

A poignant story out of New England illustrates where we are at the end of the 20th century, and points up the failures of past agreements.

Two years ago, Malden Mills, a textile mill in Massachusetts, burned to the ground, leaving thousands unemployed and putting 300 more jobs in jeopardy at the Bridgton Knitting Mills in Maine. In the wake of the fire, the mill's owner, Aaron Feuerstein, had several attractive choices, including rebuilding in another state or country with lower wages, anywhere from Texas to Thailand. Or he simply could have retired after four decades of running Malden Mills, founded by his grandfather more than 90 years ago.

Instead, last month, Mr. Feuerstein opened a new, state-of-the-art textile mill, and brought 2,630 very grateful Americans back to work. And the rebuilding of the plant has become a symbol of loyalty to employees and to an entire community. Mr. Feuerstein's actions are admirable and all of America rightfully extended their appreciation to a man who chose the difficult path over the easy, and perhaps more profitable.

But let's step back for a moment and ask ourselves why this story became a national sensation. The sad fact is, it stood out so glaringly because it is the exception to the rule. The idea that American textile jobs would be kept in the United States when they could easily be shipped overseas is news because it hardly ever happens that way anymore.

Mr. President, I don't want to continue down this path, but I fear we will if we don't retain our congressional right to speak out against trade agreements that aren't in our best interest.

We have an obligation to all those who have already lost good jobs to bad trade agreements, and to all those who are in danger of becoming displaced in the future, to take the time to do it right. And the President has an obligation to fully explain how the wrongs of the past will be fixed, and why the future will be different. This he simply has not done.

We stand poised to begin a new era of prosperity in the global marketplace, but I do not believe that fast track is the way to get us there, I do not believe the President has made his case for this broad authority, and I urge my colleagues to defeat this fast-track legislation. ●

#### ITALIAN HOSPITAL SOCIETY

● Mr. D'AMATO. Mr. President, it is with great pleasure that I note that the Italian Hospital Society is celebrating its 60th anniversary with a dinner and awards presentation on Sunday, November 16th. It is a most notable organization guided by compassion and philanthropy to assist the hospital and health services of Italian communities in New York.

This year's ceremonies will salute four eminent Italian-Americans who

have brought the hopes of the Italian Hospital Society closer to reality. I am especially gratified that the committee honors a doctor, a businessman, a union leader, and the principle inspiration of my life, my mamma.

I can speak with particular knowledge and delight about Mamma, known to the public as Antoinette Cioffari D'Amato. She was born and grew up in Brooklyn, the daughter of Italian-American parents. In growing up as her child, I was able to see the qualities, character and enthusiasm for life and for family which the society salutes in her public life. It was she who inspired confidence, exercised discipline and demanded the pursuit of education. It was she who was the foundation for responsibility to the community and for civic involvement.

In her marriage of 61 years to my father, Armand, a teacher and son of Italian-American parents, she was a prototypical "mamma"—cooking, cleaning, exhorting, reprimanding and loving her three children, Alfonse, Armand, and Joanne. During World War II, while my father was in the Army, she worked in a defense plant. As part of the emigration from Brooklyn to Long Island, the D'Amato family moved to Island Park where she and Dad continue to reside. Both still work in the insurance brokerage which has been the family business for over 60 years.

It was my political campaign for the U.S. Senate in 1980 that brought Mamma and her many talents to a wider audience. The advertisements she made for my campaign made me a winner. Ever since she has been unstinting as an active and enthusiastic citizen of New York. She has had a special interest in affordable housing services for older citizens through her membership on the board of the New York Foundation for Senior Citizens Inc. She is a television celebrity and the author of her own cookbook—"Cooking and Canning with Mamma D'Amato."

I commend the Italian Hospital Society for the honor they give my mother for her public participation; but, for all the lessons and love of the private Antoinette Cioffari D'AMATO, only a hug and a kiss are the proper awards.

ERNESTO JOFRE

Ernesto Jofre, a native of Chile, came to the United States as a political refugee in 1976. He had spent the 3 previous years as a political prisoner of the Pinochet dictatorship. He joined Local 169 of the Amalgamated Clothing & Textile Workers' Union [ACTWU] as an auditor. Subsequently, he served Local 169 as an organizer, business agent, assistant manager, and then became manager and secretary-treasurer in 1993. He then became manager and secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Northeast Regional Joint Board of the Union of Needletrades, Industrial & Textile Employees [UNITE!] in 1994.

He is a vice president of the New Jersey Industrial Union Council, Member

of the boards of directors of the Amalgamated Bank, the Jewish Labor Committee, and Americans for Democratic Action. He is plan administrator of the health and welfare funds and pension funds of Local 169, UNITE.

MARIO SPAGNUOLO, M.D.

Dr. Mario Spagnuolo was born in Naples in 1930; he graduated cum laude from the School of Medicine of the University of Naples. He trained in New York City at St. Claire's Hospital, the Irvington House Institute for Rheumatic Diseases and Bellevue Hospital. He was the director of the Irvington House Institute and associate professor of medicine at New York University Medical School.

He has written about 60 research papers in rheumatic diseases and several articles for textbooks. An editorial in the New England Journal of Medicine accompanying one of his papers, in January 1968, defined the paper as an extraordinary clinical investigation. The Journal reprinted one of his articles in 1996, 25 years after its publication in 1966, as a "Classic in Medicine."

He has practiced internal medicine in Yonkers for the last 25 years. He has been president of the Westchester Health Services Network. He practices at St. John's Riverside Hospital in Yonkers, where he was director of medicine and is now chief of the medical staff and a member of the board of trustees.

He is married to Kathryn Birchall Spagnuolo. They have four children—Mario, Sandra, Peter, and Eugene, a daughter-in-law—Linda, and three grandchildren—JoAnne, Matthew, and Stephanie.

VINCENT ZUCCARELLI

Vincent Zuccarelli was born in Mongrassano, a small town in Calabria, Italy. He started his education in the seminary and continued through the "Liceo Classico." He was a private tutor of classical languages, Latin and Greek, for the students of the Middle and High Gymnasium School and was head of electoral office in his jurisdiction for 5 years.

Vincent came to the United States in 1958. In 1959, with his brothers, he engaged in and formed the food business in Mount Vernon, NY and Florida known as the Zuccarelli Brothers.

He has been married for 43 years to his wife Nella and has three sons: Mario, Fiore, and Joseph. Vincent and Nella also have six grandchildren: Vincent, Nelli, Marie, Juliana, Joey, and Danielle. He and his wife reside in Bronxville, NY.

He joined the Calabria Society in 1985, and has become an active and proud member. He is the first dinner-dance chairman of the Casa Dei Bambini Italiani Di New York. Mr. Zuccarelli is a member of the Council of the National Italian-American Foundation of Washington, DC, promoting education for the Italian-American values and traditions, and presently he is the NIAF Westchester County Coordinator.

The society continues the work of so many who came to this country as immigrants seeking freedom and a new life in America. But the bonds of kinship and of nationality were often the only protections in a society where intolerance and discrimination was the more likely welcome.

Having done so much over the past 60 years, the Italian Hospital Society has embarked on a new mission to create an Italian Home for the Aged as an independent assisted living facility where Italian-Americans and all elderly and infirm can receive the finest assistance. As they note in their mission statement: "Unfortunately many of our own parents and grandparents have suffered isolation, depression and feelings of frustration due to cultural and language barriers. It is the mission of the Italian Hospital Society to ameliorate this difficult situation by providing a supervised facility that would be comforting and familiar to our aged community while providing for the physical as well as psychological welfare of these individuals."

Mr. President, I ask to share with our colleagues the joy I have as son of one of the society's honorees and thank them for all the work that they do as a society and for the honors and respect they show toward their four honorees. They and the society inspire us all.●

#### CONFIRMATION OF JUDGE WILLIAM P. GREENE, JR., AS ASSOCIATE JUDGE, U.S. COURT OF VETERANS APPEALS

● Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, I want to express my enormous delight that Judge William P. Greene, Jr., was recently confirmed for the position of associate judge for the U.S. Court of Veterans Appeals. Judge Greene brings to this job a lifetime of experience in the armed services and the law, and I believe President Clinton made an excellent choice in nominating him for this position.

Bill is extremely qualified to serve on the court. After graduating from Howard University School of Law in 1968, he joined the U.S. Army, where he proudly served for 25 years. Bill was an officer in the U.S. Army Judge Advocates Group Corps, and earned the Legion of Merit, Meritorious Service Medal, and Army Commendation Medal more than once.

Since 1993, Bill has served as an immigration judge for the Department of Justice in Baltimore. His leadership skills and ability to make clear, decisive, and just decisions have been well tried—and well proven.

In addition to his many other fine attributes, Bill has another that makes me especially proud of him—he is a native West Virginian. Bill was born in Bluefield, WV, and lived there until he was 10. He grew up in a military family and although they moved around to many different places, Bill always considered West Virginia home, and re-

turned to West Virginia to attend West Virginia State College.

Bill's father was a veteran of World War II, Korea, and Vietnam, and was awarded the Silver Star for valor. So it is no surprise to me that Bill possesses an enormous sense of patriotism and pride in his country. The learning experience of growing up in a military family, combined with the experience of his own military career, will be enormously helpful to him in the job that lies ahead.

Everyone who has worked with me on the Senate Committee on Veterans' Affairs knows that I have long been a supporter of the court, so you can be sure that the quality of those who serve there is important to me. I am confident that Judge Greene will bring to the court the wisdom, judgment, and sensitivity so necessary for the court's vital work. In doing so, he will serve both our country and his fellow veterans well.●

#### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COMMUNITY OPERATION ON TEMPORARY SHELTER

● Mr. JEFFORDS. Mr. President, on September 11, 1997, the Community on Temporary Shelter [COTS] held its annual meeting in Burlington, VT. The keynote speaker was Rita Markley, the director of COTS. Through her hard work and dedication to the needs of the homeless in Vermont stands as a glowing example of the value of community service. Her efforts have made a tremendous difference in the fight to end homelessness. It gives me great pleasure to submit, for the RECORD, the text of her remarks.

The text of the remarks follows:

[Sept. 11, 1997]

#### COMMITTEE ON TEMPORARY SHELTER ANNUAL MEETING—WHERE ARE WE NOW

(By Rita Markley)

Good morning and welcome to our annual meeting and volunteer recognition. This is the day when we thank all of you for giving your support to COTS. It's the time when we reflect on what that contribution means and why it matters.

I think it's too easy these days to forget that there was a time in this country, just 20-25 years ago, when being poor did not mean being homeless. There was a time when retail clerks, gas station attendants, waitresses could afford to pay for their rent and their groceries. Sometimes they even had enough left over for a Saturday afternoon movie. There was a time when the mentally ill were not left to wander America's streets without housing or services. And there was a time, just 15 years ago, when this community did not need a place like COTS because homelessness was something that only happened in big cities.

There have been enormous economic and social changes during the past 20 years that have displaced and uprooted millions of lives. Across the country and here in Vermont, the number of families and individuals without housing has increased tenfold during the past decade. Not since the Great Depression have there been so many homeless Americans. During the 1980's more than half a million units of low income housing were lost every year to condo conversion,

arson and demolition. That rate of loss has been even higher during the 1990's. In Chittenden County, rents increased twice as fast as average income during the 80's. Not surprisingly, we now live in a time when homelessness has become so pervasive, so endemic, that we've all but forgotten that it was not always this way. One of my greatest fears is that we will come to accept that this is the way it must be.

It seems impossible that it was less than 20 years ago that we first began to see vast numbers of families all over this country sleeping in abandoned buildings or huddled in doorways because they couldn't afford a home. Back then, we were deeply shaken by the image of small children doing their homework by flashlight in the backseat of cars, the idea of anyone sleeping under cardboard boxes in public parks was astonishing. Our hearts were broken by newspaper stories of entire families scouring through trash dumpsters for scraps of food.

In 1997 the problem of homelessness in America remains one of our greatest challenges and yet we hear little or nothing about this issue in the national media. It's as if seeing those anguished images year after year has become so routine that we no longer see them at all. A few months ago my own sister told me that she was tired of seeing the homeless everywhere she went, that she couldn't look at their faces anymore because there were just too many of them, and it made her feel too sad. Either she forgot what I do every day or she wanted me to remind her that turning away from her own compassion means turning away from her humanity. My sister's reaction, though, is not uncommon. The homeless are increasingly invisible, untouchable. And they know it, they feel the distancing every time someone passes them by on the street without looking into their eyes. Even children living in desperate poverty know that they are regarded differently than cleaner, better dressed children. Here's a quote from a 15 year old girl that describes their experience poignantly:

"It's not like being in jail. It's more like being hidden. It's as if you have been put in a garage somewhere, where, if they don't have room for something but aren't sure if they should throw it out, they put it there in the garage where they don't need to think of it again. That's what it's like." (Kozol interview tapes)

Since the mid-1980's there has been a growing inclination to ignore, conceal and even punish those without homes. Many people in this country have moved from pity to impatience to outright contempt for the homeless.

In Fort Lauderdale, FL a city councilor proposed spraying trash containers with rat poison to discourage foraging by homeless families. "The way to get rid of vermin," he said, "is to cut off their food supply." (1986) In Santa Barbara, California grocers have sprinkled bleach on food discarded in their dumpsters.

In Chicago a homeless man was set ablaze while sleeping on a bench early one December morning. Rush hour commuters passed his charred body and possessions for four hours before anyone called the police.

In the first four months of 1992, 26 homeless people were set on fire while they were sleeping in New York City.

Who are these faceless, forsaken people that they would provoke such hateful acts? They are the poorest and most vulnerable members of our society: they are the elderly and families with children, they are Korean and Vietnam war veterans, they are the mentally ill who were left to fend for themselves on city streets, they are women and children fleeing from violence. I wonder