

TIMES THREEFebruary 15, 1999David D. BlackWhat Time Is It?  
Who Cares?

You might as well face it from the first. Two years ago, one of our oldest members smuggled into this Literary club a pseudo-scientific person. Trained as an undergraduate engineer, but never having worked as an engineer, I retain a kind of fascination with scientific gadgets, facts, and phenomena. I'd rather pick up an issue of Scientific American than a copy of The Atlantic.

This bent toward science was given a push in my Navy training, when I studied navigation, and learned the critical importance of time in determining where you are. As I was intending to fly off aircraft carriers, and subsequently land on them, I had a keen interest in being able to get accurate navigational fixes. I learned that such precision required that one know Greenwich Mean Time, as the position of all celestial objects [sun, moon, planets and stars] is figured in relation to GMT. The first publication of such data occurred in 1767 [D.489], about the time of the Revolutionary War. So if you were going to determine where you were with celestial navigation techniques, you needed to have a copy of the latest Nautical Almanac and Astronomical Ephemeris; and you needed to know what time it was in England.

Knowing the time of day in Greenwich<sup>1</sup> began to get accurate within 1 second per day in the early 1700's

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<sup>1</sup> GMT wasn't declared the standard in England until 1880, and Greenwich wasn't accepted internationally as the prime meridian until 1884 [D-483].

[D.486]<sup>2</sup>, but that was with a large pendulum clock, which, of course, had to be stationary. Portable timekeepers of any accuracy didn't appear until a carpenter, named John Harrison, built a portable watch, 5" in diameter [C.106], in 1759 [C.99]. It was found to lose only 5 seconds after 81 days at sea in 1762. That earned Harrison a L 20,000 prize [worth \$2 million today], which wasn't fully paid for 11 years [C.148]. For a well-written account of Harrison's story, I recommend a best-seller paperback, Longitude.

So, prior to our Revolutionary War, ocean explorers had virtually no sure means of determining where they were, because they could not determine their longitude accurately. Columbus, Magellan, and Drake had to sail north or south to a latitude they could determine by sighting the elevation of the North Star, and then they sailed East or West. They estimated their progress by determining speed through the water. This was done by dropping overboard a log attached to a line. The logline had knots tied every 47.25". The logline was paid out for 28 seconds, as measured with an hourglass. And the number of knots in the logline was counted [S.39]. One major weakness of that calculation was that they had to estimate the force and direction of ocean currents throwing them off their compass course. Even seasoned dogs like Admiral Clowdisley Shovell, returning to his home port from Gibraltar in 1707, ran his fleet into the Scilly Isles, over 20 miles off course, and he lost 4 of 5 warships and 2000 sailors [C.12].

My infatuation with accurate time amused my 6 children. They giggled when I would occasionally put in a long distance call to the US Naval Observatory in order to set my watch accurately to the second. Sometimes twice a month. To the best of my knowledge, none of them has even contemplated landing on a carrier. On my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday, they gave me a clock. It is a steely thing, about 6" wide by 8" high, round face, second hand that jerks and doesn't glide, and runs on a "C" battery. The owner's manual says that my

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<sup>2</sup>[Bracketed] references are to a 2-pg Bibliography, attached.

clock gets "time-telegrams" from WWVB in Ft. Collins, CO every night. WWVB operates at 60kHz, for those of you with long wave receiver. The radio station gets its time markets from the atomic clock in Boulder, CO.

I was ecstatic with my present: no more long distance charges. However, ecstasy, as is often the case in my case, wears off. But what is an Atomic Clock? I was just getting used to battery powered, quartz timepieces, which had been around since 1969 [M.12]. They are considerably more accurate than the stem-winders, or auto-winders. I have a \$200 Tissot that gains maybe 2 seconds a month: even for a nut like me, that's pretty good. "What time is it, Dave?" "How accurate do you want it?"

Why not go to Boulder, CO, and learn about the atomic clock? With senior coupons, that was no big deal. I stayed with a boarding school friend, who also happened to hike in the Rockies with the guy who used to be in charge of the Atomic Clock.

Its name is NIST-7: National Institute of Science & Technology, Mod. 7. We stared at it through a plate glass window. I was startled to see that it was a silvery tube, about 7' long, 1' in diameter, sitting on a gurney, wires coming out of it. No hour hand, no minute hand, no second hand: just a digital readout on the wall behind it. The readout matched my wrist watch. Still, disturbing. "That's a clock?", I asked. Dr. Sullivan, successor to the hiker, began to explain. "You can't see the atomic clock: that's a Mylar-coated plastic tube around an ugly piece of cast iron. We cover it for show."

Inside the cast iron tube, a vacuum is maintained. A stream of Cesium atoms is developed and passes through the vacuum from one end of the tube to the other. On its way, the Cesium beam is filtered so that only the Ce-113 isotope makes it to the other end. These atoms pass through a microwave field; and they are excited to another energy level. When the frequency of the microwave exciter matches the resonant frequency of Ce-113, the current generated at the far end of the tube is maximized. An electronic feedback loop keeps the microwave at the natural frequency of

the atoms. A frequency divider, coupled to the microwave exciter, reduces the applied frequency to a useful timing pulse.

The natural frequency of the beam of Ce-133 atom is 9,192,631,770 vibrations per second. That standard<sup>3</sup> for the second was set in 1967 by the world scientific community.

I was still trying to understand the so-called atomic clock I was looking at, when Dr. Sullivan said, "Right now, we're tearing it down to run experiments."

"My God! The clock is off?"

When they machined the interior of the cast iron clock, it couldn't be as precise as needed. So about every other day, they reverse the direction of the Ce-133 electrons to cancel out the errors. "Who is keeping count during intermissions?" I asked. He said that 40 less expensive Cesium clocks in the next room run constantly. NIST-7 cost about \$200m; these 40 cost about \$60 each [HP 5071As].

"Who needs this accuracy of 9.2 billion Hz?" I asked Sullivan. "Navigation systems, astronomical observers, telecommunications, electrical power generation. But we try to keep a jump ahead of scientific, commercial and industrial needs. The Ce-133 clock has an accuracy of 1 second in  $3 \times 10^6$  years. We're experimenting with fountains of electron streams [M.31] and Mercury [Hg] streams to improve accuracy and to stay ahead."

Returning home, I thought, "OK, I've got a better idea of time intervals, i.e. seconds. But who is setting absolute GMT? Apart from seconds, defined to a point I find it hard to comprehend, how do we determine exactly what time it is?"

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<sup>3</sup>It is a fraction,  $1/31,556,925.9747$ , of the year 1900 [L.1, M.18]

"First, what is meant by GMT? Does it have to do with midnight in Greenwich, when the sun is half way around the world? If so, who out there is going to tell me when the sun is at its zenith, and will I get the message at the same time?

"Second, I know that earth makes an off-center, elliptical orbit around the sun in 365.242199 days<sup>4</sup>, and its axis is cocked at 23.5° relative to the sun. That must mess up observations at Greenwich.

"Third, I learn that earth's rotational velocity is slowing, having slowed 62 seconds from 1900 to 1996 [K.3-4, A.62, M.32, M.19]. And Earth wobbles due to the pull of the moon [A.61].

"So, will GMT have real meaning everywhere on earth when using the astronomical tables, or is it a moving target because earth is a changing, oblate spheroid [its equatorial radius is 21,476 meters wider than its polar radius [M.35]]?"

I had to plan another trip, this time to the Naval Observatory in Washington, DC. I wanted to know who was in charge of setting midnight GMT? How was agreement reached on when to set all these atomic clocks? I arranged a visit with Dr. McCarthy of the Naval Observatory.

He explained to me that 5 Very Long Baseline Interferometry radio telescopes [VLBI] simultaneously observe quasars [K.4, BB.1]. With triangulation techniques, they determine the earth's orientation to the sun, moon, planets, and stars used for navigation. Those 5 VLBI telescopes are located in Alaska, Hawaii Islands, W.VA, Brazil, and Germany [BB.1].

Their function is to provide data for real/civil/earth time for navigation purposes, i.e. for our Defense Dept., and for our Global Positioning

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<sup>4</sup>So in years divisible by 4, we have a Feb. 29 - but not in century years, except in century years divisible by 400. Thus there will be a 2/29 in 2000, but there was not in 1900. [FF.92]

System. GPS is the newest and neatest navigational system. It is comprised of 24 satellites orbiting the earth in such a way that transmissions from **their** atomic clocks and computers can be read by GPS receivers anywhere on earth. The receivers interpret the messages so that one's location can be read directly in latitude, longitude, and altitude. The U.S. armed services set this up to calculate locations accurate to about 10m. Then they introduced Selective Availability [SA] to dither the data, so that non-military types and the bad guys couldn't achieve the same accuracy. However, some enterprising non-military types figured that if you put up a GPS receiver in a fixed and known spot, you could calculate the dithering error, transmit it to your employee's GPS receivers, and achieve the same accuracy as the military.

The GPS satellites also transmit Local Universe Time, the equivalent of GMT. So, finally, how is it determined? The observations of the 5 VLBI telescopes are transmitted to the Bureau International de L'heure [BIH] in Paris. The National Institute in Boulder sends data from its 40 atomic clocks and NIST-7. The Naval Observatory also sends data from its 50 Ce-133 atomic clocks and its 10 Hydrogen maser clocks. Other laboratories in other countries send their data. Paris is getting data from some 230 atomic clocks in some 60 labs around the world [BB.1?]

In Paris, the BIH assimilates all this data from 230 atomic clocks, and all the data from the 5 VLBI telescopes. It performs some highly technical calculations; and it sends back to all of its contributors their errors from the averages — about 6 weeks later. Because, as mentioned earlier, the earth's rotation is slowing, BIH also determines when a leap second needs to be added to the atomic clocks to conform the earth's orientation to the heavens, which is earth time, which is GMT. Last New Year's Eve, while you gentlemen were kissing your ladies, a leap second was added.

So this is my understanding of how accurate clock time is determined. Greenwich Mean Time is now called Universal Time [UT1], or earth time [K.2, L.1]. It is periodically changed by a leap second. It is

determined in Paris, not Greenwich. It is the average of 230 atomic clocks, all of which are off a bit, and some of which are turned off occasionally and run backwards every other day. Finally BIH in Paris gets around to the answer of "what time is it?" about a month and a half later.

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Hard Times

Pat Thrasher Flack

B. 1-21-34

Rev. John Thrasher

Her father was the son of a white man and an American Indian woman. Her mother was the daughter of a black man and a half-breed Indian mother. Naturally, she is light skinned; and although only 1/4 black, she is classified as African American in today's argot.

Her father, the Rev. John Thrasher, sired 26 children, 16 by his first wife. Pat can't recall all of their names, as they had left home by the time she reached the age of memory. When John Thrasher was 36, he married Essie May, age 16. She bore him the next 10: Thelma, John, Mose, Mary Ann, Charles, Ema Joe, Fred, Betty Jean, Pat was No. 9, and Richard.

John Thrasher worked at Cincinnati Milling Machine Co. He also served as a minister at the Baptist church at 8<sup>th</sup> & Carr in downtown Cincinnati. But he didn't teach her about Jesus. She read about Him in a New Testament she found on a street corner, when she was very young. What she learned from her father and mother was that her father was a pedophile, and her mother was in denial of her husband's fondling and rubbing himself against his two youngest, below school-age daughters.

Pat felt enormous shame. She thought that if she filled herself up with water, Jesus would come and get her and make her happy. She told her mother about her father's sexual advances. Essie May said that Pat was lying, that a preacher would never do that sort of thing. She sent Pat away to live with older sisters Thelma and Mary Ann and Annie. They alternated housing Pat. She was also housed with grandmother Kate Davis, a blind diabetic, her aunt Julia Harris, and a neighbor, Miss Pat. Only Miss Pat treated her with any kindness or warmth.

#### Mr. Walter

Her father died in 1945, and Essie May went on welfare with her brood of kids. When Walter Townsend moved in, he became a step-father, although there was no marriage contract. It would have upset the welfare status of Essie May. When Pat was in the 5<sup>th</sup> grade, Mr. Walter, as she called him, took younger brother Richard and her to visit his aunt in Decatur, Alabama. On seeing Pat's light complexion, the aunt exclaimed, "Where did you get that white girl?" and tried to refuse to let her in the home. But Mr. Walter explained her mixed heritage and secured her a bed for the visit.

He also raped her. When Pat showed the aunt the bloody sheets from the bed and described the rape, the aunt dismissed her saying, "Your mother didn't teach you how to become a lady," meaning teaching her about female puberty and menstruation. Thus told to shut-up, Pat wrote a letter to her mother, pleading to come and get her. She and Richard set off on a long walk down

the country road to mail the letter. When they spotted Mr. Walter coming the other way, Pat pulled them both behind a tree. But little Richard didn't appreciate the need for secrecy, and called out to Mr. Walter. After he appropriated the letter and read it, he threatened to kill both Pat, and Richard, as well as their mother, if they ever told anyone about the rape.

Thereafter, Pat never accepted anything from Mr. Walter. Not the food he bought, not even a new Easter dress he once got for her. Still, nobody believed her. She avoided him at home, and often stayed with her blind, diabetic grandmother. She says now that adversity made her stronger, and independent, "just to show them."

Pat graduated from Withrow, the only one of her 9 siblings to get through high school. Some summers she spent at Hughes H.S. trying to improve her English grades. At the urging of a California friend, she tried to get a college education, attending the University of California (Davis Campus) at night for 6 months. But she was unable to afford college expenses on her income as a nursing helper in a hospital; and she didn't have anybody to help her apply for scholarships or other financial aid. She had to return to Cincinnati.

Although she hated the idea of taking a job as a dishwasher at an institution, she had only 50 cents to her name and realized that she had to do it — or Thanksgiving and Christmas would be miserable. She became a nurse assistant at the same place. But when they asked her to help in the kitchen between nursing duties without an increase in pay, she quit. She took up housework instead, and found that she liked it because she did not have to be in a close working relationship with many people.

### Floyd Flack

One day she and a friend spotted a nice looking young construction worker, and they both said that they would marry him one day. Pat, however, got to know him sooner through her network of friends. She and Floyd

Flack often went to the Oakley drive-in movies; and they dated for a year before they got married.

She fixed his lunchbox every day. When she put in notes and expressions of affection, he never responded. He couldn't read. So she set to teach him to read and write, on a regular weekday evening schedule. And weekends often included the Oakley drive-in. That was domestic life for a year or so.

Then his family began to pull him away to do other things on the weekends, and Pat and Floyd drifted apart. His absences became longer. He started drinking. They began to fight. During this turmoil, she had 2 miscarriages, about which Floyd was abusive. After 7 years of marriage, she left him.

### Tracy

In 1957 her sister Mary Ann had a baby she didn't want. Pat took Jennifer as her own baby. But 4 years later, Mary Ann changed her mind and took Jennifer back. Pat was devastated.

Betsy Clark, a friend, asked Pat if she wanted to take over another baby. Pat said, "Only if it's a girl". When Betsy Clark delivered, it was a boy; and Pat said, "No." But another friend said, "Let's go see the baby anyhow." And Pat, being Pat, fell in love with the tyke immediately. She brought Tracy up alone, seeing him through high school and into Ohio State University. But the expense was too much for her after the 1<sup>st</sup> year; and she told Tracy that he would have to settle for UC. He thought UC was too prejudiced, and instead he joined the U.S. Army. Today he is a Staff Sergeant and platoon leader, married, and supporting 3 children of his own.

### Pat

Her life's journey has been rough, by any standard: pot holes, roadblocks, personal harm, not much unconditional love. She has had ample opportunity to qualify for government subsidy, welfare. No thanks.

Although her parental families were welfare recipients, the people she lived with worked for a living. That gave her a model of self-sufficiency. She did have a brush with government aid after a bout with double pneumonia. On leaving the hospital, she was told not to work for 90 days while she recovered her strength and health. When she applied for aid, she was told that because she owned a house, all they could give her was \$25 for food for two weeks; \$50 for a year, as an emergency measure.

She is proud to be black. She says, "God made me; all God made is good. I have never wanted to be more than God made me. I am a proud black woman."

So she is independent, and a strong person, in spite of adversity — maybe because of adversity. She is also kind and loving. She has done housework for my family for many years. She has watched 4 of my kids grow up, and she has been a loving friend to us all. When she came to my wife, Polly's funeral and entered the church from the front, she tried to move down the side aisle to the back of the sanctuary. My son, Bob, stuck his arm out and hauled her into our pew. She is family.

When I showed Pat this brief history of her hard life, she wrote me the following note:

"It was the first time in my life a woman said, "I love you, Pat". She [Polly] was a woman I worked for. It was years before we truly talked, when no one was around. We talked woman to woman.

"I began to really care for her. I enjoyed being there. We sat at some table to have a cup of tea. She would make me something to eat, and set the table for two. I didn't eat. I opened up and told her why I didn't eat much.

"She would ask me to pray for her. She would put her hand in my hand when I began the prayer. She would say every time I prayed for her that she would feel better, and her prayers came to light.

"When anyone came in, I would always move away from her, go into the other room. I didn't want anyone to know she was being nice to me. She would say, "You don't have to do that". I would say, "I am black and poor – they may not understand why you are so nice to the help."

"Her husband would sometimes tell me, when I would ask him about something, things I thought only a man would know. He would stand tall and look over the top of his glasses, and in a deep, deep voice he'd tell me what I needed to know – just as plain as night and day. You have to understand, he always took the time to hear you out. I liked him for that; not like others would say, "you talk too fast so talk slower", like all the people I have worked for in this line of work.

"I was not close to my family, so they [the Blacks] became like family to me. To see their four kids grow up was like seeing my kids. They were the family I always wanted to be part of."

Maybe her great-aunt thinks that she was never taught "how to become a lady". But somehow adversity and an indomitable spirit has forged a lady, in our eyes.

#### SLOW TIMES

#### THE SORRY SAGA<sup>1</sup>

#### THE STATUE OF CINCINNATUS

The simple idea of a statue of Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus was based on the need, perceived by two civic activists, that our fair City needed a large chunk of art to teach schoolchildren about the mythical Roman general. His military prowess was followed by his return to simple civilian life, instead of holding the offered title of Emperor. I say the statue was a

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<sup>1</sup>A more sober and fuller story of this saga appears in the Summer 1983 issue of Queen City Heritage [Vol. 41, No. 2]

"simple idea" because the City was really named, as members of this club know, for the revolutionary war officer's Society of the Cincinnati. The Society took its name from the Roman general. It is fortunate that the intermediate step was ignored, as a statue of the full Society, including one Geo. Washington, would have confused not only the kids, but also the Cincinnatus Association Statue Committee. Let me explain.

In 1970, one Bob Acomb, an advertising executive by trade, and a civic activist by inclination, was asked by his daughter, Jill, where the City got its name. With an ad man's inclination for things graphic, Bob could find only a stained glass window on a stairway landing at City Hall. It depicted L.Q.C. being offered a sword of generalship with which to defend Rome from the invading Aequians. It totally missed the point of the pure altruism of Cincinnatus.

What was needed "to tell the story", he thought, was an heroic statue, bigger than life, planted in Sawyer Point, then in the planning stages. Ewart "Sink" Simpkinson, a kindred spirit of civic activism and dogged persistence, had relieved the wealthy Charles Sawyer of \$1 million, to purchase the land for such a park; but there was nothing much on the land at the time inspiration struck these two worthies. And so they cajoled and collected other members of the Cincinnati Association, including our Bob Allen, into a committee, which neither of them would chair. With their age and experience came wisdom.

Meetings at the Queen City Club began in December, 1979. One Poor Soul was declared Chairman, despite his reluctance. At the same time the search began for 1) a sculptor, and 2) a money raiser.

Many prominent citizens were approached to lead the fund raising. The goal was \$215,000. After about a year of prominent refusals, the Poor Soul turned to Sink and said, "You have to take it." He did. And he did it. A marvelous achievement, helped considerably by the high interest rates of the '80s.

Several sculptors submitted clay models, dragged into the Lady's dining room of the QCC. The Committee

like the 31 inch model done by Eleftherios Karkadoulis, the Greek who was brought to town to unplug, polish, and reactivate the Tyler-Davidson Fountain. His concept had L.Q.C. with one hand re-grasping his plow, and the other returning to the City a faces, an ax whose handle is surrounded by sticks - an ancient symbol of authority - you can find it on some dimes. To the Committee it seemed to represent the very spirit of volunteerism and civic duty that they wanted to inspire the kids of this area.

On the other hand, as they say, Mr. K had a reputation of being difficult to work with. Like his aversion to deadlines and getting things done on time. Undaunted, Acomb said he could handle Mr. K; and a system of progress payments was written into the contract with a finish date of December, 1982 [p1]<sup>2</sup>. The contract price was \$125,000, although Mr. K's first quote was \$85,000. This price escalation was a warning of future events, a fiscal foreshadowing, which the Committee, being as altruistic as Lucius Quintcius Cincinnatus, ignored.

Meanwhile, the Central Riverfront Committee warned the Statue Committee folks that of the \$10 million needed to bring Sawyer Point into being, only \$3 million was predictable. "Not to worry," was the Statue group's brave response. Acomb and Sink said, "We'll make the Statue the spark for the park." You will note that the combination of an ad man with an insurance peddler who is unable to hear the word NO, can provide momentum to civic endeavors.

In April '82 a 12 foot high clay model was finished. Some thought the head was too big, another thought it bore a strange resemblance to Mr. K. Nevertheless, the Committee coughed up a progress payment of \$37,500, bringing the total paid to half the contract commitment.

At about this time, Sink began to push for alternative locations: on the Skywalk, or West of the

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Here starts a count of delivery promises - not to be read.



Suspension Bridge in a proposed park area, which was barely on a sheet of paper. The Committee voted NO. But NO never stopped Sink from proposing changes.

Then in January '83 there arose a major flap about who would own the rights to sell 31" models of the statue: the Committee, or Mr. K. Angry voices were raised, above levels ever before heard in the Lady's dining room of the QCC. The Poor Soul, trying as Chairman to make peace and move the project along, gave in and forked over the design rights to Mr. K. Thus encouraged, Mr. K asked for an advance of the next progress payment of \$37,500. The Poor Soul agreed, provided Mr. K would promise delivery on June 24, 1983 [p2].

Acomb was so encouraged that he invited the Mayor of Rome to the dedication ceremony on June 24, '83.

In April Mr. K advised that he might be ready in September [p3]. And, oh yes, the landscape architects, hired to design the surrounding area, had planned a large base, whose granite alone would cost \$65,000. Mr. K complained that his quote had figured on only \$6,000. However, he could get the granite for \$22,000; and his being a small business, and having underquoted his costs, please remit. The Committee did.

Mr. K missed the September delivery; but by October, he had the large granite base in place in Sawyer Point. However, it did not conform to the landscape architect's design in several particulars. First, Mr. K had sculpted, in 12" letters, the word "Cincinnati" on the front of the granite base, which the Committee had wanted left plain. Second, the whole thing could not be supported by the landscape architect's foundation, which had already been committed to concrete.

Another angry meeting in the Frost & Jacobs law offices in November forced Mr. K to remove the unwanted name in the granite base. The Committee had agreed to the wording for a bronze plaque that would explain that the Statue was of the mythical Cincinnati, for whom the City was named; that it showed him returning his symbol of power, the faces, to the City fathers, and

regaining his hold on the plow and the simple life of a Roman citizen and farmer. It was to be a tribute to volunteerism, a concept Mr. K failed to grasp. However, he did promise that the Statue would be finished no later than 6/1/84 [p4].

Then Bob Acomb, the Karkadoulis-handler, died in January of '84. That left the Poor Soul and other Committee members as handlers. Good luck.

The next delivery promise, repeated twice, was 6/20/84 [p5]. Thus reassured, the Committee prevailed on the Mayor of Cincinnati, Arn Bortz, to invite the Mayor of Rome, a second time, to a July 14, '84 dedication. In an effort to insure that Mayor Bortz would not be embarrassed, Committee members<sup>3</sup> started to visit Mr. K's investment casting foundry, to see first hand how work was progressing. After several visits, they had been so discouraged that the 2<sup>nd</sup> dedication date was scrapped. And further thoughts about the Mayor of Rome were abandoned.

More foundry visits to check on progress, or more accurately the absence thereof, yielded promises of 12/31/84 [p6], and then 5/15/85 [p7]. With the latter came Mr. K's request for the final payment of \$25,000, because he had "lost money on the project". This was confirmed by his wife, Mercene. Her name was pronounced by their lawyer, MER-sa-nee. It figures.

For those who are counting, that is 7 delivery promises broken - and still counting, 3 years after the original due date. Mr. K's request for final payment was denied by the Poor Soul, who was beginning to wise up.

In December '85 Mr. K promised completion by the end of March '86 [p8], and repeated it on a foundry visit in January. In April that slid to "by summer" [p9]; and it slipped again in June to July 31 [p10] with Mr. K's gratuitous advice that "the time to have the dedication would be Labor Day '86". Thanks a lot,

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Doug Hoge and Dick Glaser were faithful visitors.

Mr. K! However, in October, on Channel 9, Mr. K promised mid-November [p11]. Visits to the foundry continued, and so did exasperation.

In April '87 Committee members visiting the foundry were told that only 10 days of work remained to complete the project; so the statue dedication could be just before the dedication of Sawyer Point on 8/20/87 [p12]. That would have marked the completion of contract phase #3. The Poor Soul bitterly calculated that \$14,473 had been lost in interest by the advance payment of \$37,500 in early '83. \$14 thousand of spilled milk.

In September '97 the Committee decided to make the dedication at a regular Cincinnatus Association meeting 5/10/88 [p13], come hell or high water. In January '88 the Poor Soul warned Mr. K that the Mayor of Cincinnati would preside over the dedication, and the media, including TV reporters and their cameras would be there, at the Statue Committee's explicit invitation; and so Mr. K would be mightily embarrassed if there were no Statue to unveil.

That worked. The Statue was finished and given to the City — almost 18 years after Bob Acomb had hatched the idea, and some 8 years after the Committee started trying to implement it.

Lesson learned; Beware of Greeks bearing contracts.

But the Poor Soul's torture was not quite over. There appeared one day, about a year after the dedication, firmly affixed to the granite base, a bronze plaque bearing the words "The Spirit of Cincinnatus". The Park Department which then owned the Statue, had not authorized any such addition, and knew nothing about it. The Poor Soul had a clear memory of an episode several years earlier, when Sink had come to the Committee with his notion that those words ought to be on the base. He had gone to the trouble of getting statements from Committee members, one at a time, endorsing his idea. Yet when the Committee met at the QCC, his idea was voted down 8:1. As suggested earlier, insurance peddlers can't hear the word NO.

What to do? The head of the Park Department and the Poor Soul figures –

- 1 The "Spirit of Cincinnatus" plaque should not be there;
- 2 If Sink were behind this unauthorized "addition" to public property, it would be too much of a slap in the chops for the old boy to rip his plaque off; and
- 3 Father Time would soon take the civic minded insurance peddler to his reward, and then the bronze graffiti could be yanked.

So after Sink's death, his plaque was discarded. And the authorized explanation of the story of Cincinnatus was dug out of the surrounding brick walk and put on the granite base.

The Cincinnatus statue has never reached the prominence in City life that the Poor Soul had hoped for. If you hunt, you might find a picture post card with a small picture of L.Q.C. In 1992 the Cincinnati Bar Associate put his head on its Legal Directory.

The Poor Soul, now older and wiser and chairman of no committees whatsoever, last saw a picture of the Statue in the March 16, 1997 Enquirer. Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus was up to his knees in the flooded Ohio River. The authorized plaque, then property affixed to the granite base, was under water.

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#### BUDGET

February 22, 1999

- 1 – Well, Well. . . . . George Gibson Carey
- 2 – Blessed Assurance. . . . . Charles H. Long