

# *Dreamer, doer, Wizard of Odd, Schaefer exits Maryland's public stage*

By Sandy Banisky  
and Doug Birch  
Sun Staff Writers

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Nearly 40 years in public life, and Mr. Schaefer was still measuring his worth by counting up the things he'd done. He wanted his successes numbered and heaped atop each other, a huge pyramid of triumphs, so we all could stand back and admire them.

He ordered his staff to whip up a summary: "The Top 225 Accomplishments of the Administration of Gov. William Donald Schaefer." A few weeks later, he'd expanded the list to the top 390. He may be counting still.

It was always this way, through his 16 years on the Baltimore City Council, 15 years as Baltimore's mayor and eight years as governor.

More. Always more. Show them who's boss. Push and cajole and throttle the bums until you get what you want. Paint your name on all the signs. Invite the citizens to celebrate.

That's government, to Mr. Schaefer's mind. That's leadership.

This week, William Donald Schaefer, 73, is packing up and walking out of the State House — leaving his mark on Baltimore, the state and our psyches.

Marylanders got used to seeing that freckled dome of a head, a caricaturist's dream, everywhere, in every kind of goofball get-up.

They tried to parse his sentences, which could jerk and ramble, clause piling upon incomplete clause. They braced for his scoldings. And they learned that when his jaw set and his cold blue eyes narrowed, he could whirl into a





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He was the Hero of Baltimore, accustomed to adulation. But by his last term as governor, Mr. Schaefer was brooding in the State House, bewildered and angered by low public approval ratings.

See SCHAEFER, 2E

# No dream too grand,

From page 1E

He believed in government — at a time when the public was growing wary of government's tinkering with their lives. He insisted that government take an active interest in almost every problem: schools, crime, roads, welfare — as well as such ephemera as lagging spirits or poor civic self-image.

He had no fancy theories — just targets of opportunity. No ideology — just a frantic desire to succeed. And to do that he had to get people moving. Pronto! This instant! Now.

One loyal aide to Mr. Schaefer summed up his governing strategy this way: "Ready, fire, aim."

"I think that Governor Schaefer always felt that the biggest abuse of power was not to use it," said former state Sen. Howard A. Denis, a Montgomery County Republican.

He did more good, said one Baltimore civic activist. He made more mistakes. "He just plain did more."

Hours after the opening of Baltimore's Harborplace, which drew dazzling reviews in national magazines, an aide found Mayor Schaefer huddled in City Hall, scribbling.

Great day, she said. He shot her a permafrost scowl. "That already happened," he growled. "What the hell else is going on in the city?"

He wanted momentum. He nagged and nudged and did things his own unpolitic way.

The result, fans and critics agree, is that Mr. Schaefer will not be forgotten.

"Without question, he is the most important political figure in the state of Maryland in the last 100 years," said Bernard C. Trueschler, Baltimore Gas & Electric's retired chief executive officer. "He set the agenda. He was not a creature created by anybody. He was unique."

Marylanders saw him on their front pages and television screens, day after day, decade after decade — beaming, mugging, sneering, cheering. He was devoted. That was clear. But what else motivated this most public of men remained a mystery.

"It wasn't until after I left that I realized I never knew the man," said Joan B. Bereska, who spent nearly 20 years as his toughest, closest lieutenant. "He is the most intensely private person I've ever known."

## 'Think-big mayor'

Mr. Trueschler looks out from his inner Harbor office and says: "Everything I see, from Camden Yards to that old sewage treatment plant near Little Italy that he renovated, that's all him. He did that."

There's the glass-and-concrete Baltimore Convention Center; as mayor, he pushed the state to build it. And there's the hole for its \$150 million expansion, which he finessed as governor. The light rail tracks, the glass pyramids of the National Aquarium, the sleek new Columbus Center, the hotels and condominiums and offices. He begged or battled for them all.

Drive out through the neighborhoods, which Mr. Schaefer once prowled as Baltimore's Great Custodian. Drive farther, and you'll travel on new roads and bridges to the mountains, the bay and the beach. Maybe your downtown has changed: He's been an evangelist for revitalization from Frostburg to Cambridge.

You probably pay one of the many taxes or fees Mr. Schaefer raised, which helped him pull the state through the early '90s recession. Or you can squander your paycheck on Keno, thanks to Mr. Schaefer's appetite for gambling revenue.

To his allies, he was a political giant, one of the greatest governors of this century.

"I think it is going to take a lot of time for it to sink in what a truly extraordinary governor he has been," says former Del. Timothy F. Maloney, a Prince George's Democrat.

Does he have critics? Does Harborplace draw crowds?

"He was a tax-and-spend, think-big mayor and governor with the proverbial edifice complex," says Blair Lee IV, a Montgomery County

newspaper columnist and veteran adversary of Mr. Schaefer. "We do have better roads and more buildings and more stadiums under Schaefer. But I think we've paid a heavy price in other areas," such as higher taxes and reliance on gambling revenue.

Though some question the quality of Mr. Schaefer's leadership, not even his foes doubt that there was plenty of it.

"Clearly, his epitaph is going to be that he was an activist governor," Mr. Lee says. "He was willing to fight on 18 different fronts and expend his political capital to win where he could. We'll probably never see another governor with as many legislative successes."

"The era of 'Do It Now' is over."

## 'Not a waffler'

Who knew, back in 1955, when Mr. Schaefer was first elected to the Baltimore City Council, that this unknown from West Baltimore, this earnest character who couldn't glad-hand or backslap to save his life, would come to remake a dying city and dominate state politics?

"A workhorse," *The Sun* said in its tepid 1971 mayoral endorsement. "Not an inspiring leader."

The thin-skinned Mr. Schaefer remembers it thus: "They said I had the charisma of a dead cat."

He was the only child of Tulu and William Henry Schaefer, parents so devoted that they sent him a letter every day he was in the Army during World War II. A graduate of City College, William Donald Schaefer clerked by day at the title company where his father was a lawyer. By night, he studied law at the University of Baltimore.

After the war, Mr. Schaefer returned to his practice. But the law bored him.

In 1950 and again in 1954, Mr. Schaefer lost campaigns for the House of Delegates. But he won a seat on the Baltimore City Council in 1955, after Irv Kovens, the wealthy West Baltimore furniture merchant and political power broker, put Mr. Schaefer on the Kovens ticket.

On the council, Mr. Schaefer tramped through every neighborhood, spending weekends driving through alleys looking for trash and potholes, abandoned cars and weed-filled lots. He carried City Hall files in his beat-up car. He marshaled civic groups to lobby for a tidier, livelier city.

"I had fun," he says. Other City Hall pols had wives, children, drinking buddies, hobbies. He had Baltimore.

In 1967, he was elected council president. Four years later, he was elected mayor. He ruled neither by the book nor by committee. William Donald Schaefer governed with his gut.

"There's nothing ambivalent about him," said Sandra S. Hillman, who served as his first director of promotions. "He's not a waffler. He doesn't consult others. He's a totally instinctive man."

To some, he was a visionary. Others saw just an agile problem-solver who'd been mistaken for a far-sighted genius.

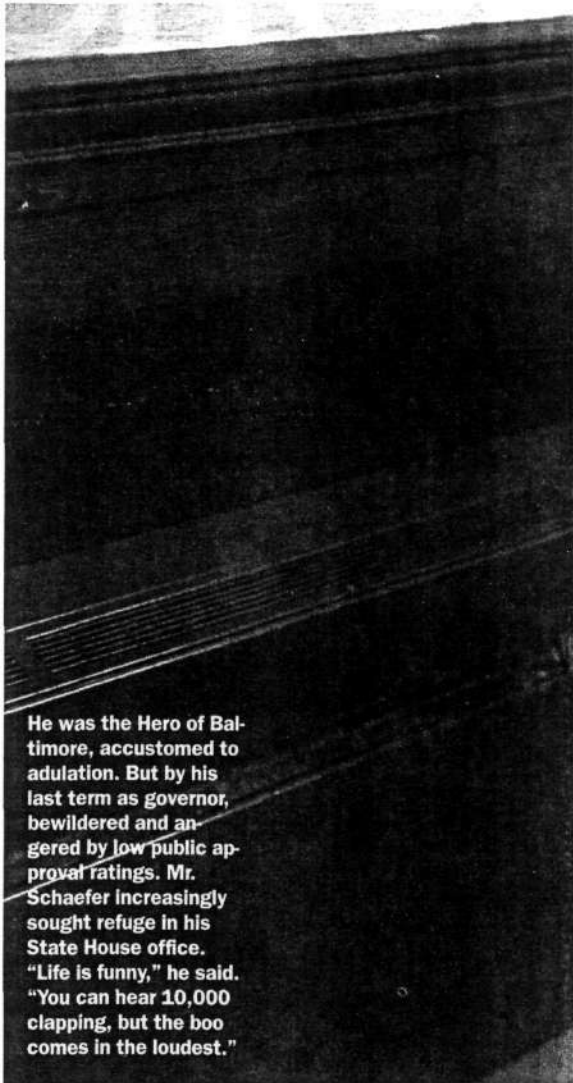
The first order of business, he decided, was to get people to believe in their city.

That was no easy task. Baltimore after the 1968 riots that followed the assassination of the Rev. Martin Luther King was a gray, dispirited place.

But Mr. Schaefer, who still lived in his boyhood home off Edmondson Avenue, devoutly believed that Baltimore was great. And he wouldn't stop making rah-rah pronouncements about it. Fort McHenry. The Preakness. Ethnic neighborhoods. Lexington Market. The things other city dwellers saw as simply part of their gritty landscape Mr. Schaefer viewed as urban wonders.

He dragged people back downtown.

All the while, he was driving through town looking for things to fix. His one-man reconnaissance missions led him to dash off dozens of "Mayor's Action Memos" to de-



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partment heads each weekend.

Some reeked of sarcasm. "How come I'm the ONLY ONE who can see this pile of garbage?" he'd inquire. Bureaucrats learned to gauge his mood by how wildly he scrawled and how deeply he pressed pencil into paper.

To Mr. Schaefer, cleanliness was next to urban greatness. Baltimoreans got the message.

"Sure, I picked up trash," said Jack Moseley, retired USF&G chief. "We all picked up a piece of paper. He cared about it. And we responded."

And Mr. Schaefer wanted Baltimoreans to know who was responsible for everything new or renovated. He decreed that every government project — from a new school to a water main repair — be decorated with a sign that read: "Mayor William Donald Schaefer and the Citizens of Baltimore."

He was lucky enough to take over the mayor's office while the federal government was still sending fat grants to cities. He hated regulations and red tape. Because he wanted flexibility, he created the city Trustees, who financed his favorite renewal plans with almost no public oversight.

And he kept up the hype. In July 1981, came the event to end all Schaefer events: The Seal Pool.

He'd vowed that January that the National Aquarium would open on time or he'd jump into a tank. That July, with construction hopelessly behind schedule and network television crews on hand, Mr. Schaefer donned an old-time bathing costume and swam with the seals.

The photos ran in *Time* and *Newsweek*. At last, the rest of the country would get to see Baltimore as he saw it.

## Tantrums and turkeys

Sure, Mr. Schaefer could play the role of everyone's favorite uncle. But people who watched him at work understood how tough he could be. "He is probably one of the most aggressive and progressive spirits

as far as renewing certain aspects of urban life — the downtown development, etc.," said the Rev. William Calhoun, of the Baltimore Interdenominational Ministerial Alliance. "But, I would say he is a person who is minuscule in his relations with persons who did not always agree with him."

His staff knew. Mr. Schaefer's motivational techniques were not included in management textbooks.

He enjoyed theatrics. At a luncheon, as a councilman badgered the mayor for new equipment for a Northeast Baltimore playground, Mr. Schaefer suddenly flung himself onto the rug.

The legislators stared: The city's mayor was crawling on his hands and knees, scissoring his fingers as if he were clipping the carpet.

"This is what I expect," he said, still crawling, still clipping. "I expect them to help maintain the playground."

He reduced people around him to size. "Hello, girls," he'd call to a room full of men. Cabinet members routinely were "Junior."

When he was truly angry, anything was possible.

Ms. Bereska remembers trying to follow an enraged Mr. Schaefer into his office. He slammed the door, breaking her toe. She limped for weeks. He never said a word.

For one six-month stretch, Ms. Bereska said, Mr. Schaefer communicated with her only by memo — and she was his chief of staff. Her sin? She'd shrugged off a last-minute request to attend an event in his place. After brooding for six months, he hissed, "You never tell me you can't do something for me."

State Sen. George W. Della Jr. remembers a City Council budget discussion that ended badly. Mr. Schaefer flung an ashtray past council members, smashing it into a door.

"But it worked," Mr. Della said. "Half of it was put on. It was an act. Most of the time, he got his way."

Business titans who would not have tolerated such behavior from anyone else found themselves subjected to Schaefer tirades.

1980 PHOTO  
"a controversial loan  
of The Shadow."

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1989 PHOTO  
left) as Baltimore's  
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as George Wash-  
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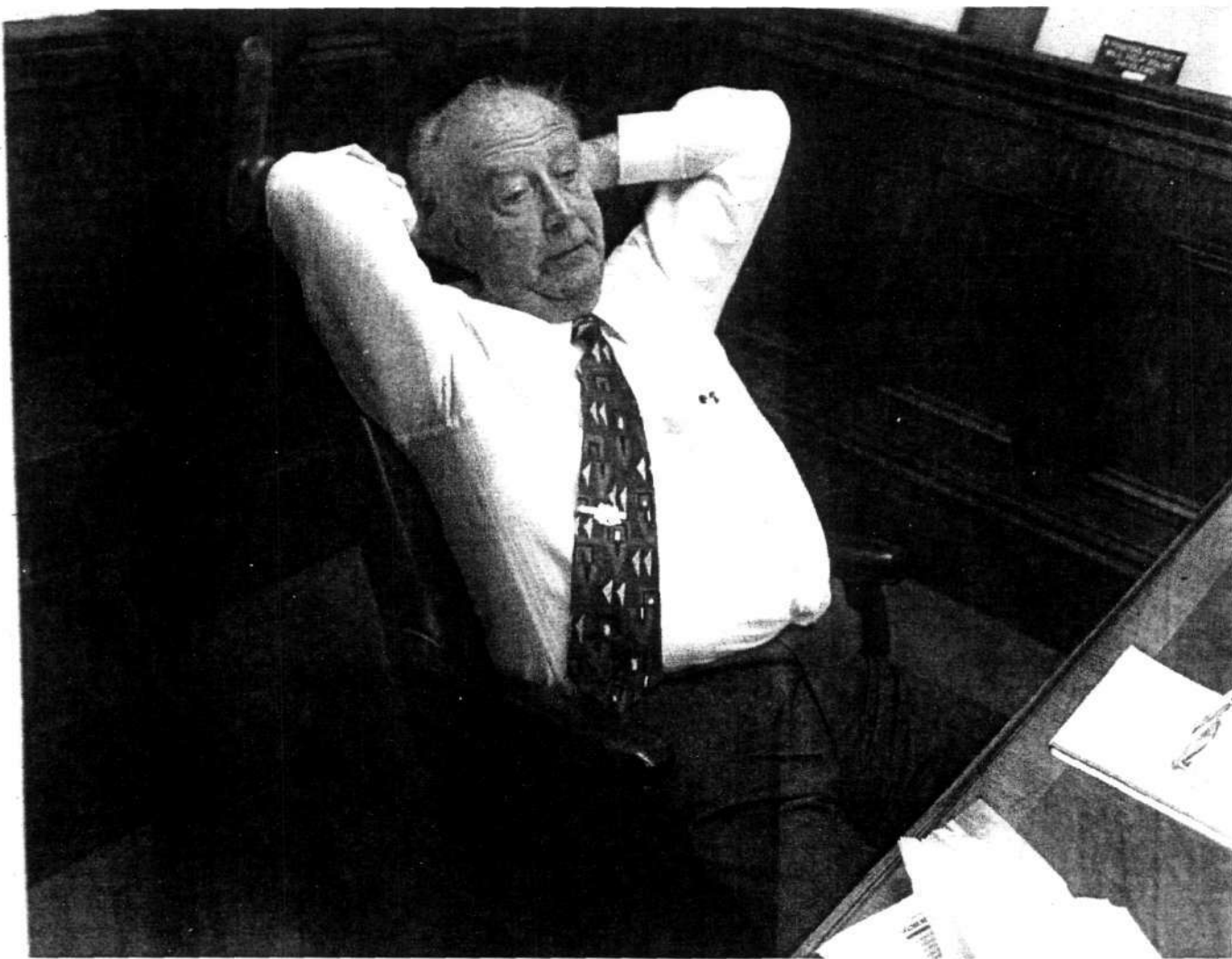
1976 PHOTO  
accepts an hon-  
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r Joshua Van Sant  
ity Hall.



1980 PHOTO  
the rain forest  
goonball get-ups in



# no detail too small



J. Henry Butta, a now-retired S&P Telephone chief executive, was called to the mayor's office with other executives in 1981 to hear a Schaefer request for money for city projects.

When they didn't get right back him, they were summoned again for the mayoral chamber.

"He chastised us up, down and every which way," Mr. Butta recalled with a laugh. "So then one of us said, 'Are you asking us to pay for projects that would be paid for by tax dollars?'"

"He stopped and he said" — and when Mr. Butta does an impression of Mr. Schaefer at his most sarcastic "Ohhhhh. We have a GEEN-us in the group. A GEEN-us."

The executives marched out and started raising money.

His City Hall Cabinet members, through meetings in which he ended out "turkeys" and "eagles" — a management tool at once juvenile and shrewd. Grown-ups slunk their seats when they were that "k's turkey. They sat taller when their work earned an eagle."

Yet for all Mr. Schaefer's imperiousness, his staff was loyal.

If he was unhappy, Ms. Bereska and the team — made up of players some called "the shipful Women" — rallied. "The more he is, the more points we score: More touchdowns, field goals. If we could only do it, we could make him happy." Team members said their dedication was repaid with unusual lib-

erty left me very free to run the city," said Robert C. Embry Jr., president of the Abell Foundation, who served as Mr. Schaefer's housekeeper. "In almost every other place there would be a great deal of interference with redevelopment efforts. Who would get to buy a piece of property? What lawyer was hired, architect, what insurance broker? There was not one instance of it in the nine years I was in my

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amount of respect for the guy himself," says Robert S. Hillman, a former city labor commissioner. "He was scrupulously honest. He worked harder than any of us. And if you had a good idea, he'd give you a tremendous amount of rope and all the support in the world."

## 'Enemy territory'

William Donald Schaefer stormed into the State House vowing to do for Maryland what he did for Baltimore.

Trouble was, Maryland refused to cooperate.

Where Baltimore's City Council capitulated with little fuss, the General Assembly resisted him. City neighborhoods enlisted in most of Mr. Schaefer's crusades. The state's diverse regions remained suspicious of his vision of Team Maryland.

Right away, Mr. Schaefer tried to appoint a state treasurer, only to have legislators tell him that that was their constitutional right. He demanded a larger staff. Lawmakers tried to cut it back. He strode into the Senate Office Building one day and declared it "enemy territory."

"He was firmly ensconced as an urban autocrat in Baltimore, and there had to be more give and take in Annapolis," said Marc K. Levine, who is writing a book about the Baltimore renaissance. "He just wasn't trained for it by his 15 years in the city."

Most State House veterans were used to being treated with respect, even deference, by governors. They were in for a shock.

"Early on, when we had Cabinet meetings, he'd start right on time, at 8 a.m.," recalled Lt. Gov. Melvin A. Steinberg, former president of the

state Senate. "He'd say, 'Lock the doors.' Anyone late couldn't come in." Mr. Steinberg came at 8:01 once and found the door bolted. He was admitted only after a humiliating wait.

Mr. Schaefer used language and gestures so vulgar that they could unsettle legislators accustomed to the General Assembly's frat party culture. In a meeting with legislative leaders in his State House office, Mr. Schaefer grabbed his crotch: "This is where you got me," he said. "Would you let go?"

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generous to younger, popular politicians. Some grumbled that he believed in only one political organization: the Schaefer Party.

As governor, Mr. Schaefer lived a life of privilege. He watched football with President Bush at Camp David, flew first class and zipped around, exceeding the speed limit, in chauffeured limousines. He accepted a 41 percent raise in 1990, to \$120,000 a year — making him, at the time, the nation's

highest paid governor.

But his personal tastes remained rooted in those of the middle-class Baltimore of his youth.

One aide joked that the governor stopped at every McDonald's in Maryland. (He likes Happy Meals.) He was a pro wrestling fan. He vacationed in Ocean City. He liked call-in radio shows, John Philip Sousa marches and Las Vegas lounge music. When they played "God Bless America," he cried.

In some states, if the governor's girlfriend had moved into the mansion, outraged voters might have driven him from office.

Not so Mr. Schaefer, whose long-

time companion — Hilda Mae Snoops — began staying in the governor's residence early in his first term. Maybe people shrugged off this odd arrangement because Mr. Schaefer, a bachelor who lived with his mother until her death in 1983, seemed otherwise so lonely.

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Perhaps, though, Mr. Schaefer felt driven to erase part of the legacy of Mr. Hughes, whom he publicly scolded and privately blasted as a do-nothing governor.

Mr. Hughes is still bitter about the mansion redecoration. And he angrily recalls Mr. Schaefer's insults.

"I've been exposed to his temper tantrums and his fits of profanity," the former governor said. "I was in public life for 32 years, and no one ever acted, in relation to me, the way he has. Democrat or Republican. At whatever level."

## 'He cared'

By the time he ran for his second term in 1990, Mr. Schaefer faced an economic slide and a disgruntled electorate.

When 40 percent of voters backed a little-known Republican in the general election, Mr. Schaefer was devastated.

"I thought, 'Gee. They don't love me no more.'"

Afflicted by melancholy in the best of times, Mr. Schaefer now sulked. He brooded. He came to speaking engagements, then tossed aside his prepared comments to

lash out at voters.

When a motorist gave him a thumbs-down, Mr. Schaefer traced her license plate and sent a sarcastic note: "Your action only exceeds the ugliness of your face. Have a nice day!"

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move his legislation, he was always unhappy about things — complaining about the press when I thought he had terrific press, complaining about obscurity at a time when he was a household word."

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In 1993, *Money* magazine and ABC's "20/20" called him "the most pampered governor in America," reporting that the state spent nearly \$2.3 million a year on his salary, mansion, yachts, security, limousines and other goodies.

Late in his last term, Mr. Schaefer's approval ratings sank to just 16 percent. They have rallied in recent months. But not much. A poll last week showed that only Balti-

more voters gave him a positive rating.

As his popularity waned, Schaefer knew whose fault it was. He blamed it all on the negative, negative things writers, reporters and columnists quibblers, quibblers and but of the press.

For decades, he had waged a correspondence on news in general and *The Sun* in particular. Using sarcasm or bathos, he accused journalists of piddly, bias, cowardice and

He once told a reporter: "Good thing I'm in a good mood cause otherwise I might as well get blood all over the green shirt of yours."

At a State House event, Schaefer leaned toward J. Freese of *The Sun* and said, in voice: "I... hate... your..."

He has increasingly sought refuge in his State House spending evenings before television. Always sentimental, in months he has been pleading, remembered as a selfless humanitarian. Over and over, he wants only two words on his stone: "He cared."

Maybe he feels a need for validation because he is alone.

"You talk one to one with sometimes," said Peter Kurzman, former *Sun* reporter. "He has that he had no family: 'You're You've got kids. You've got children. I don't have anybod

Maybe it's because many of the loved and respected are. Every Christmas season, he buys 14 wreaths and visits relatives, placing them on the graves of his mother, Mr. Kovens and

To prop up his spirits, aide arranged a kind of victory around Maryland — a round of groundbreakings, banquets, other feel-good events, where admirers shower praise on him. Cumberland recently, business political leaders all wore cap blazoned: "We Luv The Gov."

Mr. Schaefer treasures public accolades.

"I've gotten so many letters, so many awards, more than I deserve," he said.

A professorship awaits — at the University of Maryland at College Park but including an offer from Johns Hopkins University: one expects him to teach. In his he intends to use the post to

on economic development.

Even in his last days in office, Schaefer has been a man in motion, still driven to get things done.

Instead of deferring to a new governor, Mr. Schaefer prepared his own budget for the coming year. He's interviewing judges, been voting on state contract

Board of Public Works meetings. He's still struggling to broker the turn of a National Football League franchise to his beloved hometown.

"He's going down to the way said Elaine 'Latny' LeBow-Sa-

Mr. Schaefer's longtime appointments secretary.

He also has invited those scribblers and quibblers of the press to do the better to write political epitaphs. Mostly, he has trouble talking about himself. He calls himself "slightly colorful," and sees stumped when he asked to name five best friends.

deep funks? "Up and downs," he said.

But if he's unable to describe himself, he finds it easier to relax conversational to assess exactly what the past years of his public life have been about.

Mr. Schaefer sat in his State House office with Sen. Gerald Winegrad in 1993, a fire blazing in the hearth. The two old adversaries spoke quietly, trying to find common ground.

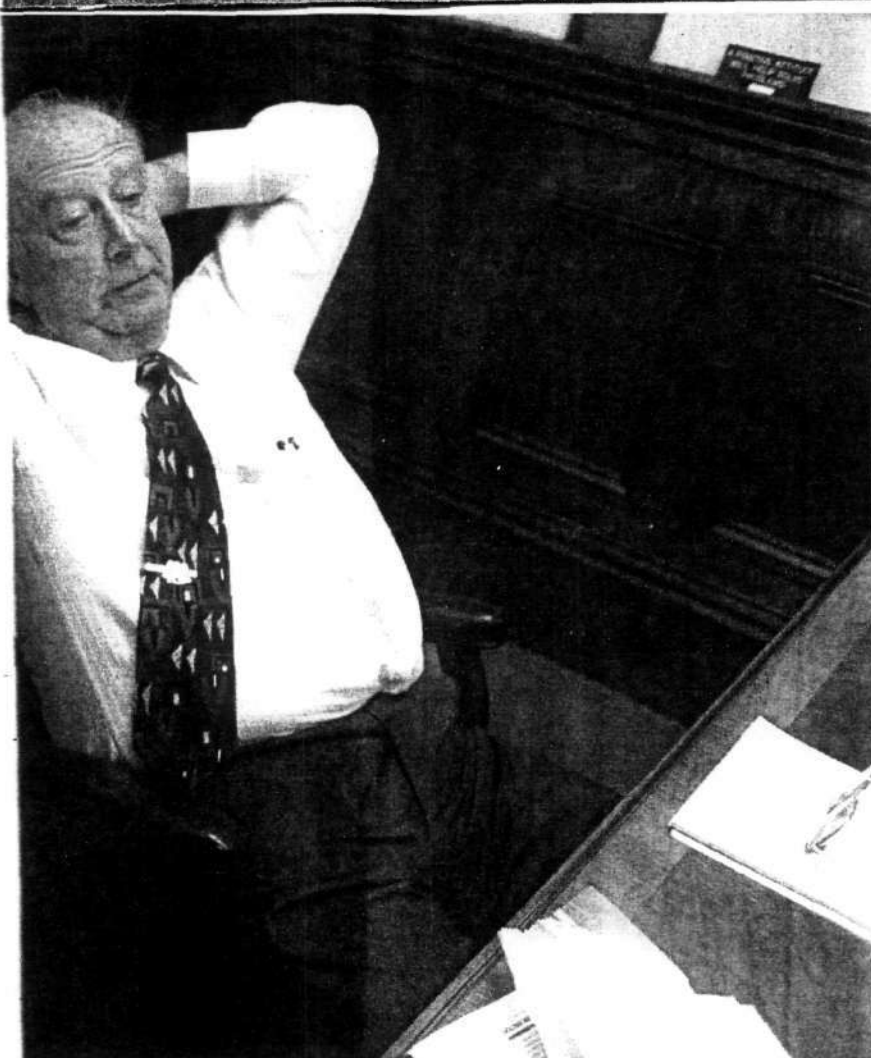
"You haven't always agreed with me, but I can say this about you, Mr. Schaefer told the Anne Arundel Democrat. "Unlike some of those people down there who don't care anything or believe anything, you're a zealot."

Mr. Winegrad shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Was that supposed to be a compliment?

Mr. Schaefer smiled. "I'm a zealot, too."

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Late in his last term, Mr. Schaefer's approval ratings sank to just 16 percent. They have rallied in recent months. But not much. A poll last week showed that only Balti-

more voters gave him an overall positive rating.

As his popularity waned, Mr. Schaefer knew whose fault it was. He blamed it all on the negative, negative, negative things written by reporters and columnists — those quibblers, quislings and busybodies of the press.

For decades, he had waged a war of correspondence on newspapers in general and *The Sun* in particular. Using sarcasm or bathroom humor, he accused journalists of stupidity, bias, cowardice and sloth.

He once told a reporter: "It's a good thing I'm in a good mood, because otherwise I might stab you and get blood all over that nice green shirt of yours."

At a State House event, Mr. Schaefer leaned toward John W. Frece of *The Sun* and said, in a low voice: "I... hate... your... guts."

He has increasingly sought refuge in his State House office, spending evenings before the fire. Always sentimental, in recent months he has been pleading to be remembered as a selfless humanitarian. Over and over, he says he wants only two words on his tombstone: "He cared."

Maybe he feels a need for public validation because he is alone.

"You talk one to one with him sometimes," said Peter Kumpa, a former *Sun* reporter. "He lamented that he had no family. You're lucky. You've got kids. You've got grandchildren. I don't have anybody."

Maybe it's because many of those he loved and respected are gone. Every Christmas season, he dutifully buys 14 wreaths and visits cemeteries, placing them on the graves of his mother, Mr. Kovens and others.

To prop up his spirits, aides have arranged a kind of victory lap around Maryland — a round of groundbreaking, banquets and other feel-good events, where his admirers shower praise on him. In Cumberland recently, business and political leaders all wore caps emblazoned: "We Luv The Gov."

Mr. Schaefer treasures these public accolades.

"I've gotten so many letters and so many awards, more than the average person," he said.

A professorship awaits — based at the University of Maryland at College Park but including an office at the Johns Hopkins University. No one expects him to teach. Instead, he intends to use the post to work on economic development.

Even in his last days in office, Mr. Schaefer has been a man in motion, still driven to get things done.

Instead of deferring to a new governor, Mr. Schaefer prepared his own budget for the coming fiscal year. He's interviewing judges. He's been voting on state contracts at Board of Public Works meetings. He's still struggling to broker the return of a National Football League franchise to his beloved hometown.

"He's going down to the wire," said Elaine "Lainy" LeBow-Sachs, Mr. Schaefer's longtime appointments secretary.

He also has invited those scribes and quibblers of the press to chat, the better to write his political epitaph. Mostly, he has trouble talking about himself. He calls himself "slightly colorful," and seems stumped when he's asked to name his five best friends. His deep funks? "Ups and downs," he says.

But if he's unable to describe himself, he finds it easier in relaxed conversation to assess exactly what the past 40 years of his public life have been about.

Mr. Schaefer sat in his State House office with Sen. Gerald W. Winegrad in 1993, a fire blazing in the hearth. The two old adversaries spoke quietly, trying to find common ground.

"You haven't always agreed with me, but I can say this about you," Mr. Schaefer told the Anne Arundel Democrat. "Unlike some of those people down there who don't do anything or believe anything, you're a zealot."

Mr. Winegrad shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Was that supposed to be a compliment?

Mr. Schaefer smiled.

"I'm a zealot, too."

**"He was firmly ensconced as an urban autocrat in Baltimore. There had to be more give and take in Annapolis."**



# Schaefer, in his own words

Over the last two months, Governor Schaefer reflected on his political career and personality in a series of interviews with Sun reporters Sandy Barinsky and Doug Birch. These comments are excerpts from those sessions.

## On his drive

You have the brightest person in the world. If they don't have any ambition, they don't have any drive, they don't have any incentive, they don't have any vision, they don't care, they're a zero. Give me a person who's not the brightest, like me, not the brightest person in the world, but has a passion, a passion for doing things for people and caring about people. Give me a couple of people like that. ... The self-satisfaction of knowing that you made a difference in a kid's life, in an older person's life, that's great.

## On prayers

I say my prayers every night. I have times of doubt, particularly when you see the suffering of people and you don't understand it. But then, something good happens in life. ... When my own bishop came down to talk to me and pray with me. And then I used to have a group of black ministers, Rev. [Winfield] Showell, Bishop [Monroe] Saunders. They'd read the papers when I was really getting hurt, hit, smashed around, and Bishop Saunders would call up and say, "I've got to see you. ... He'd say, 'Well, I've been reading the paper, and I want you to know that I love you.' (He pantomimes tears running down his face). It was very emotional. And he would say, 'Let's pray,' and we'd pray.

## On his dark moods

It's just when you're being hurt, really hurt, by the press, by letters, by the way I was treated on the Eastern Shore. It does affect my moods. It doesn't affect my thinking, but it makes me very sad. That's one side of it. The other side of it is to go around and see the poor people. ... I could just see their houses, Jesus, how they lived. I could see how their kids were treated, and I'd go to the prison, I'd see these people in the prisons."

## On his sentimentality

(Visiting Marley Elementary School) They always would have a big sign up, "Welcome Governor Schaefer." ... And then we take the flag out and they did the Pledge of Allegiance and they sang "Maryland, My Maryland," and I started to cry. I couldn't stop crying, and I think, "Good God, 73 years old and these kids make you cry. ... There was another thing that day, and I stand there and I'm looking at these kids, and I looked at every one of their faces, every damn face in there, and I thought, 'I wonder which one is going to be in trouble? I wonder which one is going to be on drugs? I wonder which one will be the governor? ... What is the future for all of them?'"

## On his patron Irv Kovens

Early in the game, he said, "You always worry about elections. I'm going to call you Shaky. ... Anytime I would call him or talk to him or anything and sounded worried, he would say, 'What now, Shaky? Don't worry about it. Everything is fine. Everything's fine. ...' He raised money for me. And the other part of it was, he never asked for me to do anything. He never requested me to

do anything. ... I said, "Now, what kind of strings you pulling? I know you're raising money. I know you're helping me, but I'm going to vote the way I want. ... " He said, "That's fine with me. OK. Do what you want to do. Just do the right thing." ... In these last four years, had he have been alive, I wouldn't have had a lot of the troubles I had.

## On boosterism

Everything, I used to say, has got to be an event. What the hell is the use of doing it if it's no event? Nobody knows about it. What the hell is the use of doing it? Whether it was a street, whether it was a lamp post. ... We'd send out brochures to the whole goddamn community. ... Get everybody there. ... So [staff people] would look at me and say, "Oh, Jesus, you know, we've got enough to do without all this crap. Why can't we just put the goddamn light up and turn it on? Everybody would be happy. ... " Not for me. We pushed the light and we walked across the street and we got the cakes on the side. ...

## On his anger

Sometimes I was very serious because I was very unhappy at the way things were going, at things that were being done. ... And, you know, one of the things that really got me was, I'd find something where we could have helped someone and we didn't do it. I'd really get outraged at that, very unhappy about that. And that used to make me mad. Part of it was, they [staffers] never knew whether I was really very mad or whether I wasn't, whether I was very serious. But they all knew: Don't take a chance on trying to find which.

## On being a demanding boss

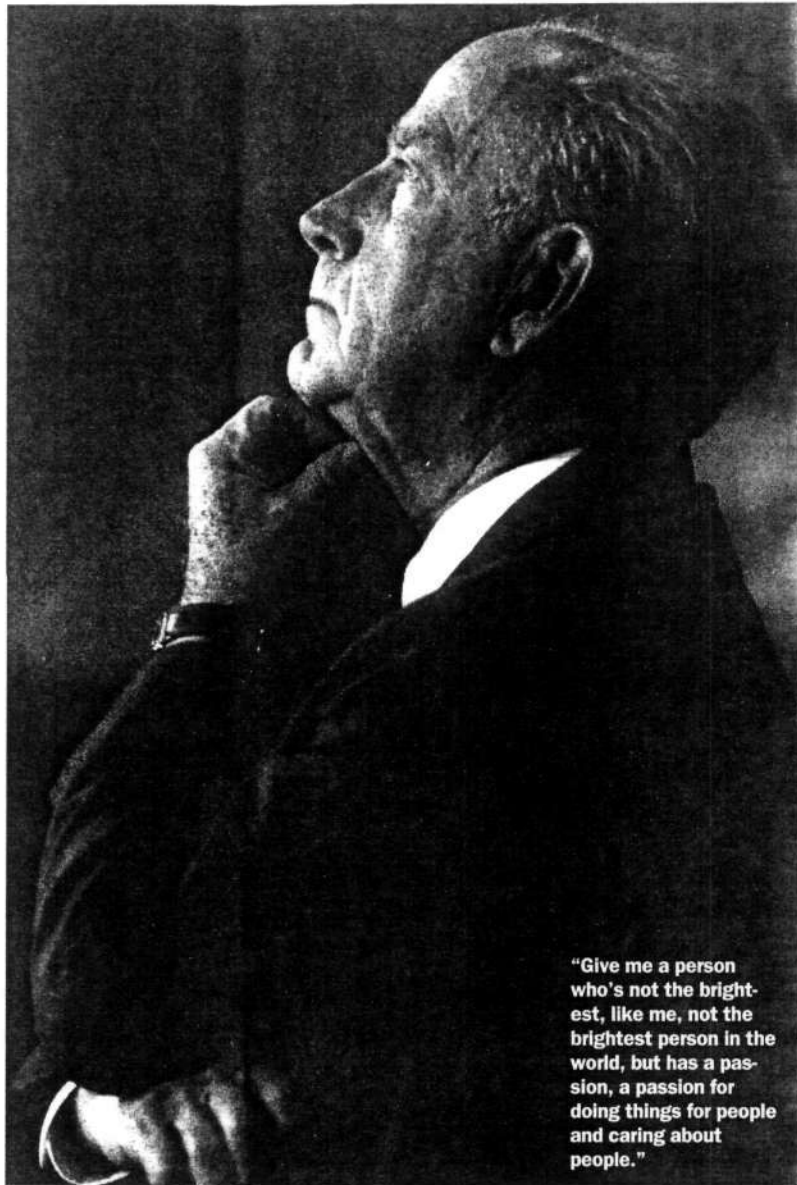
I respected them. They knew I did. They knew that I thought they were the greatest in the world, and they were. The damn people that worked for me all worked hard. They didn't bother with hours. They didn't bother with days. ... I expected as much out of them as I did, and they never let me down. They all got in the swing of things. ... I wasn't afraid they were going to outshine me. ... They were all smarter than I was. They were all much more intelligent, except for I had one thing: I was the mayor, and they worked.

## On being governor

I had to compete against myself as mayor. I really was in competition with myself. I was a good mayor. There isn't any question. I was one of the best in the country and not by brilliance, but by accomplishment. So, when I went down there [Annapolis], the expectations of the governor to come down, were to be able to perform miracles. We performed the miracles but they weren't as apparent. ... They're spread all over the place.

## On disliking the press (The Sun in particular)

The Sunpaper has never let up on me as governor for eight years. The only thing that I ever had were



"Give me a person who's not the brightest, like me, not the brightest person in the world, but has a passion, a passion for doing things for people and caring about people."

negative stories for eight years. Humiliated, 90 days of bad stories. ... I had the Sunpaper on my back. ... Those little puppies they have up there doing their little zeros, who do nothing. Had to try to figure out how to hit me. And they hit me very fierce. ... I take it very personally. That last [editorial] cartoon of me sucking my thumb. That went just a trifle beyond even decency.

## On the legislature

I had my own way of operating. I couldn't charm those people. They would have walked all over me. See, Harry [Hughes, the former governor] had let them go. For eight years, he let them run the executive office and he let them run the legislature. ... I would not let them run the budget. I would not let them run the law. I prepared the agenda. ... That was my job. That's what I got paid for. That's what the law says. I'm the chief executive. I'm it. ... I thought I would be able to work with the legislature, and the legislature pulled the rug [from] under me. I didn't pull it from under them first.

## On the press (II)

I never worried about press. That's where I was smart. I didn't care. If I

thought I was right, whether the press thought I was right ... because I knew more than all of you. I know more about the city than you'll ever know. ... When I looked at KAL [editorial] cartoons by Kevin Kallaughier, I wanted to die. I wanted to jump in a coffin because he's brain dead. He's just a morbid, nasty man. He's a zero. I don't know what else I can say about him. I don't want to meet him. I don't want to see him. I don't like him. If you get the idea.

## On Kurt Schmoke

I like him personally. Remember he tried everything he could to defeat me [by supporting Steve Sachs for governor]. He did everything he could. He had ads on the air. He did everything he could, and I remember the ads that I wasn't this and I wasn't that. I have no feud with him.

## On being vulgar

When I get really, really, very mad ... I can use impressive words. No question about it. I can use some impressive words. ... Look at the other

side. Were they vulgar, too? That's the point. That's the point. Was the other side vulgar and it's always me? But the other side might have been just as vulgar or more vulgar.

## On pre-renaissance Baltimore

You had a city that was hurting, that wasn't proud of itself. There was no pride at all left. ... It was a city that people came from Washington and went around the city and went on by because they didn't want to go through Baltimore. ... It was a dirty harbor area. The neighborhoods didn't care about themselves. People were down. It was just a dull city. ... You just don't want to have a city where you get up in the morning, go to work, go home, get up, go to work, go home. What would you do on Saturday? What would you do on Sunday? Would you have any fun?

## On regrets

I regret I couldn't keep the popularity that I had when I was in the city and I couldn't keep the popularity that I had when I came to the first term. I've got to live with it and I understood it. The press wanted to make me the least favorable among the people in the country. ... And the Sunpaper took glory in that. ... I'd take the newspaper, one night

when I didn't have a do, and I'd take the I'd run through the and try to find a possi sometimes. Just, ju negatives against the

## On being I

Can you imagine Schaefer caught stealing [reporters] have day? Wouldn't you h write that. My God, y sat around and, drinki tnis, drinking the "Well, we've got the s ter all. " You would h Mudville. ... But you me in the city. The S not do anything to c the city because I kn the city. And we hel People trusted me.

## On being cr

I was in the "I Am Day Parade" one year was cheering. They pleased to see me and it then. One lady, a fa ting on the side of th gave me the thumb were, say 250,000 p for a long time, rem lady's face giving m down. One person it 250,000. I remember

## On the pre

You don't know any ally don't know what. And, I presumed, I you were knowledge don't know. You don how to run the gov don't know how to n ment. You don't know have to produce for p got to do is write a sto the time you don't k the story, and I didn't Because I thought, yo are pretty knowledge mean, after a while I r ask the same questio that question to get p and after you got wha then you stop. There There was no depth to

## On acti

Everyone in public is an actor.

## On finish

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## On p

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## On w

Never whence you came. I'm Leaguer. I'm not wea good clothes cause I lived and been with the been to the swankiest c in the country. I've been kings. I have met presti panies, of countries. I've ly dined. That's not me, uncomfortable there. more comfortable in n ings. I don't want to k where I am and who I am."

"Everyone in public life, in a way, is an actor."

"The self-satisfaction of knowing that you made a difference ... that's great."

I don't want to lose the fact of where I am and who I am and what I am.



# ; in his own words

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## anger

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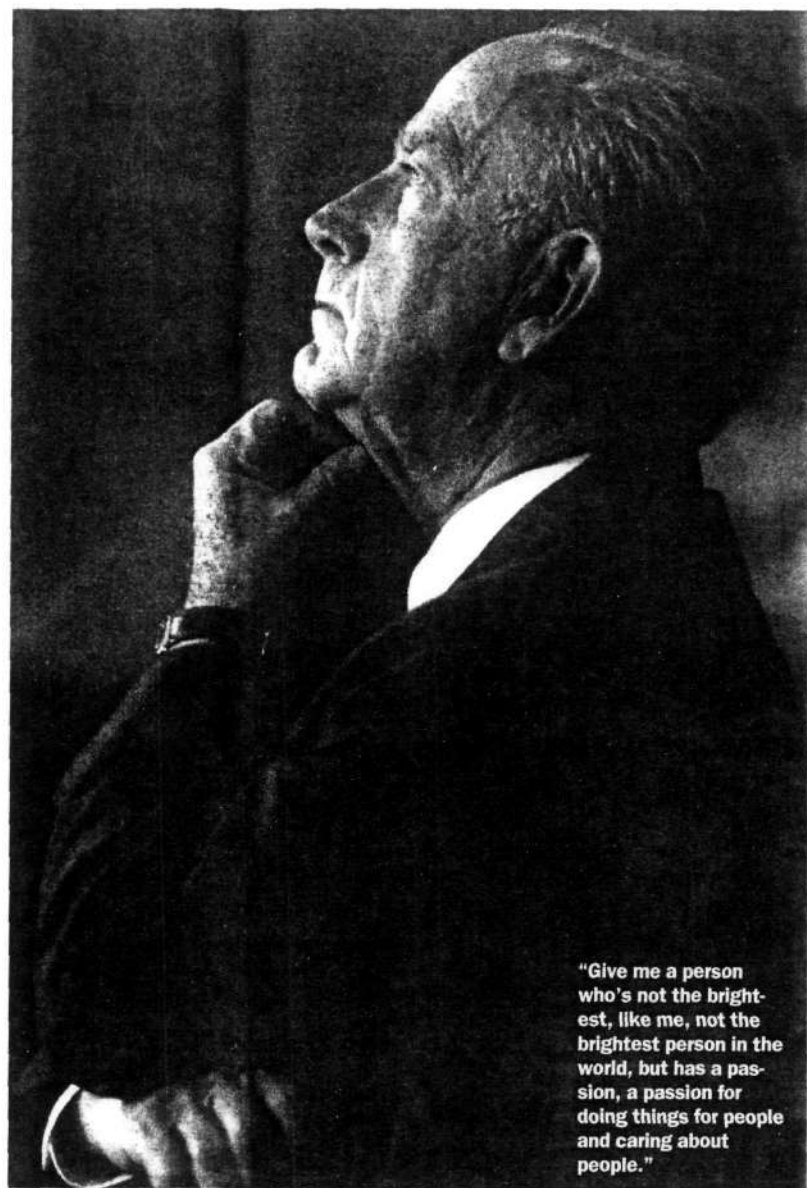
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## On being governor

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## the press articular)

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for eight years.  
I ever had were



"Give me a person  
who's not the bright-  
est, like me, not the  
brightest person in the  
world, but has a pas-  
sion, a passion for  
doing things for people  
and caring about  
people."

when I didn't have anything else to  
do, and I'd take the red pencil and  
I'd run through the negative stories  
and try to find a positive story. Do it  
sometimes. Just, just look at the  
negatives against the positives.

## On being honest

Can you imagine, honest Don  
Schaefer caught stealing? Wouldn't  
you [reporters] have had a great  
day? Wouldn't you have all loved to  
write that. My God, you would have  
sat around and, drinking your mar-  
tinis, drinking the beer, and say,  
"Well, we've got the son of a bitch af-  
ter all." You would have had joy in  
Mudville... But you couldn't touch  
me in the city. The Sunpaper could  
not do anything to discredit me in  
the city because I knew every part of  
the city. And we helped everybody.  
People trusted me.

## On being criticized

I was in the "I Am An American  
Day Parade" one year, and everyone  
was cheering. They really were  
pleased to see me and you could feel  
it then. One lady, a fat lady, was sit-  
ting on the side of the hill, and she  
gave me the thumbs down. There  
were, say 250,000 people. I could,  
for a long time, remember that fat  
lady's face giving me the thumbs  
down. One person in that mass of  
250,000. I remembered her.

## On the press (III)

You don't know anything. You re-  
ally don't know what you're writing.  
And, I presumed, I presumed that  
you were knowledgeable... You  
don't know. You don't really know  
how to run the government. You  
don't know how to run the depart-  
ment. You don't know what it is to  
have to produce for people. All you  
got to do is write a story. But most of  
the time you don't know the ins of  
the story, and I didn't know that...  
Because I thought, you know, these  
are pretty knowledgeable people. I  
mean, after a while I notice that you  
ask the same questions. This was  
that question to get people to talk,  
and after you got what you needed,  
then you stop. There was no depth.  
There was no depth to your stories.

## On acting

Everyone in public life, in a way,  
is an actor.

## On finishing

Nothing is finished, the road sys-  
tem isn't finished, Mass transit sys-  
tem hasn't been finished. Education  
isn't finished. Our prisons aren't  
finished. Everything. It isn't fin-  
ished. There is no end... The Inner  
Harbor now, the Inner Harbor is de-  
teriorating, going  
downhill because the  
present adminis-  
tration can't see that it  
isn't finished. It's  
now time to renew  
the Inner Harbor. It  
will never finish. It's  
a continuing  
process. It's like your  
house... Nothing is  
finished.

## On politicians

I think you have a  
lot of politicians who  
are not interested in  
"right now." They're  
interested in getting  
elected four years  
from now, and their  
whole plan is based  
on getting re-elected.  
We didn't do that. We  
did day by day. That  
is not long distance  
planning, but I, peo-  
ple, live day by day.

## On who he is

Never forget from  
whence you came. I'm not an Ivy  
Leaguer. I'm not wealthy. I wear  
good clothes 'cause I can. And I've  
lived and been with the highest. I've  
been to the swankiest country clubs  
in the country. I've been. I have met  
kings. I have met presidents of com-  
panies, of countries. I've been royal-  
ly dined. That's not me. Now, I'm not  
uncomfortable there... I feel much  
more comfortable in my own set-  
tings. I don't want to lose the fact of  
where I am and who I am and what  
I am.

negative stories for eight years. Hu-  
miliated, 90 days of bad stories... I  
had the Sunpaper on my back...  
Those little puppies they have up  
there doing their little zeros, who do  
nothing. Had to try to figure out how  
to hit me. And they hit me very  
fierce... I take it very personally.  
That last [editorial] cartoon of me  
sucking my thumb. That went just a  
trifle beyond even decency.

## On the legislature

I had my own way of operating. I  
couldn't charm those people. They  
would have walked all over me. See,  
Harry [Hughes, the former govern-  
or] had let them go. For eight  
years, he let them run the execu-  
tive office and he let them  
run the legislature... I  
would not let them  
run the budget. I  
would not let  
them run the  
law. I prepared  
the agenda...  
That was my job.  
That's what I got  
paid for. That's  
what the law says.  
I'm the chief ex-  
ecutive. I'm it... I  
thought I would be  
able to work with  
the legislature, and  
the legislature pulled  
the rug [from] under  
me. I didn't pull it  
from under them  
first.

## On the press (II)

I never  
worried about  
press. That's  
where I was  
smart. I did-  
n't care. If I

thought I was right, whether the  
press thought I was right... be-  
cause I knew more than all of you. I  
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you'll ever know... When I looked at  
KAL [editorial] cartoons by Kevin  
Kallaugher, I wanted to die. I want-  
ed to jump in a coffin because he's  
brain dead. He's just a morbid,  
nasty man. He's a zero. I don't know  
what else I can say about him. I  
don't want to meet him. I don't want  
to see him. I don't like him, if you get  
the idea.

## On Kurt Schmoke

I like him personally. Remember  
he tried everything he could to de-  
feat me [by supporting Steve  
Sachs for governor]. He did  
everything he  
could. He had  
ads on the air.  
He did every-  
thing he could,  
and I re-  
m e m b e r  
the ads  
that I was-  
n't this and I  
wasn't that. I  
have no feud  
with him.

## On being vulgar

When I get  
really, really,  
very mad... I  
can use im-  
pressive words.  
No question  
about it. I  
can use  
some im-  
pressive  
words...  
Look at the other

side. Were they vulgar, too? That's  
the point. That's the point. Was the  
other side vulgar and it's always  
me? But the other side might have  
been just as vulgar or more vulgar.

## On pre- renaissance Baltimore

You had a city  
that was hurting,  
that wasn't proud of  
itself. There was no  
pride at all left... It  
was a city that people  
came from Washing-  
ton and went around  
the city and went on  
by because they did-  
n't want to go  
through Baltimore...  
It was a dirty harbor  
area. The neighbor-  
hoods didn't care  
about themselves.  
People were down. It  
was just a dull city...  
You just don't want  
to have a city where  
you get up in the  
morning, go to work,  
go home, get up, go  
to work, go home.  
What would you do  
on Saturday? What  
would you do on  
Sunday? Would you have any fun?

## On regrets

I regret I couldn't keep the popu-  
larity that I had when I was in the  
city and I couldn't keep the popu-  
larity that I had when I came to the  
first term. I've got to live with it and  
I understood it. The press wanted to  
make me the least favorable among  
the people in the country... And  
the Sunpaper took glory in that...  
I'd take the newspaper, one night



I don't want  
to lose the fact  
of where I am  
and who I am  
and what I  
am.

