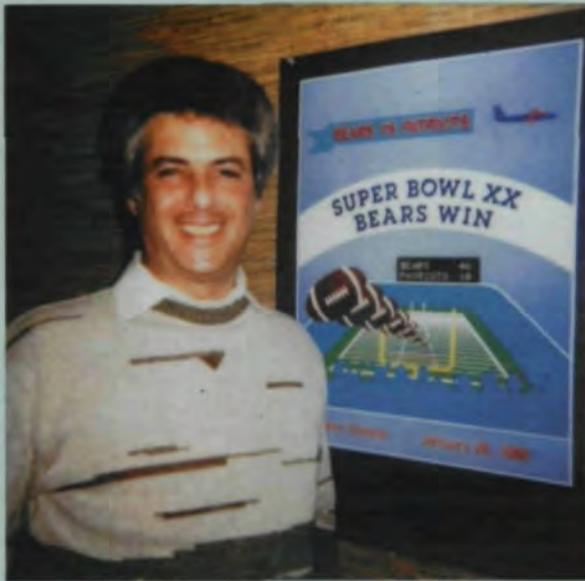


NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



Sitting down to write my comments for this issue, one event filled my thoughts—the transformation and uninhibited euphoria that overcame Chicago, and the whole Midwest, by the Bears reaching and winning the Superbowl.

Chicago, like many cities in the United States, has been battered for the past few years by layoffs, consolidations, plant closings and the resulting unemployment. Life has been hard and times have been rough. Normally at this time of the year, we settle down for the remainder of the cold, dark winter, and utter the motto of all Chicago's sports team fans: "Wait'l next year."

But this year, things were different. At last, this was the "next year" we were waiting for—the year of the Superbowl, and the Superbowl Shuffle. Chicago was ecstatic. Commodity traders, usually under strict dress code, dressed in outrageous Bear costumes. Sir George Solti and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra broke out in "Bear down, Chicago Bears" during one of their concerts and all over the city there was evidence of Bear-mania.

I was a very young man at the championship game in Chicago in 1963, and after a 23 year wait, it was thrilling to be going to my first Superbowl game. The bus trip in New Orleans started the excitement. As we approached the Superdome, we were surrounded by people crying out for extra tickets. The crowds were thick and hawkers were everywhere in a sea of orange and blue. Frankly, it was hard to tell that another team was there. It appeared that this was The Bears' Superbowl. The anticipation and tension in the crowd was enormous, and Superdome itself was an absolute wonder. Everyone seemed to stay at that high pitched state until early in the third quarter. By then, the fans had begun to suspect that the game itself might be anti-climatic to an unbelievable season. Still, triumph was sweet as evidenced by 500,000 Bear fans who lined the streets the next day in a wind chill of 40° below, to welcome their heros home with a tickertape parade.

Few sports teams reflect the character of a city, if not a nation the way the Bears do. They are hard working and tough, looking within themselves for the strength to persevere and prevail, but knowing that having fun has its place. They have a deep faith that if you work hard and have a sharp vision of your goal, you will ultimately succeed—and succeed they did!

Our industry has also been saying "Wait'l next year" for around five years. Maybe, just maybe, 1986 . . .

Michael Goldstein
Michael Goldstein
Editor/Publisher