

# Bryan and Kennedy: Some sail against the wind

Four score and four years ago, a former congressman from Illinois who became his party's candidate for the presidency, addressed the Democratic national convention assembled in Chicago.

William Jennings Bryan was the man, the year was 1896.



*'Let us go forward in the knowledge that history only helps those who help themselves.'*

— Sen. Edward Kennedy  
(Staff photo by John Stano)

His impassioned speech urging the unlimited coinage of silver won him a place in history and his party's nomination that year. He was nominated again in 1900.

Only 36 years old in 1896, Bryan had been a newspaper editor and chief spokesman for silver forces in the Congress. Though there were no presidential primaries as we know them now, Bryan had engaged in months of campaigning for control of the convention.

His efforts led to him delivering the famous speech in which he warned that the nation "must not be crucified on a cross of gold." The speech was delivered prior to the nominations and its impact was such that he became the nominee.

Of course Bryan lost the race for the presidency in 1896 and 1900. Both times he was defeated by the Republican William McKinley.

The two ran diametrically opposite campaigns. Bryan made 600 speeches for the cause of silver, traveling some 18,000 miles in an era when travel was tedious and difficult. In 1896 McKinley entertained voters from his front porch and four years later from the White House.

LAST TUESDAY, 86 years later, it was another Democratic convention and another electrifying speech.

With the nomination already locked up for President Jimmy Carter, those in control of the convention allowed Senator Edward Kennedy to speak.

The man who had stumbled in a major television interview with Roger Mudd, uttering ill-chosen words during the early hostage crisis days — the same man who had few victories to show after repeated losses — took the ball and ran with it.

"I have come here tonight not to argue for a candidate, but to affirm a cause," Kennedy said.

He asked his fellow Democrats to make a commitment to "economic justice," the cause which had taken him to 40 states, over 100,000 miles and had sustained him for nine months.

Everyone in Madison Square Garden and everyone watching on television at home, knew within minutes that they were witnessing Ted Kennedy's finest hour.

And it was just about that — one hour.



HE DIDN'T speak of his own pain at the loss of the nomination, but of how much greater was the pain he's witnessed in the unemployment lines and the ghettos and streets of those 40 states he visited.

Kennedy called for compassion and fair play, a renewal of old values "that will never wear out."

"Programs may sometimes become obsolete, but the ideal of fairness always endures.

"The poor may be out of political fashion," he said. "but they are not without human needs. The middle class may be angry, but they have not lost the dream that all Americans can advance together."

Twenty-four hours before, shortly after the roll call on rule F-16 began, the outcome of the vote and the convention was clear. The sense of contention, of life, had gone out of the proceedings.

NOW THE HALL came alive again. People pounded, cheered, wept.

"I'm so glad I could be here for this," the man next to me said.

For the first time, those thousands were listening. A woman whispered: "Camelot isn't lost after all."

When Kennedy said "Let us go forward in the knowledge that history only helps those who help themselves," I remembered when his brother John said that "on God's earth, his work must truly be our own."

Like both his brothers, Ted Kennedy challenged Americans to work together and sacrifice equally so that liberty and justice for all may be achieved.

"There were hard hours on our journey," he said. "Often we sailed against the wind, but we kept our rudder true."

The demonstration following the senator's speech lasted 37 minutes, almost equaling the length of the talk itself.

State Senator Doug Ross said he was "moved and excited by the speech.

"Senator Kennedy redefined what this party's constituency is," said Ross.

ALDO VAGNOZZI, of Farmington, who served as coordinator for Michigan alternates at the convention said he was "very proud" of the Kennedy speech.

"It made worthwhile all the efforts of the 17th district," Vagnozzi said.

And Susan Reznick, an alternate from Southfield for Kennedy, said just being at the convention was overwhelming, "but the Kennedy speech was the ultimate highlight."

Senator Carl Levin called Kennedy's speech "tremendous" but added that this wasn't the first time he's heard the senator deliver such stirring oratory.

Some theorized that if the speech had been made one day sooner, Kennedy might have wrested the nomination from the president. Mostly, people were looking ahead.

Kennedy gave many Democrats a reason to rally behind the party even if they are disenfranchised with the standard bearer. Kennedy redefined Democratic principles even for those who opposed him and even those who will continue to oppose him. His speech lifted the convention from the humdrum. It gave people something to talk about and something to build upon.

Campaign buttons reading "Kennedy 1984" were selling for \$1 more than any others on the last two days of the convention. Kennedy garnered nearly 1,000 votes even though his name had been withdrawn.

Both Kennedy and William Jennings Bryan sailed against the wind, but kept their rudders true. As Kennedy said: "The work goes on, the cause endures, the hope still lives and the dream shall never die."

# This place, it lacks snob appeal



When self-made millionaire Craig Hall was an 18-year-old "teeny bopper," he invested \$4,000 in a rooming house on Hamilton Street in Ann Arbor.

After renting out and living in the rambling old house for two years, he sold it and made a \$29,000 profit. That's when Hall, who's now the ripe old age of 30, began wheeling and dealing in real estate and was on his way to piling up his first million.

That rooming house on Hamilton launched Hall's amazing Horatio Alger career. So the name Hamilton Place for his social-health club on Southfield Road is a natural. He bought the club in 1978 and at this time his investment was a big six-digit one. The purchase price was \$1.73 million.

The young millionaire is considered unpretentious and conservative. In fact, he still wears wing-tip shoes. Like its owner, Hamilton Place has more than a touch of class.

But it's not stuffy and it definitely lacks snob appeal.

Bill Poore, general manager of the 20-year-old club (formerly Town and Country), is an up-front guy. He's a great public relations man for Hamilton Place but doesn't hesitate to mention areas which need improvement.

POORE WILL tell you what Hamilton Place isn't. It isn't a golf club, an exclusive high-brow country club or a spa. You might say it's a cross between Vic Fanny and the Fairlane Club in Dearborn. The emphasis is on fitness and social activities.

The club has 2,400 members and Poore hopes that number will soon reach 3,000 — full capacity. One of the club's facilities is a physiology lab where professionals measure a member's fitness and stress tolerance and conduct personal exercise programs. There's \$180,000 worth of computerized diagnostic and exercise equipment in what Poore calls "the fitness complex."

Other facilities are whirlpool, steam, sauna and massage rooms, a gym, an indoor heated pool, an outdoor pool with a sandy beach, six tennis courts, running tracks and almost everything (except an 18-hole golf course) you can think of for those with an athletic bent. Racquetball is coming soon, Poore said.

Ted Fuller, who owns Oscar's Disco in Southfield, does the catering in the formal dining room, cocktail lounge and indoor-outdoor snack spot. Fuller also caters weddings, bar mitzvahs and other galas.

Hamilton Place is fast becoming a mecca for singles who opt for dancing, happy hours and meetings at the club instead of bar-hopping.

SOCIAL EVENTS for the older crowd are planned. And for eight weeks this summer, 69 kids attended Hamilton Place day camp under the supervision of counselors.

Some of the functions get "mixed reviews." Poore admits, and he plans to give them more pizzazz.

But despite the amenities, Hamilton Place still isn't the financial bonanza you might think it is, Poore concedes.

It's a tough nut to crack and the club is "just about" breaking even, he said. "Economic conditions hurt us like everyone else," he said. "We tried every marketing approach and offered special concessions, but people didn't stand in line to join the club. In spite of it, we're managing to weather the storm.

"The key is to serve the needs of many different factions of our membership. Some members struggle to pay their dues and others can probably buy and sell Hamilton Place. We have a cross-section of people of all ages, many ethnic backgrounds and a variety of professions.

"Some wear bikinis and swim and some sit under poolside umbrellas. We don't browbeat anyone to exercise and lose weight or to be more health-conscious. But the facilities are available here at Hamilton Place."

Poore, a former school teacher, manages a staff of 150 young persons. He admits he's sometimes tough on them. But his philosophy is that members pay for service and deserve the best.

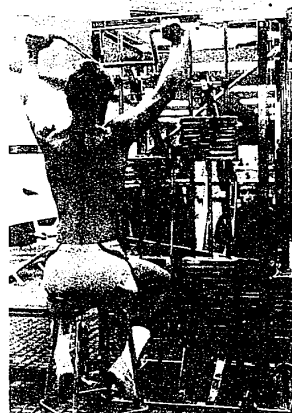
The manager has another philosophy — "accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative." Hamilton Place doesn't have a golf course but that means members don't have to pay greens fees, he observed.

Poore trucked in sand from Lake Michigan so members could have a sandy beach right on the pool deck without having to drive miles away to a resort.

Poore may have the right idea.

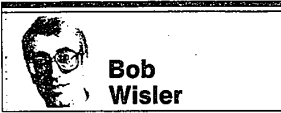
Who needs a golf course when you can slip out of a pool and into a cold, frosty Pine Colada?

Close your eyes and the busy, traffic-clogged Southfield Road, located a stone's throw away, seems to be in another time zone.



Hamilton Place is owned by millionaire Craig Hall but members include those who could buy the club and those who struggle to pay dues.

# Advertising scams, they're drilling for dollars



I noticed the other day that Livonia Police Chief Bob Turner complained that some guy with the name "Bob Turner" was selling ads over the phone to a police magazine.

Chief Turner wanted the folks to know that the salesman wasn't really him and that the magazine wasn't connected to Livonia police. Rest assured, folks that salesman Bob Turner is probably some guy named Ed Johnson, or some such, who knows that calling himself "Bob Turner" helps sell ads in Livonia even though the magazine may be 30 miles away.

How do I know this? The answer is that at one time I stumbled into the business of producing police magazines.

Every organization has a magazine and police organizations are no different. But what police know about is crime and not magazines. As a consequence "professional" magazine producers often get in touch with police organizations and associations and offer to put out a magazine which will portray police officers in a very favorable light and, incidentally, raise money.

The "producer" has to sell ads to the magazine, to pay for the cost of photographs and printing and such, to raise some funds for the cops to give to needy charities or

needy arbitration lawyers, and, of course, to raise a little money for the producer.

TO THE ALWAYS under-appreciated cops this sounds good. And it often works. Unfortunately, however, this is a field which has an inordinate share of shockmeisters, carneys and conmen.

Let me tell you that a good producer can sell \$20,000 and up in ads in even your small towns and the cops usually get \$1,000-\$2,000 and the other costs involved depend on the quality of the magazine.

The majority of the money goes to ad salesmen, who are a specialized breed of nomads. They have the nerve of jewel thieves and the ability to sound like cops even when they flat-out admit to being ad salesmen, which isn't often.

They work on a 25 to 50 percent commission because they are able to talk on the phone in a Jack Webb manner combining the right amounts of authority, camaraderie, forcefulness and intimidation.

They all have names like Ed, Bill, Phil, Joe or Bob Smith, Jones, James, Johnson, etc. Most of the time they have more than one name, one of which is likely to be the name of a local cop, and they have trouble keeping track of their names.

MY INTRODUCTION to the business came from a guy I'll call "Big Bill" who was producing the money for four magazines at the time. He taught me such terms as "double dip," "drill," "redrill," "having the hammer," and "gone south."

To "drill" is to raise money by selling ads. "Redrilling" is going back through a town to pick up any loose funds

you missed on the first sweep, or it can be going to a merchant who has bought and asking him to up the size of his ad.

"Having the hammer" is having the leverage, or advantage — like selling police ads is better than firefighters or postal worker ads because there is more "hammer" to selling police ads. Most people like, respect and want to stay on good terms with police officers. Firefighters and postal workers they could care less.

"Going south" is usually quitting, or leaving. Ad salesmen "go south" all the time to take a vacation, to find a new producer who will give a bigger commission, to spend a few weeks at the track or to do any of a number of other things they are susceptible to.

The "double dip," I learned, is when you sell an ad to a merchant for a magazine about to come out in a few months and then a few months later you go back to the same guy and sell him another ad to the same magazine. This is done by implying that the previous ad he bought came out in an issue which was gobbled up so fast there weren't any copies left for him to see.

BIG BILL was such an accomplished pro that he double-dipped an entire Oakland County city a couple of years ago. He was going for an unprecedented triple dip when he got in a squabble over funding. The upset was that the treasurer of the police officers association in the town where he was working was arrested, convicted, sent to jail and thrown off the force (I'm not sure in what order) for stealing money being held for magazine production. Big Bill, who was somewhat the aggrieved party, only went broke and out of the business.

Before I go on, let me tell you that Big Bill was one of the better practitioners of the trade. One of his problems was that he really tried to produce a quality 48- to 64-page magazine with photos and stories, one which would be delivered throughout a community.

Most of the guys in the business said flat-out that Big Bill was crazy to produce quality magazines. The style they preferred was to sell all the ads possible as fast as possible, then to get a group photograph of the local police department, grab a few FBI statistics and warnings about car theft, slap them in front of a printer and order 600 magazines printed on the lowest-quality-possible paper.

These would be generously distributed to the local police officers — three per family even — and dropped off at a few doctors' offices. This method kept the costs down and the revenue up.

There are many good operations around. I believe the Police Officers Association of Michigan raises funds by means of a magazine which is important to cops and the Police Chiefs of Michigan run a legitimate magazine. A guy put out a good magazine in Westland two years ago. There are others.

But be suspicious if you get a call from a guy who says he is "from the station" and passes by your place every day in his "black and white," or one who happens to have the name of a police chief or well-known local cop. Make sure that Ed, Bill, Phil, Jim, Joe or Bob and his friends aren't really in town to drill, redrill, double-dip and then go south leaving the town with no ads, no magazine and no hammer.