

Angel Whispers



Gino & Carl

On the morning of April 3rd, 2008, an angel whispered I should give Clinton Galloway a call. When I heard his voice, I knew something was seriously wrong, and I sensed what it was.

Dr. Carl A. Galloway, who had been battling leukemia for 15 years, was in the hospital. Within the hour, I was out the door driving to be by his side in Los Angeles. It was the longest trip of my life.



An angel leading the way whispered more than once to pull over and dry the memories from my eyes.

ROCK CONCERT DAYS

Clinton first introduced me to Carl on May 31st, 1975, at the Apollo-Lunar Rock-it Festival. The three of us, along with brothers Glen, Tommy, Elliot, and sister Lois, traveled many roads.



Rock Concert Days (circa 1975) from left: Glen Galloway, Gene Forte, Clinton Galloway

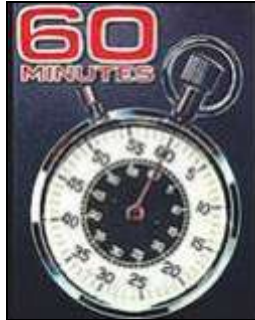
There was a special connection between Carl and I. Carl said it scared the hell out of

him. I called it cosmic. At critical moments, we were always at each other's side.

THE DAYS OF 60 MINUTES

When Dan Rather on *60 Minutes* wrongly linked Carl to a fraudulent medical clinic, I was with Carl.

Carl gave *60 Minutes* a whooping that they never recovered from. I'm proud to say I was at his side to help.



RECKLESS DISREGARD

An investigative reporter exposes a clinic for writing illegal prescriptions and wrongly links an innocent doctor to the crime—who responds with a libel suit.



Synopsis: Based largely on the 1983 trial in Los Angeles of Dr. Carl A. Galloway against both CBS and Dan Rather, following a Rather report on "60 Minutes" linking Galloway with a pill-dispensing clinic, this fictional account (filmed in Toronto) parallels the case to a great extent, pitting a small-time lawyer (Tess Harper) against a smug television journalist (Leslie Nielsen), claiming "Reckless Disregard" for the truth and reputation of a slandered doctor. (Credit: All Movie Info)

Before I became known as *The Man from Badger Flats*, Rather called me *The Mystery Man from Washington*. Every morning of a long trial, I would walk by Carl's side through the courthouse as we tried to dodge the hoard of media. One day, his attorney Bruce Friedman shoved me to the side so he could stand front and center to pose for the cameras.

If Carl's looks could've killed, Friedman would have dropped on the spot. Carl pulled me next to him as we both turned our backs to the cameras. Friedman was none too happy when I showed Carl how Friedman sold him out to CBS from day one.

In the movie *Reckless Disregard*, I was gender changed and morphed into

an attorney (supposedly Friedman) played by Tess Harper. Showtime's fictionalized movie *Reckless Disregard* doesn't come anywhere near the truth.

For nearly 25 years, I have kept secret the story of Rather's heinous acts due to Carl's health. Carl didn't need the added torment of being dragged in and out of court.

Carl had served his tour of duty to reign in CBS from maligning citizens' good names under the guise of Freedom of the Press/Media. Ask yourselves, why should the media be protected from knowingly telling lies to boost their ratings? Carl fought through the torment of being slandered.

It's now time for Clinton and I to tend to some unfinished business.

FAMILY DAYS

Carl, with his loving wife, Esperanza, raised some of the finest children parents could hope for. I held each one of them as babies. I am their Uncle Gino. Funny thing, no one has ever called me Gino except Carl and his kids.



Left to right: Clinton, Andrea, Uncle Gino, Christie, Anthony, Esperanza, and Brian.

Andrea the oldest is somewhere out on a very special ship protecting our country. Carl once told me that if we knew its location or mission, she'd have to kill us. Beautiful, charming, and with eyes that sparkle and say, "Don't mess with me, you don't know what I know," she reminds me much of Carl.

Anthony, the second oldest, is a producer for NBC/Dateline. Carl and I knew Anthony was different when in
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2nd grade he decided to start wearing ties and starched shirts to school.

Carl's favorite story revealing Anthony's adherence to rules at a young age was his testing "The Pizza-At-Your-Door-In-30-Minutes-Or-It's-On-Us" guarantee. Anthony would order the pizza with a stop watch in hand and then run and position himself next to the door peering out the window. It wasn't one of the Pizza guys favorite drops. The gleefulness on Anthony's face when the guy was a minute late was bliss to see.



The Crew: Brian driving, Christie, shotgun, Anthony and Andrea being chauffeured with Mama Espie telling when to be home.

Brian, second to youngest, is an inspiring pianist, composing and doing professional studio work in Hollywood. Carl, an accomplished lyricist in his own rite, composed music pieces with Brian, one of which brought tears to my eyes.

Christina (a.k.a. Christie) is and forever will be the baby of the family. Christie is already making noticeable waves in the fashion industry. A talking and walking living doll describes Christie.

No doubt, due to the love, care, and life examples set by Carl and Esperanza in dealing with adversity, Christie, like her other siblings, will leave their special mark on this world.

DAYS OF BEING MUSCLED

When Reverend Hamel Brookins and the late Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley tried to muscle their way into a minority owned cable company, Preferred Communications, Inc. headed by Carl and Clinton, I was there. The battle raged for nearly 15 years.



Bishop Brookins (left) and the late Mayor Tom Bradley (right). A lovelier pair of scoundrels you will never meet.

It turned into a landmark Supreme Court case finding that the way cities granted cable franchises was unconstitutional and violated First Amendment Rights.

U.S. District Court Judge Consuelo Marshall cut off the financial repercussions for the City of Los Angeles while covering for Bradley and his band of thieves, awarded \$1.00 in damages for the violation of Carl and Clintons' Freedom of Speech.

If not for the brain power and sacrifices of Carl, citizens would be shoveled even more propoganda by an elite chosen few who could easier buy off the likes of Bradley and Brookins.

DAYS OF LEVIN

The angel whispered remembrances of some very colorful characters Carl brought into my life such as Mr. Ron Levin.



Levin approached Carl and a group of black doctors to pitch some incredibly lucrative business deals that seemed just too good to be true.

Carl asked me to be by his side while Levin explained the details to him over a very casual dinner at Levin's posh Beverly Hills home.

At the dinner table was Ms. Janet Factor, heir to the Max Factor fortune, and a Mr. Bernie Cornfield.

Seeing Bernie calmly sipping an expensive Merlot with us only blocks away from the Beverly Hills Police Department cued me to have my antennae up.

I was pretty sure INTERPOL was looking for Bernie and a partner of his, Robert Vesco. Vesco and Bernie were



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The Galloway Brothers (from left): Glen (Nubbs), Tommy (Brüh), Gene (Gino), Clinton (The Birdman), Elliot (Gorgeous George) and Mr. Ted Egans, a long time and dapper friend of the Galloway clan. Not pictured, Dr. Carl A. Galloway.



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the masterminds of the biggest investor rip off of the 70's called Investors Overseas Service, Ltd.



Robert Vesco (left), Bernie Cornfield (right): The good Bishop Brookins and the late ex-Mayor Tom Bradley would have their pockets picked clean before they knew what hit them by these charming, but nefarious enterprising gents.

As the wine poured on, Levin made his pitch with a cherry on top. He pulled from his \$100,000 designer desk a million bucks in bearer bonds to guarantee the money. The pitch was fascinating but pure fantasy. Levin had a hypnotic quality that would practically get you to throw money into a deal even if you knew it was a con.



I looked at Levin and said, "No offense Ron, but you're running a scam. The coupons to the bonds have been already pulled. They're worthless!" Ron paused for a second then grinned and said nonchalantly, "Yep, well that one didn't work!"

Undaunted, Levin then said, "Well, I have another deal I want to run by you guys that's totally legit!" Carl and I sat back and listened some more. It wasn't legit. But, Levin's charisma got us to listen.

About a month later, Carl and I were being picked up by Levin's limousine.



After a short ride and some good Scotch, we were sitting in the living room of a very close and personal friend of Levin's — Float like a butterfly and sting like a bee, Muhammad Ali. But, that is another story.

Over the years, Carl and I often wondered what really became of Levin.

Ron was the dubious founder of "The Billionaire's Boys Club." News accounts reported he was murdered, though his body was never found. Carl and I never bought it.



SOULMATE NIGHT

Carl was by my side one evening when I said a prayer asking for my soul mate. He joked about it. A few minutes later, I told him what he had written on a piece of paper before he came over. Carl, as he would say, gave his best impression of Jesse Owens and flew out the door.

Within the hour, I met Eileen, my wife of over 20 years. I told a gathering of Carls' friends that what he told Eileen when he first met her summed him up....



Gino's Wedding Party (from left): Minako Nakano, Julie Shieh (maid of honor), Eileen, Gino, Clinton (best man) and Manuel Texeira.

"If I knew he was marrying you I would have come to the wedding."

SCOTCH & POKER



An angel whispered that Carl would appreciate a fine bottle of his favorite Scotch more than flowers. Then, lo and behold, in my path was a BevMo. I bought the best bottle of Scotch they had.

hospital room, I put on my best poker face. Next to his bed were Brian, Christie, Anthony, Esperanza, and an old friend of the family, Gwyn. Andrea was still in route from some unknown ocean. Clinton was in Marina del Rey tending to some emergency preparations. The rest of the Galloway family was in route from New York.



When Carl's eyes met mine, I felt us both breathe a sigh of relief. Carl was an avid reader of The Badger. He was also my trusted consigliere concerning that "One Wild n' Crazy African American Guy, Mayor Tommy Jones."

I grinned at Carl, held up the bottle of Scotch, winked and said, "Hey, I happened to be in the area for a Klan meeting so I thought, what the hell! I might as well stop by and say hello!" Carl nodded and faintly smiled back.

(Note to Wild n' Crazy Guy Jones: I wasn't really at a Klan meeting! See Panel of March 19th, 2008 Council Meeting.)



With formalities aside, I poured a round to toast my dear friend. I eased the glass to his nose for a whiff and touched a Scotch soaked sponge to his lips. You could see his eyes sparkle.



Gene & Eileen Forte, Kim Weiss & Clinton.

As I opened the door to Carl's

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Carl asked his family to leave the room. The children and Esperanza went home for well needed rest leaving Carl under my watch.

THE LAST HOURS



I spent the last hours making Carl as comfortable as possible. Fluffing his pillow, massaging his arms, and dampening his lips with Scotch.

A one sided conversation took place as Carl only looked and listened. I thanked him for entrusting me to be by his side and I knew why.

You see, Carl loved his baby brother Clinton more than you could know. Both Carl and I had discussed that Clinton was the absolute worst at handling death.

Over the past 15 years, Clinton had always vigilantly tended to Carl and his family each time he was in the hospital. Always knowing, but never totally accepting, that one day Carl would not come home.

Carl was a selfless caring physician that saved more than one patient's life.



Carl empathized with their pain and gave love and understanding. No way was Carl going to leave this earth without making sure I was at Clinton's side.

As I held Carl's hand as he drew his last peaceful breath, I kissed his forehead and whispered that I loved him. I told him I felt his Daddy taking his hand from mine. I assured him that through me, all of his family and friends were with him, and they loved him.



A few minutes later Clinton entered the room. I handed him a ready glass of Scotch for a final toast to our brother, friend, and sincerely a great man.

BY OUR SIDE

As we left the room I hung back to let Clinton walk alone joining him in the elevator. When the elevator opened, I stayed back as he walked out of the hospital and into the crisp open night air.

After trailing behind for a few moments more, I heard an angel shout, "Gino, he needs you by his side!"



I then realized the angel traveling with me, warning me to be careful, and having me buy the most expensive bottle of Scotch in the joint for him was Carl.

I know now that walking alongside Clinton, the members of the Galloway Family, myself, and all those that loved Carl and who he loved back, is an Angel with an Attitude...Carl (carefully balancing a fine Scotch on the rocks in one hand).

See you later, Carl!



The Galloways plus one (from left): Gino, Tommy, Lois, Clinton, Glen, and Elliot.

EPILOGUE

On the eve of Carl's passing, Clinton and I laughed harder than we had in years talking about Carl.

We fell asleep on the floor like a couple of little kids.



That night, I had vivid dreams of Carl standing atop a huge white horse riding through the surf at Pismo Beach where he frequently visited me.

I would yell to Carl, "I didn't know you knew how to ride?" Carl would yell back smiling, "I don't!" and then throw himself into the breaking waves and getting right back up on the horse. Some of Carl's ashes were spread in Pismo. THE END



Old friends of Carl's (from left): Mr. Russ Grisanti, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Wright. Not pictured due to diligently tending to the kitchen like an Italian, Ms. Donna Grisanti.

Dr. Carl A. Galloway
1947 - 2008

Introduction
Pastor Richardson Honoré

Scriptural Reading
Pastor Richardson Honoré
Galatians 3:22

Piano Recital
Brian Galloway
"Imagine"
Written by Carl Galloway and Brian Galloway

Remembrance Speakers
Clinton Galloway
Gene Forté
Glen Galloway
1 Corinthians 11

Eulogy
Anthony Galloway

Closing Prayer
Pastor Richardson Honoré

Audio-Visual Presentation
"Imagine"
Recording by Willie Norwood and Brian Galloway

Repas to follow at Petre Brothers immediately following memorial service
Donations can be made to UCLA Jonsson Cancer Center Foundation

The piano recital by Brian was beautiful. The eulogy by Anthony touching. The words by Clinton heartfelt and Glen's profound.