

was appointed principal of the Howland Elementary School, and this set the stage for the rest of his life's work, dealing with the needs of underprivileged children.

Joe's daughter Arlene stated that "All of our lives, all of our family, friends and relatives, if they had clothing to pass on, would take them to my dad and he would take them to school. He would take clothes for adults too. He had kids get eye exams and had an arrangement with those doing the testing to provide glasses for a very low fee."

Mr. Rosen established an after-hours social center at Howland for elementary and high school pupils to keep them off the streets. As the neighborhood was changing, he instituted intergroup understanding as part of the curriculum.

When he became Superintendent of District 10, he established the Farragut Outpost, an alternative school for Farragut students who were not progressing well with the regular straight academic curriculum. The Outpost kept young people in school and attracted many dropouts back.

Joe was indeed an innovative educator who was able to do a great deal with teaching approaches and techniques. He was an avid supporter of early childhood education and established several Head Start and daycare center programs in his district.

Joe would be pleased to know that we are here tonight talking about the earned income tax credit program that is designed to help those at the very bottom. Joe promoted back-to-school activity. He promoted breakfast and lunch programs for children, understanding that they could not learn well if they were hungry.

However, many people knew him best through his partnership with Mrs. Ida Mae Fletcher, Ma Fletcher, a pioneer leader and education activist. Through their efforts, community involvement and parental participation became buzz words associated with public education in the Chicago area.

Joe was forced to retire at the age of 65 because of an age requirement. However, he continued to work both formally and informally for many years. He met his first wife, Ms. May Berg at a dance and they were married in 1939. After her death, he met Ms. Carol Bauer and they were married in 1984.

Joe leaves to mourn his passing his sons Laurence and Robert; stepson Harlen Bauer and stepdaughters Betsy Bauer and Susan Bauer; Yetta Rothstein, his sister; brother Walter Rosen; and four grandchildren.

Joe continued to be active and serve on various boards and committees right up to the end of his life. He was a member of our Seventh Congressional District Education Task Force and the Westside Association for Community Action.

Joe never gave up on his inner-city community, and the community never gave up on him. He leaves a tremen-

dous legacy of commitment, dedication and commitment, to serving those who needed help. That is why Joe would be pleased to see my colleagues here extolling the virtues of tax relief or tax cuts for those who really need it, and not for those who do not, those who can benefit if we are real about what is needed.

#### HONORING JOHN MEHRMANN OF MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from New Hampshire (Mr. BRADLEY) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. BRADLEY of New Hampshire. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Manchester's John Mehrmann, New Hampshire's winner of the VFW Voice of Democracy Scholarship Contest. This contest is held each year to give high school students the opportunity to voice their opinion on their responsibility to our country.

The following is Mr. Mehrmann's essay, which I found both compelling and profound, and which is why I want to read it on the floor of the United States Congress.

"We were just kids. All our lives, everything was perfect; everything worked. Everything was planned. We went to school. We came home. We slept. And somewhere along the road of our lives, we would graduate from school. After graduating from school, we would go to a new school, we would come home, and we would sleep. There was nothing to fear; there would always be food in the fridge and gas in the car. Every time we flicked the light switch, there would be light.

"Then something happened. Suddenly something, somehow, somehow, somewhere shattered. As the dust settled and the magnitude of what we had lost became clear, it wasn't the death of an age for us, and it wasn't the death of jokes. But as we walked across the street or through the halls or drove our cars, something was different. The world was smaller that day. And all the faces, you with your expensive car, or you who always had something important to say, they all looked so much alike. They didn't all have the same hair color or the number of freckles. Some had straight teeth and some had big chins.

□ 1900

But they were all sad, all thinking. Innocence died that day, the innocence that let us worry about the grades or the pimples on our noses, the freedom to do what we wanted, when we wanted, was lost somewhere in 100 stories of broken steel and dust. We didn't grow up when we got our driver's licenses, and we didn't grow up when we got our first jobs, or even when we turned 18. We all grew up when we had to.

We heard a lot of talk after our abrupt maturation about freedom and responsibility. There were a lot of speeches, and everyone seemed very se-

rious. But mostly, we knew. We knew we could never be kids again. We finally realized what it meant to be responsible. Being responsible was doing our best, even when no one was watching. The responsibility thrust on some of us unexpectedly one late summer morning opened our eyes. We learned to think with our minds and feel with our hearts. Now the people we heard speaking French or Swahili when we came to school each day weren't foreign, they were victims of reality, like the rest of us.

We never knew how or when we would grow up. We didn't know why we had to. We saw the photos and the film clips of men and women leaping from flames only to careen hundreds of feet to their deaths. Again and again, we saw the missiles which we had all thought so harmless piloted to murder what could have been our entire school in an instant.

Freedom wasn't a badge. Freedom isn't a badge. It isn't a prize trophy to be flaunted and waved in the faces of the enslaved. Freedom is a burden, but a burden worth its price. Responsibility is the price of freedom. Freedom does not unequivocally allow for self-indulgence. Self-indulgence and selfishness are not responsible, and it is irresponsible to self-perpetuate at anyone's expense.

We think identities to be so important, and we imagine our lives to be so worthy of greatness that we forget the community of mankind of which we are so preciously minuscule a part.

Obsequiousness and submission are not the stigmas they were before adolescence was made extinct. Freedom is not a right to individuality but a right to community. It is a right of individuals to determine their sociality within the bounds of a world not limited to oceans or lines drawn on a map, but one which spans the entirety of a globe, encompassing a myriad of peoples with innumerable concerns. It is the responsibility of the world's free people to determine which concerns take precedence. The free peoples of the world must recognize the greater good for which to strive. Absolute singularity is no longer an option.

These are the words of John Mehrmann of New Hampshire.

#### THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. MARIO DIAZ-BALART). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Maryland (Mr. HOYER) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. HOYER. Mr. Speaker, on April 26, President Bush stated in his weekly radio address, "My jobs and growth plan would reduce the tax rates of everyone who pays income tax," "everyone who pays income tax."

On May 29, after the GOP tax bill, which included the provision of the President's plan, in full or in part, had been passed by Congress, now, one ought to understand that it was delivered at 8:45 p.m., a very large tax bill,