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DAVID BRINKLEY

An informed electorate is crucial to a free democracy, and no television reporter has kept us informed like David Brinkley. Commentator emeritus of ABC News, David Brinkley has explained the complexities of government to generations of Americans. With and the wisdom of experience, he has informed our decisions and held our leaders accountable. The United States recognizes his commitment to truth and his contributions to freedom.

107TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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January 23, 1987, Friday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE B1

LENGTH: 2761 words

HEADLINE: Our Times, With David Brinkley;
The Sage of Sunday Morning, Witty, Low-Key-and to the Point

BYLINE: Tom Shales, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

To increase respect for his newspaper, Charles Foster Kane recruited nine correspondents from a rival. That was in the movies. In real life, when ABC News President Roone Arledge wanted to boost the prestige of his organization five years ago, he only had to hire one man. David Brinkley.

Since then, "This Week With David Brinkley, " the show Arledge used as bait to land the acerbic veteran, has become the dominant and most widely admired of the Sunday morning news-talk programs. And though Brinkley has brought ABC ratings success as well as enhanced respect, he confirms that there are still those in the news division who grumble about his low-key, nonchalant style on the air.

"I've heard it for 30 years," Brinkley says, combining a sigh with a shrug. "It's just the way I am. I can't change. I don't want to change. I couldn't change if I wanted to. I don't try to put on a show on the air, be bright and vivacious, because it's just not my nature."

He has reached a status in broadcasting that hovers between eminence and legend, but in the earlier days producers persisted in trying to pep him up. "I was doing something at the White House one time," he recalls. "It was an interview with Lyndon Johnson. The producer was what's-his-name, Ed Murrow's friend -- Fred Friendly. He came over and said to me, 'I want you to be more lively.' And I said, 'Shut up.'

"That was the end of the discussion."

To show its appreciation for Brinkley, ABC threw him a big party this week at the Willard Hotel, another longtime Washington institution, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of "This Week." Twenty senators showed up, including Ted Kennedy, Robert Dole, William Cohen and Christopher Dodd; the Ed Meeses were there, the Bushes, Pamela Harriman, Elizabeth Dole and Mitch Snyder, who was given the leftover food to take back to a shelter for the homeless. The top brass from Capital Cities/ABC Inc., Chairman Thomas S. Murphy and President Daniel Burke, also came forth to pay homage.

Fortunately Brinkley is impressed by nothing so he took it all in stride. Asked if he can conceive of anything that, at this point, would knock him for the proverbial loop, Brinkley laughs and says, "I wish to God there were." At 66, Brinkley has held onto his youth by remaining brash and irreverent; he's as smart-alecky as a frat house wag, though incalculably more sophisticated. If the best journalists are the ones it's hardest to put anything over on, Brinkley

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is peerless.

He is pleased about the success of "This Week," but don't expect him to leap up and twirl a baton. "I'm very happy with it," he says. "ABC's been very good, supportive, appreciative, and it's been fine. They don't want much. They just want a program that does well, wins ratings and makes a little money. We're able to do all that, so they leave us the hell alone. Which couldn't be nicer."

The program gets the best guests, makes the most news, earns the highest ratings. For the fourth quarter of 1986, "This Week" averaged a 4.0 rating and 12 share, as compared with a 3.0/10 for "Face the Nation" on CBS and a 2.7/9 for "Meet the Press" on NBC, the network that Brinkley called home for more than three decades. Disputes with a former news division president, William Small, drove him into Arledge's waiting arms.

The Brinkley show is well produced, and the supporting cast -- including White House correspondent Sam Donaldson and commentator George F. Will -- is top notch, but when Brinkley takes a week off, the show is simply not the same. It lacks that abiding wiseacre sensibility that Brinkley brings. He is a kind of walking, enlightened smirk. Actually, more sitting than walking. When he looks bored on the air, it well may be because he is bored. How much fresh bull is there in this town on any given Sunday morning, anyway?

"When you get the congressional leadership on, you already know everything they're going to say, you know everything they're going to evade, and I know there will be no surprises," Brinkley says sulkily. "And it's not really interesting to me, and I'm not sure it's interesting to the audience. I don't really look forward to that much."

Everyone wants to be on the Brinkley show since it is the most potentially advantageous exposure. This acceptance has its drawbacks. "One little problem we have," Brinkley says, "is when a medium- to lower-level foreign dignitary comes into the country and his embassy here hires a PR agency to handle his visit. And very often, they will send to him through the embassy a schedule, and the schedule includes an appearance on our program, without asking us or telling us a thing about it.

"And then suddenly on Friday, the prime minister of something calls and wants to know where to go and when, and we don't know what he's talking about. The PR firm wants to show it's well-connected in Washington and can get the best Sunday talk program. And so they have booked the guest on it. Then when he doesn't get on, they blame it on us. They say we're liars and thieves and backed out at the last minute and dah dah dah."

Another headache for the show is a guy called Sam. Asked if he gets a lot of flak about the contentious, irrepressible Donaldson, Brinkley smiles and says, "Yes, yes. I give all the mail to him. They say [he whispers], 'How come you have that S.O.B. on the program?' I say he is there and he is lively and he is interesting and he is provocative and that's exactly what we want.

"He is also very intelligent. Before I came here, I didn't know Sam very well, and I didn't have a terribly high opinion of him, I must say. I was pleasantly surprised to find that he is extremely bright, very quick, and has an excellent memory. Better than mine. He remembers what somebody said to somebody 3 1/2 years ago about whatever is being discussed. He's very good at that."

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The combination of Donaldson and Will is, says Brinkley, "like vinegar and bicarbonate of soda. Sometimes they shock me with what they say." Brinkley has limits on fondness for video provocation, however. He dismisses the syndicated and highly combustible "McLaughlin Group" by saying, "Too many people talking at once. I'm never quite sure what they've said. It becomes incoherent."

Insiders say that while Brinkley may appreciate Donaldson's pyrotechnical displays, he is closer to Will, the other round-table regular. "I wouldn't say we were intimates," Brinkley says. "I don't see him much outside the office. We laugh at the same things, which is important. I think a literate, articulate conservative is a rare find. George is able to look at himself, laugh at himself, joke about himself. Anyone who can do that can't be all bad."

As for his own political complexion, Brinkley says, "I have spent my entire life avoiding being a liberal or conservative 'cause I think it's a waste of time." Has he felt closer to one than the other? "Yes. I felt more liberal than anything else, and I am, but I don't make a big show of it. It doesn't help. It really doesn't help."

If you describe him as a member of the eastern liberal media establishment, however, Brinkley will plead guilty only to the words "media" and "eastern," he says. He realizes the press is under attack more in recent years but hasn't been in the forefront of those rising righteously to defend it. "To answer it, you have to go to tedious lengths explaining what the press is and what its job really is, which is a problem -- people don't really understand what our job is -- and to say we are all nice boys and girls. I don't want to do all of that. I don't find it attractive at all. So just let it ride. We'll survive it."

As happy as ABC and Brinkley are with "This Week," things haven't been as harmonious when Brinkley is prevailed upon for other duties. During convention and election coverage, he has looked uncomfortable and grumpy playing second fiddle to anchor Peter Jennings, and the network seems to want Brinkley there more as a symbol or a good luck charm, something to dangle, than as a participant with singular broadcasting talents.

Asked about these problems, which have led to internal territorial skirmishes, Brinkley smiles broadly and laughs, as if to say, "Oh no you don't." He earlier had said, "This is now Peter Jennings' news operation, and that's fine." Brinkley seems to blame Arledge more than Jennings for the messy way the convention and election coverage has gone.

"Well, I grew up doing elections and conventions -- if I grew up -- and have been able to do them pretty well," Brinkley says, "because there are long gaps between anything happening, and it gives me a chance to talk about politics, which I happen to know about as well as anybody, dead or alive. I know a lot about it. And it gives me a chance to tell stories and who people are and so on and so on.

"The way we all do it now, it's all about the same. It's hurry up rush, hurry up rush, hurry up you got eight seconds. And you don't really have time to do anything but read numbers and recite facts. So that's not what I do best. Anybody can do that."

Last November, when the offyear elections came around, ABC and NBC pulled back on coverage, opting for shorter reports interspersed with regular

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programming instead of the traditional marathon approach. Brinkley defends the decisions (not rousingly, mind you) but clearly misses the days when the network went on at 8 o'clock and kept you in a state of amused anticipation waiting for the results to start trickling.

"Mostly what we did is talk to each other and switch around the country," Brinkley recalls, "and there'd be somebody in the Starlight Ballroom at the Howard Johnson's out on Highway 14, and he'd show you the bar being set up and the Ritz crackers being laid out." He laughs. "We mostly just had a good time and played, and we all enjoyed it. I enjoyed it."

The new approach doesn't allow for the idea that, in addition to everything else, politics is fun. This is in large measure what has kept David Brinkley interested for all these years. "It's essentially insane," he says. "I just love it."

There always having been a shortage of wits in Washington, Brinkley is a sought-after dinner guest. He says he is social, but not all that social. "I do not like big parties. Don't go to 'em. Will not go to a cocktail party. For any reason. I mainly like small parties where I already know everybody." A Washingtonian since the '40s (he was born in North Carolina), Brinkley knows a number of rules for taming, if not beating, the system. For instance: "Never take any shuttle later than the 3 o'clock. It's the last semicivilized shuttle of the day." But then he would rather not leave town anyway.

As for navigating at dinner parties, he has other practical hints. "I worked out one little trick," he says. "Somebody will sit next to me or near me and take it for granted I know who he is because he's the assistant secretary of labor. I do not know who he is. So a little trick I use is to say to him, ' What are you doing?' He'll say, ' Why, I'm the assistant secretary of labor!' And I will then lie to him and say, 'Oh yes, I know that; what are you working on at the moment?' It works."

Brinkley lived in Georgetown with his first wife, but doesn't like Georgetown anymore -- too noisy, too crowded, no place to park. At the moment he is between houses, about to build a new one in Chevy Chase for himself and his wife Susan. An amateur but, he says, accomplished architect, he designed the house himself and speaks enthusiastically of seeing it to completion. He is also a part-time cabinetmaker, he says. It's easy to see how things requiring patience and precision would appeal to him. He's a patient and precise kind of guy.

Brinkley's three sons are grown now. One is a Harvard professor, one works for The New York Times and one works for Scripps-Howard in Washington. Outside interests are important to Brinkley's equilibrium. He loves music, for instance, and is a more-or-less avid concert goer.

"This," he says, leaning back in his office chair at ABC News, "is not the only thing in my life. This is a job. I have other things that I like a lot, other people that I like a lot. You go to work and do your job and then you leave." Some who have worked with Brinkley find what they consider a lack of zeal to be exasperating, but if he has been able to dictate his own terms all along, more power to him. In television, they'll bend you and shape you as much as you let them.

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Reuven Frank, who produced the trailblazing and long-running "Huntley-Brinkley Report" at NBC (it ended when Chet Huntley retired in 1970), says of Brinkley, "He's occasionally gotten away with murder in terms of ergs of energy expended," but also says, "He never did anything cheap," and professes gentlemanly admiration.

"David's got plenty of credit for being a great writer, but not enough credit for being a master of television," Frank says. "He's very good at handling a picture. He's one of the few who will tell you what you can't already see on the screen."

Brinkley's writing style is considered by many who'd know the best of any broadcast journalist ever. It doesn't impress him because it is him.

"It's the way I've written all my life, since I was 16 years old working part time at a local newspaper," Brinkley says. "I write the way I talk. And occasionally, rarely, because something happened while I was already on the air, and I couldn't write it myself, somebody's written something and brought it to me. Cannot read it. Cannot! Simply cannot. I mean, physically I cannot do it. And it's not that the writing is so terrible. It's just that it's not mine and I can't do it. I can't read anything that isn't mine."

It comes naturally but not always easily. Brinkley says his closing brief commentary on the show each week is the hardest part of the program for him. He comes in Sundays at 5 a.m. to start preparing for the show. The closing piece is always the killer. Sometimes it's so funny that he breaks up laughing on the air, and since Will and Donaldson are still sitting nearby in the studio, he can hear their laughter and they will really set him off.

That is one of the endearing things about David Brinkley: how close to his surface laughter usually is, so that he'll be talking along and, suddenly, sobriety will crumble and fall to the floor. He's a lot less enamored of himself and a lot less concerned with his own dignity than many of his colleagues in the TV news business, right down to the goofiest weatherman on the smallest pipsqueak station in greater Lesserville.

A man who writes this well should write books and for the past six years, off and on, David Brinkley has been. He's putting together a book about life in Washington during World War II -- "the crush and crowding and craziness and the fumbling and bumbling in what was then a small town, suddenly the capital of the world. I'm the only one who covered the White House during World War II who's still alive, I think. So I thought I'd get it all down before I die." He's hoping it will be published (by Knopf) in the spring of 1988.

Brinkley has received many entreaties to cooperate or collaborate on a book about the early days of television. He shies away from images of his much-younger self on TV and isn't given to indulgent reminiscence. Besides, if there's to be such a book, he'd rather write it himself.

He does remember the days when a print journalist going into television felt a bit like he'd signed on as resident geek at a local carnival. The good part was, nobody told David Brinkley how he ought to behave on television because when he got into it, who knew?

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"Television was just beginning, and there wasn't anyone who knew how to do it," Brinkley says. "I don't know anyone who's been on television longer. They couldn't because it wasn't there. I just sort of worked my way on it and did on television what I was already doing on radio.

"People would call and say, 'Gosh, we've got a good picture out here in Bethesda.' Never a word about what you did. It was the fact they got a picture that mattered."

Asked to peer into his own television future, Brinkley says, "I don't see any particular stopping point." Retirement? "It has never entered my head. I'll work until I cannot work anymore."

Then he'll step aside and let the younger David Brinkleys take over. Except for one thing. There are no younger David Brinkleys. There are no older David Brinkleys. There is only one. He is not impressed. Those who know better are.

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, DAVID BRINKLEY ON THE "THIS WEEK" SET. (DAVID BRINKLEY), HARRY NALTCHAYAN

TYPE: BIOGRAPHY, INTERVIEW

SUBJECT: NETWORK TELEVISION; TELEVISION / VIDEO

NAMED-PERSONS: DAVID BRINKLEY

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Los Angeles Times

November 10, 1991, Sunday, Home Edition

SECTION: TV Times; Page 14; Television Desk

LENGTH: 940 words

HEADLINE: Q&A: DAVID BRINKLEY: SUNDAY MORNING SAGE

BYLINE: By SUSAN KING

BODY:

David Brinkley, a veteran of 48 years of broadcast journalism, this week celebrates his 10th anniversary as anchor and moderator of "This Week With David Brinkley," ABC's live, award-winning Sunday morning news series.

Brinkley, 71, began his career as White House correspondent for NBC News in 1943 and has reported on every President since Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In 1956, NBC teamed Brinkley with newscaster Chet Huntley as anchors of NBC's "The Huntley-Brinkley Report." The duo reported the nightly news for the next 14 years. In September, 1981, Brinkley joined ABC News.

Oft-noted for his wry observations, Brinkley has won every major broadcasting award, including 10 Emmys and two George Foster Peabody Awards. Brinkley also is the author of the best-selling 1988 book, "Washington Goes to War."

Brinkley spoke with Susan King from Washington about the state of politics and journalism, and, of course, about "This Week With David Brinkley. "

What editions of "This Week With David Brinkley" are you especially proud?

It is the nature of journalism that today's sensational scoop is next month's bore. This is a very fragile, fleeting temporary business we are in. Yesterday is yesterday and we got another paper to get out or another program to air.

I have really spent my life not looking back. You can't. It was like an editor I used to have at a newspaper, whatever I gave him, whatever I wrote, however good it was, he'd say, "Yeah, that's OK, but what have you got for Sunday?"

(After the show) we congratulate ourselves once in a while, though we very often agree the program wasn't worth a damn. We get people we think would be good and then they aren't. We have a little green room and we serve a brunch to our guests (after the show), and then we eat it ourselves, and after the second cup of coffee we stop talking about today and wonder what we are going to do next week.

When do you begin to prepare for Sunday's show?

Friday and Saturday. We like to keep it close to the news and we like to keep it live. We can't tape it, and I don't want to tape it anyway. You know there's a little fact about television that I cannot explain, but I know it's true -- when you tape something, somebody always makes a mistake. When you do it live

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that never happens.

Being live you can really be a news program.

Has this year been the most newsworthy in recent memory?

It has been the damnedest year I can remember, with Russia collapsing and all of the rest of it. The world has turned upside down in just a short time. The other high moments have been the moon landing, which is so fantastic I still find it hard to believe, and some others. There hasn't been anything like this year I can recall -- World War II maybe, but I wasn't on the air then.

How has television journalism improved over the past four decades?

I think it has gotten better in this respect -- it is not that we are any better or any smarter, but the technology has advanced so rapidly. The engineering has been so good that I alone can, and did, stand in the desert in the Gulf with a little transmitter the size of a traveling salesman's sample case and transmit directly to ABC's studios. It allows us to do a great deal more and better than we used to. We covered the Gulf War better than we have ever been able to cover anything like that because of the technology.

What were your feelings about the Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill Senate hearings?

There has never been anything like that on the face of the Earth.

I do know that somebody on the staff of one of the Senators leaked (the FBI report). If (it had been leaked to me) I would have put it on the air. And you know all the Senators said, "I didn't do this and my staff didn't do it." The asterisk you need there is a member of the Senate really doesn't know what his staff is doing.

The Senate (Judicial) Committee knew about this sexual harassment (charge) and chose to do nothing about it. It was just one more damn woman bellyaching. That's what they thought. They can't do that anymore.

I was in London a few days last week and it was the top half of page one of the London Times, the Telegraph and every good paper in Europe that I saw. The British were hanging on to every word. It was embarrassing. That is what they think our country is like and to a degree it is, but we never had anything like that before and I pray we don't again.

What do you think of President Bush's chances of being re-elected in 1992?

I am more than half serious when I say if you do not have a record of felonies, you should run. I am serious. It is time for a woman and if the recession continues and the economic troubles continue, George Bush is going to have a hard time.

There are polls and polls and I don't know which I am quoting, but some 70% say that the country is going in the wrong direction, which I happen to agree with. It is not all George Bush's fault, but he is in office and he has to take the blame.

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1991 Los Angeles Times, November 10, 1991

What I think is that a month ago it looked like a shoo-in (for Bush). To think of anybody running against Bush would induce laughter. That is not altogether turned around, but it has turned part way and it could turn all the way.

Do you ever think of retiring?

In two or three years. I enjoy journalism. I can't think of anything else I would ever want to do. Every day is different. Every day is new. Every paper is new. Every broadcast is new. The alternative is some kind of paper shuffling as a lawyer, and I can't stand that.

"This Week With David Brinkley" airs Sundays at 10:30 a.m. KGTV; 11 a.m. KESQ, and 11:30 a.m. on KABC and KEYT.

GRAPHIC: Photo, David Brinkley, who marks his 10th year on ABC's Sunday interview shows, says that in his 48 years of broadcasting he has never seen such a tumultuous news year as 1991. ; Photo, COLOR, (Orange County Edition) David Brinkley, who marks his 10th year on ABC's Sunday interview shows, says that in his 48 years of broadcasting he has never seen such a tumultuous news year as 1991.

TYPE: Column; Interview

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April 8, 1988, Friday, Final Edition

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE D1

LENGTH: 765 words

HEADLINE: Brinkley, on the Town;
Celebrating the Broadcaster's New Book About WWII Washington

BYLINE: Marjorie Williams, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

Not for nothing is David Brinkley's chapter on Washington social life titled "Parties for a Purpose."

"... a rough estimate was that a fourth to a half of those at [Washington] parties were, in one way or another, on the make, using an evening at somebody's dinner table as a chance to lobby, to promote a cause, to find jobs for themselves, to establish business relationships or to find law clients for the postwar years."

So writes Brinkley in "Washington Goes to War," his history of the city's transformation, during World War II, from "a city only a few generations out of the mud" into the capital of the free world. As a reception in his honor last night at the Ritz-Carlton suggested, those years established most of the mores the city lives by today.

"It's an absolutely new experience for me," said Brinkley about the unaccustomed role of author, looking as pleased as it is possible to imagine David Brinkley looking. "I've done more talking and blabbing and lollygagging about than usual for me."

And meeting, and greeting. Standing in a reception line with his wife Susan and Alfred A. Knopf Editor in Chief Sonny Mehta, he accepted the obeisances of social Washington (Evangeline Bruce, Polly Fritchie), Embassy Row (including ambassadors from India, Sweden, France, China and Canada), media Washington (everyone, including ABC colleagues Sam Donaldson, George Will and Hal Bruno) and Permanent Washington (lawyer and former Democratic National Committee chairman Robert Strauss with his wife Helen; former CIA director Richard Helms with wife Cynthia).

Not to mention poker friends Henry and Jessica Catto, Lane and Irena Kirkland, and Rowland and Katherine Evans.

All was graciousness: "I didn't mind covering Ronald Reagan when he was just dull," said Sam Donaldson, explaining why he wasn't in California with the president's entourage. "But I will not cover him now that he's dull and irrelevant ... Reagan would be the first to tell you: When one horse gets tired, you get on another."

Donaldson pronounced the book terrific ("I mean it"). Joseph Alsop, one of a few other guests who swore they had read the book, said, "It kept me nailed down." (One of those who had not read the book was Brinkley's son Joel, a New

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York Times reporter who is soon to become the paper's Jerusalem bureau chief. "I've been too busy immersing myself in the Middle East," he said.)

Talk of the period covered in the book prompted reflections from those who admitted being old enough to remember.

Said Evangeline Bruce, "The thing I remember most is the wartime -- euphoria isn't the word I'm looking for. And it sounds cold-blooded to say 'excitement' about war. But you were so caught up in the forces of war ... one lived more intensely in wartime."

Journalist Sarah McClendon, who came here from Texas in 1944, said: "It was a wonderful time. I started out [covering the White House] with Roosevelt, but was too scared to ask him a question. I waited until Truman. But Roosevelt had regular press conferences, and he had plenty of them, which is more than I can say of the present one."

American Film Institute Chairman George Stevens Jr. remembered a trip to Washington when he was 12. "We came for three days and stayed at the brand-new Hilton. And then we went to National Airport to say goodbye to my father, in his uniform. It was the first sad day of my life." (The "brand-new Hilton," on 16th Street, was then the Statler, actually, and Brinkley's book tells a wonderful story about its construction.)

Federal Reserve Board Chairman Alan Greenspan waved away an inquiry, saying he lived in New York then. "All I cared about was baseball. The only thing I knew about Washington was the Senators, and not the ones on Capitol Hill."

CIA Director William H. Webster was a naval officer, and never saw Washington in the war. But his date, Ellen McCloy, dimly recalls living here as a little girl. Her father is John J. McCloy, then assistant secretary of war. "We had a little house in Georgetown," she said, "and I vaguely remember people in uniforms coming to the house, which was very exciting."

Supreme Court Justice Byron H. White simply lit out for the territories at the sight of a reporter, as justices will.

The New York publishing contingent was unusually thick, with five of Knopf's top editors in attendance to celebrate a book that had 200,000 copies in print before its official publication yesterday.

When Brinkley told a reporter, "It's my first book -- and my last," his companion from Knopf winced and said, "I wish you wouldn't say that."

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, BRINKLEY, LEFT, FRANK FAHRENKOPF AND SAM DONALDSON. HARRY NALTCHAYAN

TYPE: DC NEWS

SUBJECT: DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA; PARTIES; BOOKS; WRITERS

NAMED-PERSONS: DAVID BRINKLEY

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JOHNNY CARSON

The greatest talk show host in television history, Johnny Carson presided over late night for almost 30 years. With a cool wit and a sure golf swing, he took pride in putting America to sleep for 30 years. He kept the pulse of the nation, and assured us that even in difficult times, it was still okay to laugh. The United States honors Johnny Carson for his many years chronicling the American spirit of freedom.

7TH STORY of Focus printed in FULL format.

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May 19, 1992, Tuesday, Final Edition

NAME: JOHNNY CARSON

SECTION: STYLE; PAGE B1

LENGTH: 2819 words

HEADLINE: Johnny, the Great of Late Night;
For 29 Years, Carson Gave Us the Last Laugh of the Day. Soon 'Tonight' Won't Be the Same.

SERIES: Occasional

BYLINE: Tom Shales, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

He's the best Johnny Carson we ever had, and he's probably the last Johnny Carson we will ever have. When Carson, 66, leaves "The Tonight Show" after Friday night's broadcast, he'll take a style and a sensibility and an era with him.

He begins his last week of "Tonights" tonight, ending a reign of nearly 30 years and seeming as fresh and boyish as the night he started.

We're saying goodbye to more than our nightly dose of Johnny Carson. When he began hosting "The Tonight Show" in 1962, television was a kinder and gentler medium. Nobody had 50 cable channels, and Carson's only real late-night competition was old movies.

Now the great audience Carson aimed to entertain is splintering up into factions, and no single performer is ever likely to be as dominant as he has been for most of the past three decades. We have moved away from the consensus comedy Carson practices and epitomizes and into constituency comedy. A generalist is abdicating to a new breed of specialists.

In a way, Mr. Mainstream will be taking the mainstream with him. It has already broken up into dozens of little tributaries anyway.

"Carson is a once-in-a-lifetime situation," ad agency executive Arnie Semsky told Advertising Age recently. "To find somebody who could be that accepted over such a long period of time is unprecedented, and we probably will never see anything like that again."

Saying goodbye to Johnny is a little like saying goodbye to a president. His monologues, celebrated as political weather vanes, were nightly State of the Union messages, albeit funnier than the real ones. At the NBC studios in Burbank, transition teams gear up for the change in administrations. No constitutional amendment limits the number of terms a "Tonight Show" host may serve, but Johnny's record of 29 1/2 years is likely to stand forever.

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He'll certainly be the last host of a major network talk show to have fought in World War II, or to remember not only the dawn of television but the rise of radio. We are not just losing a comedian. We are losing a continuum.

"When Jay Leno assumes the top spot on 'The Tonight Show, ' it will be more than one comedian succeeding another," James Wolcott wrote in Vanity Fair. "It will represent the rock generation's completing its long coup d'etat of pop culture, finally putting the jazz influence of the forties and fifties out to pasture."

It's as sad to see this go as it is sad to contemplate night life without Johnny.

"Don't think of me as leaving, folks," Carson said in a recent monologue. "I'm just going on a longer vacation than usual." Naturally he has been using his own departure as the pretext for jokes. "After I leave on May 22nd," he said the other night, "I'm going to be flown to Wiesbaden, Germany, to be debriefed by Jack Paar and Steve Allen."

Paar and Allen each took a turn at hosting "The Tonight Show. " Allen did mostly comedy sketches. The volatile Paar was Carson's immediate predecessor and the father of the modern talk show. In the media vernacular of Marshall McLuhan, however, Paar was hot and Carson cool, and Johnny's cool has helped us make it through some very hot times since 1962.

Coolness has been key to Carson's astonishing longevity. He's hosted more hours of TV than anyone else, it's been pointed out, yet he never risked overexposure. He kept himself a precious commodity, partly by not popping up all over the tube or in other venues, partly by staying out of the celebrity limelight as much as possible.

He used to host the Oscars, he used to appear in Las Vegas, he has done the occasional TV special, including a memorable one a few years ago in which he revisited the Nebraska town where he grew up. But in recent years, the only place you could really see Johnny Carson was "The Tonight Show. " It became the castle tower from which he looked out at the world.

The alleged aloofness and remoteness of Carson may have been defense mechanisms to keep that world at a safe distance -- people who face audiences regularly have to develop armor to keep from being devastated by rejection -- but they also proved to be good business. Carson's decision to reduce the length of "The Tonight Show" from 90 minutes to an hour in 1980 was another smart move.

It made it very hard for anybody to come across Carson on TV and reasonably groan, "Oh, not him again." He was determined not to let you get sick of him. And now he is leaving long before anyone has a chance to.

We've had months to prepare ourselves for this final week, yet it's very clear that parting will be much more sorrowful than sweet. People went through the same kind of thing back in 1981 as they looked forward with dread to Walter Cronkite's retirement as anchor of "The CBS Evening News." But this is worse.

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Carson's reign dwarfs that of Cronkite and of just about anyone else. For nearly 30 years, at a tender and delicate hour, his has sometimes been the last face one sees before sleep. On an intimate level, he has cured innumerable cases of the blues, alleviated countless depressions, mercifully interrupted zillions of arguments. Now we are getting a new video nanny. It's natural to panic.

"You know what this is like?" Carson joked about his job during a 1982 monologue. "It's like the challenge of death every night. It's like I'm standing on the ledge of a 20-story building and the crowd is yelling, 'Jump!' "

Nobody's yelling "jump" now.

Hermetically Sealed Many of the stars appearing on Carson's last shows have uttered farewell tributes. Some will obviously find a home on Jay Leno's couch as well. Curiously, Bob Hope, appearing with Carson for the 132nd time (literally) Friday, offered no testimonials or kind words to the man who had played host to umpty-ump plugs for Hope's increasingly arthritic prime-time specials.

Hope seemed alarmingly bewildered and enfeebled. Carson, looking at him, may have had a chilling vision of himself 20 years hence. Carson is certain to continue in television beyond "The Tonight Show, " but never again with such frequency, and probably not into his eighties.

Carson protege David Letterman paid his own tribute earlier on that show. "First of all, you're not passing away," he told Carson. "You're still funny, you're vibrant, you're charming, energetic, entertaining, a very nice guy."

Last year, during the fuss over Letterman's not being chosen as Carson's successor, Letterman said from New York that he felt he owed the success of his own show to its post-Carson time slot. "What I can't understand is why he left after 29 years, why he didn't stay until the fall and make it an even 30," Letterman said.

Ah, but Carson always intended to stay at least through the fall. In April of 1991, then-NBC Entertainment Chairman Brandon Tartikoff announced a new one-year contract for Carson that was to extend through September. "I'm thrilled he's decided to celebrate his 30th-anniversary year with us," Tartikoff said in a statement.

What happened? According to a highly placed insider, Carson was deeply hurt when supermarket tabloids began running stories early last year claiming that substitute host Leno earned better demographics than Carson when filling in and that NBC couldn't wait for Johnny to step down. The stories reportedly originated in Leno's camp, although Leno subsequently denied that.

"If he wants it that bad, the hell with it," Carson reportedly said. His intense dislike for General Electric, NBC's owner, and the shabby way he'd been treated since GE bought the company in 1986 compounded his resentment. He does about one GE joke a night now, sarcastically referring to it as "the company with a heart."

In December, he joked that he'd just received his Christmas card from GE: "It said, 'In lieu of a gift, a GE employee has been laid off in your name.' "

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Asked one night by a member of the audience why the NBC logo is a peacock, Carson replied, "I don't know; I guess they couldn't find a multicolored weasel."

Reached in his " Tonight Show" office last June when his plans to step down were revealed, Carson quipped, "GE already sold my parking spot to Fotomat."

He was asked then what he thought he might do for his last night on the show. "Wouldn't it be funny if we ran a repeat?" he said. "No, I don't have the guts. I think we should do it exactly as we started." In fact, he will spend the hour reminiscing, with sidekick Ed McMahon nearby, and no scheduled celebrity guests. He turned down NBC's offer to do the last show in prime time.

And why had he announced his decision to leave? "Well, it was time," Carson said. "Nothing goes on forever. I've been wrestling with this for years." A few minutes later he added: "I see the way television is going. It's nice to go out on top."

More to Come A gentleman drinker in New York said once that he never imbibes on New Year's Eve because that's when "the amateurs" come out. Johnny's ratings are up, and studio audiences are camping out for hours at NBC studios to see him in person now that his departure is mere hours away, but many of these are just amateur Carsonians, mere Johnny -come-latelies.

The pros have been faithful all along.

And they have come to know him as well as you can know anybody who is sprayed by a ray gun onto a glass shield in your living room. So many mannerisms and habits are iconographic now, from the frightened step backward after a joke has bombed, to the way Carson says "pooberty" instead of "puberty," to his nervous habit of scratching his right hand with his left during the monologue.

When three jokes in a row would die, Doc Severinsen and the band would sometimes strike up "Tea for Two," and Johnny would launch into a desperation soft-shoe. Oh to see this one more time.

Near Christmas, he always devoted a segment to reading letters that kids had written to Santa Claus in care of the North Pole. And annually he would remark that with the change of seasons, the green plastic plants in Beverly Hills had been ceremonially replaced with the brown plastic plants.

It's the little moments one tends to remember more than any encounters with big star guests or Carson's turns as Aunt Blabby (who retired long before Carson did) or Art Fern or Floyd R. Turbo. Those sketches and characters were links, however, to vaudeville and burlesque traditions not within the performing memory of today's younger comedians.

And Carnac did occasionally get in a good one. The last answer in the sealed envelope one night was "sis boom bah." And the question: "What is the sound of a sheep exploding?"

The monologue was hailed for its politically barometric qualities, reaching full glory in the '80s, during the Reagan years, which were so good to comics. He's been awfully funny lately on George Bush, tweaking him for being a rich

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preppy out of touch with normal people.

After Bush did a photo opportunity demonstrating fly-casting to inner-city youths, Carson scoffed at the irrelevancy and said, "He also showed them how to signal from their schooners when they run out of Grey Poupon."

One night last week he began by telling the audience, "If tonight's monologue bombs, it is not my fault. It's the fault of the Great Society programs of the '60s."

But the monologue isn't all political or topical. It has its other reliable ritualistic components, like joking about how cold and heartless the previous night's studio audience had been: "They were the kind of group that would give a condom to a panda."

Yes, a team of writers, including Carson, comes up with these jokes, but Carson is the one who lobs them so elegantly over the net.

During the monologue he was court jester, comic ombudsman, modern-day Will Rogers and, of course, matador. No matter how big and successful he got, you always felt that the success of each joke mattered to him. He was like a politician facing second-by-second poll-taking, anxiously following each little dip in the curve, making a critical review of his own performance a part of the performance.

Nobody could make unfunny jokes funnier than Johnny. Nobody ever drew so much blood from turnips or turned so many sow's ears into silk purses.

Some would say his concepts are dated, especially when it comes to male-female relations, but he kept adapting to change with amazing versatility. Mean-spirited "Saturday Night Live" sketches have accused him of the unspeakable crime of being unhip, but as he is cool beyond cool, so Carson exits seeming hip beyond hip, so hip as to make customary hipness measurements irrelevant.

Besides, he's like an uncle now. Who cares how hip an uncle is? If the guy makes you laugh, you love him.

Cold and Aloof In person, "The Tonight Show" was usually a disappointment. The set that seems large on TV looks unimpressive from the radically raked seats of Studio 1 at NBC in Burbank. The Carson show is meant to be experienced in medium shots and close-ups, not from a distance; the real show is what one sees at home, not what transpires in the chilly studio.

I stopped by several times over the years. Once I got to watch Johnny do his monologue from the wings. Yes, dammit, it was a thrill. President Reagan was landing in a helicopter in the NBC parking lot and was scheduled to make a televised address from the studio opposite Johnny's. There was talk he might do a walk-on and surprise Johnny. But the unhappy surprise was that he didn't.

My last visit to "The Tonight Show" was in August. It was a Friday night, and an unusual show. There were no movie or TV stars plugging projects on Johnny's couch. Instead the producers had lined up an old-fashioned vaudeville bill: jugglers, comics, acrobats.

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Even with the lights darkened over his desk during the performances center stage, one could see Carson delighting in the entertainers. An extremely shapely woman helping out in a magic act, and wearing a very tiny costume, inspired him to get up from the desk and walk over for a closer view.

At every moment he seemed engaged, wired, almost electrified. When I got the chance to shake hands with him backstage after the show, he was gracious and cordial, but he seemed dimmed and depleted. When the spotlight is on him, a light of his own shines back at it.

The Carson staff had been through emergencies of various kinds over the years, but during this night's show something happened that they said had never occurred before. A fairly well-known comedian came out and began his act, screwed up his first two jokes, became disgusted with himself and marched off the stage, disappearing through the back curtain.

Carson was only mildly alarmed and immediately began assuring the studio audience that something like this could happen to any performer. "He just lost his timing, that's all," he said, and through the studio public address system he implored the comedian to come back out and try again.

Informed by feverish producers backstage that the comic was willing to return, Carson primed the audience to be receptive. He reintroduced the comic, who came out again, got the jokes right this time and got much bigger laughs than were probably merited.

A potentially career-ending crisis had been averted. The videotape was edited so that home viewers had no inkling of what had happened. The way Carson handled this seemed to support the notion that to as great a degree as the carnivorous world of show business will allow, he is a gentleman, a man to be admired as well as enjoyed.

This, too, we will miss.

Although the tributes to Carson appear to make him uncomfortable, he probably appreciates them. There were a few years scattered through his long run when he was taken for granted, and periods when he seemed to be wearying of it all and even growing stale. Yet he always sprang back. His rejuvenative powers were rejuvenating to behold.

How do you thank somebody for a million laughs? The question has been asked before. In this case, a million might actually be a low estimate. Tuning in NBC Monday night at 11:30 is going to be a little like coming home to an empty apartment after a loved one has just moved out.

In his last weeks, Carson has been looser, goofier and perhaps funnier than ever. His monologues have become more balletic, his attitude more blithe. After an irreverent joke he will say with caustic glee, "What can they do to me? I'm outta here soon." He's lighter than air, he's younger than springtime, he's more of a Johnny Carson than ever.

For all the money and fame, Carson was hounded by the "cold and aloof" label almost from the beginning. A 1970 Life cover called him "the lonesome hero of Middle America." On Friday's show he joked, "Well, only four more

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emotion-filled days until all my staff members begin their books about me." It was said that in his private life, he had a hard time experiencing happiness. But in his public life, he did not.

And Johnny, you were no slouch at spreading it around, either.

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, RIGHT, CARSON IN 1964, ONE YEAR INTO HIS "TONIGHT" REIGN. FROM TOP, CARSON AS HIGH-POWERED PITCHMAN ART FERN, WITH CAROL WAYNE, IN 1977; WITH A BABY GORILLA; AS AUNT BLABBY; AND THIS PAST FEBRUARY, WITH FIRST-TIME GUEST ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

TYPE: BIOGRAPHY

SUBJECT: TELEVISION

ORGANIZATION: TONIGHT SHOW

NAMED-PERSONS: JOHNNY CARSON

Cool

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4TH STORY of Focus printed in FULL format.

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The Atlanta Journal and Constitution

May 22, 1992

SECTION: NATIONAL NEWS; Section A; Page 1

LENGTH: 1389 words

HEADLINE: Theeeerre goes Johnny! Carson calling it quits tonight after 30 years He tucked us in with a good laugh

BYLINE: By Drew Jubera STAFF WRITER

KEYWORD: television; personalities; history; closings

BODY:

For more than half its nearly 30 years, "The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson" has put the great American middle to bed, leading this loyal but invisible audience through a world that looked very little like its own - one populated with Hollywood celebrities, San Diego zoo keepers, "hermetically sealed envelopes kept in a mayonnaise jar," and Buddy Hackett.

But now it's over. Carson, 66, retires from "The Tonight Show" this evening, to be replaced Monday by Jay Leno. His last appearance is expected to be a ratings smash, but in this era of dozens of cable options it may not rival even "The Tonight Show's" largest-ever audience, when it attracted an estimated 49 million viewers in 1969 for the wedding of falsetto singer Tiny Tim.

The show will be a kind of guestless home movie - no stars, no animal trainers, only film clips of shared moments between Johnny, his two most dependable cohorts (Ed McMahon, 69, and band leader Doc Severinsen, 64) and us, the always-welcome viewing audience.

"The Tonight Show" was long the country's perfect, most-requested nightcap: not too strong (Jack Paar), not too bitter (David Letterman), not too light (Arsenio Hall). It was the spot on the cultural dial where fads arrived when they'd survived to become trends. Where comics suffering from arrested development turned into voices of middle-American cynicism (Don Rickles was Carson's appointed head of the Populist Ugly American Party). Where sacred, over-the-hill talent hung around to be venerated until it died.

And in the center, ringleading, was Carson. Carson, whose opening monologues were an antidote and consensus of the day's somber and bizarre events. Carson, whose guest lists were the arbiter of what was funny and who was interesting or acceptably weird.

Nearly every successful comedian since the mid-'60s - from Rickles to Steve Martin to Letterman to Jerry Seinfeld - owes a debt to Carson for giving him exposure on "The Tonight Show." To "do Carson" meant 12-17 million viewers with an impact no other show has had for so long. Roseanne Arnold says her appearance rerouted her life. "I was on one time, and by the next day my whole life had changed. I moved my way out of poverty."

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Carson's own impact and longevity owed as much to him tracking his audience as to his audience tracking him.

"He may be the last person who addressed the middle class everyone is looking for," says comic writer Roy Blount Jr., who appeared on "The Tonight Show" more than a dozen times. "To me, being on the show always seemed like running for president - trying to talk to America as a whole.

"When he came out against LBJ or the war [in his monologues], it meant there was a consensus," Blount adds. "On the show, something always gave me the feeling I was addressing not a liberal or conservative audience, but an audience that responded to something deeper."

That audience has been vast and lucrative. Surviving the ratings grabs of at least 15 late-night competitors (Joey Bishop, Merv Griffin, Joan Rivers - all whacked), "The Tonight Show's" low overhead and high revenues (it carries more commercial minutes than prime-time shows) have made it the most profitable series in TV history. And despite two previous long-term hosts (Steve Allen for two years and Paar for five), the show's success is now inseparable from Carson. He has outlasted all the video monuments of the last four decades, including "Bonanza," "The Dick Van Dyke Show," "Mary Tyler Moore," "M*A*S*H," Walter Cronkite and "Cosby." His reach was once so long that, joking in 1973 about a toilet paper shortage, he spurred a consumer run on the stuff.

"Who in ancient Greece ever spoke to a nation as much or as thoroughly as Johnny Carson?" asks David Marc, author of several books about TV, including "Comic Visions: Television Comedy and American Culture."

"For 20 years, prime time was bracketed by two daily commentaries on the news," he adds. "One was Cronkite. The other was Carson."

When Carson began, nobody knew he would become what he became. His "Tonight Show" debuted Oct. 1, 1962. Introduced by McMahon, who would become America's favorite laugh track, Carson stepped before a dubious viewership as the hep-cat hayseed he was. A nation yawned.

"America can now go back to bed," Robert F. Kennedy told Paar, Carson's edgier predecessor, on his last show.

"After that first night, the pages went down to the NBC coffee shop and all of them were convinced Johnny wouldn't make it," recalls Kenneth Work, a former NBC page and now a semi-retired history instructor at Georgia State University. "After working with Paar all those years, we were concerned he didn't have the excitement and outspokenness that Paar had."

Marc adds, "I didn't think he'd last six months."

NBC affiliates were slow to respond. The show first ran 105 minutes, with Carson's monologue airing from 11:15-11:30 p.m. But many stations carried their local news instead. In 1965, Carson refused to do the monologue in that time slot, leaving Ed McMahon and band leader Skitch Henderson to entertain the masses. Two years later, the first 15 minutes were canned.

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By then, Carson ruled (his monologue tiff would be the first of his many shows of strength, including a 1978 demand to cut his workload from four nights a week to three - at triple the salary).

With what writer Gore Vidal calls the perfect combination of "Midwestern humor, New York smarts and Hollywood ambition," Carson led the post-war generation through the go-go '60s. This was before Letterman ushered in the Age of Irony, when instead of wry smirks, TV could prompt nation-sized belly laughs. The country seemed on constant "Carson watch," waiting up to see something that would make everyone fall on the floor (Ed Ames's 1964 tomahawk toss into the crotch of a cardboard dummy goosed a studio-audience laugh that lasted almost four minutes, considered a TV record).

Co-opting Jack Benny's timing while updating Bob Hope's topicality, Carson's monologues also let the country know it was safe to laugh when things were going to hell.

"Will Rogers saw us through the Depression, Hope got us through World War II and Korea, and Carson may have done the same thing through the '60s and Watergate and even the Gulf War," says Alex McNeil, author of "Total Television," a programming guide from 1948 to the present. "The average viewer thinks [Carson's] politics are the same as his or hers; I bet even George Bush feels the same way. It's a remarkable talent to have that impression with people."

The lame-duck Carson is still the late-night ratings leader in an increasingly cluttered field. Yet he's been waning for years, the deft but flawed golf swing that still concludes his monologues now more curio than smooth move. His ratings are the lowest in the show's history, and his share of the nightly audience has dropped 47 percent since 1978, farther than the decline for all network viewing in prime time - due not only to viewers' growing appetite for cable, but a dwindling demographic as well.

But the beauty of longevity is that it becomes the only thing that matters. Even if one no longer watches Carson, one is never unaware of him. And on TV, that is achievement enough.

"It seems important simply because it's on television," says Steve Allen, the first " Tonight Show" host, beginning for 28 months in 1954. "Put a dead rabbit, anything, a cucumber on TV for a week and it will seem glamorous, evocative, especially if a studio audience hoots a welcome that would be reasonable only for the second coming of Christ.

"But [Carson] provides the function comedy was created or evolved to supply," he adds from his Los Angeles office. "It provides a release. If we really concentrated on the human predicament, we would spend the rest of our lives on our knees weeping. [Carson] helps the nation relax. We may still care passionately, but for at least a few minutes we get a reprieve."

Carson's trick might be the toughest trick of all. With his renowned cool, his well-guarded private life (though he joked often about his four marriages, knowing we all knew), and his populist knack, Carson was a kind of nightly self-portrait of each person watching. He was less himself, than whoever we wanted him to be.

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And for 30 years, we've just wanted him to be.

GRAPHIC: color photo: Johnny Carson photo: In addition to an opening monologue that tweaked politicians and modern life, TV talk show host Johnny Carson was known for creating outlandish characters for comic sketches. / The Associated Press photo: Johnny Carson arrives at work Thursday in Burbank, Calif., for the taping of his next-to-last " Tonight Show. " / The Associated Press color illustration: editorial cartoonist Mike Luckovich salutes Johnny Carson on his last show.

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2ND STORY of Focus printed in FULL format.

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May 24, 1992, Sunday, CITY EDITION

SECTION: NEWS; Pg. 19; ZONE: C

LENGTH: 799 words

HEADLINE: Carson becomes part of the memories

BYLINE: By Deborah Seibel and Michael A. Lev

BODY:

It couldn't be the last time he walked through those multicolored curtains. It just couldn't. And yet, here was Johnny Carson, trying to make it intact through yet another standing ovation. Trying to contain 30 years of memories behind that elfin, smiling face for one more hour.

But not all of the evening's drama and emotion was taking place Friday afternoon in NBC's Burbank, Calif., television studio, where the show was filmed. In living rooms - and bedrooms, of course - all over the nation Friday night, millions were tuning in to watch and say goodbye to the King of Late Night television.

"It's kind of sad," said Carol Henson of Chicago as she watched the show from her living room. "So much a part of your life and you take it for granted. Life will go on, but next Friday night won't be the same."

Perhaps it made it easier Friday for Carson to have friends and family in the audience. But there were also about 100 people who hadn't made the cut to see the show Thursday night and were invited to fill in the few remaining seats. One woman, standing outside by the specially-laid red carpets leading up to NBC's colorful peacock-festooned Burbank doorway, said it would be one of the greatest nights of her life.

"Can you imagine," she said, "I get to be here on the night Johnny Carson says goodbye."

He chose a stool for part of his final performance - the only prop a great entertainer ever needs. He seemed curiously relaxed, as though all the heart-wrenching emotion of the night before - when Bette Midler sang to him - had freed him to enjoy his last moments under the Studio 1 spotlights.

This was the last time we would see Doc Severinsen blast through the " Tonight Show's" opening theme song. The last time we would hear Ed McMahon call, "Heeere's Johnny! " But on this, the last night of the "The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson," there would be no golf swing. He tricked us. The trick for the rest of us will be getting along without him before we turn out the lights.

"There's this emptiness inside," "Tonight" saxophonist Tom Peterson said quietly, as he walked away fom the studio for the final time.

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Reflectiveness was understandable but not uniform. In Chicago, the Excalibur nightclub threw what it claimed was the "world's largest goodbye party," with "The Tonight Show" screened on the club's many television sets, a trivia contest and a clever offer made: Anyone with the name Johnny or Carson or who could prove they'd been divorced three times got in free.

Yvonne Pelachyk, 43, and her daughter Kim, 22, visiting from Utica, Mich., went to the club to pay their respects.

"He was like an escape," Yvonne Pelachyk said. "He was funny. Watching the show was a no-brainer."

On the North Side, Carol Hanson, 46, positioned herself on the living room couch while her husband, Terry, 47, pulled his chair up close to the television to watch the show like they always do. This being a weekend night, the couple sent out for their regular late Friday night pizza and grouped their five children around to watch.

If Carson's last show was filled with nostalgia - snippets of interviews with now-departed stars like Groucho Marx and Lucille Ball and the orchestra playing "I'll Be Seeing You," Carson's favorite song - it was no different for the Hansons.

They have been Carson fans for their entire married life and they couldn't help but reminisce about how when they first were watching they lived in a small, basement apartment.

If that recollection didn't make them feel old, their daughter Jennifer's question surely did.

"Who's Jack Paar?" the 20-year-old college student asked at one point.

Terry Hanson, who not only answered but remembered watching when Paar was "The Tonight Show" host, recognized quickly that he needed to translate parts of the show if he wanted his Arsenio Hall generation offspring to stay tuned in.

In the Hanson household, the entire show went over well. They laughed at the jokes, sang along to Garth Brooks and Carol Hanson oohed at Liberace. Everyone was impressed with a behind-the-scenes glimpse of how the show is put together, from a writer's meeting to footage of Carson preparing to walk on stage.

"God, I get butterflies just watching him go out there," Carol Hanson said. "See him take a deep breath before he goes on?"

Carson ended the show with a simple farewell.

"You people watching - I can only tell you that it has been an honor and a privilege," he said. "I bid you a very heartfelt goodnight."

But Terry Hanson, like millions of Americans, had the final word.

"Shall I turn it off?" he asked as the credits rolled.

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ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:

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HARRY SHLAUDEMAN

Ambassador Harry Shlaudeman is one of America's most decorated and skillful foreign service officers. In his decades of foreign service from Europe to Latin America, he has faced adverse circumstances, crises, and war with bravery and tact. His conviction was demonstrated in 1990, when at the request of the President, he came out of retirement to serve as Ambassador to Nicaragua to ensure its peaceful transition to democracy. For decades of meritorious service, courageous diplomacy, and protection of America's interests abroad, the United States honors Ambassador Harry Shlaudeman.

S/S 9203985

United States Department of State

Washington, D.C. 20520

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March 9, 1992

MEMORANDUM FOR BRENT SCOWCROFT
THE WHITE HOUSE

Subject: Secretary of State Recommends Presidential Medal of Freedom for Ambassador Shlaudeman

The Secretary recommends to the President that Ambassador Harry Shlaudeman receive the Presidential Medal of Freedom. Ambassador Shlaudeman will be returning to retirement following service as the President's envoy to Nicaragua.

President Bush asked Ambassador Shlaudeman to come out of retirement to take on the difficult task of Ambassador to post-Sandinista Nicaragua. It would be a personal expression of the President's appreciation of Ambassador Shlaudeman's service to his country, as well as the Nation's testimony to an extraordinary diplomatic career.

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Stephen G. Rhull /E

W. Robert Pearson
Executive Secretary

Attachments:
Letter of Recommendation
Career Highlights

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

11/20

Don,

As promised please find attached the released materials on Amb. Shlaudeman

Hope this is helpful.

Phil.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

WASHINGTON

March 9, 1992

Dear Mr. President:

I heartily recommend that our outgoing Ambassador to Nicaragua, Harry W. Shlaudeman, be selected to receive The Presidential Medal of Freedom. Throughout his outstanding career in the Foreign Service, and particularly his most recent service in Nicaragua, Ambassador Shlaudeman has, as stated in the applicable Executive Orders, "made an especially meritorious contribution to the security and national interests of the United States."

Ambassador Shlaudeman came out of retirement at your personal request to serve as your envoy to Nicaragua and to the newly elected Chamorro Administration. He has helped that government in its efforts to achieve national reconciliation, in spite of the Sandinistas' vow to "rule from below."

Ambassador Shlaudeman was the "hero and mainstay" of our Contadora efforts; Ambassador to Argentina during the Falkland War; Deputy Chief of Mission in Chile during the Allende regime; Chief Political Officer during the Dominican coup; at the side of the Secretary of State during the invasion of Czechoslovakia. His has been a singular performance.

I suggest to you, Mr. President, that Ambassador Harry Shlaudeman justly deserves to join the select company of other recipients of the Medal who have come from the ranks of American diplomats.

Should your decision be favorable, I would also recommend the Medal be presented to Ambassador Shlaudeman shortly after his departure from Nicaragua.

Sincerely,

James A. Baker, III

Enclosure: Career Highlights

The President,
The White House.

LIMITED OFFICIAL USE

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Jim

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Enclosure: Career Highlights

The President,
The White House.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

92 APR 29 P4:57

April 29, 1992

MEMORANDUM FOR PHILLIP D. BRADY

FROM: BRENT SCOWCROFT

SUBJECT: Presidential Citizens Medal for Ambassador Harry Shlaudeman

Secretary Baker has written to the President recommending that the President confer the Presidential Medal of Freedom on Ambassador Harry Shlaudeman, a distinguished career diplomat. As Secretary Baker points out, Ambassador Shlaudeman has had an extraordinary career, serving in five Ambassadorial posts in Latin America with distinction. Ambassador Shlaudeman is retiring from the Foreign Service (for the second time) after coming out of retirement in 1990 at the President's request to serve for the last two years as Ambassador to Nicaragua.

I agree with Secretary Baker that Ambassador Shlaudeman is richly deserving of Presidential recognition of his service. After my office's informal consultations with your office, I recommend that the President confer upon him the Presidential Citizens Medal for his having "performed exemplary deeds of service" for the country. In receiving this award, Ambassador Shlaudeman will be in distinguished company. President Bush has conferred the Medal on several in the diplomatic corps, including Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger, former Undersecretary of State Robert Kimmitt, and Undersecretary of Defense (and former Ambassador to Indonesia) Paul Wolfowitz.

Attachment
Tab A Incoming Correspondence from State Department

DECLASSIFIED
PER NSC WAIVER,
By LH NARA, Date 06/12/23

S/S 9203985

1817

United States Department of State

Washington, D.C. 20520

LIMITED OFFICIAL USE

March 9, 1992

MEMORANDUM FOR BRENT SCOWCROFT
THE WHITE HOUSE

Subject: Secretary of State Recommends Presidential Medal of Freedom for Ambassador Shlaudeman

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Who's Who in America, 1988-89

PETTY, RICHARD, auto racer. s. Lee and Elizabeth T. P.; m. Lynda Owens; children: Kyle, Sharon, Lisa, Rebecca. Auto racer 30 years. Mem. Pres.'s Council Fitness and Sport. Named Grand Nat. Rookie of Year, 1959; Most Popular Driver in Grand Nat., 1962, 64, 68, 70, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78; Martini & Rossi Am. Driver of Year, 1971; Driver of Year Nat. Motorsport Press Assn., 1974-75; inducted into N.C. Athletic Hall of Fame, 1973. Mem. Nat. Assn. Stock Car Auto Racing (7 time champion; Winston Cup grand nat. champion 1964, 67, 71, 72, 74, 75, 79). Entered 1015 Grand Nat. Races, winner 200, 1958-86, with 55 Superspeedway wins; winner Daytona 500, 1964, 66, 71, 73, 74, 79, 81. Address: Rt 4 Box 86 Randleman NC 27317

The New York Times, November 16, 1992

They were salvaging the car because Petty decided to get it back onto the track for the race's final lap to salute his fans. He did so, and the finish symbolized the way Petty's career -- the greatest in the sport -- had come crawling to an end.

Team's Fortunes Depressed

Petty won 200 races, 95 more than anyone else. He also has seven championships and seven Daytona 500 victories, both records.

But his last victory was July 4, 1984. Now he retires as a driver to concentrate solely on car-owner duties. And he'll have to; his team has slipped badly in the last decade.

Before the race, Petty's wife, Lynda, said she was relieved to see her husband stop racing, leaving their son, Kyle, as the family's only racer. "I think half the burden of concern can be put to rest," she said. "I still have a son out there."

For Petty, his family's sense of relief -- especially vivid right after his crash -- has helped make his retirement easier to accept.

The New York Times, November 16, 1992

"My three daughters came in," he said. "They were all crying. Lynda was crying, too. It really took a load off me because I saw how it really lifted a load from them."

Until today, Petty had been the last Nascar champion to win the driving title while owning his own team, doing so in 1979.

But Kulwicki, a 37-year-old driver who grew up in Greenfield, Wis., changed that. He steadfastly refused offers to drive for other teams -- including two offers from Bill Elliott's car owner, Junior Johnson -- preferring instead to develop his own team.

Kulwicki's stubbornness was ...

GRAPHIC: Photo: Richard Petty's Pontiac burning after being involved in a collision yesterday in his final Nascar race at the Hooters 500 at Atlanta Motor Speedway in Hampton, Ga. Petty escaped from the crash unhurt. (Associated Press)

NAME: SIANO, JOSEPH; PETTY, RICHARD

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11TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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The Atlanta Journal and Constitution

November 15, 1992

SECTION: SPORTS; Section F; Page 9

LENGTH: 474 words

HEADLINE: ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION SPECIAL REPORT RICHARD'S LAST RIDE: THE RACES HE HAS WON REMEMBERING RICHARD 'King Kong' under hood fueled first big-track win Recalling an engine switch that helped propelled Petty's career.

BYLINE: By Bill Robinson STAFF WRITER

KEYWORD: automotive; racing; personalities; retirement; competition; history; awards; records; results

BODY:

It all began in the fall of 1963. Richard Petty, young, handsome and the son of three-time NASCAR national champion Lee Petty, was just another racer. Earlier in the year, at the Atlanta 500, he had brought his underpowered little blue racer, the Plymouth, and drove to a sixth- place finish. This was high living indeed, considering he was running against the powerful Fords of Fireball Roberts and Fastback Freddie Lorenzen, among others.

"One of these days I'm gonna get me some power [a stronger engine] and see if I can win one of these big track races," he said, smiling and sitting on the old guard rail along pit road at Atlanta International Raceway.

Petty's factory ride sponsor was Chrysler. Someone at Chrysler remembered some moth-balled engines from the 1950s, 426-cubic-inch King Kong hemi-head engines intended, said a Chrysler executive, "for our big Chryslers, the kind doctors' wives drive . . . but the engine was so big that it would overheat while the doctor's wife waited for a red light to turn green."

In the quest to match Ford and GM, someone at Chrysler remembered the King Kong hemi-head. At a Texas test track in October 1963, NASCAR writers were concerned with a staggered-valve Chevy engine Junior Johnson was supposedly testing amid great secrecy.

"Don't worry 'bout me," Junior said. "You need to check out Ol' Blue. Richard Petty a'went by me out there today like I was a'changin' tars."

"The first time I cranked it [King Kong hemi-head]," Richard said, "I thought it was gonna suck the hood into the engine."

This writer began calling him "King Richard the Hemi-hearted," a corny but accurate application. The younger Petty had yet to win a big race on a big track, though he had won 14 short-track races in 1963 (of 63 NASCAR races that season).

Then it was on to Daytona. And February 1964. Richard won that Daytona 500 - his first of an unmatched seven Daytona 500s - by leading 184 of the 200 laps, still the most lopsided achievement in big-track history in American racing.

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1992 The Atlanta Journal and Constitution, November 15, 1992

A month later, March of '64, Richard Petty came to the Atlanta 500 and was badly beaten, finishing back in the pack as Lorenzen won his third straight 500 in Atlanta. The King Kong engine had nowhere near the torque of the Ford engine, and had trouble gaining power off the sharp, short corners in Atlanta. An angry Richard departed Atlanta saying, "The Pettys ain't through, though, till they take us out toes-up in a pine box."

The short burst of anger was wasted; Richard was to win many, many more races, with the hemi-head and without it.

Fireball Roberts, victim of a flaming crash in late May at Charlotte, died on July 2, Richard Petty's 25th birthday. Fireball, the man who had made NASCAR a national household word, was 35. The new king, indeed, was now Richard Petty. And he has served us well.

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13TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Copyright 1992 The Atlanta Constitution
The Atlanta Journal and Constitution

November 15, 1992

SECTION: SPORTS; Section F; Page 2

LENGTH: 702 words

HEADLINE: THE ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION SPECIAL REPORT RICHARD'S LAST RIDE: A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO FANS

KEYWORD: automotive; racing; personalities; retirement; chronologies; history; families

BODY:

Richard Petty became "The King" of stock cars by winning more races and signing more autographs than anyone else. Today at Atlanta Motor Speedway, he bids his fans farewell in his final starts

Tale through time: Richard Petty

A chronology of events that marked Richard Petty's journey into racing history.

1949 - Lee Petty begins his family's NASCAR racing saga on a 3/4- mile dirt track in Charlotte, where he finished upside down after a multi- car accident in a new Buick Roadmaster.

1954 - Lee Petty wins the first of his three NASCAR championships, driving a Chrysler.

1956 - Upon graduation from high school, part-time crew member Richard Petty goes to work full-time for Petty Engineering building engines.

1959 - Richard Petty takes the checkered flag for the first time at the Lakewood Speedway dirt track in Atlanta driving an Oldsmobile. But his father protests the scoring on a day so dusty the Atlanta fire department had to water the track. An hour after the race, Lee Petty is declared the winner. The Pettys take home $ 3,700.

1961 - Richard and engine-building brother Maurice become decision makers with their father in Petty Engineering after a terrible crash at Daytona nearly kills Lee and ends his driving career.

1964 - Richard Petty scores his first superspeedway win in the Daytona 500 and his first NASCAR championship.

1965 - Chrysler withdraws from NASCAR racing in protest of the banning of its engines with hemispherical combustion chambers. The Pettys take up drag racing, but a mechanical failure sends Richard's car into the crowd at the Dallas, Ga., track, killing a young boy.

1967 - One year after Lee turns over the day-to-day operation of Petty Engineering to his sons, Richard records his greatest season - 10 straight

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wins, 27 victories in 48 races and his second NASCAR championship.

1969 - Petty Engineering switches to Petty Enterprises to create stock for Richard and Maurice. The Pettys switch to Ford for one season.

1971 - Petty becomes the first NASCAR driver to top $ 1 million in career earnings.

1972 - STP joins Petty to begin motorsports' longest-running sponsorship after long negotiations about how his Plymouth is going to be painted. Petty wins his first race with a new paint scheme on Jan. 23 at Riverside, Calif. - Petty blue on the top half and STP red on the bottom.

1976 - The year of "The Crash." David Pearson and Petty collide exiting the final corner of the Daytona 500. Pearson's Mercury bounces off another car and chugs slowly across the finish line while Petty's Dodge comes to a halt in the grass and stalls just shy of the finish.

1978 - Driving a Dodge Magnum, Petty suffers his first winless season in 18 years. Petty switches to Chevrolet midway in the year, leaving Chrysler after a total of 18 seasons.

1979 - Petty's only son, Kyle, at age 18 wins the first race he's ever entered - an ARCA event at Daytona - driving a Dodge Magnum, briefly spawning talk of Richard's retirement. Richard wins his sixth Daytona 500 and his seventh season points championship by overtaking Darrell Waltrip in the final race at Ontario, Calif. In that season, he wins his 127th and final pole.

1981 - Petty wins his seventh Daytona 500 with smart pit strategy by longtime crew chief and cousin Dale Inman, who leaves Petty Enterprises for a better-paying job with another team shortly afterward.

1983 - Petty's car is discovered to have an illegal, oversize engine after winning at Charlotte. It was installed by brother Maurice, who later said he was protesting lax inspection policies by NASCAR and rampant cheating on engines by other teams.

1984 - Petty switches to a Pontiac team owned by Mike Curb for the next two seasons - the only departure from his family team. Before President Ronald Reagan on July 4, he narrowly beats Cale Yarborough at Daytona to win his 200th race, using, he said, the same move he made on Pearson in 1976 except for allowing Yarborough more room.

1989 - Petty's incredible streak of 513 consecutive starts in NASCAR's Winston Cup ends at Richmond, Va.

1991 - Petty announces his Fan Appreciation Tour and decision to retire from driving after the season to work full-time as a car owner.

GRAPHIC: Photo: mug of Lee Petty in 1949 Photo: Richard abd engine-building brother Maurice (far left) with their father in 1961 Photo: The Petty's outlawed race car after NASCAR banned Chrysler's hemospherical combustion chambers Photo: Race car driver Richard Petty in 1967, his best season Photo: Richard Petty with racing trophy in 1971 Photo: Petty's Dodge Charger Photo: Richard Petty with his dad (left) and son Kyle (right) in 1979 Photo: mug of Richard Petty

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24TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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The Houston Chronicle

November 15, 1992, Sunday, 2 STAR Edition

SECTION: SPORTS; Pg. 1

LENGTH: 1539 words

HEADLINE: For Richard Petty, it's been a long, fun ride

BYLINE: SHAV GLICK; Los Angeles Times

DATELINE: HAMPTON, Ga.

BODY:

HAMPTON, Ga. -- Stock car racing fans have long thought of Richard Petty as bigger than life. And now, in front of the Atlanta Motor Speedway, he really is.

A 7-foot 2-inch statue of ""the King'' -- even his son Kyle refers to him as the King -- was unveiled Friday as part of the final round of a seasonlong fan-appreciation tour that has been as exhausting as a presidential campaign. The statue is not of Petty in his familiar blue and red No. 43 race car, but, more appropriately, of Petty signing an autograph for a young fan.

Other athletes, such as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Julius Erving, Carl Yastrzemski and Bill Shoemaker, made triumphal tours in the final years of their careers, but their appearances were largely limited to game-day activities.

Petty's has been different. The race -- today's Hooters 500 is his 29th this season and the 1,185th and last of his career -- has been the easy part of his schedule.

""Wouldn't it be something if I won my last race? '' the King mused, patiently leaning against a stack of tires in the garage area, signing autographs while waiting to qualify his Pontiac for the last time. ""It'd be one of those Hollywood script deals, but if all those other cats in the race fell over and let me win, I'd take it. ''

Even Petty knows it's not going to happen. He hasn't won a race in eight years, not since the Firecracker 400 on July 4, 1984, when he won at Daytona Beach, Fla., with President Reagan looking on. That was 212 races ago.

He has not even been a contender these days. His highest finish in 28 races this season was 15th.

It's not so much that he is too old, at 55, or that his crew chief-cousin-best friend, Dale Inman, doesn't have the car ready to run up front; it's that he is so exhausted from nearly 10 months of daily appearances, signing sessions, talk shows, interviews,

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fan-club meetings and corporate outings that when he climbs into his car, he is not ready for nearly four hours of 200-mph racing on a high-banked superspeedway.

For instance, the unveiling of the 500-pound bronze statue in the Petty Garden occurred only 45 minutes before he was to qualify his Pontiac for the last time.

""I can't believe how good we feel about the fuss you all are making over us,'' he said, acknowledging the cheers that followed his every step as fans first caught sight of the trademark cowboy hat and wraparound dark glasses. ""Usually, you don't get a statue dedicated to you until they've got you laid out and your toes turned up. ''
Petty qualified 36th at 175.318 mph, more than 5 mph slower than surprise pole-sitter Rick Mast, who ran a track-record 180.183 in an Oldsmobile.

Saturday night, when even the playboys among the drivers head home early, Petty was at the Georgia Dome, being entertained by the country singing group, Alabama, in a three-hour special called ""Alabama Salutes Richard Petty. ''
""This is as much a celebration for my fans as it is for me,'' Petty said before the concert.

The only thing better might be if the group were called North Carolina.

It has been this way all season.

Take the Pepsi 400 last July at Daytona, where Petty had his last hurrah on the track he calls his favorite. Petty was second-fastest qualifier and jumped into the lead when the green flag dropped. The huge crowd exploded when they saw No. 43 out in front, just like the old days.

But the euphoria lasted only five laps before he began to slide back through the field. And midway through the race, he pulled into pit lane and asked for a relief driver.

""I got pumped up when the race started and I was out in front,'' he said. ""It was like I was 20 years younger. I was having a big old time, but after a couple of hours I was plain old tuckered out. ''

Consider why. The Friday night before the race, Petty's friends and family gave him a gigantic birthday party that lasted into the wee hours. The next morning he was there for the dedication of Richard Petty Boulevard, an artery leading from the airport to Daytona International Speedway.

And on the morning of the race, right up until it was time to take the green flag, Petty shared the center of attention with President Bush. Instead of resting back in the garages in the shade with the other drivers, Petty stood in 90-degree heat, shaking

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hands, accepting gifts and making small talk.

""I don't believe it,'' driver Darrell Waltrip said. ""I don't see how anyone can be that patient when he's about ready to go racing. I've been around him for 21 years and he never stops amazing me. ''

A week later, Petty was back home in Level Cross, N.C., where Petty Enterprises held its annual open house -- a weekend of fan worship at the Petty shrine. More than 65,000 fans visited the family complex, the traditional event helping fill the motels in neighboring High Point, Asheboro, Greensboro and Winston-Salem. The log book showed they came from nearly every state in the union.

Which brings to mind what Petty said he does for training, or for relaxing between races: ""Nothing. I just sit around, drink a lot of Cokes, climb in the race car and go. ''

Between ""sitting around,'' Petty filled the NASCAR record book with accomplishments not likely to be matched. His 200 victories are more than the combined total by the top nine drivers this year -- Davey Allison, Alan Kulwicki, Bill Elliott, Harry Gant, son Kyle, Mark Martin, Ricky Rudd, Waltrip and Terry Labonte.

""When I won my 100th race, people asked me what I wanted to do next, and I told them win 200 races,'' he said. ""When I won my 200th, they asked me the same question and I said, "I want to win my 201st. That shows you how much things have changed. ' ''

Petty also has won the most poles, 127; most races in a season, 27; most in succession, 10; has the most consecutive starts, 513, and the most starts, 1,185. He has won seven Winston Cup championships, seven Daytona 500s and nine times been voted most popular driver.

Harvey Duck, the STP publicist who has accompanied Petty on most of his excursions this season, estimates that Petty can sign as many as 300 autographs an hour, even though he elaborately lavishes swirls and curlicues and No. 43 on each one. That adds up to 30,000 or more at the formal autograph sessions held at this year's 29 Winston Cup races.

""It still surprises me when somebody stands in line for hours just to ask for my autograph and then says thanks,'' he said.

""I should be the cat doing the thanking. ''

In return, Petty will go anywhere to meet his fans. En route to Northern California for a race at Sears Point, he stopped off at a Pontiac dealership in Hastings, Neb., to sign some autographs.

Seven hundred turned out.

The day after the Hastings visit, he was at the Oakland Coliseum for an Oakland A's-Boston Red Sox game, where he threw out

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the first ball.

""I was afraid I was going to bounce the ball to home plate, but I got it all the way there,'' he said. ""That really made me feel good. ''
The next day was "" Richard Petty Day'' at Sears Point Raceway. There was no racing, just an autograph session. An estimated 5,000 showed up.

When a similar outing was scheduled at Bristol, Tenn., last April, it was raining and sleeting, but fans stood outside for more than an hour, waiting to step inside for a face-to-face meeting with the King.

""You should have seen them cats. They was dripping with water and their hands were so cold they couldn't hardly hold the paper,'' Petty said. ""All that for a little old piece of paper with my name scribbled on it. It really touched me, if you know what I mean. ''

When Petty, who spent a season in drag racing, rode down the drag strip at Indianapolis as grand marshal during the National Hot Rod Association's U.S. Nationals on Labor Day, longtime racing observers said he received the longest and loudest reception in Indiana motorsports history. When an autographed Petty hat was offered at auction, top-fuel driver Ed McCulloch won the bidding at $ 3,100.

Each hat is a masterpiece fashioned by an old friend, Charley One Horse, and retails at up to $ 1,000, depending on how much frufru is used. On the one Petty is wearing this week, the band is a mix of pheasant and quail feathers and raccoon and python skins, trimmed with mink bones.

At Dover, Del., Petty introduced Gwaltney's Richard Petty Hot Dogs -- now the official hot dog of the fan-appreciation tour.

""My family taste-tested about eight major brands (of hot dogs) before we picked Gwaltney's to put our name on,'' he said.

Hot dogs, hats, corn flakes, toy race cars, sunglasses, fuel additives, shirts, racing jackets, soft drinks, headache powders -- you name it, all carry the Petty imprint. It will probably continue as long as the King is active in racing -- next year as the owner of car No. 44 with Rick Wilson the driver. But the driving era ends Sunday. And when Petty retires after today's race, so will No. 43.

""I hate to give in to age, but maybe it has something to do with it,'' he said when asked what prompted his retirement. ""It was a lot of fun. ''

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16TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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November 15, 1992

SECTION: SPORTS; Section F; Page 3

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HEADLINE: THE ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION SPECIAL REPORT RICHARD'S LAST RIDE: THE MAKING OF A LEGEND

BYLINE: By Raad Cawthon STAFF WRITER

KEYWORD: automotive; racing; personalities; retirement; public; reations

BODY:

Richard Petty became "The King" of stock cars by winning more races and signing more autographs than anyone else. Today at Atlanta Motor Speedway, he bids his fans farewell in his final start

'The King' with the common touch Setting the standard: For racing success and for graciousness with the public, the accomplishments of Richard Petty make his NASCAR reign one of a kind.

It was 1967. Lyndon Johnson was in the White House, 464,000 American troops were in Vietnam, and The Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" was on the record charts.

In the heart of the South, on the asphalt at Darlington, S.C., and Rockingham, N.C., and Martinsville, Va., on the dirt at Hickory, N.C., and Greenville, S.C., and Savannah, Ga., the sport of stock car racing was experiencing an equally momentous development. Richard Petty, driving the No. 43 Plymouth, was setting two records that aren't ever likely to be broken - winning 10 races in a row and 27 in a season.

That's when they dubbed him "The King."

"I guess it was in '67," Petty recalls. "Four or five of the regular writers gave it to me."

"King" is a title reserved for a precious few who transcend their sport or their art. Arnold Palmer in golf. Elvis Presley in music. Petty in racing.

"They'll be talking about him forever, just like they do Elvis or Frank Sinatra," said Wayne Walden, who made the 12-hour drive from his home in Tri-City, Wash., two weeks ago to watch Petty race in Phoenix for the last time.

In 1967 Petty was on his way to a record 200 career victories, seven Winston Cup championships and seven victories in the Daytona 500. He was the greatest racer of his day, an era that included the likes of Junior Johnson, Ned Jarrett and an up-and-coming David Pearson.

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1992 The Atlanta Journal and Constitution, November 15, 1992

"You're talking about the gods, the best guys there were behind the wheel," said Phil Holmer, Goodyear's tire manager for Winston Cup who has watched Petty race since 1966.

Petty has not won a race in eight years. He is 55, and even his own crew members admit he no longer has "the fire in the belly" that it takes to push a winning stock car around the track. He races today in the Hooters 500 at Atlanta Motor Speedway for what he says will be the last time.

But Petty, as much because of the kind of man he is as his driving, is still "The King." And not just in the South, either.

Mike Zimmerman is group product manager for STP, Petty's main sponsor. "We're based in Danbury, Conn.," he says, "which is not a hotbed of NASCAR racing. Richard was here a few months ago and we took him out to lunch in a local restaurant. We figured nobody would bother him. As soon as we walked in everybody turns around, everybody came up and asked for an autograph. Those kinds of things happen all over the place. Obviously his appeal is strongest among NASCAR fans and in the South, but every sports fan knows who Richard Petty is."

And not just every sports fan in America, either.

Ann Lewallen Spencer is chairman of the board of Goody's, the headache powder company that is another of Petty's biggest sponsors. "I was in China five years ago," she says, "and they knew him over there. A little guy said, 'Oh, 43! Yes, I know that.' "

Petty's career has come full circle. "At the start he was an underdog," says Kyle Petty, Richard's son and a third-generation NASCAR driver. "He was racing Junior [Johnson] and he was racing Ned [Jarrett]. And the Plymouth wasn't a big car. And then he rolled it over and became king of the hill and was winning all these races . . . A lot of other people said, 'we want to see somebody else win' . . . Then all of a sudden he quit winning races. Their attitudes changed again . . . [They said] 'we want to be there that one last time when he wins that one last race.' He's gone from being the underdog to being the king of the hill to being an underdog again."

Through it all, Petty's devotion to the sport never wavered. "Richard's determination and his willingness to give his whole life to it is how he accomplished what he accomplished," says Junior Johnson, now a car owner. "Nobody else has ever given to the sport their whole entire life. Seven days a week, 24 hours a day he raced. No one else has ever done that."

Jarrett, a two-time NASCAR season points champion, says simple common sense helped make Petty a winner.

"He very seldom would ever over-drive the car. He would drive it as hard as he figured it could be driven and still be there at the end of the race."

H.A. "Humpy" Wheeler, president of Charlotte Motor Speedway, is another who talks about Petty's driving style. "I think the main thing about his success on the track he was a very, very smooth driver," Wheeler says. "He had the ability to contain his emotions inside a race car. He would not get mad where he would abuse the race car."

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Yet Petty's personality, even more than his talent, was the secret to his popularity.

"What's made him so popular?" says Holmer. "That's easy. Not that he's a winner, not that he's won more championships, more Daytona 500s or more races than anybody. It's who he is, the way he is Richard Petty to the fans. The man knows who pays the bills. He's taken it to heart his entire career to do as much as he could for the fans as possible. That's his greatness by far."

The stories are legendary and almost endless of Petty winning races and then spending hours signing autographs and having his picture taken with fans. In a sport where fans have more access to the athletes than in most, other drivers marvel at Petty's patience.

"He always has time for autographs," says driver Ernie Irvan. "Sometimes the fans are all over you. They can be real obnoxious. I almost got tackled by a woman awhile ago. Sometimes it's so bad that you can't do your job. But Richard never seems to change."

For young drivers on the circuit, Petty's career has spanned all their memories of their sport.

"I grew up in Nashville and they used to run in Nashville," says Sterling Marlin. "I think it was a 200-mile race and Richard used to run up there. My father was in racing so I was a fan even then. I guess I was 10 years old and I knew that track pretty well. I knew a hole in the fence where I could get through. I could slip through the fence. That year Richard won, and I did that, and I was the first one to get to his car after he won the race, and I got his autograph."

Michael Waltrip, whose brother Darrell was one of Petty's prime competitors, admits he probably wouldn't be on the NASCAR circuit without a helping hand from "The King."

"I was just two years out of high school in Owensboro, Ky., and I had won the [NASCAR] Dash Series [for sub-compact cars]," says Waltrip. "I didn't have anything - no money, no car, no job, nothing. A mutual friend persuaded Kyle Petty to help me out. Kyle told me I could live with him and his family and he'd get me a job at Petty Enterprises for a few months until I could find a deal for another Dash car and get my feet on the ground. It was about 80 miles round trip between Kyle's house and Petty Enterprises.

"One night I was getting in the car to go back and Lynda Petty [Richard's wife] came out of her house and said, 'You know, it'd be a lot closer to work if you just stayed at our house. Come on and stay with us.' I ended up staying with them for a year.

"I think about the kindness they showed me every day. They didn't have to take me in, feed me, do my laundry and give me a place to sleep. When I wrecked my street car, they even gave me a car to drive.

"I found out Richard Petty is the same in the garage area as he is at home watching TV on the couch. He's the real article. His help made me want to be like him. I take more time with the fans. . . . When Dale Jarrett, Brett Bodine or I think we're busy and a kid wants an autograph, we say to ourselves,

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1992 The Atlanta Journal and Constitution, November 15, 1992

'Would Richard be too busy?' No. He's set a standard we all have to follow."

Jonathan Ingram contributed to this article.

GRAPHIC: Photo: Richard Petty waits beside his familiar No. 43 car before the start of the Motorcraft 500 in March at Atlanta Motor Speedway / JOHNNY CRAWFORD / Staff Photo: Sponsors have found Richard Petty one of the sports world's most recognized figures / JOHNNY CRAWFORD / Staff

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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE: 7/21/92

NOTE FOR: SHIRLEY GREEN

The President has reviewed the attached, and it is forwarded to you for your:

Information	XXX
Action	☐

Thank you.

PHILLIP D. BRADY
Assistant to the President
and Staff Secretary
(x2702)

cc:

THE PRESIDENT

July 20, 1992

To:Phil Brady

Re: Medal of Freedom

Inasmuch as we sometimes honor sports legends please consider RICHARD PETTY, the "King" of auto racing who retires this year-with a record unmatched by any other.

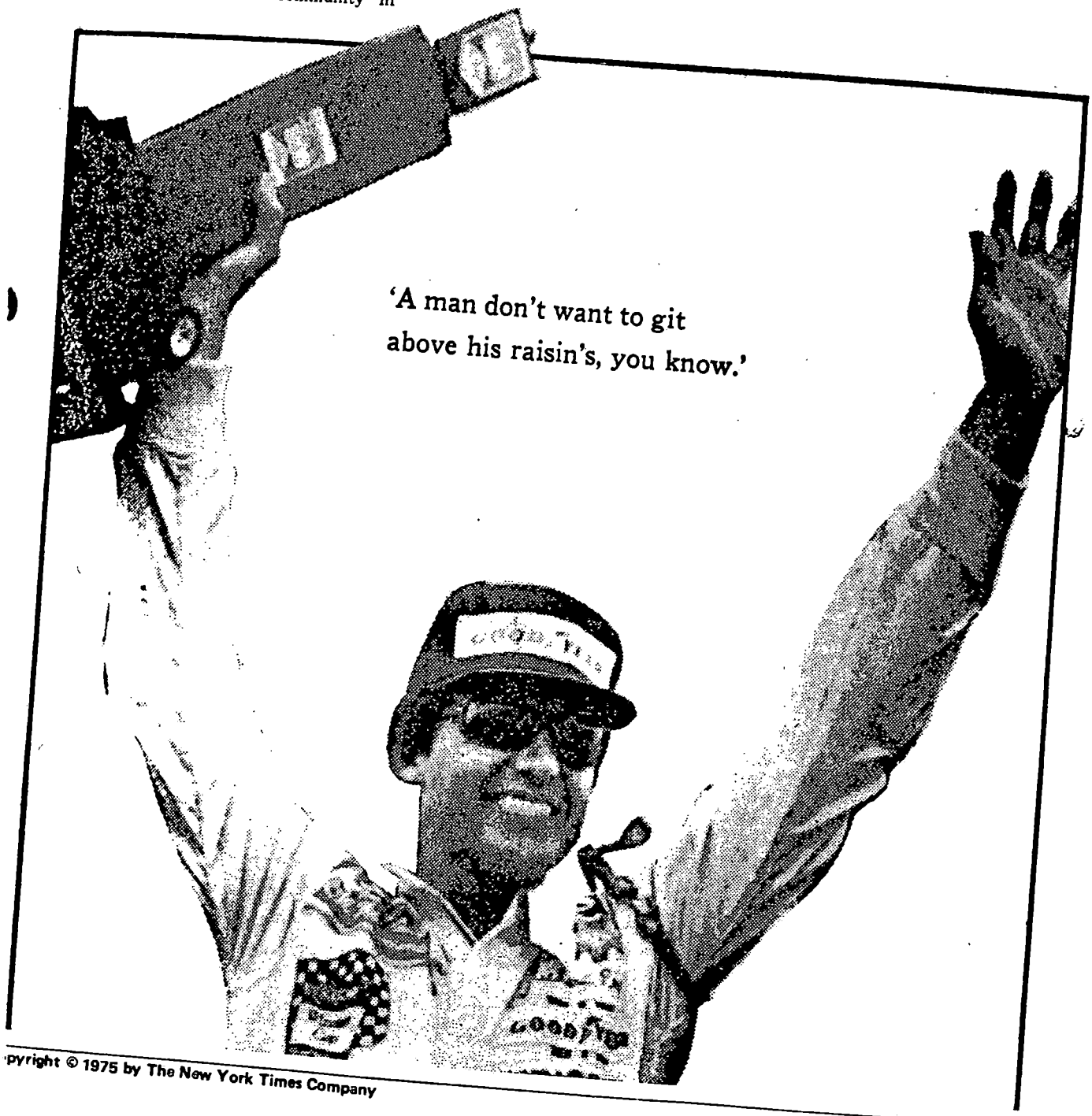
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Richard Petty: A Cool, Careful Superstar

By JERRY BLEDSOE

Years ago, the enterprising Southerners who made backyard whisky souped up their cars in case they had to flee the revenooers. From those beginnings came stock car racing, a sport widely popular in the South and, in recent years, in other parts of the country. The most successful stock car driver is Richard Petty. These passages about Petty and his family are taken from "The World's Number One, Flat-Out, All-Time Great, Stock Car Racing Book," by Jerry Bledsoe (Doubleday, $8.95) Copyright ©1975 by Jerry Bledsoe. They are printed here with permission of the publisher.

The community of Level Cross lies on the edge of the North Carolina Piedmont, a crossroads on U.S. Highway 220, 12 miles south of Greensboro, five miles north of a little river town called Randleman. There isn't much in Level Cross—neat, comfortable, middle-class houses, a trailer park, a couple of churches, a nice brick community center with a lighted baseball field out back, the new volunteer fire department building across the road—but it may be the best-known crossroads community in



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the South. The reason w is Level Cross's only industry, No. 1 tourist attraction and leading family. All bear the name Petty.

Richard Petty is the superstar of stockcar racing. He lives less than a mile down the road from the volunteer fire station in a modest, red brick-ranch-style house. His younger brother, Maurice, one of racing's best mechanics, lives in another brick house across the road. Next door is a stately white house with a big front porch and a stone foundation, a house that Richard Petty's grandfather built. Here, with his wife, Elizabeth, lives Lee Petty, now the family patriarch, a man who decided to go racing in the late forties and took his two young sons with him. Lee Petty became one of the great drivers of his day and held the record for winning races and national championships until his son came along and blitzed it.

Next to the big white house, built around an old farm shed where Lee Petty put together his first race cars, is the center of Petty Enterprises, a cyclone-fence-enclosed compound of big blue and white steel buildings—a factory, no less, and the only product is race cars.

The Pettys were country people, simple, decent, God-fearing and friendly, as most country people are, and they had remained country people. Perhaps as much as any other family, the Pettys represented what America was supposed to be about. They had believed and worked hard, and all the good things that were supposed to happen as a result had come to them. Yet it hadn't changed them. They were still the same down-to-earth people they had always been.

If any of the Pettys were going to change, it should have been Richard, for all the pressures and opportunities had surely been his. He had become rich and famous, a hero. He had paid his respects at the White House and toured Vietnam to visit the troops. Hollywood had made a movie about his life, and he had played the leading role (doing a creditable job, too; he was at least as good an actor as, say, Elvis, or Rory Calhoun, both of whom had starred in dreadful stockcar racing flicks).

But his friends, neighbors and the people around the racetracks would be the first to say that Richard Petty had never got "the big head."

"Same ol' Richard," says Ronnie Hucks, who has been a friend since high school days.

Richard sums up the Petty attitude succinctly: "A man don't want to git above his raisin's, you know."

When he was 21, Richard decided he would like to try his hand at driving in a race. He'd expressed some interest earlier, but his father asked him to wait until he was 21.

It wasn't something that Richard had a burning passion to do. It was something he thought he ought to try, just to see if he liked it. He liked being a racing mechanic, and was sure that he would be happy making that his life's work, although he had once given some thought to going to college and becoming a high school coach, which was what his wife had hoped he would do.

"I never set out to be no superstar or nothing like that," he told me one night. "It was a gradual thing. One thing just builds on another, and I never had much time to think about it."

Richard Petty is a careful race driver. He is known as a driver who drives with his head, as opposed to a flat-out, stay-in-front-at-all-costs driver. "I don't worry about him," says his wife, Lynda. "I know that *he'll* be careful. It's the other drivers I worry about."

Richard Petty really does not know fear or anxiety, not in the sense that most people do, anyway. Driving a race, makin a movie, appearing on TV, meeting the President, eating super, playing with his kids—it's all the same to him. He goes about everything in the same way: Take it as it comes, inspect it, decide the best way of going about it, and do the best you can. If anything bothers him, it never shows. He doesn't get scared, excited or nervous, and he doesn't worry.

"I guess I'm not a very emotional person," "I never have been."

It would be hard to imagine what it would take to shake his unemotional, easy-going, level-headed, common-sense approach to life.

Wrecks on racetracks certainly don't do it, and he has had many of those. In the spring of 1970, he survived one of the most spectacular racing wrecks ever seen at Darlington. The most vivid part of the memory was seeing Petty's left arm flopping limply outside the window as the car flipped and rolled.

Drivers and crew members in the pits ran to the car fully expecting to find Petty dead. He looked dead hanging there in the remains of the car, with his limp arm still outside the window. He was taken to the track hospital unconscious, but although badly battered, his worst injury was a dislocated shoulder.

"Hurt my dang shoulder," he told the worried-faced doctors when he had regained consciousness.

March 9, 1975

Rutherford Platt Dead at 80; Nature Writer, Photographer

Rutherford Platt, nature writer, photographer and lecturer, and former advertising executive, died Friday in Boston at the age of 80.

For his book, "This Green World," published by Dodd, Mead & Co. in 1942, Mr. Platt won the bronze medal of the John Burroughs Association in 1945 for "a literary work in the field so eminently occupied during his life by John Burroughs." His other books included "Our Flowering World," "American Trees," "Wilderness," about North America's natural history and the men who discovered and explored it, and "The River of Life," about things and how they survive and reproduce.

Mr. Platt was botanist with Rear Adm. Donald B. MacMillan's Arctic expeditions in 1947 and 1954. He was biology adviser to the Disney True Life Films in the early author of "Walt Disney's Secrets of Life," published in 1957.

Mr. Platt himself was noted for his close-up, enlarged photographs of plant life. He also made nature films.

He was born in Columbus, Ohio, on Aug. 11, 1894, served as a lieutenant with the field artillery in World War I and graduated from Yale in 1918.

Gradually he became interested in nature's phenomena and attended classes at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Giving up golf and the usual purs ts of business men, he had explored since 1930 what he called "the showmanship of nature."

After having worked on the editorial staff of World's Work and with Doubleday Page & Co., in the early twenties, Mr. Platt became a founder and an officer of Platt-Forbes, Inc., an advertising agency representing national food and industrial accounts. In the mid-fifties he became president of Platt Productions Educational Films, from which he later retired.

Mr. Platt was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and a member of the Ecological Society of America. He had been a director of the Park Association of New York City.

Surviving are his widow, the former Jean Dana Noyes; two sons, Rutherford Jr. and Alexander; three daughters, Lampard, Susan Carmalt and Barbara; a brother; a sister; nine grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

March 30, 1975

King Richard in Heavy Traffic in New York

FOR a driver hoping to appear in his 500th consecutive race this Sunday, Richard Petty did a tremendously rash thing this week: He went for a drive in New York.

This is a man who has survived two broken necks — one without him knowing it — assorted broken bones and bruised ribs (the most painful of all) and the upended, car-parts-flying crash at Daytona last February.

But these accidents were against the good old boys of the left-turn circuit. This week King Richard tested his talents against the cutthroats and lunatics of Manhattan who jeopardize the last few rational drivers left among us.

"Ready?" asked the 51-year-old legend of the Southeast, wearing his trademark sunglasses, blue jeans and sport shirt and elegant-looking black pointed boots. He is gaunt a decade after surgery for ulcers, incurred without ever driving in New York.

"Usually, I just sit in a cab and let somebody else do it," Petty said, as he strode across Park Avenue to his rented Pontiac at that New York phenomenon — the $30 garage.

The man who has won seven Daytonas and a total of 200 races — although none, Gary Carter, since July 4, 1984, which was 118 races ago — is already the Lou Gehrig of racing, about to start his 500th straight race at Michigan International Speedway on Sunday.

With gentle acceleration, Petty rolled up the garage ramp and into the street. He said: "My wife comes up here four or five times a year to go shopping or go to the shows or just piddle around. She gets to where she knows the streets from the avenues, but I don't pay no attention."

Petty rolled east on 50th Street until a traffic officer waved off all traffic except taxis and buses. He made a smooth left without hitting her, grinning and saying, "Shoulda slipped in behind that bus."

Informed that drivers cannot make a right turn on a red light in the city, he promised to obey regulations because New York officers just might not recognize the King of Level Cross, N.C.

"It's been a pretty good while since I got a ticket," he said. "I try not to get stopped. I don't want to be obligated to anybody. We travel a lot and that 55-mile speed limit is just a sign. You got to get somewhere, you got to get somewhere. I've had people get out and say, 'Ah-ha, Richard Petty!' and give me a ticket, and I've had people apologize for stopping me."



Associated Press

Richard Petty

Midway through a block, a young man bolted out from behind a van, glaring at the car the way a matador might stare down a bull in Madrid.

"The thang that gets me about New York is not the trucks and the buses but the people," he said. "You don't mind running into the car. You just don't want to run into people."

Flowing down Second Avenue, Petty said he had no problems watching film clips of his car standing on its front end at Daytona: "I'm not involved in it. It's just a picture of No. 43. I don't feel it's part of me. If I ever got in a bad wreck, I might feel different."

Even with the injuries, Petty has not missed a start since 1971, when he had a disagreement with a promoter over appearance money, which was legal in those days, before the Winston Cup point system made it desirable to drive every Sunday. Petty admitted he has started a few races "and then turned it over to somebody else" — like going out for a pinch-hitter after one turn at bat — but he has competed enough times with broken bones to justify a few token appearances.

Near the Midtown Tunnel, a young man tried to make a left turn from the right lane. Petty anticipated and let him through, chuckling and saying, "Go a-hayed." He said he likes to mutter at his peers, too. "Well, now, what are you doing?"

Philosophical question: Should one drive aggressively or defensively in city traffic? Petty replied: "It depends what your goal is. With taxi drivers, they have to be aggressive because it's their living. I'm not in any hurry, so I should be defensive." He said he relates to drivers of commercial vehicles because "they got to make a living, so you don't holler at them too much when they cut you off."

He has driven in the jumble of Saigon, with rickshaws and jeeps and taxis and bicycles blending from all sides, and he has driven in the roundabouts of Australia, and he said, "They all work together." He has never been to Europe, and driving in Los Angeles is tame "because everybody is driving their own stuff."

"Here in New York, you got a lot of company cars and rentals, and they don't care," he said. "We go to some of them races, you got 400 cars squeezing into one lane, you just roll your windows down and say, 'Hey, man, this is a rental.' You see them cats just back off because they're still making payments on their own car."

King Richard glided through Little Italy and Chinatown and past Wall Street. He said he once visited the Stock Exchange and saw competitiveness he had never seen at Darlington, S.C., or Talladega, Ala.

"I'm thinking to myself, 'You're sitting down there in North Carolina, little old county commissioner, not bothering anybody, and here these people are, deciding your future, hoopin' and hollerin' like this.' "

With traffic extremely light on the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, Petty chortled and opened it up.

"If I go to Daytona, doing 200, and you throw me out here, that's one thing," he said. "Here if it's 30, I can go with the flow. My wife just goes berserk when I go home after the race. I pull out in traffic, I'll go right out yonder and around."

ASKED if he ever had a bad accident in traffic, Petty said, "I've been fortunate. I've bent a fender now and then, but I don't consider that a wreck." He said he hoped to keep driving because "it's hard to give up any habit you really like."

After Petty signaled for a right into the garage, a bicyclist tried to cut him off. Petty turned anyway, and the bicyclist swerved into the curb, losing his own game of chicken. Petty chuckled about it all the way back to the Waldorf Astoria. Hey, New York might be fun, after all.

August 17, 1988

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Oscar Peterson

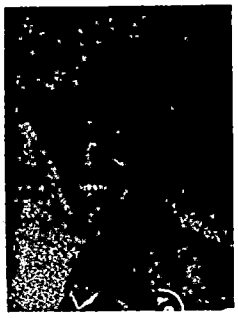


"I could never think of giving up what I'm doing," says this fleet-fingered technocrat of the keyboard, much to the delight of his appreciative fans in all parts of the globe. British jazz critic Benny Green echoes the sentiments of aficionados as far afield as Russia, Africa and the Far East when he asserts that Oscar Emmanual Peterson "today stands as one of the greatest soloists of all time, a player whose technique never obscures the lucidity of his thoughts or the wonderful buoyancy of his execution."

"Start early—and stay with it," says the piano-organ-clavichord whiz who as a youngster used to practice more than eight hours a day. Born 15 August 1925 in Montreal, Quebec, he's the son of a Canadian Pacific railway porter whose five youngsters had formed their own family band. Oscar took up the trumpet at the age of five, but after a bout with TB (hospitalized a year), switched to the piano and had his own radio show by the time he was in his mid-teens. He scored his first U.S. triumph when jazz impresario Norman Granz brought him to New York's Carnegie Hall in 1949 for a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert. *Down Beat* reported then that Peterson "stopped the concert dead in its tracks" and that's been the pattern of Peterson performances (both with and without his trio) ever since. Still associated with Granz's Pablo Records, he is probably the most recorded jazz pianist of all time, having often performed in tandem with the likes of Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Roy Eldridge and Dizzy Gillespie.

Known in recent years for his composing as well as his virtuoso pianistics, Peterson created a suite to celebrate the Royal Wedding of England's Prince Charles and Princess Diana. His best-know work is "Canadian Suite," each movement of which commemorates a different area of his native Canada. Married (five children), the award-winning jazzman (12 consecutive years as *Down Beat's* "Best Jazz Pianist") still practices tirelessly. "The only musician I ever heard of who didn't need to practice," he says, "is a fellow named Gabriel. But he has wings."

Richard Petty



The greatest stock-car racer in the world is a good ol' boy from Level Cross, North Carolina, by the name of Richard Petty. Born 2 July 1937 to Elizabeth and Lee Petty (one of the early stock-car racing greats), not-so-little (6'2", 195 lbs) Richard ("If my mother had wanted to call me Dick, she would have named me Dick") has won more NASCAR Grand National titles than any other driver, making him the "undisputed 'king' of stock-car racing."

Petty contends that he is only 25% responsible for his victories, that his car (once a Plymouth Roadrunner, more recently a Ford or Chevrolet) deserves 50%, and his pit crew 25% of the credit. Not that his cars appear out of the blue; they are put in top shape by his brother Maurice and cousin Dale Inman at the huge (35-plus employees) Petty Enterprises garage in Level Cross. Says Richard of his pit crew: "We average about 22 seconds per stop. Other guys take 25 seconds. The difference is worth between half a lap and a full lap, depending upon the size of the track." Always concerned about safety, the Pettys were the first stock-car competitors to use a roll-bar, a nylon window screen, and a helmet-cooler, and have employed the use of two-way radios for communication with the pit. His cars are painted blue and red with the number 43 (Lee Petty's number was 42) on the side.

Married in 1958, Richard and Lynda have four children, Kyle (also a NASCAR racer), Sharon, Lisa and Rebecca. The family resides in Level Cross, a few miles from Lee Petty's house and the family business. In 1986 his book was released *King Richard I: The Autobiography of America's Greatest Auto Racer* and in 1989 he appeared on screen in the film *Speed Zone.*

Regis Philbin



Regis Philbin, co-star of "Live with Regis and Kathie Lee" (the ABC morning show which went national in 1988) traveled a long hard road until he finally found "his" show.

Born in New York on August 25th and raised in a strict Catholic family it was quite a leap for him to turn towards show business. He caught "the bug" in 1958 during a stint as an NBC page on Steve Allen's "Tonight" program. It was this particular form of entertainment (talk show host) which appealed to him, so he packed his bags and did whatever he could (he was a stage hand, a truck driver) until he eventually landed a job in San Diego as a news broadcaster and talk show emcee. His first big break came in 1964 when he caught the eye of comedian Joey Bishop who had his own talk show. Regis was hired and played a marvelous second fiddle to Bishop's dry and depressed sense of humor. Their relationship was grand. "Regis Philbin is like a son to me. He's one of the nicest persons I've ever met," said Joey of his announcer. The show eventually failed and in 1981, NBC gave him a shot at his own show, but this one did not succeed.

However, his new format with Kathie Lee Gifford, provides just the right chemistry. Jeff Jarvis, critic of *People* magazine, describes his unique ability to play with people and not offend them. "He may seem like a game show host with no prizes. . . . Sure he's pleasant and charming but don't hold that against him. He's also witty, if harmlessly so. He can insult guests and get away with it. He can talk about mundane frustrations in his own life . . . and not put us back to sleep." This is an art which very few can master. Accordingly, he is very popular with his fans.

Occasionally, you can see him appearing with his present wife, Joy, (he was first married to Catherine Faylen, a former TV actress, and has two children from this marriage) when Kathie Lee is on vacation. He is wonderfully irascible, describing his daily exasperations at life in the Big Apple. Everyone knows he has two more teenage daughters that drive him batty and that he doesn't own a car, but prefers to rent "clunkers." Why buy a car when these rentals provide him with such marvelous material for his show? He is a fine craftsman, for he makes his work appear effortless, the sign of a true professional.

Lou Diamond Phillips



Initially thought of as the "kid who got a lucky break," Lou Diamond Phillips has proven himself to be an actor worthy of impressive roles. Born 17 February 1962 in Arlington, Texas, Phillips developed a yearning to act in the sixth grade. Carrying his interest through his school years he studied the dramatic arts while attending the University of Texas. Displaying an insatiable appetite to learn and perfect his craft, Phillips studied film technique vigorously with Adam Rourke. Having appeared in numerous theater productions, among them *Whose Life Is It Anyway?, P.S. Your Cat Is Dead,* and *Hamlet,* Phillips moved into television with spots on CBS-TV's "Dallas", NBC'S "Miami Vice" and an NBC Movie of the Week "Time Bomb." Although experienced and somewhat recognized, Phillips was basically unknown until that fateful day when he was cast in the role of Richie Valens in the Columbia feature *La Bamba* (1987). The film, which Lou is deeply indebted to and proud of, propelled him into the throes of stardom. Since his "lucky break," Phillips has starred

platinum prints of Penn's September 1977 retrospective at New York's Marlborough Gallery, exclusive dealer of his prints since 1976. One reviewer praising Penn for the overall quality of the exhibition, Owen Edwards maintained that "there is more sensual pleasure per square inch than can be found in the work of any other living photographer." The third 1977 exhibition of Penn's platinum prints was mounted in Stockholm in November.

The year 1977 was also noteworthy in Penn's career for the publication of his third book, *Inventive Paris Clothes 1909-1939* (Studio/Viking), which records his impressions of Diana Vreeland's 1973-74 costume show at the Metropolitan Museum. Mrs. Vreeland supplied text and captions. Penn explained his reason for creating the book: "I'd always heard of clothes created in the previous era, but I'd never come into contact with them. When I went to the show at the Met, I was staggered by their fantasy and workmanship and immediately decided to do a book, simply because of the sheer pleasure of looking at them." The resulting photos reveal a fascination with the garments' richness of details such as beading, embroidery, and fabric textures. Critics proclaimed the book a lovely evocation of a lost era in fashion.

Penn's platinum prints have traveled afar in the past two years—to Stephen White's Gallery, Los Angeles, in February and March 1978; to Jane Corkin Gallery, Toronto, in December 1979; to Mancini Gallery, Philadelphia, in May 1980. In June and July 1980 New York's International Center of Photography included Penn pieces in a show of thirty-one Americans whose work shaped the photography of the 1950's. A collection of eighty platinum prints, organized by the Marlborough and the Western Association of Art Museums, was scheduled to tour seven Western cities until 1981.

"Earthly Bodies," a recent New York exhibition, which opened on September 4, 1980 at the Marlborough, is a collection of seventy-six silver prints of voluptuous nude torsos that revealed Penn's private work of 1949-50. His monumental treatment of what Grace Glueck of the New York *Times* (September 5, 1980) called life's "underside" transforms fat flesh into icons of quintessential Woman in much the same way that it immortalizes cigarette butts and street material. Proclaiming it "one of the most striking exhibitions of recent memory," Douglas Davis of *Newsweek* (September 22, 1980) asserted that the show proved Penn's incurable passion for "the physical splendors of pure color, form and the photographic process," which is responsible for "his extraordinary triumphs and magnificent excesses." Another revelation of that magnificent excess is Penn's book of seventy-three luminous color prints of poppies, roses, lilies, orchids, begonias, peonies, and tulips, published the same month under the title *Flowers* (Crown).

Irving Penn and fashion model Lisa Fonssagrives, married since 1950, have a grown son, Tom; she also has a daughter, Mia, from an earlier marriage. The Penns live on Long Island. Penn, who believes firmly in his right to privacy, rarely grants interviews and almost never sits for portraits. "The camera makes me nervous," he once said, knowing as few people can the power of that instrument. "It's like a razor blade—I'd like to protect myself from the incisions it can make." Hence Penn's photographic images without his self-image are preserved for posterity at the Smithsonian in Washington, the Metropolitan and the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Art Institute of Chicago, and leading museums in other cities.

References: Camera 35:14+ Je '75; N Y Times Mag p19+ S 4 '77; Popular Photography 42:66+ My '58; Vogue 136:200+ N 1 '60; Who's Who in America, 1980-81



Petty, Richard

July 2, 1937- Race driver. Address: Route 3, Box 621, Randleman, N.C. 27317

The undisputed "king" of stock car racing is Richard Petty, a "good ol' boy," a hero of what might be called the Old South, who has won more races, logged more miles, and set more records than any other driver in the history of motor sports, with the possible exception of A. J. Foyt. Unlike Foyt, who is best known for his "Indy" and formula car driving, Petty sticks exclusively to stocks, specially built versions

of ordinary passenger cars, such as the Plymouth, which Petty used to drive, and the Dodge and Chevrolet, which are among the current racing vehicles customized for him in his shop in Level Cross, North Carolina. Petty began racing under the tutelage of his father, the now retired stock car champion Lee Petty, in 1958. The National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing records he holds include those for prize money (more than $3,000,000); for races won (about 200 in 800-plus starts); for Winston Cup Grand National championships (seven); for victories in the Daytona 500 (six), the most prestigious event on the annual Grand National circuit of thirty-odd races; and for Most Popular Driver awards (nine), bestowed by NASCAR in accordance with an annual poll of fans. When asked by a reporter a few years ago what accomplishment he took the most pride in, he replied, "I guess in still bein' alive."

Richard Lee Petty was born on July 2, 1937 to Lee and Elizabeth Petty in Level Cross, North Carolina, a tobacco-growing hamlet in the township of Randleman, a few miles south of Greensboro. His birthplace was the house (next door to what is now the Petty Enterprises compound in Level Cross) that was built by his grandfather and is now his father's. "We lived in several places when I was growing up, but the house I remember best was the one my father built when I was about nine," Petty wrote in the more recent of his two autobiographical books, *King of the Road* (Macmillan, 1977). "It started as an old construction trailer and he made it into three rooms. He's almost the same height as I am, six-two, and he couldn't stand up straight in the kitchen without hitting his head. All four of us slept in one tiny room."

Lee Petty, who ran a small trucking business, spent his spare time rebuilding and "souping up" secondhand cars and racing them at night along dark stretches of North Carolina highways. Growing up in a racing environment, Richard, with his younger brother Maurice and his cousin Dale Inman, staged races first in toy cars, next in wagons, and then on bicycles.

When Petty was in grade school he earned pocket money by picking tobacco on Saturdays and holidays. At Randleman High School, as he recalled in his first autobiographical volume ("as told to" Bill Neely), *Grand National* (Regnery, 1971), he was "an average student . . . not much on studying" and "only went to three or four dances or school functions." A good all-round athlete, he made all-conference as a guard on the high school football team, but only one sport had him in thrall, and that was stock car racing.

Stock car racing began as a backcountry pastime, chiefly in the southern United States. In the years following World War II it blossomed into a major spectator sport, the blue-collar alternative to the more sophisticated Grand Prix, Indianapolis, and sports-car classes of auto racing. "Open-wheeled racing cars never were big in the South," Petty explained to Frank Orr, author of *World's Great Race Drivers* (1972). "Not even the midget racers could draw a crowd. I guess it's because people in the South are poor and those fancy race cars are so exotic that they don't know what to make of them. People can identify easily with stock cars. If a top driver is racing a Chevrolet, a lot of folks will come to see him because many of them drive Chevrolets. In stock cars, we do some real racing. Those Indy cars are so delicate that they can never touch each other without a lot of trouble. At the end of one of our stock car races, the cars are so banged up that we take all the sheet metal off and throw it away. It doesn't hurt the cars any and we really race each other."

The coming of age of stock car racing was signaled by two events: the forming of the National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing (NASCAR) in 1948 and the opening of the first stock car super-speedway, at Darlington, South Carolina in 1949. Lee Petty became one of the first champions of the sport, winning three national titles (based on points accumulated in an entire season) and a total of fifty-four Grand National events, a record that would be broken by his son.

Serving as an apprentice mechanic to his father, Richard Petty was, as he noted in *Grand National*, "sort of the NASCAR mascot," working in the pit (semiofficially at first, because he was underage) and observing the evolution of the sport as attendance grew, NASCAR rules were refined, and small-town dirt tracks and road courses were replaced by super-ovals. The evolution of stock car racing notwithstanding, the pugnacious Lee Petty never lost the grittiness he had acquired in the early days, when he raced on backroads or dirt fields against men many of whom had learned their driving techniques transporting "moonshine" in defiance of the law. From his father, Richard Petty absorbed the two lessons that have inspired his style: it is "more important to be smooth than flashy" and "it's not the fastest car that wins the race, but the quickest." He also learned, as he says, to treat racing, from the building of the cars to the driving, "as a business," a serious enterprise calling for day-by-day preparation and week-by-week competition.

After graduating from high school, Petty took a business course at Greensboro (North Carolina) Junior College and then began working full-time in the Petty Enterprises shop as well as the pit. "From the time I was twelve years old until I was twenty-one," Petty recounted in *King of the Road*, "I did everything there is to do to a race car except drive it—built it, worked on it, pitted it, tore it down, whatever. When I was in high school and people asked me whether I wanted to be a driver, I'd say no, I was happy just to work on my Daddy's car. Maurice was working on

the car, too. Later, when we were old enough, we each decided to try driving, and several times back in 1960 all three Pettys were in the same race. Maurice did a lot better in his first ten or twelve races than I had done, but then he flipped his car and figured he'd had enough. 'From now on,' he told me, 'you drive 'em and I'll work on 'em.' And that's how it's been ever since. But I know what it's like to work on the car because that's how I got started. Some people still tell me I'm a better mechanic than a driver; I guess that's a compliment."

Petty began racing shortly after his twenty-first birthday in one of his father's discards, an old Oldsmobile that he himself tuned up and ultimately smashed up. He won no races but felt good about the $76 he took home from his eight efforts that year. The following year, continuing to drive old cars of his father's, he entered twenty-one races and finished among the top ten nine times. In that, his first full official season, his earnings came to nearly $8,000, and the members of NASCAR voted him Rookie of the Year. The $8,000 was only a token return on his expenses, however. "I didn't win anything in the first couple of years," he has said. "I spent a lot of my father's money in racing cars. But he never said anything about it. He just let me find my own way in the sport."

In February 1960 Richard Petty posted his first Grand National victory on the half-mile dirt track in Charlotte, North Carolina, and he finished second in the point standings that year with top-five finishes in sixteen of forty races. When serious injuries forced Lee Petty off the track, in 1962, he turned all the driving over to Richard and went to work in the pit. Richard's responsibility for carrying on in his father's place gave him, as he said, "a lot of desire." In 1963 he won fourteen races and was again runner-up in point standings. His first super-speedway victory was in the Daytona 500 on February 23, 1964, when he streaked around the 2.5-mile Daytona oval at a record-breaking average speed of 154.334 miles per hour. In sixty-one events in 1964, he won nine and finished in the top five thirty-seven times, collecting $98,000 in prize money and 40,252 points for his first Grand National championship.

An important factor in Petty's success in 1964 was the powerful new 426-inch hemispherical head engine, produced by Chrysler, that he had begun using in Petty Plymouths. Before the beginning of the 1965 season, NASCAR made an engine size limitation that in effect outlawed the Chrysler "hemi," and Chrysler temporarily withdrew from stock car racing, as did Petty. He turned to drag racing, a test of pure acceleration over a quarter-mile strip, but his excursion into hot-rodding was brief, culminating in the saddest day of his career. On a drag strip in Dallas, Georgia one afternoon a snap in his car's left suspension sent the car out of control, skidding up an embankment and smashing into a group of spectators. Petty was thrown clear, but six people were seriously injured and an eight-year-old boy was killed.

Chrysler and Petty returned to stock car racing in 1966, when Petty was flagged the victor on the super-ovals at Darlington (the Rebel 400), Atlanta (the Dixie 400), and Daytona, where he became the first person to win the 500 twice. In the Daytona event he was slowed by seven pit stops and eight tire changes and seemed beaten when he fell two laps behind at one point, but he flashed into the lead at the finish by more than a lap. His average speed over the more than three hours was 160.627 mph.

Petty assumed his position as the best stock car racer in history in 1967. In that year he set a new NASCAR record of twenty victories (nine more than the old mark); passed his father's career mark of fifty-four; won three super-speedway events, including, for the first time, the Southern 500; placed in the top five in thirty-eight of forty-eight races; and easily took his second Grand National championship. As quoted in the press, he attributed 25 percent of his success to himself; 50 percent to his equipment; and 25 percent to his pit crew. "We average about twenty-two seconds per stop," he pointed out. "Other guys take 25 seconds. The difference is worth between a half lap and a full lap, depending on the size of the track."

In 1969 Petty switched from Plymouth to Ford cars and won only ten races. The following year he returned to Plymouth and was beginning again to tear up the speedways when he was stopped by the worst accident of his career. On the fourth turn of the Rebel 500 at Darlington his Plymouth glanced off the concrete wall, flipped several times, and landed upside-down, with a demolishing crunch. Amazingly, Petty came away with only a dislocated shoulder, and he returned to competition within six weeks and finished the season with eighteen victories in forty starts. In 1970 the Petty team also fielded a car for Pete Hamilton, who won the Daytona 500 and several other NASCAR events. (Petty Enterprises still occasionally builds cars for drivers other than Petty.)

Out of forty-six races in 1971, Petty won twenty-one, including his third Daytona 500 (ten seconds ahead of Buddy Baker) and the Dixie 500 (highlighted by a fierce automotive duel with Bobby Allison). His purse for the Dixie 500 boosted his career earnings over the million mark, to $1,018,203, a financial frontier that had only twice before been reached in all of auto racing, by A. J. Foyt and Al Unser. His season earnings were a record $309,225, and he won his third NASCAR Grand National title—something only his father and David Pearson had done before him.

In 1972 Petty broke the last of his father's major records by taking the Grand National

title a fourth time, and his career mileage reached an unprecedented 100,000 miles. In 1973, 1974, and 1975 his victories were relatively few—respectively six (out of twenty-eight), ten (out of thirty), and eight (out of seventeen), but in those years he finished in the top five fifteen, twenty-two, and twelve times; his earnings were $159,665, $299,175, and $169,815.

Not until 1975, after making sixteen tries, did Petty win the Firecracker 400 on July 4 at Daytona, whizzing across the finish line two seconds ahead of Buddy Baker. With a couple of laps to go in the 1976 Daytona 500, he and David Pearson were neck and neck when they collided; while Petty tried to start his engine, Pearson, hungry to take his first Daytona, coaxed his battered Mercury across the line. In Winston Cup championship points that year, Petty placed second to Cale Yarborough. In mid-1977 his career winnings neared $2,500,000 as he won the Atlanta 500 (in Hampton, Georgia), the World 600 (in Charlotte, North Carolina), and his second Firecracker 400 (a seventeen-second victory over Darrell Waltrip). Then he slid into a losing streak that lasted for forty-four races.

When Petty was in the midst of his year-and-a-half slump, friends and even some members of his family began to think that perhaps it was time for him to retire, to turn the responsibility for carrying on the Petty legend to his son, Kyle, who was beginning to make a name for himself on the Grand National circuit. "He's got his career and I've got mine," was Petty's response. "They might overlap to a certain extent, but as long as I enjoy racing and do it well enough to make some money I'll keep going."

Shortly after Christmas 1978 Petty's physician discovered that he had a bad stomach ulcer. When Petty came out of surgery with half his stomach gone, many observers thought that now, surely, his career was through. But during recuperation he returned to the Grand National circuit, where he broke his losing streak on February 18, 1979. In the Daytona 500 on that date he trailed a distant third until Donnie Allison and Cale Yarborough collided on the last lap and he roared to an unprecedented sixth win in the event. Petty went on to compete in all thirty-one Winston Cup races, to win five of them, to finish in the top five twenty-three times, and to nose out Darrell Waltrip for his seventh NASCAR championship.

Petty won the 1979 championship driving a Monte Carlo in the Times 500 on November 18. "We took a few days between Ontario and Phoenix (a Winston West race on November 25, 1979] and a couple of days off at Christmas," he recounted to Shav Glick of the Los Angeles *Times* (January 13, 1980). "That's about all the celebrating we did. There's a whole lot of work to do tearing down old cars and getting them prettied up for the new year. We took it [the Monte Carlo] home and rebuilt it. We knocked it clear down to the frame, checked out every piece before we put it back together. It's got all new sheet metal and a new paint job."

Petty's brother, Maurice, builds the engines for the cars that he drives and sells (for $40,000 or more each), Dale Inman, a cousin, supervises the car building, and other relatives are among the staff of thirty-three at Petty Enterprises. The cars are assembled from the ground up at the Petty Enterprises compound next to Lee Petty's house in Level Cross, where Richard commutes by bicycle between the offices, prefab garages, machine shops, and paint rooms. The crew goes to races in a truck, a workshop on wheels, which cost $100,000 to equip, while Petty and his family travel in a van.

Putting the emphasis on preparation and safety, the Pettys were the first competitors in stock car racing to use a roll bar, a nylon window screen, a helmet cooler (which circulates cool fluids through tubes surrounding its interior), and two-way radios for instant communication with the pit. The cars Petty drives are painted blue (the original Petty color) and red (for STP, the fuel additive manufactured by Andy Granitelli, Petty's sponsor) and numbered 43. (His father was number 42 in NASCAR competition.) Winning the pole, or inside position, is not of great concern to him. Beginning a race slowly, he habitually chooses a high groove, usually the third lane. At least one observer has attributed to Petty a "savage" instinct for the checkered flag, but he is hardly a brute behind the wheel. As a writer for *Sports Illustrated* (February 27, 1967) noted, his movements are "deft and beauteous," he is "a thinker, and, most important, he has the *feel*," and he is "not fascinated by speed or oblivious to fear." Petty has explained that while he is "not fearless, by any means" he is as always been too busy in a race car "to have time for worry," that even when cars have turned over on him "when they came back up on the wheels I'd still be trying to steer." His racing philosophy is a realistic optimism: "I know I'm not going to win every race, but I expect to win going into every race."

Petty has investments in an air-freight depot, a motel, and a bank in Charlotte, North Carolina. His business manager, Bill Preddy, started his fan club (now numbering about 15,000 members) and arranged for the production of a movie, *The Petty Story* (Rowland-Lasko, 1974), starring Darren McGavin as Lee and Richard as himself. *Stockcar!* (Victory, 1978) also featured Petty, along with Cale Yarborough and David Pearson, among other ace drivers.

Richard Petty (who is always addressed by those close to him by his full first name, never as Dick) and Lynda Owens, who was a cheerleader at Randleman High School, were mar-

ried in 1958. (Petty confessed to Lynda at the time that he loved her "more than any other person in the world," although not more than race driving.) In addition to their son Kyle they have three daughters, Sharon, Lisa, and Rebecca. The Pettys live in a large $250,000 house they built a couple of miles down the road from Lee Petty's house. Surrounding the house is a farm, tended by an uncle, Bottle Millikan, where Petty raises a few cattle and horses and 24,000 chickens.

The tall, wiry, curly-haired stock car champion wears dark glasses when he drives, and during the racing season he acquires a deep tan that accentuates his friendly, pearly grin. Those who have interviewed him have described him as "a veritable lamb," "reserved," "gracious," and possessed of "a medieval courtliness, flavored with grits and ham hocks" and an "awkwardness" before audiences unusual in a person of such celebrity. A religious man, Petty attends Mount Lebanon Church, a Methodist Church in Randleman, on the Sundays he isn't racing and makes a practice of reading the Bible to his children. He is a teetotaler but he smokes cigars (usually a cheap brand, such as Muriel Coronella Kings), and he unwinds by watching television with his children or shooting pool (he has a table in his house).

Petty is a member of the three-man board of commissioners of Randolph County, a position to which he was elected in 1978. "I used to be not that interested in politics," he told a reporter in 1978, "but I see things in this little old community that I didn't see five or ten years ago." A right-wing Republican in the tradition of North Carolina's Senator Jesse Helms (whom he endorsed in his successful bid for reelection in 1978), Petty believes in limited government and preservation of the family and the family farm. Thurman Hogan, who sits on the Randolph County board of commissioners with Petty, has said; "Richard Petty's the most refreshing thing to come along in politics in a long time, because of his innocence." One of Petty's favorite sayings is, "You don't ever want to get above your raisin's, you know."

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Pfeiffer, Jane (Cahill)

Sept. 29, 1932- Corporation executive. Address: b. c/o NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, N.Y. 10020



After serving NBC for only twenty-two months of her three-year contract, Jane Cahill Pfeiffer was relieved of her duties as chairman, in July 1980, by the company's president, Fred Silverman, the man who had proclaimed her to be a "major acquisition" at the time of her appointment in September 1976. Speculation concerning the reasons for her abrupt departure was rife in the American press. Some journalists attributed her fall from power to her lack of experience in broadcasting and her insistence on quality programming in what is considered a crassly commercial industry; others conjectured that she had had a destructive effect on employee morale. Although some NBC executives found her easy to get along with, others nicknamed her "St. Jane," "the Ayatollah," and "Attila the Nun." The negative feelings about Mrs. Pfeiffer at NBC sharply contrasted with those of her former colleagues at IBM, where the chairman called her one of "the ablest executives" he had ever known.

Jane Cahill Pfeiffer was born in Washington, D.C. on September 29, 1932 to John Joseph and Helen (Reilly) Cahill. Her older brother, Jack, who spent many years in the United States Marine Corps, is now an equipment salesman for IBM. According to family friends, Helen Cahill's resourcefulness in forging a successful career for herself following her husband's sudden death, when Jane was only seven, left an indelible impression on her two children. As Michael VerMeulen noted in his

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SERIES: Occasional

BYLINE: Ken Denlinger, Washington Post Staff Writer

DATELINE: DAYTONA BEACH, Fla., Feb. 14, 1992

BODY:

For Richard Petty, 1992 will be the goodbye lap. His farewell tour -- 30 races over 10 months -- is uniquely long because he almost surely has meant more to stock-car racing than anyone in the sport.

"He is the one, the ambassador of Winston Cup racing, The King, whatever," said Dale Earnhardt. "He gave back to racing more than he's taken out of it."

Honest and unpretentious as always in an appreciation piece by a local paper this week, Petty said of his decision to leave racing in his rearview mirror after 35 years and at age 54: "Not winning races, not finishing races, not doing the things the team was capable of doing. All of it adds up. It's a little bit of everything.

"God might have given me 25 years of good luck, and I may be trying to stretch it to 35. Maybe He's trying to tell me something, like: 'Hey, you better get out of this thing before something happens to you and I can't look out for you no more.' "

Petty hasn't won a race in nearly eight years. But since his first success, Feb. 28, 1960, in a Plymouth at Charlotte, his records include:

200 NASCAR victories (David Pearson is next with only 105).

Seven NASCAR seasonal championships.

Seven Daytona 500 victories.

27 victories in one season (1967, over 48 races).

10 consecutive victories (1967).

Becoming the first NASCAR driver to win $ 1 million (1971).

513 consecutive starts.

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"He's a racer's racer," said Dick Beaty, NASCAR's director of competition. "By that I mean he's not always bitching about this or complaining about that. He just gets in the car and does the job."

Petty and the most famous stock-car track are memorably interconnected. His father, Lee, won the first Daytona 500, in 1959. In all, 10 of Richard's NASCAR victories, including the 200th, have come here. Also his most scary accident occurred on Turn Four, in 1988. His car flipped seven times, but he walked away with only minor injuries.

Before his 32nd Daytona 500, from which he will start in 32nd place Sunday, he has not gotten emotional; he will return to the track July 4 for a 400-miler.

An illustration of why he is so admired by everyone even remotely connected to racing took place here Thursday during a period of about 20 minutes and a stretch of about 20 yards in the garage area.

He was the first person to console Redskins Coach Joe Gibbs after a spinout put his car out of a 125-mile race. Shortly thereafter, Petty accommodated a television reporter on deadline, then joked with a security guard and signed dozens of pictures and programs.

"The first race I won here, in 1964, was the first race I had ever run on a superspeedway," he said. "We just blew everybody away. We had a good day and a good handling car. We had always had a good handling car. Then all of a sudden they gave us some horsepower and we just blew them away. . . . It was probably one of the easiest races we ever won."

Petty is skinny as a gearshift these days, perhaps 50 pounds lighter than the 220 he carried as an offensive lineman for Randleman (N.C.) High School.

Said crew chief and cousin, Dale Inman: "As kids, we would build wagons and coast in them. Nothing like a soap box car that you see today. Maybe we would sit on a dad-burn axle and have a rope to steer it with. . . . Then we'd build a bicycle track and water the corners to make it slick. That's the way we grew up.

"We went to the same swimming hole and got poison oak all over us. Pole Cat Creek, it was called, and it was always cold. And you were liable to see a water moccasin slide in there with you.

"When he got his license, he always had a car to drive. Most of the time it was a race car converted back into a road car. We did a lot of things we shouldn't have done off the highway. We got our share of speeding tickets. Course we got away a lot of times too."

For that first stock-car victory, nearly 32 years ago, Petty won $ 800. A set of tires goes for about $ 1,100 these days -- and a car might go through seven or eight sets during a 500-mile race.

His final season is being called a "Fan Appreciation Tour." A decal promoting it is on the rear of his No. 43 car, and thousands of others are being sold. A percentage of the proceeds here help a local high school's football team.

If Petty should unexpectedly become competitive this season, he might be tempted to scrap his plans for car ownership and stay behind the wheel. That's

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what his equal as a driving legend, A. J. Foyt, has done.

"When Foyt made his announcement, I hadn't made mine," Petty said. "But I had already made up my mind. I knew what I was going to do. He didn't handle it too good. I felt like I didn't need to handle it like that.

"A. J. was hurting [after an ugly accident in September 1990], but then he went to Indy and ran pretty good and then he wasn't hurting as bad. It's a hard thing to give up. I had to sit down and figure out a program, for me and the sponsors and the fans. So when I say I'm going to quit, I'm going to quit. What I tell you, you can pretty well bank on."

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, RICHARD PETTY: "IT'S A HARD THING TO GIVE UP. I HAD TO SIT DOWN AND FIGURE OUT A PROGRAM, FOR ME AND THE SPONSORS AND THE FANS.", AP

TYPE: NATIONAL NEWS, BIOGRAPHY

SUBJECT: AUTO RACING; RETIREMENT FROM SPORTS

NAMED-PERSONS: RICHARD PETTY

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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

November 9, 1992

JMc - Jim sent orig to Phil today - but enter in your records - thx

MEMORANDUM FOR SHIRLEY GREEN

FROM: BRENT SCOWCROFT

SUBJECT: Presidential Award for General Vessey

Please add General John Vessey's name to the list of those being recommended for the Presidential Citizen's Medal.

General Vessey has worked tirelessly since 1987 as the President's Special Emissary to Hanoi for POW/MIA matters. The results achieved to date in determining the fate of our MIAs are largely attributable to his efforts. His actions merit special recognition in the form of the Presidential Citizen's Medal.

30TH STORY of Focus printed in FULL format.

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October 1, 1985, Tuesday, Final Edition

SECTION: First Section; A3

LENGTH: 812 words

HEADLINE: Joint Chiefs Head Vessey Retires in Character;
General Ends 46 Years Of Life as Soldier

BYLINE: By George C. Wilson, Washington Post Staff Writer

BODY:

Gen. John William Vessey Jr., chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the last four-star combat veteran from World War II on active duty, retired in character yesterday as he bade farewell to 46 years of life as a soldier: "Thanks. Thanks, troops."

The 63-year-old Vessey, who enlisted in the Minnesota National Guard as a 17-year-old private in 1939 and received a battlefield commission while fighting on the beachhead of Anzio, Italy, in 1944, always considered himself a mud soldier. He saved his final words for those serving in that capacity.

A smiling President Reagan looked on as Vessey bade farewell in a cavernous hangar at Andrews Air Force Base filled with dignitaries, well-wishers and ceremonial troops. Before Vessey took the microphone to make his last official remarks, Reagan saluted the soldier who had served as his primary military adviser the last four years.

"Gen. Vessey will be remembered for many things," Reagan said, but one accomplishment stands above all the rest: "Jack Vessey always remembered the soldiers in the ranks. He understood those soldiers are the backbone of any army. He noticed them, spoke to them, looked out for them. Jack Vessey never forgot what it was like to be an enlisted man, to be just a G.I."

Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger, a World War II Army veteran, saluted Vessey's "unshakable integrity" and "wisdom with vision." But he said the general's most valued attribute in the Pentagon's bureaucratic forest was his "great common sense, the soldier's humor, the soldier's insight."

Vessey will be succeeded today by Adm. William J. Crowe Jr., former U.S. commander in the Pacific.

Shortly after Vessey was named by Reagan to the military's top job on June 18, 1982, the general called a meeting of top officers who would serve with him at the Pentagon. He told them, according to participants, that if they did not believe in miracles, one was standing in front of them -- himself. He said he never expected to end up as chairman of the Joint Chiefs.

The general went on, participants said, to lambaste the news media and warn officers to avoid friendships with reporters. He blamed the media for the firing of Maj. Gen. Jack K. Singlaub, who served as Vessey's deputy in Korea. Then-President Jimmy Carter relieved Singlaub after he ignored a warning and spoke out a second time against the administration's plan to withdraw some

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(c) 1985 The Washington Post , October 1, 1985

U.S. troops from Korea.

Vessey kept his distance from the media during most of his four years and thus had a low profile outside the military establishment. But inside the military he won praise for bringing dignity and honor to the chief's job, for pulling the four services together and for resisting attempts to make sweeping changes in the structure of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Reagan rejected advice from Vessey and the other chiefs, who warned against sending Marines into Lebanon a second time. The Marines subsequently met disaster when a terrorist drove a pickup truck full of explosives into their compound at the Beirut airport in October 1983, detonating the load and killing 241 servicemen. The Marines were withdrawn.

The other two big military operations conducted on Vessey's watch were the invasion of Grenada and the bombing of Lebanon in December 1983. The Grenada operation rescued Americans on the island but brought criticism of serious miscues among the four services involved. The December bombing was also criticized for being badly flawed in timing and execution. Two bombers were lost.

Otherwise, Vessey's four years as chairman of the Joint Chiefs were tranquil compared with his nine predecessors. He had no fractious Vietnam war nor deep cuts in the budgets of the armed services. The volunteer military attracted soldiers and sailors considered more motivated and intelligent than at any time since the draft was abolished. Congress and the president also provided record amounts of money for peacetime.

Vessey, as chairman, was not formally in the military chain of command. Instead he was limited to recommending courses of action and transmitting the president's orders from the secretary of defense to theater commanders around the world. There are numerous proposals in Congress to give the chairman more power. But Vessey's view was that the organizational structure of the chiefs is not broken and therefore does not require fixing.

Vessey, in his farewell remarks, chided Congress for "dabbling too deeply" in defense matters and said the lawmakers will waste more money than they will save by trying to reform the Pentagon. "Stop dabbling," Vessey pleaded, "and judge us by broad objectives" set down for the military.

The general and his wife, Avis, left Washington shortly after the retirement ceremony for their lakefront home in Garrison, Minn., their 29th and -- as Avis Vessey has indicated -- final move.

GRAPHIC: Picture, Gen. John W. Vessey Jr. stands with the president at retirement ceremony. AP

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USA TODAY, October 27, 1992

But it was hardly a sudden development. Retired general John Vessey made five trips to Hanoi over the past two years seeking release of all information on U.S. soldiers. Vietnam may have decided to play its hand out and try to strike a deal normalizing U.S. relations now instead of ...

FOCUS - 1 OF 75 STORIES

Copyright 1990 Globe Newspaper Company
The Boston Globe

December 22, 1990, Saturday, City Edition

SECTION: LIVING; Pg. 13 p

LENGTH: 946 words

HEADLINE: Quotes of a Life -time;
NAMES AND FACES

BYLINE: by Michael Blowen, Globe Staff

Life magazine has compiled the best quotes of 1990. A sampling:

- "Oh, dear, I could ask for help here. The name, I know, is very familiar." - Ronald Reagan, giving Iran-contra testimony, asked to identify Gen. John W. Vessey Jr., his chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

- "Does Mike Tyson live near here?" - Nelson Mandela during a visit to New York City.

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(c) 1988 The Washington Post, December 25, 1988

When, in 1987, President Reagan asked Vessey to become his personal POW/MIA emissary to Hanoi, it had become obvious that Vietnam had slowed its previous cooperation in dealing with these issues. Vessey met with Vice Premier Nguyen Co Thach in Hanoi in August 1987, and the two men agreed to make a fresh start by reconfirming pledges to separate humanitarian issues from the political differences between our countries.

The Vietnamese, however, had an additional concern. They felt that U.S. concern for humanitarian needs was one-sided, that it ignored the humanitarian needs of their own people, especially the largely untreated problems of the many survivors severely maimed during the war. With the president's authorization, Vessey agreed that, within our legal and policy constraints, the United States would facilitate private efforts to improve care for their disabled.

Following this agreement, Vessey sent teams of medical experts to Vietnam. Our team's mission, involving four trips thus far, was to review Vietnamese needs for prosthetics and orthotics -- devices to replace or strenthen damaged limbs. Another team has made three trips to review disabilities among Vietnamese children.

These trips have not been pleasant excursions. Each time, we have learned more about the severe deprivation suffered by this struggling country of 66

(c) 1988 The Washington Post, December 25, 1988

FOCUS

experts believe that 40 percent of all children in Hanoi under age 3 are malnourished. Protein and vitamin deficiencies cause blindness, dermatitis, rickets and slow physical and mental development. At one center, I saw a mother -- sadly only one of ...

... on one end and a small scoop on the other. The mother is told that if her child has diarrhea, she should fill the small scoop with salt, the big one with sugar and put them into a cup of boiled water to feed the child. Education projects like this are essential to overcome age-old folkways. For example, if children have diarrhea, Vietnamese peasants traditionally do not give them anything to eat or drink.

The teams sent in by Vessey produced two reports which were distributed to private American humanitarian organizations for their evaluation. Many of those organizations have responded by providing prosthetic materials and equipment to existing rehabilitation centers, beginning surveys for possible construction of regional prosthetic facilities and sponsoring visits of Vietnamese specialists to observe our procedures and technology. One group is now planning a trip to Vietnam to do reconstructive surgery for children suffering from facial and other ...

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71ST STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Copyright 1992 Star Tribune
Star Tribune

September 27, 1992, Metro Edition

SECTION: News; Doug Grow; Pg. 3B

LENGTH: 968 words

HEADLINE: Erecting of this wall meant knocking some down in the process

BYLINE: Doug Grow; Staff Writer

BODY:

Thousands came to a wall Saturday that not so long ago few had wanted to support.

There were retired generals and political leaders, who gave their best speeches. There was an Army band playing grand marches.

But most stirring was the sight of the thousands of people who came to search for a name on the granite wall at the Minnesota Vietnam Veterans Memorial, which was dedicated on the State Capitol grounds. The names of 1,120 Minnesotans are engraved on that wall, which is the focal point of the $ 1.2 million memorial.

In the midst of so many people (Capitol security estimated there were 10,000), so many dignitaries and so much emotion, it was hard to imagine the struggle to build the memorial had been so great.

But this memorial, first dreamed of by a woman named Teresa Vetter, was a project few had wanted to support - at least with money. Vetter was a sophomore in high school when the war ended. It was a war that never pounded into her home so tragically as it did into the homes of many. The brother of a friend of Vetter's was killed; that was her personal link to the war.

But always, she said, she had been moved by the youth of the soldiers. Even now as she looks at the project that she did so much to build, it is the youth that moves her.

"I think, even a hundred years from now, that is the thing that will make people stop and think about Vietnam," she said. "I think they will come here and see that the average age of those killed was what, 19? I think they will say, 'My God, they were so young.' "

It was when the Vietnam War memorial was dedicated in Washington in 1982 that Vetter first thought there should be a Minnesota memorial. But it wasn't until 1987 that she took the first step that no one else apparently was going to take. She looked in the Yellow Pages for Vietnam vets' organizations and found just one listed. She asked that organization's members to share her dream. The group agreed and in the following years, she said, hundreds of others eagerly joined the volunteer effort.

But dollars didn't come with the volunteers.

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Gary Lindsay, a Vietnam vet and a member of the board of directors of the Minnesota Vietnam Veterans Memorial Committee, spoke at the dedication of how traditionally generous Minnesota corporations weren't interested in a memorial to Vietnam vets. Companies quick to pledge support to sporting events and rock concerts weren't interested in being tied to Vietnam and all the pain tied to it.

"Many companies, including companies that made huge profits from the Vietnam War, wouldn't support this," Lindsay said.

So it took thousands of small contributions to build this shrine - as well as a few flukes and quirky fund-raisers. A key fluke occurred in 1989 when Doug Carlson, who was a state representative from Sandstone at the time, happened to hear a commercial about efforts to raise funds for the memorial while driving home one night. Carlson was so touched by what he heard that he urged the state Legislature to come up with $ 300,000 for the project.

And in the fall of 1991 there was the strange sight of a 58-year-old woman, Sally Adams, camped on a billboard near Forest Lake. Adams proclaimed she wasn't coming down until $ 73,000 was raised to move the project from the drawing board to construction. She was on that billboard for 21 days before Golden Valley businessman Bill Popp came to her rescue and the memorial's aid with a $ 50,000 contribution.

Now, the project stands dedicated.

Retired Army Gen. William C. Westmoreland, former commander of U.S. troops in Vietnam, spoke, as did retired Army Gen. John Vessey, former head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

(Vessey took a couple of risks in his short talk. He said Minnesotans "need to remember the suffering" of a new group of Minnesotans, the Laotians, Vietnamese and other Southeast Asians driven from their homes by the war. Vessey also seemed to try to calm emotions tied to the issue of U.S. prisoners of war and MIAs, saying that people of goodwill are doing everything possible to find answers.)

But the most moving speeches came at the wall from people such as Joe Peterson, whose younger brother was killed in Vietnam. Peterson said he had vowed he would take care of his brother when they were in Vietnam. Then he broke down, saying he hadn't been able to keep his pledge. At the wall he was consoled by Delores Truhler, whose son was killed in Vietnam.

The speeches came from people such as Lorraine Storck, who is 70 now and calls Texas home. In 1969 she lived in St. Cloud, where she and her late husband had raised their family. On the day the family was celebrating the return home from Vietnam of son Jim Gilliespie, a Marine car stopped at the home where the celebration was taking place. "That car drove up," she recalled, "and I thought, 'No, it can't be.' But it was a Marine car. I knew something bad had happened." Her 19-year-old son, George Gillespie, had been gravely wounded in Vietnam, the celebrants were told. His legs had been blown off from a land mine explosion. Eighteen days later her son died.

Yesterday, she was at the wall. Tears in her eyes, she placed a sheet of paper over her son's name and rubbed charcoal across the paper. The rubbing of

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her son's name on the Minnesota wall will be framed and placed next to a picture of her son, who had been a high school athlete and dreamed of being a diplomat after he came home.

"This matters," the mother said. "I can't tell you how much it matters."

Said Vetter, whose dream turned to reality yesterday: "By no means is this memorial a glorification of war. To me it's simple. To me it says, 'Never forget and never again.' "

SUBJECT: military; building; opening; veteran; death

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1ST STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Copyright 1992 The Hartford Courant Company
The Hartford Courant

November 7, 1992, a Edition

SECTION: EDITORIAL; Pg. d10

LENGTH: 373 words

HEADLINE: Breaking the impasse with Vietnam

BODY:

For two years, retired Army Gen. John W. Vessey Jr. tried to close the book on American soldiers still unaccounted for in Vietnam. Now it looks as though an Indiana Jones-type character will figure prominently in that final chapter.

Theodore Schweitzer, an American adventurer, accomplished what the general, a Senate investigative committee and five presidential administrations failed for years to do. He found thousands of documents relating to missing U.S. soldiers and cajoled Vietnamese officials into letting him have them.

The United States had set the release of the documents as a condition for normalizing relations with Vietnam. But for years the Southeast Asian country failed to deliver promised information.

Mr. Schweitzer, in his research for a book, discovered photographs and other documents concerning MIAs in Hanoi's military museum in February. With the tacit approval of the Vietnamese, he turned them over to the Pentagon.

Hanoi then agreed to let Pentagon experts see all of the military museum records. President Bush in turn has increased flood-relief aid to Vietnam, fueling hope that he might lift a U.S.led international embargo of the country.

Mr. Bush ought to take the opportunity to normalize relations with Hanoi and put the war to rest. U.S. goals are much better served by helping rebuild Vietnam than by continuing to undermine it.

The president credited Gen. Vessey with the breakthrough, but the real hero is Mr. Schweitzer, the Missouri native who has worked in Indochina for years, supplying medicine to Vietnam and even protecting boat people from pirates.

Not even he can take full credit for the change of heart in Hanoi, however. Vietnam is destitute and has been desperate to get Mr. Bush to end the economic blockade.

Japan's announcement that it intends to resume economic aid to Hanoi this month means the days of the international embargo are numbered.

Relations between Washington and Hanoi are due for normalization. After all, the war ended nearly two decades ago. Vietnam will not serve its interests by withholding information on missing Americans. As for U.S. policy-makers, they must chart a course that avoids penalizing the key state in Indochina.

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132ND STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Copyright 1991 Globe Newspaper Company
The Boston Globe

July 20, 1991, Saturday, City Edition

SECTION: NATIONAL/FOREIGN; Pg. 17

LENGTH: 181 words

HEADLINE: By General, veterans set MIA meetings

BYLINE: Globe Washington Bureau

DATELINE: WASHINGTON

KEYWORD: NAME-KERRY VIETNAM MISSING PERSON PROBE

BODY:

Army Gen. John Vessey has agreed to meet regularly with veterans groups to share information on US servicemen missing in action in Southeast Asia.

After meeting Thursday with three senators, including John F. Kerry of Massachusetts, Vessey, President Bush's special envoy on POW and MIA issues, agreed to provide frequent briefings to the veterans groups so they can exchange data.

"I hope this move will be a small step toward reestablishing some credibility between the Defense Department and POW-MIA families who have suffered for years in a process that is sometimes less than open and helpful," Kerry said.

Kerry returned recently from Vietnam, where he persuaded government officials to allow US veterans groups to travel more freely in the country to pursue leads in seeking the fate of American MIAs from the Vietnam War.

Kerry will meet with several other senators next week in hope of scheduling a Senate hearing on complaints by families of the missing servicemen that the Pentagon has been unresponsive to their concerns and the leads they have uncovered.

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7TH STORY of Level 2 printed in FULL format.

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The Houston Chronicle

May 24, 1992, Sunday, 2 STAR Edition

SECTION: PARADE; Pg. 4

LENGTH: 1353 words

HEADLINE: A Nobel laureate asks graduates - and the rest of us - to think about what education really means;
HAVE YOU LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON OF ALL?

BYLINE: ELIE WIESEL

BODY:

Elie Wiesel, who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1986, is currently Professor in the Humanities at Boston University. A native of Transylvania, he was captured by the Nazis at 15 and imprisoned in the Auschwitz and Buchenwald concentration camps, where nearly all his family died. He is the author of some 30 books, including "" Night' ' and his newest, ""The Forgotten. '' Speaking as an American citizen, a writer, a teacher and a witness to history, Wiesel has an urgent message for the graduates who will be entering the world in these uncertain times.

FIRST, I WOULD LIKE TO congratulate you. For you and your parents, the day of your graduation should be marked by joy and celebration. Your years of study and work have brought triumph, which rewards you, honors your teachers and brings pride to your families.

And now you are ready to say farewell to your classmates and face both the privileges and obligations society will feel entitled to place upon you.

How will you cope with them?

May I share with you one of the principles that governs my life? It is the realization that what I receive I must pass on to others. The knowledge that I have acquired must remain imprisioned in my brain. I owe it to many men and women to do something with it. I feel the need to pay back what was given to me. Call it gratitude.

Isn't this what education is all about?

There is divine beauty in learning, just as there is human beauty in tolerance.

To learn means to accept the postulate that life did not begin at my birth. Others have been here before me, and I walk in their footsteps. The books I have read were composed by generations of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, teachers and disciples.

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I am the sum total of their experiences, their quests. And so are you.

You and I believe that knowledge belongs to everybody, irrespective of race, color or creed. Plato does not address himself to one ethnic group alone, nor does Shakespeare appeal to one religion only. The teachings of Gandhi and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. do not apply just to Indians or African-Americans. Like cognitive science, theoretical physics or algebra, the creations and philosophical ideas of the ages are part of our collective heritage and human memory. We all learn from the same masters.

In other words, education must, almost by definition, bring people together, bring generations together.

Education has another consequence.

My young friends, I feel it is my moral duty to warn you against an evil that could jeopardize this generation's extraordinary possibilities. That evil is fanaticism.

True education negates fanaticism.

Literature and fanaticism are forever irreconcilable. The fanatic is always against culture, because culture means freedom of spirit and imagination, and the fanatic fears someone else's imagination. In fact, the fanatic who wishes to inspire fear is ultimately doomed to live in fear, always. Fear of the stranger, fear of the other, fear of the other inside him or her.

Fanaticism has many faces: racism, religious bigotry, ethnic hatred. What those faces have in common is an urge to replace words with violence, facts with propaganda, reason with blind impulses, hope with terror.

For a while we might have believed that fanaticism was on its decline. It is not. Quite the contrary, it is on the rise in our cities, in our country and in our world.

In Western Europe-in Germany and France, Belgium and Austria-we are seeing a resurgence of yesterday's demons of fascism and intolerance. In Eastern Europe, ethnic factions re rekindling old conflicts. In the Middle East, deeply held hatreds seem ever on the verge of sparking more raging conflagrations. ""It's us against them'' has been taken as essential truth. Strangers are being greeted with animosity almost everywhere.

Let us look at our own country. As this last decade of a century, which is also the last decade of a millennium, runs to its dazzling denouement, we seem ever more divided. Can't all our citizens-white Americans and African-Americans, Hispanics and Asians, Jews and Christians, Jews and Moslems, young and old-live together, work together and face their common challenges? Must they-must we-constantly subject ourselves to useless social tensions and dangerous ideological conflicts that could turn joy

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into dust and creation into ashes?

We face many difficulties and must find answers to thorny questions if our nation is to flourish: What has happened to our economy? What went wrong with elementary and secondary education?

Why are so many youngsters seduced by crime? By drugs? By hate? Why is there so much bloodshed in so many quarters?

The answers to these questions do not lie with the cliches, senseless stereotypes and absurd accusations that are being used to justify religious or ethnic hatred. Evil forces are at work-some, to my embarrassment, unleashed by my fellow teachers-and something must be done to heal the effect of their poisonous theories.

In the New York City neighborhood of Crown Heights last year, a black child was killed when a car driven by a Hasidic Jew went out of control and jumped the curb. Already strained tensions between the black and Hasidic communities exploded. A young Hasidic man was killed, and a black man was arrested for the murder. For days and weeks, the streets were filled with scenes of violence and hatred. The incidents left deep scars.

We must ask ourselves if we, as a nation, want to be reduced to addressing our problems with violent actions. Will we allow street wars at home to succeed armed conflict abroad?

As a Jew, I have witnessed the consequences of anti-Semitism, which is one of the oldest group-prejudices in history. We Jews have been accused of many sins. Now we are perceived as the group that wields more power than any other. I have heard good people, say this-decent people, intelligent people. Don't they know that not all jews have power? That not all those who have power are Jewish? Haven't they ever heard of poor Jews who are unable to make ends meet? Who live on welfare?

African-Americans have been subjected to centuries of racism.

Today, some blame the victims for the problems of our country.

Don't they know that most African-Americans are hardworking, good citizens? That the tragedy that occurred in Los Angeles, born of injustice, is just that, a tragedy? That important parts of American culture-from music to language to literature to fashion-have been created by African-Americans?

I insist: ""All'' collective judgments are wrong. Only racist make them. And racism is stupid, just as it is ugly, Its aim is to destroy, to pervert, to destory innocence in human beings and their quest for human equality.

Racism is misleading. There are good people and bad people in ever community. No human race is superior; no religious faith is inferior. We all come from somewhere, and we all wonder where we are going.

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The Houston Chronicle, May 24, 1992

I know: You have been tested during your years in school, more than once. But the real tests are still ahead of you. How will you deal with your own or other people's hunger, homelessness, sexual or gender discrimination, and community antagonisms?

The world outside is not waiting to welcome you with open arms. The economic climate is bad; the psychological one is worse.

You wonder, will you find jobs? Allies? Friends? I pray to our Father in heaven to answer ""yes'' to all these questions.

But should you encounter temporary disappointments, I also pray: Do not make someone else pay the price for your pain. Do not see in someone else a scapegoat for your difficulties. Only a fanatic does that-not you, for you have learned to reject fanaticism. You know that fanaticism leads to hatred, and hatred is both destructive and self-destructive.

I speak to you as a teacher and a student-one is both, always. I also speak to you as a witness.

I speak to you, for I do not want my past to become your future.

GRAPHIC: Photos: 1. Elie Wiesel (b/w); 2. Students in a class room (b/w); 3. Graduates in cap and gown (color, cover); 1. Adams/Sygma, 2. Hodges/West Light, 3. Bob Rashid/Tony Stone Worldwide

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April 20, 1992, Monday, NORTH SPORTS FINAL EDITION

SECTION: TEMPO; Pg. 3; ZONE: C

LENGTH: 709 words

HEADLINE: The heart of Judaism
Elie Wiesel's 'The Forgotten' focuses on the need for memory

BYLINE: By Ron Grossman.

BODY:

Memory, notes author Elie Wiesel, is the most precious and fragile of mankind's blessings.

Thirty-five years ago, he pledged his literary talents to perpetuating the memory of those who perished in the Holocaust. Wiesel, who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1986, was the first to use the term "Holocaust" as a synonym for the destruction of 6 million Jews during World War II.

It was a subject he knew firsthand. Wiesel's first book, " Night, " was his memoir of coming of age in Auschwitz.

His latest novel, "The Forgotten" (Summit Books), is Wiesel's reflections on memory's natural enemy. Elhanan Rosenbaum, the book's protagonist, was, like Wiesel himself, born in Eastern Europe and raised according to the tenets of Hasidism, Judaism's pietist and mystical wing.

Having survived the Holocaust and established a new, secular life for himself as a New York psychoanalyst, Rosenbaum finds himself an old man whose memory is going fast.

In his lucid moments, Rosenbaum is obsessed with belatedly telling his son, Malkiel, the story of his ancestors' way of life and the tragic end to which it came during the Nazi era.

Before that, the two generations of Rosenbaums had had a tacit agreement not to touch the subject. Like other survivors, Elhanan had tried to put that chapter in his life aside when he left Europe. Malkiel was too busy getting his professional life established, as a journalist, to think about what it means to be Jewish.

But watching his father's decline inspires him to make a sentimental voyage, so he persuades his editor to give him an assignment that will carry him to his family's hometown in Romania.

Before he leaves, Malkiel accompanies his father to doctors' offices and medical laboratories. The senior Rosenbaum is suffering from Alzheimer's disease, yet the word itself never appears in the book. "It's ineffable, like the Lord's name," said Wiesel, referring to Judaism's prohibition of uttering God's name.

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Both metaphorically and biologically, Alzheimer's is a deadly threat to all that is Jewish, said Wiesel, who was in the Chicago area recently to lecture at a local congregation, as he does every Passover season. Wiesel noted that Passover is a holiday dedicated to commemorating the escape of the Jews from slavery in Egypt more than 3,000 years ago.

"Memory is at the heart of Judaism," Wiesel explained. "Our holidays remember our ancestors' defeats as well as their victories."

Wiesel recalled that as a child he lived in a tight-knit religious community more attuned to ancient Jewish history than to the contemporary world. His rabbis and teachers knew every verse of the story of Moses and the flight from Egypt by heart.

Yet even as World War II began, they could only dimly focus on the menace of Hitler. Even when Jewish refugees fleeing other countries passed through his hometown, Wiesel's neighbors wouldn't listen to their message: Escape while the chance exists.

Instead, Wiesel and his fellow Romanian Jews were deported to Auschwitz in 1944, where his mother and sister were sent to their deaths in the crematorium. Wiesel and his father were chosen for a work detail. Conditions were brutal, but they grew closer together in the Nazi concentration camp.

"I was a very serious student of Talmudic lore," Wiesel recalled. "My father was more secular and a businessman. He was always a very busy man, since he also served as the head of the local Jewish communal organization. So I didn't get to really know him until we were fighting for our lives in Auschwitz."

Tragically, Wiesel's father lost that battle on the eve of liberation, succumbing only a few months before the Soviet army liberated the concentration camp.

Wiesel made his way to France and, like the hero of "The Forgotten," tried to put his life back together as if the war hadn't taken place.

"In the camps, I couldn't understand how God could permit what was happening to us," Wiesel said.

"But as soon as I got out, I went back to strict religious observation."

Later the doubts came: He studied philosophy as a university student, and since then he has always wrestled with the question of how much of his boyhood faith he can still believe in. But he has never doubted the need for memory.

GRAPHIC: PHOTO: Elie Wiesel peers through a glass window at a Torah scroll. The Holocaust author said that "Our holidays remember our ancestors' defeats as well as their victories."

TERMS: INTERVIEW; BIORAPHY; BOOK; HISTORY; GERMANY; MURDER; RELIGION; ETHNIC

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October 25, 1991, A Edition

SECTION: LIFESTYLES; Pg. B1

LENGTH: 1173 words

HEADLINE: Writer Wiesel ponders God, faith and more immediate questions;
Elie Wiesel's paradox

BYLINE: JOCELYN McCLURG; Courant Book Editor

DATELINE: NEW YORK

BODY:

Elie Wiesel speaks softly, so softly that you find yourself straining toward his words, listening closely.

Many have been moved by Wiesel's words, beginning with " Night, " his memoir of the Nazi death camps. The Holocaust survivor, spiritual leader and author received the highest possible accolade in 1986 when he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. "His message is one of peace, atonement and human dignity," the committee said in its citation.

Wiesel has won dozens of awards and honorary degrees from all over the world, and on Nov. 4 he will be in Hartford to receive the Ner Tamid Award from the Solomon Schechter Day School in West Hartford.

Wiesel, 63, is a small, slight, gentle man with a shock of hair he brushes back almost tenderly. He sinks into a black leather chair in the office of his high-rise apartment on Manhattan's Upper East Side, which is filled with hundreds of well-ordered books, many of them texts in Hebrew. On the wall behind his desk is a dark, almost ominous photograph. "The house where I was born," he says in accented English.

Wiesel was born in 1928 in the town of Sighet, Transylvania, in Romania near Hungary. When he was 15, the religious boy and his family were rounded up with thousands of other Jews and deported to Auschwitz. Wiesel survived Auschwitz and Buchenwald, but he saw his father beaten to death. His mother and one of his three sisters also perished.

Much of Wiesel's work -- he has written nearly 40 books -- has wrestled with the paradox of faith, of how God could permit something so unspeakable as the murder of 6 million Jews. But he has had many other humanitarian causes, among them a two-decade-long crusade urging greater emigration of Soviet Jews and an ongoing concern over the possibility of a nuclear holocaust.

The geopolitical landscape has changed radically since Wiesel won the Nobel Prize -- the Berlin Wall has fallen, Germany has reunified, communism has collapsed in the Soviet Union and presidents Bush and Gorbachev have pledged to reduce nuclear arms.

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Wiesel, who wrote about his encounter with Jews in the Soviet Union in his 1966 book "The Jews of Silence," was sent to the Soviet Union by French President Mitterrand with a message of support for Gorbachev during the failed coup in August. Wiesel says he saw Boris Yeltsin exorting the masses in the streets and met with Gorbachev when he returned to Moscow from the Crimea.

The collapse of communism came from within the system because it was "morally weak," Wiesel says. Like Bush, Wiesel would like to see Gorbachev remain in power, and he credits the Soviet president with promoting glasnost and perestroika.

"He's a colleague, a Nobel Prize winner, so I have to defend him," Wiesel says with a smile.

But Wiesel says problems remain in Russia, such as a widely expected hungry winter and strife among the republics. And he is concerned that nuclear weapons may remain in the hands of republics that could decide to use them against their neighbors. For that reason he has organized a conference on ethnic hate in Moscow Dec. 15 to 17 called "The Anatomy of Hate," which will attract world leaders, intellectuals and journalists and is expected to be opened and closed by Gorbachev and Yeltsin.

What does he hope to accomplish? "I hope to abolish hate," he says quietly, smiling. "I want always at least to name, to see, to confront it. To know it's there, to unmask hatred. Then we can try to disarm it."

Wiesel is also troubled by German reunification and thinks it perhaps happened "too fast." "There is xenophobia all over Europe, but Germany is one place where they should know better," he says, referring to neo-Nazi skinheads. (Wiesel made headlines in 1985 when he urged President Reagan to cancel a trip to the German cemetery of Bitburg because members of the SS were buried there. "It was the mistake of his life. He shouldn't have gone," Wiesel says.)

As a Jew, Wiesel says, he is worried about anti-Semitism, "which shockingly is rising everywhere." And he says that eradicating hunger among children and nuclear proliferation, especially among terrorists, remain important issues for him.

Wiesel says he is optimistic about the Middle East peace conference that opens in Madrid next Wednesday. "After this conference things cannot be the same. Once they sit together and they look in each other's faces and they talk to each other and they hear each other, no matter what, it will not be the same."

Wiesel says he has been asked by television stations and newspapers all over the world to cover or comment on the peace conference, and says with some amazement that he could make more money doing that than in a year of teaching at Boston University. But he says he has declined the offers, because his commitment to his students is more important.

Wiesel has been a professor of humanities at BU since 1976, and he travels from his home in New York to teach in Boston. He never teaches the same course twice.

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As a child, Wiesel always wanted to be both a teacher and a writer. In America he has just published a collection of the famous lectures he has given for 25 years at the 92nd Street Y in New York. It is called "Sages and Dreamers: Biblical, Talmudic and Hasidic Portraits and Legends" (Summit, $ 25). In Wiesel's hands, Noah, Moses and other biblical figures become distinctly human.

"Naturally it's my interpretation. I like to see Moses as a human being. Poor Moses," Wiesel says in a singsong voice, displaying his storytelling talents. "He was the greatest leader of all history. Poor Moses! What his people did to him. They drove him crazy! This man never smiled, never had a good moment in his life. " In the spring Wiesel's new novel about Alzheimer's disease called "The Forgotten" will be published, and he is currently working on his memoirs. They are in two volumes -- one chronological, one thematic. The memoirs are to be published in France next year (Wiesel writes in French) and probably the United States in 1993.

The memoirs surely will bear further witness to the Holocaust. Wiesel says he is not concerned that the Holocaust will ever be forgotten, but he dislikes the "commercialization and trivialization" that have occurred in recent years, citing TV movies that have been "false, cheap kitsch."

In interviews over the years, Wiesel has said there are no words to describe the Holocaust, that there is "simply no response." And yet finding the words has been, in many ways, his life's work.

"I say we cannot, but we must. I don't feel we really can use words because there are no words. And yet. My favorite expression is 'and yet.' And yet. We cannot -- and yet. There is no response -- and yet I must find one. The attempt should be made."

Elie Wiesel will be honored at a cocktail reception and dinner at the Sheraton-Hartford Hotel on Nov. 4 beginning at 6:30 p.m. Tickets are $ 150; $ 200 for patrons, and should be reserved by Nov. 1. To do so call the Solomon Schechter Day School at 561-0700.

GRAPHIC: Cecilia Prestamo/The Hartford Courant
Writer Elie Wiesel's works and life have been shaped by his time in the Nazi death camps.

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June 11, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

SECTION: Section 2; Page 1, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

LENGTH: 1682 words

HEADLINE: Art and the Holocaust: Trivializing Memory

BYLINE: By ELIE WIESEL; Elie Wiesel, a survivor of Auschwitz, won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1986.

BODY:

Wittgenstein said it: whereof one cannot speak, one must not speak. The unspeakable draws its force and its mystery from its own silence. A 19th-century Hasidic teacher put it his own way: the cry unuttered is the loudest.

If this is true of language as a means of communication in general, it is even truer of literature and art that try to describe, without ever succeeding, the final reality of the human condition during the Holocaust. Is proof needed? It has come in the recent spate of fictionalized accounts of that tragedy in the mass media.

Let us repeat it once again: Auschwitz is something else, always something else. It is a universe outside the universe, a creation that exists parallel to creation. Auschwitz lies on the other side of life and on the other side of death. There, one lives differently, one walks differently, one dreams differently. Auschwitz represents the negation and failure of human progress; it negates the human design and casts doubts on its validity. Then, it defeated culture; later, it defeated art, because just as no one could imagine Auschwitz before Auschwitz, no one can now retell Auschwitz after Auschwitz. The truth of Auschwitz remains hidden in its ashes. Only those who lived it in their flesh and in their minds can possibly transform their experience into knowledge. Others, despite their best intentions, can never do so. Such, then, is the victory of the executioner: by raising his crimes to a level beyond the imagining and understanding of men, he planned to deprive his victims of any hope of sharing their monstrous meaning with others. In the tale of a survivor that appeared some 20 years ago, an S.S. officer tells a young Jew, ''One day you will speak of all this, but your story will fall on deaf ears. Some will mock you, others will try to redeem themselves through you. You will cry out to the heavens and they will refuse to listen or to believe . . . . You will possess the truth, but it will be the truth of a madman.''

But not even the killers ever imagined that there could come a time when the merchants of images and the brokers of language would set themselves up to speak for the victims.

The Holocaust has become a fashionable subject, so film and theater producers and television networks have set out to exploit it, often in the most vulgar sense of the word. ''The Night Porter,'' ''Seven Beauties,'' the docudrama ''Holocaust,'' ''Sophie's Choice,'' ''War and Remembrance'' (I speak of the film, not the book, which is both shattering and sensitive) ''Murderers Among Us,'' the recent ''Ghetto'' that played on Broadway for several weeks and

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previously, to great acclaim, in Germany - these are only some of the most familiar examples over the years. An authentic documentary like ''The Final Solution,'' by the four-time Oscar winner Arthur Cohn, cannot find a distributor, but people fall all over themselves for cheap and simplistic melodramas. They get a little history, a heavy dose of sentimentality and suspense, a little eroticism, a few daring sex scenes, a dash of theological rumination about the silence of God and there it is: let kitsch rule in the land of kitsch, where at the expense of truth, what counts is ratings and facile success.

Why this determination to show ''everything'' in pictures? A word, a glance, silence itself communicates more and better. How, after all, can one illustrate famine, terror, the solitude of old people deprived of strength and orphans robbed of their future? How can one ''stage'' a convoy of uprooted deportees being sent into the unknown, or the liquidation of thousands and thousands of men, women and children? How can one ''produce'' the machine-gunned, the gassed, the mutilated corpses, when the viewer knows that they are all actors, and that after the filming they will return to the hotel for a well-deserved bath and a meal? Sure, this is true of all subjects and of all films, but that is also the point: the Holocaust is not a subject like all the others. It imposes certain limits. There are techniques that one may not use, even if they are commercially effective. In order not to betray the dead and humiliate the living, this particular subject demands a special sensibility, a different approach, a rigor strengthened by respect and reverence and, above all, faithfulness to memory.

You see, memory is more than isolated events, more even than the sum of those events. Facts pulled out of their contexts can turn out to be misleading. Take ''Ghetto.'' The author of this controversial production, Joshua Sobel, of Israel, insists that the play is based on facts. So what? By isolating certain facts, by giving them more prominence than so many others, and by illuminating them from a particular angle, he makes his play lie.

''Ghetto'' is about a theater company in the Vilna ghetto that produced plays and concerts with the encouragement of Jacob Gens, the chief of the Jewish police, and the consent of the Germans. The author's intention? To show, on one hand, the will to live, the thirst for culture among Jews at the very threshold of death, and on the other, the moral ambiguity of some of their own leaders. It is a laudable idea, but the play shifts direction in mid-course.

What do spectators remember when they leave the theater? The moral dilemma that faces Jacob Gens: may one sacrifice some human beings in order to save others? No. They remember the Jews, most of whom in this play allowed themselves to be defeated or seduced by the enemy. Bewildering scenes, nauseating in their individual and collective degradation: orgies, depravity, sadistic exhibitionism, black-marketeering, prostitution, collaboration. With some notable exceptions, it is total decadence everywhere, debauchery and mockery at every level. Gens, a complex person, possesses astonishing dignity and courage, and yet he crosses over into moments of villany and virtually becomes the Nazis' accomplice. His policemen become the Nazis' official instruments: it is they who hound the Jews, they who drive them to their deaths.

Is this a fair and true picture of the ghetto? Filled as it is with ugliness, decadence and moral abdication, it may be that it reflects a certain reality, but is that reality not a very limited one? It suffices to read the history of the Vilna ghetto, or to see a poignant film like ''The Partisans of Vilna,''

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to realize how false and nasty a picture ''Ghetto'' paints for us. The religious vocabulary has a word for it: 'Hilul hashem' - blasphemy or profanation, an act that strikes at all that is sacred.

We are, in fact, living through a period of general de-sanctification of the Holocaust. In West Germany, historians are explaining away Hitler's crimes by lumping them in with Stalin's; Chancellor Helmut Kohl's official spokesman recently said that Germans have had enough of feeling guilty and that the Waffen S.S. of Bitburg were only good German soldiers. In France, a man called Le Pen considers the Holocaust ''a detail.'' Anti-Israeli propagandists compare Israeli soldiers to Nazis, and in France as in the United States, and everywhere else, for that matter, shameless 'revisionists' go so far as to deny the very existence of the death camps.

As for philosophers and psychiatrists, some of them have long been intrigued by simplistic theories that attribute to the victim a death wish or a secret need to dominate, to victimize, to oppress - in other words, to resemble the executioner. In the course of scholarly colloquia, one sometimes hears more about the guilt of the victims and the psychological problems of the survivors than about the crimes of the killers. Didn't an American novelist recently suggest that the suicide of my friend Primo Levi was nothing but a bout of depression that good psychoanalytical treatment could have cured? Thus is the tragedy of a great writer, a man who never ceased to battle the black angel of Auschwitz, reduced to a banal nervous breakdown.

Who could have imagined it? There are still living survivors, and already their past has been turned into a kind of no man's land where false certainties and true arrogance rule. Newcomers to this history appoint themselves experts, the ignorant become critics. They give the impression of knowing better than the victims or the survivors how to name what Samuel Beckett called the unnamable, and how to communicate the uncommunicable. In the field of the audio-visual, the temptation is generally reductionist: shrinking personalities to stereotypes and dialogue to cliches. All is trivial and superficial, even death itself: there is no mystery in its mystery, it is stripped naked, just as the dead are stripped and exposed to the dubious enjoyment of spectators turned voyeurs.

Why this sudden explosion of nudity as a backdrop for the Holocaust? What by any rule of decency ought to remain unexposed is exposed to shock the television viewer. Naked men. Naked women. Naked children. And all of them made up with ketchup and paid to ''fall'' into the ''mass graves''. How can one explain such obscenity? How can anyone justify such insensitivity? In the Jewish tradition, death is a private, intimate matter, and we are forbidden to transform it into a spectacle. If that is true for an individual, it is six million times more true for one of the largest communities of the dead in history.

But then, the ''experts'' will ask, how do we transmit the message? There are other ways to do it, better ways to keep the memory alive. Today the question is not what to transmit, but how. Study the texts - such as the diaries of Emanuel Ringelblum and Chaim Kaplan; the works by the historians Raul Hilberg, Lucy Davidowicz, Martin Gilbert, Michael Marrus. Watch the documentaries - such as Alain Resnais's '' Night and Fog,'' Claude Lanzmann's ''Shoah'' and Haim Gouri's ''81st Blow.'' Listen to the survivors and respect their wounded sensibility. Open yourselves to their scarred memory, and mingle your tears with theirs.

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And stop insulting the dead.

Translated from the French by Iver Peterson.

GRAPHIC: Photo of Auschwitz as it appears today (Ira Nowinski/Museum of Jewish Heritage, New York) (pg. 38)

SUBJECT: NAZI ERA; MOTION PICTURES; THEATER; TELEVISION; CULTURE

NAME: WIESEL, ELIE

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73RD STORY of Level 2 printed in FULL format.

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November 8, 1988, Tuesday, ALL EDITIONS
Correction Appended

SECTION: PART II; Pg. 11

LENGTH: 683 words

HEADLINE: Wiesel: A Self-Portrait

BYLINE: Leo Seligsohn

KEYWORD: TELEVISION; REVIEW; PORTRAIT OF ELIE WIESEL

BODY:

'A PORTRAIT OF Elie Wiesel, " is really a self-portrait, an autobiographical snapshot as intricate as it is unadorned. Airing on WNET/13 at 9 p.m. tomorrow and on WLIW/21 at 1 a.m. Friday, the program is simply Wiesel talking. But it is the talk of a man fortified by contemplation and buoyed by a poetic vision. The result is a moving hour of self-revelation, echoing themes expressed in his books. [CORRECTION-NET/13 will air "A Portrait of Elie Wiesel" at 9 p.m. tomorrow. The WNET air date reported in yesterday's review was incorrect. (11/9/88 P 2 NS)]

Writer, teacher and one the world's most articulate witnesses to the Holocaust, Wiesel is shown sitting at a desk in his plain office. There is a file cabinet next to him. We never see his questioner or hear the questions. Dressed in a business suit, Wiesel looks almost as though he had been interrupted while at work. He is pleasant, warm and faintly melancholy.

He speaks intimately of growing up in a Hungarian shtetl named Sighet, of the horror of Auschwitz, of his release, his years as a journalist and his long silence before deciding to write about the Holocaust.

Winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1986, Wiesel talks of his deep ties to Judaism. He attributes much to his love of a devout grandfather whose occasional presence loomed large: "He lived only seven kilometers away. But to me it was across the ocean or across history."

Eloquent about the Holocaust, Wiesel is nevertheless concerned that his role be misunderstood. "My main theme is not the Holocaust," he says. "I've written about other subjects. I've written about the Bible and the Talmud in order not to write about the Holocaust."

He explains his long silence before writing such books as " Night, " "Jews of Silence," "Souls on Fire" and "The Oath."

"One must feel a trembling in one's being before pronouncing certain words about that era of fire and silence . . . Of course, it's a presence. The event will shape future generations. The event has affected the whole world, the whole cosmos. It was a watershed. There is a before and an after. And after what happened, the world will never be the same. A kind of mutation had taken

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place, almost on the theological level. Everything now is different. Everything must be seen now in the light or shadow of those flames."

He recalls a time, while he was in a concentration camp, when belief in God was sorely tested. A group of men "sued" God, he says.

"We put Him on trial, asking why He allowed this to happen. How can one not ask such questions? How can one not ask such questions today? Today, I understand that the trial made a profound impression on me. As a boy, I couldn't handle it. For the three scholars, the learned men who called God to judgment, it ended poorly. They felt God was wrong. But, after they said it, they all began to pray. To God. Maybe for God."

Rejecting any judgmental role toay, Wiesel says, "I am no authority to judge. I am only here as a witness."

C OMMENTING ON evil, Wiesel says, "I think the greatest source of evil and danger in the world is indifference. I've always believed that the opposite of love is not hate but indifference . . . The opposite of peace is not war but indifference to peace."

Likewise, he cites indifference as the enemy of art, life, culture beauty and generosity. "The context is memory. As long as we remember there is a chance. If we forget, all that we remember will be forgotten because we ourselves will be forgotten."

Appropriate art work and photographs are used throughout as transitions between various subjects. The only other exception is footage of President Ronald Reagan presenting Wiesel with the Congressional Gold Medal at the White House in 1985. Once again, we hear Wiesel's vain plea that the president not visit Bitburg cemetery in Germany, which contains the graves of SS men: "That place, Mr. President, is not your place. Your place is with the victims of the SS . . ."

In effect, the power of "A Portrait of Elie Wiesel" is that it is not about Wiesel at all but what he stands for: Memory.

GRAPHIC: Newsday Photo by Ari Mintz- Elie Wiesel: 'My main theme is not the Holocaust,' he says on 'Portrait' tomorrow night.

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