

all Americans. A native of Missouri, she moved with her family to California in 1936, and in 1941, she married and moved to Oregon. Irrespective of her southern and western roots, she is an enthusiastic and loyal fan of the New York Yankees. On Mother's Day, The Register-Guard of Eugene, Oregon included the following story on this, "One Tough Mom."

Mr. President, I ask that this statement and the following article be printed in the RECORD.

A FARMER'S INSTINCT

(By Kimber Williams, The Register-Guard)

VENETA.—Seated on a stack of newspapers astride her John Deere tractor, dragging a brush cutter around her 13-acre farm, she looks no bigger than a child.

At 81, Alice Fuller is small—her slim, delicate limbs whittled by the inevitable bending and shrinkage that come with the years.

Steadied by a wooden cane, she stands at 4 feet 6 inches and weighs maybe 91 pounds.

Don't be fooled. She's still got plenty of horsepower.

Fuller has lived alone since her husband's death, tending her beloved garden and fruit trees, hauling in wood to heat her home—she prefers wood heat—cooking and baking her famous from-scratch dinner rolls. As always, keeping her place up.

Hard work is the essential rhythm to her life—as sure and steady as her own heart-beat.

As the daughter of Missouri sharecroppers, Fuller grew up working the land.

Corn and wheat and oats, watermelon and cantaloupe. She quit school early to help her brothers, the baby of the family intent on carrying her own weight.

It was a good life, an honest life. But she would never tell you that it's been hard.

Like many children of the Depression—like mothers everywhere—she simply did what had to be done.

As a wife and mother in rural Oregon, Fuller learned to run a chicken ranch—raising up to 75,000 chickens five times a year. She could clean and dress 100 chickens, dissect a chicken and tell you what killed it, then turn around and fry up a batch for dinner.

Once, when Fuller left to visit her own ailing mother, she returned to find that someone had left a chicken house door unlatched.

Cows had wandered in among the 15,000 maturing broilers, sending terrified chickens scrambling. Smothered chickens were stacked in every corner of the chicken house.

Without complaint, she went to work slaughtering and dressing a couple of hundred chickens.

Fuller's Poultry Farm is behind her now, but the will to work remains, a siren song even in her waning years.

Work is the call that propels her out of bed each morning. It gives her purpose and keeps her moving. Call it a farmer's instinct. It is the only life she has known.

She is blessed with both extraordinary drive and internal blinders that allow her to ignore many barriers of age—much to the consternation of her grown daughters, Evelyn McIntyre and Judy Bicknell, who view their tiny, determined mother with love, gratitude and amazement.

If there is a problem, Fuller tackles it. That simple.

"When a water pipe broke earlier this year, Mom went out in the rain, muck and mud, and dug the hole for the plumber to be able

to fix the pipe," McIntyre recalled. "She falls often, and in fact, fell into the hole, but climbed back out and went right back to digging.

"I don't think Mom ever, ever thought there was anything she couldn't do."

At this, Fuller can't keep quiet.

"Well there's one thing that I can't do, much to my daughters' delight," she said with a good-natured grumble. "There are four chain saws out in the shop, and I can't start one of them. It's been so frustrating to me, and I don't think anything could make them happier."

It might be hard to imagine a 91-pound woman with arms as slight as a 10-year-old's waving around a roaring chain saw. But you don't know Fuller.

There's still a touch of flame in her once-auburn hair, and a bit of fire in her belly.

"Oh, I'm pretty reckless," she jokes with a wave of her hand. "I stalled the John Deere yesterday—tried to put it between two trees. The tractor would make it, but the brush cutter wouldn't. Had to get out the Oliver, the big tractor, to get her out."

It's like her. Over the years, she has developed a habit of depending on herself.

Once, while climbing a metal ladder to check a feed bin on a rainy day, she discovered a short in the electric auger that moved chicken feed into the bin. Her hand froze to the ladder, fixed with an electrical current. It wouldn't budge.

"Well, the girls had gone to school, my husband had gone to work and there I stood. I could not let loose of this ladder," she chuckled. "It was about 9 in the morning, and I decided I couldn't possibly stand there all day."

With her left hand, Fuller grabbed the fingers of her right hand, carefully prying each one off the metal.

"They just stayed stiff until they were all off," she smiled. "I was kind of lucky that time."

Other times, she wasn't so lucky. A cow kick that led to knee surgery. A broken ankle. A torn rib cartilage from a fall off a ladder. The rigors of farm life.

"Once she rode her riding mower under a sign, but was looking behind her and forgot to duck," McIntyre recalled. "She hurt her neck quite a bit, but at the hospital the doctors couldn't read the X-rays of the bones in her neck to tell if anything had been broken because of so many arthritic changes in her bones.

Fuller wasn't one to complain.

"Mom always gave us the feeling that we could and should accomplish the next challenge before us," McIntyre added. "She demanded absolute honesty—always counted her change and checked the clerk's math, but would just as readily return an error in her favor as point out when she was short-changed.

"One tough mom," she added. "She's ours and we love her."

Ask Fuller where she finds strength, and she shrugs.

She doesn't give advice to others. She knows what she knows. And what she knows is work.

She'll tell you that she's slowed down. "Not nearly as active as I once was," Fuller insisted, a wistful note in her voice. But in the same breath, she talks about the tasks before her.

It's spring out at her place, with calla lilies unfurling and bleeding hearts and sword ferns awakening in the shade of towering fir trees. Tall grass stretches upward beneath gentle spring rain, a yard demanding to be mown.

There is a garden to plant, nearly an acre of raspberry bushes to tend, fruit trees in flower and a grape arbor that promises 40 to 50 quarts of grape juice this summer.

There are jobs to be done. And that's enough.●

TRIBUTE TO MR. JOHN C. GARDNER

● Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, it is my distinct pleasure to pay tribute to John C. Gardner, an exceptionally dedicated public servant. Mr. Gardner is retiring after ten years of service as the President of the Quad City Development Group, a public/private not-for-profit corporation. This organization promotes economic growth in and around the cities of Davenport and Bettendorf, Iowa, and Moline and Rock Island, Illinois. The Development Group markets these communities as locations for companies seeking to expand or relocate. It also works with Quad City communities to improve their climate for job creation.

Under his leadership, the Quad City Development Group has been the driving force behind the retention and addition of more than 14,000 jobs and the investment of over \$1 billion in the Quad Cities area. John's leadership style, which was developed and honed in the private sector, was ideal for his position as the President of this vital community and business-based group.

I would like to take a moment to highlight John's career. Immediately before joining the Quad City Development Group, John was the director of economic development for Lee Enterprises, Inc., the owner of the Quad City Times and the Southern Illinoisan newspapers. Before that assignment, John was publisher of the Quad City Times for five years. He learned the newspaper business in a 23-year career as a reporter, editor and eventually publisher of The Southern Illinoisan newspaper in Carbondale, Illinois. He is active in a number of professional and community organizations, and has been involved in various statewide projects in both Iowa and Illinois. He is a member of the Iowa Group for Economic Development and was chairman of the Iowa Future project, a statewide strategic planning effort.

It gives me great pleasure to present the credentials of John C. Gardner to the Senate today. It is clear that the Iowa and Illinois communities he has served so well are losing a great talent. They will miss his leadership, his winning smile, and his personal and professional dedication. I would like to wish both John and his wife, Ann, the best in their retirement and continued success in all their future endeavors.●

CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. THOMAS PILKINGTON

● Mr. ASHCROFT. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute to Thomas