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CHAPTER FOUR

CHICAGO

OPPOSITE: *Chicago's Lake Shore Drive and Lincoln Park are legacies of Daniel H. Burnham's masterful 1909 city plan, which set aside large tracts of the Lake Michigan shoreline for parks.*

Chicago takes its name from *checagou,* the Indian word for the wild onions that once grew in marshlands here along the Lake Michigan shore. With a population of about 3 million, it is the third-largest city in the nation, but that statistic fails to convey a sense of Chicago's importance as a transportation and commercial hub or the richness of its urban fabric. Chicago occupies a strategic location at the mouth of the Chicago River, at the southern end of Lake Michigan, in the agricultural heartland of the nation. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the growing town was a vital station on a major interior waterway: The Chicago River was a short portage from the Des Plaines River, which in turn joined with the Illinois and Mississippi rivers and ultimately the Gulf of Mexico. The city's history and development are closely linked to the evolution and proliferation of ever more sophisticated modes of transportation—canals, railroads, highways, and air traffic. As these systems supplanted the original fur-trade route, Chicago's reason for being became, and remains, unequivocal: It is a city positioned and designed to manufacture and trade goods and move those goods to all corners of the world.

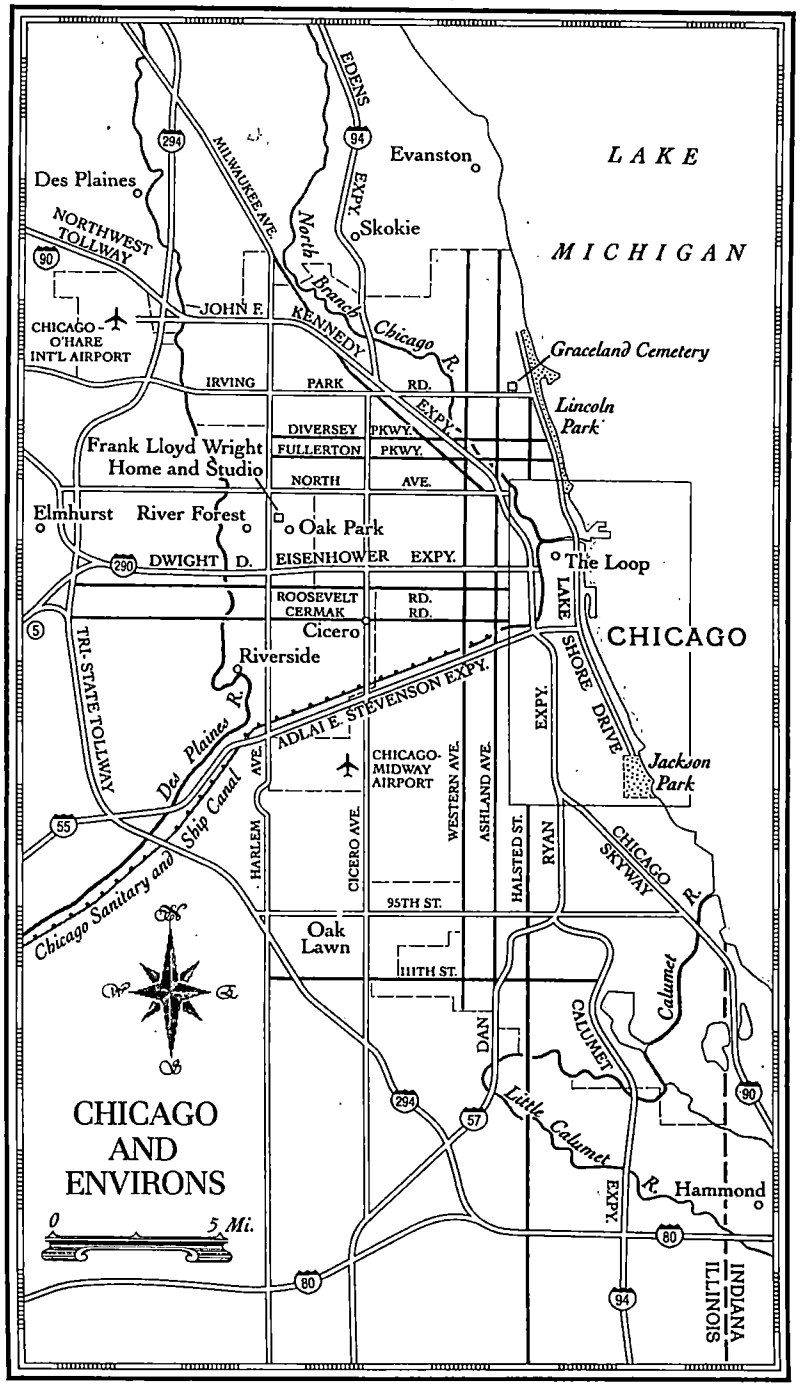
Explorers Louis Jolliet and Father Jacques Marquette were the first recorded Europeans to pause on the Chicago lakeshore. En route to Green Bay in the late summer of 1673, they entered Lake Michigan from the Des Plaines and Chicago rivers on the last leg of their exploration of the Mississippi River. The following year Father Marquette embarked on an expedition to establish missions among the Illinois and Kaskaskia Indians when a severe bout of paratyphoid forced him to encamp during the winter of 1674–1675 at a site near where the Damen Avenue Bridge now crosses the South Branch of the Chicago River. He departed in early spring, but in May 1675 the peregrinating Jesuit, not fully recovered, died at the age of 38 near present-day Ludington, Michigan.

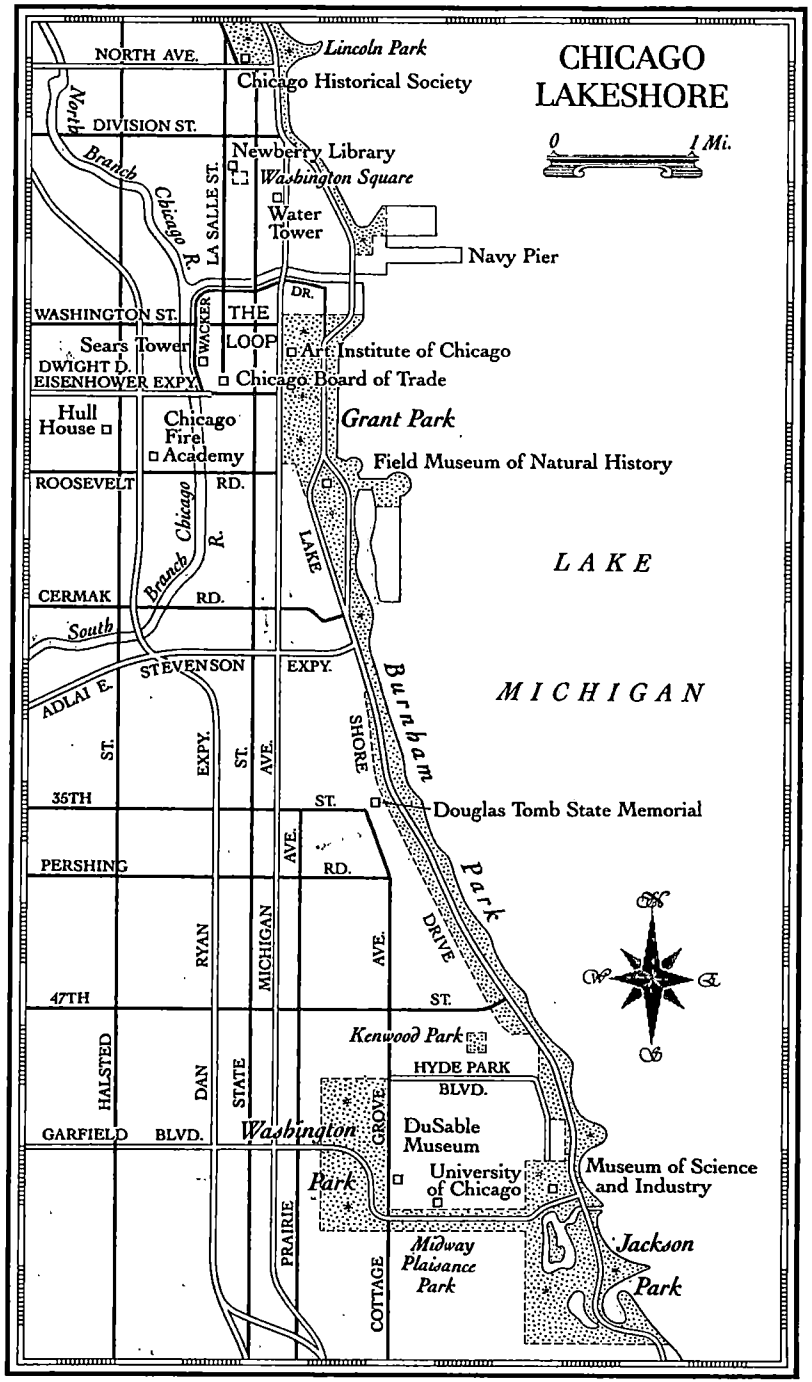
In the 1700s many tribes, including the Sauk, Mesquakie, and Potawatomi, lived in the vicinity of present-day Chicago. However, a hundred years passed after Marquette's visit before a non-Indian arrived to stay. Chicago's first trader and settler was Jean Baptiste Pointe du Sable, a Haitian of African and French descent who in the early 1770s established a thriving trading network along the southern tip of Lake Michigan and the Illinois River. In 1779 he built a cabin for his Indian wife and two children on the north bank of the Chicago River. It was the first permanent structure in Chicago. When du Sable sold this property in 1800 it included a gristmill, bakehouse, large cattle barn, and several other outbuildings.

The earliest known view of Chicago, from 1820, shows Fort Dearborn facing the house of the early settler John Kinzie across the Chicago River.

The du Sable holdings were bought in 1803 by John Kinzie, a trader and silversmith who, with his wife, Eleanor McKillip Kinzie, and four children, figures prominently in the early history of Chicago and the Northwest Territory. His son John H. Kinzie served as the Indian agent at Portage, Wisconsin. The Kinzies, who survived the Fort Dearborn massacre, occupied the du Sable compound off and on until 1827. After the elder Kinzie died in 1828, the house was used for various purposes before being demolished sometime in the 1830s. During that same time the Kinzie heirs entered the lucrative business of real estate by subdividing the family homestead and selling off lots. The site where the house once stood now lies under Pioneer Court, the main plaza of the Equitable Building, at 401 North Michigan Avenue.

In order to protect important trade routes from the British and their Indian allies and to strengthen the American presence on the frontier, the federal government built a series of forts in the early nineteenth century. These included Fort Dearborn, which overlooked the Chicago River at the present-day corner of East Wacker Drive and North Michigan Avenue. Completed in 1804, the small wilderness fort was the nucleus around which the town began, haltingly, to grow.


CHICAGO AND ENVIRONS
0 5 Mi.
LAKE MICHIGAN
CHICAGO
Des Plaines
Evanston
Skokie
Elmhurst
River Forest
Oak Park
Cicero
Riverside
Oak Lawn
Hammond
Frank Lloyd Wright Home and Studio
Graceland Cemetery
Lincoln Park
Jackson Park
The Loop
CHICAGO-O'HARE INT'L AIRPORT
CHICAGO-MIDWAY AIRPORT
JOHN F. KENNEDY EXPY.
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER EXPY.
ADLAI E. STEVENSON EXPY.
TRI-STATE TOLLWAY
NORTHWEST TOLLWAY
MILWAUKEE AVE.
EDENS EXPY.
North Branch Chicago R.
Des Plaines R.
Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal
LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO SKYWAY
Calumet R.
Little Calumet R.
IRVING PARK RD.
DIVERSEY PKWY.
FULLERTON PKWY.
NORTH AVE.
ROOSEVELT RD.
CERMAK RD.
95TH ST.
111TH ST.
HARLEM AVE.
CICERO AVE.
WESTERN AVE.
ASHLAND AVE.
HALSTED ST.
RYAN
DAN CALUMET EXPY.
INDIANA
ILLINOIS


CHICAGO LAKESHORE
0 1 Mi.
LAKE MICHIGAN
NORTH AVE.
Lincoln Park
Chicago Historical Society
DIVISION ST.
North Branch Chicago R.
Newberry Library
Washington Square
Water Tower
Navy Pier
LA SALLE ST.
WASHINGTON ST.
WACKER DR.
THE LOOP
Sears Tower
Art Institute of Chicago
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER EXPY.
Chicago Board of Trade
Hull House
Chicago Fire Academy
Grant Park
Field Museum of Natural History
ROOSEVELT RD.
CERMAK RD.
South Branch Chicago R.
LAKE SHORE
Burnham Park DRIVE
ADLAI E. STEVENSON EXPY.
35TH ST.
Douglas Tomb State Memorial
PERSHING RD.
47TH ST.
Kenwood Park
HYDE PARK BLVD.
DuSable Museum
University of Chicago
Museum of Science and Industry
Jackson Park
Washington Park
Midway Plaisance Park
GARFIELD BLVD.
HALSTED
DAN RYAN
STATE
MICHIGAN AVE.
GROVE
PRAIRIE
COTTAGE

The Fort Dearborn massacre, one of several blows leveled against America by the British and their Indian allies during the early stages of the War of 1812, was a tragic setback. On August 15, 1812, obeying a command to abandon the fort, a group of about a hundred people, including fort commander Captain Nathan Heald, the garrison troops, Chicago militia, women, children, and a band of friendly Indians, evacuated the fort. Leading them was William Wells, who had been kidnapped and raised by the Miami Indians and later served as a scout under William Henry Harrison during the Ohio Indian Wars. Wells attempted to secure safe passage from the pro-British Indians; however, south of the fort, around present-day 18th Street and Calumet Avenue, the Indians attacked, killing about half of the group, including Wells, and burning down the fort.

After the massacre the village was quiescent, and for about a decade after Fort Dearborn reopened in 1816 Chicago was little more than a squatters' town. In 1830, however, it was chosen as the terminal for a canal connecting the Great Lakes with the Mississippi River and the Gulf of Mexico; this date marks a major turning point in the city's development. Chicago boomed. In 1833, when the federal government completed a harbor and the town was incorporated, its population was about 350. In 1848, when the Illinois and Michigan Canal was finished, Chicago's population had grown to 20,000.

In 1853 the first railroad, the Galena and Chicago Union, connected the bustling lakeshore port with the rich lead-mining city of Galena in northwestern Illinois. That railroad was followed by a succession of others, so that by the Civil War Chicago had replaced Saint Louis as the transportation hub of the West. The railroad network helped make Chicago the center of trade for agricultural commodities. With Cincinnati uncomfortably close to Civil War strife, meat packers took the railroad north to Chicago, which soon seized the distinction of being the meat-packing capital of the world, a title it held for a century.

By 1870 Chicago had a population of 300,000. The city's earliest settlers came mainly from the East Coast, but in the 1830s construction work on the Illinois and Michigan Canal lured Irish laborers. In the late 1840s and 1850s more Irish, induced to leave their country by overpopulation, poor crops, and the 1846 potato famine, immigrated to Chicago to work on the railroads. During the same period, unrest in the German states prompted a wave of

immigrants from that region, primarily engineers, technicians, and other skilled professionals. Just as they had in Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and many other smaller towns in the Great Lakes states, German immigrants left their stamp on Chicago; one of their legacies was helping to develop the labor movement. By World War I people of German descent represented 17 percent of Chicago's population, the city's largest ethnic group.

Between 1880 and 1920 a steady influx of immigrants from southern and eastern Europe joined the Chicago work force. Primarily from Poland, Italy, Bohemia, Lithuania, Greece, Serbia, Hungary, and Russia, these immigrants were typically consigned to low-paying jobs, substandard housing in crowded neighborhoods, marginal sanitation, and poor food. Upton Sinclair addressed their plight in his 1906 novel about the Chicago stockyards, *The Jungle,* while Jane Addams and Ellen Gates Starr founded Hull House to administer to the immigrants' needs and lobby for reform legislation. World War I marked the beginning of the northward migration of blacks from the rural South, attracted to Chicago and other large industrial cities by the relatively high wartime wages. By 1980 blacks constituted 40 percent of Chicago's population.

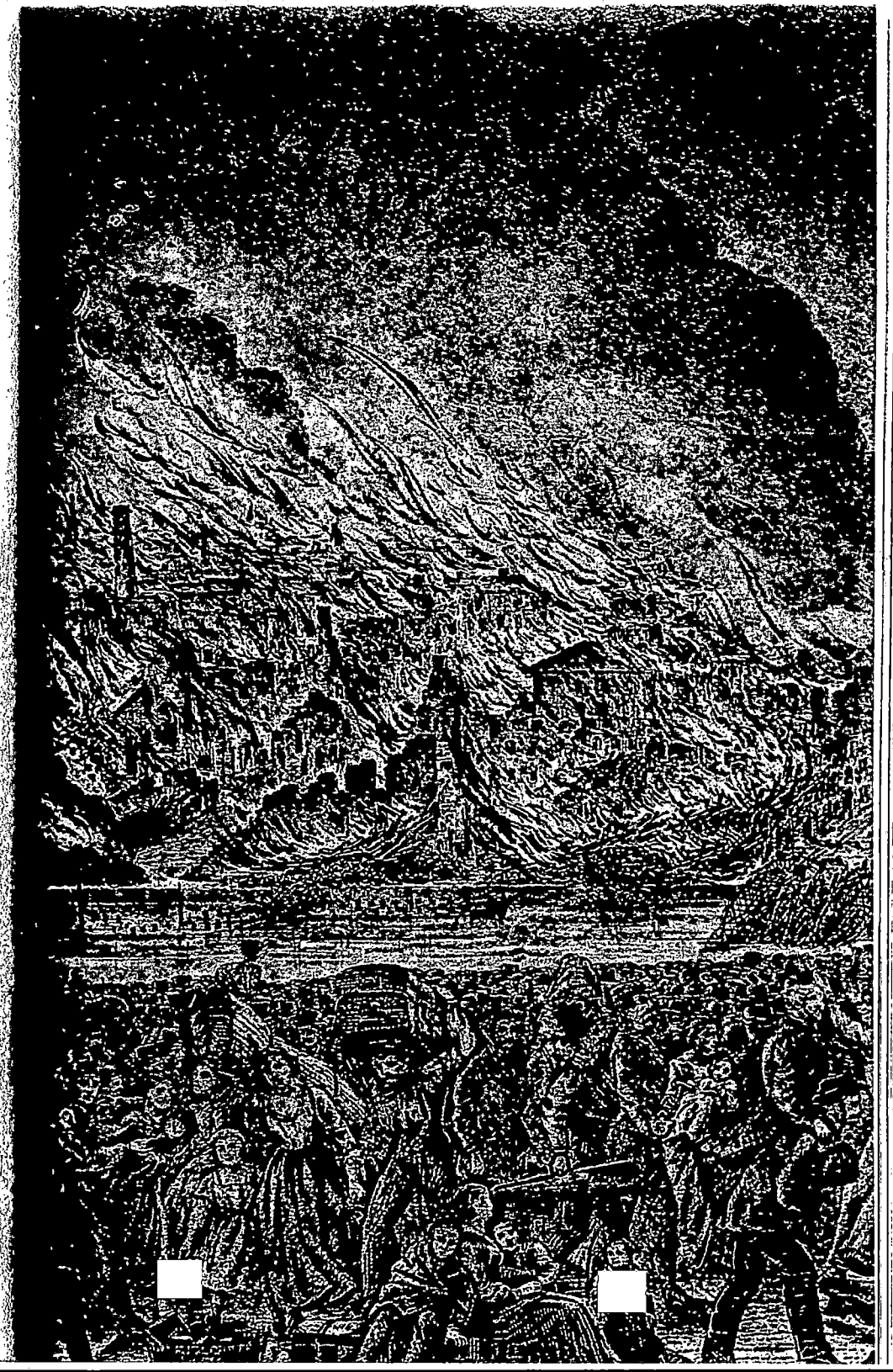
Much of the Great Lakes area suffered a severe drought in the summer and fall of 1871, and fires swept through the tinder-dry forests of the North Woods; the worst, the Peshtigo Fire, destroyed acres of timber around Green Bay. On the evening of October 8, 1871, the Great Chicago Fire broke out at DeKoven and Jefferson streets on the city's Southwest Side, supposedly begun by a cow kicking over a lantern in the O'Leary barn. The boomtown went up in flames. With a population of 334,000, the city was wildly overbuilt with flammable frame structures, and its fire department was woefully understaffed for the crisis at hand. A northeasterly wind stoked the fire, which fanned northward along the lakeshore and ravaged virtually every structure in its 2,000-acre swath. It burned until October 10, when rains checked its force and Lake Michigan halted its progress. Three hundred people were killed and 90,000 were left homeless; 18,000 buildings were destroyed.

Chicago's recovery in the aftermath of the fire was in many ways as stunning as the apocalypse itself. Chicagoans swung into action to rebuild their city with a level of optimism and energy that makes their efforts an oft-quoted parable of "can-do Americanism." Within a year, some $40 million worth of new structures stood in place of the fire-charred ruins. Miraculously, most of the

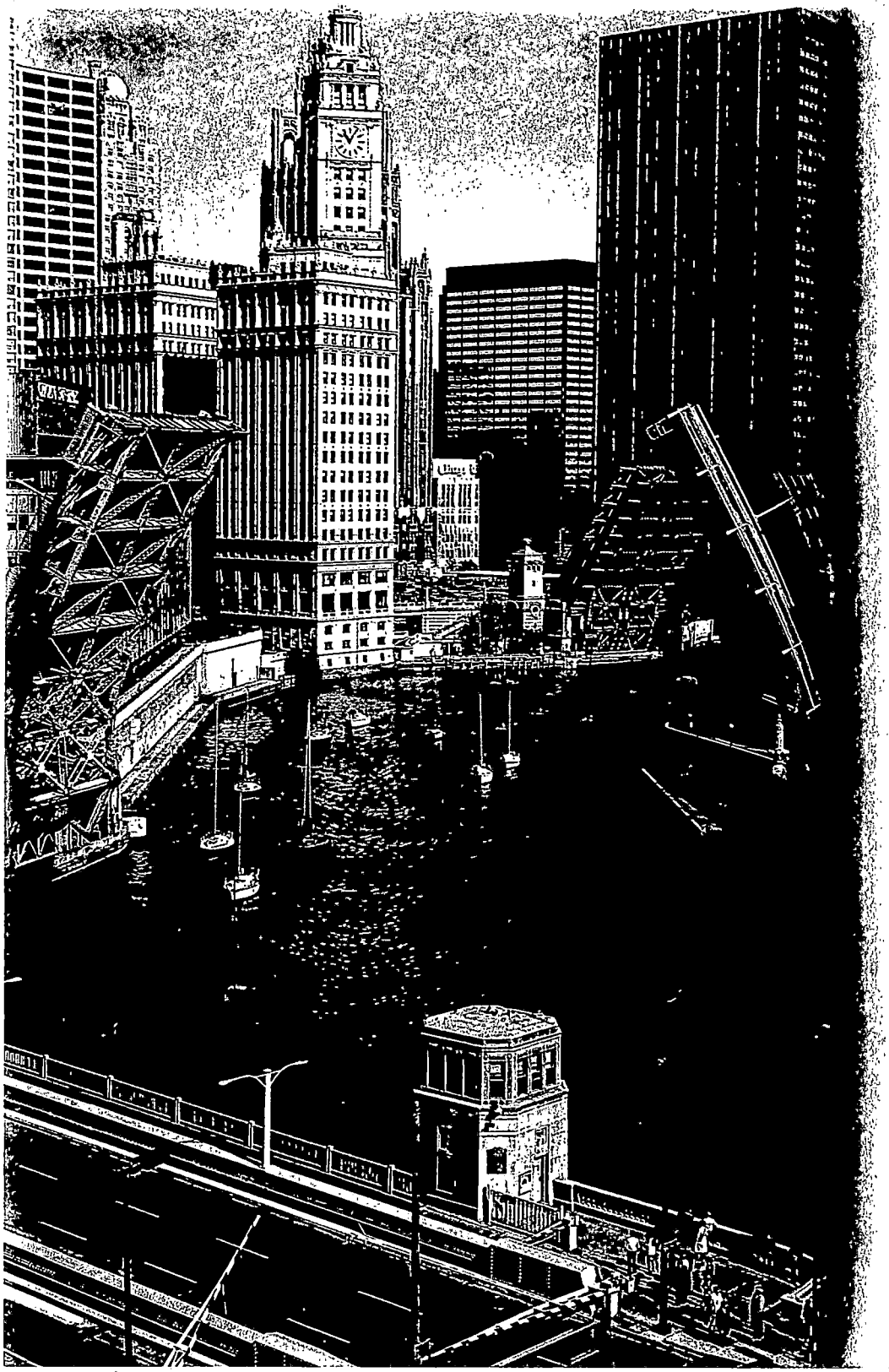
city's stores of grain, lumber, and livestock and its manufacturing capacity were unscathed by the fire, a fortunate happenstance that aided in the city's rapid recovery.

The Great Fire created a blank space for real estate speculators and architects to shape and fill, and after 1871 Chicago's history provides an anthology of the theory and practice of architecture and city planning, the telling of which, even in modest detail, is beyond the scope of this book. In any case, the most impressive and visible legacy of the Great Fire is the skyscraper, a tall, steel-framed form making use of a mechanical elevator (the Otis passenger elevator was first used in 1857 in New York). Many of the engineering problems of the metal skeleton and floating foundation were resolved in Chicago, and it is fitting that the city can still claim the world's tallest building, the 109-story Sears Tower (233 South Wacker Drive). Many revered names in the annals of architecture are associated with the rebuilding and molding of Chicago after the Great Fire, including William Le Baron Jenney, Daniel Burnham, John Wellborn Root, Louis Sullivan, and Dankmar Adler. A draftsman in the firm of Adler and Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, went on to become the most famous of Chicago's architects. Wright's career was prolific and long—he died at age 92—and he is most widely known for promulgating a distinctively American style of domestic architecture known as the Prairie Style. Wright's Prairie houses were ostensibly free of classical antecedents and devoid of frills; the architect was particularly scornful of Victorian excess.

This chapter begins on the city's lakefront and in the downtown area straddling the Chicago River before progressing northward through the Gold Coast neighborhood to Graceland Cemetery. It then proceeds to the Near West Side, once the heart of Chicago's manufacturing district and immigrant ghettos. Next is Chicago's South Side, an immense and historically diverse area where a handful of nineteenth-century mansions stand in the shadow of the world's largest housing projects. It concludes in the western suburbs of Oak Park and River Forest, where Frank Lloyd Wright lived for over twenty years.



OPPOSITE: *Chicago's Great Fire of 1871, which burned from October 8 to October 10, consumed some 18,000 buildings and left 90,000 people homeless. This view depicts the fire on October 9.*



THE LAKEFRONT

Chicago's Lake Shore Drive, one of the most impressive boulevards in the nation, skirts the Lake Michigan shore for 124 blocks—from Jackson Park at 67th Street on the south to Hollywood Avenue at the northern perimeter of Lincoln Park. The thoroughfare affords splendid views of the lake, its public beaches and parks, and the city's skyline. This urban scene is the most visible legacy of the 1909 Plan of Chicago, authored by Daniel H. Burnham with assistance from Edward H. Bennett. This ambitious scheme—to develop parks and public buildings and improve the city's infrastructure—grew out of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition, for which Burnham served as chief of construction. With the Plan of Chicago, Burnham intended his beloved city to "outrival Paris." In the early twentieth century other cities around the world called upon Burnham (elsewhere in the Great Lakes he designed urban areas in Cleveland and Duluth), but it is Chicago that best reveals the magnitude of his energy and genius.

DOWNTOWN

Downtown Chicago is bisected east-west by the Chicago River, formerly a narrow stream that meandered through the lakeshore swamps, whose course has been greatly altered over the years. Used in the nineteenth century for raw sewage, the sluggish river contaminated drinking water and sent waves of dysentery, typhoid, and cholera through the city. In 1900 engineers cut the Sanitary and Ship Canal through the marsh to a point on the Illinois River that was lower than the mouth of the Chicago River. This reversed the river's gravitational flow, pulling in water from the lake, which increased the river's flushing capacity.

Downtown south of the Chicago River and east of the South Branch is called The Loop, a name probably derived from the elevated railroad built in the 1890s to encircle the business district. This is the heart of Chicago, containing the city's financial district and many of the architectural masterpieces that mark the evolution of the skyscraper.

OPPOSITE: *The Wrigley Building rises above the Chicago River—which, by way of the Sanitary & Ship Canal, the Des Plaines River, and the Illinois River, links Chicago to Saint Louis and the Mississippi River.*

ARCHICENTER

Operated by the Chicago Architecture Foundation, ArchiCenter offers an array of bus and walking tours of historic and architecturally significant areas of Chicago and sponsors lectures, films, and exhibitions. It is located in the sixteen-story **Monadnock Building,** the largest office building in the world when it was built in 1891. The north half (facing Jackson Boulevard), designed by Burnham and Root, remains the tallest edifice with exterior wall-bearing masonry construction, which accounts for the six-foot thick walls at its base. Constructed in 1893, the south half (facing Van Buren Street) was designed by Holabird and Roche and is supported by a steel frame.

LOCATION: 330 South Dearborn Street. HOURS: 9:30–5:30 Monday–Friday, 9–4 Saturday. FEE: Yes. TELEPHONE: 312–782–1776.

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE

From its commanding position on Jackson Boulevard, the Chicago Board of Trade looms like a temple over LaSalle Street, Chicago's financial district. Completed in 1930, the Art Deco structure was designed by Holabird and Root. (A Post-modern addition, echoing motifs of the Art Deco original, was added between 1979 and 1982.) Atop the forty-five-story building is a statue of Ceres, the Roman goddess of agriculture. The interior continues the Art Deco decor.

The Chicago Board of Trade was organized in 1848 to create a semblance of order out of the existing chaos of grain trading. At the time, farmers from across the Midwest poured into Chicago after harvest, going from merchant to merchant to seek the best price for their grain. The city's streets and riverways were jammed with loaded wagons and boats, and unsold grain was simply dumped in the lake as it spoiled. Prices fluctuated wildly, and because there were no standard weights per bushel or grades for grain, angry disputes often broke out between buyer and seller. Among its numerous accomplishments, the Board of Trade initiated standard grades for grain, set up methods of grain inspection, established procedures for warehousing and shipping commodities, and gathered and published trade statistics.

A visitors' gallery oversees the action in the separate circular trading pits, where wheat, soybeans, oats, and other commodities are bought and sold. On weekday mornings scheduled talks explain the gesticulations of the traders.

LOCATION: 141 West Jackson Boulevard. HOURS: 8–2 Monday–Friday. FEE: None. TELEPHONE: 312–435–3590.

Canyonlike LaSalle Street is lined with towering office buildings, government offices, and financial institutions. Two of historical note are the **Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust** and **The Rookery** (231 and 209 South LaSalle Street). Continental Illinois dates its origin to 1857 and claims to be Chicago's oldest bank. The 1924 structure was designed by Daniel Burnham's successor firm, Graham, Anderson, Probst, and White, along the lines of a Roman bathhouse with a huge banking floor flanked by majestic Ionic columns. The Rookery, designed by Burnham and Root, is an important precursor of the skyscraper. The exterior of the imposing granite-and-brick building is encrusted with terra-cotta ornamentation. It surrounds an atrium court intended to provide light to interior offices. Frank Lloyd Wright as well as Burnham and Root occupied office space in The Rookery; Wright was responsible for remodeling its lobby in 1905. It has been a prestigious address for financial firms, lawyers, and other businesses since it opened in 1888.

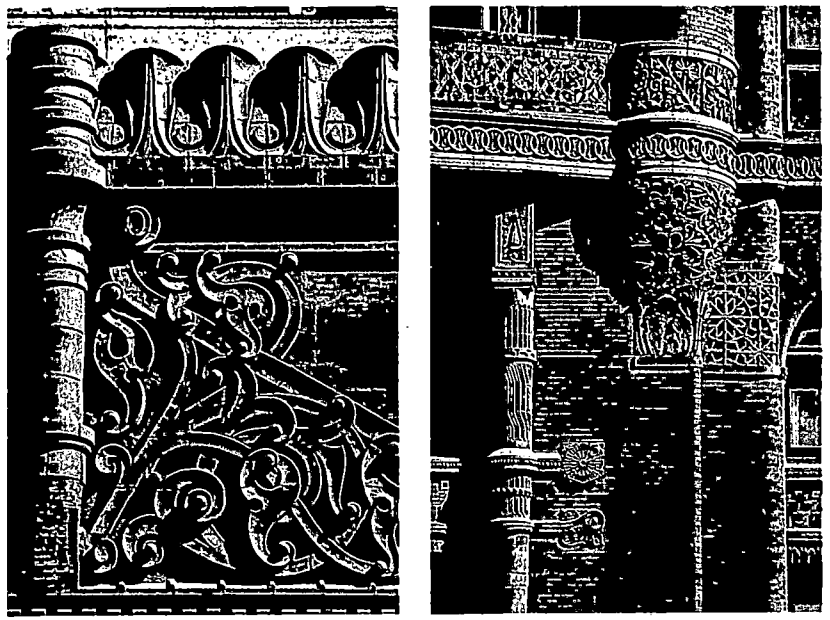
State Street was Chicago's first great retail shopping avenue and, while many of the opulent shops have moved north to the so-called Magnificent Mile, State Street remains a textbook of Chicago School structures designed by the city's leading architects. Two of the shrines of retail shopping—**Marshall Field** (111 North State Street) and **Carson Pirie Scott** (1 South State Street)—remain open for business. Designed by D. H. Burnham and Company and constructed between 1902 and 1914, Marshall Field occupies one city block. Carson Pirie Scott was designed by Louis Sullivan in 1899 with an addition in 1906 by D. H. Burnham and Company. Sullivan adorned the entryway and exterior of the lower two floors with elegant cast iron, above which are severe, rectilinear office floors. The store's upstairs horizontal windows offer excellent examples of the Chicago window (a fixed central pane flanked by

Some of Chicago's late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century buildings display elaborate decorative details, such as Louis Sullivan's fanciful cast-iron grillwork on the first two floors of

narrow double-hung windows), a device first used on Holabird and Roche's **Marquette Building** (140 South Dearborn Street). Another nearby architectural landmark is the **Reliance Building** (32 North State Street), designed by Charles B. Atwood of Burnham and Company and completed in 1895. With its steel skeleton, terra-cotta, and extensive use of glass, it is an early example of the Chicago School and precursor of twentieth-century glass-sheathed skyscrapers.

GRANT PARK

Grant Park extends along Lake Michigan and Michigan Avenue from Randolph Street on the north until merging with Burnham Park at Roosevelt Road. Proposed by the 1909 Plan of Chicago, it is the centerpiece of the parks along the Michigan lakefront. The 1926 **Buckingham Memorial Fountain** in the middle of the park and the 1908 statue of a seated **Abraham Lincoln,** the last work done by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, are landmarks.



the Carson Pirie Scott store, left, and Burnham and Root's elegant terra cotta ornamentation from the Rookery, right.

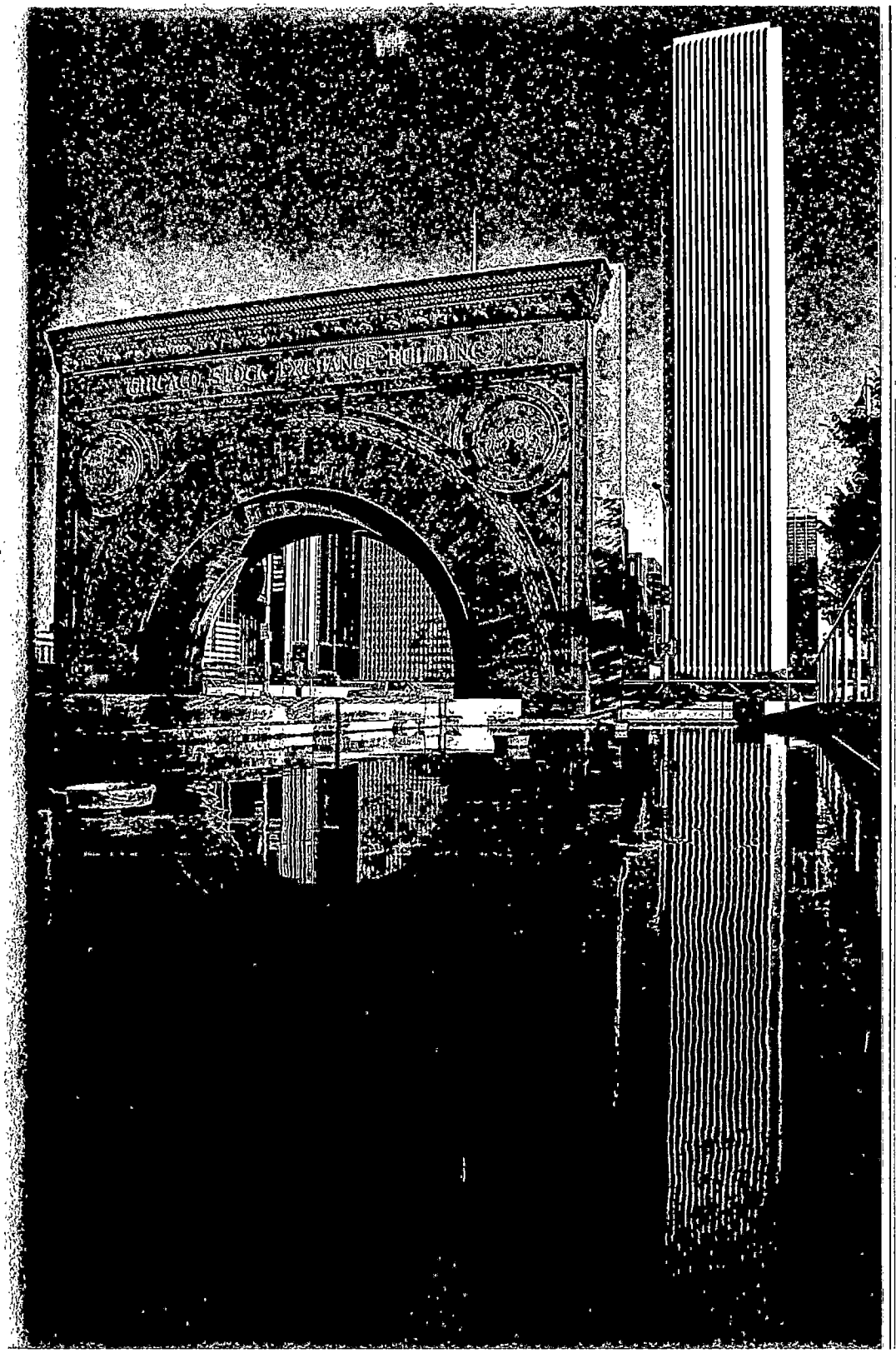
Grant Park anchors four important cultural institutions, three of which are clustered toward the southern end of the park. These bear the names of influential nineteenth-century Chicago entrepreneurs and provide imposing reminders of the philanthropic spirit that helped realize the 1909 Plan of Chicago. The **Adler Planetarium** (1300 South Lake Shore Drive, 312–322–0300) was funded by Max Adler, a former vice president of Sears Roebuck and Company. In addition to the planetarium itself, the building contains a fine collection of early astronomical and navigation instruments. The **John G. Shedd Aquarium** (1200 South Lake Shore Drive, 312–939–2426), the world's largest, is named for its donor, a former chairman of the board of Marshall Field and Company. On exhibit are extensive collections of live marine and freshwater animals. The **Field Museum of Natural History** (Lake Shore Drive and Roosevelt Road, 312–922–9410) was built with funds given by Marshall Field I, founder of the retail stores that bear his name. The mammoth Classical Revival building was designed by D. H. Burnham and Company and Graham, Anderson,

Probst, and White and was constructed between 1915 and 1920. Among its vast collections is an excellent ethnological exhibit on American Indians. Around these museums is the site of the 1933–1934 Century of Progress exposition.

The fourth of the Grant Park museums, the **Art Institute of Chicago** (Michigan Avenue and Adams Street, 312–443–3600), stands at the park's western edge. The museum's original wing, facing Michigan Avenue, is Beaux-Arts in style and was designed by Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge in 1893. The Art Institute takes special interest in Chicago's architectural history and has a permanent installation of architectural fragments from Chicago buildings that have been demolished. The Art Institute reconstructed the Trading Room of the 1894 **Stock Exchange Building** (which formerly stood at 30 North LaSalle Street), with its lavish interior, "a masterpiece of architectural form and color," providing a priceless example of the ornamental style of Louis Sullivan. Sullivan collaborated with expert colorist Louis J. Millet on the intricate stencil patterns that cover the walls and ceiling. In the garden fronting the new wing stands the Stock Exchange Building's entryway, a handsome arch of stone and terra-cotta.

Facing Grant Park on the west side of Michigan Avenue are many significant turn-of-the-century structures. Of these perhaps the most important, and surely the most beloved, is Adler and Sullivan's **Auditorium Building and Theatre** (430 South Michigan Avenue). The 1889 building combined office space with a hotel and theater and during its heyday was a social and cultural center of the city. The theater is renowned for its acoustics, Adler's contribution, and its exquisitely detailed interior ornamentation, the work of Sullivan. In 1946 Roosevelt University purchased the Auditorium Building (it had gone bankrupt during the Great Depression) and renovated the former office and hotel spaces for use as a downtown campus. The theater, which faces East Congress Parkway, has been restored and is in use. The university also maintains a small exhibit of Adler and Sullivan memorabilia in the former hotel lobby.

OPPOSITE: *The reflecting pool in Grant Park mirrors buildings from two eras of Chicago architecture: the preserved facade of Louis Sullivan's Chicago Stock Exchange (1894) and Edward Durrell Stone's Standard Oil Building (1974).* OVERLEAF: *Georges Seurat's* Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte *(detail), one of the highlights of the Art Institute of Chicago's collection.*



NEAR NORTH SIDE

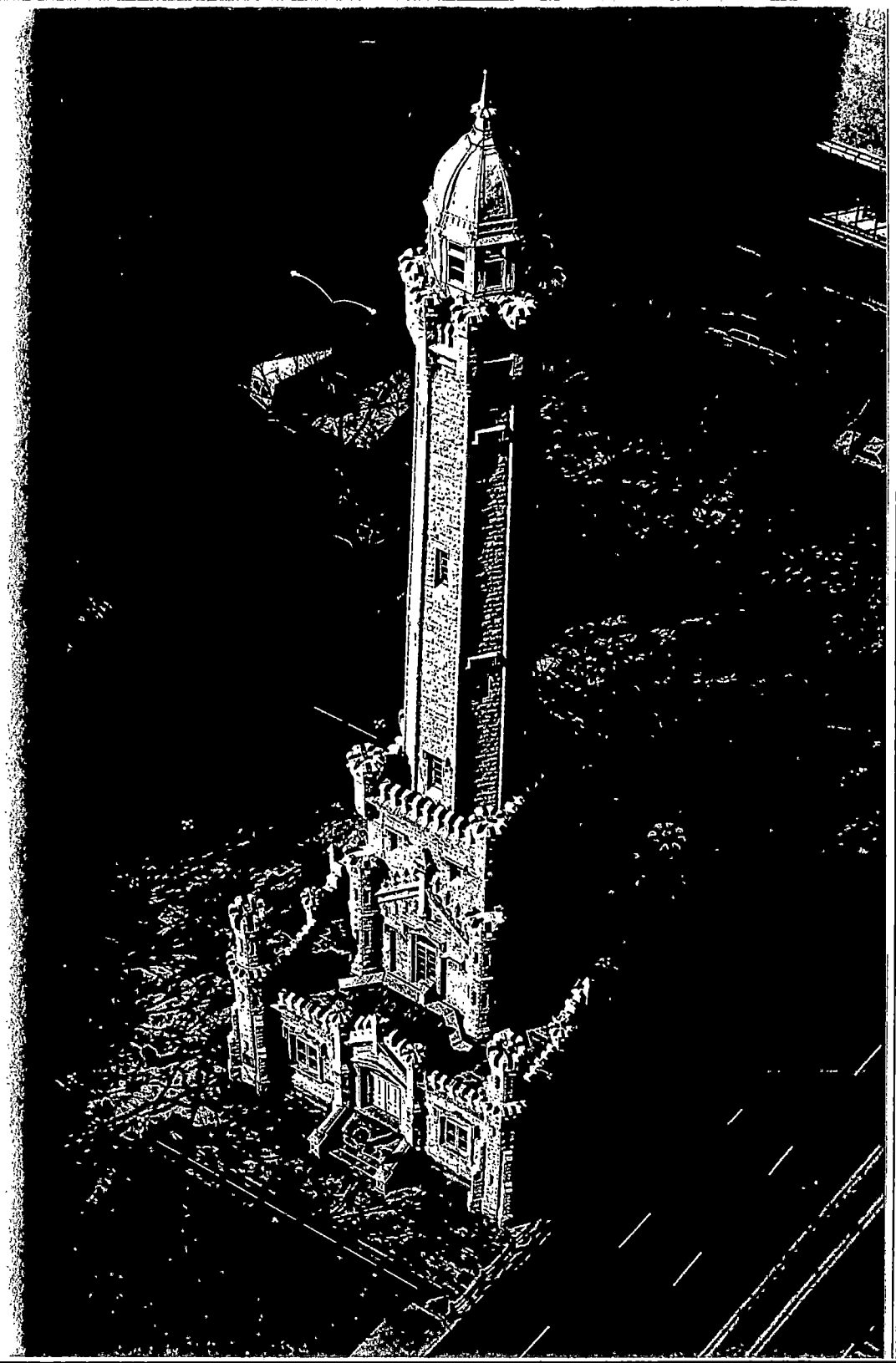
The downtown area north of the Chicago River is generally referred to as the Near North Side. This district, now a commercial and retail stronghold, began its rise to glory in the 1920s with the opening of the Michigan Avenue Bridge and subsequent construction of the glistening white terra-cotta **Wrigley Building** (400 North Michigan Avenue), a Graham, Anderson, Probst, and White project completed in 1921, and **Tribune Tower** (435 North Michigan Avenue), the Gothic Revival skyscraper designed by Raymond Hood and John Howells and constructed in 1925. It is here that Michigan Avenue takes on the name **Magnificent Mile,** an appellation confirmed by the presence on the avenue of several upscale retail institutions.

Navy Pier (600 East Grand Avenue), which juts out 3,040 feet into Lake Michigan, was completed in 1916 as a part of Burnham's Plan of Chicago. The east promenade affords splendid views of the lake and skyline, and four structures on the pier—the domed Auditorium and the Shelter, Recreation, and Terminal buildings—are now used for special events and festivals.

The Great Fire of 1871, coupled with socioeconomic changes in Chicago's first fashionable enclave along Prairie Avenue on the Near South Side, spurred the elite to migrate to the Near North Side, where they could live in proximity to businesses in the commercial district just to the south. The neighborhood roster included such prominent Chicago names as the Leiters (dry goods), McCormicks (reapers), and Ryersons (steel), who built mansions in the popular Victorian style. One survivor is the 1883 **Samuel M. Nickerson House** (40 East Erie Street, private), a baronial three-story mansion built of now-darkened gray limestone.

WATER TOWER AND PUMPING STATION

The many-turreted Gothic spire of the Water Tower, once artfully concealing a 138-foot-tall standpipe, and the adjacent Pumping Station are cherished landmarks in Chicago. The fanciful limestone structures were designed by W. W. Boyington and completed in 1869, and they were among the few buildings in the Near North



OPPOSITE: *The Water Tower, designed by W. W. Boyington.*

Side to survive the Great Fire. While the Water Tower no longer stores water (it now houses the offices of the Chicago Tourism Council), the Pumping Station has been in use since the 1871 fire.

LOCATION: *Water Tower:* 800 North Michigan Avenue. *Pumping Station:* 163 East Pearson Street. HOURS: *Visitor center:* 9:30–5 Daily. FEE: None. TELEPHONE: 312–280–5740.

Facing Chicago's oldest park, the small Washington Square, is the Romanesque Revival **Newberry Library** (60 West Walton Street, 312–943–9090). The granite structure, built in 1893 and designed by Henry Ives Cobb, holds a reference library with emphasis on history and the humanities.

THE GOLD COAST

Along with the Near North Side, the Gold Coast (North Avenue, Lake Michigan, and Oak and Clark streets) developed in the late nineteenth century as an enclave for affluent Chicagoans, a role it still plays. A sense of the neighborhood's elegance is preserved in the townhouses along narrow, tree-lined Astor Street between Division Street and North Avenue. The spare and symmetrical **Charnley House** (1365 North Astor Street, 312–951–8006) stands in conspicuous contrast to its more ornate nineteenth-century townhouse neighbors. Built in 1892 as a residence, it is a masterpiece of early modern design. Now headquarters of the Skidmore, Owings & Merrill Foundation, it was originally commissioned from the offices of Adler and Sullivan, although Frank Lloyd Wright, then a young draftsman, claimed credit for the actual design.

On adjacent corners of State Parkway and Burton Place stand two historic Gold Coast mansions. The 1902 **Madlener House** (4 West Burton Place, private) was designed by Richard E. Schmidt and Hugh M. G. Garden with elegant detailing; in the garden is a collection of fragments from buildings designed by Louis Sullivan. The 1893 **Patterson-McCormick Mansion** (20 East Burton Place, private) was designed by Stanford White of the New York firm of McKim, Mead & White. The orange brick-and-terra-cotta residence was built as a wedding present for Mrs. Robert Patterson, whose father was editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. Facing Lincoln Park on the north edge of the Gold Coast stands the **Roman Catholic Archbishop's Residence** (1555 North State Parkway), built in 1880 and noted for its nineteen chimneys.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Located at the south end of Lincoln Park, this long-standing Chicago institution was founded in 1856. The Society's Georgian-style structure, which was recently renovated and expanded, was built in 1932 to designs by Graham, Anderson, Probst, and White. The collections on the Civil War, Lincoln, folk and decorative arts, and costumes are supplemented by permanent exhibits on Fort Dearborn and the events leading up to the Fort Dearborn massacre, pioneer life in Illinois, economic and social development of Chicago, and the 1933–1934 Century of Progress Exhibition. The museum also houses a collection of first printings of important American documents, including a rare broadside of the Declaration of Independence and the first official printing of the Bill of Rights.

LOCATION: Clark Street at North Avenue. HOURS: 9:30–4:30 Monday–Saturday, 12–5 Sunday. FEE: Yes. TELEPHONE: 312–642–4600.

LINCOLN PARK

A long, narrow expanse of land embracing about five miles of the Lake Michigan shore, Lincoln Park is over 1,200 acres in size and the largest park in Chicago. The south end was formerly a municipal cemetery, the graves of which were moved to make way for the park. One family objected to the disruption and won a lawsuit to leave the Ira Couch Mausoleum in place. The tomb, overgrown with shrubbery, can be seen just to the north of the Chicago Historical Society. To the east of the Society stands an 1887 bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

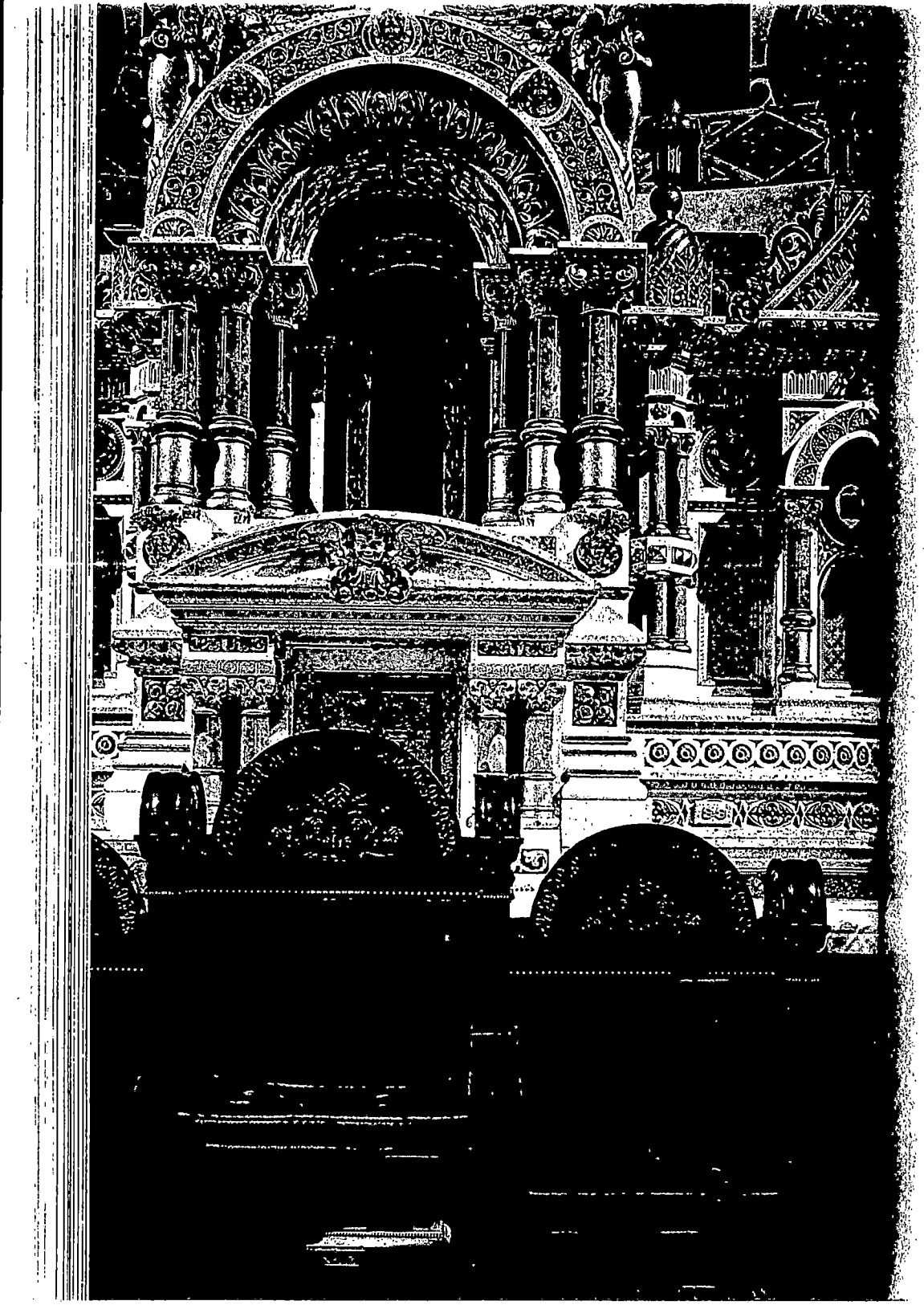
Lincoln Park is embellished with thirty or so statues of such historic personages as Beethoven, Shakespeare, and John Peter Altgeld, the outspoken Illinois governor who pardoned three of the men convicted after the Haymarket Riot and unsuccessfully opposed the intervention of federal troops during the American Railway Union strikes. The fine **Lincoln Park Zoo** (2200 North Cannon Drive, 312–294–4660), begun in 1868 and billed as America's oldest zoo, contains many imaginative structures. The nearby **Chicago Academy of Sciences** (2001 North Clark Street, 312–549–0606), founded in 1857, is considered the oldest scientific museum in the Midwest. Present-day Fullerton Parkway, which cuts across the southern portion of Lincoln Park, marks the northern limits of the Great Chicago Fire.

NEAR NORTHWEST SIDE

The Near Northwest Side, which is composed of the neighborhoods of West Town, Wicker Park, and Logan Square, was a stronghold of Polish, German, and Scandinavian working-class immigrants during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Cutting diagonally northwest to southeast through the area is Milwaukee Avenue, a busy commercial strip that now supports many Hispanic enterprises. The **Polish Museum of America** (984 North Milwaukee Avenue, 312–384–3352), possibly the largest ethnic museum in the country, displays military memorabilia, religious artifacts, costumes, folk art, and other articles relevant to Polish culture. The area has a particularly rich concentration of beautiful churches, including **Saint Mary of the Angels** (Hermitage and Cortland streets), a Roman Catholic church reminiscent of Saint Peter's in Rome. The 1,800-seat church, constructed between 1911 and 1920, is an exceptional example of Roman Renaissance architecture. It was designed by Worthmann and Steinbach, who also did the **Saint Nicholas Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral** (Oakley Boulevard and Rice Street). Richly ornamented with mosaics and iconography, it was fashioned after the Basilica of Saint Sophia in Kiev and dedicated in 1915. **Saint Stanislaus Kostka** (1351 West Evergreen Avenue), a neo-Renaissance structure designed by Patrick Charles Keely, was completed in 1881. The **Holy Trinity Roman Catholic Church** (Noble and Division streets) served another Polish congregation that formed in the mid-1870s. Designed by Oleszewski and Krieg, the neo-Baroque structure was completed in 1906. **Holy Trinity Orthodox Cathedral** (Leavitt Street and Haddon Avenue), a Russian Orthodox church designed by Louis Sullivan and completed in 1903, is an intimate stucco structure with the architect's trademark geometric trim around eaves, doors, and windows and richly stenciled polychrome interiors.

One of the most cherished landmarks on Chicago's North Side is **Wrigley Field** (Clark and Addison streets). Built in 1914 to house the Chicago Whales franchise of the now-defunct Federal League, it has been the home of the Chicago Cubs since 1916 and is one of the country's last classic ballparks—that is, it lacks a dome and synthetic turf.

OPPOSITE: *Holy Trinity Orthodox Cathedral, designed by Louis Sullivan, has the traditional appearance of a Russian church but displays many of that architect's distinctive decorative flourishes.*



Many of the magnates of early Chicago rest at **Graceland Cemetery** (North Clark Street and West Irving Park Road), their remains appropriately memorialized with an impressive array of monuments and statuary. The slate includes such names as Armour, Field, Glessner, Palmer, Pullman, Ryerson, and Wacker. Also buried here are the great architects Louis Sullivan, Daniel Burnham, John Root, and Ludwig Mies van der Rohe. Of the various shrines, the 1890 Getty Tomb is the most stunning. Designed by Sullivan at the peak of his career, the door and window arches and the intricate ornamentation on the bronze fixtures and incised in the stone are typical of the architect's work.

NEAR WEST SIDE

The Near West Side lies across the South Branch of the Chicago River just west of downtown. Its boundaries are roughly Lake Street on the north, Canal Street on the east, Roosevelt Road on the south, and Damen Avenue on the west. During the nineteenth century this district was distinguished by its sweatshops, which employed prodigious numbers of Jewish, Italian, Greek, and other immigrant laborers from the nearby ghettos. The ethnic neighborhoods have largely been displaced and the area is now a commercial and institutional district. Remaining are numerous ethnic churches, including **Old Saint Patrick's Church** (700 West Adams Street), a massive Romanesque Revival cathedral erected in the mid-1850s by a congregation of working-class Irish, and **Holy Family Catholic Church** (Roosevelt Road and May Street), a Gothic Revival cathedral built in 1857 as a "church of all nations."

JANE ADDAMS' HULL HOUSE MUSEUM

Desperately poor, uneducated, not fluent in English, overworked, and underpaid, the inhabitants of the immigrant enclaves on the Near West Side suffered from a litany of ills and abuses. To deal with these woes, Jane Addams and Ellen Gates Starr pioneered the concept of the settlement house, a haven that provided immigrants with infant and child care, recreational facilities, and language and citizenship classes. Founded in 1889, the Hull House group were also active in the areas of sanitation, infant mortality, child labor,

OPPOSITE: *Saint Stanislaus Kostka Church, built to serve Polish immigrants, had the world's largest Roman Catholic congregation in the late 1890s.*

Jane Addams, right, campaigning for women's sufferage in 1912. She won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931 for her many humanitarian crusades.

and fair labor practices. Jane Addams, who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931, lived and worked here until her death in 1935.

The Hull Mansion and Dining Hall are the only extant buildings of the original thirteen-building complex, much of which was removed in the 1960s to make way for the University of Illinois at Chicago campus. Built in 1856, the mansion barely escaped the Great Fire, which started just a few blocks to the east. When Addams and Starr took over the then-dilapidated old mansion, they retained the name of its original owner, Charles J. Hull, an early Chicago real estate dealer. The first floor of the house contains period furnishings, while the nearby Dining Hall contains an exhibit describing the nearby ethnic neighborhoods.

LOCATION: 800 South Halsted Street. HOURS: June through August: 10–4 Monday–Friday, 12–5 Sunday; September through November: 10–4 Monday–Friday. FEE: None. TELEPHONE: 312–413–5353.

One of the historic, and most volatile, confrontations in the nineteenth-century struggle to achieve the eight-hour workday occurred at **Haymarket Square** (Desplaines and Randolph streets)—the Haymarket Riot. During the spring of 1886 Chicago was seething with unrest as thousands of workers, at the urging of the newly organized American Federation of Labor, agitated for an eight-hour workday. On May 4, 1886, a band of 180 policemen, led by

the antilabor officer Captain John "Black Jack" Bonfield, moved to break up a workers' meeting in the square when a bomb was thrown into police ranks and panic ensued. Seven policemen and at least two civilians were killed, and many were injured. The bomb thrower was never identified, but during a trial of questionable fairness eight alleged anarchists were convicted; four were hanged, three were eventually pardoned, and one committed suicide.

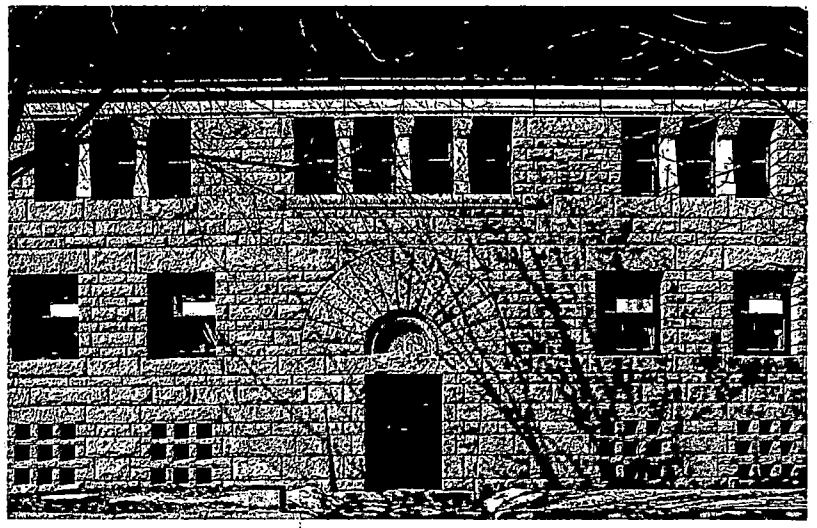
The Near West Side was also where the Great Chicago Fire broke out in 1871. The **Chicago Fire Academy** (558 West DeKoven Street, 312–744–1699), a modern fire-engine-red brick building, stands on the historic site of the O'Leary barn, where the fire allegedly began. In marked contrast to the immigrant ghettos of the Near West Side, the **Jackson Boulevard Historic District** (1500 block of West Jackson Boulevard, between Laflin Street and Ashland Avenue) represents the wealthy residential neighborhoods that grew up in the late nineteenth century around then-popular **Union Park** (Washington Boulevard and Ashland Avenue). Although urban renewal projects in the 1960s razed most of these areas, the Victorian townhouses on the 1500 block of Jackson Boulevard were among the few nineteenth-century structures left untouched, and many have been rehabilitated. The **First Baptist Congregational Church** (Washington Boulevard and Ashland Avenue) was built in 1869 amid this affluent community to serve a strongly antislavery congregation.

NEAR SOUTH SIDE

Historically an assortment of disparate commercial and residential enclaves, the Near South Side is roughly defined by Roosevelt Road on the north, Lake Michigan on the east, 35th Street on the south, and the South Branch of the Chicago River, Federal and Clark streets on the west. The premier nineteenth-century neighborhood from just after the Great Fire until the turn of the century was the **Prairie Avenue Historic District** (Prairie Avenue between 18th and 21st streets). A vestige can be seen in several houses along Prairie Avenue and in two that are maintained as house museums.

JOHN J. GLESSNER HOUSE

This magnificent house was one of the last works by Boston architect Henry Hobson Richardson, who died before the project was completed, and the only one of the three Chicago structures he



Glessner House, designed by Henry Hobson Richardson, presents a fortresslike facade to Prairie Avenue.

designed that is extant. Commissioned in 1885 by John J. Glessner, a founder of International Harvester, the house was completed in 1887 and became a gathering place for Chicago's elite. Although many Prairie Avenue residents migrated north of the river at the turn of the century, Frances and John Glessner continued to live here until their deaths in the 1930s.

Richardson's design emphasizes privacy. The severe facade, of rusticated granite, is delicate in its details, with a few small windows along with a trademark Richardsonian arched doorway. The audacious floor plan looks inward—many of the principal rooms open onto a serene interior courtyard. Although when the house was completed neighbors resented the intrusion of what they called a "fortress" insensitively placed on elegant Prairie Avenue, it is now thought to be one of Richardson's masterpieces, and its influence on a number of architects of the emerging Chicago School has made it one of the most important houses of its period. Most of the furnishings are in the Arts and Crafts style.

LOCATION: 1800 South Prairie Avenue. HOURS: April through October: 12–2 Wednesday–Friday, 11–3 Saturday–Sunday; November through March: 12–2 Wednesday, Friday–Sunday. FEE: Yes. TELEPHONE: 312–326–1393.

HENRY B. CLARKE HOUSE

Built in 1836 or thereabouts—no one is quite sure—this Greek Revival residence is also known as the Widow Clarke House. It is the oldest extant structure in the city, dating from the era when Chicago was rapidly emerging from a rough-and-tumble frontier village to a booming metropolis. Hearing of opportunities in the town, New Yorker Clarke came to Chicago in 1835, bought land along the south shore of Lake Michigan, and prospered in real estate ventures, banking, and the wholesale hardware business.

Henry and Caroline Clarke used the traditional timber-frame method of construction for their house, which has survived Chicago's fires and has been moved twice. When the Clarkes built their home, which originally stood just to the north at present-day 16th Street and Michigan Avenue, it sat on the prairie over a mile south of the nearest house.

The Henry B. Clarke House, Chicago's oldest surviving building, was built by a pioneer couple who, after a year in a log cabin, wanted a house like the ones they had left in New York State.

Before the house was completed, the Panic of 1837 greatly reduced Clarke's means, and to make ends meet he turned to farming, dairying, hunting, and clerking, which provided a comfortable if not lavish life for the Clarkes and their six children through the 1840s. In 1849, Henry Clarke died during a cholera epidemic that swept the city. Before her death in 1860, the widow Clarke provided for her family by subdividing and selling twenty acres of family land, which also enabled her to complete the house interiors and erect a stylish Italianate cupola. The Clarke offspring lived in the house until 1872. The house has been restored to its appearance in the 1850s, and it contains furnishings of the time.

LOCATION: 1855 South Indiana Avenue (tours begin at the John J. Glessner House, 1800 South Prairie Avenue). HOURS: April through October: 12–2 Wednesday–Friday, 11–3 Saturday–Sunday; November through March: 12–2 Wednesday, Friday–Sunday. FEE: Yes. TELEPHONE: 312–326–1393.

Notable privately owned mansions in the Prairie Avenue District include the 1890 Chateauesque-style **Kimball House** (1801 South Prairie Avenue), designed by Solon S. Beman; the 1886 Romanesque **Coleman House** (1811 Prairie Avenue); and the ca. 1870 Italianate **Keith House** (1900 South Prairie Avenue).

Two blocks west of Prairie Avenue stands the **Second Presbyterian Church** (1936 South Michigan Avenue), the place of worship for many of the neighborhood's nineteenth-century millionaires. A splendid Chicago landmark, the Gothic Revival structure was designed by the famed nineteenth-century church architect James Renwick and constructed between 1872 and 1874. Louis Millet and Louis Comfort Tiffany were among the artists responsible for the stained-glass windows.

A variety of events conspired to make the environs of Prairie Avenue undesirable for its wealthy inhabitants, who by the mid-1890s were being lured by real estate magnate Potter Palmer to the Near North Side. Prairie Avenue was becoming a warehouse district as retail businesses crowded out such facilities within The Loop. With the advent of the automobile, car dealerships were attracted to the broad boulevard of South Michigan Avenue, which in the early twentieth century became "Automobile Row." At the same time, city law enforcement was nudging vice out of The Loop, whose criminal participants simply took up business in the Near North Side.

Union Stock Yards opened in 1865. By consolidating first the stock pens and then the meat-packing facilities around nine converging railroads in the mid-1870s, the stockyards thrust Chicago forward as the meat-packing capital of the world, a title it held for more than a century. The stockyards and so-called Packingtown spread out over more than 600 acres, covering an area from 35th Street and Pershing Road on the north to Halsted Street on the east, 47th Street on the south, and Ashland and Western avenues on the west. As the architectural historian John Zukowsky writes, Union Stock Yards "virtually functioned as a city within a city, providing housing, hotels, restaurants, and exchange. Its pens could hold 20,000 cattle, 75,000 hogs, and 20,000 sheep. In 1871 the meatpackers processed more than 500,000 cattle and some 2,400,000 hogs. . . ." Eastern European immigrants, and after World War I, blacks, provided the bulk of the labor force. By World War I the stockyards and meat-packing plants employed some 40,000 workers.

Another landmark church on the Near South Side is the 1890 **Pilgrim Baptist Church** (Indiana Avenue and 33rd Street), which first served as Temple K.A.M. The massive stone structure was designed by Dankmar Adler (whose father served as the first rabbi) and Louis Sullivan.

Overlooking Lake Michigan, the **Douglas Tomb State Memorial** (35th Street and Lake Park Avenue) stands on ground that was once part of Oakenwald, the estate of Stephen A. Douglas, the indefatigable Illinois politician, lawyer, and land speculator. Douglas was an avid proponent of development along Chicago's south shore. He owned land in the Lake Calumet area and promoted it as the industrial area that it eventually became. In 1852 he purchased seventy acres and planned a residential subdivision in the area where his memorial now stands.

Several buildings designed by a master of modern architecture can be found on the **Illinois Institute of Technology** campus (South State Street from 31st to 35th streets), where Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, one of the International Style's greatest practitioners, was director of the department of architecture from 1939 to 1959. Mies buildings of particular note here include the 1946 Alumni Memorial Building, the 1952 Chapel, and, especially, the 1956 Crown Hall, home of the school's department of architecture. **Comiskey Park** (324 West 35th Street), the nation's oldest major-league ballpark, opened in 1910.

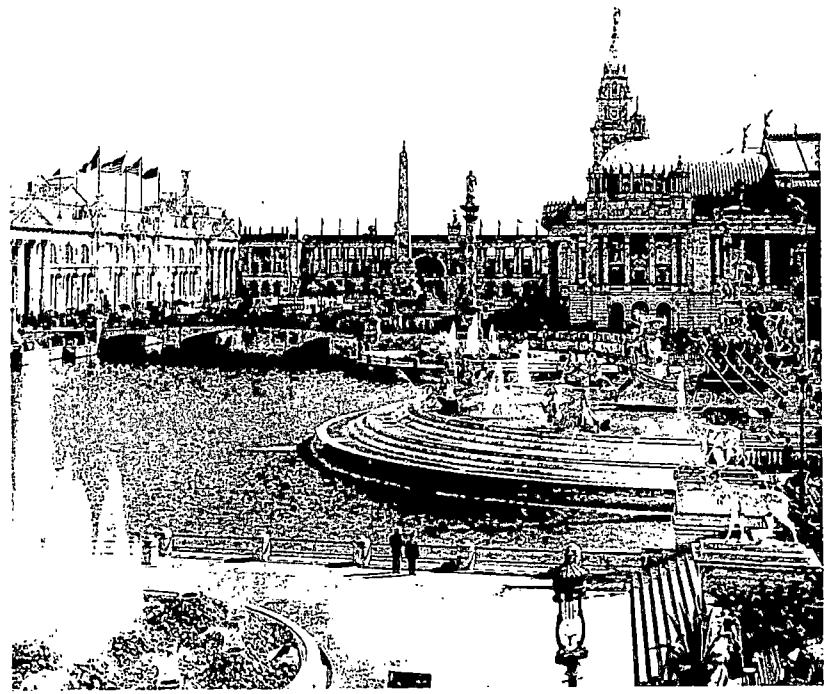
S O U T H S I D E

This area of Chicago embraces the affluent, tree-shaded neighborhoods where many of the city's prominent people have lived, including Louis Sullivan, brothers-in-law Julius Rosenwald and Max Adler, both of Sears and Roebuck, the clothier Joseph Schaffner, and Enrico Fermi, the Nobel laureate physicist whose work led to the development of atomic fission. This area also includes the site of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition, the great international fair that turned the eyes of the world on Chicago.

Kenwood (East 48th Street, Dorchester and Blackstone avenues, East Hyde Park Boulevard, and Ellis Avenue) began as a middle- and upper-middle-class suburb in the late 1850s, and by the turn of the century it had become the most fashionable neighborhood on the South Side. Its variety of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century residences range in style from neo-Georgian, Jacobethan, Queen Anne, and Italianate to Prairie School and Shingle Style. Several were designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, including two of the so-called moonlighting houses he designed on the side while working for Adler and Sullivan, which led to his dismissal from the firm. These houses are at 4858 and 4852 South Kenwood Avenue.

Hyde Park (Hyde Park Boulevard, Lake Michigan, Midway Plaisance, and Cottage Grove Avenue) was established in the 1850s by Paul Cornell, a tireless young lawyer from New York who envisioned an affluent suburb on the order of Hyde Park on the Hudson River in his home state. To a large extent he achieved his aim. Cornell arranged for commuter transportation on the Illinois Central Railroad and fathered the South Side's impressive park system. Largely through his lobbying, park commissioners began acquiring land in 1869 amid the dunes and marshes and hired two prominent landscape architects, Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, to design the reserves now known as Washington and Jackson parks.

Two events in the late nineteenth century spurred growth in Hyde Park and Kenwood. At Daniel Burnham's urging, Jackson Park was selected as the site of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition, and in 1892 the **University of Chicago** (5801 South Ellis Avenue, 312–702–8360) opened on land in Hyde Park donated by Marshall Field. Founded by the Baptist Church and funded with a $600,000 endowment from John D. Rockefeller, the university



The Classical buildings at Chicago's 1893 World's Columbian Exposition, in Jackson Park, helped to establish the Beaux-Arts style as the standard for the era's public buildings.

took its lead from the Gothic portions of Oxford and Cambridge in England. The result, an imposing and unexpected Gothic look on the prairie, was achieved by the university's first architect, Henry Ives Cobb, whose works on campus include **Cobb Gate** and **Hull Court** (1000 block of East 57th Street), **Snell Hall** (5709 South Ellis Avenue), **Cobb Hall** (5811 South Ellis Avenue), and the **Quadrangle** (57th and 59th streets between South Ellis and University avenues). Another of the great Gothic-inspired buildings on campus is **Mandel Hall** (1131 East 57th Street), a 1903 Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge–designed building generally based on Crosby Place in England. On a more modern note, Henry Moore's 1967 sculpture *Nuclear Energy* (South Ellis Avenue between 56th and 57th streets) stands near the spot where Enrico Fermi's team of scientists accomplished the first self-sustaining, controlled nuclear chain reaction on December 2, 1942.

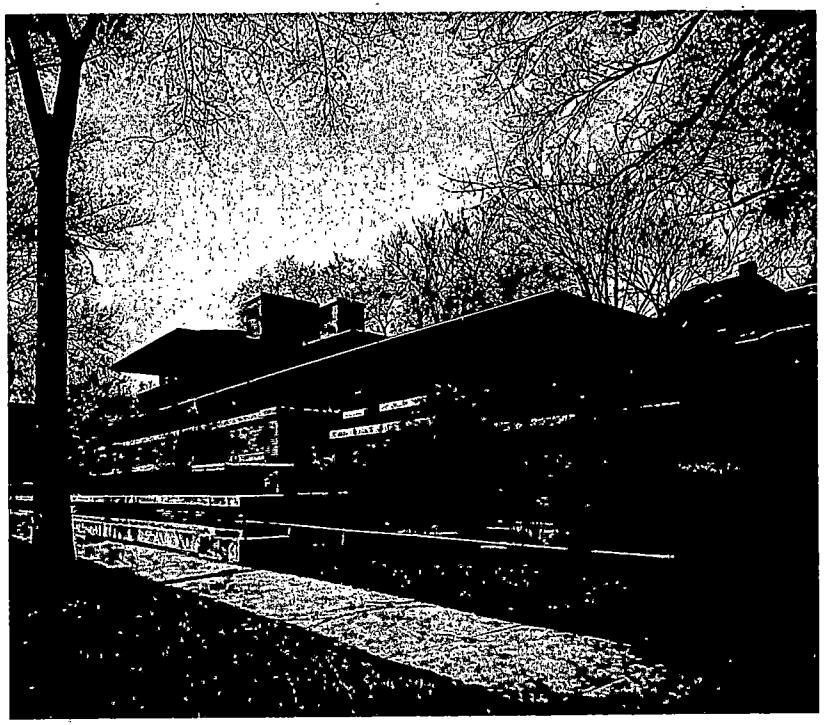
The university's first president, William Rainey Harper, established a tradition of academic excellence by raiding prominent faculties from other established institutions. Hyde Park became home to many of these faculty members, who put the distinctive stamp of the intelligentsia on the neighborhood. Hyde Park, as one historian writes, "came to be dominated by people who were economically conservative, liberal on social issues, and politically independent." Together with Kenwood it has been home to more than forty Nobel laureates.

Hyde Park churches include the Gothic **Rockefeller Memorial Chapel** (5850 South Woodlawn Avenue), the Victorian **United Church of Hyde Park** (1448 East 53rd Street), and **K.A.M. Isaiah Israel Temple** (1100 East Hyde Park Boulevard), a 1924 Byzantine tile-and-stone structure designed by Alfred S. Alschuler. K.A.M. Isaiah Israel was formed in 1847 and is the oldest Jewish congregation in the Midwest. The history of the congregation and artifacts and memorabilia are on exhibit at the temple in the **Morton B. Weiss Museum of Judaica** (312–924–1234).

ROBIE HOUSE

One of the seminal works of twentieth-century domestic architecture, the Robie House is the most famous residence in Hyde Park. Frank Lloyd Wright designed this consummate Prairie house for Frederick C. Robie; it was built between 1908 and 1910. Shocking for its time, it is a spare brick structure with a hooded, private look that is achieved by high walls and extended eaves. With the interior, Wright did away with the nineteenth-century concept of separate rooms, creating spaces that flow into one another. Achieving harmony with nature was a recurring theme in Wright's work, and had there been much nature nearby, this tenet would have been beautifully manifested in the large expanses of windows and French doors paned with art glass designed by Wright, which lead the eye out-of-doors. The Robie House is now owned by the University of Chicago and contains originals or reproductions of the furnishings Wright designed for the house.

LOCATION: 5757 South Woodlawn Avenue. HOURS: Tours at noon Monday–Saturday. FEE: None. TELEPHONE: 312–753–2175.



Frank Lloyd Wright's Robie House, considered the finest example of the Prairie-style house, sits far from the prairie on a narrow city lot near the University of Chicago.

MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

The Museum of Science and Industry overlooks a tranquil lagoon in Jackson Park. Twentieth-century visitors to Chicago can begin to imagine the spectacle of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition by inspecting this mammoth Greek Revival structure, which served as the fair's Palace of Fine Arts. Daniel Burnham was the chief of construction for the fair, and his firm, D. H. Burnham and Company, designed this building, drawing inspiration from the Acropolis at Athens. After the exposition and until 1920 the building housed the Field Museum of Natural History. Following a period of neglect, Sears Roebuck mogul Julius Rosenwald underwrote restoration of the building and the installation of the Museum of Science and Industry. The museum's exhibits, many of them

interactive, explain and illustrate the principles of science and technology. Among the objects on display are early automobiles and airplanes and a captured German U505 submarine.

LOCATION: 57th Street and Lake Shore Drive. HOURS: June through August: 9:30–4 Daily; September through May: 9:30–4 Monday–Friday, 9:30–5:30 Saturday–Sunday. FEE: Yes. TELEPHONE: 312–684–1414.

Located in Washington Park, the **Du Sable Museum of African-American History** (740 East 56th Place, 312–947–0600) is named for Chicago's first permanent citizen, Jean Baptiste Pointe du Sable. It features rotating exhibits of cultural artifacts from Africa, the Caribbean, and the United States, with special emphasis on the history and life-styles of blacks in the Midwest.

PULLMAN

The historic structures remaining in the company town of Pullman are a poignant reminder of the paternalism of railroad car magnate George Pullman. An early conglomerate, monopoly, and multinational corporation, the Pullman Palace Car Company manufactured and leased railroad cars to the railroads, provided them with sleeping-car porters and dining-car waiters, and supplied Italy, England, and France with sleeping cars as well.

In 1880 Pullman began building a "model town" for his workers, selecting the architect Solon S. Beman and landscape engineer Nathan F. Barrett to design the community. Their efforts yielded a fine nineteenth-century town plan and a handsome array of structures. It is sometimes said, however, that Pullman was less inspired by humane considerations than by the practical concerns of isolating his laborers from the growing influence of labor organizers in the inner city of Chicago. Removed from these "evil influences," 11,000 workers in Pullman rented their homes and were never permitted to purchase them.

An undercurrent of dissatisfaction with this arrangement reached a head after the Panic of 1893. Pullman laid off several thousand workers and slashed the wages of remaining laborers without a commensurate reduction in rent and city services. In the spring of 1894 a committee of workers presented a list of grievances to Pullman, whereupon three were fired. On May 11, 1894, almost the entire Pullman work force walked off the job.

At the urging of a delegation of Pullman workers, the American Railway Union, an industry-wide union organized by Eugene Debs, agreed to refuse to move trains equipped with Pullman cars, and the Pullman strike evolved into a tense nationwide boycott. In July, at the behest of President Grover Cleveland but against the wishes of Illinois governor John Peter Altgeld, 14,000 federal troops broke the strike and arrested Eugene Debs. It was not until after Pullman's death in 1897 and an order of the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1907 that the town of Pullman was sold to its citizens.

Scores of buildings remain in Pullman. Among the most prominent are the **Administration Building and Clock Tower** (East 111th Street and South Cottage Grove Avenue), an immense red brick Victorian structure that housed the corporate offices of the Pullman Palace Car Company, and the **Florence Hotel** (East 111th Street and South Cottage Grove Avenue), a grand Victorian structure named for Pullman's favorite daughter.

All Pullman workers were required to board their horses at the **Pullman Stables** (East 112th Street and South Cottage Grove Avenue), a profitable enterprise that also cut down on clean-up. **Greenstone Church** (East 112th Street and South Saint Lawrence Avenue), which Pullman attended, is a Gothic Revival structure. The **row houses** on the 11100 block of Champlain were designed by Beman, and the **Bay Entrance Row Houses** (11400 block of Champlain), named for their bay entries, are among the most attractive of Beman's designs in Pullman.

SUBURBAN CHICAGO

Adjacent to Chicago's northern border is its oldest and largest suburb, **Evanston,** which stretches for three and a half miles along the Lake Michigan shore. Evanston is named to honor John Evans, one of the founders of **Northwestern University,** which was established there in 1851. The city is proud of its many fine late nineteenth and early twentieth century houses and has two extensive historic districts, the **Evanston Ridge Historic District** and the **Evanston Lakeshore Historic District.**

OAK PARK AND RIVER FOREST

The residential suburbs of Oak Park and River Forest, lying some ten miles west of the Loop, are famous for possessing the world's

largest concentration of structures—twenty-five in Oak Park, six in River Forest—designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Wright moved to Oak Park in 1887 and remained for more than twenty years. It was here that he began his architectural career, married his first wife, Catherine Tobin, fathered six children, designed homes for friends who encouraged his experimentations, and commenced an affair with a neighbor, Mamah Borthwick Cheney, for whom he had designed a house and with whom he ultimately fled Oak Park. In the nurturing environs of Oak Park and River Forest, the young Wright developed many of the tenets of the Prairie School while acting out, to the chagrin of some of his neighbors, his characteristically high passions.

The **Oak Park Visitor Center** (158 North Forest Avenue, 312–848–1500) provides information on walking tours of the area,

Frank Lloyd Wright's Fricke House in Oak Park, built in 1901.

offers guided tours of Unity Temple and the Frank Lloyd Wright Home and Studio, and sells an array of books, maps, and guides.

Unity Temple

Completed in 1909, Frank Lloyd Wright's Unity Temple is a landmark in ecclesiastical architecture. The simple, boxlike sanctuary lacks the florid historical references that were common in turn-of-the-century church design, and the interior, with its stagelike pulpit surrounded on three sides by pews, is notable for its lack of ornamentation. The building is further distinguished by its poured-concrete construction, which served to keep the cost of building it within a modest budget of $45,000. The temple continues to serve as an active Unitarian Universalist church and is open regularly for tours.

LOCATION: 875 Lake Street. HOURS: 2–4 Monday–Friday; tour at 2 Saturday–Sunday. FEE: Yes. TELEPHONE: 312–848–6225.

Frank Lloyd Wright Home and Studio

Wright designed and constantly remodeled his Oak Park residence and studio between 1889 and 1898. He designed the original Shingle Style cottage for his bride Catherine when he was 22 years old. The house changed and grew along with the family, at the same time becoming a laboratory for Wright's early explorations in furniture design, indirect lighting, and integrated heating. One of the most delightful rooms, added in 1895, was the children's playroom, an airy and spacious retreat with skylights and an impressive barrel-vaulted ceiling. Wright lived and worked at the Oak Park compound until 1909. In 1911 he established Taliesin, a new home and studio near his birthplace in Wisconsin. In that same year he extensively remodeled the Oak Park house as rental property and the studio as living space for Catherine and the children. Restoration work has returned the house and studio to their 1909 configuration; they contain original and reproduction furnishings.

LOCATION: 951 Chicago Avenue. HOURS: 11–3 Monday–Friday, 11–4 Saturday–Sunday. FEE: Yes. TELEPHONE: 312–848–1500.

OVERLEAF: *Wright added this playroom for his six children to his Oak Park residence in 1895.*

rights agreements. Two hundred years after the ratification of our Bill of Rights, the principles it enshrines continue to take root around the world.

Having triumphed over communism, many peoples and nations now confront the challenge of improving respect for human rights among various ethnic and religious groups, as well as members of national minorities. The United States will continue to urge these and all nations to abide by international human rights agreements and to act in the spirit of political pluralism and tolerance—traditions that have made America's diversity a source of pride and strength.

Now, Therefore, I, George Bush, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of the United States, do hereby proclaim December 10, 1991, as Human Rights Day and December 15, 1991, as Bill of Rights Day and call upon all Americans to observe the week beginning December 10, 1991, as Human Rights Week.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and ninety-one, and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundred and sixteenth.

George Bush

[*Filed with the Office of the Federal Register, 5:01 p.m., December 9, 1991*]

Note: This proclamation was published in the Federal Register on December 11.

Remarks to the Chicago Board of Trade in Chicago, Illinois

December 10, 1991

Thank you, Billy and thank you, Tom. Listen, it's a great pleasure to be with all of you. And standing next to me is a guy who most of you know, son of Illinois, Ed Madigan, the Secretary of Agriculture, doing a great job.

Listen, we wanted to come by and see this great market. And all of you ought to know that, around the world, people are trying as they come out from behind that Iron Curtain to emulate the market here, free trading in a very, very important area. And you are doing more for agriculture and for business, and we are very, very grateful to you.

Let me just say a word. I am not happy, and nor is anybody, with the state of the economy. We want to see it moving. We want to see it growing. And I will gather up the best ideas I can between now and the time that the Congress comes back, try to lay partisan politics aside, and get this country moving by a strong growth package that was long overdue.

The current performance of this economy is unacceptable; growth is too slow. But there are some encouraging signs: Interest rates are down, mortgage interest rates, inflation seems to be holding down. And now, we've just got to give it a kick and get it started up again. And I'm grateful to all of you for the example you've set. And now I guess we have about 6 minutes, but I want to see this place spring into action. Maybe I can learn a few new hand gestures.

Thank you all. God bless you, and God bless the United States.

Note: The President spoke at 10:23 a.m. from the soybean pit of the Chicago Board of Trade. In his remarks, he referred to William F. O'Connor, chairman, and Thomas F. Donovan, president and chief executive officer of the Chicago Board of Trade.

Remarks to the Chicago Mercantile Exchange in Chicago, Illinois

December 10, 1991

Thank you all very much. And Jack, thank you, sir, for that more-than-generous introduction. To Bill Brodsky, my thanks to you, sir, for arranging all of this, coming from Wall Street to Chicago, as you have. I'm delighted to be with you. To Leo, Leo Melamed, the Babe Ruth of the exchange, I want to thank him. And, of course, salute two others with me, your great Governor, my friend Jim Edgar, and Ed Madigan, who is our new—former Illinois Congressman,

and now our able Secretary of Agriculture, who is up to his eyeballs in working with us to try to make a successful conclusion to this GATT round. And he's knocking himself out, crossing the Atlantic Ocean back and forth, but we couldn't have a better Secretary of Agriculture trying to open up these foreign markets to our agricultural products. Ed, thank you.

And I thought Jim Thompson was going to be with us, but maybe he's not that brave, a member of the Board of Trade and a lawyer. [*Laughter*] But he was here, and I salute him, a longtime friend.

Jack mentioned the visit to the trading floor, and I do want to thank everyone involved in that trip through that melee for their warmth of the reception and the—I thought it would be pretty hard to match the emotion of last weekend out there in Pearl Harbor, but I'll tell you, this was a little different. Younger kids, all—there were a few old guys down there—[*laughter*]—but I'm talking about enthusiasm and the future. And it was a wonderfully inspiring trip through that floor, and I want to thank those of you who were here that participated in that and everybody else responsible for that visit. Thank you very, very much.

It's great to be back here and to have a chance to visit briefly with the leaders of the business community and leaders of this exchange. As you know, we've had a staff change at the White House, a new Chief of Staff coming there. And when John Sununu resigned, I looked to Chicago, I looked to the Windy City for help, for another sound manager, communicator, and consummate politician. Well, Mike Ditka was busy with other responsibilities—[*laughter*]—and Sam Skinner, though, rose to the fore. And I think we're going to have a very good operation with your friend and mine, Sam, who did a great job as Secretary of Transportation, now in this new, key place as we move into a new year.

I've really enjoyed my visits here to both exchanges today, the board and then here. I've seen the future. It uses hand signals, at least for now. [*Laughter*] But then, I've also glimpsed at the fact that that's also changing. Speaking of hand signals, I saw a few riding in here. [*Laughter*] They have a nice way here of making one feel at home. [*Laughter*] No, actually it's been very, very friendly.

But I really enjoyed the tour downstairs, and I also have been looking forward to this part of the program, here on the upper floor, the futures market of the future, I think we really can peek into the next century. Soon, probably sooner than you expect, this area will be as packed and busy as the trading pits below.

The Merc has become a bellwether of the future because it never, ever lost the inventive spirit of its founders. You defied the doomsayers when you pioneered that risk-pool management through the Exchange Trust. You established the first financial futures market, the International Monetary Market. You saw an international marketplace and established overseas offices before most exchanges even thought of setting up domestic branches. And you created Eurodollar Futures a decade ago, and I know you celebrated its 10th anniversary yesterday. And you should be very, very proud of this world leadership.

In challenging times, you've thrived. And this year, you trimmed expenses to improve efficiency, and your business grew by more than 4 percent, I'm told. Through the ups and downs of the business cycle, you've operated without requiring a dime's worth of assistance from the American taxpayer. And you've taken care of your own without losing your momentum for a single minute.

It's great to be here—I mentioned him earlier—with Leo Melamed whom, I suppose, you call the father of the future. And now, you all know of his professional accomplishments, but he never left his imagination at the office. As many of you know, he has also written prodigiously. His greatest triumph was the science fiction thriller "The Tenth Planet." It's not about Capitol Hill; it is another science fiction thriller.

Sometimes, though, debates on Capitol Hill about the economy sound as if they were about life on another planet. And you know, an economy does not run just on money. An economy lives and breathes on ideas and information.

Entrepreneurs like the men and women who trade in the Merc's pits, the farmers who work the fields by day and the computers by night, arbitrageurs in London,

and investors the world over, these people swap ideas, information, dreams, and dares, and they fire an economy. Their energy drives our Nation forward. They chart the course through the international marketplace.

A government that does not understand the gritty fundamentals of business cannot understand how to help an economy grow. Ten years ago, many of you stood with us as the Reagan-Bush administration took on the old wisdom that government could solve everything and that business could flourish regardless of what burdens Washington heaped upon it. We cut the taxes and peeled away regulations, restrained spending, promoted free trade. And out of that came the longest peacetime economic expansion in the history of this country. While others may have sat back to enjoy their new prosperity, you were a driving dynamic here. You moved forward.

You've stood with my administration as we work to create the conditions for a more vibrant economy. I've asked Congress for 3 years to pass a series of growth initiatives, job-creating initiatives. And the economy has turned sluggish. People want action. And I want action, action to help people, action to make things better now and in the future.

And our administration believes as you do that the solution lies in free markets for free people. We've promoted straightforward measures to invigorate the economy, such as cuts in the capital gains tax; banking reform, inclusive banking reform legislation; letting first-time homebuyers use these IRA's for purchasing homes; a permanent tax credit for R&D, for research and development, and so on.

We pushed other initiatives to make the most of our human capital now and in the future: A revolution, for example, in American education; a tough crime package to back up the police officers that we are supported by every single day of our lives; a tort reform bill up there that will put some caps on some of these mindlessly high settlements that are driving much of the industry to its knees; and recently, a transportation bill that will create jobs and provide much needed repair for our roads and bridges and infrastructure.

And, again, I salute Sam Skinner for his leadership as our Secretary of Transportation on this important job-creating legislation.

Although both political parties will feel tempted to engage in partisan warfare when Congress comes back in January, reconvenes, I will be calling upon the Democrats and the Republicans to lay partisanship aside long enough to pass a clear, strong growth package. We owe it to the taxpayer; we owe it to those who have jobs, and we owe it to those who don't have jobs to get that done regardless of politics. And I'm going to do that, no matter that 1992 is a Presidential election year.

And I might say, being in his hometown, I can work with Dan Rostenkowski, your friend and mine, who is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. And if we had more like him I believe we could have gotten these problems solved long, long ago.

In the post-cold war world—and you've set the example on this one—we must thrive in the international marketplace. I am going to be meeting this weekend with President Salinas. And I know he was up visiting you all earlier this year. And the two of us are going to discuss trade matters in detail. And later this month I will promote free and fair trade—read that, jobs—with our allies in Japan and South Korea and Singapore, and also going down to Australia. Free and fair trade means more jobs for Americans.

And we must not pull back into some isolationistic sphere listening to the siren's call of "America first." I learned that lesson as a young kid just at the beginning of World War II, and I don't want to see this country go back to "America first" and protection. That will shrink markets and throw people out of work. And we need to stand together against that call from the left and against that call from the right to stay within ourselves. We owe the world leadership, and they're going to get it from this President.

You know, the allegation is that I spend a lot of time on foreign affairs. I take great pride in some of the accomplishments we've made. I think America came together at Desert Storm, and we found a new sense

of confidence, a new spirit as a Nation. And I'm not going to back away from that. I am proud that we're bringing parties that have stood at each other's throats for years, bringing them together in the Middle East to talk some peace. I'm proud of the way we've handled the evolution in the Soviet Union. And right today it is extraordinarily complicated.

But my point is, we cannot withdraw, we can't pull back. You can't do it. You're engaged in the markets, and well you should be, because that offers prosperity to the American people as well as to others. And I don't think a President should pull back in the face of domestic criticism by some partisans suggesting that we don't have to worry about our national security and that we don't see that jobs stem from being engaged with foreign countries, instead of being pulled back from engagement with foreign countries.

So, I can do both. We can stay involved, work for world peace, enhance our national security, and now drive forward to get this economy moving by bipartisan action for growth, economic growth that means jobs for the American people.

Years ago, Carl Sandburg described this city as "the hog butcher for the world." That was the Chicago of another era, another world. And today, Chicago serves the pork belly's future, the currency's future, the future, period, of an international marketplace. And the one message I'd like to come out of this meeting here today and the other meetings I've had is that we are the hub of the international market. And countries that are emerging into democracy are looking to us for leadership in terms of making world markets. And nobody does it any better than the people right here in this room.

Thank you very, very much. And now get back to work and help us shape another American century. Thank you all. I'm glad to be with you.

Note: The President spoke at 12:05 p.m. following a tour of the trading floor. In his remarks, he referred to John F. Sandner, chairman of the board of governors of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange; William J. Brodsky, president and chief executive officer of the exchange; and Leo Melamed, chairman emeritus of the exchange and chairman of the Globex Corp. A tape was not available for verification of the content of these remarks.

Remarks to the Illinois Farm Bureau in Chicago, Illinois

December 10, 1991

Thank you, John, and to all the members, thank you. Thank you, John White, Governor Edgar, and to Secretary Madigan, son of Illinois, who is doing a superb job as our Secretary of Agriculture. I'm glad he flew out here with us. To Congressman Ewing, who will be flying back with us, I understand, on Air Force One back to Washington. We've welcomed him to the Congress and proud he's there. To Enid Schlipf, who has been at my side today, and I'm grateful for that, his counsel. We had a session, a listening session, getting counsel from business people, and it was most appropriate that Messrs. White and Schlipf were there.

And to all of you ladies and gentlemen of the Illinois Farm Bureau, thank you for that warm reception and for your hospitality. I feel that I've come to the right place. My top priority is to get this country moving faster and more confidently on the path of economic progress.

I've had excellent visits this morning on the trading floors at the Merc and at the Board of Trade. I lost 3 pounds in the process just kind of working my way through those hand signals. And it was wonderful. And I had the privilege to have both John and Enid, who are leaders of the Farm Bureau, at my side during those sessions and also, at Billy Goat's—[*laughter*]—I think you guys were up there. It's a marvelous burger place here. But speaking of farming, let me give you a little bit of historical trivia that will not send you into euphoria, but I always try to claim kinship with various States. And my great-grandfather, David Walker, grew up on a farm near Bloomington, Illinois. How about that one? Nobody's ever heard that before.

But anyway, meeting with so many Illinois farmers and agribusiness leaders, I've had a chance to talk face to face with some

men and women who are leading the way. You see, agriculture is a perennial export leader, and recently exports have been a tremendous factor, a big factor in our overall economic growth. And here's how important that is: Every billion dollars in agricultural exports means approximately 25,000 American jobs.

American farmers understand how the world works. You know that taking a stand for peace and stability abroad, supporting emerging democracies, developing free and fair international markets, will make our national economy much stronger. You know what a determined American involvement in global trade represents to the bottom line. It means higher net farm income.

So first, I really wanted to thank, enthusiastically give thanks for the Farm Bureau's efforts to keep America a leader in world commerce and world security. I know I speak for several hundred thousand young service men and women in saying thank you for all your support during Desert Shield and thank you for all your support during Desert Storm. We are very, very grateful.

The Farm Bureau's leadership is vital to our progress for free and fair trade, no mistake about it. You made a big contribution to getting the North American free trade talks off and running. You've helped launch our Enterprise for the Americas Initiative for trade and investment throughout the Western Hemisphere. I can assure you, because of your foresight, we can look forward to unprecedented prosperity and economic security for hundreds of millions of North and South Americans from the Illinois prairies to the pampas of the Argentine.

Secretary Madigan and Ambassador Carla Hills are working to secure a solid agreement for global trade at the Uruguay round of the GATT negotiations. A successful GATT negotiation will literally revolutionize world agriculture trade, opening markets and leveling the playing field for American exports. When we achieve this, we will owe an incalculable debt to the Farm Bureau who has always looked ahead and never looked back on this important question of international trade.

And I might say, John, you're quite a contrast, this marvelous organization, to the noisy voices that want to withdraw us into isolationism and protectionism. They say they want to put "America first." You have the common sense to recognize that America is first and will remain first only if we stay engaged in world markets and involved in world security. And as long as I am President, that's exactly what I intend to do.

American agriculture is productive and competitive because of its strong orientation to free markets. Our agriculture owes much to such fundamentals as advancing productivity, embracing new technologies, moving forward to new frontiers in scientific research.

Rural America is a model of strength on social issues that are vital to our future. Thank God that family and family values remain so important to agricultural America. Farm communities, let's face it, they face many hardships. But they always involve parents in the schools, and that always produces better students. With programs such as 4–H and FFA, Future Farmers of America, rural America takes a leading role in our America 2000 strategy to revolutionize, literally revolutionize our education.

I can't tell you how impressed I am also at how much most farmers know about computers, not speaking for all of you, I understand, but some of you. But I've had enough trouble just finding the "on" switch on my computer, say nothing of getting the cursor to move where and when I want it to. But the point is this, anyone who doesn't appreciate the sophistication of the modern farmer doesn't understand the modern farmer.

Last month, by the way—maybe some of you all were out there—but I spoke to 18,000 of our best and brightest kids at the Future Farmers of America convention in Kansas City. And let me tell you, I can't contain my excitement thinking about the day when those young men and women become the leaders of our country. They were bright and alert and patriotic and forward-looking. And somebody, parents in this room and across agricultural America are doing a wonderful job with these young men and women.

The guy that introduced me was so good, I thought he was getting ready to run against me. [*Laughter*] But anyway, you

should have heard him. He's a real articulate dude.

Another concern I know you share with me is the drug problem. The stakes here involve not just the economy but our deepest social and moral well-being. Wherever I go in this country, I call attention to those who fight the drug war on the front lines. I praise the businessmen and women who keep drugs out of their companies and the neighborhood youth centers that keep teenagers off the streets. So, let me take this opportunity right now to thank hundreds and thousands of Americans who don't get mentioned often enough for their devotion in running the strongest kind of drug-free workplaces. And I'm referring, again, to the moms and the dads and the grandparents who run America's family farms.

Now, I know that sometimes times are tough for America's farmer. And that's why we stand by our commitment to help ease the pain caused by natural disasters. This week I will be signing legislation to provide drought and disaster relief. Many farmers in Illinois and other States suffered unusually severe losses this year and last year. And this legislation will provide much-needed assistance for hard-hit farmers. And I will be delighted to sign it.

Now, I know that the economic downturn is hurting a lot of people in virtually every sector. And I've heard from some tough, optimistic people on my visit just today, but they didn't sugarcoat their message about the pain and the problems the country is going through right now.

You and I know that we've got to do more to get the economy on the move, to get confidence back. And I'm prepared to fight harder than ever for a series of growth initiatives. And when Members of Congress go back to work in January, after Christmas, they'll hear from me in no uncertain terms. My growth initiatives will give Americans the freedom and incentive to get higher yields from their efforts. A top priority, and John referred to this, is to cut capital gains taxes. I know it's a top priority of the Farm Bureau, too, and I want to express my deep thanks for your outstanding support on this initiative.

Our high taxes, then, on capital gains are way out of line with the policies in other successful economies. Germany has no capital gains, no tax on capital gains on assets held longer than 6 months. In Japan, an entrepreneur who sells the company that he's built from scratch pays a tax of 1 percent. A capital gains tax cut will free up the capital that we need for growth. And it will increase the value of land, of labor and capital all at once by reducing the tax on success. And I am going to keep on fighting until we get that done.

Right now, we place entrepreneurs in a lose-lose situation. When they risk money and effort on something that fails, they lose. And when they risk money on a winner, we tax the capital gain, and they lose again. We have to put an end to this lose-lose approach to the economy. A capital gains cut will stimulate investment and create jobs in every sector. And quite frankly, it will restore some fundamental fairness to the way we treat farmers and the way we treat homeowners.

Capital gains tax relief is but a part of our program. Thanks to leadership from Illinois' own Sam Skinner, our soon-to-be Chief of Staff, I expect soon to sign a transportation bill that creates new jobs while rebuilding our roads and bridges. And I'm working for a research tax credit to help new technologies create more jobs; working for new IRA's to help the first-time homebuyer, stimulate that homebuilding market; and for bank reform. We desperately need comprehensive bank reform to help America compete in the 21st century and to help free up capital right now.

We want our children's future to be worthy of the dreams and sacrifices that built and sustained America as a great Nation. Back in 1862, in spite of his preoccupation with the Civil War, our President established back then the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Abraham Lincoln revered the American farmer. He believed deeply and stated eloquently that a strong American agriculture was the key to preserving our Nation's independence.

A century and a quarter later, the men and women of Illinois ag are worthy heirs to Lincoln's vision. You and this organization form a vital force for keeping America strong and free. And I am looking forward to seeing some of you, many of you maybe, next month at the American Farm Bureau

national convention out in Kansas City. And I am delighted to be with you today. And I am proud to work with you to help keep this great country of ours growing and thriving. I pledge to you I will do my level best to lead this country to new growth and new opportunity.

May God bless you and may God bless the United States of America. Thank you all very, very much.

Note: The President spoke at 1:45 p.m. at the Palmer House Hotel. In his remarks, he referred to John White, Jr., and Enid Schlipf, president and former vice president, respectively, of the Illinois Farm Bureau.

Exchange With Reporters in the Cabinet Room

December 11, 1991

Soviet Union

Q. Mr. President, who is in charge in the Soviet Union at this point?

The President. Well, we're following that situation very closely in the Soviet Union. And of course, our main interest is in democratic and market reform, the continuation of that. They are going to sort these matters out themselves. We will support democrat and—reformers wherever they are there. And that means at all levels, incidentally.

So, we are watching it very closely. And as these dramatic changes take place or proposals come forward, that's a matter for the Republics and the center to sort out. I think the answer to that question, you've just got to look at where you're talking about. So, we'll let that evolve.

I'll be meeting this afternoon with the Secretary and our Ambassador and be talking about Jim's upcoming trip, the reasons that are clearly of vital interest to us. One, we want this humanitarian question, humanitarian aid, to go forward in order to promote peaceful reform. That's a question—besides that, we've got just a plain interest in seeing that people are fed. Ed Madigan and I were talking about this yesterday on the way to Chicago.

And then, of course, we have a keen interest, the whole world does, in the nuclear questions there. And frankly, assurances have been pretty good there. I see no reason to alarm the American people, but it's something that we're following extraordinarily closely, and we are in touch. And I feel that the thing to do now is just to go forward with the plan of the Secretary and see where it comes out.

But we can't make any predictions on the evolution of all of this. That's their business. Our interests are as I stated in here: Democracy, market reform, humanitarian assistance, the nuclear question, and peace, peaceful evolution of all of this.

Capital Gains Tax Cut

Q. Mr. President, you made clear yesterday you're going to keep fighting for a capital gains tax cut——

The President. Yes. I will keep on fighting——

Q. Are you going to, have you got any other——

The President. ——for that. But now we've got to get to work in the Cabinet, so thank you.

Q. But, sir, do you have any other ideas to jumpstart the economy?

The President. We'll be talking about that, as I said yesterday—at the time I said yesterday, too. So, we'll just keep working on it.

Note: The President spoke at 10:35 a.m. In his remarks, he referred to Secretary of State James A. Baker III and Robert S. Strauss, U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union. A tape was not available for verification of the content of this exchange.

Remarks at a Fundraising Luncheon for Senator Frank H. Murkowski

December 11, 1991

Frank, thank you, and good luck. Thank you for that very nice welcome. To you all assembled, my thanks to you. And, Nancy, Barbara and I send our very best wishes, not just for the holiday season but for what's over the horizon for you and that

Remarks at the Annual National Convention of the United States Hispanic Chamber of Commerce in Chicago, Illinois

September 20, 1991

Thank you very much. And I really want to thank you for that warm reception here. First, may I salute two Secretaries of my Cabinet, Secretary Lujan, who many of you have known over the years, is with us today; and also Secretary Sam Skinner, who just came in with us from California, a son of Chicago in a sense, and doing a great job as Secretary of Transportation.

May I also thank the Governor of the State, Jim Edgar; and the mayor of this great city, Mayor Daley, for greeting me at the airport here and welcoming us to Illinois and to Chicago. And this is, as I view it, certainly not a partisan gathering, and I think their both showing up together, side-by-side, was a manifestation of that. [*Laughter*]

But may I thank José, José Niño, who just introduced me, your very able president; Abe Aguirre, the outgoing chairman. And thank you all, ladies and gentleman, for, once again, that very warm welcome. Let me congratulate my fellow Texan, Delia Reyes, your newly elected chair. And warmest greetings to the many dignitaries that are here.

I'm here a little later than originally scheduled. Would you believe we experienced a slight flight delay? [*Laughter*] I know it happens all the time. We had to circle the city while Michael Jordan practiced takeoffs and landings out here. [*Laughter*] And there's a second reason, too, if I may be candid. I know you've just heard Jack Kemp speak, and I thought you'd want to catch your breath for a little bit. [*Laughter*]

If you're still feeling winded, it's my fault. It goes back to our first Cabinet meeting, and I asked Jack, "Can't you generate, can't you work up a little more enthusiasm?" And you saw it today. But he's doing a great job for us as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. His concept, our concept, of tenant management and home ownership offers really hope to millions. But then, Jack and all our administration believe in the greatest and most visionary of American ideals, the ideal of real equality, ensuring that people can go as far as their abilities and their hard work will take them.

Five centuries ago, men crossed the great ocean and brought Hispanic America into being. Ever since then, we have called the combination of European and American peoples on these vast lands not a new territory, not a new colony, not a new settlement. We've called it a new world.

Hispanic America arose out of risk and romance. Several forces fed its growth: transoceanic trade, the movement and mingling of peoples, the grand enterprise of discovery and development. On September 20, this very date, but in 1519, Magellan and his party set sail from Spain to sail around the globe. Next month we begin a year of commemoration leading to the 500th anniversary of Columbus' daring journey.

We must not think of these achievements as somehow antique and irrelevant. Frontiers don't close when men settle the wilderness, when they build cities and factories and schools. Subtle but braver adventures confront advanced civilizations: the adventures of creating families, educating children, knowing that no matter how hard or how comfortable our circumstances, we must make our world better. In the life of the Americas, in our mission of discovery and development, 1492 was only yesterday.

How true this is in the case of commerce. Voyagers charted the trade routes of the Americas centuries ago, but we've only now begun to explore their full potential.

Your convention theme sings with this spirit: "Launching New Partnerships."

America's more than 400,000 Hispanic-owned firms provide new jobs and generate new wealth. In 1987, the latest date for these statistics, our Hispanic-owned businesses pumped nearly $25 billion into our economy and created half a million jobs.

You believe in yourselves, in your abilities, your determination, your excellence. Because you believe in yourselves, you helped our administration get congressional approval to extend our Fast Track procedures for trade negotiations. Armed with that powerful tool—and as you heard this morning from an able team from three countries—we are negotiating a North American free trade agreement.

I might say that Mexico, under President Salinas, has been a powerful leader and ally. And I would also say that relationships between Mexico and the United States have never in history been better. And that is in the best interests of the United States of America. When we complete that accord, and I'm confident we will, we'll build a free trade zone that ranges from the Yukon to the Yucatan, "a market of 360, get the figure, 360 million consumers and a present annual output of $6 trillion.

When we seal the free trade agreement, Hispanic-owned firms in the United States will enjoy strong natural advantages. Bonds of family, language, understanding the culture, already cherished in the families represented here today, all of these will gain value as business assets.

Because you believe in yourselves, you also have supported our Enterprise for the Americas Initiative, aiming to establish a network of expanded trade, investment, and cooperation from Hudson Bay to the Straits of Magellan.

The North American free trade agreement and the Enterprise for the Americas Initiative incorporate the great lesson of our age: trade and enterprise can build wealth and preserve freedom. Protectionism and Government control only create poverty and backwardness, and yes, a denial of freedom.

Consider the case of Mexico. Since 1986, when Mexico joined the GATT and dropped tariff rates from 100 percent, 100 percent, to little more than 10 percent, U.S. exports to Mexico have more than doubled. Exports of automobiles and auto parts have quadrupled. Exports of iron and steel, which were running a $12-million defi- just 4 years ago, now are achieving a $3(million surplus. And this rise in exports cre- ated almost 300,000 jobs in the United States. Each additional $1 billion in exports will translate into nearly 20,000 American jobs.

But these reforms, it's not a one-way street, these reforms have helped Mexico, a classic win-win situation, if you will. Fidel Velazquez Sanchez, the head of the Mexican Labor Confederation, recognizes that increased trade will create new jobs, indeed, new industries in Mexico, and he strongly supports the trade agreement.

What's good for Hispanic America will be good for the United States. And with open trade, by the year 2000, United States firms will be doing a robust business with dynamic economy of 100 million Mexican consumers.

The prospects seem equally exciting south of Mexico, too. We've heard a lot about the Mexican free trade agreement. We've heard about the negotiations. They are our friendly neighbors on the borde and we ought to—parenthetically I mig say, we should never just take those frien for granted, whether it be to our north or to our south. We are blessed by peaceful borders. But we're already advancing creative plans now to reduce debt, boost investment, and increase trade. We've now signed framework trade liberalization agreements involving 28 countries in the hemisphere. So, it's not just Mexico. But we need your help.

Congress still has failed to give us debt reduction authority and funding and to give us the ability to contribute to the Multilateral Investment Fund. This would help stimulate investment and build stable democracies within our hemisphere. So please, speak out in support of the Enterprise for the Americas Initiative. And join me in urging Congress to pass the legislation to put it into full effect. Enterprise for the Americas is not a slogan. It will strengthen democracy and freedom in those friendly countries south of the Rio Grande, and it will be good for Americ exports, and that means it will be good f American jobs.

Our efforts to expand U.S. exports will t another boost when my friend, José rtinez, becomes Director of the United States Trade and Development Program.

And of course, one more event will demonstrate to one and all that we really have entered into a new era of freedom and opportunity. I'm speaking of Cuba's becoming free and democratic.

Today we hear the creaking and crumbling of that Castro dictatorship. And the day is coming. I'm absolutely convinced of this, sooner than Castro dares to believe, when the people of Cuba will reclaim their destiny and rejoin the Western Hemisphere's family of free nations.

And if we want to make our hemisphere a neighborhood of peoples, we must do more than lift economic and political barriers. Our administration also has promoted educational and cultural exchanges between our country and our neighbors in the hemisphere. As in commerce, the natural leaders in this enterprise will be Hispanic Americans.

You see, something more than mere geography unites us. Common cultural roots able us all to seek a shared destiny for r hemisphere, for ourselves.

And I want to thank the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce for its endorsement of our America 2000 education strategy. I am grateful for your initiatives to teach economics and entrepreneurship to our kids, beginning in the kindergarten. And now, if only someone could do the same for economists, I think we'd be in pretty good shape around here. [*Laughter*]

America 2000, like our economic proposals, begins with an article of faith: We believe that parents care about their children, care about education, and can help find schools that will help their children reach their potential. So, we want to expand parental choice so that parents will have as much choice in the crucial matter of education as they now have when they wish to purchase peanut butter.

And if we want to make the most of ourselves, we must invite competition and show just how well we can do.

America 2000 will enable Hispanic communities to draw upon their natural ssngths and values. And it will enable parents, teachers, and yes, church and business leaders to help reinvent American education.

To further this goal, I have announced the membership of the President's Advisory Commission on Educational Excellence for Hispanic Americans. Chicago's own Andrés Bande, CEO of Ameritech International, will chair the panel, and its work will play a major role in unleashing the America 2000 revolution in education.

I understand Andres is here today, and I'd like him to stand up, right there. Thank you for undertaking this. This is important work he's about to be engaged in. And I know, on his behalf, I'd like to solicit your ideas and your full cooperation.

Let me close with a few comments on a concept we talked about earlier, development. It's a term of art, of course, in international economics. We tend to use "developing country" as a sort of fuzzy euphemism for "poverty," for a nation short on material or financial wealth.

But when we use the term "development" in this way, we forget its deeper meaning. Isn't the United States—must it not be still "developing"? For all our present wealth, can we afford to become static or stagnant? And if we're not giving our children a moral and intellectual inheritance as good as our parents gave us, are we a "developed" society?

I think again of the explorers on our continent five centuries ago. Some were wise, some were foolish. And we remember the effort wasted in trying to find the imaginary Seven Cities of Gold. And those adventurers were not just looking in the wrong place; they were searching for the wrong treasure. The treasure was, and is, in men and women, in "human resources," in mind and muscle and soul. And these, not unearned bonanzas, build civilizations.

Our work never ends. That's the key to life's excitement. In these hopeful times, as we tear down economic barriers and liberate ourselves from ideological confines, we must continue supplying our own sons and our own daughters with the values, the fundamentals, of a good society. Together, I know that we shall.

You know, the longer I'm in the White House and privileged to serve as President of the United States, and the more Barbara

and I discuss these enormous problems that Mayor Daley confronts in his excellent way every day, or Jim Edgar, the Governor of this State, confronts in his very effective way as Governor, the more we contemplate those problems and the more I look at this great country of ours that I'm privileged to lead at this point in history, and I must say it's a very exciting point, the more Barbara and I conclude that family is absolutely essential to our success. We have got to stay involved, we have got to stay fundamentally involved. And when I speak to this group, it's almost like preaching to the choir because I think if you exemplify one of the prime values and principles that this group and, indeed, Hispanic American culture all across our country exemplifies, is love of family and its faith and its conviction about our great country, the freest and fairest on the face of the Earth.

So, thank you very much for letting me come by and visit this highly successful convention. And let me tell you that it's a great joy to be back with you again. And may God bless our great country. Thank you very very much.

Note: The President spoke at 1:45 p.m. at the Hyatt Regency Hotel. In his remarks, he referred to Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan, Jr.; Secretary of Transportation Samuel K. Skinner; Governor James Edgar of Illinois; Richard M. Daley, mayor of Chicago; José Niño, president and chief executive officer of the United States Hispanic Chamber of Commerce; Gabriel E. Aguirre, former chairman of the board of the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce; Delia Reyes, chairman; Michael Jordan, member of the Chicago Bulls basketball team; Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Jack Kemp; President Salinas de Gortari of Mexico; Fidel Velazquez Sanchez, union leader of the Mexican Labor Confederation; José E. Martinez, Director of the Trade and Development Program; President Fidel Castro Ruz of Cuba; and Andrés Bande, CEO of Ameritech International. These remarks were not received in time for publication in the appropriate issue.

Proclamation 6337—National Hispanic Heritage Month, 1991

September 20, 1991

By the President of the United States of America

A Proclamation

When we speak of our Hispanic heritage, we speak of more than one particular set of customs and traditions. Indeed, the Hispanic American heritage can be traced back to many different lands—to places as far-flung as Cuba, Mexico, Spain, and Peru. Nevertheless, Americans of Spanish and Latin American descent share a great sense of pride in the deep cultural and historical ties that exist between them.

Rich and varied, the Hispanic American heritage is as old as the story of America itself. Daring Spanish navigators who explored the New World nearly half a millennium ago were the first Europeans to establish settlements in what is now United States territory. In fact, by 1565—almost half a century before British colonists landed at Jamestown—the Spanish had established a permanent settlement at St. Augustine, Florida. Traders and missionaries followed in the wake of explorers such as Coronado, Ponce de León, and Álvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, helping to open the American Southwest to further settlement and development.

Making use of the land's resources through farming, ranching, and mining, Spanish peoples shaped much of the Western frontier. Thriving communities took root around many Spanish missions, and today cities such as San Diego, Los Angeles, San Antonio, and Santa Fe continue to bear evidence of their celebrated past. However, over the years, Hispanic Americans have made vital contributions in communities across the country and in virtually every field of endeavor.

Today Hispanic Americans are our Nation's fastest growing minority. The number of Hispanics in this country grew by 53 percent during the past decade, up from 14.6 million to 22.4 million. This means that Hispanics now constitute about 9 percent of our population.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary
(Chicago, Illinois)

For Immediate Release March 3, 1992

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT
TO THE 50TH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EVANGELICALS

The Hyatt Regency O'Hare Hotel
Chicago, Illinois

11:57 A.M. CST

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you for that welcome. And to Dr. Johnson, Dr. Billy Melvin, Don Argue, Dave Rambo, Bob Dugan, my sincere thanks, not just to you all, to everyone up here, but to all of you for that very warm welcome.

And I'd like to open, if I may, on a personal note -- to thank you for the help that you've given me over the years. And I'm not really referring to the fine work that your team in Washington has been doing, although they've been of great help to our administration advancing the values we share. Nor am I thinking only of the wonderful work you do in world relief and in helping people around this world, which is superb work. But my thanks are really more personal than that, and Barbara and I particularly want to thank you for your prayers.

As I said many times before, prayer always has been important in our lives, and without it, I really am convinced, more and more convinced, that no man -- or no woman, eventually -- who has the privilege of serving in the presidency could carry out their duties without prayer. I think of Lincoln's famous remark: "I've been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go."

The intercessionary prayers that so many Americans make on behalf of the President of the United States -- in this instance, on behalf of me, and also of my family -- they inspire us and they give us strength. And I just wanted you to know that -- and Barbara and I are very, very grateful to you.

I am delighted to have this opportunity to speak to this most prestigious meeting, to speak with you today on the occasion of your 50th anniversary. Your theme -- "Forward in Faith" -- and that says as much about your movement, much about what evangelicals have brought to America over its lifetime. Evangelicals point our country toward the future, and with the diligence and hard work and confidence that only a firm faith can provide. In so many crucial ways, your concerns are the concerns of your countrymen.

We agree on the big issues that shape the world, and on the values -- on the values so close to home. I'm talking about jobs, obviously; about family; about world peace, for ourselves, and I guess even more important, for our kids, for the generations coming along.

And we agree that we must speak out against racial bigotry and against anti-Semitism. And as I stressed in my State of the Union address, it's especially critical in these days of economic difficulty to point out that racial bigotry and anti-Semitism simply have no place in America. (Applause.)

You want, as all Americans do, safe streets for your children. You want schools where your children can receive the finest possible education, to prepare them for a life of industry and good citizenship and faith in God. And I believe that means that you are entitled to choose your children's schools. (Applause.)

You want a government that understands the limited role that it must play in a nation of free men and women; a government that promotes economic growth and opportunity; a government that spends your tax money for the common good, and for the common good alone.

And you want for yourselves and your country that most precious of gifts -- peace on Earth. You understand that peace comes not from vacillation and weakness, but from clarity of purpose and from strength. The last time a President came before you, I note that it is almost eight years to the day, our country was nearing the climax of a titanic struggle, the Cold War.

President Reagan spoke to you then of what America must do to win this hard and bitter peace. Like you, President Reagan and I understood that the Cold War wasn't simply some mundane competition between rival world powers. It was a struggle for the mind of man.

On one side was a system dedicated to denying the life of the spirit and celebrating the omnipotence of the state. On the other was a system founded on a profound truth -- that our Creator has endowed his children with inalienable rights that no government can deny. (Applause.)

And now, eight years later, we can say confidently, Americans won the Cold War. We won it by standing for what's right. Tonight our children and grandchildren -- and I take great joy in this -- tonight our children and our grandchildren will go to their beds untroubled by the fears of nuclear holocaust that haunted two generations of Americans. In our prayers we asked for God's help. I know our family did, and I expect all of you did. We asked for God's help. And now in this shining outcome, in this magnificent triumph of good over evil, we should thank God. We should give thanks. (Applause.)

By the way, I notice from your Washington newsletter that recently even Time Magazine called the old Soviet Union an evil empire. Now they tell us. (Laughter.) I think you will recall only a few years ago when -- many of you know this -- about the time when Bill Graham went to the Soviet Union. And he came back and told a lot of people, told us of the people's hunger for religion. And some did not believe him then. Nobody here doubted that. But some across our country simply could not believe that. But now, no one doubts him. I know evangelicals understood this all along.

Our victory in the Cold War came from the kind of work performed by people here in this room. Many of you -- many of you bravely brought Bibles behind the Iron Curtain, sharing the word of God with people who longed for it. And through your World Relief Corporation and other enterprises, you helped resettle thousands who were fleeing oppression. Many evangelicals risked their lives to bring theological training where such training was forbidden.

And now in the free countries of the former communist bloc your work continues, to ensure that the vacuum left by communism's demise is filled by faith. You and I both know there is more to do in the cause of religious freedom, and you have my full support in that effort. (Applause.) Rest assured: Our country -- indeed, the world -- will be forever grateful for what you have done.

Americans are the most religious people on Earth. And we have always instinctively sensed that God's purpose was bound up with the cause of liberty. The Founders understood this. As Jefferson put it: "Can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God?"

That conviction is enshrined in our Declaration of Independence and in our Constitution. And it's no accident that in drafting our Bill of Rights, the Founders dedicated the first portion of our First Amendment to religious liberty. We rightly emphasize the opening clause of that amendment, which forbids government from establishing religion. In fact, I believe the establishment clause has been a great boon to our country's religious life. One reason religion flourishes in America is that worship can never be controlled by the state.

But in recent times we have too often ignored the clause that follows, which forbids government from prohibiting the free exercise of religion. (Applause.) This myopia has in some places resulted in an aggressive campaign against religious belief itself. Some people seem to believe that freedom of religion requires government to keep our lives free from religion. Well, I believe they're just plain wrong. (Applause.)

Our government was founded on faith. Government must never promote a religion -- of course; but it is duty-bound to promote religious liberty. And it must never put the believer at a disadvantage because of his belief. (Applause.) That is the challenge that our administration has undertaken. To be succinct -- it is my conviction that children have a right to voluntary prayer in the public schools. (Applause.)

And we must hold the line on state intervention in other areas as well. Two years ago, for example, we were in a tough fight on Capitol Hill over child care legislation. But with the invaluable help of your group and of other pro-family organizations, we kept choice of child care out of the hands of the government bureaucrats and kept it where it belongs -- in the hands of the parents. (Applause.)

And you remember the fight, but we were determined to help families get the kind of child care they want, and that included church-based care. And that's the way the law is now, and that's the way it should be. (Applause.)

And we will continue to fight for the parents' right to choose their children's schools. School choice is at the heart of America 2000, our strategy to literally revolutionize American education. All parents -- rich or poor -- must have the right to choose the kind of education their children will receive. And as I've said many times, that must include religious-based schools. (Applause.)

For many years Americans saw another disturbing trend. Judges, legislating from the bench, steadily expanded the power of government over the lives of ordinary Americans. Today, I am happy to report to you that that trend is over. Over the past three years I have appointed more than 160 judges who understand the limits of government and the rights of parents; judges who punish criminals, not honest cops out trying to do their jobs. And I am very proud of the two fine men who have taken their place on the Supreme Court since I've been President -- Justice David Souter and Justice Clarence Thomas. (Applause.)

We must do everything in our power to preserve the institution that nurtures faith, the family. And I am firmly convinced that our greatest problems today -- from drugs and welfare

dependency to crime and moral breakdown -- spring from the deterioration of the American family. (Applause.)

And too often overweening government has aided the tragedy. Recently I announced a new commission to isolate the causes of the family's decline. And I did that after meeting with Democratic mayors and Republican mayors from the National League of Cities -- some from big cities, some from small -- all saying what I've just said. The fundamental problem is the decline of the family when you look at these urban problems. I think you'll agree that I found the right man to lead the commission: your Layman of the Year last year, Governor John Ashcroft of the state of Missouri. (Applause.) John knows the importance that we place on strengthening -- on strengthening the families. Families must come first in America.

We must always guard against laws that weaken the family, weaken traditional values. And at the same time, we can take positive steps to strengthen them. Here's an example that will begin to address the real costs of child-rearing: I have asked Congress to increase the child tax exemption by $500 per child, and I want the Congress to do it now.

We're also waging war against the forces that would tear the family apart. In 1990 alone, our agents from the FBI and Customs and Postal Inspection Service won 245 convictions against the smut merchants who deal in child pornography. These creatures have been put on notice: There is no place in America for this horrifying exploitation of children. (Applause.)

Faith, family -- these are the values that sustain the greatest nation on Earth. And to these values we must add the infinitely precious value of life itself. Let me be clear: I support the right to life. (Applause.)

Six times the Congress has sent me legislation permitting federal funding of abortion, and six times I've told them no and vetoed these bills. (Applause.) Now we've got another fight. The Democratic Congress has opened up yet another front in this battle. Tomorrow, they will begin hearings on new legislation, and they call it the "freedom of choice act." And it would impose on all 50 states an unprecedented regime of abortion on demand going well beyond even Roe versus Wade. It would block many state laws requiring that parents be told about abortions being performed on their young daughters -- even though the Supreme Court has upheld such laws five times. It would override state laws restricting sex-selection abortions. And it would severely limit the state's ability to impose meaningful restrictions on abortions performed in the eighth or even the ninth month of pregnancy. This is not right. And it will not become law as long as I am President of the United States of America. (Applause.)

Lincoln once said, "My concern is not whether God is on our side, but whether we are on God's side." (Applause.) As President I have often spoken of service -- not simply public service, but personal service, one human being coming to the aid of another. And I'm always reminded of a phrase from the Book of Common Prayer: "Oh, God ... whose service is freedom." We must be sustained by the confidence that in serving others -- in promoting the values of faith and family and life, we serve Him as well. It is this confidence that will enable us to move our country forward in faith, and -- remember -- one nation under God.

Thank you, and may God bless you and your wonderful work. And thank you for having me with you. (Applause.)

END 12:18 P.M. CST

Pacers vs. Bulls

Indiana's bad boy has been a missing Person at end of 2 of the teams' last 3 games

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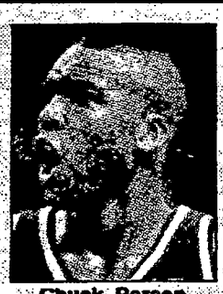


Chuck Person

Illinois St. ties

Bulls' aide eye

Marshall girls

Sports Tuesc

Cubs pay — Ryno stays

SUN-TIMES/Phil Velasquez

Ryne Sandberg and wife Cindy have multimillion-dollar smiles Monday after his contract extention is announced.

Sandberg's talk with Cook key to richest deal

THE NUMBERS

Ryne Sandberg's $28.4 million, four-year contract extension (his 1992 base salary is $2.1 million under the existing contract):

- **Signing bonus:** $3.5 million.
- **For personal services:** $2 million.
- **1993-96 salary:** $5.1 million a year.
- **Option year:** Club option for $5.9 million (or $2.5 million buyout payment) for 1997 season.

By Toni Ginnetti
Staff Writer

MESA, Ariz.—Ryne Sandberg came *thisclose* to eventual free agency. Instead, he came away with a $28.4 million contract extension Monday.

Hours before he became baseball's highest-paid player, Sandberg made a call that salvaged negotiations and bridged an impasse that threatened to leave his future as a Cub in doubt.

Sandberg, 32, called Cubs president Stanton R. Cook to ask for a private meeting at the Hilton Pavilion among the two men and Sandberg's wife, Cindy, in a last-ditch attempt to save the talks.

"It [negotiations] would have

Turn to Page 78

■ **Mariotti and Van Dyck columns; Pages 78-79.**

Continued from Back Page

been dead at midnight," Sandberg said an hour after signing the pact worth at least $30.5 million in the next five years—including the $2.1 million on the last year of his old contract—that makes him baseball's richest player.

"It would have been dead. I was very discouraged.

"We felt it was important to go talk to Mr. Cook. We called him and asked if we could talk to him."

That 1 a.m. conversation might have assured the Cubs second baseman will spend nearly his entire career in Chicago, all but 13 games he played for the Phillies in 1981. That's a rarity in the game that finds Sandberg at the top of an ever-escalating pay scale.

Sandberg's pact calls for:

- A signing bonus of $3.5 million, payable in December, as added compensation to his current salary;
- Four guaranteed years at $5.1 million per year;
- A $2 million personal services payment to be paid over the life of the deal;
- An option year in 1997 worth $5.9 million if the team exercises the option or a $2.5 million buyout if he is not renewed.

If Sandberg's option is renewed in 1997, the total package will be worth $31.8 million rather than $28.4 million. Sandberg would be 37 at the expiration of the option year.

Either way, the package exceeds the record five-year, $29 million package the New York Mets gave free agent Bobby Bonilla.

Sandberg didn't rule out playing beyond expiration of the new contract.

"I plan to stay in good shape," he said. "I just don't know how many years I can play."

Sandberg not met privately after an afternoon and evening of futile negotiations Sunday among agent Jim Turner, Cook, Tribune Co. labor counsel Dennis Homerin, Cubs general manager Larry Himes and vice president of baseball administration Ned Colletti.

"What that talk did was leave the door open for this morning [Monday] to get everyone together," Sandberg said of his session with Cook. "We talked about where he [Cook] was coming from and his responsibilities to the organization and the company. There was definitely a 'give' on the [Sandberg midnight] deadline. It was Mr. Cook's idea we meet again at 8 a.m."

As that meeting convened, "a significant gap" in "years and dollars" remained between the two sides, Turner said.

Sandberg joined the negotiations at that point after he and Turner presented the Cubs with one more restructured proposal.

The Cubs countered with yet another compromise, and negotiations progressed for 3½ more hours.

"What turned it around is what usually does—both parties realized what they would lose," Turner said.

Cook downplayed suggestions his meeting with the Sandbergs saved the future of the All-Star second baseman with the team, though Sandberg called Cook's presence "the key."

"I won't say it wouldn't have been resolved without the meeting," Cook said. "It's just that negotiating is a complicated and personal process and we tried to understand the positions on both sides.

"It was appropriate for me to re-state my desire . . . to keep Ryne part of the team. Ryne had a good understanding of what he wanted and what we thought was appropriate."

Sandberg—a nine-time Gold Glove winner who ranks among the team's all-time Top 10 in home runs, stolen bases, extra-base hits, runs, total bases, hits and RBI—was considered one of the game's most underpaid players.

He had steadfastly maintained the term of the contract was more important to him than dollars, but he admitted to being overwhelmed by his new worth.

"I'm a little amazed," he said. "It feels good. My face will be sore today from the smile."

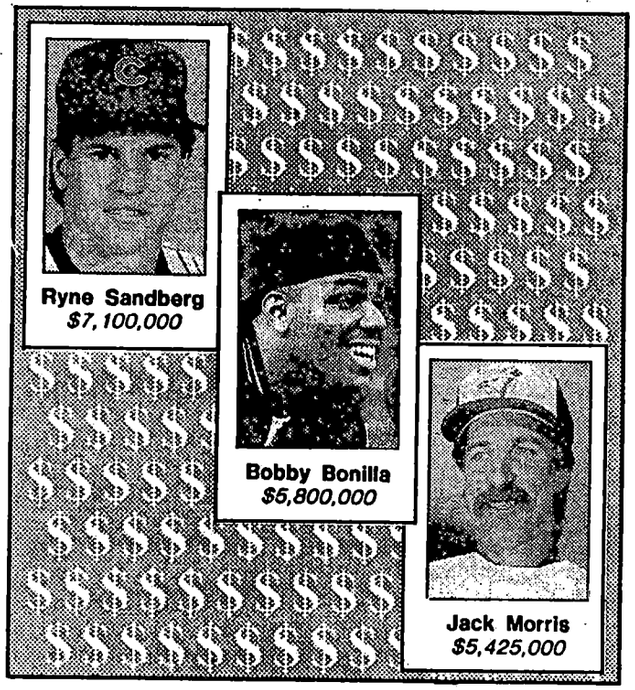
CUBS NOTES: Ryne Sandberg's status as baseball's highest-paid player might not last long, but agent **Jim Turner** foresees baseball's changing economic picture having an impact on escalating salaries.

"There will be players caught in a tightening economy," he said. "There will be players who will have to use their best judgment" in negotiations.

Marquee players eligible for free agency at season's end include Cub pitcher **Greg Maddux**, Baltimore shortstop **Cal Ripken Jr.** and Pittsburgh pitcher **Doug Drabek** and outfielder **Barry Bonds**.

There are concerns television money might decline after contracts with CBS and ESPN expire after the 1993 season.

- Sandberg joked about missing Monday's workout while involved in the negotiations. "That's the reason we carried it over another day, to get a day off," he said, smiling.



$7 MILLION AND COUNTING

Milestone contracts in major league history.

Salary	Player	Team	Year	Length
$1,000,000	Nolan Ryan	Astros	1979	4 years
$2,040,000	George Foster	Mets	1982	5 years
$3,000,000	Kirby Puckett	Twins	1989	3 years
$4,700,000	Jose Canseco	Athletics	1990	5 years
$5,380,250	Roger Clemens	Red Sox	1991	4 years
$7,100,000	Ryne Sandberg	Cubs	1992	4 years

THE TOP GUYS

The top contracts with average annual values, including all guaranteed income but not potential incentive bonuses.

No.	Player	Team	Years	Avg. salary
1.	Ryne Sandberg	Cubs	1993-96	$7,100,000
2.	Bobby Bonilla	Mets	1992-96	$5,800,000
3.	Jack Morris	Jays	1992-93	$5,425,000
4.	Roger Clemens	Red Sox	1992-95	$5,380,250
5.	Dwight Gooden	Mets	1992-94	$5,150,000

SANDBERG'S NUMBERS

A look at the major league totals and yearly salaries for baseball's highest-paid player. Salary includes signing bonuses and incentive money.

Year	Club	Avg.	AB	R	H	HR	RBI	Salary
1981	Phillies	.167	6	2	1	0	0	$40,500
1982	Cubs	.271	635	103	172	7	54	$45,500
1983	Cubs	.261	633	94	165	8	48	$180,000
1984	Cubs	.314	636	114	200	19	84	$425,000
1985	Cubs	.305	609	113	186	26	83	$525,000
1986	Cubs	.284	627	68	178	14	76	$675,000
1987	Cubs	.294	523	81	154	16	59	$760,000
1988	Cubs	.264	618	77	163	19	69	$875,000
1989	Cubs	.290	606	104	176	30	76	$925,000
1990	Cubs	.306	615	116	188	40	100	$1,625,000
1991	Cubs	.291	585	104	170	26	100	$2,725,000
Totals		.288	6,093	976	1,753	205	749	$8,801,000

Jay Mariotti

Cornered Cubbies made only decision they could

Baseball took another blind leap toward financial ruin Monday, courtesy of the Tribune Co. This time, though, no one should be outraged as much as numbly resigned. When Bobby Bonilla signs for $29 million, sound the alarms. When Ryne Sandberg agrees to a deal that will guarantee him at least $30.5 million over the next five years, you just shrug and say he—gulp—deserves the going rate.

He might have a baby face and a soft voice, but never has a double-knit terrorist had a club in such an inescapable corner. As much as you suspect new baseball chief Larry Himes wanted to shake the Wrigley earth—trade Sandberg and begin a fresh era—that realistically wasn't an option. All the Cubs could do, knowing the city's emotional attachment to beloved Ryno, was hand over the hideous sums. After a weekend of wrangling that spilled into Monday morning, they finally granted a contract extension that qualifies Sandberg as this month's highest-paid ballplayer ever.

Perspective is probably the last thing you want, but here it is anyway. In 1981, in what was considered a blockbuster purchase, the Tribune paid $20.5 million for the entire Cubs operation—equipment manager Yosh Kawano and all. One of these days, we hope and pray, owners will recognize their game is on a crash course to hell and stop the salary madness. But Monday wasn't the right day, and Sandberg wasn't the proper guinea pig.

"It's something we wanted to do," said Stanton Cook, the corporate boss who approved the historic expenditure.

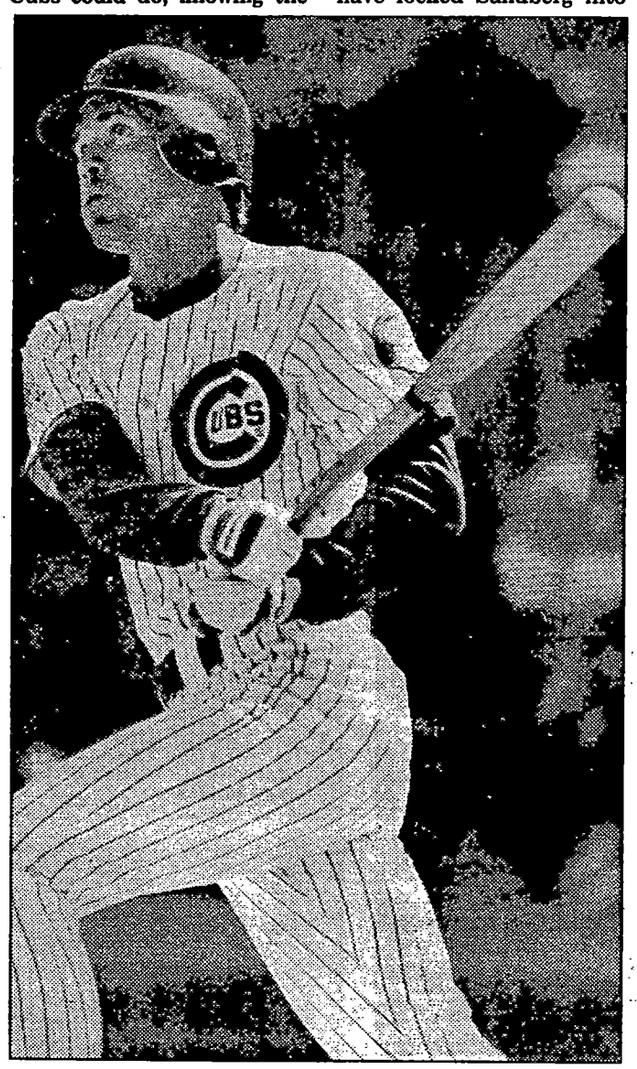
Had to do is more like it.

The deal was a must because Ryne Sandberg is Ryne Sandberg, the closest spiritual answer to Ernie Banks offered by the post-modern Cubbie era. In a chaotic, bumbling organization, he is the rock of stability, the model citizen, a source of hope and pride in an eternally futile situation. Let Sandberg play out the season and flee elsewhere, without any meaningful compensation, and you might as well torch the ivy and tear down the bricks.

He is more than a future Hall of Famer, a flawless infielder, a complete hitter, one of the top three second basemen to ever play the game, arguably the best all-around ballplayer going. From a marketing perspective, he often represents the only legitimate reason to watch the Cubs. With the White Sox very serious about winning pennants in their South Side amusement park, the Trib is locked in its first furious, long-term battle for the town's summertime hearts. At the moment, the Cubs are losing the fight. If Sandberg left town, only Lee Elia's out-of-works would show up.

Do not forget, either, that Chicago's newest Fortune 500 corporation happens to be white. Skin pigmentation never should be an issue, of course, but sports teams can't help themselves. They know most top athletes in this country are black. They know most paying customers are white. So it is very important to hold on to any white superstar, especially one who is polite, wholesome, good-looking, hard-working, looks swell on a kid's bedroom wall and, most important, attracts a nationwide viewership on WGN.

Always mindful of its Republican image, the Trib knew it couldn't lose this All-America commodity. Why it took Cook and cohorts an entire winter to figure it out, I can't explain. With a little foresight, they could have locked Sandberg into a deal long ago and saved themselves millions. But never accuse the Cubs of vision. Only hours before Sandberg's self-imposed deadline of 12:01 a.m. Monday, there were Cook and Trib attorney Dennis Homerin, rushing to Arizona on airplanes.



SUN-TIMES/Phil Velasquez

The Cubs had little choice but to sign Ryne Sandberg—even to the tune of an astounding $30.5 million.

Two hours after the witching hour, they still weren't prepared to grant Sandberg's wishes. There were significant gaps in length of service and money—"in that order," said Jim Turner, Sandberg's agent—and the situation looked bleak. It was then that Cook, the Trib Tower smoothie, decided to have a moonlight chat with the Mister and Missus, the chat that saved Ryno.

"After midnight, I was having a lot of doubts it would get done," Sandberg said. "But we had our chat with Mr. Cook, and that was very helpful. It left the door open until morning."

Over coffee and grunts, the deal was done by noon. Hideous as the economics seem, it's a victory for Sandberg, for Chicago baseball fans and, yes, for the Cubs. The money figures look like Michigan Avenue now, but with the going salary curve, they probably will look like Gurnee Mills in three years.

Before you boo Sandberg for every strikeout, every rare error, consider he isn't as greedy as you might think. If he was out for the almighty dollar, he could have waited until the postseason and pitted the Cubs against others in the open market. That way, here or elsewhere, he would have received a fatter package—what Cal Ripken and Barry Bonds will command.

But Sandberg wanted his security. "I wanted to remain in Chicago, and my family did," he said. "I'm very happy. My face will be sore from smiling."

Yes, baseball salary news should be accompanied by a vomit bag. No, this isn't the time to get ill. Thirty-one million dollars is a repulsive figure, but I suspect you might be more nauseous if Ryne Sandberg wasn't signed today. When Greg Maddux demands more, that's when you get sick.

Bulls cut down Timberwolves

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Hawks blow lead, tie Isles

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L of

Sports

Dawson to Cubs:

A new deal . . . (

Opening Day his deadline for pact extension

By Dave van Dyck
Staff Writer

MESA, Ariz.—Andre Dawson, a potential free agent, feels he deserves a contract extension and is threatening to leave the Cubs after the season if he doesn't get it.

Dawson said he will give the Cubs one month—until Opening Day April 7—to get it done.

"I think I've definitely earned an extension," Dawson said at the Cubs' spring training base. "I've been in the game long enough I don't have to prove my capabilities. If there's any loyalty in the game, I would think that would come into the picture. But I guess you don't take things for granted."

Dawson's demand comes less than a week after Ryne Sandberg received a $28.4 million, four-year extension.

Dawson's agent and the Cubs have held no serious talks yet, but Dawson says he wants his focus on baseball after April 7.

"I won't issue an ultimatum, but I don't want to talk during the season," he said.

Would he return to the Cubs if they made him a good offer while he was a free agent?

"I doubt it," he said, "just because of the respect factor. I know I could go to the American League and if I wasn't in the field [as a DH], I could play longer. But I would probably want to stay in the National League."

The unmistakable rest of the thought is that revenge on the Cubs would be a motivation. But Dawson hopes the issue won't go

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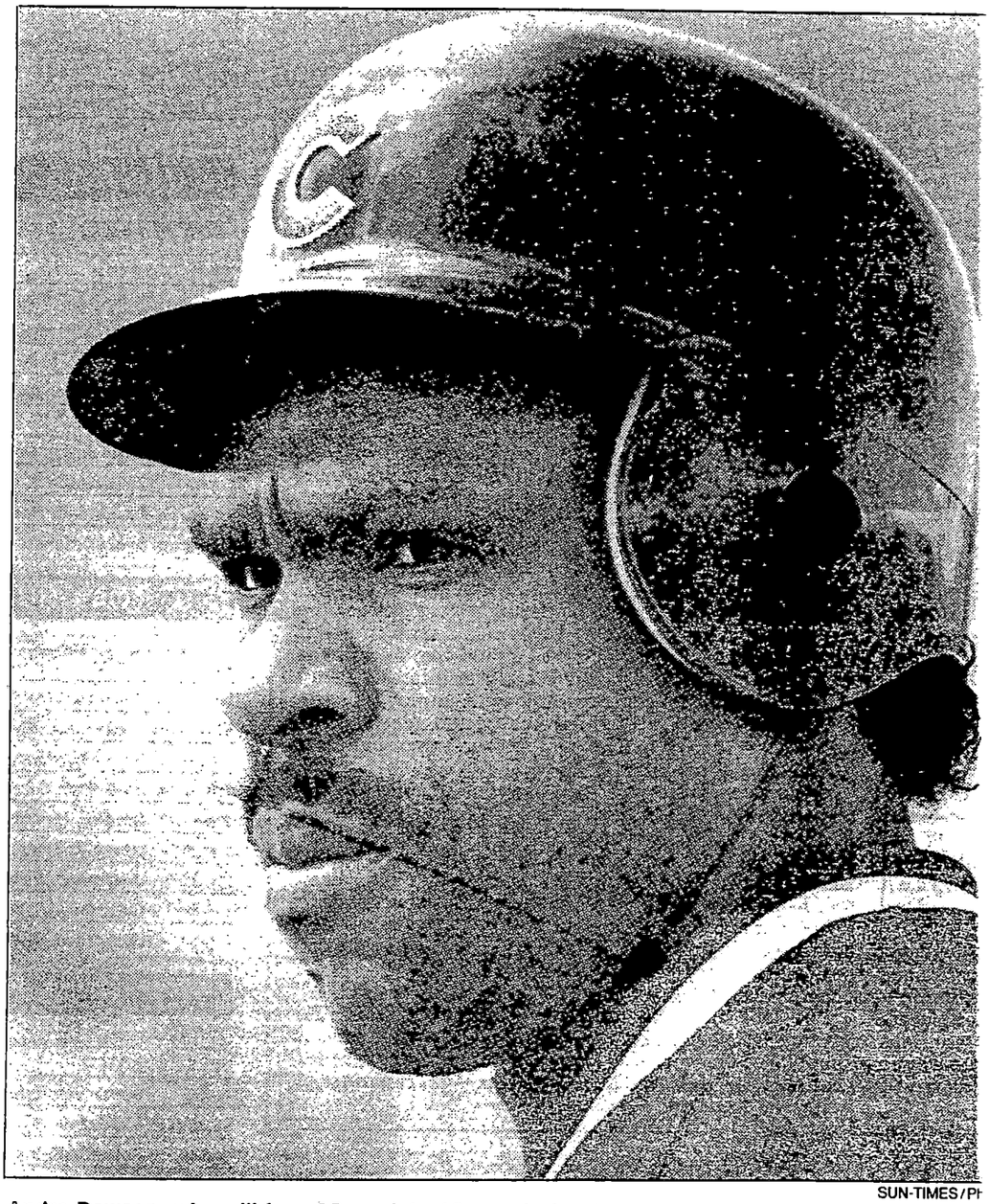

SUN-TIMES/PH

Andre Dawson, who will turn 38 on July 10, wants to play three more seasons—hopefully a

Marshall advances past Simeon to Public League (

NL REPORT

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...stadium complex in Mesa

By Toni Ginnetti
Staff Writer

MESA, Ariz.—General manager **Larry Himes** has big designs for the team's spring training complex. Bigger than the remodeling going on at Wrigley Field and Fitch Park here.

He would like a new stadium for the Cubs here, built on vacant land between HoHoKam and Fitch parks. But that isn't likely to happen because the land is a valuable building site owned by the Fitch family.

Nor are the HoHoKams, the Cubs' local civic sponsors, interested in paying for a new stadium.

But Himes still longs for a complex similar to the modern facility the White Sox have in the Ed Smith Complex in Sarasota, Fla.

"This [HoHoKam] would be a perfect spot for the Angels [who would train part of the spring in Mesa and move permanently to Tempe next year]. The Angels could come here, the Padres [considering leaving Yuma] could take over Tempe, and we could build on a vacant lot."

He stressed, "This is still in the infancy stages."

A new stadium might be a consideration if the Arizona Winter League, which begins this year, is successful.

CUBS BEAT

In the meantime, the HoHoKams are planning a $150,000, 1,500-seat expansion at the park for next season.

MORGAN TO PITCH: **Mike Morgan** will start today's Cactus League opener against San Francisco. The Cubs lineup will have **Jerome Walton** leading off in center field, **Ryne Sandberg** at second, **Mark Grace** at first, **Andre Dawson** in right, **Dwight Smith** in left, **Gary Scott** at third, **Joe Girardi** catching and **Jose Vizcaino** at shortstop. **Shawon Dunston** and **George Bell** will be held out.

WENDELL ROCKED: Manager **Jim Lefebvre** was concerned about rookie **Turk Wendell's** performance in Thursday's intrasquad game. The right-hander, who gave up a two-run homer to Dawson, walked two and threw one wild pitch, said he felt tenderness in his elbow, a problem he has had in the past and in winter ball this year. But Wendell downplayed the problem.

"The same thing happened last year in spring," he said. "It's an annual spring training thing. I haven't thrown a slider all winter and I threw one. That's the one Hawk took deep."

Wendell said the elbow was examined in winter and X-rays were negative. "It's just something in the muscle. It's just something I have to be careful with and have supervised closely."

SOLID SHOWINGS: **Danny Jackson** (two walks in two innings) and **Bob Scanlan** had sound outings.

"Jackson threw with no pain," Lefebvre said. "He had good movement on the fastball. I'm encouraged and so were [pitching coach] **Billy Connors** and [bullpen coach] **Sammy Ellis**. Scanlan threw well. He threw strikes and that's all he has to do."

SANDBERG PAYS UP: **Ryne Sandberg** paid his $2 fine Thursday for missing Monday's practice to negotiate his record contract. "I'm going to frame them and put them on the wall," Lefebvre said. "It's probably the last time I'll ever have to fine him."

HERZOG ON HAND: Angels general manager **Whitey Herzog** watched Thursday's intrasquad game and visited with former Cubs GM **Herman Franks**, who lives here.

Dawson

Continued from Back Page

that far. "It's no big secret I would like to retire as a Cub," he said.

"My goal now is to play until I'm 40."

Dawson, an All-Star outfielder all five seasons with the Cubs and an eight-time Gold Glover, turns 38 July 10. So it's obvious he would like two more years on his contract.

Once the highest-paid Cub and one of the highest-paid players in the league, Dawson will make $3.3 million this season.

That leaves him the third highest-paid Cub behind Sandberg and pitcher Greg Maddux, and not even among the top 40 highest-paid in baseball.

Dawson declined to say what kind of money he would expect, but did say, "I think my career speaks for itself."

In the last five seasons, he has a .286 average with 152 homers and 497 RBI, including the injury-plagued 1989 season.

In the same span, Sandberg hit .289 with 131 homers and 404 RBI, although he hit in the nonproductive second spot much of that time.

Cubs general manager Larry Himes, who helped Tribune Co. financial higher-ups settle the Sandberg squabble, is aware his right fielder could become a free agent after the season.

"We haven't talked about it at all," Himes said of a new contract.

"I don't know what we're going to do. It's something we know is there and we'll pay attention to it very closely because it's him."

While Dawson is a special person, the Cubs have legitimate concerns about his age and his knees. In 1989, he went through two knee surgeries, although he has had little trouble since.

"My knees have been the subject of discussion for as long as I can remember," Dawson said. "Now people ask how long I can play, not how my knees are. Playing [to age 40] is more of an ego thing. That's why I'm pushing myself so hard. I don't want to be out there one day and sit the next. I want to play every day.

"I feel, in all honesty, I'm very capable of doing that and playing another three years [including this one] and walking away from it."

As with Sandberg, no one ever has questioned Dawson's work ethic. If people had before, they couldn't now.

He just finished the most rigorous winter workout of his career, spending five days a week lifting weights and working with a therapist on conditioning.

"It's more of a challenge to me now," he said. "I wanted to see how far I could push myself this offseason.

I would go through a pretty rigorous routine. I worked harder and put in more hours than ever."

He did it so he could continue to play in the outfield. Dawson insists he would not like to be a full-time DH.

And, even if he becomes a free agent and leaves, he might not like to return to his home of Miami, which joins the National League next season.

"I don't want to play for two years just to be playing," he said.

"Home can be more of a hassle than it can be fun, especially if you know you're not going to win a lot of games. I would like to have one [championship] ring.

"But I won't rule out anything.

"I will figure out my options and make a decision if I have to."

Dawson, who came to the Cubs as a celebrated free agent during the collusion days, signed a blank contract for the 1987 season.

He went on to become the first MVP from a last-place team, but he also has fought for every contract since.

"I don't think I'd be disappointed if they didn't sign me," Dawson said.

"I've been around long enough to know to expect the unexpected."

> **"It's no big secret I would like to retire as a Cub. My goal now is to play until I'm 40. . . . I don't think I'd be disappointed if they didn't sign me. I've been around long enough to know to expect the unexpected."**
>
> —Andre Dawson

Jay Mariotti

First Ryno, now Andre: There's no end for Cubs

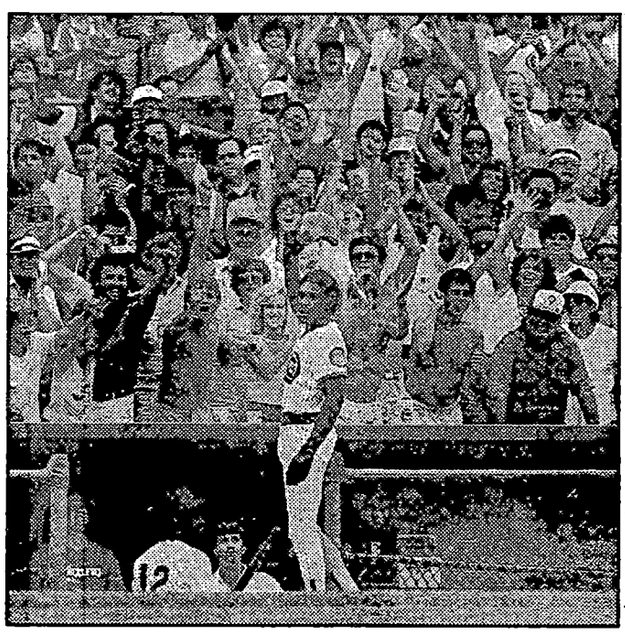
Wonder if our good pals at Tribune Co. are still enjoying the baseball business? They had no choice but to sign Ryne Sandberg, and now, they have no option but to grant Andre Dawson the contract extension of his dreams.

Four years, $28.4 million to Sandberg. Two years, at least $11 million to Dawson. If the price of the sleepier paper increases to two quarters, you'll know why.

When the earth moves, aftershocks follow. Dawson's demands are the first of many Sandberg-related requests you'll hear in coming weeks, not only from Cubs but from wage earners throughout the game. Just because three of every five ballplayers are millionaires doesn't mean greed disappears. Top scale bumps up another million-point-two, and everyone wants his appropriate raise. It's called market value and it's destroying the game, but for sanity's sake, let's view each case on its own merits and try to cope.

The Dawson affair is highly sensitive for the Cubs. Before committing to another major investment, they would rather see how his 37-year-old body and 50-year-old knees hold up this season. But with Dawson cleverly issuing a Sandberg-like decree—sign me by Opening Day or I'll flee as a free agent at season's end—the club will have to act quickly or subject itself to criticism of all sorts.

Racial criticism, for instance.



SUN-TIMES/Brian Jackson

Andre Dawson always has been a Cubs fan favorite.

If the Cubs reject Dawson's demands after meeting Sandberg's, backlash in the black community could be powerful. The club might like to argue that race isn't an issue here, that the two stars can't be fairly compared, that Dawson is five years older and may not make it to his planned retirement at the big four-oh. But that would be a copout, for in this instance, the Elias Sports Bureau does not lie.

In the two seasons since his baseball obituary was written in this town, Dawson has hit 58 home runs and driven in 204 runs. We can hear his legs from Belmont Ave., but almost miraculously, he remains one of the game's most productive sluggers and a feared defensive rightfielder. You and I keep waiting for the great Hawk to succumb and start acting his age. Wonderfully, there is no indication that will happen in the near future.

Let April 7 come and go without a settlement, without a two-season extension in the $5.5-million-a-year range, and the Cubs have big problems. They put Dawson in a mood where he feels unwanted. They have other players wondering why Sandberg was rewarded and Dawson was not—and whether they will be. They also create a civic issue, fair or not, of why the superstar white was signed when the superstar black was not.

This shouldn't be an issue of race, but of simple baseball respect. The word Dawson uses is respect. He also uses loyalty. "I think I've definitely earned an extension," he said Thursday. "I've been in the game long enough. I don't have to prove my capabilities. If there's any loyalty in the game, I would think that would come in the picture."

Loyalty and respect, as well as continued production, are the factors that should make it a no-brainer decision. Few athletes in Chicago are as revered as Dawson. He's a classy, highly popular player whose presence at home plate causes some Wrigley denizens to bow. Ask which player has been more important to the Cubs the last five years—Sandberg or Dawson—and the argument might go until sun-up. Together, along with the departed Rick Sutcliffe, they've been the soul of a team that hasn't broken longstanding Cubbie futility but has brought unusual measures of respectability. If one merits a bonanza, so does the other.

That Dawson addresses the issue now is something of a surprise, in that he's a quiet man who usually avoids controversy. But all he wants is fair play. Sandberg held the Cubs hostage and made them empty the bank. Dawson, rightfully, thinks he's owed the same privilege and reward. Such commotion always is a threat to wreck a club, but by setting an Opening Day deadline, Dawson is doing his part to maintain regular-season peace.

If the Cubs don't react in the next four weeks, the question becomes whether Dawson is serious about leaving town. "It's no big secret I would like to retire as a Cub," he said. But if money is a bigger interest, plenty of American League clubs would love to employ him as a designated hitter. Another club that would adore him as a gate attraction is the National League expansion team in Miami, his hometown.

Dawson respectfully declines that option. After 15 full seasons and zero league pennants, he'd much rather go to a World Series, thank you. "I'd like to have one ring," he said. A cynic would say he'd have a much better chance winning it in Miami than at Wrigley Field. When you hear Jim Lefebvre's plans to try Shawon Dunston and Jerome Walton as his 1-2 hitters, with George Bell and Dawson dropping to 5-6 in the order, cynicism grows. Maybe you'd let the man leave just to give him a championship shot.

But let's not. Pay him. A crochety apologist for Tribune Tower insists baseball's salary madness is simply free enterprise at work. At this rate, though, the coot might go to work one day and have no computer to write on.

National honors for Sun-Times sports section

The Chicago Sun-Times' Sunday sports section was named one of the nation's 10 best in this year's Associated Press Sports Editors contest.

sports section and special section categories.

The Sun-Times was one of only 11 newspapers in its circulation group—

The Chicago Tribune placed in the top 10 in daily and Sunday sections.

The Daily Herald placed in the top 10 in the daily section category and

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g pains with Bo

SUN-TIMES/Tom Cruze

kson considering other options with the White Sox.

Sox ponder options; two hits for Jackson

By Joe Goddard
Staff Writer

SARASOTA, Fla.—Bo Jackson might try to buy some time for his ailing left hip today when he meets with White Sox chairman Jerry Reinsdorf "to get some things resolved that are bothering me."

Being placed on the 60-day disabled list is one of his "options" so he can continue treatment and rehab with trainer Herm Schneider.

Another is reducing his contract to make it more attractive for the club to keep gambling on him. It calls for $910,000 after the March 15 option deadline with $10,000 for each game he is "available" to play.

"I was raised to earn my pay, and right now, the way I'm running, I don't feel I can earn it," Jackson said Thursday after a banner exhibition game of a two-run double, smash infield single and walk against the Pirates.

Jackson and his new agent, Arn Tellem, ruled out retirement. "That's not even a thought," Tellem said.

Surgery isn't contemplated, either. Not now, anyway.

"If it gets to the point I have to go back on crutches, then I'll have surgery," Jackson said. "I want to be able to play with my kids."

Jackson said he had "a lot of problems outside of baseball," too, including "an illness that has been going on for a few years now."

It may be Jackson's mother in Alabama.

Jackson denied the deadline was weighing on him, but it obviously is. His daily treatments are lengthy and arduous, but necessary to bring Jackson to running capabilities.

"Some days—some weeks—I get the best of it and some weeks it gets the best of me," he said.

Schneider is exploring an unknown world from an unusual football injury that destroyed cartilage from the pelvic cup to the femur head. Jackson hadn't run all out for a week before slamming his first-inning double off the right-center field wall.

"I went up thinking, 'Hey, if I get a hit, I'm going to run,' and I did," he said, proudly.

He also had to run home from third on an infield throwing error. He just made it standing up, drawing a huge ovation from 5,551 fans. "I wasn't going to take a chance by sliding," Jackson said.

Jackson expects to be "very sore" today.

Jackson then said he was "looking forward to life without baseball."

"My wife told me that the day I decide to leave sports was the day I become Mr. Mom. That will be my job. I'll prepare the kids for school and drop them off, then pick them up and go to the pond.

"And I have some business ventures I'd like to get started. I'll be 'Bo the Businessman.' "

That won't happen until Jackson is convinced he can't go on.

"I have lived with pain from the day it happened. I'm only aware of it when I think about it, so I try not to think of it. I know it will get worse as time goes on. I'm comfortable with that."

The Sox are comfortable with Jackson's hitting. They are not comfortable with his running, which makes him look like a high-stepping drum major.

"We're trying to make his running average at best," Schneider said. "I don't think we can improve it by leaps and bounds. We can only hope for it to be a little bit better each day."

Jackson insists money is not his motive.

"It's because I love playing this game and I love being with these guys. It's something I've never experienced before.

"Hey, things could be worse. I could be back in Chicago doing nothing.

"As long as I feel I can play this game, I'll keep trying.

"When it gets to the point I can't run anymore, I'll get up and go."

king 'Ventura-type' contract

WHITE SOX BEAT

elbow tightened in the exhibition opener. X-rays were negative, but he needed a shot.

"It's not in the same area, so that's encouraging," he said of surgery last summer. "The shot should knock it so I can throw again, maybe in three or four days."

FREY ON JOB: **Jim Frey,** removed as general manager of the Cubs but being paid for another year as a scout, was greeted by Sox GM **Ron Schueler.**

Schueler: "You had the Ryno [**Ryne Sandberg**] money approved ahead of time, right?"

Frey: "You know what they say in the military and politics: It wasn't my watch."

to beat Pirates skipper **Jim Leyland** in the exhibition opener. They went out to dinner to discuss it.

"He's paying," Leyland said.

"Some things never change," Lamont said.

THE DEFENSE RESTS: Broadcaster **Ed Farmer,** Schueler's assistant the last few years, defended Schueler again against **Sammy Ellis,** last year's pitching coach.

"Does Sammy know that Schu thought so much of him that he asked Gene [Lamont] to interview him?" Farmer said. "I guess he doesn't want to remember that, huh?"

GRASS IS GREENER: Comiskey Park's grass is in great shape from the mild winter. Former groundskeeper **Gene Bossard,** now a consultant, watered it for the first time while son **Roger,** who succeeded

WHITE SOX 6, PIRATES 1

■ **THE SYNOPSIS:** Bo Jackson doubled home the first two runs and singled to the infield in three trips Thursday to make the White Sox opener a 6-1 success over the Pirates at Sarasota, Fla.

■ **THE GOOD:** Robin Ventura and Ozzie Guillen also had two hits. Alex Fernandez pitched three shutout innings and Brian Drahman $2^2/_3$ innings.

■ **THE BAD:** In allowing the only run, Atlee Hammaker faced two batters before straining his elbow and leaving for X-rays that were negative.

■ **THE RECORDS:** White Sox 1-0, Pirates 0-1.

■ **ON DECK:** Opening Day starter Jack McDowell makes his first appearance today against the Tigers' Walt Terrell at Sarasota.

The Capital of Real Life

BY SCOTT TUROW

Lake Michigan, boundless and blue, with its shoreside parks and high-rises and a sandy beach longer than Grand Cayman's, is regarded as Chicago's glory, but the Chicago River—slow, narrow and murky—is the city's true inspiration, its source. The city was settled here because Jesuit explorer Père Marquette envisioned the river, then a swampy lagoon, as the elusive link in a great inland waterway joining the Great Lakes to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Excavated, eventually, and topped off with water from the lake, the river never had its heyday, since the railroads whose tracks ran along its banks proved a more versatile and attractive means of transport for a nation in the making. The river, wiggling the city's length, was left more or less as a sanitary ditch.

On the far north side where I grew up, the river was the city limit. As a boy I would stand on a bridge over its smelly waters and look beyond—not to the suburbs, which I regarded as the home of deracinated wimps—but to the America far away, full of better, more rarefied locales, I thought, for the writer I hoped to be. I was embarrassed by Chicago, the home of dead cattle and armed gangsters, whose best-known citizen was Richard J. Daley, a.k.a. Duh Mare.

In 1978, after 10 years away, getting educated and trying to live as a writer, I came back. I was a lawyer now, not a literary dreamer. And for Real Life, Chicago has always been the place, the city to which you come for a job, not a dream. Real Life includes a house in the suburbs I despised, and now more or less enjoy.

Compared with many other northern cities, Chicago thrives. Even in a bicoastal economy you have to make a pit stop somewhere, and this seems to be the place. Chicago is the best off of the old cities, the ones that got the original teams in the American and National Leagues. It is economically vital, having succeeded in segueing from a heavy-manufacturing economy to service industries, and has maintained its urban core. Even its image has improved, due in part to the fact that Chicago is now a cinema boomtown, with 20 movies shot here in 1991 alone. Aside from rueful comments about O'Hare—still the business traveler's vision of the Inferno—people tell me that they like Chicago, extolling it as "a real place, a real city."

That it is. The way these old cities grew in concentric rings, leaving the downtown center as a kind of grand marketplace, may not be as convenient as having a mall around the corner, but it provides a feeling of community that will never arise from the blacktopped acres of a parking lot. But Chicago's "realness" is a product of more than urban planning. It's no accident that many of the great realist writers—Dreiser, Farrell, Algren, Bellow—have written about this city. What's great and real here is what I wanted to flee when I was 11, the whole Second City mentality. No glamour, no jive. It's not like either of the coastal megalopoli, the one in southern California or the universe and city of New York; it can't compete. It is a particularly Chicago thing that the baseball team for which I root with near-religious fervor has not won the World Series in the entire 76 years that the Cubs have played Wrigley Field. New York is the city of winners; Chicago's where there are losers too. L.A. is the home of stars. Just Plain Folks live in Chicago.

Open prairie: Chicago is, in fact, the foremost city in The Rest of America, the biggest city in the country that does not claim to be a world unto itself. There is something to geography, a sense that we are here in the middle of things and not apart from any of it. There is still a touch of small-town dowdiness. An hour away the prairie opens.

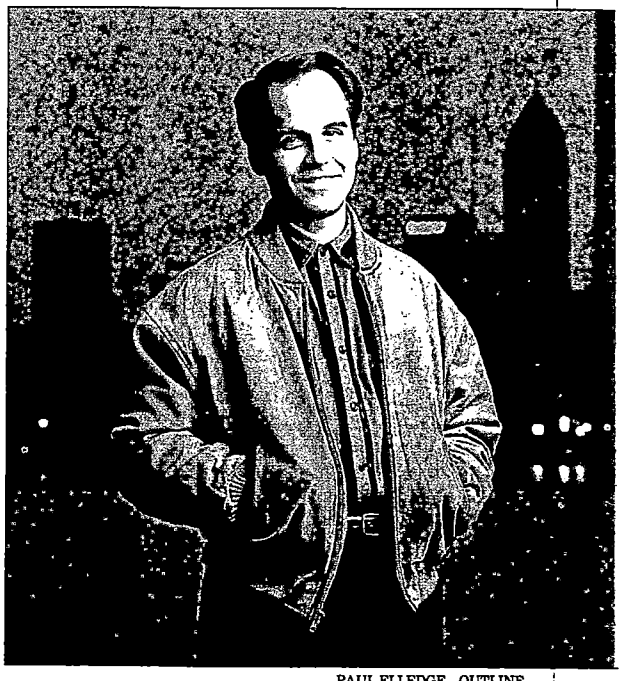
We have never been much for innovative fashions. Aside from thick-crust pizza you cannot name a lot that we have contributed to the lifestyle revolution. This is not the home of step aerobics or alfalfa sprouts. Do not misunderstand: there are lots of imaginative people; we have the world's greatest symphony and a vital theater scene. But being an artist in Chicago is a job like everybody else's, not a claim to membership in an exalted community of outsiders.

Here in a real place, we have real problems too. Chicago may be where you come for a job and not a dream, but there are many people here who have found neither. Chicago's black community, ruthlessly segregated for most of the century, has claimed political power and slowly penetrated the middle class, but there remain hundreds of thousands of Chicagoans of color locked into a sometimes horrifying housing-project subculture.

That of course is hardly new. Indeed, in this age of homogenization, in a country where I won a bet three years ago by predicting I would be served a croissant for breakfast in Wichita, Chicago still seems oddly itself. We still have a mayor named Daley, albeit a far better model. The legendary graft with which I grew up—many Chicagoans kept $2 pinned to their driver's license for any cop who stopped them—has been suppressed by 20 years of federal prosecutions, but barely a month seems to go by without some public somebody on trial for taking folding money in the men's room. Notwithstanding global warming, I can't even say the weather is that much better.

All in all, the place still holds its solemn air. Built on the river, Chicago was settled by those who saw it as a link, somewhere to move on from, and the people who stayed were those whose sense of destiny was less manifest. We're just here, doing our real thing, in a place whose genius seems to remain being in the middle and not running to extremes. This is the city where they dug out a river to be a great inland passage and ended up using it more or less as a sewer, a place, in other words, that has cleaved to a silent, dogged vision that there is always a future, if not a better one, at least one where we will make do.

Scott Turow is a lawyer and the author of "Burden of Proof."



PAUL ELLEDGE—OUTLINE

Second City: *The author and Chicago skyline*

COLUMN

Maclean's
Nov 25, 91

An underrated city, Chicago is

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

Rosa's Lounge is in a part of Chicago that the guidebook calls "mildly threatening." Rosa's Lounge is dark and narrow and filled with high stools. It is not the type of place where you would take your mother. The patrons are white and the musicians are black. The band at the moment is Billy Branch and the S.O.B. That, it turns out, stands for the Sons of the Blues. Billy Branch plays a harmonica that makes your head reel. Rosa's Lounge is where you get the blues.

The most underrated city in North America is Chicago, Chicago is. It is the place where, as Sinatra tells us, he actually saw a man who danced with his wife. Carl Sandburg called it a big-shouldered town, where the fog creeps in on little cat feet. It is regrettably neglected and we must do something about it.

Chicago has the most interesting architecture on the continent, more interesting than New York, more varied than San Francisco, more mature than such a babe as Vancouver. It has the tallest building on the globe, the 110-storey Sears Tower, which is one of the least interesting ones.

At Rosa's Lounge, when you ask Carmelita to call a cab and later go to step out onto the street to check its whereabouts, she hauls you back in and instructs you to wait until the cabbie arrives to walk shotgun. Chicago pedestrians, when you bump into them, surprisingly excuse themselves. In New York, they just walk over you, with eye contact the number 1 no-no.

The stockyards and the slaughterhouses are gone, but there is Joe the Bartender at Cricket's, in the Tremont Hotel. There are all these bartender trophies behind him. His teeth don't fit and he could use a more expensive rug, but he is explaining to a young couple that he makes $360,000 a year because he takes it three ways in his many business ventures, taking a little piece of the action from the supplier, a little piece of the action from the consumer and a little hunk of the action from the middleman.

In the suburb of Oak Park there is the home and studio of Frank Lloyd Wright, who on his wedding night wore only a red velvet sash around his middle. He fathered six children and then ran off with the wife of one of his biggest clients. He is remindful of our currently troubled Canadian genius, Arthur Erickson. Wright throughout his career was always in business troubles and often bankrupt. He survived, as will Erickson's genius.

Billy Branch wears a thick contraption around his middle, rather like an ammunition belt, it not even being his wedding night. Instead of shells, it contains all his harmonicas, and he calls them to service one at a time, making an electrified mouth organ do things never thought of on *Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.*

On the Magnificent Mile, where the shoppers stroll along Michigan Avenue, the women wear ankle-length fur coats as a sort of civic uniform. No chance here, in the big-shouldered town, for irate animal activists spraying them with paint or hissing at the ladies who are warm.

I have never been aware that it is all that windy in the Windy City. Where it is really windy is Winterpeg, site of a chilly Grey Cup, which loses everything because Doug Flutie isn't there. At Cricket's, a woman who looks like Joan Rivers's sister is endlessly explaining her love life to Joe the Bartender and anyone within 25 feet and not in need of an ear trumpet.

Upcoming at Rosa's Lounge are Lil' Ed & the Blues Imperials, Melvin Taylor & the Slack Band and Johnny Littlejohn with Aron Burton ("Free parking next door at Gas Station, attendant on duty Tuesday thru Saturday"). On the Magnificent Mile, with Saks Fifth Avenue and I. Magnin and Neiman Marcus and Tiffany's on every side, huddled in grey stone is the cloisters of the Fourth Presbyterian Church.

With the plastic furiously slapping down on the sales counters like the beat-beat-beat of the tom-tom, inside there is choir practice at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, a lovely solace from all the commerce outside, the insistent choirmaster (as all choirmasters) insisting on just one more time, on getting it just right. Just like Sinatra. Chicago is.

The Art Institute of Chicago is one of the great museums of the world. It is as good as the famous Chicago ribs. You get them at Carson's. Naugahyde City, but the ribs are real. There is in Chicago a basic common sense, a city not trying to be something that it is not. It is no longer the Second City, Los Angeles having taken over that population rating, but it is content and openhanded and what you see is what you get.

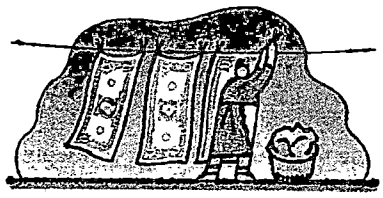
Men actually wear sports jackets and slacks to the office, a sign of a civilized city. When you complain that Billy Branch and the Sons of the Blues are taking rather too long at their break, they get up cheerfully and continue the gig. O'Hare continues to hum as the busiest airport in the world. The Chicago Bulls are the basketball champions of that same world. The Cubs' Wrigley Field is still the prettiest ball park in the land, though they have now tainted it with floodlights.

Toronto (as it now regrets) had ambitions to be a second New York, with that tremulous city always the model for anyone in Toronto who wanted to get ahead or worship something bigger. Better that it would have modelled itself on Chicago, a city also on a lake that knows how to communicate with that lake and does not take itself too seriously.

Perhaps there is still time.

EYE ON THE '90s

The color of money • Tough times require tough—and bizarre—measures. A bill aimed at thwarting money launderers now in Congress calls for the Treasury Department to



consider changing the color and size of U.S. currency circulated outside the country. The idea is to make drug transactions easier to spot. (If the bills are gold, it's heroin money; if they glow, it's LSD?)

One other possible ploy is to withdraw $50 and $100 bills from circulation, forcing drug dealers to explain why they are trading in huge stacks of big bills for smaller ones.

That ought to show them. Provided they don't already own the banks in question.

ILLUSTRATION: STEVE McCRACKEN FOR *USN&WR*

DATELINE

FEUDBALL IN THE WINDY CITY

CHICAGO—Though this city is home to the nation's largest populations of Serbs and Croats, the two groups almost never meet. They inhabit separate worlds, frequenting their own churches and cultural centers, isolated by ancient enmities brought over from the old country. Only on the soccer field do the two come into contact. And more often than not, the contact is bruising and bloody—a small-scale metaphor for the violence now being played out in Yugoslavia. Last fall, a frustrated Serbian fan emptied a revolver into the air after his team lost to the Croats for the state championship. At a February match, both benches cleared when a Serbian defenseman put a headlock on a Croatian forward. Referees had to break up the melee.

PAUL MERIDETH FOR *USN&WR*

Croats' club. *Muscles and heroes*

The soccer rivalry, like the ethnic hostilities back home, is fueled by history. Both sides remember not only the score of every game played for the last 20 years but every shoving match, every insult. On a recent evening at the Croatians' soccer club, on Western Avenue, players and fans hoisted beers and shared plates of *cevapcici*—kabobs of ground beef and spices—and recalled a game played in 1968 as if it were last week. Ilia Pavljasevic, a former star halfback who now announces games on the Croatian radio station, remembers especially the "dirty play" of a Serb who shattered his, Ilia's, knee and landed him in the hospital. After the game, hundreds of vengeful Croatian fans chased the Serbian team into a tavern, chanting invectives and shouting nationalist songs. This time, the police had to be brought in.

The Serbs also remember each game clearly, though obviously from a different

perspective. For an outsider, piecing together a particular incident is as frustrating as trying to understand Balkan politics. An account of an injustice suffered on a Chicago soccer field will shift without warning to a diatribe on the slaughter of Serbs by Hitler-sympathizing Croats during World War II. Croats call such charges Communist propaganda; Serbs point out that Tito himself was Croatian. Croats counter that the real Tito died in the 1940s and was replaced by a look-alike.

Both groups gain strength from their churches, yet religion only fuels the rivalry. In testament to their peaceful intentions, United Serbs President Walter Vla recalls that in 1984, his soccer team joined a different league to avoid having to play—and fight with—the Croats. Naturally, when the Croats tried to join the new league, in 1989, the Serbs lobbied to keep them out. But other teams let the Croats in, says Vla, because "those teams are Catholic, like the Croats, and we are Eastern Orthodox. The Catholics, they stick together."

PAUL MERIDETH FOR *USN&WR*

Serbs' club. *Slights and wrongs*

Over more beer and *cevapcici* at the United Serbs clubhouse, on Milwaukee Avenue, board member Mike Nikolich says that all the teams in Chicago's ethnic soccer leagues have had run-ins with the Croats. The soccer club, he says, is a way to keep Serbian youth out of gangs and "teach them sportsmanship and honorable behavior."

Last month, the Serbs chose to forfeit the season's final scheduled game against the Croats rather than risk more violence. But like the peace accord reached last week between Slovenia and the Yugoslav government, the calm will not last long. Only one thing can make the combatants drop their discussions of soccer and insult, at least for the moment. A report on Yugoslavia comes on the television perched on a shelf over the bar at the Serbian soccer club. The men lift pensive eyes to the screen, and all talk of games suddenly stops.

BY PAUL GLASTRIS

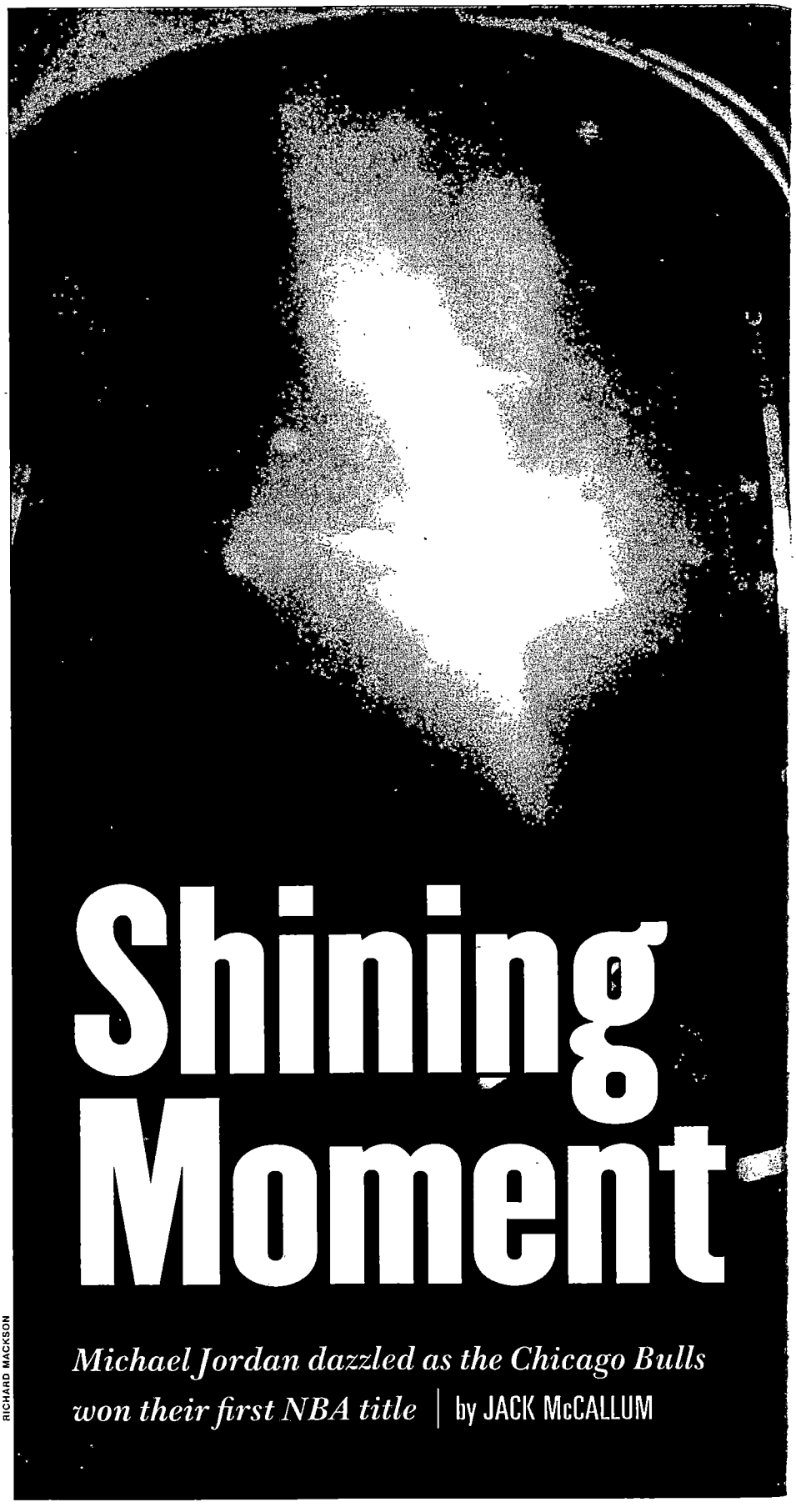
EYE ON THE '90s

News bites • A rubric for the '90s: the Vampire Decade. A better image—thanks to last TV season's "Dark Shadows"—has brought vampires out of the crypt, says Stephen Kaplan, a self-proclaimed expert. There are now 700 supposed vampires worldwide. Bloodsuckers are taking care in this age of AIDS: Many keep to just one or two victims. Says Kaplan, "The modern vampire is a more responsible vampire." And a more visible one. New sunscreens allow the photophobes to come out in the daylight.

◇

Oh, shut up • Viewers may not be surprised that the voice of "Entertainment Tonight's" Mary Hart induces epileptic seizures. Last week's *New England Journal of Medicine* tells of a woman who, upon hearing the perky TV host, grows queasy and blacks out. Next week's *Journal* subjects: Regis and Kathie Lee.

BY AMY BERNSTEIN



Shining Moment

Michael Jordan dazzled as the Chicago Bulls won their first NBA title | by JACK McCALLUM

RICHARD MACKSON

After seven years of striving, Jordan at last had the championship trophy in his grasp.

AFTER ANSWERING EVERY bell for the Chicago Bulls this season, including the ultimate one that tolled for the Lakers in Los Angeles last week, Michael Jordan was apologetic for getting a late start on the first day of his summer vacation. "Alarm clock malfunction," said Jordan last Saturday morning, sliding into a booth at a restaurant in the Chicago suburb of Deerfield, not far from Jordan's home. "Can you believe I missed my first tee time? The official beginning of the golf season?" He shook his head in amazement.

Jordan was scheduled to play a second round that afternoon at one o'clock, and his breakfast companion suggested that maybe, just maybe, he was too tired for 36 holes, considering the events of the preceding few days: an NBA championship on Wednesday followed by an all-night victory party in Los Angeles, a mini-homecoming ceremony on his lawn on Thursday, a motorcade and rally in downtown Chicago on Friday and an overall emotional catharsis that, in scope and intensity, surprised even Jordan.

"Too tired for golf?" said Jordan on Saturday, genuinely perplexed. "You're kidding, right?"

And so this is Michael Jeffrey Jordan in late spring of 1991—an indefatigable 28-year-old still enchanted with games. But he is somehow different, somehow transformed. The Bulls' first NBA title, secured with a 108–101 victory over the Lakers in Game 5 of the Finals at The Forum, didn't earn for Jordan—as it did for such teammates as Scottie Pippen, Horace Grant and John Paxson—much more fame. Jordan has had an astounding measure of that since he came into the NBA in 1984. Neither will the title do much for his bank account, as it will for Pippen's; last Friday Pippen received a five-year contract extension worth $18 million. Jordan will average about $3.7 million per year from the Bulls over the next five years

BILL SMITH

A bit of the bubbly? Jackson treated Cartwright to a champagne shower after Game 5.

(undoubtedly the best deal for a franchise in all of sport), and his earning power off the court (in excess of $10 million a year) defies credulity. He says he expects to reduce, not increase, his off-the-court commitments.

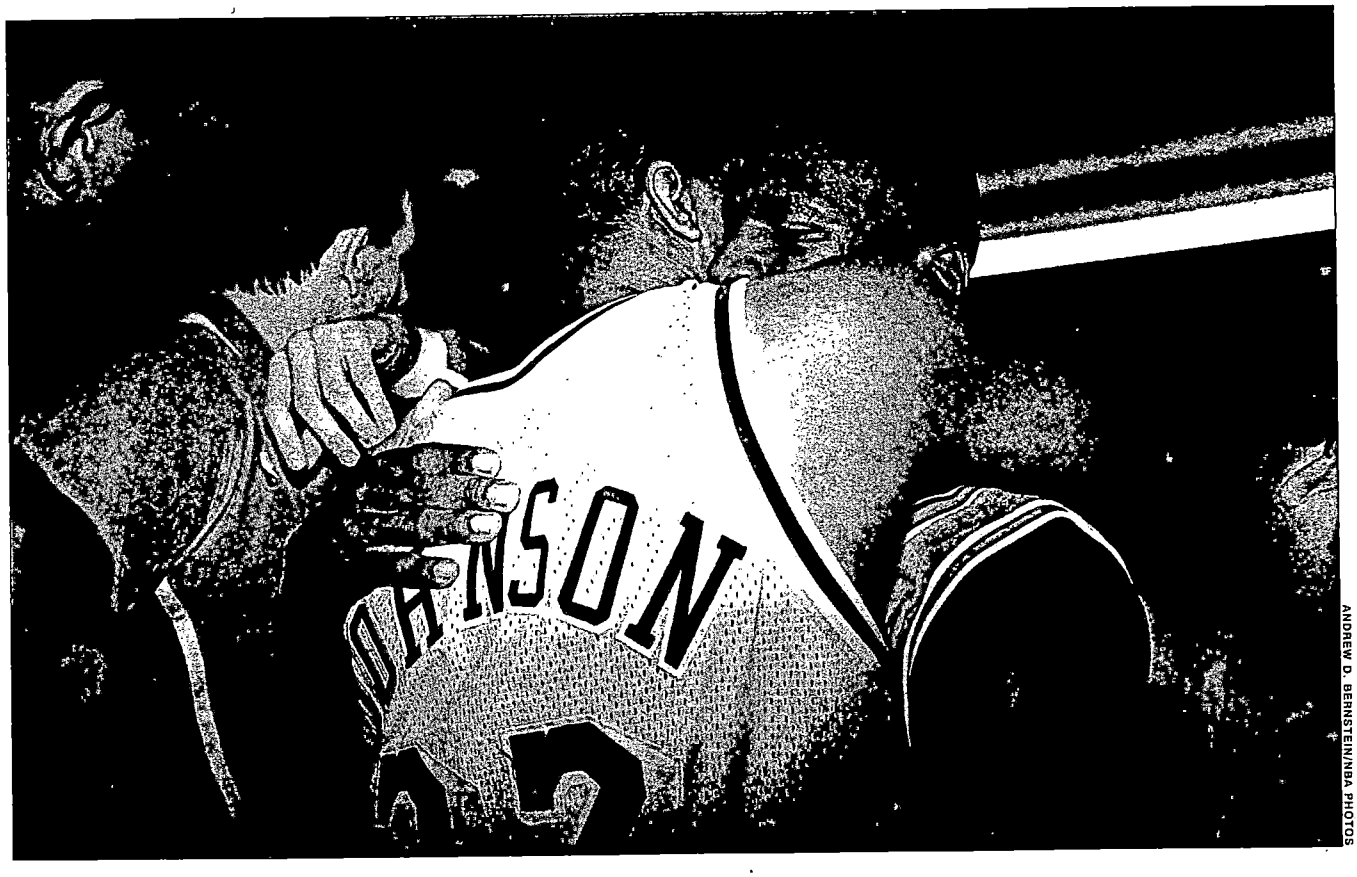
"The difference," said Jordan, tapping his chest, "is in here."

This feeling of inner peace means no more moments of doubt, however fleeting, no more wondering if he was a true winner like Magic Johnson, Larry Bird or Julius Erving, all of whom have played on teams that won NBA titles. "I think people will now feel it's *O.K.* to put me in the category of players like Magic," said Jordan, pushing around waffles on his plate. "Personally, I always felt that in terms of intensity and unselfishness, I played like those type of players. Some people saw that, but many others didn't. And the championship, in the minds of a lot of people, is a sign of, well, greatness. I guess they can say that about me now."

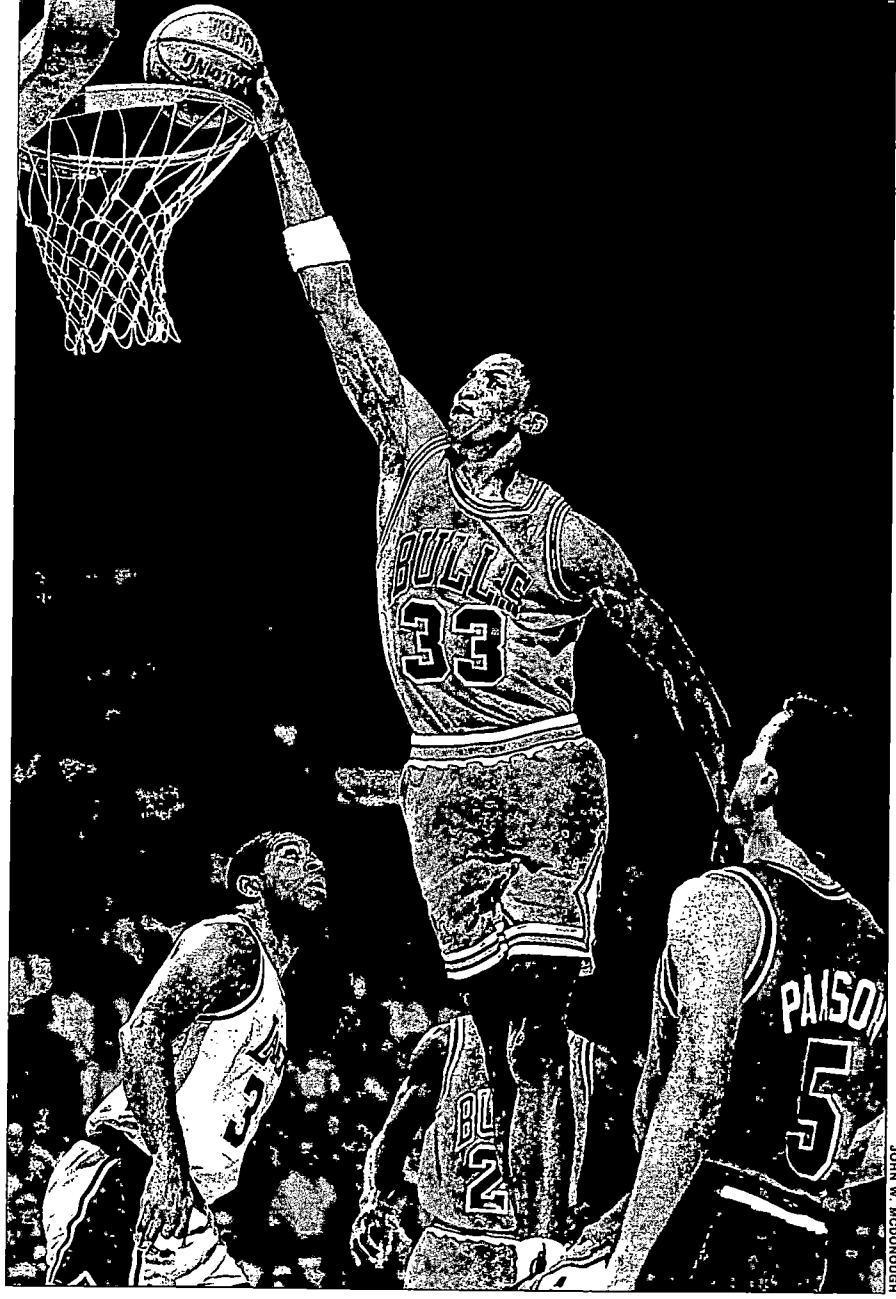
It would be hard to say anything less after Jordan's masterly performance throughout the five games of the Finals, the last four of which were Chicago victories. He scored with metronomic consistency, averaging 31.2 points—a 36-point effort in Game 1 was his high, a 28-point night in Game 4 his low—and a .558 shooting percentage from the floor. (By contrast, Magic, who recognizes a good shot better than anyone, averaged 18.6 points and .431.) Jordan also averaged 11.4 assists, 6.6 rebounds, 2.8 steals and 1.4 blocked shots. And his energetic defensive play, along with that of Pippen and Grant, the other two members of what assistant coach Johnny Bach calls the Wild Bunch, was the key to the series.

In sum, Jordan turned in what was

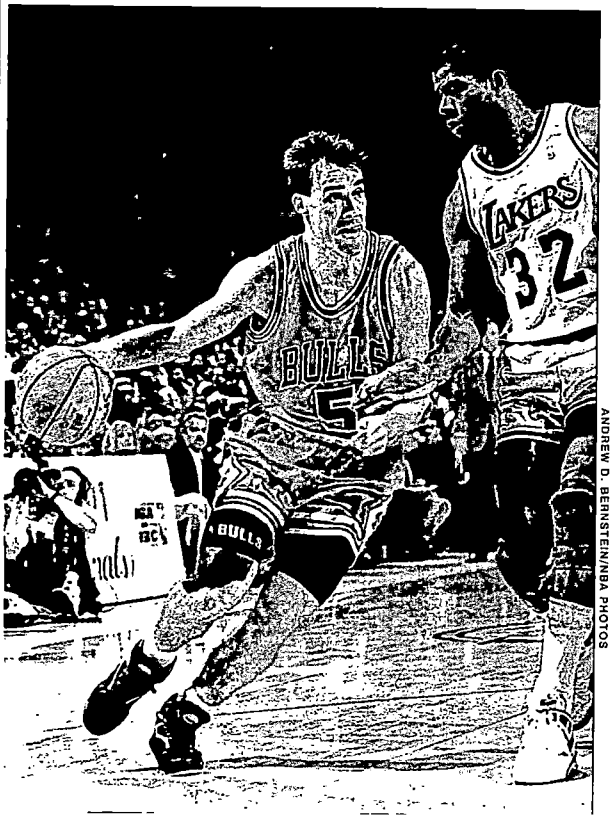
The curtain came down on the Magic and Michael Show with a heartfelt, warm embrace.



ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS



JOHN W. MCDONOUGH



ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS

In Game 5, Pippen (33) concluded a strong series with 32 points, but it was Paxson (5) who buried the Lakers with his timely shooting.

probably the finest all-around performance in a five-game Finals series, of which there have been 11 in NBA history. Jerry West, for example, had more points (33.8 average) in the five-game 1965 Finals between his Lakers and the Celtics, but Jordan set five-game records for assists (57 to Bob Cousy's 53 in 1961) and steals (14 to Terry Porter's 10 in 1990). And few guards have grabbed more rebounds, Magic being one of them: He got 40 rebounds in the series to Jordan's 33. When NBA officials collected the ballots for MVP near the end of Game 5, several members of the media asked, "Are you serious?" Jordan won unanimously.

The Bulls were also helped by a sound game plan. Coach Phil Jackson sniffed out the Lakers' true weakness—the lack of a penetrator who can consistently break down the defense off the dribble—and massed his defensive strength to double- and sometimes triple-team L.A.'s post-up players. The Lakers could muster no counterpunch, and time after time they mindlessly threw the ball into the post, only to have Sam Perkins, James Worthy or Vlade Divac—their vision "occluded," as Bach put it, by the pressure—dribble frantically out to the corner, taking precious seconds off the 24-second clock. L.A. coach Mike Dunleavy finally confused the Bulls somewhat by giving playing time to the young and talented Elden Campbell and Tony Smith in Game 5, but that strategy was more or less forced upon him by injuries to Worthy and Byron Scott. There is no doubt that the Lakers, in contrast to the healthy Bulls, were tired and somewhat battered after an enervating six-game Western Conference final against the Portland Trail Blazers. But there is also no doubt that Jackson decisively outcoached Dunleavy when it counted.

Best of all for the Bulls, Jordan's performance, while sometimes show-stopping, was never showy. (Well, ignore, if you can, the moment late in Game 5 when he blindly tossed in a 12-foot bank shot over his shoulder as he walked to the foul line.) That gave plenty of room for the talents of Pippen, who scored a game-high 32 points in the clincher, and Paxson, who shot a remarkable .653 from the field for the series, mostly on radarlike jumpers from the perimeter. In Game 5, Paxson broke the game open when he scored 10 points in the final four minutes, mostly on long, clutch jumpers. Grant, a gutty power forward in a small forward's body, epitomized the Bulls' team effort; he didn't attempt a single bad shot in five games and averaged an economical 14.6 points on .627 shooting. No wonder the Bulls' .527 team shooting percentage tied the 1989 Pistons for the best in NBA Finals history. And no wonder Jordan insisted that the other four starters, Pippen, Grant, Paxson and center Bill Cartwright, be included in the now traditional "I'm Going to Disney World" commercial filmed shortly after Game 5, for which they divided $100,000.

But, clearly, this was Jordan's show—"a tribute to Michael," as Jackson put it. It may have started out as the Magic and Michael Finals, but Jordan had left the ol'

BILL SMITH

Jordan took his eye off the prize for a second to chat up Krause . . .

purple-and-gold warrior in the dust by the time the final buzzer sounded. Magic knew it, too. He calmly answered question after question about Jordan in the locker room and never showed a trace of jealousy or pique, a tranquillity forged at least in part by his nine Finals appearances and five championship rings. Those who had visited the Chicago locker room reported Jordan's teary reaction to winning the championship and asked Johnson if he, too, had felt so emotional after his first title, way back in his rookie year of 1980.

"No, I didn't react that way, but there's a good reason for the difference," said Magic. "I was so young [20], so unschooled in what it took to win an NBA championship. So I know exactly what Michael is feeling now because I felt that way later in my career, when it took so much more effort and sweat to win it."

Over breakfast on Saturday, Jordan said that Magic's analysis was correct.

"After we won the NCAA championship in my freshman year [at North Carolina in 1982] I felt happy, but not all that emotional," said Jordan. "I remember seeing Jimmy Black and a few of the other guys really crying, and I'm thinking, What's going on? This is *supposed* to happen, right? You come to college and you win a championship.

"But in the pros I've seen it from the opposite side. All the struggles, all the people saying, 'He's not gonna win,' all those little doubts you have about yourself. You have to put them aside and think positive. I am gonna win! I am a winner! And then when you do it, well, it's just amazing."

Still, even Jordan was surprised by the tidal wave of emotion that struck him as he entered the locker room after Game 5 and knelt for the team prayer. He sobbed, at times almost uncontrollably, as his wife, Juanita, and father, James, sat beside him, massaging his arms and shoulders. He had almost stopped crying when a friend led a smiling woman into the circle. "Michael, it's your mother," the friend said. And he broke down again as Evelyn Jordan kissed him, patted his cheek and retreated into the background. "I figured he'd react that way because it took so much hard work," said Evelyn. Recalling the moment, Michael again seemed touched. "You go through that as a kid," he said. "Your mother comes over to console you about something, and that makes you cry even more. But my mom? She handled herself like a movie star."

Which is how Jordan was treated when he arrived back in Chicago at 4 p.m. Thursday. At least 100 well-wishers from his neighborhood and beyond—"Seems like everyone in Chicago knows my address," he said afterward—had turned his front lawn into a minicarnival. Letters, telegrams (one from North Carolina coach Dean Smith), balloons, posters and drawings were tacked to his front door, and there were flowers and plants—"Enough to open up a florist shop," he said—piled up on his porch. He shook his head. "Sometimes I can't believe my life is so crazy," he said.

As for the Bulls' immediate future, Jordan, predictably, had his opinions. Over the past few seasons he had been outspoken in his criticism of general manager Jerry Krause, and although early in the playoffs he said he was willing to eat his words if the Bulls won the title, he didn't sound quite so repentant on Saturday.

"I don't regret anything I said [about

BILL SMITH

. . . but he guarded the hardware on the flight home . . .

BILL SMITH

. . . and triumphantly displayed it to fans who greeted the team at O'Hare Airport.

The earthbound Magic could but watch as Jordan lifted the Bulls to unaccustomed heights.

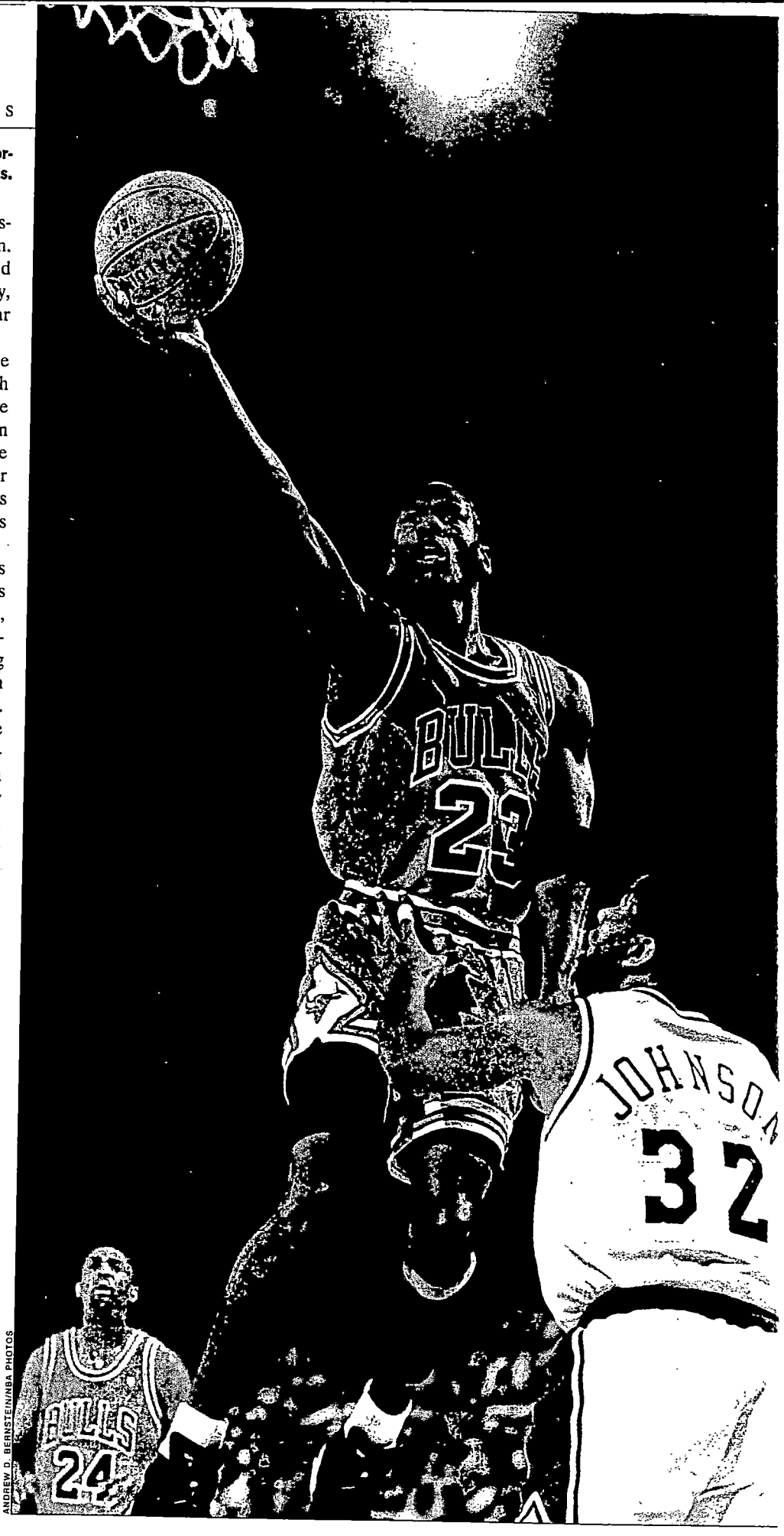
Krause], because I was honestly expressing my feelings at the time," said Jordan. "Our bench was not playing very well, and I thought we needed help. Fortunately, they responded. But I think next year we'll have to build on it to stay strong."

The big questions among the frontline players are Cartwright and Paxson, both of whom are unrestricted free agents. The Bulls are expected to make Cartwright an offer, though it remains to be seen if he will accept one instead from a team closer to his Northern California roots, such as Golden State or Sacramento. "I think it's going to be up to Bill," said Jordan.

There is no such ambivalence in his feelings about Paxson. "Pax signed his own contract with his play in the Finals, and if they don't sign him, I will be one upset Bull," said Jordan. "Anybody playing beside me is going to have to knock down those shots that Pax did in the Finals. We've always communicated well on the floor, but in the Finals it was really something. I *always* knew where he was as soon as I got double-teamed. And I know how he wants the ball—waist-high and in rhythm. He gets it too high or too low, he doesn't shoot it. I want Pax around, that's for sure."

And Jordan will probably get him. Krause had made no move on Paxson as of last weekend, but the feeling is that the general manager will make a solid offer and that Paxson will accept it. The championship season was the first in the 25-year history of the franchise, and Chicago fans will not take kindly to a major breakup. As Jordan finished his breakfast on Saturday, a middle-aged man approached his table sheepishly. "I don't want to bother you for an autograph, Mr. Jordan," he said, "but I just have to thank you for what you've done for Chicago."

Indeed, the 1991 Finals will go down as a championship won for a city that has given the NBA some of its finest moments over the years. And it will go down as the series in which the Bulls' supporting cast at last shrugged off its tag of "the Jordanaries." But make no mistake about it—the victory belonged most of all to Michael Jordan, who, for now at least, sits atop the basketball world, higher even than Magic. And for those who felt that Jordan was already the king, consider the 1991 Finals his coronation. ■



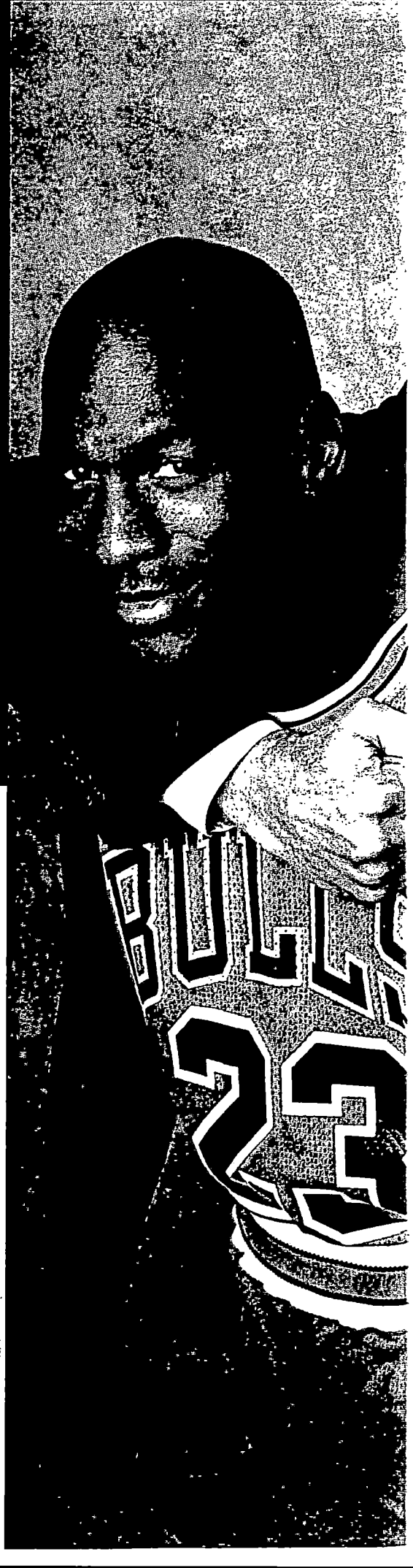
ANDREW D. BERNSTEIN/NBA PHOTOS

'91-92 NBA

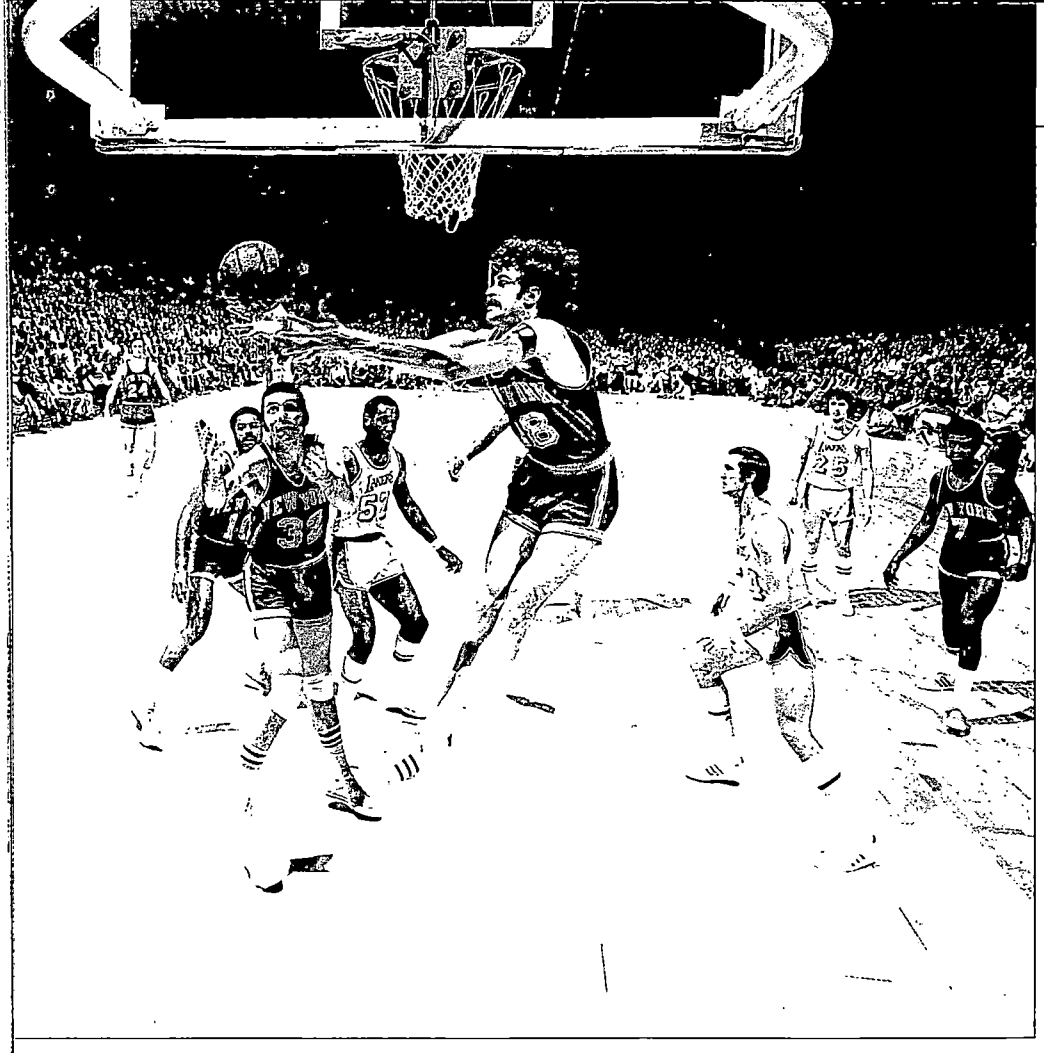
For Whom The Bulls Toil

BULLS COACH PHIL JACKSON USED DIPLOMACY —AND OCCASIONAL STRONG-ARM TACTICS— TO KEEP A FIRM HOLD ON HIS NBA CHAMPS

by JACK McCALLUM



Jordan and Pippen got their TLC, and the Bulls profited.



SHELDAN ANDELSON

Defense and rebounding made Jackson a useful Knick.

Most Saturday evenings found him at the dining room table for "family game night," flicking wooden disks around a rectangular board in a game called Carooms—Jackson calls it Christian pool—or dealing a couple of hands of Rook, a game with faceless playing cards, the kind that didn't send you straight to hell. And on Sundays he stood outside the Assembly of God Church in Williston, N.D., next to his father, Charles, the Pentecostal preacher man, exchanging handshakes and small talk with fellow believers, a gawky greeter in the service of the Lord.

Not many years later, Phil Jackson had long hair, a beard and a restless spirit. He read books on Eastern religion by day, threw elbows around for the New York Knicks by night and dabbled in recreational drugs somewhere in between. He played like a wolf on the prowl, yet ate a careful diet that, for a while, consisted only of vegetables and vitamin supplements. He tested all the rules and all the patience of his coach, Red Holzman, yet he hung on the older man's every word, filing them away for later use. He loved New York City, yet later settled his family in Woodstock, N.Y., among the artisans and bohemians. He longed to coach in the NBA, but showed up in Chicago to interview for an assistant's job with the Bulls wearing a Panama hat with a macaw's feather, and then tried to *explain* the legend of the feather to his prospective boss, Stan Albeck.

"His eyes glazed over very early in the interview," says Jackson, who did not get the job.

So what does the sum of all that experience make the Phil Jackson of today, the 46-year-old Phil Jackson who last season guided the Bulls to their first NBA title?

"A man with a great perspective, a great base of reference, a lot of dimensions," says Knick coach Pat Riley. "These days coaches have to offer more. You've got to bring more to the table. And Phil Jackson brings more to the table than most coaches I can think of."

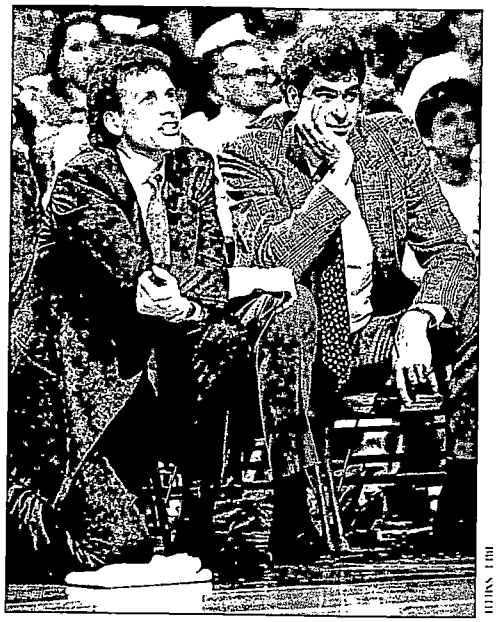
"Meekness in itself is nothing else than a TRUE KNOWING and feeling of a man's self as he is. Any man who truly sees and feels himself as he is must surely be meek indeed."

That quotation, from a book called *The Cloud of Unknowing*, written by an anonymous 16th-century Christian mystic, is printed on an index card and tacked to a wall in Jackson's office at the Multiplex, the Bulls' suburban practice center in Deerfield, Ill. Jackson put it there partly as a reminder to himself, partly as an irritant to assistant coach Johnny Bach, whose view of life is anything but beatific. They argue about it from time to time—Bach, the former Navy gunnery officer and father of a California state trooper, holding that might makes right; Phil, the former flower child, clinging to the view that a man can be humble, passionate, fearful and even self-doubting, yet still be a warrior and a winner.

Everything about Jackson's background suggests a man who has learned to weigh the warring impulses inside him and pursue a system of beliefs and behavior that eludes precise characterization. Compared to most coaches, he comes across like a philosophy professor, a little soft, a little trippy, a little abstract. But put him outside the athletic world, and he would probably come across like an ex-jock or a coach—competitive and driven. Jackson is comfortable on his philosophical tightrope, reaching out to touch something over here, then something way over there, straddling two worlds, listening to all sides, getting along with everyone.

"Phil's like lubricating oil," says June Jackson, his wife of 17 years. "He keeps everything moving."

The art of the compromise—that is what Jackson has mastered. And if his accommodations sometimes come out looking like paradox, then so be it. The Bulls have the greatest open-court player in the history of the game, yet Jackson resolutely—many said stubbornly—stuck to a patterned offense last season that was devised a decade before Michael Jordan was born. There were times during the playoffs, though, when Jackson scrapped the patterned "triangle offense" devised by Bulls assistant Tex Winter in favor of the screen-rolls and isolations used by most NBA teams.



JOHN SIEBERT

When Collins (above, left) got the boot, Jackson got Jordan.

Jackson is by nature egalitarian, yet he admittedly bends team rules to accommodate Jordan. He wrote a controversial and candid book about his career (*Maverick*), and Lord knows he could be happy only in an open society, yet he's extremely wary of the press and somewhat secretive about team matters.

The Bulls' 1990–91 championship season brought Jackson dozens of invitations to clinics and corporate gatherings, yet the only thing that drew him away from his isolated family retreat along Flathead Lake in Montana over the summer was a low-paying appearance at a holistic summer camp near Woodstock. He is determined not to become a human billboard like Mike Ditka, his counterpart with the Bears (whom, somewhat incredibly, Jackson has never met), yet he did sign on for one local commercial with a Cadillac dealer because—hold on to your love beads all you '60s devotees—he drives one. "I didn't want to turn the championship into a capitalistic conquest," said Jackson. "But, let's face it, I took the commercial, and *any* commercial is basically self-serving." Had Jackson, a liberal Democrat, been invited to the White House by a conservative Republican president 10 years ago, he might not have gone, yet when the call came for the Bulls to visit with George Bush last month, Jackson shrugged his huge shoulders and climbed into his suit because he felt he owed it to the franchise. Predictably, Jackson did not join the storm of protest, both within the Chicago organization and without, when Jordan passed up the ceremony. "It was a personal choice," said Jackson, referring to Jordan's absence.

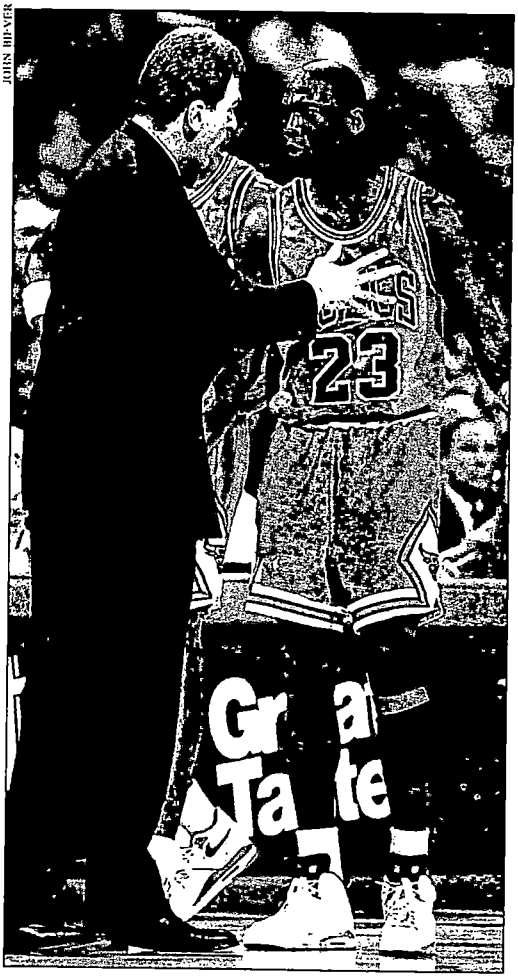
And while Jackson is now uncomfortable with institutionalized religion, he gathers with the other members of his family (June, daughters Chelsea, 16, and Brooke, 14, and 12-year-old fraternal twins Ben and Charley) once a week in their home in Bannockburn, a Chicago suburb, to talk about spiritual subjects and other matters of the heart. (Another daughter, Elizabeth, 23, lives in Washington.)

Such efforts go largely unappreciated in Bigfork, Mont., where Phil's mother, Elisabeth, an erstwhile soul-saving, street-corner evangelist in her own right, who's alone now that Charles has gone to his just reward, prays often for her son's soul. "My mother still tells me, 'Fifteen hundred people witnessed you being given to God, given to the service of the Lord.' " Jackson says. "She really sees that as the fulfillment of my life, not basketball. I guess in some small way she considers me a success, certainly by financial standards. But spiritually? She has her doubts."

Growing up in Williston, then a hard-scrabble town of about 11,000 near the Montana border, Jackson heard more than his share of Holy Roller jibes, but he was never an outcast. If there was a school activity, chances are he was in it. His parents did not hold him back as long as fundamentalist doctrine was not violated. He took piano lessons, played trombone in the school band and acted in high school productions. He was a split end, a defensive lineman and linebacker (now *there's* a trio) in the fall, a high-scoring center in the winter, a pitcher–first baseman in the spring.

An ambitious young basketball coach named Bill Fitch first visited with Jackson on a bitter spring afternoon in Williston, where, in Fitch's car with the heater running, the coach persuaded Jackson to come to the University of North Dakota. Williston's cold, windy weather—"You can fly a kite there forever," says Fitch—made the people tough and competitive, and the loose-limbed Holy Roller was as tough and competitive as anyone. Jackson's fastball drew the attention of baseball recruiters, but Fitch wanted him only for basketball. "It was the right choice," said Fitch, who went on to coach in the NBA with Cleveland, Boston, Houston and, now, New Jersey. "He couldn't find home plate with a Geiger counter."

One of the turning points in Jackson's life occurred late in his freshman year at North Dakota when he took a long drive with his older brother, Joe, then a graduate student at the University of Texas. Joe had become skeptical about the validity of fundamentalism, and Phil, slowly but surely, was beginning to question his own beliefs, too. The changes within



JOHN BIEVER

him were wrenching ones—he was, after all, a kid who came to college unable to accept the principles of Darwinism taught in biology class because they conflicted with the biblical story of creation—and he couldn't ignore them. He began to choose courses from all over the North Dakota curriculum, finally ending up with a composite major in psychology, religion and philosophy—three good reasons to read a lot of books and get into a lot of heady, late-night discussions. Having been a prisoner of rigid dogma for so long, Jackson found great joy in simple intellectual freedoms that others took for granted. Certainly he was not the first college student to rebel against his background, but the difference is that once Jackson started to question, he never stopped. His life became—and to a certain extent still is—a constant reexamination, a desire, as he puts it, "to see what doors I could open."

"I think the myopic way I grew up—and that's the best word to describe it—led to my experimentation," says Jackson. "Everything that happened to me in the 1960s was in tune with my background. The whole psychedelic experience or an LSD trip was, as Timothy Leary said, 'a religious experience.' "

The number of professional coaches who quote Timothy Leary is, to be sure, quite small. And as a forward for the Knicks from 1967–68 through '77–78, Jackson opened a few doors that made his coaches a little skittish. But even when he was living a mild version of the psychedelic life, there was something about him that was stable, something eminently sensible. "He's the most comfortable person I've ever known, and that comes through to people," says Charley Rosen, Jackson's co-author of *Maverick* and later his assistant coach in the Continental Basketball Association. "Often he walked to games in New York, and everybody talked to him—bums, kids, cops, businessmen. It didn't make a difference. Everybody just somehow trusted Phil."

Jackson's revelation in *Maverick*, published in 1975, of his occasional drug use caused a stir. "I was quick to realize that you don't get dropped on the stage without a certain price," says Jackson. He doesn't regret his candor in *Maverick*—regret isn't his style—but June despises the book. "People forget that everyone changes," she says. "What Phil was—or any of us were, for that matter—15 years ago is not what he is today."

Could the '60s flower child have ever pictured himself as champion coach?

Jackson feels that he was distrusted by certain segments of the NBA establishment for a while, but these days his counter-culture leanings are generally forgotten or treated with humor. After he lit a smudge stick of sagebrush in his office a couple of seasons ago, for example, a few players stuck their heads in the door and said, "Oh, back to smokin' a little dope, eh, coach?" Actually, in some Indian tribes the lighting of sage is a ritual of purification—one just doesn't see it much in the NBA.

Anyway, whatever Jackson was questioning in the late-1960s and mid-'70s, it was never his love for basketball. He and Rosen coined a saying early in their friendship, and they still repeat it often: "Basketball's not a metaphor for life. Life's a metaphor for basketball."

On the court, Jackson was never confused with a ballet dancer—his movements still suggest one of those loose-jointed skeletons that get nailed to the front door on Halloween—but he played the game intensely, intelligently and unselfishly. Before Holzman had an assistant, he sometimes sent Jackson to scout the opposition (telling him to buy a meal on the team in exchange for his work), because he trusted Jackson's basketball mind. They didn't have anything in common—the traditional, conservative New Yorker in his Brooks Brothers suits, and the bearded, inquisitive, tie-dyed soul from the north—except for a mutual respect.

Jackson appreciated what he calls Holzman's "tender touch," his knack for compromise and conciliation. "He never overloaded you with advice. He doled it out in small packets and in a variety of ways," says Jackson. "He had a featherweight punch that hit you like a knockout blow." Some of Jackson's off-the-court coaching stratagems—giving his players books to read on road trips, taking a bus instead of a plane so they could see the countryside—are really new-age Holzman.

Still, no one figured Jackson for the coaching type—including Jackson himself, who wrote in *Maverick* that coaching wasn't for him because he couldn't deal with the egos and eccentricities of the players. But after he was traded to the New Jersey Nets in 1978 and became a player–assistant coach under Kevin Loughery, he found he liked coaching.

Jackson's playing career ended in 1980. He ran a health club in Montana for a year and then rejoined the Nets as a TV commentator for a season before taking the head coaching job with the

The coach and the Jackson five, Charley, June, Chelsea, Brooke and Ben, hit the court.

Albany Patroons of the CBA in 1983. He moved his family to Woodstock, trading the 110-mile round-trip commute to Albany for the experience of living in a counter-culture environment. When Bulls general manager Jerry Krause called him in 1985 to interview for an assistant's job with Albeck, he felt he was ready for the NBA but not necessarily ready to fit the mold. "I wanted jobs, but I wanted them on my terms," says Jackson, "and I was still young enough to believe that could happen. I wasn't flaunting anything. I wore suits—don't forget I spent my whole boyhood in Sunday clothes—but, yes, I had the beard." And he had the Panama hat, a model that he had picked up in Puerto Rico, where he had been supplementing his income with summer coaching stints, to protect himself from the sun. "It's not just a hat," says Jackson, who still has it, "it's a *great* hat." Albeck took one look at it and wouldn't let Jackson sell ice cream to his team, much less coach it. "And this from a guy who frizzes his hair," says Jackson, smiling.

Jackson stayed with the Patroons for almost five seasons before tiring of the CBA and quitting after the 1986–87 season. He was considering graduate school and filing for unemployment when Krause called again in September '87 to ask him to interview for an assistant's job that had opened up under Doug Collins. "This time, Phil," said Krause, "come in here the right way." Hatless, featherless and cleanshaven, Jackson was hired. And when Collins was fired after the 1988–89 season, Jackson was elevated to the head job as, according to Krause, "the only candidate I ever considered."

Two major reasons Collins was fired were his emotional volatility (initially a strength because he was able to motivate a young team, later a problem because the Bulls started tuning him out) and his refusal to accept Winter's offensive system. Jackson was clearly of more even temperament than Collins and, just as clearly, had more respect for Winter. Collins, who would not comment for this story, has said that he believes that Jackson worked behind the scenes to backstab him, partly by guaranteeing that he would accept Winter's triple-post system if he got the head job. Both Jackson and Krause vehemently deny that there was any politicking to get Collins fired. "It's a move that had to be made," says Krause. "I remember when Phil told me he was going with Tex's system, and it was well after he was hired. Frankly, yes, I was glad to hear it because I happen to think Tex Winter is a genius. But it was not a condition of Phil's hiring."

If there was one question about Jackson as a head coach, though, it was not whether he would paint the locker room black or hire Jerry Garcia as a scout—it was his ability to come up with an offensive game plan. As a player he averaged only 6.7 points per game in a 13-year career, during which he concentrated on defense. "In his ability to guard every position on the floor, he was ahead of his time defensively," says Holzman.

"Tex's system is exactly what I was looking for," said Jackson. "When I got here, there was a feeling of impotence among some players who were eliminated from the process of ball movement. I came from the Knick system that incorporated all five players. Tex's system made a lot of sense."

It was Jackson's job to sell the system to the players, particularly Jordan, who openly derided it. The coach and the superstar played a constant game of give-and-take, Jackson at times turning the game over to Jordan in exchange for Jordan's sometimes sacrificing points for passes. "It was a difficult sell to Michael," says Jackson, "and it will continue to be difficult."

The compromise system worked to perfection in The Finals against the Lakers, as did Bach's stifling defense; the Bulls were simply an overpowering team in June. Whether or not they will be as overpowering this season is anyone's guess, but, obviously, Jackson's continued rapport with Jordan will be a major factor.

"Phil spent the first half of the year trying to build a solid foundation, getting everyone involved, and I understood that," said Jordan recently. "Yes, I was frustrated at times in the system, but, basically, I understood it. And in the second half of the season he was a little more free-wheeling, a little more willing to open it up. It worked. You have to say it worked, and I give him credit for it. Phil was good for our team, and that's what matters."

Off the floor, any coach of Jordan's has an even more difficult time. Before they almost magically peaked in June, the Bulls were not a particularly harmonious band of merry men. There was grumbling about Jordan from his teammates and complaints about the special treatment afforded him, much of it soon to become public in a book entitled *Jordan Rules*, written by Sam Smith of *The*

Chicago Tribune. Both Jackson and Jordan are awaiting its publication in late fall, though not eagerly. Jackson defends whatever he did and still must do to accommodate Jordan.

"My first concern when I got the job was trying to treat Michael as equally as possible on the court," said Jackson. "That's what our offensive system is all about. But there is no possible way to treat him like every other player off the floor. He cannot walk downstairs in a hotel without being mobbed. I've walked past his room and seen eight, sometimes 10 service people—hotel employees!—outside his door, lurking to see if he comes out, flowers and candy all over the place. Unlike other players he has to have people travel with him to filter some of this out. We made our rules strict. His friends couldn't ride on the team bus or the team charter, but they could be with him on the road. There is a difference in the way he's treated, yes, but there's also a difference in the way he produces. A *big* difference. And that must be weighed. There are jealousies that other players must overcome. If they do, we'll be a great team. If they don't, it's going to be a long season."

If some Bulls resented the special treatment given Jordan, almost all of them appreciated the individual treatment they received from Jackson.

"This is not an easy team to coach," says veteran center Bill Cartwright. "There are so many guys who can really play, who really want to take all the big shots, and there were lots of times, of course, when Michael felt he could simply take over. One of the things Phil did was get Michael to accept his role. And the other thing he did was coach his players like individuals. With me, for example, he wanted to make sure I was healthy, make sure I was getting enough rest. And the fact that he cares about his players off the court gets through, too."

In some respects, 26-year-old Scottie Pippen is as difficult for a coach as Jordan is. Pippen's game was rough and undisciplined, and it was a constant struggle for Jackson to harness Pippen's extraordinary natural ability. Pippen is a proud and emotional man, too, and it took of every bit of Jacksonian diplomacy not only to teach him the finer points, but also to convince him they were necessary. Pippen improved so much last season that he landed a spot, with Jordan, on the 1992 U.S. Olympic team.

"The best thing that happened to us was that Scottie took to our coaching and trusted our intuition," says Jackson. "We encouraged him to provide certain skills. He worked, for example, on different backboard angles on his shots, when to take his shot, knowing when he had to score and when he didn't. The maturing of Scottie Pippen as a player was a major factor in our winning."

PETER READ MILLER

This lid once cost Jackson a Bulls job.

Indeed, Jackson searches constantly for ways to enlighten his players, to expand the limited frame of reference held by many modern-day athletes. The books, the side trips, the subliminal and overt messages he slips into game films, his prattling on about the lessons of history—all those, he hopes, will have some kind of effect. "I'd like to do more," says Jackson. "When we're in Washington I'd like to take the team to the Senate chamber instead of shootaround. I'd like us all to go to an art museum. College coaches are able to do that kind of thing once in a while, but as a professional I have to be careful. Having to win the game gets in the way." But Jackson, somewhat the cockeyed idealist, plunges on, seeking to redefine the role of coach, to find a way to make a difference, probing, weighing, compromising. And one wonders when his restless mind will tell him to move on.

"Tell you the truth, I'm surprised he got into coaching," says Fitch. "Not that he couldn't handle it, but because I thought he'd be a Bill Bradley type, maybe a senator from North Dakota." Says Holzman, "I still think he could go back and be governor of North Dakota." June Jackson suggests that her husband's secret dream is to head the Bureau of Indian Affairs in a Democratic administration of Bradley's, who is still a close friend. Jackson has a deep interest in Native American culture and is surely the only NBA coach with a Xeroxed copy of a postcard of Sioux sign language on his desk, right there next to Winter's *Triple-Post Offense* and John Wooden's *Practical Modern Basketball*.

"Well, I do want to do something worthwhile after basketball," said Jackson, "but I'm just not sure what it is. Everything comes with a price. Indian Affairs? Sure, it would interest me. But I've got time. I'll study my options."

Of course he will. A few summers ago, Jackson went to a Pentecostal service back in Bigfork just to please his mother. During the sermon the preacher began hammering upon the point that there were three sinners in the congregation, three influential men who had turned their back on the Lord by staying away from the church.

"Come forward now and save yourselves!" he shouted. "Come forward and receive the blessings of God!"

Jackson recognized the technique—Lord knows he had seen it enough—but he stared straight ahead. Two of the men finally gave in to the altar call and went forward to be saved. The preacher kept hammering away at the one who didn't. But Jackson stayed in his seat, expression unchanged.

"Sometimes you just have to harden your heart," he said later, "and wait it out." ■

Alone

Michael Jordan, a singular sportsman and

BY JACK MCCALLUM

AT THE RELATIVELY TENDER AGE OF 28, HE STANDS ALONE ON the mountaintop, unquestionably the most famous athlete on the planet and one of its most famous citizens of any kind. We've heard it so often that it's now a cliché, though nonetheless accurate. He *transcends* sports. He keeps a championship ring on his dresser at home and will be making room for another if his team (18–3 at week's end) plays the next six months of the season the way it has played the first two. A two-time MVP, he was probably the best player in the world even before Magic Johnson's retirement, but now the subject isn't even worth debating.

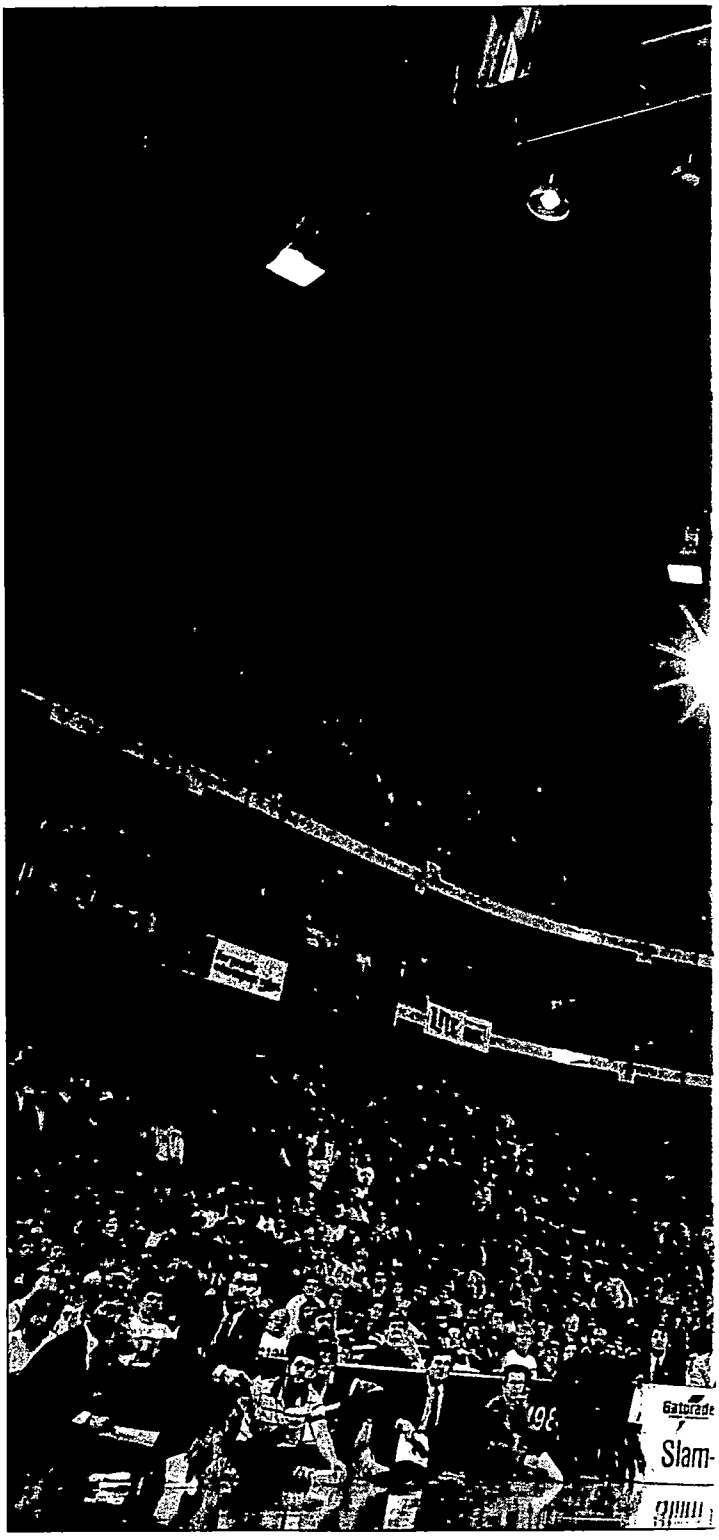
He will earn about $25 million in 1992, only $3.8 million of it from his day job—the rest, an astonishing $21.2 million, from a flood of endorsements. His name and his face are on sneakers, sandwiches, soft drinks and cereal boxes, to mention just a few items. He has a lovely and loving wife, two adorable sons and a relationship with his parents that is so good, the sappiest sitcom wouldn't touch it. He is bothered somewhat by tendinitis and a bone spur in his left knee but is otherwise in outstanding health. He has trouble off the tee from time to time, but his handicap is still in single figures and any number of professional tutors are at his beck and call.

And, so, despite a few esthetic drawbacks—near baldness, skinny legs, overly long basketball trunks and the continuing tendency to stick out his tongue—we honor Michael Jeffrey Jordan as our Sportsman of the Year for 1991.

It is a virtual certainty that since the award originated in 1954, no athlete has been as popular on a worldwide scale as Jordan is now and, for that matter, has been for the last several years. He has surpassed every standard by which we gauge the fame of an athlete and, with few exceptions, has handled the adulation with a preternatural grace and ease that have cut across lines of race, age and gender.

"He has a level of popularity and a value as a commercial spokesman that is almost beyond comprehension," says Nova Lanktree, director of the Burns Sports Service in Chicago, an organization that has been lining up athletes for commercials and tracking their popularity for more than two decades. "It is a singular phenomenon. It never happened before and may not ever happen again."

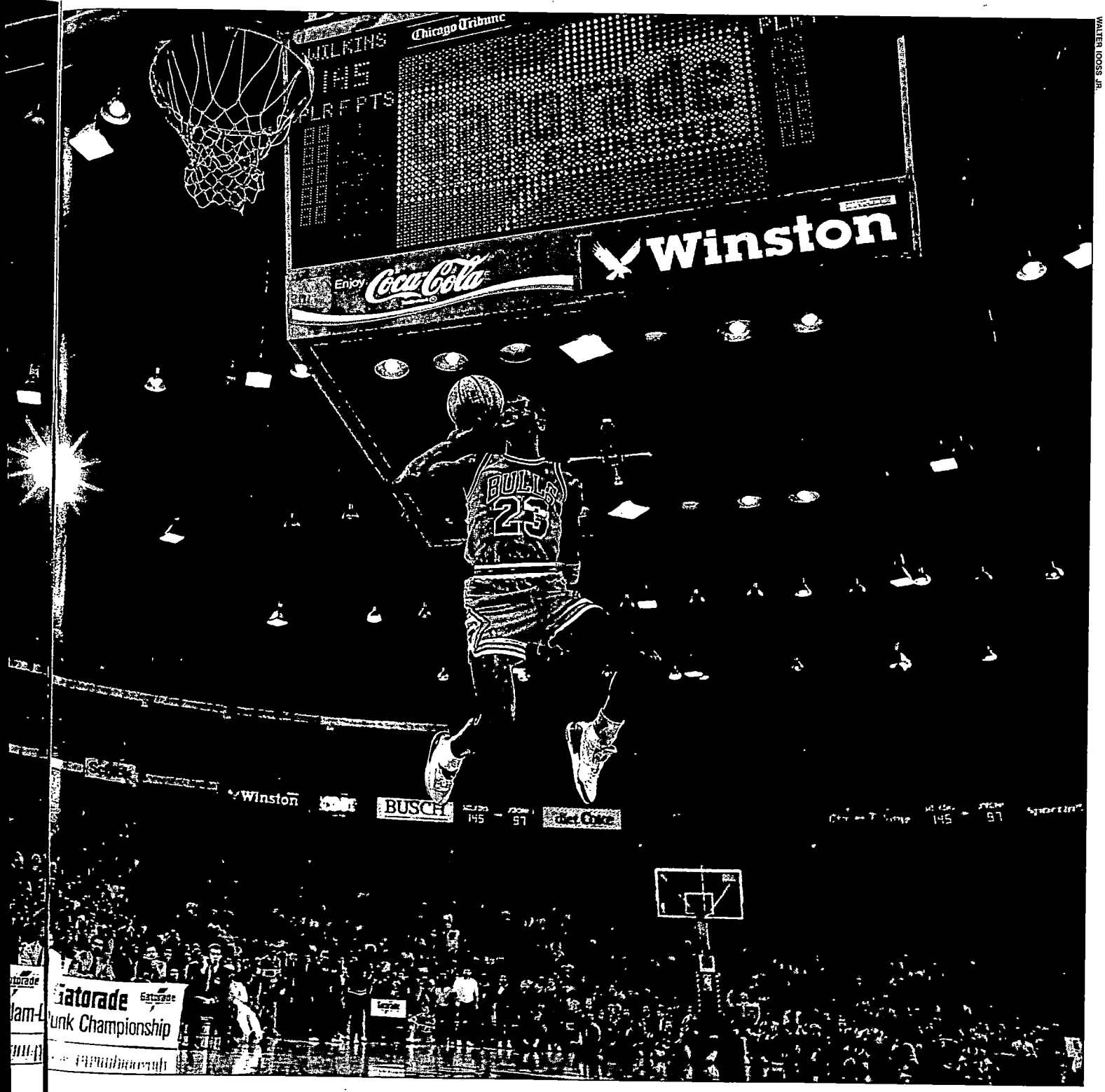
Although it is the singularity of Jordan that is so often celebrated—no one dunks, smiles or sells sneakers the way he does—it is no coincidence that he is being honored by SI only after his *team*, the Chicago Bulls, won a championship. Jordan's seven-year NBA career has been, curiously, both a rocket to stardom and a struggle for vindication. To many NBA observers, the Bulls had to win it all before Jordan could conclusively prove that he was more than a high-flying sideshow or a long,



The Jordan specialty: an incandescent moment.

on the Mountaintop

athlete, stands at the pinnacle of his game



WALTER IOOSS JR.

Michael Jordan

loud ring of the cash register. They did. And so he did.

Superstars should be judged, first and foremost, for their consistency, their ability to produce over the long haul, as Jordan most assuredly has (he has averaged between 22.7 and 37.1 points in each of his eight seasons). But the most unforgettable of the breed also offer a collection of moments, rare and incandescent, and Jordan has given us a wide assortment of those: writhing and twisting his way through the Celtics to score 49 and 63 points at Boston Garden in the 1986 playoffs; exploding for 40 points to win the MVP award at his "home" All-Star game at Chicago Stadium in '88; dribbling the length of the floor, pulling up and hitting a 14-foot jump shot to send Game 3 of last year's Finals, which the Bulls went on to win, into overtime.

WALTER IOOSS JR.

Is Jordan the greatest ever? A definitive answer is impossible, of course, as it has been whenever the question has been applied to Wilt Chamberlain, Oscar Robertson, Larry Bird or Magic. But a case can certainly be made. Of that distinguished quartet, only Chamberlain could begin to match Jordan's pure athleticism, but put that aside for a moment and consider his basketball skills and the way he plays the game:

Jordan is now a better shooter than Bird, not from long range, certainly, but from 20 feet in. "I don't do much shooting in the summer anymore, so I don't completely understand it myself," says Jordan. "But it's a fact. Everything about it—my mechanics, when to take the shot, the release—feels better and smoother."

He is not a better passer than the Magic of the 1980s, but were the Bulls, like the Lakers, a fast-break team and were Jordan, like Magic, a point guard, he very well might be. And in halfcourt situations, when called upon to give up the ball under pressure and find the open man at the last conceivable second, he is without peer.

Jordan never put up rebounding numbers from the backcourt like those of Robertson, who averaged 7.5 per game over 14 seasons. But the Big O played in an era when, at 6′ 5″, he was often among the bigger players on the floor, while Jordan, in the era of the seven-footer, is no worse than the second-best rebounding guard in today's game (behind the Portland Trail Blazers' Clyde Drexler). Jordan and Robertson are similar in a way, dynamic, demanding and fearless leaders who command nothing less than total respect on the floor. But Robertson, though a superb athlete, was subject to the laws of gravity (as Jordan is not) and was never nearly as exciting.

Can Jordan dominate a game in the manner of Chamberlain—he of the 100-point game and the 50.4-point scoring average (in 1961–62)? Not when today's double-teaming and trapping can take the ball out of one man's hands for long stretches of the game. But by dint of nonstop effort, a *rage* to play that Wilt never possessed, Jordan comes close. "Every single game, Jordan plays every single play like it's his last," says Los Angeles Clippers guard Doc Rivers. Then, too, Wilt never provided the level of anticipation that Jordan does merely by touching the ball. Out comes the tongue, from side to side goes the head, and down goes the ball in a hard dribble. *What's going to happen? What will he do now?* Julius Erving came close to inspiring that same edge-of-the-seat drama, but the Doctor never had Jordan's offensive repertoire, lacking mainly the pull-up jumper that makes the contemporary Jordan more unstoppable than ever.

It might be hard to fathom because he has been a household name for so long, but Jordan is now at the absolute peak of his career and could be the league's MVP for another three or four years. His contract (as presently structured, anyway) extends to the end of the 1995–96 season, after which he says he'll retire. Maybe. So, barring injury, look for, at a minimum, another 12,000 points, 1,800 rebounds, 1,000 steals, and five million tongue-waggings from the wondrous athletic machine that is Air Jordan.

Never has an athlete been as popular on a worldwide scale as Jordan is right now.

"Michael—he's the best," says San Antonio Spurs coach Larry Brown. "I grew up with Connie Hawkins. I saw Julius at his peak. No one went through the ACC like David Thompson. I love Magic and Larry. But Michael, as far as what I've seen. . . ." Brown stops and shakes his head. "I'd pay money to see him play. I'd pay money to see him *practice*."

There are times when his teammates would no doubt pay money so that Jordan would *not* practice. His almost psychotic competitiveness in even the most casual practice situation has caused some strain over the years, much of which has been chronicled in *The Jordan Rules*, the best-seller written by the *Chicago Tribune*'s Sam Smith. But, ultimately, what hath it wrought? A much grittier Chicago team, that's certain. The

Bulls had won 17 of their last 18 games through Sunday.

Jordan is, as usual, playing superbly. Never mind the scoring, a category in which he has led the NBA for the last five seasons and in which he is leading again, with a 29.5 average, or the shooting percentage (.531, second in the league among guards). He and forwards Scottie Pippen and Horace Grant have become like a Bermuda Triangle on defense, swallowing up offenses with their court-covering capabilities, and that is why Chicago is clearly the best team in the NBA. Jordan's detractors would theorize that he has now stepped back and given players like Pippen and Grant the chance to breathe and make a name for themselves. But in point of fact, Jordan's own will to succeed, as thorny as it may sometimes be, has inspired his teammates to reach their potential.

"I look forward to playing now, more than ever, " Jordan said recently, relaxing in his hotel suite in Berkeley, Calif., before a game against the Golden State Warriors. "It's the only place I can get relief from what's happening off the court. It's always been that way to a certain extent, but it's even more so now. Basketball is my escape, my refuge. It seems that everything else is so . . . so busy and complicated."

Busy he's used to. Complicated, maybe not. For perhaps the first time in his life, Jordan is sensing a backlash against his fame, a subtle dissatisfaction with the whole *idea* of Michael Jordan. He has heard it in all the talk about *The Jordan Rules,* he has read it in letters to the editor, read it between the lines. "Signs are starting to show that people are tired of hearing about Michael Jordan's positive image and Michael Jordan's positive influence," said Mr. Positive Image and Positive Influence. "Five, six, seven years at the pinnacle of success, and it's got to start turning around. I've always tried to project everything positive. People say you need role models in the world, and people were asking for them, and I never thought a role model should be negative. If you wanted negativity, then you wouldn't have asked for Michael Jordan. You might've asked for Mike Tyson or somebody else.

"In retrospect, maybe I was wrong. Maybe I should've shown some negativity, so people had a sense of me as a human being. I could've been more honest, I guess, about some of the mistakes I made. Like what? Well, I did hit [teammate] Will Perdue in the face. That was a mistake, and I could've talked about it [as Smith did in *The Jordan Rules*]. I've made some bad endorsements, like Time Jordan [a watch deal Jordan signed with a Canadian company, Excelsior, that never got ticking]. But what do you know when you're 21 and 22 going through all this? You mature as you go through it all, but you're not mature when it starts."

There are not many 28-year-old multimillionaires who are forced into such introspection about their images, and in all likelihood, a more cautious, less childlike Jordan will evolve out of his self-examination. David Burns, president of Burns Sports Service, says he doesn't see any backlash against Jordan: "He's as wildly popular as ever and still worth every dollar any advertiser wants to pay him." But Jordan feels it is better to hear the whistle in the distance than to get run over by the train, and as a remedy for overkill, he's talking about reducing his off-the-court commitments, taking a step back, becoming a more private person.

"I don't need my name in lights to keep going," says Jordan. "I know people think I do, but I don't. If you told me in college that within a year my face would be all over the world and millions of people would know my name, I'd have said you were crazy. I certainly didn't turn it down when it came my way, but I didn't ask for it, either."


RICHARD MACKSON

Jordan can reflect on 1991 as the year he earned the championship some said he would never attain.

He sure got it, though, and now any conversation about him tends to sound like a global marketing report. Remember the cynical bumper sticker that came along in the Acquisitive Eighties? THE ONE WITH THE MOST TOYS IN THE END WINS. Well, Jordan has the most toys. Game's over. He's won. So, let's just enjoy the world's best basketball player at the height of his powers.

The game, after all, is what made Jordan what he is today, and fortunately, the game is still what he lives and breathes for. Already this season he has talked trash with the Warriors' Tim Hardaway; shot (and made) a free throw with his eyes closed to have some fun with Denver Nugget rookie Dikembe Mutombo; and driven to distraction his hated rivals, the Pistons, with his usual dazzling all-around game. He may talk about stepping out of the spotlight, but it's not going to happen for a while, not so long as there's an acrobatic slam-dunk left in his Air Jordans and a competitive muscle twitching in his body. The view from the mountaintop is breathtaking, and there's no place that Michael Jordan would rather be. Look up and revel in him, for his equal will not soon be along. ■

The

For all his fame and fortune, Jordan is,

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

BECAUSE THE APPLE DOESN'T FALL FAR FROM THE TREE, ISN'T IT possible that Michael Jordan is not some sort of glorious phenomenon but rather a simple, shining fragment of nature, grounded in family and friends and roots from which he has never strayed? In a word, yes. If the term *homeboy* wasn't invented for him, surely it should have been.

Only those who have been vacationing in Baghdad for a decade do not know about the Carolina-blue shorts Jordan wears beneath his Bulls uniform to commemorate his undergraduate bliss in Chapel Hill; the "love of the game" clause in his contract, which enables him to join pickup games back on the Hill or in his hometown of Wilmington, N.C., or on the rings of Saturn or anywhere else he wishes; his friendliness and open-faced approachability. "Mike will come out to the park and play," says his high school teammate Leroy Smith, now a rep in Los Angeles for a sporting goods manufacturer.

Smith is not speaking in strictly basketball terms. Jordan always played, talked, schmoozed, kidded around, associated, *connected* with people. "Sometimes I can't believe I actually was on the same team with this guy," says Smith. "But, you know, we *all* were—or with somebody like him. I see him now, and he's still just . . . Mike."

Mike? Gatorade didn't originate the tag after all. But if this sounds like another commercial endorsement, that's because sifting through early Jordaniana elicits nothing but homilies about truth, fairness and the politically correct American Way. Through the years, Jordan has been compared with a veritable rainbow coalition of heroes, from Peter Pan to Bill Cosby. Rick Brewer, the sports information director at North Carolina, changed Jordan's name to Michael when he was a freshman only because Brewer thought it sounded better. In maturity, however, Jordan was basically a combo of Richie and the Fonz from the late, lamented TV sap-com *Happy Days*; if that show had featured a true minority character, he would have been like Mike.

Now, having lost most of his hair and become both a proud father and, in his dotage, one of those tedious, 19th-hole chattering golfers, Jordan hangs on to his own earlier, slap-happy days as if they were sparkling good-luck crystals. Which they may be.

As far back as his years at Trask Junior High and Laney High in the coastal town of Wilmington, Jordan wore his hair so close-cropped that the older guys would give him noogies and call him Bald Head. His dad, James, who worked his way up at the General Electric plant from mechanic to dispatcher to foreman to the coat-and-tie supervisor of three departments, also found time to build a dirt basketball court and two plywood goals out in the backyard. And Jordan's beloved golf? His college roommate, Buzz Peterson (now an assistant coach at North Carolina State), and fellow Tar Heel Davis Love III (now a veteran on the PGA Tour) introduced him to the links as a kind of therapy following the Tar Heels' 1984 NCAA tournament upset loss to Indiana, still the most devastating defeat in Jordan's (and coach Dean Smith's) career.

Memories. Crystals. Jordan ravages the NBA wearing the left-arm brace he donned in college to honor Peterson, who suffered a leg injury against Virginia in 1983 that ended his season. Jordan travels the world checking into hotels under an alias borrowed from the 6′ 8″ fellow who beat him out for the last spot on the Laney team in '78, when Jordan was a callow sophomore, the aforementioned Leroy Smith. Jordan shares sports trivia and pool cues, business deals and advancing baldness with Adolph Shiver of Charlotte, who was recently introduced on *Oprah* as "Michael's best friend" and who introduced himself to Jordan on a junior high playground in '76 by talking trash with a toothpick in his mouth. When Jordan is feeling especially blue—most recently over the ordeal of Magic Johnson—he still picks up the car phone and calls David Bridgers, a short, slight Anyman who wears a baseball cap and lives in a trailer in Wilmington with his wife and baby daughter and who manages Hill's Grocery now that the local Kroger, where he used to work, has shut down.

In chronological order, relationshipswise, that's Bridgers to Shiver to Smith to Peterson; white to black to black to white. Is it any wonder that Jordan would later become known in marketing circles as sports' first multi-racial-societal crossover? Something like that.

Jordan and Bridgers have been cheering each other up since they were in the third grade, playing baseball and riding bicycles together through the woods around Weavers Acres in North Wilmington. Jordan claimed "family time" was responsible for his snubbing of President Bush in October at the Rose Garden ceremony honoring the NBA champion Bulls; in reality, he was playing golf with a passel of old buddies, including Shiver and Bridgers. "Mike told me last summer to lose my Fu Manchu mustache before Hilton Head," says the 5′ 9″ Bridgers. "I said sure—so long as he got rid of his earring. So I shave and show up, and there he is, that ear rock glittering away. Then he has the nerve to smile and say: 'And it's staying. But David, you sure look good.' Mike? That mug is some shyster."

Jordan's mother, the former Deloris Peoples, met James Jordan (whom she calls Ray) in 1956 after a high school basketball game in Wallace, N.C., some 40 miles north of Wilmington, when she and her cousin caught a ride home with him. She was sitting in the backseat when James almost went past her house. "Oh, I didn't realize I had somebody else in here," he said. "You're pretty cute."

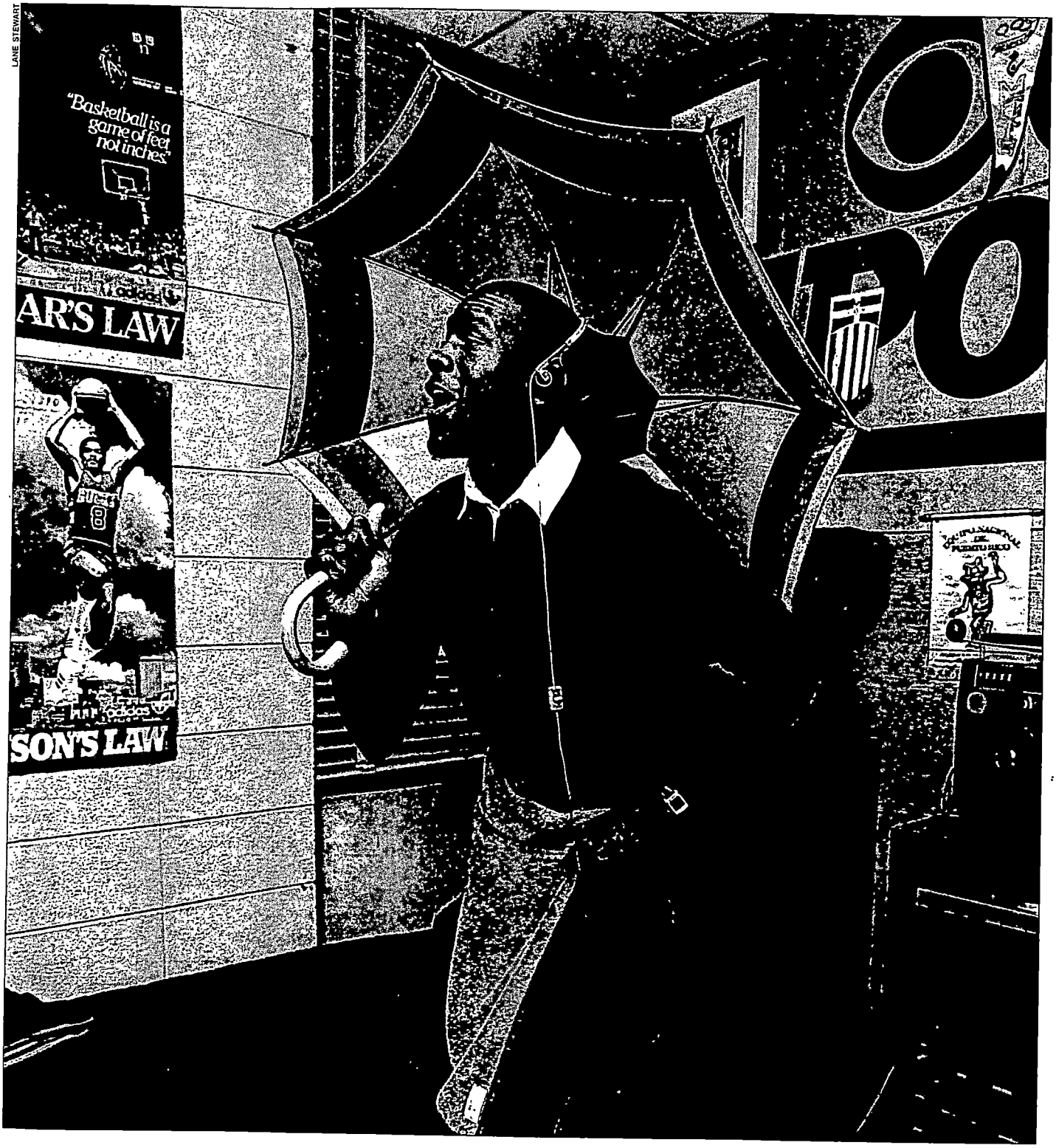
"You're pretty fresh," she said.

"Could be. But someday I'll marry you," he said.

At Chapel Hill, Jordan had moves on court and off.

Unlikeliest Hero

at heart, just a Carolina kid called Mike



LANE STEWART

Michael Jordan

She was all of 15, but someday came surely enough a few years later after Deloris, homesick at Tuskegee (Ala.) Institute, returned to the Wilmington area and to James, then on leave from the Air Force. The Jordans had "two sets of children" (Deloris's term): James Ronald, now 35, an Army sergeant working in communications at Fort Monmouth, N.J., and Deloris Chasten, 34, a homemaker in Philadelphia, compose the first set; Larry, 29, Michael, 28, and Roslyn, 27, the second.

The Jordan parents, along with Larry and Roslyn, now work for companies associated with their famous son/sib and live in Charlotte, N.C. Oddly enough, Mike was born at the Cumberland County Hospital in Brooklyn, N.Y., while his father was in Air Force training. Upon returning to North Carolina, the Jordans moved from tiny Wallace to Wilmington, where James built a large, split-level tan brick and clapboard house on Gordon Road with 12 acres of fields out back and the St. Paul's Missionary Baptist Church across the street. The mostly black Weavers Acres neighborhood lies about halfway between downtown and the beach, three miles away, where the Jordans used to buy fresh shellfish or just sit at night on a dock and listen to the ocean.

Some of Mike's most enduring friendships were forged on baseball diamonds back home.

Jordan takes his sense of humor from his dad, who used to do work around the house with his tongue hanging out (sound familiar?), his sense of business from his mom and his work ethic from both. "The Jordans are from the old school, where education and teachers and administrators meant something to parents," says Laney High principal Kenneth McLaurin. Young Mike got in trouble in school only once, when he skipped class to go across the street for some junk food at the minimart. Suspended, Mike was made to accompany his mother to her job at the United Carolina Bank, where he studied all day. "The first year I had him, he was scared to death," recalls Janice Hardy, who taught Jordan algebra and trigonometry at Laney. "I liked that. The next year he wound up in the front row. He'd laugh at my jokes and muss my hair. I must have been a pretty good teacher—he's worth, what, a *trillion* a couple of times over?"

Jordan's legacy in education and finance seems to have been grasped only partly by his six-year-old nephew, Corey Peoples, who, when editorializing upon some recent problems at school, announced, "I don't have to do no work; I got the richest uncle in the world." Jordan's response was to promise Corey $20 for every A he earned—a bribe, perhaps, but one with a worthy message. Maybe this is what Mike meant when he told NBC's Maria Shriver last August that "even my mistakes have been perfect."

But, as even his mother allows, Michael hasn't always been perfect. "Way back when I came crying home from Tuskegee, my mother should have put me right back on the train," she says. "I wanted to correct that error with our kids. Mike wasn't the easiest to bring up. We had to be stern. But if I'd had to pick one of the children who would turn out this way, yes, he would have been the one."

In fact, Michael was the laziest of the Jordan offspring. "Never knew him to hold a job—or want to," says Larry, only semilaughing. Larry is the storied Jordan brother whom Mike credits with motivating him to much of his success in basketball, the 5′ 7″ brother who teased Mike about his big ears and then fought him and dunked on him and beat him all the time in the backyard until Mike couldn't take it anymore and decided to grow nearly a foot taller.

"We grew up one-on-one," says Larry, who played in the 6′ 4″-and-under World Basketball League two years ago. "But the last time we competed, he just looked down at my feet, and he said, 'Remember whose name is on your shoes.' "

While the eldest Jordan brother, who's known as Ron, drove a school bus and worked at Shoney's before leaving for his life in the military, and while Larry is mechanically oriented, quiet and thrives on privacy, Mike seemed allergic to toil anywhere but on athletic fronts. He bribed his brothers and sisters to get out of doing errands. He was the ultimate jock, the social animal. "He could never be in his room by himself," says his mother. "He always had to go out, spend the night with a friend, go camping." Jordan quit his only high school job, at a Wilmington hotel, posthaste. "Mom!" he explained. "What if my friends saw me? The boss had me out on the sidewalk, sweeping!"

In high school Mike's friends ranged across the board, from ballplayers to members of the student government to debaters to guys in the band (in which he once played the trumpet).

"Laney seemed like a family back then," says Leroy Smith. "It had about a 60–40 white-to-black ratio, but it was really cool. No tension or anything. It was a new school. For there to be no real 'sides'—that was unusual. Mike being Mike, he was unusual too.

Michael Jordan

We all were searching for an identity. But Mike . . . it was like he'd already found his."

Pre–high school, Jordan's close friend Bridgers, the son of a taxi driver, had moved to Wilmington from South Dakota. But after his parents were divorced, James Jordan became a surrogate dad to this white kid from another planet who shared with Mike a passion for baseball. The two alternated pitching and playing centerfield on a Little League team that made the district playoffs and fell one game short of making the Little League World Series (Jordan pitched a two-hitter but lost 1–0 in the last game). "Before every pitch, I'd look at Mike in center, and he'd give me thumbs-up," says Bridgers. "With him on the mound, I'd do the same."

While riding bikes one summer afternoon, they jumped into a neighbor's swimming pool. The owners weren't home, but Bridgers knew the babysitter. What he didn't know was that the owners would return right away.

"They saw Mike and threw us out," Bridgers says. "The rest of the bike ride he was very quiet. I asked him if he knew why they threw us out. He said yes. I asked if it bothered him. He said no. Then he just smiled. I'll never forget it. He said, 'I got cooled off enough. How

BUCK MILLER

Michael takes his sense of humor from dad, his business sense from mom, his work ethic from both.

about you?' Mike taught me a lot about dealing with prejudice.

"I got called nigger lover and white trash, but he showed me how to ignore it. Once when I was visiting Mike up at a party in Chapel Hill, a fight broke out along racial lines. He got me out of there quick. Mike always said, 'Don't worry about race unless somebody slaps you in the face.' He's so positive. Every time I see him, it's a natural high."

Jordan's gravest burden may have come in high school when he was compelled to handle a "situation" in which his two best friends nearly came to blows over remarks Shiver made to Bridgers's girlfriend. Bridgers had gone for a stick, but Jordan stopped him from using it and went after Shiver himself. "Mike didn't exactly mediate," says a man who remembers the day. "He threw Adolph up against the wall and threatened to kill his butt if that happened again. It was the only time we'd ever seen him lose his cool."

Somehow Shiver and Bridgers both still take part in Jordan's golf outings, coexisting peacefully, perhaps out of respect for their mutual pal. But, oh, those gimmes.

Ordinarily, though, the young Jordan was reluctant to confront emotionally charged situations. While he was away at college, a high school friend named Cynthia Canty died of kidney failure. Jordan went to Wilmington to pay his respects, but he didn't go to the funeral. Likewise, when his grandmother Rosabell Jordan died, he couldn't bear to attend the ceremony. Last Christmas an interviewer asked Jordan what gift he would cherish most. He said one more visit with Rosabell. Says Deloris, "Mike carries a lot inside him. I read that, and I knew."

There weren't always easy times on the basketball court either. The Laney Buccaneers won 19 games in Jordan's senior season, but they were eliminated by New Hanover in the conference tournament when Jordan fouled out against the Wildcats, a team that featured Kenny Gattison (currently of the Charlotte Hornets) and Clyde Simmons (of the NFL Philadelphia Eagles).

Still to come, though, would be Jordan doing the following: nailing the basket that won the NCAA championship for the Tar Heels, receiving two college player of the year awards, leading the 1984 U.S. Olympic team to the gold medal, winning five scoring titles in the pros and ultimately carrying the Bulls to the NBA championship. Oh, yes, and appearing on the front of the Wheaties box, which Deloris says is what makes her the most proud. "How many moms can walk in the grocery store and see their son all over the cereal counter?" she asks.

There were five Jordans in the class of 1981 at Laney High, four girls—one of them Roslyn, who was able to skip a grade so she could accompany her brother to Chapel Hill—and Michael Jeffrey, whose credits in the yearbook, *The Spinnaker*, read in part: "Homeroom Rep 10, Spanish Club 11 . . . New Hanover Hearing Board 12 . . . Pep Club 10." *The Spinnaker* sailed into prescient waters with its parting message to the school's basketball stars, Jordan and Smith: "Laney only hopes that you . . . expand your talents to make others as proud of you as Laney has been. Always remember Laney as your world."

Little could *The Spinnaker* staff have known that soon enough those two alums would turn out to be the same man—at least in some hotels on some road trips. Or that jug-eared Michael Jeffrey Jordan, all by himself, would pull off one more flying, spinning, double reverse and turn the entire world into just another little piece of Laney. ■

WHAT'S BREWING?

ASK FOR YOUR FAVORITE BEER at Berghoff's restaurant on Ontario Street in Chicago and you might hear something like, "That was last week," or "We won't do that until February."

Berghoff's doesn't get its beer off a delivery truck; it makes it fresh every day right on the premises. Berghoff's is more than a restaurant; it's also a brewery, one of a number of microbreweries springing up all around the country. Microbreweries and their smaller cousins, brewpubs, cater to a new breed of beer drinker, the demanding customer who is tired of what he considers the tasteless pale potions served up by the beer-business giants.

Ten years ago, the typical beer connoisseur was someone who had been exposed to full-bodied beers brewed in Europe. Back home he discovered that microbreweries, then in their infancy, were providing a domestic equivalent to the beer made abroad. Now the newest micro fans are people who discovered good beer at American microbreweries. Their enthusiasm has pushed the number of microbreweries in the country past the 200 mark.

Microbreweries and brewpubs make what are known as specialty beers. The doyen of microbreweries, Anchor Brewing Company, in San Francisco, makes five different beers: Anchor Steam; Liberty Ale; Anchor's Christmas Ale, which is brewed at holiday time each year, always with a different label; Anchor Wheat, and Old Foghorn, a barley wine.

Among Berghoff's beers are light lager, stout, weiss, or white, beer, porter, amber ale, Oktoberfest, double bock and Bicycle Beer. Bicycle Beer, a registered name, is flavored beer; it may be lemon-and-lime — what the French call panaché — or berry or apricot flavored. "It's like a malt-based cooler instead of a wine-based cooler," says William A. Marquardt, Berghoff's president and chief executive officer.

Other beers favored by the microbreweries include pale ale, bitter, which really isn't bitter, and Altbier, which is brewed like an ale, at higher temperatures, but stored (lagered) like a beer, at colder temperatures. Malt liquor is just an ordinary pale lager but with more than 5 percent alcohol. Some states require the microbreweries and brewpubs to call all their beers and ales with more than 5 percent alcohol malt liquor.

Barley wine, of course, has nothing to do with wine; it is an ale with a very high alcohol content. Bigfoot Barleywine, made by the Sierra Nevada Brewing Company, a micro in Chico, Calif., has 8 or 9 percent alcohol as a rule.

Berghoff's is in a factory district northwest of the Loop. There was a brewery-restaurant on the site before Berghoff's took it over this year, but that doesn't make Berghoff's a newcomer to the beer or restaurant business.

Herman J. Berghoff came from Dortmund, Germany, and opened a brewery in Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1887. It was prosperous from the start. When his beer garnered wide acclaim at the Chicago Exposition in 1893, he opened a restaurant at Adams and State Streets in downtown Chicago. There he sold his beer for 5 cents a schooner and gave away sandwiches to attract trade. That restaurant, considerably more elegant than it used to be, still thrives under the Berghoff name.

When the Berghoff brewery in Fort Wayne was sold in 1955, Berghoff kept its name and recipe and arranged to have the Joseph Huber Brewing Company in Wisconsin make its beer in four styles: regular, dark, light and bock. Huber continues to bottle and distribute beer under the Berghoff name.

"Five years ago we got interested in the micro concept," Marquardt says, "and this place is the result. Here we have a Chicago base, and we can make all kinds of specialty beers on a small scale. And we have a ready-made clientele for them." The restaurant occupies most of the ground floor of the brewery, with the gleaming copper of fermenting kettles in full view.

William Marquardt, above, who runs Berghoff's operations, says winter is the season for robust brews like porter and stout.

Like many microbreweries, Berghoff's makes its beers seasonally. "Fall and winter are the big beer-drinking seasons," Marquardt said, "and they are the best times for our porter and stout, which are heavier, more robust beers. In the spring we'll switch over to double bock and weiss beer, then in the summer we may go to light lager."

"May" is a key word; in a brewery of this size — with a maximum production of 7,000 barrels a year — plans can change overnight, depending on the weather and the market. Besides, the entire staff is three people: a brewmaster, a brewer and a cellarmaster.

At present, all the beer made at the Chicago brewery is consumed in the two Berghoff restaurants. "We can hand-bottle here if someone wants it," Marquardt says, "but any bottled beer you see under our label comes from the brewery in Wisconsin."

Connoisseurs insist on fresh beer. Unlike wine, most beer deteriorates rapidly, even in the bottle, if it's not refrigerated. Which presents no problems to microbreweries that brew and serve their beer on the premises. A glass of beer poured here or at the Adams Street Berghoff's may not have existed three weeks ago. "Ale takes two weeks," Marquardt says, "lager a bit longer: one day for brewing, seven days for fermenting and 28 days for aging. Then it's ready to go."

The same schedule holds in most brewpubs as well. Brewpubs are usually the only outlet for their beer, although many will bottle what they make for individual customers. The brewpub, incidentally, has revived an old American custom known as rushing the growler. That was the practice of sending an office boy out to the local tavern for draft beer. The beer was usually carried in a growler — a deep tin pan with a tight cover. The advent of canned and bottled beer seemingly caused the demise of the growler, but the brewpub, which serves only beer on tap, has given it new life.

At one time, microbreweries were defined as those making 15,000 barrels of beer a year or less. But the Anchor Brewing Company now makes well over 50,000 barrels and at least one, the Boston Beer Company, distributes its Samuel Adams beer in big European cities.

Are microbreweries the wave of the future? Yes and no; their popularity continues to grow, but the annual production of all of them combined would not equal what a brewer like Anheuser-Busch makes in a single day. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL L. MERIDETH FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

make up stories, jokes, and tell them among themselves, which reveals they've got a great sense of humor, but also a little cynicism about their way of life. And just as I was coming home from the Moscow summit, I got another new one that was handed to me. This is their story, this is the way they treat it, and it shows a little difference between two systems.

The story has it that I and Gorbachev are in his limousine. And I had the head of our Secret Service unit, and he had his chief security man with him. And we were sightseeing. And we got out to where there was a waterfall. And we got out of the car to look at the waterfall. And the Secretary General Gorbachev said to my man, "Go ahead, jump. Go over the fall." And my man said, "I've got a wife and three kids." So he turned to his own man and said, "Go on, jump. Go over the fall." And he did. And my man went down the rocks around the fall to see if he could be of help. And there he was down there wringing out his shirt. And he said, "When he told you to jump and go over the falls, why did you do that?" He said, "I got a wife and three kids." [*Laughter*]

So, thank you all, and God bless you all.

Note: The President spoke at 12:49 p.m. at Wozniak's Casino. He was introduced by Gov. James R. Thompson. In his opening remarks, he referred to the late Aloysius Mazewski and his wife, Florence, who was seated beside the President. He also referred to Representative Jack Davis; Stanley Wozniak, owner of the casino; and Mr. Wozniak's mother, Theresa.

Remarks at a Republican Party Fundraiser in Chicago, Illinois
September 30, 1988

Thank you very much. And, Jim, I thank you for that introduction. And thank you, Mike Galvin and Dick Morrow. And I'd like to say hello to Congresswoman Lynn Martin, who happens to be the Congresswoman where my hometown is—or was. And my valued friend and old colleague, Howard Baker. And again, a special thank you to Jim Thompson for that marvelous introduction. Jim, you're a great guy and an even greater Governor and a man who gives new meaning to an old phrase—because unlike some Governors, Jim, you took the Pledge. [*Laughter*]

Now, they tell me I'm standing right in front of the pork bellies pit here. [*Laughter*] That's funny, I never knew Congress spent time in Washington—or in Chicago, I should say. [*Laughter*] They spend time in Washington—and spend it and spend it. [*Laughter*] Actually, I might have to revise my opinion of Congress if that were true, because anyone with half a brain knows that this is one of the world's great towns. A city that's home to Saul Bellow and Allan Bloom and Ernie Banks and yes, Number 34, Sweetness itself, Walter Payton. Let me tell you something about that town: It ain't no Second City!

Of course, it's not exactly the same place it was in the old days. I remember hearing about a fellow who was assigned to be a precinct watcher on election day here. He saw a fellow walk in and vote and walk out. And then the same fellow came in again, only this time with a different hat on—[*laughter*]—and voted. And then he came in again, only this time with a different sport coat on, and voted. And the first fellow went up to the precinct captain and said, "Hey, I think that man voted three times already." And the precinct captain said, "Three times? That's impossible. He's not even dead yet." [*Laughter*]

Seriously, it's a great pleasure to be here on the floor of the Merc because this is a place devoted to the future. And believe me, when you've had as much past as I have, you just love the future. [*Laughter*] Just think, only a few hours ago traders and brokers were waving their arms, screaming themselves hoarse, betting on the future.

Come to think of it, they were a lot like the crowd in New Orleans during and after one of the finest speeches I've ever heard, given by one of the finest men I've ever known, a fellow by the name of George Bush.

Some people want to talk this year about competence. Well, I say, fine, let's talk about competence. I just happen to think that the youngest flier in the Navy with 58 combat missions, the Texas wildcatter who made his own way in the world, the Republican Congressman from Houston, the chairman of the Republican Party, the de facto Ambassador to China, the Ambassador to the United Nations, the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Vice President of the United States has it just about wrapped up in the competence department. We've all seen what a brilliant job he's done in the past, and I can promise you he's going to do an even better job in the future.

Looking ahead to the future is something George Bush has in common with the people who work on this floor. It's also something he has in common with all of you and with the Republican Party as a whole. You know, it used to be that being a Republican in Cook County was a little bit like being Elliot Ness in "The Untouchables"—[*laughter*]—outnumbered in a big way. But more and more Chicagoans are beginning to realize that if you want to go with a future of opportunity, economic growth, and peace through strength, there's only one place to turn: the party of Abraham Lincoln, the Republican Party.

But I'm delighted to see so many new faces in this room, a sign of the change in Republican fortunes in Cook County. And of course, there are two fellows here who really have seen the light, men of vision and tenacity, Jim O'Grady and Ed Vrdolyak. They saw the light and came aboard, which is fine by me. It's no secret I used to be a Democrat before I saw the light, too. Only when I saw the light, I had to ask Tom Edison, "What in heck is that thing, anyway?" [*Laughter*]

George and our party look to the future—a future of continued growth, a future of expanded opportunity, a future of peace. I hear some people say it's time for a change. Well, ladies and gentlemen: We are the change. We began the change 8 years ago.

Now, let me talk a little bit about that change: We're in the 70th straight month of economic recovery. We've been dedicated to slashing taxes and liberating the American economy from the regulations and confiscations of the "malaise" years. When we came into office, families everywhere were reeling from tax rates that were sapping this nation's initiative. We took that money out of the grasping hands of the Washington bureaucrats and put it back in the wallets of the people from whom they confiscated it in the first place: the working men and women of America.

But you know, I have to interrupt myself right here with just a little anecdote from my previous days as Governor of California. I came into a situation there as Governor that was about the same as I came into in Washington a few years ago. But the difference between the two parties is evidence of this. We began to have surpluses, and about the fourth surplus was the biggest. And each time that we had a surplus, we gave it back to the people by way of the tax system. Well, this fourth one was big enough, and each time I would have to—I'd find out first that we were going to have a surplus so that I could go public and tell the people what we were going to do with it.

I had a Democratic legislature, and then they couldn't quite take on the people after they'd heard that I was giving them back the money. [*Laughter*] And this particular day, a leader—Democratic leader in the senate—stormed into my office and hit my desk. And he said, "Mr. President, giving that money back to the people is an unnecessary expenditure of public funds." [*Laughter*] I think that kind of sums up the difference between our two philosophies.

The result has been astounding. In the past years, we've seen an explosion of hard work and innovation across this country, people putting their shoulders to the wheel and shifting their entrepreneurial energies into overdrive. And now more Americans are at work today, an amazing 62.7 percent of all—this is what is considered to be the potential employment pool—of all Americans, male and female, from age 16 and up. And 62.7 percent of that group have jobs.

But we didn't stop there. We've gone to work ourselves on the educational system, encouraging the return to basics and demanding nothing less than excellence. Excellence isn't just a good grade: It's a philosophy that says, "You must do your best because that is what it means to be an American." Excellence—that's our goal, and we're going to get it!

We've gone to work on our judicial system, appointing serious-minded judges who respect the Constitution and know the meaning of the word punishment. Violent crime has fallen significantly since 1981 because we put America's crooks on notice: Make a false move, and the next sound you hear is the clang of a jail cell slamming shut.

We've gone to work on our nation's defenses. We're once again respected in the world. Our Armed Forces are strong, and America is at peace. We and our NATO allies stood firm in the face of Soviet missiles pointing at the heart of Europe and Asia. And Mr. Gorbachev got the message. He did business because he knew we meant business; and we still mean business!

America has traveled such a remarkable distance in the last 8 years that the memory has faded of the economic and foreign policy crises that we faced when Vice President Bush and I took office. The last time so many things went wrong all at once was right after Mrs. O'Leary's cow decided to do the cancan. [*Laughter*]

Yes, let's take a little journey back to the years before George Bush and I were sent to Washington. In just one year, 1979, Iran, Nicaragua, and Grenada were all lost. Our Ambassador to Afghanistan was murdered by Communist gunmen, and that country invaded by Soviet troops. And add to that what was going on at home.

The misery index—which you determine by adding the rate of inflation to the rate of unemployment. And that had been invented in the 1976 election, and it was used by candidate Carter—or President Carter against Jerry Ford. He used this because the misery index was 13.4, and he said no one has a right to ask to be President with a misery index that big. Well, that was in 1976. In 1980 they never mentioned the misery index, after their 4 years, because it was now 21 percent.

Well, today it's less than 10 percent, and it's been shrinking faster than Walter Hudson, the 1,200-pound man in New York who just lost 700 pounds. Now, if only we could get Congress to follow Walter's example. Maybe you didn't hear me a moment ago. He's that 1,200-pounder who's lost 700 pounds—if we could get Congress to follow Walter's example and cut the fat out of their diet. I think we ought to put them on a diet, a diet called the line-item veto and the balanced budget amendment. Now, you know when I'm talking about the Congress this way, present company is excepted—[*laughter*]—and a lot of her kind that are there on our side.

Well, back in 1979, Americans were waiting in lines a mile long to buy gasoline. And a President went on television that year to blame it all on the American people, telling them it was all their fault. They were suffering from some kind of malaise. Well, it wasn't the American people: It was the guys in Washington who had the malaise. And come 1980, those guys felt the winds coming in off the lake, and those winds blew them all the way back to Georgia.

Today we have peace and prosperity, and the liberals are trying to pretend those economic and foreign policy nightmares they gave us never happened. They're singing the same song they sang back then, and it sure isn't, "Don't Worry, Be Happy." [*Laughter*] It's more like, "Please Worry, Be Miserable." [*Laughter*]

You can hardly blame them for trying to convince the country that good news is actually bad news. After all, what issues do they have to run on? Take defense—they opposed rebuilding our military defenses. They opposed the deployment of the missiles in Europe to counter the Soviet threat. They opposed the liberation of Grenada. They opposed the raid on terrorist Libya. They oppose our policy of helping freedom fighters advance the cause of liberty around the world. George and I did all those things, and I'll tell you proudly right now: We'd both do every single one of them over again.

Well, now they're trying to get elected, and so they say the Nation's defenses are

safe with us. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I've been Commander in Chief for almost 8 years now, and I've studied their record and their positions. And based on my research, I'm going forth with a message for the American people: When they talk about a strong defense, I don't buy it.

They oppose the death penalty, even for a crack dealer with a machinegun who murders a police officer in the line of duty. George and I fought to protect the noble men and women who protect us, and that means the death penalty for these vicious killers. If you ask me, there are no Americans braver and no citizens more precious than the men and women who guard us: our State and local police.

But the liberals, like their flagship, the ACLU—[*laughter*]—often seem to concern themselves with the rights of criminals and forget about the rights of the citizens those criminals prey upon. But now they want to get elected, and so they claim they're tough on crime. Well, I've examined that record, and we've all got to go out and tell the American people: When they say they're tough on crime, don't you believe it.

The liberals opposed our tax cuts, our tax reform efforts, our economic program that slashed interest rates in half and put America back to work. Now they say they want to help the American middle class. And what they're planning to do for the American middle class is to tax them. Well, the traders on this floor would understand what they're doing, and it's a message we all have to bring to our fellow Americans: The liberals are selling the middle class short.

The liberals have been slashing away at our nation's defenses while passing budget-busting bills through Congress—$87 billion here, $23 billion there; and as Everett Dirksen might have said, pretty soon you're talking about real money. [*Laughter*] Every time they see a problem, they think a big government program run by bureaucrats in Washington is the solution—the same bureaucrats who do so much to stifle individual initiative and economic growth.

I brought with me to Washington a little memory of what I had learned about a gentleman who had a job in Washington. He sat at a certain place, and documents and bills and so forth came to his desk. And he decided which department they should go to and initialed them and sent them on. And one day a classified paper came to his desk marked "secret." And he initialed it and sent it on. In 24 hours it came back to him with a memorandum attached that said, "You weren't supposed to see this. Erase your initials and initial the erasure." [*Laughter*] Well, now the liberals are talking about fiscal responsibility and how they'll pay America's debts. Well, once again, we've got to go out to the American people with a message: Don't look to a big spender to pay America's bills.

There's a solution to the spending crisis. That solution is so simple only a liberal could miss it. [*Laughter*] We just have to spend less. But big spending is as seductive as anabolic steroids, and it's time the big spenders were disqualified. We can accomplish that by giving George Bush what he needs to do the job: a new Congress, a better Congress, a Republican Congress. And people in this area can help get the job done by reelecting a terrific first-term Congressman from the Fourth District. He's got a tough race, but he's a tough-as-nails guy: Jack Davis. Send him back there.

We're working hard to solve the drug crisis in this country, but we're facing some resistance. Guess where? With the liberals on Capitol Hill, that's where. The House has passed a drug bill with a lot of good and tough provisions. But now that bill is stalled in the Senate. I tell you this: If the Senate were controlled by Republicans today, we'd already have signed into law that drug bill, and dealers and users everywhere would know this country stands united behind two powerful words: zero tolerance.

What it all comes down to is a clash of principles, of values, of visions. The liberals look at this country and see problems, woes, gloom and doom. And you know, that's the kind of thinking that can turn into a self-fulfilling prophecy. We look at this country, and we see expanded opportunities, a glorious future, a future in which this nation is strong, protected by land and sea and air and, yes, space—courtesy of the Strategic Defense Initiative. We look to the future and see a nation healthy, a nation strong, a nation at peace. I know all of you want to

send the Chicago Bears to the Super Bowl. Well, on November 8th, the American people will be sending the gloom-and-doom liberal bears into hibernation. [*Laughter*] And why? Because they know that we are bullish on America.

So, let us go then. Let's bring our messages and our optimism to every man, woman, and child across this great State and across this great nation. Let them know that a vote for us is a vote for peace, a vote for prosperity, and, yes, a vote for the future.

And I think I've kept you from dinner too long. I just want to say a thank you to all of you not only for your warm reception but also for what you're doing. And God bless you all.

Note: The President spoke at 7 p.m. on the trading floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange. He was introduced by Gov. James R. Thompson. In his opening remarks, the President referred to Michael Galvin, Illinois Bush/Quayle campaign finance chairman; Richard Morrow, chairman of the reception; Howard H. Baker, Jr., former Chief of Staff to the President; writers Saul Bellow and Allan Bloom; former Chicago Cubs baseball player Ernie Banks; and Chicago Bears football player Walter J. Payton. The President also referred to James O'Grady, Cook County sheriff, and Edward R. Vrdolyak, Republican candidate for Cook County Circuit Court clerk.

Message to the Congress Reporting Budget Deferrals

September 30, 1988

To the Congress of the United States:

In accordance with the Impoundment Control Act of 1974, I herewith report 10 deferrals of budget authority now totalling $2,024,171,278.

The deferrals affect programs in Funds Appropriated to the President, and the Departments of Agriculture, Defense, Energy, Health and Human Services, Justice, State, and Transportation.

The details of these deferrals are contained in the attached report.

RONALD REAGAN

The White House,
September 30, 1988.

Note: The attachment detailing the deferrals was printed in the "Federal Register" of October 14.

Informal Exchange With Reporters

September 30, 1988

The President. I have a short statement here. I had hoped that we'd mark the end of the dog-ate-my-homework era of congressional budgetry, but it was not to be. I'd hoped to return tonight to sign the last of the required 13 appropriations bills, but they're not all here. So, Congress is going to have to stay and work so that all remaining bills will be complete and in a form I can sign. So, goodnight, and pleasant dreams.

Q. Do you think you'll be able to sign them all by tomorrow?

Q. Are you disappointed?

The President. Yes.

Note: The exchange began at 10:48 p.m. on the South Lawn of the White House.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary

For Immediate Release March 16, 1992

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT
AT BUSH-QUAYLE FUNDRAISING DINNER

Hyatt Regency Chicago Hotel
Chicago, Illinois

8:10 P.M. CST

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you very much, Jim Edgar. And, Brenda, thank you for being here. And may I say how very lucky I am to have Jim Edgar heading my campaign here in this so important state. He's doing a superb job as your Governor, and I'm lucky to have him as our chairman. (Applause.)

And there are a lot of members of Congress here, I think. Bob Dornan -- I'm very pleased that Congressman Dornan could be here, winning the long distance award. Bob Mosbacher, our former Secretary of Commerce, was to be here. I haven't seen him, but he's doing a superb job as the cochairman of our national campaign. You met Bobby Holt, who is our national finance chairman. And let me quickly thank Andrea Parish for her beautiful rendition of the "Star-Spangled Banner". (Applause) And my old friend, my dear friend, Henry Hyde, for participating in the program and the invocation -- great Illinois Congressman. (Applause.) And, of course, Pat Ryan, who just outdid himself, bossing everybody around and raising all this money. What a superb job he's done putting together this event. (Applause.) Thank you very, very much.

And let me also salute one that Pat singled out, my good friend, Rich Williamson -- believe me, Illinois needs this man in the United States Senate. And so please vote for him. (Applause.) And I noticed the fitting hand you gave Bob Michel, and I want to salute him as our leader in the House; and the other Republican members of the Illinois congressional delegation with us today. And a special thanks to our Bush-Quayle finance chairman, Bill Cellini, from down state; and Jim Kenny -- Bill, I see the Cellini family is here. (Applause.) And of course, an old friend, a regional chairman, Bill Ylvisaker here. I am very, very grateful to all of these people. (Applause.)

And as bit of a name dropper, I, too, would like to salute the Chicago Bears who are with us tonight -- (laughter) -- and say how very pleased I am they're here. And I often say when I'm away from Washington, I worry that I've left Congress "Home Alone." (Laughter.) Well, Barbara and I got a kick out of meeting Macaulay Culkin there who is with us tonight. Where are you, Macaulay? Here he is -- this guy. He's wonderful. And thanks for being with us. (Applause.) That's it -- I recognize him. He goes like that.

But anyway, it's a great evening and it's great to be back in Chicago. And I might point out with great pride that I've imported my own Illinois army to Washington. And you've heard their names, but the Secretary of Agriculture Ed Madigan, doing a superb job trying to bring this GATT Round to a successful conclusion; Ed Derwinski, working well in the Veterans Administration and helping us through all the great ethnic communities of Illinois. Ed's the Secretary of Veterans Affairs. And, of course, you know and I know Lynn Martin so well -- former congresswoman, now Secretary of Labor, and also doing a great job.

And when I was looking to hire a Chief of Staff, once again we turned to Illinois, and Sam Skinner rose to the challenge, and I think he's doing an outstanding job and I'm glad he's here. (Applause.)

Someone once wrote that "Chicago does not lie there, waiting for things to happen. Chicago moves, making things happen." This year, the people of Chicago and the people of this great state are going to make things happen again. The choices we make will affect not only the next election, they will really affect the next generation as well. We are now in a battle for our future: We want America to lead the world in good jobs with productive work. We want to remain a force for world peace and freedom. And we're fighting to protect our most basic institution, and that is the American family. (Applause.)

That's why this year of decision is so important for America. That's why tomorrow's primary election -- and November's general election -- are vital to our future. I'm asking you to get out the vote and create a resounding mandate to literally transform America. Let's nominate and elect men and women who share our values. We've got more to do to get America on the right track. We've got more to do. So I'm asking you for four more years as your President to get this job done. (Applause.)

America was built on family and faith and freedom -- these form the foundation of our great country. And we must now renew those sources of our strength.

We must, for example, allow common sense to prevail in our welfare system. We've got to forge a new connection between welfare and work. When Chicago -- the "City That Works" -- finds 17 percent of its population dependent on welfare, something's wrong. Americans aren't cold-hearted, we're a caring people. Americans support welfare for families in need. But Americans want to see government at every level work together to track down the deadbeat dads -- the ones who can't be bothered to pay child support. (Applause.) They want to see us break this cycle of dependency that destroys dignity and passes down poverty from one generation to the next. That's wrong. That's cruel. And I'll tell you this: We are working hard to change it. My administration will continue to encourage the states to innovate with plans that help people break welfare dependency and begin learning work skills.

Here's another way that we can fight for the family: We can give parents the right to choose their children's schools. (Applause.) Our students learn and grow by competing in school, and our schools will improve by competing for students. School choice is one of the things at the heart of America 2000 -- that's our new education strategy to literally revolutionize American education.

You hear a lot of people on the other side in these campaigns complaining and talking about what they're going to do. We have an outstanding program right now to revolutionize education in this country. And it's based on this: We believe that parents, not some bureaucrat in Washington, know what is best for their children. That's why we also worked in the same vein to win a child care bill that gives parents the right to choose who provides the care. We know America is first as long as we put the family first.

For three years I've had to fight -- Bob Michel knows this, and Henry and the others here; John Porter -- we've had to fight the liberal leadership of Congress on these issues. And I will continue to stand and fight for principle even when Congress stands in the way. And I will use the veto when I have to, to stand for principle, to stand up for these family values.

As it is, some say -- some of my friends have said that at time I was courting defeat by casting a veto instead of cutting a deal. But we've never lost a veto fight. And I will never hesitate to use the power of the pen when principle is at stake. (Applause.)

One more thing that's important: I am going to continue to put judges on the bench who know that their role is to interpret -- to interpret the law, not legislate from the federal bench. And we are making dramatic moves in that direction. (Applause.)

You remember I've asked Congress to pass tax cuts and incentives to get the economy moving, back in the State of the Union message -- to get real estate up and running, to reward the risk-takers who create jobs. It's about time Congress does what it should have done long ago -- get more American jobs by cutting the tax on capital gains. (Applause.)

But instead of passing my plan, the big spenders that control the Congress have other ideas. In the House, a temporary tax cut for more people. In the Senate, a permanent cut for less people. How much? Twenty-five cents -- a quarter a day for each man, woman and child. And you say what's the catch? A permanent tax increase of $90 billion. Temporary cut, 25 cents a day, and a permanent increase of $90 billion. The Democrats call that "new revenue." I call it "your money." If the liberal leadership sends me their scheme, I am going to veto it the minute it hits my desk. And there's going to be no fooling around, compromising at that. (Applause.)

Remember, I set a deadline: March 20th. That's just four days away. This deadline was set back in January, moons ago. Four days away -- and I said to Congress: Pass our plan. Do something that will really move this economy, get it moving. Do something now for the American people.

Well, we'll fight and we will win. And we'll keep to our course of leadership in the world economy -- because if we want to succeed economically at home, we have got to lead economically abroad. I spoke about this in December when I visited the Merc over here -- the Mercantile Exchange. And those folks are out there on the front line, on the frontier of the global marketplace and they know what I mean. So do your exporters in this great state. Illinois exports about $35 billion a year in manufactured goods. Over 400,000 Illinois jobs depend on exports. Think of it -- this is the city that gave the world Sears and Wrigley and Motorola and McDonald's. That's free markets. That's free trade. That's my idea of how America competes and how America succeeds. (Applause.)

But what are we hearing now, because economic times are hard? We hear the opponents peddling protectionism -- a retreat from economic reality. You cut through all the patriotic posturing, all the tough talk about "fighting back" by closing shop, and look closely. That is not the American flag they're waving, it's the white flag of surrender. And that is not the America that you and I know. (Applause.)

Americans do not cut and run -- we compete. Never in this nation's long history have we turned our backs on a challenge -- and we simply are not going to start doing that now.

I put my faith in the American worker. And I'm not about to sell our workers short. So what we're trying to do is open more markets, level the playing field. And you watch: the American worker will outthink, outproduce, outperform anyone, anywhere, anytime. The answer is not protection, it is more competition. (Applause.)

We must let the world know this: Whatever the challenge, America will meet it, because we are in it to win. Think back, if you will, to a year ago -- to the calm after Desert Storm. Ask any one of the proud sons and daughters of Illinois who became liberators of Kuwait, and they'll tell you military strength doesn't mean a thing without moral support right here at home.

Yes -- I understand it -- there were some who didn't support us then. There are those who second-guess us now. But not here -- not in this state. When I drew that line in the sand you stood with me. Never would this country tuck tail and let aggression stand. And we did what was good and we did what was just -- and we did what was right.

There are those who act as if America's work in the world is over now. To them I say this: We will never neglect America's vital national interests. We are never going to pull back. And as far as our national defense goes, I will continue to keep this country strong. Our worldwide credibility -- ask anyone here that's traveled abroad -- our worldwide credibility is now at an all-time high. And it will help us strengthen democracy, freedom, and peace around the world. And only the United States of America can lead the world. And as long as I am President I will stay involved and do just exactly that. We are not going to pull back. (Applause.)

Let these opponents sound the retreat and run away from the new realities, and seek refuge in a world of protectionism, or gut our defense so we couldn't guarantee anybody security. Let them talk about the high taxes and provide us with more big government. Let those analysts on TV tick off everything that's wrong in America. And I think it's time that somebody stood up and said what is right about this great country? And that's what I plan to do right now on into the end of the year. (Applause.)

And one more thing: I'm counting on the good people of Illinois to reject the ugly politics of hate that is rearing its head lately. Remember, America is great because America is good. And racism and anti-Semitism and bigotry have no place in the United States of America at all -- a campaign or in life, any other way. And we ought to denounce it for what it is. (Applause.)

Now let me just close by saying that Barbara and I are blessed. We talk about it. I don't know that she will be pleasant to live with after that warm ovation you gave here -- (laughter) -- but I do think it's deserved. I think she's doing a first-class job out there for the -- (applause.) But we talk about this, just as other families talk about things. And we are very, very blessed -- blessed to serve this wonderful country of ours at a time when so many of the old fears have been driven away; when so many new opportunities stand within our reach. And since the day I took the oath of office, I made it my duty always to try to do what's right for the country. I've given it my level best -- and I'm not done yet. I'm not finished.

You and I have much more work ahead before we've finished our mission. I think we've done a lot. I think it's a wonderful thing that little Andrea there, or our "Home Alone" guy, might go to sleep at night with not having the fear about nuclear weapons that the generation before them had. I think that's a wonderful thing. And I'm proud to have had a little part in that. (Applause.)

But there's so much more to do. And what it is, is a battle for our future and it is about jobs and family and peace and the kind of legacy we're going to leave our kids or our grandkids. And I am absolutely convinced of this -- believing in the goodness of our country, believing that this economy that's been so troublesome is fixin' to turn and move. I am convinced that together we can

renew the miracle of American enterprise, we can strengthen our values -- the underlying values of our family, faith and freedom.

And now we're approaching an hour of decision tomorrow. And please don't wait until November. I'm asking you to vote on March 17th in the Republican primary. And give me your vote in this important election tomorrow. And help me win the greatest opportunity an American can have -- four more years to fight -- to lead the fight for the values we share.

And thank you, and may God bless the United States of America. Thank you very, very much. Thank you all. (Applause.)

END 8:30 P.M. CST