



REUTERS FILE

Prince performs during the halftime show of Super Bowl XLI in 2007.

Examiner: Prince died of accidental opioid overdose

BY FIONA ORTIZ AND SUZANNAH GONZALES
REUTERS

CHICAGO — Music superstar Prince, who was found dead in his home in a Minneapolis suburb in late April, died of an accidental, self-administered overdose of an opioid painkiller, the county medical examiner said in a death report on Thursday.

The Midwest Medical Examiner's Office in Anoka County, Minnesota, had been investigating the 57-year-old singer's death since he was discovered in an elevator in his home and studio on April 21.

"The decedent self-administered fentanyl," the medical examiner's report said, listing cause of death as "fentanyl toxicity" and noting it was accidental.

The investigation into Prince's death has centered on painkillers after prescription opioid medication was found at the scene and after reports he had been struggling with an addiction and had been scheduled to meet with a doctor who specializes in treating dependency.

Fentanyl is a highly addictive opiate that is more powerful than morphine and is used to treat patients

with severe pain, often after surgeries. It took weeks for officials to release the cause of death because they were waiting for the results of toxicity tests.

The Minneapolis Star Tribune said it was not clear whether fentanyl had been prescribed to Prince and if so, which doctor prescribed it.

Fentanyl is often sold illegally and the U.S. Centers for Disease Control has said that rising drug overdose deaths in the United States are linked to increased use of illicitly manufactured fentanyl.

The local prosecutor, Carver County Attorney Mark Metz, said the county sheriff's office continues to investigate Prince's death, assisted by federal authorities, but at this point has not handed over the results of the probe to prosecutors.

"They will be looking at many different things," Metz told Reuters by telephone.

Prince, whose full name was Prince Rogers Nelson, did not leave a will, and his multimillion-dollar estate including royalties from his more than 30 albums is being handled by a court. The songwriter's hits include "Purple Rain" and "When Doves Cry."

PepsiCo hero in cola war with Coke dies

BY STEPHEN MILLER
BLOOMBERG

Roger Enrico, who as chief executive officer of PepsiCo Inc. used a sponsorship deal with Michael Jackson to nearly pull even in the marketplace with Coca-Cola, has died. He was 71.

He died on June 1, according to the Wall Street Journal, which didn't identify the source of its information. His death occurred while snorkeling in the Cayman Islands, where he had a residence, the Cayman Compass reported, citing local police.

Prior to leading the Purchase, New York-based company as CEO, Enrico was head of its Pepsi-Cola USA division and oversaw a marketing strategy that positioned the soft-drink maker as "the choice of a new generation." The campaign, beginning in 1983, helped spook Coca-Cola Co. into changing the formula for its market-leading product. The 1985 introduction of "New Coke" is often cited as one of the great marketing blunders of all time.

"After 87 years of going at it eyeball to eyeball, the other guy just blinked," Enrico wrote at the time in a memo to his staff.

"Roger Enrico was, quite simply, one of the most creative marketers of his or any generation," Indra Nooyi, PepsiCo CEO said June 2 in an emailed statement. "He was a risk-taker, never afraid to challenge the status quo or make bold moves to get ahead."

With PepsiCo for most of his career, Enrico got his start in 1971 as an associate brand manager for Funyuns, an onion-flavor snack, in the company's Frito-Lay division, according to a 1998 article in Beverage World.

At different times, he led each of PepsiCo's three major units, Frito-Lay, Pepsi-Cola, and restaurants,

which included Pizza Hut, Taco Bell and KFC.

As PepsiCo CEO, Enrico restructured the company to focus on beverages and snacks. He spun off the restaurants into Tricon Global Restaurants, now called Yum Brands Inc., and engineered a spinoff of the bottling business in 1999. Enrico acquired the fruit-drink maker Tropicana Products Inc. from Seagram Co. In 2000, he announced the \$13.4 billion acquisition of Quaker Oats Co., producer of Gatorade, which was completed the following year.

Roger A. Enrico was born Nov. 11, 1944, in Chisholm, Minnesota, according to Marquis Who's Who. As a teenager he worked at an independent bottling plant washing bottles and putting on labels. Later he sold pots and pans door to door, according to a 1985 profile in the Chicago Tribune.

In 1965, he received a bachelor's degree in finance from Babson College in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

He had an early job at General Mills Inc., served in the U.S. Navy, and then returned to General Mills as assistant brand manager for Wheaties.

At Frito-Lay he moved from Funyuns to Cheetos to marketing director for all the company's corn snacks. Later, as head of Pepsi-Cola, he persuaded Burger King to switch from selling Coca-Cola to Pepsi in its fast-food chain. By 1985, Pepsi led Coke in retail sales, while Coke held on to its lead with restaurant and vending-machine distribution included.

Enrico was PepsiCo chief from 1996 to 2001. He was chairman of DreamWorks Animation SKG Inc. from its inception as a public company in 2004 to 2012.

Enrico's survivors include his wife, the former Rosemary Margo, and their son, Aaron.

A museum for everything

Umbrella covers in Maine to Civil War battles depicted with cats

BY KAREN HELLER
THE WASHINGTON POST

GETTYSBURG, Pennsylvania — In September, in the shadow of the historic battlefield here, twins Rebecca and Ruth Brown opened Civil War Tails, possibly America's most whimsical war museum.

Their collection of scale-model battle dioramas includes Fort Sumter, the Battle of the Ironclads and their masterpiece, four years in the making, Pickett's Charge, 1,900 cat soldiers in all.

Yes, cats, an inch or smaller, each one lovingly sculpted in clay by the 32-year-old sisters, then baked in a 225-degree oven. The choice of figurine was born of necessity more than devotion, although the sisters like cats plenty.

"We just don't make clay people as well as cats," Rebecca Brown said.

But they were determined to have a museum. It had been their dream since they were suburban Philadelphia middle-schoolers and fell in love with history and the War Between the States. They imagined a time when they could open a museum in Gettysburg to share their passion with others.

Their museum is certainly unique, but in the desire to create it, they are far from alone.

America is often depicted as a buffet of fast food and disposable culture, the shiny and new. But this also is a nation besotted with history, collecting and museums.

We have far more museums than other countries, somewhere between 28,000 and 35,000, depending on which museum organization is counting. (Most likely, we have more museum organizations, too.) This is more than double the number since the 1990s, according to the Institute of Museum and Library Services.

And the list doesn't include the opening last year of the Broad museum in Los Angeles, the new Whitney in Manhattan, and Ralph Nader's American Museum of Tort Law (because, apparently, we didn't have one yet) in Winsted, Connecticut.

This year is like the Museum of the Month Club.

The Met Breuer opened in March in the former Whitney. Last month, the National Blues Museum blew into St. Louis. Come fall, Washington, with its mall of museums, will add the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of African American History and Culture, a dozen years in the planning.

But our museumphoria is not fueled solely by the prosperous and the powerful.

In the land of opportunity, anyone can become a curator, and any home a gallery.

For every Met Breuer, there's an institution such as the Kansas Barbed Wire Museum. An East Harlem garbage depot is home to the Treasures in the Trash collection, 50,000 found objects — Tamagochis, Furbies, 8-track tapes — curated by New York sanitation engineer Nelson Molina.

Off the coast of Maine, patrons can visit the Umbrella



BDN FILE

Nancy 3. Hoffman runs the umbrella cover museum on Peaks Island off the Maine coast.

Cover Museum. Not the umbrellas, just the covers.

Every president has a museum. William Henry Harrison, president for precisely one month, has two: the presidential site in Indianapolis and Grouseland, his home in Vincennes, Indiana, when he was governor of the territory. Elvis has Graceland; Harrison has Grouseland.

There is, it seems, a museum for everything. And also a Museum of Everything. Literally. Based in Britain with a branch in Rotterdam and pop-up installations throughout Europe. (Volunteered to visit. Boss: Uh, no.)

What's behind this exhibitionistic zeal? Not to get too esoteric, but we are a nation that excels at saving stuff.

"The growth in museums comes from nostalgia, nerds and natural collectors," said Marjorie Schwarzer, who teaches museum studies at the University of San Francisco. "Most people can't collect a Renoir, but they can collect old hammers."

Indeed, there is a Hammer Museum — not to be confused with L.A.'s Armand Hammer Museum — in southeast Alaska.

"People amass all this stuff," Schwarzer said. "Where are they going to put it?"

Most museums fall into one of two categories, according to Elizabeth Merritt of the American Alliance of Museums. She is the originator of the theory of omphalic museum classification or, in the vernacular, "How Museums are Like Belly Buttons," a post she wrote for the website of the Center for the Future of Museums, of which she is a vice president.

"Outies," she notes, "feed a need in the community, like children's museums."

There has been a bonanza of children's museums since baby boomers started breeding and looking for ways to stimulate their wee ones intellectually, while avoiding being dragged to the 232nd Pokemon movie.

"Innies," Merritt writes, are "often created by enthusiasts who are sure that other people will appreciate their passion once it is shared in the form of a museum."

Schwarzer labels these "foamer museums," as in foaming at the mouth in their

enthusiasm.

Among her favorites is the Umbrella Cover Museum on Maine's Peaks Island, which has a collection of 730 and counting. She is fond of the mission statement by founder Nancy 3. Hoffman, the digit not a typo: "The Umbrella Cover Museum is dedicated to the appreciation of the mundane in everyday life. It is about finding wonder and beauty in the simplest of things, and about knowing that there is always a story behind the cover."

Hoffman began collecting extra sleeves discarded by friends and tacking them up alongside anecdotal stories about who owned them and where they'd been used. And in 1996, she established the museum to hold them all.

Civil War Tails is a pronounced Innie, based on the twins' indefatigable zeal for the Civil War and their total recall of intricate military strategy and the lengthy biographies of countless cats, er, officers and infantrymen.

"We want to reach the younger generation," said Ruth Brown, a lawyer by day.

Rebecca Brown works as a waitress at a nearby hotel restaurant so she can man the museum.

"If they don't get the history bug, they'll get the art bug," Ruth Brown said.

Or, failing that, "We'll get the crazy cat people," she added.

In the mid-19th century, America was home to few museums. The Smithsonian opened in 1855, launched by a British scientist's collection.

The museum building boom started in the late 19th century — New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art was founded in 1870, the Art Institute of Chicago nine years later — and was a byproduct of the robber barons' generosity and ego, a gift of gilt for the multitudes.

Tax laws favor rich folks transforming their private collections and their homes into charitable exercises, but deep pockets aren't necessary to open a museum.

The Brown sisters created their collection at minimal cost, through years of effort, beginning at age 13. So far, they've completed 50 dioramas.

With family help, they

bought a former girls' orphanage dormitory in Gettysburg, where they live above the two-room museum. The required annual amusement license is \$50.

Their largest expenses were making the building wheelchair-accessible and buying souvenirs (T-shirts, display domes for model cats) for the gift shelf.

Building an audience, however, can take time.

In February, the Browns hosted 45 adults (tickets \$6.50) and 10 kids (\$5). There were days when no one visited. The sisters will not get rich on this project, but they're doing something they love.

The growth in museums is unlikely to stop, although a few do close, such as Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art and the National Museum of Crime and Punishment.

Some regional institutions in areas hard hit by the 2008 financial crisis, such as the Fresno Metropolitan Museum of Art & Science, have been shuttered because of a lack of funding. And small museums, "Innies" founded by "foamers," close because of limited interest or the creators' inability to continue.

In general, however, "we're only going to have more" museums, Schwarzer said. As the baby boomers age, where is their stuff going to go?

"There's the food truck phenomenon of museums," she said, meaning not literally trucks — although, who knows, there may be some — but that anyone with enough pluck and enthusiasm can start a museum. "We have more stuff, the entrepreneurial drive and the freedom to play around."

Despite the quiet winter, the Browns remain undaunted.

They hope that the summer, with the July anniversary of the battle, will bloom with visitors.

The sisters are working on the latest diorama, the Battle of Little Round Top, the second day of Gettysburg.

Rebecca Brown creates Confederate soldiers, while Ruth Brown constructs the Union forces.

One thousand cats made; 4,000 to go.

BDN writer Seth Koenig contributed to this report.

Cellphones, cancer and a health scare

BY FAYE FLAM
BLOOMBERG

The latest study supposedly linking cellphone radiation to cancer was meant to serve the public good. But its effect on the public has been bad. The \$25 million government-funded experiment produced confusion and scary headlines, but little in the way of useful information — beyond perhaps an indication of where the science publicity machine is broken.

This wasn't necessarily a case of bad science. The researchers, from the National Toxicology Program, subjected one group of rats to high doses of radiation of a frequency similar to that emitted by cellphones. Following accepted protocol, they compared the radiation-exposed rats to a control group. The pathologists looking for cancer didn't know which animals came from which group.

But last week, the scientists released partial, unpub-

lished results in a rush, suggesting some public health urgency. They claimed to have identified a link between the radiation and a type of brain cancer called a glioma as well as a nonmalignant growth called a schwannoma. Adding fuel to their health scare, they offered up sound bites such as "breakthrough" and "game changer."

Only after the first round of scary headlines did critics get a chance to explain why the result was statistically weak, riddled with unanswered questions and somewhat implausible.

It's not clear why scientists are carrying out these studies in the first place. There's no compelling theoretical or empirical reason to suspect that cellphone use has anything to do with cancer. Otis Brawley, chief medical officer for the American Cancer Society, said investigations of possible links are done because people are interested in the

question. That interest, he said goes back to 1990, when Republican political strategist Lee Atwater was diagnosed with a deadly brain tumor at the age of 39. He was dead the next year.

At the time, Brawley said, some people noted that Atwater had been an early adopter of cellphones, though the reality is that brain cancer occasionally strikes all kinds of people with no apparent risk factors. Adding to the shock over Atwater's fate was confusion about the term radiation, which scientists use to describe everything from radio waves to what comes out of a light bulb to the deadly emanations from the Chernobyl nuclear power plant. X-rays and gamma rays do cause cancer by damaging DNA, and ultraviolet light can damage DNA in skin, but lower-energy radiation such as microwaves and radio waves would have to cause cancer some other way.

Brawley said dozens of studies have been done to

test the safety of cellphones. The bulk of evidence to date suggests they are safe to use except for their role in car, bike and pedestrian accidents. Despite the explosion of cellphone use over the last decades, the overall rate of brain cancer has remained flat, he said.

There's some disagreement over whether it's even physically or biologically possible for cellphone radiation to cause cancer. Chris Adami, a professor of physics and microbiology at Michigan State University, said it's remotely possible that cellphone radiation could have some biological effect by heating fat and protein molecules, just as a microwave oven uses low-frequency waves to cook food. But there's no known mechanism by which heating would lead to cancer in rats or people, he said, so the researchers should have set a very high bar of evidence before they announced a threat to public health.