

faced off against Ruggeri on many occasions, said he was impressed with Ruggeri many, many times.

"He was bright. He was tenacious. He was very effective," Callahan said.

He recalled the Morran case, for which he was the prosecuting attorney. He said it stands out as a prime example of Ruggeri's skills and tenacity. Callahan said Ruggeri did an "unbelievable job" in cross-examining a pathologist testifying for the prosecutors.

The key to Ruggeri's success was preparation by hiring a pathologist of his own to inspect the evidence and guide him, according to Callahan.

"As far as I'm concerned it was one of the best jobs that Sebastian ever did," he said. "Sebastian could try a case off the top of his head but seldom did when it was a serious matter. As he always did, he gave his heart and soul to the trial as he did with many others."

Ruggeri was born in 1914, about four years after his parents, Anthony and Rose, moved here from Sicily. His mother and father, who worked for the Boston & Maine railroad in the East Deerfield yards never had any formal education but went on to build a successful grocery business, A. Ruggeri & Sons.

The oldest of four cones—he also has an older sister—Ruggeri later helped in this business delivering groceries. He has fond memories of those times when his mother would give cookies to neighborhood children and the market was a meeting place to talk about politics and the various happenings in town.

"People used to come in and chew the fat for an hour," Ruggeri said with a sparkle in his eye.

But above all else, his greatest impression of those days was his father, who opened the store in the 1920's in the basement of their house Deerfield Street house. Ruggeri said his father would work practically all day, yet, have time to instill morals and values in his children.

"I think the world of my Daddy," Ruggeri said affectionately. "My parents were next to God."

However, he didn't always move in the direction his father and mother wanted. On graduating from Greenfield High School, Ruggeri attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1936, earning a civil engineering degree. While his parents wanted him to become an engineer, he has designs on a legal career and eventually went to Boston University Law School and graduated in 1939.

"I thought engineering would be too quiet," the fragile-looking, but strong-willed Ruggeri recalled.

After three years of practicing law, Ruggeri joined the Air Corp in 1942. He spent the subsequent three years in the service, quickly working his way up from private to lieutenant colonel, retiring as head judge advocate for a base of 10,000 men in India.

After the war, he joined the 9286th Air Force Reserve Squadron, based in Greenfield. He later became commander of 85 men, retiring as a lieutenant colonel after 22 years.

A conversation about Ruggeri's military experience tends to get a bit dangerous. He becomes animated, excitedly pacing back and forth and swinging his arms as he tells stories of being in officer cadet school and his travels in India in the shadow of the Himalayan Mountains on the Chinese border.

Reared on local political gossip at the family store, Ruggeri eventually became a leader in the local and state Democratic Party, befriending the Kennedys and on numerous occasions hosting them at this 13-room James Street home.

In his Bank Row offices, photographs of John F. Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy hang on the walls. A commemorative poster

from the 25th anniversary of JFK's assassination is prominently placed in the waiting area just outside Ruggeri's office.

U.S. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy personally signed the poster with a message.

"To Buster—who started with Jack and has stood shoulder to shoulder with all the Kennedy brothers—Ted," the proclamation reads.

Kennedy, in a prepared statement, recently called Ruggeri "great friend and key supporter" for more than 40 years going back to JFK's first campaign for the U.S. Senate in 1952.

"Ever since, no Kennedy has gone into Franklin County without Buster's advice, assistance and friendship," Kennedy said. "He's made an enormous difference, and I know that Jack and Bob felt the same way."

Ruggeri, who was one of the guests invited to Rose Kennedy's funeral last year, boasts that JFK's run for the presidency began in his office as strategy sessions to take control of the state Democratic Committee were held there. He said he only asked for one job through his ties with Sen. Kennedy—U.S. ambassador to Italy.

"I speak Italian fluently and everything," said Ruggeri, who in recent years has been invited to join the Republican Senatorial Inner Circle. "I could have fun in Italy."

Over the years, Ruggeri acquired much downtown property in Greenfield, becoming the largest single landlord in town. His 37 properties include a sizable chunk of Bank Row, part of which is the former First National Bank building. He also owns an empty Federal Street office building as well as several residential properties, the Silver Arrow liquor store on French King Highway and the Ruggeri Shopping Center on Federal Street. He also owns 52 acres on Shelburne Road, which he hopes to sell for possible use as a shopping center.

Ruggeri, who started buying real estate soon after he began practicing law, said at one time the properties were considered a badge of honor. Now many of them are vacant and falling into disrepair and he owes more than \$130,000 in back taxes.

At one time the commercial properties downtown, "had a certain amount of honor to them," he said. "I've got some temporary burden. I'm hoping 1996 will be better for me."

The life of Franklin County's oldest lawyer has been full of community service. He is a longtime member of the Lions Club and Elks Club, having served as past district deputy for the Elks. He also is a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion organizations. His professional affiliations included being a past president of the Massachusetts Trial Lawyers Association and Franklin County Bar Association. Politically, he is a member of the Greenfield and Franklin County Democratic Committees.

Ruggeri and his wife, Margaret, were married 33 years before she died in 1974. They had five children together—Avis, Margaret, Phyllis, Christine and Paul, who died in a 1982 car crash.

Paul's death still appears to affect Ruggeri as he fondly remembers what his son, and paw partner, meant to him and the firm.

"He was bringing in young clients," Ruggeri said. "My whole plans to turn the office over to him were shot to hell. He had a great future."

Ruggeri's plans to retire and hand the firm to his son had been dashed, and made him push his career forward.

McGuane, a former state representative, thinks of Ruggeri as a "remarkable man." He said Ruggeri belongs to the old school of being polite and courteous.

"He's honest. A man of his word," McGuane said. "He always gave his client a

full day's work for his pay whether win, or lose or draw."

Over his legal career, Ruggeri said he has had no regrets despite having chances to become a federal judge on several occasions through his association with the Kennedys.

"I always wanted to be a small town lawyer," Ruggeri said. "I had the freedom here."

Hard work has become his trademark. And Ruggeri is still going strong. He received a degree in patent law last summer from Franklin Pierce Law Center in Concord, N.H.

#### EXCELLENCE: A BOYD FAMILY TRADITION

Mr. HOLLINGS. Mr. President, I consider myself to be extremely fortunate to have a staff made up of people who are not only excellent at what they do, but are bright, interesting, and a pleasure to be around. Among them is a young man by the name of Moses Boyd, whose intelligence, determination and inimitable style have been a longtime asset to my office. Apparently, being hardworking and capable are traits that run in his family. I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the RECORD a column that Moses wrote as a tribute to a role model of his. She sounds like an incredible woman.

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

[From the State, Columbia, SC, Mar. 29, 1996]  
MIDLANDS VOTING RIGHTS ADVOCATE SALUTED  
(By Moses Boyd)

As part of last month's Black History celebrations, we would like to honor a living inspiration who made a significant contribution to the voting rights of many Richland County citizens.

She is Elease Boyd, my mother. She was born in 1924 in Fairfield County, where she attended public schools. Married at 15, she gave birth to 14 children and enjoyed a loving marriage of more than 55 years until the passing of her husband last year.

While young, she became a Sunday school teacher at Zion Pilgrim Baptist Church. In that position, she instructed church members in reading and writing as well as Bible lessons.

Her interest in voting rights began in the 1950s. She regularly encouraged church members and community residents to register to vote, holding sessions on how to do it.

She persistently communicated her interest to organizations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. She once accompanied a group to one of Martin Luther King Jr.'s seminars on voting rights.

As a result of her interest, she was appointed in 1967 to the Richland County Board of Voter Registration.

She became the first African-American woman to serve as a registrar in South Carolina. In that role, she worked tirelessly to increase voter registration, particularly among low-income and African-American citizens.

Her service led to appointment as chairman of the board in 1980, making her the first African-American woman to serve in this capacity in South Carolina. She retired as board chairman in 1988.

Colleagues, associates, friends and observers have noted the vital role she played in ensuring voting rights.

She made an enormous contribution to residents of Richland County and South Carolina.

Congratulations, Mama.

#### FOSTER CHILDREN

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, I rise today to talk about an American tragedy. First, Mr. President, too many children in this country are spending the most important formative years in a legal limbo, a legal limbo that denies them their chance to be adopted, that denies them what all children should have: the chance to be loved and cared for by parents.

Second, we are sending many children in this country back to dangerous and abusive homes. We send them back to live with parents who are parents in name only, and to homes that are homes in name only. We send these children back to the custody of people who have already abused and tortured them. We send these children back to be abused, beaten, and, many times, killed.

Mr. President, we are all too familiar with the statistics that demonstrate the tragedy that befalls these children. Every day in America—every day—three children actually die because of abuse and negligent at the hands of their parents or caregivers, over 1,200 children per year.

Mr. President, almost half of these children, almost half of them, are killed after their tragic circumstances have already come to the attention of the local authorities. Tonight, Mr. President, almost 421,000 children will sleep in foster homes. Over a year's time, 659,000 will be in a foster home for at least part of the year.

Shockingly, roughly 43 percent of the children in the foster care system at any one time will languish in foster care longer than 2 years. Mr. President, 10 percent will be in foster care longer than 5 years.

Mr. President, the number of these foster children is rising. From 1986 to 1990, it rose almost 50 percent.

In summary, Mr. President, too many of our children are not finding permanent homes. Too many of them are being hurt, and too many of them are dying.

Mr. President, most Americans have probably heard of the tragedy that befell Elisa Izquierdo in New York City. Her mother used crack when she was pregnant with Elisa. A month before she was born, her half brother, Ruben, and her half sister, Cassie, had been removed from her mother's custody and placed into foster care. They had been neglected, unsupervised, and unfed for long periods of time. In other words, Mr. President, this woman left her children alone and simply did not feed them.

But then, Mr. President, amazingly, the children were sent back to the same woman, and then Elisa was born. When Elisa was born, she tested positive for crack. She was taken from her mother and transferred to her father's custody. Tragically, in 1994, Elisa's father died. Elisa was then 5 years old.

The director of Elisa's preschool warned officials about the mother's history of child abuse and drug abuse. Without any further investigation and without ordering any further monitoring of Elisa's home situation, a family court judge transferred Elisa back to her mother.

In March 1995, when Elisa was 6 years old, she was admitted to the hospital with a shoulder fracture—a shoulder fracture, Mr. President. This is a little girl from a household with a history of child abuse, and she shows up at the hospital with a shoulder fracture. What did the hospital do? The hospital sent her back to her mother.

Eight months later, in November 1995, she was battered to death by that same mother. You see, Elisa's mother was convinced that Elisa was possessed by the devil. She wanted to drive out the evil, so she forced Elisa to eat her own feces, mopped the floor with her head, and finally bashed her head against a concrete wall. On November 2, 1995, Elisa was found dead.

Mr. President, this story then was on the front page of the New York Times, and for days after that the story was covered. Millions of Americans were, understandably, shocked. But you know, Mr. President, what shocked me when I read the story, when I heard about it, was that anyone would be shocked at all, because the horrible truth is that while this horrible tragedy captured the attention of the country, the sad fact is that atrocities such as this are happening against children every single day in this country. Children are being reunited with brutal abusers. They are abused again and again, and, yes, sometimes they are killed.

Here is another story. A Chicago woman had a lengthy history of mental illness. She ate batteries, she ate coat hangers, and she drank Drano. She stuck pop cans and light bulbs into herself. Twice she had to have surgery to have foreign objects removed from her body. Then when she was pregnant, she denied that the baby was hers. While pregnant, she set herself on fire. That is her idea of what being a parent is all about. On three occasions, her children were taken away from her by the department of children and family services, known as DCFS.

One of her children was named Joseph. Joseph's second foster mother—keep in mind that this was a child that was being pushed back and forth between foster homes, back and forth with his mother. Joseph's second foster mother reported to the DCFS officials that every time Joseph came back from visiting his mother, he had bruises. Yet, in 1993, all the children were returned to this mother—one last time.

A month later, in April 1993, this mother hanged Joseph; she hanged her little boy. She hanged her 3-year-old son. Her comment to the police was, "I just killed my child. I hung him." She stood him up on a chair and said,

"bye." He said, "bye." Then he waved. And she pushed the chair away. She hanged this little boy.

Mr. President, what kind of a person does something like that to a child? She told a policeman, "DCFS was" blankety-blank "with me."

Mr. President, why on Earth would anyone think we should keep trying to reunite that family?

Another example. Last year in Brooklyn, NY, there were allegations that baby Cecia Williams and her three older siblings had been abandoned by their mother. As a result, they were temporarily removed from their mother's custody. It turned out they had not been abandoned by the mother. She had actually placed them in the care of an uncle, and he had abandoned the children.

Later, Cecia and the other children were sent back home. Last month, after they were sent back home in New York, Cecia Williams died after being battered, bruised, and, possibly, sexually abused. Her mother and her boyfriend have been charged with the crime.

Cecia was 9 months old. Cecia is dead today—a victim of blunt blows to her torso, and lacerations to her liver and small intestinal area.

Another example. A young boy in New Jersey named Quintin McKenzie was admitted to a Newark hospital after a severe beating, for which his father was arrested. Quintin was placed in foster care. But when the charges were dropped, he was sent back to that family. In 1988, Quintin was 3½ years old when his mother killed him. She plunged him into scalding water because he had soiled his diapers.

In Franklin County, OH, the local children services agency, in another case, was trying to help Kim Chandler deal with her children—7-year-old Quiana, 4-year-old Quincy, and 1-month-old Erica. In July 1992, they closed the case on her. On September 24, 1992, all three children were shot dead, and Kim Chandler was charged with the crime.

In Rushville, OH, in March 1989, 4-year-old Christopher Engle died when his father dumped scalding water on him.

Mr. President, we could go on and on and on. Tragically, there is not a Member of the Senate who could not cite examples from his or her own State of these tragedies. I could multiply example after example of households like these—households that look like families but are not, Mr. President; people who look like parents, but who are not; people who never, never should be allowed to be alone with any child. I do intend, in the months ahead, to discuss many of these stories on this floor, Mr. President.

Why are atrocities like this happening? There are many factors contributing to this problem. In many cases, the abuse is caused by parents who were themselves abused as children. In other cases, the parent is deeply disturbed or