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In Denver, Chaput fought bill on abuse

Phila.'s new archbishop
said the church had been
singled out unfairly.

By Jeremy Roebuck
INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

DENVER — Five years ago, a handful of Colorado legislators sought to make it easier for victims of decades-old sex abuse to sue their tormentors and the organizations that protected them.

The Archdiocese of Denver fought back hard.

The state's Catholic hierarchy — through jeremiads delivered from the pulpit and alliance-building with municipal interest groups and teacher unions — turned an initially popular bill to extend the civil statute of

limitations on sex crimes into something politically toxic. By the end of 2006, the bill was dead on the statehouse floor.

Archbishop Charles J. Chaput, then head of the state's largest archdiocese, stood at the center of that debate.

His vocal opposition made him an enemy to victims' groups, who viewed his political protest as a cunning effort to protect church coffers. But to those who saw their church as under siege from profi-

See **VICTIMS** on A18

■ Bevilacqua should testify if he is able to. **Monica Yant Kinney, B1.**

Teen mobs: A rush for loot and attention

Some youths “try to be all tough until the police come, then they run,” one suspect said.

By Mike Newall,
Allison Steele,
and Miriam Hill
INQUIRER STAFF WRITERS

When the three juveniles arrested in the latest Center City teen mob attacks sat Friday

morning before a judge, two of them, ages 17 and 16, were handcuffed. The third, a pint-size 11-year-old, had his hands clasped before him, unshackled, his wrists too small for cuffs.

A prosecutor read the charges:

aggravated assault, robbery, and riot.

Family Court Judge Kevin Dougherty ordered the three to remain in juvenile detention centers until an Aug. 18 hearing for their roles in the July 29 nighttime attacks near 15th and Walnut Streets in which four

people were beaten and robbed, including a 59-year-old

man who was left unconscious with a fractured skull. A fourth person, Raymond Gatling, 19, was also arrested in the spree and faces a preliminary hearing later this month.

The attacks, the second of their kind in just over a month, have sparked fear, frustration, and concern that the next outburst

See **ATTACKS** on A10

Residents say there's no TGI in this Friday

By Larry King
INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

Welcome to vibrant, historic Doylestown, say backers of the borough's hugely popular First Friday event.

And welcome to hometowners' hell, counters a small but vocal group of residents who want the monthly tradition shut down.

“First Friday reduces downtown Doylestown to a carnival-midway-boardwalk attraction, a virtual parking lot, and a babysitting service,” complains Gary Frazier, 54, a school psychologist and longtime borough resi-



AKIRA SUWA / Staff Photographer

Festooned in balloons is Gavin Cigne, 14, and behind him are Liz Lightkep (left) and Maria Marino, both 15. Some residents complain about teens at First Friday.

dent who last month helped launch the Anti-First Friday Coalition.

His group — about three dozen strong, and growing, Frazier says — claims the 6-year-old event has exploded beyond the town's capacity, drawing thousands of outsiders who make noise,

clog sidewalks and streets, gobble up the locals' parking, and unleash “roving bands of teens” who wander unsupervised.

The backlash saddens organizers, who say First Friday is a fun, family-ori-

See **FIRST** on A18

Afghan copter crash kills 38

2004 North Catholic grad
among those killed on war's
deadliest day for U.S. forces.

By Ray Rivera, Alissa J. Rubin,
and Thom Shanker

NEW YORK TIMES NEWS SERVICE

KABUL, Afghanistan — In the deadliest day for U.S. forces in the nearly decade-long war in Afghanistan, insurgents shot down a Chinook transport helicopter Saturday, killing 30 Americans — including Navy SEAL commandos from the broader unit that killed Osama bin Laden — and eight Afghans, U.S. and Afghan officials said.

The helicopter, on a night-raid mission in the Tangi Valley of Wardak province, to the west of Kabul, was most likely brought down by a rocket-propelled grenade, a coalition official said.

The Taliban claimed responsibility for the attack, and it could hardly have found a more valuable target: U.S. officials said 22 of the dead were Navy SEAL commandos from two special teams, including SEAL Team 6. Other commandos from that team conducted the May raid in Abbottabad, Pakistan, that killed bin Laden. The officials said that those killed Saturday were not involved in the Pakistan mission. The Pentagon was withholding identifications while all families were notified.

CBS3 reported late Saturday that a 2004 North Catholic High School graduate was among those killed. The local news station identified the Navy SEAL as Petty Officer First Class Michael Strange, 25. Strange, who grew up in Northeast Philadelphia, had been a SEAL. See **SEALS** on A4

Inside

■ The crash was a stinging blow to the tight-knit SEAL Team 6 and the coalition led by the United States. **A4.**
■ A list of some of the deadliest Afghan air crashes and a map locating the crash site. **A4.**

WEATHER

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Rough road back for blinded boy, 9

JORGE from A1
year. The city's 26 homicides, counted separately, are up 37 percent.

Jorge, who prefers the Anglo pronunciation "George," was walking home through East Camden to feed his pet parakeets when a bullet sliced through his temple, damaging the optic nerve behind his right eye and exiting through his left.

The alleged assailant, Greg Rawls, 29, who police say was aiming at someone else, was quickly arrested. Rawls, who has served time on drug convictions, is behind bars on second-degree aggravated assault and weapons charges, with bail set at \$450,000.

At Children's, pediatric ophthalmologist William Katowitz remembers the surgical team's conversation as the remnants of Jorge's left eye were removed and a silicone ball placed in its socket.

"We talked about how terrible it is that life can be determined by millimeters," he says. "A millimeter this way and he dies; a millimeter that way, and he keeps his eyes."

Apparently, Jorge turned his head to look behind him when the shooting began, sparing his brain but dooming his sight.

Jorge's loud, loving Puerto Rican family is not unfamiliar with the violence of Camden backstreets. Two of Pintor's brothers have been shot, one fatally. Still, nothing has prepared them for the breathtaking brutality with which Jorge's sight was taken before he began fourth grade. Or for the boy's reaction to the tragedy.

After waking up from several days of heavy sedation, he remembers.

"I was shot," he whispers.

His shocked grandmother blurts out: "No, you weren't shot. Who told you that?"

The next day, he worries about his eyes. "I'm real messed up right now. I can't see nothing," he tells Pintor. She replies, "You got your arms, you got your legs, you got your heart. ... What more do you need?"

The day after brings panic. "Where's my eyes? Where's my eyes? I can't see!"

Initially, doctors had hoped that Jorge might eventually glimpse shadows with the damaged right eye. Before leaving Children's, Jorge requests and gets the truth from Katowitz — that he'll probably never see anything.

Jorge waits until the room is quiet. "Is everybody gone?" he asks Pintor, who says yes. "Mommy, I'm going to be blind!" he weeps in her arms.

Hours later, he is repeating a version of Pintor's mantra: *I got my arms, I got my legs, I got my nose, I got my senses. ...*

Still, Jorge smiles for his adored sister, Yamina Cartagena, 2, who makes everyone nervous by pulling and poking him like her personal teddy bear. Visitors pack his room, including his mother, Isabel Cartagena, who gave Jorge to Pintor to raise, and who has drawn closer since the tragedy.

Pintor, who came to the United States from Puerto Rico as a toddler, says she can't read or write because she was kept out of school to cook and clean. She has diabetes, high blood pressure, and, since a work-related back injury, gets disability benefits.

Jorge has been her eyes, reading for her. He calls himself the "man of the family."

Pintor sleeps beside him every one of the 25 nights he spends in medical facilities. It is she whom Jorge — "Boobie" to family members — calls out for at all hours, day and night.

Even as he shows flashes of the outgoing kid who loved video games, basketball, and rap music, Jorge jumps at every noise and cries with sudden, inexplicable pain in various parts of his body — now his neck, now his foot, now one knee, then the other.

Later, Children's surgeons will cover his silicone eye with a hand-painted plastic replica of a pupil and iris. For now, he is convinced that his eyes make him ugly, that kids will laugh at him.

Shortly after Jorge checks



For the 25 nights Jorge has spent in hospitals, Manuela Pintor has slept beside him. She has raised him from infancy. He has been her eyes, reading for her.

into Weisman Children's Rehabilitation Hospital in Marlton on July 9, a cheerful recreational therapist named Kaylee McGuire meets with him to find out his interests.

When he taps out a beat with objects on the table in front of him, she sees an opening.

"Oooh, do you like music?" Jorge says no, but grins. "Who do you like to listen to?"

The boy asks a sleep-deprived Pintor to answer for him. "He likes Eminems and stuff like that," she says.

Jorge tells McGuire he has a guitar, but Pintor reminds him that sister Yamina stepped on it and now it makes funny noises. "It goes kwaak-kwaak!" says Pintor, and they all laugh.

Can he cook? Pintor remembers Jorge once made eggs.

"Well, listen up," says McGuire. "In the next few weeks,

in recreation therapy, we're going to try out different games and activities and things that you can leave this hospital knowing how to do, OK?"

"But I can't see."

"I know. But that's why you're here. So that you can learn to do things differently and still have things to do that are fun, even though you can't see. Because, guess what: There's a lot of people who can't see."

In the first days of therapy, tears stream from Jorge's useless eyes. Over two weeks, he practices walking up and down stairs and tying his

shoes, and begins to navigate with more confidence. "We taught him to tap into his other senses," says occupational therapist Stefanie Hak.

One day, recalls Weisman social-work director Andrea Van Vreede, he "was walking down the hall, shouting hi to every staffer in other patients' rooms: 'Good morning, Joe! Good morning, Marlese!'" — so attuned to his surroundings that the identifications were flawless.

Her grandson's therapy gives Pintor time to try to secure a ground-floor apartment and attend the July 14

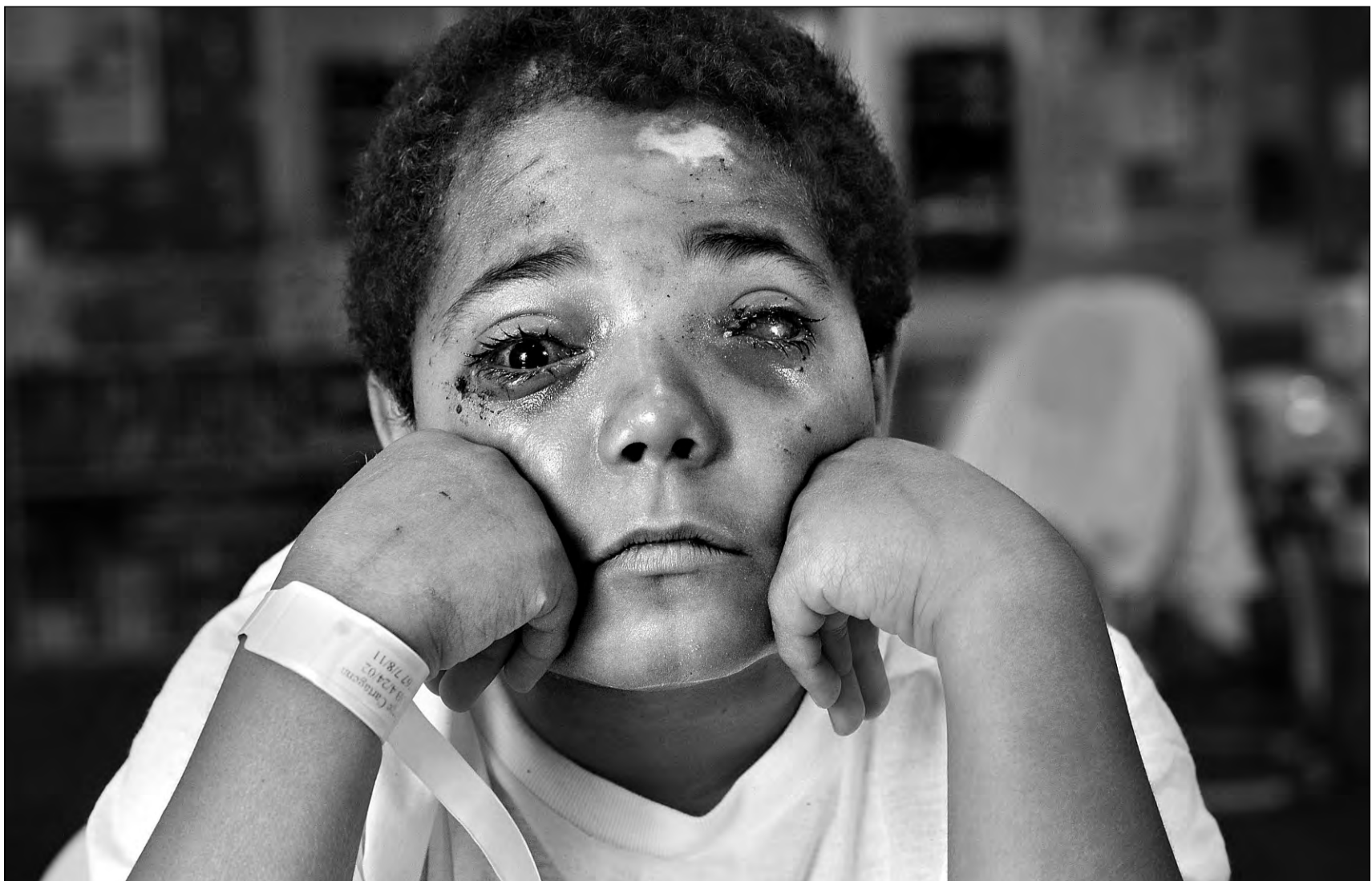
See **JORGE** on A17



In the hospital, Jorge's adored sister, Yamina, 2, makes him smile. He calls himself "George"; his family calls him "Boobie."



Recreational therapist Kaylee McGuire asks Jorge about his interests. "You can learn to do things differently ... even though you can't see."



At Weisman Children's Rehabilitation Hospital in Marlton, Jorge gets therapy. In his left socket is a silicone eye. He clings to the tiny hope his right eye will heal.



A day out of rehab, Jorge, in his dark glasses and baseball cap, ventures out to the neighborhood playground with family members.

JORGE from A16 bail hearing for the man who allegedly blinded her Boobie. The family waits three hours for a glimpse of Rawls and is upset that attempted murder is no longer included in the charges against him. “My baby’s going to pay for this guy’s mistake for the rest of his life,” Pintor says.

Shortly before noon July 21, Pintor is at the Golden Pearl Chinese Restaurant on Admiral Wilson Boulevard buying cigarettes when, according to police, five state troopers ex-

change gunfire with a man they saw robbing the restaurant at gunpoint.

During the firefight, another customer yanks Pintor out of the way as a bullet whizzes past. She goes to her sister’s house to vomit, then returns to Jorge’s side.

The next morning, on the hottest day of 2011 so far, Jorge comes home. Wearing dark glasses and a baseball cap, he climbs the staircase to the sweltering second-story apartment on Benson Street as family members hover.

“My baby’s going to pay for this guy’s mistake for the rest of his life.”

All afternoon, visitors wipe dripping brows with washcloths and jockey for position in front of a box fan.

When a representative from the Camden Board of Education arrives and tells Jorge, who has been bullied, that he will probably attend a school for the blind in Philadelphia,

Jorge asks: “Is it a school where they will beat me up?”

That night, Evelyn Glenn, Jorge’s former youth counselor and now a close friend, brings a small air conditioner for the child’s room, where Pintor will sleep on the floor, next to his bed.

As the days pass, the 9-year-old clings to the tiniest possibility that he may someday see something — anything — as his right eye heals.

At the same time, he stops chastising his family for cursing and is himself swearing so much that they take him to church.

“Jorge,” Pintor sighs, “you are a grouchy old man.”

At night, Pintor hears her grandson pray. “He say, ‘God, can you make me a miracle? I don’t want to be blind.’”

Cindy Fine, nursing director at Weisman, says she would be shocked “if Jorge had accepted it by now. ... I know spinal-injured guys who still harbor the hope of walking. You never give up hope.”

Jorge has had his first encounters with braille and with using a cane, and the Camden School District is evaluating him for placement, possibly at the Overbrook School for the Blind in Philadelphia.

“He’s in for significant relearning,” starting with daily activities, said Gerald Kitzhofer, director of the Overbrook

About This Story

Four days after Jorge Cartagena was blinded by a bullet in Camden, staff photographer April Saul met the 9-year-old in the pediatric intensive-care unit at Children’s Hospital of Philadelphia. For the next month, she visited nearly every day, reporting and photographing milestones in his journey from hospital to rehab to home.

School. “Imagine putting toothpaste on a toothbrush without seeing,” he said. “Another thing is travel skills. He’ll have to depend on people to move safely, then learn to move independently, unable to see obstacles.”

His great-aunt Elizabeth Del Valle, a home health-care aide, will be helping him. Glenn and a therapist will work with him on psychological issues.

Twenty-six days after the shooting, Jorge is visiting his great-aunt and -uncle and young cousins when he announces he wants to go to a neighborhood playground. It will be his first real walk on the streets of Camden, and the excitement in the room is, as Pintor would say, “off the hook.” The adults reassure themselves: This is a relatively safe neighborhood — not where Boobie got shot.

As the sun sets, the entourage moves slowly up the sidewalk, with Aunt Elizabeth Del Valle guiding Jorge’s right arm while Jorge uses his left to pour a bottle of water over the head of cousin Gaby Del Valle, as the child ducks, weaves, and laughs.

At the park, Jorge clammers up the slide as Pintor screams warnings at the boy until she’s hoarse. Once down, he raises his arms triumphantly and goes back for more. The third time, he hands his hat and dark glasses to Gaby before sliding into the darkness.

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An angry Jorge covers his ears. His frustrated grandmother calls him “a grouchy old man.”



Jorge at a Camden water park. Says the director of the Overbrook School for the Blind in Phila.: “He’s in for significant relearning.”



Not far from where he was shot in East Camden, Jorge, his cousins watching, learns to use a cane with the help of Karen Markey of the N.J. Commission for the Blind and Visually Impaired.