EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

Mr. BURTON of Indiana. Mr. Speaker, today, July 18, 2001, I am introducing the “Erroneous Payments Recovery Act of 2001.” This bill would require Federal departments and agencies to use a process called recovery auditing to identify and recover overpayments made to government contractors.

Overpayments occur for a variety of reasons, including duplicate payments, pricing errors, missed discounts, and fraud. They are payments that should not have been made or that were made for incorrect amounts. They are a serious problem. They waste tax dollars and detract from the efficiency and effectiveness of Federal operations by diverting resources from their intended uses.

Since most agencies do not identify, estimate and report their improper payments, the full extent of the Federal government’s overpayment problem is unknown. However, the General Accounting Office has reported that each year the Department of Defense alone overpays its contractors by hundreds of millions of dollars.

My bill would require Federal agencies procuring more than $500,000,000 in goods and services each year to carry out recovery auditing programs. Agencies could either conduct recovery audits in-house, or they could use private contractors, whichever is most efficient.

My bill would require Federal agencies procuring more than $500,000,000 in goods and services each year to carry out recovery auditing programs. Agencies could either conduct recovery audits in-house, or they could use private contractors, whichever is most efficient. Part of the money recovered would be used to pay for the recovery audits and to credit appropriate accounts from which the erroneous payments were made. Amounts recovered would also be used by agencies to improve management practices and would be refunded to the General Treasury.

In the last Congress, the Congressional Budget Office estimated that the “Erroneous Payments Recovery Act” would save taxpayers $100 million per year by giving agencies the tools and the incentive to implement recovery auditing programs to detect mistaken payments. The bill passed the House in March of 2000, but it stalled in the Senate and didn’t make it to the President’s desk for his signature before Congress adjourned.

Recovery auditing is an established private sector business practice with demonstrated financial returns. It has also been successfully used in a few Federal programs. Also, President Bush has identified reducing payment errors as one of a series of management reforms to be pursued by the Office of Management and Budget.

The “Erroneous Payments Recovery Act of 2001” would expand the Federal government’s use of recovery auditing to ensure that the hundreds of millions of dollars overpaid each year, that would otherwise remain undetected, are identified and recovered.

I urge my colleagues to cosponsor this legislation.

IN MEMORY OF BOB PRIDDLE

HON. JOHN J. LaFALCE
OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 18, 2001

Mr. LAFALCE. Mr. Speaker, I would like to share with you another story that was a very special remembrance of a dear personal friend of mine, Robert B. Priddle, who passed away on April 13, 2001. I had known Bob Priddle for nearly 30 years; his wife, Elvi Hirvela Priddle, was my district secretary in Buffalo for nearly 20 years. It is my hope that anyone in this Chamber who has been blessed with the gift of a loyal and devoted friend will appreciate the sentiments expressed in the following eulogy given at the memorial service for Bob by my long-time district aide and close friend of Bob and Elvi Priddle, Becky Muscoreil.

IN MEMORY OF BOB

We are gathered here this morning not to mourn, but to celebrate a life and career, a devoted and loyal friend. He was a man/Kennedy legacy and he devoted himself and his talents were soon recognized and he was promoted to sales where he remained for about 30 years; his wife, Elvi Hirvela Priddle, in geometry class (but you would realize you’d been totally taken in, bamboozled. But I will try my best to draw a picture of this fine man who we all loved so much because he gave so much of himself to us. Thank you, Elvi, for giving me this honor today.

Bob was born on September 23, 1931 on Crowley Avenue at his parents’, Robert (a salesman) and Grace Priddle. They moved to Grant Street in Lockport, where Bob’s Dad passed away in 1935, shortly after Donnalee was born. Then his mother moved Donnalee and Bob to Norwalk, Bob and about 5 years later married Orvand Seeburg when Bob was 9. Bob attended Kensington High School (this is where he met the love of his life, Elvi Hirvela) and dropped out to join the Navy in his senior year. He served as an electrician on the communications ship, USS Mount Olympus and traveled to the Mediterranean region and Cuba at the time of the Korean War. Once when the ship was in dry dock, Bob was assigned to peeling potatoes and as he was putting the peeled potatoes into a huge pot with water in it, he became terribly seasick watching the water go up one side of the pot and down the other as the ship rocked back and forth in dock. Needless to say, he was quickly reassigned and we may never know about those poor sailors who enjoyed their meal of potatoes that had been put in the water.

After the Navy, Bob returned home and courted Elvi and they were married at Elvi’s mother’s home on April 17, 1954, Bob was 22 and Elvi claims she was 12 or so. Karen was born in 1955 and Sue and Sandy in 1958. Bob returned home and courted Elvi and they were married at Elvi’s mother’s home on April 17, 1954, Bob was 22 and Elvi claims she was 12 or so. Karen was born in 1955 and Sue and Sandy in 1958. Bob went back to night school to complete his high school education and began working at Schuele & Co. In their warehouse, but his talents were soon recognized and he was promoted to sales where he remained for about 7 years until he moved on to work for Cook & Dunn and after that as an assistant sales manager at MacDougal & Butler. Later, he joined up with his uncle and became manager of McCorney’s Decorating Center in Lockport. Prior to his retirement in 1991, he worked for Ellicott Paint and Wallpaper. I think we will always remember Bob’s captivating charm and when you added that to his sunny sales pitch you would have made a great politician. But instead, he became involved in politics when he met his match, John LaFalce, through the Jaycees. Bob was a Democrat, but he embraced the Truman/Kennedy legacy and he devoted himself to John’s campaigns, giving all the time he could to ensuring John’s first election to state office and on through his Congressional campaigns. He drove John to the ends of the district and eventually learned
the locations of every bowling alley, bingo hall, and bar in the counties. Jim and Bob would be up and out by 5 a.m., earlier every election day putting up poll signs, checking on voter turnout and crunching numbers after the polls closed. During those early days, Bob was known as the “General” and Jim as the “Colonel”—one of the first things the young, green campaigner was taught was that you didn’t mess with those two. They were the ‘body guards’ and Big Guy’s confidantes. They were to be feared in a respectful way.

Jim remembers the first time he met Bob over the fence that separates their back yards. And within minutes, Bob had him joining the Jaycees and working with him on the campaign. He was convincing and compelling and it was always difficult to say “no” to him. Jim said that “life was never the same after meeting Bob”—on that, we can all agree.

As you know, Bob was very active locally and nationally in the Jaycees and the Jaycee Senate—there were years when we always had to write to the Senator. He was chairman of the Kenmore-Town of Tonawanda Jaycees in the mid-60s and served as Secretary and Vice President. He was awarded his Senatorship in 1980 and 1987 as President of NYS from 1989 to 1990 and Region II Vice President from 1990-1991. He belonged to chapters in Florida, West Virginia and New York. He was chosen for initiating the “First Thursday” club, a group of local Senators who meet once a month on the 1st Thursday for dinner, and later he organized the Jaycees/Senators Retirees Luncheon Group which meets on the third Monday of each month.

Jim Pries recalled an interesting trip to a Jaycees convention in Atlanta in 1971 to which he and Bob and John LaFalce traveled together. Bob decided to take his camper-trailer to save on their hotel costs, but unfortunately, when they arrived at their destination, the camper blew over and they couldn’t get it upright. John said not to worry, he had a friend in the area who was a priest and he would call him to see if he could help find them a place to stay. Lo and behold, the priest welcomed them to stay at a local convent overnight and you can only imagine how much fun Bob had with that story. He told them he couldn’t wait to get home and tell his strict, Baptist mother where he had spent the night.

Every person in this room today, in remembering their relationship with Bob, has a story to tell that will make you laugh, and shake our heads knowingly, saying, “yep, that was the Bob we knew” with that devilish grin and a sparkle in his eyes that couldn’t help but draw us to him. Over the past few days, I’ve collected a few of these stories that epitomize the character and personality of this wonderful man we will never forget.

Karen remembers when she was about 14 or 15 and babysat for one of Bob’s Jaycee friends, David Shenk, on Parkhurst Blvd. She came home about 3 a.m. and went to her room to get ready for bed and as was her habit, shut and locked her door. When she tried to open it to go to the bathroom, she was having difficulty and had never been to that room before. She tried and tried to open it from the outside but couldn’t get it open. She started banging on the door and yelling “Mom, Dad, help, I can’t get out” and after a few minutes both Elvi and Bob came to her door and tried and tried to open it from the outside without success. Finally, Bob decided the only thing he could do was to go and get the ladder and either carry Karen out through the window or at least get in and try to get the door open from the inside. So here it was, about 4:30 in the morning. Karen opens her window and Bob is climbing up the ladder and Karen starts shouting out the window “Hurry before my father hears you.” In a very low and quiet voice, he said “shut up” trying hard not to break out in laughter so as not to wake up the neighbors. But I still remember the story of a friend in kindergarten that reminds you of a scene from “I Love Lucy,” doesn’t it? Karen remembered another incident involving Dave Shenk—it was his birthday and Bob, Bill Castle and Ralph Vanner thought it would be really funny to put a sign on his lawn. So they went and got a sandwich board and wrote on it, “Honk to wish me a happy birthday and stop in for a beer,” and they put it on his front lawn. What they didn’t know is that Dave wasn’t home and a relative was there babysitting his children. People were honking like crazy and a couple tried to cash in on the beer offer, banging on the door and windows and terrifying the babysitter.

In 1985, when Kristen was born, Sandy was in Kenmore Mercy Hospital and at that time, they still had strict visiting hours for maternity. But as we all know, that wouldn’t stop Bob from visiting her daughter and granddaughter. He walked up to the front desk and asked for a gown and when he was advised visiting hours were over, he announced that he was Mrs. McInerney’s pastor and of course, was allowed right in. Only Bob could get away with that, with a straight face, no less.

One of Sue’s favorite stories from her Grandma’s childhood was from Bob’s time on the golf course. He was about 6 years old and came home early from school one day. When his mother asked him why he was home so early, he claimed that the store across the street from the school burned down and they let all the kids leave early. Mrs. Pridde’s suspicions led her to walk over to the vicinity of the school where, of course, she noticed the store in question was still intact. We probably don’t want to know what happened when she returned home. But at least we now have a better understanding of the early development of Bob’s storytelling ability.

One of Bob’s favorite stories is about a cold winter morning when Bob was working at McCorney’s in Lockport and had to be there early to open up for business. But he went out to start his car and found the battery was dead. He came back in the house and called Triple A and was told it would be at least an hour before they could get here but if he gave him his phone number, he could call him. So Bob gave them his number and called his dispatcher. “Look, you’ve got to help me out here, I stayed overnight at my girlfriend’s house and her husband is going to be home any minute.” The poor fellow on the phone was overcome with sympathy for the situation and needless to say, a truck was in the driveway in a matter of minutes. Bob arrived at work with time to spare and probably pretty proud of himself for such a coup.

For those of you who know Kate, one of Bob and Elvi’s two lovely granddaughters, you may know she has become somewhat of a connoisseur of French onion soup, thanks to her grandfather. It seems that one evening at age 7, she decided the only thing she could do was to ask him to give her some and Bob, of course, obliged. From that day forward, she showed this special bond with her granddad and can tell you where to go to get the best French onion soup in town.

Donnalee has visited many times since Bob was admitted to McAuley on March 17, 1998. She remembers the first year he was there and was still pretty mobile and managing to get to the far corners of the building in his wheelchair. He happened upon a new maintenance man and struck up a conversation asking him how long he had been there, where he was from, etc., perfectly normal for Bob. Then he said to the man, “Do you know what my job is here?” And the maintenance man looked at him kind of funny since he was quite sure he was a patient, but he was still enough to him and said, “No, what do you do?” Bob said, “I am the elephant chaser.” The man, a bit perplexed, answered, “Oh, really?” and Bob replied, “Well, you don’t see any elephants around here, do you?”

All of us who knew and loved Bob realized that patience wasn’t exactly one of his primary virtues. When he was in Buffalo General Hospital in January of 1998, he needed a nurse, but when he asked the nurses quarters, no one came. So he picked up the phone and dialed “911” and told them they had better hurry up and get a nurse in there for him.

One time when Bob and Joe met at Brighton Golf Course, they teed up on the first hole, a par four and Bob hit one heck of a swing but unfortunately, hit the maintenance barn, way too far to the right. He was a little disturbed, but set up another ball and swung and when he hit it, it was about 30 feet to the right. He was then hit with some very bad words about the golf balls he was using, but teed up for a third time and this time hit over the barn and into the parking lot. He
These awards recognize her skill and acumen has received 13 awards and promotions.

Nancy Baca, of Barstow, on the occasion of her retirement on July 3, 2001. Nancy has had her $10000000

TRIBUTE TO NANCY G. BACA ON THE OCCASION OF HER RETIREMENT

HON. JOE BACA
OF CALIFORNIA
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 18, 2001

Mr. BACA. Mr. Speaker, I rise to salute Nancy Baca, of Barstow, on the occasion of her retirement on July 3, 2001. Nancy has had a distinguished career of outstanding service, spanning 34 years at the Marine Corps Logistics Base at Barstow, California, for which she has received 13 awards and promotions. These awards recognize her skill and acumen at accounting, express appreciation of her hard work and extra efforts, and salute her nottable achievement of saving money and promoting efficiency at the Base.

Nancy has contributed to saving the Base from closure. The Base plays a pivotal role in the community of Barstow, as an employer and a resource, so we should all be grateful to Nancy and others who have worked to strive for excellence.

This is not just about protecting a community, this is about standing up for the vital interests of our nation, for the Marine Corps Logistics Base at Barstow is essential for testing and repairing vehicles for the Marines. Barstow has special equipment, including water immersion facilities, to ensure that when a vehicle leaves the facility, it is in fighting shape for the mission that lies ahead. As a veteran who has worn the uniform of the United States, I can attest to the peace of mind that comes from knowing our nation has the finest Logistics facilities of any fighting force. For ultimately, the battle is won as much by dedicated workers like Nancy as it is by the labors of the soldier in the field.

Nancy’s story is about working hard, overcoming impoverished circumstances, seeking to better oneself and one’s family by embracing opportunities. It is the story that many individuals of my generation have embodied, indeed, one my own family experienced growing up. It is the process by which our nation refreshes itself. It is about the dedication and hope of parents, about their striving for a better world for their children. It is about education and hard work. It is about the Latino experience.

Born on February 14, 1938, and raised in Mexico, Nancy moved to Barstow, California, in 1954, when her father came to Barstow to work on the Santa Fe Railroad. Nancy graduated from Barstow High School in 1957, and received her undergraduate degree from Wilson County, received her first degree from MTSU in 1957. She went on to receive his master’s degree from the University of Memphis and his doctorate from the University of Mississippi. Dr. Smith also has authored numerous publications. Dr. Smith took the helm at MTSU on October 1, 2000.

Dr. Smith, who grew up next door to the Murfreesboro, Tennessee, university in neighboring Wilson County, received his undergraduate degree from MTSU in 1957. He went on to receive his master’s degree from the University of Memphis and his doctorate from the University of Mississippi. Dr. Smith also has authored numerous publications. During his short but productive tenure at MTSU, Dr. Smith kept the university of 19,000 students on a steady course. He made sure gains continued in the school’s highly touted academic programs, and his leadership helped MTSU’s athletic department earn the Sun Belt Conference’s top award for excellence—the Vic Bubas Cup—after just one year in the conference.

The entire MTSU community has profited from Dr. Smith’s stewardship. I congratulate Dr. Smith for his many accomplishments as an educator and interim president at Middle Tennessee State University. Dr. Smith will end his outstanding career in the higher education arena on August 1 when he retires.

Mr. CRANE. Mr. Speaker, today I am proud to introduce with my colleagues the Economic Revitalization Tax Act of 2001

HON. PHILIP M. CRANE
OF ILLINOIS
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 18, 2001

Mr. CRANE. Mr. Speaker, today I am proud to introduce with my colleagues the Economic