

Heart follows a daughter who leaves

By BOB SCHUSTER
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She ran across the lawn in front of the Dean's office without looking back, her blond hair bouncing, an unreservedly broad smile on the face that I could no longer see. I knew she was smiling because her stride was so free: no hesitation, no shortening of her pace to wipe away tears, just a full tilt, completely happy run, like her horse when he chases the morning wind in our pasture.

We had said good-bye at the car, hugged, kissed, and said we loved each other. For the days and weeks and months preceding that good-bye, I had tried to explain how much I was going to miss her, how much she meant to me, how much she fulfilled my life. And then she was gone, running to her new dormitory room and a new life at a private school thousands of miles from Jackson Hole, thousands of miles from home.

Time had run out. Standing at the car and watching her go, I saw each of Susan's steps taking her closer to a wonderful adventure, but each step taking her farther away from me. My daughter was leaving.

Time had seemed so ample in April when she was notified of her acceptance. Then we were just proud of her achievement and excited at the opportunity of completing high school at Phillips Exeter Academy. Time enough to ad-

just, time enough to talk. But April seemed to leap into September, and all of a sudden I was standing in a narrow street of a small New Hampshire town, hugging the person on this Earth who means the most to me, not wanting to let go, having no more time, and not being able to say anything wiser or more adequate than "I love you."

The green lawn traversed, she disappeared down a flight of stairs, and was gone. It was time for me to leave and let this new school be her own, separate place. Then narrow street turned into state highway which then led to Interstate 95, and I found myself driving down to Boston to catch a plane and come home. But memories and pain and sadness filled the car as if it had been flooded with water. I fought back my tears and tried to make sense, tried to understand, the waves of emotion engulfing me as the car — essentially on its own — drove down the Interstate to Boston.

Memories can be sweet but the Boston-bound memories gripped my heart.

Our first parting had been on the occasion of our first meeting. Dr. Young cradled her in his arms in the hallway of the hospital as I looked for the first time upon the child we had anticipated for so long. She was returned to the nursery; I left the hospital for home shortly before dawn.

As the sun began to push aside the night, I was standing on our lawn alone, having just left my wife and baby in a hospital so they could sleep. Staring through trees

and over houses in the direction of the hospital, I felt I had been made whole, that I was fulfilled in a way I had never been before. But at the same time I felt incomplete, that part of me was absent as I stood there on the grass, that part of me was lying in a crib in a hospital two miles away, and that she was part of my self, part of my heart, part of my soul.

The feeling has never left me. She makes me whole and fulfills my life, but her absence brings a sense of incompleteness and emptiness that is felt the same way one feels a blow to the stomach — unmistakably. There is this other human being who walks this Earth and takes me with her wherever she goes. My heart follows her.

It is that same human being who was running so freely across the lawn in Exeter, New Hampshire. As she disappeared down the stairs and I gathered myself up on my way to Boston, my feelings did not evolve from the sense of loss alone. There were regrets for things said and for things done in years past: for words of anger, for insensitive comments. There were regrets for things not said and for things undone: for time wasted, for silences not filled, for not having been a better listener, for not having been more accepting. There were my own feelings of getting older, spawned by my own poignant memories of when I left home and all the adventure and excitement that filled me 27 years ago. There was some envy.

I have come home, but for now it seems less like home and more

like a place. The kitchen — the room where we have lived — seems particularly empty and alien. I look across the pastures to the mountainside, and I try to imagine what she is seeing through her eyes at the same time. I look at my watch for Wyoming time, and unconsciously add two hours so I'll know in what part of the day she is at that very moment.

I miss her deeply, but I love her deeply. It is my parental dilemma — missing her but loving her, feeling sad while at the same time loving the young woman she has become, respecting and admiring the person she is, and feeling an overwhelming sense of pride and excitement for her. Beneath it all, then, is the certain knowledge that it is time, that it is precisely the right thing for her to do, and that I am very happy for both of us. My daughter is leaving, but my daughter is growing up wonderfully.

Partings are necessarily beginnings, and that will be true for both of us. Weeks and months will turn into years, and our lives will have other partings and reunions. She will continue to grow, continue to experience her own life adventure, and sooner than I would like, I will see her as an old man at the end of my life, proud of her above all else in my life, remembering with other memories a late afternoon in New Hampshire when her stride was sure and her smile as full as the whole promise of her being.

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Without intellectual freedom, there could be no inspired Constitution

By BOB SCHUSTER

We celebrate the 200th anniversary of the U.S. Constitution. That one document can order and inspire the progress of a nation for two centuries is a remarkable achievement. Its constancy attests to the wisdom of the people who created it and the people who have been governed by it for these two centuries.

As we celebrate the Bicentennial of the Constitution and the freedoms that we enjoy, it is an appropriate time not only for self-congratulations but also for self-reflection. Parades and speeches and television specials remind us that we are a fortunate people, with rights and advantages unique on this earth. However, when the parades and speeches trail off into silence and the television screen flickers with the next program, we are returned to our daily lives. But let us pause for a moment — before we make the return and before the normal rush of events in our lives sweep us past reflection.

I often wonder how it happened, how we could be so fortunate to have had that particular Constitution result from the deliberations of that particular group of men in September of 1787. This inquiry is significant and worthwhile, because an examination of the origins of the Constitution provides lessons on the requisites for its continued preservation and vitality.

Our enjoyment of freedoms and liberties in 1987 results from the fact that citizens of this country in 1787 were able to imagine, to think, to write, and to speak with freedom and with liberty. They were intellectually creative and free, and as a consequence were able to conceive the vision that was to become the Constitution. There was an academic freedom of uncommon freshness and vigor. They felt free to explore new ideas; they were unfettered of traditional concepts of governance, and possessed the liberty of mind and spirit to enact those ideas. We are their beneficiaries.

Academic freedom has been the wellspring for our Constitution. It permitted the development of the Constitution and it protects its continued vitality. Yet, academic freedom had never been one of the specifically enumerated rights or freedoms protected by the Constitution or by the Bill of Rights: Nowhere in those documents can be found a statement that explicitly guarantees the benefits of academic freedom to college faculties or to the citizenry as a whole. Although there are constitutional provisions that indirectly relate to academic freedom — freedom of speech and freedom of association are examples — there is no provision that directly guarantees the preservation of academic freedom.

Yet, before the Constitution was written, the founding fathers recognized that an academically free society was an essential predicate for a politically free society. Thomas Jefferson repeatedly emphasized the importance of education, declaring that the best protection against tyranny was "to illuminate, as far as practicable, the minds of the people at large." He believed that the people should obtain a liberal education, thereby rendering them "worthy to receive, and able to guard, the sacred deposit of the rights and liberties of their fellow citizens."

Jefferson trusted education; he valued education. He found it to be essential for the welfare of the society that he envisioned and helped to create. Its deep importance to him is revealed by the fact that he specified that the inscription on his gravestone mention that he was the Father of the University of Virginia. No mention was made of the fact that he was President of the United States. By his standards, his academic relationship transcended his presidential accomplishments.

But academic freedom is traditionally not imagined in terms of an expansive, vigorous, essential process that has relevance to the lives of all people. Rather, it is usually considered as a phrase that only had meaning to university professors and other academic types. Thus, we hear the phrase when people are trying to defend against assaults to the university: It is a phrase that is rolled out like some cannon to be fired into whatever troops may be assaulting the academy.

If a professor is being penalized for his or her unpopular statements, or if tenure is being questioned at a school, or if books are being banned, then people will react to those attacks by picking up the concept of academic freedom, dusting it off, and using it as best they can to fend off the assault. But that concept of academic freedom relegates it to an inactive, and largely inconsequential, role in our lives.

We should learn from the Constitution. Our country cannot flourish if academic freedom is considered to be a reactive concept, one that is only acknowledged when it is being abused, and considered relevant only within the ivory towers that we imagine our universities to be. Academic freedom should not be a quality that we simply tolerate, but rather it must be a quality that we nurture and embrace. Moreover, academic freedom should not be a quality that we consider to be apart from us, relevant only to university campuses. Instead, academic freedom must be considered a part of us, a quality that imbues our daily lives.

No freedom can thrive if it is merely tolerated, and academic freedom is no exception. It needs to be deeply respected and encouraged, and such respect should be manifested in our daily lives. It can be demonstrated by actually listening to new ideas, rather than dismissing them because they are different. Creative thought can be rewarded and honored, instead of being ridiculed or suppressed.

The expression of unpopular ideas should be protected, even if the ideas are not accepted. Diversity of opinion should be promoted, and the development of novel or strange ideas should be championed. Each of us should endeavor to value and advocate the free examination and expression of ideas in all aspects of our lives: with ourselves, with our children, with our spouses, with our friends, and with those who are not our friends.

The Bicentennial celebrates a remarkable achievement of individuals who place great value on academic freedom. For them it was a freedom that was robust rather than anemic, and one that they trusted and respected even when it forced them to consider new rights for mankind.

In 1987, it is critical that we honor that trust, and that we have the wisdom to encourage vigorous and robust academic freedom in our universities as well as within our more important centers of learning — ourselves. In doing so, we permit the promise of the Constitution to flourish for future generations.

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(This guest column is part of the Wyoming State Bar Association's celebration of the Bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution. These guest columns do not reflect the position of the Wyoming State Bar on the issues addressed. The opinions are intended to stimulate discussion and awareness of constitutional issues.)



Wealth, power sacked players' strike

By ROBERT P. SCHUSTER
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They called them "replacement players." "Replacement players" played "replacement games" and fans came to the stadiums and turned on their television sets to watch. The team owners and the television network devised these euphemisms to make the whole enterprise seem more palatable.

And it worked. Attendance was down at first, but it came back to the point that more than 60,000 people filled the stadium to watch the Broncos play. Advertising revenues did not go down drastically, and the loss of profits for both the owners and the networks was minimized. They called them "Spare Bears" and "Care Bears" and other nice, soft, acceptable names.

And it worked. Players are returning to stadiums; picket lines are abandoned; the players' union has been defeated. It was a rout.

They were never "Spare Bears" or "replacement players." They were always scabs. It was never "replacement football." It was always union busting. And, unfortunately, it was never a struggle over specific issues. It was, instead, a fight that centered on whether the players were to have any real power. They lost.

The football strike — and its anticlimactic ending — was disillusioning in a number of ways. It bothered me to an extent that is out of proportion to the strike itself, perhaps because I find it symptomatic of issues that are broader and more pervasive than the game of football. Let me explain my concerns.

First, the reporting of the strike demonstrated the power of language, and the manner in which phrases can be employed to affect the public perception of an event. It was important to the owners of

the teams and to the television networks that the teams they fielded be accepted by the public: they needed people in the stadiums and people watching the television sets; they needed "viewership" so that advertising contracts would not be breached and so that revenues would not plummet.

For those reasons, they created phrases that had no previous existence in our language — phrases that encouraged us to see "replacement players" and "Spare Bears" rather than the scabs that were on the field, and phrases that disposed us to leave our television sets tuned to "replacement football" rather than switching the channel from the union-busting event that was being recorded by the television cameras.

It is as if the art of crafting just the right phrase can drain the evil from a concept: President Reagan has his "Peacekeepers" and "Freedom Fighters" and the insurance industry wraps its attacks on our judicial system in the "tort reform" slogan. It is a matter of packaging, but it is also a matter of deception. It happens too often, and too often we buy it.

A second item revealed by the strike was the extent to which the owners and the television networks are allies. They are bound together with their advertising contracts and commitments to televise the games. The NFL was paid \$493,000,000 for television contracts in 1987, and to secure their investment the networks entered into advertising contracts so they would have a source of money to pay the owners.

Those huge sums made it imperative for both the owners and the networks that the games go on; they had a common goal — to break the strike. They were successful. When so much wealth and power is amassed against a union of only 1,560 players, it is difficult for the players to win.

A third fact that became apparent was that the players failed to deliver their message in a convincing manner. They were repeatedly battered with the statistic that the average player makes \$230,000 a year.

But so what? Other pieces of information are more important: the average career of a football player in the NFL is 3.5 years, so they do not have many income-producing years; the \$230,000 figure is skewed because it includes the Elways and Bosworths, and it does not reveal that probably 40 percent of the players are in the \$70,000 per year range.

The salary figure does not reflect the fact that the NFL players are an elite group of men who have trained singlemindedly since they were little children, and struggled through an intense competition to arrive at their position; each year only 336 players are drafted, yet there is a pool of approximately 40,000 college football players from which that group of 336 is selected. They are not prepared for a life after football: approximately 67 percent of the players have not graduated from college. The \$230,000 figure pales in significance when compared to the average salaries paid to baseball players (\$390,000) and basketball players (\$510,000).

But there are other income figures that got lost in the debate, and those figures have to do with the income of the owners. Total NFL income for 1986 was projected at \$875,000,000. The football commissioner is reportedly paid in excess of \$600,000. Six of the 28 team owners made *Forbes* magazine's 1987 list of the 400 richest people in America: William Clay Ford of the Detroit Lions was reported to be worth \$900 million as was Jack Kent Cooke of the Washington Redskins; the owner of the Jets was reported to be worth \$625 million.

We seem to be reaching a point where management and corporations can make huge sums of money with impunity, but somehow it is not legitimate for employees or little people to be successful. Why is it that we are critical of an exceptionally skilled linebacker who makes \$230,000 for three years and then is eliminated from the sport by a knee injury, yet we are not critical of a man who sits on a fortune of almost \$1 billion? Do you need to wear a suit and tie to make good money?

As a fourth matter, the strike and its aftermath were noteworthy because the events are symptomatic of the demise of unions in our economy. It is no doubt true that traditional union structures are not as suitable to a 1980's economy as they were to the economy of the 1930's. It is also undeniable that some unions are corruptly managed.

But it is also true that there is an absolute need for employees and workers to have power within our economic infrastructure. What the players' strike demonstrates is that if the players or employees or workers do not have some solidarity, they will be crushed by management.

We cannot have a strong economy — whether in football or in other sectors of our economy — if there is a huge disparity between the wealth and power of management and that of the players and workers. Both groups must be empowered, because a healthy, vital economy is dependent upon both management and employees having an actual, legitimate stake in the economy.

This past week the players were defeated. The enterprise of football will not remain healthy if the players continue to be powerless men whose lot is to enrich owners and to be amusing Sunday afternoon diversions.

A beggar's fist in the lap of luxury

By BOB SCHUSTER
Special to the Star-Tribune

It was too damned cold for April. As I turned the corner at 43rd Street, the New York wind and rain ignored the bright color of my sports jacket and bit directly into me. Expecting springtime, I had underdressed. Turning up my collar and swearing did not make me warmer or drier, but at least I would not endure the insolence of the New York weather without a fight.

Braced against the wind and rain, I looked down on the sidewalk, and saw a rain-soaked, grimy quilt. Then I saw a bare leg sticking out from underneath and realized the quilt was partially covering someone who was stretched out on the concrete, trying to sleep or trying to live. Next to that person squatted a man, thrusting a cup at me for money.

He was without pretense. At some earlier time that face may have been describable but that would have been pre-homelessness, when he could be seen as handsome or rugged or plain. But that earlier time had passed.

Now, his face and his persona were obscured by the uneven stubble of his beard, the grime from the street, the gapped look of his partially toothless mouth, and the anger in his eyes.

His words shot up at me like fists, but they were just noise — indecipherable sounds that could not be understood as words or sentences. It was a torrent of angry sounds hurled at a stranger from Wyoming, demanding that he be reckoned with, abandoning civility, and insisting that my consciousness and my pocket pay some homage to him and his recumbent friend.

I have seen the faces before, but they are different now. When I was a young man 25 years ago, I saw

people on the streets of New York who asked for money. They were "beggars" or "panhandlers" and they asked for a dime ... "for coffee." Perhaps they were no cleaner or closer shaven than the person who confronted me this April, but the people from my past were different: Their eyes looked at me rather than stabbed at me; their words communicated rather than assaulted; they asked rather than demanded.

On this cold and rainy April morning, I was not looking at the beggar from college days, but rather at someone who was homeless, angry, desperate, and utterly indignant.

It was his indignation that has lingered longest with me. There is a deserved or appropriate element to that emotion. It is not the same as anger. Instead, it involves an aroused dignity, a dignity offended by some injustice or wrong. This man on 43rd Street was indignant. And it bothered me.

A dollar was jammed into his cup, and the noise continued as I walked up the street, his sounds disappearing only because of the distance that my steps imposed. I concluded my work in New York, jumped into a cab for the airport, and flew to Atlanta to begin a week's vacation my daughter, Susan, and I had been planning for months.

We joined the Winburns, our close friends from Athens, a small college town in the densely green, rolling countryside of north central Georgia. We had decided to take a Southern tour, driving through Georgia and South Carolina to see some of the beautiful areas of those states in quiet, unhurried fashion. I had not realized that we were going to be joined by the rain-soaked, unshaven, unpleasant man from 43rd Street.

But there he was one night, his apparition sitting at my feet,

screaming up at me unpleasantly and indignantly, when all I wanted to do was continue watching the ballroom of people doing the bunny hop at the Cloister on Sea Island, Georgia. We had come to Sea Island without him because, in the pleasant company of our Georgia friends, his cold, rain-soaked voice had receded in my memory.

We had driven south and east from Athens to the coast, watching the green, rolling countryside flatten out so that we could get glimpses of vistas that were reminiscent of Wyoming, with the sky opening up to reveal horizons that were a journey away.

One night while we were staying on the Georgia coast, we drove over to Sea Island to see the Cloister, a remarkable, elegant resort hotel. It was dream-like, with lights subtly but richly illuminating the lush gardens and lawns, revealing a fantasy of palm and live oak trees with Spanish moss draped like mist in the branches.

Music from the ballroom mingled with the trees as we walked through the grounds into the hotel. At the evening finale, the Cloister guests were doing the bunny hop, happily making their way to the front door in single file, legs kicking out, first to this side, next to the other, and then three jumps closer to the entrance ... hop, hop, hop.

I watched them pour forth from the ballroom, happy, prosperous, well-dressed families. Even the children looked genteel and assured at their young ages, displaying a sense of their own position as easily as they wore their madras jackets and fancy dresses.

The families joined together for a Cloister tradition of milk and cookies, and then they were off to bed in their \$250 a night rooms. The morning would bring a variety of activities, including tennis, golf, sailing, or a session at the spa.

I could not ignore the man from

43rd Street that night, nor can I ignore him now. The contrast and the injustice were too stark. We have just completed a decade in which many Americans have accumulated significant wealth, while at the same time we have relegated an expanding population of men, women and children to our streets.

Depending upon which study one reads, the number of homeless Americans is variously estimated between 700,000 and 3 million. But whatever number one chooses, it is a tragically large population of our citizens who do not have even the most rudimentary shelter against the cold and rain and snow this evening.

It was appropriate that the man from 43rd Street was indignant. His dignity and the dignity of the entire nation — is offended by the injustice of our homeless population. We need not bulldoze the Cloister.

Men, women, and children can continue to have milk and cookies as a late evening tradition; people can still bunny hop in the evening and play tennis and golf the next morning. But we need to shelter our homeless, feed our hungry, and nourish our poor if we are going to have such splendid excess.

America can no longer tolerate the fundamental injustice of an expanding population of homeless children and adults amidst all the luxury that surrounds us.

A society cannot flourish when the rich continue to get richer and the poor continue to get poorer, nor can a democratic society prosper when the wealth of the country becomes increasingly concentrated in a smaller and smaller percentage of our populace.

This American shame must become our shared indignation.

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