

commend her hard work and dedication to the neighborhood, and I am proud to have her as a member of my staff.

The Carl Mackley Apartments are a great example of community spirit and cooperation. The change in the neighborhood has been dramatic, and it has provided a place to live for people that need temporary assistance as well as those working families who need affordable housing. After being placed on the National Register of Historical Places and undergoing a \$20 million renovation, the buildings were dedicated on Monday. I was extremely proud to be a part of the dedication ceremony and look forward to seeing Carl Mackley's precedent of community spirit continue on. I would also like to insert for the RECORD an article from the Philadelphia Inquirer regarding this historical landmark.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer, June 25, 1999]

(By Julie Stoiber)

In January 1935, when the Carl Mackley Houses opened, thousands of people converged on Juniata Park to tour the new apartment complex.

The four handsome, low-rise buildings took up a full city block at M and Bristol Streets, and were separated by greens and walkways that lent a campus-like air.

Considering the amenities the Mackley apartments offered in Depression-era America, it was no wonder there was a waiting list. Residents of the 284 units could take a dip in the apartment's in-ground swimming pool and clean their clothes in rooftop laundries equipped with electric washers. "From our point of view, it was an ideal situation," said William Rafsky, a resident from 1946 to 1954.

One other thing made it stand out: It was affordable.

Contrary to what its amenities would suggest, Carl Mackley was designed for the working-class. Its owner and developer was the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, a Philadelphia-based union that saw low-rent apartments as a way to help the many hosiery workers who were losing their jobs and homes.

This rare example of union-sponsored housing also had the distinction of being the first low-rent development funded by President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Public Works Administration. Six decades later, the Carl Mackley complex is again in the spotlight. After years of private ownership and neglect, the complex, which is on the National Register of Historic Places, has undergone a \$20 million renovation and on Monday will be rededicated.

Again, a labor union is playing a major role. Again, the butterscotch-brick buildings will be home to those in need of affordable housing. And although the pool is gone and the airy laundries are sealed, the community building, the pool is gone and the airy laundries are sealed, the community building, where residents once gathered to watch movies, take classes and participate in the management of the complex, will again be a center of activity.

"This was exciting work, about as good as it gets," said Noel Eisenstat, head of the Philadelphia Redevelopment Authority, which has been helping to engineer the apartment's revival for more than five years—wresting the property from the owner through HUD foreclosure and then bankruptcy, selecting a private developer and courting the AFL-CIO's Housing Investment Trust, which loaned more than \$26 million in union pension funds for construction and rent subsidies.

"The alternative was a sheriff's sale," Eisenstat said, "where they sell it to a developer, but without the resources to develop it."

The apartment building's place in history was a prime motivator for both Eisenstat and Stephen Coyle, head of the Housing Investment Trust, but there was another force at work: The once-esteemed complex—praised by the New Deal president himself—was, in its decayed state, dragging down the stable rowhouse neighborhood that had grown up around it.

"Every once in a while a project comes by that gives you that extra sense of purpose and meaning," Coyle said. "Everyone wanted this to happen."

"Of all the things we've done, this will stand out," he said. "It rekindled people's interest in affordable housing. There's a lore about this project."

It was in 1933 that John Edelman, secretary of the hosiery union, became interested in easing the housing crisis for union members.

"They were a very progressive group," said Rafsky, who was a union official before joining city government.

Edelman formed a core of supporters who shared his vision, including Oskar Stonorov and Alfred Kastner, two emigre architects with experience in designing European worker-style housing, and William Jeanes, a wealthy Quaker and well-known champion of low-cost housing who was the complex's first manager.

Philadelphia Mayor Hampton Moore branded the idea communistic and tried to block its construction. Edelman prevailed.

The buildings Stonorov and Kastner designed were early American examples of the sleek, unadorned International Style of architecture (the PSFS tower at 12th and Market Streets is another). The complex was called "daringly contemporary" and although it was not universally acclaimed, it was featured in The Architectural Record.

To add to the allure, the development was named for a local labor hero, Carl Mackley, a 22-year-old hosiery worker from Kensington who was shot to death by non-union workers during a strike in 1930 and whose funeral in McPherson Square, according to news reports, attracted 25,000 people.

The apartments were tiny, in part to foster community spirit by pushing people into the common areas. Rafsky remembers that in warm weather, people would drag their beach chairs out to the lawns. With a nursery school, library, grocery store, candy shop, bakery, barber and tailor on site, residents had many of life's necessities at hand.

A one-bedroom apartment rented for \$22.50 a month. Hosiery workers lived in many of the units, but the complex was also open to others. In the late 1960s, with the hosiery union in decline, the Carl Mackley complex was sold.

It became the Greenway Court Apartments. A botched roofing job in the 1980s created a serious mildew problem in the complex. Occupancy declined, rents rose and the last owner's finances crashed.

Rosemary Farnon, a 20-year resident of Juniata Park and head of its civic association, remembers how distraught neighbors were as they watched the complex deteriorate through the '80s and early '90s.

Trash piled up on balconies, laundry was draped over railings, screens fell out and weren't replaced, there were bedsheets instead of curtains in some of the windows, and it seemed the police were always responding to disturbances there.

On several occasions, Farnon remembered, tenants blocked traffic to get the landlord's attention when their heat went off in winter. "It was a grand place, and it really fell into deplorable condition," said Farnon, who

lived in the complex in the late '70s and now owns a home in the neighborhood. "The last straw was they had a boiler explosion there and things really seemed to move forward."

In February 1998, neighbors watched with interest as the new owners—the Canus Corp of Manayunk and Altman General Corp. of Glenside—began the renovation, relocating tenants as one building was finished and another begun.

"We did what we call a gut-rehab," said Susan Rabinovitch, president of Canus. "We knocked things down and made things bigger."

The number of apartments was reduced from 284 to 184. The old units, Rabinovitch said, "were functionally obsolete" because of their small size and lack of closet space. "In the '30s, people lived very differently."

Three-bedroom apartments used to be 675 square feet. Now, the smallest apartment in the complex is 721 square feet, the largest 1,200 square feet.

"I lived in a three-bedroom that now is a one-bedroom," said Patricia Harris, a former resident of the complex and its manager for the last six years.

She recalled the old days: "Forget closet space, forget even putting a bureau in your bedroom."

Half the units in the complex are government-subsidized, and all of those are taken, Harris said. The rest are reserved for people of low to moderate income; a family of four, for example, can't have household income over \$33,360.

"We're expecting to be fully occupied by the end of July," Harris said.

The change in the neighborhood is dramatic, said Farnon. "You know how when you get dressed up you feel good? That's how I see the Mackley."

On Monday, at the dedication, AFL-CIO President John J. Sweeney will speak, and the development will be officially christened Carl Mackley Apartments.

Once the complex is fully occupied, Farnon plans to go in and encourage residents to organize a community association.

A spirit of community, she said, is the best way to ensure that the bad part of the complex's intriguing history does not repeat itself.

#### IN TRIBUTE TO CHARLES W. GILCHRIST

**HON. FRANK R. WOLF**

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 1, 1999*

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, I want to bring to our colleagues' attention a remarkable public servant who lost a heroic battle with cancer on June 24. Charles W. Gilchrist, a Democrat, served as the county executive in Montgomery County, MD, from 1978 to 1986.

I never knew Charlie Gilchrist, but I followed his career because just by chance, we happened to be on the same train to New York City after Election Day in 1978. He was celebrating that day his victory as the new Montgomery County executive. I was getting away for a few days with my wife after having lost the election to be the representative for Virginia's 10th Congressional District.

I never spoke to him on the train, but I saw his joy and followed his career from my vantage point across the river in Virginia. And what impressed me the most about this courageous politician is that in 1986 he walked away from elected office to a higher calling.

There was no doubt this popular man would have been reelected and probably could have gone on to other elected positions. But when his second term ended, he announced he would leave and study for the priesthood.

And for the rest of his life cut short by cancer, he served God. He worked in the inner city Chicago helping recovering alcoholics and drug addicts. Most recently, he devoted his energy to working on public housing problems in central Baltimore.

I would like to share with our colleagues two articles from the June 26, 1999, edition of The Washington Post which give more insight into the life and work of this unique man.

[From The Washington Post, June 26, 1999]

THE MIRACLE OF CHARLIE GILCHRIST  
A HUMBLE MAN, HE TURNED FROM POLITICS TO  
THE MINISTRY

(By Frank Ahrens)

In 1984, Charlie Gilchrist—halfway through his second term as Montgomery County executive and seemingly poised to run for governor—shocked everyone around him by announcing that he was training to become an Episcopal priest. Once ordained, he lived in the lost neighborhoods of Chicago and Baltimore, ministering to the wretched, walking streets that had no trees but plenty of guns and drugs. He was so happy in the Lord's service, he was sometimes described as “bea-  
tific.”

Over the past 35 years, Gilchrist transformed himself from a tax lawyer into a politician, then from a politician into a priest. Over the past few months, he was trying to become a recovering cancer patient.

He didn't quite make it.

On Thursday night, at around 11, Gilchrist lay in a bed at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore and quietly exhaled one final time. He was 62. Phoebe, his wife of 37 years, was at his bedside, along with his sister, Janet.

No one was kidding himself—everyone knew Gilchrist was terminal when he was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in February. He was so weak that doctors suggested hospice care for the dying cleric. Since then, though, Gilchrist had responded well to weekly chemotherapy treatments, which bought him some time and comfort.

But last week, death accelerated toward Gilchrist with a shuddering velocity.

I last saw Gilchrist 10 days ago, when a Post photographer and I visited his new art studio, inside a sturdy brick building in a south Baltimore neighborhood called Pigtown. A dynamic St. Alban's high school art teacher had unlocked young Charlie's talent for painting. Now, he had rented this high-ceilinged, plank-floored space and was preparing to paint again. He hoped to render the children of Sandtown, the neighborhood where he and Phoebe had lived and ministered for the past three years.

We began to climb the stairs to Gilchrist's second-floor studio. Without saying so, we all wanted him to go first, so we could back him up. But he was having none of it.

He propped himself against the door jam and shooed us past. One foot was in the alley outside; the other was on the door sill, a good 12 inches higher.

“Go on, go on,” he said, in a soft, weary voice. “I can make it.”

We filed past—first me, then the photog-  
rapher, then Phoebe; all of us reluctant to leave him.

“Charlie . . .” his wife began.

He was getting impatient now.

“Go on!”

“Okay,” Phoebe said, with a practiced combination of cheer and exasperation. “Do what you want.”

Up we went. Toward the top of the dark stairs, I turned and looked down at Gilchrist, a silver-thin silhouette backlit in a shadowy doorway. He was rocking back and forth, readying to vault himself up into the door. He was all angles and lines and fierce concentration.

I turned away, unable to watch, and kept climbing. I flashed back to a similar scene a couple of weeks earlier in the same stairwell.

Coming down the stairs that day, Gilchrist's left foot had overshot the last tread and lunged through empty space. The next two seconds were an agonizing eternity. Before anyone could reach for him, he was headed for the floor. The air rushed from Phoebe. Though he had not strength to stop himself, he contained the fall and landed on all fours.

“Damn!” he cursed, under his breath.

“Oh, Charlie!” Phoebe blurted.

“I'm all right,” he said, still down.

I reached down to pull him up, putting one hand under each armpit. I felt: The corduroy of his tan jacket. And ribs. Nothing else. I lifted him as if he were a papier-mâche man.

This time, though, he made it up the stairs without help. At first, he was probably proud that he'd made it by himself, then immediately furious that his life had been reduced to such tiny victories. This was a man who jogged during his lunch hour; who was personable and charming but exited lazy conversations that had no point. His whole life had been about “do”; now, he could not.

One wall of the studio was filled with his artwork—ink drawings of street scenes in Chicago and Baltimore, charcoal sketches from a drawing class, an acrylic self-portrait of a sober-looking Charlie.

“You look so happy,” Phoebe teased.

He smiled.

Their marriage was about quiet smiles. They had locked eyes across a Harvard Christmas party when Gilchrist was in law school. “Who's that?” he asked his buddies. On the other side of the room, she was asking the same thing. More than once, Phoebe was asked how she put up with all of Gilchrist's career changes, all the moves, the ever-declining income. When you get annoyed with someone, she said, you remember what brought you together in the first place.

Once, Gilchrist was as tall, sturdy and handsome as a Shaker hibby. Now, so thin, so frail. His glasses, even, too big for his face. Phoebe Gilchrist saw the desiccation, but she saw more. What was it, she was asked, that attracted you to Charlie? “Well,” she said, smiling. She looked across a cafe table at him and saw the face she saw four decades ago. “You can look at him.”

When his friends looked at him, they saw this:

“A good man.” That was the first thing everyone said about Gilchrist.

They also called him a private man who shunned publicity. I went with Gilchrist to his church in Sandtown and to the National Gallery. I watched them pump poison into a valve in his chest during a chemo treatment. Friends wondered why he was giving a reporter so much access during such a difficult time. So I asked him.

“I guess I just want people to know that ‘cancer’ doesn't mean the end of everything,” he said, smiling. “That you can still be productive.”

Gilchrist lived the last months of his life the way he lived most of the years before—by constantly questioning his own behavior. Sometimes, friends considered it self-flagellation.

“Charlie would always say, ‘If they say I'm guilty, I must be guilty,’” recalled Montgomery Circuit Court judge and longtime friend Paul McGuckian. “He was always lashing himself on the back for something he had never done.”

More than a lot of people, Charlie understood damning hubris—the inability of humans to humble themselves before others and God. Through intelligence and will, Charlie had transformed himself many times. He had accepted that he would soon die. Any other thought would have been arrogant.

I prodded Gilchrist once. Why don't you shake your fist at God? Is this the thanks you get for turning your life over to Him?

Gilchrist refused to take the bait. If he was made at God, he would not tell.

He once said, “I've never seen a miracle.” He did not expect one for himself.

Instead, he simply shrugged his shoulders. “People say to me, ‘Why you?’” Gilchrist said.

“I say, ‘Why not me?’”

[From the Washington Post, June 26, 1999]  
MONTGOMERY PROTOTYPE CHARLES GILCHRIST  
DIES

COUNTY EXECUTIVE LEFT POLITICS FOR THE  
PRIESTHOOD

(By Claudia Levy)

Charles W. Gilchrist, 62, a popular Democrat who was county executive of Montgomery County for eight years and then left politics to administer to the urban poor as an Episcopal priest, died of pancreatic cancer June 24 at John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

The former tax lawyer and Maryland state senator succeeded Republican James P. Gleason, who first held the post after Montgomery changed its style of governance in the early 1970s. But it was Gilchrist who came to be regarded by many as the model for top elected officials in the affluent country.

Gilchrist “set the standard for good government” in Montgomery's executive branch, said his friend and fellow Democratic activist Lou D'Ovidio, a County Council aide.

In an administration that began in 1978 and ended in 1986, Gilchrist plowed money into social services such as programs for the mentally ill, a foreshadowing of his work in church. He also worked to build housing for the elderly poor and to unclog commuter roads.

At the same time, “he was opposed to government growing out of control,” D'Ovidio said. “He was very, very careful to make sure that government was doing its job with only the resources it needed. . . . He was not your big government kind of guy.”

It was a period of significant growth in county population, and Gilchrist went head to head with an adversarial County Council over establishing controls over an annual budget that had grown to more than \$1 billion.

One effect of his efforts to control spending was that key departments were not expanded. His successor, Democrat Sidney Kramer, had to find ways to pay for additions to the county payroll.

At his own inauguration, Kramer praised Gilchrist for his “decency and humanity . . . strong leadership and competence,” saying that he had headed one of the county's “most effective and popular governments.”

The current county executive, Democrat Douglas M. Duncan, called Gilchrist a mentor and role model who had presided over “a period of tremendous change and progress” in the county. He credited Gilchrist with being “largely responsible for having established Montgomery County as one of the top high-technology centers in the world.” He said he had left “an exceptional legacy of vision, service and caring.”

Gilchrist once said in an interview that he had liked the public service aspects of the

county executive's job, but otherwise found it "difficult, frustrating and often thankless."

His first administration temporarily was bogged down in allegations that aides had breached county personnel rules. The accusations centered on their having pressed for the appointment of a candidate close to the county executive as deputy director of the county liquor department.

Gilchrist also was faulted for permitting a former Schenley liquor salesman who was working in the liquor control department to buy liquor from his old employer.

After an 18-month controversy, dubbed by the media as "Liquorgate," Gilchrist was exonerated by an independent investigation. The affair came to be regarded largely as a tempest in a teapot. But at the time, it took its toll on Gilchrist, who briefly considered not seeking reelection.

He was easily returned to office for a second term, however, and began aggressively seeking more money for road and school construction.

Gilchrist had first come to office as a moratorium on land development was easing and growth was exploding. Tax-cutting fervor was gripping neighboring Prince George's County, and an initiative called TRIM threatened to do the same in Gilchrist's county.

Gilchrist tightened his reins on the government, firing several Gleason appointees and establishing the first county office of management and budget.

He used the increased tax revenue that was the product of the county's explosive growth to help encourage high-tech research firms to flock to Montgomery.

He got the state to increase its reimbursement to the county for public building projects. He expanded his office's influence over crucial development decisions, through state legislation granting the executive the right to appoint two of the five members of the independent county planning board. The county council previously had appointed all of the board's members.

The measure Gilchrist sponsored and the legislature passed also gave the county executive veto power over mast plans, the basic planning tool used to map growth.

During his tenure, the annual budget for family resources more than doubled, to about \$14 million. Programs were established for child care, and the number of shelter beds for the homeless increased dramatically.

Gilchrist's family resources director, Charles L. Short, said in an interview that the county executive's first order to him was to "keep people from freezing and starving . . . and he never wavered.

"When we were sued or took heat over a shelter, he never called me in and said, 'Well, can we find another site?'"

Short said Gilchrist's administration was distinguished by his strong feeling that all people should have an opportunity to share in the affluence of Montgomery, one of the country's wealthiest counties.

When he left office at age 50, Gilchrist had endowed the county executive job with unprecedented political powers. He left a multi-million-dollar legacy of social services and public works projects.

The man he had defeated for the job in 1978, Republican Richmond M. Keeney, said Gilchrist had operated as a lightning rod for the county.

Gilchrist said in an interview with Washington Post staff writer R.H. Melton that he had accomplished nearly all that he had hoped for.

Melton wrote, "In many ways, Gilchrist's eight-year odyssey from his time as an insecure, even fumbling first-term executive to his recent ascension as Montgomery's lead-

ing Democratic power broker is as much a story of the county's profound changes as it is about the maturing of the man."

Considered a shoo-in for re-election in 1986, Gilchrist was expected to dominate county politics for decades. He was being touted for Congress or state office when he suddenly announced in 1984 that he planned to abandon politics.

He said that when his second term was up in 1986, he would study for the priesthood.

His years at the helm of the county had taken their toll, he said. Relationships with the seven members of the County Council were frequently adversarial, so much so that both branches of government hired lobbyists to advocate before the state legislature.

"One of the clues to Charlie's personality is that he takes any criticism of the government personally," council member and Gilchrist antagonist Esther P. Gelman said at the time.

More distressing than his relationship with the council, however, was the illness of his son Donald, who spent two years battling a brain tumor. After he recovered, Gilchrist said the illness had helped him turn in a more spiritual direction.

He wasn't rejecting the political scene, he added, but substituting one form of public service for another.

Charles Waters Gilchrist, the grandson of a Baptists minister, was tall and craggy, and his biographers delighted in describing him as looking like a churchman out of Dickens.

He was raised in Washington, where he attended St. Albans School for Boys and became involved in religious activities. After graduating magna cum laude from William College and receiving a law degree from Harvard University, he returned to the Washington-Baltimore area to practice tax law. He soon became involved in Democratic politics.

In the mid-1970s, he resigned as partner of a medium-sized law firm in Washington to run successfully for the state Senate.

After Gilchrist left politics, his wife, Phoebe, took a full-time job as a corporate librarian to help put him through Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria.

His first church assignment was at St. Margaret's Episcopal Church in Washington, where he worked with homeless people in the Hispanic community and helped immigrants deal with the government. He also helped raise money for St. Luke's House Inc., a mental health facility in Montgomery County that he had assisted as county executive.

His story, of a shift in career to a relatively low-paying profession, fascinated the media, and he was often interviewed about the change in his life.

In 1990, he told an interviewer: "People who have known me will see the collar and that says something to them, that I am a servant of God. They may not understand why I did it, but the fact is, I did."

"It's a very full life, I am happy and I have no regrets. I am very much doing what I should be doing, and what I want to be doing."

He and his wife sold their large Victorian home of 25 years in Rockville and moved to a grimy neighborhood on the West Side of Chicago, where he took over as manager of the Cathedral Shelter for recovering drug addicts and alcoholics.

The religious committee that picked Gilchrist regarded him as having the potential to be a bishop or head of a large parish, one member told a Chicago newspaper at the time. But Gilchrist said he was more interested in curing inner city ills.

He returned to the Washington-Baltimore region in the mid-1990s to work on housing problems in the Sandtown neighborhood of central Baltimore, where he resettled. He

had lived in that city early in his law career while working for the firm of Venable, Baetjer and Howard.

He was director of operations for New Song ministry, which runs a Habitat for Humanity housing rehabilitation program and a church, school, health center and children's choir.

In 1997, Gilchrist was named to oversee a court settlement designed to move more than 2,000 black Baltimore public housing residents to mostly white, middle-class neighborhoods. U.S. District Judge Marvin J. Garbis appointed him a special master in the suit brought by the American Civil Liberties Union of Maryland against Baltimore and the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development.

In addition to his wife, of Baltimore, Gilchrist is survived by three children, Donald Gilchrist of Rockville, James Gilchrist of Pinos Altos, N.M.; a sister, Janet Dickey of Reston; and two grandchildren.

#### TRIBUTE TO JOE SANDOVAL

#### HON. HOWARD L. BERMAN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, July 1, 1999

Mr. BERMAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to my dear friend, Joe Sandoval, who is leaving the city of San Fernando after 11 years to start a new business venture with his family in New Mexico. While I wish the very best for Joe, his wife, Anni, and their young son, Steven, his departure is a huge loss for the Northeast San Fernando Valley. As President of the San Fernando Chamber of Commerce, a successful businessman and outstanding leader, Joe has left an indelible mark on the community. He will be sorely missed.

In 1988, Joe arrived in San Fernando and went to work as Branch Manager for the Hanford Group. Since then, he has held many important positions, including Director of Marketing at Mission Community Hospital in Panorama City, Community Relations Liaison for Medi-Ride, and President and Chief Executive Officer for the San Fernando Chamber of Commerce.

In his 15-month tenure as Chamber President, Joe compiled a very impressive list of accomplishments. He has helped make the San Fernando Chamber of Commerce one of the most important business organizations in the Northeast San Fernando Valley. His considerable charm and business acumen enabled Joe to increase the membership of the Chamber and give it a visibility well beyond the city limits.

Joe has given unstintingly of his time and resources to the City of San Fernando, not only as Chamber President, but also as Chairperson of the Miss San Fernando Pageant, First Vice President of the Kiwanis Club of San Fernando, Vice President of the Holy Cross Medical Center Century Club and a member of the board of Directors of the San Fernando Police Advisory Council.

His distinguished service has been recognized by the presentation of many awards from the City of San Fernando, United Chambers of Commerce and the Sunland-Tujunga Chamber of Commerce. Joe was named the J. Leo Flynn citizen of the Year in San Fernando for 1991, and Business Person of the Year by the San Fernando High School Business Academy.