

Dayton's Bluff District Forum

"The Voice of the Community"



Photo by Robert Johnstone

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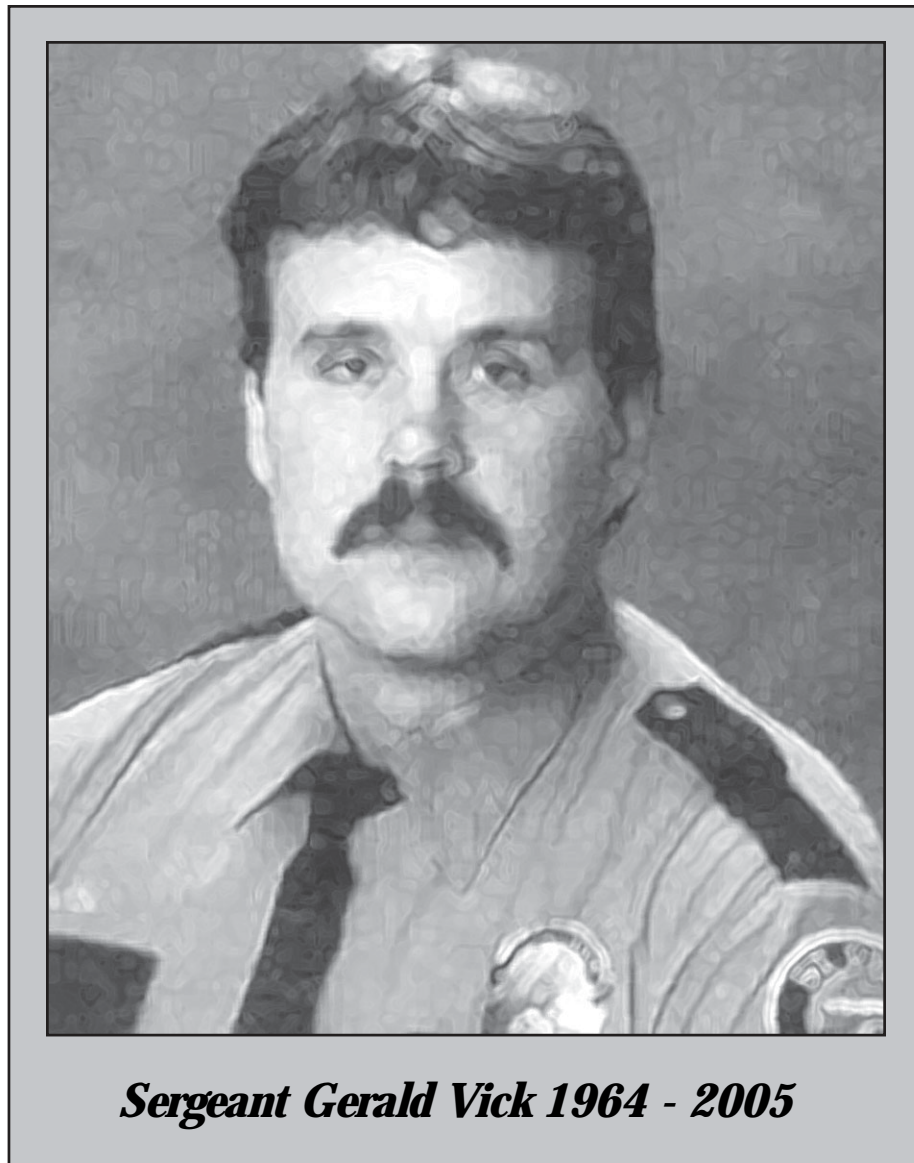
Goodbye, Sgt. Vick

By Bob Holmes

After helicopters buzzed in circles above my neighborhood, after the swarm of patrol cars thinned, after the candlelight vigil at Sacred Heart Church, I timidly ventured out to the M & H for a snack. It was then that I was struck with gratitude for the uncommon bravery of Sgt. Vick and others like him. I felt bad for his family and those who knew him and I felt sad that the neighborhood had to go through this again.

I feel worse that I didn't go to the vigil to commiserate or connect in some way with people from my neighborhood. I guess I didn't, partly because my head was still spinning like those helicopter blades, and partly because I wouldn't have known what to say; fearing that any condolences on my part might have seemed hollow and insincere, because I didn't know Sgt. Vick. All untrue I realized later. All of the articles I've read about Sgt. Vick after the tragedy gave me hope and made me realize that people like him do exist – not just his bravery which is plainly evident, but also the fact that he genuinely cared about the public he served.

I just want to say that I'm sorry that we had to lose such a fine police officer and to generally express my gratitude for the efforts of the police department as a whole. ■



Sergeant Gerald Vick 1964 - 2005

Neighborhood Sale

The Dayton's Bluff Community Council will be holding a Neighborhood Sale on Saturday, June 11. The Neighborhood Sale is from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. at Hamm Park, located at East 7th Street and Greenbrier. This is an open event, and if you have something to sell, each family participating is asked for a \$10 donation to help cover advertising and other expenses. For those who are selling items, set up in Hamm Park at East 7th and Greenbrier is at 8:00 a.m. on the 11th.

Or if you have items you want to get rid of and do not want to spend the day selling, donate them to the Dayton's Bluff Community Council and they will sell them as part of their fundraiser.

The Dayton's Bluff Neighborhood Sale will feature many fine items for the home and family. This is a great way to clear out clutter and find new treasures. Come meet your neighbors! Call the Dayton's Bluff Community Council at 651-772-2075 for more information. ■

Hmong Beliefs About Life and Death

by Nachee Lee, Executive Director, Dayton's Bluff Community Council

Hmong believe that the proper burial and worship of ancestors directly influences the health, safety and prosperity of the family. This effort goes directly into the funeral process. The Hmong traditional funeral process usually requires more than five days to conduct the ritual ceremony before sending the deceased person away. Often the funeral ceremony takes place inside the family home of the deceased. The dead person's corpse or body would be hung at the center wall of the house until being taken out to be buried. Through the long funeral process many rituals were done: animals slain—especially cows, chickens and pigs, and incenses and spirit money were burned.

A traditional Hmong funeral is common for people of all ages. Children usually attend the funeral ceremony to learn about the process and rituals. In addition, relatives and guests are cordially invited to attend the funeral for both emotional and resource support, and mourning. Close relatives are mandated to attend.

Hmong believe that long ago people came to life from the soil, and when they die their bodies or corpses should be buried back into the ground to become soil again. Therefore, Hmong do not believe in cremation.

Traditional Hmong believe that life and death are consistent. They believe that when someone is born, one is taken from the spirit parents known as the "Ob Niam Txiv Kab Yeeb", or a couple that gives babies to married couples - inducted through ritual into the world of living. It is believed that when a person dies, that person must be sent back to the spiritual world to be with the ancestors. If not properly sent back, the soul of the indecent dead can cause harm to the living family. Such harm can be physical injuries and/or

'Life and Death' continues on page 6

Garden Tour!

'Greening Dayton's Bluff' is planning a number of walking garden tours in Dayton's Bluff this summer. Tours generally consist of ten to fifteen Dayton's Bluff residents and afficianadoes admiring our neighborhood's beautiful gardens and getting new ideas for their own gardens. It's a great way to get reacquainted with the neighborhood, get out of the house for a little light exercise, and meet your neighbors. If you would like to have your garden on a tour or if you would like to have one of these tours in your area call Karin at 651-772-2075. ■

Movies Return to Mounds Theatre

It has been thirty eight years since movies were shown at the Mounds Theatre. That changes this summer when movies return to the Mounds for the first time since July 1967. These will be real 35mm motion pictures, not videos or DVDs, shown on a full size movie screen using modern projection and sound equipment.

The tentative schedule is as follows:

"Some Like It Hot" (1959 – no rating) starring Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe. This classic comedy will be shown on Friday June 3rd and Saturday June 4th at 7 p.m.

"The Wizard of Oz" (1939 – no rating) starring Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr and Jack Haley. Everyone has seen this movie on TV but nothing compares to seeing the Land of Oz and the Emerald City on the big screen. Don't miss this chance to go over the rainbow. Show times are 7 p.m. on Friday June 24th, and 1 p.m. and 7 p.m. on Saturday June 25th.

"Blade Runner" (1982 – rated R) starring Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer. Ford has to track down renegade androids in future Los Angeles. Director Ridley Scott's dark and ominous vision of L.A. can only be truly appreciated when seen as a movie, not on video. See it at the Mounds on Friday July 15th or Saturday July 16th at 7 p.m.

"The General" (1925 – no rating) starring Buster Keaton. This silent movie

'Movies' continues on page 2

Hamm's Brewery Receives Heritage Preservation Award

The Saint Paul Heritage Preservation Commission (HPC) and the Saint Paul Chapter of the American Institute of Architects (AIA) presented their 2005 Preservation Awards at this year's 15th Annual Heritage Preservation Awards Program, held on Tuesday May 17 at Mount Zion Temple, located at 1300 Summit Avenue. Master of ceremonies was Larry Millett, author and architecture critic, and welcoming remarks were given by Mayor Randy Kelly and City Council President Kathy Lantry.

The preservation awards recognize projects, individuals and organizations that enhance and celebrate Saint Paul's history and promote preservation values and compatible design for a more liveable city. Two of the awards had special significance for Dayton's Bluff.

A yet to be rehabilitated Hamm's Brewery is not a usual suspect for a heritage preservation award, but this year the Brewery Complex was awarded a "Vote of Confidence"-a quality preservation project having difficulty being fully realized.

A core group of citizens and the Friends of Upper Swede Hollow were recognized for their advocacy and endurance in assuring that brewery buildings are preserved and the site is utilized to its fullest. Securing a United Way grant, researching and writing the National Register of Historic Places nomination,

'Preservation' continues on page 8

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Church Directory

First Lutheran Church

463 Maria Ave.
St. Paul, MN 55106
651-776-7210
1 block N. of
Metropolitan
State University

Sunday Worship - 9:00 am

Fellowship - 9:45 am

Nursery & Handicapped Accessible

ALL ARE WELCOME!

List your church in
the Forum
Directory, call:
651-772-2075



Bethlehem Lutheran

655 Forest Street
St. Paul, MN 55106
651-776-4737
Corner of Forest & Margaret

Saturday Evening Service
5:00 pm

Sunday Morning Service
9:00 am

Sunday School and Bible Hour
10:15-11:15 am

Hmong Service
Sunday 11:15 am



Home Tour visitors on the back deck of the Brownstones over looking Swede Hollow Park.



Home tour volunteers John and Marge Smith in the kitchen of one of the homes checking in visitors.

'Movies' from page 1:

harkens back to the early days of motion pictures. If you missed it in 1925, you can catch it at the Mounds Theatre on Friday July 29th at 7 p.m. or Saturday July 30th at 1 p.m. and 7 p.m.

All tickets are \$5.00 and concessions are reasonably priced. The Mounds Theatre is handicap accessible. Come see these great shows in air-conditioned comfort this summer.

The Mounds Theatre is located at 1029 Hudson Road, St. Paul, MN 55106. Call 651-772-2075 or visit www.moundstheatre.org for updates on films and show times. ■

Create Your Own Music

We are doing something this summer that some of your kids might be interested in. It's for girls and the description of the program is as follows: CREATE YOUR OWN MUSIC - Fee \$50/Participation limited to 16 girls, ages 11 to 13 Cost of the workshop includes all supplies and lunch, August 15 -27 Schedule June 28 to August 5: Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 11 am to 1 pm. August 15 to 27 Monday through Saturday, 11am to 5 pm August 27 - Hearing Girls - Performance Create your own music with "Hearing Girls" Spend the summer exploring the sounds of Indian Mounds Park. Become an expert listener as you learn how to capture sound with a mini-disc recorder and then transform it into music using a computer. Invent and play your own musical instruments and create "sound art" using your body and your voice. Maybe even write a musical composition for the wind and a chorus of trees. Composer Michelle Nagi will collaborate with a group of girls to help them understand the sonic ecology of Mounds Park and Dayton's Bluff through creative listening and sound play. At the end of the summer, the Hearing Girls group will present an exciting and totally original multi-media performance in the park. Each girl will contribute to the show by writing and performing music, making instruments and helping out behind the scenes. This is a hands-on, performance-oriented workshop designed just for girls. No musical training or special equipment is needed. At the end of the summer, each girl will take home a journal

full of notes, drawings and photographs from the workshop, plus an audio CD. Zac - Michelle received the McKnight Fellowship grant, to do this program. She is from New York and will be staying here for the duration of her program. Let me know if you know of any girls that might be interested. Thanks. Raeann ■

A Bold Journey Through Time

Long before TV had survivors, fear factors and amazing races, it had bold journeys, or more specifically, a program called "Bold Journey." Back in the 1950s, in glorious black and white, "Bold Journey" took viewers on weekly real life adventures all over the world.

There weren't any phony competitions to see who would get booted off an island, who could eat the most disgusting thing, or who would get home first. Almost fifty years ago this was being done for real and the results were much more authentic than today's so-called reality shows.

On Saturday June 18th, many of these "Bold Journey" programs will be shown at the Mounds Theatre. At 1 p.m., see what sort of bold journeys women were taking a half a century ago. Then at 7 p.m. watch some of the men's adventures.

These shows are fun for the whole family and are surprisingly interesting and relevant even today. Many of these half hour segments contain the original commercials from the show's only sponsor, the Ralston Co. They give whole new meanings to words corny and low-tech.

Tickets for either the matinee or evening show are \$5. The Mounds Theatre is located at 1029 Hudson Road, St. Paul, MN 55106. Call 651-772-2075 or visit www.moundstheatre.org for more information. ■

A Magical Evening

Tristan Christ and his "Illusions of Reality" magic show will be coming to the Mounds Theatre on July 1st and 2nd. Both shows are at 8:00 pm. Tickets are \$10 for adults and \$7 for children. Tickets may be reserved by emailing tickets@christmagic.com or calling the

Mounds Theatre at 651-772-2075.

The "Illusions of Reality" magic show is an incredible performance of magic and illusion that draws the audience into a state of child-like wonder. Known for their incredible stage presence, magician Tristan Christ and assistant Amanda Doerr present a high-energy theatrical event that is perfect for the family audience.

Mr. Christ developed an interest in the performing arts at a very young age. Performing his first public show at the age of thirteen, Christ's act has grown from birthday parties to large illusion shows. With a theatre and dance background he brings a wide variety of experience to the stage. Having trained with the Milwaukee Ballet School for six years, acted in various theatrical productions for fourteen years, and performed magic professionally for over nine years, Tristan has the experience necessary to bring a high level of performance to every show!

Tristan believes all of the elements he incorporates into the show combine to make his act unique.

"I strive to create a show that has more than just magic tricks. The performance is filled with colorful costumes, flashy lighting, comedy, dance, audience participation, music, juggling, and illusion. I am not just a magician performing sleight-of-hand, but a theatrical storyteller drawing the audience into a unique world of illusion and make-believe." -Tristan Christ

Assistant Amanda Doerr joined the show in May 2004. She has an expansive background in dance, and a degree from the nationally esteemed dance program at the University of Wisconsin Stevens Point. Amanda has the hardest job in the show as she floats, vanishes, and sometimes gets

cut in half. She is also featured throughout the show in several beautiful dances that are integrated into the magic routines. Amanda's dancing has brought the show to new levels and proves that a magic performance can truly become a theatrical art form. Amanda's favorite part of the show is when she gets to lock the magician up in a special tribute to escape artist Harry Houdini.

For more information about magician Tristan Christ, visit www.christmagic.com.

The Mounds Theatre is located at 1029 Hudson Road, St. Paul, MN 55106. Call 651-772-2075 or visit www.moundstheatre.org for more information regarding this show and other events. ■

Space Available For National Night Out

The people of Mounds Park United Methodist Church would like to partner with folks interested in putting together a great event for National Night out, August 2. We have a parking lot to share and a heart for our neighbors in Dayton's Bluff. In 2003 and 2004 we put on a Carnival for the neighborhood near the end of August. This year we would like to combine that fun event with National Night Out. We are looking for partners to join us in the planning and implementation. We would love to jump start Block Club activity in the area. To join the effort, please call Beth Mueller at 735-0178. Thank you! ■

CLUES Facility: A National Model For Service

Stacy Opitz, Public Relations Coordinator -

Chicanos Latinos Unidos En Servicio (CLUES) is making history as one of the first Latino-led agencies in the United States to provide an integrated array of health and human services at one location.

The new CLUES facility, located at 797 East 7th Street, will house four of CLUES' five core services and a bicultural and bilingual primary health care clinic, HealthEast Salud Integral (slated to open this summer). This 'one-stop shop' is increasing access to a wide array of services and drawing Latinos from a four-state region (Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Western Wisconsin).

The CLUES integrated model of service is becoming a national model for how to best serve the Spanish-speaking Latino community throughout the United States. Latinos will be able to access behavioral health, medical and social services at one convenient location in the heart of the St. Paul's growing Latino community. CLUES is a client-driven agency committed to building upon the strengths and assets of our community. The agency works to strengthen families and individuals and to foster economic success, wellness and self-sufficiency within the



Pati and Helio on their way to enter the new groundbreaking CLUES facility.

Latino community.

In 2004, CLUES has over 32,000 client visits. Through the CLUES Latino Learning Institute, 569 volunteer tutors provided 9,293 hours of instruction to 2,416 adult learners. Additionally, the Employment Department helped 297 individuals find and retain employment for at least 90 days with an average wage of \$9.04 per hour. As Minnesota's only provider of dual diagnostic behavioral health services for Spanish-speakers, CLUES had a total of 6,500 client visits in our Mental and Chemical Health Departments.

CLUES is Minnesota's premier Latino social and behavioral health services agency serving the community for 24 years. Our mission is to "enhance the quality of life of the Chicano Latino community in Minnesota." At three sites in Minneapolis and St. Paul, the agency provides a continuum of five core services: Mental Health, Chemical Health,

Education, Employment and Elder Wellness. Recent recognitions include:

- * 2004 - Ranked among the top 25 Hispanic nonprofits in the United States by Hispanic Business Magazine
- * 2003 - National Healthcare Affiliate of the Year - Helen Trías Rodríguez Award National Council of La Raza
- * 2002 - Outstanding Community Organization of the Year Award - La Prensa de Minnesota

For more information, contact Stacy Opitz by phone: 651-379-4212 or email: sopitz@clues.org.

Auditions for *The Jungle Book*

by Jefferson Fietek

The Mounds Theatre Company is proud to announce that it is the first theater in the nation to be granted the official rights to produce the full-scale stage adaptation of Disney's classic animated film *The Jungle Book*. The production includes all the classic songs like "The Bare Necessities" and "I Wanna Be Like You." This production will have an all youth cast, with students from communities all over the Twin Cities. This production will be done in partnership with the Mounds Theatre Performing Arts Youth Conservatory.

Auditions for Disney's *The Jungle Book* will be held at the Mounds Theatre on June 13 and June 14 from 7 to 9 p.m. No appointments are necessary and you may come on either day. Prepare a 30 second comic monologue and approximately one minute of an up-tempo show tune.

Rehearsals will be held July 6 through August 17 from 6:30 to 9 p.m.

Cast members must also be available for all eight performances of the play. These will be: August 18 - 20 at 7:30 p.m., August 21 at 2:00 p.m. August 25-27 at 7:30 p.m. and August 28 at 2:00 p.m.

If you have any questions about the auditions please direct them to jefferson@moundstheatre.org

The Mounds Theatre is located at 1029 Hudson Road, St. Paul, MN 55106. 651-772-2253. ■



St. Paul Farmers' Market Opens 150th Season

by Gabriel Garbow

The one-hundred-and-fiftieth season of the Saint Paul Farmer's Market began on the last weekend in April. One week later, even the unseasonably cold temperatures and intermittent rain could not keep the hearty souls of St. Paul produce shoppers away from this much-beloved institution of the milder months.

The Farmers' Market, perhaps best known for its abundance of locally-grown vegetables, was brimming *this* weekend with early-season offerings of another sort. Flowers were to be found in abundance: potted, ready-to plant, in hanging baskets, and in beautiful bouquets. Also available were less showy numbers like ivy and pussy willows. Though some of the flora were looking a little put off by the rain and the cool temperatures, healthy, vibrant plants were the norm.

According to Don of Pflaum Farms in Farmington, this is already a great time of year to plant the heartier perennial herbs and even some vegetables. "They're ready to go in the ground." Other favorites, like tomatoes and basil should wait in the safety of their pots for more consistently warm nights before planting.

Besides words of advice, die-hard Market shoppers were also greeted by the luscious smells of blossoms, and the aromas of hot coffee, doughnuts, meats, soaps, and of course the freshly-baked organic breads.

'A Toast to Bread' is a local organic bakery, tucked into Dayton's Bluff at the corner of Bates and Third. They bring their exceptional quality foodstuffs to downtown St. Paul every spring and summer for the benefit of the Farmers' Market-goers. Row upon row of crusty

artisan breads nestle alongside confections like sweet rolls and the crunchy cinnamon twists. These treats and more are available in the tiny storefront restaurant -- there's no need to wait for the Market to open.

Still, for those readers who haven't made the trip, it may be well worth your while. The market not only provides the highest-quality produce, most of it grown within the limits of the Saint Paul Suburbs, but it prices are often unbeaten by the likes of Rainbow and Cub. The Downtown location is just a few blocks away from Dayton's Bluff -- a pleasant drive, walk, or bike ride down the Sixth Street Bridge and a quick right turn will get you there.

Perhaps the greatest benefit of all is the opportunity to talk to neighbors and the growers of the food you buy, and the great freeing of shopping outdoors- a little different, a little special, and a lot of fun.

Downtown St. Paul:

5th and Wall Streets
April 30 - November 12
Saturday 6am - 1pm
Sunday 8am - 1pm
June 4th - October 29th
Friday 12pm - 5pm

South Saint Paul:

600 Marie Avenue
July 6th - September 26th
Wednesdays 3pm - 7pm

Maplewood:

Aldrich Arena
May 4th - Oct. 26th
Wednesdays 8am - 12pm

For more information, visit www.stpaulfarmersmarket.com ■

Car-sharing Comes to Twin Cities

HOURLCAR, the Twin Cities' first car-sharing program, is now accepting applications for membership. Applicants may apply online at www.HOURLCAR.org.

Car-sharing gives people the freedom to get around in a car, without the headaches and expenses of car ownership. HOURLCAR makes a fleet of cars available to Twin Cities residents and businesses for hourly reservations. Members can go online or call to reserve a car to run errands locally. Cars equipped with onboard computers record the time and distance that a member drives, and he or she is billed at the end of the month.

Car-sharing spreads the fixed costs of car ownership across several people, making access to cars more affordable. Simultaneously, car-sharing makes plain the per-trip costs of driving, which causes people to use transportation more efficiently.

The first six HOURLCAR vehicles will be located in Uptown and Loring Park in Minneapolis, and Lowertown in Saint Paul. The HOURLCAR fleet is comprised of 2005 Toyota Priuses, gas-electric hybrids with excellent fuel economy and low emissions.

Applicants are screened for a clean driving history, agree to a set of Member rules, and attend a new member orientation where they learn all of the how-to basics of sharing cars.

There is a one-time \$150 application fee for Individual Members. Household memberships are also available, with additional members joining for a reduced application fee. Members may apply today and car-sharing operations will begin in June.

For more information on HOURLCAR, or to apply online, please visit www.HOURLCAR.org. ■

Batter Up!

by Mary Petrie

Last fall, my eight year old pointed out a fatal flaw in my parenting: "Mom, you're supposed to sign me up for a sport." He maintained that he would soon be the only 3rd grader who had never picked up a baseball glove or huddled before a soccer game. They do huddle in soccer, right?

I must admit that 'Sport,' had never occurred to me. Art was writ large. My children began instruction in tempura and ink the instant they turned five. My husband and I imagine our children will perform in piano recitals, rock bands and modern dance; they will excel in high school drama, speech and debate. They will write Beat poetry and novellas at precocious ages. But Sport?

Try Parkway Little League, advised several of my sympathetic neighbors—seemingly sane and experienced parenting pros I trusted.

I dutifully signed on and even recovered from the shock of the schedule: these boys (and some girls) file onto a field and trot bases three days a week! Whoever heard of such torture – and I'm talking about me. Three more days of driving to an after school event, locked in the mini-van with a tired toddler and a daughter who'd rather be at ballet? Me too, honey.

I even recovered from the shock of experience: those boys had been swinging bats since they were strong enough to hold one. [My son] Stryker was right! He was already at the back of the pack, short in knowledge and skill. How many innings in a game, Mom, he wants to know? What's a bunt and when do you use one? I sent him to his father. Alas, while John's knowledge base is broader, his inclinations tend toward my own. He's itching to sing the Star Spangled Banner at the next big game, not throw out the first pitch or lead the huddle. They do huddle in baseball, right?

Parkway Little League kicked off its season on a wet Saturday morning in May. A couple of hundred people attended the opening ceremonies – or so I hear, because I didn't go, as I was opting to meet my minimum attendance requirements: I planned to pop in for half an hour of the actual game, shout my obligatory hurrah and hurry out before Car Talk came on NPR. John and the older children attended while I tied the two dogs to the baby stroller and gave everyone a run around the river bluff—a comedic moment worthy of its own column, mind you.

But when I showed up for my "baseball mom" duties, I was in for several surprises. First, nobody else wears a (really cool) vintage Montgomery Ward's raincoat or high heels to Little League. Second, nobody wears those things for a darn good reason: dirt and grass. High heels are good neither on bleachers nor near a dugout. Thank goodness I had my latest thrift store purchase along—an ancient green silk scarf I used to wipe off my spot on the bleachers.

Oliver Dayton's Bluff: A Brief History

PARKWAY LITTLE LEAGUE
STARTED FIFTY YEARS AGO

On June 6, 1955 a young batter stepped up and first ball ever pitched in a Parkway Little League game headed toward the plate. There is no record of whether or not it was a strike, but either way it was a historic moment for Dayton's Bluff.

A decade later, the founder of this important neighborhood institution wrote a short history of the group. He was Harold Dahlquist, for whom today's baseball fields are named. While some of this information was printed in this paper three years ago, this article is placed in a different format and is mostly directly quoted from Mr. Dahlquist.

Before the main body of his history, he included a short cover letter, which, in part, said:

"The following pages contain a documented history of Parkway Little League and Parkway Pony League and describe the origin, promotion and construction of this baseball organization as now constituted and presently permanently located on East Third Street across from Mounds Park Junior High School

Mrs. Dahlquist and I owned 2 lots behind our home at 1346 East 3rd Street on which we constructed and maintained a tennis court in summer and a large ice skating rink in winter for the children of our neighborhood..."

What follows below is the story of the start of Parkway Little League as told in the words of Harold Dahlquist:

"History of Parkway Little League..."

March 6, 1965 will be a red letter day

Third, I was unprepared for the pleasant, communal and decidedly non-competitive scene before me. There were indeed a couple of hundred East Side folk and offspring spread out across two baseball fields and bleachers. The concession stand was doing a booming business. Small children ran along booths set up with simple games and easy-to-win prizes. The announcer bellowed periodic proclamations. People were buzzing about the haunting rendition of the National Anthem that opened the event; children pointed to the Saints Manager who tossed out the first ball. The young players had all stood on the field and been recognized by name. I spotted a neighbor in the crowd: his sons had long since graduated from Little League.

"I'm here for the food," he said between mouthfuls. I checked my watch: 10:22 a.m. and the cheeseburgers were flying. I soon discovered that one doesn't even need

for Parkway Little League for it will mark the 10th anniversary of the first meeting of a group of men who were invited by the writer to meet...at 450 Johnson Parkway... to discuss whether or not they would be interested in bringing little league baseball to the parkway area. A number of these meetings were held and an application made for a Little League franchise...

A general meeting of parents from the area was held on April 15, attended by about 60 men and they heartily endorsed Little League....

I contacted a firm which owned a tract of land behind my house at 1346 East Third Street and obtained the loan of this land... and permission to grade it... A baseball diamond was laid out, some pipe and chicken wire procured for a back-stop, uniforms and equipment were ordered for 4 'Major' and 8 'Farm' teams. I secured a donation of a scoreboard from 7-Up Co., and the loan of snow fencing from the City to enclose the field... To help raise funds a concession stand was operated by Mrs. Dahlquist in our garage, which also served for a storage place for equipment. Later some of the Ladies pitched in to help in the concession stand....

The opening ball game of Parkway Little League was played on the evening of June 6, 1955 after it had rained most of the day... The only opening game ceremony was the presentation of the American Flag to the league by a local American Legion Post... and after the Flag was raised on the centerfield flag pole, it was 'Play Ball!'...

Over 300 boys turned out and many practice sessions were held, but because of the lack of facilities and the shortage of time only about 200 took part in the program that first year....

A tremendous amount of physical work was done to get the fields ready for play. At the close of the first season it became apparent that the owners of the land borrowed for the playing field

would soon be developing it for commercial use and it was necessary to find a permanent home if Little League was to continue.

After an exhaustive search I found...3 tracts totaling 620 feet along 3rd Street and 268 feet deep to Conway Street...to be put up for sale by the City at public auction on October 19th. ...The land rose from a hole (known as Rifle Lake) about thirty feet below the level of 3rd Street... and was covered with many trees and much brush, which was to make grading an expensive item....

The Spring of 1956 was a beehive of activity. A tremendous amount of physical work was done to get the fields ready for play. The grounds had to be raked over, some black dirt hauled in for the infields, two fields were laid out, back stops constructed, players benches built...

I also was able to borrow snow fencing from Ramsey County which we installed around both playing fields... Play opened on June 5, 1956 with 4 Major and 14 Farm teams in Little League and 4 Major and 2 Farm teams in Pony League...concessions were transported from the Dahlquist garage for each game,...

I was forced to withdraw from active participation during the 1957 season, but I had realized my dream of leaving Parkway as a well-established and solvent undertaking and my work was done.

A record of this kind cannot give just and true credit to all those who have participated in this project even though it would be right and proper to do so. However, a list of names would have to include almost every businessman large and small, every clergyman, board member, umpire, manager, coach, members of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and many residents who have performed physical and other tasks, given donations and have been supporters at the games." ■

to be hungry to devour a charred burger before noon. The smell of grilling burgers alone simply resets your biological clock to dinner.

I had a really good time that wet May day. The adults chatted and kept a friendly eye on the game. Some people read and did crossword puzzles. Children zipped about and babies tripped. I sat through my first entire baseball game and watched my son strike out three times!

"Good job, sweetie!" I yelled each time.

The man next to me asked if I was the pitcher's mother.

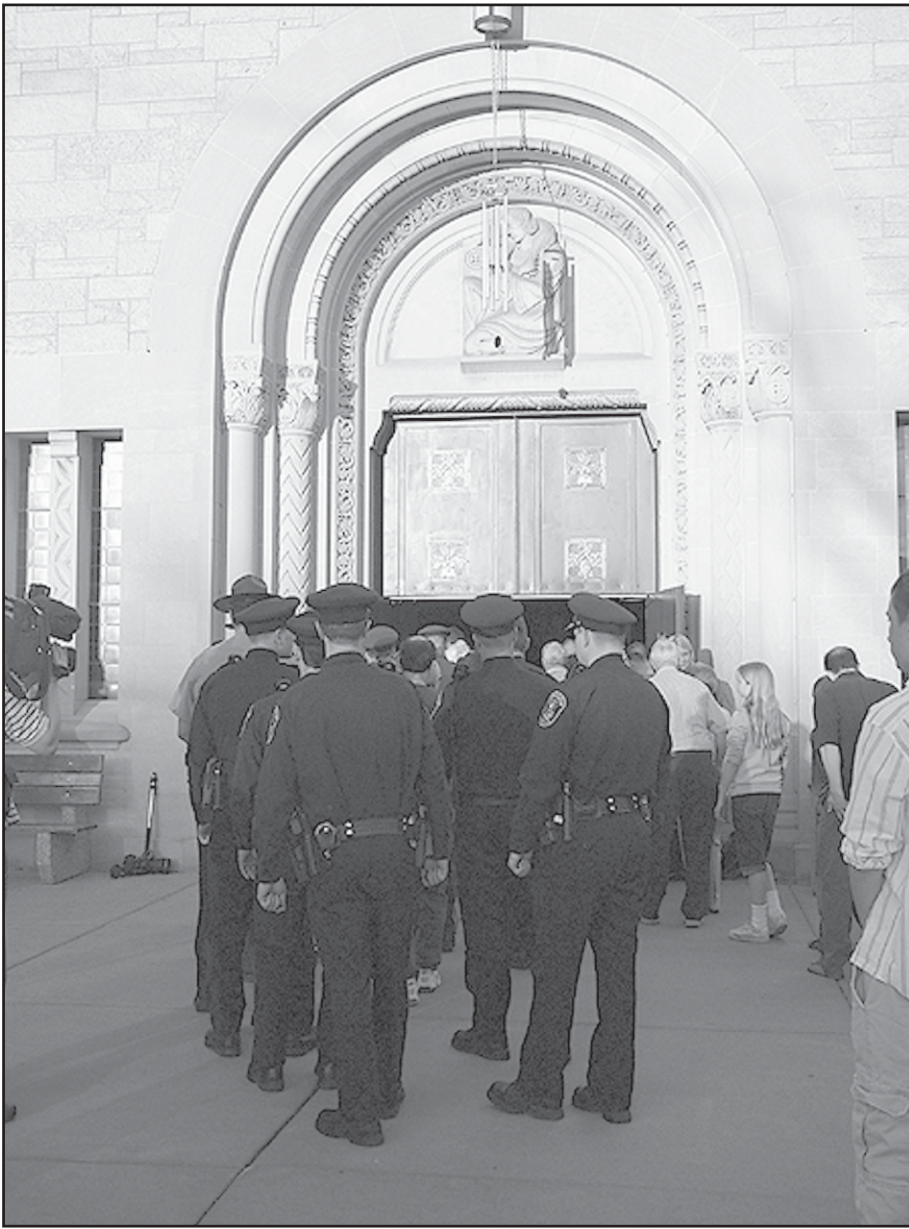
Being a baseball parent was easier than I realized: yelling "good job" and "go team" works in a friendly, generic sort of way. I may even build up to names. Go Henry! And I learned that "keep your eyes on the ball," is another neat universal that every player thinks is directed toward him.

I saw our kid's coach pat every player on the back with a resounding

compliment, noting some tiny athletic nuance the kid got right. Get a ball in the nose or tie your shoe at bat or sneeze while the ball dropped out of your glove? Coach Roy didn't mention this; he saw your attitude and spirit and the way you hustled. When he said good job, he meant it. I was surprised at how tired and content Stryker was at the end of his last inning. Sure, he never hit the ball but he grabbed a couple of grounders.

"I have a decent arm, Mom. Coach Johnson said so." Now he wants to know why he's never been to the Metrodome.

Seeing how these kids were so happy and Parkway parents so friendly (and non-discriminatory when it comes to wardrobe and accessories), I'm thinking that baseball season won't be so bad after all. Maybe next time I'll get there in time for the pre-game huddle. They do huddle before baseball, right? ■



Photographs courtesy of Toni Thomas



What Now?

The sadness that is felt in our community is overwhelming. In the wake of the recent and tragic death of Sergeant Vick the residents of Dayton's Bluff need to pull together and do their part to make Dayton's Bluff a better place to live, work, and play.

You can donate to the fund set up for the education of Sergeant Jerry Vick's children. Send donations to: City and County Credit Union, Sergeant Jerry Vick Fund, 144 East 11th Street, Saint Paul MN 55101.

Our community needs you now. Start a block club. Get active in a block club. Participate in National Night Out events (see page two) to meet your neighbors and make the neighborhood safer. Volunteer at the recreation center or a school. Attend Dayton's Bluff events such as those at the Mounds Theatre and our new branch library.

Help your neighbors. Join in other neighborhood groups such as Greening Dayton's Bluff and help beautify the neighborhood. Tour or have your garden included in a Dayton's Bluff Garden Tour.



Celebrate National Night Out.

These are just to name a few things that you can do. And always be a good neighbor and report any problem activities to the Police Department, Dayton's Bluff Community Council, and/or Code Enforcement.

Dayton's Bluff needs all of the community to work together. Let's talk. Call Karin at 651-772-2075. ■

Just Out for a Stroll

by Bob Holmes

The warmest April in recorded history broke out, leaving me to wonder when the other shoe would fall. Instead of gently unwrapping from their cocoon-like existence into fully formed adult leaves, the buds on the ashes and elms awoke with a start and busted free, not bothering to take the time to unzip their mummy bags, but extending their powerful arms obliterating their winter encasements. If, on that certain morning I had been a leaf, I might have done the same thing and destroyed my house with my powerful arms. Instead, I obeyed some sort of calling; not what I would consider a powerful life-changing event; but who knows? Who knows when a simple decision, like the decision between taking a right or a left will change the course of a life? Not often, I think.

That morning I left my house to walk around Mounds Park. As I started out, I attempted to clear my thoughts; or at the very least, not to discriminate between them, labeling one as good or bad, if that's ever really possible. The purpose of this particular walk was not a fat reduction program. It was not a hurried walk. It was a stroll. It started out as a nicotine walk as I thumbed my Bic igniting my Camel.

Ambling down 3rd Street I noticed the proportionately spaced Dairy Queen trash on the boulevard. I imagined the litter bugging sweet-toothed vandals as artistic emissaries on a mission to make some socio-political statement by decorating the street with Dilly Bar sticks and red plastic spoons according to the rule of the golden mean. The Dairy Queen Vandals must be a real entity; evidence of their existence can be easily seen. They don't hoard their garbage in one spot like the garbage truck gangs. No, these modern day Robin Hoods buy treats from the Queen and distribute their paper banana split trays to the poor. The houses fortunate enough to border the Queen's castle are adorned with all manner of half eaten chili dogs, blue slushy matter, and Dilly Bar tongue depressors; all matted and pressed tightly against the gnarly chain-link fence.

As philanthropic and civic-minded as these Dairy Queen Vandals are, they are also practical. Interested in spreading their artistic visions in the most efficient manner, they never stray far from the office. From the Jackson Pollockesque splatters on the fences of neighboring houses to the minimalist (a single upside down ice cream cone) on the lawn of a small bungalow on Forest Street, the DQV would change artistic styles as they ran out of materials. They would most likely have to wait for another warm day before they could raid the Queen's trashcans.

And the red spoons, I forgot about the shiny red spoons. What a bounty for a dirt-faced-sandbox-dweller to find the Queen's most prized culinary implement; the unequivocal symbol of the dairy food group. If Pavlov had one of these red spoons, he surely could have collected enough saliva to fill his dogs' water dish.

Suddenly, I was nearly blown off my feet by a tremendous concussion wave emanating from the stereo system of a slowly passing monster truck. My only regret was that the window was rolled up, not allowing the driver to share the full impact of his distortion filled music. I could only wonder what musical treasure I missed; what lyrically rapping, thought provoking message had been lost to me; what sweet violence, what misogynist masterpiece had eluded my ear. I guess one could say that I abandoned my attempt not to discriminate between my thoughts to considering all of them as good. I took

a right on Earl and crossed 3rd at the light. Everything was good.

I let my legs carry me as if the rest of my body was merely rolling along atop some peculiar automated conveyance system; a steady, even pace allowing my thoughts to ramble. On this leg of my journey, I came as close to not thinking as I ever have, so there's not much to report. From 3rd to I-94 I glided on my conveyer. If feeling can ever be divorced from thinking, this was it. I gazed at the multitude of giggling newborn leaves being tickled by a gentle breeze. I took a bath in the solar radiation. I put my shrinking, burning cigarette in Earl Street's gutter attempting to fulfill the sweet-toothed vandals' artistic mission. What right did I have to impose my artistic vision upon somebody else's? It would be like painting a moustache on the Mona Lisa. I turned abruptly retrieving my burning butt. Everything was still good.

Crossing the Earl Street Bridge over I-94 afforded me an unobstructed view of downtown St. Paul. From there I could see the First National Bank Building, the Wabasha and Robert Street bridges, and the Mounds Avenue Bridge I would have to cross if I were to complete my circuit. I can still remember how excited, when I was a kid, to see the red numeral one glowing atop the First National Bank Building as we returned from Camp St. Croix just across the Wisconsin border. Did that signify St. Paul as the best city? I thought so. I did not vary from my strolling gait.

Halfway through my walk I started thinking a little more, losing that meditative state. I became aware of my legs as agents of my locomotion. My thoughts were still light and easy. I was not thinking of mundane things, such as trying to find a job, or mowing the lawn or paying taxes. As I passed the Indian Burial Mounds I felt a small wave of collective guilt over how our ancestors treated the Native Americans. Initially, history praises the winners in a conflict; then there comes a backlash. I thought of living in those past times as sometimes harsher, but often simpler. I became acutely aware of my surroundings, the most scenic and pleasant part of my walk; better, in my opinion, than the art of the DQV - sorry guys.

I thought about how different the place must have looked without streets or houses. I admired the city's attempt to honor the memories of those buried in the mounds with a plaque and an iron fence designed to prevent desecration. As I gazed at the mounds I felt a shudder of mortality. Did the souls buried there feel protected or imprisoned by those gates? Was I just being silly?

The path started to level off, relieving the slight strain in my thighs. I resisted the taunting nature of gravity urging me to run downhill. Once again I was able to forget about the fact that I was walking. The Dairy Queen Vandals hadn't gotten around to decorating Mounds Park. Perhaps the garbage truck gangs had won that round. I was glad. I can take only so much art.

Only when I got to the bridge leading to Mounds Blvd did I begin thinking of things I had to do. The effortless walk was coming to an end. Soon I would be coming to 3rd Street again where my thighs would be tested again; where gravity would be holding me down instead of urging me forward. Soon I would, once again, be assigning value to the things I see and touch. As I reached the boulevard in front of my house I looked down to see the daily trash I would be picking up. Before I went back into my house I thought about how nice it was to walk around my neighborhood. ■

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'Life and Death' from page 1: mental illness; this can be identified by a shaman ritual ceremony.

Traditional Hmong believe a person has three souls: The first one returns to heaven and comes back to guard the family. The second one returns to heaven and comes back to earth as another human being or other living thing. The third one remains at the gravesite. It's believed that Hmong come to the world of living through a life visa. When the life visa expires, the person's life will end and it's already predetermined how the person dies. In other words, when the person applied for his/her life visa, he/she only applied for the life visa for a specific length of time. It's also believed that the time in the spiritual world is much longer than in the world of living; one day in the spiritual world is equal to one year in the world of the living.

In today's funeral ceremony, the process has been shortened due to economic reasons and people's availability. But it still takes three straight days to complete and attracts a large crowd. Sometimes the lengthy process and large crowd create disturbances and become a nuisance to neighbors. Currently the Hmong community in the Twin Cities is working hard to find suitable locations to accommodate such a lengthy and crowded funeral ceremony. At the same time many of the young Hmong Americans are becoming Christians and moving away from the traditional practice of funeral ceremony. ■

Change is Good!

It has been quite a year for Saint Paul's recycling program - marked by many improvements! In October of last year, plastic bottles (with a 1 or 2 and a neck) were added to the program, and residents began to sort materials into only two categories: Paper & Cardboard in one blue bin and Bottles & Cans in another. In January, pop and beer boxes were added back into the program.

And now, recycling is being collected every week on your collection day, which is Tuesday in Dayton's Bluff. Why all these changes? Eureka Recycling, Saint Paul's nonprofit recycler, has implemented these changes (based on the results of a study conducted in 2001) to increase the amount of materials you recycle, putting us all one step closer to a waste-free tomorrow! If you have questions about Saint Paul's recycling program, please call the Recycling Hotline at (651) 222-SORT (7678). ■

They Call Him Mr. Tibbets

by J. Wittenberg

The snow was falling lightly as I arrived at the home of Cris Tibbets, a diverse talent, who welcomed me with a curiously strong cup of coffee and a place by the heat grate to warm my old rubber boots.

Ere long, I was ushered upstairs into the attic office of this Dayton's Bluff artist, who may also claim the titles of web designer, illustrator, animator and author. His web design/animation business, titled CTIB Design, Inc. has been run mostly by word of mouth. Now I've always felt that any business that can sustain itself this way must be one of steadfast quality and integrity; adjectives one may find rarely applicable in these present times; where the almighty Profit is so gargantuan.

Based on the feedback from many of Mr. Tibbet's clients, it would seem they are more than pleased with his talent and integrity. Not surprisingly, Cris prefers to work with smaller businesses when he can, allowing a greater interaction with genuine people on a more personal level. By and by I learned that this designer had worked at larger firms and ad agencies in the past, in editorial illustration, web design and layout, but his talents inevitably outgrew such institutions. And thus it is today he can offer ad agency quality work without the exorbitant expense, or the fuss and red tape that often entails working with the larger firms. To review all the creative services which Mr. Tibbets offers, you may visit his web site at www.ctib.com

Mr. Tibbets keeps abreast of the most recent technology and is pushing the limits of his medium. This I know, for beyond his commercial work, Cris is working upon his own personal art; one largely created upon the computer. One ongoing project titled "The Robots of Paradox" involves an experimental format which stretches the boundaries of imagination into a realm once thought impossible for the PC. Here, one can take a sojourn into what Mr. Tibbets has

described as "the bowels of America's psyche."

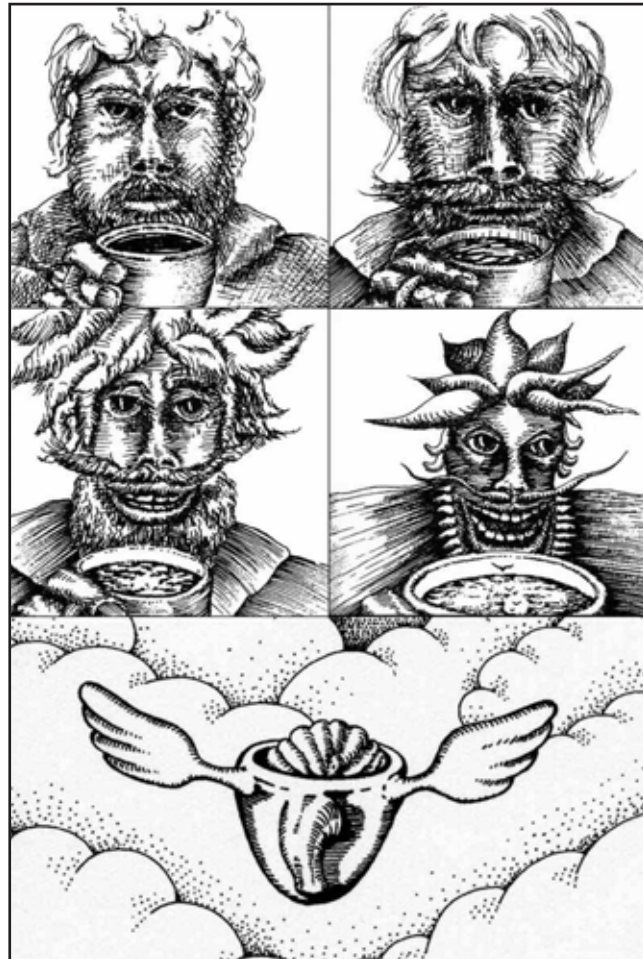
I soon learned this work in progress, an animated graphic novel on the web, is composed of text and retro sci-fi images depicting what the world looks like today viewed through eyes which can see what is at the heart of the media monster. A monster that wields more power and malignant influence than most are cognizant of; an entity which seeks to permeate the mind with the poison of tainted capitalism, and where control of the brain adds up to record profits. Dare I conjecture that

Mr. Tibbets has some political satire in his art?

These robots you see are all around us. They have "gradually infused themselves into the very fabric of our world." They clog our roads, they "spend their days hunched into some cubical or work niche producing and distributing stuff to be purchased by other robots who in turn produce other stuff for other robots in an endless loop of material consumption." And of course, when they return home, they sit in front their machines, "for more of the daily programming which reinforces all that the robots have become." A very gloomy picture you say? It makes one ask what the world would be like without the media? Without all that is connected with this? What would we do? How would we know *what* to do? It makes one ask if the sagely citizens of St. Paul have an inkling of what is being fed to the viewer over the waves.

Besides all this innovative artistic work, Mr. Tibbets is also an author of a self-published book titled "Coffee Dreamer," which he describes as "a picture book with prose, a children's book for adults." When I first opened this tasty little tale, I was struck by the humor, and the otherworldly illustrations, which vividly animate the story of a man's metamorphosis that leads him into a surreal sphere of slipping into caffeine dreams "after 1,443 cups of exceptionally good coffee." I laughed out

loud while reading it, which has more often than not proven a book to be well worth its salt to me. I would happily recommend this gem to anyone. Alas, this nugget is out of print until it blesses the world with a second printing. If it is unfortunately left to obscurity, then may it be discovered perhaps a century hence, in a more enlightened, future age. ■



Community Rec Center

JUNE & JULY 2005 EVENTS

This is only a partial listing of events. For complete information, call 651-793-3885.

FALL SPORTS - Registration will be July 11-22. Flag Football ages 8-12 and Soccer ages 5-12. Registration forms must be filled out.

EXTREME SPORTS EXTRAVAGANZA - Punt, pass, kick, shoot, dribble, slam, hit, catch, throw, run, spike and serve challenge! Thurs., July 14 3-5:30 pm Ages 7-15 Fee: \$12

URBAN TENNIS LESSONS - Ages 7-18 M-F beginning June 20-July 29 Daily lessons for youth. Fee: 1st child \$50, 2nd child \$25, 3rd child \$15, 4th child is free.

SUMMER LUNCH PROGRAM - Ages 1-18 Free lunch served from 12-1 pm

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES - A special theme each week! M-Th beginning June 20 running every other week until Aug. 18. Movie time: 1:30-3:30 pm.

ARTIST WORKSHOP - Ages 8 & up

Tuesdays beginning July 12 for 8 weeks.

Fee: \$35 + cost of frames

MAD SCIENCE - THE GARDEN CAMP - Ages 4-6 M-F June 27-July 1 9 am-noon Fee: \$90

MAD SCIENCE - 3, 2, 1 BLAST OFF CAMP - Ages 7-12 M-F Aug. 1-5 9 am-noon Fee: \$90

ART MURAL TEAM - Ages 10-16 M-F July 11-15 1-4 pm Fee: \$10

Call for more information

SPORT CAMPS - a multitude of sports camps for various age groups. Call for times.

ADULT SELF DEFENSE CLASS - Mondays beginning June 20 6:30-8:30 pm 8 sessions \$45

ACTING CLASSES - for all ages beginning June 6th - call for more info.

COMPUTER CLASSES - All classes are 6-7:30 pm 1 session Fee: \$10 per session Location: Dayton's Bluff Library. Call the rec. center to registration Limit 6 per class.

Week #1 Mon., June 6

Computer Basics - Using the Mouse Week #2 Mon., June 13

Beginning Microsoft Word

Week #3 Mon., June 20

Internet for Beginners

Week #4 Mon., June 27

Searching the Internet

FIELD TRIPS

Registration must be completed with a permission slip prior to trip. You may pick slips up at the rec. center.

Minnesota Thunder Game, Rollerskating at Wooddale, Science Museum, Como Zoo, Pool & Picnic, MN Lynx Game, Crystal Caves & Beach Picnic, Bike Tour & Swim, Bunker Beach, Cosmic Bowling, Grand Rios Waterpark, Farm Day for City Folks!, Waterworks Waterpark & Picnic, Crowley's Gynmastic Center, Richard Walton Park

EXTREME TEENS - Only for teens Skatepark, Mall of America Day, Splat Ball, Tubing Down the Cannon River, Lock-in at Dayton's Bluff.

800 Conway St. 651.793-3885

Director: Jody Griffin
jody.griffin@ci.stpaul.n.us



Gene Piccolo and District Plan Committee chair Jacob Dorer explain District Plan process at recent community meeting.



Dayton's Bluff kids with Sparky the Fire Safety Dog at the East Side Safety Fair.

Crime Prevention Corner

by Karin DuPaul

This morning I was going to start writing a column on crime prevention tips for the paper and I received two emails that I will use this month. Here is the first one:

Hi Everybody,

I believe we may have just been the object of a little scam, so I want to give you the heads up. About 45 minutes ago (9:15 or so), a young man knocked at our door and said he needed some money because his car was broken down. He pointed to the car sitting on the street. He said he was Steve Bolen's brother, and said Steve lived down the street. When I challenged him about who Steve Bolen is and where he lives, he seemed to change his story about where Steve lives. He said he needed \$7.00. My friend came to the door and started talking to him and decided to give him the money. She could only find \$5, and gave that to him and kept looking for the other \$2.00. While she was looking, we heard the car drive away.

Have any of you had this kind of experience lately? Also, does anyone know who Steve Bolen is?

I recommend that if you do not know the person, do not give him any money and call the police. The police can help him or her contact whoever they need to. Over the years I have had this happen two times. One of the times I [saw] him leave my house and get in a car and drive off.

Here is the other email:

Something happened at my house last night regarding my safety that I'd like to share.

While watching television around 9 p.m. last night, the doorbell rang. As usual, my back door was unlocked with the screen door open to let fresh air in and lights were on. When I went to the front door, no one was there, which I thought was odd. In the meantime, my father (who is visiting and was on the phone) walked to the rear of the house and noticed a young male

walking between my truck (parked in the driveway) and the garage. As soon as my father stepped outside, the kid took off.

In late December, while taking down my tree & lights, a car parked in my driveway was broken into... window smashed, trunk open, etc., while I was home - with all the lights on. Concerned that this may have just happened to my vehicle I went outside in the rain to look.

For whatever reason, I looked behind my house down the alleyway and noticed 2 bicycles dropped on my neighbor's yard that didn't belong there. As I went to investigate, 2 young males appeared out of nowhere in between the neighbors' property behind me. Being the 'intelligent' self I can be - I CONFRONTED the 'would-be' burglars. I later learned this was not the smartest thing to do!

Here is what I would like to share after talking to the Police Department:

* St. Paul Police explained to me that they are seeing a rash of new burglaries when occupants are home... and this is NOT specific to St. Paul's East Side... many over by Grand Ave, etc.

*It seems, individuals look into people's homes... may or may not create a diversion (as what happened at my place) and case people's homes for purses, wallets, laptops, cell phones etc. left in plain view on the counter. Occupants are unsuspecting because they don't realize burglars have gotten rather bold and will literally walk right in while someone is home, given the right temptation/opportunity.

* FOR WOMEN IN PARTICULAR... by the way of habit, we tend to leave our purses, cell phones or keys in close proximity to the door most often entered. I personally tend to set mine on the center island, not 5 feet from the door.

* As, I've learned, this is prime opportunity for thieves.... and more so in the spring, as we open windows & doors. Burglars specifically target homes where people are home and look for valuables in plain sight. And seeing one's purse on the counter - will either lift or pop a screen, or simply enter you're home while you're there - snatch the valuables - and they're

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White Bear Lake, MN 55110
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FAX (651) 429-7748

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gone.

* The police recommended I draw the blinds while home - so that no one can see IN. And more importantly - to NOT leave my purse, cell phone or other valuables on the counter in plain view. Please feel free to forward this to anyone you may feel will benefit.


p.s. I'm saddened by what happened - but refuse to live my life in fear. Given last night's event, coupled with the recent shooting of Officer Vick and the car break-in in December - I'm being told by friends and family to consider living elsewhere,

which won't happen because - crime, drugs, theft, etc - is everywhere. Not to mention - I love my house, my kids' school & the neighborhood. It's just unfortunate when people shift their thinking that way.

Hopefully, residents of St. Paul will be slightly more cautious!

Thank you to the two email senders for making this new column so relevant to important everyday issues. I will be happy to pass on similar concerns, issues, and ideas related to crime prevention. Please email me at Karin@Daytonbluff.org or call 651-772-2075.

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for
STATE REPRESENTATIVE




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Editor & Layouts: Gabriel Garbow.
Next issue: July 2005.
Deadline for material: June 10.

'Preservation' from page 1:

and educating the public are just a few ways this volunteer group has heightened awareness of an important site.

While not honoring a building, a heritage preservation award went to the Bruce Vento Nature Sanctuary, a new 27-acre park and natural area just east of Saint Paul's Lowertown Historic District and at the foot of Dayton's Bluff. Several local, state and national organizations have partnered to reclaim this land for a public park and for interpreting remaining historic resources. A focal point of human activity for thousands of years, the site was home to the ancient Hopewell tribe, and later, the Dakota, and was also the site of one of Saint Paul's first breweries, as well as a busy rail yard.

The St. Paul Heritage Preservation Commission, created by city ordinance in 1976, serves as an advisory body to the Mayor and City Council on municipal heritage preservation matters.



Homeowners share and learn about local houses at May 5th Home Preservation Event.

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