. But he needed money for shoes and clothes for school. Down the block, drug dealers were willing to pay him $25 a day to be their lookout. James said he would rather earn honest pay.

Now, Wrice believes that if you want to teach a kid the work ethic, you have to put a little money in his pocket. So James, though too young to qualify for any bureaucracy's available grants, joined Wrice's crew. In the fall, Wrice let James do light work around his office for $20 a week. In January, the boy asked to move in with Wrice, "for protection." Just until his mother gets better.

The big green house on Spring Garden Street has been mostly empty except for Herman and Jam. And Wrice, seeing a spark that needed fanning, said yes.

"Me and James have a deal. He can live with me and I'll let him work around here," Herman Wrice said, "as long as he gets his grades up." □

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THE NATION

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Can Boston learn from the Philadelphia story?

In the City of Brotherly Love, inner-city neighborhoods have joined with police to fight drug dealers

By Kirsten O. Lundberg

AS MAYOR RAYMOND Flynn wrestles with Boston's recent surge of violent and often drug-related crime, he might consider the example set by a grass-roots movement born on the streets of Philadelphia.

In the City of Brotherly Love, a group of inner-city neighborhoods has banded together with local police to take back their streets and street corners from the drug dealers. The initiative to reclaim the neighborhoods caught fire in January 1988, thanks to a man named Herman Wrice, a group called MAD (Mission Against Drugs) and the concept of vigils.

"Drug pushers, drug pushers, you can't hide. We charge you with genocide," the marchers chant through bullhorns. "No more drugs, no more pain. We don't want your crack cocaine." Police sirens, mounted stop cruisers flanking the demonstrators, whine. Dozens or hundreds of residents – depending on the neighborhood and the weather – have been turning out weekly to participate in all-night vigils designed to drive drug dealers, if only for a night, from their accustomed street-corner "drug stores."

Vigils have two purposes

The vigils commonly start at dusk with a march through neighborhoods known for heavy drug trafficking. Marchers, wearing what have become trademark white plastic helmets and T-shirts and carrying bullhorns, then gather at a designated street corner where they stay for much of the night. While there, they clean up the corner, dumping garbage into huge trash bags. In winter, oil drums are used for fires to keep marchers warm. A van equipped with sanitary facilities also keeps a pot of coffee going. Police officers accompany the marchers on foot and in cruisers and arrest dealers, if possible. Often a priest or minister is among the vigil-keepers.

The organizers are local residents and their local police forces, united – in a dramatic reversal of long-standing hostility between the two camps – by a common concern about the exploding drug trade in the city. Vigils, they hope, serve two purposes: to let drug dealers know that their neighbors have had enough; and to give collective courage to those residents who justifiably fear opposing the dealers alone.

Wrice, a black community activist who grew up in the inner-city Philadelphia neighborhood of Mantua, organized the first vigil. Since then, the idea has spread across the city. Wrice, whose operation was the subject of a study sponsored by the Program in

> 'Drug pushers, drug pushers, you can't hide. We charge you with genocide,' the marchers chant. 'No more drugs, no more pain. We don't want your crack cocaine.'

Criminal Justice Policy and Management at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, says the great virtue of a vigil is that it can empower an entire neighborhood.

"A vigil gives people a participatory thing to do in their own way," he explains. "They can 'touch' it. They all can't touch a crack house, they all can't touch going to court or working with kids or working with the city administration. But anyone can participate in a vigil. And you gotta be tough, 'cause it's hot, it's cold, and it's dangerous, and it's bottles and it's abusiveness.

Philly Comm

without compromising national security. Given the pace of political change, rapid advances in technology, and the competitive position of American industry, we must ensure that export controls are effective or eliminated. I am happy to report this week we have a team at COCOM [Coordinating Committee for Multilateral Security Export Controls] in Paris negotiating the modernization of export controls on computers. These controls have been an important part of our security for decades, and I know our allies want to work with us to ensure their relevance in the 1990's.

To provide a further competitive edge for American firms, we will support legislation to reduce the antitrust uncertainty that may discourage joint production ventures. Under such a proposal, the courts would weigh, on a case-by-case basis, the competitive benefits as well as costs of joint production ventures. In addition, joint production ventures announced to the Government would be liable only for actual damages in private antitrust suits. Such an initiative would build on the competitive strength of American business by allowing firms to pool their skills, build new production facilities, and share investment risks.

One risk you all face—and it's not just business, citizens working in associations and volunteer organizations, in schools, everyplace—one risk that you all face at an intolerable level is liability. In your case, I'm talking about product liability. And the Council on Competitiveness, ably chaired by Vice President Quayle, has already begun a concentrated effort to significantly reform our cumbersome and expensive product liability system. It's about time that we made ourselves more competitive by getting rid of those lawsuits and claims that are purely frivolous and patently unfair.

And so, today I'm going to give the Competitiveness Council another challenge: to find ways that American industry can better translate new ideas and technologies into marketable products. So many of the world's most advanced technologies, from robotics to the VCR, were first developed here. And yet, so many of those concepts were ultimately brought to the marketplace by our competitors. We can do better. And I am determined that we will do better.

Today I've outlined some of what we're doing to level the playing field. But it will be leaders like you right here in this room that have to take the ball and run with it. You represent the vital core of America's competitive potential, with over 3,500 of the most dynamic, technologically advanced, forward-thinking companies in the country. Your ideas are important to us. And your success is absolutely crucial to America's future. So, let me encourage you to work together, and with us, on a long-term program to meet the competitive challenge of a new century.

It's a great pleasure to have been here with you. Thank you very much. And God bless you all. And thank you, again, to the Duke Ellington choir.

Note: The President spoke at 11:42 a.m. in the Grand Ballroom at the Washington Court Hotel. In his remarks, he referred to Mitchell Kertzman and J. Richard Iverson, chairman and president, respectively, of the association.

Remarks at the National Drug Control Policy Luncheon

March 7, 1990

Bill, thank you. Thank you all. Well, I heard about this luncheon, and I have talked to Bill about your really heroic work. And I'd like to just say a word about his heroic work to start with, because I've never seen a fellow come in and take a tremendously difficult assignment like this, hit the ground running, and accomplish a great deal. And I think we all owe Bill Bennett a vote of thanks. He's out there in the trenches. He's in the boardrooms. He's everywhere. He's like Batman. [*Laughter*] So, thank you for all you're doing.

No, and I'm very sorry about the delays getting everybody in here. The good news, however: You don't have to show an ID to get out of this place. [*Laughter*] And I apologize for being a couple of minutes later than I had intended in coming over here.

But I'm glad to see that so many of you could come to Washington. I see Al Brooks

and, of course, Erma, having been and seen their projects. I feel a kinship with them and really, indeed, with all the rest of you from what Bill has told me. In the past year, I have spent a lot of time praising those involved in service to others. And I'm grateful for this opportunity to salute you not only as what we call Points of Light but as also points of courage.

When I was in Kansas City, in the Baptist church basement where Al has his headquarters, there was a banner on the wall that asked a four-word question. It went like this: "Is This Dream Possible?" And when I look around this room and when I talk to the Director, I know the answer to that one. In this room are 28 folks who refused to surrender, 28 reasons why I really now believe, as Bill does, that we are going to win.

A few months ago, Bill Bennett wrote a booklet called "Fighting Back." And many of you here were profiled in that piece. Almost every story was different. But almost every story began the same way. It began when one man or woman threw down the hat, took off the gloves, stepped forward, armed with the most powerful force known to man: the force of an idea. You fought back. You got involved. You made a difference, and you proved to America that this war can be won.

So, I think you are America's hometown heroes—unconventional warriors, but this is an unconventional war. You've shown how the communities under siege can be united in a battle for life and how they can be restored to health and safety, doing it your way, on your turf.

It's sometimes hard to see with all these lights, but the ceiling here is decorated, and you can see it, with a field of golden stars. Just like real stars, we often forget to notice them. You are the stars in America's war on drugs. You shine through the dark, you give hope in the night. And we're here today really to say that someone noticed. Bill Bennett noticed. And I noticed. And I hope all of America will notice.

This used to be the Navy's library right here, and of course, stars have a special significance to those who navigate on the seas. And in this sense, stars like you do far more than fuel hopes and prayers. You are also beacons to thousands of other people, immovable lights by which they can chart their course to victory. So, I just wanted to stop by here to say thanks, to assure you that we're going to keep on fighting against drugs and fighting for you, for your neighborhoods, and most of all for the kids, the children out there. And we're going to remember the rallying cry of Chicago's Father George Clements: "There are more of us than there are of them."

Congratulations and thank you all for what you're doing. Thank you very much.

Note: The President spoke at 1:39 p.m. in the Indian Treaty Room at the Old Executive Office Building. In his remarks, he referred to William J. Bennett, Director of National Drug Control Policy; Alvin L. Brooks, director of the Kansas City, MO, Human Relations Department and executive director and founder of the Ad Hoc Group Against Crime; and Erma Scales, chairwoman of the Acres Homes War on Drugs Committee in Houston, TX.

Statement by Press Secretary Fitzwater on the President's Space Exploration Initiative

March 8, 1990

On July 20, 1989, in a speech commemorating the 20th anniversary of the *Apollo* Moon landing, the President announced three major space policy objectives of the administration: the completion of Space Station *Freedom,* a return to the Moon to stay, and a manned expedition to Mars. In that speech, he asked the Vice President to lead the National Space Council in developing policies and plans to accomplish these objectives.

The President announced today he has approved the first of a series of policy decisions for the long-term space exploration initiative he announced on July 20. Acting upon the recommendation of the Vice President and the National Space Council, the President has approved a program that will give early focus to technology develop-

Remarks at the Acres Homes War on Drugs Rally in Houston, Texas

December 7, 1989

Thank you all very much. Mayor Whitmire, Kathy, thank you. Thank all of you from Sugar Plum Day Care, too, right here in the front row. Thank you for that warm introduction, mayor. I'm especially pleased to have with me two key members of my administration, both of them actively involved in the fight against drugs. They were announced when I came in. But one of them, Nick Brady, is the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States—right here. And of course, our Drug Control [Policy] Director—we call him the Czar—who is doing an outstanding job, Bill Bennett—fighting every single day to win the battle against drugs.

I, of course, want to pay my respects to your distinguished and able police chief, Lee Brown, Kathy's counterpart in the county; my friend of longstanding, Judge Jon Lindsay over here. And of course, another close friend of mine who's working on the legislative side, one of Houston's great Congressmen, Congressman Fields right over here.

And thank all of you, all of you in Acres Homes community, not for standing up to greet us today but for standing up for Houston every day. And I should single out for special thanks from this President, Erma Scales and Thelma LaStrap for all they have done to make this day possible.

As our distinguished mayor said, Acres Homes was a part of my congressional district twenty-some years ago. In fact—little-known fact—this was the home turf for the George Bush all-star championship women's softball team. And I just had a little reunion with our—I think I see some—maybe the third baseman. No, but I just saw Bobby Moore. He and I started this team in 1960. And we had good teams, and these—I want to say girls; they were then; now women—but they almost won the State championship. Traveled all over the State and played out of De Soto Park, which is just down the road a little bit. So, I do feel at home. In fact, I even preached in a church here. Well, I didn't exactly preach in it, but I was Reverend Floyd Williams' guest at Antioch, down the road a ways. And I understand he's here today also. And what wonderful work he has done for this community.

But let me reminisce just one second more. It's great to be back here. It's great to be back in Texas, especially after that little rough sea over there in Malta, all the way across the Atlantic and halfway around the world. But glad to be back on dry land. Got the weather report. I wasn't sure it was going to be dry, but it is.

But the talks there in Malta, the talks that I had representing you all with President Gorbachev, remind us all that we live in dramatic and exciting times, times that present great opportunities, opportunities for great and historic change. And that's true not just in Eastern Europe, where people are seeking freedom to travel and freedom to vote, the freedoms that we just take for granted here in Houston and here in the United States, but right here in the United States, in places like Acres Homes, where brave men and women—and I mean brave, brave men and women—have used "People Power" to fight for another kind of freedom: the freedom from fear, the freedom from crime, and the freedom from drugs. And just as with that new freedom in Eastern Europe, freedom from drugs isn't something the Government can give you. You have got to take a stand. You've got to take back the streets. And that's exactly what you did, right here in Winzer Park.

Acres Homes has a proud history. Once the largest unincorporated black community in the South, its quiet, tree-lined neighborhoods were mainstream America, the embodiment, if you will, of the American dream. But in recent years, the dream on Main Street has become the nightmare on Elm Street, a twisted, backwards world

where our children and our playgrounds are taken away by an evil menace called cocaine, often out there in broad daylight. By 1987, 25 to 30 drug dealers were operating right here, right here in Winzer Park. And the circular driveway behind us at Carver and Dolly Wright was so clogged with the cars of the drug buyers that police called it Crack-in-the-Box. [*Laughter*]

That's when your community people and your police came together to declare a new "independence day"—April 9, 1988. One thousand people swept into the park, and one thousand people swept the drug dealers out of the park. They haven't come back, and they better not because I've heard what they say about you, the members of the Acres Homes War on Drugs. They say you are community-based. And they say you are tough as nails. And they say you're not afraid of anything or anybody. And looking out at you today, I believe that. You were united. You were determined. You got mad. You were angry. But you were right.

One thousand people—one thousand people took back what's yours: took back your parks, took back your kids. And you not only put the drug dealers out, you put pride back in. And you were among the first to assemble and rally and move forward with a plan to fight drugs, and you were among the first to recognize that the community's future is in the hands of the community. And efforts like yours are a critical part of Bill Bennett's plan, of America's battle plan, the new national strategy that I submitted to Congress earlier this fall. We invited Congress to join us in a new comprehensive partnership with America's communities.

First, drug education—the 1990 budget has provided over a $200 million increase for school and community prevention programs like those that have proven so successful right here. We've got to teach our children to stay away from drugs. We've got to stop illegal drug use before it even gets started.

And second, drug treatment and prevention—too many people in too many cities simply aren't getting the help they need. That's not right. And that's why the '90 budget has boosted spending on drug treatment and prevention, and especially cocaine treatment, by about $375 million.

And third, for those who cannot learn or will not seek help, we have a plan for them, too, because we're going to take back the streets by taking them off the streets. And that means helping your able police chief. That means punishing those who do evil.

And to some ears, the very word "evil" is embarrassing, an obsolete reference to some old-fashioned attitude. Well, we've all heard the supposedly sophisticated arguments that turn right and wrong into empty concepts, words without meaning. But the people in this park know better. You see, you have seen violent crime close up and firsthand. And you know that crime, and crimefighting, is usually a question of right and wrong, good and evil, if you will. And you know that a community that cannot understand the difference between right and wrong can never protect itself.

What's the difference, then, between the wonderful young kids behind me, this great-looking group back there, and the kids who huddle a few blocks from where we stand, using and dealing drugs? Same neighborhood. Same schools. Same Houston. But a different choice. Often a choice made by the parents. Always a choice made by the kids.

Roy Douglas Malonson said it right here in Acres Homes the same night I addressed the entire Nation on drugs. He said: "The bottom line is we're going to have to take a stance and quit blaming others for the problem. We need personal accountability." Roy couldn't be more right. Only the American people can make this change in attitude. Only you can cultivate character and a sense of values in our kids. It's not a Federal problem for which there is a simple Federal solution. We can't do it by looking to the Government alone.

But as you have proven here in Acres Homes, and particularly in this park, parents and teachers and religious and neighborhood leaders can do it. You, and probably only you, can teach our kids right from wrong. Erma Scales says: "We need to teach a system of values. Parents need to spend more time with their kids and go back to being parents, not just being buddies." And, Erma, I bet you agree with me that it's time we went back to teaching what I like to call the four R's: reading,

writing, 'rithmetic, and respect in the schools of this country. And while we're at it, I might add, respect for the teachers who give their lives to help educate these wonderful kids.

What I've called the Thousand Points of Light, that galaxy of individuals and institutions who live not just for themselves but also to serve others, is really what we're talking about here today. Each day at the White House, I announce now a daily Point of Light, an individual or group working to rid our communities of drugs or homelessness or hunger or illiteracy, loneliness—so many other problems. And nowhere in America is there a group more deserving than today's Presidential Point of Light, a bright star in our nationwide battle: the Acres Homes War on Drugs. And thank you, thank all of you for demonstrating that each point of light counts; each point can mean one life changed, one life saved. But we need thousands, thousands in every city and every neighborhood. And if anyone wants to know just how bright that light can be when a thousand points come together, look around you; look at the home of strong hearts, clear minds, and indomitable wills; look at the people of Winzer Park.

Thank you for this warm greeting on this December day. God bless you all. I hope every one of you have a wonderful, Merry Christmas. God bless you, and God bless the United States of America. Thank you very much.

Note: The President spoke at 2:10 p.m. in Andrew Winzer Park. In his remarks, he referred to Erma Scales and Thelma LaStrap, chairwoman and secretary of the Acres Homes War on Drugs Committee, respectively. These remarks were not received in time for inclusion in last week's issue.

Remarks at a Fundraising Dinner for Senator Phil Gramm in Houston, Texas

December 7, 1989

Thank you, Phil. I'll admit it: These days I'm a little nervous when I give a speech on December 7th—Pearl Harbor Day, I think. [*Laughter*]

To our dear friend Wendy Gramm and the Secretary of the Treasury, Nick Brady, and to Dr. Bill Bennett, who's waging the fight against narcotics for our country; to Chairman Atwater, the able chairman of the Republican National Committee; and to our able State leaders, Fred Meyer and Penny Butler, Tom Loeffler, pleased to be with you all. And of course, it's a great pleasure to see my friend Lee Greenwood again and Chuck Norris, with whom I campaigned. We campaigned with both of them, and so many other celebrities here tonight.

And I want to say a special hello to the members of our terrific Republican Texas congressional delegation. To them, I would simply say, My condolences for going from one House of Pain to another. You know, the only thing better than being introduced by Phil Gramm is hearing Phil Gramm being introduced by Moses. [*Laughter*]

And Chuck, it's a great pleasure to see you again, "Long John Silver"—and that'll be a tremendous success, I know.

But it's always good to come home to Texas. And actually, I'm happy to say that Houston was just selected as the site for the next economic summit. In 1990, the world's economic superpowers will all convene here. I thought I'd show off my hometown. And I hope you don't mind, but it's going to be a tremendous meeting here.

As you know, I've just returned from what many have called a saltwater summit with Mikhail Gorbachev. Others have called it the schmooze cruise. And as usual, reality is somewhere in the middle. Our meeting was a positive, productive, hopeful step toward a new American-Soviet relationship. Our talks ranged widely and offered a glimpse of what all of us have hoped for, for these 40 years: a more stable, more peaceful world. With the support of the American people and with the solidarity of the alliance, the promise of a new world of freedom is within our reach. May it be fulfilled in our lifetime.

I offered a number of ideas to Chairman Gorbachev. And I suggested that we work to complete a trade agreement, which would lead, then, to most favored nation status for the Soviet Union by the time I meet with him next year, at the end of

Baylson said Grandison and Walters, both of whom had been arrested earlier this year in connection with other drug offenses, were among those in custody.

First Deputy Police Commissioner James B. Clark, who attended the news conference, described the Grandison organization as "an extremely violent group."

With the 110-count indictment, Clark said, "we believe we're taking

(See DRUGS on 2-B)

46 indicted in drug probe

DRUGS, from 1-B

a whole gang out of circulation."

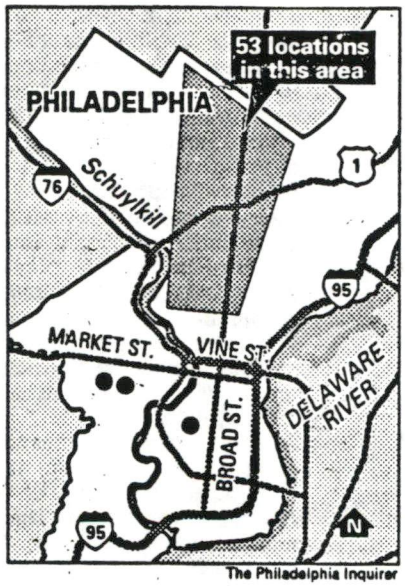
Clark credited members of the community with helping police identify drug traffickers and obtain evidence against them. "The community is working with us hand in hand," Clark said.

All 46 of those named in the indictment were charged with conspiracy to distribute drugs.

Twenty-four of the defendants were charged with additional offenses, including possession and distribution of drugs and firearms violations.

Grandison and Walters also were charged with operating a "continuing criminal enterprise," which carries a maximum sentence of life in prison without parole.

Federal officials said that in addition to the two alleged kingpins, other top-ranking members of the drug ring named in the indictment were Herbert Sowell, 31, of the 1300 block of North 25th Street; George Nixon, 34, of the 2600 block of West Silver Street; Anthony Brown, 32, of the 4200 block of Girard Avenue, and Elvis Deabreu, 54, of Far Rockaway, N.Y.



The Philadelphia Inquirer

Most of the drug houses were in North and Northwest Philadelphia. Others were in West and South Philadelphia and New York.

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INQUIRER

46 are indicted in 2-year probe of cocaine ring

By L. Stuart Ditzen
Inquirer Staff Writer

Federal, state and city law enforcement authorities yesterday announced the indictment of 46 members of a major crack and cocaine ring that allegedly has been operating in Philadelphia since 1987.

U.S. Attorney Michael M. Baylson said that when one of the gang members saw the names on the indictment after being taken into custody early yesterday, he exclaimed: "Oh my God, you've got the whole organization."

The indictment, returned by a federal grand jury on Tuesday and unsealed yesterday, names two Jamaican nationals — Derrick Anthony Grandison and Cecil Everard Walters — as the kingpins of the gang.

Grandison, 43, and Walters, 30, both of the 600 block of West Fisher Avenue in the city's Logan section, are accused in the indictment of bringing cocaine and crack into Philadelphia from New York and Florida and distributing it from 56 locations around the city.

One of the busiest distribution spots, federal officials said, was in the 1500 block of Westmoreland Street, where an estimated $17.5 million in street sales of cocaine and crack were made annually.

Many of the distribution points, according to the indictment, were near schools, churches and playgrounds.

Speaking at a news conference at the U.S. Courthouse, Baylson said the drug ring used youths in their mid-teens as sellers, runners and lookouts. In the indictment, however, only adults were charged with participation in the drug ring.

Flanked by top brass from a galaxy of law enforcement agencies, Baylson said the indictment was the largest produced to date under a city, state and federal drug enforcement program called the "Violent Traffickers Project." He said about 250 people have been charged in two years as a result of the project.

Baylson said the investigation of the Grandison organization began in January 1988.

Early yesterday, before the indictment was made public, law enforcement authorities swept through the city, picking up many of those it named. Baylson said that 19 arrests were made and that 11 others named in the indictment already were in custody.

The American people understand there are no snap answers, that the only solutions that succeed are ones consistent with these core values. And for all the noise and the clatter of contemporary culture, that's cause for optimism. The calendar offers each of us convenient launch points for a fresh start. Sometimes it's a new day, a new year—now, a brand-new decade. And the beginning of the nineties invites America to clearly put its signature on the 20th century, to write the next chapter in a book of spectacular achievements in freedom, economics, human advancement, world leadership. I welcome the nineties with a genuine sense of optimism. It's an ideal time to renew our vows and our values, time to look beyond the next paycheck and the next personal problem, time instead to look to the next generation.

And so, I am optimistic about our future for one compelling reason: To succeed, we do not have to acquire any new qualities. The courage, ingenuity, and compassion that made us the leader of the free world is still in every one of us. And we simply have to remember that the American adventure isn't over: it's just begun.

Thank you all very much. God bless you and the Spectator, and God bless the United States of America. And thank you for letting Barbara and me come by.

Note: *The President spoke at 7:25 p.m. in the ballroom at the Willard Hotel. In his remarks, he referred to Lord Henry Plumb, former President of the European Parliament, and R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., editor of the American Spectator, a monthly magazine.*

Message on the Observance of National Afro-American (Black) History Month, February 1990

January 22, 1990

Each February, we observe National Black History Month in recognition of the remarkable achievements of Black Americans and the many contributions they have made to our nation's heritage.

In 1926, the respected historian, Carter G. Woodson, initiated "Negro History Week" in order to increase public appreciation for the important role Black Americans have played in shaping American history. This year, during Black History Month, we once again pay tribute to those courageous men and women who have triumphed over the bitter legacy of slavery and discrimination and become full partners in America's great experiment in self-government.

Throughout our nation's history, Black Americans have continued to demonstrate the strength of their beliefs and the wealth of their abilities. The career of Dr. Daniel Hale Williams, the first physician to perform successful open-heart surgery, and the beloved poetry of Langston Hughes and Sterling Brown provide powerful examples of the honor Black Americans have earned in virtually every field of endeavor. This month, we also celebrate the lasting influence of courageous individuals like Rosa Parks and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., who led the way in the struggle against bigotry and segregation. Their efforts helped open the doors of opportunity for millions of their fellow Americans.

Standing on the threshold of a new decade, we look to the future with high hopes, confident that it will be marked by ever greater achievements among Black Americans and by continued progress in our efforts to promote equal opportunity and racial harmony in the United States.

Today, I encourage all Americans to join me in saluting the tremendous achievements of Black Americans. They strengthen and enrich our entire nation.

George Bush

Remarks to Members of the Law Enforcement Community in Kansas City, Missouri

January 23, 1990

Thank you, Mayor Berkley. Thank you very, very much, all of you. Thank you very much. But how did you know that our dog, Millie, was the most popular person in the Bush family? [*Laughter*] I'm delighted to be

introduced by my friend, Dick Berkley, and thank you for that warm introduction. As he confessed, we go back a long, long time, and I'm grateful to him for his friendship and his leadership. I also want to thank and pay my respects to two that flew out here with me on Air Force One: our distinguished Attorney General, Dick Thornburgh; and our Drug Policy Czar—why we use the word in the United States, I do not know—but our able Drug Policy Director, Bill Bennett. Both here with me today, and both doing a superb job for our country.

It's always good to see the Governors, and be with them, of these two great States, both friends—John Ashcroft, from Missouri, and of course my friend, Mike Hayden, from just across the line—I think it's just across the line—but both of them, side by side with us, recognizing that the States must have considerable influence, must take a lot of action, if we're going to solve the problems that I wanted to talk to you about today.

And of course, we also had some other travelers with me, friends of good standing flying out, your two able Missouri Senators, Jack Danforth and Kit Bond. Both—whoops, they're here—here's one. Where's Kit? Over here. And of course, Congressman Ike Skelton, my friend, and also Tom Coleman. And let me just say about this group of Representatives, Senate and House: All of them, all four, are taking leadership roles in this fight against crime. And I know that your Congressman from the district I just visited, Alan Wheat, wanted to be here. He is attending to duties in Washington. I hope he's doing the right thing back there, as Congress just reconvened. And of course, so many law enforcement and community leaders—the police chief has been at my side, and the respect with which he's held by people in the communities is very clear and obvious—Commissioner Ray Price.

And of course, I had a wonderful meeting with the Ad Hoc Group. I've known the leader of the group because he is serving on one of our most prestigious antinarcotics task forces in Washington, Presidentially appointed, working closely with Bill Bennett and me. Al, we're just delighted that you are willing to not only do what you are doing here but take the time to be a part of that. Al Brooks—an outstanding leader for this community.

Then I had a list, not to read off, necessarily, but I would be remiss if I didn't say how pleased I was with the briefing I received out here—the Ad Hoc Group. Inspiring presentations—and I won't mention them all, but Dr. Stacey Daniels, Dr. Mark Mitchell, one a Ph.D. psychologist, the other an M.D.; Cliff Sargeon, who just hitchhiked a ride with us somewhere along the line—I don't know where he is out there—And of course, Ron Finley and Vic, Majeeda, Aasim—so many others that just made this whole program come alive.

And now, before I get to my words, let me also salute the Army and thank the band from Fort Riley for that wonderful music. Outstanding, as always.

And I can tell you—and mean it—that it is great to be in the heartland, great to be back in Kansas City. And you know, Kansas City has so much of which to be proud. You've heard the tally: grassier than Ireland; built on more hills than ancient Rome; more water, more fountains than Paris. But you also know what really sets Kansas City apart. It is not your parks. It's your people. They call it the Kansas City Spirit—restless, idealistic, determined. It's the kind of spirit that pushed back frontiers and brought the railroads west, rebuilt a burned-down convention hall in 90 days, and survived three floods this century. And, yes, it's a community spirit, a spirit that emphasizes the value of collective well-being. Norman Rockwell captured in a painting called just that, the "Kansas City Spirit." It pictures a brawny, sun-burned man, feet firmly planted on the ground, eyes on the distant horizon. And one hand clutches a blueprint, and the other's rolling up his sleeves.

And thank God, it's a spirit that is very much alive today, because in recent years, it's not the convention hall that's caught fire but the streets themselves, burning with a new form of pain called crack and crackling with a burst of gunfire not heard in Kansas City since the outlaw days of the Old West.

But people in this town refused to surrender to the drug plague. You took back what's yours: took back your kids, and took back your streets. It began like the spirit of

Kansas City, when one man rolled up his sleeves and stepped forward with a blueprint, a blueprint that's become a model for our cities, an inspiration to people everywhere. I had the pleasure of meeting with him, as I alluded to earlier, and with his group this morning; and I know that many more than I mentioned are here with us this afternoon. They're a group of homegrown Kansas City heroes called the Ad Hoc Group Against Crime, and the man's name, you know him, Alvin to some, Al to me, Al Brooks.

Ad Hoc recognized early on that the war on drugs meant unconventional warfare, a battle to be fought day by day, house by house, family by family, child by child, because each kid saved is a victory won. Working closely with police, Ad Hoc members gather in force, gather by the dozen, using bullhorns, wooden coffins, street rallies to warn drug dealers to get off the street. They're not subtle. I just saw them in action out there. But they are determined, and they are united, and they are clearly making a difference.

I spent a part of the morning here in the downtown inner-city area. I can't remember a more inspiring experience since I've been President. Went to 33d and Park. Saw what they used to call the Drug Tree, an ancient, curb-side oak where the drug dealers put up a basketball board to lure young children and cover up their own deadly operations. And it's still a rough area, still not free of crime. But a lot of crack houses are gone, and a lot of pride's come back. And block after block, house after house carries the sign of victory, Ad Hoc's six-word warning to the cowards of the night: "This neighborhood fights back against drugs."

Part of the solution to the drug menace lies in effective, community-based initiatives like the Ad Hoc Group here. Also, cooperation between local and Federal law enforcement is essential, as we saw last Friday when Kansas City police combined with Federal agents to bust what may be the biggest crack ring in town. Another part, an essential part, lies in the demand side: stopping drug use before it starts, and helping those who want to stop. And our National Drug Strategy calls for record levels of new funding for both education and treatment.

But demand-side solutions alone, important as they are, will never be enough. There are people out there intent on doing evil—cowardly, amoral. And when they spot someone vulnerable, the school kid who has to cross a drug-infested corner to get home, they see their fellow man the way a pack of jackals sees a wounded fawn.

A 4-year-old boy shot dead in a suspected crack house; an 11-year-old kid gunned down outside another drug den, allegedly at the hands of a 14-year-old guard; in a downtown bar, a mother sells her baby for crack; and a fire bombing leaves three generations dead, including a grandmother and three little kids—the headlines are horrifying, sickening, outrageous. And though they come from Kansas City, they are tragically familiar in cities across America.

Strong families are an important element in a healthy, respectful society. Many of life's most important lessons are learned within the walls of our own homes, and we must do everything we can do to strengthen our families and help them cultivate character in our children. But let us also be clear about the role of personal accountability, of the responsibility of the criminal for his actions. The fact of the matter is, the criminal chooses his way of life, his companions, the kind of crimes he commits. He's not the victim; he is the victimizer.

And you who have struggled, worked hard for safe streets know this. It's time we protect the rights of our elderly, our kids, and our crime victims everywhere. The law-abiding community that you represent has a duty to punish wrongdoers. Punishment is not, as some may see it, an unseemly indulgence in revenge. Just punishment is a moral, civilized response to wrong. Punishment is necessary not only as a deterrent to future crimes but for its own sake, which is to say, for the sake of justice.

This tradition of justice speaks not of a society that disparages human life but, rather, one that treasures innocent human life as precious, as unique. In Larry McMurtry's—you remember it—classic Western novel, "Lonesome Dove," two Rangers finally put an end to a brutal gang's deadly rampage, and one of the outlaws turns out to be Jake Spoon, the Rangers' old partner. "It's a bad situation," says

Captain Call, moments before arresting his old friend. "But there he is. He put himself in it." McMurtry's saga, like the lives of the real-life pioneers who inspired it, reveals some simple truths. Most Americans believe each of us faces the innate temptation to succumb to evil and yet always has the freedom instead to choose to do good.

Today too many law-abiding Americans are prisoners in their own homes, and we really have to change that. We have got to change it. The wrong people are behind bars. Go to the community I came from. Talk to the lady and her husband in a Christian home, a cross and the Bible inside, locked in for fear of what's on the outside.

The first line of defense will always be our local law enforcement. But as in the days of legendary U.S. Marshals like Bat Masterson and Wild Bill Hickok, places like Kansas City again need the support of top-notch Federal lawmen. Congress deserves our thanks for providing the new Federal troops that we asked for—new agents, new prosecutors, new prisons to catch, convict, and contain those who prey on our cities.

But it's time for Congress, reconvening this very day, to finish the job, because it does no good to send the troops into battle wearing handcuffs. Shortly after taking office, I sent a comprehensive package to Congress to combat violent crime, to back up our new lawmen with new laws—laws that are fair, fast and final. Fair—an exclusionary rule designed to protect the truth and punish the guilty and not good cops who have acted in faith. Fast—habeas corpus reforms to stop the frivolous appeals that are choking our courts. And finally—fair, constitutionally sound death penalty provisions—because for any drug dealer who kills a cop, no penalty, in my view, is too tough.

Major portions of our crime bill still await congressional action. But today there's another bill, a Trojan Horse, standing at the gates of Congress. It's called S. 1970. It looks like a real crime bill. It sounds like a real crime bill. But look at it. Take a look at it. Go to the library and get it. In actuality it will be tougher on law enforcement than on criminals. And its so-called reforms of the exclusionary rule, habeas corpus, the death penalty, and the Justice Department itself will only entrench and extend the legal loopholes and the redtape that disrupt honest law enforcement and have angered the American people for far too long. It must be defeated. America needs a crime bill with teeth, yes, but this is a sheep in wolf's clothing.

We don't question anyone's motives. One of the things I don't like about politics, maybe I should expect it, get into the arena, as Teddy Roosevelt called it. It seems to be a charge and countercharge. I propose one agenda and somebody else another. We don't have to question the other person's motives or integrity in making the proposal. But it is time to debate these differences openly. We can't accept anything, and I will not, that rolls back the clock on our ability to fight crime and punish wrongdoers. And good legislation shouldn't have to wait until the final weeks of an election year, as happened in 1984, 1986, and 1988, just by coincidence. And America wants it done right. And America wants it done responsibly. And America wants it done now.

You in Kansas and Missouri, right here, have set a personal example of courage in grappling with tough choices. In this city, you fought back and you got involved and you refused to look the other way. And you have my thanks and the gratitude of an admiring nation. In the Norman Rockwell painting that I mentioned earlier, the man with the blueprints is looking sharply to one side. They say a young boy saw the picture in a book, and asked his father, "Dad, Kansas City is in the center of America. Which way is the man facing—west or east?"

The father's answer was pure Midwest: "Well, son, it sort of depends on which way you hold the book." [*Laughter*]

Of course, the truth is, it doesn't matter how you hold that picture. Because no matter how you look at it, the Kansas City Spirit, the real "Kansas City Spirit," always faces the same way, forward to a brighter tomorrow, forward to the future ahead.

Thank you for an inspiring day. Thank you for this warm greeting on this January day. God bless you all as we begin a new

year. God bless Kansas City, and especially, God bless the United States of America. Thank you all very, very much.

Note: The President spoke at 1:40 p.m. in the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium Music Hall. In his remarks, he referred to Larry Joiner, chief of police of Kansas City; Ray Price, president of the board of police commissioners; and Stacey Daniels, Mark Mitchell, Cliff Sargeon, Ronald Finley, Victor Syng, Majeeda Baheyadeen, and Aasim Baheyadeen, members of the Ad Hoc Group Against Crime Steering Committee.

Nomination of Bradley Gordon To Be an Assistant Director of the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency

January 23, 1990

The President today announced his intention to nominate Bradley Gordon to be an Assistant Director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency for the Bureau of Nuclear Weapons and Control. He would succeed Kathleen C. Bailey.

Since 1987 Dr. Gordon has served as a legislative assistant for foreign policy, defense, and intelligence for Senator Rudy Boschwitz. Prior to this, he served as a professional staff member on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, 1985–1987; political analyst for the Central Intelligence Office of Near Eastern and South Asian Analysis, 1979–1985; research assistant for the Middle East Institute at Columbia University, 1975–1976; and research assistant for the Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia University, 1975.

Dr. Gordon graduated from Brandeis University (B.A., 1971), the University of Vermont (M.A., 1974), and Columbia University (Ph.D., 1979). He was born May 22, 1949, in Burlington, VT. Dr. Gordon is married, has three children, and resides in Reston, VA.

Nomination of John Wesley Bartlett To Be Director of the Office of Civilian Radioactive Waste Management

January 23, 1990

The President today announced his intention to nominate John Wesley Bartlett to be Director of the Office of Civilian Radioactive Waste Management at the Department of Energy in Washington, DC. He would succeed Ben C. Rusche.

Since 1978 Dr. Bartlett has served as manager of Nuclear Technology at the Analytic Sciences Corporation (TASC) in Reading, MA. Prior to this, he served as manager of systems studies in nuclear waste for Battelle Pacific Northwest Laboratories, 1968–1978, and he was a Presidential exchange executive, 1973–1974. In addition, Dr. Bartlett served as a Fulbright professor of nuclear engineering at Istanbul Technical University, 1968, and as a faculty member at the University of Rochester, 1962–1968.

Dr. Bartlett graduated from the University of Rochester (B.S., 1957) and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (M.C.H.E., 1959; Ph.D., 1961). He was born October 18, 1935, in Camden, NJ. Dr. Bartlett is married, has two children, and resides in Lynnfield, MA.

The President's News Conference

January 24, 1990

New Administration Policies and Chinese Student Relief Legislation

The President. Good morning, good morning. Well, as you know, I'll soon present my budget to the Congress. And as I prepare to do so, it strikes me that our nation faces challenges on many fronts, so let's give each the attention it deserves. Tomorrow I'm going to announce the second phase of our strategy to fight drugs in the schools and the streets of America. The future of this country depends on whether we can give our children a chance to grow up drug free.

And secondly, I will soon present our plan to restructure America's defenses in the wake of the dramatic changes that are

Leo and Chuck, thank you for this opportunity to address this exceptionally prestigious and influential group. And I am grateful to all of you. And thank you for all you're doing, and God bless you. And now I'll go over and try to represent you properly as I meet the Prime Minister of Japan. Thank you very, very much.

Note: The President spoke at 8:28 a.m. in the Los Angeles Ballroom of the Century Plaza Hotel. In his remarks, he referred to Charles Fries, chairman of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences; Leo Chaloukian, president of the academy; Jerry Weintraub, chief executive officer of Weintraub Entertainment Group; Robert Iger, president of ABC Entertainment; Arthur Hiller, president of the Directors Guild of America; George Kirgo, president of the Writers Guild of America; and Sidney Sheinberg, president and chief operating officer of MCA, Inc.

Remarks at an Antidrug Rally in Santa Ana, California

March 2, 1990

Thank you, Jim Everett. And let me say how much I respect you and appreciate the work you're doing to help the young people not just here but all across the country. You are an inspiration to all of us, and thank you very much for welcoming me. I'm also glad to be with Governor Deukmejian, who has done an outstanding job for the State of California—outstanding. And I want to thank Fred Travalena and my old friend and supporter, Chuck Norris, for being here with you all today. Great examples for the young people. And there are some people up here with me that certainly deserve our thanks for making this fantastic day possible—another friend of mine, a man I respect, Sheriff Brad Gates, over here. And Mike Hayde, the president of "Drug Use Is Life Abuse"—what a job he's doing. And the board of directors of that great organization, including Dr. Robert Schuller, Georgia Frontiere. Also up here is some of Orange County's congressional delegation, and others as well—Bob Dornan, Dana Rohrabacher, Chris Cox, Dave Dreyer. And I also have to salute one of America's best teachers, my old hero—singled him out a couple of years ago—Jaime Escalante.

Thank you, and Jim Everett, again, thank you for that warm introduction. I heard that someone asked Jim if he was excited about being with the President here today, and he said, "No, not as excited as I'll be next year when we're invited to the White House after the Rams win the Super Bowl." No matter what team you like, you've got to admit that Georgia Frontiere has built one of the toughest teams in pro football. Who says there's no role for women in combat? I've got a confession. Although I love pro football, my first love is pro baseball. And if the Angels are looking for replacement players, I hope they'll remember that I played first base. But I have a confession to all the Angels fans. My son is the managing owner or partner of the Texas Rangers. And I asked him if I could come try out for the club, and he said, "Sure, Dad. You can come down and throw the ball around. But don't give up your daytime work." [*Laughter*]

It's great to be back in Orange County. Southern California is a place of both beauty and bounty, blessed with some of the greatest wonders of nature and some of the most wondrous works of man. And it's home to many of America's oldest traditions and newest ideas—the computerized pirate ships of Walt Disney, the real-life cowboys of the Irvine Ranch. And Orange County is a special place—a place that boasts productive lands, productive minds, and productive people and one of the youngest and hardest working populations in the entire country. And standing here today in Orange County, leading the way into a new decade and a new century, it's easy to see why many young people are looking to the future with a new sense of hope and seeing a world of limitless possibilities.

Something is happening in the world—something new, something powerful, something wonderful. Czechoslovakia's Vaclav Havel, who began the year as a prisoner and ended it as President of Czechoslovakia, summed it up in his visit to Washington last month. Things are happening so fast, he said, that "we have li
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said, that "we have literally no time even to be astonished." And today the wind rushing down from the mountains is not the fierce menace called the Santa Ana wind, but the new breeze that I spoke about when taking office a year ago. It has swept around the world, bringing new hope in Europe, new hope in Africa, new hope in the Americas. Vaclav Havel, free at last. Nelson Mandela, free at last. And Nicaragua and Panama, free at last.

And just as people around the world are casting off the oppression of dictators, so people across America are casting off the oppression of drugs. Week by week, day by day, millions of Americans in thousands of towns are standing up to make the same courageous choice: drug-free neighborhoods, drug-free schools, and drug-free kids. And anyone who thinks that our great country lacks the will to win the drug war better take a look at the spirit that we have here today in this stadium right here in Orange County. It is fantastic. I know you'll win this war. You have what a longtime resident of Orange County, John Wayne, had—true grit. In one of his classic western movies, John Wayne spelled it out in his simple, all-American, pointblank style. He said: "There's right and there's wrong. You gotta do one or the other. You do the one, and you're living. You do the other, and you may be walking around, but you're as dead as a beaver hat."

As he did in the conduct of his own life, in that movie John Wayne stood for right; he stood for life. And today in Orange County, thousands of you have made that same choice. You've stood up for right. You've stood up for life. And you sum it up in a phrase: "Drug Use Is Life Abuse." That slogan—the power of that slogan—the slogan is powerful in its simplicity. And the logo itself is apt. In it, the word "life" is literally torn apart, just as the lives of our young are torn apart and destroyed by the nightmare called cocaine.

While visiting Orange County last spring, I commended the Los Angeles Rams for having every player wear a "Drug Use Is Life Abuse" patch on his uniform—a move that was copied by tens of thousands of local fans and student athletes here. The Rams wore the patches for a year. And a Rams spokesman said, "If it dissuaded one young man or young girl from doing drugs, it was worth the whole year." And I agree. In order to win, America's war on drugs must be total war—waged from the boardroom to the classroom, from the White House to your house. No element of our society is immune—certainly not the world of professional sports. And I think the patches were a mighty good idea. Fighting drug abuse isn't a personal message; it's a public service. "Drug Use Is Life Abuse" is the right message because its goal is not punishing those who are hooked on drugs, but deterring kids from ever getting started. That message is beginning to sink in. By now just about everybody knows this simple truth: Drugs aren't the answer. They never were. And they never will be.

And recently, we've seen some scattered but hopeful new signs of progress against the horror of drugs. It began last summer, when a major nationwide survey found that the number of current drug users in America had dropped by almost 40 percent in just 3 years. And then just 2 weeks ago, another new survey showed that the number of high school seniors using drugs declined again last year, a long-term trend that has brought seniors' drug use to its lowest level in 15 years. Let's keep it going.

There are so many other hopeful signs, visible in every city in America. In my old congressional district in Houston, Texas, the people got together and took back a park from the drug dealers. In Alexandria, Virginia, I visited a neighborhood where they hold all-night vigils every Friday to keep the pushers away from the kids. And then in the heartland, Kansas City, I saw these boarded-up crack houses bearing the six-word victory banner of the local activists—the words: "This neighborhood fights back against drugs."

And right here in Orange County, thousands are doing their part. I think of heroic cops like Santa Ana Police Investigator Henry Cousin. Although severely wounded in a drug raid 3 years ago, Henry wouldn't quit. He joined a special Federal task force and recently helped take down the biggest drug seizure in Orange County history. And I think of heroic mothers like Santa Ana's

own Rosa Perez, who fought in Santa Ana for 6 years to rid her neighborhood of pushers.

But the battle isn't only being fought in the streets. About a year and a half ago, I came to Los Angeles for one of the most critical moments in the campaign: the 1988 Presidential debate up there at UCLA. They asked if there were any heroes left in America. I named an astronaut, an AIDS researcher, a freedom fighter. And I named a high school mathematics teacher from East L.A., a teacher who helped his Hispanic students see beyond poverty and neglect to the real potential of their own minds. Jaime Escalante, Investigator Henry Cousin, Mrs. Rosa Perez—three heroes; two cities; one dream. All three are here today. And all three deserve our heartfelt thanks. No, with your help, we've covered a lot of ground in the drug war. But tough challenges remain. It's like when the Rams offense crosses the 50-yard line: with every yard you gain, your opponent digs in and progress gets that much harder, not easier.

Make no mistake. Drug abuse in this country is still far too widespread. There's far too much suffering, far too many wasted lives. But we're going to beat drugs the same way the Rams beat many of their opponents: relentless offense, a defense that refuses to give up a single yard to the opposition—or a single child to these merchants of death. And I might add that I was delighted to be greeted earlier on by so many law enforcement officers from this area. God bless them, and God bless those line officers out there in the streets, helping every one of you kids up here in the stands. Thank you all. Against drugs, a good defense means reducing demand—and through efforts like the record funding my administration has devoted for increased drug education, treatment, and criminal justice. And a tough offense means an attack on all fronts.

Last month's drug summit in Cartagena, Colombia, marked a good day for the rule of law and a very bad day for the cocaine cartels. I was glad I went to Colombia to support that courageous President of Colombia who was trying to keep the drug dealers where they belong—in jail. [Colombian] President Barco's courageous crackdown has seized or destroyed their cash, their homes, their labs, and their drugs. And 14 accused traffickers have been extradited to the United States and now face American justice in courtrooms in Miami, in Tulsa, Atlanta, and in San Francisco. The days of the drug lords may not be over yet, but their days are numbered. And we're going to keep up the fight on the supply side.

You heard the Governor mention it, but let me repeat it. Here at home, my administration recently named the Los Angeles Orange County as one of the nation's five "high intensity drug traffic areas," a designation that means increased Federal enforcement manpower for the region. And nationwide, Congress—and bless these Congressmen here that are supporting our efforts—Congress has approved funding for the new agents, new prosecutors, and new prisons that we asked for to catch, convict, and contain America's most dangerous drug offenders. But Congress also needs to act, and act soon, on my new anticrime proposals. Congress needs to provide tough laws to deal with a tough problem. Working together, we can—we will—defeat this scourge.

America has earned her victories through determination and desire. And we will win the war on drugs because we must. Just 2 nights ago, right here in Orange County, two cars were pulled over, carrying nearly 900 pounds of cocaine. And thanks to your courageous antinarcotics efforts, four million doses, with a street value of $30 million, will not poison our kids. And that is desire and that is determination. And let no one doubt the commitment we have in Washington as well. The White House has declared war on the crack house. And the only enemy response we'll accept is unconditional surrender.

Thank you for your warm greeting. God bless you all. Keep up the fight. And God bless the United States of America. Thank you all very much.

Note: The President spoke at 12:35 p.m. in the Santa Ana Bowl. In his opening remarks, he referred to Jim Everett, quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams; entertainer Fred Travalena; and actor Chuck Norris.

Statement by I
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Palm Springs,
March 2, 1990

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Remarks to Members of Self Enhancement, Incorporated in Portland, Oregon

May 21, 1990

Well, good morning everybody. Thank you for coming out. I'm just delighted to be here to salute Self Enhancement, Inc. You've got the sign right there. And I love that motto, "Life has options." This worthwhile organization was selected as our 69th daily Point of Light, setting an example for the entire country.

Back in 1981—some of you guys were just real little ones then, some might not have even been there—Self Enhancement began as a summer camp for student athletes, and today it's a full-service program dedicated to the total development of disadvantaged young people. Some 700 young people are provided with a positive alternative to drugs and crime and their activities during school hours and after school to improve study skills; expand knowledge; and learn personal responsibility, communication, employment tips. Youngsters whose future was once bleak, can, thanks to Self Enhancement, look forward to futures bright with promise, limited only by their dreams.

And Self Enhancement is providing what these young people need most: not money or a job but something worth so much more, a sense of dignity and self-worth. This group teaches them to believe in themselves and to care about themselves. Once these youngsters find the greatness within them, there can be absolutely no stopping them.

So, keep up the great work. To all of you adults connected with this program, you have my profound thanks and the gratitude of our country, and to all you kids involved, stay in there and get the job done. You've got great and exciting lives ahead of you.

Thanks for coming out to say hello. Thank you all very much.

Note: The President spoke at 8:53 a.m. at Portland International Airport.

Remarks to Oakwood Community Members in Los Angeles, California

May 21, 1990

Well, it's a beautiful day, and I'm delighted to be here. Thank you, Foster Webster, for inviting me into your home today. I'm pleased to have with me today Director Bill Bennett, who's doing such an outstanding job leading our country's fight against drugs. And of course, another leader in that fight, your own great United States Senator, Pete Wilson. But here in Los Angeles you also have a talented and dedicated chief of police, a man I respect greatly, Daryl Gates, with us here today—doing a great job and doing it right.

I also want to mention Jim Hahn with us, your city attorney, and your city councilperson Ruth Galenter, here today. Thank you to the community of Oakwood for this welcome and for the extraordinary example of neighborhood unity and dedication which you set for us all. You're truly a Point of Light. Daryl Gates says that's no point of light: this is a beacon of light for the entire country, leading others out of the darkness.

The world which we see now from Mr. Webster's front yard is a good one. Carved on the face of this community is a message of family and future. We see a neighborhood united no longer out of fear but out of strength. This world is one of hope, but the world of this community's memory is not. This vivid world which still haunts many here was a cruel one, one whose inhumanity and hopelessness dominated their lives, where drugs and crime made them prisoners of fear.

And it's from this shattered world that the members of the Oakwood neighborhood crafted a new dream. They wanted to be free in their own homes. So, working with the police, they decided to reclaim their streets, to reclaim their children, to reclaim their future. And they are succeeding.

The first time some neighbors met with the police to discuss what they could do, two police cars were parked outside a resident's home while the officers talked with the people inside. But on the corner across the street, in defiant mockery of the police, drug dealers continued to sell their poison.

It was a world of drive-by shootings; of frustrated anger that exploded in gang graffiti, vandalism, armed robberies and, above all, the obsessed tragedy of drug abuse. It was a world held captive to crime; a world without center, without safety, without sense.

But since the community undertook its quest to clean up their streets, police estimate that drug- and gang-related crimes in Oakwood have declined 44 percent. The darkness of drugs, crime, and fear is being banished; and in its place shines the light of honor, respect, and family pride. When the legendary bird called the phoenix was destroyed by fire, it rose again from its own ashes, reborn stronger than ever. Oakwood is a phoenix. It's a magnificent reminder of the power of the human heart.

I want to tell you the story of two boys who grew up here right in these neighborhoods. It's not his name, but let's call the first one Michael. A few years ago, a picture of Michael might have shown him playing baseball down the block—loving the game, loving the moment. But later would come other pictures—one of him around the corner from the baseball diamond he loved, selling drugs in its shadow; another of him in gang colors, his gun blazing into the night. Today we see a final picture: His heart hollow, his eyes empty, he drags himself bitterly through the prison he now calls home. He is lost to us now. His life was as brief as the frozen image in that first photograph of innocent youth, when his eyes were looking brightly toward a future he will never see.

Yet in Oakwood, the memory of the emptiness of his lost life will last forever; so will the emptiness left by the devastation of his own neighborhood, shattered by his streetside dealing, rampages of violence, his shootings. For he was Oakwood. His life was the route to take a few years ago when you grew up here with nothing but drugs and crime and hate as your models.

But finally there came a moment when the people of this community could no longer bear what they lived with every day: the wasted lives of those who terrorize and who are terrorized. Michael may never have a second chance, but the Oakwood residents became determined that the rest of their community would have a second chance, a chance to face the sun together.

Let's call the next boy Paul. Last month, when neighbors were holding their candlelight vigil for a drug-free community, a woman noticed a little kid, a little 6-year-old boy at the side, just watching on curiously. "What's going on?" he asked. She explained that the vigil celebrated his neighborhood's rebirth. Then she asked him where his parents were. "I don't have any," he answered. It turned out he lived with his grandmother and his uncle, a drug dealer. The boy walked away. The woman thought, Well, that's the sad end of another sad story. But a little while later, as the vigil continued, she saw him again, shyly joining the others. Dressed in his best clothes, he stood in the soft light of a hundred candles, with a candle of his own in one hand, his grandmother's hand in the other.

If Oakwood had continued the way it was going, Paul, too, might have been lost to us, in the tragedy of death or the blank-eyed hopelessness of prison. Instead, he can now grow up playing on a community baseball team coached by the policemen Michael and his gang had spent their young lives taunting. He will help his neighbors paint over the violent graffiti with which Michael's gang had scarred the face of the neighborhood. He will grow up knowing that there is an alternative to drugs and crime, and its name is hope.

That's what we celebrate today. More than this community's freedom from the oppression of crime and despair, we celebrate their hope, their determination, their spirit. In a special way, when the first people decided to take back their community, they lit the first candle of hope. When more and more of their neighbors joined them, their unified spirit shone with a light that banished the darkness of despair.

Thanks to the vision, courage, and wisdom of the residents of Oakwood, we are today witnessing the wonder of a rebirth. It's more than a rebirth of community: it's a rebirth of hope, of life, and of the future. And so, today I am proud to name the Oakwood community the 148th national Point of Light for the inspiration and the example that you are setting for our entire country. Oakwood proves that no community has to accept things as they are. Americans don't have to live in fear. Crime,

drugs, hunger, homelessness, and so many other social problems can be driven from every community if every community cares enough to light the candle of hope.

God bless each and every one of you for what you're doing, setting an outstanding example for our great country. And God bless the United States of America. Thank you all.

Note: The President spoke at 12:07 p.m. outside the home of Foster Webster, chairman of the Oakwood Beautification Committee. He referred to William J. Bennett, Director of National Drug Control Policy. At the conclusion of his remarks, the President returned to Washington, DC.

Remarks to the Council of the Americas

May 22, 1990

Thank you for that welcome, and thank you, Secretary Baker. Jim Baker's just back from a very interesting and highly significant trip to the Soviet Union, which I'm sure you've all read about. From my standpoint, it went very well indeed. I think he's done a lot of clearing the way for what I hope will be a highly successful meeting with Mr. Gorbachev not so many days away from now. I want to thank him. Normally, he's not awake this close to his jet lag recovery—it takes him a little longer—but he was looking forward to being here. But he had a tough and grueling trip, and it's still, I'm sure, on him. But I thank you very much for being here today.

To David Rockefeller, my friend and the chairman of the Council of the Americas, I want to thank you. David came to see me a while back and told me of the emphasis that he felt should properly be placed on Central America, South America—the Americas—something he's stood for for a long time. But I will address myself to some of those concerns in a minute. But I want to thank him. I want to thank Ambassador Landau and Kim Flower; and, of course, pay my respects to my trusted right arm in the White House in foreign affairs, General Brent Scowcroft, who is head of the National Security Council; to Bernie Aronson, for whom I have great respect and with whom I personally work very closely on a lot of these matters—he, Jim and I and Brent—matters affecting our common interests here today.

I am pleased once again to speak to this most influential group, pioneers, if you will, in the private-sector effort to expand trade investment between the United States and Latin America. I'm delighted to address this gathering after what has been a remarkable year of change.

I told a group out in Oregon yesterday, I can't think of a more fascinating time in the recent history of our country, certainly in the Nuclear Age, to be President of the United States. Over the past 12 months, it sometimes seemed that the eyes of the world rest solely on Eastern Europe, on the miraculous transformation that's taken place there. Our friends in Latin America have watched these historic events unfold with inspiration, certainly with awe, but also, I know, with an unmistakable sense of anxiety—and it was this that David was talking to me about—concern that our active involvement in Europe will mean a decline in the United States interest in Latin America.

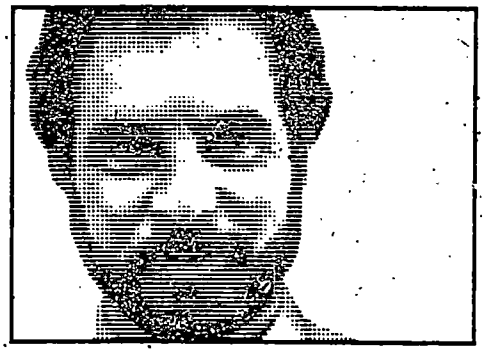
I'm here today to assure you, just as I've assured the many Latin American leaders with whom I've met, that the events of the past year have increased our interests in this region, strengthened our desire to forge a new partnership with the growing forces of freedom in Latin America, because the fact is, the great drama of democracy is unfolding right here in our own hemisphere. Think about the tremendous gains made for freedom just this past year. When I spoke here last May, the people of Panama were preparing to go to the polls, even as the dictator of Panama was preparing to steal the election. And in Nicaragua, civil war raged, the Sandinistas ruled, and the brave men and women of the Nicaraguan opposition were just beginning the long campaign that led to this year's great victory for democracy.

In Central America—Nicaragua and Panama; in South America—Paraguay and Chile. All across the Americas, today more people live under freely elected governments than ever before; and we are closer

b

THURSDAY
September 28, 1989

By STEVE LOPEZ



Joining ranks in the battle

They set out only six rows of chairs Tuesday night at Grace Lutheran Church, 36th and Haverford, and had to keep putting out more as people came in out of the dark.

Dana Hall was out for a walk with her three kids when she saw a sign on the church door and came in.

Charles Wade came from North Philadelphia with his son.

Inside were cops and clergy and working folks, kicking ideas around, sharing fears, and coming up with a plan to save the city from drugs.

There were no politicians. There seldom are.

It might have come to your attention that as entire neighborhoods in Philadelphia fall under the rule of our own drug cartel, as people dodge bullets and hide out in their houses, the number of politicians to come within six miles of the matter can be counted on one hand.

With maybe one finger left.

But we have reached the point in which people have stopped waiting for help. They have heard the empty proclamations of presidents and drug czars and other big shots.

And now they're winging it.

Powerful and cunning

On its face, it seems like a mismatch. On one side you've got a cutthroat multibillion-dollar industry backed by an arsenal and fueled by a national hunger for drugs.

On the other side you've got this ragtag armada of little people who wear white plastic helmets and camp out on drug corners here and there.

But they're more powerful than they might look. And more cunning.

Just as the crowd grew in that room — to 60 people — it is growing across the city. The neighbors-against-drugs groups are multiplying like rabbits, uniting races and classes that don't normally get together.

First there was one, for the longest time just three or four.

By night's end, five more neighborhood groups were in the ring, bringing the citywide number to 40.

Herman Wrice, who's with Mantua Against Drugs and is the guy running a string through all the groups, says he's shooting for 150 total. The plan is to circle the city, pull the string, and strangle the dealers.

Tuesday's meeting, like the movement, started quietly, picked up steam, and then rolled.

Officials invited

First they reviewed and critiqued their vigil last Saturday, 200 strong, on a notorious drug corner. And I might add here that Wrice says 87 public officials were invited to that vigil. The entire Philadelphia legislative delegation, all 17 City Council members, and other local officials.

Three of them showed up. Mayor Goode, Councilman Lucien Blackwell, and state Rep. Harold James.

All of whom, it should be noted, along with Councilman Angel Ortiz, are regulars. The rest, it should be noted as well, are cowards.

While we're on the subject of who's doing something and who isn't, police Inspector James Durkin, who runs the West Division, has volunteered dozens of off-duty hours to help the anti-drug groups.

Sgt. Mike Perrone and officers Brenda Robinson Stowe, David Williams and Gene Clark have done the same.

Some people argue that camping out on a drug corner accomplishes little, because dealers either move two blocks or take a night off.

A mighty message

That is true, but a public show of force is a powerful thing. It tells dealers that people won't be pushed around anymore. It encourages more people to get involved. And it tells children, who are the key to this whole thing, that there is an alternative. There is a resistance.

And the strength of the people's strategy, as it took shape in Grace Lutheran's assembly hall, is that it knows the causes as well as the street-corner symptoms of the decline of civilization in this city.

They figure the better organized they are, the more clout they'll have to get the help they need from government. Things like alternatives for kids, education. They want money from drug busts to pay for more cops.

The beauty of this, as I see it developing, is that politicians will need these people more than these people need politicians. So the charlatans — those who try to use the popularity of the movement for their own gain — will be scratching at the door.

Tuesday night, as a sense of mission and of optimism filled the room, hands shot up. Mount Airy wanted to join the fight. Another hand — Frankford-Torresdale was ready to sign up. Carroll Park. Cedar Park. Give us some helmets.

"I got tired of being a prisoner in my home," said Charles Wade, who is afraid to let his children outside.

He sat in the back of the room with his 7-year-old son, Tyhiem, both of them wearing white helmets.

The Philadelphia Inquirer
METRO
WEDNESDAY
July 11, 1990

Sen. Heinz tours a pearl in W. Phila.

By Peter Landry
Inquirer Staff Writer

Sen. John Heinz strode down the steps of the West Philadelphia Community Center, sending a ripple of interest along the Mantua block.

Out on the sidewalk, 18-year-old Chelli Cox pulled back the baby carriage bearing her 9-month-old daughter, Iyane Lee. Across the street, 61-year-old Melvin "Smitty" Smith looked up from his stand selling water ice to see who had attracted the clutch of cameramen. Others simply stopped to gawk.

After a brief ceremonial pause, Heinz peeled off the jacket of his navy blue suit, slung it over his crisp white shirt and headed out with activist Herman Wrice for "The Tour."

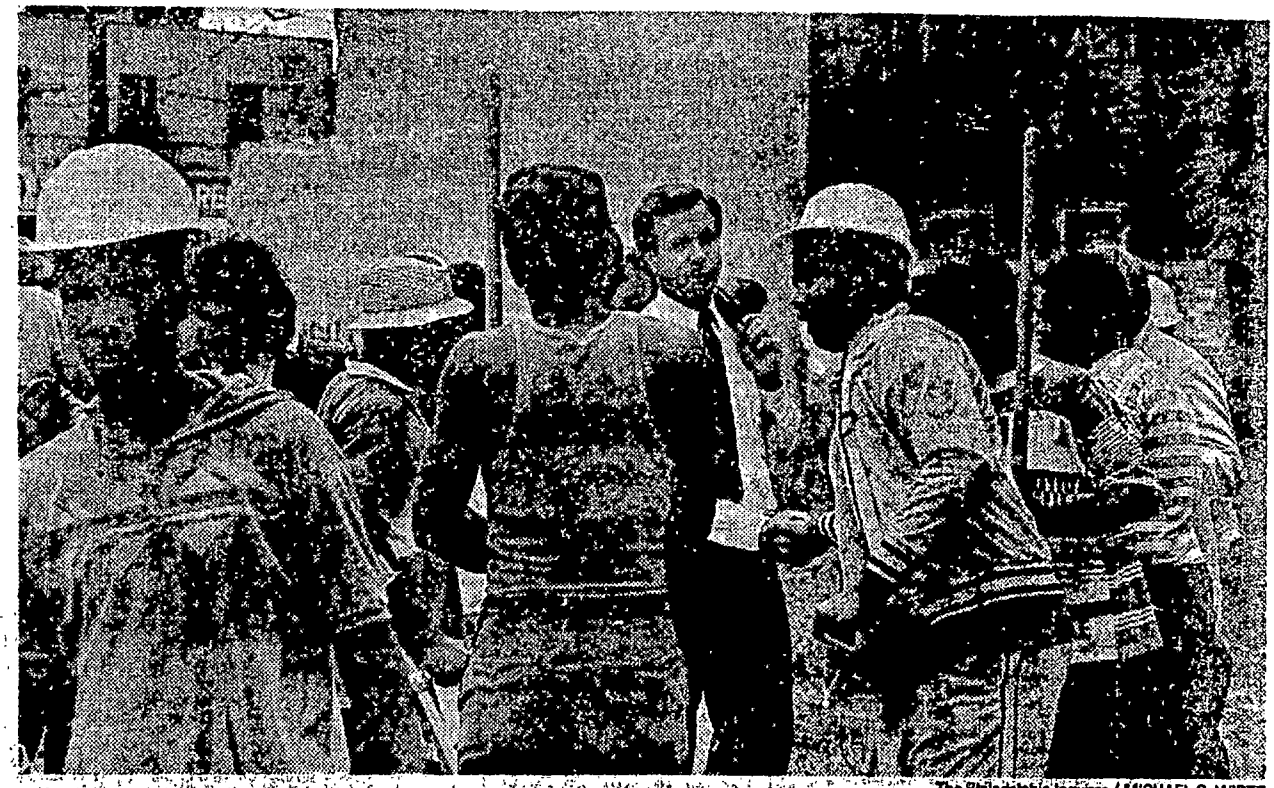
The state's senior U.S. senator hit town yesterday afternoon to see how an innovative anti-drug campaign called Operation PEARL was shaping up in the city's Mantua neighborhood.

PEARL — short for Prevention, Education, Action, Rehabilitation and Law enforcement — is a multi-pronged attempt by city, state and federal agencies to address the issues of addicts as well as sellers, treatment as well as punishment, causes as well as effects.

As tours go, yesterday's was brief — two blocks, round trip — but it was effectively designed to put PEARL before Heinz.

The Community Center in the 3500 block of Haverford Avenue fronts three boarded-up storefronts, an abandoned house and a vacant lot, and the corner of Haverford and 36th Street was graced by a yawning expanse of rubble and litter.

Or at least it was until yesterday, when crews affiliated with Wrice's Mantua Against Drug group — known as MAD — moved in to clean up the mess. Under the watchful eye of Joe Purdy and his retiree pals gathered under a tree across the street, the young workers mowed through this urban hayfield and packed dozens of oversize paper bags with trash.



The Philadelphia Inquirer / MICHAEL S. WIRTZ

Heinz greets workers cleaning a vacant lot at 36th Street and Haverford Avenue.

Wrice, dressed, as always, in a white hard hat, blue work shirt, khaki pants and penny loafers going through their third set of soles, led the senator and his entourage across the lot, home years ago to the 3601 Bar.

"What would you be doing if you weren't doing this with Mr. Wrice?" Heinz asked.

"Probably hanging on the corner," answered 21-year-old Robert Winens.

"It's a real jungle," Heinz said, pointing to the portion of the corner still uncleared.

"It was nothing but trash," said 17-year-old Tom Smith.

One of the keys to the PEARL approach is to get young people involved in positive activities, like the lot cleanings. It keeps them away from drugs, Wrice argues, and rekindles pride in the neighborhood.

In a meeting before the tour, officials from all three levels of government ticked off some of the other accomplishments since PEARL got under way in April.

City drug czar Robert Armstrong noted that police have hauled off more than 400 abandoned cars that frequently are used for hiding drugs. The Street Department has regularly swept through the area's roadways. The Fire Department has run smoke detector programs. The Recreation Department has upgraded playground equipment. There have been afterschool programs offering information on alcohol and drug use and AIDS education.

National Guard units will be coming in later this summer to close and clean up abandoned buildings. And the state's Department of Community Affairs is about to provide $400,000 in grant money so that developers can rehab those houses and sell them to low-income families.

"This program has the potential to be a real national model," Heinz told community leaders in a meeting before the tour.

At an impromptu press conference later, he went even further: "What's taking place with Operation PEARL is a potential model to save an entire generation."

Wrice, whose streetcorner-by-streetcorner tactics against crack dealers have made him a leader of anti-drug activism, was pleased with the hubbub brought by Heinz's visit.

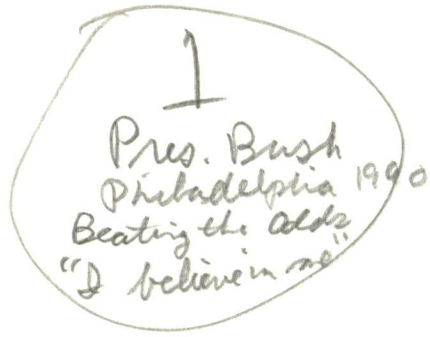
"All these things get momentum going in the neighborhood," he said. "People see kids working. They see U.S. senators walking through. They see the U.S. attorney here. It's exciting."

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

"Beating the Odds"

300 audience
age 13-25 plus adults

T-shirts



yes. to sports no
to drugs

CENTER PROFILE

The WEST PHILADELPHIA COMMUNITY CENTER has a rich history having effectively served the Mantua community since 1936.

Affectionately known as the "Club" the center originally opened as the Rodney Boys' Club. The center's name changed to reflect its expanding role and impact in the community: from the "West Philadelphia Boys' Club" to the "West Philadelphia Boys' and Girls' Club" to its present name. The center remains the hub of community involvement and activity.

Over 35,000 children, youth and families have been provided with a wide variety of educational, social and recreational programs.

WEST PHILADELPHIA COMMUNITY CENTER is more than bricks and motar.

* It is tradition *It is service * It is people



In September 1985 the 109 year old facility was demolished to make room for the construction of the new **WEST PHILADELPHIA COMMUNITY CENTER.**

The long-awaited new **WEST PHILADELPHIA COMMUNITY CENTER** is the culmination of strenuous effort and planning. It is the continuation of a life-time of providing quality services. The membership is extended to the residential and business communities located in Belmont, Mantua, Powelton and University City.

PROGRAMS AND SERVICES

Imagine a Community Center open from 7 o'clock in the morning until 9:30 at night--totally accessible to the community.

At the **WEST PHILADELPHIA COMMUNITY CENTER** you will see an array of activities to interest and enrich the lives of children, youth, adults, the elderly and their families. From infants to senior citizens, the **WEST PHILADELPHIA COMMUNITY CENTER** serves people.

Each day children in day care experience warm, caring, nurturing adults who stimulate their growth and development...Youth learn the importance of community service, peer comraderies and building self-esteem...Adults establish social contacts and identify new resources...Senior citizens reinforce their feelings of self worth and discover that a full daily life is one of the best preventive medicines.

* **DAY CARE**
  Infants and Toddlers (4-35 months)
  Pre-School (36 months-4 years)
  Kindergarten (5 years)
  School-Age (6-11 years)
  Summer Day Camp (6-11 years)
* **SUMMER YOUTH EMPLOYMENT PROGRAM**
  For youth ages 14-17 in non-profit and private sector employment.
* **ADULT PROGRAM**
* **SENIOR CITIZENS**
* **SWIMMING**

Beginner	Infant and
Advanced Beginner	Toddlers
Intermediate	Pre-School
Lifesaving	School-Age
Swim Team	Teens
Aquatic	Senior Citizens
Leadership	Adults

Instructor Training (WSI)

* **BASKETBALL**
* **VOLLEYBALL**
* **BEGINNING TENNIS**
* **WEIGHT ROOM EXERCISING**
* **CREATIVE and PERFORMING ARTS**
* **GAME ROOM ACTIVITIES** (Billiards, Table Tennis, etc.)
* **NURSING PROGRAM**
  Health screenings and exams by University of Pennsylvania School of Nursing
* **SCOH** (Services to Children in their Own Homes) Individual, group and family counseling services
* **CONTINUING EDUCATION/COMPUTER LITERACY**
* **PIC REFERRAL CENTER** Referral to jobs and training
* **PREGNANT/PARENTING TEEN PROGRAM** Age 16-21 classes in parenting, child health and behavior, employment skills, GED preparation (Day Care included)

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HOURS OF OPERATION

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 7:00 AM - 9:30 PM
SATURDAY 10:00 AM - 4:00 PM

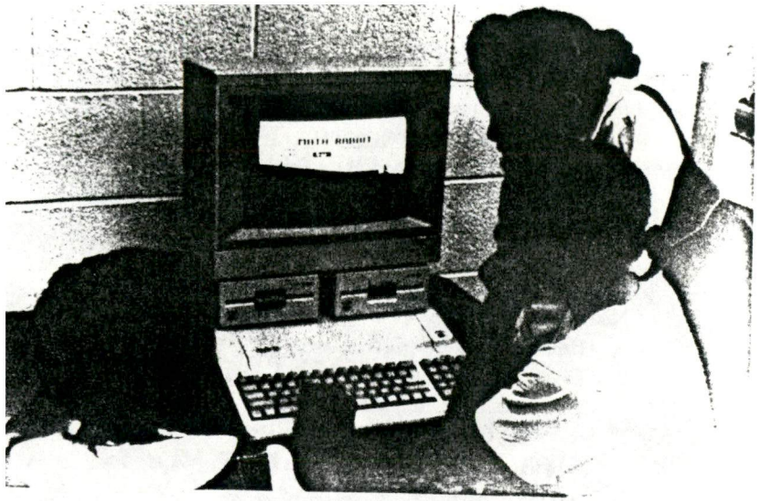
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GENERAL MEMBERSHIP CATEGORIES: (ANNUALLY)

JUNIOR (age 12 and under)	$10.00
TEEN (AGE 13 thru 18)	$15.00
ADULT (age 19 thru 60)	$25.00
SENIOR CITIZEN	$15.00
1 PARENT & 1 CHILD	$30.00
1 PARENT & 2 OR MORE CHILDREN	$40.00
2 PARENTS & 1 CHILD	$50.00
2 PARENTS & 2 OR MORE CHILDREN	$60.00

* General Membership does not include the pool

MEMBERSHIP CARDS ARE NOT TRANSFERRABLE OR REFUNDABLE.



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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE _____ BIRTHDATE _____

TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP _____

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3512 HAVERFORD AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA 19104

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WINNET SOUTH PHIALDELPHIA COMMUNITY CENTER
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Philadelphia, PA 19145
(215) 467-1500

R. W. BROWN COMMUNITY CENTER
8th Street & Cecil B. Moore Ave.
(Formerly Columbia Ave.)
Philadelphia, PA 19122
(215) 763-0900

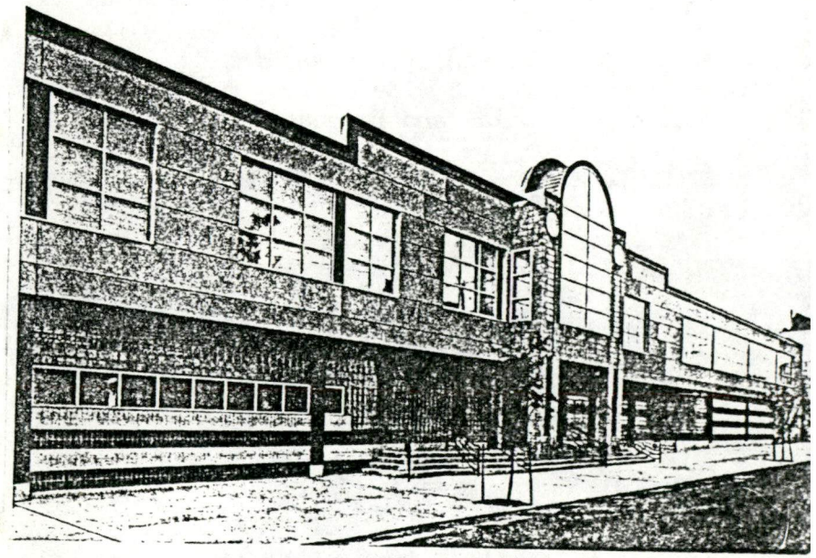
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CRIME PREVENTION ASSOCIATION
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"TODAY'S ACHIEVEMENT IS THE BEGINNING OF TOMORROW'S SUCCESS"



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Center Director

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TEAM FAD: ATTITUDE IS THE ANSWER

Living in a time where drug and alcohol abuse is an ever-growing concern, we see lives, one-by-one, impaired or snuffed out by the short-and long-range effects of these substances. Of equal importance, however, is the threat to the very fabric of our society. It isn't just the lives of those directly involved in substance abuse that need our attention. This issue is about all of us and the quality of life we want to preserve now as well as provide for the children of tomorrow.

TEAM FAD truly believes in the old adage that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Although it is essential to have programs which focus on treatment and intervention, the nature of FAD is to interpret "at risk" from a different dimension. "At risk" are the majority of students who have experimented or will have at some time the opportunity to experiment with drugs - not just those who become deeply involved and need treatment. When viewed from this perspective, it is clear that the majority of our youth are "at risk".

Precisely because of this, it is crucial that we reach students, not in ones and tens, but by the hundreds. It is equally crucial that the anti-drug message itself be presented in a package which students will BUY.

TEAM FAD squarely faces this issue. Our strength is that the anti-drug message is not the only message. It comes to students through the vehicle of "Yes-To-Sports" or "Yes-To-The-Arts" or "Yes-To-Education" - in short, "Yes" to positive alternatives. By engaging young people in positive choices, we have the chance to create an atmosphere in which they can Beat The Odds. This is an environment in which coherent goals are set with a realization that the process by which goals are achieved is the true messure of a winner. In an age where the message of instant gratification prevails, young people need to see that living is an on-going process in which we take responsibility for ourselves and with the support of others, make healthy choices through which we can feel good about ourselves and say, "I Believe In Me."

Such an attitude has far reaching benefits not only for youngsters as individuals, but for our culture in general. For as we all know, our future grows out of the attitudes and desires of our young people. Only they can expand "I Believe In Me" into "I Believe In Us" - that united effort which will preserve and protect the



Dear Parents:

When T·E·A·M FAD decided to develop this Manual for Parents in cooperation with the United States Drug Enforcement Administration, it was our intention to help parents provide a consistent "no use of illegal drugs" message to their entire family. Obviously parents "set the tone" for acceptable behavior by their children. Therefore, the front line in the Fight Against Drugs is the home.

As we move into the nineties, our freedom, which has been a world-wide beacon, is severely threatened by our exorbitant use of illicit drugs. Americans consume over 60% of the world's supply of illegal drugs and spend more money on drugs than on food. How could the most powerful nation in history, one nation under God, become so threatened by the consequences of its drug habit? Yet, this reality is now upon us.

During the past twenty-five years, the demand for illegal drugs throughout America has increased dramatically. As a result, supply has rapidly increased and today the international illicit drug industry has revenues of over half a trillion dollars. From addicted babies in a nursery, to fourth grade school children experimenting with wine coolers, to high school students regularly drinking beer, to college students who willingly experiment with mind altering substances, to athletes who believe that they need something to enhance performance, to the dealers and users who resort to violence to sell their product and support their habit, and to the so-called "casual users" who finance it all, America has passed the point of no return.

Law enforcement (federal, state and local), education and social service agencies are doing more than ever to address this most significant problem. It is time for the adults in our society, parents in particular, to end the insanity of mixed messages and the tolerance of the use of illegal substances.

We all know that we will not cure this ill rapidly, but we must begin now to improve the situation. By learning effective refusal skills, reinforcing positive values, respecting the law, and networking positive peer influence, parents can make a tremendous impact. As a matter of fact, parents must assume the lead role in winning the Fight Against Drugs.

All of us believe this manual will serve as a guide as you become a leader. We will support your effort and join with you in celebrating our ultimate victory. Let's win this fight together.

AL WILSON, Executive Director



Dear Parents:

There are no spectators in the battle against drugs. We are all involved. Drugs cause the break-up and destruction of families. Educators witness the destruction of young healthy minds and bodies. Drug related crimes plague our homes and businesses. Our neighborhoods are being harassed and many of our streets are being converted into war zones. Young people are killed by the violence that accompanies drug use and trafficking.

In a poll conducted to determine the correlation between people arrested for non-related drug crimes and illicit drug users, 70 percent of those arrested tested positive for drug use.

Workers who function under the influence of drugs on the job threaten not only our lives, but our livelihoods as well. They rob everybody as a result of increased costs of business management and merchandise production.

We need to examine the concept of the term, "casual user." There is a degree of implied acceptance in the "casual user." To win the war against illicit drugs, we must not tolerate **any** amount of illicit drug use and consider it simply unacceptable.

Who are the victims of this travesty? At the end—all of us. We are affected economically, socially, and morally. Now is the time to stop being victims!

I am of the firm opinion that together with strong law enforcement, the long term solution to the drug epidemic in the United States will be intensive education and prevention programs. This publication was designed to heighten your awareness in the following areas: dangerous effects associated with substance abuse, and the symptoms of a drug user. I am asking you to use this information as an educational tool to help stop this sickness and prevent it spreading.

We need to warn our children about the dangers of drugs and those who tolerate their use. Together we can do it. Polls and studies are showing decreases in high school drug use, which is an indication that education and prevention programs are leading us in the right direction. We must not permit drugs in our schools, in our streets, in our workplaces, or in our society. Can we achieve success in the war against drugs? Yes—but our only hope lies in each other. Together we must fight against drugs and together we will win.

JOHN C. LAWN, Administrator

Kennedy School of Government
Case Program

C16-90-937.0

The Philadelphia Anti-Drug Coalition

In the late 1980s Philadelphia, like cities and towns across the United States, struggled to come to grips with an explosion in the use and abuse of illegal drugs. Of all the communities in the state, Philadelphia—with its population of some 1.6 million—was hardest hit by addiction and drug-related problems, from child abuse to crime rates. Yet the authorities were forced to face the fact that their efforts alone could not keep up with the exploding drug trade, much less eradicate it. Law enforcement officials pleaded for more funds while conceding that their efforts were hardly making a dent in the trafficking. Medical personnel and counselors were overwhelmed by caseloads. The schools harbored growing numbers of drug users, despite aggressive anti-drug curricula. A consensus began to emerge that the only way to score a victory in the war against drugs was for all the anti-drug forces to ally themselves, integrating and streamlining their efforts. One promising place to start seemed to be at the local level.

In Philadelphia, one group with a local orientation surfaced as an unusual combatant in the war against drugs. The Philadelphia Anti-Drug Coalition, which evolved during 1988 and 1989, was the brainchild of a professor and an inner-city community activist. Along the way, police officers joined. A suburban anti-drug program, sponsored by a prestigious football club, asked to be included. The coalition's weapons in the war against drugs were simple but effective: bullhorns, white hard hats, police protection, after-school programs and growing support in a broad range of neighborhoods. Ultimately, the coalition drew widespread press attention and public monies began to flow in from the district attorney, the mayor of Philadelphia and the governor of Pennsylvania.

The glue in this unlikely coalition was faith in the power of local organizations to achieve local change. At its core stood neighborhood activists, who anchored efforts to combat drugs on the street and in the schools, targeting the inner city and suburbs alike. The activities of the group were multiple: they held vigils, boarded up crack houses, cleaned up littered city streets, spurred the formation of activist neighborhood anti-drug organizations, ran after-school sports and academic programs, invented an incentive program for youngsters to stay off drugs and organized summer "olympics" in downtown Philadelphia. Taken individually, the coalition's projects made a difference to a school or a neighborhood, working to restore hope and self-respect as citizens saw they could do something to reclaim their communities. Taken as a whole, its work began to change the thinking from City Hall to the Statehouse on the most effective approach to the drug crisis.

This case was written by Kirsten Lundberg at the direction of Mark Moore and Francis X. Hartmann for use at the John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University. Funding was provided by the Program in Criminal Justice Policy and Management and the National Institute of Justice. (0190)

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to you. But it also empowers civilians. We never had citizens knowing the inner workings of the police department before. That changes the relationship. The bureaucracy has to deal with educated citizens who know what you can and can't do. ... But if we can break down the barrier between the community and the police, then we've really done something."

By late 1989, at least 50 other groups of varying sizes and commitment had formed with names like SOMAD (South of Market Against Drugs) and LAD (Lighthouse Against Drugs). Wrice found that newly renovated areas, inhabited by young urban professionals, were the hardest to mobilize. He also recognized that the most active community leaders are women. Seventy percent of his members, he estimates, are women. As the groups grew in number, so did MAD. Wrice puts his staff, almost all volunteers, at 15. They include a bartender, a gas works employee, a student, a management consultant, a mother, a school board employee, a nurse and a carpenter. A radio executive, Carlos Muniz, is MAD's president and its official spokesperson.

While he turned over titles to others, Wrice remained the driving force behind the movement. "The thing about this is to work with everyone who's in the field, so there's no animosity. So I support all the groups. ... What we've been able to do is get past the petty stuff. That's why it grows. The one thing that, if we are ever going to look at this as something that can be transmitted, the instructors and the students must have the ability to not create internal fights. And you get a lot of offers to fight. You know, people need funding; some say it's my turf or I didn't get my helmets first. You gotta say 'Yeah, but it'll come. We don't have to fight about that.' You have to keep turning them to [refocusing them on] the drug dealers."

The Philadelphia Anti-Drug Coalition

In the process of forming alliances, Wrice formed one particularly rewarding and appropriate partnership. Along with nurturing the young MAD, Wrice had continued to work in the schools, building on his Iowa experience. He promoted after-school activities—conceived and operated by the community because the schools offered little or nothing—which would occupy children and teenagers and give them an alternative to running drugs as an outlet for their energies. He appeared as guest speaker at local colleges. When Ackoff was still at Wharton, the two men co-sponsored undergraduate independent study projects examining a participatory approach to problem solving. In September 1988, Wrice met Alvin Wilson, executive director of a school anti-drug program based in King of Prussia, outside Philadelphia. Wilson, a former high school history teacher and subsequently a college football coach, had directed Team FAD (Fight Against Drugs) since 1986. Wilson says he "looked closely at what Wrice was doing. ... People talk a good game, but until they get excited, they don't do much. America is not prevention-minded. We're a fix-it kind of people." He liked what he saw Wrice doing and, in the spring of 1989, proposed they pool their efforts. They came to call their joint projects the Philadelphia Anti-Drug Coalition or, sometimes, the Philadelphia Anti-Drug Movement.

Team FAD began with a concept, based on athletics, that it is useful to use older students and adults as role models for younger kids. The program was started by the prestigious Maxwell Football Club of Philadelphia to prevent substance abuse among athletes. Thanks to a $300,000 grant from the pharmaceuticals firm Smith, Kline, Beckman, the club hired Wilson as Team FAD executive director in

1986 and commissioned him to expand the program to include all students. Wilson was frustrated with the way the school system tried to deal with student drug use, largely through classroom lectures and the distribution of anti-drug literature. He felt too many kids never got the message, either because they were not listening or because they never made it to the classroom in the first place. "For some reason or other, educators equate solving the substance abuse problem with curriculum," he says. Wilson was more action-oriented. "The best drug prevention around is positive activity."

Among other activities, Wilson trains drug-free high school students to do "peer networking," sending them to eat lunch with elementary school children, then tutor or coach them. They are role models, and also teachers, letting the younger children know that it is possible to stay away from drugs. He also organizes sports tournaments, sponsors holiday parties and holds drug information programs. Nor has he excluded adults from his efforts. Team FAD will train any community group in its methods and send them out to train their peers, so that clergy work with clergy, teachers with teachers and parents with other parents.

Wilson felt that some of what he had done in the suburbs could be helpful to Wrice; likewise, he wanted to learn from MAD's experience. "We both understand that the problem doesn't end at the city limits," Wilson has said. "No one will be safe from this monster [drugs] until we are all safe. Herman has perfected systems that can work in communities anywhere. Our active partnership makes the overall anti-drug campaign much more effective on many levels, in and outside the classroom."[18] One of Wilson's first acts, once he and Wrice had joined forces, was to adopt the MAD white helmet. Soon his program participants could be identified by their white hats.

In May 1989, Wrice organized a weekend retreat for coalition members at a summer camp owned by the parent organization of Dixon House in south Philadelphia. Wilson was there, and Peter Moor of Dixon House, plus representatives from 20 neighborhoods and 25 children. They discussed plans for the summer. "The drug dealers have quotas and so do we," Wrice said at the time. "We feel we need four or five new groups every week for the next year. All we've got is people power. We've got to train these people so the drug dealers fear us. This is the first thing Philadelphia has done together in a long time. We've got one thing we all agree on: We don't want drugs in the neighborhood."[19]

Out of that retreat came a summer "olympics," officially titled the Youth/Adult Talent/Leadership Development Extravaganza.[20] During a week in August, groups of children and teens ran in a ceremonial torch relay, escorted by police, through downtown Philadelphia. Spectators wore white helmets with the emblems of MAD, UNAD, RAD (Rainbow Against Drugs) and others. The relay turned into a march of some 500 people to the Mill Creek housing project, a drug haven. Among the marchers were Officer Robinson-Stowe, and Robert Armstrong, a career police officer who had recently been appointed "drug czar" of Philadelphia by Mayor Goode. Some 10 of the marchers

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18 From a draft of the McCurdy article for *Philadelphia Magazine*, p. 9.

19 *Philadelphia Inquirer*, 5/15/89, p. A1.

20 Jason Magidson, a founding member of MAD interested in education, says the retreat participants used an Ackoff exercise to come up with the idea for the games. Pretending that the community of Philadelphia had been destroyed and that they were working from a clean slate, participants arrived at 40 or 50 characteristics of the ideal new community they would build. One suggestion was to provide legitimate activities for youths, dissolving some of the reasons for drug use. The games were the first step.

held vigil at the project until 4 a.m. The olympics themselves included competitions in softball, volleyball, cheerleading, rope jumping and swimming, as well as academic contests.

Wrice and Wilson also teamed up to promote a system of rewarding children who stay off drugs. Through a device they called "pride coupons," students were able to earn points towards a variety of prizes, from tickets to athletic events to admission to an amusement park.[21] Temple University, for example, donated tickets for their homecoming football game to the police department, which sent officers along with "pride coupon" winners to the game. "We have a lot of resources in this city that could get involved and haven't," says Inspector Durkin, a fan of the "pride coupon" idea. "Something like this shows kids there's life out there besides selling drugs. Some of these kids have never been outside the six square blocks around their homes." In another innovative use of the system, older students who tutor younger ones are able to reward good work with coupons.

Even before they had had the chance to develop what would become a profitable working relationship, however, Wrice and Wilson had sufficient confidence in one another to team up in composing a grant proposal to the state. Gov. Robert P. Casey held public hearings at the end of May and the beginning of June 1989 to determine the extent of the drug problem in Pennsylvania and to decide where best to allocate $90 million he had assigned to PennFree, the Pennsylvania Drug-Free Community Trust Fund. The governor's Drug Policy Council, in its June 15 recommendations for how best to target PennFree spending, reported that the drug epidemic in the previous two years had outstripped the ability of law enforcement to deal with it. Furthermore, while arrests for all crimes statewide increased by one percent in the previous decade, drug arrests were up 97 percent and cocaine arrests shot up 858 percent.[22] The council's report quoted a federal study which estimated 60 to 80 percent of Pennsylvania inmates were under the influence of drugs or alcohol when they committed their crimes.

The governor had already signed into law a measure imposing stiff penalties on those who sell drugs to children or peddle drugs within 1,000 feet of a school. He also supported the state legislature in strengthening a law for seizing the assets of drug dealers and using the proceeds to fight drugs. But PennFree was the most ambitious venture yet, a two-year program designed to coordinate the most effective approaches to the drug problem. Some $2.5 million was destined for community-based programs. Wrice was one of the witnesses at the June 7 Philadelphia hearing before the governor's Drug Policy Council.

In the Footsteps of Success

By the end of 1989, MAD's volunteer efforts and dedication were starting to pay off in public monies. In what must have seemed like early Christmas presents, officials seemed to stumble over one another in supporting MAD and its efforts. District Attorney Ronald D. Castille, in the days leading up to the November election, decided to make available monies confiscated from drug dealers to finance

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21 Magidson conceived and designed the pride coupon system. He says he was trying to find a way to subsidize those demanding social services rather than the suppliers. Youths who earn coupons can spend them at the participating organization of their choice.

22 PennFree. The Pennsylvania Drug-Free Community Trust Fund. Summary of Recommendations of the Governor's Drug Policy Council, 6/15/89, p. 3.