

Many of my colleagues know that I have had a longstanding interest in the Asian region, and therefore, I am delighted Queens is becoming an increasingly recognized center of Asian commerce in the United States. I wholeheartedly applaud the Queens Library for its diligent efforts and foresight in this regard.

For a hundred years, the Queens Library has nurtured the community, supplying its needs for information and community services. As it heads into its next hundred years, I wish them the best, and look forward to the new developments it will surely bring.

IN RECOGNITION OF VICTOR
BACELIS

HON. FORTNEY PETE STARK

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Mr. STARK. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to congratulate Mr. Victor Bacelis on the receipt of the Jefferson Public Service Award, which he received on Wednesday, June 19, 1996. The Jefferson Award was founded in 1972 by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Senator Robert Taft, Jr., and is presented each year by the American Institute for Public Service as part of a celebration of service to America. Mr. Bacelis is a model constituent who received this award as the result of a selfless act which helped a fellow Californian.

Victor's native Mexican village in the Yucatan Peninsula was so poor there were no schools. His family never had much in the way of material luxuries, but was rich in the values of hard work, generosity, and kindness. He was working between 96 and 100 hours a week at three different jobs to support himself and those he cared about. He was mopping the floor in a Fremont McDonalds when he found \$600 on the floor. Most people would have kept it and told no one. After all, it was cash, and certainly would have tempted even the most honest person. But Victor did as the law instructed; he reported it. The money remained unclaimed. Victor then made a decision that very few people would make. Even though he was saving to buy a house, he gave the money to charity.

A local family had recently made a public plea for help. Adrian Sandoval, a 22-month-old boy, needed a bone marrow transplant, and his parents could not afford the procedure. Victor was touched by the story of this family, which had already lost one young child to the same rare genetic disease. Mr. Bacelis contributed the cash he had discovered and in doing so, saved a young and innocent life. He says, and I quote, "I couldn't accept what was happening at the time. I would have traded places with that baby, but that's impossible and I had to be a realist and take another form of action. * * * It was not my intention to be recognized as a 'hero,' I just wanted to help. It's part of my obligation as a human to help others."

His involvement in the Sandovals' lives did not end with the \$600 contribution. He makes an effort to support transplant patients by recruiting potential bone marrow donors for other children. He volunteers his time to the San Francisco-based Latino Marrow Donor Program. And even as public recognition of his efforts grows, he continues to decline any

personal gain. He has been offered money awards, a full scholarship and housing at Stanford University, and even a job with the San Francisco 49'ers, but none of these offers interested him. Instead, he wants everyone who finds value in his actions to become registered donors.

Mr. Speaker, Victor Bacelis has found a cause in which he believes. Through a simple twist of fate, he has taken the opportunity to touch the lives of others more needy than himself. His story restores and reinforces faith in the integrity of the American people. Mr. Speaker, I ask that you and my colleagues join me in recognizing Victor Bacelis for his magnanimous contribution to the lives of transplant patients. I wish him much success in all his future endeavors.

THE CHAPMAN REUNION—A
FAMILY TRADITION

HON. DONALD M. PAYNE

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Mr. PAYNE of New Jersey. Mr. Speaker, family reunions are an important part of our personal histories. During the July 5th weekend, the descendants of Lemon and Joanna Chapman gathered in White Hall, MD, for their 22d annual family reunion.

Families are important institutions. They are, so to speak, our proving ground. Our first lessons in life are taught and learned in the family. It is there that we learn to love, dream, respect, disagree, forgive, share, take orders, have faith, along with other life skills. The foundation of the family is there when we need it. The stronger and more stable the foundation/family the safer and more confident we are when we venture.

We often hear about the destruction of the family and how our young people are without family values. Unfortunately, for some, those are valid statements but there are many, many strong and caring family units in our communities. The Chapman family is one of those strong and caring families. I commend the members of this family for recognizing the importance of the family, its values, and its history. As a society, we must do all we can do to build upon the strength of these families to help strengthen the fabric of the Nation.

Mr. Speaker, the Lemon and Joanna Chapman family has produced many fine citizens. I would like to wish them and their friends a healthy, happy, safe and prosperous year until they meet again.

ISADOR BERENSTEIN

HON. ELIOT L. ENGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Mr. ENGEL. Mr. Speaker, it seems that it is emigrants who epitomize the American ideal of success through hard work. Isador Berenstein was born in Poland and achieved some success there only to see it destroyed by the Nazis. He barely escaped with his life when Dachau was liberated only a day before the Nazis were to kill him. He came to Amer-

ica to start over and made his way to the Arthur Avenue indoor bazaar. There, for the next 40 years, he ran the housewares stand. There are only in America facets to his story; his bargaining in Yiddish-accented Italian with newly emigrated Italian housewives, his reorganizing the market when the city allowed it to deteriorate and his being chosen to lead by the overwhelmingly Italian-American merchants for more than a generation. I have known him for 20 years and have admired his good works and his commitment to the community. His retirement is a loss to all of us.

IN MEMORY OF MOLLY BEATTIE

HON. BLANCHE LAMBERT LINCOLN

OF ARKANSAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Mrs. LINCOLN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay special tribute to an extraordinary woman—Molly Beattie, who recently passed away. Molly was the first woman Director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, and in her short tenure, earned the admiration and respect of lawmakers who work with her on wildlife issues.

I did not always agree with Molly. However, she never failed to listen to the other side of an issue in order to resolve policy disagreements. She was an unfailing and dedicated public servant.

She came to Arkansas to hear my constituents protest her proposed closing of some of our fish hatcheries. She listened, then worked with me and other Members of Congress to establish a commission to examine the health and benefits of America's national fish hatchery system. Her common sense approach will mean that inefficient hatcheries will be closed and efficient facilities will continue generating revenue for the Government.

Molly stepped in again early this year to help me develop legislation that will prevent closure of national wildlife refuges in case of another Government shutdown.

Molly will be sorely missed by her friends and admirers in this body but most of all by the fish and wildlife she was sworn to protect.

She walked her walk and talked her talk and was true to her beliefs. She took her job very seriously setting a new standard for environmental consciousness. I believe that she loved her job and those around her, but was most comfortable in her cabin in the woods. I join my colleagues in honoring Molly Beattie as a thoughtful and dedicated human being whose life on her beloved earth was cut all too short.

TRAGIC LOSS OF LIFE IN SAUDI
ARABIA

HON. GEORGE P. RADANOVICH

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Mr. RADANOVICH. Mr. Speaker, on Tuesday, June 26, 1996, 19 young American airmen tragically lost their lives in Saudi Arabia. My sympathetic prayers go out to those families and friends across this grieving Nation whose lives' paths have now been painfully altered in bearing the great weight of so precious a loss. In particular, my deepest regards

go to Mr. and Mrs. Leland Haun of Clovis, CA, in my district who lost their dear son, Capt. Timothy Haun, at the young age of 33. May God bless Captain Haun, his family and his memory.

It perhaps goes without saying, that the brave passing of Captain Haun and his Air Force comrades has not been in vain, and that those who viscerously perpetrated this outrage epitomize cowardice. Mr. Speaker, the guilty here are hardly deserving of the gift of life they have now so recklessly taken from others so worthy of it. While these terrorists still slither through the cracks and shadows of an unstable region, our quest to uncover them must be relentless because their actions have been a direct affront to the United States, its people, and its overall objective of creating a more secure and lasting peace. They should know that the United States is not intimidated, to the contrary, when brave servicemen die, we are even more resilient.

While our search for justice should be vigilant and our foreign policy unwavering, we should not lose sight of those who have just paid the ultimate sacrifice for their country's ideals. These men have passed in serving a vision tracing back to our Nation's first founding sacrifices at Boston, Concord, and Lexington. They, like their founders before them, have died for the principled tradition of freedom and liberty. They will not be forgotten.

REMEMBERING MOLLIE BEATTIE

HON. GEORGE MILLER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Mr. MILLER of California. Mr. Speaker, I am saddened to note today the passing of Mollie H. Beattie, the recently resigned Director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Ms. Beattie was a dedicated, intelligent, and determined administrator of the Service. During her 3-year tenure, she insisted upon basing her agency's actions on two very sound criteria: scientific knowledge and the law.

For that, she was criticized, second guessed, and vilified by some, but treasured and respected by far more. She had one of the toughest, but most important, jobs in Washington, and we will miss her thoughtful leadership.

I would like to share with my colleagues a moving tribute to Director Beattie written by Ted Gup for the Washington Post. I know that all of my colleagues join with me in expressing our deep condolences to her husband, Rick Schwolsky, and the rest of her family and her friends in Vermont, in Washington, and through the country.

[From the Washington Post, July 1, 1996]

WOMAN OF THE WOODS—MOLLIE BEATTIE, A
NATURAL AS FISH & WILDLIFE CHIEF

(By Ted Gup)

Her obituary last week was correct in every particular: Her name was Mollie H. Beattie. She was 49, the first woman to head the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. As reported, she succumbed to a brain tumor, dying Thursday in a hospital in Townshend, Vt.

Hers appeared to be a short and public life, reduced to milestones of schools attended, positions held, survivors left behind. But obituaries, even more than most news ac-

counts, demonstrate to those who know the subject how stark is the distance between mere accuracy and truth. Mollie, as she was known to one and all, was many things, but never a creature of Washington, never a composite of accomplishments and, most certainly, not a public being.

True, she had allowed herself to be thrust into the center of an intensely public debate, selected to hold aloft the tattered banner of conservation and the Endangered Species Act, which she viewed less as an act of civil legislation than divine ordination. But Mollie's brief and quiet sojourn in Washington—less than three years—left a lasting mark on both the physical landscape of the nation and the political terrain of conservation ethics.

I first met Mollie shortly after she arrived in Washington. She had consented to a series of personal interviews for a profile I was writing. I remember her pageboy haircut, her radiant face, utterly devoid of makeup, and her smart blue suit with brass buttons—a visible concession from someone who otherwise lived in jeans. Later I would speak with her about topics as diverse as tropical forests, endangered species and the National Biological Survey.

No sooner had she arrived than she put the agency on notice that change was in the offing. In the long hallway leading to the director's office, there is a portrait gallery of former directors—then black-and-white photos of middle-aged white men in stiff white shirts, dark jackets and Windsor knots. Mollie chose a color photo of herself in hip waders, holding a pair of field glasses and standing at the edge of the water. Just behind her, on the opposite shore, can be seen a Kodiak bear. It was a statement that needed no elaboration.

Conservationists immediately embraced her appointment as the ultimate victory. She was one of their own. But Mollie shunned the notion of being an eco-evangelist, combining hard science (a degree in forestry from the University of Vermont), a master's in public administration from Harvard, and a child's sense of awe. It would prove to be an irresistible combination for political friend and foe alike.

She came by her love of nature honestly. Her grandmother Harriet Hanna was a self-educated botanist and landscape artist who knew every tree by its Latin name and, like all the girls in the family, was richly eccentric. "Her wackiness intrigued me as a kid," Mollie told me. "She seemed a little freer than everybody else." Mollie recalled that her grandmother would be seen outside in her nightgown at 5 a.m., toting her 4-10 shotgun in search of opossums disturbing her garden. Her home was part animal shelter, part clinic—home to lame deer, birds with broken legs and raccoons that had become dependent on her largess. "I got her ethic that if it moves, feed it," and Mollie.

Mollie's mother, Pat also has a fiercely independent streak and devotion to nature. Pat Beattie never told me how old she was, only that she was "well over 65." She lives in a log cabin among eight acres of sagebrush south of Ketchum, Idaho. She rides horses climbs rocks and drives a Ford pickup. "As I get older, I like the wilds better," she told me years ago.

As a young girl, Mollie would catch mice in the winter and make them a home in an aquarium feeding them hamster food. In spring, when food was more plentiful, she would release them. And always she had a gift for persuading even nonbelievers that nature was worth saving. When she was 8 and on a family vacation in California, she came upon a house sparrow with a broken wing. Against her mother's advice, she persuaded a pilot with United Airlines to allow the bird

to ride with him in the cockpit from California to New York where she intended to nurse it back to health. The bird sat on the compass of the DC-7 all the way across the country. The pilot then drove the bird to his home in Putnam County but when he showed it to his wife, the bird keeled over dead. Four decades later, Mollie was still in mourning.

Her mother worried how Mollie would fare in Washington, a place where capitulation often passes for compromise. Her fears were unfounded. Mollie could be tough. Just ask Ralph Wright, former Vermont speaker of the house. "Mollie just didn't take any crap from me," Wright once told me. "She stood up to me when I tried to push her around. She gave it right back. I didn't mess with Mollie anymore." Mollie took a certain pride in standing her ground. She bristled when Wright once suggested she was a daughter of privilege. "I'm as shanty Irish as he is—on both sides!" she boasted.

Still, she was conciliatory by nature, uncomfortable with confrontation, not out of weakness but out of belief that even the human habitat—perhaps especially—was big enough to accommodate all species and manner of ideas. She had a supremely quiet confidence. "I've always worked hard never to allow my lifestyle to rise to the level of my income or my expectations of my career to be one of an endlessly ascending trajectory," she told me shortly after assuming office. "I've worked very hard on those two things so I'm always free to go, because I know where my lines are. If you have to put it on the line, you have to put it on the line. There's a place past which it isn't worth it."

Heading the agency was not an easy job for Mollie. She told her sister shortly after arriving that it was a great job—for 10 people. She maintained a dizzying schedule. Once, flying over Iowa, she could not remember if she was flying to the East or West Coast.

A few months after her arrival here I asked her what was the hardest thing about Washington, expecting her to cite the withering assault on conservation issues or the late-night hours in the office. Not Mollie. "My hardest adjustment?" She repeated. "The lack of darkness at night, living in a place that's never quiet. The confinement of it. I'm used to absolutely unadulterated privacy. That's hard. It's a real loss that I can't just wander off into the woods."

Mollie was neither ideologue nor politician. She held to the same positions in her personal life as her public life. Her mother recalls that Mollie shamed her into avoiding the purchase of any colored tissues, warning that the colors were slower to break down in the soil.

Fifteen years ago she let her guard down and admitted she'd gone to forestry school "damn well determined to subvert the system." And she did just that. She helped to elevate the level of national debate while lowering levels of distrust and enmity that characterized much of the conservation issues in the '90s. During her brief watch at the Fish and Wildlife Service, another 15 wildlife refuges were added, more than 100 conservation habitat plans were agreed on between landowners and the government, and the gray wolf was reintroduced into the Northern Rockies. The wolf was one of her two favorite animals, the other being coyotes. "There's something so wily and elusive and mysterious—they almost seem magical, the coyotes."

She knew how to reach out to those with whom she disagreed. A woman—and a non-hunter at that—she presided over an agency long in the sway of the hook-and-bullet crowd. Within days of her arrival she told a gathering, "My father was seriously wounded in a hunting accident, and my uncle still carries a bullet behind his heart." She then