

HONORING THE MEMORY OF RICHARDSON PREYER, FORMER MEMBER OF THE HOUSE

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 3, 2001, the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. COBLE) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the minority leader.

Mr. COBLE. This special order, Mr. Speaker, is to commemorate and honor the memory of one of our distinguished former Members, the Honorable Richardson Preyer.

Judge Preyer, Congressman Preyer, was my congressman for 12 years. His family, Mr. Speaker, and this is probably known to the gentleman from Connecticut (Mr. SHAYS) because he is a man of letters, and this probably will not surprise him, his family was one of the frontiers in the pharmaceutical industry. Vicks VapoRub, for example, was invented, if you will, and the laboratory was actually probably makeshift, probably a modest facility at the time, by his ancestors.

I shared this story with him one day. When I was a member of the Coast Guard in Seattle, Washington, one of my first times out of North Carolina as a young man, I came across a Vicks VapoRub package in a drugstore in Seattle. I saw on that package, Mr. Speaker, Greensboro, North Carolina. That is where it was manufactured. I felt a sense of obvious pride, as my friend in the well is smiling approvingly.

I saw him much years afterward, and I told him that story. He too beamed with pride because I could see in his face the pride of his grandparents perhaps or uncles that preceded him in the development of that drug that became, obviously, a household word.

Mr. Speaker, Richardson Preyer served as a State superior court judge. He served as a United States district judge on the Federal bench. He was a candidate in the Democratic gubernatorial primary for the office of governor. Although he did not win that nomination, he conducted a very credible campaign.

Then in 1968, Mr. Speaker, Richardson Preyer ran what was then an open seat. I guess it was Congressman Kornegay had retired. Richardson Preyer and Bill Osteen, a long-time friend of mine, who is now a United States district court judge himself in the middle district of North Carolina, Rich and Bill, Bill Osteen, paired off in a very spirited, well-conducted campaign. Mr. Preyer, Congressman Preyer was declared the winner; and he went on to serve six terms in the House of Representatives.

Emily and Rich, those names became synonymous with political spousal teamwork. I mean, oftentimes where there was one, there was the other. Or if Rich would be in one part of the district, Emily would be in the other part,

carrying the political message. They were very adept campaigners.

In fact, it has been said once that they felt perhaps Emily was, maybe, more comfortable on the hustings than was Rich. I do not know that that is true, but she did have that very natural gift of backslapping. There is nothing wrong with that, because I have been accused of being a backslapper myself. Rich was not a backslapper, but he nonetheless represented our district very ably.

Someone once asked me, Mr. Speaker, "You and Rich Preyer seem to get along very well, and your voting records are probably light years apart." They probably are. I think Rich Preyer's voting record and my voting record would be very dissimilar. But I said, "Just because one does not agree with another on various and sundry political issues, that does not mean that you cannot disagree agreeably."

Rich Preyer, I think epitomized that in his life. He was a very agreeable person although perhaps he did not agree oftentimes with others and with me in particular. But we never drew our sword from our sheaths because of that.

Today, Mr. Speaker, the Federal building, the old Federal courthouse and post office in downtown Greensboro bears the name the Preyer Building. That building, I say to the gentleman from Raleigh, North Carolina (Mr. PRICE), he will remember that that building housed congressional offices, by gosh, probably 30 years. I think Rich's office was there. I know Gene Johnston's was there. Robin Britt's was there. Ours was there.

We had to leave that building some recent months ago as a matter of constituency friendliness. Many of the people who came to call upon me were infirm and were not able to walk the two or three blocks that was necessary to gain admittance to the Preyer Building because there was virtually no on-street parking. So that was a constituency-friendly move, one that I did not want to make. That old building was home to me and to many constituents for that matter. But we did move.

But each time I go back in there, I have fond memories of visiting with staff personnel there. I see that sign, the Preyer Federal Building, and it brings back good memories.

I think that the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. GOODLATTE), Speaker pro tempore, is from the valley, the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. He probably did not know Mr. Preyer, but he would have liked him. He had many friends, some of whom still serve in this very body.

But I see two of my colleagues, Mr. Speaker, have joined me on the floor.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Charlotte, North Carolina (Mr. WATT).

Mr. WATT of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman from Greensboro, North Carolina (Mr. COBLE), from the adjoining district for yielding to me. Of course they say most of the districts in North Carolina adjoin mine in one way or another, so I have got a lot of adjoining Congress people. This is the first time I have heard the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. COBLE) yield to me so much time as I may consume so I think that is a dangerous precedent. But I will try not to make him regret that.

Mr. COBLE. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield very briefly?

Mr. WATT of North Carolina. I am happy to yield to the gentleman from North Carolina.

Mr. COBLE. Mr. Speaker, I ask the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. WATT) do not get me in the doghouse with the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. PRICE). Do not use too much time.

Mr. WATT of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I am going to leave plenty of time.

I have been thinking about a way to personalize this. I never served with Representative Rich Preyer. I met him for the first time in 1992 when I was running for Congress for the first time. Rich and his wife Emily had heard about my candidacy. I, of course, had heard about Rich Preyer for years and years and years; and that was the beginning of a strong personal relationship that I started to develop with Rich Preyer and with Emily Preyer.

□ 1415

I was thinking on the way over here, though, when I was a little boy, my mother used to treat us when we got sick with a big dose of castor oil if we had a stomach virus, but if we were congested, and quite often we were because we lived in kind of an airy house, she would always whip out the Vicks VapoRub and rub it on our chest and heat a heating pad and the smell of Vicks VapoRub would come up. Over time it would release whatever congestion you had.

Now, you probably wonder, well, what in the world does that have to do with Rich Preyer? Rich Preyer's grandfather was the person who patented Vicks VapoRub. He turned it into quite a success story financially for his family. So Rich was really born into a family of privilege as a result of his parents' and foreparents' business dealings and as a result of this innovative patent that people in my age range probably knew as well as anything else for its medicinal impact.

Rich never really worked in that business, but in a sense Rich took over that releasing of congestion and took it to a broader public plane. Because when I first heard about Rich Preyer, he was out there on the cutting edge, paving the way, opening the way, so to

speak, for many people like myself, minorities in particular, who viewed Rich Preyer as a real progressive, human, dignified person who was willing to fight for principles that he believed in. In that sense, he was a rare public official who took risk and stood up for his beliefs. He was ahead of his time and did not sacrifice his principles for political gain.

As a State judge in 1957, Rich Preyer upheld a ruling that enabled five black children to attend the previously all-white Gillespie Park School in Greensboro. This was 1957 in North Carolina. This was the first integrated school in the City of Greensboro. It was 3 years before the historic Greensboro sit-ins at the Woolworth lunch counters that we have heard so much about and read so much about in our history. So Rich Preyer was ahead of his time.

In 1961, Rich Preyer received a lifetime appointment to the Federal bench from his Harvard Law School classmate, a man of privilege again. His classmate happened to be President John F. Kennedy. So he could have had a lifetime appointment on the Federal bench. He was there. It is a lifetime appointment. But 2 years later, he gave up that position to run for governor of North Carolina. He hoped that he would follow in the footsteps of the term-limited governor Terry Sanford, who was known as the most progressive governor in the South.

For those Members who hear about North Carolina and wonder why it has this kind of progressive image that is more progressive than some of our other southern States, Governor Terry Sanford and people like Rich Preyer were building that image. Even though this was almost 10 years after *Brown v. Board of Education*, the State of North Carolina, like all other southern States, was still basically segregated. Although Governor Sanford had started steps toward integration efforts, according to Preyer's former press aide, the Ku Klux Klan burned 50 crosses across the State of North Carolina in protest of Rich Preyer's candidacy for governor of the State of North Carolina.

You talk about a man who was ahead of his time, you have not seen anything until you met Rich Preyer. He led the Democratic primary, but he did not get 50 percent of the vote and the law required at that time in North Carolina that you have 50 percent plus 1 to avoid a runoff. So he ended up in a runoff with a more conservative opponent, and the conservative opponent won the election. A lot of people say that he won the election because Rich Preyer refused to distance himself from the principles that he thought were important. They called him an integrationist and a lover of black people. Rich's response was, "I love all people. That is what I have been taught as part of my religious beliefs." And he never made

any overtures toward the segregationists who were supporting the candidacy of his opponent. Rich Preyer was ahead of his time.

Rich lost that governor's race and then ran for Congress in 1968, and he was elected to Congress. Many considered him too liberal and out of step with his district. He opposed the Vietnam War and was one of only two Members of Congress from North Carolina to vote for legislation to end the war. This was a guy ahead of his time. Rich's voting record finally caught up with him again, because he was not going to compromise his principles. It caught up with him in 1980, when he lost in the Reagan landslide by about 3,500 votes. Let me tell you what a class guy this Rich Preyer was. He saw it, the election results are coming in, he could have picked up the phone, called his adversary, his opponent and said, "I concede defeat." Rich Preyer said, "No, I'm going over and I'm going to shake this man's hand." He went all the way across town, into his opponent's headquarters, got heckled by his opponent's supporters, and insisted on shaking his opponent's hand to congratulate him.

In 1980, after he had lost that race, former Congressman Steve Neal said of Rich Preyer, "There is not a man or woman among us who commands greater respect for intelligence, honesty, integrity and courage of conviction." I think that is a fitting tribute to him and a shining tribute to him.

I want to end by just expressing my condolences to the Preyer family and thanking the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. COBLE) and the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. PRICE) again for coordinating this special order. Rich Preyer and Emily Preyer were dear, dear people, both ahead of their times in many, many ways that inured to my personal benefit and to this country's benefit.

Mr. COBLE. Madam Speaker, I say in response to my friend the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. WATT) about the heckling, I have heard about that, that night, and I have been told that that was not done by the gentleman who defeated Rich that night. That was not done under his guise. I think maybe some spirited people were there.

Mr. WATT of North Carolina. If the gentleman will yield for a second, I will clarify that, because I fully agree with him. Everything I have heard about that incident suggests that his opponent quieted his supporters and invited Rich Preyer to the podium with him and accepted the congratulations.

Mr. COBLE. Reclaiming my time, I do not want to defend the hecklers, but sometimes folks become very spirited on election night. I am confident that if there were in fact hecklers, I do not think they meant anything personally by that.

Madam Speaker, I yield to the distinguished gentleman from the Fourth District of North Carolina (Mr. PRICE).

Mr. PRICE of North Carolina. I thank the gentleman for yielding and for coordinating this special order for us this afternoon.

Mr. Speaker, on April 3, North Carolina and the Nation lost one of our most distinguished citizens and public servants, L. Richardson Preyer. It is a privilege today to join with my colleagues in paying tribute to his life and his work, which were memorialized at a moving and majestic service at Greensboro's First Presbyterian Church on April 5.

Rich Preyer served in this body with great dignity and effectiveness for six terms, from 1969 to 1980. He was a senior member of what was then called the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and he chaired the Government Information and Individual Rights Subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operations. The *Almanac of American Politics* noted his reputation for "great integrity and sound judgment" which led the House leadership to call upon him "to serve in some difficult and unpleasant assignments." These included the committee investigating assassinations, where he headed the subcommittee investigating the assassination of President Kennedy, and the House Ethics Committee at the time of the so-called Korea-gate scandal.

Rich Preyer was born in 1919, took his undergraduate degree at Princeton, served as a Navy lieutenant in World War II and was awarded the Bronze Star for action in Okinawa, and then earned his law degree at Harvard University after the war. He became a city judge at age 34, then a North Carolina superior court judge. In 1961 he was appointed judge of the Federal Middle District Court of North Carolina by President Kennedy. He resigned that lifetime appointment to undertake a race for governor, a race that he narrowly lost but that engaged and inspired thousands of North Carolinians, many of whom went on to leadership positions within our State.

When the Sixth Congressional District seat came open in 1968, Rich Preyer was such an obvious choice for that position that he was nominated without opposition. Rich then won reelection year after year by large margins and had an exemplary congressional career. This was when I, having returned to North Carolina in 1973, first got to know him. At first as an academic who studied Congress and the Commerce Committee in particular, I admired Rich from afar. Then as I got more involved in North Carolina politics myself, I was privileged to work with him personally. Like many in my political generation, I admired Rich tremendously as a man who brought conviction and courage, dignity and

style to politics, a model of what a Member of this body should be and a model of what political leadership at its best can be.

My admiration was deepened and given another dimension when Rich lost his 1980 race for reelection and I observed how he handled that loss. I remember as executive director of the State Democratic Party sitting with Rich and his dear wife Emily in a television studio in Greensboro waiting to be interviewed on election morning. He had a premonition of what was to come. But he was at peace with the account he had given of himself in his congressional service and in his campaign. He weathered defeat with equanimity and a remarkable sense of humor. And he never wavered in his political ideals and his expansive citizenship: the years since 1980 have been filled with numerous local and State and national involvements to which Rich Preyer brought remarkable gifts of vision and leadership.

□ 1430

Rich and Emily Preyer had a wonderful family, and their children have carried on the Preyer family tradition of high spirits, love of nature and of athletic competition, generous friendships, and faithful stewardship of time and talent.

We express our sympathy to sons Rich, Jr., and Britt, and daughters Mary Norris, Jane and Emily, and their families, in the hope that the outpouring of affection and admiration that has followed their father's death, and their mother's death not long before, will give them strength and comfort in this time of sorrow.

Madam Speaker, I ask that the obituary from the Raleigh News and Observer be included in the RECORD at this point, as well as the reflections offered at the April 5 memorial service by Jane Preyer, Richardson Preyer, Jr., and Tom Lambeth, Rich Preyer's chief of staff during his time in the House, who recently retired as director of the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation.

[From the Raleigh News and Observer, April 4, 2001]

THE HONORABLE LUNSFORD RICHARDSON PREYER

GREENSBORO—The Honorable L. Richardson Preyer, 82, died Tuesday at the Cone Memorial Hospital. A funeral service will be held at 4 p.m. Thursday at the First Presbyterian Church.

Congressman Preyer was a native of Greensboro and attended the public schools. He received his A.B. Degree from Princeton University and his Law Degree from the Harvard Law School.

At the First Presbyterian Church he was an elder, teacher/member of the Young Men's Bible Class for over 40 years and a Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

During World War II he was a Lieutenant in the U.S. Navy served for four years as a Gunnery Officer and Executive Officer on Destroyer duty in the Atlantic and South Pacific; he received the Bronze Star for action in Okinawa.

Mr. Preyer was appointed as a City Judge, and North Carolina Superior Court Judge. In 1961 he was appointed Federal Judge of the Middle District Court by President John F. Kennedy. In 1963 Judge Preyer resigned his Judgeship to become a candidate for Governor of North Carolina. In 1964 he became City Executive for Greensboro at the North Carolina National Bank. In November 1968 he was elected to the United States Congress, 6th District of North Carolina and served until 1980.

The U.S. Federal Courthouse and Post Office are named in his honor as the L. Richardson Preyer Federal Building in Greensboro.

Among his many Congressional Committees he was most proud of serving as Chairman of the Select Committee on Ethics which drew up the Congressional Code of Ethics and Chairman of the House Committee on Assassination of President Kennedy and Martin Luther King.

The Honorable Mr. Preyer served in many other ways and was honored as Chairman of the Board of the North Carolina Outward Bound School; Commissioner, Greensboro Little League and Pony Baseball programs; Honorary Chairman of the Greater Greensboro Open (GGCC); Inter-Club Council's Outstanding Civic Leader of the Year Award; Greensboro Chamber's "Uncle Joe Cannon" Award for outstanding leadership; Distinguished Service Award at the University of North Carolina School of Medicine; and recipient of the Phillip Hart Memorial Award for Conscience by "Washingtonian Magazine."

At the time of his death he was Co-chairman of the Guilford Battleground Company; member of the Board for the National Humanities Center; Chairman of Coastal Futures Committee (appointed by Governor James B. Hunt); Trustee: Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation; H. Smith Richardson Foundation; NC Institute of Political Leadership; Woodrow Wilson Center (Smithsonian Institute); Uplift, Inc. (past president); and the NC Institute of Medicine.

He had served as a Trustee of the National Nature Conservancy; Hastings Institute of Medicine; Greensboro National Bank; Director of Vanguard Cellular Systems, Inc. and Piedmont Management, Inc. He also served on the Board of Directors of Guilford College, Davidson College, UNC School of Social Work; Robert Wood Johnson Fellows—UNC Medical School; Community Self Help; The American Red Cross, Salvation Army, NC Museum of Natural History; and UNC-G Excellence Foundation.

He was preceded in death recently by his wife Emily Harris Preyer and brother William Yost Preyer Jr. He is survived by his sons and daughters-in-law, L. Richardson and Marilyn Jacobs Preyer Jr. and Britt Armfield and Alice Dockery Preyer; daughters and sons-in-law, Mary Norris Preyer and Henry Patrick Oglesby, Jane Bethell Preyer, and Emily Harris Preyer and Richard Tillman Fountain, III; brothers and sisters-in-law, Dr. Robert Otto and Kitty Preyer, Dr. Norris Watson and Catherine Preyer and Frederick Lynn and Margaret Preyer; sister-in-law, Mrs. Russell H. Tucker and Mrs. Doris Preyer; grandchildren, L. Richardson Preyer, III, Parker Jacobs Preyer, Jane Elizabeth Preyer, Emily Preyer Oglesby, Britt Armfield Preyer Jr., John Calder Preyer, William Harris Preyer, Mary Norris Preyer Fountain, Richard Tillman Fountain, IV, Janie Katherine Fountain, Preyer Harris Fountain, and Peter Richardson Fountain.

The family will receive friends following the service in the Church's Family Enrich-

ment Center and request the memorial contributions be made to one's favorite charity. Hanes-Lineberry, N. Elm St., Funeral Home is assisting the family.

DAD'S SERVICE, APRIL 5, 2001—L. RICHARDSON PREYER

(By Jane Preyer)

Thank you all so much for being here with us, bringing your love and support, and helping us honor Dad's life. He was such a good and great man. To his family, Dad was nothing less than our hero. From the stories you've shared with us about Dad, we know that to some of you he was a hero, too.

Many people knew him as a man of public service—his children and grandchildren saw and knew him in that way, too, and are very proud. But my hope today is to share a few thoughts to celebrate Dad's life as the person that so many people loved as a friend, a father, and a grandfather.

Dad loved music. Undoubtedly, some of his happiest times were those hours when he stole away to the den or bedroom to play his beloved saxophone. His mother had given the sax to him, and he seemed truly blissful when listening or playing along with the likes of Miles Davis and John Coltrane.

We were always amazed at the variety of music that Dad loved—from Mozart to Bruce Springsteen to Benjamin Britten to Charlie Parker.

He actually could not read a note of music, but he could play anything on the saxophone. In fact, he was the first white man that Count Basie asked to be in his band. It was 1941, and instead Dad chose to join the Navy and went to WWII.

I will never really know the intensity of some of his days—as a judge, congressman, all the different work he did—but I came to understand that music was a tremendous source of renewal for Dad. And he helped us to welcome music into our own lives, enriching us from childhood onward.

Like music, books were a source of sustenance in Dad's life which he instilled in all his children. Dad's style was to read 3-4 books at a time, which I guess was a way of satisfying his abundant, lifelong curiosity.

Dad's love of reading came in handy on more than one occasion. When I was a young girl, we were invited on a deer hunt in the coastal plain of NC. Hunting was the last thing in the world I wanted to do, but I definitely wanted to go on this adventure with Dad. Like the other hunters, the two of us were dropped at our own spot in the woods. There, Dad finally confided his true plan for "our hunt". He had brought books and cigars in his jacket. . . . so we simply put the gun aside, leaned up against a mighty tree to read—and Dad told me, "Jane, if we sit quietly enough, we may get to see a deer" And so we did.

How did this reserved and gentle man, who loved music and books, who knew how to find serenity in the midst of turmoil—how did he commit so much of his life to the very public business of politics? How did he cope with all those fish fries, barbecues, and all the other exhausting practicalities of being a public figure?

I don't know the complete answer. But I do know that he was always anchored by his core values and guided on a daily basis by his own faith and personal conscience.

I remember in his re-election in the fall 1980, Dad was hit by a series of negative campaign ads on TV, radio, the whole works. All of us children and most of the campaign staff were urging Dad to counterattack—this isn't fair, we would say. You've got to strike back.

But he simply would not. I was mad at him. Later, I came to understand how courageous he was . . . and that integrity is exactly why we all believed in him.

Our family is thankful for the encouragement and support so many of you gave to Dad. Your support made it possible for Mom and Dad to be in politics. It made him willing to step out there and do the right thing time after time.

And oh wow, what a wonderful sense of humor Dad had through thick and thin! He was a great story teller. Many of you have been treated to his favorite stories—maybe once too often!

He did have a mischievous side, too. A few years ago, the pond on the golf course across from my parents' house was drained and became quite a mud sink. After seeing an unclaimed golf ball sitting about 3 feet out into the pond, Mom could not resist venturing in to get that "free" ball.

GOOWOOSH. She was sucked into the mud midway up her thigh. Completely stranded, she called out to Dad "Rich, help me!?" He was laughing so hard, tears streaming down his face, and buckled over the steering wheel of the golf cart. Mom called out again "Rich, come on and help me!"

I don't know—we sort of suspect that this fine gentleman moved a bit slower than usual in making the rescue!

Dad loved the natural world of North Carolina—the piedmont waters and forests, the mountains, the coast. Being in nature was another way he sustained himself, and he taught us the joy and wonder and beauty of this world and our state, that sustains us as well.

Mom's idea of a vacation was to go to the Travel Lodge on Elm Street in Greensboro to spend the night and swim in the indoor pool.

Dad's idea of vacation was to be in the NC mountains or at the coast or on a Piedmont lake—fishing, walking, noticing everything out there—he would constantly say "look at that bird, look at that tree". He never got quite the names of the birds and trees right, but he always appreciated them!

And especially fishing. Dad taught each of us to love fishing and to love the fish. From the earliest days, he was a "throw-it-back man" . . . what we now call "catch and release". He taught us to love the simplicity of a fishing line with worms, the fun of a spinning rod throwing it way out and reeling it in . . . and the pure thrill of casting a fly rod and watching that fly land in close to the bank over dark, clear water and floating there lightly.

Mind you, he was no expert fisherman, and his technique was pretty questionable! Just ask my brothers and sisters sometime for their imitation of Dad stumbling on slippery rocks, getting his line hung up in trees—but still amazingly he got that fly out there on the stream.

In the 1970s, in Congress, Dad became one of the authors of the Clean Air Act and Clean Water Act—He translated his love of nature into creating in these pieces of legislation—and they have transformed the way America treasures and protects our natural resources.

I think it is only in this last year that I have begun to more fully understand the deep, tender, steadfast, and unbreakable bond between my Mom and Dad. They were so devoted to each other . . . and so committed together to their shared life of service as they felt led by God to do.

Growing up, Sunday afternoons at our house were my favorite. Without fail, whether he'd been in DC or given speeches that weekend in the far reaches of his district—he

would do something fun with us. Those times were filled with sports and more sports, hikes, fishing, visits with our grandparents, cousins, and aunts and uncles.

And how he delighted in being with his grandchildren! How he enjoyed hearing about all their activities—whether it was soccer, or violin, or tennis or lacrosse, be being in a play or the choir. And he loved their drawings they brought him by the dozens and which he cherished over the years.

Dad was also sustained by his friends, and he especially loved being in Greensboro these last years, close to many of you dear friends here today. And you have been so good to him and us through this last year.

And so this day has come, a day that I did not ever want to come. I feel like the world will never be the same without Mom and Dad.

But even stronger that our grief today is our thankfulness for Dad's life and all that we shared with him. We will go forward beyond today's tears by of us every day of our lives.

We know very well his legacy to us:

His gentleness

His courage

His deep honesty and integrity

His wonderful sense of humor

His profound commitment to justice and mercy

His love and zest for life

His love of children

His determination

His true love and partnership with Mom

His steadfast kindness

And his trust in God that we can always find a new way to serve, to learn, and to live fully.

Dad, you will always be our hero.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF L.
RICHARDSON PREYER—FUNERAL APRIL 5, 2001
(By L. Richardson Preyer, Jr.)

Dad would have been mighty surprised to see so many of you here today—thinking about him and thanking him for his inspiring life—celebrating his honest decency—his day-to-day caring about his family and his friends and his community. I believe Dad would have been surprised because he just didn't think of himself as anything special. After Dad was beaten in the Congressional election in 1980, I implored him to write a book. Dad laughed it off and said, "Who would ever want to read a book by me?" There are a few of us, Dad. There ARE a few of us.

But—goodness gracious—Dad left us with so many speeches. He spoke all over the state at every sort of gathering—whether a church or synagogue, or college or high school or elementary school—at political rallies, at non-profit gatherings, at garden clubs, at the Kiwanis, at the Rotary—Dad you were there. You had a message you wanted to deliver.

And Dad, you did so much teaching mixed in with a good bit of preaching on both serving God and keeping vigilant about freedom and the old beleaguered Republic. You taught the Young Men's Bible Class in this church for 46 years. You taught at UNC Greensboro and Duke and at Chapel Hill . . . which shows you were pretty darn open-minded. You even taught an ethics course in med school to the doctor who was on call for you the last few days of your life.

And Dad, for all your gentleness, you were such a fighter. You fought injustice in the Pacific—on a destroyer—the only one of seven sister ships not to be sunk at Okinawa . . . you kept the Bronze Star medal box in

your dresser drawer for the rest of your life. I saw it there, this morning.

You fought racism as a Superior Court Judge and Federal Judge, challenging segregation in the fifties and early sixties. And when the people called out for you to leave the Federal Bench and run for governor in those tumultuous times in 1964, you left a lifetime appointment and ran.

And when you crisscrossed the state on that last day of the campaign—the Ku Klux Klan burned fires against you in fifty different cities and towns . . . you gave a speech that night and said, "We will light the fires of knowledge and not the fires of hate."

Dad, you went on to serve and affect so much change for the good of your district and your state. Your integrity and sense of justice were so admired by your Washington colleagues that midst the Watergate happenings, you were called "the conscience of the House."

And when the Warren Commission's findings on the assassination of John F. Kennedy were thrown in doubt—you were called upon to head up the new commission—because Dad, they knew they could count on you to be fair. All of us here could have always told them that.

And your findings 25 years ago that Oswald did not act alone—were recently—after exhausting technical examinations—upheld. Dad, you always were in all of our hearts, the best doggone Judge around.

And you've all heard Jane's wonderful stories. There is really no one quite like you. As a father for my entire life—you never raised your voice in anger—ever—at your five children—something your oldest son has not been able to master.

An incredibly calm, patient temperament combined with a fierce tennis competitive streak—mix in the love of fishing in a stream, as well as playing the alto and soprano sax—add humor and a sweet disposition—take these qualities and surround them with compassion for your fellow beings and an unwavering love of the law—and you have my father.

Several years ago Dad gave me the complete works of Chekov and along with it a handwritten note at Christmas. It said, "We are proud of you for the things you have done, but we are most proud of your greatest achievement—your marriage to Marilyn and your three beautiful children. For all our ambitions and plans and strategies, the truth is, no other single thing is more precious than family and friends and the sense of belonging to a community."

Thank you, Dad, for writing us this message.

We're all hearing you now, Dad, about that. We're all here for you now—your family—your friends—your vast and diverse community—we're all here because we love you and believe in you and to thank you for showing us the goodness of being steadfast and true on our brief journey upon God's eternal earth.

So Dad I want to thank you for taking us all fishing on Sunday afternoons after church. I want to thank you for taking my fingers in your hand and putting them down on the blue jazz keys on the alto horn. I want to thank you for teaching us to read the great books in the evening after our daily jobs were done. I want to thank you for showing us a way to live with laughter on our lips—what is it you used to say, "Let no good deed go unpunished."

And I want to thank you for teaching us how to strike, throw, pass, catch, bounce,

kick, and serve every manner and size of ball, because Dad you could hit a golf ball farther than anyone your age—period.

And thank you for watching your young grandchildren playing in tennis tournaments for 2½ hours in 95° heat—with the ball going back and forth endlessly. Only a Saint could stand such agony.

And thank you for holding the children on your lap in the den while you read on—totally oblivious as our many young ones sped all around you.

And Dad I want to thank you and Mom for being such a fabulous team—the vitality—the joy—the adventurous attack on life each day. How ya'll had us all on the move—and I mean everyone—in motion—let's get going! I really believe that with you and Mom gone—watching over us—time has slowed down in Old General Greene's city.

And Dad your friends are going to miss you on the fairways and tennis courts and classrooms and walkways—all around us. And goodness knows, Dad, our family is going to miss you as much as if a trusted nightly star had fallen from the sky.

But though we might not see you, Dad—you shall always be with us.

Your spirit shall help guide us—to be a better human family—through life's push and shove—learning again to use a strong hand to lift a weak shoulder—rediscovering the daily lessons of love. These are your strengths, Dad. These are the strengths of family and community. These things shall guide us and help us find a more open, goodly path.

That is what you would want, Dad. We'll all keep giving it a try.

We promise.

RICHARDSON PREYER MEMORIAL SERVICE—
GREENSBORO, APRIL 5, 2001

(Remarks by Tom Lambeth)

To share this special moment with Rich's children is not to forget that there are all of you out there who pay tribute to Rich by your presence and, indeed, by the example of your own lives made richer because of friendship and love and commitment inspired by his life. I cannot rightly claim to speak for you; only to serve as a reminder of how far beyond his own family he extended the simple eloquence of his humanity.

In 1945 on the morning of the beginning of the battle for Okinawa three destroyers stood in line to begin the pre-landing bombardment. The torpedo officer on the third was a young LtJG from North Carolina named Preyer. The second of the ships ran aground and came under constant, deadly fire from shore batteries. In a subsequent explosion and sinking much of its crew was lost. Years later, telling of that morning, Rich would say "all of those young lives gone."

Rich was not given to the dramatic so he never said that those who survived lived for all of those who did not, but that is the way he lived. In a public career and a private life that defined the good man and the true patriot, he lived for all of them and for their children and their children. He lived for all of us and what a grand life it was, what a splendid example it has been and will be.

We as individuals and as a society are strengthened, we are enriched when we find those values that make us good and great captured in the life of another. Loyalty, faith, service, courage and honor are real to those of us here because we saw them alive. We saw Rich Preyer.

His courage was tested by the torpedos of the North Atlantic, the Kamikazees of the

South Pacific and by the attacks of political opponents and he did not falter. His service as a judge at local, state and federal levels, as a six term congressman constantly handed the toughest assignments; his leadership in countless community efforts and many statewide endeavors are his answer to those who despair of our ability to make democracy work. He loved that work and his love for it said to all of us that public service, that politics can be noble because the people are worthy of the best that we have to give.

Rich was competitive and he did not always win (although he would want us to remember that he won much more often than he lost) but he knew that the scoreboard is only an incident in the contest, that true victory is in the heart. In that contest, he never lost.

Years ago I had the great satisfaction of sitting with him when he received an honorary degree from my alma mater at Chapel Hill. When he sat down, finally relieved of the burden of earned degrees at Princeton and Harvard; I leaned over and said to him "Now you are as good as the rest of us." Yet, I knew, as you do, that he was better than almost any of us. It is a tribute to the grace which he carried his accomplishments that realizing his excellence makes us feel better about ourselves.

Now we gather for our moment of remembrance and of celebration of a truly good life; but the most eloquent tribute to Rich will be the way in which we seek to capture for ourselves and our communities that consistency of strength and truth and goodness that defined his life.

It is for those of us—all of you out there—who in some way worked beside him over the years to say with new vigor that simple farewell of so many remembered afternoons:

"Good night Rich. See you in the morning."

Mr. COBLE. Madam Speaker, I would yield to the gentleman from the Fourth District of North Carolina (Mr. ETHERIDGE).

Mr. ETHERIDGE. Madam Speaker, I thank the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. COBLE) for yielding me this time. Let me also thank the gentleman for putting together this Special Order today.

Madam Speaker, I want to echo my colleagues who have already spoken and also thank them for their participation in this today, because I rise today as they do to celebrate the life and career of a very unique and outstanding human being who was a former Member of this body and really a great North Carolinian. L. Richardson Preyer was a very special individual. His death has saddened all of us in this North Carolina delegation and North Carolinians in general because we have lost one of our great native sons.

Today, as we gather to honor his life and works, not only as a North Carolinian but as a great American, and to celebrate what he did to really make our world a better place, it is my honor to participate in that.

L. Richardson Preyer was a native of North Carolina, but he really was a citizen of the world. He always said that he was lucky to have been born on third base. By this he meant that he

had the advantages that most people did not have. His grandfather and namesake Lunsford Richardson invented Vick's VapoRub and Vick's Cough Drops; and as a result, the family had immense personal resources, some would say a fortune, that built the Richardson Merrill Chemical Corporation.

As a result of that, he had an opportunity to attend the best schools. He attended Princeton and the law school at Harvard, as we have already heard; but his family resources allowed him to do that. Instead of living a life in the private sector and taking advantages of the wealth that he could have accumulated and his family already had, he chose instead to make his life one of public service in changing the lot, as we have already heard from my colleague the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. WATT) and the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. PRICE), for those who did not have a voice in many cases.

After his graduation from Princeton, as we have heard, he served as a lieutenant with the United States Navy and was on a destroyer in the Atlantic and in the South Pacific and earned a Bronze Star for his heroism and his valor at Okinawa. One did not hear a lot from him about that. He did not talk about it.

Rich Preyer was a great lover of the arts. He used his family resources to help the lot of many people, and he invested in the arts and in music, which he loved a great deal, and in his church. After serving for several years, as has been indicated earlier, as a State superior court judge, he was appointed by his Harvard Law School classmate, John F. Kennedy, to a position as a U.S. judge. As all of us know, that is a lifetime appointment; but he resigned that post in 1964 to really make a difference in what he saw was an opportunity to change our State. He did not win that election, as we have already heard, but to his credit he continued to take on issues that were important to the people of North Carolina, because that is what Rich Preyer was all about.

For those 5 years he was out of public life, he worked with what was then North Carolina National Bank and then came back in 1968 and ran for and won a seat in this body, representing his hometown of Greensboro and the Sixth Congressional District. He continued to make a difference in this body for the 12 years of his career in the United States Congress. He served as chairman of the Select Committee on Ethics, which drafted the Congressional Code of Ethics that those of us who serve here today live by.

Much of this was what Rich Preyer really believed. As we have heard, he was a member of the Select Committee in this House that investigated President Kennedy's assassination and the

Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., an indication of how he was respected by this body; but also it said a lot about the integrity of an individual who really, in my opinion, was a conscience of the United States Congress.

Although his career ended in this body in 1981, his work on behalf of the people of North Carolina did not end. As I have indicated, he was involved in so many things in his community that one did not see on the surface that dealt with the arts. The thing I want to talk about for just a moment in some detail really is what Rich did for education in North Carolina.

During my term as superintendent of the schools for the State of North Carolina, in 1989 I had the occasion to appoint a statewide commission of business, civic, community, and education leaders to take a look at North Carolina's educational system; and we appointed a commission called Excellence in Secondary Education. We started looking across the State. Where do we find an individual to chair a commission headed by people who are on this commission who are leaders in industry and in banking and in education? Obviously, as we looked across the State, the name of L. Richardson Preyer popped up. We asked him to chair it. Without hesitation, he committed and accepted that challenge and spent the next year providing the kind of leadership that was needed to pull this diverse group together, along with all the data from across the country.

As a result of his strong and visionary leadership, that became the blueprint that I used for the next 8 years and that many of my colleagues are still using in North Carolina to make a difference in education. I thank his family for allowing him to have the time to do that.

I charged him in that time with coming back with recommendations that would not only make our schools better but would challenge them to have the kind of assessment that we needed to have that would help every child reach their full potential. He was instrumental in making that happen.

As I said, we are grateful for him today; but children who do not know him, did not know his family, are now benefiting from his work. He was a well-rounded individual. Not only was he a model public servant, but he was a father who loved his family and who lived out the ideals of the family values that we hear so many people talk about today.

He and his wife, Emily, were a team; and together they raised five outstanding children, and they truly enjoyed their grandchildren.

I always looked forward to, at Christmastime, receiving his Christmas card because it was not only just his and Emily's, it was the whole family with their grandchildren. On top of that, he was an elder and a teacher in the First

Presbyterian Church in Greensboro for more than 40 years. He did not talk a lot about his religion. He lived it.

Madam Speaker, L. Richardson Preyer is one of the greatest public servants my State has ever produced, but he was great not because he had the benefits of political connections and the wealth or because he served for over a decade in this body. He was a remarkable human being because he made the most of his God-given gifts, and he desired to make a difference in the lives of every North Carolinian and the people of this country, but especially in the lives of children.

It is important to point out that during his tenure as a State judge, as has been pointed out today, he upheld rulings that allowed five black children to attend an all-white school in Greensboro; thus, integrating those schools for the first time and literally changing and beginning to change the South and across this country. This was an act of tremendous courage for that day and age. He was a man of unique character and well ahead of his time in the arena of civil rights and, it can be argued, probably cost him the governor's mansion in our State. He was a patriot and a public servant of the highest order. He was a friend and colleague of mine in the fight to improve education for all children.

Many of his ideals have helped to and will help children everywhere to grow up and realize the American dream.

Madam Speaker, the list of names of great men and women who have served in this body is long. All of them used their lives and gifts to serve their communities, States, and this great Nation. Today we honor L. Richardson Preyer and add his name to that long list of great Americans.

Mr. COBLE. Madam Speaker, the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. HAYES) and the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. BURR) expressed interest in speaking on this Special Order, but they are at committee meetings and it appears unlikely that they will be able to come to the floor. So, Madam Speaker, let me conclude.

Much has been said during this Special Order about Emily Preyer, but I do not believe it was mentioned that she pre-deceased her husband by several months.

I recall, Madam Speaker, recently, several days ago, we were at a full House Committee on the Judiciary meeting, and I looked into the faces of several people in the crowded room, and I detected a man who served as a former staffer to Rich Preyer. I called him forward. He came to the podium where I was seated in the Committee on the Judiciary hearing room, and I said to him, Ed, Rich Preyer is not in good health. I said, I am told that he is failing and I thought you needed to know that, because he was very close to Mr. Preyer.

He thanked me for having shared that with him. The next day, Rich Preyer passed away; and that told me in glaring terms, Madam Speaker, about the uncertainty, about the indefinite phase, of life. I am talking to Ed one day. His staffer was going to call him the next day to talk to him and it was too late.

I would extend our condolences and good wishes to the surviving children and their families and conclude with this comment, Madam Speaker. Jim Slosner, one of our well-known reporters at the Breezeberg News and Record, called me for a quote shortly after Rich Preyer's death. I thought for a moment, and I said when you saw Rich Preyer you instinctively uttered or concluded there stands a gentleman. He was, indeed, a rare gentleman.

I want to thank those who took part in this Special Order today, Madam Speaker; and I want to urge those who wanted to be here who were otherwise detained to feel free to submit their comments in a subsequent edition of the RECORD.

Mr. BURR of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to join my colleagues in honoring the memory of the late L. Richardson Preyer who served my home state of North Carolina and our country with distinction. Richardson Preyer has an outstanding record of public service dating back to his time in the U.S. Navy during World War II, for which he was awarded the Bronze Star.

Through his years as a State Superior Court Judge, a United States District Court Judge and then as a Member of the U.S. House of Representatives for six terms, Richardson Preyer saw his responsibility and fulfilled his duty when called upon. Serving with a quiet demeanor but effective in getting the job done, he commanded the respect of his constituents and his peers in the Congress.

Richardson Preyer was always concerned about the welfare of the people and his desire to help those who were less fortunate was well known. It was the hallmark of his unsuccessful campaign for Governor of North Carolina in 1964 and then of his Congressional career from 1969 to 1981.

Richardson Preyer was never too busy to give of his time and his considerable abilities when he was needed. When Congressman Preyer passed away recently, North Carolina lost a valiant patriot who loved his country, and who served us well.

I am honored to have the opportunity to pay tribute to Richardson Preyer and I extend my sympathy to the Preyer family on their loss.

HEALTH CARE

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mrs. JO ANN DAVIS of Virginia). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Washington (Mr. LARSEN) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. LARSEN of Washington. Madam Speaker, I rise today to discuss an issue that is a very important issue to my home State, Washington State, and to the people in that State. That issue