

# Philadelphia cops charged with starting anthrax hoax

**Two Philadelphia Police officers were charged yesterday with sending an obscenity-laced anthrax hoax over their patrol car computer to every police cruiser and dispatch center in the city.**

The typed message — sent in reply to a bulletin about a stolen tractor trailer containing hazardous materials — read in part, “We don’t care ... We can’t stand America. We have anthrax in our car ...” said District Attorney Lynne Abraham. The officers, Gina McFadden

and Dawn Norman, both 25, turned themselves in yesterday after warrants were issued for their arrest, Abraham said.

McFadden suffered “some sort of panic attack” while in custody and was in the intensive care unit at Riddle Memorial Hospital in Media, Delaware County, police spokesman Sgt. Roland Lee said.

The nine charges carry a maximum of 46 years in jail and include felony counts of criminal mischief and criminal conspiracy and misdemeanor counts of ter-

roristic threats and making false reports, Abraham said. They were assigned to the 17th District in South Philadelphia.

“I believe it was something that got out of hand,” said Deputy Police Commissioner John Norris. “I think after they sent it they realized it was a mistake.”

Norman’s attorney said his client told investigators that McFadden typed the message as a joke. Both women gave statements saying they were responsible for the message. Joann Loviglio/AP

## Commute to work still a long haul

**Philadelphia — the fifth largest city in the country — has the seventh worst commute of any metropolitan area in the United States, according to Census figures released yesterday.**

It takes people in Philadelphia an average of 29.2 minutes to commute to work. That’s about 10 minutes less than the 39 minutes it takes New Yorkers, who have the longest commute in the country, according to the figures. Chicago has the second longest commute at 33 minutes.

Philadelphia is one of six cities that ranked in the top 10 longest commutes in 1990 that remains there a decade later. The others are New York, Chicago, Washington, D.C., San Francisco and Los Angeles. The 2000 top 10 is rounded out by Newark, N.J., Miami, Riverside, Calif., and Oakland, Calif.

The survey found that commute times increased over the past decade. It also showed that carpooling is down — from 13 percent in 1990 to 11 percent last year. Carpooling is most popular in California, and Boston has the highest rate of people walking to work, with one out of eight hoofing it to the office. Andrew Busch

## SEEKING KNOWLEDGE



The new \$38 million visitor center serving Independence National Historical Park and the Philadelphia region opened its doors yesterday. The 50,000-square-foot center, located within sight of the Liberty Bell and Independence Hall, will serve as the primary information point to visitors of the region. Along with an upscale coffee bar, gift shop and bookstore, the center will also help book hotel and restaurant reservations for visitors. (AP)

## Mayor under the gun for bodyguard’s salary

**CAMDEN** In a city marred by political scandal and poverty, Mayor Gwendolyn Faison has upset some officials by authorizing nearly \$27,000 in overtime pay over 10 months to the police detective who serves as her bodyguard.

When Faison became mayor, Faison initially said she would not need a bodyguard. “I have my own baseball bat,” she said. (AP)

## Two rescue workers held in eight arsons

**NEW JERSEY** Two rescue squad members were charged yesterday with setting at least 30 fires in Camden and Burlington counties.

Police in Maple Shade said they arrested James T. Shue, 23, of Pennsauken, and Douglas S. Mandichak, 19, of Maple Shade and charged them with eight arsons in the township. (AP)

## School Board’s Ramos headed for Ivy League

**PHILADELPHIA** City School Board President Pedro Ramos yesterday was named vice president and the chief of staff of the University of Pennsylvania. Ramos, a lawyer who is a partner with Ballard Spahr Andrews & Ingersoll, LLP, will begin his new job in January. (Metro)

## D.A. won’t file charges in boarding house fire

**PHILADELPHIA** Authorities yesterday said no charges would be filed in a fast-moving electrical fire at an unlicensed boarding house in April that claimed the lives of eight people. District Attorney Lynne Abraham said investigators found no reckless or negligent conduct on the part of sisters Cuddlene Ross, the owner, or Christine Proctor, the building manager. (AP)

## THANKSGIVING PARADE

**When:** Tomorrow, 8:30 a.m. - noon

**Route:** Starts at 20th and Market streets, proceeds west to City Hall; makes left at 15th Street; left onto Arch Street; continues up Benjamin Franklin Parkway to the finish at Eakins Oval in front of the Philadelphia Museum of Art

**This year’s attractions:** Miss America 2002 Katie Harmon, “All My Children’s” Cameron Mathison, characters from the movie “Monsters, Inc.”

## Man killed by mystery shot fired from woods

**PHILADELPHIA** Thomas McMonagle, 47, was killed when someone in nearby woods shot him in the back along a major thoroughfare, police said yesterday.

“My indication is that it was intentional,” police spokesman Sgt. Roland Lee said. The shooting took place near Pennypack Park, a wooded area popular with joggers and hikers. Police are asking that anyone with information about the crime contact them. (AP)

## column

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## A building can hold such loving memories

**D**o you ever want to embrace a particular Philadelphia building? In the winter of 1983, my mother succumbed to cancer at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. When she died, I was playing “Life” with high school friends.

I’d been to see her earlier, but she seemed only vaguely aware of me, and more concerned with the bed sheets’ cleanliness. She’d lost the vibrancy of spirit that she shared with co-workers during her 13-year employment at the Annenberg School of Communications. In a conference room of that Penn campus school, at 3620 Walnut St., we held a memorial service. Fitting, because so many of my memories of her came from there. I feel an electric pull when going by the building now. To me, it screams “Mom.”

When summer babysitting was scarce, she brought me to her secretarial job there. I was the office darling, meeting everyone from students (they seemed old at age 22) to gray-bearded film professors to janitors — my mother was friends with them all. I called my mother’s boss “Mrs. Maloney,” and so did my mother, avoiding her superior’s first name with characteristic humility. She also spoke of “Dean Gerbner,” whose title I thought was his first name.

I read Nancy Drew books in the office my mother shared with three other secretaries, or if I were really lucky, my mother would let me play with a typewriter.

At lunchtime, we visited the university’s book store so my mother could first buy texts on art history (her Penn major) before squandering the rest of her salary on rent. Two street vendor sandwiches and a tree-gazing stroll down Locust Walk later we were back at Annenberg.

Then I roamed. My favorite game was to haunt Annenberg’s hallways like Snoopy — who my mother adored — hiding from the Red Baron. Whenever I heard footsteps, I quietly, but quickly, changed locations to avoid being seen. That is, until I checked in with my mother at her desk, from which anchor point I felt safe to float about the halls.

The absurdly high-ceilinged lobby seemed larger than Franklin Field. The windows and comfy couches overlooked a fountain, but the crowning feature was artwork by Sam Maitin which I absolutely worshiped. His Matisse-like multi-hued contours matched my childhood optimism from their majestic perch on the walls. Given my mother’s love of art, they completed my view of the building as synonymous with maternal love and protection.

**M**y mother had trouble seeing Maitin’s colors because of nearly-onset cataracts. I have trouble seeing them now, too, because the last two times I’ve tried entering Annenberg it’s been locked. But my blocked access seems congruent with three things. My childhood is over, figuratively padlocked away. So are the chances to spend earthly time with my mother. The locked Annenberg also bittersweetly represents my mother’s passionately voiced regret of only ever typing and filing, never getting to use the art history degree she received only after becoming too sick to work.

Peering in the school’s windows now, I imagine that any child I see traipsing there is enjoying that closeness to a parent that growing up and death can eventually diminish. It’s a closeness that returns the moment I silently hug Annenberg.