

operated under a wide-ranging and ambiguous ban on "assassination." Most recently, the ban was reiterated in Executive Order 12333, which states that, "[n]o person employed or acting on behalf of the United States government shall engage in, or conspire to engage in, assassination."

As you know, the debate about what does and does not constitute "assassination" remains unsettled. However, the practical result of this ban is that United States forces are allowed to bomb military targets, hoping to kill terrorist leaders collaterally, but are prevented from designing surgical strikes for that purpose or working with others to do so.

I urge you to consider lifting this ban and designing a new system so that the threat posed by individuals proven to be directly responsible for the deaths of American citizens—such as Osama bin Laden or Saddam Hussein—can be eliminated in cases where it is simply impossible to capture them by ordinary means. I firmly believe such a system should be put into place, and that it should also include strong and effective safeguards against abuse, such as a requirement for limited consultation with Congress.

Taking action against a foreign leader posing a direct threat to our armed forces or civilian citizens is a power you already possess under the Constitution as commander-in-chief. Arbitrarily, and somewhat disingenuously purporting to deny a President such a power by Executive Order reduces credibility and hampers your role as commander-in-chief.

As the threat posed to American citizens by terrorist organizations continues to grow, it is important we use every tool at hand to block those who would destroy our lives and property from doing so. While final removal of terrorist leaders is a draconian measure that should be used only sparingly, there are, unfortunately, cases where it is clearly warranted. I believe we should fashion a mechanism for making such action possible, and would welcome the opportunity to work with you in that endeavor.

With kind regards, I am,  
Very truly yours,

BOB BARR,  
*Member of Congress.*

At this time the Administration has not revoked these Executive Orders. So in turn I am introducing this legislation.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in supporting the Terrorist Elimination Act of 1999.

#### A TRIBUTE TO CORKY ROW

### HON. BARNEY FRANK

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, April 14, 1999*

Mr. FRANK of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, I recently received a letter from Mae Greeley of Fall River, Massachusetts, enclosing an article that had been written by James Holland, a former resident of the city. Mr. Holland's article is a warm reminiscence of what life was like in that neighborhood decades ago, and presents an excellent picture of American urban history. I agree with Mrs. Greeley that it is the kind of reminiscence that ought to be shared so that people get an understanding of the positive aspects of our urban history, and I ask that the article be printed here.

First of all, it was a place with a rich ethnic heritage—the first American home of many immigrants from that part of Ireland from which the name Corky Row derives.

I recall at an early age being told proudly by relatives and older neighbors that a certain person who became a priest, or a judge, or a doctor, or other prominent member of the community once lived in this tenement (they were never called apartments) on Branch Street or was born in that house on Third Street. Most of these successful men and women were reared in large families by hard-working parents, living side-by-side with others of the same cultural background without the social problems prevalent today.

Corky Row meant to me St. Mary's Cathedral, the veritable soul of the neighborhood! Most of the boys and girls received their early training in the parish school where the values inculcated in the home were reinforced and codified by the Sisters of Mercy. I recall the streams of men, women and children, who literally poured out of their yards on Sunday mornings to fill the church at the hourly Masses as the bells from the lofty tower sent forth their familiar sounds up and down the street.

It meant going to South Park to aspire for the parish baseball team in the then flourishing and highly competitive Catholic League. The team was then under the dedicated tutelage of the young Reverend Francis McCarthy and was made up of such talented players as Billy Sullivan, Eddie Callahan and Jimmy Padden.

Or it meant practicing basketball with a peach basket nailed to my Uncle Jerry's barn on Fourth Street with fellows like Ted Devitt, because someday you might be asked to play for St. Mary's under the hart twins just as Ray Greeley and Tommy Sullivan were then doing.

It meant spending endless hours on Saturday afternoon playing "peggy ball," truly a Depression game, which required the lusty swing to try to drive it over the north fence of the Davenport School yard.

It also meant belonging to a "gang," being accepted by "the guys" such as Mike Kearns and Jeff O'Brien. This meant being allowed to "hang around" the corner with them, not to molest or harass others, but just to be together to enjoy the banter and the camaraderie which such gatherings provided.

I recall that a certain unwritten code of conduct prevailed among the gang and you were accepted if you complied.

Corky Row meant for me personally a very special place with a peculiarly warm neighborhood feeling. The house where I lived at the southeast corner of Fourth and Branch streets was in a yard with two others—10 tenements in all. The door to each was as open to me as my own—baked beans from Maggie Sullivan every Saturday, homemade rolls from Julia Devitte, rich fudge from Esther Harrington.

I visited one of these tenements daily as a boy because they always had the Boston Post which I would read, spread out on the kitchen floor in front of the Glenwood coal range—the front room was always closed off, of course, in the winter.

And on the first floor of our house at 486 Fourth St. lived my Uncle Jerry and Aunt Be, who were like second parents to me. Jerry was a familiar figure in Corky Row as he drove or rode his spirited horse through this high-density neighborhood.

It meant a place of family stability. Seldom, if ever, did I hear of a divorce or separation in those days. The same families, it seemed, occupied the same tenements forever. Even today as I ride through Fourth and Fifth streets, I can recall the names of the families who lived in certain tenements so many years ago.

These lessons were translated into political action in the form of youthful parades through the streets of the neighborhood in behalf of Jeff O'Brien's father—Representa-

tive James A. O'Brien, Sr., then of Second Street.

Corky Row meant the Davenports Schoolyard, now the Griffin Playground, with its superb softball league and teams from every corner of the neighborhood—Corky Rows, Davenports, Mitchells, Hodnetts, Levin's pets, Trojans, etc. Nightly, young and old would gather in and around the school yard to watch such great players as "Red" McGuinness, George Newberry, Johnny Cabral, Mark Bell and Tom Harrington, to name but a few.

It meant the proximity to South Park and the old Grid League on Sunday afternoons, where the two keenest rivals were the Royals of Mark Sullivan from the corner of Fifth and Branch and the Corky Rows of Joe DePaola from Third and Branch to blocks away.

It meant playing touch football on the cinder-like surface of the Davenport School yard where two complete passes in a row made a first down and where players like Henry Paul and George Bolger made it awfully difficult to complete one. Or, it meant playing the game on Branch Street when there were only two players around, with the curbs forming the sidelines and the Fourth and Fifth Street intersections being the end zones.

It meant playing marbles, "pickers," we called them, with Eddie Myles under the street pickers—most of them formerly mine.

It meant all the kids in the neighborhood sliding down Third Street in the winter when sometimes you could make it from Lyon to Rodman Street if the surface was good and icy. Of course, you had to get out of the way of the "bulltops" steered by one of the big guys seated bravely on the front with an ice skate for a rudder.

I could go on and on with similar recollections of the joys of growing up in Corky Row. I often ask myself what made it such a happy place? The answer has to be—the people.

There was, in a word, a neighborhood spirit evidenced by pride in the achievement of friends and concern for their adversity and sorrow. Remember the wakes and funerals? But they are a story in themselves.

The women standing at the gates talking or going to St. Mary's on "rosary nights" greeted you by your first name. The older men, many of who belonged to the Corky Row Club, were always ready to encourage you in your athletic or scholastic pursuits. It was, in a way, like belonging to a very large family.

When you returned from the show at the Capitol or Plaza Theaters, or from a walk "down street," as we always called Main Street, and when you turned the corner of Fourth and Morgan streets and saw the closely packed houses, and as you hurried to get to the game whatever it might be, then going on in the school yard, there was a feeling of being home and with your own—you were back it Corky Row.

#### TRIBUTE TO TOM MORELLI

### HON. SCOTT MCINNIS

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, April 14, 1999*

Mr. MCINNIS. Mr. Speaker, I would like to take a moment to recognize one of Colorado's exceptional volunteer fire fighters, Tom Morelli. In doing so, I would like to pay tribute to a man who has shown, time and again, that it pays to give a little back to the community.

Tom Morelli is a resident of Colorado who has made a large impact on his community

through his generous contributions. Aside from being a model citizen, Mr. Morelli contributes his time as a volunteer firefighter in Glenwood Springs. Tom Morelli responded to 447 calls in 1998. In recognition of his many years of dedicated public-service, he has recently been awarded the "1998 Adult Humanitarian Volunteer of the Year Award" in Garfield County. This award given to special volunteers, who give their time and energy to the community.

It is said by those who are privileged to know him, that Tom Morelli is a quiet and modest man who would rather be fighting fires than accepting awards. In my view, this makes him all the more deserving of this award—he has truly earned it.

Individuals such as Tom Morelli, who volunteer their time to a good cause, are a rare breed. Fellow citizens have gained immensely by knowing Tom Morelli, and for that we owe him a debt of gratitude.

DAN QUAYLE: A HOOSIER  
CANDIDATE

**HON. MARK E. SOUDER**

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, April 14, 1999*

Mr. SOUDER. Mr. Speaker, today is a proud day for Northeast Indiana. One of our own, former Vice President Dan Quayle came home to Huntington to announce his campaign for President of the United States.

In Huntington, we are proud of the Dan Quayle Museum, the only museum in the United States devoted to Vice Presidents. In Indiana, we have had many Vice Presidents—in addition to Dan Quayle, Thomas Marshall, Thomas Hendricks, Charles Fairbanks, and Schuyler Colfax are Hoosier Vice Presidents.

While William Henry Harrison, who was a Territorial Governor based in Vincennes before Indiana was a state; and his cousin Benjamin Harrison, who lived in Indianapolis at the time of his election. And there's Abraham Lincoln. We Hoosiers say that Indiana made Lincoln and then Lincoln made Illinois.

But Dan Quayle will be our first really Hoosier President. And I'm proud he's from my district, and I'm honored to hold the same congressional seat he did.

My friend Mike Perkins wrote the following article in the Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette that summarizes our feelings.

[From the Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette, April 11, 1999]

WHY QUAYLE ALWAYS RETURNS  
(By Mike Perkins)

A few minutes after noon Wednesday, Dan Quayle will step to the microphone in a packed gymnasium at Huntington North High School and make history by announcing he is a candidate for president of the United States.

It will be a big story on a national basis and a very big story for the small town of Huntington, the place Dan Quayle still considers his hometown.

As it first did in the summer of 1988, the national media spotlight will again fall on the community. It will focus on the place, the people and the attitudes that helped shape Dan Quayle. That's one of the reasons he's coming back here on such an important day in his life.

While we've hardly used to such attention, it can't be quite as bewildering as it was in

August 1988, when Huntington became, for a day or two, the center of the political universe.

When George Bush surprised nearly everyone by naming Dan Quayle his running mate on the Republican ticket, editors, producers and reporters everywhere scrambled to find Huntington on their Indiana maps. There they hoped to find people who could help them unravel the mystery of just who this Quayle fellow was.

What the reporters discovered when they got here was that Dan Quayle was anything but a mystery to the people of Huntington. His family had lived here for years. He'd graduated from high school here, spent a few summers at home during college, then moved back to Huntington with his wife, Marilyn, after law school. He went to work at his family's newspaper—where I am employed—and he and Marilyn even hung out a Quayle & Quayle law shingle on the second floor of the newspaper building. They bought a house, settled in and began a family. They made friends they're still on a first-name basis with. Small-town life agreed with them.

As did big-time politics.

The Quayles moved from Huntington not long after Dan Quayle took his oath as a member of the House of Representatives in 1977. The Quayles have not spent more than a few days at a time in Huntington since then. Dan Quayle last voted at his Huntington Precinct 1A polling place in 1992. He has returned a few times since for ceremonies and fund-raisers.

It is significant that Dan Quayle, who lives in Phoenix after calling Indianapolis home, chooses to return to Huntington for Wednesday's announcement. There's no strategic reason to do so. He does not need to work against a rural Midwest backdrop; he'll be spending much of the coming year in towns smaller than Huntington as he stumps through Iowa. He does not need to curry votes; Huntington County and all of Indiana have been kind to him that way over the years, and the Republican nomination should be decided by the time the Indiana primary rolls around in May 2000.

Dan Quayle is coming back to Huntington because his successful journeys always seem to start from here. In 1976, as a political unknown, he launched his first campaign for Congress from the Huntington College student union. He returned there in 1980 to announce his ambitions for the Senate. He and George Bush began their quest for the White House in 1988 from the south steps of the Huntington County Courthouse.

Dan Quayle was not supposed to have a prayer against the popular J. Edward Roush in 1976. But he won. Birch Bayh was thought to be all but unbeatable when the 1980 campaign began. Quayle beat him. George Bush had to overcome Michael Dukakis' early lead while Dan Quayle stood up under a withering media barrage in the fateful first weeks of the 1988 campaign. And they won.

Quayle is not the early favorite for the Republican nomination in 2000. Sound familiar?

Dan Quayle knows he can expect a warm reception from the people in his hometown. Community pride in having sent a congressman, senator, then vice president into the political arena transcends party affiliation for most people in Huntington County. Even those who disagree with Dan Quayle's politics can admire the man behind the issues and the way he reflects their values and their beliefs.

In large part Wednesday's rally will be a local production. Hundreds of volunteers have been mobilized. Work has been under way for weeks. The person at the eye of the organizational hurricane is Marj Hiner, co-owner of a Huntington trucking company.

She has been a volunteer for Dan Quayle since his earliest House campaigns and she passed her trial by fire when she helped put together the 1988 Bush-Quayle rally on three days' notice.

Quayle knows Hiner and the Huntington County people she has enlisted to help. He trusts them to play a pivotal role in a watershed event in his political career. Quayle's friendships, as well as his roots, run deep here.

It's impossible to know where Dan Quayle's personal journey will take him in the months and year to come.

In political terms he's still a young man, likely to be a force in the Republican Party for many years to come. His path might not often lead him back to Huntington, but when he does return he'll be welcomed with kind words and understanding hearts.

You shouldn't expect anything less when you come home.

INTRODUCTION OF THE JAMES  
GUELFF BODY ARMOR ACT OF  
1999 AND THE BODY ARMOR RE-  
STRICTION ACT OF 1999

**HON. BART STUPAK**

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, April 14, 1999*

Mr. STUPAK. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to introduce two bills to take body armor out of the hands of criminals and give law enforcement greater access to body armor.

My first bill is entitled the James Gueff Body Armor Act of 1999, and is named for San Francisco Police Officer James Gueff, who was killed in 1994 by a gunman wearing a bulletproof vest and a Kevlar helmet. More than one hundred officers of the San Francisco Police Department were called to the residential area where the gunman fired in excess of 200 rounds of ammunition. Several officers actually ran out of ammunition in their attempt to stop the heavily-protected gunman.

This bill criminalizes the use of body armor in conjunction with another crime, prohibits the purchase or possession of body armor by violent felons, and enables Federal agencies to donate surplus body armor to local law enforcement officers. This bill will begin to address the imbalance between the numbers of criminals who possess body armor and law enforcement officers, who do not possess body armor. Today, nearly 25% of all local law enforcement officers are not issued body armor. The FBI, DEA, ATF, INS, and U.S. Marshals are just a few of the federal agencies that have surplus body armor and would be able to donate it to local jurisdictions.

My second bill, titled the Body Armor Restriction Act of 1999, prohibits the mail order sale of body armor. I introduced this bill in the 104th and 105th Congresses and hope we can pass it this year to keep body armor out of the hands of criminals. I have heard from law enforcement officers all across America about the increasing occurrences of drug dealers and other suspects possessing body armor. Criminal elements are being transformed into unstoppable "terminators" with virtually no fear of police and other crime fighters. These heavily-protected criminals are capable of unleashing total devastation on civilians and police officers alike, and the increasing availability of body armor in the wrong