

remarkable as the airline industry is highly competitive, oftentimes turbulent, and never a cake walk.

Mr. Hagan started working for American Overseas Airline at LaGuardia Field on January 10, 1946. After working as an operations representative, he was transferred to Paris, Copenhagen, and then London where he was appointed relief station manager for Europe. He returned to the United States where he worked his way up at American from lead agent in Dallas in 1949 to Dallas sales representative in 1964. After holding various positions with Braniff Airlines in the late 1960's and 1970's, Mr. Hagan returned to American Airlines in 1982 to serve as manager of special services.

It was in this latest position that I had the opportunity to see Mr. Hagan in operation and understand why he's been such a valued employee for 50 years. Mr. Speaker, Walter Hagan has extended hospitality to many Members of Congress, Senators, and other VIP's at the Dallas Airport. Luminaries such as Dolly Parton, Roger Staubach, and many others celebrated his 50 years with a January 10 luncheon in Dallas.

While Mr. Hagan recently announced his formal retirement, Mr. Hagan's admirers were not surprised to learn that he's still helping out at his office. So, even in retirement, Walter Hagan is still contributing and adding on to his now 50-plus years in the airline industry.

#### TOMHANNOCK UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

HON. GERALD B.H. SOLOMON

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, January 31, 1996

Mr. SOLOMON. Mr. Speaker, the 22d district of New York is one of the most historic in the country. Our oldest churches, in particular, are virtual repositories of history.

The growth of those churches paralleled that of the communities they served. And nearly every one of them has a wealth of interesting anecdotal information worth preserving. One of these churches is the Tomhannock United Methodist Church in the Rensselaer County community of Valley Falls.

A constituent of mine, Mrs. Zillah S. Herrington of Johnsonville, was kind enough to forward a letter from the church's pastor, Rev. Gaylord Campbell. I'd like to share the letter with you, Mr. Speaker, and proudly place it in today's RECORD.

DEAR GERRY: We learn that the first sermon preached by a Methodist minister near Tomhannock was in 1788. From that small beginning, a service in Tomhannock that particular Sabbath Day, Methodism has a start in June 1789. Tomhannock had a preaching appointment is the erection of a church—it was built the summer of 1811 at a cost of about \$1000. This church later burned and the present one was built on the same site in 1845.

Before continuing the appointments of 1832 an interesting story of Christian adventure must be told. James Caughey, an Irish lad, was licensed to preach by the Tomhannock Class. For eight years he preached in our conference. Then on one special occasion following a season for prayer, he felt a call to return to Europe. On July 19, 1841, he set sail for England. His ministry took him to Dub-

lin Limerick, Cork in Ireland and Liverpool, Sheffield in England. During those six years of untiring ministry fully 20,000 were converted by his preaching. While in England, he met a boy by the name of Wm. Booth and led him to Christ. That boy became the famous General Booth, head of the Salvation Army. Our interest is intensified when we learn that a man from Tomhannock was instrumental in leading this famous leader of a worldwide known, religious organization to Christ. This is a great heritage that comes down to us.

In 1845, this present church building was erected on the site of the old church. The total cost of the building was \$3300. Subscriptions of \$300 and less made possible the building of the church. Roswell Brown had the contract for the mason work. This came to \$1200. Two men from Cambridge had the contract to the carpenters work. This bill totaled \$1400. This did not include the steeple which was extra. While the church was being built, a committee was busy raising funds to repair the parsonage. This also was done. In 1855, the Social Rooms in back of the church were added at cost of \$626.38. In 1859, the church bell was purchased at a cost of \$53,876. In 1866, the parsonage was rebuilt at a cost of \$2000. In 1871, the church was repaired and refurnished at an expense of \$1188.

The period from 1870 to 1880 reveals that Tomhannock Methodist Church was the outstanding rural church of the Conference in points of membership, missionary zeal and local activity.

In 1896, a building committee raised \$2100 which was used to redecorate the interior of the church. Three Gothic Pulpit Chairs (these are in the church today and used each Sunday) and a Pulpit were presented to the church by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Munro. The Rededication of the church occurred October 14, 1896. Dr. John H. Coleman preached the sermon.

#### DR. CORRIE ENDURES

HON. JOHN J. DUNCAN, JR.

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, January 31, 1996

Mr. DUNCAN. Mr. Speaker, there are two causes for the exorbitant, excessive cost of healthcare in this country—the Federal Government and large insurance companies.

If it were not for the involvement of these two entities, medical care would cost only a tiny fraction of what it does.

If we paid for anything else through a third-party payor system, costs would skyrocket.

That is why I read with great interest the opening comments of a recent feature article about Dr. Corrie Blair in the Knoxville News-Sentinel.

I also would like to call attention to a similar story in today's Wall Street Journal entitled "A Magnificent Misfit" by W.E. Gutman.

I wish we had more old-fashioned doctors like Dr. Blair and Dr. Gutman.

[From the Knoxville News-Sentinel]

LOUDON WOMAN HAS BEEN PRACTICING MEDICINE FOR MORE THAN 54 YEARS

(By Don Williams)

"I'm one of a dying breed," says Dr. Corrie Blair.

"I don't like government medicine, I don't like insurance medicine. I don't like pharmacists telling you how to practice medicine."

If Blair seems set in her ways, she has reason to be.

She is 80 years old, although with her clear brown eyes and brown hair, she doesn't look it. She started practicing medicine when common sense directed how to treat common colds.

In this age of HMOs, TennCare and other programs brought in by big business and government, the bureaucrats and politicians have laid down a thick stratum of regulation on what used to be an uncluttered profession.

When Blair entered medicine more than 54 years ago, so-called innovations, such as preventive medicine, boiled down to using good common sense.

These organizations and things they're doing now are all based on economics rather than treating the patient," says Blair in a clear, high voice. There was a time, however, a time when . . .

Blair was a child when the bridge was put across the Tennessee River in Loudon, cutting her family out of the ferry business. Her family's ownership of choice real estate made life easy for her. Maybe too easy.

It could be that's one reason she chose medicine. For a young lady in the 1930s, training to be a doctor was far from easy.

Blair made good grades in Loudon County High School, but while the boys were studying biology and algebra, she was studying "domestic science" with the other girls.

"The only thing they thought we could do was get married or teach school, but when I got out there was no one I wanted to marry who wanted to marry me, so I went to college."

She attended two years at Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Ga., taking her first real science course there as a sophomore.

"I like science better than anything, so I thought, I'll study more science and be a doctor."

She returned to Tennessee and entered the University of Tennessee pre-med program.

"It wasn't too popular for women to do," she says, and her family and friends needed convincing that she was serious. Her first cousin, Dr. Blair Harrison, was chief of staff at Knoxville General Hospital, and he offered to let her take nurse's training to test her mettle.

"After that was over, I told them, why yes, I still want to be a doctor, and I applied to the UT College of Medicine in Memphis. Back then there were no dormitories and we lived in houses with residents. My family thought it would be OK. There was another girl in my class, and we went all the way through together."

It was while in Memphis that she met Dr. William Thomas McPeake.

"He was an old country boy, and I was an old country girl. We were staying at the same boarding house, and every evening we would get together on the front porch. I'd go for a walk and he'd go with me. He was working his way through."

McPeake graduated ahead of Blair, but stayed in Memphis to intern until she graduated in 1941. When he was called up for military training in Pennsylvania, Blair went to Philadelphia to serve her medical internship.

There, on Jan. 25, 1942, they were married. When McPeake shipped out to North Africa for service under Gen. George S. Patton, he left behind a pregnant wife.

"Our daughter, Molly, was 3 years old when he got back," she remembers. She was the first of four children.

Molly Peeler is a physician at Fort Sanders Regional Medical Center.

William T. McPeake is an orthopedic specialist, practicing mostly at St. Mary's.

Sara Louise Gilkey, now a lawyer in Lynchburg, Va., married a doctor.

Ed Blair McPeake operates the family farm, raising cattle in Loudon.

The children were all born in Loudon, and it was there where McPeake rejoined his wife after the war.

"I told him this is the garden spot of the world, and this is where I want to live."

By the time he returned, Blair had cobbled together a family practice.

Together they made house calls, mostly in a Jeep, like those McPeake knew in the Army.

"We used to deliver all the babies. We'd carry a little ether into the home and knock 'em out if they needed it. We'd spend the night with them and charge about \$25. If they didn't have the money, sometimes they'd give us something. If they were killing hogs, they'd give you some part of it, or maybe a chicken.

"We had real good luck. The Lord took care of us."

The pair bought a little house downtown, where they conducted their practice. Later they built the modern Loudon Health Care Clinic, of concrete and steel, and moved the little house out to their farm.

Blair, who kept her maiden name rather than face a mountain of paperwork to change it on licenses, certificates and other forms, was ahead of her time.

"I was the first in our hospital (the old Charles H. Bacon Hospital, now Fort Sanders Loudon Medical Center) to let a man come in for the delivery of his baby. It worked out well. I've had husbands jumping up and down when the baby came out.

"One of the old things, which is good, is stressing preventive care. I've stressed it all my life. We told people they shouldn't smoke. We had tobacco allotments on the farm, but quit growing it. We got to feeling guilty."

McPeake died three years ago, and despite hands, swollen at times from arthritis, Blair still wears her wedding rings on a chain around her neck.

People in town call her Dr. Corrie, and she has a personal relationship with literally thousands of them.

"I think it's real important for doctors to know their patients. In these new programs they just rush you through like a herd of cattle. They don't talk to you. They don't listen to you."

Blair still listens, even though specialists have taken away many of her patients.

She quit delivering babies, for instance, shortly after babies she had delivered began having babies of their own. These days, more often than not, find her visiting area nursing homes, a practice she enjoys.

Asked when she plans to retire, she says resolutely, "When something comes along and knocks me over. Of course, these new medical programs might put me out of business. If that happens, I'll find something else I like to do, but not any better."

[From the Wall Street Journal, Jan. 31, 1996]

A MAGNIFICENT MISFIT

(By W.E. Gutman)

My father the doctor did everything himself without benefit of nurses, clerical staff, or drafty assembly-line consultation cubicles. He took your temperature as you sat on a white enamel swivel chair. He even drew blood from your finger and let it run up a thin graded tube as you marveled at the strange powers of capillary action.

This wonderful man had his own centrifuge, a gleaming autoclave and an old Roentgen that hummed with imperturbable omnipotence in a bright, cheerful room that smelled of lavender and cloves. When he administered injections, he'd deaden the point of impact with a dry little slap, and he'd talk about this and that with neighborly solicitude long after the needle was out.

You were never surprised to learn that he'd pedaled several kilometers at night in the rain to deliver a baby on an old kitchen table, or to hold the hand of a dying village patriarch as family and friends looked on. Sometimes it lasted till morning. He'd go straight back to his office looking tired, but he'd smile, put on a fresh smock and patch up scraped elbows and knees, and he'd even ask how Aunt Lucy or Uncle John was feeling these days.

"How much do I owe you, doctor?" I'd often hear his patients ask.

"Oh I don't know," he'd answer, staring at his feet, clearly embarrassed by the question. "Whatever you can." Then he'd quickly add, "Don't worry if you're short. You can pay me next time."

Money made him feel uncomfortable. He had an almost prudish disdain toward it. "There is something incongruous about charging money to heal, relieve pain or save lives," he once told me. "I shall never get used to it"—a remarkable ethos for a man who, by his own admission, had embraced medicine to escape the abject poverty of his childhood.

"It all happened in dissection class," he recalled in a rare moment of wishful introspection. "I wept at the sight of my first cadaver. He was so very young, so very much alone, forgotten. Who is this wretched mass no one had claimed, I asked myself. Has he no family? Is there no one to mourn him? He was alive, he felt pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow. He had dreams. He loved. Was he loved in return? Could he have been saved? did poverty deprive him of good health or rob him of a decent funeral?

A pre-med student who now boasts a Fifth Avenue practice, a New Canaan estate, and a yacht at anchor in a secluded cove on some Caribbean coral archipelago once asked my father what he considered to be the three most important medical taboos. My father replied:

"Do not operate unless your patients' life clearly is in danger. Do not overmedicate. Never charge more than patients can afford. Ignore the first two injunctions and you are unprincipled. Break the third and I shall call you a vampire"

I miss my father. He was incorruptible. He had no time for sophistry, no patience for equivocation, no room for the shaded areas separating right and wrong. Compassion was his guide, his patients' health and welfare his sole mission and reward. He lived frugally—"how much does one really need to live with dignity?" he once asked a wealthy colleague who found the question incongruous and contentious. My father died poor but debtless.

I wish I had a dollar in my pocket for every patient this 1935 summa cum laude graduate of the Paris Faculty of Medicine treated for nothing, for every leg of lamb or basket of eggs he accepted in lieu of honorarium, for every debt he forgave. I would have had more than enough to afford the thorough checkup doctors denied me when I lost my job, when unemployment benefits ran out and I could no longer afford medical insurance.

I was 45 then. I am now 58. Will I find a doctor like my father when I retire and my meager scribbles barely cover the cost of a simple pine casket? They say it's cheaper to die than to live. My father devoted his career to reconstructing aphorisms. He was the magnificent misfit lesser men do not have the courage to be.

## LEGISLATION TO REIMBURSE WHITE HOUSE TRAVEL OFFICE EMPLOYEES FOR LEGAL EXPENSES

HON. WILLIAM F. CLINGER, JR.

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 1, 1996

Mr. CLINGER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today with several of my colleagues, including Majority Leader ARMEY, to introduce legislation to reimburse the seven White House Travel Office employees for legal expenses incurred as a result of their firings on May 19, 1993.

It was nearly 3 years ago that seven men who had served in the Travel Office for anywhere from 9 to 32 years were fired summarily and placed under a cloud of suspicion when the White House announced they were the subjects of a criminal investigation. Only one of the seven men was indicted and, in the wake of a 30-month long investigation, a jury took only 2 hours to acquit Billy Dale of the two charges against him.

The seven men fired from the White House Travel Office on May 19, 1993, appeared before the Committee on Government Reform and Oversight last Wednesday. Individually and collectively, they spoke, with an eloquence which has touched the Nation, of the pride they took in serving the White House under Democrat and Republican Presidents. Mr. McSweeney put it best when he said, and I quote:

I would hope that people would understand that, for me and thousands of others, when Air Force One would arrive, the markings on the side were not Democratic Party or Republican Party—it read "United States of America." The emblem on its side was not a political poster, it was the seal of the Executive Office of the President of the United States. When the door opened, the man or woman chosen by the people of this country to fill that office had my complete loyalty and support. I did that for 13 of the proudest years of my life.

I know that Mr. McSweeney spoke for all six of his colleagues when he said those words and he spoke for the pride of a nation in the Office of the President.

It pains me to say that I now believe that the charges made against those seven men by this administration appear to have been baseless, unwarranted, and intended to provide cover for an act of political cronyism. The fact that these men were, and are, innocent, however, does not mitigate their suffering as FBI and IRS agents trooped through their neighborhoods inquiring into their character, their conduct, and their families. Nor does it make up for nearly three-quarters of \$1 million in legal expenses they incurred in the course of mounting their own defense.

Billy Dale's legal defense has cost him nearly \$500,000. His six colleagues spent more than \$200,000 in their own defense, some \$150,000 of which was reimbursed in a Transportation appropriations bill in 1994.

While this bill will make financially whole the seven fired Travel Office workers for their legal expenses, I regret that nothing I can do will ever erase the needless, baseless suffering inflicted upon them and their families as their reputations were trashed before the world to make way for friends of the First Family and Harry Thomason. For that, I am deeply sorry.