

salute her not only for this latest honor, but for her long and distinguished record of service to her community.

Peggy was born Pelagia Rosko in Ohio, and entered the convent at age 13 as Sister Maria Consolata. She remained at the convent until, at age 37, she moved to Houston and changed her name to Pearl Rosko. She married James C. Fields and moved with him to Louisiana. During this time, she received her R.N. degree at the Providence Hospital School of Nursing, and her B.S.N. degree and B.A. degree at the Sacred Heart School of Health Administration at Tulane University.

Peggy always loved teaching, and she had the opportunity to educate young people during her 15 years as an elementary school teacher. She also always loved nursing, and she served as a nurse for 20 years in Houston, at Our Lady of Lake Medical Center in Baton Rouge, and at Ascension General Hospital, where she served as director of nurses and as a private nursing consultant.

In the 1970's, Peggy opened and sold the first home health agency in Baton Rouge, which is now known as Capitol Home Health. She also owned several businesses in Ascension Parish, and, in 1989, she opened Ascension College of Gonzales, where she continues to serve as chairman of the board.

In addition to being active in her church (St. John the Evangelist) where she is the organist, Peggy has been active in many organizations in her community. She helped found and lead the Taxpayers for Ascension General; she served as president of her local art guild; and she served as president of her fellowship center.

The recipient of the 1994 National Volunteer Service Citation, Peggy continues to serve on the state board of directors of the Arthritis Foundation. Previously, she received the 1993 Employer of the Year Award from the Baton Rouge Catholic Diocese's senior employment division. She has been named Businesswoman of the Year and, in 1995, was awarded the Research Advocate Award from the National Arthritis Foundation.

Mr. Speaker, I may not be totally impartial when it comes to Peggy Fields. But I happen to believe that she represents the kind of volunteerism and private-sector assistance that so many of us believe in. Her tireless efforts over many years in so many different ways to help her neighbors and her community have inspired all who know her, and have given all of us an example of what each of us can do to make our communities better places. I know I speak for the thousands of men, women, and children who have benefited from her work and her compassion when I say, thank you to my aunt, Pearl R. "Peggy" Fields.

Thank you, Mr. Speaker, and thank you again, Aunt Peggy.

REGULATION OF TOBACCO BY FDA

HON. ED BRYANT

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 1, 1996

Mr. BRYANT of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, I know you were as relieved as I was, to hear the President reveal that the "era of big Government is over." This likely will be welcome news to the millions of Americans who are fed

up with a Federal Government which has spent itself into a \$5 trillion debt and which has been injecting itself into nearly every aspect of the lives of working men and women in the process.

Unfortunately, it appears that the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration was not watching the President's address last week because the FDA is still pressing forward with its plans to regulate tobacco.

In the President's new era of smaller Government, the FDA has proposed, in 140 pages in the Federal Register, to wrest from Congress, from the Federal agencies and from the States, the authority to regulate the sale, distribution, advertising, and promotion of tobacco. The FDA has made this proposal despite the fact that Congress has traditionally left to the States most elements of tobacco regulation—including age of purchase.

The President also outlined in his State of the Union Address, a number of challenges he sees facing our Nation—including preventing underage tobacco use. However, I would remind the President that Congress has already risen to this challenge, having enacted in 1992, the ADAMHA Reorganization Act, requiring the States, as a condition for receiving certain Federal grants, to enact and enforce laws preventing the sale or distribution of tobacco products to minors.

Although this legislation became law before Mr. Clinton took office, it was only last week that his Department of Health and Human Services issued its final rule for implementation. Indeed, it took the Department almost 2½ years from the time it issued its proposed rule to the time it promulgated its final rule.

This delay helps underscore the inherent limitations of big Government and serves as proof that Congress had the right idea when it granted to the States, and not to the Federal Government, responsibility for reducing underage tobacco use.

While the Federal Government has a legitimate interest in preventing the purchase of tobacco products by minors, the matter is properly the domain of State governments, not a Federal agency acting without congressional authorization or direction. The individual States are much better equipped to deal with the complex factors involved with underage use, than is the FDA with its "one size fits all" approach and its unwieldy bureaucracy.

Mr. Speaker, since all 50 States already have laws prohibiting the sale or distribution of tobacco products to persons under age 18, I would think that the FDA's time and resources could be better spent on approving new medicines and medical devices and allow the States to combat underage tobacco use.

FOUR LETTERS

HON. CHRISTOPHER H. SMITH

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 1, 1996

Mr. SMITH of New Jersey. Mr. Speaker, tomorrow on February 2, my parents, Bern and Kay Smith, will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. For our family and friends this will be an historic milestone filled not only with enormous happiness and joy, but gratitude, as well.

My parents' love for each other, and for my two older brothers and me, was always strong,

an absolutely sure thing, never in question. They always had our best interest at heart. In raising us, we always knew they were raising their three sons not just for this life on earth, but for eternity with God. The bond of love was strong for their own parents, my dad's brother Gil and his daughter Sue—who was like a daughter to them and a sister to us—and my mother's nine brothers and sisters.

Conceding up front that mere words are inadequate in expressing the depth and breadth of our feelings, mom and dad, here are three letters from your three sons

And mom, a letter from dad.

KATHERINE J. HOLL AND BERNARD H. SMITH

How do we label fifty years of marriage? Is it an event, an achievement, a celebration, a milestone, survival of the fittest, a bit of luck or just plain true love? The answer probably lies somewhere within all of these concepts and more. It is difficult to accurately and to adequately describe my Mom and Dad, Kay and Bern.

My first recollection of them begins at their wedding in February 1946. I insisted that I attended and can prove it by merely viewing pictures and scenes from their 16mm movie films. Of course the "me" was my 12 year old uncle, but nonetheless I continue to assert otherwise.

Growing up in the Smith home was never dull. Adventure is a good description for those times. Mom and Dad were intimately involved in our lives. Their love nurtured and encouraged without smothering. Reassurance and challenge were always present. They were always there for us. They gave us room to grow and were ready to support and comfort their boys.

If there is an ideal childhood then certainly we had one. The lessons of life were taught by example through an exquisite balance of firmness, fairness and fun. Opportunities of many varieties were provided, shared and celebrated. Success of one was joy for all. Adversity was met directly and, ultimately, viewed as a learning experience to prepare us for the future.

Mom the Club Scout Den Mother, Dad the little league coach, both the homework "checkers" have left their imprint on us. That these acorns did not fall far from the tree is evidenced by the Smith boys' character and individual traits. All different yet each possessing the basic core values Mom and Dad lived. We are the fruit of their love and labor.

Although their lives revolved around us they ensure their love and happiness was rooted in each other. They believed in their families and showed us the treasures in grandparent, uncles, aunts and cousins. We were fortunate to have so many. Kay and Bern's friends over these last fifty years are too numerous to list and there are always more being added to the fold. Wherever they live, travel or 'hang out' some new acquaintances emerge, most become friends. The strength we know was and is felt by many. Their generosity and friendliness is well renowned. They have known tough times in their fifty years and after each have emerged stronger in their love for each other. Kay and Bern live life vigorously, content in their past while expectantly anticipating the future.

To be their son is a supreme gift from God. To live up to and emulate their greatness is a difficult task to achieve yet a goal worthy of the quest. Mom and Dad made it simpler because they gave us the template for success and are always there to pick us up and 'point our heads' in the right direction.

I think the answer to my question on how to describe Kay and Bern's fifty years of

marriage is rather simple. How beautiful and wonderful they are . . . my Mom and Dad are an everlasting, unending love story.

Happy Anniversary!

MICK.

My Mom and Dad are proudly celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary, and the impact of this day has made me reflect on just how unique and special they are to my brothers and I. We have enjoyed a lifetime of genuine love and involvement, and it is not possible for me to truly measure all that I have learned from them. Sometimes the "push" to grow and change was subtle, at other times it was not, but even as kids, the Smith boys recognized somehow that the love we received on a daily basis was to be cherished.

Of all the qualities that parents can imbue in their sons, several have come to be guiding forces in my life. From my earliest recollections of the teachings of my Mom & Dad, they have stressed the importance of honor and duty. My brothers and I have now seen for ourselves the results of "doing the right thing" in our daily lives and we can (and do) thank Mom & Dad for their hands-on style of parenting. In the 90's, it is rather common for many to be unconcerned of the consequences of their actions, but my brothers and I were taught that we must be true to ourselves and to "own" our behavior. The "Golden Rule" was often the answer we received when we were seeking advice from our parents. I remember a discussion I had with my Dad when I was unsure whether it was O.K. to vote for myself in the upcoming Freshman Class Presidential election. Dad's view on this matter was disarmingly simple and direct. He said, that if I was to ask anyone else to vote for me, that this was akin to asking them to trust in me, and if I had their trust, then surely I must trust in myself to do the job. So I voted for myself, as I had the confidence in myself that loving parents help engender in their children. Trust in oneself took many forms in our household. One only need look at some of the events that we brothers engaged in from some pretty young ages, with full support from Mom & Dad. Chris had his first paper route at age 6! I was about 8 years old when Mick and I started scuba diving. Mom and Dad endeavored to treat us equally. I know we all appreciated that, and I believe the results of that even-handed treatment are partly responsible for the closeness we brothers feel for each other to this day. Sibling rivalry was never an issue, unless the issue was sports!

All of us participated in sports, seemingly always showing a preference for those sporting events where individual achievement could be measured. I think we all desired very strongly to show Mom & Dad that we could be as good as they told us we were! Mom & Dad were early devotees of swimming and tennis and filled our community's need for a place to play, by organizing with assistance from uncle Gil, a Swim Club. Dad was also instrumental in the start-up of a boy's baseball league, and even coached one of the teams. I think we can all remember Dad's frequent calls to be "Heads Up!" and to stay in the flow of the action by being prepared to act immediately if we fielded a ball. He would keep us thinking by having us say to ourselves: "What am I going to do if the ball comes to me?" The situational awareness that was fostered by this and other self-knowledge exercises while growing up, uniquely prepared my brothers and I for Life's challenges, and I feel strongly that this training helped me in my aviation career. The dinner table discussions at the Smith Family house also helped us to really know and appreciate each other and honed our skills at the presentation of opinions. No

topic was off limits and we all learned that to have an opinion on something was to be prepared to clearly debate the issues, with Mom & Dad guiding us a making sure our "Ducks were in a row." My brothers and I benefited tremendously from these now legendary happenings, and to this day when we get together there will be strongly held opinions discussed and dissected, and the learning will continue. There was no need to have the television on to keep us busy.

Mom is the "Heart Of Our Family" and is very skilled at making others feel welcome and a part of our family. We were fortunate to meet and know many of Mom & Dad's friends over the years, as they entertained often and graciously. We were never treated like little kids unless we acted that way, which we tried very hard not to do so that we could be involved in more adult matters and discussions. Often upon leaving a large family gathering, we would be praised for being good kids and for making them proud with the way we handled ourselves. My brothers and I always appreciated this positive feedback.

Dad likes to say "show me" on occasions where he needs to be convinced of the veracity of a statement. Mom & Dad showed us how they felt about us all the time, and they still do. We knew that we were loved, we were not just told that we were. It is common now to speak of "family values" as if they could be capsulized and distributed to people for their enrichment. When you have had good strong family values as the defining fabric of your entire life, as we have had, you begin to sense that "love is the answer, no matter the question." I can honestly state, that Mom & Dad by constantly demonstrating their unwavering love for God, for us, and for each other, have shown the way to true happiness in this life. They have taught us the secret. It is up to us to live that secret and to pass it on to everyone we touch.

Mom & Dad, congratulations on your 50-year achievement!!

I love you very much!

T.

DEAR MOM AND DAD: Fifty years ago today, you both said "I do," and what you've done together has truly left, and continues to leave, a special legacy for all of us who deeply love and respect you.

I am certain that your parents—Nana and Gramp Smith and Holl—Sue and all our loved ones who are with the Lord, rejoice today in your achievement. You have been a blessing and inspiration beyond what you'll ever know. Someday perhaps the Lord will tell you in Heaven how the thousands of seemingly little things—acts of kindness or honesty—affected us for the good. You taught Mick, Tom and me as much, if not more, by your consistent example and good works than by what you said. And Mom, you know how Dad loves to talk.

Growing up in Iselin, our family was strong—like a rock—because of your faith in God, your devotion to the Blessed Mother, your goodness, your sense of humor, your work ethic and concern for others—especially the little guy.

You taught us to look beyond the obvious and below the surface. To think deep thoughts and big ideas, but not to get bogged down in dreams. "You can keep your head in the clouds," you often said, Dad, "as long as you keep your feet on the ground." And then there's your old friend "economics."

You never did anything half-way or half-baked or half-hearted. Yet, if I heard it once I heard it a thousand times, "everything in moderation and balance." You poured yourselves first into making your marriage work, and then into the challenge of raising three

hard-driving, independent-minded, rough-and-tumble boys.

I never knew a time when you both didn't work hard to make a decent living; and you did it honestly. Remember the time Rawlings sent several dozen top of the line baseball gloves which would sell for almost \$100 each, but billed us for rawhide laces at 50 cents a pop. What a profit! What a killing! No one would ever know. Not! You called Rawlings immediately to set the record straight. Well, I remember that day, and I learned a lesson in integrity to last a lifetime. Years later when Mick and I were in the store, a van filled with "hot" merchandise—good deals, for sure—pulled into our parking lot. When approached, Mick said, "not interested," called the police, and they arrested the thief as he was making a "sale" a short distance away. These kinds of lessons, and others like them, etched values into the depths of our souls concerning right and wrong in ways no book or words could ever do.

Mom, you were a "career woman" long before that idea came into vogue; yet, you were always available to Mick, Tom and me because of the way you arranged your hours. We never had to ask, "Where's Mom?" There was never any doubt whatsoever that your first priority was us—and, of course, B. H.

In the store you were the bookkeeping guru, Mom, and much more, making sense of accounts payable, receivable and purchase orders. As long as you had a cup of Herb's coffee—we all lived on that stuff for a while (except Tom, who hated it)—you were ready for anything that might walk through that front door.

While Dad did most of the selling to schools and athletic teams, with a minor assist—for a time—from his sons, you were the super glue behind the scenes who made it all work.

Come to think of it, you were the glue at home, as well.

You are a truly remarkable lady, Mom; a real softy with a great big heart. And the way you've handled your health ordeal further reveals your inner strength and faith in God. Dad is right on target when he calls you "St. Katherine of Robbinsville." And Dad you are an example of unflinching love and dedication to mom in "sickness and in health"—you're always just there for her—don't think your devotion goes unnoticed.

Dad, I sure do respect your courage and boldness.

Mick, Tom and I are tough on the inside because of your "tough love." You were easy to please, but hard to satisfy. We were admonished to ask the difficult questions; stand on principle, even if you do it alone; to never give in; to be prepared; to give 100%. You coached our Little League teams; co-founded a family swim club with Gil, your brother, with whom you are best friends; and founded our Boy Scout troop. You taught us to love the outdoors, camping, hiking and citizenship. Both you and Mom seemed awfully proud when Mick, Tom and I each made Eagle Scout.

In life, and in baseball, you drilled it into us one of the secrets of success: Anticipation, and I'm not talking about ketchup. Your mantra was to ask: "what do I do if the ball comes to me." You instilled in us a proactive way of thinking—not just making double plays. I'm sure Mick and Tom—especially when making critical flight decisions in the pilot's seat somewhere in the stratosphere—find this training extremely useful.

Although we had to prod you for details about World War II—much of it too hellish to recount—we always admired your gallantry and courage serving America as a combat soldier in New Guinea, the Philippines, and other battles in the Pacific. And

what guy wouldn't be impressed with all those medals you earned. When I read your historic novel—Horizons of Glory—I couldn't help wonder how many of the scenes depicted had their root in your actual war experience. Both you and Mom are extremely well-read; thanks for passing the importance of books and reading on to us. And Dad, you have always had the gift—the flair—for writing.

And talk about a guy with that "competitive edge." In sports and life you have risen to every challenge.

In 1977, when I married my college sweetheart Marie, no one was more happy for me—us—than the two of you. I like to think our happy home is like "our" happy home. We couldn't be more pleased that Melissa, Chris, Mike and Elyse think of the two of you (aka Mom-Mom and Bobby) as really neat—and they, too, love you.

I just realized, I'm getting a little long—which is really not fair. Mick, Tom and I agreed that each letter was to be concise. Hey, number three son's a politician—what'd you expect? A postcard? Happy 50th!

Love,

CHRIS

A LOVE LETTER TO KAY ON OUR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY FEBRUARY 2, 1946-1996

MY DARLING KAY: The unabashed, no apology romantic in me happily says, "Kay, you are synonymous with Love".

Love is the only perfect place on our planet. It can move mountains; it has brought down kings. Yet, Love is paradoxically delicate and tenuous and must never be maneuvered, and certainly never be manipulated.

To paraphrase St. Paul in one of his letters to the Corinthians . . . Love is selfless, Love is sacrificial, Love, if nurtured, can be unending.

You neither have to agree to love, nor should there be a reimbursement to Love. We don't have to be Loved back to Love the way God intended. Very simply, it is the never ending gift of totally giving our ourselves—and asking nothing in return.

Cynics may scoff at these sentiments but they come and go like the waves on a beach and, we have spent more than fifty years, most of our lives, proving them wrong. Living as we do, in an age of hedonism, you and I have never measured success with material wealth—the size or location of our homes; the cost of our cars; labels on our clothes, etc. . . .

Our wealth—indeed our legacy is our children and their children and obviously, there is no way to put a dollar value on that, nor should there be a need to.

You and I would like to think that the magic that we first felt for each other was not just blind chance—and we never lost it. Were we just lucky? Maybe—but I think not.

Just a craftsman, a technician and an athlete constantly hone and refine their skills, so too did we, through constant communication and understanding the needs of each other. And, the tender, sometimes wild, often explosively, cataclysmic, earth moving events that produced Mick, Tom and Chris became for us, wondrously frequent happenings. It sure hasn't been ho-hum nor routine.

Do you remember many, many years ago discussing, "The Magic Cottage" by O. Henry? It told of a young, handsome and vibrant couple who never saw themselves older with the passing years, as long as they were in the confines of their "Magic Cottage". Much the same as the fabled, "Shangri-La".

Well, I believe we have found the spirit of our, "Magic Cottage" in our minds. The "Fountain of Youth" is not a place but rather that tenuous, delicate spirit of love along with our "Joie de Vivre". The joy of life.

The very phrase—Joy of Life—has such a positive ring to it. Very few of us are born

with it. It must be cultivated over a span of years and, I believe we have done that.

It has manifested itself countless times through the quiet pride we take in our loving parents, brothers, sisters, three fine sons and our grandchildren.

We have been separated by war, have experienced illness and pain, suffered the loss of loved ones always putting our faith in God and His Blessed Mother—and we have been sustained.

My dearest Kay, I have learned, and will continue to learn from your example of never complaining. Someone who knows us both very well once asked me if I found it difficult to live with a saint?

"Not at all", I answered. "It's kind of nice".

Now we celebrate our fiftieth and I know you wonder as I do, "Where in the world did those years go so quickly?" Would I do it all over again? In a minute and I wouldn't change a thing.

And I'll bet you feel exactly as I. Remember the line from an old song? "A million laughs and a few little tears?" That sums it up pretty good, don't you agree?

Since writing you hundreds of letters beginning in 1939, I always ended them with a simple—"I love you" but I don't think I'll actually end this one. The song is still playing and I don't think it will ever end.

So, I'll break off here with something you told me you liked very much after hearing it in a speech I once gave.

"Age is not a time of life—youth is merely a state of mind. We become old when we desert our ideals and dreams. We are as young as our faith, as old as our doubts. As young as our self confidence, as old as our fears".

"And deep within our hearts is a recording chamber, and as long as that chamber is receiving messages of hope—faith and cheer, we will never, never grow old. Happy anniversary.

Love,

BERN

REMARKS BY SENATOR SIMPSON AT NATIONAL PRAYER BREAKFAST

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 1, 1996

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, it is a pleasure for me to introduce into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the following speech, by my friend and colleague Senator ALAN SIMPSON, given at the National Prayer Breakfast this morning. Senator SIMPSON delivered this eloquent address with his legendary wit and humor. I encourage all of my colleagues to read this most significant speech by Senator ALAN SIMPSON.

NATIONAL PRAYER BREAKFAST

FEBRUARY 1, 1996

Mr. President, First Lady Hillary, Mr. Vice President and President of our Senate and Tipper Gore, distinguished guests. Greetings, my fellow seekers, discoverers, and wanderers (not necessarily in that order!) Always a grand morning.

One of the great honors of my life was to give the principal address at this National Prayer Breakfast in 1989. I was filled with trepidation that a seeker like me would be asked.

The night before, the Reverend Billy Graham, one of the most loving, inspirational, caring men in this world, called and said,

"Alan, we are praying for you." I said, "You're praying for me! I'm doing plenty of that for myself!" So typical of Billy Graham.

Long ago in public life I learned where to turn when I didn't know where to turn. One source.

The Senate prayer breakfast group gathers every Wednesday morning for a convivial half hour between 8 and 9:00. Our leaders are Bob Bennett, the Republican from Utah and Dan Akaka a Democrat from Hawaii. Rare gentlemen both.

The presenter of the day—after an opening prayer—shares much of himself or herself with us for fifteen or twenty minutes and then a time of discussion and fellowship. Promptly at the hour of nine we close with a prayer as we stand with hands joined around the tables. Sometimes the theme is the Bible. Sometimes it's public life. Sometimes it's about family and our jobs but always it's about ourselves and the impact of that greater force in our lives—a higher being. All faiths. All philosophies. All believers.

These are always very moving times. We share much with each other and we gain much from each other.

It helps us endure in the partisan and political world in which we have chosen to labor. Kindness, civility, tolerance and forgiveness all are part of the essence of our gatherings. We try to put aside harsh judgment and criticism.

I remember the words of a wonderful couplet my mother used to share.

"There is so much good in the worst of us. And so much bad in the best of us. That it behooves any of us to find fault with the rest of us."

I like that one. I knew you would!

We also talk about our human frailties. We talk about how easy it is to fall for the blandishments of flattery and be overcome by ego. I have often said that those who travel the high road of humility in Washington DC are not really troubled by heavy traffic!

It is always a very uplifting time. Yes, actually too a time of sharing of our own vulnerabilities. It was Will Rogers, our great American humorist, who said, "It's great to be great but it is greater to be human."

We are very privileged to be able to serve in the United States Senate. A special obligation. People do observe us. We are scrutinized. (Indeed we are!) We hope to do more than just talk a good game. We need to live the things we learn and share.

Let me close with a poem that is something we try to take from the weekly Senate prayer breakfast group and something we might hope to remember from this marvelous convocation today. That little poem. "We'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,

We'd rather you would walk with us than merely show the way.

The eye is a better pupil and more willing than the ear.

Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear.

We can soon learn how to do it if you'll let us see it done,

We can watch you well in action, but your tongue too fast may run

And the lecture you deliver may be very wise and true,

But we'd rather get our lessons by observing what you do."

Now there's "The Word" for the day! God bless you all.