

A VISUAL GUIDE TO TODAY'S TRIBUNE

THE TALK

NEWS FOCUS

CHICAGOLAND

NATION & WORLD

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

YOU ARE HERE

Illinois GOP doesn't want to repeat 2006 primary fight

Health experts fighting Southern attitudes toward HIV/AIDS

THE TALK

FOR MONDAY, APRIL 13, 2009



DAWN TURNER TRICE

Opening high-schoolers' eyes to the world around them on an Ivy League tour.

CHICAGOLAND, PAGE 6



GREG BURNS

CEO Edward Liddy's plan for AIG: Make it "smaller and smaller and smaller."

BUSINESS, PAGE 17



RICK MORRISSEY

Excitement at the Masters rose and fell with Tiger Woods' and Phil Mickelson's play.

SPORTS, SECTION 2, PAGE 1

INSIDE TODAY'S PAPER

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT.....	LIVE, 3	LETTERS.....	NEWS, 22
ASK AMY.....	LIVE, 6	MINDING YOUR BUSINESS.....	NEWS, 19
BRIDGE.....	LIVE, 7	MOVIE ADS.....	LIVE, 4
BUSINESS.....	NEWS, 17	NATION & WORLD.....	NEWS, 11
CHICAGOLAND.....	NEWS, 6	NATION & WORLD BRIEFS.....	NEWS, 13
COMMENTARY.....	NEWS, 23	NEWS FOCUS.....	NEWS, 5
COMICS.....	LIVE, 6	OBITUARIES.....	NEWS, 20
CRIME & COURTS.....	NEWS, 9	PRESSBOX.....	SPORTS, 7
CROSSWORD.....	LIVE, 7	SCOREBOARD.....	SPORTS, 9
EDITORIALS.....	NEWS, 22	SUDOKU.....	LIVE, 7
FACE TIME.....	LIVE, 2	TELEVISION.....	LIVE, 5
HOROSCOPE.....	LIVE, 6	WEATHER.....	LIVE, BACK PAGE

CORRECTIONS & CLARIFICATIONS

To report errors, call the Reader Help line at 312-222-3348 or e-mail readerhelp@tribune.com.

WINNING LOTTERY NUMBERS

ILLINOIS	MICHIGAN	Midday	Evening
April 12 Pick 3 004	April 12 Daily 3 085 110		
April 12 Pick 4 5099	April 12 Daily 4 8154 8487		
April 12 Little Lotto 08 12 30 36 39	April 12 Fantasy 5 09 10 27 28 32		
April 11 Lotto 03 05 10 11 17 32	April 12 Keno 02 03 04 06 07 15		
April 13 Lotto jackpot \$4.75 million	18 23 33 36 38 39		
April 14 Mega Millions \$92 million	41 44 48 50 52 55		
	60 65 74 79		
INDIANA	WISCONSIN		
April 12 Daily 3 278	April 12 Pick 3 442		
April 12 Daily 4 1602	April 12 Pick 4 7591		
April 12 Lucky 5 10 11 26 28 34	April 12 Badger 5 05 08 12 13 14		
April 11 Lotto 02 05 06 12 13 22	April 12 SuperCash! 01 02 26 28 36 37		
POWERBALL	April 11 Megabucks 01 17 23 31 33 46		
April 11 07 28 35 46 49 20			
April 15 jackpot \$25 million			

Chicago Tribune

A TRIBUNE PUBLISHING COMPANY | 435 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, IL 60611

HOW TO CONTACT US

To start a new subscription, or for questions about home delivery, billing or vacation holds, please call 1-800-TRIBUNE (1-800-874-2863)

Online: chicagotribune.com/customerservice
 E-mail: consumerservices@tribune.com
 Hearing impaired can call: (312) 222-1922 (TDD)
 Main operator: (312) 222-3232
 To give a news tip: (312) 222-3540, tips@tribune.com
 Reader help: (312) 222-3348, readerhelp@tribune.com
 Classified advertising: (312) 222-2222, classadinfo@tribune.com
 Preprint/display advertising: (312) 222-4150, rfleck@tribune.com
 Interactive advertising: (312) 222-2583, jofarrell@tribune.com

HOME DELIVERY RATES (Weekly rates*)

MON-FRI	SUNDAY**	7 DAYS
\$3.75	\$1.99	\$6.49

*Rates are for the 9-county area (Cook, Lake, DuPage, Will, Kane, Kendall and McHenry Counties in Illinois, Lake and Porter Counties in Indiana) and also are available in communities served by Chicago Tribune contractors. Rates in other areas vary.
 **All subscriptions include Thanksgiving Day issue.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE E-EDITION

An online replica of the paper in PDF format is online at chicagotribune.com/e-Edition.

	1 DAY	WEEKLY
e-Edition	\$2.00	\$2.50*

*7 days per week, billed every 4 weeks.

DELIVERY BY MAIL (12 weeks)

	SUNDAY	7 DAYS
5-state area*	\$51.96	\$108.60
U.S. rate	\$58.20	\$131.88

*Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION
 All advertising published in the Chicago Tribune is subject to the applicable rate card, copies of which are available from the Advertising Department. The Chicago Tribune reserves the right not to accept an advertiser's order. Only publication of an advertisement shall constitute final acceptance.
 Chicago Tribune (USPS 104-000) is published daily (7 days) at Tribune Tower, 435 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611-4041; Chicago Tribune Company, Publisher; periodicals postage paid at Chicago, IL, and additional mailing offices.
Postmaster: Send changes to the Chicago Tribune, Mail Subscription Division, 777 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, IL 60610.
 Unsolicited manuscripts, articles, letters and pictures sent to the Chicago Tribune are returned at the owner's risk.
 Copyright © 2009 Chicago Tribune Company. All rights reserved as to the entire content.

TRIBUNE VOICES

Four score and one 7-year-old's tears ago

It wasn't on our way. But we steered there anyway. A red zigzag on the road map was all it took. That and what turned into a few hours' drive through the mountains, in the rain, with no shoulder to the right, and big trucks barreling by on the left.

And there was that boy in the back seat, after all, the boy who had learned all the words, who had traced the story of the president who ended slavery. Somehow, he had decided that he needed to stand on the crest of the hill in the midst of the half-circles of square white stones, the unmarked graves, arranged state by state in the most somber of roll calls. He needed to stand where the words first were belted over the stretched-out limbs of the forever-sleeping soldiers.

It was the Gettysburg Address, three short paragraphs that he had learned at school, read out loud in assembly and recited one night at dinner, delightfully reading "deducted" instead of "dedicated" each time he came to that particular mix of d's and c's and t's that, apparently, is interchangeable to the 7-year-old orator.

The little boy—one who most of the time spouts numbers and news about ballfields and the players who play there—somehow had been transfixed by these words and this speech and this spot on the map.

And since we were driving to Washington anyway, he figured, why not swing up into Pennsylvania, that bread-loaf-shaped chunk in the jigsaw puzzle, and drive to the little town where the great speech was etched into the national memory.

We stopped for a map and directions. We maneuvered our way around farm fields once soaked in blood. We parked near a hill, strode past long stone fences, crossed a country road, and walked and walked until we couldn't get closer to where Lincoln's shoes must have stood firm against the hard, cold soil that had seen and heard too much and then at last was consecrated and laid to rest in peace and the broadcloth of history.

There was no steering him elsewhere. No approximation of history.

He decided it had to be just as it was. Had to be him reading the words out loud, to the cold winds, and the three grown-ups (his big brother, really, at 15 and shaving, is nearly a grown-up) who love him so very much, who stood somewhat astonished at this insistence on honoring history.

He had carried along a parchment, written in script, signed "Abraham Lincoln, November 19, 1863," but he couldn't make out the 19th Century swirls and dips and swoops of soot-black ink.

So, when we stopped for the map, he had handily gotten the words typed out, more to his liking, more like the pages of books he now reads by the hour, this boy who not long ago struggled with words in any form.

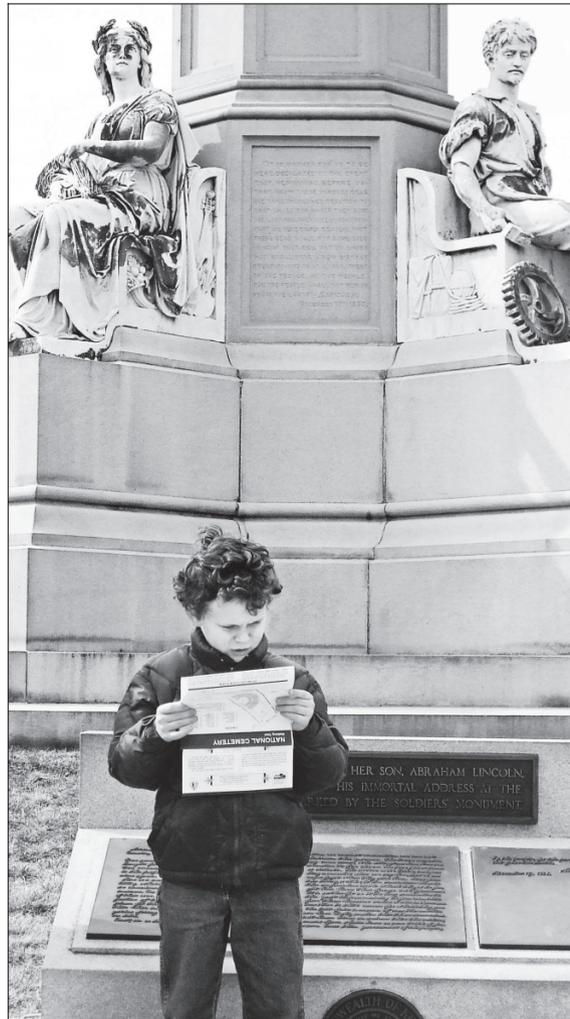
So there we were at the top of the hill, just in front of the great marble monument, with the plaque marking the spot. The boy settled in, maybe as Lincoln had, pulled the words from his pocket, unfolded the ridges, began.

"Four score," he started, of course. And then carried on. The words coming in that familiar cadence and rhythm we all know, all of us who in some schoolroom somewhere pored over the Civil War pages, tried our hand at memorizing, maybe for the very first time, with this particular passage.

Somewhere, though, near the part where Lincoln wrote that "we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground," the words slowed to nearly a halt.

We looked in, each of us, zeroed our eyes on his face, trying to read the root of the slowed-down reading.

Only then, as the next few words sputtered, did I see what I thought looked like a tear. And then another and another.



The words of the Gettysburg Address are familiar, but where they'll lead one still so new to this world isn't always known.

He was crying and reading, the boy who would not let the tears stop the cadence, the moment, not until the end when we all crushed him, a tangle of arms, cheeks, tears.

"Sweetheart, what is it?" I asked, not sure if the hard words had netted his courage, swallowed his sense of the moment.

"It's the soldiers," he managed to choke out in a short few syllables, before burying his face in my sleeve.

We all stood in this knot for a minute or two. I knew that I, for one, was etching the moment into my mind, into my picture of this boy who was not often considered the one with his pulse in sync with the poetry and pain of a world marred by bloodshed and tombstones.

Sometimes on a cold afternoon, at the crest of history, you discover the script that you've dotted and crossed in your head, the script of your own child, is not what you thought it was.

And you stand there, wiping back tears, his and your own. And all of a sudden you understand a whole new chapter has been written.

bmahany@tribune.com

A version of this essay originally appeared on Mahany's Web site, pullupachair.org

NEXTSTEP MEDICAL STAFFING

Monsters in the morning

Dan Jiggetts Mike North

Live Every Weekday Morning 6-9 am only on

comcast SPORTSNET
 Fan's best friend.

Get The Most For Your Valuables SELL NOW!!

Paying Top Dollar For

- ◆ Rolex & Fine Watches
- ◆ Silverware
- ◆ Modern & Antique Jewelry
- ◆ Old Gold
- ◆ Diamonds
- ◆ Coins
- ◆ Old Guitars

Free Appraisals

CHICAGO GOLD GALLERY

Call 773-338-7787

www.chicagogoldgallery.com

Legal Questions?

Ask an ISBA Lawyer

30 MINUTES / \$25

Advice from friends or information on the internet isn't always accurate. But a professional consultation early on could save time and money later on.

TOLL FREE 1-800-922-8757 **ISBA** ISBALawyers.com
 ILLINOIS STATE BAR ASSOCIATION

© 2009. Who's on your side? Ask if your lawyer is a member of ISBA.