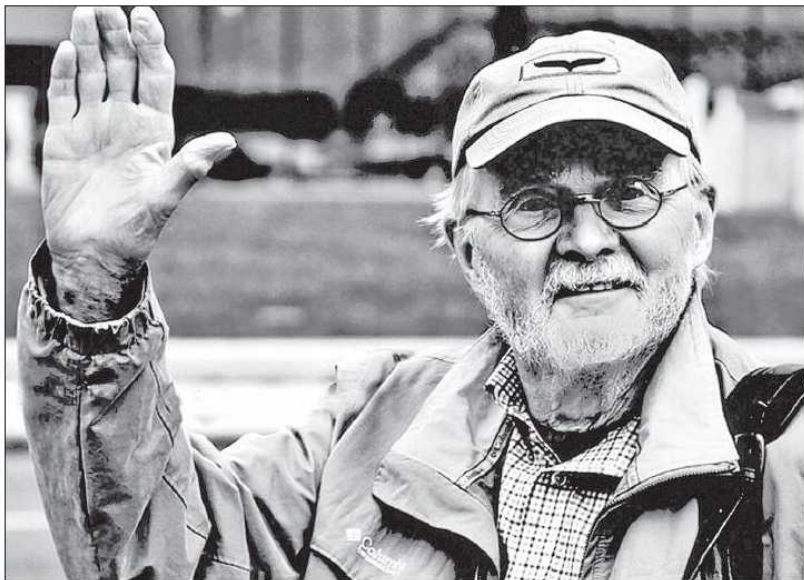


DICK CASE | POST-STANDARD COLUMNIST



Courtesy Hilde Wegner

DICK CASE has written a column for the Syracuse Newspapers since 1979, more than 6,000 of them appeared in the Herald-Journal, the Herald American and The Post-Standard. He started as a cub reporter here 54 years ago. He wanted to say to his readers: "I can't begin to thank you."

LIFELONG JOURNALIST, LIFETIME OF MEMORIES

This is the last column I'll write for The Post-Standard.

Sad? Yes, I'm sad.

But I'm 77 years old and could have retired years ago. I chose to stay on, to keep hacking away. It took someone else to show me where the door was.

I've been at this a lifetime, off and on, it seems to me.

My connection to The Post-Standard goes back to when I was a kid, delivering the newspaper to folks in the village of Marcellus, where I grew up. A guy named Dave McNamara had half the village route, I had the other half. We'd pick up our bundles of Posts under the marquee of the Strand movie house downstreet in the wee smalls and go from there.

Some days, mostly Sundays, my parents drove me on my route. Two things I remember: There always was a customer in pajamas waiting at the door for The Post. And, there was a guy who lived in the boarding house on Orchard Street who told me,

when I collected Saturday, to take what I owed him out of his pants and "Don't wake me up. I'll be hung over." (His pants were draped over the end of his bed.)

Maybe that's where I learned to use the direct approach to people I wanted to interview. (Wow, there's been a lot



Nicholas Liki/The Post-Standard, 1989

DICK CASE interviews Gordon DeAngelo about his archaeology work at the Parke Avery House in Syracuse in 1989. The column was one of Dick Case's favorites. DeAngelo has since died.

of them!) Anyway, it served me well, later along.

I did my college degree (part of that time I worked as a Post copy kid) and my Army two-years and showed up in front of the desk of J. Leonard Gorman, The Post-Standard editor, to ask for a job. Sorry, Len explained, nothing for you right now.

I went down the street and hired on as a Herald-Journal reporter. Back then, you might recall, Syracuse had

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An apology

I apologize to folks who contacted me during the last few weeks with thoughts about stories I had to decline or pass on to someone else. Also, I wish my colleagues who stream out the door with me the best wishes in their future lives. They've earned it, for sure.

You can find me volunteering at the Onondaga Historical Association (428-1864). If it's urgent, I'll be using Sandy's email: sandrarcase@yahoo.com.

Hope to see you around.

Columns took Dick Case far and wide

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two daily newspapers, the morning Post and evening Herald-Journal. We were sprightly competitors, back then, even though we were owned by the same company, the Newhouse family. The Herald closed down eventually, leaving the Post to fight off the remaining competition, whatever that might be.

I started writing a "daily" column in October 1979 when Syracuse still had two newspapers. (Actually, my debut as a weekly columnist was a bit before that, in Stars and Empire magazines.) I still have the first daily, which streamed down a column at the Herald's far left "Metropolitan" page. I wrote about a woman named Trudy, who had a beef with city police.

There has been beef stewing in my pot ever since, even though I gave up eating it years ago. I wrote four columns a week in the beginning, and later pared it down to three.

My boss, publisher Steve Rogers, the man who gave me

the column, said it had been a "good run." He's right — bosses usually are.

Writing this column has taken me to White Sands, N.M.; to New Orleans and Atlanta; to Syracuse, Kan., and lots of stops in-between, across New York state and down the street.

I've revisited the Skytop Fire, Ferd's Bog near Eagle Bay in the Adirondacks, a field of neatly stacked rocks near Binghamton, the chimney at Northville to the woods where Robert Garrow died, the Ward brothers' farm, Mike Virkler's cabin in Watson East, up North and to my backyard, where I buried a cat named Bea under a bush.

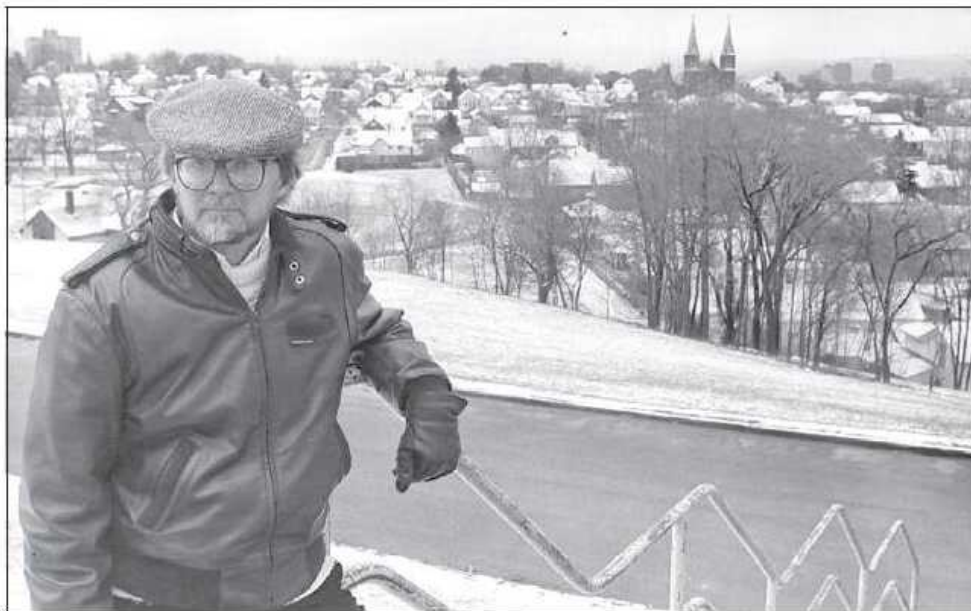
Along the way, I've had the unmeasured help of my beautiful helpmate of more than 50 years, Sandy Case, and the uncounted readers who kept me going with their ideas, all this time.

I can't begin to thank you.

Yes, like Rogers said, it's been a good run.

DICK CASE

poses at Schiller Park in Syracuse in 1988 for a promotional photo with the city of Syracuse behind him.



Stephen D. Cannerelli / The Post-Standard, 1988

Dick Case's Top 10 favorite columns

Since he started writing his column in 1979, Dick Case has written more than 6,000 columns. It wasn't an easy task, but we asked him to pick his 10 favorites or best ones. You can read them all at syracuse.com/case:

■ **Trudy: Good Samaritan** wonders why no one helped her (1979, his first column)

■ **Hey, Frankie. Tell us about the soccer ball:** The story of a 20-year-old man who killed his 82-year-old Syracuse neighbor. His only grudge, it appeared, was years earlier she wouldn't return a soccer ball (1986)

■ **They took life from the land and gave it back; now, it's goodbye:** Marcellus family says farewell to homestead the family farmed since 1852 (1986)

■ **Opening the O'Driscoll file:** Strange codes, sealed coffin, exposed film surround life, death of Watertown man (1988)

■ **Where the Harrises thrived, ghosts keep company now:** A visit to the house where the Harris family was murdered in Tompkins County (1990)

■ **Breaking camp for last time:** For 63 years, Buck Lake has been a haven for Mike Virkler. On Sept. 10, it's all over. His camp will belong to the state, the bears, and the vandals (1991)

■ **Path to creator regained:** The day 81 women, men and children of the Onondaga Nation were put back into the hilltop where they'd started on their journey (1999)

■ **50 years later, they remember a young soldier:** Start of Korean War shocked America (2000)

■ **A murder? My family lived there:** Cara Bryant was murdered in my grandparents' house in Marcellus (2002)

■ **Death uncovers hidden identity:** For 30 years or so, they knew the homeless man as Louie (2009)