Several changes to recycling program begin in November

Starting November 2, Dayton’s Bluff recyclers should sort their materials into two categories: all PAPERS & CARDBOARD go together in one bin or paper bag and all BOTTLES & CANS (glass, aluminum, steel and plastic bottles) go in another bin or paper bag. This sorting system makes it possible to collect plastic bottles affordably.

There are many challenges to making plastic bottle recycling affordable, and recyclers must do their part to make it work. The success of this addition relies on you doing these four things:

1. ONLY plastic BOTTLES marked with a 1 or a 2 in the triangle on the bottom! Anything you try to “slip in” with your bottles, like those yogurt tubs, must be sorted out and disposed of at a cost.
2. Flatten it! Driving around light and bulky plastic bottles full of air is expensive and wastes fuel.
3. Don’t use plastic bags! Bags are not the same plastic as bottles and cannot be recycled in this program. Recycling in plastic bags will not be collected, except clothes and linens.
4. No needles! Do not put plastic bottles that have been used to dispose of needles with recycling. Throw them in the trash!

Need additional blue bins? Please call the Dayton’s Bluff District 4 Community Council at 651-772-2075.

Dayton’s Bluff
Community Council Election Results

At large representatives: Donavan Cummings and Walter Waranka
Subdistrict A: no new representatives
Subdistrict B: Jean Comstock and Erin Stojan
Subdistrict C: Pamela Yang and Paul Godfred
Subdistrict D: David Murphy and Linda LaBarre

They will serve with:
Subdistrict A: Roy Carlson
Subdistrict B: Sharon McCrea and Kristine Butler Karlson
Subdistrict C: Carrie Dimmick and Chee Vang
Subdistrict D: Jacob Dorer and Barry White

In November the board will choose executive officers for the next year.

To learn more about the Community Council call Executive Director Nachee Lee or Community Organizer Karin DuPaul at 651-772-2075.
Another landmark disappears

At the Old Hamm’s Brewery, the Rathskeller in the Sky building is coming down because the tanks inside were sold. The building, Stock House #4, was built in 1948 around the storage tanks inside. The Rathskeller was built on the top of Stock House #4 in 1965 with a lobby/gift shop on the first floor and a glass elevator that took visitors to the Rathskeller. Many community meetings and other events were held in the Rathskeller and, of course, the brewery tours ended in the Rathskeller.

Photo by Karin DuPaul

Banned play coming to the Mounds Theatre

The play was too hot for Hopkins. The play that was banned in the ‘burbas last year. The play that was discussed on local talk radio. Come to the Mounds Theatre and decide for yourself if this holiday play is suitable for you and your family.

What is this terrible show, you ask? It is the play based on that scandalous movie, “A Christmas Story.” Yes, Jean Shepherd’s tale of little Ralphie and his quest for a Red Ryder BB gun was too much for the politically correct people of the suburbs.

However, the Mounds Theatre is betting that the citizens of Dayton’s Bluff and the rest of the East Metro area can somehow overlook the violence (BB guns and bullies) and sex (remember the Leg Lamp?) of this cherished Yuletide classic and once again experience the joys and fears of a young boy at Christmas.

Watch for “A Christmas Story” coming to the Mounds Theatre this December. For more information, call 651-772-2253 or visit our website at: www.moundstheatre.org.

Photo by Greg Cosimini

Recreation Centers community meetings

The Saint Paul Parks and Recreation Department wants to hear from YOU. Please join us at one of the three community meetings in your area to discuss recreation programs, services, and facilities. We value input from the community and look forward to your participation. Three meetings have been scheduled in the Dayton’s Bluff/Payne Neighborhoods. You may attend one or all three.

Tuesday, November 9 at Margaret Recreation Center, 1109 Margaret St., 298-5719

Tuesday, November 16 at Wilder Recreation Center, 958 Jesse St, 298-5727

Thursday November 18 at Phalen Recreation Center, 1000 E. Wheelock Parkway, 793-6600

All meetings are scheduled to begin at 7:00 p.m. and end at 8:30 p.m. Your comments and suggestions are important. We are counting on you to help us improve. For more information, please contact any of the recreation centers listed above, call 651-266-6400, or visit our website at http://spnet.ci.stpaul.mn.us/depts/parks.

Dayton’s Bluff Take a Hike

Dayton’s Bluff Take a Hike meets on the first Saturday of every month at 10:30 a.m. in Indian Mounds Park at Earl Street and Mounds Blvd. Join us on November 6 for the next hike.

We hike from Mounds Park through Sweede Hollow Park and then walk the length of the Bruce Vento Recreational Trail to its end, near Phalen Park.

Dayton’s Bluff

A Grocery Give-Away will take place on Saturday, November 20 from 10:30 to noon at Mounds Park United Methodist Church, Euclid and Earl.

Dayton’s Bluff District Forum

November 2004

November 2

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Dayton’s Bluff District Forum

98 East 7th Street
Saint Paul, MN 55106
Phone: 651-772-2075
FAX: 651-774-3510
E-mail: KarinDD@msn.com

Monthly Circulation: 6,000. Also available online at www.dayton bluff.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 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.


Autumn - A busy season, again

By Mary Petrie

People who know me well will roll their eyes and toss this paper after reading the following statement: I can be the most 'Type A' person, there is no concern in my life. I see that as goal and tone. This is old news to my next-door neighbors, family and friends who bear witness to the whirlwind of activities such Type A tendencies set off: school and neighborhood committees; endless house projects; writing endeavors; and the occasional ambitious social justice cause.

Indeed, I recall standing up at a West Side District Council meeting and proclaiming that we, our little band, would convince Xcel Energy to convert from coal to natural gas. In the thick of my impromptu speech, nobody was a type of social justice activity or the Met Council and airport activism or the 20 years of activism that others had done before.

But this article isn’t about Xcel or activism or the Met Council and airport noise or anything else so lofty. This is about the work that the change of season requires.

Do I hear a collective sigh, oh readers? Can we do this?

In our household, some variation of the following ensues each spring and fall. I make long lists of chores, thoughtfully dividing them into ‘high priority’, ‘on-going’ or ‘wishful thinking’ categories. I revise this list every couple of days, because nothing has been accomplished and I am now more anxious about finding the mittens than I am about dividing and replanting the coneflowers, or visa versa. I despair over the endless nature of the List: report indoor plants; trim and move perennials (this alone is a massive task and list item that includes sub-divisions and recommended readings in order to even distinguish perennials from weeds); seed new grass; trim trees; fix broken window in shed; find shower caddy; get rid of ladders in backyard before snow falls; pull and compost weeds by alley; repair pillars on front porch (this item gets moved List to List every season); prepare van for winter; sort children’s summer clothes into various give-away piles and put rest in basement; sort children’s winter clothes into what fits and what doesn’t and put rest in basement; clean up clothing mess in basement; find my own winter clothes; figure out how to most cheaply and peacefully braid children’s bodies into close-to-correct size boots, mittens, hats, and coats.

This is the ‘high priority’ portion of the list. The rest is all daydream, I now realize. Yes, it would be nice to look out of freshly washed windows all winter, but our vista will have an overlay of gray summer dirt, I’m afraid.

On my worst days, I envision setting out that last wool sweater with a small sigh of competency (mission completed! We’re winterized, we’re ready!), only to realize that people are already counting the days till Christmas. Thanksgiving? That’s tomorrow, folks. So I got those mums moved from back garden to front just in time to start the List of holiday toil. Bring back the days of Clean Energy Now! I’d rather put up yard signs and smile at lobbyists than spend one more moment at Target trying to remember which child needed long underwear and which child required boots while clerks assemble their displays of holiday cheer. We Type A’s simply can’t handle such multi-seasonal pressure. Let me finish my fall cleaning!

Thank goodness I don’t battle these demons alone. I am in the game with a wise partner, an able player who has seen this drama play out each October, every March. When I panic, John soothes: Every child in Minnesota has a spring/spring cold! Nobody has adequate outerwear! Where will I find the time to attend to the garden? Do you mind eating one minute, microwave macaroni and cheese for a month? John sooths: Every child in Minnesota has a spring/spring cold this week. It’s impossible to have adequate outerwear in this state. The garden grows without your immediate supervision. Dogs are always dirty; you just notice it now. I put the pizza place on the speed dial and can pledge to good Thai take-out once a week. Forget the cardboard macaroni. We’ll be fine.

Just what every Type A Sagittarius needs: a good, solid Taurus for support. Give me a long weekend and aParents’ lunch schedule) - Must call and reserve seats! Call Kang Vang at 651-644-6969 or email kang@aboutchat.org. Thursday-Saturday: 7 pm; Sunday: 2:00 pm.
Cost: $5/student for K-12 Students (groups of 30+) and children under 12 $10/student for K-12 Students (Groups less than 30) $12/Adult (Regular Admission) $10 (Discount Admission for 10+ groups of College Students, seniors)
A Short History of Dayton's Bluff

By Steve Trimble

Chapter 4: The 1850s - The Birth of a Neighborhood

“Dayton’s Bluff is a high and commanding situation below St. Paul, overlooking it and the surrounding country for upwards of thirty miles, and is one of the pleasantest situations for private residences within the city limits. The celebrated Carver’s Cave is at the foot of this bluff... Visitors to the Territory should not fail to pay a visit to these mounds and the cave.”

A.D. Munson, The Minnesota Messenger 1855

When Minnesota became a Territory in 1849, there was a population boom and Dayton’s Bluff entered another stage of development. Even though it was quite a way from downtown, the western part of today’s neighborhood was within walking distance and was officially included in St. Paul. By the end of the 1850s, the city limits had been expanded and enveloped nearly all of today’s neighborhood.

Early farms were being sold off to developers. The area had “probably the most beautiful view near the city” and it would well reward the stranger or even the resident to take a morning stroll to this well-known locality... One can obtain thus, a better idea of the extent of the city than from any other point.”

It is interesting that even at that time, when the city was in its early stage, people were using the term suburb. The article continued, saying that Dayton’s Bluff was the site of “many fine scenic residences, including those of Dr. Borup, Captain Davidson, B.F. Hoyt, and Major McLean. “All have elegant mansions [on this hill],” the article continued, “besides many neat and tasteful cottages even the most used to take a morning stroll to this well-known locality... One can obtain thus, a better idea of the extent of the city than from any other point.”

“Father Hoyt.” He was a key player in the congregation. Because of his deep knowledge and his home site was near the city, he was serving as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a mission that would later become one of the oldest in the city. The article continued, “He drove a good horse, attached to a rickety, non-descript vehicle, with rattling spokes and notwithstanding the seeming momentary liability to accident, got me around through the burr oaks and underbrush, and from knoll to knoll on the commanding bluff which dominated the river below the town...”

Nathaniel McLean was another early pioneer in the Dayton’s Bluff area as you may have read, the street is named after him. Where it crosses Mound Street is very near the site where his former home once stood. He was born in New Jersey where he learned journalism and the printing business. McLean was a pioneer in two different states. He left his home as a young man to go to Ohio, where he was elected to the state legislature in 1857.

He became interested in going to Minnesota when he was sixty years old. In the spring of 1849 he met with a man who was planning to come to Minnesota territory to publish a newspaper. But when the man got “California fever,” McLean bought him out and came to the state to publish the Chronicle and Register. It is said that he bought the “reedy” and provided him a great deal of money. McLean served as county commissioner and was later appointed Sioux agent at Ft. Snelling, a post he held for four years.

Transportation and Economic Development

Like today, early neighborhood residents were concerned with transportation and jobs. The first was very important, as Dayton’s Bluff was isolated from the rest of the city because of its elevation, two substantial streams and the wetlands that accompanied them. In the late 1850s, the local alderman submitted a petition to the Common Council asking the city “to have Seventh Street graded and bridged.” Property owners even agreed to pay for the survey and assessments... so as to relieve the city treasury from any responsibility.”

By the mid-1850s, a Territorial Road linked the city with Dayton’s Bluff area. It was built to facilitate travel between the junction of the St. Croix and the Mississippi and Fort Ripley in the western part of the state. When it reached a spot near today’s Highway 61 and Warner Road, it ran across the area in a northerly direction to downtown. Head west from Obb’s Bar on Point Douglas Road and you will be at the site of the remains of the old Territorial Road.

While the creeks were an impediment to easy travel, they were also a valuable source of waterpower in the era of steam. An 1855 publication mentioned the fact that William Ames and Benjamin Hoyt had a sawmill along Phalen Creek. This “most important institution,” the writer said, “is situated upon Lyman Dayton’s addition at the foot of the bluff which bears his name.” It had only recently opened, but was already producing between seventy five and a hundred thousand dollars worth of lumber.

Barnitz on the Bluff: An 1860 trip

“I even went so far... as to take Sunday drives with an affable and persuasive real estate magnate, one Lyman Smith by name-a man of distinguished appearance and native vigor, who had with commendable foresight invested his capital in the slightly eminence since known as Dayton’s Bluff. His impressive dignity was enhanced by a banded silk hat—an unusual evidence of gentility on the frontier-and the ponderous fob chain with prodigious seals, which dangled at his thigh...”

“This he grew a home, attached to a rickety, non-descript vehicle, with rattling spokes and notwithstanding the seeming momentary liability to accident, got me around through the burr oaks and underbrush, and from knoll to knoll on the commanding bluff which dominated the river below the town...”

“When we had gained a favoring summit he pointed out to me the site of avenues-to-be, and discussed with prophetic fervor of the coming greatness of St. Paul, and of the assured development, which would presently transform the scrubby thickets through which we had forced our way into tasteful lawns, adorned with the residences of cultured people, and of the open fields of cultivated city... and on the incomparable site so wisely chosen for their homes.”

“In the late summer of 1847 a reporter from the St Paul Weekly Press made a visit to the Dayton’s Bluff landmark. “The great feature of Mr. Smith’s place is his vineyard that is comprised of five thousand well trained vines,” the paper said. “He was one of the first to ever grow raspberries for the St. Paul market.”

The next year another paper told of a “Fruit party” that was held at Truman Smith’s “Fruit Garden” on Dayton’s Bluff. He put out a call for a “Fruit party” that was held at Truman Smith’s place. Twenty leading citizens. Whichever way one drives a visit to these mounds and the cave...

The Minnesota Daily Messenger 1855
The Hat Lady at Marian of Saint Paul

by J. Wittenberg

"Does your paper ever write about domestic abuse?" was the first question fired at me by Victoria Vang, a hardworking poet, activist, and fairly recent transplant to Dayton’s Bluff by way of Milwaukee and Minneapolis. I could not recollect when if ever our paper had espoused on any such topic; whereby I reminded her that I am but a humble writer, featuring creative stars of our burgeoning community.

"Any paper worth reading ought to be able to locate a person — a woman or another," Ms. Vang said with a smile, which seemed to me a sound and reasonable philosophy.

This was my second attempt at meeting this 27-year-old writer. The first time it seems I lost in her datebook. Happily found, I walked with her down the new skyway connecting our own library and dear Metropolitan State University. Ms. Vang spoke of the former as a glowing resource in which we may all be proud.

"I hope it will be a place where poets and writers of all kinds can come and read," Ms. Vang declared.

This former teen beauty pageant winner and student of the martial arts is very thoughtful about the state of the arts, and with the exception of local Metropolitan State University, believes the amount of literary events in Dayton’s Bluff is more than wanting. For her part, Ms. Vang has published a chapter of her poetry, which has been included in anthologies as far west as the Golden Bear State. Victoria plans on getting her most recent poems published, and perhaps she will be reading from her work at our own library in the future near. In the past, she has read at the old Coffeehouse in Minneapolis, where she told me copies of her chapbook sold briskly.

At one time, Bernie was the proud owner of 89 hats, but when she had to move and sell her home, she gave three hats to each of her friends. Still, Bernie has a wide variety of hats. And there are rules for which hat to wear when; the felt hats are worn from Labor Day to Memorial Day after which one wears straw hats. And, of course, the collection of fishing hats is for the lake.

Bernie Lester’s claim that hats give her confidence has obviously been proven true in her life. She is a woman of class, spirit, conviction and goodness to all around. May she continue to be the charming, best-dressed hat woman of Marian, USA!

BLUFF HISTORY

The kiln for drying grain held 120 bushels and there was a small malt house and cellars that had been constructed at a cost of many thousands of dollars. According to a newspaper, the ale cellars were “cut into the sand rock from a series of galleries connecting the basements of the several buildings and give a large storage room, with an equitable temperature the year round.” The owners were said to be selling their product as far away as Chicago and Milwaukee

annually, “as well as lath, pickets and other wood products. The mill,” the article concluded, “should help the shortage of lumber that has held up construction a bit lately.”

Other businesses developed along or near the waterway. One of the earliest breweries in St. Paul was located under the bluff along what is now Commercial Street. Owned by local residents Dreeway and Scotten, the venture was launched in 1855. The foundations of the two 50 by 75 feet buildings have recently been uncovered by an archaeological dig.

Victoria Vang - A poet against domestic abuse

The threat came with a look
A kind of dagged intent.
I see venom in your eyes,
Now our future is set.

“When it comes to men, I don’t take any of their guff. Many men are trained to be aggressive, and those who are, need to be cured of that. If in fact, they should be removed from society,” Ms Vang said.

“How about tarring and feathering them?” I suggested, at which she laughed heartily.

Besides expressing her views of domestic abuse in her poetry, Ms. Vang also has volunteered in women’s domestic shelters, and it is plain that this is a passionate pursuit for this woman who was not, and did not act so petulantly all the time.

“If so,” she said, “then tomorrow we may see something kind and good in this man… but not today.”

Ms. Vang then spoke of men’s faces, and how she can often read them. As if on cue, as we walked out of the library below gray skies, we saw a man of average height, perhaps in his forties, carrying two black boxes. He scowled at another man and mumbled something audibly because the man in the car made him wait one second longer to cross.

“You know,” she said, “that man was ugly to me, because he has this certain feeling inside of him, like the world owes him, and he’s intolerant. And even if a man is outwardly handsome, when he acts this way, he cannot help but be ugly.”

I agreed that the man had no redeeming physical quality, but I asked, what if he was having a bad day, and did not act so petulantly all the time.

"If so," she said, “then tomorrow we may see something kind and good in this man… but not today.”

Women’s Advocates, Inc. at 227-8284, both of which are 24 hour crisis lines.

When asked how the Dayton’s Bluff artistic community could be strengthened, she said, “Vote this November. Ask for women’s seats in the Republican. All they do is cut programs for women, end of story.”

Look for Ms. Vang to read at Kieran’s Irish pub. May she continue to strengthen her cause of bringing more awareness to domestic abuse. I believe she will no doubt make a difference. She is a warrior who I would want on my side, and no doubt poets like Ms Vang make our community, and the world, a better place.
The Clothes Line – Be true to your school

Minneapolis Historical Society Photo

This first grade class at St. John’s Catholic School, 945 East Fifth Street, circa 1943, demonstrates that school uniforms are not a new idea.

By Sarah Ryan

The conventional wisdom among school officials is that if a student is sent ‘em young.” And there may be something to that. Although there is little conclusive research to support the arguments of those who oppose them, studies have consistently shown that younger students are the ones most likely to comply with school uniform policies. According to Donald’s, the East Side retail institution and “Official Uniform Store since 1952,” school uniform programs are best begun in the lower grades “to let the policy grow with the programs are best begun in the lower classes.” My personal experience confirms their objections of those who oppose them, even though I occasionally slept in my uniform. Getting ready for school in the morning, I used to have to dress myself while I was still half asleep, underachieving to gang violence, theft of designer apparel, and clique-induced low self-esteem. Minnesota state law now authorizes local school boards to adopt uniform policies to supplement the minimum public school dress code: “Students have the right to choose their manner of dress and personal grooming unless it presents a clear danger to the students health and safety, causes an interruption in the reference work, or creates a classroom or school disorder.” The jury is still out on whether school uniform policies make a difference, but Donald’s is right when they say that “more and more public school systems adopt the school uniform process, the debate will increase as to whether uniforms are productive or passive” in terms of student learning capabilities.

That debate came to dramatic light again this fall. As public school students in France got dressed for their first day of class, they faced more than the usual pressures from family and friends to dress a certain way. In March, the French parliament adopted a national policy that forbids students from wearing overly religious dress in public schools. The ban includes items such as headscarves worn by Muslim girls, and large Christian crosses. The by time classes resumed in September, two French journalists had been kidnapped in Iraq. Their ransom: release the killing of Saddam Hussein. Despite the divisiveness of the national debate in France over the dress code, news of the kidnappings turned widespread support for the policy and against the bullying tactics of the kidnappers. Still, diplomatic efforts launched by French Muslim groups and the French government to secure the journalists’ safe return have been unsuccessful.

Back at the Marian Academy, girls used to wear their skirts pretty short. Bomb threats were a perennial accompaniment to warm spring days. As we filed out onto Military Drive, carloads of boys would drive by honking. I hated that. But the drills were a nice break, and eventually I learned to appreciate the advantages of the perm-pressed skirt and blonde ensemble. To save time getting ready for school in the morning, I occasionally slept in my uniform.

Sarah Ryan lives in Dayton’s Bluff.

You can reach her by e-mail at sr@lakecast.com or send mail to the Dayton’s Bluff District Forum office, 798 E. 7th Street, 55106

A Mounds Theatre Ghost Story

The man in the projection booth

In my first story concerning the ghosts at the Mounds Theatre I introduced two of our three famous ghosts. The first one was the girl who played ball on the stage. In that particular story I also gave you a glimpse into the man who inhabits the projection booth. He is the only one that could possibly harm us. He hasn’t as yet, but one never knows.

On one chilly October day, four of us decided to see for ourselves who the figure in the projection booth was and why he always appeared to us in such a “huff”.

We entered the building just as the sun was going down. Again, the first order of business was to find the light switch in the ticket office and turn off the silent alarm. After accomplishing this, we stood in the lobby for a few minutes gathering up our courage and mentally made our way up the left stairwell that led to the balcony.

At the top of the stairs we eased our way over to the existing railing that overlooked the main auditorium. We stepped up into the back of the stage, listening for any sounds that might appear to be out of the ordinary. Today there were none, just the normal clanking of the pipes that we had learned to identify in our numerous visits to the old theatre.

After getting ourselves used to the musky smells and the eerie lighting in the theatre, we made our way to the projection booth. This was a place that nobody usually entered unless another person accompanied them and sometimes even then nobody wanted to cross the threshold.

I myself reached gingerly into the room to turn on the lights. After flicking the switch, two or three times I found that there was no lighting whatsoever in the booth. The one light bulb usually mounted on the rear wall in a ghastly glow had burnt out. The question now was, should we turn back and mount our investigation another day? It was decided that we should press on.

My stomach was churning and my mind leaped back in time to recall my encounter with the little girl on stage that I had been introduced to on a previous visit to the Mounds. That day was unsettling to me, but the apparition of the young women posed no real threat. She appeared happy but very lonely. With this in mind I passed the burnout on my small flashlight and crossed the threshold behind the other three. The heavy metal door to the projection booth slammed shut behind me, leaving our hands on the handles. Again in the world of the living. I said

I was surprised to find a dead body or two we peered around the corner only to be greeted by an ancient porcelain toilet that had long ago been knocked off, a dead so they might walk among us. Used to summon up the spirits of the room. Used to find a dead body or two we peered around the corner only to be greeted by an ancient porcelain toilet that had long ago been knocked off, a dead so they might walk among us. Used to summon up the spirits of the

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GHOSTS, page 7
Women befriended single mothers – pass along wisdom, support and hope

Women who care about young, single mothers are invited to join a group of Befrienders, a unique collaborative program of Children’s Home Society & Family Services (CHSFS) and HealthStart. Through Befrienders, young mothers receive support from and build a unique friendship with older women who have committed to a year-long relationship. On-going support is provided through group and individual consultation. A 17-hour training session for new Befrienders is scheduled for Friday, November 12, 12:30 - 9 p.m., and Saturday, November 13, 8:30 a.m. - 5 p.m., at Children’s Home Society and Family Services, 2230 Como Avenue, St. Paul. Applications to become a Befriender are now being accepted by CHSFS Volunteer Services. Contact them at 651-255-2323 or befriender@chsm.com.

The Befriender program was created in 1989. Research shows the program helps participants grow in self-confidence, become better parents, and take greater control of their lives. Young mothers feel hopeful and increase their desire to plan for the future. The benefits to volunteers include training, reimbursement of expenses, and the satisfaction of participating in a program that builds strong families.

Children’s Home Society & Family Services is the state’s largest merging Children’s Home Society of Minnesota and Family Services, Inc., in 2003. The statewide, private, non-profit agency has a more than 100-year history of providing social services to children and families, including programs in adoption, child development, employee assistance, crisis nurseries and family services. HealthStart is a program of West Side Community Health Services, which provides extensive school-based services, prenatal care, community health education and parenting support programs.

Letter to the Editor

Signs that won’t go away

Don’t you get fed up with the way some of the people put up dozens of signs on telephone poles and streetlights, or tape them up to whatever empty space they feel like using? I enjoy going to a good garage sale now and then, so I can live with a little temporary visual pollution. But what I really can’t stand is the fact that a few people leave them long after the event is over.

The worst is when the sign just says something like “Big Sale Today!” You show up and they say, “Oh, that was last week.” Maybe there could be a city ordinance requiring all signs to be dated and, at risk of a small fine, be taken down within a day or two after the sale. Try keeping a list of where they were put up for goodness sake!

G. B. LeRoy

Our hands at ECFE say “hello” in many languages

Every fall at Dayton’s Bluff Early Childhood Family Education (ECFE) Program, parents and children sing a song called “My Hand Says Hello.” The three greetings used most frequently are “hello,” “in stong” (Hmong), and “holu” (Spanish), languages spoken by many St. Paul families. This year, however, other languages have entered the song to honor the languages spoken in children’s homes.

Parents in the ECFE Program participated in a map project to help them get to know each other and our community better. Each parent was asked to put a map pin on a map to show where she or he was from. They were also asked to place a red “heart” pin anywhere in the world that represented a strong emotional attachment for them. To facilitate this mapping there were maps of the Twin Cities, Minnesota, Mexico, and the world.

As expected, most of the pins designating people’s childhood homes were in St. Paul with others located in other cities in Minnesota and the five state area. But parents in the program also come from Chicago, Detroit, New York, Atlanta. They also come from places as diverse as Bulgaria, China, Mexico, India, Brazil, Tanzania, Sri Lanka, Argentina, and Uganda.

The “heart” connections are similarly wide spread. The connections represent many ways participants feel bound to a place where they did not originate. They have adopted or been adopted from another country. They lived or went to school there. They have close relatives there. They have served or had a relative serve in the military in other countries. Red “heart” dots pin the maps in Haiti, Liberia, Vietnam, the Bahamas, Sweden, India, Egypt, Chile, Ireland, Spain, Italy, Israel, China, Ireland, and the United States.

Preschoolers are curious about their immediate families and close relatives; “Where was Papa born?” “Where does Aunt Sue live now?” The maps are largely interesting to them in terms of these smaller families. But seeing the connections adults at Dayton’s Bluff have around the world and across cultures reminds us of a bigger family on the “big blue marble.”


Pavilion in the park party

Even though there was a smaller than hoped for turnout, the second event sponsored by the newly formed Dayton’s Bluff Heritage and Happiness Committee went off as planned on October 12. While there is still restoration work to be done, various people commented on how glad they were that the historic structure was not torn down, as had been suggested by some city staff. The pavilion, built just before the First World War, is an excellent example of prairie style architecture and it would have been a shame to see it razed. That’s what the party in the park was all about. You should have been there.

Given the weather, this is the last Heritage and Happiness Committee outdoor event until the spring. But there are many indoor sites that could serve as a location for future get together. Do any of you readers have suggestions on places or events to be celebrated? If so, please call Karin at the Dayton’s Bluff Council Office, 772-2075.

PHOTOS BY GREG COSIMINI

Seven more of the classic automobiles that were on display at Mounds Park before the Drive for Kids road rally to Red Wing.

GHOSTS

(continued from page 6)

clutching, raised his head and stared directly into my eyes. A fear came over me that shook the foundation of my soul. His eyes were black, glittering in their swollen sockets. I could feel his anger welling up inside of him and I knew I was not welcome in the projection booth, nor were the rest of the people sitting beside me.

It was obvious now that others in the room had also seen the same apparition, as I was aware that people were now shifting nervously in their chairs. They too were experiencing the coldness that had set into the room and were aware of the ghostly presence that now was slowing moving towards us.

We needed to end this session now before it was too late. I grabbed for my flashlight only to have it fall from my lap and roll across the floor away from my grasp. Suddenly I heard the click of a button and the room was again illuminated in a pale, yellowish light. I now saw the people who had been sitting inches away from me in the dark. I looked into their eyes and immediately knew that they had heard and felt something that was not of this world.

We all silently arose from our chairs and moved towards the door, closing it behind us as we descended the stairs to the lower level. Without much ado we turned over a word we went directly to the box office, flipped off the light, set the alarm and rapidly exited the building.

Outside we all exhaled a sigh of relief and proceeded to share with one another the experiences of our time in the projection booth. Oddly enough, we all had seen and felt the same thing, some to a greater degree than others. After this experience none of us ever wandered into the projection booth alone, or at all for that matter.

Sometimes I can stand in the main auditorium facing the projection booth and still see the form of a slender man starting down at me, his shoulders slumped to his sides. His eyes are still swollen and glittering in the dark as they were on my last visit. I can only imagine what events led up to his being here. Does he even know that he is dead, or has he committed such heinous crimes that he has been forced to walk in the shadows of the theatre forever to atone for his unhinkable acts? We will probably never know the truth.
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Q.) Can I still register to vote on November 2?
A.) YES!

How to register to vote at the polls:
★ Bring your driver’s license or Minnesota ID card showing your present address to the polls, or
★ You must have lived in Minnesota for 20 days before the election, and
★ A person already registered in your precinct may vouch for you.
★ You must be a United States citizen.
★ Be prepared to provide the last four digits of your Social Security number.
★ To find out the location of your polling place, call Ramsey County Elections at 651-266-2171 or go to this website: www.co Ramsey mn.us/elections
★ You must be at least 18 years old as of Tuesday, November 2, 2004.
★ Polls are open from 7 a.m. - 8 p.m.

State Representative Sheldon Johnson
rep.sheeldonjohnson@house.mn, 243 State Office Building, St. Paul, MN 55155, 651-296-4201 or www.sheeldonjohnson.com
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