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Congress of the United States

House of Representatives

Washington, DC 20515-3010

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

8-5-98

Donald Payne
M.C.

*Rahm
that idea
to give Citizen Medal
(introduced by Jackson)
to this guy -
could be source for
or their owner -
Bx*

Honorable William Jefferson Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
Washington, D.C.

*Copied to:
Emanuel
COS*

DONALD M. PAYNE
10TH DISTRICT, NEW JERSEY

COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION
AND THE WORKFORCE

SUBCOMMITTEE ON EARLY CHILDHOOD,
YOUTH AND FAMILIES

SUBCOMMITTEE ON EMPLOYER-EMPLOYEE
RELATIONS
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COMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL
RELATIONS

SUBCOMMITTEE ON AFRICA

SUBCOMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL
OPERATIONS AND HUMAN RIGHTS



THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

8-5-98

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515-3010

July 30, 1998

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Honorable William Jefferson Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President,

It was good to have the opportunity to speak with you earlier this week at the home of Smith and Elizabeth Bagley on the occasion of the presentation of the Irish American Peace Prize to Senator George Mitchell. Having visited Northern Ireland for the second time myself on the eve of the Parade season, I share your hope that at long last the Irish people will enjoy peace and reconciliation. The remarkable progress achieved in recent months would not have been possible without your courageous commitment to the peace process.

As I mentioned to you at the event, I wanted to bring to your attention the accomplishments of an extraordinary 94-year old African American sportswriter, Sam Lacy, who was recently honored by the Baseball Hall of Fame. I had the privilege of attending the Hall of Fame weekend in Cooperstown, where Mr. Lacy received the J.G. Taylor Spink award for excellence in baseball journalism. Mr. Lacy delivered a speech which articulated his experiences during the struggle to integrate sports so eloquently that many in the audience were moved to tears.

Sam Lacy's sportswriting career, which has spanned 17 presidential elections, was distinguished by his columns in the 1930s and 40s questioning the status quo of segregated leagues. A former player in the Negro Leagues, Mr. Lacy said of segregation in sports, "There was something unreal and unfair about this, so when I got to the Washington Tribune in the 1930s, I began to campaign to correct something that I thought was a terrible injustice."

He spearheaded a letter writing campaign to the Commissioner of Baseball, Judge Landis, and to baseball owners (with no response) and also to leading columnists of the day. Later, he moved to the Chicago Defender newspaper and then to the Afro-American, where at age 94 he continues to work today. In the 1940s, after the death of Judge Landis, he was granted permission to make his case to the owners in Detroit. He presented a proposal, which was not acted on immediately. However, he persisted, suggesting in his articles names of black players which he felt qualified for admission into the Major Leagues. Both Mr. Lacy and another sports writer, Wendell Smith of the Pittsburgh Courier, felt that Jackie Robinson was the black player who should pave the way in integrating baseball.

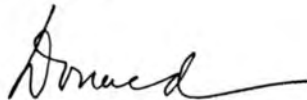
They selected Jackie Robinson not necessarily because he was the best player, but because they were confident that he had the temperament to endure the pressures facing the first person to break the racial barrier in baseball. Both Sam Lacy and Jackie Robinson demonstrated enormous grace in withstanding incidents of public ridicule and bigotry which sadly marked that era.

Mr. Lacy continued to use his gift for words to address the disparity in pay between black and white players. His thoughtful columns always examined racial issues in sports in the larger cultural context of American society.

Mr. President, I recall the very positive response you received a few years ago when you presented the Distinguished American Award at the Congressional Black Caucus Foundation's Annual Legislative Conference to Ms. Osceola McCarty of Mississippi for her generosity in donating her life's savings to a college scholarship fund for young people. I would like to respectfully request that you consider bestowing the same award on Mr. Lacy and also invite him to be your guest at this year's CBCF dinner. I would be happy to facilitate this matter in any way possible.

Again, Mr. President, I appreciate the job that you are doing in behalf of our nation and thank you for taking this matter under consideration.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Donald", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Donald M. Payne
Member of Congress

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN
8-5-98

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 5, 1998

MR. PRESIDENT:

Attached is a notebook from Melanne with recommendations for the 1998 Humanities Medal. These will be presented along with the Arts Medals, which you recently approved.

Please note Melanne's "yellow sticky" note inside the binder.

Phil Caplan *Phil*

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COS

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN
8-5-98

98 AUG 4 PM 3:55

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 4, 1998

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: Melanne Verveer

RE: National Endowment for the Humanities Nominees for the 1998 Humanities Medal

The National Endowment for the Humanities has submitted its recommendations for the 1998 Humanities Medal. Included in this binder are the first and second priority lists of recommendations generated by the Endowment. The Endowment recommends the nominees on the first priority list. However, as you know, you may make substitutions from the nominees on the second list. You also may choose fewer than 10 if you would like.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 4, 1998

*The check marks
are Linc's
preferences. She's
fine w/ it
whatever you
decide.*

PRESIDENTIAL ACTION MEMORANDUM

FROM: Melanne Verveer

Please choose ten recipients for the 1998 National Medal of the Humanities from the following first and second priority lists of nominees generated by the National Endowment for the Humanities. Biographies of each nominee follows under specified tabs.

First Priority Nominees

<u>Tab #</u>	<u>Nominee</u>	<u>Field</u>	<u>Approve</u>
1	✓ Stephen Ambrose	Historian	✓
2	Peggy Barber	Libraries	✓
3	✓ Diana Eck	Religion	✓
4	✓ Henry Louis Gates, Jr.	Literature	✓
5	✓ Vartan Gregorian	Libraries/Education	✓
6	✓ Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.	Historian	✓
7	? Steven Spielberg	Producer/Director	✓
8	✓ Garry Wills	Columnist/Author	✓
9	? Oprah Winfrey	Talk Show Host/ Producer/Actor	✓

next yr

next yr

Second Priority Nominees

<u>Tab #</u>	<u>Nominee</u>	<u>Field</u>	<u>Approve</u>
10	Ralph Appelbaum	Museum Exhibit Designer	_____
11	Patricia Battin	Libraries	_____
12	? <u>Taylor Branch</u>	Journalist/Author	_____
13	<u>Natalie Zemon Davis</u>	Historian	_____
14	<u>E.L. Doctorow</u>	Author	_____
15	<u>Nancye Gaj</u>	Literacy	_____
16	<u>Garrison Keillor</u>	Writer/Radio	_____
17	✓ <u>Ramon Eduardo Ruiz</u>	Historian	_____

Handwritten notes and marks:

- Next to Tab 10: NYC
- Next to Tab 11: NYC
- Next to Tab 12: NYC
- Next to Tab 13: NYC
- Next to Tab 14: NYC
- Next to Tab 15: NYC
- Next to Tab 16: NYC
- Next to Tab 17: NYC

Mission Consolidated Independent School District

• 1201 Bryce Drive • Mission, Texas 78572 • (956) 580-5500 • Fax (956) 580-5523 •

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President Bill Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President:

I had not had a chance to personally thank you earlier for your historic visit to the Mission Consolidated Independent School District in January. As a small token of our appreciation, I would like to present you with a memento of your visit. On behalf of the board of trustees, the students and staff, and the entire community, I would like to present you with a commemorative album containing pictures of your visit.

Thanks a million for your personal efforts to ensure that all Americans are afforded the best education possible. Thank you.

Sincerely,



Lupe A. Gonzalez,
Superintendent of Schools

814189

After you have seen,
we will send original
to Burkhardt -

dc

C.

MISSION CONSOLIDATED INDEPENDENT
SCHOOL DISTRICT
Superintendent's Office
1201 Bryce Drive
Mission, Texas 78572

Do Ty to
Bill Clinton

President Bill Clinton

THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN
8-4-98

8-4-98

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

'98 AUG 4 AM 11:54

August 5, 1998

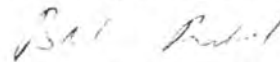
The Honorable William J Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear President Clinton:

It has been my greatest honor to have had the opportunity to serve you and this Administration. In November 1991, I teamed up with Capricia to organize Ohio for your campaign. At that time I could not imagine that the next seven years would, along with periodic returns to the classroom, bring me to Little Rock, the State of Maine, the Department of Justice and finally to the White House Counsel's Office. It has been exhilarating.

Mr. President, you have fought hard against incredible obstacles for the values that made this country great and I have been proud to join with you in your quest. I am now again returning to teaching law school and will be at Northwestern University Law School for the fall semester. I only hope that you will continue to call on me if I can be of any service and that you know that you will always have my deepest gratitude and allegiance.

With deepest regards,



William P. Marshall
Associate Counsel
To the President

To Dan B
for reply
BC Sig

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

8-4-98

August 4, 1998

Mr. President:

We are having a reply prepared
for your signature.

Phil Caplan,
PCW

Rahm

per our discussion

Bo

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN
8-4-98

Copied
Rahm - magazine
cos - copy of cover
+ TOC

Chon - copy of cover
+ TOC

Rm - copy of
cover + TOC

While the world worries
about exotic viruses like Ebola,
a bigger threat is already here,
incubating in hospitals
and other seemingly safe,
sterile environments.

Superbugs

The **Bacteria**
Antibiotics Can't Kill

By Cheryl Gay Crotberg

AUGUST 2, 1998

"The odds of Ebola breaking out are quite low, but the stakes are very high. With antibiotic resistance, the odds are certain. It is happening right under our noses."

FROM "SUPERBUGS," BY SHERYL GAY STOLBERG, PAGE 42.



On the Cover:
Photograph by Tom
Schierlitz for The
New York Times.

Above: For the
fall, children are
wearing brand names.
Photograph by
Christian Witkin for
The New York Times.

Magazine articles are
available all week from
The New York Times
on America Online.
Keyword: Times.

18 Letters

25 Sunday

Hot-Headed Drivers,
Rainbow Folk Cool Out

30 On Language

BY WILLIAM SAFIRE
Like, Do You Like Likes or Like?

34 Culture Zone

BY SARA MOSLE
The Outlook's Bleak

74 Puzzles

Answers on page 73

76 Lives BY ADAM LIPTAK

The Real Deal

38 The White House Shamus

BY DAVID SAMUELS

Terry Lenzner once served a Watergate subpoena on Richard Nixon. Now, as head of an elite group of private investigators, he is digging up dirt on the President's enemies. Has the idealist lawyer become a white-shoe plumber?

42 Superbugs

BY SHERYL GAY STOLBERG

For the last decade, scientists have been waiting with dread for the emergence of disease-causing bacteria that are resistant to our most powerful antibiotics. The wait, alas, is over.

48 Severe Weather Warning

BY MARK HERTSGAARD

Ten years ago, a NASA scientist famously warned that global warming was for real. It looks as if he was right, and hotter temperatures aren't the only result.

50 Labyrinth of Solitude

BY PAUL BERMAN

Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas is the second most prominent man in Mexico, the son of one of its most beloved Presidents and the country's best hope for reform. Then why does he seem so alone and helpless?

STYLE

59 Gift Rap BY KEN GROSS

60 Put Your Ad Here

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTIAN WITKIN
And discover the fashion potential of America's fastest growing media: kids.

67 Fiesta Fare BY MOLLY O'NEILL

The barrio meets the backyard buffet.

10 Kalam / Boud / Winston
writing of your mind
TSC

8-5-98

NEW YORK TIMES
July 19, 1998

Not Copied to:
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apartment and a pink house beneath a mahogany tree in the Dominican capital.

At Tide: Shuttle Is

CELIA W. DUGGER

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utero. His pint-sized immigrant
k to her homeland so Mateo, now
After that, his childhood was split
n a cramped Lower East Side

As an adult, Mateo, a stocky man with a dimpled baby face, continues to lead a double life, with gusto. A dual citizen of the Dominican Republic and the United States, he wears a custom-made lapel pin that entwines the Dominican and American flags. He is fluent in Spanish and English, in the business handshake and the business hug, in yucca and plantains, bagels and lox. But there is nothing fractured about his existence.

Every few weeks, Mateo, who owns a money-transfer company, simply commutes between the Westchester County suburb of Irvington, where he lives, and Santo Domingo. Many a day, he and his wife, Stella, start out in blaring traffic on the Grand Central Parkway and end up on horseback in the verdant Dominican countryside, cantering down to a river to feast on rum and goat.

"I believe people like us have the best of two worlds," Mateo said. "We have two countries, two homes. It doesn't make any sense for us to be either this or that. We're both. It's not a conflict. It's just a human fact."

For modern immigrants like Mateo, the homeland is no longer something to be forsaken, released into a mist of memory or nostalgia. As the world has grown smaller, the immigrant experience has inevitably changed. Unlike the Europeans who fled persecution and war in the first half of this century, few modern immigrants abandon their motherlands forever, shutting one door, opening another and never looking back. Instead, they straddle two worlds, in varying degrees, depending on where they came from and what they can afford.

Some immerse themselves in two societies at once -- economically, culturally, politically. Jesus Galvis, a travel agent in New Jersey, ran for a Senate seat in his native Colombia earlier this year; had he won, he would have considered holding office simultaneously in Bogotá and Hackensack, where he is a City Councilman.

Most immigrants, however, base themselves more fully here, but maintain ties so vital that their homeland is a part of their American-born children's identity. Mersuda Guichard, 47, leads a hectic New York-centered life as a subway token clerk and single mother of three. But she travels to Trinidad at least once a year, and plans to retire there, which will keep alive her children's connection, already strong from so many summers there.

Either way, this here-there phenomenon, while common to every immigrant center in the world, makes a particularly clear stamp on the psyche of New York, the American city with the largest and most diverse population of immigrants, living side by side in neighborhoods where the very fact of their double identity is a bond. It has evolved during the newest wave of immigration, which began in the late 1960's, eventually driving the city's immigrant population to an all-time high of 2.7 million, according to an analysis of the Census Bureau's latest population survey. More than a third of the city's residents are foreign-born, and about 60 percent are either immigrants or their children. Most are black, Latino and Asian, unlike the Europeans of the previous waves of immigration.

To some extent, the new immigrants bear a resemblance to the Ellis Island generation. During that last great migration, which began in 1880 and petered out during the 1920's, some immigrants did revisit their homelands, and many returned for good. But their experience was largely erased from popular consciousness by the mid-century immigrants, most of whom, fleeing war, never looked back.

Still, for the newest immigrants, technological advances and global political and economic changes have revolutionized the relationship with the homeland -- just as the American embrace of multiculturalism allows it to flourish as never before.

Armed with cut-rate phone cards and frequent-flier miles, with modems, fax machines and videocameras, immigrants can participate in the lives of their families back home -- be they in Barbados or Tibet -- with an immediacy unknown to any previous generation. Indeed, this phenomenon has given birth to an entrepreneurial subculture -- the money-transfer houses, phone parlors, barrel shippers and even videophone centers dotting immigrant neighborhoods.

In the last few years, a proliferation of dual nationality laws has allowed many immigrants to formalize their double identities. And, among other worldwide political changes, the break-up of the Soviet Union and liberalizations in China have allowed even refugees to reconnect in commonplace ways they once could not have imagined.

Mei Yung Liew left China 19 years ago, and settled into a garment worker's life in New York, quickly securing her American citizenship. She made a first visit back for her father's funeral. Three years ago, she traveled back for a meeting of labor-union women. Now, she watches with awe as her brother, an artist who sells his work in China, not only conducts business by fax from their Bushwick, Brooklyn, apartment but even returns for long stretches to the land they supposedly fled forever.

So fluid is the exchange between the homeland and New York that it alters both places. People move back and forth, money moves back and forth, ideas move back and forth.

Families and sometimes whole towns bestride borders. The population of Chinantla, Mexico, is evenly divided between that tiny town and New York City, but the Chinantecans still consider themselves one community -- 2,500 people here, 2,500 people there. In New York, the first-generation Chinantecan immigrants are waiters, garment workers and mechanics; back home, they are the big shots whose earnings built the town's schools and rebuilt its church.

The extent to which the newest immigrants have held onto their homeland identities has unsettled many Americans, and this unease underlies current debates about immigration, multiculturalism and bilingualism. Among a growing army of immigration experts, there is a raging debate, too, about the importance of this phenomenon, which the academics call transnationalism.

Many experts believe that modern immigrant families are ultimately shifting their allegiances here, even if their resettlement takes decades. They see transnationalism as a phase on the way to what they imagine will be the eventual assimilation of the immigrants' grandchildren, and pronounce the modern immigrant experience a variation on an old theme.

Others disagree, but only with their conclusion. First, they say, it is significant that the resettlement can span decades in the life of an individual family, especially in a city where more than 100,000 new immigrants arrive yearly. Also, they say, transnationalism seems to transform the life of the first generation's children and sometimes their grandchildren, creating a hybrid identity that is genuinely novel.

"At the same time as they are keeping their old links, many are successfully integrating themselves into the United States," said Robert C. Smith, a sociologist at Barnard College and expert on

To Rahm / Bono / Clinton
with a nodding of your head
TKC

NEW YORK TIMES
July 19, 1998

New Immigrant Tide: Shuttle Between Worlds

By DEBORAH SONTAG and CELIA W. DUGGER

Hernando Mateo has been shuttling between New York City and Santo Domingo since he was in utero. His pint-sized immigrant mother, belly swelling, flew back to her homeland so Mateo, now 40, could be born a Dominican. After that, his childhood was split between here and there, between a cramped Lower East Side apartment and a pink house beneath a mahogany tree in the Dominican capital.

As an adult, Mateo, a stocky man with a dimpled baby face, continues to lead a double life, with gusto. A dual citizen of the Dominican Republic and the United States, he wears a custom-made lapel pin that entwines the Dominican and American flags. He is fluent in Spanish and English, in the business handshake and the business hug, in yucca and plantains, bagels and lox. But there is nothing fractured about his existence.

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8-5-98

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"At the same time as they are keeping their old links, many are successfully integrating themselves into the United States," said Robert C. Smith, a sociologist at Barnard College and expert on

transnationalism. "They're redefining what it means to be American."

They are also making immigration a much more complex phenomenon than described in policy debates. Immigrants have always had a utilitarian relationship with America. But when the homeland remains alive, every life juncture, from cradle to grave, becomes a time to choose: where to baptize, where to bury?

In 1996, more than half the Dominicans and Mexicans who died in New York City were sent home for burial, as were a third of the Ecuadoreans, a fifth of the Jamaicans and 16 percent of the Greeks, according to an analysis of city death records.

Marriage, too, is a defining moment, especially among Indian immigrant families. Many of the American-born children of, say, gemstone merchants from Jaipur or hoteliers from Gujarat, agree to arranged marriages, often with weddings in India, sometimes followed by new lives based there.

At key points in their lives, many immigrant families separate, some here, some there. Needing day care, some send small children home to grandparents. Fearing drugs, gangs and sexual precociousness, some ship their teen-agers home for high school. And many retire to their birthplaces, which keeps their children and grandchildren ineluctably linked. The familial webs crisscross the globe.

Margaret Lee, 36, is a vivacious Manhattan real-estate lawyer who came to New York as a child and considers herself eternally wedded to its life style. Her parents retired to Korea about 20 years ago, dragging back her older sister because she was getting a little too independent. After marrying a Korean, the older sister settled in Seoul, as did her younger sister, who was mostly reared in Korea anyway.

Then, her parents re-immigrated -- because golfing is so much cheaper in Fort Lee, N.J. Meanwhile, Ms. Lee married a Korean-American artist, Ik-Joong Kang, who is represented by a gallery in Seoul, where his parents live. And they recently had a baby whom they gave two first names, Kevin and Keeho.

"I hope for my son's relationship with Korea to be continuous, just as mine has been," she said.

JETS AND WIRES

Making the Commute to Santo Domingo

Left in their grandfather's care, the girls were soon so busy with their suburban social lives -- baking brownies, swooning over Leonardo DiCaprio and E-mailing their girlfriends -- that they didn't mind their parents' absence. Third-generation New Yorkers, they themselves have spent a good part of their preschool years and many summers in the Dominican Republic. They find the intense connection between here and there so natural as to be unremarkable.

That morning, the Mateos sauntered onto a 7 o'clock nonstop flight to Santo Domingo -- the first of six that day -- as casually as if it were a shuttle. The plane was packed with immigrants returning home for a wedding, a visit with an ailing family member, a business meeting. When the plane bumped down three hours later, they applauded, and someone called out, "De regreso, paisanos!" ("We're back, countrymen!")

In all immigrant groups, it is entrepreneurs like Mateo who have developed the infrastructure that allows their countrymen to keep in touch with home. "They are the vanguard," said Alejandro Portes, a Princeton University immigration expert, "the ones whose economic or sometimes political interests require them to be simultaneously present in their two countries."

Four years ago, on a flight home, Mateo sat next to a fellow Dominican who sold discounted phone time to immigrants. The man expounded on the profit potential in the link between here and

there, and by the end of the ride, Mateo had decided to go into the money transfer business.

"I set myself up in this business so I would have an official reason to go back as often as my heart wants to take me there," Mateo said.

Mateo's money-wiring business, like some 15 other companies, provides an electronic lifeline between Dominicans in New York and their families on the island. Dominican immigrants send back \$500 million a year (including about \$100 million that the authorities believe to be proceeds from drug sales). The cash sustains their relatives and their homeland's economy, just as such remittances bolster familial, and sometimes national, economies throughout the world.

While there is no total estimate of immigrants' remittances, New York State Banking Department statistics indicate that the industry has mushroomed here in the last decade. The number of companies licensed to send money has increased 40 percent since 1988, and those companies have as many as 2,000 storefronts and agents.

Among them, Bobby Express says it transfers about \$1 million a year to Haiti; Habib Exchange sends about \$6 million a year to India, Pakistan and Bangladesh; Pekao Trading wires about \$320 million a year to Poland.

Mateo has 200 agents throughout the city, and transfers \$40 million a year.

Dominicans, regardless of class, are probably the most transnational of all New York's immigrants. The city's largest immigrant group, they have transformed their nation while laying claim to whole New York neighborhoods. The Dominican President, Leonel Fernández Reyna, grew up on the Upper West Side, still holds a green card, and has said he intends to rejoin his family in Manhattan at the end of his term.

In Santo Domingo, the influence of New York-based immigrants is so visible it can be toured. Here is the new residential subdivision built close to the airport for the back-and-forth immigrants; here is a bagel shop, a video store, a pizzeria that delivers; here is a parochial high school whose student body is 20 percent New York-born.

Just before his recent trip to the island, Mateo traveled by subway to Brooklyn, his pinstriped suit equipped with beeper, cellular phone and computer organizer. He was making a routine visit to one of his 200 agents, Teresa Guzman, who runs Family Travel on Myrtle Avenue.

Behind a glass partition, Ms. Guzman and her employees sat before computers and typed in orders from the immigrants who dribbled in that morning. A home health attendant sent \$65 to her elderly father. A garment worker sent \$69 to relatives with a succinct message: "THIS IS FOR FOOD." The directions were often quite specific:

"Ten kilometers past Hatos de Yaque, left at the henhouse, climb the hill past two herds of cattle and you can find Mercedes in the small green house."

From Ms. Guzman's agency, the orders traveled electronically to Mateo Express headquarters in midtown Manhattan, then on to Santo Domingo, where the company's war room holds a giant city map divided into sectors. Each sector is assigned to a messenger who packs his pockets with cash-filled envelopes that he delivers by motorbike within four hours of an immigrant's visit to a storefront in New York.

On his recent trip, Mateo accompanied a messenger to the home of José Antonio Ortiz Sánchez in Baní, a small city outside the capital. Ortiz Sánchez, a skinny, toothless old man who suffers from a nerve disorder, was lying on a cot on his patio when the envelope arrived. He clutched it to his chest -- \$70 for a doctor's visit. When Mateo asked who had sent the money, the man rose from his cot,

hoisted his blue boxers, walked inside and pointed to a poster of a St. Louis Cardinals Double-A farm team.

"My son," he said proudly. (The son no longer plays for the team.)

Just as they scratch together enough money to send home, even the poorest Dominican immigrants make at least one trip back a year, travel agents say. Fares run as low as \$330 round-trip.

Mateo does not come from a wealthy family. His father began as a gardener. He is a Seward Park High School dropout whose outsized hands bear decades of calluses from manual labor. Before starting his money wiring company, he built a carpet business from scratch, while his wife, who now runs a small construction company, worked at an accounting firm.

But they and their families have been moving back and forth for decades. Even now, Mateo's mother, Carmen, 76, hops between the family's modest, airy house in Santo Domingo and a spare apartment in a retirees' building in lower Manhattan.

After a few weeks in Santo Domingo, she begins "kvetching" (Mateo's word) about the heat, the blackouts, the lack of Häagen-Dazs ice cream. So she flies north.

After a few weeks on the Lower East Side, she starts complaining about how cooped up she feels and about the outrageous price of mangos, which are supposed to be free. She insists on flying back to visit the grave of her husband, who died in Manhattan years ago only to be transported south for burial. There, she sprinkles his grave with his favorite beer and plays him salsa from a boom box, often accompanied by Mateo's half-brother, Dagoberto Linares.

Linares, 51, a small man whose jeans hang low and baggy like a teen-ager's, also shuttles, between East New York, Brooklyn, and Yamasá, the Dominican Republic.

In New York, he works as a carpet-layer; in the Dominican Republic, fulfilling a lifelong dream, he lives on a farm -- riding horses, raising chickens and harvesting a cornucopia of fruit trees.

TECHNOLOGY

Breaking Barriers of Space and Time

When Hamid Ali drives his yellow cab through Manhattan, the images of his family in Pakistan run through his head as if on a loop. They keep him company through 10-hour workdays and lonely nights in a one-bedroom apartment he shares with three other drivers. But they are stale images, four years old and frozen in time.

It pained him, until a friend told him about a cutting-edge solution to old-fashioned immigrant heartache: videophones.

At the end of June, on Ditmas Avenue off Coney Island Avenue in Brooklyn, Ali sat nervously before a large computer screen in the darkened conference room of Satellite Tech Telecommunication. His wire-rim glasses slipped to the very tip of his nose; he pushed them up, and they slipped back down.

Without warning, the screen came to life, and the image of his older sister, draped in a floral head scarf, flickered and died. He gasped softly. Then she reappeared, live from Islamabad, a four-hour drive from their town of Okara. And she had a thing or two on her mind.

For four straight minutes -- at \$5 a minute -- his sister, Shamim Kusar, harangued him for not writing. He protested that he phoned weekly, but his sister told him letters were better; they could be fingered and re-read and kept under pillows. No one could fathom why he didn't just come home, she said, or why he was so ambitious. Their father thought he probably no longer cared for them, she reported; now he was American.

When Ali's eyes brimmed, Mrs. Kusar softened. She told her brother he looked weak and underfed. He told her he was working too hard, that everyone worked too hard in America, which was

why it is such a prosperous country. "Is everyone so skinny?" she asked. "I will tell Mother you are fat." She reached out to tickle his face on the screen.

"I will tell everyone in town that I saw my brother on TV," she said, giggling. "They won't believe me. We are simple people."

"Pray to Allah for me, dear sister," he answered, biting back tears. "and I will be home soon -- two years at the most."

This scenario, unimaginable even 10 years ago, shows just how far technology has gone in breaking down the barriers of space and time that used to separate immigrants from the lands they left behind.

Early in the century, it was too difficult and expensive to lead a genuinely double life. Immigrants might return home for good, but they could not hop a steamship to the Old World for a long weekend. Letters were the bond between families, but they took so long that communication was herky-jerky.

Now, Chinese immigrants jet to Hong Kong for meetings with investors in their Queens banks; Bombay movie stars fly in for standing-room-only performances at the Nassau Coliseum, and highland Indians from Ecuador fax home orders for more ponchos to sell on the streets.

The most revolutionary technological change in the lives of immigrants, though, is the inexpensive direct-dial phone call.

It was not even possible to make a trans-Atlantic phone call until 1927, and it was prohibitively expensive -- \$200 in current dollars for a three-minute call to London, said Sheldon Hochheiser, the corporate historian for A.T. & T.

In the last 10 years, small communities around the world have obtained direct phone service, fiber-optic cables have drastically improved the quality of long-distance calls, and rates have become dirt cheap: in 1965, it cost \$10.59 to call the Dominican Republic for three minutes, and \$15 to call India; now those rates are \$1.71 and \$3.66, respectively, with A.T.&T.'s one-rate international plan.

Many immigrants, however, seek out even cheaper rates at phone parlors, now ubiquitous in the city, or with prepaid phone cards. The phone parlors and card businesses, typically immigrant enterprises, buy telephone minutes in bulk from long distance carriers and sell them at sharply discounted rates.

If the ability to call home cheaply connects immigrants to their families, the ability to click on the homeland's news or soap operas connects them to the society they left behind.

All a Korean immigrant need do is turn on the 24-hour Korean Channel, which is offered in Queens as part of basic cable service, to watch the news from Seoul, as well as Korean soaps, children's programs and Sunday morning religious shows. Similarly, a Russian émigré can turn to WMNB-TV, based in Fort Lee, N.J., for live performances from the Moscow Concert Hall.

For immigrant communities that lack television channels, there are closed-circuit radio stations that operate on side frequencies leased from FM stations. If they get their radios equipped with a special chip or filter, immigrants can listen in on the Ukrainian Parliament, and Haitians can participate in call-in shows that link listeners in Flatbush with those in Port-au-Prince.

Reflecting the dual interests of their audiences, the immigrant radio and television channels have also become electronic settlement houses, offering all manner of advice.

"We're killing a lot of different birds at the same time," said Evgeniy Lvov, president of the Russian-American Broadcasting Company, which owns WMNB. "We're making this world smaller for everybody."

THE NEW BREED

Rebuilding a Burnt Bridge

Before Leonid Slepak left Russia in 1979, he traveled three days over land from Moscow to Siberia to say goodbye to his parents. They were well-known dissidents; he was a draft evader living underground and a poster boy for Soviet Jewry, his photograph marched through the streets of New York, Washington and Los Angeles.

Slepak was only 19. He had finally won his 10-year-battle to emigrate, and in that moment, sitting opposite his parents in a Siberian prison, he thought he understood with a panic what a permanent rupture it would be. "It would be like dying, I imagined," he said recently.

Two decades later, it has not turned out to be so final after all. After the collapse of the Soviet Union, many Soviet Jewish refugees ventured back for a visit. They were the last immigrants who had ever expected to lead transnational lives; they had relinquished their passports and possessed little nostalgia. But the years away had taught some that they were more Russian than they thought, and that it made sense -- business sense, family sense -- to re-establish ties.

Like Slepak, many have reconnected with a vengeance, building businesses that require them to travel back and forth, to E-mail, to adjust their body clocks to the eight-hour time difference. They have bought second homes in Moscow or St. Petersburg.

Slepak, who puts together business deals that require financing and know-how in both countries, even moved back for a year. He has a family here and a family there: three very Americanized teen-agers in New Jersey (whose mother he divorced in the 80's), and one Russian child, 7-year-old Anastasiya. His parents live in Israel.

Slepak considers himself more American than Russian, but calls himself "bicontinental." Has he embraced Judaism in exile? He laughed and called this a "very American question." Being Jewish is a matter of blood, not deed, he said. But then, he elaborated, with a very American answer: "If I arrive home on a Friday, and the sun is just setting and the mood is right, I will light the candles, and say a bracha," a blessing. "But it's more in the spirit of T.G.I.F."

THE OLD BREED

When Goodbye Meant Forever

When the new immigrants began arriving in large numbers, many Americans believed there was a prototypical immigrant experience: immigrants were supposed to shed their old selves and become Americans in language, culture, dress and appetite.

That model was based on the living memory of Morris Adler's generation.

At 103, Adler is a spry, stoop-shouldered man, happily retired in Jamaica, Queens, with 5 grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren and a great-great granddaughter. His eyes are milky with age but his memory is undimmed.

After anti-Semitism drove him from Poland, he said, he arrived at Ellis Island in 1920 with \$9 in his pocket. Within days, he found work as a hat maker and enrolled in night-time English classes. He quickly changed his name from Gershon Szmedra, just as he tried hard to lose his accent and Americanize. He didn't want the stigma of being a greenhorn; he wanted to belong in his new land, where no one ever told him to get off the sidewalk because he was a Jew.

In New York, he married the daughter of Jewish immigrants from Poland and built his American family.

But he never saw his Polish family again. He corresponded with them until the letters stopped in 1943; nearly everyone perished in the Holocaust.

"I never wanted to see Poland again," he said. "My country where I'm born showed me hate, so I never had love for it. To me the other world is, 'Forget it.'"

But if Adler's seems to be the prototype of the American immigrant experience, immigration experts say this kind of abrupt break with the homeland was actually a historical anomaly. The current immigrant experience, they say, more directly echoes the mass immigration that stretched from 1880 to 1930.

Then, just as now, millions of immigrants came expecting to go home. Some crisscrossed the Atlantic by steamship, like the Italian migrant workers whom immigration officials called "birds of passage." And many returned for good, carrying back their earnings and buying themselves new prominence and comfort in their homelands.

One historian, Mark Wyman, believes a quarter to a third of the 23 million Europeans who emigrated to America between 1880 and 1930 repatriated. But their story has rarely been told because the history of immigration was written by those who stayed.

With a return home on their minds, many immigrants behaved very differently from Adler. They were slower to learn English and become citizens. They lived and worked in ethnic enclaves, and belonged to homeland village associations. Homeland politicians courted them; Irish nationalists made fund-raising trips to New York in the early 1900's, just as Dominican candidates -- and Irish nationalists -- do now.

"It's a mistaken idea that everyone always rushed to Americanize," said Roger Waldinger, an immigration expert at the University of California at Los Angeles.

From the late 1920's to the 60's, though, the fluidity of these migration patterns was interrupted by the Depression, World War II and the cold war. In 1929, Congress also imposed severe immigration restrictions that were not lifted until 1965.

For those 35 or so years, the majority of newcomers were refugees fleeing political persecution: first European Jews, then Hungarians, then Cubans. They are the immigrants whose experience has shaped the living memory of New York.

Unlike those who came before, and those who would follow, they knew they would never go home. And since their numbers were relatively small, they could more easily be absorbed into America at a time when it was consciously forging a national identity. At that moment in history, with the concept of Americanization taking an ever-stronger hold, ethnic identity was a leftover, and often an embarrassment.

"There was a zero-sum notion of identity," said Aristide R. Zohlbberg, director of the International Center for Migration, Ethnicity and Citizenship at the New School for Social Research in Manhattan. "If you became 10 percent more American, you became 10 percent less of what you were."

ETHNIC PRIDE

A New Notion of Americanization

Philippe Vielot arrived in New York from Haiti in 1969, four years after Congress lifted immigration quotas. He was 12, and he didn't know he was at the vanguard of a new wave of immigration that would bring in black, Latino and Asian immigrants in an era when many Americans were asserting their ethnic and racial pride for the first time.

During Vielot's American lifetime, the idea of assimilating to a single American norm would come to be seen as a dated, even racist, concept. It would become socially acceptable for immigrants to hold onto their cultures, but then the extent to which they did so would unnerve many Americans.

Vielot's family arrived intending to return to Haiti, and after 20

years as hospital workers, his parents did retire there, keeping their apartment in East Flatbush for visits north. When Vielot's daughter was little, she was sent home to her grandparents, the best (and cheapest) day care imaginable.

Vielot never stopped following the ins and outs of Haitian politics. He never gave up his languages, Creole and French, never stopped listening to zouk and compas, never stopped going home for visits. He still awaits the perfect moment to return for a long stay, maybe for good. He wants to be a farmer.

But Vielot long ago became an American citizen. He is fluent in English; he peppers his speech with exclamations like "oh, gosh." He works for a New York City agency as a mechanical engineer. His wife is a kindergarten teacher, his children are American, and they all live in Bridgeport, Conn.

He is the very model of the modern immigrant, part of the mix of cultures that has been called everything from a salad bowl to a gorgeous mosaic. But has he Americanized? Vielot was at first stumped by the question, then said, "By my estimate, maybe not by yours."

Sociologists say that to many modern immigrants, the issue of becoming American is pretty much beside the point, the kind of question best left to the sociologists. To many immigrants, assimilating means sinking into the dead-end universe of the inner cities where they live; holding onto their culture and values, then, is a way of inoculating their children against all those American ills.

Experts prefer to ask if immigrants are integrating themselves into American life even as they hold onto their language, culture and ties. The test, they say, lies with the immigrants' children, and that is whom they have been studying, although the studies, and the children, are too young for definitive answers.

Still, families like Mersuda Guichard's offer some tentative answers. For Ms. Guichard, Trinidad is the past, the island that felt too small when she left in 1971. It is the present, the place she goes to restore herself when the pressures of bringing up three children alone are too much. And it is the future, the "paradise" where she will retire, using the nest egg -- \$6,000 so far -- squirreled away in a Trinidadian bank.

But it is not the past, present or future for her teen-age children. When they were younger, Ms. Guichard sent them home every summer -- because she was working, and because she wanted them to absorb her love for Trinidad. Her daughter, Starr, 16, still goes, and she describes it as a glorious vacation: walking barefoot on the beach, tending rabbits and ducks, learning to cook callaloo. But, every fall, Starr balks when her mother, who thinks a little Caribbean discipline would do her good, asks her to stay and attend school in Trinidad. Starr has no desire to wear a uniform or get her knuckles rapped for tardiness.

"There, you can't wear make-up or nail polish," she said. "You have to wear plaid pleated skirts and white shirts and little socks that fold at the bottom."

Ms. Guichard now wishes she had sent all her children home to school when they were small, but, she says, it is too late for regrets. She herself is Trinidadian through and through. Her children are a hybrid: part West Indian, part American -- and all New Yorker. "They were born here," she said, "and they will die here."

Overwhelmingly, the experts say, American-born children of immigrants seem to have their feet planted in this country, no matter how many trips they make to their parents' homeland. While bilingual, they express themselves better in English than in their parents' tongues. And they feel more at home in the hyperdeveloped United States than in the developing world.

Still, their parents' dual identity affects them, sometimes profoundly. In many cases, they have relationships with their parents' hometowns that help shape a newfangled identity. They are

not going to move back, but they often consider their parents' birthplaces second homes.

The back and forth can be confusing, and some feel they fit in neither here nor there. "Here they say, 'You're from the islands.' " Starr said. "In Trinidad, they call me a Yankee, and that's considered an insult."

At the same time, however, these ties to home are often a source of strength -- an escape from a city where many live in a social underclass to another, freer world, where their families' social status has been elevated by emigration. It helps keep their immigrant aspirations alive.

Liliana Maldonado, a 20-year-old computer student, has spent every summer in her parents' hometown in Ecuador.

"I think of it as going home, and I was born here, which says a lot," she said. "What it feels like to me is a relief."

CITIZENSHIP Dual Identities, Dual Loyalties

That the McManus Midtown Democratic Association, a century-old bastion of Irish-American politics, has a president born and raised in Cali is testament to the changing face of New York City.

That the president, Carlos Manzano, is a dual citizen of Colombia and the United States speaks volumes about the changing immigrant identity.

At the same time as he courts Jewish, Italian and Irish voters in the district he seeks to represent in the New York City Council, he sends routine mailings about Colombian politics to his countrymen in the New York area.

"Fortunately, the election cycles here and there don't overlap," he said. "This spring, I was focused on the presidential elections down there. By fall, I'll shift gears back here."

Although immigrants taking the oath of United States citizenship must renounce their homelands, the renunciation carries no teeth. American courts increasingly tolerate dual nationality, and since the end of the Cold War, other nations have relaxed their attitudes toward the concept, too.

Some countries have long allowed it, and in the last decade, many others, including Russia and Poland, have decided to simply ignore their countrymen's new citizenship. And others have enacted dual nationality or citizenship laws as they have come to see their emigrants as assets rather than traitors; among them are Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, Italy and Mexico.

The Mexican law, overnight, created a potential population of millions of dual nationals, as it not only recognizes Mexican-born Americans but their children. Since the new law took effect, five New Yorkers a day have sought to recapture their Mexicanness.

"The binational society is a trend that is unstoppable," said Jorge Pinto, Mexico's consul in New York. "It used to be limited to the border, but now the links are far afield."

For some, the issue of dual citizenship poses the ultimate question raised by the transnational phenomenon: Where does an immigrant's allegiance lie? Some fear that dual loyalties are necessarily dueling loyalties, and that the bond between a citizen and his state should be exclusive.

Others, though, say this is an old-fashioned notion in a world that is not at war, and an impractical one in the face of a global reality of entwined economies, of businesses and families that straddle borders.

Like Manzano, Fernando Mateo sees himself as doubly loyal.

Naturally, almost physiologically, ebullient, Mateo hungered for a public role in his community once he no longer had to work day and night to keep his business afloat. His civic energy expressed itself both here and there.

In New York, he devised a campaign to urge New Yorkers to trade their illegal guns for toys. The Toys for Guns program went national and international. Mateo went on Oprah, met Bill and Hillary Clinton, and became a darling of Spanish-language television, which has hemispheric reach.

Through his minor renown here, Mateo was able to assert himself as a player in Dominican politics there. Last year, he won a battle to secure immigrants the right to vote from the United States -- making the Dominican population in New York the second-largest concentration of votes in any Dominican election, after Santo Domingo.

It also allows New Yorkers, including Mateo, to contemplate running for their homeland's highest offices. Mateo feels he has two countries, one that shaped him emotionally, and another that helped him rise above his station in life. He would fight for either country in a war, he said.

On a spring morning, from his home in Irvington, Westchester, Mateo debated by phone his potential as a candidate for election in the Dominican Republic -- with David Garth, the veteran New York political consultant.

In Yamasá, the Dominican Republic, Mateo continued the conversation with his wife as they danced to salsa on his brother's porch. Stella Mateo admires her husband's political ambitions, but she does not want to move back to the Dominican Republic.

Hips swaying, Mateo dipped her and said, "Babe, you smell that goat on the grill? That's not a smell you get every day in Westchester."

"Freddy, honey," she answered, "you like the smell of hamburgers and hot dogs, too."

Mateo's cellular phone rang. The music stopped. A third conversation began, this one private. Mateo's mother, who had been rocking in a chair drinking milk from a coconut, said: "Who is it? New York again?" She smiled proudly.

"My little gringo," she said.
END

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Mateo Expressway Flies

Immigration Now

Photographs by EDWARD KEATING/The New York Times



Fernando Mateo at his company's headquarters in midtown Manhattan, left, and in Bani, Dominican Republic, below, at the home of José Antonio Ortiz Sánchez, who had just received money from his son in the United States.



Fernando Mateo relaxing on a beach in Santo Domingo with his wife Stella, above left, visiting his mother in the hospital, center, and speaking with reporters after arriving at police headquarters for a meeting with Santo Domingan law enforcement officials, center right.



Mateo and his brother Dago on horseback in the Dominican countryside recently. (bottom right) "I believe people like us have the best of two worlds," he said.

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"I never wanted to see Poland again," said Morris Adler who is 103. "My country where I'm born showed me hate, so I never had love for it. To me the other world is, 'Forget it.' "

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The Final Return

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Photographs by JAMES ESTRIN/The New York Times



At the Ortiz funeral home in Harlem, saying goodbye to Jorge Cruz, 30, a Mexican immigrant who was stabbed to death. Mr. Cruz, like half of all Mexicans who die in New York, was flown back for burial.

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NEW YORK TIMES
July 20, 1998

Wedding Vows Bind Old World and New

By CELIA W. DUGGER

AIPUR, India -- Vinit Sethi, a New Yorker born and bred, was wired from days of celebration when he mounted a small white horse to ride toward his bride. Dressed up like a Rajput prince, he nervously adjusted his golden turban and the strands of plump emeralds that hung around his neck.

His wedding procession, led by a lumbering elephant, fairly floated through the horn-honking, smoke-belching downtown traffic like some royal fantasy, trailing a band of his Ivy League buddies, merry revelers in Western suits. Sethi, a 24-year-old investment banker who loved night clubbing in SoHo, brought up the rear, his horse prancing past mesmerized beggar children. All were bathed in the fluorescent glow of green lights held aloft by small men in flip-flops.

His bride, a shy, hazel-eyed beauty of 20 named Anshu Jain, was waiting poolside at the Sheraton Rajputana. They had never kissed or held hands. She came from a family in which no woman had ever been allowed to call her husband by his given name. "For a wife, your husband is God," she explained. "And you don't call God by his first name."

Theirs might seem an unlikely union, this arranged marriage between the cosmopolitan American son of Indian immigrants and a sheltered Indian woman who had never set foot in America. Sethi's friends from the University of Pennsylvania had warned him that he should not consent to the match his mother had found for him in India just because it was expected of him. And he worried he was being "flaky" to agree to it.

For Sethi, though, the marriage wasn't the inevitability it had been for his immigrant parents. It was his own choice. And yet in making that choice, he was casting his lot with a traditional way of life, one that would bind him more closely to his parents and to India itself, and sustain that tie into yet another generation of American children -- his own.

By choosing to marry a woman of his mother's choosing, he managed to be both quite American and quite Indian all at once.

"I had mixed feelings with the concept," he said. "I didn't necessarily think I would go through with it. But my reservations got pushed to the side when I met her. I had an incredible feeling that this was the right thing to do."

In modern immigrant families -- where the bindings between new land and homeland are stronger than ever before -- the children almost inevitably find themselves pushed and pulled between the culture and values of their parents and those of the larger American society. Such ambiguities are perhaps never more acute than when a decision about marriage -- the arc of one's life -- is at hand. But what emerges at defining moments like Vinit Sethi's wedding is the way many of these children search for, and find solace and grounding in, their connections to the world back home.

Sethi grew up in a tightly knit community of Indian gemstone merchants who, over three decades, have carved out a sizable niche in the historically Orthodox Jewish world of the diamond district in midtown Manhattan. Even as they scattered to doorman apartment buildings and to homes in predominantly white suburbs, these Indian families banded together in their business and social lives. The sons skied together. The daughters took Indian classical dance together. And they still unite in Jaipur for events like the Sethi wedding.

They have held onto their socially conservative culture, fending off

the onslaught of Americanization, by constant use of those totems of modernity -- telephone, fax, E-mail message and jet plane.

The fathers go back and forth most often, carrying satchels of gems folded up in tidy paper packets, each flight a thread stitching their lives here and there together. But the wives and children also go to India every year for weddings, family visits and religious pilgrimages.

Because of their wealth and the intensity of their business ties to India, these families are among the immigrants, Indian and otherwise, most tightly bound to their homelands. But their experience is common to immigrants from all over the world who have taken advantage of skills and contacts developed in New York and back home to build businesses and transoceanic lives.

Above all, the gemstone traders are held together by what they describe as a shared Indian idea of family, which sees American-style individualism as a form of egoism that has fostered disrespect, premarital sex and other social ills. They are looking back not just to India, but to a remembered India.

"India has changed tremendously, especially in the big cities," said Jyoti Pandya, one of the gemstone traders. "All the young ones there are trying to catch up with the West. Our children, we teach them the values of 20 years ago."

The heart of that teaching is an observance of hierarchies, the child giving deference to the parent, the daughter-in-law to the mother-in-law, the wife to the husband.

"Ladies have to admit that the husband is more powerful," said Haridas Kotahwala, a leading trader in the circle that includes the Sethis and Pandyas. "It is better to surrender than to have all these arguments."

But while the parents still consider themselves Indians, their children have grown up attending American schools, going to American movies, watching American television. Striving and ambitious, they often chafe at their parents' expectations. Just as often, they say they value the comfort and security of their affectionate, protective families.

Over the Christmas holidays, many of them traveled to this city in northwest India for the Sethi wedding with the nonchalance of New Yorkers vacationing at a Florida condo. Several, like Pandya's daughter, Komal, a Columbia University freshman, watched the wedding with more than academic interest. They are entering their marriageable years -- and, like many young Indian-Americans, choosing some form of arranged marriage with open eyes.

"An American girl dates a guy and she doesn't know much about him -- how he was brought up, his moral standards," Miss Pandya said. "I trust my parents to look for someone who will give me the life I've been brought up to have."

But the dissonance between her American and Indian identities emerged as she talked about her place in such a marriage. In one breath, she said, "I would never set aside family for career." And in the next, she said, "I don't want my husband to be my identity." Then she looked confused: "I'm like, oh yeah, I'm going to have my own identity and I'm going to be a demure wife. It is contradictory and hypocritical."

Just how these young Indian-Americans will seek to harmonize these clashing values remains to be seen. What is clear is that they feel little pressure to shed their ethnicity like some unwanted skin. "It's like P.C. that if my mom wants to be an Indian and wear a sari, it's O.K.," said Kotahwala's niece, Shweta, a 19-year-old international business major at New York University.

Instead, they will be sorting out just who they are on their own terms. Back in New York, Vinit Sethi is struggling to establish

himself and his wife as a couple apart, within the close embrace of his family.

After honeymooning in the old royal city of Udaipur -- and Disney World -- they have settled into a one-bedroom apartment on Manhattan's East Side, in a traditional Indian family arrangement, across the hall from his parents. But Sethi has also undertaken to expose his bride to the Americana he loves. He has inflicted his old "Seinfeld" videotapes on her and taken her to Macy's and a Yankees game.

And he has urged her to become a more independent, modern woman -- to go back to college, to wear jeans, to do what would have been unthinkable to her only a year ago: call her husband by his first name.

THE MOTHER

Finding a Match for a Fine Catch

Ahashi Sethi is a guardian of family traditions, a woman who has given her life to her husband and two sons. As her boys grew up, she devotedly hand rolled the roti for their lunches, pushed them to study hard, instilled in them the family's religious values. She never once hired a baby sitter, not even for an evening. And as Vinit, the older son, came of age, her matchmaking instincts kicked in.

Mrs. Sethi knew he was a fine catch. At Manhattan's hypercompetitive Stuyvesant High School, he had excelled academically, but never dated. At Penn, where he graduated summa cum laude, he dated occasionally, but never had a girlfriend.

He took a job straight out of college with Lazard Frères & Company, the white-shoe investment bank, and promptly moved in across the hall from his parents. Many nights he dined on his mother's cooking in the room where he had slept on a Murphy bed as a boy.

It was when Vinit was 23 that Mrs. Sethi told him it was time to stop "goofing around" and marry. If he wanted to pick his own wife in the American way, she told him, that was fine -- as long as the girl was a strict vegetarian. If the newlyweds planned to live across the hall, "I would have to get along with her and she would have to get along with me, emotionwise, foodwise and livingwise."

Vinit told his mother he had no marriage plans. He had not yet decided between a match of his own making and one of his parents'. Either way, though, "I always knew I'd probably end up getting married to someone who wasn't very American, because I'm not myself in some ways," he said. "There's a certain level of individualism in American relationships I don't agree with myself."

So Mrs. Sethi quickly went into action. "I had an agenda," she said. "I began spreading the word with friends and family in Bombay and Jaipur." She planned a trip to India, but Vinit, immersed in his job and in no hurry to wed, refused to go.

The news that she was looking for a bride spread like wildfire. She received a package from a family friend in Dallas about a relative in India, Anshu Jain. It included Miss Jain's "bio data," a kind of résumé for arranged-marriage prospects (Age: 19; Height: 5 foot 5 inches; Complexion: Fair), and an unprepossessing photo of an unsmiling young woman in a stiff pose, one arm crossed over the other. Mrs. Sethi set the envelope aside, barely giving it a thought.

Some months later, in January 1997, she set out for India. In Jaipur -- where her father once had an emerald-cutting factory -- she met several nice young women from good families. Then, while she was in Bombay visiting her husband's family, Miss Jain, her father and two uncles came to call.

The willowy, soft-spoken Miss Jain walked in looking nothing like the gawky young woman in the photo. She quickly won over Vinit's grandmother, uncle, aunt, assorted cousins -- and, most important, his mother.

"Anshu had a softness," Mrs. Sethi recalled. "She was very down to earth, very simple, very humble. It just clicked."

When Mrs. Sethi returned to New York, she and her son met for coffee at Dean & DeLuca near Rockefeller Center. She described the young women she had met, ranking the top four and their respective virtues. Always, Miss Jain headed the list. Her background was quite compatible with the Sethis'. She, too, was from a conservative family that followed Jainism -- a religion of nonviolence and vegetarianism, honesty and frugality. Her father ran a rental car company and a factory that made elastic.

Five months later, Vinit flew to Hyderabad to meet her. At a party before he left, one of his college friends brought out a cake topped with a plastic married couple and the words, "Happy 17th Birthday," suggesting he was going to be married off to a teen-ager. "I was a little spooked by the whole situation," he acknowledged. But he told himself he could always refuse the match.

The first day he and Anshu met, they spoke about hobbies, school, siblings. He was charmed, but felt he needed to know her better. But Miss Jain's family customarily allowed its daughters only a brief pre-engagement glimpse of the men they were to wed; a girl's reputation, essential to her marriageability, had to be carefully guarded.

Unbeknownst to the rest of her family, her father decided to allow another meeting. The next day, he sent one of his veteran drivers to pick up Vinit. During hours of talk in the back of the car, she told him of her bare-bones needs: "A guy who's patient and who doesn't smoke or eat tobacco." He, in turn, told her about his more complex requirements: a woman with whom he connected emotionally and who shared his commitment to family.

He knew there was no chance for a third meeting. He had to decide.

He flew to Bombay the next day and waited to see if the spell would lift. It didn't.

He said yes.

THE GEM TRADE

A Generation Heads for New York

Paridas Kotahwala, dapper in a finely checked blazer and pristine white shirt, strode through a warren of dusty alleyways in Jaipur's Tripolia Bazaar, oblivious to the meandering sacred cows and scrawny dogs, his briefcase swinging at his side.

The eldest son in one of the 30 families that dominate the Jaipur gem trade, the 59-year-old Kotahwala has lived in New York for three decades.

He had taken his wife and son to Jaipur for the Sethi wedding, but on this sun-drenched day, he was on his way to meet some gem brokers at the family's cutting and polishing factory.

Up a narrow, twisting flight of stairs, he emerged into a courtyard surrounded by rooms filled with the soft clicking sound of lapidaries at work. Soon he was sitting shoeless and cross-legged on a white floor mat, as comfortable haggling for sapphires and emeralds with the cell-phone-toting brokers as he was a few months later politely selling those stones from a booth at a trade show at the Javits Center in New York.

Jaipur had its origin as the center of India's colored gemstone industry in the 1700's. Today, the gem business is Jaipur's largest employer and gems and jewelry India's second-largest source of foreign exchange -- \$5.6 billion a year -- after textiles.

The Indian jewelry trade, and the men of Kotahwala's generation, truly came of age in the late 1960's, thanks to the globalization of the economy and changing American immigration policy.

Congress had excluded Indian immigrants in 1917. But while the

door was opened a crack in 1946, it was not until 1965, with the passage of the Hart-Celler Immigration and Nationality Act, that large numbers of Asian immigrants began arriving in America.

This sea change came at a fortunate time for the gemstone merchants. The demand for jewels in India had declined precipitously with the demise of its many princely states after independence from Britain in 1947. Several pioneering traders had discovered New York as jewelry exhibitors at the 1964 World's Fair in Flushing Meadows. The vast American consumer market beckoned.

The Kotahwala matriarch, Shyama Devi Kotahwala, said she worried that Haridas and his younger brother, Vinod, would be influenced by "the spoiled culture of America." She fretted that they would neglect her in her old age, that their children might marry outside their merchant caste and Hindu religion, perhaps even to Americans.

Still, with great trepidation, the families sent forth their young men to New York.

Kotahwala arrived in 1968 and rented a \$200-a-month studio apartment in the diamond district, where he lived and worked. To break into a trade dominated by European and American Jews, he went door to door with a sample case, a confident, gossipy salesman slowly building a clientele. The Sethis arrived in New York four years later, after Shashi's father offered to help her carefully chosen husband, Dilip Sethi, gain a foothold in the emerald business.

There were then only a few thousand Indians in New York. In Manhattan, the traders say they found just two Indian restaurants and one grocery, where the owner never let them squeeze the vegetables.

Today, New York's Indian population has swelled to 200,000, and the gem merchants' trade group comprises 230 companies. Some of the more prominent clans, like the Kotahwalas, have become to families what multinational corporations are to businesses -- entities that transcend borders.

The Kotahwala family straddles America and the subcontinent, with offices also in Idar-Oberstein, Germany; Bangkok, and Hong Kong. Haridas and Vinod Kotahwala are based in New York, in a modern office in a sleek high-rise; for many years they lived together, with their families, in Queens. The other two brothers, in Jaipur, live with their mother, wives and children, in an aging mansion, called a haveli, within the terra cotta-colored walls of the old city.

And the pattern will continue: Haridas Kotahwala has a son in New York and another in Jaipur, and he recently set up a company for them, Royal India U.S.A.

Technology makes the Kotahwalas' way of life possible. The brothers here and there live with ears glued to telephones as they confer about deals. Their fax machines hum with orders. Their mother talks to her sons in New York by phone every week. She flies to America, and her sons and their families to Jaipur. Her hand in the family, as the matriarch, is still strong.

The family members move easily through the looking glass dividing the two worlds.

The 11-bedroom haveli, with its worn, aging couches in ascetic common spaces, is in the raucous heart of the Tripolia Bazaar. Outside, the streets are choked with bicycle rickshaws, motor scooters and carts drawn by camels with flowers perched on their noses and elaborate patterns shaved into their hides. Inside, Mrs. Kotahwala makes the rules, deciding on the menus (no onion or garlic), directing the servants.

Periodically, the matriarch spends a few months with Vinod and his wife, Shushma, 42, in their white stucco house in Forest Hills,

Queens. There, the streets are orderly, the yew hedges manicured and the only sounds in the house on a quiet afternoon are the stately ticking of a grandfather clock and the tinkle of a teacup on its saucer. The two younger children attend private school, and on the advice of teachers, their mother has stopped speaking to them in Hindi.

Still, with the matriarch in town, the customs are those of the Indian family.

"I wear traditional Indian saris in front of her, no pants or Western clothes," said Shushma. "I cook the way she likes. It's an obligation."

In her religious observances, Shushma Kotahwala also follows the way of her husband's family. She has set up a small shrine in a window seat of her bedroom, with an incense burner and statuettes of Krishna.

In Jaipur for the Sethi wedding, Shushma and her daughter Shweta journeyed to sacred places in and around Mathura, the birthplace of Krishna. As they moved from a windowless temple, where the visage of the family swami stared down from the saffron-colored wall, to shops where her daughter bought gaudy prints of Krishna, to the legendary mountain that Krishna held aloft on his finger, Shushma, so serious before, became girlish, almost giddy.

The trips to India come with many familial duties, but among the streaming multitudes of worshipers bearing sweets and tins of milk to pour on the black mountainside in offering to Krishna, she seemed exalted, her faith refreshed and her spirit renewed.

THE RULES

Young Brides, Boys With Prospects

Khushma Kotahwala had more than one wedding on her mind on her winter trip to Jaipur. The time had come to begin looking for a husband for 19-year-old Shweta.

Mrs. Kotahwala herself had married at 20, after learning the refined arts of embroidery, stitching, doll making, classical Indian dance and English literature. Her arranged marriage, she said, was her destiny -- and it brought her to America. "Nobody can change their destiny," she said. "That's what I believe and what most Indians believe."

Her daughter's destiny, Mrs. Kotahwala said, is likely to lie in India, in an extended family with her husband and his relations -- and that means her youth is crucial. If a woman is 25 or 26, "It becomes hard to mold the girl into the family -- and you get divorce," she said. "If the girl is young, she can be molded and it will unite the family. She won't have an independent way of thinking."

A woman in her mid-20's may also have lost her physical charms: "Maybe the boy can reject you because you don't look good."

Mrs. Kotahwala passed out Shweta's bio data to close friends and relatives, including her brother-in-law, Pramod Kotahwala, who lives in Jaipur and so would continue the search when she returned to New York.

Kotahwala explained the practicalities of arranging a marriage. In Shweta's case, he said, the goal is to find her a family from a big city since she is accustomed to life in New York. Whether the young man is from Bombay or Delhi, or even Singapore or Hong Kong, matters little. "Ultimately, these families are based in India," he said. "The connection has to be started here."

And the young man should have prospects: "We're looking for a boy who's settled in a business, not a profession, taking his own decisions, not necessarily earning much. I want to be able to smell the growth in him."

Shweta's wedding itself will be a costly multiday affair. He estimated the expense at \$200,000 to \$300,000 -- for clothes, a sum

of money to take with her into the marriage, a set of jewels and the celebration for 3,000.

The Kotahwalas live simply in the Jaipur haveli, in part to save for the weddings of the family's unmarried daughters and for the jewels of future daughters-in-law.

"The son's wife has to have the same jewels as the other daughters-in-law," he said, "or she will have a complex because she is living in the joint family."

Shweta, who was born in India and has gone back and forth all her life, says she welcomes an arranged marriage, even if it takes her to Calcutta or Bombay. "I just want a cosmopolitan city," she said. "I don't want to go to Kentucky."

She also wants to finish college first, which should take a year -- and her parents agree.

For the first 13 years of her life, Shweta and her immediate family lived in Queens with her Uncle Haridas's family. She knows life in a joint Indian family and the art of compromise that keeps it operating smoothly. She enjoys living in a house where she is never alone. While other children played Nintendo after school, she was home squabbling endlessly with her cousin Vishal. "He'd want falafel," she said. "I'd want pizza."

Indian culture is deeply rooted in her.

"If I want to walk away from it -- out of the house -- I can," she said. "But I don't need to. I don't want to. I'm happy. That's a part of who I am. That's my individuality."

THE WEDDING DAY

Jewels and Silk And American Rap

They came from New York and Houston, New Delhi and Jaipur, the hundreds of people who poured into Jaipur's main auditorium on Dec. 25 for a gala evening of talent-show performances by the young friends and family of the Sethis. The women wore their finest saris in vivid hues of orange, pink and red. Their ear lobes, necks and fingers glittered with emeralds, diamonds and rubies.

Young men and women danced to Indian pop. Sethi's younger brother, Vaibhav, a student at the University of Michigan, lip synched to the rapper Notorious B.I.G., then performed a rap of his own.

It all started out way back in January, When Mom met Anshu and this story began. Mom thought, "Wow, she's perfect for my Beta." But Vinit said, "No, not know, maybe lata."

The brother wound up with a typically Indian wedding wish: "Now let the wedding proceed, let's have some fun. This little story's over, now let's see a Sethi son."

"The New York girls" -- Shweta Kotahwala, Komal Pandya and a Barnard College freshman named Anjali Rawat -- swirled and undulated across the stage to the beat of Indian movie tunes, singing along in Hindi.

Miss Rawat was awaiting her own arranged marriage in Jaipur the following year to a young man from a family of Indian industrialists. They were engaged when she was 18, just after she graduated from the Brearley School in Manhattan.

While she had always known that she would "be arranged," she said she was shocked that it had happened so soon, and threw a few tantrums. Eventually, though, she accepted it, and with considerable sadness has given up finishing her education at Barnard and her dream of becoming a television news anchor; instead, she will follow her husband to London or India. "I wish it didn't have to be this way," she said, "but I can't really do anything about it."

Vinit and Anshu watched from the audience. Since their engagement, they had come to know each other by talking for hours by telephone, running up \$500-a-month bills at 69 cents a minute. Still, they seemed a bit awkward and frazzled later that evening as they stood together, she in a long white dress, he in a suit. Their hands never touched.

The next afternoon, the Sethi family and friends gathered beneath a gaily colored tent for the wedding procession. Vinit smiled broadly when his college friends clustered around him, joshing him about the wealth of gemstones strung around his neck. "He's the million dollar man," one said, to the laughter of all. But when they drifted away, Vinit remained on his horse, alone, his expression frozen into a tight, distracted smile.

At about 7 P.M., he reached his bride at the hotel. But only after a five-hour reception around the pool did the marriage ceremony itself actually begin -- at a time the astrologers had designated as the most auspicious.

THE WIFE

Deference to Mummyji

Since the wedding, Anshu Sethi and her mother-in-law have settled into a comfortable rhythm in the long hours when their husbands are at work. Anshu pads back and forth across the hallway between the apartments, a sweet-tempered companion always happy to bring a tray of masala tea and salty snacks to afternoon visitors or to learn to cook the dishes her husband likes.

Most evenings, she and Vinit, who now works at a hedge fund, have dinner with his parents, then retire to the apartment his mother redecorated in soft greens, with a small shrine in a kitchen cabinet stocked with incense, a prayer scroll and a Jain painting. When they go out, they seem like any other young couple newly in love -- teasing, holding hands, sharing food from each other's plates.

Vinit's mother declares that she has found a new daughter in Anshu. And she loves having her son and his wife so close by.

"I've told Vinit," she said, " 'Living with you is the happiest thing that can happen to me in my life. But I'm not going to blackmail you for your presence. It has to be your and Anshu's decision.' "

Anshu seems to have slipped easily into the life of her new family. Which is not to say that there haven't been some adjustments. The new Mrs. Sethi sometimes finds herself caught between the different expectations of her mother-in-law and her husband.

There is, for example, the question of what she wears. Mrs. Sethi has insisted that when Anshu is at home, she wear a salwar kameez, a long flowing tunic over pants -- no jeans or Western attire. "I have many friends in the building," the mother-in-law explained. "The Rawats and Jhalanis, those ladies all wear saris and so do their daughters-in-law. Salwars are one step more casual than saris."

Vinit has conceded defeat.

"It's law," he said. "The jurisdiction of Shashi Sethi decides Anshu will wear salwars in the house."

He and his mother have also differed over Anshu's education. Anshu had already graduated from a college in India, but Vinit felt strongly that she should begin earning an American degree soon after the wedding. His mother, though, was cautious about moving the young woman too far, too fast. In the spring, Mrs. Sethi still felt she needed to accompany her daughter-in-law whenever she left the house.

"Vinit has to take an interest in her growing up, expanding her horizons," his mother said. "I also don't want her to limit herself just to the house. But right now, I'm not ready for her to go alone in New York City. She seems like a foreigner, not because of dress, but because there is a look of curiosity on her face that makes her vulnerable."

Anshu herself was torn. Her parents in Hyderabad had warned her, she said, that the issue should not become "an object of my mother-in-law's discontent with me."

The push-and-pull of the joint family, though, has had a happy outcome in this case. Anshu has applied to college for the fall. She is now venturing out on her own to the placement tests and interviews.

"Mummyji supports it now," she said.

The newlyweds plan to have children in a few years, and have already decided they will speak Hindi to them. Like his parents before them, Vinit and Anshu will fly often to India to see her family and his, propelling their children into the back-and-forth life that knits India and America together.

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Photographs by EDWARD KEATING/The New York Times



Anjali Rawat, a freshman at Barnard, in her dorm room, left, right, and in Delhi with her fiancé, far left. She would have liked to finish at Barnard, but instead will follow her husband to London or India. "I wish it didn't have to be this way, but I can't really do anything about it," she said.

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Anshu Jain, left, the night before her wedding. Mr. Sethi rode to the ceremony on horseback. "I always knew I'd probably end up getting married to someone who wasn't very American, because I'm not myself in some ways," he said.



Vinit introducing Anshu to her first Yankee game, left, and on a street in Manhattan, right. The Newlyweds plan to have children in a few years, and have decided they will speak Hindi to them.

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NEW YORK TIMES
July 21, 1998

A Mexican Town That Transcends All Borders

By DEBORAH SONTAG

HINANTLA, Mexico -- In the dark before dawn, when the priest bumped his pickup truck through town to wake everyone up, Monica Cruz groaned and put her pillow over her head. In New York City, as the assistant manager of a store in SoHo, she enjoys daylong access to cappuccino. Here in her dusty little hometown, there is not a cup of coffee to be had.

A NEW IMMIGRATION

Still, on that not quite morning, Monica, who is 30, gave in to the priest's exhortation by loudspeaker, eased on her black sateen jacket and headed toward the town cemetery with her oversized candle. Other New Yorkers were slipping into the predawn stillness, too -- a busboy from the Friars Club, a nurse from St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center, a maid from the Warwick Hotel. Under a crescent moon over adobe, they felt blissfully far from their daily grind, their bilingual negotiations with the place Chinantla calls simply "over there."

Accompanied by a wheezy brass band and firecrackers, the New Yorkers formed a candlelit procession, in Knicks jackets and Black Sabbath T-shirts, between old women wrapped in shawls and toothless men pounding their canes into the dirt. Lifted outside themselves, they cleared their minds of everything but their town's patron saint, Padre Jesús of Chinantla, purveyor of miracles that transcend borders. This was his day; he had brought them back from New York by the hundreds, as he does every winter, for a week of fiesta.

Up the steep hill to the blue church, they sang a birthday song to Padre Jesús, who was festooned with gifts from "over there": \$50 bills, expired immigration documents, a chunky gold name necklace. "Padre Jesús of Chinantla," they sang, "please send your blessings to the so many of us in New York." And with that, Monica, a native New Yorker, felt like weeping, indulging in an operatic release of the tangled emotion that binds her to this pueblito. But she held it in.

"Sometimes I think we all have too much love for this tiny town," she said later, as she lounged with her three younger sisters -- Elizabeth, Melissa and Antonia -- at their parents' grand brick and marble house, paid for by tens of thousands of floors mopped, orders cooked and garments sewn in New York City.

Almost every migration story is the psychodrama of a family, its aspirations and frustrations, its separations and reunions, its traditions and compromises. For some Latin American and Caribbean immigrants, as for the Cruz family of Chinantla, Mexico, it is also the story of a town, a global village in the most literal sense.

Like many modern immigrant families, those from Chinantla straddle a border, abetted by newly inexpensive air fares, international phone cards, and, now, by a new Mexican law that allows them to retain their Mexican nationality as American citizens and even confers it on their American-born children.

But since their town, too, transcends a border, the Chinantecans' connection between here and there is particularly vibrant. They live divided between Chinantla and New York, but consider themselves one group, 2,500 here, 2,500 there. It might seem paradoxical that a tiny immigrant group could remain intact while assimilating into the life of the city. But, like other Mexicans, and also some small-town Dominicans, Haitians and Ecuadoreans in New York, they have negotiated a double life grounded in the intimacy of their

community.

The story of Chinantla is an especially magical one, the multigenerational saga of a pueblito that has been bled of its working-age population through a half-century of emigration to New York. Yet Chinantla has not faded but flourished, a would-be ghost town kept alive by emigrants who consider the place a state of mind, an affair of the heart and their spiritual anchor.

"We couldn't let the town die," said Ramón Cruz, Monica's father, who recently retired to Chinantla 30 years after he first set out for New York. "It would be like spitting in the mirror."

For centuries, the Chinantecans were migratory, wandering from Mexican state to state until they settled under the amate trees in the mountains south of Puebla. And so the modern townspeople, too, consider their town portable. Even as they dwell in the basements of Borough Park and the row houses of Windsor Terrace, the town anchors their psyche. Here or there, their world is Chinantecan, a swirl of baptisms, sweet 15 parties, soccer games and transcontinental town meetings -- all recorded by the town videographer, Vidal Ramos, who travels back and forth, filming and selling their communal history.

In New York, the first-generation Chinantecan immigrants are waiters and garment workers and bus mechanics. Back home, they are big shots. They are the ones who, working out of a basement in Brooklyn, collected the money that built the town's schools and rebuilt its church, who financed and designed its potable water system and illuminated its streets.

The sons and daughters of peasants who sign their names with inky thumbs, they are also the ones whose American children are almost all headed to college, in college, or graduates. Every January and every summer, their children and grandchildren fill the town square with English, baggy shorts sweeping their knees. Cries of "Wassup?" float through the hot, dry air.

Second-generation, even third-generation New Yorkers learn to be faithful to this scrappy town in one of the poorest regions of Mexico. Teen-age girls from Brooklyn compete every year in the annual pageant to be Señorita Chinantla, Queen of the Mass. And, with their superior gowns and footwear, they usually win, like Monica's friend Patty Ramirez this year.

After a four-hour spectacle complete with multiple costume changes and undulating dance routines, Miss Ramirez, a senior at Franklin D. Roosevelt High School in Brooklyn, got to wear a tiara, carry a scepter and ride a feathered float through town for a week.

Many older Chinantecans keep their children's connections alive by moving back permanently to the one place where they can be somebody. After 30 years of dislocation, Monica's parents, Ramón and Zoila Cruz, returned triumphant, to an eat-in kitchen, a backyard henhouse and the sweet, bone-deep satisfaction of familiarity.

On their return, Mrs. Cruz, who spent decades folding fabric in a Brooklyn sweatshop, hired a maid. She opened a bodega, from which she dispenses rice and advice.

Wearing elegant suits from Macy's, she teeters along the town's rutted roads in high heels, her hair perfectly coiffed.

Cruz, who dropped out of eighth grade to work the fields, bought his own land, on which he dabbles like a gentleman farmer. In crisp tailored shirts and Bermuda shorts, he is Don Ramón to all, no longer a cook at One Penn Plaza but a candidate for mayor of Chinantla.

When their granddaughter, Samantha Bizarro, a third-generation New Yorker, turned 3, she was sent "home" to Mexico. Grandma was supposed to fatten her up with chicken mole and bean dishes enriched with lard. But it didn't work. She returned as skinny as ever, still devoted to rice cakes and Cheerios.

But she had had a taste of something far richer: Chinantla. Another generation was hooked.

LIFE IN BROOKLYN

Working Hard, Saving for Chinantla

By early summer, the fiesta had moved north, to the Brooklyn waterfront.

On languorous weekends, gritty Red Hook Park comes to life with picnics and ball games straight out of small-town America -- or, more precisely, Mexican New York. On blankets, women spoon beans and rice onto tortillas. Vendors scoop coconut ices from hand-painted carts and pour tamarind juice into baggies with straws. A ragtag band, cousin to the musicians in Chinantla, clangs its way through classics like "Cielito Lindo."

Furious soccer occupies center stage at the park, home to the newest of the city's nine Mexican leagues, which comprise 262 teams (including two representing Chinantla) and 5,000 players. All of this soccer reflects the mushrooming of New York City's Mexican population, which has quadrupled since 1990, making the Mexicans the fastest-growing immigrant group in the city.

They are also the fourth-largest over all, after the Dominicans, the Chinese and the Jamaicans. There are 230,000 Mexicans in the city, and an additional 100,000 in the metropolitan area.

Under each shade tree at Red Hook Park, a different town gathers, sketching a map of Mexico. One recent Saturday, a Chinantecan player arrived and shouted, "Oye, where's Chinantla?" Another pointed toward the East River: "Over there, to the west of Atencingo, and the south of Ahuehuetitla."

With the warmth of summer, the Chinantecans' spirits had risen considerably since their return in February. At that point, having spent all their money on plane tickets and presents, on lavish goat roasts and cockfight gambling, they faced a sobering reimmersion in work.

By Memorial Day weekend, the dapper Cosme Bermejo was beaming when the soccer jerseys he had manufactured were voted Best Team Uniform by the Mexican League of Brooklyn/Red Hook Park. But in February, he was not thrilled to plunge into round-the-clock production at his Brooklyn T-shirt shop. By June, the Professor -- Arturo Simon, a former teacher -- was shouting himself hoarse at the soccer finals, but in February, he was morosely pocketing the key to his estate in Chinantla to work double shifts at the Friars Club.

And by July, Melissa Cruz, 26, was re-energized by a summer trip to Mexico, contemplating medical school, with a gust of ambition. But in February, right after the rush of carrying a flaming torch in an all-night devotional run for Padre Jesús, she had grumpily donned her nurse's whites and resumed checking heart monitors at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital in Manhattan.

When they first returned, the townsfolk scattered to their homes in Brooklyn, the Bronx, Long Island and New Jersey, where they complained about feeling "locked in" and grew wistful about the town square, which sits in a bowl of hills dotted with saguaro cactus.

Before long, though, they were gathering again in the alternative town centers they have created in New York: their social club in the back of the Garcia Superette on Church Avenue in Brooklyn, and "the cave," a cellar near Prospect Park that features a shrine to Padre Jesús, complete with burgundy draperies and flowers refreshed before every Sunday's devotional service.

The Cruz sisters live in yet another center, a little Chinantla amid the Hasidim in Borough Park. Almost all the tenants in their graffiti-scarred building are Chinantecan; they shop for tortillas around the corner at La Chinanteca, the only store in the

ultra-Orthodox Jewish neighborhood that sells photographs of Padre Jesús.

In Chinantla, which the sisters visit at least once a year, they have their own rooms, with queen-size beds and frilly comforters. In Brooklyn, where their parents visit them every six months, three of the four split a \$700-a-month one-bedroom apartment.

Monica and Melissa, grown women, share a flimsy mattress on a metal frame in a makeshift room separated from the kitchen by a curtain. Pictures of Padre Jesús, Karl Marx and Mexican balladeers adorn the walls. (Marx -- on sale for \$2 -- was an impulse purchase when Monica was studying Marxism in college.) Books and papers are piled high; both women are studying for master's degrees, Monica in political science, Melissa in advanced nursing.

The real bedroom, which used to be their parents', now belongs to Antonia, 24; her husband, Claudio Bizarro, a busboy; 6-month-old Brandon, and Samantha, a kindergartner with perpetual pigtails.

Fifteen blocks away, the fourth sister, Elizabeth, 29, a bilingual education teacher, her husband, Cuauhtemoc Tlatelpa, a cook who aspires to be an architect, and their 2-year-old son live in the renovated basement of an Orthodox family's house.

Bilingual and college-educated, the Cruz sisters work better jobs than their parents ever did, with paid vacation, sick leave and health benefits. But, American citizens all, they still live like new immigrants, crowded together, pooling their incomes, sharing cooking, cleaning and child care. They are hard-wired to scrimp on comfort and squirrel away money for the future.

It is no wonder they remain attached to Chinantla, a place of winter fiestas and summer vacations, of comfort and pride.

"In New York, Daddy was a cook," Monica said. "In Chinantla, he's 'the man.' And we're his daughters."

THE BEGINNING

Hitchhikers Set Off a Vast Migration

Chinantla's migration started as a lark 53 years ago, when Pedro Simón and his brother, Fermín, hitched a ride to New York City with an Italian-American tourist they met in Mexico City.

Simón, who agreed grumpily to a quick interview in January, is now an elderly resident of Chinantla who owns the gracious house next door to the Cruzes. His father was a quartermaster in Zapata's army, and his daughter is a major in the United States Army. In his world, he is a historic figure.

The leading expert on Mexicans in New York, Prof. Robert C. Smith of Barnard College, believes Simón personally spawned the chain of migration from the Mixtec region, which spans the states of Puebla, Guerrero and Oaxaca and whose immigrants account for the bulk of the Mexican population in New York.

Simón and his brother really wanted to go to Texas to pick fruit. New York, so far from the border, was not on their map. But they were unable to bribe their way into a bracero, or guest-worker, contract. So they turned for help to a friend, who introduced them to the tourist, who volunteered to drive them across the border. Warm and generous, the man took them all the way to Times Square, put them up in a hotel and got them jobs mopping floors at a restaurant.

The day they decided to stay in the city, Simón said, they left their hotel feeling celebratory, only to be showered by confetti in Times Square. It was V-E Day.

Relative by relative, the kinship network followed them northward. But the first wavelet did not come until the 1960's, when and Mrs. Cruz were young sweethearts.

Cruz had been working in the fields in Texas, but kitchen work in New York sounded far more appealing. (Still, he never forgot Texas; when he opened a short-lived restaurant in Elmhurst, Queens, in the late 1980's, he called it "The Bracero.")

Like most Chinantecans, the Cruzes did not cross the border like so-called wetbacks, but flew in on tourist visas. Still, their intention was to work, and they quickly found menial jobs. Before long, they had two American-born daughters, Cecilia and then Monica. Based on Cecilia's birth, they applied for legal residency, which used to be granted routinely in similar circumstances.

It was supremely important to the Cruzes that the girls be baptized in Chinantla, so, while their residency application was pending, they flew home. They stayed with Cruz's parents in their squat adobe house by the ravine. The concrete floor was sprayed with a strong fumigant, probably DDT, to combat mosquitoes and scorpions. Little Cecilia ingested the poison in play; she fell violently ill. Mrs. Cruz swept up the girl in her arms, and ran sobbing through the streets to find the priest. Her dying child was baptized at the very final moment.

Cecilia's death was an unshakeable trauma, particularly for Mrs. Cruz. Then, after Cecilia died, the American Embassy in Mexico City made matters worse. It denied the Cruzes' application for residency, suspecting fraud because they could produce neither the child nor a death certificate.

This embittered Cruz, who felt he was being punished for the death of his child. Three months later, he and his wife struck out for the United States again, with forged documents. "We defied them," he said.

It was the beginning of 15 years of back and forth. Three more girls were born, Elizabeth in Chinantla, Melissa and Antonia in New York. They were all taken home and left with their grandparents; their parents worked round the clock, there was no day care available and they didn't believe in it anyway. They felt their little town was far saner for children.

That the nuclear family had to be separated was grim fact to most Chinantecans. The present had to be sacrificed for the future, they felt. The family was working toward a better life, and they had no doubts that their bonds would remain strong.

The Cruz sisters remember their childhood in Chinantla with great affection. They played jacks with rocks, and sold lemonade in the town square. They dug holes in the dirt road and covered them with plastic to trick the burros, who stumbled, sending the girls into peals of laughter.

On one trip home, and Mrs. Cruz bought a small house of their own. The next trip was involuntary. Cruz, to his everlasting humiliation, was picked up by immigration agents, jailed for 15 days, and deported. The Cruzes decided enough was enough. They were tired of being illegal, tired of working so hard. They opened a small store in Chinantla, and swore they would never return to the United States.

Then, as fate would have it, they got the call that, after so many years, they were to get their green cards. Mrs. Cruz didn't want to return. "I had lost my New York head," she said. But Cruz felt they couldn't turn down the opportunity "to elevate our life style even further."

It was 1979, and Monica was 13. Her parents sat her down and delivered earth-shattering news: she was American, born in New York City. She refused to believe it. "Look at this face, this brown face," she shouted. "Is this not a Mexican face?" She ran away into the hills and hid under an amate tree.

Her youngest sister, Antonia, who was only 6, bubbled over with excitement. She announced that the next time she returned to Chinantla she would be blonde. (And indeed she was.)

"I remember it was a green van that came to take us away," Melissa said. "I remember driving off and a long line of dogs following us, barking. We were all crying. My father said something like, 'Look forward, not back.' And then it was like fingers snapped and we were landing at Kennedy. The chapter in Chinantla was closed."

Or so they thought.

THE DIVISIONS

One Community, But Tensions, Too

On a Sunday morning in her Bensonhurst apartment, Elbia Cruz, the sisters' aunt, wore curlers and an "I Love Chinantla" T-shirt. She welcomed a reporter she had never met with kisses on each cheek, and homemade tostadas. Then she worked herself to tears expressing a disdain shared by many Chinantecans for those immigrants who don't love New York.

"People say New York is a pigsty," said Ms. Cruz, a retired housekeeper. "They say we work like slaves here. I say my thanks to God and to New York every night. We made ourselves here. And we remade Chinantla. Were it not for New York, Chinantla would be dead, like a corpse."

By the 1970's, it was clear that the only way for a Chinantecan to survive financially was to leave Chinantla. This reality produced a collective pang of conscience, and a kind of unspoken social contract emerged. Leaving could not be solely for the betterment of the individual but for that of the town as well.

"The Chinantecan defines himself by what he gives to his town," said Adan Lazaro, 44, a bell captain at the Princeton Club and president of the Mexican-American Athletic Club.

From the beginning, Chinantecans tithed a portion of their earnings to their town. They formed the New York Committee, which developed a census of Chinantecan immigrants. When they were raising money for a specific project, they divided up addresses and crisscrossed the metropolitan area on what they called "la colecta."

Their first present was a brick floor for the town square so feet would not get muddy during the winter fiesta. The immigrants offered it, Professor Smith said, as "humble expatriates simply wishing to do something from New York for their hometown." Over the years, however, the committee grew into a kind of shadow municipal government, which believes its "cave" in Brooklyn to be the town's real center of power, said Professor Smith, who has studied Chinantla for a decade.

The committee consists only of men, by now in their 50's, but it has spawned at least five subcommittees that are more inclusive. One raises money for and plans the annual 300-mile torch run from a cathedral in Mexico City to the church in Chinantla. Another plans the simultaneous torch run that takes place in Manhattan.

The committee meets on Sundays, its members snaking an extension cord down into the cave so they can watch soccer on television. As if it were a uniform, the men wear blue jeans and black leather jackets. Sometimes they gather around a cellular phone for conferences with the municipal government; sometimes they videotape their meetings and send the tapes south.

For the potable water project, the New Yorkers raised \$100,000 in small donations, and breathlessly tracked the work through teleconferences with contractors and weekend trips to Chinantla.

"Our priority has been to give this little town its most basic needs," said Abel Alonso, the committee's president. "We have changed the physiognomy of the town." The committee's motto is immortalized on an ink stamp: "To Chinantla and its future: The absent ones are always present."

To the official government of Chinantla, the motto has the faint ring of a threat. But that has to be ignored, said Dr. Francisco R. Calixto, the Mayor, because, "We have no other source of income

besides New York."

The New Yorkers send about \$2 million a year home to Chinantla, according to Professor Smith. Scores of American pension checks and Social Security checks also arrive every month to help support retirees.

Still, Dr. Calixto obstinately describes the relationship between the town and its expatriates as if it were a simple cultural exchange and not a mutual dependency. "We send tacos there," he said, "and they bring hamburgers here."

At the behest of the Governor of Puebla state, Manuel Bartlett, Dr. Calixto traveled to New York in 1996 to embrace the immigrants -- and give them a shopping list of municipal improvements they might consider financing. But there are tensions between those who live here and there about what should be done.

The New Yorkers want to preserve the town's charm, and the locals want to modernize. The expatriates grew furious when some cobblestone streets were paved, and when the church's antique pews, with their rippled wood, were smoothed so they would supposedly be more comfortable. (When several of Dr. Calixto's relatives were hired to do the work, the relationship between the Mayor and the New Yorkers soured.)

There are also tensions about who should have power, who should get credit and who really needs help, the town or the immigrants. Dr. Calixto said he intended to sponsor Mexican Spanish classes for the expatriates' "poor children," who are being "infected" by Caribbean Spanish. He lamented the teen-agers lost to gangs and the respiratory problems developed in sweatshops.

Everyone who lives in Chinantla knows about failed trips to the North. There is a sad sack of a homeless man who has barely budged from a park bench since his return, and a young couple who contracted AIDS and came back to die.

Amid the cellular phones and satellite dishes that have plugged the town into the outside world, the Mayor thinks that they should be the silent advocates of caution to those who would sell their little houses and venture north unprepared for hardship.

THE COMPROMISES Small-Town Girls Trapped in the City

At Chinantla's one hotel, where rooms cost \$8 a night and the management promises "nothing will sting you," two young men dressed like Brooklyn homeboys discussed their flight from New York. Richard Calixto was mockingly indignant. The American woman sitting beside him on the plane had asked what he did for a living, interrupting herself to say, "Let me guess! Dishwasher!"

Calixto, 30, is a cost analyst for a real estate firm in Chelsea. He and his wife, who is also Chinantecan, own a travel agency in Brooklyn, too, catering to Mexicans.

The Calixtos belong to an elite of Chinantecans whose businesses help those in New York maintain connections with home. Calixto, the American-born son of Manhattan hotel workers, credits his parents for taking him back to Mexico for high school. Like many Chinantecan parents, they wanted to protect him from the vices of New York, and he believes they did just that.

"I think it changed my whole life coming down here," he said. "It centered me. If I stayed in New York, I don't know what would have become of me."

The Cruz sisters, though, were following a reverse route when they returned to New York in the late 1970's.

At first they savored the luxuries of the developed world. They reveled in indoor showers after a lifetime of crouching beneath upturned pots of bracing well water.

But they also mourned the loss of their small-town freedom. They bounced off the walls of their family's first apartment, outdoorsy girls trapped in a Brooklyn efficiency.

While their parents worked, they looked after one another. They were so close, and so accustomed to cramming into one tiny room with their two bunk beds, that when they briefly lived in a five-room apartment they refused to split up.

Before day broke, their mother would leave for work at a garment factory on DeKalb Avenue whose name she has erased from her memory. Their father would sleep late because he always worked a late shift as a cook, first at the former Copacabana, then at the One Penn Plaza restaurant, cooking Buffalo wings and spaghetti.

The sisters competed to get 97's and 98's on tests. Their father hovered and lectured, drilling them in geography and world politics. He did not tolerate television watching. He did not let the girls date. They were very good girls, and remain loyal to this day.

"Our parents gave us everything, and they gave up everything for us," Melissa said. "All they wanted us to do was go to school and make a better person of ourselves, and not end up doing the jobs they're doing."

For the first eight years, they could not afford a single trip to Mexico. Then, when their father landed the One Penn Plaza job, which paid union wages, they began the custom of regular visits home. On one of those trips, Elizabeth met her future husband, Cuauhtemoc, a Chinantecan.

But it was Antonia, the youngest and always the rebel, who married first. She met her husband, Claudio, then a new immigrant from the state of Morelos, at a volleyball game organized by a Chinantecan youth group. Antonia had infuriated her parents by dropping out of high school when she got engaged. Still, her wedding party was a declaration of just how far the family -- and the community -- had come. Cruz rented the Roseland Ballroom and invited le tout Chinantla, as well as half of neighboring Piaxtla and some of nearby Tehuiztzingo.

Melissa Cruz, a nurse at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital, intends to write her master's thesis on rural public health issues in Chinantla. Elizabeth, the most studious sister, waited until she completed her master's degree in bilingual education to marry Cuauhtemoc. Befitting the very serious bride, it was a more subdued event, although the groom did dress like a gaucho. After their wedding, Elizabeth, the only daughter born in Mexico, forced herself to become a United States citizen. Raising her hand for the pledge of allegiance, she panicked at what she considered a betrayal of her identity. She mouthed the words while thinking to herself, "I'm doing this for my husband," who obtained a green card through their marriage.

Monica and Melissa joke that all the Chinantecan boys are taken and that they'll have to range farther afield. But they are in no hurry, for their ambitions, if at times scattered, are great.

Monica, an on-again, off-again graduate student in political science at the CUNY Graduate Center, wants to go to law school and practice public interest law, either in New York or Mexico. But lately she has been drifting from her goal, sucked into her social life and the routine of her job as assistant manager of a health food store.

Melissa, the nurse, intends to write her master's thesis on rural public health issues in Chinantla; then, she wants to go to medical school. "Imagine," she said, "a doctor in the house!"

At the same time, both fantasize about returning to Mexico and opening a cafe/bar in Puebla; next fall, in between academic subjects, they will be studying bartending.

As she sat on a crate between bottles of hot sauce and bags of rice

in her bodega in Chinantla, Mrs. Cruz was asked if she was proud of how far her family had come in a generation.

She pursed her lips.

"Two are still single, and they don't have all their diplomas yet," she said.

For a demanding immigrant mother, the jury is still out.

THE LEGEND

Finding Comfort in Padre Jesús

Every Chinantecan home in the New York area has a photograph of Padre Jesús, and some have wooden replicas of the statue. The legend is passed on as a bedtime story to children in Winnie the Pooh pajamas.

In the 1700's, missionaries carrying a wooden statue of Jesus passed through Chinantla heading south. They laid the icon down beneath a tree, ate salt-encrusted tortillas, and took a nap. When they were ready to continue their journey, they could not budge the statue. But when they sought help from the townspeople, they were stunned to discover that the Chinantecans could lift Padre Jesús with ease.

This inexplicable phenomenon was considered a sign from above that the statue should be left in the blue church on the hill. And from that time on, Padre Jesús, now of Chinantla, was considered the town's patron saint, and the town put itself in his hands.

Arturo Simon's wife, Rosalba, now an ace garment worker at Sweaters of the World in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, cut off her shimmering knee-length hair and gave it to Padre Jesús before she and her husband emigrated.

And Elizabeth Cruz, belly bulging with her first child, lowered herself to her knees in her Brooklyn apartment and crossed herself before his photo. It had been a difficult pregnancy and she was confined to bed. "If we survive," she promised, "I will bring my baby to you in Chinantla to be baptized."

By early this year -- "miracle of miracles," she said -- Elizabeth was sending out engraved invitations, inviting all of Chinantecan New York to the biggest baptism party of the season, on her parents' terraced patio in Chinantla during the winter fiesta.

rites of passage

'Does Time Move More Slowly Here?'

On the morning of the party, skinned goats swung from the trees in the backyard. Old women were sifting through bags of rice, plucking out dirt. The four Cruz sisters were stringing the patio with baby blue streamers and setting out long banquet tables and plastic chairs bearing the Corona beer logo.

"Is it just me, or does time move more slowly here?" Antonia asked her husband, Claudio, who shrugged. Claudio was a one-man exercise in contrasts, wearing a cowboy hat, boots, a tooled belt that said Mexico and a Baby Bjorn baby carrier, with baby Brandon, straight from yuppie New York.

A half-dozen college-age women arrived to help with the preparations. Leticia Lopez, a business major at Berkeley College in Paramus, N.J., turned her face to the sun, and sighed, rubbing her Fila sneaker in the dirt.

"I wish the sky back there was like this, nice and blue," she said. "It's so nice and quiet here, too. People don't go through the same crazy routine: wake up, go to school, go to work, go home, eat dinner, go to sleep. Down here, life has time to breathe."

Down the street, the boy of honor, 2-year-old Christian de Jesús, was plunked into the official town barber's chair, at the Esthetic

Clinic, for a \$1 baptism-special buzz cut.

At 2 P.M., the ubiquitous town band showed up to parade Christian and his parents through Chinantla. Christian was dressed in a white captain's suit with gold braiding. A toy saber hung from his side. Holding his parents' hands, he climbed the steep, rocky path to the church.

Exhausted by the anticipation, Christian fell sound asleep just as the ceremony began. As his godfather, his Uncle Claudio, held him in his arms, the priest, in green robes, poured cups of water over his closed eyes. His parents' faces crumpled; tears spilled.

"Now my promise has been fulfilled," Elizabeth said.

When they arrived home with the first party guests, Melissa was still in jeans and T-shirt, grungy from a marathon cleaning. "You better go take a shower," said a Mexico City cousin. "You look like an American."

Melissa waited until the cousin had moved on, then wrinkled her nose and said, "Well, I am an American!" She hesitated, then added, "Sort of," and her friends, the college-age women, smiled knowingly.

"We're -- what are those dogs called? -- mutts," Leticia said.

The New York-born Chinantecans are not conflicted about their identities. They know instinctively that their attachment to Chinantla is healthy, that it gives them a rich identity, and a keen, even enviable sense of community in New York City.

But they do maintain a kind of jokey banter that reflects some tension. When the sisters' uncle settled into an armchair with a bottle of tequila to narrate the tale of their grandfather's role as messenger for Zapata, Antonia rolled her eyes. "I hate it when he gets so Mexican," she said. And when Antonia's husband, at her request, wore the Baby Bjorn to the cock fights, their uncle rolled his eyes. "All this kowtowing to the wives, it's so un-Mexican," he says.

While they all idealize Chinantla, most of the young people know in their guts that it would be difficult to live permanently in such a small, conservative society, where eyebrows are raised when a female office worker at Town Hall lights up a cigarette.

For the baptism party, Monica felt compelled by her parents to stuff herself into a short, tight black dress, pantyhose and high heels. But she was terribly uncomfortable and looked it. She stood apart from the party, venturing forth to hug her father once in a while. She felt a little out of place.

"This is my favorite spot in the world," she said. "I count the days until my next trip down here. But I'm afraid I've outgrown it a little."

Earnestly, her sister Melissa says that if she had to make a choice, she would rather live a tranquil life in Chinantla. In the next breath, though, she acknowledges that her loyalty will never have to be put to the test.

"We're lucky," she said. "We really don't have to choose between here and there."

In their father's will, the family house in Chinantla is left to all the sisters, and they are forbidden to sell. So they will have a key to Chinantla forever, and the freighted privilege of two homes, two worlds.

END

Everyone's
Talking
about...



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stocks this week.

July 21, 1998

"I Will Bring My Baby to You in Chinantla to be Baptized."

Photographs by JAMES ESTRIN/The New York Times

Immigration Now

Elizabeth Cruz, left, preparing her son for his baptism, with her sisters Monica and Antonia, brother-in-law Claudio, and his daughter, Samantha.



Ramón Cruz, below, and the local townspeople preparing for his grandson's baptism party. Ten goats were slaughtered and then cooked in dirt ovens for the feast.



Claudio holding Christian, above, as the priest performs the ceremony. Cuauhtemoc, Samantha, and Elizabeth look on.



The family speaks to the priest after the ceremony, right.

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July 21, 1998

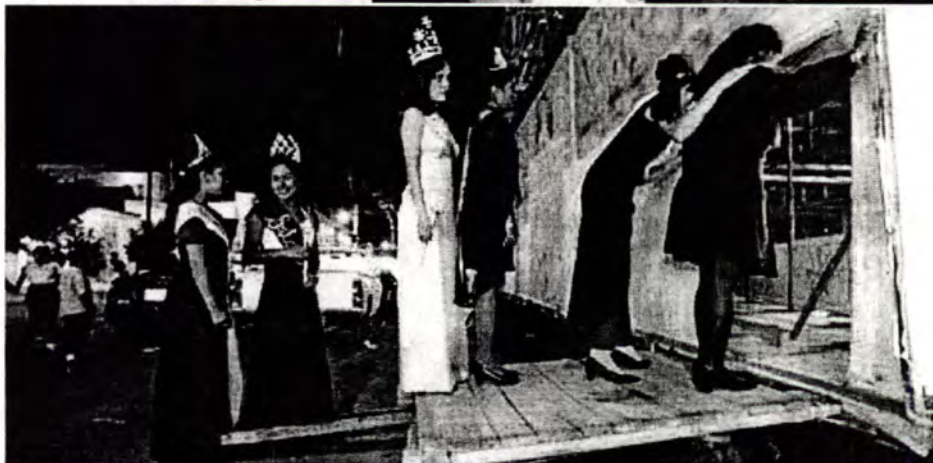
Señorita Chinantla, Queen of the Mass

[Immigration Now](#)

Photographs by JAMES ESTRIN/The New York Times

After the torch run, Miss Chinantla contestants take communion with the runners, right.

Previous winners of the Miss Chinantla contest, below, anxiously await their turn to enter the stage.



Patty Ramirez, above, at a baptism party in Brooklyn.

Patty sits atop a float in the Señorita Chinantla parade, right. Suzy, a fellow Brooklynite, was the first runner-up.

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Talking
about...



the
Hottest
stocks this week.

July 21, 1998

Padre Jesús, Purveyor of Miracles

Immigration Now

Photographs by JAMES ESTRIN/The New York Times

Though bled of its working-age population, Chinantla has not faded but flourished, a would-be ghost town kept alive by emigrants who consider the place a state of mind, an affair of the heart and their spiritual anchor.

At dawn on Cristo Rey, right. The cross can be seen from everywhere in the village. Below, townspeople participating in an evening procession.



The town musicians on the church roof after a morning procession, above. The families of Chinantla beginning one of their many evening processions, left. Parishioners at a devotional service, bottom left. The Padre Jesús, below.

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COMPAQ
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July 21, 1998

Small-Town Girls, Pride of a New Generation

Immigration Now

Photographs by JAMES ESTRIN/The New York Times



Elizabeth and Christian near their apartment in Borough Park Brooklyn, above left. Melissa, above right, who is a nurse, wants to attend medical school. Antonia and her daughter, Samantha in Borough Park, lower left. Monica on her way home from her job at a health food store in SoHo, lower right.

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Sandy

Wren (was in
SMP. Mandela asked
me to come to the WH
dtg then in Sept - I can't
go, but would VP or
Madelien or you? -

[Signature]

Copies:
Berger
COS

8.5.98

Mrs. Hans Eichenwald
The Kennedy-Warren
3133 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20008

Nice
Letter

August 3, 1998

William Jefferson Clinton
President, United States of America
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

98 AUG 5 4:31

Dear Mr. President,

8/5/98

Send to Burkhardt?

The United States of
Major General Hans
to give you a sense of
great gratitude of his
Reed Army Hospital
Arlington National C

Yes _____
no _____

Officer

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Hans Eichenwald arrived early in this country at the age of twelve, alone & speaking no English. A refugee from the Nazis who killed fourteen members of his family including his parents, both of whom were decorated veterans of the German Army in World War I. In the safe haven of this country, young Hans waited until he was sixteen and lied about his age in order to join the U.S. Army. Shortly thereafter he was assigned to military intelligence where his German was put to use interrogating Prisoners of War. He served in the Battle of the Bulge and the Invasion of Normandy. For his bravery in combat he was awarded five Bronze Stars. His genius at logistics, without ever having attended West Point or Officer Candidate School, ultimately attained him the rank of Major General.

*Mrs. Hans Eichenwald
The Kennedy-Warren
3133 Connecticut Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20008*

August 3, 1998

*William Jefferson Clinton
President, United States of America
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500*

98 AUG 5 11:31

Dear Mr. President,

The United States of America has lost one of its most valorous soldiers, the late Major General Hans Eichenwald. I am writing this for three purposes; first, to give you a sense of who this remarkable man was and second, to convey the great gratitude of his family for the excellent care he received at the Walter Reed Army Hospital and third, for the full military honors conferred on him at Arlington National Cemetery.

Hans Eichenwald arrived early in this country at the age of twelve, alone & speaking no English. A refugee from the Nazis who killed fourteen members of his family including his parents, both of whom were decorated veterans of the German Army in World War I. In the safe haven of this country, young Hans waited until he was sixteen and lied about his age in order to join the U.S. Army. Shortly thereafter he was assigned to military intelligence where his German was put to use interrogating Prisoners of War. He served in the Battle of the Bulge and the Invasion of Normandy. For his bravery in combat he was awarded five Bronze Stars. His genius at logistics, without ever having attended West Point or Officer Candidate School, ultimately attained him the rank of Major General.

As a civilian he was placed in charge of building Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, later serving as its President, and of the MGM Grand Hotel. He sat on the governing boards of the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs as well as several multi-billion dollar corporations, and served on several Presidential commissions and as advisor to the Secretary of the Army.

The remarkable part of this story is that he achieved all of this without ever having completed high school - - - which he had left in order to fight for the country that had rescued him (and one surviving sister --- Hanna Marcus) from Hitler.

The final chapter in this amazing saga is equally warming - how his adopted country gave him not only the finest quality of medical care at Walter Reed Army Hospital, but how that care was rendered with a degree of concern and compassion that would equal the highest standards available anywhere in the world.

We will never be able to thank those at Walter Reed completely. We can only say thank you by refurbishing the Heart Unit waiting room on Ward 41. In his name the room was dedicated on December 6, 1996 to the Doctors & Nurses of Walter Reed Ward 41.

He thought you were wonderful and would have been so honored to meet you. He so often said "The President has a fine heart." He loved your handling of Oklahoma and your love and caring for Ron Brown & your great kindness to his family.

I have been a Republican all my life and he told me you can only be a "Clinton Republican."

Mr. President, I cast my vote, in his honor, posthumously for you. Good wishes & God bless you.

My beloved husband had a love affair with these United States of America which was properly reciprocated. Those of us who loved him wanted to share this story with you.

Respectfully,

Maryellen Eichenwald

P.S. Mr. President "I am a Clinton Republican"

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Date

8/5

To:

Eustine, John, Maria

From:

The Staff Secretary

Any comment on this?

I think I can probably just
forward it to the President
as is.

Phil

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 4, 1998

98 AUG 4 04:09

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

CC: ERSKINE BOWLES
GENE SPERLING

FROM: SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL *SB*

SUBJECT: The Economic Message

Two years ago, the principal challenge politically was to receive credit for the economic program. Now, the challenge involves more than claiming credit for having put in place an economic program through the 1993 and 1997 budgets. Just a short time ago, being acknowledged for this accomplishment was hard to force and making the case seemed novel. But the situation has changed.

Simply referring to past actions, however difficult, however essential, is beginning to suggest a valedictory tone. Even though the program was enacted under the most contentious circumstances, pointing back to them, may, *by itself*, convey an impression of current passivity. It suggests that the hard work lies behind us, that the operation of the economy, once it was adjusted, is now on a kind of auto-pilot. This misimpression may be further underlined by the Republican obstruction of the President's program: Nothing is happening, and nothing needs to happen; perhaps nothing should happen. By this implicit logic, giving credit to the President for the economy perversely justifies the Republicans' blockage. A new dynamic must be set in motion.

1. The President must make clear that the management of the economy is a day-to-day matter. It requires the closest concentration and greatest care. The reason is that if the President is not the master economic manager, the risks are manifold: (a) If the economic program that the President has developed is not pursued, the economy might unravel; (b) If the forces of the accelerating global economy are not constantly balanced and stabilized, the economy might slide.
2. The President is able to act day to day because he understands the new economy. This argument does not suggest that the laws of economics have been repealed and that utopia

has been entered. On the contrary, the President should argue that he has carefully created policies in which real wages have risen for the first time in more than a generation while inflation is low because he grasps the structural changes underlying the new economy and helped bring them to realization. However, the president should argue at the same time that he also understands that the cyclical forces are potentially threatening to the new economy because of its nature. Constant attention is demanded. By making his case as the one whose policies enabled the new economy to flourish, the President will establish the continuum between what he did in 1993 and 1997 and what he is doing today. His program is not a question of history, but all of a piece. What was done before enables us to do what we must and can today.

3. The Republicans' obstruction in the Congress makes the assertion of economy mastery that much more imperative. The public tends to see foreign policy and the economy as the two largest realms and, as a result, beyond the legislative smallness of the congressional hive. While pundits might opine that the President isn't being effective, loosely shifting blame from the Republicans to him, his current actions on the economy would belie for the vast majority of the public any such criticism. The more the President is seen to be engaged in the economy, the more the public will give him credit for *action*.
4. The bills that the Republicans are obstructing should, wherever possible, be explained as contributing to the stability and expansion of the economy. The public especially regards education as the means of economic opportunity in the new economy. Conversely, the Republicans' opposition should be presented as a threat to the economic future. They do not understand the new economy; their incomprehension of the modern economy and their impulse to retreat to the failed policies of the past would threaten economic stability and shutdown the opportunity that has been opened; *they* are the risk.
5. The President has made it clear, time and again, that foreign policy and domestic policy in this age are one and the same. Whenever he can, he should stress the point. The trip to Russia, for example, is being widely viewed as concerned about traditional national security issues (especially arms control) and will not produce major achievements. But if the trip is seen as about economic stability and the future of the US economy by extension, he will be understood to be undertaking an important mission at this moment of uncertainty.
6. The economy remains the central political question, not the recessive one, despite immediate crisis. The economy may also be the marginal issue that holds the key to the midterms. I've enclosed a poll done in swing districts by a Republican polling firm that demonstrates the salience of the economy there. It's still the economy...

► POLL UPDATE

31 KIERAN MAHONEY & ASSOCIATES (R): Polling In Swing CDs

Conducted 7/17-20; surveyed 800 likely voters in swing congressional districts nationwide for the Republican Leadership Council; margin of error +/- 3.46% (release, 7/24). Interviews were conducted in the 77 congressional districts where the Republican candidate/incumbent for Congress in 1996 won or lost the district by a margin of 10 points or less. For complete question wording and more, see Poll Track.

Clinton Name ID
Favorable 47%
Unfavorable 42

GOP Name ID
Favorable 42%
Unfavorable 28

Dem Party Name ID
Favorable 42%
Unfavorable 30

For Cong, Lkly Vote:
GOP 37
Dem 36

Issues Most Concern You?
Economic 41%
Social 31
Moral 12
Urban 6
Foreign Affairs 5

Issues Concern GOP Most:
Economic 42%
Moral 16
Foreign Affairs 9
Social 4
Urban 3

Approve/Disapprove Of:

	App	Disapp
Merit pay for good teachers	84%	11%
Competency testing for teachers to ensure teachers know the subject matter they are teaching	93	4
Reforming the IRS and simplifying the tax code	92	3
Creating tax deferred education savings accounts for parents to invest up to \$2K/year for children's education, including books, tutoring?	87	7
Eliminating the capital gains tax	52	24
Eliminating the estate tax	66	21
Eliminating the marriage penalty tax	56	13
Prosecuting juveniles committing violent crimes, such as murder, as adults	79	10
Eliminating the Departs of Energy and Commerce	24	45

(Asked of GOPers)
Will Vote GOP For Cong.:
Definitely 27%
Probably 48
Somewhat likely 13

(Asked of Dems)
Will Vote Dem For Cong.:
Definitely 26%
Probably 33
Somewhat likely 19

GOP
Definately not likely 2

More Likely To Vote GOP If
GOPers In Congress Focused:
On Economic issues 59%
On Moral issues 19

(Back to Contents)

Dem
Definately not likely 4

More Likely To Vote GOP If
GOPers In Congress Focused:
On Economic issues 37%
On Education issues 42

HONORARY PARTICIPATION REQUEST

Please return to Neal Sharma, Room 97

Today's Date: August 3, 1998

Date of Request: 7/2/98

Request for: POTUS

Type of Request: Honorary Chairman

'98 AUG 5 AM 9:07

Requestor Name: Mr. Talmage E. Simpkins

Title: President

Organization: United Seamen's Service
Suite 2161
One World Trade Center
New York, New York 10048

Contact Tel. #: 212/775-1033

Event Date: 11/13/98

Event Description: The 1998 Admiral of the Ocean Sea Award Ceremony

Notes: The annual event recognizes exemplary individuals in the maritime industry. This year's honorees are George F. Loman, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of Farrell Lines, Inc., and John P. Clancey, President and Chief Executive Officer of Sea Land, Inc. United Seaman's Service operates social centers for seafarers in ten overseas ports, and provides a home away from home for the seamen. John Podesta recommended that the President lend his name in 1993, 1994, and 1995, and does so again this year. The President has agreed to lend his name every year since then. There is nothing in our NEXIS search regarding Mr. Clancey or Mr. Loman that argues against backing this request.

The President should ACCEPT.

Recommendation:

PC al pm 8/5/98
(Unless otherwise noted, a yes answer will automatically generate a message as well as acceptance of the honorary position).

Comments:

cc: Virginia Canter, 136

UNITED SEAMEN'S SERVICE

One World Trade Center, Suite 2161
New York, New York 10048

TEL: (212) 775-1033-4
FAX: (212) 432-5492

July 2, 1998

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*Executive Committee

Ms. Woynab Wondwossen
Office of Presidential Letters & Messages
The White House
Old Executive Office Building, Room 94
Washington, DC 20500

Dear Ms. Wondwossen:

Thank you for your help in getting the President to serve as Honorary Chairman of this year's Admiral of the Ocean Sea (AOTOS) Award ceremony.

Attached are copies of:

- last year's stationery where the President was listed as Honorary Chairman along with the General Chairman and National Committee members;
- page 4 of the program which lists the Chairman beginning with the President; and
- the President's Message from last year which was read from the podium.

The President's name is not used in soliciting people to buy ads in the AOTOS Journal or to purchase tickets for the event.

Again, thanks for your help.

Sincerely,

Talmage E. Simpkins
Talmage E. Simpkins
President

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA 1997

The Honorable William Jefferson Clinton

President of the United States
HONORARY CHAIRMAN

U. S. Senator Trent Lott

GENERAL CHAIRMAN

Michael Sacco

Seafarer's International Union of North America, AFL-CIO
DINNER CHAIRMAN

John Bowers

International Longshoremen's Association, AFL-CIO
USS AUTOS COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

Captain Robert E. Hart

United States Navy, (ret.)
NATIONAL COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

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The Port Authority of New York/New Jersey
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Mates & Pilots, AFL-CIO
James A. Capo
New York Shipping Association
Gabriel P. Caputo
Amalgamated Bank of New York
Albert Cernadas
International Longshoremen's Association, AFL-CIO
The Honorable Elaine L. Chao
The Heritage Foundation
Kendall Chen
Energy Transportation Corporation
John P. Clancey
Sea Land Service, Inc.
David Cockroft
International Transport Federation
Ernest Corrado
Washington, D.C.
John C. Couch
Alexander & Baldwin
Joseph I. Cox
The United States Chamber of Shipping
Thomas B. Crowley Jr.
Crowley Maritime Corporation
John Dane III
Halter Marine Group, Inc.
Bernard DeLury
Carriers Container Council
Robert F. Dorn
Interlake Steamship Co.
Richard du Moulin
Marine Transport Lines
Penny L. Eastman
Shipbuilders Council of America
Raymond P. Felling
American Auto Carriers
John J. Ferrara
Maersk Line, Limited

Michael D. Carvey
Tosco Resources Corp.
John R. Craykowski
United States Maritime Administration
Richard F. Cronda
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Lambos & Junge
Vice Admiral Albert J. Herberger
United States Navy (retired)
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McCormick/Jahne Group

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Farkas Deane Yelton, AUTOS Coordinator

C. James Patti
Captain Franklin K. Wiley
Richard A. Simpson

The 1997 AOTOS AWARD

Presented by United Seamen's Service

November 7, 1997

Honorary Chairman	The Honorable William Jefferson Clinton President of the United States
General Chairman	The Honorable Trent Lott United States Senator
Dinner Chairman	Michael Sacco
National Committee Chairman	Captain Robert E. Hart, USN (ret.)
USS AOTOS Committee	John Bowers, Chairman Captain Robert E. Hart, Vice Chairman Ernest J. Corrado Philip M. Grill René Lioeanjie C. James Patti Captain Franklin K. Riley Richard A. Simpson
United Seamen's Service	Talmage E. Simpkins, President Arthur W. Friedberg, Chairman, Executive Committee Roger T. Korner, Executive Director
AOTOS Journal	Barbara Spector Yeninas, Editor Laurie Holt, Advertising Jill Bendziewicz, Design Joe Yeninas, Cover Illustration
Honored Seamen Program	Kevon Storie, USS Community Relations Janet McNamara, BSY
Staff Assistants	Ronald Schwenk, USS Dawana G. Smith, USS Diane Spindler, USS Grace Marino, BSY Liz Ahearn, BSY
AOTOS Coordinator	Barbara Spector Yeninas Associates, Inc.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

November 4, 1997

Warm greetings to everyone gathered in New York City for the annual awards dinner of the United Seamen's Service. As Honorary Chairman, I am pleased to join you in honoring Senator Ted Stevens and Stanley Barer, recipients of this year's Admiral of the Ocean Sea Award.

Throughout America's history -- from the Revolutionary War to today's global challenges -- our United States merchant marine has fulfilled its mission with patriotism and efficiency, transporting our nation's cargoes in times of both peace and conflict. As we look to the challenges of the future, we recognize the continuing importance of our maritime fleet to the maintenance of our commercial and defense maritime interests.

I commend your honorees and the members of the USS for your commitment to this endeavor. You can take great pride in your record of service in improving and protecting America's waterways and in helping our nation to prepare for the challenges of the 21st century.

Best wishes for a memorable awards dinner.

Bill Clinton

TO: AOTOS USS

JUL-02-98 THU 12:27 INTER-ASSOCIATES

FAX NO: 201 226 4274

4516 P02

ADMIRAL OF
THE OCEAN SEA

THE AOTOS AWARD

FOR: UNITED SEAMEN'S SERVICE
PRESS CONTACT Barbara Yentnas (973) 226-6260
or Roger Kerner at USS (212) 775-1033

John P. Clancey and George F. Lowman
To Receive 1998 AOTOS Awards

New York, NY. - John P. Clancey, President & Chief Executive Officer of Sea-Land Service, Inc., and George F. Lowman, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of Farrell Lines, Incorporated, have been named recipients of the 1998 Admiral of the Ocean Sea Award presented by United Seamen's Service. The maritime industry's most prestigious honor will be presented at a gala industry event at the Sheraton New York Hotel and Towers in New York City on November 13, 1998.

The announcement was made by John Bowers, Chairman of the USS AOTOS Committee, and President of the International Longshoremen's Association, AFL-CIO.

"Both of these men are being recognized for their extraordinary efforts to help strengthen the U.S. presence in world markets and their commitment to the American seafarer," said Mr. Bowers.

Mr. Lowman and Mr. Clancey led the field of nominees for the award, sharing first place among a group that was solicited by USS from more than 200 maritime management, labor, and government officials. All proceeds from the event benefit USS community services abroad for the U.S. Merchant Marine.

A worldwide leader in container shipping transportation and related trade services, Sea-Land operates a fleet of 105 container ships and approximately 200,000 containers in U.S. and foreign trade and serves 120 ports in 80 countries and territories.

The largest U.S.-based ocean carrier, Sea-Land's integrated transportation system of ships, railroads, barge lines and trucking operations provide the most efficient containerized distribution service in the world.

One World Trade Center/ Suite 2161/ New York, NY 10048/ (212) 775-1262
Presented by United Seamen's Service
Proceeds for the benefit of services to our seafarers overseas

Post-it® Fax Note	7671	Date 11/28/98	# of pages 3
To NEAL SHARMA		From TAL SIMPKINS	
Co. Dept.		Co.	
Phone #		Phone # 955-5662	
Fax # 456-5426		Fax # 872-0912	

FROM:

FAX:

JUL-02-98 THU 11:22

PAGE: 05

TO: AOTOS USS

JUL-02-98 THU 12:27 ID: DSY ASSOCIATES

FAX NO: 201 226 4274

#315 P03

Sea-Land has a rich heritage of innovation; it invented containerized ocean shipping in 1956 and was the first to launch trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific service in the 1960's. Other breakthroughs include carrying the first ocean-going refrigerated containers, inventing containers for livestock, motor vehicles and oversize cargo as well as developing an extensive intra-Europe truck, rail and barge system.

Under John Clancey, that spirit of innovative leadership lives today as Sea-Land continues to chart the course for the global shipping industry. Sea-Land received a corporate AOTOS in 1987 and its founder, Malcolm McLean was honored in 1984.

Mr. Clancey assumed his current position of President & Chief Executive Officer at Sea-Land in 1991. He began his career there in 1970 in Sales and Marketing, where he was assigned to the Pacific Division. His territories of responsibility included Houston, Dallas, Long Beach, Chicago, New York and New Jersey.

From 1978 to 1984, Mr. Clancey was assigned to the Far East as General Manager in Osaka, Japan; General Manager in Taipei, Taiwan, and Vice President/General Manager in Yokohama, Japan. He served as Vice President of the Atlantic Division from 1984-5 and Vice President/General Manager of the Americas Division from 1985-6. Mr. Clancey was assigned to the Pacific Division as both Group Vice President and Executive Vice President from 1986 to 1991.

In addition to his administrative duties, Mr. Clancey sits on the Board of Directors at Sea-Land, the Council of the American Bureau of Shipping, the U. S.-Hong Kong Business Council; U. S.-Korea Business Council and other business and professional organizations. He is also a member of the National Defense Transportation Association, International Council of Containership Operators and a long list of other businesses and social organizations.

Active in Charlotte, N. C., where Sea-Land headquarters are situated, Mr. Clancey is a member of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, Charlotte Symphony Orchestra, and the Foundation of the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, among others.

He received his B.A. in Political Science and Economics from Emporia Kansas State College as well as completed the Advanced Management Program at Harvard University. Prior to his career at CSX, Mr. Clancey was a Captain in the United States Marine Corp.

FROM:

FAX:

Jul-02-98 Thu 11:23

PAGE 06

TO: AOTOS USS

JUL-02-98 THU 12:20 ID: BSY ASSOCIATES

FAX NO: 201 226 4274

#516 P84

Farrell Lines remains a family-owned business since its founding in 1925. The company's seafaring tradition began with Captain John Guy Farrell, who emigrated from Ireland to Connecticut in 1848. Today, a century and a half later, Farrell Lines remains a privately-held U.S. flag steamship company controlled by the Farrell family. The company was formed in 1925 as American South African Line. In 1947, the company commenced liner service to West Africa and became Farrell Lines.

After expanding its trade range to include U.S./Australia-New Zealand trade, the carrier, which purchased American Export Lines 20 years ago, today focuses its trade lanes on the U.S. trade with the Mediterranean, Black Sea, Adriatic and Commonwealth of Independent States (CIS). Late last year, Farrell accomplished its first fleet expansion in two decades, purchasing three containerships and expanding its carrying capacity by 56 percent.

George Lowman today is responsible for a profitable company strongly committed to the U.S. flag and to American seafarers. Its co-founder, the late James A. Farrell, Jr., received an AOTOS award in 1977.

Mr. Lowman was named Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of Farrell Lines in 1978 and 1979, respectively. He joined Farrell Lines, a New York based company, in 1966 as a Director and had a long career as an attorney with Cummings & Lockwood from 1946 to 1978 as a trial lawyer and senior member of the firm. In addition to his current position, Mr. Lowman serves as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

He served as President of the Liner Division of the National Maritime Council and was inducted into the International Maritime Hall of Fame of the Maritime Association of the Port of New York/New Jersey in May of 1996.

Mr. Lowman is a member of the National Defense Transportation Association, Navy League of the United States, American Bureau of Shipping, National Maritime Council and many other related organizations. He also participates in various local activities near his Connecticut residence.

Mr. Lowman graduated from Harvard College in 1938 and Harvard Law School in 1942. Upon completion of his law school education, he served in the U.S. military during World War II, enlisting as a private and rising to the rank of Lt. Colonel upon his discharge in 1946. He has also been affiliated with the American, Connecticut and Stamford Bar Associations.

"Mr. Lowman and Mr. Clancey represent a commitment to the American seafaring community and to flying the U.S. flag in ports around the world," said Talmage E. Simpkins, USS president. "It is our honor to honor them."

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

8-5-98

→ file

should send them
a note plus copy of
any remarks →

TRC

Per your request!

Boys' Nation^B

Dan Burkhardt:
Please coordinate
the reply.

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