

These awards are presented only to those who possess the qualities that make our nation great: commitment to excellence, hard work, and genuine love of community service. The Gold Awards represent the highest awards attainable by junior and high school Girl Scouts.

I ask my colleagues to join me in congratulating the recipient of this award, as her activities are indeed worthy of praise. Her leadership benefits our community and she serves as a role model for her peers.

Also, we must not forget the unsung heroes, who continue to devote a large part of their lives to make all this possible. Therefore, I salute the families, scout leaders, and countless others who have given generously of their time and energy in support of scouting.

It is with great pride that I recognize the achievements of Danielle, and bring the attention of Congress to this successful young woman on her day of recognition.

ONE MAN STOOD ALONE AGAINST  
HATE

**HON. EARL F. HILLIARD**

OF ALABAMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 29, 2002*

Mr. HILLIARD. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the Honorable Judge and State Representative Charles Nice, Jr.

In the hate-filled atmosphere in the all-white Alabama State legislature after the decision in 1954 known as *Brown vs. the Board of Education of Toledo, Kansas*, which ruled illegal the segregated school systems of America, Charles Nice was a Democratic freshman Representative from Birmingham. A resolution was introduced which condemned the Supreme Court for the decision, and an amendment to the Alabama constitution was introduced to which would abolish the public school system in any county which was "threatened" with integration.

Charles Nice was the only member of the legislature to have the moral courage to vote against the resolution and the amendment. Had John Kennedy written a book about state government as he did about federal, he would have included Charles Nice in that "Profiles of Courage."

He was not reelected, of course. But he did not quit or ameliorate his morality. Unbending before the gales of hate, he continued his commitment to public service by accepting appointment to the Circuit Court in 1974.

Soon, Alabama reinstated the death penalty, and Judge Nice presided over four capital cases in which the jury prescribed the death penalty. Again, Charles Nice withstood the storms of hate and vengeance and commuted the sentences to "life in prison without parole."

In a state in which it is common for a judge to give the death penalty to a convicted person whom the jury has recommended for life in prison, he was condemned and transferred to the Family Court of Alabama, where he could hear no capital cases. "At last," the system thought, "Charles Nice could do no good."

However, in this court any juvenile 15 years or older charged with a serious crime could be

transferred to adult court for trial as an adult and given the death penalty. Standing firmly on higher ground, Judge Nice refused to transfer juveniles to adult court. "No youth," he said, "should be given the death penalty."

Smearred in the media, he was defeated for reelection in 1998, but remained victorious in principle. This good man continued to be active in the Alabama Democratic Party until his death at 82 on December 5, 2001.

Standing against hate, he planted his feet firmly on higher ground. Now he is pressing on the upward way, going to even higher ground. He will be missed, but never forgotten. His service is printed upon the social system of Alabama. We are not as good as he would have us be, but we are better for his having been by here.

May he be ever honored by those who serve this nation and its highest principles.

LYNNE CHENEY SPEAKS AT  
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY ON  
"TEACHING FOR FREEDOM"

**HON. FRANK R. WOLF**

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, January 29, 2002*

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, I want to share with our colleagues a speech delivered late last year at Princeton University by Lynne V. Cheney, the wife of the Vice President of the United States, about the importance of knowing history and teaching it well. An expert on education, Mrs. Cheney is a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and holds a doctorate degree from the University of Wisconsin.

"TEACHING FOR FREEDOM", ADDRESS BY  
LYNNE V. CHENEY, JAMES MADISON PROGRAM,  
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER  
29, 2001

It's a great pleasure to be here this afternoon as part of the James Madison Program in American Ideals and Institutions. Professor George, you deserve congratulations for the excellence of this program's efforts, and let me praise Princeton University as well. By giving this program a home, Princeton is setting an example of how people of differing viewpoints can, in a university setting, debate important issues with seriousness and civility.

For someone who loves American history, this part of New Jersey is a remarkable place to be, a place rich with stories of our country's past. Next month, on Christmas night, it will be two hundred twenty-five years since George Washington cross the Delaware, and in a surprise attack on the Hessian mercenaries manning the British post at Trenton, managed to kill dozens and capture more than nine hundred while sustaining not a single fatality on the American side.

The wonderful painting by Emanuel Leutze of Washington crossing the ice-choked Delaware hints, but barely, at the significance of this victory. The men in the boat with Washington are dressed in a motley assortment of clothes. One does not imagine that Washington has a highly trained and disciplined force. But the men in the boat do not look nearly as ragged and miserable as the historical record suggests Washington's troops were. The painter Charles Wilson Peale, observing Washington's army in early Decem-

ber, as they were retreating before the advancing British, had been struck with horror at the sight of the sick, exhausted, and half-naked men. One soldier approached Peale. He was a man who "had lost all his clothes. He was in an old, dirty blanket jacket, his beard long, and his face so full of sores he could not clean it." Only when the soldier spoke, did Peale realize that it was his much-loved brother James.

These Americans, going up against superior numbers of British forces, who were better equipped and better trained, had, not surprisingly, spent most of the war thus far in retreat. And that is why Trenton mattered so much, because suddenly, in the depths of icy winter, there was a victory, and Washington was determined to build on it. He moved his troops back to Pennsylvania, waited until the commissary wagons could bring provisions, and then on December 30th, crossed the Delaware into New Jersey again and entrenched his troops near Trenton. Since the enlistments of most of his men expired at year's end, his first job was to persuade a significant number of them to stick with him, which he did with rousing speeches—and \$50,000 raised by Philadelphia financier Robert Morris.

Some of Washington's men may have regretted the decision to stay on when, on January 2, 1777, General Cornwallis and 5000 well-trained, well-equipped men advanced on Trenton from Princeton. Washington's pickets had to fall back across a creek. With shot and shell flying overhead, scores of men had to make their way across a narrow stone bridge, and while there was no doubt fear, there was no panic. At the end of the bridge, Washington, on horseback, had taken up a position where his men could see him, firm, composed, resolute. One of his men forever remembered pressing "against the shoulder of the General's horse" and touching Washington's boot.

Cornwallis was convinced that he had Washington, whom he called "the old fox," trapped, but Washington, leaving his campfires burning as a diversion, moved most of his men around the British left flank and headed for Princeton. The first encounter between an American brigade approaching Princeton and British troops leaving it to join their main force in Trenton did not go well for the Americans. Many were wounded and killed in a bayonet attack. The survivors fell back, bloody, dazed, confused, but Washington rallied them and after more troops arrived, led them himself toward the British. Displaying astonished bravery, he took his men to within thirty yards of the British lines and ordered them to fire. One staff officer was so sure Washington would be killed that he pulled his hat over his eyes to escape the sight, but when the smoke cleared, the General was unharmed. The staff officer wept in relief. Washington clasped his hand and then led the charge after the fleeing British.

As I'm sure everyone living near Princeton knows, this story has a pretty dramatic ending. The British took refuge in Nassau Hall, which the Americans then fired upon. The result was not only to persuade the British to surrender, but, legend has it, to decapitate, with a well-fired cannonball, a portrait of King George the Second.

Now, I tell this story in part because it is a wonderful story, and it is an important one as well. Demoralized as Washington and his countrymen were, news of these victories, James Thomas Flexner has written, "traveled across America like a rainstorm across a parched land, lifting bowed heads everywhere." But I also tell this story because it