

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—Representative 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 in 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.