

Sunny
High 52, low 28
Details, 20A

Riverside High beats
Capital High, 41-7.
1D



Mountaineers dash
Panthers' bowl hopes.
1D



What's next for the chemical industry?

1B



Not your traditional
Christmas trees.
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By Shawn Pogatchnik
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

BELFAST, Northern Ireland — Northern Ireland's biggest party cleared the way Saturday for the speedy formation of an unprecedented Protestant-Catholic administration, the long-elusive goal of last year's peace accord.

But Ulster Unionist leader David Trimble, who received just 58 percent support from his Protestant party's governing council, bought his breakthrough at a potentially heavy price.

Attempting to minimize opposition to forming a four-party administration Monday that would include the IRA-linked Sinn Féin party, Trimble told his party grass roots he would resign as the Cabinet's senior minister in February if the

Irish Republican Army hadn't begun to disarm by then.

The motion, passed on a 480-349 vote, allows the Ulster Unionists to nominate candidates Monday for the 12-member Cabinet, which would include two Sinn Féin members. It also commits the Ulster Unionist Council to reconvene in February "to take a final decision" on whether to keep governing in coalition with Sinn Féin.

Trimble presented a resignation letter to senior party officers, laying out the rules under which he would withdraw from the Cabinet in February, but this text wasn't made public.

"We've done our bit," a relieved Trimble announced after the result was declared at Belfast's new riverside concert hall, itself a symbol of changing times in

this once omb-scarred city.

British Prime Minister Tony Blair hailed the breakthrough.

"It's taken a great deal of courage and leadership to get here and it will take further courage and leadership to build that lasting peace, but I remain of the view that we have the best prospect in a generation for doing so," Blair said.

In Washington, President Clinton said Trimble's victory meant that "beginning next week, government in Northern Ireland is being put back directly in the hands of all the people."

Trimble, who declined to answer questions, challenged Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams to match the Ulster Unionists' move with a start to IRA disarmament.

"Mr. Adams, it's over to you. We've jumped — you follow," he said.

Trimble has effectively pinned his political fate to the secretive work of a Belfast-based disarmament commission led by Canadian Gen. John de Chastelain.

Under terms of a compromise plan brokered this month by American diplomat George Mitchell, the general would begin meeting an IRA representative Thursday — the same day that the British government devolves power to the new Cabinet. De Chastelain then would issue a report in January on whether the IRA had begun dismantling its stockpiled weapons.

The 1998 Good Friday accord anticipated that the outlawed IRA would be completely disarmed in cooperation with international weapons experts by May 2000. But the accord specified no required

Please See **ACCORD**, Page 4A

A close-up photograph of a man with short dark hair and a goatee. He is looking down at his right hand, which is raised and slightly clenched. A red and silver pen is balanced horizontally on his forehead. He is wearing a dark jacket over a grey t-shirt. The background is a plain, light blue wall.

**Brian Egnor
speaks
through sign**



Guyan Valley Wildcats coach Greg Lambert signs instructions to Egnor during a practice two days before the final game of the season.

By Susan Gilmore
THE SEATTLE TIMES

SEATTLE — Is this town nuts? Bringing thousands of people into an already crowded city the week after Thanksgiving, mucking up Christmas shopping, immobilizing the city core and opening the door to havoc? And what was the World Trade Organization thinking when it decided to meet in the winter rain capital of the Western world —, in December?

And how about an apology to those poor optometrists who had to reschedule their professional conference to accommodate a gathering of world trade leaders? Whose idea was this, anyway?

Nobody expected this event to draw so much interest or so many protesters, said Bill Stafford, president of the Trade Development Alliance of Greater Seattle. "It's like you're invited to a dinner and told to bring your family," he said, "and then the hosts realize you have 42 kids."

The WTO's journey to Seattle started in Geneva, just as the last world trade meeting opened there in May 1998. President Clinton had offered to play host for the next gathering, one that would set the trade agenda for the new millennium and put the United States at the center of a globalizing economy.

Donald Lorentz, director of

By Jason DeParle
NEW YORK TIMES SERVICE

MILWAUKEE — Caseworkers rarely ask and clients rarely tell, but growing evidence suggests that disproportionately large numbers of women on welfare were sexually abused as children.

The frequency of childhood sexual abuse and the violation helps explain the roots of problems that are commonly recognized as blocking a successful transition from welfare. Women who were raped or molested as children are more likely to become addicted to alcohol or drugs, to suffer disabling battles with anxiety or depression, and to become victims of domestic violence.

in Milwaukee, which has

Don Marsh, longtime editor of The Charleston Gazette, died Saturday in a Columbus, Ohio, hospital after a short illness. He was 72.

As Gazette editor, Marsh wrote a biting, often scathing, weekly column that won him a Distinguished Writing Award from the American Society of Newspaper Editors in 1987.

Early in his reporting career, he was selected for one of the profession's highest honors, a Nieman Fellowship to study for a year at Harvard University in 1955.

Marsh joined the Gazette in 1952 and over the years covered police, city

hall, the courthouse and the Statehouse. Among his many assignments were the Widen coal strike, the Holden mine disaster and John F. Kennedy's 1960 primary campaign in West Virginia.

Since his retirement in 1992 after a near-fatal heart attack, Marsh had been a regular commentator on "Talkline" on the statewide MetroNews radio network.

"Don was the most intelligent person I ever knew. He had vast knowledge. He read all 11 volumes of Will Durant's 'Story of Civilization,' " said James Haught, who succeeded Marsh

as Gazette editor.
 "And he cared passionately about social justice — about improving life for the underdogs. That was the endless theme of his newspaper work, and later his radio commentary."

Born into a coal mining family, Marsh grew up in Omar, Logan County. The name on his birth certificate was Sidney Roy Marsh, but his family always used the name of a step-grandfather, so he was known as Don Seagle during the first half of his life.

Please See **MARSH**, Page **4A**



Don Marsh

idney Roy Marsh, but his



Brian signs a question about a short story to his teacher Melissa Walker.

STEPHANIE S. CORDLE photos/Sunday Gazette-Mail

SILENT

ContinuedFrom Page 1A

to mow the field for two weeks in hopes of slowing No. 33. The grass was as high as the players' ankles. But neither meadow nor swamp nor jungle would have stopped 33 on this night. It was only a matter of time before the Burch Bulldogs scored again.

The clock ticked down to 45 seconds, 20, 15. The Bulldogs charged down the field to the 6-yard line and called their last timeout.

The Guyan Valley water boy ran onto the field, and Jessica Tabor, tiny 15-year-old Jessica, Brian's girlfriend, chased after him.

The players sucked up the icy water. Jessica ran up to Brian. Something was wrong. Tears misted his eyes.

Jessica's fingers and arms stitched the night air. Where are you hurt? Can you continue? Should I get the trainer? A stretcher?

No, Brian signed back. He could handle the pain. But he was sad, sad that this was his last game at Guyan Valley, the last game of the year, possibly the last football game of his life. He never wanted it to end.

Jessica grabbed his bloody wrist and held on.

He sketched a picture

Brenda Egnor's friends told her it was the "Terrible Twos." Brian was banging his head on the floor and walls. He was crying all the time. He was kicking things. He wouldn't listen.

Then one day Brenda brought Brian's sister, Natalie, to the hospital to have her tonsils removed. She spotted a 2-year-old boy acting the way Brian did. She chatted with the boy's mother. She told Brenda her son was deaf.

Brenda had Brian's hearing tested at a clinic in Charleston. Her son couldn't hear. Nerve damage, the doctors told her. The ear was perfect — pinna, tympanum, cochlea, eustachian tube — everything perfect, a normal ear. But the nerves had been damaged. The doctors didn't know why. The family later learned their daughter also had a hearing problem, nerve damage, though not as severe as Brian's. Brenda blamed herself.

On Brian's third birthday, the family drove to the West Virginia School for the Deaf in Romney. Brian learned the signs for milk and cookies. He learned how to say he wanted to go to the bathroom. He learned how to sign "Mom" and "Dad."

Before, he had cried incessantly. Before, Brenda would bring him dozens of things, none right. She couldn't read his mind. No way to soothe him, no way to tell him he was going to be all right. Brian was frustrated, he couldn't tell his mother what he wanted.

But with signs, the world opened up for Brian. When he didn't know a sign for something, he sketched a picture. One day, he watched his father getting

ready to clear some trees up the hollow. Brian wanted to join him. He pretended to pull a cord and shook his hands. Chain saw. He dropped his arm. Tree falling down.

He wanted to cut down trees, and his father took him outside, fired up the chain saw and let his son hold it, the vibration shaking him from head to toe, the smile lighting his face.

"I really want to play"

Thirteen hours before kickoff, the sun was rising over the mountains, and Brenda was peering through the frost-covered windshield for deer. Brian stared into the English textbook on his lap. One morning, they had counted more than 100 deer on the trip to school.

They had a 40-minute drive from their hollow at the end of Bear Fork Road in Yawkey to the high school in Branchland, the other side of the county, the only high school in Lincoln County that offered a teacher who could sign. Three miles from home, they passed Duval High School, where Brenda and her husband, Carson, went to school together, where Carson played football for the Duval Yellowjackets, where Brian would have gone had he been able to hear.

The science of sounds

"What sound do you want to work on today?" Mrs. Lambert asked.

"Doesn't matter," Brian signed. He was squeezed into a converted closet with his speech therapist, Sheryl Lambert, and his classmate, Jennifer Arnold. Jennifer and Brian had been to school together since kindergarten. They had stolen candy from one another, stomped on each other's feet. Jennifer wore hearing aides in both ears. She could hear some sounds. She could read lips. She could speak.

Brian heard nothing. He could say "Mom" and "Dad" and "dog," and sentences such as "I don't know." His mother understood many more words and phrases, but to a stranger they were difficult to comprehend.

Mrs. Lambert suggested Jennifer practice the "sn" sound, Brian the "s."

"Snack," Mrs. Lambert said. "Sssssnack," Jennifer sounded out. "I ate a lot of snacks." Brian was next.

"Soap," Mrs. Lambert said. "I use soap to wash my hands," Brian grunted out, rubbing his hands, cradling the imaginary bar of soap.

"Yes, sir!" Mrs. Lambert said. "Snow," she said. "Sssssnow. Sssssnow. Sssssnow," Jennifer repeated. "I like snow." "Why?"

"Too cold," Jennifer smiled. "I like to play football in the snow," Brian signed.

"I like snow because I don't have to come to school," Mrs. Lambert laughed.

"Who's going to win tonight?" she asked. Mrs. Lambert is the coach's wife.

Brian shrugged. "I want to win, but Burch is ninth in the state." Guyan Valley's record was 3-6.

"You know," she said. "When your mom first brought you in

sped past Tudor's Biscuit World where they usually stopped for breakfast. Brian tapped his mother's knee, got her attention, signed her about a former student who had come to school the previous day to pick a fight, and told her he planned to skip lunch and fill up on pizza at a party at the vocational school later that day.

"You're looking at a long day," Brenda signed. "Are you excited?"

"I'll be finished with football now," Brian answered, patting forward his red hair slick with mousse. "It's over. I really want to play more football."

Brenda stopped the car outside the back of the school where fallen oak and maple leaves swirled in gusts of wind.

"You need some money?" she motioned, rubbing her fingers. She handed him a couple of dollars. She couldn't love him more if he could hear. "Hey, stay out of trouble."

But Brian didn't see her. He was already out the door, trotting toward the school, searching for Jessica, her junior high school class ring dangling from the gold chain around his neck.



Brian signs a goodbye message to his girlfriend, Jessica Tabor, before stepping onto a bus to the vocational school in Hamlin.

here, all she wanted you to say was 'Mom.' Now you can say much more, but she no longer listens to you."

Brian's grin lit up the small room. A bell rang. Mrs. Lambert pinched her thumb and index finger, jiggled her wrist, and Brian and Jennifer walked together to their next class.

Preparing for the future

Brian's teammates crowded the hallway: Seth Richmond, Kris Johnson, Adam Johnson, Aaron "Mad Dog" Vance, Shawn Smith, Stewart Eastham. They wore blue and gold football jerseys and camouflage pants. They parted for Brian, stopped him to sign.

Some used simple hand gestures to convey their message. Others finger-spelled. His closest friends knew both letters and hand signs. They asked questions, signed sentences with both hands. Are you ready for the game tonight? How's your ankle? Did you hear about the fight yesterday? Brian answered them all.

The bell rang again, and he slipped into a career preparation class. The teacher sat at her desk, a whistle dangling from her neck.

Brian was goofing off with his pals. From all corners of the room, they were flashing signs and giggling. Girls were intercepting the signs (one was about the likelihood of the teacher tipping over in her chair) and laughing, too.

The whistle shrieked, seizing their attention, and the teacher waved Brian to the front of the classroom.

"Where's Corky?" she asked. Corky Spradling, the sign language aide, had interpreted for Brian the past six years. Brian shrugged his shoulders. He hadn't seen Corky since early that morning. The teacher tagged



Brian high-fives his friend and teammate Shawn Smith after learning he made the honor roll.

Jennifer to interpret.

She asked students to jot down five goals they hoped to accomplish before the end of the school year. Brian was thinking of the football game, of Jessica, of getting out of this career preparation class and on a bus to vo-tech where slices of pepperoni and sausage pizza awaited his empty stomach. Goals? He didn't have any — at least right now.

He motioned with his finger to his friend and teammate Rick Hodge who sat across the table. Rick passed his paper to Brian and he copied it in red ink: Keep up with schoolwork; Do homework; Come to school often (Brian had perfect attendance); Don't procrastinate; Win last game of the year.

That done, the teacher held up a form to request college applications. Jennifer interpreted, and the teacher asked Brian whether he wanted to go to Concord College. She offered him the school's

address. Brian shook his head. "Washington, D.C.," he signed.

Earlier that morning, his sign language teacher had spoken to him about Gallaudet College in Washington, the oldest college for deaf students in the nation, a school whose Bison football team invented the huddle in 1892. Football. He dreamed of playing college ball.

At length, the teacher handed out report cards. Brian had made a bet with Jessica that he would get better grades. He gripped the yellow and pink sheets tight, tore them open, traced his index finger down the column of grades. A's and B's.

Brian had made the honor roll.

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Next: After three years of long practices, touchdown runs, hope and heartbreak, Brian Egnor plays his last game for the Guyan Valley Wildcats.

MONDAY

the Charleston Gazette



MOSTLY SUNNY
HIGH 45° • LOW 23°
Weather details, 9A

Rights trampled, say WTO critics

Clinton administration, trade group on defensive over talks

By Martin Crutsinger
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

SEATTLE — The World Trade Organization, getting ready to stage the largest trade event ever in the United States, was attacked Sunday by the Teamsters union president for putting "corporate greed" ahead of human rights.

With much riding on the outcome of the talks, the Clinton administration defended its decision to invite trade ministers from around the world to the Pacific Northwest in hopes of launching a new round of global trade talks.

Commerce Secretary William Daley said the administration's embrace of the global marketplace and lower trade barriers has contributed to booming U.S. exports and the country's longest peacetime economic expansion.

"This economy is strong... and it will remain strong because of the sort of outward view we've had about trade, not an inward view," Daley told Reform Party presidential hopeful Pat Buchanan in a joint appearance on NBC's "Meet the Press."

WTO Director General Mike Moore, the former New Zealand prime minister who has made a point of reaching out to critics, told a conference of union representatives Sunday that opponents were trying to create a false debate between labor and the WTO.

"Trade is the ally of working people, not their enemy," said Moore, who received a polite but lukewarm response from the crowd of union leaders from more than 100 countries.

Moore said that some WTO opponents were using complaints about free trade to mask "a broader assault on internationalism — on foreigners, immigration, a more pluralistic and integrated world."

AFL-CIO President John Sweeney told reporters after Moore's appearance that union leaders will judge the WTO by whether it takes criticism seriously enough to include their concerns in upcoming talks.

Critics contended the WTO is sacrificing worker rights, environmental protection and human rights in order to please multinational corporations.

Please see **WTO, 9A**

Russians play it cool where Y2K concerned

Nuclear disaster unlikely, say analysts, but utilities a concern

By Nick Wadhams
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

MOSCOW — Western experts warn that Russia is among the countries that have done the least to prepare for the Y2K computer bug, but many Russians are decidedly nonchalant about the potential implications: severe failures in vital services.

"We will pass quietly through 2000 just like we have every other year," says Ilya Klebanov, Russia's deputy prime minister in charge of defense. "I think it's best not to scare the little children of Russia."

No one really knows exactly what Y2K glitches — the result of unfixed older computers and embedded circuits misreading 2000 for 1900 and going haywire — might do in this vast nation of 148 million people spread across 11 time zones.

At their worst, computer failures could plunge

Please see **RUSSIANS, 9A**

a silent success

The Brian Egnor Story



Jessica and Brian compare report cards at Hardee's in Pleasantsville.



At halftime in the Guyan Valley Wildcat locker room, Jessica Tabor signs the coach's pep talk to her deaf boyfriend, Brian Egnor (far left).

Second of two parts:

After three years of long practices, touchdowns runs and hope, Brian Egnor plays his last game for the Guyan Valley Wildcats.

By Eric Eyre
STAFF WRITER

BRANCHLAND — Brian devoured the pregame meal: a cheeseburger and large fries dipped in a mountainous blob of ketchup. Jessica nibbled on a fry, her fingers adorned with rings Brian had given her — a Nike ring, a ring with two hearts and Brian's senior class ring that she had spoiled year around to keep it shiny.

They nestled into a table at Hardee's and exchanged report cards. Jessica had earned better grades: two B's, the rest A's.

"Sorry, I will try to make an F next time," she signed.

Brian and Jessica met eight months before at school.

She liked him, but didn't know how to tell him. She started by slipping him notes. He slipped them back.

She sneaked into Brian's classroom when he wasn't there and copied down some signs posted on the walls. She started with the alphabet, spelled out her name, spelled out that she liked him. He showed her how to sign "is" and "was." She learned more words on her own. Soon they were going steady.

Every school, they met during every break at his locker or hers. They held hands in the hallways. They strolled around the school during lunch. Jessica didn't know a lick about football, but she attended every afternoon practice, relaying the

coaches' directions in sign.

On Sundays, they went to Sand Fork Baptist Church together with Brian's family; they raced four-wheelers at Jessica's house, fished for bluegill at an uncle's pond. At night, they cruised in Brian's father's Chevy pickup, the radio at seismic volume. Brian couldn't hear the music, but felt the vibrations under the front seat. Jessica carried a bottle of aspirin with her.

With the cheeseburger settled in his stomach, Brian nudged Jessica to eat another french fry.

"I hope we win tonight," he signed.

Grease bubbled in the fryer, burgers sizzled on the grill. Ricky

Please see **SILENT, 8A**

"I couldn't love him any more if he could hear."
Brenda Egnor, Brian's mom

For Putnam County woman, Health Right a lifesaver

By Kay Michael
STAFF WRITER

She can't be sure what would have happened if West Virginia Health Right didn't exist.

But she has a pretty good idea. And it's nothing she likes to dwell on.

Elaine, a single, 38-year-old Putnam County woman, was making ends meet by working nearly full time for minimum wage when she noticed some irregular bleeding.

Her employer offered no medical insurance. So she went to Health Right for a pap test and pelvic exam. It was her first in 10 years.

The diagnosis was every woman's nightmare. She had cervical cancer.

Immediately, an appointment was made with a surgeon for an evaluation. Three weeks after her initial diagnosis,

she had a radical hysterectomy.

If Elaine hadn't heard of services available through the clinic, she may not have had the test in time to diagnose the disease while it was still treatable.

But because of Health Right and its volunteer medical specialists and network of support services, she received the lifesaving treatment.

Elaine continues to visit Health Right for follow-up treatment and other medical services.

Health Right offers medical services to people with household incomes below the federal poverty level and who have no private insurance or Medicaid. All services are free.

Under the direction of Pat White, the clinic outgrew its facilities on Smith Street and moved to new Washington Street quarters in November.

It became clear at the time of the move that the community feels an obligation to the clinic. Commercial movers weren't used.

Instead, boxes were packed, hoisted and hauled by an unlikely combination of staff members, physicians and patients.

During its 17 years in operation, the clinic's growth rate has consistently exceeded 25 percent a year. Currently, free medical care is given to more than 130 patients a day.

White said it appears patient growth this year will exceed 25 percent.

The clinic is constantly in need of contributions to keep pace with the demand for services.

Health Right's new quarters are at 1520 Washington St. E.

To contact staff writer Kay Michael, call 348-1254.

GAZETTE CHARITIES CHRISTMAS



Here's how to help this family or similarly situated families. Send a check or money order payable to *GAZETTE CHARITIES CHRISTMAS FUND*, The Charleston Gazette, 1001 Virginia St. E., Charleston, WV 25301. If you wish to donate clothes or furniture, contact the charity directly. A form is on Page 9A.

Workers may get the business on New Year's Eve

For some, millennium party another night at the office

By Melanie Eversley
HEART ROOM NEWSWRITERS

WASHINGTON — It leaves a gnawing feeling in the pit of your stomach. "I have to work!"

Whine. Sigh. Eye roll.

It's the feeling you get when you have to go into the office at a time you profoundly would rather not — such as the

late hours of New Year's Eve. But if you expect sympathy, consider this:

Because this year's party comes complete with the potential for Y2K headaches, more people will work New Year's Eve than ever before. And not just any New Year's Eve, but the New Year's Eve, the bash of the century.

Employees that night will troubleshoot the computer systems at their agencies or companies if the machines read Jan. 1, 2000, as Jan. 1, 1900, potentially causing network crashes.

They'll also busy themselves conjuring some creative ways to enjoy the night.

In a show of confidence in the nation's air traffic control system, Federal Aviation Administration officials will don evening wear and sip champagne as they fly across the country. They'll be airborne as the clock strikes midnight in all mainland U.S. time zones.

For many people working on the ground, there will be catered food, champagne or nonalcoholic sparkling

Please see **PARTY, 8A**



Herd and who else?



MAC, Motor City Bowl hoping for Marshall-BYU matchup. Story, 1B



Brian shakes hands with his teammates before the start of the game.

SILENT

Continued from 1A

Martin's "La Vida Loca" boomed from speakers overhead. "Outside, inside ... living la vida loca."

Brian checked his watch. Two hours till game time.

They kneeled and prayed

Carson Egnor never missed a game. He traveled to Mateswan, Van, Ashton, South Gallia, Ohio, to cheer his son. Carson was a laborer for the same construction company for 21 years. He left work early on fall Friday afternoons.

On Saturdays, he put up gutters on people's homes for extra money. Brian worked at his side. They left early in the morning, returned home late. There are two sounds Brian tells people he yearns to hear: One is the roar of a souped-up car engine. The other is the bang of hammer and nail.

On this night, father and son were in the locker room, minutes before the game. Coach Lambert was going over last-minute instructions. His assistant puffed on a cigarette. Metallica throbbed from a boombox.

Gear on, ankles freshly taped, helmet tucked under his arm, Brian stood up and made his way around the room. He shook hands with each of his teammates, and last, the hand of his father.

Coach called the boys over to pray. They kneeled and recited the Lord's Prayer.

"This is our last time out there," Lambert said, Jessica interpreting for Brian. "We've come a long way, fellas. No mountains are too high, no rivers too wide. You've got to have heart. Let's see the heart come out of the Wildcats tonight."

"Let's kick the shit out of Burch," one boy boomed. "I don't have any problem kicking the shit out of Burch. I hope nobody else does."

The boys screamed, bursting through the locker room door like a herd of buffalo onto the ankle-deep turf. Brian was yelling louder than them all.

Twenty-four minutes for the next 24 years of your life

But it was Burch that did most of the shit kicking in the first half. Five minutes and 51 seconds into the game, they scored the first touchdown. A minute later, after a Guyan Valley fumble, they had another.

Brian had little success piercing the Burch defense. He picked up three yards here, four yards there. But this was not going to be a 100-yard night. He had scampered 756 yards during the season. A 1000-yard season was out of the question.

The Wildcats answered with a quarterback sneak with 1:52 left in the half. The two-point conversion failed, and Burch was on the move again.

After their final timeout, with 15 seconds left and Jessica safely back on the sidelines, No. 33 dragged several Guyan Valley players to the 2-yard line, but the clock ticked to zero. Halftime, and Burch led 12-6.

"We've come a long way, fellas. No mountains are too high, no rivers too wide. You've got to have heart. Let's see the heart come out of the Wildcats tonight."

Coach Greg Lambert

In the locker room, Brian sat on a stool, chewing a green apple. Jessica fetched him cups of water. Players spit chew into a trash can. The coach wanted Brian to take the quick slant away, to let the Burch quarterback throw long all night if he wanted to, but no short passes up the middle.

Coach Lambert's assistant, Coach Blaine Wilkerson, the man who had coached Lambert at Guyan Valley when he was a boy, took over.

"If you bruise your nose, if you break your arm, you've got 14 months to heal," Wilkerson implored. "Let's leave it all out there. Let's just put that bunch

out. Let's crank it up a notch and go out there and do it."

"Two notches," shouted one player.

"Play every play like it's your last," Lambert joined in. "It might be for some of you."

"Twenty-four minutes for the next 24 years of your life," Wilkerson shouted.

The fans were on their feet

Guyan Valley punted after their first three plays of the second half. The Burch Bulldogs plowed down the field and scored. They led 36-14 at the end of the third quarter.

The fourth quarter began with a Guyan Valley touchdown on a Kris Johnson quarterback sneak. Three plays later, No. 33 rumbled 40 yards, wrenching himself free of the arms of Brian and another Wildcat tackler, leaving them belly down in the thick grass, running all the way to the end zone. Brian raced to the sideline and slammed down his helmet.

Burch fumbled on its next-to-last possession. Coach Lambert moved Brian to wide receiver. They were going long.

He dashed over the middle, snaggled the ball with his left hand. Two Burch players panicked him, but he held on. Two plays later, he sprinted down the sideline and grabbed another ball over his shoulder.

At the seven-yard line, he returned to the backfield. The clock was running down. A minute left. The team huddled.

Brian stood to the side, and Coach Lambert signed him the play.

He waited for motion, that twitch or lunge or quick step, the cue that the center had snapped the ball, and then he felt the slap of the football on his hands and he was running, knees pumping high, right for the goal line.

He squeezed the ball tight, growled and grunted, bounced off players, lowered his head and scored. The fans were on their feet.

After the kickoff, Burch's quarterback kneeled, and the clock expired. Final score: 42-28.

"All right guys, shake hands and have class," Coach Lambert



Jessica gives Brian a hug after his last game as a Guyan Valley Wildcat.

said, and they ran to the middle of the field.

Back at the locker room, the boys stamped mud from their cleats, tugged off sweat-soaked jerseys and shoulder pads, dropped to the floor.

"It was fun for me tonight," Lambert said, the shower hissing with steam. "Right till the end, we were still in the hall-game. You might not think it, but I love you. I really do. I promise you that."

He circled the locker room and shook hands with all the seniors.

This was the end. The end of three years. No more sweat, no more pain, no more long hours in the weight room, no more bloody hands and twisted ankles and bruised toes. Brian would miss it. He would miss it all.

Carson snaked through the tired and battered bodies on the floor — they hadn't left anything on the field — and found his son. He put a hand on his shoulder, dropped to one knee and started to unravel Brian's ankle tape, one strip at a time.

To contact staff writer Eric Elyne, call 348-5194 or send e-mail to ericelyne@wgazette.com.



Brian charges through Burch Bulldog tacklers. He dreams of playing college football some day.

PARTY

Continued from 1A

wine and parties, some of which will be open to family. That's the plan at America Online headquarters in Virginia. At AT&T headquarters in Red Bank, N.J., network managers overseeing telephone service worldwide will have a catered spread.

"The main suggestion is, 'I better not be pious,'" said Dave Johnson, spokesman at the AT&T network operations center who also will be working at the stroke of midnight Dec. 31.

Not everyone will be partying like it's 1999, though.

Celebrations aren't planned at the two DaimlerChrysler command centers in the United States and Germany, or its more than 100 facilities worldwide that will be staffed to track the date change in various time zones.

"I'm sure these guys will have some fun ... But you can only celebrate as much as you can celebrate and still do your job," said spokesman Jurgen Wittmann.

At Detroit Edison, which has spent about \$67 million getting ready for 2000, a celebration of the new year won't come until the day moves comfortably into Jan. 1.

"I think we'll postpone our celebration with family and friends until the next day," Detroit Edison spokeswoman Lucie

Reider said Wednesday.

About 2,000 employees in southeast Michigan will be working that night for the utility, she said. On a normal New Year's Eve, about 600 would work.

That level of preparedness is typical this year. Howard Rubin, research fellow for the MITA Group of Stamford, Conn., estimates that about 100,000 non-employees at Fortune 500 companies will be working this year than last Dec. 31.

The Bureau of National Affairs, a private research company in Washington, reported this month that its survey of 413 employers showed that half the businesses are requiring all or some of their employees to work New Year's

Day, an increase of 43 percent from the previous year.

And the number of government employees on duty on the 31st will surely dwarf any previous New Year's Eve bureaucracy work detail, said Vince Lieberman, a spokesman for a Senate Y2K committee.

In a quirky bit of irony, one group that won't have to worry about any of this is the three-person team of physicians who maintain the atomic clock in Boulder, Colo., which sets the time standard for the world. The clock runs on Coordinated Universal Time, which falls seven hours earlier than Colorado time.

"The upshot of all this is that since the rolling, as far as our

clock is concerned, happens at 5, then they're going to go home," said Collier Smith, spokesman for the Colorado institute, where the clock is maintained.

For some, preparation is required to observe New Year's Eve at the office.

"A key question is what to wear," quipped Janet Abrams, executive director of the President's Council on Year 2000 Commission, who will staff the White House Y2K Information Coordination Center on New Year's Eve.

"We have a committee that is quietly working on ideas. Developing and deliberating ideas as to whether we might have a look for the information center."

Many of the agencies com-

missioned said they would meet at midnight with conventional champagne. But the U.S. government for Silver & Christmas and Dean Ferguson said they believe people will spend a day of the rest thing.

"The trouble is, people get computer bugs and all going to be at work, and I believe they are going to take some time off and get a drink and have a quiet celebration and go back to work," said Stewart Carson, director of relations and media relations for the computer software company & Co., in New York.

For the record, aviation experts caution some that air traffic controllers will not drink steadily while working.