

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

A TRIBUTE TO ABIE ABRAHAM

HON. PHIL ENGLISH

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. ENGLISH of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, it is with great pride that I rise to honor Sgt. Abie Abraham, a distinguished veteran of World War II from Butler, PA, who is being recognized this week as the Butler County Veteran of the Year.

Abie Abraham was born on July 31, 1913, in Lyndora, PA, to Syrian immigrants. At an early age, Abie showed perseverance and strength when he set a record in the Guinness Book of World Records for tree-sitting on a wooden platform for 3 months.

In 1932, Abie Abraham enlisted in the U.S. Army. He had been head boxing coach in Panama in 1935, and as a boxer, has a 54-6 record and was light/welterweight champion of the Panama Canal Department. In 1938, he was stationed in the Philippines, with the 31st Infantry Regiment as a platoon sergeant.

Three hours after the invasion of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Japanese forces hit the Philippines. After several months of intense fighting in horrible conditions, the Philippines and United States forces surrendered. A lack of food and supplies and exposure to tropical diseases had left the troops weakened when the Japanese took them as prisoners. Sergeant Abraham was on the infamous Bataan Death March during which so many American lives were lost. He was held as a prisoner-of-war from April 9, 1942 to January 31, 1945 until the 6th American Rangers freed the prison camp where what was left of the only infantry regiment stationed in the Philippines was being held. After his release, General MacArthur requested that Sergeant Abraham remain in the Philippines to locate and disinter bodies from the Bataan Death March so that they could be brought home for a proper burial. He remained there until July 1947.

Sergeant Abraham retired as a master sergeant in 1955 with 23 years of service. He had received a Purple Heart with oak leaf cluster, a Bronze Star Medal with oak leaf cluster, as well as three Presidential Unit Citations and the Philippine Presidential Award.

After retiring from the Army, Sergeant Abraham worked for the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation as a road supervisor from 1955 to 1962 before leaving to work for a family business until 1979.

In 1971, Sergeant Abraham wrote "Ghost of the Bataan Speaks" which details his prison camp experience. His book is used in several States to teach the history of World War II. He also personally answers a multitude of inquiries from people all over the world about the Bataan Death March.

In addition to serving his country, Sergeant Abraham has contributed on a local level in

his community. In the past 6 years, he has volunteered over 10,000 hours working nearly 8 hours a day, 5 days a week at the VA medical center in Butler, PA. He is the POW-MIA Coordinator at the VAMC and has helped to arrange ceremonies to remember the Americans who were prisoners of war and those who are unaccounted for today. He spends time visiting with patients in the VA medical center as well as trying to resolve complaints and provide assistance to veterans and their families. He was honored in 1994 as the Outstanding Veteran in the State of Pennsylvania by the Department of Veteran Affairs.

He has been a member of the Disabled American Veterans—Chapter No. 64, Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Military Order of the Purple Heart, the American Ex-Prisoner's of War, and the American Legion where he continues to be active in veterans issues.

Sergeant Abraham served his country courageously in the face of death and remained true to the soldiers who served with him and lost their lives. He has used his experience to educate others about World War II and to honor the memory of the ones lost. Thankfully, for the community of Butler, PA, Sgt. Abie Abraham survived the horrors of the Bataan Death March and being held in a prison camp. The service that he has continued to give to the veteran community over the years is truly outstanding and worthy of our praise. I am thankful that Sgt. Abie Abraham is a member of our community and that he continues to make a difference in the lives of those he touches.

HONORING PATRICIA V. ASIP

HON. ED PASTOR

OF ARIZONA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. PASTOR. Mr. Speaker, I would like to congratulate Ms. Patricia V. Asip on receiving the National Hispanic Corporate Council's [NHCC] Charter Award at the recent 10th anniversary dinner.

Currently serving as the manager of the multicultural affairs at J.C. Penny Co., Inc., Ms. Asip was a founding board member of the NHCC. As the first marketer to join the NHCC, she has spent her professional career showing the American business community the value of the Hispanic market. A leader in the Hispanic community, her desire and efforts in reaching out to the Hispanic market show her to be a truly admirable woman. I would like to commend her on her achievements, and I ask my colleagues to join me in recognizing this remarkable woman.

THE WAR ON DRUGS—TIME TO RECOMMIT OUR EFFORTS

HON. GERALD B.H. SOLOMON

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. SOLOMON. Mr. Speaker, there are those who would like us to believe that we are losing the war on drugs. The truth is that during the Reagan-Bush years drug use in the United States actually dropped by more than 50 percent, from 24 million users in 1979 to 11 million in 1992.

Unfortunately, many of those hard-fought gains have been wasted under President Clinton's watch. The fact is that the trend toward increased drug use, across the board, corresponds directly to President Clinton's term of office. For whatever reason, this President is either unwilling or unable to address this crisis. It is time for congressional leadership.

Reducing the demand for illegal drugs is essential to the most important things common to all Americans: our children and families, our safety and the safety of our children, our health and the economy. The legislation outlined below represents a comprehensive and effective strategy aimed at reducing the demand for illegal drugs:

H.R. 143 requires the pre-employment drug testing of applicants for Federal employment.

H.R. 134 denies certain Federal benefits to convicted drug felons.

H.R. 136 requires random drug testing of all Federal employees.

H.R. 138 requires courts to notify employers of employees' drug convictions.

H.R. 141 suspends Federal education assistance to convicted drug felons.

H.R. 1706 provides quality assurance and expands drug testing in the private sector.

H.R. 135 prohibits federally sponsored research pertaining to the legalization of drugs.

H.R. 147 reduces the minimum quantity of drugs for which a person may be executed.

Drug use and drug addiction cause most of the violence and permeate virtually every social, health, and economic problem we face. Please join in cosponsoring any or all of the above bills by contacting my office.

Mr. Speaker, today I insert into the RECORD a Washington Post story which reports that hospital emergency room visits by cocaine and other drug users are up again.

EMERGENCY ROOMS TREAT HALF-MILLION DRUG CASES

A half-million Americans wound up in hospital emergency rooms with drug-related problems last year, including a record number with cocaine-related episodes.

Cocaine figured in 23 percent or 142,000 of those emergency visits, up 15 percent from 1993, according to estimates released yesterday by a federal agency that tracks the effect of drug use.

Drug-related episodes were estimated to account for 0.6 percent of the 86 million visits to hospital emergency departments in the

● This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.

United States in 1994. Fifty-five percent of all drug-related episodes occurred among those age 26 to 44.

Thirteen percent of those treated for drug-related problems had used heroin, sometimes in combination with cocaine, according to the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration. The number of heroin-related episodes rose slightly to 64,000 from those reported in 1993.

"Speed," "crank" and other meth-amphetamine drugs figured in 17,400 cases, a 75 percent increase above the 1993 figure.

"At a time when it appears there is a resurgence in cocaine-related emergency department episodes, we cannot afford to cut prevention and treatment funding," Health and Human Services Secretary Donna E. Shalala said in a statement.

The most commonly reported motive for drug use was attempted suicide. That was the reason in an estimated 193,000 of the 508,000 episodes, or 38 percent. Dependence on drugs was reported as a motive in 165,000 episodes, or 32 percent, and "recreational use" in 43,000 episodes, or 3 percent.

Other reasons for coming to the hospital included unexpected reactions (66,000 or 13 percent) and seeking detoxification (52,000 or 10 percent). Multiple reasons were listed in some cases.

The federal agency regularly surveys emergency departments of hospitals in its Drug Abuse Warning Network and extrapolates how many such episodes occurred nationally.

Cocaine-related episodes shot up from 29,000 in 1985 to 110,000 in 1989. They dropped in 1990 to 80,000, then increased again to 120,000 in 1992. They leveled off in 1993 at 123,000 before escalating in 1994.

Adults from their mid-twenties to mid-forties had twice as many cocaine-related emergency visits as younger and older adults. Men were more than twice as likely as women to show up with cocaine problems.

Some 40,000 episodes were related to marijuana and hashish, up 39 percent from 1993. The hospital records indicated almost half of these patients also used alcohol and cocaine.

The estimates were based on a survey of 496 hospitals with 24-hour-a-day emergency departments. The government has conducted similar surveys since the late 1970s.

VETERANS AND THE BUDGET

HON. RON PACKARD

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. PACKARD. Mr. Speaker, this week we honor the veterans who have served our country bravely and selflessly. I find it absolutely appalling that as we honor them, the Clinton administration misleads them. It is reprehensible. The Clinton administration has resorted to bogus studies and scare tactics where our veterans are concerned. The Democrats only agenda is to deter the Republican-led Congress from doing what is right, balancing the budget.

The Clinton administration cites flawed studies and spreads misinformation because they have no serious plan of their own. The latest campaign of fear, aimed at veterans, distorts our Medicaid reform using a general study on Medicaid—not a veterans-specific study. In fact, the study did not even use experts in the area of veterans' affairs. The GAO deemed

the study questionable after discovering that the Urban Institute had used alternative assumptions or methods for their findings.

The report contains numerous factual errors and conspicuously omits important facts like veterans spending increasing by \$40 billion over the next 7 years, Medicare spending increasing 54 percent and Medicaid spending increasing by 39 percent.

It really is not surprising that the Clinton administration has resorted to this kind of fearmongering. After all, it was only last week, an adviser to the President was quoted as saying "I subscribe to terror. Terror tends to work because it is so easy to make people hate." A statement like this denotes the true character and the lengths to which the Clinton administration will go to mislead our veterans and the American people.

SUBSTITUTION OF H.R. 671

HON. ENI F.H. FALEOMAVAEGA

OF AMERICAN SAMOA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. FALEOMAVAEGA. Mr. Speaker, on January 25, 1995, I and my good friends, Mr. BILL RICHARDSON, Mr. PAT WILLIAMS, Mr. GEORGE MILLER, and Mr. PETER DEFAZIO, introduced the Indian Federal Recognition Administrative Procedures Act of 1995, H.R. 671, in an effort to create an efficient and fair procedure for extending Federal recognition to Indian tribes. In my remarks at that time, I stated that introduction of the legislation was only the starting point for further discussion and debate and that I looked forward to the advice and input of colleagues, the agency, and tribes.

Mr. Speaker, since January a number of occurrences have provided me with some of the discussion and input that I was looking for. The Senate Committee on Indian Affairs held a hearing in July on S. 479, a bill very similar to the original H.R. 671. Nonrecognized and recognized tribes, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Indian organizations, and experts submitted testimony on the bill and the existing recognition process. In addition, the White House has held a number of meetings with nonrecognized tribes so that they could discuss recognition with administration officials. As a direct result of those meetings, the Department of the Interior set up a task force of administration people and representatives of nonrecognized tribes to assist the Department in formulating a position on whether the recognition criteria could be improved. Further, only this month an administrative law judge, in the first challenge to a decision against recognition, has essentially reversed BIA/BAR. In doing so, the ALJ was critical of BAR's methodology and interpretation of their own criteria. The judge's views of the existing criteria can be considered a suggestion that the criteria could be improved.

Mr. Speaker, I have reviewed all of those developments and taken into account the views of the interested parties. As a result, I have modified H.R. 671 to improve both the procedures and the criteria that were in the original bill. The modifications will advance the

goals of recognition reform legislation—providing a more objective, consistent, and streamlined standard for acknowledging groups as federally recognized Indian tribes.

Mr. Speaker, I have made the following changes to the original H.R. 671. The procedures under which the independent commission would hear and decide petitions for recognition have been slightly modified. Provisions that would have excluded groups from petitioning for recognition or continuing to seek recognition have been removed. Most importantly, the criteria for recognition have been improved. The improvements take into account the almost unanimous view of the experts and affected tribes that the criteria used in the existing administrative process, which were carried into the original H.R. 671, do not really test whether a group should be recognized or not and unnecessarily burden petitioners and decisionmakers. I believe that it is only through these changes that we will enact a process that is both fair and able to resolve the recognition issue in the timeframe anticipated.

Mr. Speaker, I urge my colleagues to support this measure.

HONORING OLGA AROS

HON. ED PASTOR

OF ARIZONA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. PASTOR. Mr. Speaker, I would like to congratulate Olga Aros, the winner of the National Hispanic Corporate Council's [NHCC] Visionary Award, presented to her at the NHCC's 10th anniversary dinner.

Ms. Aros currently works as the staff director for diversity development at McDonald's Corp., where she has the opportunity to lead the corporate efforts to reach out to the Hispanic community. She was one of the original board members of NHCC, and served as its first president. She has tirelessly worked for the advancement of Hispanics, using her positions in marketing, human resources, public affairs, and her community service to promote Hispanic causes. It is safe to say that without the vision and effort of Ms. Aros, the NHCC wouldn't have achieved the great success that it has over the past 10 years. She was a driving force behind the council's inception and its formidable expansion. Its success is a testament to her abilities, and I ask my colleagues to recognize the considerable accomplishments of Ms. Aros.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF AMERICA'S VETERANS

HON. JACK QUINN

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. QUINN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in observance of Veterans Day and the 50th commemorative anniversary of World War II.

As we take time to pause and reflect on the significance of this day, let us remember the legions of American heroes who sacrificed so that we may live in freedom.

Veterans Day has a very special meaning for the families and relatives of the brave men and women who served their country in World War II. While their loved ones were overseas fighting against tyranny and oppression, those left behind remembered and supported them in their thoughts and prayers.

Through the struggle for a lasting peace, America was united and unified behind our fighting men and women. Back home in the States, citizens did their part, collecting scrap tin, rubber, and metal and conserving electricity and heating oil so that these vital resources could assist the overall war effort.

A true sense of community was fostered out of the great concern all Americans had for our soldiers. The veterans of World War II brought our Nation closer as they united and defeated forces that sought to destroy democracy and freedom for the free world.

Our Nation's veterans have long answered their country's call to service without hesitation. As Americans, we must pause and remember their service through the years: World War I, World War II, the Korean war, the Vietnam war, Operation Desert Storm, and all other conflicts which were fought on behalf of the universal ideas of freedom, justice, and peace.

Mr. Speaker, I am proud to serve on the Veterans' Affairs Committee, as it affords me the opportunity and privilege to recognize our Nation's veterans. Neither they, nor their heroic sacrifices, will be forgotten by their country.

On behalf of many grateful Americans, I would like to acknowledge the years of selfless, dedicated service our Nation's veterans have given to the United States of America.

TRIBUTE TO GIRL SCOUT AWARD RECIPIENTS

HON. DAVID R. OBEY

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. OBEY. Mr. Speaker, today, I would like to salute six outstanding young women who have been honored with the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. Gold Award by Birch Trails Girl Scout Council in my home town of Wausau, WI. They are Jill Whitney, Katie Jenkins, and Sarah Olson of Girl Scout Troop 199, Beth Neitzel of Girl Scout Troop 6, and Holly Perry and Betsy Pugh of Girl Scout Troop 144.

They are being honored for earning the highest achievement award in Girl Scouting. The Girl Scout Gold Award symbolizes outstanding accomplishments in the areas of leadership, community service, career planning, and personal development.

Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., an organization serving over 2.6 million girls, has awarded more than 20,000 Girl Scout Awards to Senior Girl Scouts since the inception of the program in 1980. To receive the award, a Girl Scout must fulfill five requirements: earn four interest project patches, earn the Career Exploration pin, earn the Senior Girl Scout Leadership Award project, earn the Senior Girl Scout Challenge, and design and implement a Girl Scout Gold Award project. A plan for fulfilling

the requirements of the award is created by the Senior Girl Scout and is carried out through close cooperation between the girl and an adult Girl Scout volunteer.

The earning of the Girl Scout Gold Award is a major accomplishment for these young women, and I believe they should receive the public recognition due them for this significant service to their community and their country.

ADDRESS OF AMBASSADOR MADELEINE ALBRIGHT AT 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF UNITED NATIONS

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, in the past few days, the world has celebrated the 50th anniversary of the United Nations. Those of us who are from the San Francisco Bay area are justly proud that the United Nations was born in our area at the San Francisco Conference in June 1945.

The congressional celebration of the 50th anniversary of the United Nations was a reception honoring Dr. Boutros Boutros-Ghali, the Secretary General of the United Nations, and Ambassador Madeleine Albright, the permanent U.S. Representative to the United Nations and a Member of the President's Cabinet. That event was sponsored by the Congressional Human Rights Caucus, which I cochair along with my Republican colleague JOHN PORTER of Illinois. Other colleagues from the House and the Senate joined us in sponsoring this important event.

There is no question that, as a result of the existence of the United Nations, the world is now a better place than it would be otherwise. It is also important to realize that U.S. participation in the United Nations has been an important positive factor in the constructive actions of the United Nations over the past half century. Furthermore, the United Nations has been an important element of American foreign policy.

We have been able to accomplish through cooperative and joint efforts with the U.N. actions that would have been much more difficult or even impossible for the United States to accomplish alone. A careful examination of U.S. participation in the United Nations leads inescapably to the conclusion that we should continue to participate actively and fully in the United Nations.

It is clear that the United Nations is in need of serious review and reform, and it is my hope and expectation that we in the Congress can provide impetus and support for U.N. reform. At the same time, however, it is important that, in our zeal for reform and our concern with the problems of the United Nations, we not lose sight of the vitally important role which the United Nations has played during the past half century.

Mr. Speaker, the remarks of Ambassador Madeleine Albright at the congressional reception honoring the 50th anniversary of the United Nations are particularly appropriate for my colleagues to consider as we mark the United Nations' first half-century. I ask that Amba-

sador Albright's excellent assessment of the United Nations be included in the RECORD, and I urge my colleagues to give serious and thoughtful consideration to her remarks.

REMARKS OF AMBASSADOR MADELEINE K. ALBRIGHT, U.N. 50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

Good evening fellow multilateralists. Now, to some, multilateralism is a sin; sort of like watching PBS or liking art. And it is true that multilateralism is a terrible word; it has too many syllables; there's a little Latin in there; and it ends in i-s-m.

But supposedly, the big rivalry these days is between unilateralists and multilateralists. This is a phony debate. I have been studying, teaching and practicing foreign policy for more than 30 years, and I have yet to come across anyone who has accomplished anything without understanding that there will be times we have to act alone, and times when we can act with others at less cost and risk, and greater effectiveness.

That isn't unilateralism or multilateralism—it's realism.

On the things that matter most to our families, from drugs to terrorists to pollution to controlling our borders to creating new jobs, international cooperation isn't just an option, it is a necessity. And the UN is a unique mechanism for providing that cooperation.

This is the UN's 50th anniversary; but reading the newspapers, you would think, at times, we were observing not a birthday, but a wake.

We have such short memories. The UN at 50 is far stronger, effective and relevant than the UN of 40, 30, 20 or 10 years ago. Cold War divisions are gone; north-south differences have narrowed; the non-aligned movement is running out of factions to be non-aligned with.

Measured against impossible expectations, the UN will always fall short.

Measured in the difference it has made in people's lives, we can all take pride in what the UN has accomplished.

It matters that the ceasefire in Cyprus is holding; that confidence is being built in the Middle East; and that Namibia, Cambodia, Mozambique, El Salvador and Haiti have joined the great worldwide movement to democracy.

It matters that the economic pressure of sanctions has improved the climate for peace in the Balkans; penalized Libya for the terror of Pan Am 103; helped to consign apartheid to the dustbin of history; and forced Iraq to confess its program of deadly biological weapons.

It matters that millions of children each year live instead of die because they are immunized against childhood disease.

It matters that smallpox has been eradicated, that polio is on the way out, and that a global campaign to increase awareness about AIDS has been launched.

It matters that so many families in Somalia, Bosnia, Liberia, Sudan, the Caucasus, Afghanistan, Central America and Southeast Asia owe their survival to the World Food Program and the UN High Commissioner for Refugees.

It matters that the IAEA is working to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons across the face of the earth.

And it matters that the Wars Crimes Tribunals for Rwanda and former Yugoslavia will strive to hold the perpetrators of ethnic cleansing and mass rape accountable for their crimes.

Let us never forget that the United Nations emerged not from a dream, but a nightmare. In the 1920's and 30's, the world squandered an opportunity to organize the peace. The result was the invasion of Manchuria, the conquest of Ethiopia, the betrayal of Munich, the depravity of the Holocaust and the devastation of world war.

This month, we observe the 50th anniversary of the start of the Nuremberg trials. This same month, we observe the start of the first trial of the War Crimes Tribunal for former Yugoslavia. A cynic might say that we have learned nothing; changed nothing; and forgotten the meaning of "never again"—again. We cannot exclude the possibility that the cynic is right. We cannot deny the damnable duality of human nature.

But we can choose not to desert the struggle; to see our reflection not in Goebbels and Mladic, but in Anne Frank, Nelson Mandela, Vaclav Havel, Aung San Suu Kyi and the people who founded and built the United Nations.

We can understand there will be limits on what we accomplish; without placing unnecessary limits on what we attempt.

We can believe that humans do have the ability to rise above the hatreds of the past and to live together in mutual respect and peace.

We can believe that justice matters, that compassion is good, that freedom is never safe and that the capacity to work effectively with others is a sign not of weakness, but of wisdom and strength.

And we can recognize that the principles embodied in the UN Charter matter not because they are so easy to obtain, but because they are so terribly hard.

When Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg returned to Washington from the Convention in San Francisco where the UN Charter was drafted, he was challenged by those who thought it too idealistic, even utopian. He replied that:

"You may tell me that I have but to scan the present world with realistic eyes in order to see the fine phrases (of the Charter) . . . reduced to a shambles . . . I reply that the nearer right you may be . . . the greater is the need for the new pattern which promises . . . to stem these evil tides."

The Truman-Vandenberg generation understood that although the noble aspects of human nature had made the UN possible, it was the ignoble aspects that had made it necessary.

It is up to us in our time to do what they did in their time. To accept the responsibilities of leadership. To defend freedom. And to explode outwards the potential of institutions like the UN to keep peace, extend law, promote progress and amplify respect for the dignity and value of every human being.

In that effort, I ask your help.

HONORING MR. CHARLES
SHOUMAKER

HON. ED PASTOR

OF ARIZONA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. PASTOR. Mr. Speaker, I would like to take this opportunity to recognize the recipient of the Campeon Award at the National Hispanic Corporate Council's [NHCC] 10th anniversary dinner, Mr. Charles Shoumaker.

Mr. Shoumaker was one of the driving forces in the formation of the NHCC. He was

invaluable in securing early funding and helping to develop the concept behind the NHCC. While working as the senior vice president for human resources at the Circle K Corp., he provided office space for the NHCC. Indeed, without Mr. Shoumaker's enthusiastic support and initial funding assistance he provided, the NHCC might not have become a reality.

Currently, Mr. Shoumaker is the president of Star Human Resources Group, Inc., located in Phoenix, AZ. His company focuses on the needs and concerns of hourly, entry-level employees. Mr. Shoumaker has shown throughout his professional career to be a caring and dedicated individual, and I would ask my colleagues to join me in recognizing the accomplishments of this remarkable man.

TRIBUTE TO DEAN CHASE

HON. MARCY KAPTUR

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Ms. KAPTUR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a gentleman who has given long and faithful service to the trade union movement in Toledo. Dean Chase recently retired as president of the Toledo Area UAW-CAP Council. Dean had served the CAP Council as its president since 1981, and he has spent most of his adult life dedicated to improving the lives of working men and women. Dean was also president of UAW Local 11 at the City Auto Stamping Plant for 20 years.

Born in Toledo, Dean Chase, has lived in our community all his life. He attended Cherry School, Scott High School, and the University of Toledo. Married to Betty Lamb in 1950, Dean will have time to enjoy his two grandchildren and three great grandchildren in his retirement. Dean's outstanding leadership in his union and his community have made Toledo a better place to live and work.

Let this special tribute express our sincerest appreciation and best wishes to Dean Chase.

POWDER AND CRACK COCAINE CRIMINALS DESERVE EQUAL TREATMENT

HON. GERALD B.H. SOLOMON

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. SOLOMON. Mr. Speaker, I would ask all my colleagues to join in sponsoring legislation today which would equate the criminal penalties for offenses involving crack and powder cocaine.

Last week President Clinton finally did something right in signing into law a bill denying the Sentencing Commission's recommendation on crack cocaine. He reaffirmed that offenses involving crack cocaine deserve severe punishment because of the damage they do to our society.

Look at the facts: According to the Partnership for a Drug Free America, 1 out of every 10 babies born in the United States is born addicted to drugs, and most are addicted to

crack cocaine. Crime skyrocketed between 1985 and 1990, the years crack was introduced. In fact, violent crime went up 37 percent in 1990 and aggravated assaults increased 43 percent. Because of crack cocaine, more teens in this country now die of gunshot wounds than all natural causes combined.

The Congress, in the 1980's, reacted properly to the crack epidemic gripping vulnerable inner-city communities. We saw the destruction wrought on entire communities by this cheap and highly addictive form of cocaine. The Congress and the President are not going to reduce the criminal penalties involving crack cocaine.

However, I recognize the disparities that exist as a result of the inequitable treatment of crack and powder cocaine. However, instead of lowering the penalties for crack offenses, as the Sentencing Commission mistakenly proposed, we should increase the punishment for powder offenses to the same level as crack cocaine. Cosponsoring this legislation is an opportunity to rectify the racial discrepancies which exist under current law.

Mr. Speaker, the time has also come to reconsider the authority Congress has turned over to the Sentencing Commission regarding drug crimes. Within the next few days I will be introducing legislation to relinquish their authority. The Sentencing Commission should be reestablished as an advisory organization to provide guidance to the Congress. Clearly, recent decisions made by the Commission regarding crack cocaine and marijuana are convincing arguments for this correction.

THE RETIREMENT OF BOB ERICKSON

HON. HENRY A. WAXMAN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. WAXMAN. Mr. Speaker, I want to take this opportunity to express publicly my respect for Robert Erickson, who is retiring from the Kaiser Permanente Medical Care Program this December after almost 37 years of service. Bob has been a leader in the establishment of prepaid group practice in the United States. His important personal contributions to the enactment of sound health care policy have been invaluable and have improved the Nation's health care delivery system.

During the 25 years that I have known Bob, he has strongly supported health legislation that would extend coverage to all Americans and that would otherwise benefit the country as a whole, not merely an interested segment of the health care industry. The first question he would ask about legislation was whether it was good public policy; only then would he consider its impact on Kaiser Permanente. Bob's thoughtful advocacy on behalf of prepaid group practice has been partially driven by his belief that it is the most effective way of assuring that quality health care will be available to a broad spectrum of the community, including low-income individuals. I have appreciated his informed, ethical, and intelligent approach to government relations during

my time in the California Assembly and in Congress.

I have also appreciated Bob's efforts on behalf of the environment. As an outdoorsman, Bob recognizes the value of preserving this Nation's open spaces and biological diversity. He has been an active crusader for protection of the land, animals, and plant life for existing and future generations.

I hope that Bob's retirement from Kaiser Permanente will not deprive Congress of his good counsel on future issues.

**SALUTE TO FREDERICK C.
BRANCH OF PHILADELPHIA**

HON. THOMAS M. FOGLIETTA

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. FOGLIETTA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to salute Frederick C. Branch on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his commission as the first African-American officer in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Fifty years ago, Frederick C. Branch was appointed second lieutenant in the U.S. Marine Corps. On November 17, 1995 the Philadelphia Chapter of the Montford Point Marine Association will present a Marine Corps Birthday Ball and Ceremonial Dinner honoring Frederick C. Branch for his many historic accomplishments.

Educated at Purdue University and Temple University where he received a B.A. degree in physics, Mr. Branch is currently the head of the science department at Murrell Dobbins Area Vocational School in north Philadelphia and has been for the past 15 years.

Mr. Branch is not only a distinguished military officer, but he has also been involved in many community activities. Branch was a past president of Tioga Methodist Men of Tioga United Methodist Church; a charter member and organizer of Pennadelphia Detachment, Marine Corps League. In addition, he helped organize a national association of the first African-American men accepted in the Marine Corps which later was officially named the Montford Point Marine Association, Inc.

I wish my colleagues will join me today in congratulating Frederick C. Branch for so distinguished a career. I wish Frederick Branch the very best as he continues his service to the north Philadelphia community.

**TRIBUTE TO WESTERN SPRINGS
MAN AND WOMAN OF THE YEAR**

HON. WILLIAM O. LIPINSKI

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. LIPINSKI. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to two outstanding residents in my district—Mr. John Kravcik and Ms. Joyce Person—the Western Springs Man and Woman of the Year. These two people represent the volunteer spirit that has not only helped make their community great, but our entire nation as well. They will be honored for their efforts to

better their village on Saturday, November 4 at the Western Springs Grand Ball.

Ms. Person, a 27-year resident of Western Springs, has combined her love of natural beauty with her love of her community. In addition to her long service to the village's Garden Club as president, she was also the secretary of the Village Party Caucus for 10 years, a volunteer organization that helps select qualified candidates for village offices. She is also a dedicated volunteer at La Grange Memorial Hospital. Yet, Ms. Person understands that true community service extends far beyond the bounds of one's village. In that regard, she organized the Hostage Remembrance Day to honor the Americans held in Iran in 1979 and 1980.

Mr. Kravcik, a resident for 33 years, has been active in government, professional, and religious organizations. He served on the Western Springs Planning and Zoning Commission from 1983 to 1991, when he was elected to a 4-year term to the Board of Trustees. He has been involved in leadership roles at his church, St. John of the Cross, and Nazareth Academy, a local high school. Mr. Kravcik and his wife, Joan, were co-chairmen of a Vietnamese refugee settlement committee, helping to find housing, employment, and other necessities for eight families who came to Western Springs.

Mr. Speaker, I salute these two outstanding Americans for their tireless efforts for Western Springs, and I hope they are able to enjoy many more years of service to their community.

**TRIBUTE TO SISTER MARY URBAN
HARRER**

HON. RODNEY P. FRELINGHUYSEN

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commend to our Nation's attention and to my congressional colleagues, the life of Sister Mary Urban Harrer.

For more than a quarter of a century, she has been so closely connected with the St. Clares Riverside Medical Center that her name is synonymous with its special mission and reputation.

Sister Mary Urban fills many roles at the hospital. She is chairman of the board of the medical center, a founder and mover of the annual Harvest Festival, a relentless fundraiser and organizer, an astute businesswoman, and a health care professional with years of hands-on experience in nursing and hospital administration. Her love of God and her service to mankind knows few equals.

But there is a role that transcends even these. First and foremost, she is a religious member of the Sisters of the Sorrowful Mother.

This month that role is highlighted as she celebrates her 60 years in the convent.

Her long road began in Bavaria where she was born, one of 12 children of Louis and Wally Harrer. Sister Mary Urban entered the convent at Abensburg. But within a short time she was transferred to Rome and the con-

gregation's motherhouse. In 1935, she came to the United States—a journey she had long wished for and a dream come true.

In America, she entered the novitiate in Milwaukee, WI, and completed her formation for the religious life, taking her first vows in 1936 and her final vows in 1941.

Transferred to St. Francis Regional Medical Center in 1939, she entered the 3-year diploma nursing program and graduated as a registered nurse in 1942. Ten years later, she earned a bachelor's degree in nursing education from Marquette University.

For 28 years, she served at St. Francis as staff nurse, head nurse, nursing supervisor, and administrator.

She was known not only as a dedicated nurse but one who fought valiantly for her patients. The story is told of the time in Wichita, KS, when she was assisting in a Caesarean delivery. An infant was declared dead by the doctor, but she thought it was too soon to give up. She worked until he was breathing on his own. For the next 18 years, Sister Mary Urban received a bouquet of roses on the baby's birthday.

In 1967, she was transferred to Denville, leaving an 800-bed regional medical center for St. Clare's Hospital, then a 180-bed community hospital.

As the hospital's administrator, she soon became known for her indomitable spirit, her courage, her gift for fundraising, her deep sense of caring, and her strong faith in God.

Daily, she made rounds of patients, moving quietly from room to room to ask how they were doing and promising to speak to the Lord on their behalf.

She had so much energy that her feet seemed hardly to hit the ground as she hurried up and down stairs and hallways. To some she was known as the "flying nun."

All of her work paid off. In the years of her tenure, St. Clare's grew in size and in the scope of its services. In 1972, a building program almost doubled the hospital's size. In 1984, when a four-story tower was constructed, it was named appropriately, Urban Tower.

It was not only the hospital which profited from her presence. So did the larger community. In 1983, the Denville Rotary Club was setting up its first Citizen of the Year Award. Members said they were looking for a person whose actions had contributed most to the residents of Denville area. The unanimous vote was Sister Mary Urban.

Today, as Chairman of the Board, she continues to be involved in the day-to-day life of the medical center where she brings determination to her work as she does for the Harvest Festival, the successful 1-day country fair which she inspired.

She has the ability to inspire others to the same kind of Herculean efforts. And they come back year after year to do the same incredible job again.

Their efforts—and hers—have paid substantial dividends. In the first 19 years, the Festival has raised \$2.6 million to support hospital services and programs and to fund construction and equipment purchases. This October was the 20th Harvest Festival.

Her wonderful combination of perseverance, determination, and caring has made her a

major asset to the medical center. Many believe that Sister Mary Urban is largely responsible for building the public support which has in turn fostered the growth of the medical center and made it what it is today: A 417-bed regional health care center.

The young farm girl who entered a Bavarian convent 60 years ago has made a difference to a town she did not then know existed.

God has blessed St. Clares Riverside, Sister Mary Urban has said, by building it into a fine hospital. Those who know her believe that she helped make that happen.

Today, Mr. Speaker, I ask that we recognize and salute Sister Mary Urban Harrer's life and service.

100TH ANNIVERSARY OF JEWISH WAR VETERANS OF THE UNITED STATES

HON. JERROLD NADLER

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. NADLER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the Jewish War Veterans of the United States on the occasion of their 100th anniversary. As the oldest continually active national association for veterans, the Jewish War Veterans has long served this Nation in times of war and in times of peace. The organization has worked actively to combat racism and bigotry throughout our Nation and the world, to uphold American ideals and free institutions, and to assist veterans of all races and creeds.

From the days of Asher Levy's first establishing his rights of citizenship by defending the walls of New Amsterdam—present-day Manhattan—to the conflict in the Persian Gulf, American Jews have fought and died in American Armed Forces. Official records show that American Jews have consistently served in the Armed Forces in greater numbers than their percentage in the population.

The Jewish War Veterans of the United States have sought to uphold this proud tradition of service to the Nation throughout their century of existence, fighting for veterans benefits, civil, and human rights. Throughout the Nation, Jewish War Veterans posts offer veterans from all walks of life, counseling and assistance in obtaining their veterans' benefits.

When Martin Luther King, Jr., led his march on Washington in 1963, it was the Jewish War Veterans who were the only veterans' organization to demonstrate for equal rights with him. Whenever Neo-Nazi or Ku Klux Klan groups have surfaced, the Jewish War Veterans have been there to protest in body and voice, through picketing, and consultation with, and assistance to law enforcement officials. The Jewish War Veterans are also active in a wide variety of civic improvement projects, including volunteering at Veterans' Association Hospitals and numerous homeless shelters, providing college scholarships and urging our Nation's leaders to continue a strong commitment to those who have served our Nation so valiantly.

The Jewish War Veterans of the United States represents an outstanding tradition of patriotism and service to America. It is my

honor to say thank you and to congratulate them on their 100th anniversary.

TRIBUTE TO WESLEY MILLER

HON. MARCY KAPTUR

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Ms. KAPTUR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a gentleman who has spent his life serving his country, his union, and his community. Until his recent retirement, Wesley Miller was the first and only recording secretary the Toledo area UAW-CAP Council has had in its 27 years. Wesley has also served as president of UAW Local 48 at the National Castings Corp. and more recently, as president of that local's retiree chapter.

Born in Columbus, OH, Wesley had the good sense to move to Toledo in 1952. During the Second World War, he served his country as a staff sergeant in the Air Force stationed in New Guinea. Wesley married Clara Furgeson in 1960 and can boast of five children, nine grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, and counting. Wesley's leadership in his union and his community has helped to improve the lives of all the citizens of Toledo.

Wesley Miller deserves our thanks and our best wishes.

REMEMBERING THE ISLAND

HON. ROBERT A. UNDERWOOD

OF GUAM

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. UNDERWOOD. Mr. Speaker, I would like to take this opportunity to insert in the RECORD excerpts from a newspaper column written by Mr. Jim Comstock of Richmond, WV. This article about Father Jesus Baza Duenas, the Chamorro martyr/priest beheaded by the Japanese during their occupation of Guam in World War II, was part of Mr. Comstock's column, The Comstock Load, which appeared in the West Virginia Hillbilly on October 26, 1995. The biographical sketch was mainly based upon the recollections of Monsignor Oscar Calvo as related to Mr. Comstock back in the mid-1940's. The article, according to Mr. Comstock, originally appeared in a Communications Center newspaper back on Guam in the last few months after the war:

REMEMBERING THE ISLAND

One day recently I combed through the collection of souvenirs and such which I brought home with me following my days spent on the island of Guam, in the Marianas, during World War II. All have been gone over for a last reminiscence glance, and are packed up to be sent to the museum in the Capital City of Agana. It was my delight in the last few months after the war, and I was waiting my turn to leave for home, to have edited a newspaper for the Communications Center, and now I am going to fill my allotted Load space with one of my stories. Take it away:

On a rare sunny morning in the year 1940, the people of Inarajan went to the St. Joseph's Church in great expectancy. The first

native priest of the island was going to say his first mass . . . That was in 1940 and the priest had less than two years to serve his flock and God, because at the end of 1941, the Japanese came and made the sword the faith. But those few months that Father Duenas was padre, he had won a place in the hearts of the people of the Island.

Father Duenas was taken out by a troop of Japanese soldiers on Barrigada and, after digging his own grave, was beheaded. I heard this story when I first went to the Island. I wondered why the Japanese would kill a man who had won such a place for himself in the hearts of the conquered people. I learned the story of his death, which happened just three weeks before our Marines landed at Blue Beach. The Reverend Oscar Calvo was in his bamboo and reed church, just behind the famous Dulce Nombre de Maria Cathedral, which the Spanish built in 1903 and the Americans leveled forty years later to get the Japanese occupiers out and off the island.

Father Calvo was the kind of fellow you could believe. You felt that his heart and his actions were as white as his pearl-like teeth. He finds it hard to express himself in English, but he is the man to tell you the story of Father Duenas.

"Father Duenas was a good man. He was good to work with and the people liked him very, very much. He was born March, I think, in let me see, 1911, I believe. He attended the elementary school here and when he was fifteen he went to the Seminary San Jose in Manila and studied under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. I can say that he was greatly respected and that he won a high place there, both in the Minor and the Major Seminary."

I took out a cigarette and offered one to Father Calvo. He lit it and continued:

"When Father Duenas was graduated from the seminary, he asked to be returned to Guam, and on June 11, 1938, he was ordained to the priesthood in the Dulce Nombre de Maria Cathedral. He was assigned for some months to Inarajan."

He paused reflectively. I wondered when it would be proper to ask him how so many of the Chamorros kept their teeth so white. He started speaking again, with each sentence raising at the end.

"I wish I could tell you why the Japanese took the life of Father Duenas, but I can't. It is just hard to say. I knew that he did not like the Japanese, and that he often said things to people that I knew couldn't be trusted. You have heard of Mr. Tweed?" I nodded, for I well knew of Chief Radioman Tweed who had hidden out in the jungles till the Americans came. And I knew that contrary to the stories in the American papers, the people of Guam had only disgust for Mr. Tweed. "The Japanese wanted very much to find Mr. Tweed and very much they talked with Father Duenas but he would not tell them where Mr. Tweed was hiding." The word hiding went way up in the air. "It wasn't anything that he did, that caused the Japanese to kill Father Duenas, it was more what he did not do that the Japanese killed him. The priests that the Japanese sent from Tokyo, he did not try to get along with and would not eat with them when they came to Inarajan and did not stay when they said mass."

Here I had to stop Father Calvo. "Do you mean that the Japanese sent priests here to Guam?"

"Oh, yes. Did I not tell you? When the Japanese took out all of the nationals to Tokyo, they took with them our Bishop the Most

Reverend Michael Angel do Olano, and they took two lay brothers, and ten American Capuchin Fathers, and two secular priests and made them all prisoners. Father Duenas was left here and so was I because we're of these people. They did not take any natives to Japan, but only those who were not born on this island. They took Mr. Butler and Mr. Underwood and Mr. Hudson, and many more who were in the trade here but were not of the people."

Father Calvo went on: "The Japanese do not observe the Catholic faith but they saw that in the Pacific the Catholic faith was strong, and they brought Japanese Catholic priests to all of their conquered islands. To our island came a bishop and two priests, and they brought a note to Father Duenas making him Pro-Vicar Apostolic. I think this was because the government has heard that Father Duenas might cause trouble and that a high rank might stop him. But it did not win over Father Duenas. When the military set up districts for the priests to serve in and posted signs saying they were not to go out of an assigned district, Father Duenas, if there was a funeral or a wedding or a christening, would go out. He was warned many times but he always went out of his territory."

Father Calvo hesitated, then went on. "The Japanese did not think that he went out for funerals and weddings, but to take things to eat and wear to Mr. Tweed. But I know that he went out as a good priest and would go, because another zone might be near him but far from a zone in which another priest might be assigned."

"Last week we went out to Barrigada and dug up the body of Father Duenas and buried him." To me the Father was getting ahead of the story. Could he, I wanted to know, tell me something of how Father Duenas died?

"There is only one man who can tell you that. He is a native—but I knew he will not talk of it. He told me, but I don't think he will talk to anybody else. I will tell you what he told me."

"Father Duenas was taken prisoner by the Japanese and put into their stockade, but since he would not answer their questions they told him he could go home. They did not beat him; I am sure they did not beat Father Duenas. He was so young but weak. I don't think he could have stood that. Not like others. But his torture was of his mind. He was turned from prison and came to Inarajan when some of the officers came up and arrested him and took him to another jail. I think the jail was near Barrigada. They asked him more questions, and the Japanese acted as if they were satisfied. They said he could come home. He started out with a guard."

"Father Duenas did not get to his home. He was taken into a deserted field. He saw some of his friends there. There was his nephew, Edward Duenas, the island attorney, and there was a young boy, maybe eighteen. I don't remember his name. And there was an old Navy man named Juan Pangelinan, whom the Japanese said was helping Mr. Tweed."

"The rest I will tell, you too. There were four open graves in the clearing and I think it was then that Father Duenas knew for the first time that he was not going to go home. The prisoners' hands were tied behind them and they were told to kneel by their graves. Father Duenas was first in the line. I have been told by my informant that the other three asked Father Duenas to pray for them. He did and they repeated the prayer after him. My informant tells me that Father

Duenas did not seem scared. I know that was true. The others were calmed by his prayer. He was a man of God."

I wondered if Father Calvo would tell the rest. He closed his eyes and said: "The guard, my informant tells me, was a very, very big fellow. One blow was all that was needed."

Beneath the altar of the church at Inarajan lies a true patriot of Guam, Father Duenas.

This fellow Tweed became quite a celebrity when he left Guam and returned to America. I wonder if anybody knows the rest of the story. He certainly has, or perhaps had an interesting story to tell.

SUBSTANCE ABUSE PREVENTION TEAM OF ESSEX COUNTY HON- ORED

HON. GERALD B.H. SOLOMON

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. SOLOMON. Mr. Speaker, one of the biggest problems facing our Nation for generations has been the abuse of illegal drugs. Substance abuse of this nature is responsible for the breakdown of the American family, increased crime and violent crime, increased health hazards and economic woes. Clearly, these substances have proven to be more than a thorn in the side of American society, they are eating at the very core of this Nation.

Fortunately, Mr. Speaker, there are programs like the one run in Essex County, NY of my congressional district. This Monday, November 13, 1995, the Substance Abuse Prevention Team of Essex County, based in the beautiful Adirondack Mountains, will be honored right here on Capitol Hill as one of the 16 best substance abuse programs in the entire United States. At this time I would like to extend my sincere gratitude to each and every person who has participated on this prevention team. They have done a tremendous service for the young people and residents in Essex County and gone a long way toward preserving the smalltown sense of community.

Yes, Mr. Speaker, even small towns like the ones in the Adirondack Mountains have been faced with this plague of drug abuse which threatens the very fabric of America and smalltown America. But it is not all doom and gloom Mr. Speaker. We know from our experience in the years from 1980 to 1992 that this dreadful plague can be controlled. In that time period, drug use in the United States actually dropped by more than 50 percent. What made progress like that possible? Preventive programs like the one we are honoring here today which gets the right message to our children and others before they become addicted to these destructive substances.

Mr. Speaker, I have nothing but the utmost respect for the people who run this prevention program in Essex County. They are responsible for defending and saving the fabric of this Nation and the future of our young people. In that respect, I ask that you and all fellow Members of Congress rise with me and pay tribute to the outstanding men and women who are part of the Essex County Substance Abuse Prevention Team. They are truly great Americans.

TRIBUTE TO DORA A. FINK

HON. DAN BURTON

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. BURTON of Indiana. Mr. Speaker, I would like to take this opportunity to pay tribute to a very special woman and recognize a very special event. On November 17, 1995, the friends and family of Dora Fink will gather to celebrate her 90th birthday.

Mrs. Fink, who was born in Mooreland, Graham County, KS in 1905, lived in a "sod house" on the plains of western Kansas. In her life she has seen world wars, she raised her children through the "Great Depression", watched with love and pride the troubles and triumphs of her family. But perhaps Dora's greatest accomplishment has been the example she has set for three generations. While many of us talk about the importance of family values, the virtues of work ethic, faith in God, and service to the community, Mrs. Fink has exemplified these words in her actions.

We often recognize world leaders, kings, and notable persons for some unique feat. Today, I rise to honor Dora Fink, who has helped make this country great by passing the "American spirit" from generation to generation by her example.

Mr. Speaker, I ask that you and my other colleagues join with Mrs. Fink's two children, five grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, and many friends in saluting this extraordinary woman and wish her a very happy birthday.

JACKSON ADVOCATE

HON. BENNIE G. THOMPSON

OF MISSISSIPPI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. THOMPSON. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the Jackson, MS, Advocate newspaper, also recognized as the voice of black Mississippians. The Advocate was founded in 1939 in Jackson, MS, by Mr. Percy Greene, a World War I veteran. The Advocate was founded out of the necessity for African-American voices to be heard. During the period when the mainstream media consistently denied African-Americans the opportunity to communicate through the press or to be acknowledged in a positive manner, the Advocate became the avenue by which African-Americans presented their side of the story. In the struggle to gain civil rights, the Advocate was very assertive in connecting African-Americans throughout Mississippi.

The drummer changed but the beat goes on. The Advocate has been under the ownership of Mr. Charles Tisdale since 1978 and continues to keep Mississippians informed about issues as they relate to the African-American community. Mr. Tisdale continues the tradition of acknowledging any African-Americans who contribute to the community and highlighting those who attempt to deny opportunities to the African-American community. I would be remiss if I did not recognize the outstanding contributions that Mr. Tisdale

has made in this respect to the State of Mississippi. Mr. Tisdale continues to keep the Jackson Advocate on the cutting edge providing Mississippi with complete and objective reporting on those issues that are so vital to the progress of our State.

HONORING WORLD WAR II VETERANS AT VILLA NUEVA SENIOR PARK, PICO RIVERA, CA

HON. ESTEBAN EDWARD TORRES

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. TORRES. Mr. Speaker, I rise to recognize the men and women who served in the U.S. Armed Forces during World War II. These brave men and women fought to protect the freedoms and liberties enjoyed by every citizen of this great country. It was only 50 short years ago that they battled to end the rule of tyrants and dictators throughout the world.

Men and women across this Nation unselfishly answered the call of our Nation to go to war. I commend these individuals for their patriotic deeds in our Nation's time of need. We are proud of our veterans who have defended the United States of America.

On November 9, 1995, the Villa Nueva Senior Park of Pico Rivera, CA, will join thousands of ceremonies across the country in concluding our commemoration of the 50th anniversary of World War II. Mr. Speaker, it is with honor and privilege that I ask my colleagues to join me in saluting the veterans of Villa Nueva Senior Park to whom we owe a tremendous debt:

Serving in the U.S. Army; Edward Austin, Ed Baker, Grant P. Ellibee—also served in the U.S. Marine Corps, Albert Ely, Irving Fink, Frances Galyon—Army Nurse Corps, Eloy Gomez, Joe Goulet, Ernie Montes, Mac Nakata, Joe Oliver, Herman Oushani, Anthony Palucci, Benito Perez, Charles Perry—Army Air Corps, Harold Phillips, Hank Romines, Frank Ruiz, Jules Sharff—Army Air Corps, Robert W. Smith, Barry Snavelly, Andrew Varonin and Cecil E. Waddington. Serving in the U.S. Navy; Gus Garcia—Navy Submarine, Ed Gold, Warren Van Wie, George Weber and Dean Yates. Serving in the U.S. Marine Corps; Barbara Ellibee, Helen Hawk, and Gloria Trujillo.

TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN'S EXCHANGE

HON. JAMES M. TALENT

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. TALENT. Mr. Speaker, it is with pleasure and a great degree of pride that I draw to your attention the accomplishments of the Women's Exchange, a volunteer organization in the St. Louis area, dedicated to the mission of helping others help themselves.

Established in 1883, the Women's Exchange was founded by a group of volunteers

to help women support themselves and their families by working out of the home. In an era when males dominated the work force, the Women's Exchange provided a marketplace where creative women could display and sell their products, while still allowing them to be at home to educate and raise their children. The organization also offered working women inexpensive lunches, and a library of resources, all in an effort to enable women to earn their own living and provide an atmosphere to change the tide.

Over the past 112 years, the need has not subsided nor has this organization's fine service and devotion to quality. They remain faithful to the founders' mission to help people help themselves by continuing to provide training and quality materials to their consignors. Approximately 100 families are supported by Women's Exchange consignors, many of whom receive up to 100 percent of the profit from the sale of their goods. Today, under the direction of president Mary Fort, the St. Louis Women's Exchange is the largest chapter in the National Federation of Women's Exchanges. They now operate a tearoom in addition to the gift shop which helps attract customers for the consignor merchandise and generates income to maintain the shop's excellence and professionalism.

Mr. Speaker, it is an honor and a privilege for me to recognize this fine organization. I commend the Women's Exchange on its first 100 years of service and dedication to the St. Louis community and wish them well on 100 more.

TRIBUTE TO THE SHELDON FAMILY AND REID-SHELDON & COMPANY

HON. SHERWOOD L. BOEHLERT

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. BOEHLERT. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor and pay tribute to those who have served us in so many ways: the Sheldon family and Reid-Sheldon & Co. in New Hartford, NY.

On November 7, 1995, Reid-Sheldon celebrated 150 years of successful business endeavors. By donating 10 percent of its sales on that day to charity, the Sheldon family maintains the store's fine tradition of sharing its fortune with the community since 1845. What started as a country harness shop has emerged as a successful luggage and leather goods store.

I submit for my colleagues history of Reid-Sheldon, written in 1945 by Artemas Barnard Sheldon whose grandfather, Ebenezer, was its founder. It is not simply a profile of one store in one locality, rather it is a welcome and unique perspective on hometown enterprises—the backbone of American business—across our Nation:

THE SHELDON BUSINESS

In giving an outline of the Sheldon business I could start with a certain Isaac Sheldon who our records show was living in Massachusetts in 1629. However, I do not know what his trade was so I will stick to the men

of the family who I do know were leather workers.

My grandfather, Ebenezer Sheldon, was born in Bernardston, Massachusetts, in 1796. He learned the trade of harness maker and in 1825 migrated to the village of Burlington, New York, where he operated a country harness shop.

The city directory of 1840 shows that he had a harness shop on Catharine Street. In 1845 he had as his partner his oldest son, George, and the firm name because Ebenezer Sheldon & Son. Their store and shop was located at that time at 45 Genesee Street and there it stayed with some enlargements for eighty-five years.

In the early fifties the firm became Moore & Sheldon, Ebenezer having taken his son-in-law, LeGrand Moore, into partnership.

My own father, Artemas H. Sheldon, the youngest of eight children, was born in 1836 shortly before my grandfather moved his family to Utica. He learned the trade of harness maker and assumed his father's interest in the business in 1862.

In 1880 the firm name was again changed to Moore, Sheldon & Company when Mr. Moore's son-in-law, Robert H. Reid, was admitted to the firm.

My father died in 1899 when I was eighteen years old, and I represented my mother's interest in the firm until her death in 1917.

At that time I became a partner, and the firm name was changed to Reid-Sheldon & Company under which title we still operate.

I was married in 1901 just after I had passed my twenty-first birthday. My wife and I have been blessed with three children, a daughter and two sons.

My daughter, Rosemary, graduated from Cornell University in 1925, and my older son, Robert, was graduated from the Syracuse University the same year.

In 1928 Mr. Reid died very suddenly and my son, Robert, took over his interest and became my partner in the business.

It was in this year of 1928 that I was elected this executive secretary of the National Luggage Dealers Association, which position I still hold. My daughter who had taken a secretarial course after leaving Cornell was my secretary until her marriage in 1932.

My younger son, Richard, on completing high school came into the store as a salesman and is now serving in the Navy as a second class petty officer. His place will be here when he comes back.

My son, Robert, was married in 1933 and has four children, two girls and two boys. For a number of years they lived on a farm located about ten miles from Utica in a large old house built in 1797 and dating back to the days of George Washington and DeWitt Clinton.

During this year he purchased a comfortable home in Utica about two miles from the store in order to give his children easier accessibility to the public schools. He has, however, kept the old farm as an "ace in the hole" should we ever go through another period like, what I term as "the terrible thirties".

In 1930 about two years after the death of Mr. Reid we left the old store at 43 and 45 Genesee Street, where we had been for eighty-five years, and moved to our present location at 241 Genesee Street, a section given over to better class specialty stores.

Up to the time we moved uptown we had always maintained a harness department.

During my early days in the store this was the most important part of our business. We specialized in fine coach harness and track harness. These were always made to order.

and during the years that preceded the coming of the automobile we employed a dozen or more mechanics.

As the demand for harness decreased other lines of merchandise were added. While we had always carried trunks and hand luggage, it had been a minor part of our business.

Now we were forced to expand our lines of luggage, and to gradually feel our way into kindred lines such as Personal Leather Goods, Ladies Hand Bags and Gifts.

When we move to our present location we were obliged to discontinue the harness shop, but as it was necessary to maintain a repair department for luggage we took our oldest employee with us.

The life story of this particular man is unique because it is so different from that of the present day worker.

Joe Fairbrother came to work for my father as an errand boy when he was about twelve years old. Eventually he learned the trade of harness maker. He never worked for anyone else but my father and me for a period of over fifty three years.

He raised a family of eight children, owned his own little home in the west end, near where he was born. In later years he had a comfortable camp in Oneida Lake and an automobile which he never drove himself.

His wages never exceeded thirty dollars per week. He often told me "This job has never been a good paying one, but it has been d-n steady". When he passed away some years ago after a lingering illness, it was like losing a member of the family.

It may be of some interest that his granddaughter has been my secretary for ten years, and it is the only position she has ever held.

Our present store is now managed by my son and partner, Robert Sheldon, who has been with me for nineteen years. When the war is over my younger son will again resume his place with us.

I often wonder when I look back over almost fifty years in the harness and luggage business just why young men with fine college training decide to engage in business that shows so little opportunity for financial gain.

What has happened in our own partnership is only one of many such instances that I know of when young men with good educations have elected to follow the retailing of Luggage and Leather Goods as their life work.

Surely there must be some spirit of romance in handling fine leather goods for I see no other reason.

Why this little history of our family's business should be of interest to any one is hard for me to understand. There are probably scores of other small businesses that have equally long and honorable records.

The only unusual thing about it may be that for over one hundred years the name "Sheldon" has appeared first over a harness shop which eventually became a Luggage and Leather Goods Store and still continues.

The fourth generation of Sheldons is now in charge of our store. Possibly if one of my grandsons follow in his father's steps, we may yet crow about a fifth generation in this one business. Only time will tell us that.

At any rate I am sure that my partners grandfather and great-grandfather, though he had never seen either of them, are as proud as I am of the present management, and the manner in which it has maintained and added to the reputable standing of our firm in this our home community.

RACE RELATIONS

HON. LEE H. HAMILTON

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. HAMILTON. Mr. Speaker, I am inserting my Washington Report for Wednesday, November 8, 1995 into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD:

THE STATE OF RACE RELATIONS

The verdict in the O.J. Simpson trial and the Million Man March in Washington have refocused national attention on the state of race relations in America today. Both events show that race continues to be one of the more intractable and troubling issues facing our country.

SIMPSON VERDICT

The reading of the verdict in the O.J. Simpson trial was a remarkable event. For one brief moment all Americans stopped what they were doing to hear the result. The reaction of the public to the verdict was just as striking. Most white viewers were stunned by the acquittal, thinking the evidence against Simpson was overwhelming. Many black viewers, in contrast, reacted to the verdict with joy and celebration. They believed Simpson had been framed by a rogue, racist police force.

The trial was extraordinary. Most murder trials last a week or less, not nine months, and don't involve a national celebrity and a worldwide television audience. We can talk about keeping TV out of the courtroom or reforming the rules of evidence, but we should be very careful about changing our criminal laws based on such an unusual case.

The most disturbing aspect of the trial was how differently blacks and whites reacted to the verdict. Both races appear to want the same things from our justice system—safe neighborhoods, drug-free schools, and the like—but disagree about how the system is working today. Whites generally view the system as basically fair and give high marks to local law enforcement, but say too many criminals get away with their crimes. Blacks, however, tend to think the system is biased against them and geared to lock away young black males. They believe law enforcement is racist.

Blacks often say that the high incarceration rate for black males reflects the fundamental unfairness of the system. One in three black males in their twenties has been in the care of the criminal justice system. Blacks, who make up 12% of the population, make up more than half of all people convicted of murder; blacks are also disproportionately victims of murders. Many whites respond to these statistics by saying relatively more blacks are in jail because relatively more blacks commit crimes, not because the system is inherently racist.

The basic challenge is to build confidence in the criminal justice system across racial lines. We should be able to agree on certain basic points. On the one hand, racist conduct by law enforcement cannot be tolerated. On the other hand, racism, past or present, cannot be raised as an excuse for violent conduct. Criminals, whether black or white, must be punished for their crimes.

MILLION MAN MARCH

The second event which stirred much debate on race relations was the Million Man March. The avowed purpose of the rally, which attracted over 400,000 black men to

the U.S. Capitol last month, was for black men to rededicate themselves to family, personal responsibility and community. The event was an impressive gathering, marked by a sense of purpose and camaraderie. Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan, who organized the event and pulled it off without incident, has established himself as a leading voice for black America.

The Million Man March sent out an equivocal message. The rally showed there is much common ground between blacks and whites. In some ways, it was a march about dignity, pride and respect. Many of the speakers talked about self-help and self-discipline; the importance of family and education; and the scourge of drug use and crime, particularly among young people. I hear many of the same issues discussed approvingly at my public meeting in Indiana.

The rally, however, was also about racial division and separation. Minister Farrakhan spoke of a more perfect union, but he is a controversial figure; he is seen in many quarters as a bigot and an anti-semitic, someone who stokes racial fears and animosities. To most Americans he is more a symptom of our ills than a physician who can heal them.

ASSESSMENT

White and black America continue to drift apart. Many blacks feel aggrieved. They observe that black incomes are still only 60% of white ones; black unemployment is more than twice as high; and more than half of black children live in poverty. They say whites have lost interest in their plight, cutting federal programs that benefit their communities and curbing affirmative action programs that have created educational and job opportunities. The reponse of a growing number of blacks is not a call for more integration with white America, but separation and self-help.

Many white Americans, for their part, feel a different kind of frustration. They say this country has spent billions of dollars on fighting poverty, particularly in black communities, but poverty rates remain persistently high. They complain that affirmative action programs take jobs and college opportunities from deserving whites. They say blacks should take more personal responsibility for their actions, rather than look to the government for help. They often believe, mistakenly, that the average black is faring better than the average white in terms of access to housing, education, jobs and health.

We can argue all day about the causes of this separation—the lack of economic opportunities; racism; the burden of history; the rise of illegitimacy and single parent families—but the question Americans must answer is whether this trend toward separation is desirable. I think it is not. This country will not prosper if we do not work together to create opportunities for all of our citizens.

Sometimes I get the impression that blacks and whites live on two different planets. Both events, the trial and the march, caution that we must bridge the great divide between the two races. We must talk frankly, listen carefully, and work together across racial lines. We must talk less about separation and bitterness, and more about unity, reconciliation and shared values. We must reach out to people of different races and provide opportunity for all persons to make the most of their lives. Government can help by pursuing fiscal policies that promote job creation, enforcing anti-discrimination laws and supporting programs that are pro family—but reconciliation will mainly come through individual contacts. We should not tolerate the existence of two Americas.

NATIONAL HOME HEALTH CARE
MONTH

HON. JOHN S. TANNER

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. TANNER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to bring attention to the fact that the month of November is National Home Health Care Month and National Hospice Month. Yesterday, November 6, I participated in a visit to a 32-year-old constituent who was diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's disease back in 1988. In August 1990, the disease had progressed to the point where Tim was completely immobile and Home Health Aides were ordered to assist Tim with his personal care.

Currently, Tim's nurses visit him three times a week to assist his respiratory status and to monitor his overall condition. Two Home Health Aides visit daily to assist with bathing and personal hygiene. With the assistance of Homecare Health Services, Tim has been able to remain in his family's home. I would like to insert into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD a letter that was given to me yesterday during my visit with this courageous young man, Tim Brewer of Big Sandy, TN.

I want to thank you, Representative Tanner, for your letter and for your visit. I want to also thank the nurses and aides from Homehealth. I am sure you understand how important home health is to those of us who need it. I know the nursing home industry has a strong lobby in Washington, but I believe it is better for patients to stay home if they can, as well as being more cost-efficient for taxpayers. I know I have saved Medicare hundreds of thousands of dollars by staying home. I have only been hospitalized a few times and I have never had even the slightest bedsores. Being at home has also allowed me to be more active in my daughter's life. Please remind the Speaker of the House that the first cuts should be from fraud and inflated medical supply cost. Remind the House that real people are behind all the numbers. Please fight for home healthcare.

Please come back to see me again.

Thank you.

TIM BREWER.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN C. TOWLE,
CAPTAIN U.S. AIR FORCE

HON. GLENN POSHARD

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. POSHARD. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor U.S. Air Force Capt. John C. Towle who will be laid to rest with full military honors on Wednesday, November 8, 1995 at Arlington National Cemetery. John was born January 9, 1943, in Harrisburg, IL, to a loving family. He grew up with all the hopes and dreams of any young boy. I am sure like many youngsters he played typical childhood games and perhaps he even played soldiers; unaware of his ultimate destiny. He played in the school band and was active in his church and community. In 1961, he graduated from Harrisburg High School. He went on to attend Murray State

University in Kentucky, where he was a member of the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve.

In 1968, upon graduating from college, John decided to further advance his military service and assist his country with the peace efforts in Southeast Asia. He proudly accepted a commission as an officer in the U.S. Air Force.

As a copilot during the height of the Vietnam conflict, John dedicated his life to advancing the cause of freedom around the world. Tragically, John's aircraft was shot down over hostile territory in Laos on April 22, 1970. John and 11 of his fellow crew members were listed as missing in action for 8 years until U.S. officials concluded that they had been killed in action. On September 1, 1995, the Armed Forces Identification Review Board was able to properly identify John C. Towle and his fellow crew mates, thus officially listing these honorable servicemen as killed in action while in the service of their country.

Today, 25 years after John disappeared from the skies over Southeast Asia, I join with his family and friends in bringing him to his final resting place. Arlington National Cemetery is a monument to the men and women who paid the ultimate price in order to preserve our freedom, and help bring the light of liberty to others around the world. The loss of John's cheerful and positive being was untimely and painful to those who cherished him. It is my hope that his return to American soil will bring his family and friends the peace they have long awaited.

A TRIBUTE TO DENESE ALLEN

HON. VIC FAZIO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. FAZIO of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to my longtime friend, Denese Allen. Denese is retiring from the Vacaville School Board after 12 years of honorable and highly valued service to the community.

Denese has devoted her life to enriching the lives of our youth. She has spent 31 years as an elementary school teacher where her thoughtful and caring instruction has helped guide and shape the lives of hundreds of children. Today, she continues to teach kindergarten at Fairfield, CA.

In addition to her lifelong devotion to the educational needs of our youth, Denese has also chosen to contribute her time and abilities to public service. Denese was first elected to the Vacaville School Board in 1983. She subsequently was re-elected in 1987 and 1991. Denese was appointed to the Vacaville Parks and Recreation Commission in 1982, where she served for 11 years. She was appointed to the Solano County Parks and Recreation Commission in 1992, where she served 1 year. Denese currently serves on the Solano Fair Association Board, to which she was appointed in 1994.

Denese was born in Portland, OR and educated in Portland's public schools. She earned her BA from the University of Oregon in 1964, with a teaching credential. In addition, she has

done graduate work at the University of California, Davis and St. Mary's College in Moraga, CA.

Denese is married to Ward Allen, legislative representative for the Brotherhood of Teamsters in Sacramento, CA. They have a son, Mark, who is a customer service representative for AT&T in San Francisco, CA. Denese's parents, Katherine and Webb, continue to reside in Portland. Her father, retired managing general manager for Coopers & Lybrand, is currently the national treasurer for the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues in the House of Representatives to join me today in honoring Denese Allen as I extend my sincere appreciation for all she has done for the community during her many years of dedicated services.

SENTENCING INEQUITY

HON. EDOLPHUS TOWNS

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. TOWNS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to address a very prickly issue that confronts our judicial system: appropriate sentencing for distribution of crack versus powdered cocaine. This is a very important issue because current guidelines require a mandatory sentence of a 5-year prison term for possession of 5 grams of crack. However, it would take 500 grams of powdered cocaine to receive a comparable sentence. Both of these substances are illegal, and I am astounded that there is such a disparity in the sentences for distributing these substances.

The fact of the matter is that cocaine consumption and distribution is illegal. Additionally, it is a fact that crack cocaine is the inexpensive drug of choice for many inner city citizens; while powdered cocaine is consumed principally within upper income groups and suburban communities.

As our jail population explodes with additional black inmates charged with dealing cocaine, we must raise the question of why? The answer is based on simple economic principles. African-Americans dominate crack cocaine sales, whereas whites are the chief perpetrators of LSD distribution (93.4 percent), pornography (91 percent), and (100 percent) for anti-trust violations. None of these are lofty endeavors. But my point is simple. We must deal with issues of sentencing equity.

The sentence meted out for any type of cocaine distribution should be comparable, and judicial application of the law should be colorblind. Currently that is not the case. That is why the Supreme Court is reviewing this issue.

I do not condone the legalization of illicit substances. Nor do I support selective prosecution of any ethnic or economic group. But I am concerned that penal warehouses are being built, and the lion's share of the occupants are African-Americans. I say, let the punishment fit the crime, and do not favor any segment of society over another. Equity and morality require no less.

A BILL OF COMPROMISE

HON. MATTHEW G. MARTINEZ

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. MARTINEZ. Mr. Speaker, on November 2, I introduced legislation to require the EPA to consider the interests of a city in my district when placing a thermal destruction facility at a Superfund site.

This legislation, H.R. 2583, is intended to accomplish the same goals as a bill I introduced earlier in this session, H.R. 2267.

However, I have revised the original version to more accurately depict the true intent of my efforts.

As a former member of the California solid waste management board, I have an excellent understanding of this situation.

Over the history of operating industries Superfund site, EPA has consistently ignored the concerns of Monterey Park, CA, on the placement of cleanup facilities.

In fact, I was the board member who made the motion to place the southern parcel of Oil on the national priorities list.

Against the wishes of the board, the California Health Department, and the citizens of Monterey Park, however, EPA also included the northern parcel as part of the site.

This was done despite the fact that the northern parcel did not qualify for NPL listing by itself and EPA had failed to justify its inclusion.

The disregard I mentioned was first displayed with the placement of a leachate treatment plant in the middle of the relatively contamination-free northern parcel.

Despite numerous allegations that the leachate facility is a white elephant, the EPA now wants to place a thermal destruction facility in this same northern parcel.

To make matters worse, this portion of the site has excellent redevelopment opportunities.

Unfortunately, the placement of this facility at the proposed EPA location would negatively affect the value of the parcel and drastically alter the city's future development plans.

The original version of this legislation was not worded to accomplish a responsive attitude from EPA nor did it reflect our intention which was to make sure the best solution to a problem EPA region IX created was reached, both for the environment and the community of Monterey Park.

However, H.R. 2583 reemphasizes the true nature of the bill—one of compromise.

My legislation would block funds for the construction and operation of a thermal destruction facility unless the city and EPA agree upon its location somewhere on the northern parcel that still will allow for the highest and best use of the property in conjunction with the intent of the Brownfields Act.

Throughout my involvement with this site, I have always desired a quick and efficient cleanup.

This can be done while still allowing the economic interests of Monterey Park to be fulfilled, especially when other placement locations are readily available.

The reason there has sometimes been extreme criticism of the EPA are cases such as

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

this, where the EPA has been totalitarian in its dealing with local citizens and their local government.

I urge all Members to join me in opposition to this obvious affront to local interests and inappropriate Federal intrusion in the long-term economic viability of this city.

HAPPY 40TH BIRTHDAY LYLE
ROLOFSON**HON. GLENN POSHARD**

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. POSHARD. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Mr. Lyle Rolofson on his 40th birthday. Lyle is a self-proclaimed policeman, junior fireman, and gadfly who has quite an enviable fan club in the town of Argenta, IL. Lyle is a fixture throughout the community where he never misses village meetings, and is always eager to assist his friends and neighbors.

In honor of Lyle's 40th birthday the town of Argenta decided to throw him a spectacular birthday celebration. Argenta's mayor, Nelson Jackson, even declared September 28, 1995 Lyle Rolofson Day in Argenta. Lyle was presented with a commemorative plaque which read:

The Village of Argenta is proud to declare September 28, 1995 as Lyle Rolofson Day for being the "Good Citizen" that he is to the people of Argenta. We love you, Lyle.

I am delighted to join with the village of Argenta in recognizing Lyle for his dedication to the community he calls home. Mr. Speaker, Lyle Rolofson believes in the value of community involvement, and I am proud to represent this outstanding individual in Congress.

FREEDOM'S DRUMMER: ROSA
PARKS**HON. JOHN CONYERS, JR.**

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 8, 1995

Mr. CONYERS. Mr. Speaker, for several decades now, I have had the privilege of knowing a woman who set great wheels of social change in motion. Forty years ago this year, she gave birth not to one life but to many lives by igniting the energies of the civil rights movement. From a single, simple act of courage, she showed those suffering in the Nation how to move from hope to determination. That woman was Rosa Parks, and she accomplished all this by refusing to sit in the back of the bus. The article I am entering into the RECORD today from the Washington Post Magazine tells her story, and I believe it will move you the way it did me:

[From the Washington Post Magazine Oct. 8, 1995]

A PERSON WHO WANTED TO BE FREE

(By Walt Harrington)

Bus No. 5726: A shell, really, a decaying hulk with its glass eyes missing from their windshield sockets, red rust marching like a

conquering fungus from its roof, down and around bullet-pocket windows to its faded green and yellow sides. An era's relic, stored in the wind, rain and stultifying summer sun on the vo-tech school's back lot, stored on the chance that the people of Montgomery, Alabama, will someday reach a place in mind and heart where they will find, who knows, \$100,000 to refurbish it as a lesson from that night 40 years ago, December 1, 1955, when a city bus driver asked a prim black woman to leave her window seat so that a white man could sit, and she uttered an almost inaudible, "No." It was an ordinary evening, Christmas lights flickering, people hurrying home past the banner "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men." Even Rosa Parks, 42 then, was thinking about all she had to do in the next few days. But at the instant she refused to move, as Eldridge Cleaver once said, "Somewhere in the universe, a gear in the machinery shifted." The wonder of it: Imagine the chances that so precise a moment of reckoning would be encoded in our collective consciousness. Stop time: Look back, look ahead, jot a note, nothing will ever be the same. The stopwatch of history has been pressed now, at this instant of resonance, this flash of leavening light.

Bus No. 5726: It is not the bus—the bus is long lost. After all, that December 1 trip seemed like just another run on the Cleveland Avenue line. Business as usual, but this artifact from that time, most of its seats now gone, is still a narrow passageway from then to now, a time-tunnel. Scores of wasps inhabit the place, a few flying in and out of the missing windows, most huddling and pulsing en masse on their nests. A headlight that will never again illuminate languishes on a mantel behind the long rear seat, which was always occupied by "coloreds." The dust on that seat and others, that dust on the floor, is so thick that the interior is like a sidewalk caked with dry, powdery dirt after a flood. On the filthy floor is a red plastic bucket marked by the moment the white paint was last poured from it. Small hinges and a batch of tiny screws are strewn haphazardly about, as if a conjurer had, with the flick of a wrist, tossed them there like metal bones in an effort to read some meaning into it all, discern the mystery.

The smells are of age and dust and raging summer heat, the lessons are of change and intransigence so great it is hard now even to comprehend. The dirty air tightens the lungs, like breathing gravel. A seat is torn in a cut-away display; old wood, followed by coarse dark fiber, followed by soft white stuffing—the hidden layers, like those of America, finally laid bare.

"A gear in the machinery shifted."

Yes, but why?

Why Montgomery? Why 1955?

Most of all, why Rosa Parks?

"Yeah, I know'd her," says A.T. Boswell, an erect 79-year-old man poised in front of his house, a hardscrabble house with a tin roof and tilting chimney that sits beneath a huge sheltering water oak in Pine Level, Ala., precisely 20 miles southeast of Montgomery on Route 231. It was a long distance for Rosa Parks and America to travel. In bib overalls, Mr. Boswell stands with his giant hands planted powerfully on his hips, his eyes clear, his long face narrow at the chin and wide at the forehead a triangle standing on its tip. A thin scar, evidence of a bout with a barbed wire fence decades ago, runs the length of his left forearm. His voice, from deep in his chest, seems to roil his words before they arrive, creating a dialect almost too foreign for a stranger.

She's related to my people," he says of Rosa Parks.

"Who was her mama?" asks Julia Boswell, Mr. Boswell's wife of 52 years. She has joined him in the sunny yard, her hands clasped casually behind her back. At 69, she is short, round and relaxed to Mr. Boswell's tall, gaunt and formal. She wears a denim hat with a round brim that casts a shadow over her face, a blue-and-white house dress and a white apron. Beyond the house, her laundry is drying on the line. Mr. Boswell rumbles a response.

"Oh, Leona!" Mrs. Boswell interprets. "Leona and cousin Fannie were sisters. Well, his grandmother was they aunt. She was Leona Edwards' aunt. That was Rosa Parks' mother."

"She was raised on the farm," says Mr. Boswell.

Rosa Parks was born in Tuskegee, Ala., in 1913. By the time she was a toddler, the marriage of her mother and father was pretty much over and Leona had moved back to Pine Level to live with her parents. Leona wasn't your average country woman. She was a schoolteacher who had attended the private Payne University in Selma at a time when public education for most of Alabama's black children ended in the sixth grade. Unlike nearly all black families near Pine Level, Leona's family didn't crop for shares. The family owned 12 acres of land that one of Rosa's great-grandfathers, a Scotch-Irish indentured servant, had bought after the Civil War and another six acres one of her grandmothers had inherited from the family of a white girl she'd once cared for. In that time and place, the family of Rosa Parks was comfortable.

While many blacks then felt compelled to smile and shuffle around whites, such behavior was banned in her home. Rosa's maternal grandfather, the son of a white plantation owner and a seamstress house slave, had been mistreated terribly as a boy by a plantation overseer and he hated whites. He wouldn't let Rosa and her brother, Sylvester, play with them. Rosa once stayed up late with him as he sat resolutely, shotgun at the ready, while the Ku Klux Klan rode the countryside. He told her he's shoot the first Klansman through the door. Her grandfather was so light-skinned that he could easily pass for white, and he took joy in reaching out and shaking the hands of white strangers, calling them by their first names and introducing himself by his last name, dangerous violations of racist protocol at the time.

Young Rosa took her cues from her grandfather and stood up to white children who tried to bully her, although her grandmother warned that she'd get herself lynched someday. That Rosa had white ancestors on her mother's side and her father's side made the hard line between black and white seem even more ludicrous. As a girl, she secretly admired a dark-skinned Pine Level man who always refused to work for whites. Years later, one of the traits that attracted her to her future husband, Raymond, was that he had faced down white bullies and even helped raise money for the defense of the Scottsboro Boys, nine black Alabama youths convicted in 1931 on flimsy evidence for supposedly raping two white women.

Rosa was a quiet, polite girl, petite and delicate. She played tag, hide-and-seek and Rise Sally Rise with the other kids but wasn't much of a rough-houser, played a lousy game of baseball. She had a sweet voice, loved to sing gospel in church, read the Bible to her grandmother after her eyes

failed. Rosa's mother expected her children to excel in school. Rotha Boswell, a cousin of Rosa's who is now 81, even remembers a time Leona spanked Rosa's brother for getting lower marks than Rotha, who always thought Leona believed her children were better than everybody else's.

The strength and confidence of Rosa Parks and her family don't exactly jibe with the Rosa Parks myth—the myth that emerged from her refusal to move to the back of the bus in 1955, the myth that served the needs of the emergent civil rights movement and the myth that spoke so eloquently to black and white America: She was a poor, simple seamstress, Rosa Parks, humble and gentle, no rabble-rouser, a meek Negro woman, exhausted from a hard day's work, a woman who had been abused and humiliated by segregation one time too many, who without forethought chose to sit her ground. In truth, Rosa Parks was far more and far less than the mythology that engulfed her and that became the mobilizing metaphor of the Montgomery bus boycott, which lasted 381 days, raised the unknown Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. to international prominence and helped launch the modern civil rights movement.

Rosa Parks was not a simple woman. She wasn't meek. She was no more tired that day than usual. She had forethought aplenty. She didn't start the Montgomery bus boycott or the civil rights movement, neither of which burst forth from any single symbolic act. Forty years later, the defiance of Rosa Parks and the success of the boycott are enshrined in mystery and myth that obscure a deeper truth that is even richer, grander and more heroic. "I know you won't write this," says Aldon Morris, sociologist and author of *Origins of the Civil Rights Movement*, "but what Rosa Parks did is really the least significant part of the story. She refused to give up her seat and was arrested. I'm not even completely comfortable with deflating the myth. What I'm trying to say is we take that action, elevate it to epic proportions, but all the things that happened so she could become epic, we drop by the wayside * * * That she was just a sweet lady who was tired is the myth * * * The real story of Montgomery is that real people with frailties made change."

"That's what the magic is."

Back in her front yard, Mrs. Boswell waves her hand in the air to stop the conversation, walks toward the porch to fetch her purse and says, "I'm gonna take you to someone else's house." No place is more than a few minutes away in Pine Level, but the trip detours to the Mount Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church on old Route 231, where the Boswells, Rosa Parks and just about every black resident of Pine Level have always gone to church. The original frame church, where Rosa Parks' uncle was the pastor, is gone, replaced with a utilitarian cinder block church, stark white.

The church is locked and she and her husband walk through the shady graveyard north of the church. They look for stone markers with the names of Mrs. Park's forebears, but find none. "We didn't have markers then," says Mrs. Boswell, her purse slung over her left shoulder and tucked neatly under her arm. "A lot ain't got no markers now. They just buried in the dirt. Then forgot 'em and buried somebody else on top of 'em. That's the way it be . . . I got a grandmother and grandfather out here and I don't know where they at. Since my mother passed, I don't know where they at." If Mrs. Boswell's mother, who died in 1958, were

alive today, she'd think the change in race relations since 1955 was a miracle. "She wouldn't a believed it," Mrs. Boswell says with finality. After a pause, she says, "I wouldn't a believed it either." She, too, believes it was a miracle.

"White men here," Mrs. Boswell says, as she walks from grave to grave, "they kilt an innocent bystander boy, buried right down there." She points to a corner of the graveyard. She figures it was in the '30s. "His last name was Palmer, Otis Palmer, or something. He's probably in one a them that ain't got no stone." A white gang was searching for a black they believed had killed a white man. "And this boy was out there some kinda way and got kilt. I imagine they mighta thought he was the black man did it, you know? They just shot 'im . . . I know the day. I was a kid then myself."

At the nearby home of their friends, Mr. Boswell walks past the little trailer where they live, past Black Boy, the frail old dog sleeping at the steps, and out to the place where Eugene Percival is sitting in a rusty metal chair on pale dirt that is packed as hard as concrete. He, too, wears bib overalls. He is 85 years old: "I tell ya when I was born, ought 9." For a moment, the old men talk to each other in a dialect almost too foreign for a stranger.

"Rosa Parks, my dad's her uncle," Mr. Percival finally says, bobbing his head, his right leg crossed at the knee over his left, his posture that of a much younger man. "Oh, she was *mean*, mean as could be." He leans forward, laughs at his own teasing, and says seriously. "She was a good woman. And still good, ain't she?"

From the trailer, Mr. Percival's sister-in-law, Ina Mae Gray, 92 years old, is making her way slowly and painfully across the pale dirt. She's a large woman with a bandanna wrapped around her head and another bandanna tied western-style around her neck. She, too, sits in a metal chair. "Arthritis," she says, pulling up her long dress to her knees, running her hands gently down over her calves and then stopping to massage the bridges of her feet. She glances up askance at the white stranger and flashes a wary smile: "You're not gonna put me in jail, are ya? I don't wanta see the jail, noooo!" Mrs. Gray, too, remembers Rosa Parks. "She was a good child, go to the field and hoe and plow. Pickin' cotton . . . And anything else you could raise to eat . . . I know'd her mama. What's her mama's name?"

"Leona," says Mr. Boswell.

"I heard that 'bout the bus," says Mrs. Gray. "She was tryin' to get us a livin', I reckon." And suddenly, Mrs. Gray is angry, her voice rising. "Let us have som'in' like them . . . Wooo, man, man! I had a hard time, hell, try to eat and couldn't eat. Had to eat water and bread and all kinda mess." Her face is contorted now and she is fighting back tears, her voice trembling. "They was over us, they might beat our ass and go to cussin'." How is she supposed to love white people? Mrs. Gray asks. "Man, I could cry! Right now! The way they done us. Let's call it. Us didn't have nothin'."

"Hard times!" Mr. Percival says.

Mrs. Gray gets wary again: "Don't put me in jail, mister."

From the trailer, Mrs. Boswell and Mr. Percival's wife, Nettie Mae, who is 81, come out to join the conversation. Mrs. Percival says she wasn't surprised when Rosa Parks got arrested. On any given day, because of the way it was, any black person could've snapped, met their limit and gone off, boom!

"They treated ya like slaves!" says Mrs. Boswell.

"I coulda did it," Mrs. Percival says, her eyes wide and intense.

Everyone nods in agreement.
Mrs. Boswell: "It's over with now."

Mr. Boswell: "Time and God changed that."

Cloverdale is a beautiful Montgomery neighborhood of landscaped yards, mature trees, flowering bushes, old, elegant homes. Cloverdale, which is integrated today, speaks of the incongruence that is the life of Virginia Durr, a 92-year-old white woman and daughter of Montgomery's gentry who, with her husband, Clifford, was one of the few whites brave or committed or foolish enough to support Rosa Parks and the bus boycott. Her husband's law practice was nearly ruined, two of her daughters had to be sent to school up North, her yard was littered with obscene leaflets.

Mrs. Durr, a widow for 20 years, has been helped into the car from her small, white-clapboard retirement home. Her wheelchair is packed in the trunk. She is waiting for her friend and paid helper, Zecozy Williams, a 77-year-old black woman, to close up the house and climb in the car. Rather than talk in the house, Mrs. Durr prefers to go out for dinner. She has a huddled, little-old-lady look about her as she sits, her snowy hair swept up nicely, her hands smoothing the lap of her flowered skirt. But as she explains her choice of restaurant, her sing-song Southern voice carrying a pleasant archness, she doesn't sound like a little old lady.

"It's just that at certain restaurants you're more welcome than at others," she says, referring to Mrs. Williams. "Certain places are white places and certain places are black places. And so when you find one that will welcome both, you're lucky." Mrs. Durr has selected the Sahara. "They have black waiters . . . If they have black waiters, she's more comfortable than if they have white waiters."

Has Mrs. Williams actually told her this?

Mr. Durr smiles benevolently. "No, honey, I know it."

On the night Rosa Parks was arrested, Eddie Mae Pratt, now 79 and a friend of a friend of Mrs. Parks, happened to be on the crowded bus. She was standing in the rear and couldn't see the commotion up front. Word filtered back that a black woman wouldn't give up her seat to a white. Mrs. Pratt, who knew Mrs. Parks from evenings she spent sewing clothing with Bertha T. Butler, Mrs. Parks's neighbor, finally caught a glimpse of Mrs. Parks as she was led off the bus. Suddenly, she felt weak. She wrapped her arms around her chest and when the bus lurched forward, she slipped hard enough that a black man offered her his seat and she sat down.

"Do you feel all right?" he asked.

"That's Mrs. Parks," she said, stunned.

At her stop, Mrs. Pratt ran to the nearby house of Bertha Bulter, who said, "Oh, my goodness!" She called the home of E.D. Nixon, the founder and former president of the Montgomery NAACP, where Mrs. Parks had been the volunteer secretary for 12 years. Nixon called Clifford Durr, who knew Mrs. Parks because, upon Nixon's recommendation, she had been doing seamstress work for Mrs. Durr. When Nixon drove by to pick up Clifford Durr, Mrs. Durr was with him and they went and bailed out Mrs. Parks.

Forty years later, at the Sahara, where Mrs. Durr is seated in her wheelchair at the table and Mrs. Williams is helping cut her entree, an old black waiter whispers to a young black waiter: "That's Mrs. Durr, who went and got Rosa Parks out of jail."

Mrs. Durr smiles. "My claim to fame."

That's not exactly true. Clifford Durr, who grew up in Montgomery, was a Rhodes scholar with a degree from Oxford University and a New Dealer whom Franklin Roosevelt had appointed to the Federal Communications Commission. After Clifford resigned to represent people charged as subversives in the communist witch hunts of the 1950s, the Durrs returned to their home town, where his family was the founder and owner of the prosperous Durr drugstore chain. Although politically conservative, the family supported Clifford and Virginia financially and gave him legal business. Then Virginia and Clifford were tarred as alleged communist sympathizers by U.S. Sen. James Eastland of Mississippi, whom an outraged Clifford publicly challenged to a fistfight. The Durrs were ostracized in elite Montgomery society, especially after it became known that Mrs. Durr was holding interracial women's prayer gatherings in their home. She once called to confirm a birthday party invitation sent to one of their daughters.

"Are you Clifford Durr's wife?" a man asked.

"Yes."

"Well, Mrs. Durr, no child of yours can enter this house."

Through a New Deal acquaintance, Clifford met E.D. Nixon, who is perhaps the most unsung of Montgomery's civil rights heroes. He was a Pullman porter and the local head of A. Philip Randolph's powerful Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Nixon was close to Randolph, who in the '40s was already calling for massive grass-roots, demonstrations against Southern Jim Crow laws. Nixon himself had opened the local NAACP chapter in the 1920s. In Montgomery, Nixon was "Mr. Civil Rights." He was rough-edged and poorly spoken, but he was an indefatigable man bravely willing to call public attention to the constant abuse of black people.

In those days, there was only one black lawyer in Montgomery. So when Nixon learned that Clifford Durr would take black clients, he sent them to him—no doubt also hoping to create a powerful white friend and ally. When Clifford mentioned that his wife needed a seamstress to alter the clothing their daughters received as hand-me-downs from rich relations—including Virginia's sister, the wife of former U.S. senator and then-Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black—Nixon sent Mrs. Parks, who had become a woman in the mold of the girl she had been.

Rosa Parks was pretty, with supple, tan skin and brown hair that ran to near her waist when it was down, but which in public was always braided and rolled in the fashion of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind." She wore little makeup. She had a lovely smile and a gentle laugh, although folks can't remember her ever telling a joke or talking about a favorite movie. They can't remember her ever dancing or playing cards. She never gossiped, never seemed to get angry or even exasperated. She had flawless diction and elegant penmanship. Although she spoke little, she was gently assertive when she did, with a touch of music in her voice. He long silences weren't uncomfortable. She was a serene, placid woman whose quietness was easily mistaken for timidity.

"She was very much a lady," says Mrs. Durr, who has only nibbled at her dinner. "The thing that makes it so interesting is that a lot of white women, they came down here after the Civil War and started a school, and she had gone to that school . . . staffed by white women, high-class women who came down to the South to be missionaries

to the blacks." It was the Montgomery Industrial School for girls—dubbed Miss White's school after its headmistress, Alice L. White. Rosa's mother had sent her to live with Montgomery relatives so she could attend. Rosa cleaned classrooms to help pay her way. It's believed that Miss White's school got money from Sears, Roebuck & Co. chairman Julius Rosenwald, who funded schools for blacks all across the South. "She came from good people and she had all the elements of a lady," Mrs. Durr says of Mrs. Parks. "Neatness and order—just a lovely person."

After dinner, Zecozy Williams packs Mrs. Durr's meal into a doggie box. Back at home, before she sits down to talk about Rosa Parks and the boycott, Mrs. Williams helps Mrs. Durr get comfortably situated in her living room on the couch beneath an oil painting of herself. While Mrs. Durr reads *Wallis and Edward*, the story of the prince of Wales and Wallis Warfield Simpson, Mrs. Williams goes to the dining room, sits in a large rose-colored wing chair and mends one of Mrs. Durr's bathrobes. She's getting Mrs. Durr ready for her summer trip to Martha's Vineyard. "This is what Rosa did," Mrs. Williams says, laughing, her voice rich and deep and liquid. "I'm doin' the same thing."

Mrs. Williams didn't know Rosa Parks well. She, too, had moved to Montgomery from a country town, Hope Hull, Ala., but she was from a dirt-poor cropping family. As a teenager, she kept house for a white doctor in the country—cooked three meals a day, cleaned the house and did the laundry for \$5 a week. She also carried eggs, 15 to 20 dozen, into Montgomery on horseback to sell. Then she started taking a bus into the city to do domestic work for \$3 a day. It was hard for her to catch the bus on time, because her family didn't own a clock. In 1950, she and her husband moved to Montgomery.

One day, the woman doing her hair, Bertha Smith, asked if Mrs. Williams was a registered voter. "I didn't know what that was. Really, I didn't." But soon she was attending voting clinics run by Rufus Lewis, a former teacher and football coach at what is today Alabama State University, Montgomery's historically black college. As the NAACP was E.D. Nixon's mission, voter registration was the mission of Rufus Lewis. The men were rival leaders, Lewis said to represent blacks teaching or educated at Alabama State and Nixon said to represent working people like himself. The saying was: Nixon had the "masses" and Lewis had the "classes." Through Nixon, Zecozy Williams met Rosa Parks, who in 1943 had become the NAACP secretary in the footsteps of Johnnie Carr, a friend and fellow classmate from Miss White's school whose son would later become the test case that desegregated Montgomery's public schools. Before long, Mrs. Williams was helping Nixon and Lewis teach black folks how to pass the dreaded Alabama literacy test.

"I never did get afraid," Mrs. Williams says, even when she returned to Hope Hull and began registering blacks. Why? She doesn't know. She just put fear out of her mind, flicked a switch. After a while, she went to a white county politician and told him a new road was needed running out to the black schoolhouse.

"How many people you got registered?" he asked.

"Well, we got quite a few."

"Name some of 'em."

She did.

Mrs. Williams stops sewing. "And he made a road, ditched it on both sides." She is still

incredulous. "And that was because of me. That was the first time I saw the power."

In the early '50s, Mrs. Williams occasionally served at Mrs. Durr's parties. She was already the full-time domestic for Mr. Durr's sister and her husband, Stanhope Elmore. She liked the Elmore, but it was Mrs. Durr she admired. "Mr. Elmore and them would talk about her," she says. "She was an outcast. They never invited them over." But black people, whether or not they knew her personally, understood that Virginia Durr was putting her life and the lives of her family on the line. Mrs. Williams nods toward the old woman reading in the living room: "Mrs. Durr is a brave woman."

The East side of old black Montgomery isn't what it used to be. Alabama State still anchors the neighborhood, but many affluent blacks have migrated to the suburbs, where they now live among whites. Many doctors and lawyers, even public school teachers with two modest incomes have abandoned Montgomery's old black neighborhoods. But Rufus Lewis, 88 years old, a giant in the Montgomery civil rights movement, a man barely known outside his circle of aged contemporaries, still lives on the old black east side. He looks remarkably like the young, imperious Rufus Lewis, his head still kingly and dignified, with the bearing of an old, unbowed lion. But his mind is cloudy. He can't recall his past. He can't recall Rosa Parks.

Back in the '40s, Lewis became obsessed with black voting rights. Night after night, he traveled the countryside teaching blacks how to register. In Montgomery, he founded the Citizens Club, a private nightclub blacks could join only if they were registered voters. An entire generation of Montgomery blacks say Rufus Lewis is the reason they first voted. Lewis was the first to ramrod the Montgomery bus boycott's labyrinthine automobile transport system that helped get black boycotters back and forth every day for 13 months. Lewis, with Nixon's concurrence, nominated Martin Luther King Jr. to head the organization leading the boycott.

"Tell him as much as you remember, Daddy," says his 56-year-old daughter, Eleanor Dawkins. She sits in her father's knotty pine study with his old friend, a former mailman and present Montgomery City Council president, 73-year-old Joseph Dickerson. "I thought that with Joe here," his daughter says, "maybe there will be something that will come up."

"Maybe," Mr. Lewis says tentatively.

"He believed," says Mr. Dickerson, who took part in five major European operations in World War II, "that if you go off to fight for your country, you oughta be able to vote in your country."

Something stirs in Mr. Lewis. "We got a lotta folks registered," he says, smiling. They mimeographed the literacy test, taught folks the answers, traveled by cover of night through the backwoods Jim Crow landscape, sent light-skinned blacks to the Montgomery registrar's office to learn if it was open that day, drove folks to the courthouse. When people failed the test—as they usually did the first time or two—Lewis and his workers did it all again, and then again. He stops talking, leans across the desk where he is sitting, fingers steepled, eyes blank, lost again.

Does Mr. Lewis know that history records his achievements?

"Well, that's fine to be remembered in the books," he says, suddenly firm and lucid, "but the best part of it was being there to help the people who needed help . . . That was our job."

The night Rosa Parks was arrested, E.D. Nixon and Clifford Durr recognized instinctively that Mrs. Parks was the vessel they'd been seeking to challenge the segregated bus laws. Other blacks had been arrested for defying those laws. Only months before, a 15-year-old girl, Claudette Colvin—inspired by a high school teacher's lectures on the need for equal rights, angered by the conviction of a black high school student for allegedly raping a white woman—had refused to give up her seat to a white, then resisted arrest when the police came. She kept hollering, "It's my constitutional right!" Nixon had decided against contesting her case: She had fought with police, she came from the poorer side of black Montgomery and, it was later learned, she was pregnant. He had also rejected the cases of several other women recently arrested, waiting for just the right vessel to arrive.

Then came Mrs. Parks. "We got a lady can't nobody touch," Nixon said. There were other advantages. Rosa Parks, because of her well-mannered, serene demeanor, her proper speech, her humble, saintly way, her ascetic lifestyle—she didn't drink, smoke or curse—carried not only the image but the reality of the deserving Negro. Mrs. Parks had the qualities middle-class whites claimed in themselves and denied in blacks. Nothing about her supported the white contention that she deserved to be treated as inferior.

She had another advantage: Although whites may have viewed blacks as a single entity, the social class fissures within the black community—between educated and uneducated, affluent and poor—ran deep. Mrs. Parks bridged that gap: She was of "working-class station and middle-class demeanor," as Taylor Branch wrote in *Parting the Waters*. She came from a good family, her relatives were prominent in Montgomery's St. Paul AME Church, she was educated at Miss White's and later Alabama State's lab school, and she had the manners—as Virginia Durr said—of a "lady." In her role as NAACP secretary, she was respected by the city's educated activist community. But she was also a seamstress who earned \$23 a week, whose fingers and feet were tired from honest work. She was a PR bonanza—with a bonus.

She was velvet hiding steel.

That night, after hushed conversations, Nixon and Clifford Durr asked if she would plead not guilty and fight her arrest in court. Nixon said they could take the case to the Supreme Court. Her husband, Raymond, a barber, was terrified, and Mrs. Durr later recalled in her memoir, *Outside the Magic Circle*, that he kept saying, "Rosa, the white folks will kill you! Rosa, the white folks will kill you!" Like a chant, Mrs. Parks was perfectly calm.

"I'll go along with you, Mr. Nixon."

Her decision wasn't as simple as it seems, wasn't made in that one instant, but was a long time coming. In her 1992 autobiography, *Rosa Parks: My Story*, the source for many of the details about her life and attitudes, Mrs. Parks writes that as she sat on the bus, waiting for the police to arrive, she was thinking about the night as a girl when she sat with her grandfather, shotgun at the ready, while the KKK rode the countryside. The humiliating segregation of Montgomery's buses was much on her mind. Not only had Claudette Colvin's arrest occurred last spring, but just a month earlier, a bus driver had ordered Mrs. Parks's dear friend, Bertha Butler, to move back to make room for a white man: "You sit back there with the niggers." Mrs. Butler was a woman raising two

children on her own, who also worked as a seamstress, who sometimes sewed until 5 a.m. for extra income and who still found time to run voter clinics in her home two nights a week. She had befriended Mrs. Parks because she so admired her civil rights work. Mrs. Butler didn't move at the order, and the standing white man, in soldier's uniform, had intervened: "That's your seat and you sit there." Mrs. Butler, now retired at age 76 and living near Philadelphia, was glad she wasn't the one to get arrested. "God looked at me and said I wasn't strong enough," he says. "Mrs. Parks was the person."

At the time Mrs. Parks was arrested, she was in the process of rejuvenating the NAACP's youth organization, getting ready for a conference in a few days. Only the summer before, at the behest of Virginia Durr, Mrs. Parks had spent 10 days at the interracial Highlander Folk School in Tennessee, a labor organizing camp that had turned its radical eye on civil rights. Mrs. Parks loved waking up in the morning at Highlander, smelling the bacon and eggs cooking—and knowing it was white people fixing breakfast for her. She returned home, Mrs. Durr later said, inspired at realizing that whites and blacks could live as equals and even more disgusted with segregation. One of Highlander's most famous black teachers, Septima Clark, said later, "Rosa Parks was afraid for white people to know that she was as militant as she was."

Mrs. Parks had been training her high school charges in the ways of civil disobedience. Mrs. Butler's 58-year-old daughter, Zynobia Tatum, remembers saying to Mrs. Parks, "They are going to hit me, spit on me and call me names, and I can't fight back? I cannot promise you." Mrs. Parks told Zynobia she needed more training. Already, Mrs. Parks had sent her youth group members into the whites-only public library to order books. Zynobia Tatum recalls that she and Mrs. Parks had often taken drinks from whites-only water fountains downtown—"to show our disapproval." After Claudette Colvin's arrest for refusing to give up her seat, Claudette joined Mrs. Parks' group—and Mrs. Parks discovered she was the great-granddaughter of the dark-skinned black man in Pine Level who had refused to work for whites, the man young Rosa had secretly admired. It was almost prophetic.

Despite her genuine gentleness and pragmatic faith in the tactic of civil disobedience, Rosa Parks was never entirely comfortable with the philosophy of nonviolence and the idea that if black people were attacked, they shouldn't fight back. In an obscure 1967 interview on file at Howard University she said bluntly, "I don't believe in gradualism or that whatever is to be done for the better should take forever to do."

For more than a decade as NAACP secretary, she had watched case after case of injustice against blacks come through the NAACP office, almost all of which she was powerless to change. She'd worked with a group trying to save the life of the young Montgomery man convicted of raping a white woman—the case that had so outraged Claudette Colvin—only to see him executed. She knew the widow and three small children of a black man who, in his U.S. military uniform, was shot dead by police after he supposedly caused a scene on a Montgomery bus. She had told local NAACP board member Frank Bray, now 75, that someone needed to do something to break the fist of segregation, even if it meant a sacrifice.

"I had no idea," he says, "that she would be the sacrificial lamb . . . She'd say. These

folks have all these beautiful churches and they profess to be Christians and yet they have businesses where the clerks are not courteous and where you cannot use a restroom and if you drink water you have to drink out of the little spigot that was added to the main fountain' . . . Most blacks resented the conditions and many of them adjusted to it and many did not adjust. She did not adjust." After her arrest, Mrs. Parks revealed to fellow boycott worker Hazel Gregory, now 75, that she had thought about refusing to give up her seat in the past.

Montgomery whites claimed that her arrest was part of a plot, that Nixon had put his longtime secretary up to it. No evidence supports that claim. On the night of her arrest, Nixon was shocked and confused, flailing about in his effort to get her released. It is embedded in the American psyche that Rosa Parks acted on the spur of the moment, and her arrest is often called the "spark" that ignited the modern civil rights movement. In fact, Rosa Park's act and the firestorm that followed were more like spontaneous combustion—a fire ignited by the buildup of heat over time in material ripe for explosion. Mrs. Parks, who wasn't afraid as she waited for her arrest, who felt oddly serene, revealed the lifetime thread of experiences that had led to her action when the police arrived and asked once more if she would move. In the way of the Bible, she answered with a question:

"Why do you all push us around?"

No moral philosopher, the cop said, "I don't know."

Then she was led away.

Years later, Edward Warren Boswell, now 41, the son of a cousin Mrs. Parks grew up with in Pine Level, asked her why she refused to move that particular day. "She said she had no idea," he recalls. His 44-year-old sister, Betty Boswell, says, "She said she was just tired from working, and they had always been harassing black people about not sitting to the front and she said that particular day she just wasn't in the mood . . . Her feet were hurting." Mrs. Parks told Edward: "It was just set in motion by God."

Back in the study of Rufus Lewis, City Council President Joe Dickerson agrees. But he, like Mrs. Parks and almost everybody else who was involved in the boycott, was of the praise-the-Lord-and-pass-the-ammunition school of religion. Every inch of progress was a battle. White politicians tried to break the boycott in court, and the boycott leaders fought back in court. The white thugs bombed four churches and the homes of King, Nixon and Ralph Abernathy, a young minister in Montgomery at the time. As Zecozzy William said, people risked their lives.

Theirs was an eerie determination. King later wrote that he was increasingly afraid until late one night when he felt the presence and the resoluteness of God descend upon him. Mrs. Williams said she flicked a mental switch to turn off her fear. Mrs. Parks described her serenity as she waited to be arrested. And now, Mr. Dickerson compares his state of mind during the dangerous days of the boycott to the way he felt the night before a military operation in World War II: "Gotta go."

Mr. Dickerson: "It's a miracle."

Mr. Lewis: "I just feel grateful that we came through."

The room is like Inez Baskin's private museum. The large portrait of her grandfather stands on an easel. In his bow tie and vest, with his mustache and slicked-back hair, he looks every bit an Irishman. The photo of

her mother and father, so fair-skinned, sits on the piano encased in plastic wrap for protection. "My husband's father was white, too," she says. And of course, on the wall, is the famous photo of Mrs. Baskin, now 79 years old, on the day that bus segregation ended in Montgomery: Mrs. Baskin, Abernathy, King and two others riding a bus. The photo ran worldwide and Inez Baskin, a reporter for the "colored page" of the Montgomery Advertiser and a correspondent for Jet magazine and the Pittsburgh Courier, was mistaken by many for Rosa Parks, still is today.

"In the '50s, I didn't have any sense," she says, sitting in a large, comfortable chair amid her memorabilia. She softly rubs her face, plays with the ring on her left hand. Her long gray hair sweeps over from the right, dangling in a single braid to her left. She speaks softly and deliberately. "I thought I could walk on water in those days." With a black photographer, she once raced out to Prattville, Ala., after a report that the Klan was burning a cross. The crowd was gone, but the cross was still burning. She laughs and shakes her head at the memory. A photo ran in Jet.

Did she know Rosa Parks?

She smiles faintly. "An angel walking."

"I wonder sometimes what it would have taken just to make her act like the rest of us . . . She would smile, very demure, and never raise her voice. She was just different in a very angelic way . . . 'If you can walk with kings and not lose the common touch.' Those are the kind of expressions that come to mind when you think about Rosa Parks. My great-grandmother had an expression for it: 'living on earth and boarding in Glory.'"

Mrs. Baskin believes Mrs. Parks was heaven-sent?

"She had to be."

On the night Rosa Parks was arrested, after she had agreed to become bus segregation's test case, 24-year-old Fred Gray, one of Montgomery's two black attorneys then, arrived home late from out of town and got the word. Gray has grown up in Montgomery, attended Alabama State and gone to Ohio for law school because Alabama didn't have a law school for blacks. When the state required five attorneys to sign character affidavits before he could practice, Gray had gone to E.D. Nixon, who helped him find the lawyers. One of them was Clifford Durr. Gray had returned home with one goal—to "destroy everything segregated." Mrs. Parks immediately offered her services. Every day, she came to his downtown office at lunch, answered his mail for free, encouraged his idealism. They talked not only about the buses, but inferior black schools, segregated parks, swimming pools and toilets. In his memoir, *Bus Ride to Justice*, Gray, now 64, later wrote, "She gave me the feeling that I was the Moses that God had sent to Pharaoh."

Fred Gray upped the ante. Late on the night Mrs. Parks was arrested, he visited Jo Ann Robinson, an Alabama State professor and president of the Women's Political Council, a group composed of female university professors, public school teachers, nurses, social workers and the wives of Montgomery's black professional men. For months, Robinson had been laying plans for a bus boycott. Although she and most of Montgomery's affluent blacks owned cars and didn't ride the buses often, she had taken a bus to the airport in 1949 and mistakenly sat in a white seat. The driver went wild, screamed, threatened, "I felt like a dog," she later said.

Every black person who rode a bus had a tale to tell: the man who paid his last coin

in fare only to have the bus drive off before he could return and enter through the back door, the woman who was attacked when she stepped onto a bus to pay ahead of a white man, the pregnant woman who fell when a bus pulled away as she stepped off. In 1953 alone, the Women's Council had received 30 complaints from black bus riders.

It was a unifying indignity.

Inspired by the Supreme Court ruling that had banned "separate but equal" schools in 1954, Robinson had even written the mayor and warned that if black riders weren't treated more courteously "twenty-five or more local organizations" were planning a bus boycott. It was a hopeful time. Already, a boycott in Baton Rouge, La., organized by the Rev. T.J. Jemison, had won concessions for black riders in that city. And in Little Rock, Ark., officials had devised a plan to integrate its schools. But nothing had come of Robinson's demands. Then Fred Gray dropped by.

At midnight, Robinson went to Alabama State and furtively used its government-owned paper and mimeograph machines to run off 52,500 leaflets announcing a boycott of Montgomery's buses on the day of Mrs. Parks's trial. The next morning, Robinson and her Women's Council cohorts and students distributed the leaflets to black schools, stores, taverns, beauty parlors and barber shops. When Alabama State's black president, H. Council Trenholm, who served at the pleasure of the Alabama governor, learned of her action, he called her into his office and demanded an explanation. She told him another black woman had been humiliated on a bus; she promised to pay for the mimeograph paper. He calmed down, warned her to work behind the scenes. Trenholm's wife, too, was a Women's Council member.

The rest is history. Rosa Parks was found guilty and fined \$10, plus \$4 in court costs. To keep the followers of Rufus Lewis and E.D. Nixon from squabbling, King became the compromise choice to lead the boycott. When black preachers cozy with Montgomery's powerful whites balked at the idea, Nixon, in his rugged way, questioned their manhood: "You ministers have lived off these wash-women for the last hundred years and ain't never done nothing for them." After Nixon's taunt, King himself said, "Brother Nixon, I'm not a coward." Nixon planted the story of the boycott with a friendly white reporter at the Montgomery Advertiser. It became front-page news and announced the boycott to every black in Montgomery.

There were bombings, threats, lawsuits, harassing phone calls. Victory was not pre-ordained; it came a day at a time. The city's stubborn refusal to compromise on bus seating—other segregated Southern cities didn't have specific seats reserved only for whites—probably hardened the resolve of the boycotters. The bombings certainly turned national public opinion against the segregationists. In 1956, young Fred Gray successfully took his argument against Montgomery's bus segregation to the U.S. Supreme Court. Although many people believe it was Rosa Parks's case that went before the high court, Gray actually didn't use her as a plaintiff because of technicalities in her case that might have undermined his federal lawsuit. Instead, five women whose names are mostly lost to history filed suit; Aurelia Browder, Claudette Colvin, Susie McDonald, Jeanetta Reese and Mary Louise Smith.

Victory had a price; Jo Ann Robinson and about a dozen other activist ASU employees

lost their jobs. Monroe J. Gardner, whose granddaughter is now a federal magistrate in Montgomery, used his car to transport people during the boycott. He was beaten. Samuel Patton Sr., a boycott supporter and prominent builder, lost his line of bank credit. E.L. and Dorothy Posey, who ran the only black-owned parking lot in downtown Montgomery, let their lot be used as a transit staging point. After the boycott, they lost their business. Anne Smith Pratt volunteered dispatching cars to pick up waiting riders. Her marriage ended when her husband was sent overseas and she refused to leave her post. Not to mention the hardships endured by thousands of working class blacks who walked miles to work every day in the heat, the cold, the rain. Says sociologist Aldon Morris, "People made this happen."

During the boycott, Rosa Parks helped run the auto dispatch system. She wasn't a leader of the movement, and didn't try to be. She traveled the country raising money. Already, she was a symbol. When she, King and nearly 100 others were charged with conspiracy during the boycott, a photo of her being fingerprinted ran on the front page of the New York Times—perhaps because King was out of town and not available to be photographed. That picture, mistakenly believed by many to have been taken the night she was first arrested, became a piece of movement iconography.

As the historic significance of the boycott became clearer, as journalists poured in from all over the world, bickering began over the credit. Nixon became jealous of not only King but Rosa Parks. "If it hadn't been for me . . ." he told Mrs. Park's friend Hazel Gregory. In one of the final recorded interviews of his life in 1988, Nixon told local amateur historian Riley Lewis Jr., "We had court cases that had been filed 10 years 'fore Mrs. Parks was arrested . . . King didn't make the Montgomery bus boycott—me, the peoples and our protest made him!"

He was right. He was wrong. Everybody made everybody.

Inez Baskin still marvels about those days. "It was as if I was out of myself doing these things," she says, sitting forward in her chair, holding her arms before her and gently swaying, eyes closed. "Not myself, but more myself than ever. It didn't seem as if it was me doing it . . . It was as if we were out of ourselves, watching ourselves . . . Not in our bodies."

"Does that make any sense?"

IT IS THE HANDS OF Rosa Parks that you notice. They are always folded somehow, plaited together so naturally, the left hand lying open on her lap, the right hand's palm lying open over it, her thumb softly massaging her wrist. Or the fingers gently intertwined, her thumbs methodically crossing and recrossing. Or the left palm held open and facing up, the right palm grazing lightly back and forth over its surface. Hands always at rest, always at work.

Rosa Parks is visiting Montgomery today, traveling with a bus tour of youngsters retracing the path of the underground railroad from the South to Canada, stopping at important civil rights sites along the way. The Rosa and Raymond Parks Institute for Self-Development sponsors the tour, which is filled mostly with youths from the Washington and Detroit areas. Mrs. Parks has returned to Montgomery only occasionally since 1957 when she, her husband and her mother moved to Detroit, where her brother lived. She and her husband had lost their jobs and the phone jangled constantly with vicious threats: "You should be killed." Her

brother was afraid for them and insisted they move to Detroit, where Mrs. Parks eventually worked for Democratic Rep. John Conyers Jr. as a receptionist and case-worker. She retired in 1988. Her husband, mother and brother are all dead. She is 82.

In cities where she was once despised, she is now treated like royalty—or more. Yesterday in Birmingham, siren-blasting motorcycle cops stopped traffic for her and the mayor proclaimed it "Rosa Parks Day." At the Birmingham Civil Rights Institute, Mrs. Parks stood quietly looking at a life-sized sculpture of herself sitting on the bus, purse in her lap, staring out the window, waiting to be arrested. Watching her watch herself was an army of TV crews and cameras. In Selma, a woman reached out, took hold of her challis dress and said, "I want to touch the hem of your garment." Unchanged in manner since 1955, Mrs. Parks said, "That's very nice." Today in Montgomery, she is given the key to the city and a speaker introduces her by saying, "Why don't we just get on our feet and greet our mother, Rosa Parks!"

The mother of the civil rights movement. "A saint of American history," a TV reporter calls her.

"I don't consider myself a saint," says Mrs. Parks, who still wears her hair braided and rolled behind her head, still speaks so softly her voice is nearly inaudible, still is velvet hiding steel. "I'm just a person who wanted to be seated on the bus."

But again and again, Rosa Parks tells audiences she didn't remain in her seat because she was physically weary. No, she was weary of the injustice. Again and again, she mentions that she was working at the NAACP before her arrest. No, she didn't plan her arrest, but her whole life from childhood was leading up to it. Without being asked, she is responding to the mythic tale that, ironically, holds her up to worship and diminishes her: *the simple seamstress, the meek Negro woman, exhausted from a day's work, who without forethought chose to sit her ground.*

Rosa Parks doesn't really answer questions put to her later, questions about why she is often seen as a simple seamstress rather than as an assertive activist, questions about whether her sainthood status diminishes her status as a strong, committed woman. "I was always glad that the people did have the determination to make the sacrifices and take that action," she says in her soft, slow voice. "I just felt that as a person I didn't want to be treated like a second-class citizen. I didn't want to be mistreated under the guise of legally enforced racial segregation and that the more we endured that kind of treatment, the worse we were being treated . . . I consider myself a symbol of freedom and equality, and I wanted to let it be known that that was what I believed in."

It is as simple—and complex—as that.

"She remains a pure symbol," says University of Georgia sociologist Gary Fine, an expert in political symbolism. "For everyone today and in the '50s, it was a text story with only one possible reading—this poor woman who refused to move to the back of the bus. What possible explanation could you possibly have for making her move? It was so transparently egregious." But for a symbol to have 40 years of staying power, Fine says, it must carry a deeper cultural resonance about "our own self-image."

"By protecting this image we are celebrating core values for ourselves as Americans," he says. "There is a universal consensus now that integration is good. She symbolizes this

now. Everybody on all sides can use her." For blacks, she is evidence that they forced change. For whites, she is evidence that they were willing to change.

Rosa Parks as proof: America is good. "The beauty was that she disappeared from the scene," says Fine, meaning that her later behavior or opinions didn't muddy the purity of her symbolism, as happened with King after allegations of plagiarism and marital infidelity. "She did her duty as a symbol and then disappeared except for ceremonial events."

Back in Montgomery, Mrs. Parks is standing amid the adoration, her hands plaited naturally on the lectern, giving a short tale: She's glad for all the change but more change is needed, the struggle for justice must go on, the greatest power is God. Then, so softly that people must strain to hear, she recites a hymn her mother sang to her as a child in Pine Level:

O freedom,
O freedom,
O freedom over me.
And before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be free."

"I'd like for everybody to remember me as a person who wanted to be free."

It is night and Joe Dickerson, the city council president, is standing before bus No. 5726, lit by the headlights of his car. Mr. Dickerson helped get the bus hauled here in hopes that the committee set up to honor the 40th anniversary of the boycott can eventually collect enough private donations to restore it. The Montgomery City Council, with four blacks and five whites, isn't yet ready to foot the whole bill or to finance the civil rights museum Mr. Dickerson would like to see built inside the old Empire Theater, outside of which Rosa Parks was arrested.

But someday . . .

"If you rode the bus, you were mistreated," Mr. Dickerson says, the light making him look washed and vague and mysterious in his little hat with the brim rolled up all the way around. And so the time was right. It could have been anybody . . . I guess when the time is right, it's just like Nelson Mandela. If anybody had told Mandela, "You're gonna be free and you're gonna rule South Africa, man," you talked like a fool. "I'm not gonna get outta jail!" So there is a time for everything. And you have to play your role."

Rosa Parks's grandfather who refused to shuffle for whites played his role. So did the dark-skinned man in Pine Level who wouldn't work for whites. Rosa's mother, who sacrificed so Rosa could go to Miss White's school, Miss White. Julius Rosenwald. A. Philip Randolph. The NAACP lawyers who laid decades of groundwork for the 1954 Supreme Court schools decision. The Rev. T.J. Jemison, who organized the earlier Baton Rouge bus boycott. Those who took the literacy test again and again. Raymond Parks. H. Council Trenholm, Ralph Abernathy, Eddie Mae Pratt, Anne Smith Pratt, E.L. and Dorothy Posey, Zecoy Williams, Bertha Smith, Monroe J. Gardner, Samuel Patton Sr., Johnnie Carr, Bertha T. Butler, Zynobia Tatum, Aurelia Browder, Claudette Colvin, Susie McDonald, Jeanetta Reese, Mary Louise Smith. And, of course, E.D. Nixon, Rufus Lewis, Jo Ann Robinson, Fred Gray, Clifford and Virginia Durr and Martin Luther King Jr., who transformed a demand for seats into a mission for God. And the 40,000 who refused to ride.

Strands in a thread.

Rosa Parks, too, played her role. She still does.

"The message is ordinary people doing extraordinary things," says sociologist Aldon Morris, who fears that the simplified mythology that enshrouds Rosa Parks and the Montgomery bus boycott, the belief that it was all God-ordained, can obscure the determination, fearlessness and skilled organization of the people who made the movement. "To believe that King or Rosa Parks are heroes, it creates passivity . . . Young people then ask, 'Where's the new Martin Luther King?' . . . People don't understand that power exists within the collectivity." "The peoples," as E.D. Nixon said. Back at the bus, bathed in the vague and mysterious light, Joe Dickerson says, "Things are changing." Someday they'll have that museum. "When the time is right." And bus No. 5726 will be waiting.

SENATE COMMITTEE MEETINGS

Title IV of Senate Resolution 4, agreed to by the Senate on February 4, 1977, calls for establishment of a system for a computerized schedule of all meetings and hearings of Senate committees, subcommittees, joint committees, and committees of conference. This title requires all such committees to notify the Office of the Senate Daily Digest—designated by the Rules Committee—of the time, place, and purpose of the meetings, when scheduled, and any cancellations or changes in the meetings as they occur.

As an additional procedure along with the computerization of this information, the Office of the Senate Daily Digest will prepare this information for printing in the Extensions of Remarks section of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD on Monday and Wednesday of each week.

Meetings scheduled for Thursday, November 9, 1995, may be found in the Daily Digest of today's RECORD.

MEETINGS SCHEDULED

NOVEMBER 13

2:00 p.m. Judiciary Immigration Subcommittee Business meeting, to mark up S. 1394, to reform the legal immigration of immigrants and nonimmigrants to the United States. SD-226

NOVEMBER 14

9:30 a.m. Energy and Natural Resources Oversight and Investigations Subcommittee To hold hearings to review the decision-making process of the Department of

the Interior in preparing and releasing the United States Geological Survey's 1995 estimate for the 1002 areas of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. SD-366

10:00 a.m. Armed Services

To hold hearings on the nomination of Arthur L. Money, of California, to be Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Acquisition, Department of Defense. SR-222

Judiciary

To hold hearings to examine the operation of the Office of the Solicitor General. SD-226

NOVEMBER 15

10:00 a.m. Judiciary

To hold joint hearings with the House Committee on the Judiciary's Subcommittee on the Courts and Intellectual Property on S. 1284, to amend title 17 to adapt the copyright law to the digital, networked environment of the National Information Infrastructure, and H.R. 2441, to amend title 17, United States Code, to adapt the copyright law to the digital, networked environment of the national information infrastructure. 2237 Rayburn Building

2:00 p.m. Judiciary

Immigration Subcommittee Business meeting, to resume markup of S. 1394, to reform the legal immigration of immigrants and nonimmigrants to the United States. SD-226

NOVEMBER 16

10:00 a.m. Judiciary

Business meeting, to consider pending calendar business. SD-226

11:00 a.m. Energy and Natural Resources

To hold joint hearings with the House Committee on Resources to review the Alaska Natives Commission's report to Congress transmitted in May 1994 on the status of Alaska's natives. 1324 Longworth Building

NOVEMBER 17

9:00 a.m. Judiciary

To hold hearings on H.R. 1833, Partial-birth Abortion Ban Act. SD-226

NOVEMBER 28

2:00 p.m. Judiciary

To hold hearings on pending nominations. SD-226

DECEMBER 5

10:00 a.m. Judiciary

Administrative Oversight and the Courts Subcommittee To hold hearings on S. 984, to protect the fundamental right of a parent to direct the upbringing of a child. SD-226

CANCELLATIONS

NOVEMBER 9

2:00 p.m. Energy and Natural Resources

Parks, Historic Preservation and Recreation Subcommittee To hold hearings on S. 231 and H.R. 562, bills to modify the boundaries of Walnut Canyon National Monument in the State of Arizona, S. 342, to establish the Cache La Poudre River National Water Heritage Area in the State of Colorado, S. 364, to authorize the Secretary of the Interior to participate in the operation of certain visitor facilities associated with, but outside the boundaries of, Rocky Mountain National Park in the State of Colorado, S. 489, to authorize the Secretary of the Interior to enter into an appropriate form of agreement with, the town of Grand Lake, Colorado, authorizing the town to maintain permanently a cemetery in the Rocky Mountain National Park, S. 608, to establish the New Bedford Whaling National Historical Park in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and H.R. 629, the Fall River Visitor Center Act. SD-366

NOVEMBER 15

10:00 a.m. Judiciary

Administrative Oversight and the Courts Subcommittee To hold hearings on S. 582, to amend United States Code to provide that certain voluntary disclosures of violations of Federal laws made pursuant to an environmental audit shall not be subject to discovery or admitted into evidence during a Federal judicial or administrative proceeding. SD-226