

Women. In this position Mary spearheaded the Hall of Fame to honor outstanding women who have provided service to the community. She also created a special committee on domestic abuse to help others learn to spot indicators and educate women on what resources are available to those in need.

Mr. President, I am truly grateful for the service Mary Taylor has given to me, to our community, and to Utah. I will miss Mary tremendously but know that life holds many exciting and wonderful new opportunities for her to enjoy. When I think of the best way to describe Mary, the word "loyal" just seems to fit. Mary is a loyal friend, mother, wife, and has been a tremendously loyal staff member for 31 years. Someone once said: "Loyalty cannot be blueprinted. It cannot be produced on an assembly line. In fact, it cannot be manufactured at all, for its origin is the human heart." This is Mary—her heart is pure and she is loyal to all.

I want to wish Mary the very best in retirement and want her to know that I will pray for her continued good health, success and happiness. May God bless Mary and her family for her wonderful service.

CELEBRATING THE MANGINOS' DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

Ms. SNOWE. Mr. President, I rise today to honor and recognize the sixtieth wedding anniversary of Antonio and Rose Ann Mangino of Portland, ME on April 4, 2008.

Originally born in Lewiston, ME, Antonio, Tony, graduated from Portland High School in 1942. He was the son of Camillo and Antoinette Mangino, who owned a small grocery store in Portland. He had two brothers and three sisters. From 1943–1945, Tony served in the United States Army in the Third Armored Division, where he was one of the brave men who landed on the beaches of Normandy, 13 days after D-Day. Tony went on to fight the Nazi army in Normandy, France and in Germany. And he is one of the proud members of the "greatest generation" who can say they fought in the Battle of the Bulge.

Having served his Nation courageously, placing his own life on the line, Tony returned home to Maine where he met Rose Ann Atripaldi, a 1947 graduate of Portland High School and the daughter of Vincent and Marie and one of five sisters and three brothers. In 1948 Tony proposed to Rose, and they got married at St. Peter's Catholic Church in Portland. Preferring not to return to the family grocery business, Tony worked for the United States Postal Service as a letter carrier, and he was actively involved in his union and worked at the Postal Service until he retired. At the same time, Tony enjoyed selling real estate, and worked as a part-time broker with Deering Realty in Portland, helping to sell property in areas of North Deering in Portland.

Although Rose Ann was a full-time mother, raising two daughters—Judy Fox of Portland, ME and Camilla McCannell of Gray, ME—she remained civically involved by volunteering for the Maine Democratic Party, one of the highlights of which was riding in a motorcade when President John F. Kennedy visited Portland, ME. In addition, Rose Ann volunteered at the St. Vincent De Paul soup kitchen and was known for her weekly trips to Brunswick, ME to make her famous meatball recipe for Vincenzo's, a restaurant owned by her brother Andy.

With a marriage that is an enduring inspiration to us all and a standing testament to their mutual devotion and love, Tony and Rose Mangino today are the proud grandparents of three grandchildren, Christopher McCannell of Washington, DC, Michael Fox of Denver, CO, and Jennifer Fox, also of Denver. They are also blessed with two great-grandchildren, Zack and Coby Fox, sons of Michael and his wife Eileen Fox. I couldn't be more pleased to join with the McCannell and Fox families in wishing Tony and Rose Mangino a happy diamond anniversary.

TRIBUTE TO MAJOR PERRY JEFFERSON

Mr. ALLARD. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Major Perry Jefferson. On April 3, 1969, Major Jefferson was an aerial observer on board an O-1G Bird Dog observation aircraft conducting a reconnaissance mission in the Ninh Thuan Province of Vietnam when the aircraft crashed. After an extensive search, Major Jefferson's body was not recovered and he was subsequently listed Missing in Action. However, in 2001, after 32 years, a Vietnamese national turned over remains that were identified to be that of Major Jefferson. Today, Major Jefferson was finally laid to rest in our nation's most hallowed grounds in a moving ceremony at Arlington National Cemetery.

While growing up in Colorado, Major Jefferson developed a love for geology, wilderness and the mines of Colorado; so much so, that his code word was Geneva Creek, after a tributary of the North Fork South Platte River in central Colorado. A graduate of Southern Methodist University, Major Jefferson joined the Colorado Air National Guard as a technician and intelligence officer with the 120th Tactical Fighter Squadron when it was mobilized to Vietnam in 1968. Major Jefferson was a committed patriot. While in Vietnam, he served his Nation with great distinction. Major Jefferson embodies the spirit and character of Colorado, and I commend his service and sacrifice.

The return of his remains brings closure to his family and friends. I am grateful to have this opportunity and I hope that the 96,000 Americans missing and unaccounted for while serving their country will eventually receive a similar honor.

THE SAVE LIVES FIRST ACT OF 2008

Mr. COBURN. Mr. President, 5 years ago, Africa was in crisis and in despair. HIV/AIDS was decimating whole communities. Some countries, such as Botswana, were literally on a path to extinction, with rates of HIV infection among pregnant women in some locations reaching as high as 40 and even 50 percent. In South Africa, while a third of pregnant woman were infected with the virus, the country's political leaders were actually denying that AIDS was caused by HIV infection, an ominous sign that little help was on the way for the over 4 million South Africans—over 10 percent of the population—dying of AIDS.

In 2003, if a woman in sub-Saharan Africa was infected with HIV, the familiar story was all too oft-repeated. She would very likely watch her husband die first, and then her youngest children would also become infected either at birth or through breastfeeding, as she languished under her own death sentence. Within a short time, her children would be orphans, left to fend for themselves in the streets and slums of Nairobi, or Soweto, often getting sick with their own HIV infections and dying alone, without food or shelter or medicine.

The sheer numbers at the time were staggering. The disease affected well over 20 million people in sub-Saharan Africa by the year 2000, roughly equivalent to the total number of American children under 6 years old. The problem seemed overwhelming, indeed hopeless.

What was the world doing to stop the carnage? Were there armies of doctors sweeping in with the miracle drugs that had been saving lives in America and other rich countries for nearly a decade? No. The U.S. was spending under \$200 million a year on HIV/AIDS overseas, mostly on report-writing, some condom marketing, and "capacity-building" programs that never actually used any of the capacity supposedly built and that had no measurable impact on the devouring epidemic.

Treatment was the demand of most global health activists of the day. An indignant group gathered in South Africa in 2002. "While a necessary component of the response to HIV/AIDS, prevention will never be enough," insisted Winston Zulu of the Network of Zambian People Living with HIV/AIDS (NZP+). "When will the world wake up to the fact that the 16 million Africans that have already died of HIV/AIDS? This is only the beginning if we continue down the prevention-only path. This movement will make treatment, which we all know strengthens prevention efforts, our priority demand." Domestic and international chapters of ACT-UP and others were heckling U.S. officials at international health conferences, demanding antiretroviral treatment for people with HIV/AIDS in the developing world, especially in Africa.

And then something remarkable happened. On a cold January night in