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NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE
Office of the Director

DATE: 6/3/91

TO: Bob Melnick
John Passerella

RE: RHP History

Attached resume and writing
samples of Owen Forums for your
review. Please advise.

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FROM:

Donald A.B. Lindberg
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May 17, 1991

Donald Lindberg
National Library of Medicine
8600 Rockville Pike
Bethesda, MD 20894

Dear Dr. Lindberg,

As you requested, I have enclosed my resumé and several writing samples.

I thought that the information meeting on the 15th was very useful and I am excited about the possibilities of helping to develop the materials for the conference on the Regional Medical Programs.

As you have noted, I have already begun some preliminary research on the project and will have the time in June and July to do additional research and writing if the project goes ahead. At your direction I will work out the details of the contract with Bob Mehnert.

In addition to the historical importance of the Regional Medical Programs, I feel strongly that there may also be the potential of creating yet another perspective on the spiraling costs and problems of health care delivery.

I hope I can be of some help with the project. If you have any questions, please give me a call.

Yours truly,



M. Owen Korsmo
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4 Enc.

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WORK HISTORY

Research Fellowship, National Institute of Mental Health, Bethesda, MD. Wrote reports and related materials concerning the development of neuropsychologic drugs. (February 1989—present)

Executive Editor, The Fauquier Democrat, Warrenton, VA. Edited and designed 14,000 circulation weekly newspaper; supervised staff of twelve; wrote award-winning columns, editorials. Winner of the 1987 Virginia Press Association Sweepstakes Award for best large weekly newspaper in Virginia. (June 1987—June 1988)

Director, Owen & Associates, Washington, D.C. Produced, directed and presented market research, print advertising, logo designs and coordinated promotional campaigns. (1986—1987)

Creative Director; Member, Board of Directors, JCG Advertising, Fairfax, VA. Conceived, wrote and supervised design of multimedia campaigns; made client presentations. (1983—1986)

Editor, Skyway Newspapers, Minneapolis, MN. Responsible for all editorial content of four newspapers per week; developed, supervised special sections; wrote celebrity interviews, managed staff of five. (1982)

Editor, Minneapolis Magazine, Minneapolis, MN. Initiated and directed redesign of glossy, bi-monthly city magazine; wrote marketing strategy and editorial philosophy statement. (1981)

Managing Editor, Twin Cities Reader, Minneapolis, MN. Responsible for editorial content of alternative/entertainment weekly newspaper; developed editorial policy; designed cover concepts; supervised staff of eight; wrote weekly column. (1979—1980)

Advertising Writer, Dayton's Department Stores, Minneapolis, MN. Wrote and coordinated award-winning print advertising campaigns. (1977—1979)

EDUCATION

Bachelor of Arts, University of Minnesota, degree program combined journalism, broadcast and fine arts; GPA 3.7; graduated 1976.

London Literary Institute, London, England. Studied creative writing, film and photography. (1973—1974)

RELATED EXPERIENCE

SHORTS, An Anthology, Washington, D.C. Published and co-edited volume of poetry and fiction by new Washington writers. (1987)

Research Coordinator, Haifa Project, Haifa, Israel. Developed, implemented and interpreted survey of Arab Christian community in Haifa for Anglican Church. (1970—1972)

Farm Laborer, Kibbutz Zikim, Israel. (1970)

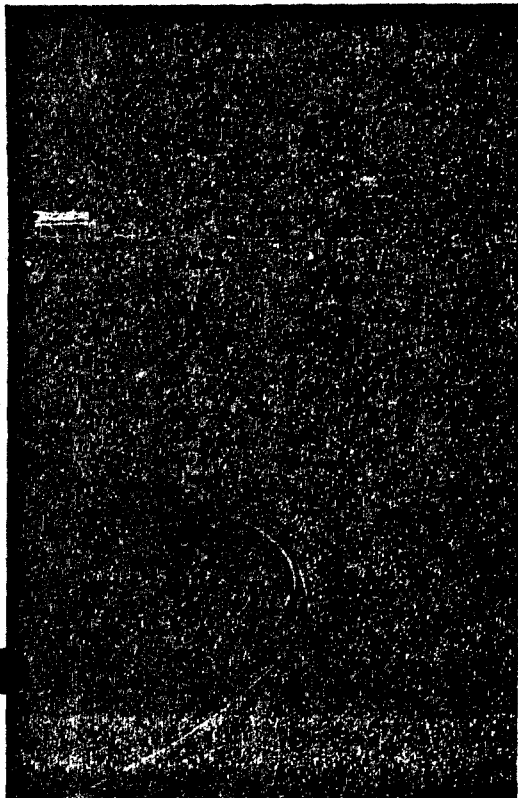
An Abridged History

THEY'RE LIKE FIVE FINGERS reaching out to Virginia. The bridges from the District to Virginia channel visitors and commuters alike through approaches that offer five different perspectives on our multi-faceted neighbor. Whether we are whizzing across the Potomac anticipating the dance of the city or mindlocked in the dolors of daily commuting, we often overlook the tales these bridges have to tell. Each finger points out something unique.

Sure, none are as majestic as the Brooklyn Bridge, nor as delicately beautiful as the Bridge of Sighs; but to be fair, none have displayed the heads of traitors either. Like the city itself, the Potomac River bridges offer five individual views: pastoral, lyrical, innocuous, imperial, and utilitarian. As for the Maryland bridges, that is another story for another time.

KENNETH GARRETT/WOODFIN CAMP

CHAIN BRIDGE IS THE SMALLEST digit of this



five-finger exercise. It is also the oldest bridge to reach into Virginia, although at the time, 1797, the far shore was still part of Pierre L'Enfant's 10-mile square. (Our side of the Potomac was returned to us in 1864.)

The present bridge was built in 1940 and rests securely on foundations of the piers of 1870. Its predecessors, however, were a short-lived lot. The first bridge collapsed after seven years, and its replacement lasted only six months before a freshet swept it away. The third attempt gave its name to all subsequent bridges there. Supported entirely by iron chains, the innovative structure had a wooden deck that gave a disconcertingly rhythmic passage across the river.

Chain Bridge offers a bucolic entrance to this far tip of the District. Although its perpendicular approaches are awkward, few of its 24,000 commuters seem to mind. With thickly wooded banks, Chain Bridge's verdant view provides a glimpse of what Washington might have looked like as a Nineteenth-Century village. Today, it's a bit like coming through the back door.

Key Bridge, representing the ring finger, is the most romantic of the D.C.-Virginia spans, but then it doesn't have much competition.

Just north of the present bridge stood one of the oddest engineering structures ever built. The old Aqueduct Bridge created a waterway over the river for canal barge traffic, beginning in 1833. During the Civil War, it was drained and used for more conventional vehicles.

Key Bridge is a classic in at least one other respect: cost. Designed by Nathan C. Wyeth as a double-deck structure, it was cut back to one deck due to escalating costs. Nevertheless, its final price tag in 1923 still came to a whopping \$2.5 million—twice the original estimate.

Many consider Key's southerly neighbor, Theodore Roosevelt Bridge, a mistake.

Although it offers a dazzling glimpse of monuments and the Kennedy Center, many drivers barely notice the Roosevelt Bridge as they skirt off Interstate 66 over the river into a tangle of exits. A 1955 study indicated that a tunnel would have cost no more than a bridge and would have preserved a considerable amount of shore.

This idea got strong support from citizens groups as well as the National Capital Planning Commission. They were ignored, and today the pioneering conservationist would probably be less than honored by his 1964 namesake.

Like so many other grand ventures, Arlington Memorial Bridge began as a political platitude. President Andrew Jackson gazed over the river and envisioned a bridge symbolizing the tenuous union between North and South.

It was not until the 1920's that plans were seriously considered and then, ironically, it was because of a traffic jam. In 1921, with the nearly completed Lincoln Memorial rising just across the river, the remains of the Unknown Soldier were interred in Arlington Cemetery. The logistics for getting the dignitaries to the cemetery were awkward and the traffic-tied politicians felt prompted to revive plans for a major ceremonial route.

Construction took six years and included steps to the river's edge for arrivals by ship at the "Watergate." Imposing, stolid, self-consciously monumental, Memorial Bridge does not invite a casual nod, it demands a crisp salute. Just within view downstream is the utilitarian thumb of D.C. crossings: the 14th Street Bridge. Originally called Long Bridge, this was the second span to cross the Potomac. Its first major replacement was in 1901 when Congress authorized a railroad and highway bridge at the site. It's now the busiest of the bridges into Washington.

The so-called "Twin Bridges" were built in 1950 and 1962, dedicated respectively to the Revolutionary General Rochambeau, and the Founding Father, George Mason. But such historical footnotes go virtually unnoticed in the clamor of 212,000 vehicles pouring over its spans each day. This is up considerably from 1908, when traffic included 103 automobiles, 543 pedestrians, and 8 equestrians per day.

Although a bridge's function is pretty basic—to keep people from getting wet—it does far more than that alone. Bridges set a stage, frame a view, make a statement. And for Virginians, the bridges into Washington offer a quintet of unique fingerprints.

—M. Owen Korsmo

Editorial

'Litter'ly speaking

The morning was clear and mercifully cooler. Paddy Katzen, accompanied by her boys, and the vivacious Jane Rowe with her little daughter in tow, met as planned at the Rail Stop Restaurant in The Plains.

The ladies were not meeting for a leisurely brunch. They had come prepared to work. In fact, the task wasn't particularly appetizing.

Outfitted with reflector vests and sturdy gloves and masses of plastic bags, these elegant ladies were out, not to collect posies, but to gather trash.

They didn't expect to be alone in their efforts. The word had gone out, and was all but ignored. Publicly and privately, Mrs. Katzen has been lobbying for volunteers to assist her efforts. It's a dirty job, and *nobody* wants to do it.

There was one notable exception. John Adams, chairman of the county's Board of Supervisors, was the lone volunteer to help them in cleaning the roadways.

"The first thing we cleared the streets of was people!" quipped Jane Rowe. Even passersby seemed to avoid them as they proceeded with their thankless task on litter-strewn Route 626.

In this age of groundwater contamination, acid rain and toxic waste, beer-bottle pollution often appears trivial. It isn't. The aesthetic insult, of course, is what most of us react to, particularly in Fauquier where we like to see our country roads strewn with nothing more offensive than wildflowers.

This blight is not cheap to clean up. Virginia annually pays more than \$2 million to clean up the state's roads. Fauquier County alone spends on the average \$23,000 to pick up the careless clutter, and clearly it is not enough.

That's where Mrs. Katzen and her cohorts come in.

These women have a righteous indignation and a messianic zeal when it comes to litter. They are not going to let anything stop them, not even the disappointing apathy of some of their fellow citizens.

But this loyal cadre realizes they simply can't do it alone. It takes troops to battle a foe this ubiquitous. They are approaching it on two strategic fronts: offensive and preventive. They are working to get people involved in helping do what they are more than willing to do themselves. The simple grunt-work: pick up a bottle, a can, a paper plate.

They are not ignoring the cause either. Carelessness and thoughtlessness are difficult enemies to address. The goal is to get people to think before they toss that candy-wrapper. To achieve this, they are creating a promotional campaign that makes this unseemly subject not only approachable, but fun.

These efforts are more than just civically laudable; they are profoundly important. The underlying message is that we must take responsibility for the world in which we live. All of it. Even down to the point of a single cigarette butt.

We do not own this world; it is merely lent to us for a short time and then we must pass it on. Its care and safekeeping are our

On the road, a leafy weekend retreat

They're called "Leafers."

It is a term generally applied to those city folks who drive out through the country and gawk at the autumnal plumage.

I have to admit that I joined their ranks with a weekend in West Virginia.

The destination was an off-season ski resort nestled in the mountains surrounding Canaan Valley which, on the map, looked just a squiggle away from the end point of Interstate 66. This was the first of many misleading assumptions.

Leafing was just the excuse for the weekend. The real attraction was escaping telephones and deadlines; the bonus was the technicolored landscape. Getting away was the point — we just didn't think it was that far away.

In preparation, I considered putting the dog in a kennel, but didn't. He is, I reasoned, another member of the family and one who doesn't deserve imprisonment

just because his master takes to ogling fall's fanfare.

So, packed with hiking boots, dog food and an abbreviated map, we headed westward on a trip I estimated to take an hour and a half, maybe "45 minutes without traffic." It was an embarrassingly optimistic speculation, one that I should have kept to myself. It came back to haunt me frequently over the weekend. Four and a half hours later we numbly crept into our rented condo.

I will maintain to the end that it was the map's fault. Navigation is assumed to be an innate masculine skill. Magellan would not have blamed a faulty sextant. But, as I weakly pointed out, we made it, and coming back will surely be easier.

We discovered that, aside from dog food and fetch-em toys, we were sadly underequipped for the weekend. Just a hint: Top on the list for a West Virginia sojourn needs to be good, strong coffee.



They serve something that is dark and hot and liquid, but its resemblance to coffee stops there.

We didn't even take cameras. To be a genuine Leafer you need to have a Kodak hanging around your neck.

Despite the delays and minor irritants, it was walking in the mountains that we had come for and that didn't disappoint.

The trees were, to use an advertising

term, "pre-peak." The tinges of vermilion, ochre, russet and orange were subtle, set against a background that was still verdant green. I prefer colors this way; the gentle hue, instead of in the strident shrill of full-tilt color.

Coming down a mountainside we saw a doe in a small clearing. She looked up and froze in statuesque elegance. For an instant every sense seemed to be momentarily suspended, time stopped.

It was one of those small miracles of nature, a charged connection that made me take a longer look. Just that. Not much at all when you try to capture it in words, but somehow it made a difference.

The dog scampered around in a confusion of maddening scents and we continued back to the lodge.

Mountain air has the somnolent effects of a lullaby. Or maybe it was the red wine (which came chilled). The combination

certainly produced one of the deepest nights of rest I have had in months.

Refreshed, renewed and fully Leafed, we headed home.

I still maintain that West Virginia maps were made by a drunk cartographer. The same road can have four different numbers. And if you believe the signs, you are actually going two different directions at the same time. I felt as though we had been dropped into a game called "Mountain Maze."

It took six brittle hours to cross the frontier and regain the safe smooth security of I-66.

We were tired and cranky by the time we got home, but I'll always have the satisfying memory of that steadfast doe and her unflinching gaze.

All of which may only prove that the while road to autumn is not a straightforward path, Leafing well is still the best revenge.