

physical certainty—do indeed descend on some people as if ordained.

And now, as he leads a splendid cast in a production directed by Scott Ellis that the Roundabout Theater has imported largely intact from Williamstown, Mr. O'Donnell appears, if anything, more in control of a character who is blessed (and cursed) with being preternaturally in control. It's a remarkably complex and counterintuitive performance. You can't be naive and play naïveté so well; nor can you be conscience stricken and play ambivalence with such conviction.

The play, written by Mr. Miller when he was 25, was his first to appear on Broadway, where, in 1944, it closed after four performances. And from the current production you can understand why producers would take a chance on a youthful playwright and why audiences and critics were not so eager to join them. It is a serious, ambitious work by a precocious and perhaps over-reaching young writer, populated by characters with blunt purpose; a little slow moving, particularly in the opening act; and a little pedantic, particularly in the third (and closing) act. Reviewing the original production in *The New York Times*, Lewis Nichols said, with a yawn: "The Man Who Had All the Luck" lacks either the final care or the luck to make it a good play. But it has tried, and that is something."

What no one could have known of course is what Mr. Miller would go on to accomplish ("Death of a Salesman" was only five years away) and I can think of no other revival that is so enriched by retrospective knowledge. Anyone interested in Mr. Miller's career, which has had an extraordinary reconsideration in recent seasons, will be fascinated by the strong roots he planted in this early play.

Indeed, those who have seen any of the fine revivals of recent vintage on Broadway—including "Salesman," "The Price," "A View From the Bridge," "The Ride Down Mount Morgan" and "The Crucible," which is currently at the Virginia Theater—are likely to find their appreciation of those plays enhanced by a viewing of this one. Here are the issues of brotherly competition and fatherly betrayal that Mr. Miller explored again and again. (The scene in "Salesman" in which Willy Loman's egregious betrayal of his family is revealed to his elder son, Biff, has a clear antecedent here.)

Here are the admonitions against succumbing wholeheartedly to the lures of capitalism and against the sanctimony of ugly-Americanism. Here is the pained ambivalence of Mr. Miller toward the so-called American dream and the agony of a citizen playwright over a wayward national conscience.

All of these things were excitingly evident when I saw the production last summer, but a couple of other contextual elements weren't. One is the recent opening, 10 blocks north, of "Oklahoma!," the revived 1943 musical in which Rodgers and Hammerstein presented a far different picture of American than Arthur Miller ever has. The director of that show, Trevor Nunn (who is British) and the choreographer, Susan Stroman, have uncovered in it the more ominous underpinnings of the national character. But even so, "Oklahoma!" ends with a frontier trial that explicitly vindicates our hero, the symbolic and joyous triumph of expanding democracy.

Contrarily, at the conclusion of "The Man Who Had All the Luck," David Beeves, a man who has made a great life the way the founding fathers made a great nation, simply by landing in the right place and seizing the awesome opportunity, remains a self-doubter. He has just dodged one more bullet, and future prosperity, embodied by his newborn son, seems assured to everyone except himself.

In the aftermath of Sept. 11, David's uncertainty seems especially poignant and prescient, and especially opposed to the bull-headed optimism of "Oklahoma!," whose most comic character is a lovable peddler (American enterprise at work!) who happens to be from the Middle East.

In other words, this production of "Luck" has a fair amount of luck itself, at least in its remarkable timeliness. The rest of its appeal can be attributed to skill.

To begin with, the play is presented on Allen Moyer's handsome sets—the garage that houses David's auto-repair business and the home he takes over with his new wife after the death of her father—that share a vaulting back wall that suggests the unadorned roominess of the American plains. (The props include a magnificent automobile, a 1930 Marmont.)

And the play itself evinces the staunchness that has always characterized the construction of Mr. Miller's work. This is a drama with a fully thought-through dramatic arc and nine large roles, even though, like an apprentice carpenter, Mr. Miller banged in a few crooked nails. When the villainous father of David's fiancée is run over by a car, even the man's daughter shrugs and moves on without a sign. And the play's structure is long on fundamental theme-fulfilling and short on subtlety.

Several characters, for example, exist to make a single point, that most people succumb to a fateful flaw: J.B. Feller (Richard Riehle), a successful local businessman who invests in David's future, undermines his wish for a son with his drinking. Shory (Dan Moran), a wheelchair-bound veteran, curtailed his own sowing of wild oats with his penchant for whoremongering. Dan Dibble (Mason Adams), an elderly farmer who made a fortune raising mink, foreshadows his own personal calamity with a speech about the necessity of looking after your interests with unremitting vigilance.

All the actors are fine, and they've been welded into a nifty down-home-feeling ensemble by Mr. Ellis. Mr. Adams is marvelously crotchety and self-absorbed in the part, never more so than when he delivers this speech, which defends the principles of capitalism and mink farming. It's a set piece, much like the scene in which a baseball scout, played with the blunt and entertaining élan of caricature by David Wohl, explains his search for the source of a ball-player's incurable flaw. It's a grand character turn, and a fine use of the sport as a metaphor for the American soul.

Sam Robards, who plays Gustav Ebersson, an Austrian immigrant whose expertise and dreams become subservient to David's naturally endowed privileges, hits just the right notes of modesty and gratitude of someone who has bought into the fabled promise of our country. The early scene in which he enters David's garage and helps him repair the Marmont is a finely, sweetly evoked illustration of the forging of a lifelong bond.

The one new cast member is Samantha Mathis, who plays Hester Falk, David's fiancée and then wife. This is the play's only significant female role, which tells us something, I think, about the playwright's youth. Wisely, Ms. Mathis plays the part with the undemonstrative but cheering support of midcentury wifeliness, and as a couple she and Mr. O'Donnell are the image of a small town's favorite sweethearts.

The two of them, like the play itself, evoke another era altogether. As David's persistent fortune makes him ever more paranoid—he's convinced it's only a matter of time until fate cruelly catches up with him—she grows desperately helpless. In the middle of the 20th century it was crazy to think that a good-looking young American didn't deserve a golden existence, or that America was living under the sword of Damocles.

Wasn't it?

CLERGY HOUSING ALLOWANCE CLARIFICATION ACT

Mr. HUTCHINSON. Mr. President, I rise today to express my strong support for the passage of the Clergy Housing Allowance Clarification Act. This important legislation, of which I am a proud cosponsor, will affect the thousands of clergy throughout this country who tirelessly work for so many of us with little regard for their own financial well-being.

I have heard from countless Arkansans who are very concerned that if this legislation is not enacted, the 81-year-old housing tax exclusion for members of the clergy could be eliminated. This in turn would force a devastating tax increase on the many American clergy who can little afford to take on such a large financial burden.

I believe that this legislation needs to be passed today to ensure that clergy of all faiths and denominations can continue to receive the parsonage housing allowance exclusion. This bipartisan legislation was passed overwhelmingly in the House by a vote of 408 to 0, and I applaud my colleagues in the Senate for seeing fit to pass this bill with equal support today.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

RETIREMENT OF DEPUTY COMMISSIONER OF CUSTOMS CHARLES W. WINWOOD

● Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, on May 3rd the Federal law enforcement community will lose one of its finest civil servants. Charles W. Winwood, Deputy Commissioner of the United States Customs Service, will retire after a very distinguished 30-year career.

Mr. Winwood served as Acting Commissioner from January to September 2001. During that time he continued his longstanding and persuasive advocacy of the need to modernize Customs automated systems through the creation of the Automated Commercial Environment, often referred to as ACE. I share his strong view that ACE is critical to enforcement and trade facilitation needs. Therefore, I was especially pleased almost one year ago when Mr. Winwood announced the selection of the contractor team that will make ACE a reality.

While he was Acting Commissioner, Mr. Winwood also had the difficult task of managing Customs through the critical days immediately following the attacks of last September 11th. He immediately put the agency on Level One Alert and set the course for the commendable job that Customs is doing today on anti-terrorism and homeland security efforts.

Mr. Winwood is a graduate of Indiana University of Pennsylvania and earned

a master's in management and public administration from Florida International University. He began his Customs career in 1972 after serving his country for 2 years in the U.S. Army, including a combat tour of duty in Vietnam. After service in a number of important management roles, Charles Winwood was chosen as Deputy Commissioner on June 5, 2000.

Customs was formed in 1789 and is our Nation's oldest law enforcement agency. Mr. Winwood's dedication to duty has added yet another chapter to the agency's long, proud history. As he ends his service to our Nation, I ask the Senate to join me in thanking Mr. Winwood and wishing him a long, happy and satisfying retirement.●

CONGRATULATIONS TO TECO COAL

● Mr. BUNNING. Mr. President, I rise today to congratulate TECO Coal of Somerset, KY on winning the 2002 PRIDE Rogers-Bickford Environmental Leadership Award. This award, named for my good friend and fellow Member of Congress HAROLD ROGERS and Kentucky Natural Resources Secretary James Bickford, is presented to individuals and companies throughout the Commonwealth who have proved their commitment to making Kentucky an environmentally cleaner and safer place to live.

TECO Coal was specifically honored for their involvement in community service. TECO provided quality equipment, garbage bags, and plenty of manpower for multiple cleanup activities in Letcher, Perry, Pike, and Whitley Counties at a cost of over \$100,000. The company also sponsored a televised volunteer of the month recognition program on behalf of PRIDE.

Since 1908, TECO Coal has helped communities throughout Kentucky thrive in terms of economic growth, and now they have demonstrated their commitment to making the entire Commonwealth environmentally safe for current and future generations of Kentuckians.●

COMMENDING TOM AND SALLY FEGLEY, OWNERS OF TOM AND SALLY'S HANDMADE CHOCOLATES

● Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, I rise today to commend Tom and Sally Fegley, owners and operators of the award-winning Tom and Sally's Handmade Chocolates. For over a decade, Tom and Sally have been making world-class chocolates at their Brattleboro, VT, facility.

Leaving corporate positions in New York, the Fegleys started anew in Vermont with the dream of making high quality chocolate. Starting in 1989, with little knowledge of the chocolate business, the Fegleys volunteered their time as apprentices with a Jersey City chocolatier. After learning the trade, the Fegleys remodeled a vacant warehouse in downtown Brattleboro to

house their new business. Through trial and error over the years, the Fegleys have developed and perfected their superb technique for making fine chocolates. Their diligence, passion, and entrepreneurial spirit have been richly rewarded.

Tom and Sally's Handmade Chocolates is a true Vermont company. While building their business, the Fegleys have remained involved in their community, allowing school groups and tourists alike to visit their facility and learn about the chocolate-making business. Moreover, their efforts are incredibly innovative, incorporating traditional techniques for making fine chocolates with novelty packaging and light-hearted humor. No doubt, their success can be attributed as much to their creativity as to their business savvy. And with their long commitment to producing the best chocolate possible, they've brought their chocolates to the world through the Internet at www.tomandsallys.com.

Thirteen national awards and 1.5 million chocolate cow pies later, the Fegleys continue to make their amazing hand-crafted chocolate in Brattleboro. I am proud that my home State of Vermont has attracted and produced such outstanding entrepreneurs as the Fegleys.

I ask that a December article from the Rutland Herald be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the Rutland Herald, Dec. 23, 2001]

CHOCOLATES AND LAUGHS

AT TOM AND SALLY'S HANDMADE, THE SWEETS ARE SPRINKLED WITH HUMOR

(By Ellen Ogden)

Most people will eat sweets any time of the year; but in the high spirit of the holidays, it would be tempting, if only it were big enough, to dive into a box of chocolates. Especially the handmade kind: hand-dipped and decorated with crystallized violets or fancy fillings, packaged as if each bite were a piece of gold. A joy to the eyes as well as the taste buds.

Chocolate is such a treat, you would think anyone who makes it for a living would have fun. "Truth is," says Sally Fegley, co-owner with her husband Tom of Tom and Sally's Handmade Chocolates, "many fancy chocolatiers take themselves way too seriously." Making world class chocolate involves more than just a devotion to the art. It requires expensive packaging and a marketing plan to match. But the Fegleys have learned how to play up the pleasurable side of making chocolate.

Tom and Sally's Handmade Chocolates are the best in their class—they've won 13 national awards—but many of their products are packaged in silly ways. For example, their best selling item is a chocolate cow pie, a loosely formed plop of rich Belgian chocolate mixed with a handful of nuts. The idea came to Tom one morning while shaving and they've sold over 1.5 million of these pies, expanding on the line to include a range of over 50 other animals. There are moose pies with almonds, sheep pies with hazelnuts and elephant pies with peanuts.

The irony is that Tom and Sally's Handmade Chocolates set out in 1989 to make serious chocolate. "We left high paying corporate jobs to move to Vermont and make

chocolate," explains Sally. Dressed in a floppy white chef hat, blonde hair curling out from around the sides and large gold hoop earrings, Sally Fegley laughs easily. Her buoyancy seems consistent with the delightful chocolate aroma that fills the air of their 11,000-square-foot warehouse. She and Tom are wearing matching outfits, white chef top with a chocolate brown apron, each with their names spelled out in big letters.

At age 42, they were too young for retirement, but they knew they wanted to live in Vermont. It is a classic story of a couple seeking a career change. They knew they would make a good team. They also shared a love of good chocolate. "We were convinced that there was no one in the U.S. who was making first-rate chocolate and we were determined to be the first," says Sally. While still holding their corporate jobs, they devoted a year to market research. They read, consumed and visited every chocolate venue around New York City.

And since they trained in corporate America, they are highly organized and goal oriented. "From the time we left our jobs and moved to Vermont, we gave ourselves three months to find a building, build the inventory and open the store doors," says Sally. Reading and eating chocolate is one thing, but actually making it was something else. They needed hands-on experience before the big move. They offered themselves as volunteers to several chocolate makers around New York to obtain some form of basic training. But they were rejected until they looked beyond the city, and found a three-generation family-run chocolatier in Jersey City who agreed to let them in on some secrets. The both began an apprenticeship to learn about chocolate.

Everything was moving along like clockwork. They left Wall Street where she worked at Bank of America and he was at Metropolitan Life. They found a vacant building at 6 Harmony Place in Brattleboro, formerly a bar and electricians' warehouse. "Right up until the opening day, every batch of chocolate we made failed," confesses Sally. It is clear she has told this story many times. Now that they have been in business for over a decade and have won those awards, it is easier to admit to early problems. "It was still perfectly edible and delicious, but no matter what we did, the chocolate kept coming out gray and streaky."

Before a chocolatier can mold the chocolate, the chocolate must be melted or tempered. This breaks the crystals and the butterfat; but it must be done at an exact temperature that matches the original chocolate. What the Fegleys had learned to make in Jersey City was based on a domestic chocolate, while what they selected for their Brattleboro operation was a premier Belgian brand, Callebaut. This brand has a more finicky tempering habit and wasn't responding to their learned methods.

"To me, having your own business means trying on all the knowledge and all the skills you've learned in your entire life," relates Sally, who called upon an eighth grade science class when the couple had to set up an experiment involving an empirical method and deduction. They set up the marble tables with candy-making trays and thermometers and filled each while keeping close tabs on the temperature and the procedure. They finally determined that the thermometers they were using had different calibrations. "Each batch was off by as little as two degrees, but this made all the difference."

They are now so confident of their method that they offer educational tours of the process to the public every day. Located five miles north of Brattleboro on Rt. 30, Tom and Sally's is a favorite site for school children who arrive by the busload. It is a pristine facility, with an open floor plan and