

character and entrepreneurial spirit as they celebrate the 30th anniversary of Mario's Tacos. I ask my colleagues to join me in saluting this fine establishment and extending Mario and Celia Jimenez our fondest wishes for their continued success.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF BESSIE GILMORE

HON. BILL PASCRELL, JR.

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 2, 1997

Mr. PASCRELL. Mr. Speaker, I would like to call to your attention the loving memory of Bessie Gilmore, from Paterson, NJ.

Bessie was born on September 12, 1920 in Camden, SC. She was the daughter of the late Charles June, Sr. and Margaret Bracey June Jackson.

Bessie moved to Paterson, NJ at a very young age and was baptized at St. Augustine Presbyterian Church in Paterson. A graduate of Paterson Public School No. 6, she attend Eastside High School and graduated from Brown Home Mather Academy in Camden, SC.

As a community leader, Bessie spoke for the disenfranchised citizens of Paterson. She spearheaded numerous civic action committees, served as chief organizer for the Federation of Neighborhood Councils, which is a division of the Paterson Task Force for Community Action, and coorganized the Welfare Rights Organization.

Bessie served as a commissioner on the Paterson Board of Adjustment and a member of the Board of Directors of the Bergen/Passaic County Health Systems Agency, the WPAT Coalition Committee, and Title One Committee. A Fourth Ward Democratic co-leader and County Committeewoman, she was a member of the NAACP and the Citizens Committee for the Passaic County Vocational High School.

Bessie's many honors included the War Against Poverty Award, presented to her by the Paterson Task Force for Community Action, the Major's Award for Civic Contributions, and the Paterson Chapter of the Black Women's Health Project Award.

Bessie is survived by her husband Louis Gilmore, her daughter Deborah Jamison Jeter, and two brothers, Charles June, Jr., and James Jackson, Jr.

Mr. Speaker, I ask that you join me, our colleagues, Bessie's family and friends, and the city of Paterson in paying tribute to the loving memory of Bessie Gilmore.

CONFERENCE REPORT ON H.R. 2378, TREASURY, POSTAL SERVICE, AND GENERAL GOVERNMENT APPROPRIATIONS ACT, 1998

SPEECH OF

HON. ROB PORTMAN

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 30, 1997

Mr. PORTMAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to express my support for the overall fiscal year 1998 Treasury, Postal Service Appropriations

Conference Report. But I also want to restate my concern over the way in which we were not given the opportunity to vote up or down on the cost-of-living adjustment for Members of Congress during the fiscal year 1998 appropriations process. If I had been given the chance, I would have voted against it.

I am a strong supporter of a number of important provisions in the conference report that has returned from the House/Senate Conference Committee, and that is why I feel compelled to support it. These provisions include funding levels that are consistent with the bipartisan IRS restructuring and reform legislation I am sponsoring, including \$377 million of critical funding to address the Year 2000 problem in IRS computer systems. It also includes \$326 million in needed information technology investments for the IRS.

Furthermore, this conference report includes \$1.6 billion for activities related to drug abuse. It includes critical funding for the Drug Free Communities Act, which I authored this year to encourage effective community-based drug prevention programs.

And, given the recent reports about questionable usage of the White House for political fundraising, it has important provisions to increase accountability for the financing of political events at the White House to ensure that taxpayers are not subsidizing fundraisers.

After weighing the overall effect of this legislation, I felt it would be improper to oppose the entire legislation package over the issue of the COLA. That issue has already been debated before this body—where I expressed my opposition.

HARLEM'S HISTORIC SYLVIA'S RESTAURANT IS GOING ON THE ROAD

HON. CHARLES B. RANGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, October 1, 1997

Mr. RANGEL. Mr. Speaker, not long ago, I was honored to present to Herbert and Sylvia Woods an award as New York State's Parents of the Year. The owners of Harlem's world-renowned Sylvia's Restaurant had earned the accolade as a married couple who had raised four children and had been blessed by many grandchildren.

I said then that the Woods' had demonstrated what life is truly about: nurturing, educating, and inculcating in their children the values that had allowed them to carry on successfully in their own lives. But in addition, the Woods', who came from the humblest of backgrounds in South Carolina, have made a huge mark in the world of business, building a small family-owned restaurant in Harlem into a national operation in the culinary industry—restaurants in several cities and a line of bottled spices.

Recently reporter Michel Marriott chronicled their story in an article in the New York Times. That inspirational story of hard work, perseverance, and determination follows for the edification of my colleagues.

[From the New York Times, Sept. 3, 1997]
QUEEN OF SOUL FOOD TAKING "DOWN HOME" ON THE ROAD

(By Michel Marriott)

The scene on the broad, cracked sidewalk outside Sylvia's Restaurant in Harlem

looked like the opening of a department store sale, as tourists from around the world, in sneakers, shorts and T-shirts, along with other diners in waiting, some in their Sunday best, anticipated the moment when they could surge inside.

When the door opened at 12:30 P.M., about 100 customers pressed forward, eager for fried chicken, salmon croquettes, collard greens, candied yams, black-eyed peas and the live music of Sylvia's Sunday gospel brunch.

For those for whom soul food has literal meaning, the weekly four-hour feast, in which hundreds gather, was a reaffirming evocation of down home. For other toe-tapping diners, it was a plateful of black culture, a taste of church suppers, backyard cookouts and old-fashioned, black hospitality.

The only thing missing was the queen of soul food herself, the owner, Sylvia Woods. Mrs. Woods doesn't work on Sundays anymore. After 35 years of 15- and 16-hour days to establish her restaurant, on Lenox Avenue near 127th Street, as a temple of black Southern dining up north, Mrs. Woods, 71, and her husband, 72 Herbert, are taking it a little easier.

They may need the energy: from modest beginnings in rural South Carolina, they are on the cusp of national success.

Mrs. Woods's mother mortgaged the family farm so that her daughter, then a waitress, and son-in-law, then a cabdriver, could open the restaurant in 1962. But now, investors led by the J.P. Morgan Community Development Corporation are helping to take the Woodses' vision of a cozy place to break cornbread and transplant it across the country.

Mrs. Woods, a round-faced woman with outsize eyeglasses and a generous smile, finds that prospect pleasing.

"We've come such a long ways, but in a sense it feels like it was just yesterday," Mrs. Woods said, with her husband at her side. "I put my life in this restaurant."

Her regulars enjoy the couple's success. "I have watched their development," said Percy Sutton, a leading Harlem businessman and former Manhattan Borough President. "I know of no two more deserving and gracious people than the two of them. I am deliriously happy for them."

The expansion began in February, when the first Sylvia's branch opened in downtown Atlanta. Others are planned for Brooklyn, St. Louis and Baltimore.

Another arm of this food empire is being masterminded by their eldest son, Van DeWard Woods, 52: a Sylvia's line of bottled spices, sauces, dressings and canned seasoned beans, greens and peas—with Mrs. Woods's smiling face on the front. The products are appearing on the shelves of specialty shops and supermarkets chains in New York and nationally, including D'Agostino, Pathmark and A.&P./Food Emporium.

The Woodses are at the leading edge of a new interest in soul food. This fall, 20th Century Fox is set to release the feature film "Soul Food," a sentimental homage. The cuisine, born on slave plantations and relying heavily on cast-off cuts of meat, fried foods, gravies and spices, is being reimagined, often for diet-conscious customers, at popular restaurants like George's in Los Angeles and the Soul Cafe and Motown Cafe in midtown Manhattan.

In recent years, Mrs. Woods has given a nod to the calorie-conscious by offering a few items on her menu that are baked and grilled, not fried. She also seasons her collard greens with smoked turkey, rather than the traditional ham hocks, after some customers asked if they could get their greens sans pig.

Even with these accommodations, it's still the same restaurant that has become world renowned.

Its very walls pronounce its fame. The central element of the decor, which Mrs. Woods describes as "comfortable, decent and clean," are photographs of many notable visitors.

The former Republican Vice-Presidential candidate Jack Kemp, Labor Secretary Alexis Herman, the media mogul Quincy Jones and the actor Denzel Washington in the role of just another diner are among scores of those whose pictures are on display in the three cobbled-together rooms that make up Sylvia's.

Winnie Mandela dined there three times. Diana Ross asked for seconds of Sylvia's Sassy Rice. Muhammad Ali used to roam along the steam tables fetching his own biscuits. Spike Lee filmed a scene of his 1991 film, "Jungle Fever" in a corner of the restaurant now memorialized with a huge autographed poster for the movie.

It has long been a favorite haunt for up-town's power elite. Mr. Sutton remembered how over the years he held meetings at Sylvia's with figures like Robert F. Kennedy and Jesse Jackson.

But whenever one of her customers asks Mrs. Woods who was the most famous star to dine there, she responds with a rhetorical question and then answers it.

"Who's the most famous star to come into the restaurant?" she asks warmly. "You."

Mrs. Woods says the success of their \$3 million-a-year restaurant is due as much to its unshakable sense of Southern hospitality as to the food itself.

"You got to make people feel like they're at home," Mrs. Woods said. "You got to make people feel like you appreciate them. That love and affection and caring will carry you where money can never carry."

If she is not going over menus and day-to-day details in her closet of an office—"Sylvia's Room" is burned into the door—she is minding the steam tables or "talking up customers" in a voice from her South Carolina roots.

"I walks the floor," Mrs. Woods explained. "If a person is not eating the food, I want to know why. 'Well, I'm not hungry,' I say, uh-uh, you have to bring it better than that. You wouldn't come in here, if you wasn't hungry."

Her accessibility, says Anthony Bowman, who operates a Harlem-based tour company, has helped make her "an icon."

"Most people who have gone there have at least once seen Sylvia," Mr. Bowman said. "She gives the place an identifiable face."

The couple say they are determined to maintain the personal touch in their new branches.

So, soft-spoken Herbert Woods, with his broad, gentle face, slides behind the steering wheel of their 1988 Rolls-Royce Silver Spur and drives with his wife 14 hours—nonstop—from their home in Mount Vernon, N.Y., to look in at the Atlanta restaurant, which is owned by their daughter Bedelia Woods, 49.

"We prefer to drive," Mrs. Woods said.

"I don't mind flying, but I prefer not for both of us to fly together," Mr. Woods noted. "Just in case."

Mrs. Woods disagreed, "If we go, we go together."

Their visit doesn't mean they don't have confidence in their daughter or their other three children and the five grandchildren who work in the family business. But Mom and Dad's "guidance" is always helpful, they note.

None of Mrs. Woods's success surprises Vicky Johnson, the Belgian war bride of Andrew Johnson the black entrepreneur who gave Mrs. Woods her first job in Harlem, as a waitress in his Harlem luncheonette.

"She was a hard worker," Mrs. Johnson, 69, recalled by telephone from her home in

Summit, N.Y. "I worked side by side with her. She wanted to get somewhere. Believe you me, nobody gave her nothing. She earned it."

Mrs. Woods was reared by her mother, Julia Pressley, on their 35-acre farm in Hemingway, S.C., a patchwork of small farms with more wagons than cars when she was growing up.

Her father died two days before she was born, Mrs. Woods said, a victim of gassing during World War I. "I've never seen his face, not even a photo."

While picking beans for extra money for the family, she said, she met Herbert Woods. His mother had died, and he was being raised by his step-father in Hemingway. She was 11, and he was 12. By their early teens, both recalled, they were falling in love.

Their affection was so strong, Mr. Woods said, that when she went to New York with her mother, who worked as a domestic to buy more farmland back home, he joined the Navy. He thought that as a sailor he might sail to Brooklyn and see his sweetheart, he said.

"As close as I got was Norfolk, Va," Mr. Woods said with a soundless chuckle. He soon found himself in the middle of the Pacific Ocean and World War II as a cook on light cruisers and transports. "When I was in the Navy, that's all you could be," he said of the era's segregated armed forces.

Eventually, they married and moved to Harlem. He drove a cab; she worked for the Johnsons.

In 1961, Mr. Johnson, who owned three restaurants, turned to Sylvia Woods when his plans to build an upstate resort for blacks overextended him financially.

"He wanted me to buy the restaurant from him to raise some money," Mrs. Woods recalled. "I said: 'Johnson, are you crazy? You know I don't have any money.'"

But the mortgage from Mrs. Woods' mother provided the down payment on the \$20,000 price for the restaurant, the start of an empire now worth \$20 million. In 1988, Mrs. Woods bought the upstate resort to prevent Mrs. Johnson, by then a widow and in financial trouble, from losing it on the auction block.

Looking back to the early days, Mrs. Woods recalled, "It was really a struggle." But her success, she assured a visitor, was part of "God's plan." She paused and folded her hands.

"God is so good to me that I truly, truly know that He would not bring me this far and leave me alone," she said. "No."

THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF SPUTNIK

HON. GEORGE E. BROWN, JR.

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, October 1, 1997

Mr. BROWN of California. Mr. Speaker, October 4 marks the 40th anniversary of one of the most significant milestones in the history of humanity's exploration of space. I of course am speaking of the launching of the world's first artificial satellite—Sputnik—by the Soviet Union on October 4, 1957.

At the time, the successful orbiting of Earth's "second moon" had wide-ranging repercussions. It was an enormous blow to the American national psyche, and it led to an agonizing reappraisal of our educational system, a questioning of our assumed technological superiority in the world, and alarm over the

national security implications of what the Soviet Union had accomplished. Thus, October 4, 1957 marked not only the birth of the space age, but also the birth of the space race between America and the Soviet Union—a race that was simply one more symbol of the cold war rivalry of the two superpowers.

Yet, from the vantage point of 40 years later, that rivalry is not the main legacy of Sputnik. Instead, its legacy is embodied in the countless ways in which humanity's exploration and utilization of space have enriched all of us and fundamentally transformed our lives.

We take for granted so much of what the space program has accomplished, that it is important to remember what the last four decades of space activities have brought us. These include, but are by no means limited to the following: Satellite communications, which has brought the rest of the world as close to us as our telephone receiver and our television set; meteorological satellites, which have revolutionized weather forecasting and storm warnings; space-based remote sensing, which has promoted our national security, helped us to understand and manage our environment and our resources, as well as helping us to monitor natural hazards; and satellite-based navigation, which has spawned numerous terrestrial applications and products, and which offers the promised of improved air traffic management. In addition, space research has left a wealth of technologies in its wake that have provided new materials, medical diagnostic and monitoring devices, improved power systems—the list goes on and on—to benefit our citizens. It is no exaggeration to say the space has spawned industries and jobs that have become a significant part of our Nation's economy.

Beyond the material benefits, our first 40 years in space have led to dramatic increases in our understanding of planet Earth, of the Sun and our solar system, and of the universe beyond. Space research has led to numerous rewritings of the science textbooks with no end in sight. Anyone who has marveled at the discoveries made by the Hubble space telescope or the Galileo spacecraft cannot doubt the truth of that statement.

And of course 40 years of accomplishments in space have had an enormous inspirational value—whether through seeing images of human footprints on the Moon, images of Earth as a beautiful blue globe, or images of an overachieving little robotic rover on the surface of the Mars. The value of such inspiration should not be underestimated.

Finally, it should be noted that four decades after the event that triggered the space race, we have come full circle and are approaching space exploration as an endeavor to be conducted through international cooperation rather than competition. Few may remember that Sputnik was launched as a component of the International Geophysical Year [IGY], an early experiment in international scientific cooperation. Now, 40 years later, international cooperation is becoming the norm for both human space flight and space science research.

Forty years ago, human space flight was just a goal—and a goal framed in terms of the superpower rivalry. Today, on the other hand, we are attempting nothing less than the peaceful merger of the human space flight programs of Russia and the United States, as