

THE LAKEWOOD OBSERVER

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Volume 3, Issue 3, February 6, 2007

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Richard Haas: The Search for Lakewood's Jewels

by Kenneth Warren

Muralist Richard Haas toured Lakewood on February 1 and 2 to experience the city's character and to research its history in preparation for two original interior murals he will execute on canvas for installation in the Grand Reading Room of the expanded Lakewood Public Library on Detroit Avenue. Spanning fourteen feet high by thirty three feet long, the two oils on canvas murals will be affixed to the east and west walls inside the Grand Reading Room.

The generosity of benefactors, including a significant bequest from Doris Burkley, who taught at Madison School for many years, and support from the Lakewood Public Library Foundation, has made the commissioning of



Mazie Adams, Executive Director of The Lakewood Historical Society explains Lakewood's history to world renowned muralist Richard Haas.

two murals by Richard Haas possible.

While Haas has created exquisite interior murals for New York

Public Library and Nashville Public Library, he is best known for his exterior architectural murals, which create

magnificent and expansive illusions on entire buildings. Haas has transformed cityscapes with his trompe l'oeil murals in such places Chicago, Fort Worth and New York City. According to the New York Times, he is "the great architectural muralist of our time."

"The selection of a nationally recognized artist for the Grand Reading Room murals is consistent with our vision to create a world class physical environment to reflect the extraordinary service levels of Lakewood Public Library. Richard Haas' work will be the ideal complement to the landmark architectural quality of the Robert A.M. Stearn designed building currently under construction," says Mary Anne Crampton, Foundation trustee and co-chair of the art committee along with **continued on page 5...**

Lakewood, Ohio, 1930s

by Herbert Gold

A big boy named Jack lived in the house next door. In our house, I was a littler boy and my brother, Sid, was the even littler one who liked to tag along with me. Although the houses stood side by side in Lakewood, Ohio, only a driveway between them, Jack never played with us. Occasionally when we passed on the sidewalk, Sid and I dawdling our way home from Taft Elementary and Jack from the parochial school a few blocks away, he would shout, "Chrith Killerth!" with a spray of saliva flying from his mouth.

I asked Mother what he was saying.

"He'll grow out of it," she explained, exercising her habit of answering the question she preferred to answer, rather than the one asked. Sid looked at me, trusting me to give him an interpretation, but I didn't have one. Did she mean he would grow out of his lisp or his accusation? I knew it was an accusation because of the shrillness of his voice, the specks of foam at his lips. When he whispered, if we happened to pass close to him, Sid wanting to take my hand but not daring to, it was no more agreeable.

Jack's mother seemed to have no husband; Jack's father was invisible. There was a glassed-in perch on the roof of the McDonald house, and sometimes Mrs. McDonald, whom we took to calling the Old Crab, stared at our house, even if our shades were pulled down. More often, she peered out toward Lake Erie, a few blocks away, beyond the streetcar line on Clifton Boulevard, which led into Cleveland.

Since I didn't ask, Mother told me what she was looking for—her husband. He was a captain on a ship carrying iron ore and may have gotten off in Duluth. On Hathaway Avenue, it was known that he had been gone for many years.

At age seven or eight, in bed with the measles, feverish and itching, I was asleep one late afternoon when an open can of sardines came flying through the window. Jack had thrown it from the driveway alongside. Mother picked up the jagged can and cleaned up the mess of oil and fish, but the pungent stink of sardines lingered, sickeningly, until she finally took Clorox to the stains on the floor. I pointed out the streaks of bleach. She said, "Meshuganeh," and of course I didn't know if she meant me or the McDonalds, mother and son. She didn't explain and didn't bother to add an irrelevant comment, either. Crazy was in the air.

Extreme remedies were required to wipe away the Christ-killer smells. Our neighbors' battle against those who not only crucified their Savior but also mowed their lawn on the sabbath was unrelenting. Dad liked to garden on his day free of work in the Gold Bros. store; Officer Cecil wearily paid us another visit, explaining, "There's been a complaint..." From a pulled curtain, Mrs. McDonald's eyes peered out at the black-and-white police car at the curb. Politely, Officer Cecil stayed for one of Mother's oatmeal-raisin cookies and a cup of Nestle's instant coffee because he knew the Old Crab was watching, hoping to see the sabbath-desecrator dragged off to jail. Dad gave Officer Cecil a Christmas basket of fruit every year, but the policeman

had sworn to do his duty. He saw that Sid was frightened by his uniform. He said, "Hi, sonny," and patted his head. Since I wasn't frightened but curious, he treated me to a manly nod. Sitting down at the kitchen table to his cookie and coffee, he said, "Mr. Gold, I'm sorry, your truck starts up pretty noisy, maybe a tune-up. .. Mr. Gold, I'm sorry, if you could ask the kids not to run around so much in the backyard... Mr. Gold, about your lawn, you keep a nice lawn, but I'm sorry..."

The Lake Erie boat captain never came home. Mrs. McDonald kept watch over us nearby more than she studied the lake four blocks away. My brother and I were growing up and so was Jack McDonald, forever a few years ahead of us. Occasionally he still bounced a tennis ball against our house at naptimes, but Sid and I stopped needing afternoon naps. The sardines were only a one-time suggestion from his mom. Sid and I got used to walking past the McDonald house without fear although we averted our eyes and Sid moved closer to me. We didn't stop to stare and satisfy our curiosity about the mysterious mother and son.

Once Dad remarked, "I never heard about no ore boat sank. Wintertime they close down the lake anyways. It's Siberia out there." He made these weather observations to the world in general, expecting no reply, and then retreated into his chair to read Der Tog, (The Day), a newspaper he received by mail from New York. "Ain't coming home, smart guy, that's all," he grumbled.

I tried to puzzle things out from Dad's grumbles, Mother's impatience. Officer Cecil's visits, the glaring eyes of

Mrs. McDonald behind curtains pulled aside, the occasional rhythmic bounce of an old tennis ball against the side of our house. Putting all the evidence together, I came to understand that our family was the only one on Hathaway Avenue that didn't accept Jesus, we rejected Him, and as Father Coughlin advised, the moneychangers needed to be driven from the temple; also the Sunday mowers from their lawns. Also early-morning truck-starters with slow ignitions in cold weather should go back where they came from.

The Black Legion, night-riders out of Jackson, Michigan, was organizing **continued on page 6...**

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Lakewood News

SWAT ON COUTANT



photo by Dave Skolyak



photo by Dave Skolyak

Two days after the stand off on Fry was another standoff on Countant. Lakewood Observer members were there to catch the action. Dave Skolyak from D&P Photogrpahy caught these images for Observation Deck viewers in real time on-line.

Top, Sgt Ed Favre leaves the standoff house. Left, Robot goes in. Bottom, SWAT prepares to rush the house.

photo by Dave Skolyak



What Is This Observation?

To find out more about this photo and the Observation go to: <http://lakewoodobserver.com> - Click "Observation Deck"

When Lakewood Observer member Dave Skolyak was downloading photos from the recent standoff on Coutant, we noticed this one. It seems to be a pigeon or dove being released from a long perch with a mirror on it. While none of us had heard of a SWAT Pigeon it caused a hearty discussion on the Observation Deck.

To read this discussion and hundreds of others from fellow Lakewoodites stop by, and join in the discussion.



photo by Dave Skolyak

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The LAKEWOOD OBSERVER is published biweekly by Lakewood Observer, Inc., 14900 Detroit Avenue, Suite 309, Lakewood, OH 44107.

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City Council

Council 02.05.07 - Vice President Michael Dever Calls Meeting To Order

CERT Members Awarded, Paving Time Is Here



Mayor Thomas George, city council members, Fire Chief Mroz, and Health and Human Services Director Dottie Buckon present CERT Commander Richard Healy and Community Emergency Response Team (CERT) members with a Resolution commending them for their assistance to the safety forces during a crisis on Fry Avenue two weekends ago.

Vice President Michael Dever took over the gavel from President Robert Seelie who was absent and called the February 5, 2007 council meeting to order.

The first order of business was a

resolution offered by Mayor Thomas George and all council members commending the Community Emergency Response Team (CERT) for their assis-

by Stan Austin - City Council Reporter

tance to the safety forces during a crisis on Fry Avenue two weekends ago.

Human Resources Director Novak then presented for council's consideration an agreement between the union representing the city workers and the city. Out of 153 city workers in that bargaining unit all but six voted in favor of the contract. Council in turn unanimously approved it, too.

When you read this article it still might be zero degrees outside but the city is getting ready for the paving schedule. Some 20 streets will be repaved this year with various degrees of infrastructure repair such as new water and sewer lines.

All or parts of the following streets are on the list for repaving this year. The streets are: Woodward, Belle, Arliss, all of Detroit, Blossom Park, Parkhaven, Woodford, Bonnieview, Coutant, Clarence, Nicholson, Andrews, Lincoln, Carabel, Athens, Parkwood, Cook, Alameda, and Chesterland.

Mayor George appointed local architect Jeffery Foster to the Architectural Review Board and he named Pat Blesi, Betsy Stupiansky, Jeff Snyder,

Melissa Meehan, and Maria Park as members of the Keep Lakewood Beautiful Board.

Planning Director Thomas Jordan sent a proposal to council which will begin the process of establishing historical districts in Lakewood. Such designations will better enable the city to preserve and maintain buildings of historical value. This proposal will also go before the Planning Commission for its approval.

Finally, in citizen comments after the regular council business was concluded one resident brought his concerns about this past weekends television reports of email exchanges between a police lieutenant and a patrolman. The patrolman maintained that the emails were pornographic in nature and unwanted.

Police Chief Malley stated that as soon as he became aware of the situation he immediately brought in the law and human resources departments for prompt action on the matter. He indicated that the treatment of the incident varied widely between the various television stations and that because the matter was now in litigation that he couldn't offer any new comments.



Lakewood Mayor Thomas George contemplates the options.

Letter To The Editor:

Kudos to Lakewood Police, Fire and Mayors Office

by David Skolyak

Thursday, January 25, I witnessed the truly amazing skills of the Lakewood Police and Fire Departments. With this being the second potentially disastrous event in as many weeks, Lakewood came forth to prevent a person from doing harm to himself or others. Working in unison and utilizing every possible means at their disposal, the departments joined together to secure my street and keep bystanders from harm. I believe this was the result of exemplary training and the aid of Mayor George's office.

During my three years as a Lakewood resident, I have seen the extraordinary work of police officers

working to curb the drug problem here—an issue facing many other cities as well. Lakewood still is one of the most beautiful communities one can hope to live in with its historical buildings, parks and people. Unfortunately, bad news seems to get the most attention.

It is my hope that this article reassures Ohioans that Lakewood, even with its share of difficulties, is still to be respected and sought out as a community to live in and feel secure about. If it were in my power to bestow medals upon people, I would surely honor the Lakewood Police and Fire Departments, along with the many other city officials responsible for keeping Lakewood a safe community and great place to call home.



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Lakewood Observer

Congenital Heart Disease Awareness Month

by Kara Rossen

I love McDonald's food. I happen to think that they lace their fries with crack-cocaine. Why else would I be so addicted to them? For the twentieth year in a row, I vowed that I would try to be the thinnest, healthiest person I could be as my New Year's resolution. My goal usually is to fit into a beautiful, slinky red dress that I wore for a New Years party in 2000. I looked really good. The irony is that at that particular moment in time, I vowed that I would lose weight to get in to an even slinkier dress. In 2007, times have certainly changed. My goals have changed. This year, I could care less if I ever fit into that red dress again. Don't get me wrong, it would be great, but after three kids, I'm thinking it's a long shot. This year, I am doing it for my daughter Jordan. As many of you may know, she has a congenital heart defect. We recently visited the pediatric cardiologist, and things are looking good. So far, we have been able to avoid surgery. My husband and I are in the midst of planning our second annual wine tasting in her honor to benefit the Cleveland Clinic Research Department. She is two, however, and she has no clue what any of this means. She does love food, almost as much as I do. She loves McDonald's Chicken McNuggets. It hit me like a ton of bricks one day after yet another drive through trip, the worst thing I could do to a girl with a heart condition, is teach her to love food that is definitely not heart healthy. If I can't lead by example, then what kind of mother am I? This year, it's about health, not dress size.

So why should you care about congenital heart defects? I am sure it is easy to feel for Jordan and the situation our family is in, but how is this relevant to your life? It has been exactly a year since my husband and I have joined in the campaign to raise awareness. Within that year a Lakewood couple put on a benefit because not one, but two of their children have undergone extensive heart surgery due to congenital heart defects. At Salad Supper this year, a PTA member related a tragic

story about her husband's boss who died suddenly. He had no idea that he had a congenital heart defect, and after a routine visit to the dentist, he contracted a deadly bacterium that is harmful to people with heart problems. Before they could diagnose his condition, he passed away. On June 29, 2006, Michael Russell, a twelve year old boy, died after riding Rockin' Roller coaster at Walt Disney World. He had an undiagnosed heart defect. Five months prior to that, a four year old died while riding Mission: Space at Epcot Cen-

As parents, we try to teach our children many things so that they will be great adults...at the very least, I can teach my children to make smart, healthy choices.

ter in Buena Vista, Florida due to an undiagnosed congenital heart defect. Sometimes, babies are born with heart defects due to environmental factors, but most of the times it is an anomaly that can affect any family at any time regardless of income, race, or religion.

I typed in "teen deaths heart defects" on Yahoo. Pages of articles popped up. I also typed in heart defect/heart disease on CNN.com and a slew of headlines appeared with disturbing information. Heart disease is the number one killer of Americans. It is also the number one killer of women, yet very few seem to pay attention or alter their lifestyles to prevent the risk of it happening to them. Seventy million Americans live with some form of heart disease, whether it is high blood pressure, cardiovascular disease, stroke, angina, heart attack, or congenital heart defects. One out of every 115 to 150 births, results with a child having a heart defect. To put this in perspective, one in every 800 to 1,000 babies are born that have Down's syndrome. This makes congenital heart defects the number one birth defect worldwide. Even with this staggering statistic, very little money is spent on research.

As parents, we try to teach our children many things so that they will be great adults. I believed with the right guidance that my children would

be CEOs, Olympic athletes, or super models, but after a day of bad behavior my expectations quickly change. At the very least, I can teach my children to make smart, healthy choices. If it means switching to whole-wheat pasta, then so be it. I lost my mother when I was twenty. I think of her every day. I believe that she is with me spiritually, but nothing beats having her here. I have vowed that nothing will be more valuable for my children, whether they know it or not, then for me to be around for a long time. I owe it to myself, and



This year marks Jordan's Family Foundation's second annual wine tasting to raise awareness of Congenital Heart Disease. The fundraising event will take place at Rozi's Wine House (14900 Detroit Avenue, Lakewood, OH) on Tuesday night, February 27th from 6-9pm.

The line up consists of heart-healthy gourmet dishes prepared by Lolita's (Cleveland, Ohio) Executive Chef, Matt Harlan. The food will be paired with exquisite red wine samplings from award-winning Regusci Winery, Napa Valley, presented by their winemaker, Charles Hendricks. A charity raffle will also be taking place throughout the evening in efforts of raising money, support and awareness.

The proceeds of the night's events will benefit Jordan's Family Foundation and The Cleveland Clinic Children's Hospital.

All are invited and welcome to the event. Admission is \$20 per person which includes all wines sampled and gourmet menu pairings (heart-healthy conscious). There will be door prizes and a raffle. No reservations required.

For more information, please contact Corey Rossen, at Coreyroz@yahoo.com or call 216-221-1119 (Rozi's Wine House).



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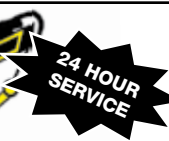
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Lakewood Public Library



World Reknown mural artist Richard Haas.

Richard Haas (continued from page 1)

Lucy Sinagra and Nancy Seibert.

Haas was born in Spring Green, Wisconsin. There Haas felt the presence and work of Frank Lloyd Wright to be an inspiration. The initial terms for a lifelong contemplation of architecture in relation to place were nurtured for two summers Haas spent as a young intern at Frank Lloyd Wright’s complex at Taliesen where he wandered the grounds and studied his drawings and watercolors. Haas also felt an affinity with the emotional intensity of German printmakers and studied with Robert von Neumann.

Haas presented a copy of “The Prints of Richard Haas: 1970 – 2004” to Lakewood Public Library on his recent visit. The beautifully produced book provides a detailed explanation and presentation of his compelling prints, which combine painstaking technical craft with an empathetic light on buildings and cities.

“I look at architecture and try to see it in its unique urban setting – what is it that defines a place, a town, a region or a city,” Haas once explained in a lecture. “I see cities as jewels and rough gems and within cities I see icons and urban amenities.”

Haas began his search for Lakewood’s jewels with passage over the Emerald Canyon on his way from Cleveland Hopkins Airport to Lakewood Public Library. From Winton Place, he viewed Lake Erie and the city below, thanks to the hospitality of Lucy and Tony Sinagra and Martin Hoke. At the Old Stone House, Mazie Adams, Director of the Lakewood Historical Society, shared jewels from the archive along with an informed perspective on the formative personalities in the city’s early history. After a view of the Grand Reading, Haas set out on a motor tour with Gary Rice. Their stops included Lakewood Park and the Metroparks Valley. Over dinner at Three Birds, D.L. Meckes, a student of Haas at Bennington College in the seventies, provided insights on cultural life in the city.

There is no doubt Lakewood’s distinctive housing stock is a treasure trove of jewels. Upon learning that Haas hoped see several architecturally significant Lakewood homes from the inside, Rhonda Loje, President of the Lakewood Historical Society, quickly

organized a tour for the next day. Lakewood’s spirit of hospitality quickened with less than a day’s notice and neighbors invited Haas into their homes.

Michael Fleenor warmly welcomed Haas to his Grace Avenue Mansion. Linda Baker opened the door to a fabulously light and airy Clarence Mack ‘Eclectic French’ style home on Edgewater Drive. On a visit to the Loge’s beautifully restored Clifton Park home, Rhonda explained the nautical and Mediterranean elements that create a warm feeling of fullness to a home she believes was originally a summer place. Jack Rupert provided not only fascinating details about the house he moved but a rich narrative history of all Clifton Park to accompany a drive in the snow to the Lagoons.

Traveling the south-side streets of the city on the way to Birdtown evoked for Haas memories of Milwaukee and the inner ring of West Allis where he moved at age seven. Haas, who now lives in Yonkers, New York, an inner ring suburb of New York City, has a firm sense of the educational and social challenges faced in communities of mixed economies. He was impressed with Lakewood’s financial commitment to building new schools.

Haas spotted a jewel in the canopy of Lakewood Firestone on Madison and Bunts. “I just love those old Firestone canopies,” said Haas.

On the south side of Madison, Haas was impressed with how well the housing and neighborhoods are being maintained, especially given the economic challenges of the post-industrial Midwest.

“You must be doing something right,” Haas mused.

While the period of 1870 to 1925 is the golden age of home construction in the United States, Haas could see that from Olive to Edgewater even Lakewood’s infill homes were characteristically distinctive.

“Lakewood has the densest accumulation of great American homes from the greatest period of building American homes that I’ve ever seen. Lakewood was lucky to have been born at the right time and to stop growing at the right time,” Haas explained, clearly satisfied he had discovered numerous jewels on his first visit to the City of Homes.

Lakewood Public Library Events Calendar through February 19th

Tuesday, February 6

Come Out of Your Shell: Part 3 of Stephanie Harbin’s dynamic four-week course will get you moving, motivated and on the road to achieving your goals. Learn seven simple yet effective strategies to get cracking. If you’re stuck in a rut or tired of the routine, this course is for you. Space is limited. Please call (216) 226-8275, ext. 127 to register. 7:00 p.m. in the Main Library Auditorium

Saturday, February 10

Internet Basics: Get familiar with online basics and find out what the Internet is all about. For more information about our class schedule, visit <http://www.lkwdpl.org/classes/>. 3:00 p.m. in the Main Library Technology Center

Friday, February 16

Films on Friday - Bringing Up Baby, Directed by Howard Hawks (1938) Cary Grant and Katherine Hepburn have a ball with the most oddball screwball of all. And there’s a leopard! This film is not rated. 7:00 p.m. in the Main Library Auditorium

Saturday, February 17

Web Searching Basics: Find what you’re looking for on the Internet with strategies for speed and precision. For more information about our class schedule, visit <http://www.lkwdpl.org/classes/>.

3:00 p.m. in the Main Library Technology Center Writer’s Workshop

Renew your creative energy and get positive feedback from fellow writers. Whether you’re a seasoned pro or just have a hankering to write, everyone is welcome to join this workshop.

4:00 p.m. in the Main Library Auditorium Family Music and More - Guitar Guy Gary and My Horse Draws Flies cartoonist Jeff Nicholas. Spend a Saturday evening at the Library and enjoy programs featuring musicians and other talented performers. Performers are subject to change. Seating is limited. Doors open fifteen minutes prior to the performance. 7:00 p.m. in the Main Library Auditorium

Sunday, February 18

Sunday With The Friends - A Visit with Johnny Appleseed

Bring the whole family to enjoy stories and songs of cooperation and respect as Doug Bahnsen brings Johnny Appleseed to life. 2:00 p.m. in the Main Library Auditorium

Enhance Your Parenting Skills at Lakewood Public Library

Youth Sports-The Parent’s Role

Heidi Darrah, Athletic Manager with the Lakewood Recreation Department, will help parents to understand their responsibilities in nurturing a positive youth sports experience for their children. The program is Thursday, February 8, at 7:00 p.m. in the Main Library auditorium. The program is free and open to the public. While at the library check out these books about parenting and sports. 101 ways to be a terrific sports parent: making athletics a positive experience for your child by Joel Fish Call Number-796.083 FISH

How to win at sports parenting: maximizing the sports experience for you and your child by Jim Sundberg Call Number-796.083 SUNDBERG

Home team advantage: the critical role of mothers in youth sports by Brooke C. Lench Call Number-796.083 LENCH

Raising a team player: teaching kids lasting values on the field, on the court, and on the bench by Harry Sheehy Call Number-796.083 SHEEHY

Sign Me Up!: the parents’ complete guide to sports, activities, music lessons, dance classes, and other extracurriculars by Stacy DeBroff Call Number-371.8 DEBROFF

Kids & sports: everything you and your child need to know about sports, physical activity, and good health: a doctor’s guide for parents and coaches by Eric Small Call Number-613.702 SMALL

You can view and register for Lakewood Recreation sports and classes at their website- <http://www.lakewoodrecreation.com/>

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Lakewood Legends

Lakewood, Ohio 1930s (continued from page 1)

its stalwart paranoids against race pollution. The white hoods of the Kluxers was a Southern thing, below the class level of the sophisticates of Jackson, Grass Lake, and certain enclaves of outer Detroit. The Silver Shirts, led by William Dudley Pelley, wore a different color from the Nazi brown or Legion black because they were fighting the war on an all-American front. The German-American Bund marched in Cleveland, Milwaukee, and New York, and supported student exchange programs for American and German kids. (“I didn’t see any persecution of Jews,” one returning scholar reported to our school assembly. “Of course, I didn’t see any Jews, either.” There was laughter. There were only a couple of Jewish families in Lakewood, but everyone knew who they were.)

From the Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak, Michigan, Father Coughlin broadcast his anathemas in a resonant tenor which echoed from most of the radios up and down Hathaway Avenue on Sunday mornings.

“Mother,” I asked, “what’s a shrine?”

“Who shrine? What farkokteh shrine?”

“Shrine of the Little Flower.”

“Don’t you have better things than why are you asking dumb questions? So are you ready for your lesson tomorrow, five prompt? I bought the piano, I pay her even if you don’t learn nothing. If you don’t practice, I’m gonna...” She paused, stymied for only a moment. When I didn’t empty my plate, she reminded me of the starving Armenians who would be happy for it. But I knew there was no danger of sending the upright piano to any starving Armenians. “...I’m gonna give it to Officer Cecil for his kid, plays good already.”

From behind his copy of *Der Tag*, Dad said, “Irving in the store thinks that big mouth Father Coughlin makes sense. That’s why Irving is nothing but my bookkeeper I don’t fire because I’m sorry for a dummy and his wife.”

Mother made a further contribution to family enlightenment. “Sam, sometimes your son is also a dummy. He left his glass of citrus on the table, didn’t even drink it, for me to not let it go to waste. Don’t he know these are hard times?”

I knew, but wasn’t telling.

“He has problems,” Mother concluded, dwindling but doing a responsible parent’s best to improve her eldest son’s behavior in every way, from piano-playing to not-wasting. I was supposed to play “The Harmonious Blacksmith” at the recital, but was I ready? No.

I picked up my copies of the Silver Shirt newspaper from the bundle regularly dropped at the entrance to Taft School. It didn’t answer my curiosity about money-changers in the Shrine of the Little Father, but informed me that President Roosevelt’s real name was Rosenfelt. Around that time, Richard, my best friend since kindergarten—everyone has a best friend at

that age—explained that I couldn’t be invited to his birthday parties anymore because his mother thought some of the other mothers, those of girls, wouldn’t let their daughters attend. Richard was still my best friend for stamp-collecting, street baseball, and book-reading. For his birthday, I gave him a copy of “Ted Scott Across the Frozen North,” latest in the Ted Scott, Intrepid Flyer, series we both collected.

It was an interesting time to be the only family of our sort in the neighborhood, our sort being money-changers and race-polluters, with cloven hooves and horns cunningly hidden in our hair. The suddenly altering girls, finding strange growths on their own bodies with no warning from their mothers, could easily imagine, even if they couldn’t see, the horns concealed in the pompadour I adopted from Dad. One of the girls, adventurous red-haired Donna, asked me to take off my left shoe so she could check my hoof. I refused, but she gave me a quick kiss on the cheek anyway, promising more when I grew up. Sex was ominous, Jews were ominous; since the first excited interest, so did the second. But it was too soon for me to think of this as an advantage.

Something about the situation also interested the older boy next door. One afternoon, Mother and Dad at work in the store, as they usually were, Jack McDonald suddenly appeared at our front door, calling my name. I had just finished pouring glasses of milk for Sid and me; I’d opened a box of graham crackers. Jack was saying, “Hey! In there! Hey, how the heck are you?”

“Okay,” I said cautiously.

“Wanna see my house? Both of you?” He was wearing a brown corduroy lumberjacket and corduroy pants. His hands were in his pockets. His house was a mysterious and menacing presence, dark, the shades pulled down, the curtains drawn. Mother instructed us, “Don’t look back,” when the Old Crab’s face peeked at us from behind a curtain, searching out our sins. “Why not? I asked, and Mother answered: “Hurt your eyes, dummy. Don’t you have something better? Go practice, I wanna hear that Handel tune perfect.”

After so many years, of course I wanted to see inside Jack’s house. He stood there, legs spread, meatily smiling. “Come on. Sid, you can come, too. Mom took the streetcar to Cleveland, there’s a sale at Higbee’s. Won’t be home till supper, earliest.”

It was amazing that the Old Crab went shopping like normal human mothers. Sid was hanging at my heels, as usual. “Come on.” I commanded.

As Jack moved upstairs, the Gold brothers behind him, his buttocks in brown corduroy wobbled a bit. He was thick and growing thicker. Sid and I were still children. The McDonald living room smelled of being closed off, with lace doilies on tables, scattered photographs of the absent ore boat captain, some with deckled edges, a giant metal cigarette-lighting machine with an open carton of Lucky Strikes

alongside, and a heart-shaped twisted-silver frame containing a portrait of the Old Crab as a pretty young woman with bobbed hair and wearing a wedding dress. Her groom stared gloomily into the camera.

Jack slid the coffee table off to the side, leaving a wide expanse of carpet. “How about a rattle?” he asked. “Show you some of my special moves.”

I was still thinking about the offer when he grabbed me around the neck. I struggled, thought of kicking, but worried that the Old Crab would find out I had kicked her son and would call Officer Cecil and then what trouble I’d be in. We fell to the floor, my nose buried in gritty carpet. I yelled, “Lemme go!” very loudly, “lemme go, lemme go!”

Wrestling with Jack McDonald was no fun—the carpet burn, the sweat off his thick body, the tightness of his arm. But maybe wrestlers were supposed to grab and squeeze and hold and drive someone’s nose into the floor.

He let me up. Red-faced but smiling, his buck teeth outgoing and friendly, he said to Sid, “Okay; your turn. I’ll teach you the great moves. I got moves you can’t learn from those dummies at Taft.” He loomed over us. “I got expert-tiss.”

My face must have revealed that we hadn’t heard this word before, not even on the Fred Allen Show, which brought big words to my radio experience.

“Expert-tease,” he explained.

Sid, smaller than I was, much smaller than Jack, didn’t know what to do. He stood there waiting, his short pants hanging below his knees. He didn’t know what was supposed to happen next, while I pretended, since I was nearly two years older than my brother, that this rassling was nothing new in my sophisticated life. We could learn some expert-tiss.

“Come on, I’m ready,” Jack said. Sid put up his arms. “On your mark, get set—” With a distant smile on his face, still blotched red after his exertions with me. Jack just stepped into Sid, pinned his arms to his sides, and they fell together to die carpet. Had I looked as helpless as Sid did? They rolled on the floor, Jack grunting, “Okay, okay, rattle with me.”

Then he was on top of my little brother, pressing hard. “Let me go,” Sid gasped. I cried out, “Hey! That’s enough! Let him go!”

A sudden smell like wet firecrackers arose in the closed room. I grabbed Jack’s shoulders, trying to pull him off, but I didn’t need to pull—he just fell off to the side and lay there, eyes shut but still grinning. The wet firecracker smell was sour; sweat, smoldering ashes, and Jack McDonald stretched out on the floor with a meaty goofy grin.

“Come on, Sid, we’re going,” I said.

Neither of us spoke of the wrestling to our mother or anyone, not even to each other, and although it sometimes came to mind on the sidewalk in front of the McDonald house, I never asked Sid if he remembered it. When we glimpsed Jack, he never beckoned to us, never again invited us into his house,

but also never again called us Christ-killers. We avoided looking at him.

In years that followed, I realized that my grumbling father probably was right. There was no news in *Der Tog* or *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* of the tragic sinking of a Lake Erie ore carrier bound for Duluth. I, too, became an inspector of texts. When my hormones flooded with the adolescent growth spurt, no doubt similar to the parochial school hormones of Jack McDonald, I understood that Lilith, a siren with long silky lashes, had sung her ancient songs to Jack’s father and had drawn Captain McDonald to dash his ship against the rocks of adultery, perhaps as nearby as Sandusky. I was learning about life from books. Lilith steals the strength of men’s loins while they sleep. The Old Crab couldn’t compete with the cursed Hebrew first bride of Adam, fiery Lilith, who was so skilled at forcing pleasure upon the Captain. It was a bewilderment she also brought to me, awakening me regularly to dizzy crashings like those which marooned the Captain in Sandusky, Toledo, or perhaps ashore at the distant port of Duluth in fabled, glamorous Minnesota. Lilith promised him the secret of unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged. He gave it a try. Captain McDonald, husband and father, never returned to Lakewood, Ohio.

The confusion of the times succeeded in confusing me despite my avid reading. The smell of my father’s Sunday-mown grass when Officer Cecil came to our door, wearily suggesting, “Mr. Gold, I’m sorry, but you should do this maybe how about some other day?” The smell of the closed house next door. The smell of wet firecrackers, the smell of an open can of sardines smearing the floor of my bedroom. The smell of Lakewood, Ohio, in the 1930s.

But in years that followed, I came to bless Jack McDonald as we passed silently on the sidewalk. Wonderment and gratitude flowed over me because he had taught me something it had been time for me to learn, that part of my job in life was to protect my brother. Of course I often failed at this, as brothers often do.

SIDEBAR

HERBERT GOLD, famed American novelist, memoirist, and essayist, grew up in Lakewood, Ohio, the milieu of the chapter printed here—an excerpt from a book-in-progress, tentatively called *Still Alive*. His first novel, *Birth of a Hero*, was published in 1951. Some of his other well-known works are: *Fathers: A Novel in the Form of a Memoir* (1967); *Bohemia* (1994), which contains essays on the Beat Generation; and *Haiti: Best Nightmare on Earth* (2001), a memoir on the history, politics, and culture of Haiti. Gold studied philosophy at Columbia University and became a lifelong friend of Allen Ginsberg. He also received a full-bright Scholarship and moved to Paris where he finished his first novel. After much travel, he finally settled in San Francisco where he now resides and continues producing extraordinary creative literary work.

Lakewood Perspective

A Cold Night Out To Raise Awareness

Bret Callentine



Homeless for a night at Pilgrim St. Paul Lutheran Church.

Detroit Road is never quieter than at five o'clock in the morning. With a light snow falling, illuminated by the bright and colorful signs of half a dozen Lakewood businesses, it's strangely peaceful.

But, the early morning was somewhat less than poetic for several dozen westside teens recently when they participated in a unique experiment in social awareness. For one night, youths at Lakewood Congregational Church and Pilgrim St. Paul Lutheran Church decided to find out what it is like to be homeless during a typical winter in Northeast Ohio.

Early in the afternoon of Saturday, January 27th, the two respective groups were stripped of their cell phones, iPods, money, etc. and put out on the street with only the clothes on their backs and whatever supplies they had collected for their shelter.

Their goal: raise money for, as well as awareness to, the continuing problem of homelessness in our community.

Although it's my third time with the event (participating the two previous years at Lakewood Congregational Church and this year as one of the adults supervising the "rookies" at Pilgrim St. Paul), I once again found myself amazed at the eagerness and dedication of these young persons.

By early evening a makeshift shantytown was energetically erected using cardboard boxes, blankets, and tarps, strung together with a little tape and a lot of hope that the wind and weather would not be too unkind.

Construction complete, they shifted their attention to the only activity they had to focus on. Creating handmade signs using leftover scraps of cardboard, they began soliciting donations from passing drivers.

However, after only a couple of minutes, reality quickly set in. Without all of their usual electronic diversions, the kids soon discovered that there would be little to do other than sit, wait for handouts, and try to stay warm. It would, indeed, be a long night.

But, truth be told, quite a bit sepa-

rated the plight of those youths and that of the estimated 2,000 homeless in Cuyahoga County that don't make it into one of the few Cleveland area shelters each night. We had a fire, warm clothes, relative security, and, above all, the knowledge that any suffering would only be temporary. On top of that, we had something else that eludes most homeless: love and support.

No sooner had the first flakes of snow landed on their heads, then did the first of a steady stream of family and friends stop by to offer freshly prepared food. Pizza, sandwiches, and soup were only part of the veritable smorgasbord. And, the donations followed suit. Although most just passed by, plenty of people pulled over to give cash, or even just the change in their car.

But, as the evening turned to night, the enthusiasm began to recede. While the snow picked up, the donations and well-wishers died down. Time began to crawl.

Eleven o'clock came, marked only by the stoplights switching over to flashing yellow and red.

Eventually calling it a night, the kids put down their signs and cups and crawled into their boxes, only to begin the next struggle - for blankets, for space, and for warmth.

Through the night, the weather took its toll as boxes collapsed under wet snow and tarps flapped unfettered in the wind. But, give them credit - the kids did their best and did not give up.

Now, as I mentioned at the outset, even a busy street such as Detroit Road can be relatively serene early in the morning. However, for the homeless, there is little time to appreciate these things. Long before daybreak, many that sleep on the street will be roused from their slumber and told to move on. And, so it was on this morning.

At six o'clock, the loud, uncaring voice was my own: "Get up!" "Get out!" Boxes were kicked, pushed, and dismantled until the occupants reluctantly left. As the bleary-eyed teens emerged, a small glimpse of the despair experienced by the home-

less was becoming all too apparent to them.

During the night, one of the visitors offered his own personal account. Having spent several years on the street, he tried to convey to the kids that, regardless of the circumstances, being homeless was not just a search for food and shelter, but for hope and perseverance. "You start off very positive and think that it's just bad luck, but one thing leads to another and before you know it, the street grabs you, and it doesn't ever want to let go."

Cold and tired, the boxes were cleared and the kids were sent back to the street for donations. Lacking the same enthusiasm of the day before and looking much more the part, they found the undertaking a bit more daunting.

In the end, the doors of the church were opened, and the kids were allowed in. After a service they fought hard to stay awake through, they each got to go home to a hot meal and a warm bed.

I am very grateful for the tremendous show of support from the community and I am truly humbled by the efforts and accomplishments of the youths that night; however, I continue to be somewhat embarrassed at the relative ease by which the donations came.

Make no mistake about it, while

we were cold and tired, our stomachs were full and our spirits were strong and it only took hours to raise what it might take a homeless person weeks or even months to save.

The North East Ohio Coalition for the Homeless (NEOCH) estimates that there are around 25,000 people each year in Cuyahoga County alone that can be classified as homeless. Of those, there are approximately 9,000 families and, among them, more than 2,000 children under the age of 18 - children just like the several dozen who volunteered their time in the hope of making a difference. Yet, unlike the kids of Lakewood Congregational and Pilgrim St. Paul, for them, being on the street the morning of January 28th was not a choice.

All told, the two groups were able to collect over \$2,500 that night. However, the question remains, was the money given to support the kids or the cause? Would the parents and friends that so willingly brought food to those they knew ever do the same for those that they do not? And, is one night out enough to instill a giving heart in those that get to spend every night in?

If you'd like to help, please log on to www.neoch.org to find an organization through which to make a donation.



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Lakewood Traveler

The Alps Are Not For Beginners

by Jennifer Metelko

WARNING: Just because you have the necessary snowboard equipment and took a few lessons in Cleveland does not mean you are ready to go to the Alps.

DAY 1: Yes, well I learned this the hard way as I strolled into our little winter cabin hidden in the snow covered woods and filled with veteran skiers and snowboarders. I was confident - I'm not sure of what - but I was armed with my snowboard, the only one I'd ever known in my whole 8 times of snowboarding. We're in the Alps...bring it on baby.

DEFEAT: After only an afternoon of snowboarding I am acutely aware that to these people my skill level seeps far below beginner...I don't even understand how their lift works. The lift ride is an epic 10 minutes, there is a foot rest and a bubble shield for the wind and snow that you have to operate yourself. And there's a map?! This is already looking bleak. My limited range of experience is from Boston Mills...for those of you unfamiliar with this little Cleveland oasis let me tell you that there is no need for a map and no, we don't have extravagant foot rests and snow shields...by the time you put them into place it would be time to get off.

DRESS APPROPRIATELY: How many times did my mom tell me this



Jenn Metelko, LO's Extreme Vacation Correspondent, left, riding the lift with friends.

when I was little? We left the cabin and it was really nice out so I don't need my coat, right? I'll just wear my 3 layers of fleece and take these horribly inappropriate biking gloves that, although waterproof, have no insulatory properties. Good start. When we arrive at the chalet, a light rain starts to fall. Hmm, not good for my 100% water-absorbing top half. It continues to rain and Raph and Aude decide to opt out for the day. After giving me a good once over, Raph insists on giving me her jacket and gloves, since mine are deemed "dangerous" because my

fingers could literally freeze inside. I'm still not sure she realizes (or maybe she does) that these vital additions to my wardrobe saved me that day; I hardly survived as it was.

LESSONS WITH LORIS: If nothing else, my snowboarding seemed to dumbfound my French companions. Really, they seemed perplexed. "We notice you don't know how to turn" they said - not condescendingly but almost posing a question, waiting for me to chime in..."oh god no, of course I do, just practicing my full force breaking technique the whole way down for

starters." Sheepishly, I admit that no, I have no idea how to turn. Honestly, I'm so excited to get down the hill without breaking anything that learning to turn hasn't even crossed my mind. With utmost patience, Loris spends the rest of the afternoon teaching me the basics of a turn. Of course, I fail from the start. The hill is too steep for me and every time I gain a decent amount of speed it scares the crap out of me and I choose instead to wipe out. Actually trying the turn would be a better idea since I'll fall either way but, well, that's the way I roll...literally. Various parts of my body crash into the snow, now hardened by the rain. It doesn't even hurt anymore, my body has shut off the pain receptors. I have so much fun that the next day I feel like I have a serious case of car-crash whip-lash...the Alps anyone?

CONCLUSION: David has decided I need a teacher...almost like I had some kind of handicap and the only option would be to send a tutor to the house. I'm the "special" kid in snowboard class. Oh, the adventures in France. I have never really had a problem making a complete fool out of myself. It comes quite naturally. Here on the slopes of France, though, I have outdone myself, committing endless social faux-pas and tumbling down the slopes. What pride I had is necessarily set aside.

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Love Observed

Romance or Bust

by Ronald Ciancutti

The nurse walks over to the father, who is sitting at the bedside of his wife, holding her hand. Hours before she had just delivered their first child. The nurse hands him the little cleaned-up bundle that is their daughter and explains she is healthy but a bit jaundiced. With a tear of joy dad rises with his baby and steps to the window. As if on cue, the clouds part and the bountiful rays of sunlight come streaming into the room. It is as if God is shining brightly on this new life. Dad asks the nurse if he can hold his daughter in the health-giving sunlight to regulate her condition. The nurse smiles and the new father settles into a nearby chair to accomplish his first parental chore. As the years pass, dad will tell and retell this story of the first time he held his little girl and she will grow to tell the story to her friends and probably her husband too. Moments such as these create the family lore that sets a tone for living a life of quality, dreams, and heart.

In the room next door sits another couple. She is asleep as the delivery was rough and she is exhausted. The new father is happily staring at the television because the cable's been out at home. He's pretty bored as the delivery took all night and now she's just lying there sleeping while he's wide awake. The nurse walks in and makes a similar announcement about the jaundiced but healthy child. "Are you going to put her under those lights?" the father asks. "Yes, that's standard procedure," the nurse responds. The mother awakens and is handed her baby which she clutches close and hands back to the nurse. She looks to her husband. He smiles at her. "You okay?" She nods. "Well get some sleep and they'll bring her back later." She rolls over, spent. He changes the channel. He'd kind of hoped for a boy. The nurse leaves with the baby.

The difference between these couples is not education, class or financial status. In fact there is no indication of which couple comes from what background. All things are held the same except for one thing, the one thing that people rarely recognize is missing until it is too late. Until the momentum of mediocrity in their lives drives them to divorce or substance abuse or cheating or depression or simply a life without color. It is an elusive thing, but once you allow yourself to engage its power, you'll find it's a thing you should never be without and you wonder how you lived so far without it. Most will recall having it in their lives at some point but few can remember when they did away with it, saw no further need for it.

It is a very simple thing, and it has virtually no cost. It is the foundation of the happiness you experience when you achieve a promotion, fall in love, or choose which puppy you will take home. There was some of it in your life at some point. Either grandma supplied it or some teacher that saw something

special in you or some member of the opposite sex who created a special valentine for you or if you're lucky enough, it comes through the person you married and started a new life with. It is simply Romance my friends and it is the lifeblood to an existence worth living. It is "the stuff dreams are made of." And what is life without dreams, without romance? From where I sit, it is not even a life worth enduring.

Now don't be fooled. Just because you notice a difference between watching an older couple get married with their adult kids in the wedding and the "wide shot" behind the new bride and groom is really a "wide shot," if you know what I mean... and then you compare it with the wedding of a petite lass of 21 who sneaks up the aisle where her tanned 25ish to be husband takes her arm and smiles and the crowd blushes and the dad sheds a tear and all that magical-looking stuff happens. . . that doesn't mean you've necessarily defined romance.

Although that younger couple appears to have the "big mo" heading into life while that older couple is not quite as picturesque, that doesn't mean one automatically has a lock on romance and the other doesn't. In fact, it is likely that the older couple took another shot at marriage due to their addiction to romance or their continued search for it. The younger couple is probably more concerned with where their honeymoon is rather than what happens on it.

Want to hear a very romantic story? I was about sixteen and was working a summer job on a garbage truck for the city. My supervisor was in his late fifties and on this particular morning he told me we had to hustle today because he needed to leave an hour early for the day and that we would be taking lunch late. We worked hard up until about 2 o'clock, parked the garbage truck, piled into his pickup truck and then he drove it through the car wash and we zoomed to his house.

He went inside while I ate my lunch in the truck and about twenty minutes later he came out freshly showered, hair all slicked to one side, a new bright red t-shirt tucked over his belly into his cleanest jeans. He even put aside the Budweiser belt buckle and put on a conservative "Buck Fever" one with a peaceful deer on it. Not since the funeral of the mayor's mother had he looked so nice.

When he got in the truck he reeked of Old Spice and his face was red where his usual stubble had been raked off. He clamored into the driver's seat, avoiding my eyes, and started driving. I missed the corner of my sandwich and bit my finger with astonishment at his new look. I waited in the truck again while he stopped in front of the local grocery store and came out carrying a bouquet of flowers wrapped in plastic. He handed them to me and told me to peel the price tag off the plastic while he drove to the airport.

"Is today your anniversary?" I asked as I peeled. I'd gotten the tag off but the white part under the label was still stuck on.

"No," he said embarrassed, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Well Bernie, " I said, "I gotta know what's going on."

"My wife's mother has been sick so she went to Florida to spend the week with her."

"Yeah, so?" I said.

"Well her plane lands in five minutes," he explained, cursing the traffic.

"So we're picking her up?"

"Yeah," he said.

"So why am I here?" I asked.

"So as I can park in front and you can sit in the truck behind the wheel whilst I goes and gets her and then she don't have to walk far. Remember son, ladies deserve things like that."

He pulled right in front of the airport passenger pick up doors and parked. He put the emergency lights on and told me to slide over behind the wheel. It was 1976 and they let you do that stuff at airports back then. He stood outside the truck with the flowers in his hand and leaned against the door. He was trying so hard to look cool. The double doors whooshed open and there she was, his wife of 32 years. I heard him gulp audibly as he stood and straightened himself. She bobbed a big bag of grapefruits as she opened her arms to embrace him and they stood there in a quiet hug for what seemed a whole minute. Not a big, sloppy public display of affection, just a sincere embrace. The bag handler put her luggage in the back of the pickup and Bernie opened the door for her. He came around to the driver's side and practically sat on my lap. He was so mesmerized by his wife he'd forgotten I was even there when he opened his door. "In the back," he whispered.

I smiled at her and nodded to him and jumped in the back with the luggage. He put on their favorite radio station and she scooted close to him on the seat clutching the flowers, her head on his shoulder. As we drove back to town I glanced through the back window into the cab from time to time and

they weren't saying a word, just enjoying being back in each other's company. Outside of my house the truck stopped and I jumped out, slapped the tailgate twice and watched them continue down the road, oblivious to me. I didn't really know it then, at sixteen, but I'd learned a lot on that day.

What do you want your life to include? Do you take the time in your life for romance or have you become too worn down to put forth any effort. Do you say things to your spouse like "we don't need to buy Valentine's for each other any more, you know how I feel." Or do you use such days as an opportunity to step out of your mundane existence and add some color to the day. If you've skipped romance or displaced it in your life for all the practical reasons in the world, I guarantee that you've made life harder for yourself and the people you encounter.

A life filled with romance is a choice not a right. But if you are in a relationship where your manner affects another, be it husband/wife, father/son, mother/daughter, brother to brother, friend to friend, and yes, even boss/employee, and your conduct has disabled the romance that still exists in the other person.....shame on you. In return you should expect a lack of creativity and sustained interest from most people you encounter.

Step back and reassess. Have you filled your life with so much obligation that you can't even see through those clouds any longer? Were you always so boring? Did you ever hear anyone at a funeral say, "She was great person, she kept a really clean house." Or, "He was a wonderful man, his lawn was always well edged." Do you think one woman ever said to another, "Oh Helen, when I see him asleep in his chair with that remote still in his hand and the drool running down his cheek I know what a lucky girl I truly am."

C'mon guys, catch a sunset tonight or maybe even a sunrise tomorrow. Take the risk of smiling recklessly. Tell someone important in your life that they look nice today. Ray Bradbury once wrote, "And they were all, when their souls grew warm, poets." Let's take a gamble folks and warm those souls, huh?

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Love Observed

Valentine Suggestions

by Justine Cooper

I know it is hard to believe that Valentine's Day is next week, when Christmas seems like only hours past. Though our children are the main focus of Christmas, Valentine's Day is a great time to bring something special to your sweetie, whether it is your spouse, girlfriend, boyfriend, child, mother, father, or grandparents. Whether you send a home-made card, celebrate with dinner, or buy a gift, here are some suggestions that will keep your honey happy as well as keep the local economy alive.

There is a unique dinner served right to your door from the award winning **Italian Creations**, 16104 Hilliard, (216-226-2282) Italian Creations is a caterer and take-out only restaurant. I have enjoyed meals there, on nights where staying in and watching a movie was all we wanted. This special is hard to beat with salad, appetizer, dinner, wine, roses, and even dessert. It is also a nice gift to send to parents, someone home-bound or as a get-well gift. The food here is phenomenal so don't miss out on this if you would like a nice romantic night in with all the fixings.

If you would rather go out, try **The Woods** on 21919 Center Ridge (440-333-0770) for an authentic Italian dinner. They have been doing pizza for 45 years, and are kid-friendly with a nice lodge atmosphere. Their specialties range from chicken to beef to pasta,

also serving sandwiches and salads, and they have a catering banquet hall in the back for all your party events. The food is mouth-watering and they also do take-out.

Melt your Valentine at thriving **Melt**, 14718 Detroit Ave, (216-226-3699) a restaurant specializing in good old fashioned grilled cheese with a gourmet touch. Choose your choice of fillings, from fried Walleye to vegetarian. And don't miss the beer selection or martini to wash down your bites.

If you have no idea what to get your lady, try a gift certificate for **Revelations Hair Salon and Spa**, 15516 Detroit (216-228-2966) for a therapeutic massage, a manicure or pedicure, or a make-over! Or if you want to look like a princess on Valentine's Day try a spectacular hair up-do that makes Cinderella's fairy godmother look shabby. There are great packages offered for certificates to make the shopping easy for the men and delightful for the women.

Carabel's Salon at 15309 Madison (216-226-8616) also offers gift-certificates for new hairdos, manicures and pedicures, or a variety of products for hair and skin. They are currently offering princess packages for your little Valentine for a hair style, mini-manicure and hair ornament at an incredible price. This is a nice treat for little girls. Want to look extra hip? Buy one of the trendy hair pieces that clip on to create

a newlook, or some sparkling eyelashes when you are hitting the clubs.

If you want a "magical" Valentine's Day, your shop is **Goddess Blessed** at 15729 Madison (corner of Hilliard and Madison) (216-221-8755). Goddess Blessed offers personalized gift baskets, bath and body products, candles, incense, unique jewelry, clothing, artwork, Porcelain Garden night lights, and Fairies. Gift certificates are available for the boutique or for Reiki or healing sessions. If your sweetie is stressed and exhausted, the Reiki treatment is the perfect gift to energize him or her.

Looking for the perfect outfit to wear on Valentine's or any night out, try **Turnstyle** at 13345 Madison Ave. (216-226-3266) This cute little boutique offers a variety of stylish pieces for a fraction of the big-city price.

If your Valentine is into vintage, stop by and check out **A Class Act** on Madison. There are some great vintage buys, home décor, clothing, and jewelry. The corner store-front has truly beautified the block and there are new

items added daily. Look for her Valentine raffle donated by local businesses just for stopping in and saying hi.

Rozie's Wine House at 14900 Detroit Ave. (216-221-1119) is the perfect place to pick up a bottle of your favorite wine. Don't know your favorite? Stop in weekly for special wine tasting and gourmet appetizers. If you enjoy wine as much as I do, pick up a wine-making kit, complete with your choice of grape and a case of bottles for a little over \$100.! What better way to enjoy good wine for under \$3 a bottle and make your own gift baskets? This is the gift that keeps on giving.

Regardless of what you do for Valentine's Day, whether you spend it with a special someone, special children, mom and dad, or with your best canine friend, I encourage you to check out some of these local businesses. And I hope your Valentine's Day and the whole year is filled with love. Love is the one thing in life that you can give away yet walk away with more.

"The heart that loves is always young"-Greek Proverb.



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Lakewood Observer

Truly, The Place To Be In Lakewood

by Angela Potts Skourlis

Allow me to throw out a couple of names to see if you have a reaction. Sarah. George. Whom did you think of? A friend? A relative? Let me add some more names and group them together. Jimmy, Sarah, George, Gus and Helen. Did you have an “aha” moment? If you have ever frequented The Place to Be, you probably did.

I have devotedly dined at The Place to Be for about 20 years. If I remember correctly, my parents discovered the eatery. They would go there every Friday night to eat and socialize with their friends. Before long, I was going there with my then boyfriend. We went during the week and ate gyros. It’s always better when both people in a couple are eating gyros because they can leave your breath downright stinky. Then, I discovered the weekend breakfast. Fast, affordable, abundant and oh-so-satisfying. A nap after this breakfast is necessary.

Somewhere between boyfriends and the friends of my parents moving, the restaurant became our new family dinner table. Sometimes, we would all go together. Other times, when my mom needed space and did not want to cook, my dad and I went together. What a set up. My dad ate, we visited and I had a free meal. My sister and brother soon caught on to the concept



The warm and friendly staff of The Place To Be.

and joined us. To this day, it is still the sweetest set up.

Over the years, I have observed a merger of our lives with the restaurant. I watched George bus tables as a

noticed, but our family did. Could we continue to dine there without Gus? But, he returned, and from our seats it appeared all was well again.

Helen was a huge support when

For young, old, single or with family in tow, The Place to Be is one of Lakewood’s best places to go for a home-cooked meal

young boy and have money slipped to him on the side. All of the older women crooned, “Ah, he is so cute.” Today, he probably gets a similar reaction, now from the young ladies stopping to eat there. One time, Gus took leave of The Place to Be. Maybe nobody else

I was getting married in the Greek Orthodox Church. She shared any inside scoop that my Catholic family would need, even her daughter’s wedding video with my mother and me. Sarah and my parents became grandparents around the same time.

It was exciting to share and compare our joys.

Now, our family has introduced a new generation to The Place to Be. My daughters refer to the restaurant endearingly as “Gus’s Place.” The pancakes are their favorite: big, fluffy pancakes with the whole container of syrup soaked into them. “Pap Pap likes blueberry pancakes but we like ours plain,” is the mantra I hear if we even come close to Gus’s Place.

My girls find it commonplace to be spoken to in Greek and English by the staff and will probably be disappointed when they find out that I only speak English. They know where the booster and high chairs are kept and run to grab their seats. They also know our favorite spot is the window booth downstairs and are always hopeful that nobody else has claimed our spot. The most important item to them in the restaurant is the lollipop bucket under the cash register. Sometimes the girls remember their good manners and wait for their treat. Other times they rush and fight over the bucket. No one there gets mad. It’s okay – they’re kids.

For young, old, single or with family in tow, The Place to Be is one of Lakewood’s best places to go for a home-cooked meal. What’s better than the meal so good your mom could have made is the warm, homey feeling that The Place to Be exudes?

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Chef Geoff

Cooking Up a Little Romance

While everyone is certainly welcome to read the column which follows, this missive is directed more towards my male readers. More specifically, it is written for those male readers who hesitate to venture into the kitchen - those individuals who believe food preparation to involve only pouring milk over cereal, or “nuking” a hot pocket. If you fit into this category, there is an opportunity at hand; an opportunity which, if handled properly, could pay significant dividends. I am, of course, speaking of Valentine’s Day - a day of flowers, cards, and candy. A day to remember the love of your life with something a little special. And, what could be nicer than a romantic evening out to that special restaurant with a cozy table for two and no dishes? Not to throw a wet blanket on your plans, but let’s give it some thought.

Perhaps I’m making some assumptions here and, if I am, please feel free to skewer me, but why is it that dinner out is viewed as an event? Unless I’m wrong, it’s because culinary-challenged guys view dining out as a “two-fer”...not only do we enjoy a wonderful meal, but we also free our partners from the normal chores of meal preparation. Other than showing a willingness to cover a tab, where is the evidence of caring and devotion in that? Furthermore, on major

romantic days of celebration, most notably, New Year’s Eve and Valentine’s Day, restaurant dining can frequently involve menu limitations and special pricing.

Okay, so I’m not an expert on the dynamics of relationships. I freely admit this shortcoming, but it seems to me, from years of observation, that our partners appreciate us more when we go out of our way to show that we appreciate them. As a corollary, I think it is also true that the further we go out of our way, the greater the demonstration of admiration. So, while even taking the time to purchase a romantic valentine card may be appreciated, my bet is that one which was self-authored would REALLY be admired. Romance is a natural consequence of such mutual appreciation. It may be trite, it may be cliché, but, nevertheless, it is true: it’s the thought that counts. And, the more thought invested, the higher the count.

So, what we have here is a once-yearly opportunity. Guys, I’m fairly certain that your partner will appreciate you making reservations for that romantic dinner at your favorite spot. You’ll both enjoy the evening out. But, if you want to increase the romantic quotient, step out of the box, face

your kitchen-related fears head on, and invest some effort and thought beyond a phone call. It really isn’t too difficult and it’s worth the effort (trust me on this). In addition, if you make the effort to prepare dinner on a regular day (opposed to Valentine’s), the day will become anything but ordinary.

As you proceed, there are a couple of points that need to be foremost in your mind. First of all, make sure you clean up after yourself in the kitchen. Having someone prepare you a meal only to find that you’re expected to do the cleanup lessens the impact of and appreciation for your culinary efforts. Your efforts need not be a surprise,

but if you see to it that your partner is otherwise occupied, you can hide any stumbles which occur along the way. Send her out for a pedicure (it’s less than what you would have spent on dinner). And, as in all aspects of life, timing is everything. Budgeting your time to insure that everything is ready at the appropriate time is an important element. However, I realize that Valentine’s Day is midweek this year, so if you can’t create the time, agree to celebrate either the weekend before or after. Above all, don’t look at this as a task, but rather as an opportunity. This romantic menu is designed to be accomplished in an hour or less - prep and cooking time. Shopping time will depend upon your familiarity with a grocery store!

Jeff Endress

Valentine’s Day Menu

- ~Cocktails (your choice) and braised shitake mushrooms appetizer
- ~Mixed salad with grape tomatoes and hearts of palm
- ~Pan-seared beef filet with reduction sauce, couscous, and sautéed broccolini
- ~Champagne-marinated strawberries and cream

Shopping list (beyond the normal staple in the pantry):

Appetizer:
6 Medium-sized fresh shitake mushrooms
Salad:
1/4 lb. Mixed mesclun greens
1/4 lb. Grape tomatoes
1 can Hearts of palm (you’ll only use half)
Salad dressing (red wine vinaigrette is nice)
Main course:
2-6 oz. Beef filets, butterflied (cut thickness in half)
1 Package couscous
2 Small heads Broccolini
1 Lemon
Small red onion
1 Can College Inn beef stock (you’ll only use 1/2)
Dessert:
Split champagne
Pint strawberries
1/2-Pt. Heavy cream
You’ll also want to make sure you have some cheap (but drinkable) white wine, some cooking sherry, and a good bottle of red (I’d prefer a nice Zinfandel, but a Merlot would be fine) - little for the sauce and the rest to serve with dinner.
Instructions:
Set the table with candles and flowers.
Prepare Dessert: Wash strawberries, remove stems, and slice lengthwise in half. Place berries in a bowl, mix with 1 Tbsp. sugar, add 1 cup champagne, and refrigerate.
Prepare Appetizer and Salad: Wash mushrooms and cut off stems. Melt 1 Tbsp. butter in skillet and sauté mushrooms, stem side up, for 5 minutes. Turn mushrooms, add 1/4 cup sherry and 2 tsp. soy, and cover and cook for 5 minutes. While mushrooms are cooking, arrange salad greens on two plates, place 3 or 4 hearts of palm in center, and surround with a handful of grape tomatoes. Place salad in refrigerator. Serve appetizer.
Dress salad and serve.
Main course (time to multi-task): Heat two heavy skillets. Add 1 Tbsp. extra virgin olive oil to each. When the olive oil is hot enough to just start smoking, place beef (should have 4-1/2 thickness pieces) in one pan and broccolini in the other. Add 1/3 cup white wine to broccolini, squeeze in juice of 1/2 of a lemon, and reduce heat to low and cover. Cook beef 2-3 minutes (for medium rare) and turn. Cook two more minutes. Remove from pan and keep warm. Add 1 Tbsp. of minced onion to pan, sauté briefly, and add 1/2 cup red wine and 1/2 cup beef broth. Stir to deglaze the pan. Bring to a boil and allow to reduce and thicken slightly (for 5 minutes). Salt and pepper to taste. While the sauce is reducing, make the couscous per the instructions on the box (just a matter of bringing a cup of water to a boil, adding the couscous, turning off the heat, and covering for 5 minutes). Arrange broccolini, beef, and couscous on plate. Spoon sauce over the beef and serve.
Dessert: Divide the strawberries and juice into 2 bowls. Spoon 1/4 cup of heavy cream over each bowl. Serve.

India Food Emporium Brings Exotic Flavors to Town

by Bob Ignizio
Whether you’re already a fan of Indian cuisine or just looking for some new ideas for dinner time, you should check out the India Food Emporium. The store, which opened about four months ago at 17796 Detroit Avenue, specializes in Indian foods that you won’t find at your average grocery store. Proprietor Mona Lisa says, “We have a lot of ready-to-eat items and frozen foods, and also a lot of the ingredients to make your own dishes. We have fresh rotis, which is Indian pita bread. We also have homemade meal and Indian Cheese that no one else carries. We also have more common things; fresh produce like ginger, tomatoes, and all that. I have ice cream, including mango ice cream. We have a wide variety of spices and a wide variety of jasmine and basmati rice. And we have a lot of vegan and vegetarian items.”

Mona Lisa likes to go the extra mile when it comes to service, too.
“I will talk with people and help with recipes, so if people don’t know how to cook the dishes, I can help them,” she says. “In a lot of grocery stores, you

don’t get personal care. Especially in Indian grocery stores, that’s the tendency. You just go and shop around. But here I always help people. That’s really my specialty at the store.” She’s also happy to explain the health benefits of various food items.

In addition to food, the store carries an assortment of gift items, phone cards, and CDs of Indian music. And one other thing they offer that you aren’t likely to find anywhere else - a wide assortment of Indian movies for rent on DVD. The movies are all subtitled, so whether you speak the language or are just a foreign film buff, you’ll be able to enjoy them.

As for why she picked Lakewood for her store, Mona Lisa says, “It’s very diverse, for sure. Lakewood is a friendly place, that’s what I’ve realized.”



Lakewood Voices

America's Permanent War Economy

by Nadhal Eadeh

In a recent Presidential address, President Bush outlined plans to increase troop levels in Iraq, while openly threatening Iran and Syria. The plan to increase troop levels by 20,000 has received widespread criticism from the Democratic majority as well as the Republican minority.

The President's plan raises many questions. What has been driving George Bush's imperial agenda? What will the President use as a pretext to invade Iran? Will we witness a manufactured attack similar to the Gulf of Tonkin?

It is my opinion that the imperial presidency of George W. Bush should cause people to rethink America's role in the permanent war economy and consider carefully why this nation has involved itself in wars of aggression.

In President Eisenhower's Farewell address to the nation he remarked:

"In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist." (Dwight Eisenhower, July 17, 1961).

Eisenhower's words of wisdom still ring true in America's current political climate. For the past few decades we have been sold external enemies who "threaten our way of life," and who "hate us for our freedoms." If the Military Industrial Complex is lacking in enemies they will create one. With their vast resources, the MIC leverages the ideological force of think tanks to promote their respective agendas. One of the key advocates for the Iraq War was the American Enterprise Institute, (AEI). This neoconservative think tank first advocated attacking Iraq in the late 1990s. After the attacks September 11th, the road to war was paved for them.

Another think tank, generally overlooked by the mainstream press, is the Project for the New American Century, headed by Fox news analyst and Weekly Standard editor William Kristol. Begun in 1997, the PNAC advocates "a military that is strong and ready to meet both present and future challenges; a foreign policy that purposefully promotes American principles abroad; and national leadership that accepts the United States' global responsibilities." The PNAC has four thematic objectives: 1. Homeland Defense; 2. Large wars, and being able to fight multiple wars if confronted; 3. Constabulary duties, best summarized by maintaining military forces in friendly or hostile regions; and 4. Transforming U.S armed forces: promoting the widespread use of technology. The PNAC's principal complaint concerns lack of funding for the armed services, arguing our forces are exhausted and unable to fulfill their various missions, including preparing for tomorrow's battlefield. Thus, the most important

element in their doctrine is to increase military expenditures.

The Project for the New American Century has many supporters and detractors. According to the Multinational Monitor, the PNAC's principal document was founded by "Paul Wolfowitz, Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld and others who have gone on to become major players in the Bush national security team." The International Relations Center claims the PNAC is a war mongering think tank dedicated to expanding the military budget, in

For the past few decades we have been sold external enemies who "threaten our way of life," and who "hate us for our freedoms."

much the way the Committee on the Present danger advocated in the late 1970s and early 1980s.

Immediately after September 11, the PNAC released a controversial proclamation connecting Iraq to the attack, stating in part "...if evidence does not link Iraq directly to the attack, any strategy aimed at the eradication of terrorism and its sponsors must include a determined effort to remove Saddam Hussein from power in Iraq." (International Relations Center).

Defense contractors, of course, are very tight with the Bush Administration. According to the Multinational Monitor, the Bush administration has eight current policy makers who had direct or indirect ties to the defense industry before joining the administration. The turnover inherent with each new administration offers new positions for former defense industry executives to get into politically powerful positions. Defense industry people also permeate the afore-mentioned think tanks - Lockheed Martin, one of the leaders in the military industry, has several former employees at the PNAC. The goal of PNAC is to promote the agenda of maintaining an immense supply of capital to defense industry. For the American public to maintain its support of war, there must be a continuation of conflict to keep Lockheed Martin's industry alive.

The think tanks act as brokers

between the military elite and its industry counterparts. Together these agents, interests and institutions constitute, in the words of distinguished sociologist C. Wright Mills, "the power elite." Mills describes the indoctrination and scholarship process that frames the nation's warmongering mind: "the industrial college of the armed forces, concerned with the interdependence of economy and warfare, is at the top level of the military educational system." The think tank is employed to offer "scholarly" solutions

institutions tend to stifle those who disagree with their policies; thus, being soft on national security or terrorists, or any form of political dissidence, is seen as a nuisance.

The purpose of the war machine is to make the military attractive to the public. Mills asserts the fundamental purpose of war is "to define the reality of international relations in a military way, to portray the armed forces in a manner attractive to civilians, and thus to emphasize the need for expansion of military facilities." The goal of the think tank is to interpret these ideals and to reveal them in the public sphere. Mills asserts further: "the aim is to build the prestige of the military establishment and to create respect for its personnel, and thus to prepare the public for military-approved policies, and to make Congress ready and willing to pay for them."

To advance policies of aggression and war, think tanks must also influence Congress. If the representatives approve of war, then the public is most likely to follow the lead. According to Mills, there is no establishment as thoroughly financed as the Military Industrial Complex. Mills states "that there is no possible combination of interests that has anywhere near the time, the money, the manpower, to present a point of view on the issues involved that can effectively compete with the views presented day in and day out by the warlords and by those whom they employ."

In the higher circles of power, certain words are used to quell dissent amongst the population. If a person exposes a set of government lies he is frequently labeled a "conspiracy theorist" or a "peacenik." Such derogatory terms tend to stigmatize the person who questions the lies and half-truths. Obviously these stigmatizing limits to debate are set by the corporate elite in order to hinder the development of an independent and free thinking society.

As the new threat from Iran is constructed by our corporate masters and their talking heads, we will likely see the military machine of the United States grow exponentially. As a society, will we come to grips with this madness or will we remain ignorant?



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Lakewood Hospital News

Lakewood Hospital Centennial Anniversary Theme

To commemorate 100 years of putting patients first, Lakewood Hospital has introduced the theme of its year-long centennial anniversary: "A Century of Touching Lives." This theme reflects the tradition of caring and personal patient experience that has become Lakewood Hospital's legacy since its founding in 1907.

Jack Gustin, president of Lakewood Hospital, officially announced the anniversary theme and plans for year-long celebration at a hospital employee forum on January 30. Lakewood Mayor Thomas George presented Gustin and the entire hospital staff with a proclamation in honor of the hospital's 100 years of its continuing service to the community.

"Lakewood Hospital's long-established reputation for clinical excellence is due to the skill and dedication of our employees, physicians and volunteers," said Gustin. "We also credit our outstanding relationship with the city for their support as we continue to grow and meet the health care needs of our community."

While the hospital is planning a series of centennial events to celebrate its past, the anniversary will also present an opportunity to look toward its future. "Lakewood Hospital is preparing for a bright future that will continue to deliver the compassionate and advanced care that our communities expect and deserve."

"I'm extremely proud of our long tradition of meeting the health needs of the community and am honored to have been apart of the hospital's operations since I first started my health care career at Lakewood Hospital in 1980," says Fred DeGrandis, CEO and president of Cleveland Clinic regional hospitals. "The substantial number of achievements that the hospital has experienced over the past 100 years is due to the dedication of our excellent staff and the passionate role our community plays in our efforts to provide the best care possible. Together, we have spent a remarkable century of touching lives."

Presiding over Lakewood Hospital's centennial events are community co-chairs Anthony C. Sinagra and Dr. John Judge. Sinagra served as mayor of Lakewood from 1978 to 1990 and was a member of the hospital's board from 1978 to 1990. He was president of the board from 1978 -1985. Judge served as Lakewood Hospital's director of pathology from 1970 until 1991, was the founding member and chairman of the hospital's bioethics committee, and served on the hospital board from 1986 to 1990.

As a former Lakewood mayor, Sinagra recognizes the contributions that Lakewood Hospital has made to the city, not only affecting the physical health of the residents, but also benefiting the overall economic health of the city. "It's an honor to be a community co-chair for the hospital's centennial celebration," said Sinagra. "In addition to the critical health care



Jack Gustin, president of Lakewood Hospital and Mousab Tabbaa, president of the Lakewood Hospital Board of Trustees holding a proclamation that Mayor George presented at our employee forum on January 30.

services the hospital provides to the community, it has also been a major economic driver in the area. As both the largest employer in the city and the biggest contributor of income taxes, Lakewood Hospital has been an invaluable resource to the city of Lakewood for 100 years."

Judge noted that the hospital has evolved dramatically in its 100 years of existence. "What was founded as a 15-bed hospital in a frame house in a then-rural village is now a member of the world-renowned Cleveland Clinic health system," said Judge. "The growth

of the hospital over the past 100 years is remarkable and worthy of celebration. I am proud of my long association with Lakewood Hospital and feel privileged to be a community co-chair for the centennial celebration."

Centennial community celebrations will include a Century of Touching Lives float for the Lakewood Fourth of July Parade and a "Turn Back the Clock" community festival at Lakewood Park on August 18. Other community-focused events include a series of volunteer appreciation lunches in April, a senior fair on June 16 at the

Women's Pavilion in Lakewood Park, and a black-tie anniversary celebration gala on October 20 at the hospital. Other regularly scheduled hospital-sponsored events will also incorporate the centennial theme -- the Ambulance Chase walk/run on May 6, the Starry Night benefit on August 3 and health screenings at the Lakewood Arts Festival on August 4.

In addition to community events, there will be special occasions recognizing physicians such as "Doctors' Day" in March and a luncheon for retired physicians in May. Also in May, the hospital will celebrate "Nurses' Week" and "Hospital Week" to recognize the contributions of nurses and employees throughout the hospital's history. Additional employee-recognition events will be held throughout the year.

To recognize the important relationship between the hospital and local schools, the hospital plans to sponsor a yearlong series of health education programs.

Founded in 1907, Lakewood Hospital is a 400-bed acute care, community-oriented hospital, which offers a wide range of health services and education programs for women, men and children. Each year, Lakewood Hospital provides high-quality and innovative patient care for more than 130,000 patients. In 1997, Lakewood Hospital became part of the Cleveland Clinic health system, a partnership between Cleveland Clinic and nine community hospitals. www.lakewoodhospital.org

Lakewood Sports

Lakewood Wrestlers Can't Hold It Together

by Todd Shapiro

The Lakewood Rangers wrestling team came into last Saturday's Lake Erie League dual meet championship riding high with a 9-2 dual meet record. Despite a number of strong individual performances the Rangers struggled to score points in the upper weight classes and finished the day with a 1-4 record and a fifth place finish in the six team event.

The Rangers opened the day against perennial state power Mentor. The Cardinals, who won their ninth consecutive LEL championship with a 5-0 record in the duals, easily defeated Lakewood 60-12. Lakewood points came from heavyweight Kevin Kinder who pinned Sterling Sharp at 2:58 and victories from Pat Duffy (130) and Justin Smith (145).

Vinny Fox (160) was one of four Rangers to pin their opponents as the Rangers bested Garfield Heights 49-25. Smith, Tony Scilimenti (119) and Dahoud Hamidah (152) also recorded pins against the Bulldogs. Garfield Heights will join Lakewood in the new Northern Ohio League beginning next fall.

Kinder earned the second of his four pins on the day in the Rangers 50-18 loss to Southview. Kinder improved his record for the season to 20-5. Although Kinder finished the day 4-1 the Rangers were just 7-of-20 in the four upper weight classes.

The highlight of the Southview match was Brennan Pomposelli's 2-1 double overtime victory against Tony Martinez in the 135-pound weight class. Pomposelli led 1-0 late in the third period until being called for a controversial illegal hands to the face penalty that tied the score 1-1.

The Saints finished second on the day with a 4-1 record.

The lone bright spot of Lakewood's 49-15 loss to Maple Heights was Duffy's second period pin of the Mustangs Terence Simon. Duffy is 36-0 on the season and could be the Rangers best hope for a trip to Columbus. "We expected big things from Pat this year, but we never expected him to be 36-0," said Rangers Head Coach Vinny Curiale. "Pat is still getting better. He has yet to put together his six best minutes on the mat."

Fox recorded his 25th win of the season against Maple Heights with a 5-0 decision over Troy Glasko.

The Scilimenti brothers both scored points in Lakewood's final match of the day, a 39-30 loss to Shaker Heights. Sophomore Tony Scilimenti finished the day 3-2 with wins in both the 119 and 125-pound weight classes. Freshman Nick Scilimenti was a winner by forfeit at 119 against the Red Raiders.

Curiale said Tony has yet to reach his peak this season and feels, despite his 30-10 record, that Scilimenti still has room for improvement. "Tony's progression has been tougher this year. However, he has closed the gap with a number of opponents that have him trouble earlier in his career."

Freshman Dahoud Hamidah (152) scored his 20th win of the year with a pin of Shaker's Joe Pittman just 34 seconds into the opening period of their match.

The Rangers conclude their regular season Saturday February 10 with a tri-meet against Bedford and Chardon at Lakewood High School at 1 pm.

Lakewood Performing Arts

Equus At The Beck Center

by Mark Moran

Peter Shaffer's "Equus" should be seen by packed houses every night of its run at Lakewood's Beck Center for the Arts. And not just because this is a brilliant and beautiful and riveting production, but because it is the kind of theater experience that is enhanced by being shared.

"Equus" depicts the encounter between English psychiatrist Martin Dysart (played by Matthew Wright) and Alan Strang, a deeply disturbed adolescent played by Dan Folino. In the course of a quickly unfolding psychological detective story, Alan reveals the chain of circumstance—forged across an isolated and troubled lifetime—that leads to a shocking and repugnant crime.

Over time Alan has conjured up, from an early childhood fascination with horses, an elaborate and passionate and deeply personal religious faith replete with rituals and incantations and a complex belief system. Like any passionately held religious faith, it affirms the boy's sense of self in a hostile world and creates order and meaning out of the chaos of his emotional distress. And it channels his adolescent sexuality into a highly ritualized and secret sacrament.

But the God that Alan Strang worships also enslaves him, and in a moment of crisis and opportunity turns on him in a jealous rage. Trapped between his own human frailty and the demands of a furious deity, Alan lashes out violently, blinding six horses in a country stable with a metal spike.

That might seem like spectacle enough, but the real story lay in the deepening relationship between Alan and Dysart, who sees in the boy's hostile glare a reproach to his own passionless life and the reflection of a deepening fear about the nature of his work. "My desire might be to make this boy an ardent husband, a caring citizen, a worshipper of an abstract and unifying god," he says. "My accomplishment is much more likely to make a ghost!"

Director Bill Roudebush, who won the Barrymore Award for Best Director and Best Production for the play in Philadelphia four years ago, notes that when *Equus* was first introduced in 1974 the elaborate stage action surrounding the horses elicited from directors every kind of special effects wizardry imaginable.

Thirty years later Roudebush has pared the performance down to its essentials, stripping it—like the horse actors who appear naked on stage except for sheer, skin-tight briefs—of every contrivance by which viewers are normally expected to forget they are watching a play.

When viewers walk into the theater they see the lighting fixtures and other trappings of the theater fully exposed, and the actors who play the horses already on stage, stretching and exercising and limbering up just

as (one supposes) they might be doing more typically backstage. Uncannily, their preparations begin slowly to take on the restlessness of horses so that when the play begins they have become a stable of sleek beasts, cantering and snorting and braying.

There is not a weak link in the cast: Alan, slouching and glaring and jumpy with pent-up teenage hostility; Dysart, rumpled and over-worked and drowning in middle-age self-reproach; and Hesther, his case worker friend, who is brisk and efficient and social workerly as she pleads with Dysart to stick, in the midst of his crisis, to basics: "children before adults" and "the good smile in a child's eyes."

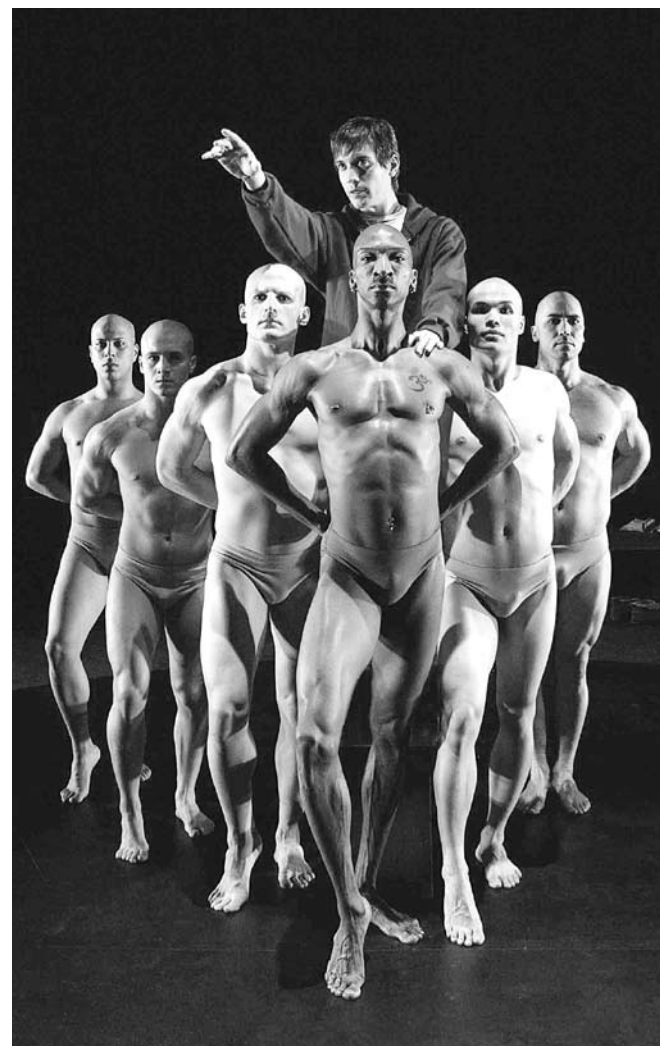
Yet it does not seem too odd to suggest that the stars of this show are the horses who stalk the stage, real in their near-nakedness yet also dream-like and mythological. Franklyn Singley, an elite skater and ice dancer by profession, is brilliantly cast as Nugget, the sleek and majestic lead horse. The proof of the success of this transformation—and of the entire production—comes in the final stable scene when the bizarre crime appears not only believable but inevitable.

The play is "relevant" in any number of ways. As Roudebush says, "I can't imagine any ten people would walk away from this play with the same thing." Surely, Dan Folino's Alan evokes the disaffected slackers of our

day, sullen and barely articulate, spitting their illiteracy back at a world they didn't create, but possessed at times of a vicious wit.

Yet Roudebush believes the drama is evocative of the Greek amphitheater, and as such of more primal and eternal themes about the ways of God to man. Certainly, the world today is in the grip of a crisis over its religious faiths—faiths that we cling to yet which at times appear to enslave us and turn us violently against each other. Perhaps Alan Strang's father ("old type socialist, relentlessly self-improving," as Dysart tags him) is right when he says that religion is just "bad sex."

And yet it is the psychiatrist Dysart, the avatar of science and reason, who feels most keenly the need for a more fundamental accounting. "And now for me it never stops," he says,



"that voice of Equus out of the cave—Why me? Why me? Account for me!"

This is a magnificent play. Roudebush calls Shaffer's drama "one of the great plays of the 20th century." His inventiveness and that of his actors in bringing this show to life is sure to repay audiences who, however it affects them, will not forget it.

The Buck Stops Here People Don't Change

Robert Buckeye

"I'm like Saddam Hussein. I only trust people from my village."

--Dave Thomas, of Pere Ubu.

What doesn't change is the will to change, the poet Charles Olson notes. We may go to school, leave town, better ourselves. We cite Shakespeare not Jerry Springer. We drink Pilsener Urquell not Genny. The cleaning woman does work we used to do. People don't change, Olson adds. They only stand more revealed. We may cross town, but we never leave our street. It is, at the last, the one thing if we do not trust marks us, and continues to mark us.

Lakewood is a city of villages, and education, money or success may permit us to cross over from one village to another, even if we never leave the one we left behind. In Herbert Gold's novel about Lakewood, *Therefore Be Bold*, Dan Berman, editor of The High Times, dates Eva Masters, a girl from one of the established families of Lakewood. Her father does not trust Berman, a first-generation Jew, and when he hears Berman is going to Columbia University after high school, comments, "Don't like the quiet life here, do you? Some families five generations, some more. Six ourselves...."

Maybe you ought to go to New York, eh? Feel at home there? A one-generation city?

In *Leaving Las Vegas*, John O'Brien (Lakewood Class of 1978) describes how his protagonist, Ben, is forced by his mother to play outside in summer with other kids when he preferred to stay in his room and play by himself. As much as anything else, it explains why he left his small, midwestern town for Los Angeles and Las Vegas to find those like himself who also could not live in their villages and had to find one another where they could. Blood may be thicker than water, but sometimes it is water we need to stay alive.

Like Gold and O'Brien, I left Lakewood. In the Sixties, I was arrested while teaching at Wayne State University in Detroit, and it made national news. The journalism teacher at Lakewood High School I revered while I wrote for The High Times took the news and ran with it. I was a druggie. (John Lennon did a by-now famous concert in Ann Arbor to draw attention to the injustice of the imprisonment of John Sinclair, who had been arrested with me.) Mine had been a false arrest, but it made no difference. That's what happened to kids from my neighbor-

hood the teacher believed.

How do we understand — trust — those who are not from our village? James Clifford explains the various methods anthropologists use to study other cultures. You may understand what you see from your own perspective, as if you landed on an unexpectedly populated Mars and had to understand what you saw from the perspective of Earth (as Eva Masters's father does). You may read what has been written about the culture to be studied to give you data, signposts and guidelines. You may choose someone from culture to explain things to you. (How do you know who to choose, who can be trusted?) You may become part of that culture — become one of them — after living in it — for how long? — ten years, twenty, thirty.

In some way the problems of the world are obvious. We trust only those from our village. The difficulty is our village is no longer self-contained, those we meet not from our village. This may force us to seek out those who circumstances, choice, inclination or fate are our own. We only stand more revealed, Olson says, and if that means we come to core, whether we stay in our village or not, it also means we never leave it.

Minding The Issues

About the Estate Tax – and the American Public

by Gordon Brumm

This is less about the federal Estate Tax than it is about the arguments commonly used to oppose the Estate Tax, and especially about the inglorious record compiled by –

- the American people for accepting these arguments;
- the media for facilitating the acceptance of the arguments;
- the political process for endorsing the arguments.

First, the basic facts: The Estate Tax, as the name implies, is a tax on the estate of a deceased person. Or better, it is a tax on estates passing down to the next generation, for when a married person dies the part of the estate that goes to the spouse is not taxed.

As with the income tax, the amount of the Estate Tax is determined in two ways. It amounts to a certain percentage of the taxable amount, and the taxable amount consists of the overall amount of the estate minus an exemption.

The Estate Tax was sharply reduced as part of the Bush 2001 tax cuts. Before that year, the exemption was \$650,000 per person (double that for a married couple). Under the Bush reduction, the exemption slowly rises, from \$1M in 2002, to \$3.5M in 2009. In 2010 the Estate Tax is scheduled to be repealed entirely. The rate (combined with the Gift Tax) slowly lowers from 50% in 2002 to 45% in 2009.

In 1999 (when the Estate Tax still had its strongest effect), only 2.3% of all estates were taxed, i.e. exceeded the exemption. (That percentage was of course lowered as the amount of the exemption increased.) The average size of the estates taxed was \$2.5M. Overall, the taxes collected that year totaled \$24.4 billion.

(These statistics come from a variety of sources, most notably *Death by a Thousand Cuts* by Graetz and Shapiro, p. 6.)

One of the most controversial points in the Estate Tax debate is the effect it has on family farms and businesses. The exact number of such estates that would be affected varies with time, of course, but the number is clearly low. To give a strong example, the Congressional Budget Office found that if the exemption level of \$2M had been effective in 2000, the nationwide number of farm estates taxed would have been 123, and the number of family businesses nationwide would have been 135. And remember, that is the number *taxed* -- not the number that would face dissolution because of the tax. The latter number would have been much smaller, according to the CBO, for the great majority of families would have had liquid assets sufficient to pay the tax without selling the business.

The impact of the Estate Tax – both who is affected and how great the crunch – can be adjusted to strike an appropriate balance between government and heir. It can be qualified to insure that family farms and businesses survive. But the basic issue is not about

proper adjustment. The basic issue is whether the Estate Tax should exist at all -- whether the Estate Tax is good or bad, right or wrong.

Those who favor the tax will push for retaining it with exemptions low enough to retain the tax as a significant revenue source. Those who oppose the tax will push to increase exemptions indefinitely and eventually to eliminate the Estate Tax altogether.

The commonly used arguments on this basic issue – for and against the Estate Tax in general – are what I want to consider here.

The most obvious argument in favor of the Estate Tax is that the government needs the money. As mentioned, the tax raised \$24.4B in 1999. Looking at the loss over a ten-year period from repealing the tax entirely, one estimate states that repeal would cost the treasury \$1 trillion over a ten-year period, counting both lost revenue (about \$800 billion) and interest on the debt increase (over \$200 billion), while another estimate pegs the cost at \$600 billion. In any case, the Estate Tax raises a lot of revenue. But is it a proper way to do so?

Given the financial benefit of the Estate Tax, the burden is on opponents. So before discussing additional arguments in favor, I will consider the arguments and claims commonly used to oppose the tax:

1) The Estate Tax is a “DEATH TAX.” This characterization is absurd on the face of it. We all die, but less than two percent of the American population will ever pay an Estate Tax, and those who pay it do so not because they die, but because they are heirs. The term “death tax” is emotive demagoguery apparently designed to insinuate the thought that the government is making things more difficult for heirs just at the time of their greatest bereavement. The American people – or better, a part of the American people – should be ashamed of themselves for being taken in.

2) The Estate Tax is DOUBLE TAXATION, i.e., the wealth of the deceased is taxed once during his or her lifetime, then taxed again at death. But we find many instances of double taxation – for instance, we all pay federal income tax and state income tax on the same income, and then we pay sales tax when we spend the money. And so on. The charge of double taxation simply has no foundation.

3) Everyone has a RIGHT TO DISPOSE OF ONE’S OWN WEALTH. If you endorse this principle, you are proposing to abolish all taxation. And the abolition of taxation in general would mean the end of civilization not only as we know it but as anyone knows it. If that is what you want, you are entitled

to argue for it, but you will probably not find many people who are willing to do away with civilization.

4) The Estate Tax DISCOURAGES SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT IN FAVOR OF CONSUMPTION. This argument is more respectable than the others, because at least it rests on an appeal to social welfare instead of individual greed. The argument is, of course, that if a person knows that his (or her) fortune will be taxed away at death, he will be less interested in leaving a fortune when he dies, and so during his lifetime he will spend the fortune on consumables.

This sounds good, at least for those in the lower rungs of Estate Tax-payers who haven’t yet bought everything they could possibly use. But let’s think about it.

Consider this: Suppose Mr. A has a certain amount of money in his estate before he dies. He could spend that money on things he will consume; or he could save it to pass on to his children. Suppose he chooses to pass the money on to his children at his death. Who is to say that the children will not consume the money themselves? Think of a young family suddenly rejoicing in an inherited windfall. Will they save and invest that money so that they can pass it on intact to their children? Or will they spend it on the house, vacations, perhaps private schools for the children, etc.? I think more probably the latter. In short, even if we assume that repeal of the estate tax functions as assumed, it will only stave off consumption for a generation.

Furthermore, this argument against the Estate Tax is based on suspect psychology. Suppose I am a conscientious parent, and I have set a goal of passing on a certain amount to my children. Suppose the goal is one million dollars. In the absence of an Estate Tax, I will work and invest until I have saved one million dollars. But suppose the Estate Tax is in effect and let’s say for sake of argument that its rate is 50%. In that case I will have to work and invest until I have two million dollars, if I am going to pass on a million to my heirs. The Estate Tax can be an incentive to save more, not less.

5) The Estate Tax BREAKS UP A MULTITUDE OF FAMILY FARMS AND BUSINESSES. The American people really fell for this one. I have already pointed out the small numbers of family farms and businesses that are affected – never mind dissolved – by the tax. Nevertheless, Graetz and Shapiro report (p. 6) that according to one poll 77% of the American people believed that the tax affects everyone. So you can understand how so many people were seized by the thought of families everywhere having to give up their cherished farms or business establishments to a greedy government.

Furthermore, it is at least conceivable that the tax on family farms and businesses can be adjusted without harming the tax setup overall.

6) An implicit argument: ANY AMERICAN MIGHT BE WEALTHY ONE DAY AND THUS SUFFER FROM THE ESTATE TAX. This is the flip side – the ridiculous side – of the “rags to riches” dream. Of course it is *possible* for an ordinary citizen to become wealthy – by winning the Mega-Bucks lottery, for example – but the odds are infinitesimal. And in the meantime paring down the Estate Tax means losing a lot of money that could go to worthwhile programs. I would suggest that this argument for repeal rests on fantasies akin to what readers seek in lurid accounts of celebrity escapades found in checkout-counter tabloids.

Now let’s take a brief look at some additional arguments in favor of the Estate Tax (in addition to its being a way of raising much-needed revenue):

1) The Estate Tax promotes EQUAL OPPORTUNITY or some semblance of it. The level playing field is one of the hallowed staples of American life. But the playing field is tilted in favor of those who inherit large fortunes. They get a leg up on life and the rest of us must compete – unfairly -- with them. Of course the Estate Tax cannot overcome all the unfair advantages of being born into a wealthy family, but it can help.

2) The Estate Tax ENCOURAGES CHARITABLE GIVING. The psychology here is easy to see: Charitable bequests are exempt from the tax, which means that an individual gets more from his money by giving to charities than from giving to heirs. Thus charitable impulses are encouraged, and without the tax that encouragement would be absent. The Congressional Budget Office has estimated that if the Estate Tax had been nonexistent in 2000, charitable donations would have been lessened by as much as \$25 billion that year.

3) The Estate Tax promotes MERITOCRATIC REWARDS. Warren Buffet, hardly an opponent of wealth creation, said that repealing the Estate Tax would amount to “choosing the 2020 Olympic team by picking the eldest sons of the gold-medal winners in the 2000 Olympics.” By tilting the playing field (discussed in argument #1 above), large inheritances put power in the hands of those who don’t necessarily have the greatest ability. Thus society suffers. The Estate Tax ameliorates the suffering.

It seems to me, therefore, that there is a solid case in favor of the Estate Tax. The fact that it has fallen into so much disfavor is a testament to the gullibility of the American public in accepting arguments that range from mistaken to absurd.

Pulse Of The City

TLC--The Fantastic Dentist, Dr. Tom Leatherman's Care

There I was, sitting in the comfortable and spacious anteroom of Doctor Thomas Leatherman, DDS, in Lorain County.

I had a real problem. My former dentist had tried several times to numb me for a procedure, and had been unable to do so. Dr. Tom was an old friend, and he thought he could take care of the problem. Although I had known Dr.Tom since he'd been a teenager, I just did not think that I wanted to drive out to Lorain to have dental work done. Now, I was desperate...and more than a little apprehensive.

When it comes to dentists, my knees turn to jelly and my skin turns clammy. No matter how dentists have tried to make me feel comfortable, it never worked. I've had trouble with my upper teeth for many years, and now I was about to entrust my precious choppers to this, this KID--many years my junior. What had I done?

Upon entering, I was directed to a lounge chair that reminded me of a spacecraft's seat. Computer monitors and screens surrounded me, as well as equipment that seemed to resemble a space shuttle's command console.

After I was seated, Dr.Tom emerged, and with his winning smile and a few jokes, he proceeded to take care of business. With the most painless and efficient numbing that I've ever experienced, he then let me view an educational dental film on the screen above my chair while he did the work required. In fact, you could even watch a DVD of your choice, if you wanted to.

I had some old metal crowns and silver fillings, and Dr.Tom suggested that the new materials, particularly the way they could be fit, would be a vast improvement, as the old crowns had some decay at their base. I asked him how long it took to make a crown. With a wry smile, he said, "About fifteen minutes, and I'll let you see it being made."

Dr.Tom then proceeded to scan the old crown with a computer-connected wand, and then entered the data into his computer. After making some minor adjustments, he sent the data to a machine that precisely cut a perfect crown in minutes, as I looked on, amazed. My crown was in and I was out the door before I had finished watching his film! In addition, it fit precisely to the base, and could not be distinguished from my other teeth.

I ended up replacing all my crowns (none of your business, how many!) with Dr.Tom's natural-looking CAD-CAM wonders. Now, I have a great, natural-looking smile again, if I do say so myself!

CAD-CAM (Computer aided design and manufacture) has entered

Gary Rice



Dr. Tom Leatherman

a host of manufacturing applications, and now it is a part of modern dentistry. Dr.Tom has been at the cutting edge with his dental practice since taking up the reins from his father many years ago. His father, as well, did wonderful innovative work with many complex dental problems, including bite adjustments. He was a pioneer in TMJ treatments in the late 1970's and was one of the first dentists in Lorain

County to utilize highspeed dentistry.

The Doctors Leatherman have become Lorain legends over the years. People have come from miles around to seek their assistance. In the past few years, Dr.Tom has modernized his office even more, employing several compassionate and efficient dental technicians for cleaning, as well as having a fantastic and friendly office staff.

A children's play area, complete

with computer, graces a corner of his beautiful waiting room. A photo album of Dr.Tom with his young patients sits on the coffee table. A cup of hot, fresh coffee is available, as well as the daily paper and a television.

A Lakewoodite of 24 years, Dr.Tom has a lovely wife, Judy, and two children, Tommy and Laura. The whole family continues to be active with music and numerous community activities. Judy has been active with various PTA groups, as well as the Junior Women's Club. Dr.Tom is an adopt-a-spot volunteer, among his many other activities.

In addition to his dental practice, Dr. Tom continues to utilize his musical talents. He plays keyboards with the "Fat Chants" all-occasion band (<http://www.fatchantsband.com/>).

With his state-of-the-art dental technology and his interest in all things Lakewood, I, for one, am quite grateful that Dr.Tom and his family are active and vital people who contribute to the pulse of our city.

Finally, Dr.Tom feels very strongly about patient education, and has asked me to direct you to that part of his website (www.TLCare1.com) having answers about virtually everything dental that you might need to know.

You Are Here

"I'd Tell Them I Like the People"

Jason Weiner

Roy Williams works at the Phoenix Coffeehouse in Lakewood. His favorite place is the Marjorie Building where the coffeehouse is located. Roy, who is 42, is a man of few words, but he ably described what many of us love most about Lakewood. It's a place to find friends, he said, where kindness is met in passing on the street. We met with Roy on a Saturday afternoon in January at the Phoenix Coffeehouse on Detroit Avenue.

When I asked Roy, "What do you like about Lakewood?", his reply was quick and sure: "Nice people." That Lakewood is home to many nice folks is a theme that connects many, if not all, of the people I've talked with during the course of this project. I asked Roy to expand on this idea for me. "It's nice to have friends in Lakewood," he said, emphasizing that he has a lot of friends here. "Like Julie, the boss. She's nice," he said, referring to Julie Hutchison, owner of the Phoenix Coffeehouse where Roy works. He also enjoys spending time with his



Roy Williams at the Phoenix Coffeehouse.

friend Mariana at the coffeehouse.

Working at the Phoenix has given Roy the opportunity to see some of his favorite local musicians up close and personal. He shared with me that Anne E. DeChant, Cleveland-area singer/songwriter, comes in to the Phoenix on occasion to work on her computer. "I'm her number one fan," he says, smiling.

Roy is also a big fan of many local businesses, particularly the Record Exchange. When I asked him what it was about the Record Exchange that he liked, he told me about their collection of videos and DVD's, and that he is always able to find some of his favorites

on sale there, like Disney movies. Roy also likes Marc's, across the street from Phoenix, because of their sales.

And like many other Lakewood residents, Roy cited good public transportation as a key asset for our town. Roy said he uses the RTA frequently to get around Lakewood and other communities.

My final question to Roy is one I ask everyone who participates in this project: If you were to convince someone why they should move to Lakewood, what would you tell them? The answer may come as no surprise: "I'd tell them I like the people."

And so do we, Roy.

Minding The Issues - On Another Note

A Hurrah for Kevin O'Brien

It is important to give credit when it is due, so I am glad to acknowledge that Kevin O'Brien was right on the mark in his P.D. column of January 24, wherein he praised a broad liberal education curriculum and criticized standardized testing.

The unfortunate irony is that O'Brien throws all this away when he turns to politics. A liberal education instills skills of analysis and criticism, which are painfully absent in O'Brien's ham-handed, simplistic approach to such matters as the war in Iraq.

Lakewood New Business

Lakewood. Hardware. Finally.

by John Palmer

What do a policeman, hair stylist, fireman, cement worker, data analyst, retiree, and PR professional, all have in common?

All of them have sacrificed personal and professional time to help make a dream a reality.

After years without a hardware store inside its city limits, Lakewood homeowners, landlords and tenants now have one. Lakewood Hardware is the fulfillment of a 10-year dream of Glenn Palmer and his wife Chris. His work for both Sutton Hardware in Cleveland, and Bobson's Hardware in Lakewood led Glenn to strike out on his own. That was after first "striking out" in his attempt to buy Bobson's. It now looks like the silver lining is getting a fresh start in a better building and a better location.

Glenn and Chris also operate Cuttin' Loose Hair Salon, adjacent to the new Harding school and directly across the street from the hardware store. For 4 years Glenn stared at those vacant storefronts before contacting the building owner. The property was divided into 3 separate storefronts, but Glenn believed the 3600 square feet would be just the right size for his hardware venture. Of course, that would be after a monstrous demolition and construc-

tion effort.

During the 5-month process, Glenn has been the recipient of a genuine outpouring of support from neighbors, friends and relatives that believe in him. During that time, the electrical system was upgraded and new light fixtures were installed. Utility lines were moved or replaced. An entire wall was removed, and an engineering firm was hired to oversee the demolition of a section of brick wall to provide access between the storefronts. The entire floor – covered in layers of paint and tarpaper – was sanded and sealed with Linseed oil.

Lakewood Hardware will carry a full line of plumbing, electrical, painting, and building supplies. In addition, they will provide services not readily available, like glass and screen cutting, and window repair. You'll be able to buy various kinds of pipe plus have it cut and immediately threaded. You can have lamps and faucets repaired, new window shades cut, and keys cut and locks re-keyed. No more running around from store to store.

Lakewood Hardware is located at 16608 Madison Avenue. When you enter through the refinished front door, you'll take a step back in time to when local hardware stores knew their community and their business. A lifelong



Showing they know their stuff Glen Palmer, family and friends gut two store fronts to bring Lakewood a hardware store again. It will also be nice seeing "Palmer" on Madison again. Glen's dad and granddad had Palmer's Meat on Madison in the 60s.

Lakewood resident, Glenn knows the challenges that face owners of century old homes. You'll find knowledgeable answers to your questions tempered by the wisdom of experience. An awareness of city building codes is also a big plus.

So, Lakewood shoppers finally have an independent, local hardware store to call their own. Glenn and Chris, their family and friends are

thrilled to share this great news with you. And, as many of you know, this time I'm more than just a journalist. As Glenn's brother, I am immensely proud of him as a person and as a professional. I believe you will find him to be helpful and an essential asset to your home repair and construction projects.

He's got a pretty good track record with me!

Lakewood Music Reviews

by Bob Ignizio



The Chrome Kickers – 'Bring Your Doom' (Bully Boy Records)

The Chrome Kickers have been kicking around the Cleveland music scene since 2002, but this is their first album of studio material. If you've seen these guys live, you'll be happy to see all your favorites are here, including "There Goes the Graveyard", "Shake the Baby", "Arthur", and the sort-of cover of The Plague's "Nazi Submarine" (I say sort-of cover since both guitarist Bob Sablack and vocalist Mike Duncan were in The Plague). The production is raw without sounding cheap, and the band performs with just as much ferocity as when they play live. While no one would ever confuse these guys with a pop punk band, the songs are still catchy and memorable. Fans of eighties hardcore should definitely check this out. For more info, go to <http://www.chromekickers.com>.



Tilt 360 – 'Point Blank' (self released)

Tilt 360 blends together influences from just about every mainstream modern rock band of the last decade or so. Chunka-chunka macho metal riffs and growling vocals on "Point Blank" give way to the Pearl Jam-esque ballad "Long Road". "Remain With Grey" alternates heavy parts that sound like Phil Anselmo singing for Pantera with Red Hot Chili Peppers-style melodic passages. Then the band goes funk metal on the fourth and final track of this demo, "Blindspot". To be fair to the band, I'm not really into any of the most of their influences, so it's not surprising that 'Point Blank' doesn't do much for me. Regardless of my tastes, the band knows how to write fairly catchy commercial rock songs and they can definitely play. But I'd also have to say that there are plenty of other bands doing similar stuff better. For more info, go to <http://www.myspace.com/officialtilt360>.

Lakewood Phoenix Coffee



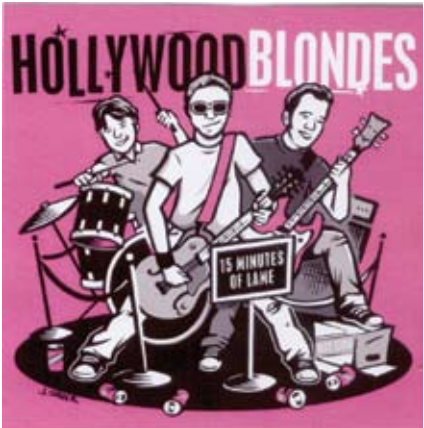
15108 Detroit Ave. Lakewood, OH 44107 216-226-4401

Fine Tea Selection

Artisan Roasted Beans

Mexican Cocoa

Fresh Brewed Chai



Hollywood Blondes – '15 Minutes of Fame' (self released)

This disc only half lives up to its name. It is indeed 15 minutes long, give or take a few seconds. However, lame it most definitely isn't. No, the Blondes aren't breaking any new musical ground here with their upbeat melodic punk rock. However, if you enjoy bands like Screeching Weasel and The Queers, you'll most likely dig Hollywood Blondes as well. Good hooks abound, and vocalist Stiv can actually sing. The band sounds really tight, and the production is crisp without sounding too polished. As you would expect from the genre, the lyrics aren't especially deep, dealing mainly with girls and having fun. If you think there are already enough bands doing this kind of thing, I doubt the Blondes will change your mind. But if you're a fan of the genre, you can't do much better than this here disc. For more info, go to <http://www.myspace.com/hollywoodblondes>.

Lakewood Arts

Upcoming Events

Beck Center for the Arts
17801 Detroit Avenue 216.521.2540

Annual Faculty Art Show in the Jean Bulicek Art Galleria. Artwork on exhibit includes a variety of media such as ceramics, drawing, photography, watercolors, and oil painting and features the work of the following accomplished artists – Nancy Cintron, Susan Gallagher, Mel Grunau, Susan Miranda, Patricia H. Sigmier, and Marilyn Szalay. The Beck Center welcomes visitors to tour this exciting exhibition through March 18. This exhibit is free and open to the public. For gallery hours, call the Beck Center at 216-521-2540

bela dubby
13221 Madison Avenue 216.221.4479

This month, Chris Swieger is back with a brand new show called “Pieces” with works using resin. A little birdie told me has a new line of jewelry that is sure to impress. Hours: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday 10 am – 10 pm, Friday and Saturday 10am-midnight.

Cleveland Artist’s Foundation
17801 Detroit Avenue—inside the Beck Center 216-227-9484

“Visions of a City with Soul: Four Photographers in Cleveland” exhibit curated by Sharon Dean and William Busta. Works from Arthur Gray, William Barnhill, Jasper Wood and Andrew Borowiec. Show runs through March 31, 2007. Andrew Borowiec, 2006 Cleveland Arts Prize winner, will be speaking in the Cleveland Artists Foundation Gallery. The talk will be held in the gallery on February 7, 2007. Call 216-227-9507 for more details or email nledwards@clevelandartists.org.

Local Girl Gallery
16106 Detroit Avenue 216.228.1802

Saturday, February 10th, 7-10pm—“Change for Change”—A benefit supporting the Cleveland Colectivo. Artist inspired “Social Change” banks will be auctioned. For more info regarding the Cleveland Colectivo go to <http://www.clevelandcolectivo.org/> This is an amazing mission. Hours: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday 12-5pm, Friday and Saturday, 12-6pm.

Pop Shop Gallery and Studio
17020 Madison Avenue 216.227.8440

Next up “The Real King James”-- Opening Saturday, February 10th from 6pm-9pm.. Hours: Monday-Friday 4pm-8pm, Saturday 2pm-6pm.

Wobblefoot Gallery and Frame Studio
1662 Mars Avenue 216.226.2971

Hours: Tuesday – Friday 10am-6pm, Saturday 10am-4pm.

MUSIC

Open-Mic Night — Every Thursday Merry Arts Pub & Grille, 15607 Detroit Ave., Lakewood 226-4080, 10pm

Retro-Rock-a-Bowl — Friday, February 9th, from 9:30pm-1am at Mahall’s Rock to KB and Riptides—this is an All-Ages Show. Cost \$10.

DANCE

Swing Dance
FEBRUARY 9 - The Boilermaker Jazz Band COST: \$10/person, \$7/studentr.
TIME: 8pm - 12am, LIVE Band & DJ music.
Get Hep Swing Jitterbug lesson from 8-9pm
LOCATION: Lakewood Masonic Temple

Auditions for National Dance Week
Sunday, February 11th at the Beck Center for the Arts 17801 Detroit Avenue
Ballet Dancers ages 8-12, 2-3 p.m. and ages 13 and over, same day& location at 3-4 p.m. Please contact director Margaret Holden 216 221 4236 or margaretholden1202@sbcglobal.net Wanted: Representatives in Ohio area for National Dance Week. Contact the National organization at www.NationalDanceWeek.com

Gallery, dance and Music news and event information should be forwarded to gallerywatchgals@yahoo.com. Every effort will be made to include it in our next column.

Arts & Entertainment Watch

Ruthie Koenigsmark

What do Poetry, Garage Jazz, and Lakewood all have in common??? I’ll let you in on a little secret...it seems we have a poetry magazine emerging right in our midst.

On January 26 a Fundraiser/Poetry/Music Jam was held to help support Moonlit, a newly created Poetry Magazine publishing the works of up-and-coming and “discovered” poets from around the Country. Claire McMahon, PhD, a Lakewoodite extraordinaire, is the co-editor, contributing poet and the coordinator of the evening’s events. Claire is an English Professor at various universities throughout the Cleveland area and a resident of our town.

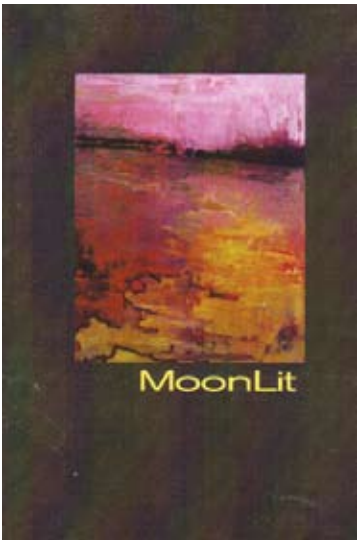
The evening’s events included Garage Jazz from Jody and Jeff Dobas. What is Garage Jazz, you ask? Venture into the Merry Arts on Detroit some Thursday evening to see for your-

self. If you’re lucky you will catch this dynamic Lakewood duo perform. Their performance for the Moonlit event was “poetry in motion”.

The crowd also enjoyed the provocative poetry and musical style of Ray McNiece, author of six books of poetry, and his band, Tongue-in-Groove. A crowd favorite was his Cleveland Lovesong—though personally I am holding out for the Lakewood version of this very witty, relevant ode to Cleveland.

Finally, the evening’s nightcap, a silent auction to benefit the magazine which successfully raised funds and awareness. You haven’t heard the last of Moonlit; stay tuned to for more poetry and parties in 2007.

Any poets interested in submitting works or advertisers can send works or inquiries to: Moonlit 2652 W. Logan Blvd, 1F Chicago, IL 60647.



Concert Calendar

The Hi Fi Concert Club (11729 Detroit Avenue. Lakewood, OH)

Saturday February 10 it’s Robin Stone with UFO (not the seventies band!) and Alexis Antes. Robin Stone plays sort of a jazzy funk (or funky jazz) style of music, while Alexis Antes is in more of a folksy singer/songwriter vein. Both artists are on the Cleveland based Shelovesyou Records label, and both are also currently nominated in the Free Times Music Awards. 18 and over only.

Saturday February 17 it’s Horror of 59 with The Lurking Corpses, Full-moon Renegades, and Smoke Theory. Who says you have to wait ‘til Halloween to get your horror rock fix? This is a 16 and over show and starts at 9pm. Admission is \$5 for 21 and over, \$8 for 16-20.

The Winchester Tavern (12112 Madison Avenue. Lakewood, OH)

Wednesday February 7 it’s the Chris Duarte band. Texas based guitarist Chris Duarte has been playing clubs since he was 15. His style of playing blends jazz, blues, and rock n roll, and he often gets compared to Stevie Ray Vaughn and Johnny Winter. Show starts at 8:30pm. No opening act. All ages. Admission is \$10.

Friday February 9 it’s Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen with openers Crookneck Chandler & the Tibbi Bottom Boys. The Airmen started playing their brand of country tinged rock in Michigan in 1967, but it wasn’t until the group relocated to San Francisco that they released their 1971 debut album ‘Lost in the Ozone’. That album scored the band their one and only hit single with the song “Hot Rod Lincoln”. The original version of the band broke up in 1976, but the Commander has continued on with new recruits. Show starts at 9pm. All ages. Admission is \$12.



bela dubby

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Classifieds/Real Estate

Classified ads can be placed online using your credit card at www.lakewoodobserver.com under classifieds or by stopping in to the Lakewood Observer office at 14900 Detroit Ave., suite #205.



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Lakewood Pets

New State Law Can Help Local Pets

by Mike Deneen

Thousands of Lakewood residents love their pets. In fact, most consider their pets to be part of the family. They spend lots of time and money making sure that their companion animals are happy and healthy. However, there is one eventuality that many local pet owners fail to consider. What happens

to your pet in the event of your death? A recently passed Ohio law is designed to help pet owners plan for their animals' future.

It is certainly not a happy thought but one that must be considered. If you die, your pets are legally considered property, no different than your clothes or furniture. Without proper planning, orphaned pets can potentially wind up

in the custody of someone unwilling or unable to properly care for them. Your pet could even be sent to a shelter or dumped out into the street by your surviving relatives. To make sure that your pets are taken care of, here are a few suggestions:

- do not assume that your children or relatives are willing to take your pets...specifically ask them if they are willing to do so
- make sure that the heir understands the time and effort required to own a pet. This is especially important if they have never been pet owners before. Many orphaned animals are turned out by first-time pet owners that inherited the animal from a loved one
- if your heirs are not comfortable with adopting your pet, seek a commitment from another family member or friend
- make sure that the potential adopter's home is a good match for your animal. For example, if you have an large, active dog, a small apartment might not be good.
- if your pet has any special needs, make sure to leave instructions on

medical care, feeding and other habits

Once you have identified a willing and acceptable adopter, it is prudent to leave behind some financial assistance to cover the pet's expenses. After all, this person is already doing you a great favor, so if possible it is courteous to cover expenses. A portion of your life insurance can be designated for such as purpose. The amount of money necessary can vary widely, depending on the age, health and type of pets involved.

A new Ohio law that took effect in 2007 is designed to help residents with this dilemma. The new law allows residents to establish trust funds for their pets. Owners will be able to set up a fund that designates a caregiver and includes instructions on who will manage the money. Unlike traditional wills, money can be distributed from a trust without potentially being tied up in probate for many months. For more information on estate planning for your pets, contact your lawyer, accountant or financial planner. With a little planning, you can make your pet's transition to its new life much easier.

“Miracle Dog” Needs a Home



by Mike Deneen

As we all know, winter in Lakewood has been especially brutal recently.. The cold temperatures are especially tough on homeless animals, including one little dog that was recently saved by Lakewood's Animal Control officers. The brave little dog, known as Punchy, is now in need of a loving home.

Punchy was found cowering in a garage on Chesterland Avenue on January 24th. The temperature was freezing when Animal Control Officer Mike Stewart rescued him. The little dog, which weighed under ten pounds, looked awful. He was severely dehydrated and had frostbite on both

ears. He was taken immediately to Lakewood Animal

Hospital, where his body temperature was too low to even register on the thermometer. They gave him fluids and put him on medication.

After spending a night in the hospital, he arrived at the Lakewood Animal Shelter. “When we got him here to the shelter he was feeling so bad that we wrapped him up in blankets” said Shelter Supervisor Elaine Hearn, “we took turns holding him and getting him used to being touched.”

Punchy has recovered and was won over by the persistent shelter staff and volunteers. “He started out flinching every time we touched him but now he loves to be held”. Now that Punchy is feeling better, it is time for him to start a new chapter in life. He is available for adoption from the Lakewood Animal Shelter. He is 2-3 years old and gets along with other dogs and cats. If you are interested in adopting Punchy, call the Lakewood Animal Shelter at 216-529-5020. For more information on the Lakewood Animal Shelter, visit the CCLAS website at cclas.org

Adopt A Pet



“Ernie” is a male neutered and declawed short haired cat approximately 3 years old. He is very affectionate and gets along well with other cats and dogs.

Contact Lakewood Animal Shelter at:
216-529-5020