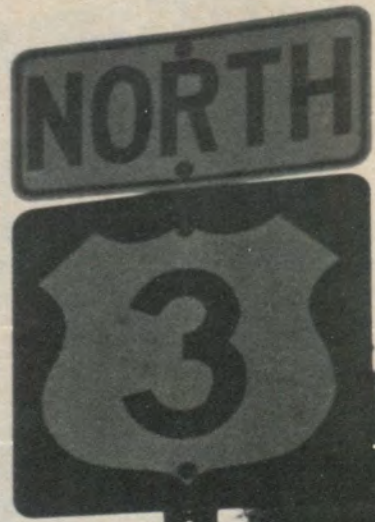
A black and white photograph of a man in a suit standing on a paved road. He is looking towards the camera. The background shows a line of trees under a clear sky. The man is wearing a light-colored suit jacket, a dark tie, and dark trousers. His shadow is cast on the road to his left.

boston

The Man Who Wants to Steal Massachusetts

Business and industry are fleeing the commonwealth for New Hampshire at an alarming rate, lured by low taxes and a dynamic real-estate developer with a golden handshake

Exclusive report by John Sedgwick



Sam Tamposi pulls his flaming-red Buick Park Avenue, complete with skylight, automatic everything, and vanity plate ST, alongside the mounds of black earth displaced by his latest corporate facility, a massive concrete structure that covers the equivalent of four football fields in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Tamposi, who likes to keep close tabs on all his projects, leaps out of the sedan, gray hair tossing in the wind, to survey the monstrous yellow bulldozers gnawing away at the land, the piles of huge radiators ready to be hoisted into place by helicopter, the gangs of workmen hauling cement and pipe. "Just a big erector set," he says.

To the largest real-estate developer in New Hampshire, maybe, this construction is just another plaything in his toy chest of acqui-



Sign of the times: A New Hampshire location (such as this Digital facility outside Nashua) is a big attraction. A given salary translates into more real money in New Hampshire than in Massachusetts.

The Flight North

Among the major Massachusetts companies that have moved or expanded to New Hampshire in the past seven years are the following (together with the number of employees projected at the time of relocation):

Digital Equipment Corporation(1976)	1,850	Systems Circuit Corporation	50
Digital Equipment Corporation(1975)	1,000	Visidyne	50
Celloplastics	300	Continental Can Company	40
Data General Corporation	300	W. H. Nichols Company	40
American Optical Company	250	Norton Company	40
Converse Rubber Company	250	Plasto Manufacturing Company	40
Advent Corporation	200	Stowe-Woodward	40
Rani-Marons of N.H. (now shut down)	200	Boston Felt Company	35
Atkins and Merrill Electroluminescent Devices	150	J. W. Greer Company	35
Cambridge Thermionics Corporation	150	Novel Iron Works	35
Donnelly Manufacturing Company	150	Simonds Investment Castings	35
Gerrity Lumber Company	125	Worcester Controls Corporation (now shut down)	35
Post Machinery Company	100	General Tire & Rubber Company	30
Power Electronics	100	Harris Yachts Company (now shut down)	30
Reed & Prince Manufacturing	100	Publishers Press	30
Architectural Power System (now shut down)	85	Saphikon Division Tyco Labs	30
Eastern Mountain Sports	75	Tyco Laboratories	30
Franklin Apparel Manufacturing Company	75	Berkeley Glass Laboratory (now shut down)	25
Goodman Box Company	75	Cape Cod Originals	25
Ideal Tape Company	75	Courier Corporation	25
International Shoe Machinery	75	Foss Manufacturing Company	25
Itek Graphic Products	75	Gilchrist Metal Fabricating Company	25
Mass Machine & Stamping Company	75	Henry Hanger Display Fixtures Company	25
National Power Products	75	Port-Poly	25
New England Transformer	75	Trans Scan Industries Corporation	25
Parker & Harper of N.H.	75	Wescor Corporation	25
Spray Engineering Company	75	Yankee Barn Homes	25
Watts Regulator	70	Atlantic Associates	20
AthCo	60	Cirteck	20
Upaco Adhesives	60	Itek Corporation (now shut down)	20
D. G. O'Brien Company	50	Vibrac Corporation	20
Dooner Laboratories	50	Wands	20
H & M Metals	50	Protective Materials	19
Neilsen Molding Design Company	50	Berlin Sportswear Company	16
Norton Company	50	Advanced Circuit Technology	15
Standard G.F.T.	50	Polytex Company (now shut down)	15
Standex	50	Rontex America	15
		H. F. Staples & Company	15

Figures provided by the New Hampshire Department of Resources and Economic Development.

sitions. But to the people of Massachusetts, it is something more serious: six hundred jobs and uncounted dollars in tax money. For this Portsmouth site is the new home of the Advent Corporation, the projection-TV and speaker company that made headlines this winter when it announced plans to abandon a tumble-down plant in Cambridgeport and hop over the border. And all it took to get Advent into New Hampshire was a handshake from Sam Tamposi.

A lesser developer might worry about the security of a \$4 million deal conducted *mano a mano* rather than in a lawyer's office; but that's the way Sam Tamposi does business. With Advent, he never wrote out a contract, never asked them to sign on the dotted line. A handshake is enough for him; a man's word is his bond. The Advent people still can't get over it. "In this day and age," marvels Advent vice-president Ed Cobb, "that sort of thing is hard to believe." But it shouldn't be anymore. After all, a Tamposi handshake clinched the deal with New Hampshire's Public Service Company when it bought a spot in Seabrook for its billion-dollar nuclear-power facility. And the deals with Digital, Anheuser Busch, Raytheon, Coca-Cola, New England Telephone, J. F. McElwain, and a host of other companies—many of them originally based in Massachusetts—that have come to appreciate the charms of New Hampshire. If Advent reneged on the Portsmouth plant, Tamposi says, "I could always fill the damn thing up."

This is no idle boast. Many Massachusetts companies would like nothing better than to get a piece of the Granite State. Since 1965, 192 Massachusetts companies have either removed to New Hampshire entirely, as Advent did, or branched out there. And while the loss of any industry would be a blow, Massachusetts is losing companies on which its economic future rests: the fast-growing high-technology firms encircling Boston along Route 128. With 23 percent annual increases in sales, earnings, and employment, they make up the principal growth industry in the state.

These companies are fleeing Massachusetts for reasons that, contrary to what many suppose, have little to do with corporate tax breaks or a large nonunion labor force. In order to survive in their rapidly changing field, the high-tech outfits must be constantly advancing the state of the art; if IBM, for example, with its awesome marketing capability, beats them to a breakthrough, it could be curtains for the specialty firms. And to remain competitive, they must attract—and hold on to—high-level technical talent from MIT and Harvard, the university communities that generated them in the first place, and from computer centers like California's Silicon Valley.

Trouble is, a Massachusetts location is a liability in recruitment. A New Hamp-

(Continued on page 119)

Stealing Massachusetts

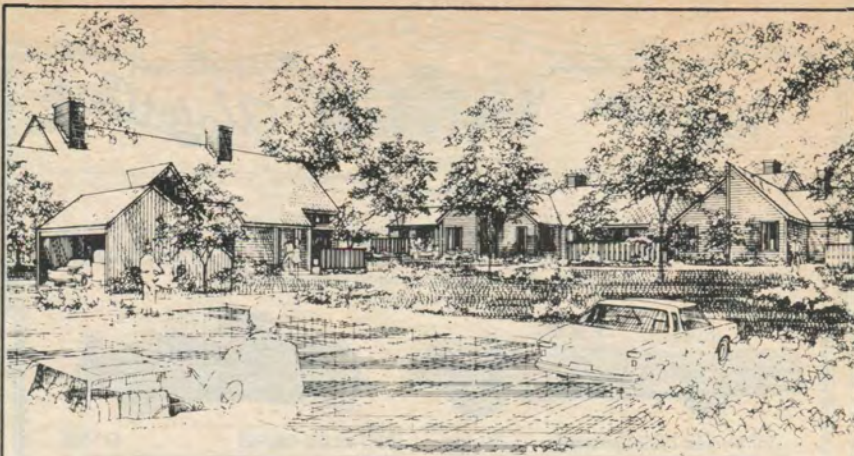
(Continued from page 90)

shire one, on the contrary, is a big attraction. Individual taxes are so high here that personal income is worth at least 20 percent less in Massachusetts than in New Hampshire, with its fabled no-tax policy (no income tax, no sales tax, low property tax). A given salary translates into more real money in New Hampshire than in Massachusetts, enabling a New Hampshire employer to get a higher-caliber worker without paying any more. Says Data General vice-president Brad Stroup, whose computer company just expanded north of the border: "Offer a guy from another state a job in Massachusetts and he'll say no. Offer him the same job in New Hampshire and he'll say yes every time."

The consequences of this corporate exodus could be dire for the commonwealth. As Brad Stroup says, "If Massachusetts doesn't change its ways, the state will end up one giant antique shop." Shut-down and start-up costs being so high, the Route 128 businesses would rather fight than switch states. So, they have begun to press the state government into action: in November, 1977, they formed the Massachusetts High Technology Council, a lobby for individual tax relief. And in the fall of 1978, they put their considerable support behind the pro-business gubernatorial candidate, Edward J. King. As governor, King has so far rewarded the council with only lip service, but the intangibles—what the executives call the "favorable climate for business" under King—are at least reassuring. Early in King's administration, the governor and the council entered into a "social contract," in which the high-tech businesses pledged to create a total of 150,000 new jobs by the end of 1982 in exchange for King's promise to bring taxes (17.7 percent of personal income) closer to the average in seventeen comparable states (around 15.9 percent).

It may be too late. Bay Staters, beguiled by the hard line against taxes, have been moving to New Hampshire in such numbers that the state's population, since 1960, has grown faster than that of any other state east of the Rockies except Florida. New Hampshire's industrial growth, meanwhile, has kept pace to give the state the second-lowest unemployment rate in the country. Its once-moribund single-industry economy—consisting mostly of textile manufacturers—has transformed into a widely diversified one, thanks to the corporate immigrants from Massachusetts. Little wonder that Governor King's secretary of economic affairs, George Kariotis, refers to New Hampshire, only half-jokingly, as "the enemy."

There is more to this tremendous growth, though, than low taxes. There is, for example, the old-fashioned attitude still vital in New Hampshire that what is



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good for business is good for society. As Meldrim Thomson, the state's former governor, liked to say, "New Hampshire is the way America used to be." And corny as this may sound, it's true to a certain extent. In New Hampshire people really do profess belief in the work ethic, the profit motive, self-reliance, a square deal. And no one better illustrates this belief than the man who has almost single-handedly delivered more than a quarter of the state's new companies in the last twenty years, the man now scampering across the Portsmouth mud in his rubber-soled shoes: Sam Tamposi.

Monopoly

Or, "Where the hell else can they go?"

"I run a vest-pocket operation," says Tamposi. His pocket may be as capacious as the coffers of a medium-sized bank, but it is a fact that while other New Hampshire developers have thousands of employees, Tamposi's staff is limited to him, his accountant, and his secretary. His office is situated under the eaves of a homey, two-story brick building with pale-blue shutters in downtown Nashua. It is not a place that he ever stays in for too long at a time.

Tamposi spends most of his workday cruising the state in his Park Avenue, looking at land, making deals, keeping track of new construction, and checking in occasionally with his secretary by two-way radio. He is a man constantly on the go. "Energetic" is the word everyone uses to describe him. He sleeps barely five hours a night, and even then, he keeps a notebook by his bed to write down all the ideas that come to him. Self-improvement is a thing with him. He used to lisp, for example, until one day when he was still a kid, he told his friend Sid ("Thid") that he was going to stop. And he did. The words still get tangled as they fly out sometimes, and as he talks, his eyes dart about, looking for—what? A terrific deal?

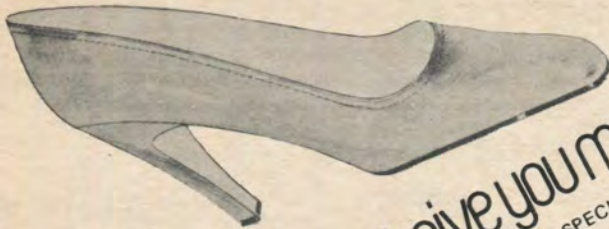
Today, Tamposi is concentrating on the deals he has already made—though he did perk up during lunch at a small restaurant when a man in a plaid shirt came up to him and suggested a deal on a piece of land. As Tamposi steers the Park Avenue toward Merrimack, where he'll see how one of his industrial parks is progressing, he notices that the speedometer has drifted toward eighty. But he's not too worried about getting a ticket.

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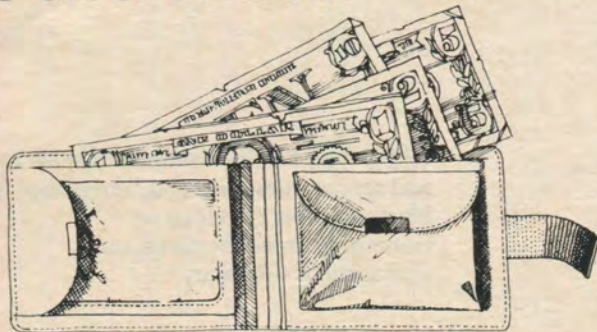
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One thing he learned in the two Dale Carnegie courses he took back when he was a vacuum-cleaner salesman was how to get his way with cops. "When they pull me over," he explains, "I just say to them, 'Officer, I had *no idea* I was going so fast.'" The implausibility—and triteness—of the excuse sinks in, and Tamposi adds, "Well, it works for me, anyway." After Merrimack, Sam whips over to look at a shopping-center project in Durham, and then it's back to check out some holdings in Nashua. By midafternoon, he is back in his office, glancing at his phone messages.

For all his nervous energy, Sam Tamposi owes his success to his patience, as a sign in his office testifies: "The way to get rich is with your ass. Buy land and sit on it." Although Tamposi is much happier off his duff than on it, that is pretty much what he's done in his business life: bought and sat. Of course, he's been careful about what he has bought, making sure that the site has firm soil and is (or will be) near a highway intersection in a well-populated area. Back in the fifties, many people predicted that Eisenhower's interstate-highway system would bring growth to New Hampshire, but Tamposi was one of the few who did anything about it—namely, buy land. He figured that companies would come to him eventually. They did and they still do, more than 150 in all, with Advent being the most recent. Having heard from a friend in the stereo-speaker business that Advent was searching for a new home, Tamposi knew the company would be calling him before long. "When we own all the land," he asks, "where the hell else can they go?"

New Hampshire state planners have a few suggestions about where they could go. Tamposi's success is driving them crazy. For the region he has developed most densely—an area bounded by Nashua, Manchester, and Salem known locally as the Golden Triangle—makes up only 4 percent of New Hampshire's land, yet it holds fully a third of the state's population and an even greater percentage of its industry. The planners, understandably, want to locate new companies elsewhere in the state, particularly in the north, but Tamposi is still going strong in his backyard.

He holds 8,000 acres, most of it in the southern half of the state (and another 5,000 in Florida). And 8,000 isn't even that much considering that Tamposi once sold that big a plot in one hunk—bought it for \$8.50 an acre, sold it four years later after harvesting the timber, for \$45, netting a tidy quarter-million. But 8,000 acres is still enough land on which to build another 150 companies. He's got the plans for the developments rolled up in his office closet, in fact. To hell with state planners.

One would think that Tamposi's ambition might have lost its edge by now. At

fifty-four, he is one of the biggest individual taxpayers in the state. He is worth at least \$20 million. (This may explain why Tamposi's bankers don't mind his disdain for written contracts, even though they often have to run to Boston to get enough cash to cover his multimillion-dollar verbal agreements. As an officer at Nashua Trust puts it, "Sam's a pretty good credit risk.") Now that he has built his house and put three of his four children through school, he doesn't have much use for money; so he plows it back into more land as soon as he gets it. In terms of ready cash, he says, "I don't have a pot to pee in." He did, however, come up with a cool half-million to buy a slice of the Red Sox (Buddy LeRoux, it is said, was eager to have a prominent New Hampshire resident in the LeRoux-Sullivan consortium). Thrilled to own a part of a big-league team, Tamposi goes to every game he can, about three out of four. He doesn't much like baseball, though. The game he really likes to play, he says, is Monopoly.

"America is our country"

For most Americans, Monopoly is as natural a part of childhood as ice cream and baseball, but for Tamposi learning the lessons of free enterprise over a board game must have represented a certification of his U.S. citizenship. Sam's father, Nasi Tamposi, arrived on Ellis Island in 1906, a sixteen-year-old fresh from Rumania with nothing to his name but a straw suitcase of belongings. After a few months in New York, Nasi joined some Rumanian immigrants in Nashua, New Hampshire, where he toiled for fifteen years at the Taylor Shoe Factory. In 1921, he quit his job, bought a small dairy farm at the edge of town, and settled there with Aspasia Tamposi (his Rumanian wife, whom he had sent for sight unseen), his mother, his mother-in-law, and his five children. Although the children picked up Rumanian from the grandparents, Nasi wouldn't allow them to speak it in his presence. "America is our country," he would say. "English is our language." By the time Sam, the sixth and last child, was born on the farm in 1925, the Tamposi household was as American as Norman Rockwell could have asked for.

The youngest Tamposi worked full time on the dairy farm until his twenties, when he got started in real estate (he made his first deal over a cow at milking time). Almost twenty years after moving out in the early fifties, Sam returned to the farm he grew up on. He bought fifty additional acres, built a house, and moved in with his wife, Barbara, and their four children. Tamposi's brother, sister, and second brother's widow also have cottages on the land. Sam's is easily distinguished by its tennis court, three-hole golf course, and swimming pool. But one shouldn't be misled by these trap-

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pings of bourgeois success: Tamposi's favorite pastime on a sunny afternoon is still to tool around the grounds on his tractor.

No chicken

It is 1963. Sam Tamposi is trying to realize his first late-night brainstorm: to move all the Nashua auto dealers now clogging up the downtown area to one of his big lots—a large junk heap really—in the city's south end. Besides relieving downtown congestion, the plan would give the dealers room to grow, offer customers a chance for comparison shopping, and make Sam Tamposi a bundle.

After quickly persuading city officials to rezone the residential area to allow commercial development (something in those days the city was only too happy to do), Tamposi sold a few dealers on the Automotive Village, as he calls the project, and has started to build. Now, however, the residents speak up: they don't want an Automotive Village in their neighborhood. It would be noisy and ugly. They draw up a petition protesting the rezoning, get it signed by eight hundred people, and present it to city hall. When the city takes no action, the protesters go to court.

This is when a typical small-time developer starts getting antsy, thinks about losses, and backs off. That's what Tamposi's attorney, who knows the residents have a strong case, tells Sam to do. But

Sam won't listen. He's spent tens of thousands of dollars developing the project already. He's made a deal with the auto dealers. He's shaken on it. He isn't going to chicken out.

He has an idea. First he puts up a row of cedars around the site and a string of houses outside that. No one can say his Automotive Village is noisy and ugly if it can't be seen or heard. Then he takes his case door to door to the eight hundred petitioners, and damned if nearly all eight hundred of them don't change their minds. Thus, when the state supreme court rules that the rezoning has in fact been illegal, there are hardly any residents left who care to pursue the matter. Sam has his Automotive Village and his bundle.

Tamposi sold the auto dealers, sold the city, and sold the residents, which is only natural because he is a salesman at heart. Even though he worked long and hard on the Tamposi dairy farm until his twenties, milking, haying, shoveling manure, and loving every minute of it, he always wanted to get into the go-go world of buying cheap and selling dear. He was entranced by the quick buck. At age five, Sam was selling Cloverine salves door to door. Then it was Lancaster birdseed, then *Collier's* magazine. Later he fell in love with airplanes. He'll never forget the first airplane he saw at a Nashua airfield at age eight, so powerful and sleek. He and a friend, Sid Clarkson, old Thid, used to

climb a tall spruce they called the Big Tree to watch the early barnstormers take off and land in the distance. (Clarkson later became a professional pilot and was hired by Sam to fly his eight-seat Piper Navaho; tragically, Clarkson was killed in a midair collision over Nashua last winter.)

Tamposi spent afternoons at the airfield, selling first tonic, then rides with the barnstormers (careful always to save a seat for himself). Then he sold gas-powered model airplanes, finally moving up to real, full-sized planes at eighteen.

Meanwhile he was earning his own pilot's license. At age twenty-three, in 1947, Sam told his father that he was going to Tulsa to be a pilot for American Airlines as his two brothers had done. Nasi said he needed him on the farm; so he stayed. Later that year, after the harvest, Sam was feeling desperate enough to answer an ad in the *Manchester Union* for a sales job with the Electrolux Company. Sam applied, researched the vacuum-cleaner business, and got the job. When he rushed home to tell his father the good news, the old Rumanian cut him dead. "You mean to tell me you're going to sell vacuum cleaners?" he asked. "I felt this low," Tamposi says now, spreading his fingers an inch apart.

Still, Sam was not about to back down. Aspasia Tamposi took pity on her young son, went to her purse, and bought the first vacuum cleaner. Because he was

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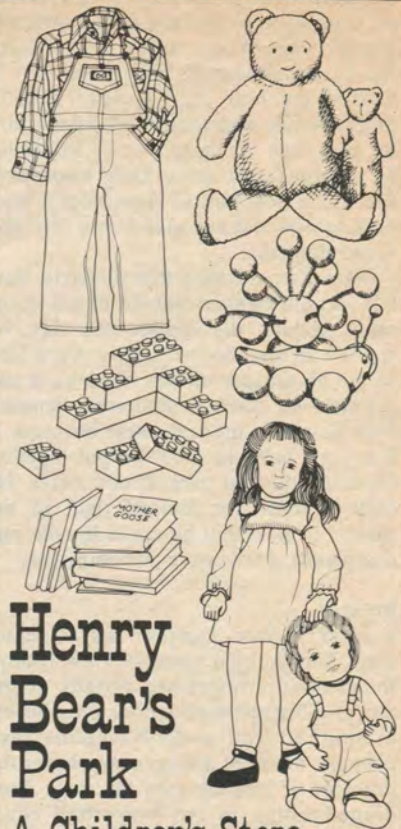
ceedings a telegram is read from presidential candidate Senator Bob Dole, lamenting his absence from the festivities. Tamposi was Walter Peterson's biggest supporter in his 1972 re-election campaign, a fact not lost upon his opponent, Meldrim Thomson. When Thomson won, he sicced the state's tax investigators on Tamposi, until the state supreme court ordered the governor to desist. The investigators had found nothing amiss. Furious as Tamposi was about such a flagrant abuse of power, his Republicanism is sufficiently die-hard that when Democrat Hugh Gallen ran against Thomson this last time around, Tamposi put his financial muscle behind Mel.

Tamposi is nervous. He never feels comfortable in front of a crowd and has been dreading this roast for months. As the roasters stand one by one to poke fun at him, Sam cringes slightly, his eyes darting nervously about the room. He need fear no one in this crowd. While several Nashuans are known to resent their old high-school buddy's success, they aren't in evidence tonight. Clearly, the roasters, and the audience, love Tamposi. And even if many of them didn't owe their jobs to companies that Tamposi has brought into the region, they'd probably like him anyway. Sam Tamposi is just plain likable.

The roasters tease Sam gently about his career as an Electrolux salesman. (He sold a cleaner, says one wit, to a Vermont lady who didn't have any floors, saying the machine was an air purifier.) And as a farm hand. (Sam took a dive off a tractor at age five, says another wag, and he's still picking the manure off.) One jokes that Sam got in on the Red Sox deal because he knew of an industrialist who could use a grassy one-acre plot near Kenmore Square. Another alludes to Sam's low liquidity, saying that an associate tells Sam there's good news and bad news about a deal he's just put through from him: the good news is that Sam can have the lot for under three million; the bad news is that the owner wants five hundred in cash. Congressman Cleveland brings down the house when he announces he has the answer to New Hampshire's big problem of too much growth in the south of the state and too little in the north. All he has to do is move Sam upcountry. "Then," says the congressman with a big grin, "maybe I could run statewide."

**The metropolis comes crawling
Or, why the old man in the mountains
isn't smiling anymore**

"That's an eye opener, isn't it?" says Jeff Smith, his dirt-smudged baseball cap pulled down to his eyebrows. The seventy-six-year-old farmer is looking out the car window at a dozen shiny new houses in Hollis, New Hampshire, poking out from what used to be a pine forest. It was all wilderness here when Smith tromped through, looking for the town border just



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a couple of months ago. "And now look at it," he says, dejected. "God!" Just up the road, farmland that Smith was often hired to hay has been sold off for house lots. Around a bend, another development has cropped up on Smith's favorite blueberry patch. In the distance, more houses, many inhabited by people who work for Tamposi companies, dot the landscape.

Jeff Smith is actually an old friend of Tamposi's. The two cleared out a barn together back in the forties. Jeff sold hay to Sam's father before that. In the sixties, though, when New Hampshire first started to boom, Smith's and Tamposi's roads diverged. While Sam went on to make millions in real-estate development, Smith headed up a tiny organization, called the Beaver Brook Association, to keep developers out by buying up farmland before realtors could get their hands on it. Thanks to Smith's foresight, the association now owns fifteen hundred acres in Hollis, land it maintains for public use. Although Hollis was nothing but acres and acres of broad farmland twenty years ago, now the Beaver Brook land is about the only open space left.

Hollis is lucky. By zoning ordinance, its land has gone for fairly spacious house lots that preserve something of the rural quality of the landscape. Elsewhere in the so-called Golden Triangle and beyond, whole towns have been practically paved over. What had been forests and meadows became shopping malls, mobile-home parks, gasoline alleys. In one town a developer filled in a whole pond to put a road across it, simply because that's what his all-purpose grid-development plans called for. In another, a tract-housing development went up on a flood plain, only to be washed away with the floods.

And there are hundreds of less dramatic, but equally disturbing, big-boom horror stories: sewer systems clogging up because of the increased demand on them, traffic jams snarling streets that had hardly seen a car before, water shortages, police forces having to be doubled or tripled to cope with a rising crime rate, new schools being built two and three at a time to keep up with all the new kids in town, and property taxes being hiked to pay for all these new services.

This is the other side of growth, the part the boosters don't mention. It has become a hot topic in New Hampshire ever since former governor Hugh Gregg crisscrossed the state giving a lecture entitled "Why the Old Man in the Mountains Isn't Smiling Anymore," pointing out the dangers of uncontrolled growth. A nonpartisan citizens group, the Forum on New Hampshire's Future, sprang up to get residents to face the new facts and discuss what should be done about them. Town planning boards, which review all new construction, have been instituted across the state. Under Thomson, the

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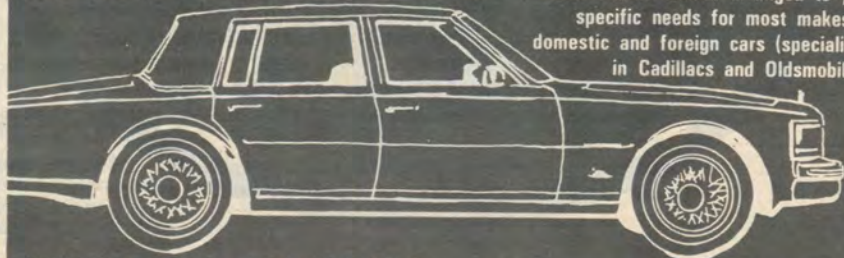
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state energy director displayed a bumper sticker that read, "Hungry and out of work? Eat an environmentalist." Such attitudes contributed to Thomson's downfall. Hugh Gallen, the current governor, has pledged to make the growth issue a major focus of his administration. As his planning director, Ronald Poltak, says, "I've seen the metropolis come crawling up the highways, up from 128 to 495 and into New Hampshire on 3 and 93. There's no question it's reached here. We've gotten to the point where it's total crisis."

The metropolis that ate New Hampshire.

"That's it," he says without a smile.

Back in the Park Avenue

"That's a lot of baloney," says Sam Tamposi curtly, when told that many Nashuans feel the city doesn't need the new shopping center he wants to put in. They say Nashua has enough already. His hands grip the wheel of the Park Avenue, now zooming through Portsmouth. "That's what *really* gets to me," the usually affable Tamposi goes on, his anger rising, his sentences getting disjointed. "This is strictly hearsay, right? It's proven, *proven*, that there is a market for a new center here. We've spent *dollars* on surveys. This, this is what *really* irks me." Sam is hopping mad now. "Everybody seems to be an expert. All they have is opinions. They say there's too many of this, too many of that, with-

out really, really knowing the facts."

And the facts are, Tamposi goes on, that Nashuans would shop at the new shopping center; it would be profitable. But what about the people who won't shop there, who would like to leave the land as it was? Don't they have a voice?

"Sure they do," says Tamposi quickly. And he goes on to describe the many occasions that citizens have been able to block construction. He tells of one woman who blocked a hotel complex (not his) for a whole year, "at a cost to the ultimate consumer of \$1 million." And of "the few snobs in East Concord who wanted to leave the land as it was" to stymie Tamposi's plans for a residential-housing development. And of his farsighted proposal to put in a New Community for ten thousand residents—houses, stores, village green, everything—on two thousand acres in Merrimack, a plan that was rejected by the local planning board because it was frightened by the sheer numbers of people and acres involved. (Now that the site has been developed helter-skelter, a piece here, a piece there, the board has come to regret the decision.)

The story Sam tells with the most relish, however, concerns a two-hundred-year-old sugar maple on the site of the Advent building. Apparently, a woman at the Portsmouth Conservation Commission wanted him to resite the whole four-acre plant just to avoid this one tree—at a

cost, says Tamposi, of tens of thousands of dollars. Tamposi put a stop to that nonsense quickly by marching over to city hall and asking the mayor of Portsmouth how he would like it if he put Advent someplace else, say Nashua. The conservation woman was shown the light, the sugar maple went down, and the plant went up. The more stories Tamposi tells, the more it becomes clear that citizens do, indeed, have a voice, but he sure wishes they'd shut up.

Now he whips the Park Avenue into another beleaguered shopping center of his, in Durham, a project whose construction has been impeded by red tape.

"You see that hill up there?" Tamposi asks, pointing to a steep, thirty-foot rise behind the shopping center. "That's where the planning board wants me to put a parking lot." It would be an awkward bit of construction. "Now how in the world..." His voice trails off. No point even thinking about it, because he's not going to do it. No way. If he puts in extra parallel parking out front, he can meet the board requirements or at least come close. Tamposi points to the little traffic islands that break up the parking lot. The board told him to put those in; now it wants them taken out, because the islands interfere with snowplows. Tamposi doesn't want to talk about that either. The board also wants him to furnish financial information about stores seeking to move into the center. "Now, that's

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