

ladder and Karen starts shouting out the window "Hurry before my father hears you." In a very low and quiet voice, he said "shut up" trying hard not to break out in laughter so as not to wake up the neighbors. But I seriously doubt he could hold it in. Kind of reminds

In 1985, when Kristen was born, Sandy was in Kenmore Mercy Hospital and at that time, they still had strict visiting hours for maternity. But as we all know, that wouldn't stop Bob from visiting his daughter and granddaughter. He walked up to the front desk and gave Sandy's name and when he was advised visiting hours were over, he announced that he was Mrs. McNerney's pastor and of course, was allowed right in. Only Bob could get away with that, with a straight face, no less.

One of Sue's favorite stories from her Grandmother Seeburg was from Bob's childhood. He was about 6 years old and came home early from school one day. When his mother asked him why he was home so early, he claimed that the store across the street from the school burned down and they let all the kids leave early. Mrs. Priddle's suspicions led her to walk over to the vicinity of the school where, of course, she noticed the store in question was still intact. We probably don't want to know what happened when she returned home. But at least we now have a better understanding of the early development of Bob's storytelling ability.

One of Elvi's favorite stories is about a cold winter morning when Bob was working at McCorney's in Lockport and had to be there early to open up for business. But he went out to start his car and found the battery was dead. He came back in the house and called Triple A and was told it would be at least an hour or more before they could get to him. He told the dispatcher, "Look, you've got to help me out here, I stayed overnight at my girlfriend's house and her husband is going to be home any minute." The poor fellow on the phone was overcome with sympathy for the situation and needless to say, a truck was in the driveway in a matter of minutes. Bob arrived at work with time to spare and probably pretty proud of himself for such a coup.

For those of you who know Kate, one of Bob and Elvi's two lovely granddaughters, you may know she has become somewhat of a connoisseur of French onion soup, thanks to her grandfather. It seems that one evening at dinner at Cameo's when Kate was about 8 years old, Bob had ordered the French onion soup and it had lots of cheese on top. Kate

Donnalee has visited many times since Bob was admitted to McAuley on

March 17, 1998. She remembers the first year he was there and was still pretty mobile and managing to get to the far corners of the building in his wheelchair. He happened upon a new maintenance man and struck up a conversation asking him how long he had been there, where he was from, etc., perfectly normal for Bob. Then he said to the man, "Do you know what my job is here?" And the maintenance man looked at him kind of funny since he was quite sure he was a patient, but was kind enough to go along with him and said, "No, what do you do?" Bob said, "I am the elephant chaser." The man, a bit perplexed, answered, "Oh, really?" and Bob replied, "Well, you don't see any elephants around here, do you?"

All of us who knew and loved Bob realized that patience wasn't exactly one of his primary virtues. When he was in Buffalo General Hospital in January of 1998, he needed a nurse, but when he rang the buzzer a few times, no one came. So he picked up the phone and dialed "911" and told them they had better hurry up and get a nurse in there for him.

One time when Bob and Joe met at Brighton Golf Course, they teed up on the first hole, a par four and Bob hit one heck of a swing but unfortunately, hit the maintenance barn, way too far to the right. He was a little disturbed, but set up another ball and swung and again hit the barn. He started saying some very bad words about the golf balls he was using, but teed up for a third time and this time hit over the barn and into the parking lot. He turned to Joe and said, "I probably should have had that second Manhattan to straighten out my swing."

I think it is safe to say we are all better for having known this loving, kind, funny and loyal man who was so devoted to his family and friends. Eleanor Roosevelt once said, "Many people will walk in and out of your life, but only true friends will leave footprints on your heart." Throughout the rest of our days, may we always have Bob Priddle's footprints on our hearts.

HONORING FLORENCE HOFFMAN

HON. SCOTT MCINNIS

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 18, 2001

Mr. MCINNIS. Mr. Speaker, I am proud to honor Florence Hoffman on receiving the Jackson County Council on Aging 2001 Senior of the Year Award. Florence's giving heart and gentle spirit have been instrumental in the

Council's success. I am encouraged by her determination and willingness to help others and would like to take this moment to honor her.

Florence is a long-time resident of Cowdrey, Colorado. After her husband passed away, Florence came to rely on the community's senior citizens' OATS van, which provides alternative transportation for those who request its aid.

Mr. Speaker, the contributions that Florence has put forth certainly deserve the praise and admiration of this body. Florence has made significant monetary contributions annually to the service and also offers sizable increases to the usual fee for each ride that she takes. Her notable acts of selflessness have bolstered the OATS van and have ensured its consistent availability to the senior citizens of Jackson County.

It is with great pleasure, Mr. Speaker, that I congratulate Florence Hoffman on being named the 2001 Senior of the Year by the Jackson County Council on Aging. I would like to say thank you for the donations made to the service, which the entire elderly population in the area depend so much upon. We are proud of you, Florence!

TRIBUTE TO NANCY G. BACA ON THE OCCASION OF HER RETIREMENT

HON. JOE BACA

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 18, 2001

Mr. BACA. Mr. Speaker, I rise to salute Nancy Baca, of Barstow, on the occasion of her retirement on July 3, 2001. Nancy has had a distinguished career of outstanding service, spanning 34 years at the Marine Corps Logistics Base at Barstow, California, for which she has received 13 awards and promotions. These awards recognize her skill and acumen at accounting, express appreciation of her hard work and extra efforts, and salute her notable achievement of saving money and promoting efficiency at the Base.

Through her overtime, persistence, and relentless pursuit of cost-effectiveness, Nancy has contributed to saving the Base from closure. The Base plays a pivotal role in the community of Barstow, as an employer and a resource, so we should all be grateful to Nancy and others who have worked to strive for excellence.

This is not just about protecting a community, this is about standing up for the vital interests of our nation, for the Marine Corps Logistics Base at Barstow is essential for testing and repairing vehicles for the Marines. Barstow has special equipment, including water immersion facilities, to ensure that when a vehicle leaves the facility, it is in fighting shape