

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.

I want to commend the White House spokesman for publicly admonishing Mr. Robert Bennett, the attorney representing President Clinton and Harry Thomason for continuing the administration's attack on Mr. Dale and his colleagues. I wrote the President asking him to call off his attack squad and that now seems to be happening.

The White House spokesman also indicated that the President will sign this legislation. I anticipate these bills will pass both Chambers relatively quickly.

I am pleased to introduce this bill on behalf of the seven Travel Office employees. They served their country for many years with pride, integrity, and ethics. All of these characteristics are essential if we ever hope to restore people's faith in their Government.

H.R. —

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,*

**SECTION 1. REIMBURSEMENT OF CERTAIN LEGAL EXPENSES AND RELATED FEES.**

(a) IN GENERAL.—The Secretary of the Treasury shall pay, from amounts in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, such sums as are necessary to reimburse former employees of the White House Travel Office whose employment in that Office was terminated on May 19, 1993, for any legal expenses and related fees they incurred with respect to that termination.

(b) VERIFICATION REQUIRED.—The Secretary shall pay an individual in full under subsection (a) upon submission by the individual of documentation verifying the legal expenses and related fees.

(c) NO INFERENCE OF LIABILITY.—Liability of the United States shall not be inferred from enactment of or payment under this section.

**HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATIONS AND UNFRIENDLY FOREIGN POLICY IN INDIA**

HON. DANA ROHRBACHER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, February 1, 1996*

Mr. ROHRBACHER. Mr. Speaker, India recently celebrated the anniversary of the adoption of its constitution. While I applaud India's embrace of democratic principles, we should not overlook India's brutal repression of Sikhs, Christians, and Muslims. India and the United States should be friends, but our friendship will become increasingly strained unless India starts to practice the democratic values it claims.

Also troubling are India's testing of the Prithvi-II missile. The missile's 156-mile range is a clear threat to Pakistan. In context of this blatant intimidation of Pakistan, India's desire to test another nuclear device can only be seen as an extension of its threats to Pakistan. I share India's suspicion of China's regional intentions, but that mutual suspicion does not give it leeway to threaten force against its other neighbors.

According to the United States State Department the Indian Government paid over 41,000 cash bounties to police officers for the killing of Sikhs since 1991. Sikhs are not the only victims of India's state terrorism. In addition to the estimated 150,000 Sikhs who have

been murdered by the Indian Government since 1984, tens of thousands of Christians and Muslims have also been killed. In fact, all non-Hindus are at risk, of oppression in India. If India is "the world's largest democracy," as it claims to be, then how can it pile up such a gruesome death toll? If India respects the human rights of the people who live in India, why do so many citizens of India want to get out from under Indian rule?

I have criticized the absence of religious freedom in Burma, Vietnam, China, and other totalitarian countries. India's record does not seem much better. Just this week, the Indian Government jailed an 88-year-old Catholic priest and a 50-year-old nun on charges of violating a law outlawing religious conversion.

Beyond India's systematic abuse of human rights in Kashmir, Nagaland, and Khalistan, I am deeply concerned with India's growing negative role in Afghanistan. India's support for the Rabbani regime in Kabul troubles me because of Mr. Rabbani's rejection of efforts to return Afghanistan to peace. I have proposed that former King Zahir Shah serve as a transitional Head of State of Afghanistan while the Afghan people write a constitution, organize elections, and ultimately, establish a peaceful and democratic Afghanistan. Unfortunately, Mr. Rabbani has opposed this possible solution in favor of continued fighting and chaos. Indian's support for Rabbani makes him less likely to accept reasonable efforts to end Afghanistan's bloodshed.

India should be our friend. But, Mr. Speaker, the more we learn about India, the harder that friendship will be to sustain.

**TRIBUTE TO THOMAS FRANCIS CORCORAN**

HON. JERRY WELLER

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, February 1, 1996*

Mr. WELLER. Mr. Speaker, I want to inform my colleagues in the House of Representatives of the recent death of Thomas Francis Corcoran of Ottawa, IL, at the age of 86. Through his son, former Illinois Congressman Tom Corcoran, I first became acquainted with the late Mr. Corcoran many years ago. He was a true man of the land, loved and respected by all who knew him. Moreover, he was representative of the hard working, honest, good men and women who farm our Nation's fields to produce food for our own people and others around the world.

One of the privileges of serving in Congress is meeting America's unsung heroes, either in our congressional district or across this great country of ours. Thomas Francis Corcoran was one of those unsung heroes.

Mr. Corcoran's grandson, Evan, worked on the staff of our friend and colleague from Virginia, Mr. WOLF, and he served on the staff of the House Appropriations Committee before becoming an assistant U.S. attorney here in Washington. In the eloquent eulogy which follows, given by his grandson, Evan, at the funeral on December 9, 1995, we are reminded once again about the everyday greatness of our people and therefore the greatness of our country.

Mr. Speaker, I commend the following Corcoran eulogy to my colleagues:

THOMAS FRANCIS CORCORAN

What better place is there in the world when you are 11 years old on a sunny summer afternoon than to be at your grandfather's side, in a field, mending fences? What better place to learn what is valuable in life? My brothers and sisters and I learned many lessons from Thomas Francis Corcoran when we lived on the family farm just outside of Ottawa.

We learned not by being told—for Grandpa was a man who chose his words carefully, and used them sparingly—but by observing. He taught by example. We saw his quiet dignity, his discipline, his economy, and his honesty. We saw a man at peace with himself and with the world. He gave unqualified love, a love my sister Camilla described yesterday as the purest she had encountered. He left an enduring imprint.

Thomas Francis Corcoran was a lifelong farmer. He loved the land. He was in concert with the great silent forces that shape the world. His work connected him with his community and with the world. He came from a time when you would call your neighbors in the evening and say, "The crops are in, be here early." And the men would come and work in the fields until lunch. There would be two tables set up outside, and after washing at the pump, they would try to sit down at the first table, because there were some great eaters in that crowd and you could not be sure that the food would hold out. At the end of the day no money would change hands.

He took pride in the visible return that the earth makes for labor. He took pride in passing the land on to the next generation, when his son returned to farm. At the end of each season, he had increased the stock and store of the world. And today, at the close of his final season, he has added to the storehouse of memories of each of us.

Grandpa was a strong man, who did hard physical labor all his life. In recent years the time had taken a toll. One of his great loves was training and racing horses. Remember that in a race the horse and jockey do not stop when they reach the line; there is a little canter before reaching a standstill. It is then that the jockey hears the cheers of the crowd, and thinks back on the race just run. I like to think that Grandpa was in a canter these last years; and special thanks is due to those who on a daily basis cared for him and gave him cheer.

Thomas Francis Corcoran was not a man of sorrow, he was a man of great humor. He never spoke a harsh word to anyone, and never lost his smile. He would not think it inappropriate to have humor at a funeral. His humor gave him strength and stability to meet the challenges life presents. A story illustrates the point.

One day in late summer when I was 11 and my brother Phil 10, we worked an afternoon with Grandpa and there came a time when we needed to return a small tractor to a shed, some distance away. Always encouraging us, Grandpa asked Phil if he knew how to drive the tractor. Phil, always eager to please his grandfather, said "Yes." Well we started off down the narrow lane with Phil on the tractor and Grandpa and me in the truck behind. I watched first with amusement, then with concern, as the tractor began to pick up speed. It began to go faster and faster, and as it did it moved from one side of the lane, bounded by a field of corn, to the other, bounded by a fence, and back and forth again. Well eventually the tractor took out a couple of rows of corn for a distance and then came to rest against the fence. We stopped and Grandpa walked over to Phil. With not a hint of anger in his voice, he said, "I thought you said you knew how