

## CELEBRATING TUFTONIA'S WEEK

HON. BILL RICHARDSON

OF NEW MEXICO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, April 16, 1996*

Mr. RICHARDSON. Mr. Speaker, in just a few short weeks, many of us will be attending college graduations watching as countless numbers of our constituents finish their college education, graduate, and become alumni.

As seasoned alumni know, you always maintain a special tie to your college. At my alma mater, Tufts University actively encouraged alumni to celebrate their college days by participating in annual "Tuftonia's Week" celebrations. It is a special time for more than 88,000 alumni of Tufts to turn their thoughts to Tufts and to get together with fellow Tuftonians, to reminisce with old friends.

Tuftonia Week also allows the university to focus attention on its enormously successful alumni program called, "TuftServe." Last year, Tufts alumni contributed more than 19,000 volunteer hours of community service. This work enhance the quality of life in our local communities and enables alumni to maintain a close relationship with their alma mater.

As my colleagues address soon-to-be alumni at college graduation campuses around the country, may I suggest that we take with us a page from Tuftonia's Week and encourage college graduates to remember and honor their college years by offering and volunteering their knowledge and expertise in their communities. Such an endeavor by my colleagues would be a great tribute to the volunteer commitment of many Tufts University alumni as well as an outstanding celebration of Tuftonia's Week.

## SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE COLUMNIST HERB CAEN RECEIVES PULITZER PRIZE

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, April 16, 1996*

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, Herb Caen, a truly extraordinary talent in the world of journalism, joined an elite group of journalists last week when he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. He received a special Pulitzer Award that recognizes his unique and enormous contributions to the city that he loves with all his heart. For almost 58 years, Herb Caen has delighted residents of San Francisco and the surrounding communities with stories and thoughts on our unique and wonderful "City by the Bay."

Herb Caen fills his daily 1,000-word column with an incredible range of items, from political platforms to society gossip to humorous encounters with the many interesting individuals within the rich and diverse city of San Francisco. While there is almost always a laugh contained in Herb Caen's column, he did not shy away from expressing controversial opinions on issues concerning the city and the country. I am delighted that the Pulitzer board recognized these extraordinary qualities when they conferred this special prize, only the fifth in the history of the awards.

The only person who can adequately express the importance of this award to the San

Francisco community is Herb Caen himself. So, Mr. Speaker, I invite my colleagues to read the column which appeared the day after the award was announced in order to get a good taste of the wit and elegance which earned Herb Caen this well-deserved honor.

HEY, LOOK ME OVER!

(By Herb Caen)

"Pulitzer Prizewinning columnist." Well, it does have a certain ring to it. And it will definitely add a touch of class to the obituary, which has been moldering away in the morgue for years. I'm not trying to be morbid in the Edgar Allan Poe mode. "Morgue" is what old newshounds call their paper's library, and it's somebody's job to keep the obits up to date. "Pulitzer Prizewinning columnist" will also juice up the resume if I ever have to start jobhunting again. Don't laugh. Downsizing is the order of the day. I command a large salary, several dollars a week over scale. I could well be on the short list for the gold-plated watch and farewell handshake, thereby making room on the payroll for the pitcher and running back we so desperately need.

I got the word that I'd won a Pulitzer late yesterday morning when Karyn Hunt of the local Associated Press bureau called and asked for a statment. I thought she was kidding because I happen to know she's a great kiddier. How do I know? Because—and here's your item—Karyn once worked for me, manning the phones and checking stories. She got out as soon as she could and has colorful stories to tell about what a mizzerable person I am to work for, but I digress. Actually, I'm not that hard to work for. Ask Carole Vernier, who works for me now. On second thought, don't ask Carole. I do get a little difficult around deadline. I am no longer digressing, I am regressing. Say, can the Pulitzer board!—and thank you thank you thank you whoever your are—where was I? Oh yes, can the board take the prize back once it has been bestowed? This could well be a historic test.

Anyway, when Karyn of the AP called for a comment, I said "A little late for April Fool jokes, isn't it?" She finally convinced me this was for real, whereupon I fell back on the old barnyard joke whose punchline is "What a pullet surprise," laying an egg in the process. "Be serious," she said, sternly, "I'm on deadline." "You're on deadline?" I snapped. "Whaddya think I'm on, a Stairmaster? And you know how I get at deadline time." In truth, my thoughts were so scattered and my surprise, pullet or otherwise, so genuine that I had no statement to make beyond "Duh, I'll get back to you." What I think happened is that I outlasted the Pulitzer board members. They kept waiting for me to pop off, so they wouldn't have to think about that West Coast noodnik any longer, and when I passed 80 they caved in.

About 25 years ago, Art Hoppe and I made a solemn pact, sealed in blood: If either or both of us ever won a Pulitzer, we'd refuse to accept it. That's because we felt that a lot of columnists who didn't deserve the prize were winning it. Besides, the years were rolling along without a nod from Olympus, which would make it easy for him or me to say coldly, "Too late, ladies and gentlemen, too late." Well, when the word came through yesterday, I was in a quandary. A sacred vow sealed with a vile oath is not to be broken lightly. As I was tentatively rehearsing variations on "I don't need no steenkin' prizes," Hoppe poked his head into my office and said "Forget it. I release you." That is one of several reasons I think Art Hoppe deserved a Pulitzer a long time ago.

No, I never expected to win the gonfalon, the gong, the biggie. Year after year I stud-

ied the columns of prizewinners and discerned a pattern: To win a Pulitzer, it is necessary to be serious, ready to render learned opinions on matters of importance not only to the nation but to a waiting world. A three-dot columnist in a smallish city on the coast hardly seems worthy of a place in the pantheon. Walter Winchell, my original inspiration, never won anything of note, and he used even more dots than I, to excellent effect. It's true that satirical columns picked up a prize from time to time, as long as they weren't too funny. I will not deny that although I am not often funny, I am definitely silly and that seemed to me the kiss of death.

What I received yesterday, said the AP, was "a special award for what the Pulitzer board described as 'his extraordinary and continuing contribution as a voice and a conscience of his city.'" I can be serious about that. I am as seriously touched—nay, overwhelmed—as I am seriously in love with "my" city. The Pulitzer, coming on the heels of my 80th birthday last week, with its attendant tributes and demonstrations of friendship, has rendered me limp with gratitude, speechless with swirling thoughts impossible to articulate. Mixed up somewhere in the award, I figure, is a streak of sentimental regard for an old party who has been grinding it out, year after year, and, at the same time, a salute to longevity, for which I thank my German mama and my French papa who had the good taste to come to this loveliest of cities so long ago.

This is also, of course, a victory for the mechanical typewriter over the burgeoning forces of cyberspace. I hereby hub my Royal, a brand name that is currently being dragged through the mud. The suspected Unabomber is said to have written his manifesto on a 40-year-old Royal, the same age as mine. As for the part about being "the conscience of the city," this city had one—plus great style—long before I came down the river from Sacramento. The city's overriding sense of fair play always appealed to me and I have been delighted to get the chance to help keep it alive. About being "the voice," I seem to have lost it at the moment, being speechless with surprise. All I can manage to croak is, "For columns like this, they give a Pulitzer?"

## IN TRIBUTE OF PROF. JAN KARSKI

HON. NANCY PELOSI

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, April 16, 1996*

Ms. PELOSI. Mr. Speaker, I rise today with the Holocaust Center of Northern California to honor Prof. Jan Karski, a member of the Polish underground during World War II who risked his life in an effort to stop the Holocaust.

Professor Karski, a devout Roman Catholic, was captured and savagely tortured by the Gestapo while working as a courier in 1940. Willing to sacrifice his life to protect the underground, Professor Karski escaped with the help of the Polish workers, and returned to his work as a courier.

In 1942, Professor Karski was smuggled into the Warsaw ghetto and death camp near Belzec, and then traveled secretly to Washington, DC, where he provided President Roosevelt, other top Government officials, journalists, and religious leaders with a terrifying eyewitness account of the extermination of thousands of helpless and innocent Jews. Professor Karski traveled extensively throughout the