

As a member of the Committee on Environment and Public Works, I look forward to working with my colleagues so that we can take prompt action on this important legislation. •

#### COL. SETH WARNER

• Mr. LIEBERMAN. Mr. President, I rise today to honor one of Connecticut's great Revolutionary War heroes, Col. Seth Warner. Tragically, the accomplishments of this extraordinary American have not been properly heralded by history, and I believe the time is past due for us to honor him. I salute the dedication of Edward S. Caco, Jr., of Roxbury, CT, in researching and recognizing the Colonel's great work and life. I have set forth below a discussion of Colonel Warner's life prepared by Mr. Caco. I can only hope this entry, by Mr. Caco, describing the importance of the Colonel's contribution to American independence, helps to bring the recognition he deserves. I sincerely thank Mr. Caco for his fine work on Colonel Warner's life.

\* \* \* Colonel Seth Warner was born in Roxbury on the 17th day of May, 1743. As a man, he was over six feet tall, and was courageous and commanding. Engaged in the controversy with New York, he was fully prepared to engage in our Revolutionary struggle. He was personally present in many engagements in the northern colonies. It has been reported that General Washington relied especially upon Colonel Ethan Allen and Colonel Seth Warner [who were cousins], considering them as among the most active, daring, and trustworthy of these officers.

Not long after the victories of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, Seth Warner was appointed as a Delegate to the Continental Congress. Shortly thereafter, he was enrolled as part of the regular Continental Army. Seth Warner was appointed the Commander of the regiment by the officers and men, who felt that his calm and wise judgment would serve them best in the serious business of war that lie ahead.

It was at Longueuil Canada in 1775 that Colonel Warner fought a rear guard action against the advancing enemy, covering the retreat of General Sullivan. The retreat became a rout and it was Colonel Warner that protected the rear and brought up the sick and wounded. The stricken and defeated army made its way to the safety of Crown Point, and later on to Ticonderoga. Though the Colonel was successful in carrying out his orders, it was this flight from the enemy forces which broke his iron constitution and began the malady that would eventually take this life.

Several months later in July of 1776, Seth was again called upon to fight a rear guard action to cover the retreat of General St. Clair's forces from Ticonderoga. At Hubbardton, along with units from New Hampshire and Massachusetts, the Colonel made a stand against a combined unit of British and Hessian forces. During this engagement the Massachusetts unit scattered, and the New Hampshire unit surrendered, leaving Colonel Warner and his men to stand alone. Though his unit was forced off the field, Colonel Warner was entirely successful in the duties to which he was assigned. \* \* \* In spite of his failing health, the Colonel carried out his orders, led his men into battle, and was to have no rest as Burgoyne was on the march.

In August of 1777, General Stark was engaging the Hessians of Burgoyne's command at Bennington. The first action had been fought and the Hessians were already winning the day. A powerful enemy reinforcement was taking to the field when Seth arrived with his regiment. General Stark ordered Seth to ride on the line and order a retreat into the middle of Bennington. Seth refused that order, much to General Stark's surprise, stating instead that he was certain that he could get his men into action on the ground. General Stark agreed and the day was won. Once again it was Colonel Seth Warner's fiery courage and steady judgment that had turned the tide of the battle. General Stark stated in his report to General Washington, "Colonel Warner's strategy and judgment was of extraordinary service to me." In recognition of his valor and service, Seth was promoted to the full rank of Colonel.

It has been said that if Seth had retired from the service at this time, he may have to a certain extent retained his health. However, with Seth the needs of his burgeoning country always took precedence over his own welfare, as well as the needs of his own family. With failing health, Seth continued to fight the ravages of the Indians and the ever present Tories. Not one to remain idle for any length of time, Seth led a scouting party in 1780. It was on this mission that Seth was ambushed by the Indians. In the melee of battle the two officers by his side were killed and Seth received two bullets through his arm. This was the end of Colonel Seth Warner's active military career.

He retired to his Vermont residence for two years to recuperate. In 1783 Seth returned to his native Roxbury and established a homestead. Still in a great deal of pain from his wounds and malady, Seth spent time by the seashore hoping that this would give him some respite. This was to prove fruitless, and he returned to his home where he lingered in suffering and delirium for several months. At times neighbors were needed to assist in his care. Finally, on December 26, 1784, Colonel Seth Warner was relieved of his pain and suffering through his merciful death. \* \* \*

The entry on Colonel Warner's tombstone well summarizes his life.

IN MEMORY OF COLONEL SETH WARNER, ESQ., WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE DECEMBER 26TH, A.D. 1784. IN THE FORTY-SECOND YEAR OF HIS AGE

Triumphant leader at our armies' head,  
Whose martial glory struck a panic dread,  
Thy warlike deeds engraven on this stone,  
Tell future ages what a hero's done,  
Full sixteen battles he did fight,  
For to procure his country's right.  
Oh! this brave hero, he did fall,  
By death, who ever conquers all.  
When this you see, remember me. •

#### ORDINARY HEROES

• Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, all of us watched with agony while a 19-year-old, Nahshon Wachsmann, was captured, made a public plea for his life, and then was slain.

People on the Palestinian side, the Israeli side and people of every religious persuasion were hoping and praying that his life would be spared. But it was not.

How do parents face such a tragedy?

The Jerusalem Report has a story about Nahshon's parents. Because it has both the international dimension, and lessons about how to face grief and

pain, I ask to insert it into the RECORD at this point.

The article follows:

[From The Jerusalem Report, Dec. 1, 1994]

#### ORDINARY HEROES

(A month after his son was executed by Hamas kidnappers, only the unshakeable faith of Nahshon Wachsmann's parents is enabling them to cope with their grief)

(By Yossi Klein Halevi)

Yehudah and Esther Wachsmann's phone doesn't stop ringing. The Jewish National Fund wants to plant a forest in memory of their 19-year-old son, Nahshon, kidnapped and killed by Hamas terrorists in October. A Jerusalem religious school wants Esther and Yehudah to address its students about the dangers of religious extremism. The Kfar Saba municipality wants them as guests of honor at a rally for national unity.

Families afflicted by terror attacks are usually considered victims, not heroes. Yet the Wachsmanns, whose quiet dignity during the kidnapping ordeal riveted the country, have become symbols of strength—at a time when Israelis fear that their ethos of courage is slowly being sapped by exhaustion and prosperity. Rabbis who came to the Wachsmanns to impart religious inspiration were instead inspired by their faith; Knesset Speaker Shevah Weiss and the commander of the Golani infantry brigade in which Nahshon served emerged from the Wachsmann home repeating virtually the same words: We came to strengthen the Wachsmanns, but were instead strengthened by them.

Yehudah, in a knitted yarmulke and sandals, and Esther, in a beret and denim skirt, shattered the stereotype of the Israeli Orthodox Jew as extremist and intolerant. Esther appealed to her son's kidnappers to remember that they all worshiped the same God; and the army's failed attempt to rescue Nahshon, Yehudah thanked the Muslims and Christians who had prayed for his son, and offered to meet with the parents of Nahshon's killers. And despite anonymous right-wing callers demanding that he stay away, Yehudah accepted an Israeli government invitation and attended the signing ceremony for the Israeli-Jordanian peace treaty, just days after he completed the shivah mourning period for Nahshon.

The Wachsmanns managed to emotionally unite the country, however briefly, in a way it hadn't know in years. Tens of thousands of Israelis, from secularists to ultra-Orthodox, joined prayer services for Nahshon's safety and lit an extra Sabbath candle on the Friday night that he died. Weeks after Nahshon's death, thousands of letters are still coming to the Wachsmann home in Jerusalem's Ramot neighborhood—not only from Israelis but from people around the world, many sending poems and taped messages of support.

The Wachsmanns insist they are ordinary people; and indeed, the middle-aged, modern Orthodox couple are unlikely heroes. Yehudah and Esther, both 47, are short, sturdy, wide-faced. Yehudah, with a long graying beard, paunch and piercing eyes, speaks with an intensity softened by ironic humor. Esther's little-girl voice—callers for Yehudah often ask her if her father is home—is deliberately calm: The mother of seven sons, she learned to keep steady through the chaos of daily life.

Yehudah and Esther are both children of Holocaust survivors; and that experience affected them in very different ways. Yehudah grew up in Romania and moved to Israel at age 11. The war destroyed his father, who became closed and bitter. "I saw what anger could do to a person," says Yehudah. "And I

decided that if I ever experienced tragedy, I would react in the opposite way from my father."

Life provided him with opportunities to fulfill that challenge. One of their sons, 8-year-old Rafael, has Down's syndrome. Yehudah himself lived for years on dialysis, finally undergoing a kidney transplant four years ago which forced him to quit his job as a math teacher and work from his home, selling real estate. Yehudah thought of his father, a broken, silent man shuffling between work and home; and refused to be bitter.

Esther grew up in Flatbush, cherished daughter of Polish survivors. "I was the national treasure, the consolation," she says, with a wry smile. "I was never allowed to be unhappy. The rule of the house was: Never tell me upsetting news. And of course I wouldn't say anything that would upset my parents."

Indeed, just after Nahshon's death, Esther had one overriding thought: that her 83-year-old father, silenced by a stroke and living in Queens, mustn't be told. "The same business: Don't upset them."

Esther says that, as a teenager, she was a "typical JAP. If I wore the pink dress on Tuesday that meant I couldn't wear it for another week." But then her life changed when she visited Israel in 1967, and fell in love with the country. Back in New York, where she was studying to be a teacher, she felt like a hypocrite, praying for a return to Zion when Zion was so easily accessible. In 1970, she returned to Jerusalem, and got a job helping run a Jewish Agency summer camp for American teenagers. One of the camp counselors was Yehudah Wachsmann. Four months later, they married.

Becoming the mother of soldiers—Nachshon and his two older brothers all served in Lebanon—forced Esther to confront mortality, and reconsider the values on which she was raised. "I spent years glued to the radio, waiting for news," she says. "Living in Israel made it impossible for me to remain what I was."

Less than a month after the tragedy, the atmosphere in the Wachsmann home is deliberately normal. Friends drop by, everyone speaks in conversational tones, the Wachsmann boys exchange small jokes. Immediately after the shivah, each of the boys individually approached Esther and Yehudah and said: Let's not allow this home to turn gloomy. "I realized I had no choice but to go on," says Esther. The boys were sent back to school, and Esther resumed her job teaching English at the elite Hebrew University High School. Most of all, the family has tried to maintain the home's relaxed atmosphere—a place where friends of the Wachsmann boys feel so comfortable that over the years some have virtually moved in.

Even now, grief doesn't suppress the good-natured teasing that marks Esther and Yehudah's relationship. When they discuss their political positions with me—he supports the peace process with reservations, she opposes it with reservations—they pretend to be exasperated with each other. Esther: "My husband is unique, there is no one

else with quite his point of view." Yehudah: "If she says so, it must be true." Then they smile: They are amused, not annoyed, by their differences.

Inevitably, though, the home bears traces of the ordeal. A table in a corner is piled with prayer books and yarmulkes: During the week of the kidnapping, there was non-stop communal praying here. On a makeshift charity box are written words urging those who place money into it to say a prayer for Nahshon's safe return. And mounted on the breakfront is a picture of Nahshon, smiling and wearing a T-shirt with the words: "I've been drafted."

Esther manages a smile when speaking of Nahshon. "He was in an elite unit, the shortest, thinnest kid among big, brawny fellows. They called him the baby of the unit. But he was the one who encouraged them in Lebanon. They used to say to him, 'Nahshon, this is hell, wipe that smile off your face.' And he'd say, 'Everything will be okay, let's just do our job.'"

"Nahshon epitomized non-conflict. He couldn't stand it when his brothers fought. If his parents argued about something, he'd say, 'Is it really so important?'"

Esther and Yehudah see that quality of peacemaking as a hint of Nahshon's destiny. Everyone has a mission in life, they believe; and since the kidnapping created such a powerful sense of unity among Israelis, perhaps that was related to Nahshon's mission.

Esther says that, during the entire week of the kidnapping, she was certain that Nahshon would return alive, that the outpouring of prayer around the country would somehow protect him. She doesn't believe those prayers were wasted. "Prayers don't get lost. Jews prayed for 2,000 years to return to Israel. Our generation made it back. Eventually the time comes for the fulfillment of prayers. The soldiers who tried to save Nahshon could have all been killed—maybe the prayers protected them."

She rejects self-pity as firmly as religious doubt. "I don't ask: 'Why me? Why anyone?' Look how many people lost entire families in the Holocaust. You pick yourself up and go on. That's part of Jewish history."

In fact, both Esther's and Yehudah's fathers lost their first wives and some of their children in the Holocaust. And though neither says so, it is clear that their parents' ability to create new families after the war has strengthened their own life-force.

But for all their optimism and faith, the Wachsmanns have an account to settle with God. Esther: "When Yehudah was on dialysis, I said to God, 'This is as bad as it can get.' Then my son Rafael was born with Down's syndrome and I said, 'OK, God, You can't do anything worse to me than this.' When Nahshon died, I thought, 'You really did do something worse.'"

"I work with non-believing people. They think I'm protected from pain by my faith. But the grief is just as severe; the only thing faith does is keep me sane. I'd break down if I didn't believe there was some master plan, that every person was put on Earth for a purpose. But"—her voice turns to an emphatic,

almost angry whisper—"it does not lessen the pain."●

#### TRIBUTE TO JUDGE GILBERT CALVIN STEINDORFF, JR., RETIRED PROBATE JUDGE IN BUTLER COUNTY, AL

● Mr. SHELBY. Mr. President, I rise today to honor Judge Gilbert Calvin Steindorff, Jr., retired probate judge in Butler County, AL. Judge Steindorff dedicated his life to the service of the citizens of Butler County and for that we are eternally grateful.

Judge Steindorff's first service to his country was a tour of duty in the Army during World War II. In February 1946, he returned to Butler County to help his father run the family business. Not long after his return from France he married Maxine Darby, his wife of nearly 50 years. The couple has one son, Gilbert Calvin Steindorff III, who lives in Montgomery with his wife Debbie and Calvin's grandson, Gilbert Calvin Steindorff IV.

In February 1947, after selling the family business, his service to the citizens of Butler County began. With the support of many influential people in the county, he was chosen from a field of eight applicant to replace Butler County Tax Assessor Frank Herlong at the young age of 21. He served at this post for the next 28 years.

In 1975, then Probate Judge James T. Beeland became ill and would not resign until he was sure Calvin Steindorff would take his place. Calvin has been there ever since. He was well known throughout Greenville and Butler County as one who is ready to listen and eager to help with everything including road work and garbage pickup. His desk was always neat and his demeanor cheerful. The people of the county warmly refer to him as "Judge."

Judge Steindorff called his office his second home and is not sure how he will spend his time now that he does not head for the Butler County Courthouse at the crack of dawn every morning. He may spend more time fishing, woodworking, and working on his antique clock collection, but it is certain that many will miss seeing the "Judge" regularly on the streets on downtown Greenville.

Judge Gilbert Calvin Steindorff, Jr. has spent his life serving the people of Butler County with devotion, commitment, and selflessness. He is an example to us all.●

#### FOREIGN CURRENCY REPORTS

In accordance with the appropriate provisions of law, the Secretary of the Senate herewith submits the following report(s) of standing committees of the Senate, certain joint committees of the Congress, delegations and groups, and select and special committees of the Senate, relating to expenses incurred in the performance of authorized foreign travel: