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. 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.

Garden Tour!
‘Growing 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 aficionados admiring our neighborhood’s beautiful gardens and getting new ideas for their own gardens. It’s a great way to get reaquainted 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 new ideas for their own gardens.

Hamms Brewery Receives Heritage Preservation Award

The Saint Paul Heritage Preservation Commission (HPCC) 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 that enhance and celebrate Saint Paul’s heritage and promote preservation values 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.

Hamms 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, Hamms do not believe in cremation.

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 Twix 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 indigent dead can cause harm to the living family.

’t Movies continues on page 2

’Preservation’ continues on page 8
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 29 at 7 pm or Saturday July 30 at 1 pm and 7 pm.

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 film 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 and Wednesdays, 1 am to 1 pm. August 15 to 27 Monday through Saturday, 11 am 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 photography 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 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 Walkway. 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 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 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 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.

Auditions for The Jungle Book
by Jefferson Fietek
The Mounds Theatre Company is proud to announce that its 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.

Car-sharing Comes to Twin Cities
HOURCAR, the Twin Cities’ first car-sharing program, is now accepting applications for membership. Applicants may apply online at www.HOURCAR.org.

For more information, visit www.stpaulfarmersmarket.com.
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 on his own. After much discussion of whether or not it was a strike, but even so 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:

“I, the following pages contain a documented history of Parkway Little League and Parkway Pony League and describe the origin, promotion of the league. This history of the organization as now constituted and presently permanently located on East Third Street across from Mounds Park Junior High School….”

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 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 purchased for a back stop uniform and equipment were ordered for M & Farm” teams. I secured a donation of a scoreboard from 7-Up Co., and the loan of snow fencing from the city. To help raise funds a concession stand was operated by Mr. 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 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 center field flagpole, 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 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 ownership 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.

A letter to parents was sent to each of our 903 registered players asking for help in finding a suitable location. A tract of land was obtained near 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….

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Just Out for a Stroll

by Bob Holmes

The warmest April in recorded history broke out, leaving me to wonder what the other shoe would fall. Instead of gently unwrapping from their chrysalis-like existence into fully formed adult leaves, the buds on the ashes and elms awoke with a start and bursted free, not bothering to take the time to unwrap 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 I hurried my Camel and shredded the 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 nearly chain-link fence. As philosphic 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 street. And the red spoons, I forgot about the fact that I was walking.

I might have done the same thing and started to level off, relieving the taunting nature of gravity urging me downhill. Once again I was able to forget about the fact that I was walking. The path started to level off, relieving the taunting nature of gravity urging me downhill. I let my legs carry me as if the rest of my body was merely rolling along atop a 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 gave way to a 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 off in the earthen steps of Mounds Street’s gutter attempting to fulfill the sweet-toothed vandals’ artistic mission. What right did I have to impose my 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 Sam. 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 the 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 moving house, or paying taxes. As I passed the Indian Burial Mounds I felt a small wave of collective guilt, remembering how we 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 harsh, 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. 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 destruction. 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 Avenue. Perhaps the garbage truck gangs had won that round. I was glad. I can take only so much art.

When only 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 held me down instead of running. I turned abruptly retrieving my cigarette. I let my body be merely rolling along atop a 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 gave way to a 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 off in the earthen steps of Mounds Street’s gutter attempting to fulfill the sweet-toothed vandals’ artistic mission. What right did I have to impose my 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.

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 you 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.
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.

I soon learned this work in progress, an animated graphic novel on the web, is composed of text and retro sci-fi imagery 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 "gloriously infused themselves into the very fabric of our world." They clog our roads, they "spend their days hunched over their machines, "for more of the world."

And now, recycling is being collected in another and attracts a large crowd. Sometimes many of Mr. Tibbets’ clients would seem to be more pleased with his talent and integrity. Not surprisingly, Cris prefers to work with his own businesses in which he, at one time, worked at larger firms and 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 up-to-date 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 using the computer. One ongoing project titled "The Robots of Paradox" involves an experimental format which stretches the boundaries of imagination, a format which I recognize. Here, one can take a sojourn into what Mr. Tibbets has described as "the bowels of America's psyche."

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 bottles may be 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 the Recycling Hotline at (651) 222-SORT...

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Crime Prevention Corner

by Karin DaPual

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 on the 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 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 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@Daytonsbluff.org or call 651-772-2075.
Volunteer Writers Wanted

Dayton’s Bluff District Forum
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Phone: 651-772-2075
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E-mail: KarinDD@msn.com
Monthly Circulation: 6,000.

Also available online at www.daytonsbluff.org. This is a publication of Hopewell Communications, Inc. and is intended to provide a forum for the ideas and opinions of its readers and to be an instrument for developing community awareness and pride. No material contained in this paper may be reprinted without consent of the editor. Guest articles and letters to the editor are welcome and may be emailed to KarinDD@msn.com or faxed to 651-774-3510. The Dayton’s Bluff District Forum is delivered to every home in the Dayton’s Bluff area. If you live outside this area, subscriptions cost $12 and may be arranged by calling 651-772-2075.

Editor & Layouts: Gabriel Garbow.

Next issue: July 2005.
Deadline for material: June 10.

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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