



CHAPTER 1

Provocateur 333

His hair is the silver of wealth. He walks with a gait that shows both confidence and vulnerability, the latter of which was held over from adolescence. As a child, David had no perceivable talents, and growing up in the Elizabeth, New Jersey, public housing projects doesn't provide much self-esteem. His frail frame was overshadowed by a noticeable limp. "Hey, Scarecrow!" was a routine dig shouted as he waited for the bus each morning. Poverty, crime, and ridicule can make for a most difficult environment. A "self-made" millionaire today, David almost always refuses to share childhood memories, except for one story.

It was early January 1957. David, along with other kids in the housing projects, prepared for school. It had been snowing for three days with three more days forecast. As an only child to a widowed mother, David felt he got more love than most kids his age, but he needed more than love on days like this. He needed warm clothes.

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