



HUMAN INTEREST

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Kid pizza maestro offers slice of life



Atlanta, Georgia -- No pizza maestro worth his sauce will reveal his secrets. Not even if he's 9 and hoisting up his apron so he doesn't trip on it. "I'm going to have to know you better," Johnny Di Palma says with a smile, as he sprinkles ingredients onto freshly tossed dough. "And if I tell you, I'll have to kill you." It's a Wednesday evening and the third-grader is where he usually comes after school -- Antico Pizza, the dream-come-true business established by his father, Giovanni Di Palma. The father/son duo moved

from New York two years ago to start a unique pizza place, one that would reflect their family's Italian roots. Four months ago, the restaurant on the west side of Atlanta, Georgia, opened its doors. In the large open kitchen, where patrons crowd to eat over large metal worktables, Johnny is at home. He does his schoolwork -- math is his favorite subject -- in the restaurant office. But otherwise he's working the crowd in his signature newsboy-style hat, tossing and stretching dough (a skill he began developing at age 4) and making grown women swoon. "He wanted to know if this was my first time here," a 32-year-old woman gushes, her hand over her heart. "Oh, he's so cute." Asked where he was born, Johnny, sporting a red kerchief around his neck, is quick to say Italy. But his father, standing within earshot, shakes his head and laughs. "He thinks he was," Di Palma, 45, mutters. "Little Italy," in New York, "is more like it." Along one wall are the imported mixers and sacks of San Felice flour from Naples, where Giovanni Di Palma's grandparents came from and where the family pizza-making tradition began. On the opposite side of the kitchen are three handcrafted ovens -- weighing in at 30,000 pounds -- that heat up to more than 1,000 degrees and bake a pizza to perfection in 60 seconds. Combining ancient Santa Maria brick with beds of volcanic rock from Mount Vesuvio and Sorrento stone, only seven of these Acunto Napoli ovens exist in the United States, Di Palma says. He has three of them. ([Video](#))

She's offering women an upstanding opportunity



GoGirl boasts that its reusable, soft-silicone funnel can help women avoid sitting on dirty toilet seats or squatting in the woods. The boss at GoGirl, a female urinary device firm that lets girls stand with the boys, projects sales of about 1 million units this year. After Sarah Dillon sold about 2,000 of her "GoGirls" every day of last summer's Minnesota State Fair, a friend offered that Dillon was a threat to become the "Betty Crocker of the 'pee business.'" That remains to be seen. To be sure, Dillon, who two years ago was an at-home Hopkins mom and part-time market researcher, is building a business that she expects will sell 1 million of the urination devices to female customers this year who want to avoid dirty toilet seats and squatting in the woods. "Men

have been able to use the world as their bathroom," quipped Dillon. "Today's active women go off to war, deer hunting, fishing, running and bicycling, but when we go to the bathroom we have to undress. I mean, who really wants to drop their pants in a Porta-Potty? "A GoGirl enables a woman to stand up and to be as discreet as a man." A GoGirl is a reusable, soft-silicone device with a short funnel that, after a little practice for most women, seals to their body and enables them to pee without sitting or squatting. My colleague Kristin Tillotson, more eloquent than I, has referred to it as a product that "brings the sexes one step closer to true equality. Just ask any girl who's ever grimaced and bared it at a truck stop toilet or fairground outhouse."

He Clips Hair, Not Conversation



VAILS GATE, N.Y. — For something like the 300th time, Mike Jaffe settled into Anthony Mancinelli's chair on a recent Saturday for another haircut and another conversation. The two men talked about some of the usual things, the weather, happenings around town, while Mr. Jaffe got his usual — a little off the back and a neat trim of his sideburns. It was the kind of easy banter between any barber and longtime customer. And Mr. Mancinelli has certainly had many such customers. He

started cutting hair when Calvin Coolidge was in the White House. He was 12. The people at the Guinness Book of World Records who concern themselves with such things have proclaimed Mr. Mancinelli, who turns 99 on March 2, the world's oldest barber. "When I started, a haircut and shave cost you two bits — a quarter," Mr. Mancinelli told Mr. Jaffe, who has been a customer for 25 years. "A while later, it was 25 cents for a haircut and 15 cents extra for a shave." Now, a haircut from Mr. Mancinelli costs \$12 and, his repeat customers say, his fingers are just as nimble.

'Vette Set: An Artist's Dream Collection Relocates



New York -- AS I carried the recyclables from my Brooklyn apartment to the building's basement garage one recent Sunday morning, I noticed that my Corvettes were gone. All 36 of them. The cars, I should make clear, were not actually mine, in that they did not belong to me in the legal sense. But they had been stored in my apartment building's garage for years, and over time I'd become a bit possessive. When friends came to visit, I'd show off

the collection, pointing out the early models as my personal favorites. Although the cars were a spectacular thing to find in such an unlikely location, they looked dingy. The tires were flat. The convertible tops sagged. They were layered in dust so thick that cat prints were clearly visible from 20 feet. In the grime obscuring the rear windows, someone had written the year of each car — '53, '54, '55 — a complete set of Chevrolet Corvettes all the way up to 1989. What a shame, my friends usually said; someone ought to be taking care of those cars. Maybe, my father told me, you could talk to the owner — see if he'd let you care for them. Typing "Brooklyn" and "Corvettes" into Google quickly pointed me to the cars' back story: they were the prize in a contest sponsored by VH1, the cable music channel, in 1989. The contest awarded the whole lot to one winner, Dennis Amodeo, a carpenter from Long Island. Mr. Amodeo might have won the Corvettes, but he didn't own them for long. Before taking delivery, he sold all 36 to Peter Max, the Pop Art icon, who bought the collection for an art project. When the project was back-burnered, the cars were stored in several locations around New York City before arriving in the garage of my building.

Dramatic photo of baby hanging out window of burning Bronx apartment



New York -- Here is the dramatic picture of a 7-month-old girl being dangled precariously out the fifth-floor window of a burning Bronx apartment on Monday. The photo, taken by neighbor Maya Tucker, shows how close to death little Zaniwah Alexandra came before firefighters scaled ladders to save her. Zaniwah's cousin, Vanessa Scott, 18, told the Daily News she held the baby out the window so she could breathe. "I slid the baby through the [child guard] bars," said Scott, who suffered smoke inhalation in the 2 p.m. blaze at the Pelham Parkway Houses that started in a closet.

"There was just smoke everywhere and flames. I couldn't get anywhere except for the window," she said. "You couldn't see anything." Firefighters scaled a ladder to pluck Zaniwah from the window and save Scott and eight other relatives, including Zaniwah's mother and 2-year-old sister, from the blaze. Zaniwah's father, Michel Alexandra, survived by jumping from a window.