

IN HONOR OF BLACKIE HOWLETT

HON. DENNIS J. KUCINICH

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 23, 2002

Mr. KUCINICH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in honor and remembrance of Blackie Howlett, United States Veteran, pilot, devoted husband, father and grandfather, and dear friend to many.

Mr. Howlett was born Jack J. Howlett II eighty-two years ago in his parents' home on Cleveland's Westside. After attending John Marshall High School, he attended Baldwin-Wallace College. During the 1930's, Howlett learned to fly open-cockpit planes here in Cleveland, from the Cosby Brothers, who were local stunt pilots.

Mr. Howlett was an expert aviator, and utilized his skills and knowledge for the protection and service of the United States. As a U. S. Marine, Mr. Howlett was part of the military crew that helped to build an airport in Kinston, NC. During that time, renown pilot Charles Lindbergh visited the base to train pilots. Mr. Howlett was one of Lindbergh's students. Toward the end of WWII, he was stationed on Wake Island in the Pacific, as a Commanding Officer of the Marine detachment. Mr. Howlett accepted the surrender of Japanese troops on Wake Island. Later, he remained in the service and was in command of an airport at Osaka, Japan. Several years after WWII, Mr. Howlett left the military, and had achieved the status of Major.

After his military tenure, Mr. Howlett joined Irving Cloud Publishing, where he founded Aviation Equipment and Maintenance Magazine. Later, he founded Howlett and Associates, a consultancy company, for aviation publications located around the globe. Mr. Howlett maintained his involvement and participation in aviation throughout his life. During his senior years, he founded the local chapter of the Silver Wings Fraternity, an organization comprised of senior pilots.

In addition to his passion for flying through the air, Mr. Howlett had a life-long interest in flying across the ice. He was an active speed skater in his youth, and was an original member of the Lake Erie Speed Skating Association. He also helped organize the United States Luge program, and was a team manager for the United States Luge Team in the Olympics. In 1989, Mr. Howlett was inducted into the Cleveland Sports Hall of Fame.

Mr. Howlett's beloved wife, Dorothea, passed away in 2000. He was the beloved father of Jeffrey, Carrie and Jennifer, and one grandchild.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. Blackie Howlett was an extraordinary pilot, accomplished businessman, dedicated citizen, and devoted family man. Mr. Blackie Howlett will be greatly missed by all who knew him well, yet his legacy of living life to its absolute fullest—a man who dared to soar where sunlight settles on the highest cloud, a man whose energy and spark belied a gentle nature—will live on for generations to come.

48 HOURS IN A CHINESE
DETENTION CENTER**HON. JAMES P. MCGOVERN**

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 23, 2002

Mr. MCGOVERN. Mr. Speaker, today I met with Daniel Pomerleau a student from Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts. Last March, Mr. Pomerleau traveled to China to meet with fellow practitioners of Falun Dafa and to learn more about the Chinese government's persecution of its people. As a result of his interaction with Chinese citizens, Mr. Pomerleau was held in a Chinese Detention Center for nearly 48 hours.

Mr. Pomerleau gave me a copy of Clark University's *WheatBread Magazine*. The magazine has a detailed description written by Mr. Pomerleau of his experiences in China. I ask unanimous consent to have Mr. Pomerleau's article inserted in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

Mr. Speaker, I am certain that the U.S. House of Representatives join me in thanking Mr. Pomerleau for bringing his story to our attention.

48 HOURS IN A CHINESE DETENTION CENTER

(By Daniel Pomerleau)

Three weeks ago, my older brother and I were detained in China for talking to people about Falun Dafa. I would like to share with you my experience in the article below. But before I do, I would like to briefly explain our reasons for going, as well as the current situation in the persecution in China.

We departed from Logan airport on Sunday morning, March 24. We split up in Vancouver, Canada, both of us heading in different directions; my older brother Jason to Hong Kong and myself to Beijing. We planned to meet in Beijing a few days later and travel by train through the Northeast of China.

We were traveling to China for similar reasons. We both wanted to expose the persecution of Falun Dafa to the Chinese people and share with them our personal experiences with the practice. We have experienced many first-hand benefits from practicing Falun Dafa and its principles of truthfulness, compassion, and forbearance. We couldn't understand how people could be tortured and killed for doing something as harmless as meditating and trying to be good people. Good people should not be treated like criminals.

While watching the persecution grind on for the past two and half years, we have been horrified by the accounts of harassment, extortion, torture, rape, and killing of Falun Dafa practitioners in Chinese prisons and labor camps every day. Over 150,000 people have been detained and physically abused, and nearly 400 have been tortured to death. Groundless propaganda is spewed out day after day by the Chinese President through all media outlets to vilify the practice and keep the death cases silent. As a result, the average Chinese person knows nothing about the deaths, and even less about the thousands of honors and proclamations bestowed on Falun Dafa outside of China. Because all the books about the practice are outlawed, they only know what's aired in the media. It's really sad. They are the biggest victims.

The Chinese president, the man responsible for this persecution, claims that Falun Dafa is detrimental to China's social stability and must be crushed at all costs. Why then is it proven to be so beneficial to the social sta-

bility of over 50 countries, where it has been practiced freely and peacefully for the past seven years? Why does the Chinese government say bad things about it while the other 50 countries and their people, with various types of cultures, religions, and governments, support it? What is the real motive behind this persecution? Is what the Chinese people hear everyday true?

My brother and I went to China simply to ask the Chinese people to think about these questions. We had no intentions of holding a protest or getting arrested, and we have no interest in political matters or attacking the Chinese government. We also weren't planning on creating a media hype. I was set on quietly returning home after a week or so of travel, and most of you would never have known I had gone if I hadn't been arrested. I felt that if I could talk to just one person and clarify the truth to them so that this person knew the truth about this persecution and no longer wanted to go along with it, I would have accomplished what I had set out to do.

Unfortunately, however, I didn't make it very far.

I arrived at the Beijing International Airport at approximately 4:00 pm on March 25, and headed to a nearby subway station. I got off at a busy Beijing street with people on Bicycles bustling about. Remembering my purpose of coming to China, I took the opportunity to begin talking to a few people and hand them small pieces of information. Everyone I handed it to looked at it, read a few words, and exclaimed "Oh, Falun Dafa! Thank you!" They seemed very happy to be receiving such information from a westerner.

After talking briefly with about five people, a big ruffian approached me from behind, grabbed my arm and pulled me to the side of the street. I was immediately surrounded by several other men and couldn't move. The men had red bandanas tied around their arms and didn't identify who they were. One of them had the information I had handed out in his hand, so I knew who they were and what they were up to. They were thugs hired by the Chinese government to specifically arrest Falun Dafa practitioners. Most likely, they got an award for each new person they arrested. At that point, having read countless stories of the beatings and tortures that have occurred, I knew what I could be about to face. It was pretty scary.

When I tried to leave and continue on my way, they grabbed my luggage and didn't allow me to move. They seemed very nervous and didn't want the Chinese people on the street to know what was going on. Soon a police van came and about seven uniformed police began forcing me towards the van. At this point, I knew it was probably my last chance to do what I had come to China to do, so I called out as loud as I could to the huge crowd that had gathered around me "Falun Dafa Hao!" (Falun Dafa is Good). They looked stunned.

This was my first encounter with the viciousness of this persecution; for, as soon as I said those words, the police began slapping me in the face and kicking me in the legs to keep me quiet. "Falun Dafa is Good" is the last thing they wanted the Chinese people to hear. As I continued to call it out to the crowd, I was picked up and thrown into the police van. The visors were closed and they continued to kick me to keep me silent.

I was taken to a nearby police substation, where I immediately asked to call the U.S. Embassy. They denied the request and instead took away my passport, airplane tickets, and wallet. Upon finding Falun Dafa information in my bag, they said I had broken the law and must be punished. I told them that they were the ones breaking the law. Their own constitution guarantees the right