

May 11, 2000

SAMUEL B. MOODY BATAAN
DEATH MARCH ACT

HON. JOHN L. MICA

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 11, 2000

Mr. MICA. Mr. Speaker, today I am introducing legislation in the name of a special and dear friend who valiantly served in World War II and survived the treacherous Bataan Death March. The "Samuel B. Moody Bataan Death March Compensation Act" would provide compensation to those individuals who were forced to partake and held imprisoned following the ruthless procession.

Last year, Sam Moody passed away in Central Florida. I first met Sam in my civic activities in central Florida some years ago. However, I never really knew much about his background until some years ago when I invited Sam and several other veteran leaders to a small luncheon gathering.

As we sat together, I asked each of the veterans to relate some of their military service recollections after lunch to our group. Sam Moody started off rather hesitantly but he began telling an incredible story.

In 1942, American and Filipino troops fought bravely against the Japanese army during the Second World War on the Bataan Peninsula in the Philippines. Due to the low supplies and no hope of reinforcements, these men fought valiantly until they were forced to surrender to the enemy.

Within six days, the troops were corralled in the Mariveles, just south of Bataan. Little did they know, they were in for the journey of their lives—the Bataan Death March. In April of 1942 they began their march from Mariveles to their yet unknown destination of San Fernando—more than 60 miles away. The tropical temperatures in the Philippines during this season were excruciating, many men dying from dehydration and some from exhaustion. Treatment by their Japanese captors was brutal and often fatal as those who could not continue marching were summarily beaten or executed on the spot.

Many marchers attempted to escape into the jungles and some succeeded, however, most were forced to continue on their journey. Once they reached the railroad sidings, the troops were crammed into railroad cars like cattle. They continued to feel the torture of the tropical sun and their 30 mile train journey took close to 4 hours with long stops at various points.

After reaching camp O'Donnel in the jungles of Arlac Province, these soldiers were held as prisoners of war for over 3½ years.

Mr. Speaker, the purpose of the "Samuel B. Moody Bataan Death March Compensation Act" is to illustrate that while food and clothing allowances existed for our soldiers the United States failed to pay these benefits to the Bataan Death March survivors during their time spent in captivity.

In fact, those who survived to see their liberation in 1945 also did not receive the promotions or pay grade increases given to their counterparts who were not held as POWs. Pay increases and benefits were a standard part of military service, however, these brave

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individuals have yet to receive their lost payment.

In an effort to give these brave men their just benefits, I am introducing this legislation to compensate those survivors who were held captive after the Bataan Death March with their earned pay and benefits.

I would like to invite each member of this body to join me in this effort by cosponsoring this legislation. For those who gave so much in service to our Nation deserve to be duly compensated for their sacrifice and valor.

EULOGY FOR GRACE DIEHL

HON. JOHN JOSEPH MOAKLEY

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 11, 2000

Mr. MOAKLEY. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to a remarkable woman, Grace Diehl, who passed away last month. Grace was the wife of Leo Diehl, the former assistant and close friend of Speaker "Tip" O'Neill. I am inserting the eulogy delivered at Grace's mass by Tom O'Neill, the speaker's son. It is obvious in reading the eulogy that Grace and Leo shared a love and devotion that we all should emulate. I submit this eulogy not only to pay my respect to Grace and her memory, but to share with my colleagues a true love story.

EULOGY FOR GRACE DIEHL

Good Morning to each of you . . . Father . . . Grace's family and friends . . . and especially to you Leo. It is a great honor and a significant responsibility . . . to offer some remembrances about Grace whose long life spanned most of the last century and who . . . thanks in large part to an enviable but mysterious mix of great genes, determination and the constant care and concern of an equally determined husband . . . managed to also celebrate the dawn of this new century.

Grace's life is a remarkable saga, best told in two parts. . . . The years before "My Leo" as she liked to call him and the years with Leo, which I know she would agree were her best.

Most good stories begin at the beginning which is where I should start. The problem is that no one is exactly sure, in Grace's case, exactly where the beginning is. A variety of educated guesses put her date somewhere between 1904 and . . . 1910. And since Grace was an avid believer in the old saying that "a lady never tells her age", I will leave it to you to "do the math".

In any case, we do know that Grace Shaunessy was both in North Cambridge on August 1st.

Like so many of her generation, the major markers of Grace's life included two World Wars and a Great Depression. But thanks to entrepreneurial parents . . . her father, owned a chain of variety stores and, later her mother ran a popular neighborhood tavern . . . Grace's prospects were a lot better than most of the young women of her generation.

She was able to graduate from Cambridge High and Latin and further her education at The Chandler School.

Grace, like her parents, had a good head for business and in many respects was ahead of her time. She was for many years a career woman holding down positions in the foreign exchange department at Jordan Marsh, working for the government distributing those all-important rationed stamps . . . so

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much a hallmark of the Depression era . . . and working in the Tax Department of Cambridge City Hall.

It was there, in Cambridge City Hall, that Leo Diehl, himself a "tax man" met and began courting Grace Shaunessy. Leo and my father were both happily employed in the Assessor's Office until the Assessor decided he didn't like politicians and summarily fired both of them.

Leo and Grace began a whirlwind . . . and some would say . . . over-extended courtship that lasted over ten years and included trips to New York . . . properly chaperoned of course by a respectable, married couple . . . my parents! I'm not entirely sure what finally convinced Leo to "pop the question" but my hunch is that it had something to do with his feeling the need to settle in to a saner life after helping to run my father's first and notoriously difficult first race for Congress against LoPresti in 1952? In any case, Grace and Leo finally married in 1953, and remarkably, although they both began the married years well into mid-life, their marriage lasted for almost fifty years.

Grace gave up her career and happily settled into a new life, eventually adjusting to another contemporary twist . . . a commuter marriage. She and Leo bought a house in Belmont and, after a while, built their dream house, complete with a newly-dredged Harbor in Harwichport. Together with their many friends and neighbors . . . the McGuires, the Does, the Maloneys, the Roes . . . and, finally, after a long period impinging on Leo and Grace's hospitality and repeated use of the spare bedroom . . . the O'Neill's finally scraped up enough money to join the rest of the gang.

Those were fun times for Grace and Leo and for my parents and their friends. . . . Saturday nights at the Club, card games and songfests. Grace loved a good party and was always willing to endure Leo and my father's duets. She even enjoyed listening to Leo's famous and often repeated rendition of "Ten Baby Fingers". But, after a while, she drew the line on "I met a Lemon in the Garden of Love Where They Said Only Peaches Grow".

Beside her business know-how, Grace had many other interests and talents . . . gardening, painting and needlework to name a few. She was always the lady with high standards and excellent taste . . . beautifully dressed . . . the creator of comfortable surroundings. But the center of her universe was, without question, Leo. He doted on her and she enjoyed being doted on. In their later years, when Grace's health began to fail, Leo made sure, with considerable effort, that she got to go out for a ride every day. He handled her every need without complaint and with a patience and devotion that is remarkable and rare. Leo, we know that you have suffered a great loss and that you will miss Grace. I hope that you will rely on the love and support of your family and friends . . . and on the knowledge that you were at Grace's side ministering to her every need until the very end.

Godspeed to you, Leo . . . and to you, Grace.

THE "BANKING EQUAL
TREATMENT ACT", H.R. 4427

HON. JOHN J. LaFALCE

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, May 11, 2000

Mr. LaFALCE. Mr. Speaker, I am today introducing the "Banking Equal Treatment Act"