

fied himself to a neighborhood resident as a "caretaker" at the developmental center and then scolded her for walking her dog on the center's grounds. When she replied that she cleans up after her dog, he asked her if she also cleaned up after walking her dog in the woods. He suggested that she walk her dog where she resided. He complained that it taken him 15 minutes to clean dog excrement from his bicycle's wheels.

He is the same man who showed teen-age friends his "home" in the woods at the developmental center and encouraged one to climb a tree with him so he could recover possessions from the roof of a nearby building.

He is the same man who authorities said was usually seen riding a bicycle and deliberately sought to be hit by a bus or a car in the hope of bringing a lawsuit or getting a settlement from an insurance company.

He is believed to have survived on public assistance and maintained a post office box in the

main Post Office in Castleton Corners to get his mail.

He is a prolific writer and has done oil paintings, on occasion reportedly exhibiting them at the annual outdoor art shows on the fence at Snug Harbor Cultural Center. He has worked as a house painter and a sign painter, reportedly excelling in the latter. For nearly two years, beginning in 1966, he had worked as a physical therapy aide at the developmental center before submitting his resignation.

He is known to have only a small group of close friends, homeless people like himself, perhaps two or three. He also has made at least casual friendships with supermarket workers and others.

Often he would stop at lunch during his daily meanderings about the Island for a free meal at the Salvation Army branch in Port Richmond as he rode about on his bicycle.

His father died when he was 14 and his mother was reported to have suffered a nervous break-

down. He lived with an aunt when he enlisted in the Army in 1962, serving for two years, including a month in a paratroop unit. He was honorably discharged. He never left the United States. He then moved to Staten Island, living with his mother and aunt. He never married.

The man had been known as Frank Rushan, but in 1979 he had his name legally changed to Andre Rand, the name by which he is known today.

As with every individual, there are many facets to Andre Rand, of which this attempt at a profile contains some.

It remained for an observer in the Supreme Court to perhaps best describe what has befallen Rand. While questioning, as many have during the trial, the quality of the evidence presented against Rand, the speaker took a hard look at Rand's austere, rugged face and remarked, expressing an opinion shared by many: "Even if he didn't kidnap the girl, he should be convicted if only because he looks like he might have done it."

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