



Lottery, Page B2
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SEE BREEZE

TODAY: Breezy, variable cloudiness.
High 46-51. Low 32-37.
TOMORROW: Sun, nearly seasonable.
High 46-51. Low 33-38.
HIGH TIDE: 8:05 a.m. 8:44 p.m.
SUNRISE: 5:38 a.m. SUNSET: 6:03 p.m.
FULL REPORT: PAGE B8

Pope sees expanded role for cardinals

O'Malley receives pontiff's new ring

By Michael Paulson
GLOBE STAFF

VATICAN CITY — Giving each of his new cardinals a gold ring that symbolizes their bond to the papacy, Pope Benedict XVI yesterday used an ancient ritual to reinforce a modern point: He intends to rely ever more heavily on cardinals for advice.

The new pope, who in a few weeks will mark the first anniversary of his pontificate, has demonstrated, in words and in action, that he foresees a different, expanded role for the college of cardinals than was obvious under the papacy of his predecessor, Pope John Paul II.

Last Thursday, the day before the consistory at which Benedict elevated Archbishop Sean P. O'Malley of Boston and 14 others to cardinal, the pope invited all 193 cardinals and cardinals-designate to discuss the Catholic Church's posture toward Islam, whether Rome should reconcile with a schismatic group of traditionalists, which role retired bishops should play in the church, and liturgical reform.

Benedict has made it clear he wants the college of cardinals to function, as he said on Feb. 22, as "a sort of Senate around the pope, upon which he relies in carrying out the duties associated with his ministry." He repeated that point on Friday, saying of the college of cardinals, "Its ancient roots, its historical development, and its composition today make it truly a kind of 'Senate,' called to cooperate closely with the Successor of Peter in accomplishing the tasks con-

CARDINALS, Page A12



TONY GENTILE/REUTERS

Sean P. O'Malley of Boston, fourth in line at left, walked with the pope (in back) and new cardinals.

A higher age vowed for teen drivers

Lawmakers plan bill with 17½ minimum

By Raja Mishra and Michael Levenson
GLOBE STAFF

State legislative leaders, saying they were shaken by a spate of highway accidents, are vowing to dramatically toughen state driving laws for teenagers by putting a bill on the governor's desk that would raise the age at which a teenager could receive a license to 17½, among the toughest standards for young drivers in the nation.

The bill, perennially debated and redrafted at the State House, appears to have finally garnered the support needed to make it law, the leaders say, following an outcry from parents, police, and legislators, who say the current minimum age, 16½, allows too many inexperienced and immature drivers onto state roadways.

The statistics are alarming, legislators say. According to the Registry of Motor Vehicles, three out of every 10 Massachusetts drivers age 16 get into serious accidents. Yesterday, House Speaker Salvatore F. DiMasi said lawmakers are preparing to approve the legislation, which is also backed by leading Senate lawmakers, by July 31.

"I believe the focus on this particular issue right now will generate a lot of support in the Legislature," DiMasi said. "I would say by the end of this session we will have a bill on the governor's desk."

Even as they finished drafting the details of the bill last week, several legislators received telephone calls from Julia Rodriguez, who buried her 16-year-old daughter, Amanda Nadeau, last Wednesday after an alcohol-related crash.

TEEN DRIVERS, Page B6

Germany's war children scramble to find their GI fathers

By Colin Nickerson
GLOBE STAFF

BERLIN — They were offspring of romance in the occupation era, born to German women who had flings with American GIs — sometimes for love, sometimes for a moment's passion, and sometimes, in the hardest days immediately after World War II, for a few packs of cigarettes or a pair of nylon stockings.

►Profiles of four who have searched. A10.

Johnny went marching home, often leaving no forwarding address or even a full name. Perhaps unaware of the pregnancy.

His lover was left to face disapproving parents and neighbors. Or a German soldier-husband returning from the front.

The children were known as occupation babies. No one missed the meaning of the euphemism: Occupation bastards.

The unlucky ones were dumped into orphanages, taunted as "little Amis," the not-quite-affectionate term for conquering Yanks. Others were handed off

FATHERS, Page A10



MARK SIMON FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

Herbert Hack of Berlin with a picture of his father, known as Charles (center in small photo), a former US soldier whom he is trying to locate.

US steps up seizures of imported drugs

Warnings sent for prescriptions

By Christopher Rowland
GLOBE STAFF

Thousands of Americans who order prescription drugs from Canada have received written notice that their medications have been seized, part of a US government crackdown on the cross-border discount trade.

►Four tell of struggles with new federal program. E1.

The increase in seizures and the strong legal warnings issued to consumers mark a shift in policy for the Bush administration, which until now has rarely acted against individuals who buy drugs from Canada. The enforcement policy, which began last fall, is

drawing fire from members of Congress.

Nancy Popkin, a Salem resident who has been ordering the osteoporosis treatment Fosamax from Canadian pharmacies for years, was one of those recently targeted. Popkin said she was surprised when, instead of her usual shipment of 12 tablets, she was mailed a form letter accompanied by a flier featuring a snake coiled around a drug bottle.

The notice, from the Department of Homeland Security, US Customs and Border Protection, said her medication had been seized because "virtually all" drugs imported by individuals into the United States are unapproved for consumption here or are dispensed without a valid prescription. The letter cited a federal statute, although there is no penalty

DRUGS, Page A16

Inside Today

SPORTS

Staggering Bruins fire GM O'Connell

With the team well out of the playoff race, Boston pulls the trigger and begins a shake-up by dismissing the general manager after six years at the helm. D1.

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boston.com



TRAVEL After Ivan, an island rebounds

Tourism has regenerated on Grand Cayman Island, which was battered by Hurricane Ivan in 2004. One benefit was a new heap of white sand. M1.

MOVIES

Real Eyeful

The new version of "The Hills Have Eyes" has more going for it than just a lot of gore and bloodshed. The filmmakers have added a dash of politics and a contemporary tone. N9.



Pet owners, insurance firms in dog fight

Bill aims to stop breed 'profiling'

By Sacha Pfeiffer
GLOBE STAFF

Mary Ellis, who has owned Siberian huskies for 25 years, was incensed when her insurer canceled its policy on her Bridgewater home even though, she said, she had never filed a claim and her dogs had never bitten anyone. Ellis was told by Commerce Insurance Company that her five huskies, a breed described by the American Kennel Club as "friendly and gentle," made her a risky customer.

"No matter how you look at it, it's profiling and discrimination,"

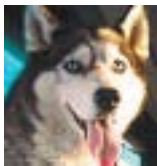
Four breeds that insurers could consider 'risky'



Yorkshire terrier
"Unacceptable" to Commerce Insurance.



Akita
The Andover Companies "likes to avoid" them.



Siberian husky
Liberty Mutual may deny a policy.



Chow
The Hingham Group "steers away" from them.

said Ellis, who breeds and shows 12 huskies at her licensed home kennel, Mishnok Siberians. "It lumps all huskies into one group along with other dogs that people may perceive as vicious . . . but the

decision should fall on whether or not a person is a responsible owner, not on profiling a particular breed."

Now, Ellis and other dog owners

DOGS, Page A15

Germany’s war babies seek their GI fathers

► **FATHERS**
Continued from Page A1

to relatives. But most were raised by a resigned and often deeply reticent mother in a society in which birth out of wedlock remained scandalous. Bearing the illicit child of an American soldier carried even darker shame.

“Times were different, difficult,” said Ute Baur-Timmerbrink, 59, the progeny of a love affair whose secrets her mother took to the grave. “There was an attitude that these girls were sleeping with the enemy and only got what they deserved.”

The occupation children, as they grew older, were told not to ask questions.

“My earliest memory is of wondering, ‘Who is my father?’” said Herbert Hack, 53, son of a young rural woman who fell hard for a good-looking GI. “I would beg my mother for answers, and she’d just say, ‘Ssssh.’ Until finally, when I turned 15, she told me: ‘There was an American soldier. His name was Charles. One night we went dancing . . .’”

That’s usually all these children had: Stories so short that they were barely stories at all.

Now time is ticking out. The occupation babies are middle-aged men and women. Their fathers’ generation is filling obituary pages from Boston to Bakersfield. And some of these GI offspring — or their grandchildren — are seeking fuller versions.

Most hope only to glean enough information to fill in the most glaring blank spaces.

“I want so much to finally put a face to this mystery figure who has loomed over my family without ever being there,” said Simone Mandl, 35, granddaughter of a GI and a married German woman. “He was an American soldier who had an affair with my grandmother while her husband was away at war. Their romance was tragic. Yet I believe she never stopped loving her American.”

But some occupation offspring want more from their missing forebear — formal recognition of paternity, information about genetic disease, even a new identity in their father’s image.

Franz Anthoefer, a 55-year-old cargo pilot, is determined to win one hard inheritance from his father: US citizenship. His obsessive and so-far unsuccessful quest has spanned more than three decades. “I grew up in an orphanage, where they called me ‘little Ami,’ ” he said. “So, OK, this is what I will become: an American for real — an American like my father.”

Best estimates are that 66,000 illegitimate children of GIs and German women were born in American-occupied zones from 1946 to 1956, according to historian Johannes Kleinschmidt, author of a book about US-German “fraternization” issues.

US occupation officials usually could offer little help to distraught German women with swelling bellies trying to track down “Bill from Indiana” or “John Baker, he drove a jeep.”

The tales of these women and their children are distinct from those of the “war brides” — the German women who married their GIs and sailed off to bright, respectable futures in middle-class America.

“They were affairs that had no real possibility of permanence. In some ways, these long-ago loves belong to the past, like the war itself,” Baur-Timmerbrink said. “But they also carry down to the present.”

Simone Mandl

Simone Mandl’s mother, Erika Frey, was born in 1946 in the small city of Heidenheim, in southern Germany. Erika’s mother — and Simone’s grandmother — was Elfriede Frey, who knew little of Erika’s father beyond his name, Arthur Anderson.

“So many years later — my mother is dead, my grandmother is dead,” said Mandl, an architectural drafter who lives with her husband and their 3-year-old boy on the Baltic island of Ruegen. “Yet Arthur Anderson lives, at least in my mind. This man who made love with my grandmother. This man who was my mother’s father. This man whose blood is in my blood and whose face may show in my son’s face.”

Anderson’s Army unit rolled into Heidenheim in 1945, taking up quarters in the Schiller high school, a few blocks from where Elfriede, married to a German infantryman, lived with her eldest daughter. The war was over, but Elfriede’s husband had yet to return from the front. She had not

‘Every day I can remember, I’ve wanted to be my father’s son. This was the dream of my life, finding my father.’

FRANZ ANTHOEFER



ASSOCIATED PRESS FILE PHOTO

Franz Anthoefer, a cargo pilot, by the grave of his father in 1997. The body was exhumed for DNA testing.

‘I still have questions for which there may never be answers. A child should know the touch of her father’s hand.’

UTE BAUR-TIMMERBRINK



MARK SIMON FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

‘My grandmother is dead . . . Yet Arthur Anderson lives, at least in my mind.’

SIMONE MANDL



COLIN NICKERSON/GLOBE STAFF

Simone Mandl of Ruegen, Germany, is seeking her grandfather, Arthur Anderson, a GI based in Heidenheim.

heard from him in a year.

Elfriede may have believed herself a widow; there were so many new widows in that year of grief.

“Or perhaps the loneliness of her life simply became too much,” Mandl said. “She never made excuses. My grandmother said: ‘I met this GI. He was quartered near our house on Paul Strasse. We became involved. Then he went away.’”

After her American left, Elfriede’s other soldier came home from the war to find his wife pregnant. In a fury, he took their 6-year-old daughter away. Neither husband nor eldest daughter ever spoke to Elfriede again.

Mandl’s mother, the occupation baby, was teased and ostracized through her childhood. Elfriede tried to locate Anderson, but had no address, did not know his unit, so finally gave up.

Mandl adored her mother — who succumbed to breast cancer in 1995 — and loved her granny, who died in 1990. Her rustic home is filled with happy family snapshots. Missing is Arthur Anderson: There is no photograph, no

tangible evidence that he even existed. Just the stories. And, as Mandl said, the blood in her veins.

Last year she and her sister, Claudia, started searching for him using the Internet, contacting international trace groups, armed with just a name and her grandmother’s recollections. “Arthur Anderson will be an old man, of course, and perhaps will not want to hear from this total stranger who is his granddaughter,” Mandl said. “If he says, ‘Go away,’ I will give him his peace.”

“But maybe he would want to know he had a daughter in Germany,” she said. “Maybe he would want to know that he has grandchildren who still speak his name. In my heart, I hope he is the sort of man who would care.”

Herbert Hack

Herbert Hack is haunted by the name he never possessed.

At the outset of every school year, each student was required to rise in class and give the name of his mother and father.

“How I dreaded the start of school,” he said. “How I dreaded

saying, ‘I have no father.’ And hearing the laughter.”

There was a father, of course. A good-looker named Charles whose framed photograph stands on Hack’s desk. He served with the Army’s 16th Infantry Regiment, and was based in the Ledward Barracks in Schweinfurt, Germany, in 1952.

“So many details,” said Hack, owner of a small cab company in Berlin. “Only missing are the ones that most matter.”

Like last name, or hometown. Even Charles’s rank is unknown — the dress uniform he wore on the night he met Hack’s mother shows no discernible insignia.

Charles and Johanna Hack met at the traditional February festival in her village of Gochsheim. It was whirlwind love. She was so pretty. He made her laugh. They went dancing one night. They visited her parents on another. There was

one more night together, but Hanna — as Charles would have known her — is shy on the details. At age 75, she still considers him her one great love.

“They planned a fourth date. But Charles never showed,” Hack said. “The Army told my mother he’d been shipped to Korea.”

Hack’s search for his father, begun only recently, has become his life’s main project. “My two daughters are grown. I myself am turning old,” he said. “I feel a need to know my father. I want my father to know he has a son.”

But he admitted ambivalence. “I am also frightened,” he said. “What would I say to this man? I



Ute Baur-Timmerbrink (left) believes she managed to find her father (above), an Austria-based American officer, shortly before he died. But she says that in a letter citing “rights to privacy,” he declined to meet with her.

don’t even speak English. Perhaps I could just give him a hug.”

Ute Baur-Timmerbrink

The few clues Baur-Timmerbrink has to the identity of her father come from family friends and shreds of gossip still told in a small town in Austria. There’s no fairy-tale glitter to the story — her mother seems to have been a party girl, living off the largesse of a lieutenant who served as a US war-crimes investigator in Austria from 1945 to 1946.

Most of her life, Baur-Timmerbrink said, was lived amid lies. The decent German man who raised her as his daughter was not her father. Only after his death — and the death of her mother — did she stumble upon records that showed she was conceived and born while he was a prisoner of war in Yugoslavia. She started tracking the truth with the tenacity of a bloodhound.

“Growing up, I had a strange sense of family secrets,” said Baur-Timmerbrink, a lab technician married to a Berlin lawyer and the mother of two grown sons.

The bare facts are these: Baur-Timmerbrink’s parents, Werner and Friedel

Kruppe, married in 1936. He was a Wehrmacht sergeant and soon off to war. In 1944, with the Soviet Army closing fast on Hitler’s regime, Friedel fled from Germany to Attnang-Puchheim, Austria.

May 1945: Germany surrendered. Friedel stayed put. She and a female friend shared an apartment that seemed fancier than a

pair of jobless young women could afford. Late-night parties blared. The staff car of a US officer was often parked outside come morning.

Werner returned from POW camp in 1947 and reunited with his wife. Baur-Timmerbrink was already born. If there was a blow-up, she never heard of it. The family returned to Germany.

Friedel died in 1974. Werner in 1981. In the following years, Baur-Timmerbrink stumbled upon things that made little sense. Snapshots of herself as an infant that bore English-language markings. She traveled to Austria to seek information about her mother’s life in Attnang-Puchheim. A family acquaintance there gave her a tattered photo of a young US lieutenant — check it out, he said.

But she wavered. Until, seven years ago, on her 52d birthday, she contacted her mother’s former roommate from that long-ago time in Austria.

“She was reluctant: Why must you dig things up?” Baur-Timmerbrink recalled. “Then she told me: ‘Your father was an American officer: I cried and cried what felt like all the tears in the world. Because now I knew I wasn’t who I thought I was.’”

The roommate supplied an address in Lexington, N.C. Baur-Timmerbrink wrote to the former officer, a prominent lawyer and stalwart of the Baptist Church. His written response was cryptic, lawyerly, referring to ‘rights of privacy.’ He died in 2002, leaving two adopted children in the United States.

“I still have questions for which there may never be answers,” Baur-Timmerbrink said. “A child should know the touch of her father’s hand.”

Franz Anthoefer

Franz Anthoefer never doubted he’d find his dad. The quest consumed him from childhood days in a German orphanage; consumed him even after his mother, Babette, found full-time work as a cleaning woman that enabled her to reclaim custody of her son. As a teenager, he obsessively watched American movies, imagining that the dialogue and landscapes provided a connection to the father he never knew.

The romance occurred in 1950 when Babette met an ex-GI named Louis G. Craig. He worked for a US agency assisting the tens of thousands of people still displaced in West Germany. He had an apartment near her family’s home. It was a short affair; Babette was heartbroken when he returned to the United States. Upon realizing she was pregnant, she wrote him care of the agency.

Anthoefer keeps the letter containing Craig’s cold rebuff to his former lover: “I cannot place you in my recollections.”

There must have been a misunderstanding, Anthoefer believes. His father could not have been like that. “Every day I can remember, I’ve wanted to be my father’s son,” said the cargo pilot, who lives with his 85-year-old mother in Bonn. She never married.

In 1971, he followed a paper trail from New York to Washington, D.C., to Weston, W. Va., where Craig had served for years as a notoriously cranky mayor and state legislator. “This was the dream of my life, finding my father,” Anthoefer said.

It turned into the disappointment of his life: Craig had died just weeks earlier, at age 63. Anthoefer later won an exhumation order, undertaken in 1996, that removed a 3-inch section of femur that was shipped off to Brigham Young University for DNA testing. The result: a 99 percent probability that Anthoefer is Craig’s son, according to documents provided by the German.

The US government has refused Anthoefer’s demands for American citizenship, which he regards as his birthright as the son of an American serviceman. But Anthoefer is still fighting, having clearly inherited his father’s stubborn disposition.

In 1997, on a return visit to Weston, he ran for mayor under the name Louis Craig Jr. His visa had expired, however, and he was arrested by US immigration officials before the vote. In federal custody, he staged a hunger strike. He was finally deported, in handcuffs, back to Germany.

“I regard America as literally my fatherland — the country of my father,” he said. “I simply want to come home.”

Petra Krischok of the Globe’s Berlin bureau contributed to this report.