

W. Heninger as NASA Deputy Assistant Administrator for Legislative Affairs. Having served in this position since December 1987, Mr. Heninger is leaving to pursue other opportunities in the private sector. He definitely will be missed by many of my colleagues on both sides of the aisle.

I have enjoyed working with Mr. Heninger on a wide range of matters affecting NASA. I always found him to be extremely knowledgeable and very effective in representing NASA's views. He has always maintained a friendly and constructive approach to his work which has served NASA very well.

Mr. Heninger had the difficult task of coordinating the NASA legislative agenda. He deftly balanced a wide range of NASA issues including the International Space Station, Rocket Propulsion Programs, Earth Science and Remote Sensing initiatives. Because Mr. Heninger earned the trust and confidence of those with whom he worked, he was able to promote NASA's views very effectively in Congress.

After graduation from Utah State University with a Bachelor of Science, he served in the U.S. Army for three years as an artillery officer and helicopter pilot, including duty in Vietnam with the 1st Infantry Division. He returned to Utah State University, after briefly working with NASA Johnson Space Center as a Program Analyst, to earn a Masters in Business Administration. In 1970, he joined the Department of Transportation to work as a Budget Analyst. Mr. Heninger returned, yet again to his alma mater, where he served as a Project Director with the Economic Department at Utah State University. Before rejoining NASA in 1977 as the Chief of Program Support in NASA's Office of Space Science, he worked briefly as an Organizational Specialist with the United Nations in Bogota, Columbia. Lynn is married to the former Colleen Johnson and has five children, Jeffrey, Camille, Diana, Patricia, and Natalie.

Mr. Heninger has earned the respect of many Members of Congress and their staffs through hard work and his straightforward nature. As he now departs to share his experience and expertise in the civilian sector, I call upon my colleagues on both sides of the aisle to recognize his outstanding and dedicated public service and wish him all the very best in his new challenges.

THE VERY BAD DEBT BOXSCORE

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, at the close of business yesterday, Monday, April 14, 1999, the federal debt stood at \$5,666,830,242,609.56 (Five trillion, six hundred sixty-six billion, eight hundred thirty million, two hundred forty-two thousand, six hundred nine dollars and fifty-six cents).

One year ago, April 14, 1998, the federal debt stood at \$5,547,606,000,000 (Five trillion, five hundred forty-seven billion, six hundred six million).

Five years ago, April 14, 1994, the federal debt stood at \$4,567,340,000,000 (Four trillion, five hundred sixty-seven billion, three hundred forty million).

Ten years ago, April 14, 1989, the federal debt stood at \$2,771,629,000,000 (Two trillion, seven hundred seventy-one billion, six hundred twenty-nine million) which reflects a doubling of the debt—an increase of almost \$3 trillion—\$2,895,201,242,609.56 (Two trillion, eight hundred ninety-five billion, two hundred one million, two hundred forty-two thousand, six hundred nine dollars and fifty-six cents) during the past 10 years.

NORTHAMPTON, MA—A REVITALIZED CITY

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, today's New York Times contains an excellent article by William L. Hamilton on the city of Northampton in Massachusetts and the remarkable revitalization that has taken place in the city in recent years. Northampton is also the subject of a soon-to-be published book, *Home Town*, by Tracy Kidder, in which the author captures the spirit and essence of community that has turned this former small mill town into the cultural, historic and economically revitalized city it is today.

I also commend the woman responsible for much of this successful revitalization, Mayor Mary Ford. For the past 8 years, Mayor Ford has brought a new spirit to the city with her many successful initiatives. Northampton's schools are renovated, its streets are safer, its water is cleaner, its housing is more affordable, and its roads are more accessible.

Mayor Ford has also demonstrated impressive leadership in making Northampton a leading cultural center of Western Massachusetts. The city is home to the Massachusetts International Festival of the Arts, Paradise City Arts Festival, the Northampton Film Festival, and the newly restored historic Calvin Theatre.

Mayor Ford is on the front lines every day, making an important difference in the lives of families in Northampton, and she's done a remarkable job. The people of Northampton and all of us in Massachusetts are proud of her outstanding leadership, and we commend her for making Northampton the vital city that it is today. Well done, Mayor Ford, and keep up the great work!

Mr. President. I ask unanimous consent that the article by William L. Hamilton in today's New York Times be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the New York Times, Apr. 15, 1999]

NORTHAMPTON, MA—A REVITALIZED CITY

(By William L. Hamilton)

Northampton, a city of 30,000 in western Massachusetts, has been raising issues of community for more than 300 years—charity, self-interest, tolerance and division. They

are issues as fresh today as they were in the 19th century, when Northampton was painted as a heavenly view by Thomas Cole and described with affection by Henry James in his first novel, "Roderick Hudson." They were raised when it hanged two innocent immigrant Irishmen in 1806 for suspected murder and when it tried a police officer, a native son, for the rape of his own child, during the four years that Tracy Kidder spent reporting his new book, "Home Town" (Random House), to be published in May.

Mr. Kidder, 53, lives in nearby Williamsburg with his wife, Frances, a painter, but considers Northampton his home, too. As he proudly showed it to a visitor recently, the city give him a parking ticket. No place is prefect.

Like "The Soul of a New Machine," his Pulitzer Prize-winning account of the development of a new computer and the advent of the computer age, "Home Town" is the portrait of a cultural phenomenon, seen through the lies of the people creating it. It is also the story of a particular town, and how it has made itself a home. The citizens whose experiences are observed in literary detail, from a local judge to a cocaine addict, could be members of a family, sheltered by a civic roof.

In this decade, in a successful reverse of the demographic direction of the century, more Americans are now moving from big cities to small towns than from small towns to big cities. A 30-year migration by young professionals, baby boomers and retirees from cities and suburbs to rural, exurban areas has produced a new generation of what are being called "boomtowns." Two hour by car from Boston and three hours from New York, Northampton, an ex-industrial mill town, pretty and preserved, is now the product of settlement like this.

Despite an annual decrease in the city's birth rate, the population has remained steady, which city planners attribute to "income migration," said Wayne Feiden, the director of planning and development. "Who's coming? A lot of well-educated professionals, attracted by a town that's amenity-rich and very comfortable to live it."

Mr. Kidder, who moved to the area in 1976, is part of the trend. Now, he has filed his report: a firsthand look at life in the type of peaceful place that many find themselves sorely tempted to try. Not everyone stays—native or new arrival. In portraying Northampton, Mr. Kidder has attempted to assemble a set of natural laws, and sides of human nature, that explain what makes any town work, or how it can fail those who love it the most.

To those making the move, cities like Northampton are dots on a map chosen on a Sunday visit for their size, their safety, their qualities of life and their nostalgia. They are the garden cities of childhood—the kind of hometown they don't build anymore, the kind they may never have.

"I was born in New York City and grew up on Long Island," Mr. Kidder said recently, "in a place, Oyster Bay, that kind of vanished as I was growing up. Whole towns disappeared, it would seem, under cloverleaves."

He was walking down the gentle slope of Northampton's Main Street, away from the tiny, turreted city hall, past the Academy of Music, a Moorish 106-year-old municipally operated theater, now showing "Shakespeare in Love." A woman in a floral skirt that brushed the tops of her cowboy boots was offering strollers copies of her book on tape. A squat signboard for the Fire and Water Vegetarian Cafe and Performance Space sat like a toad by the curb. There was a branch office of Dean Witter Reynolds across the street.

Northampton is blessed by confluence and circumstance. Bounded by the Mount Tom and Holyoke hills and threaded by the Connecticut and Mill rivers, it is also circled by

institution: Amherst College, Hampshire College, Mount Holyoke College, the University of Massachusetts and, sitting at the head of Main Street, the Smith College campus, designed in 1875 by Frederick Law Olmstead. The 19th-century state mental hospital is now abandoned. The poet Sylvia Plath, an undergraduate at Smith in the 1950's, wrote to her mother of walking in the evening to a professor's house for a cocktail party, "listening to the people screaming."

Main Street bends slowly through the town, side streets flowing into it, like a third river. "There are some magical things about this that couldn't have been planned," Mr. Kidder said, speaking of the setting's majestic gait. "This broad sweep that Main Street makes, it makes simply because of the topography, before you had earth-moving equipment."

Northampton's recent history has a familiar plot—a downtown rescued in the 1970's by creative real estate developers and resident pioneers who discovered and reinvented its historic infrastructure. It is an architectural routine: with restoration and new, entertainment-oriented businesses, the low brick buildings, Victorian clapboard houses, Art Deco theater and a Gothic chess set of city hall and courthouse become an animated Main Street. In Northampton, there are apartments above the shops, stimulating street life at night. The crosswalks at the intersection of Main and King streets, where the town converges, are wired with speakers that signal sonically for the blind and stop traffic in four directions, letting strollers spill momentarily into the square.

To the casual eye, it can look more like a marketing concept than a place to live—a factory town retooled by the wish list of the latte generation. A bookshop's magazine display offers an informal census of Northampton's new citizens and visitors: Raygun, Natural History, Birdwatcher's Digest, American Craft, Bike, Pine Homebuilding, Interview, The Writer, Outside, Macworld and Out. The town has been the subject of a "20/20" segment because of a large gay and lesbian population.

"It's tempting to parody, but it's too easy," Mr. Kidder said, crossing the intersection of Main and King as the crosswalks beep-beeped like Saturday cartoon characters. To the citizenry, it appeared to produce genuine wonderment—rainbow-haired teen-agers, mothers in Polartec, men in linen sweaters and loafers without socks crowded the open intersection, as cars on four sides sat muzzled like dogs, waiting for the lights. "What you see is pretty motley, but there is a solid mainstream, an almost invisible background to it," he said.

Like any town, Northampton is many towns, including a town with a native population. As Mr. Kidder writes, the "Gentrification Is War" graffiti, written prominently on a building downtown, is now softly faded. But two particular towns live together like a couple in a brokered marriage that may or may never grow into love. "Hamp," or native Northampton, shops on the strip of King Street as it leaves town at Main Street, not in "NoHo," or the revitalized downtown, for which Main Street provides the artery.

"In all of downtown, I don't think you can buy a socket wrench," Mr. Kidder said. "When you look at old pictures, there were nothing but hardware stores."

Because of its newcomers, Northampton is a big, little place, pressured by the demands of the present on the past. "Without argument, a place begins to go dead," Mr. Kidder said, walking on Pleasant Street, where many single-room occupancy houses remain—a short block from Main Street's consumer circus. Local government has kept

them there to enforce the town's economic heterogeneity. "You've got to have this tension. You've got to find a way to let lots of different kinds of people in, and keep them there."

Mr. Kidder is not ambivalent about Northampton, but he is not foolish, either. "It's got problems, of course," he said, reciting the national roster of gang crime and homelessness and a drug problem in the local schools that is conspicuous for the state. He was at the bar of the Bay State Hotel, a favorite spot opposite the restored train station, now Spaghetti Freddy's, drinking a Diet Coke. Sitting in the dimly lit, yellow-wood-paneled tavern, with its etched Budweiser mirror, painting of Emmett Kelly and silent blinking jukebox was like being inside a Christmas tree at night. "And what limits the size of the town is jobs," said Mr. Kidder, who is self-employed. "The largest employer, which was the state mental hospital, closed its doors years ago."

Wayne Feiden, the planning director, concurred. "Whenever you see polls in Money magazine and the rest, about the best towns, we never make it," he said. "The jobs aren't there." Mr. Feiden added that the danger of being a boomtown was that well-paid professionals like doctors and lawyers, of whom there are many in Northampton, who moved there for its charms, would move on, frustrated from feeling underpaid. "It's why they don't stay."

If Northampton does not, despite restored facades, present an unblemished picture, Mr. Kidder makes a strong case that the beauty of a place is not in its skin—it is in its people. They are the simple and dramatic acts and the descriptive faces of his book. They are, he contends, the genius of a place.

Mr. Kidder's "Home Town" hero is a native, who, as the book concludes, leaves Northampton for the wider world, freed of his "nick-names," as Mr. Kidder characterized the linked chain of time spent growing up in the same small town.

"It seemed to make too much wholesome sense, from a distance," Mr. Kidder said, speaking of Northampton. "And then I ran into this cop," he said. "Tommy O'Connor, at the gym that I go to."

Mr. Kidder was back at his home, not the home built for a professional couple in Amherst and chronicled in his 1985 book, "House," but a converted creamery on a mill river that runs beneath the dining room windows. He greeted his daughter, Alice, 20, who walked into the kitchen with a bag of groceries from Bread and Circus, a natural-foods supermarket. She pulled mixing bowls from the cupboards to make dessert for dinner—profiteroles, for guests.

"Tommy's a very gregarious guy," Mr. Kidder recalled. "He said, 'You don't remember me, do you?' I said no. He said, 'Well, I arrested you for speeding five years ago.'" An electric mixer began clattering in a bowl. "This guy with a shiny dome had been a curly-haired cop then." Mr. Kidder said. "I remember that after he gave me the ticket, he said, 'Have a nice day.'"

Mr. Kidder smiled at the recollection; Mr. O'Connor, who now lives in Washington and works for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, remains a friend.

"Anyway, he said, 'Why don't you come out and ride with me some night?' He said he'd show me a town I never imagined existed. It was, of course, Northampton."

Mr. Kidder said, "And he was right."

THE PROTECT ACT

Mr. McCAIN. Mr. President, yesterday I introduced a bill to "Promote Reliable On-Line Transactions to Encour-

age Commerce and Trade," the PROTECT Act. This legislation seeks to promote electronic commerce by encouraging and facilitating the use of encryption in interstate commerce consistent with the protection of United States law enforcement and national security goals and missions.

During the last Congress, there was a very intense debate surrounding the encryption issue. That debate, as with any discussion regarding encryption technology, centered around the challenge of balancing free trade objectives with national security and law enforcement interests. There were various proposals put forward. None, however, emerged as a viable solution. In the end, the debate became polarized, as many became entrenched upon basic approaches, losing sight of the overall policy objectives upon which everyone generally agreed.

It was my objective to get outside the box of last year's debate. In the past, balancing commercial and national security interests has been treated as a zero sum game, as if the only way to forward commercial interest was at the expense of national security, or vice versa. This is simply not the case. Certainly, advanced encryption technologies present a unique set of challenges for the national security and law enforcement community. However, these challenges are not insurmountable.

What the PROTECT Act does, is to lay out a forward-looking approach to encryption exportation, a course that puts into place a rational, fact-based procedure for making export decisions, that places high priority on bringing the national security and law enforcement community up to speed in a digital age, and that ultimately provides a national security backstop to make certain that advanced encryption products do not fall into the hands of those who would threaten the national security interests of the United States.

Title I of the legislation deals with domestic encryption. The bill establishes that private sector use, development, manufacture, sale, distribution and import of encryption products, standards and services shall be voluntary and market driven. Further, the government is prevented from tying encryption used for confidentiality to encryption used for authentication. It is established that it is lawful for any person in the United States, and for any U.S. person in a foreign country, to develop, manufacture, sell, distribute, import, or use any encryption product.

The PROTECT Act prohibits mandatory government access to plaintext. The bill prohibits the government from standards setting or creating approvals or incentives for providing government access to plaintext, while preserving existing authority for law enforcement and national security agencies to obtain access to information under existing law.

Title II of the legislation deals with government procurement procedures.