

Gladstone

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returned.

“Here we have the city writing out tickets for the barbecue, citing code that doesn’t make any sense, and we are fully licensed,” Antoine says. “Meanwhile we have a psycho coming over here and calling us ‘nigger this’ and ‘nigger-lover that’ and telling us he’s going to kill us – and the police do nothing,” Antoine said.

“We have spent so much time dealing with this; it’s like a drain on our time and our finances.

“And we keep coming back to — why?”

A sprawling, rural suburb 12 miles south of Portland, Gladstone’s public struggles along racial lines have been making headlines for years.

Two years ago a Haitian preteen’s family filed a federal Civil Rights lawsuit alleging extreme racial harassment at Kraxberger Middle School in Gladstone.

Before that, the Asbury Auto Group, which had owned Thomason Toyota of Gladstone, was sued by four African American employees who alleged rampant racial harassment on the job.

The plaintiffs – Marcus Arnold, Carlos Barfield, Jahael Hardy and Kent

Paul – were awarded about \$2 million each after a jury decided they had been subjected to a hostile work environment that included jokes about using the back door, racial epithets and other racist remarks by managers and fellow salespeople, according to a Skanner News story that appeared in late 2008.

Richardson has kept a journal of incidents, as well as a box of documents, photos, video and printed-out emails outlining the strange story of a tiny deli drawing extreme scrutiny to its

repeated citations from Gladstone officials particularly troubling.

“If it happened since we put up the barbecue, then I would understand,” Antoine says. “But it was just all of a sudden, out of nowhere, we have this nice scene with lots of customers, and great food, and – wham, they’re trying to shut us down.”

Frustrated, Antoine says, he hand-drew signboards reading ‘we shall overcome,’ and marched up and down the street outside the deli on Martin Luther King day.

The tort claim details how their efforts to mediate with the city over the first ticket were rebuffed and their installation of hardware to limit the smoke emitted by the barbecue, in October, was ignored.

In fact, copies of the tickets reviewed by The Skanner News show the code enforcement officer has the address wrong; the alleged violations technically have been issued to a cigarette shop next door, which is heaped with junk both in front and in back.

The Richardsons say they have never received any written notices mailed by the city regarding court dates or hearings, which they assume have been delivered to the cigarette shop but not passed on by the owner.

Copies of the tickets reviewed by The Skanner News show the code enforcement officer has the address wrong

meat smoker – but little help staving off a violent stalker who ultimately slashed their tires and inflicted more than \$1,000 worth of damage to the barbecue.

The Richardsons have documented the repeated visits to their business by the Health Department, Oregon Liquor Control Commission, the fire marshal, patrol officers and more. In some cases, Richardson says, even the inspectors have voiced support for their operations, which makes the



Tim Antoine, left, and his cousin Scott Richardson, right, at the Arlington Mart in Gladstone

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aggressive.”

Ironically, Harris was hired on Martin Luther King Day.

In a short amount of time, he became one of the paper’s most popular writers for his willingness to tackle controversial topics.

By his junior year, he was promoted to Opinion Editor.

As he has ascended to the top of the Emerald staff, Harris says he couldn’t have picked a better time to be editor-in-chief.

He says the Emerald’s coverage of the firing of former UO President Richard Lariviere was a testament to the change in the culture of the paper.

“When something big like that happened, our newsroom was right in the middle of everyone else, throwing in new pieces of information, seriously contributing to the narrative,” says Harris.

He says a man who used to work at the

Oregonian even wrote him, saying the Emerald’s coverage was just as good or better than Oregon’s major news organizations.

Harris is most proud of his staff.

He glows when talking about one of his writers who recently broke a story that the Associated Students of University of Oregon (ASUO) Vice President was married to the former chair of OSPIRG, a consumer group that lobbies on campus.

Although there is little diversity on the Emerald staff, Harris says he’s never experienced a hostile work environment

Harris also makes sure to credit the Emerald’s publisher Ryan Frank for making him more professional and teaching him the subtleties of the industry.

The result has been overwhelmingly positive feedback since he took over as editor. Readers tell him the paper has improved visually. The Emerald has also expanded into live streaming and now tweets updates throughout the day.

“Now we have good weeks as opposed to good days,” says Harris. “Everyone’s working towards the point where they can say, ‘the Emerald made me professional.’”

Although there is little diversity on the Emerald staff, Harris says he’s never experienced a hostile work environment. If anything, he says most of the hostility comes from the comment sections on the Emerald website.

In response to an opinion piece Harris did on racial profiling, one reader who went by the name of “tyree=troublemaker” said, “I suggest growing up, tyree and quit trying to bring everybody down with your editorial pieces who you don’t agree with or happens

to tell you to quit talking out of turn.”

Throughout talking with Harris, it’s hard not to notice that he stays attached to either his keyboard or the mixer on his computer.

When he’s not pulling strings behind the scenes at the Emerald, he’s constantly working on music.

His background as a musician has also contributed to the change in culture at the paper. The Emerald is currently working on a documentary on hip-hop culture in Eugene.

Harris doesn’t think the paper would pursue this kind of project if he wasn’t in charge.

He recently released a mixtape entitled “Space Run,” but says there are no projects currently planned because his first priority is journalism.

“If you miss a beat everyone knows,” says Harris. “I’m a representative of everything that goes right and wrong in the newsroom.”

Read the Oregon Daily Emerald online at <http://dailyemerald.com/>.

Murder

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friends, was shot seven months ago, in the early hours of June 26, 2011. The father of three had just left Seznin’s Bar and Grill on 82nd Avenue, where he had been at a 21st birthday party for his nephew, Lamar Hill.

Outside the bar, Hill and another man exchanged harsh words. Irving urged calm and walked his nephew across the street. But before they could get into his minivan and leave, four gunshots hit Irving in the back. Hill was hit once in the neck.

L.J. Irving died at the scene. It was just two weeks before his 35th birthday. His children Zaryn, Ke’hon and Leonard Jr., were just 5, 7 and 8 years old.

Another 21-year-old man, Jeray Lashawn

Jessie, 21, took himself to the Emergency Room, and was treated for a shotgun wound to the forearm.

“I tell my folks my son died a hero,” she says, “because he was protecting his family. Even though I wish he hadn’t, I have to respect what he did.”

Several people witnessed the shootings, but nobody has summoned the courage to step up and say so in court. Mashia calls on the families and friends of those witnesses to help them do the right thing.

“People in this community have the wrong idea about snitching,” she says. “People have it confused. Snitching is when you get a lighter sentence for turning in

somebody else. But when you see someone do a cold-blooded murder and tell the truth? That is justice. That is being a citizen. That is your responsibility.”

Recently Mashia heard that one of the two men she believes killed her son was out drinking and partying with two women. That pushes her to the edge, she says.

“It’s really hard. How does he get to do that and my son will never be able to do that. There’s a part of me that wishes we were in the Wild West and I could take it into my own hands to make sure his murderers pay for their crime,” she said.

Instead she holds tight to what matters most: taking care of her grandchildren and

her family; and urging those with influence over the witnesses to help bring the killers to justice.

“My son was just a likeable guy,” she says. “People talked to him because he was nonjudgmental.”

“He spent as much time with his kids as he could,” Mashia says.

“He had all four kids with him all the time. That’s why he got the van.”

Now those children are hurting, she says. One child is struggling with his anger, another has clammed up.

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