

the United States. However, they did not know each other at the time. They both happened to settle in a mining town in Pennsylvania which is where they met. They soon were married and had a large family of nine sons and three daughters.

However, the story does not end there. Tragically, in 1928, there was a terrible explosion in the coal mining town of Mather, PA, which killed 211 miners. Charles, aged 42, and his brother, George, aged 21, were among those casualties.

Determined to go on with her life, Anna took her children to the Pittsburgh area to live. However, before this move, two of her daughters had died from illnesses during childhood.

Once World War II began, eight of the Haber sons entered the military to fight to preserve democracy. Paul and Peter served in the U.S. Army, while John served in the U.S. Marine Corps. Andrew, Michael, Joseph, Steve, and Frank all served their country in the U.S. Navy.

Charles and Anna Haber's son, Frank, and his wife, Lillian, have resided in Indiana's First Congressional District for 44 years. They have three children, Charles, Maureen, and Colleen, and seven grandchildren. Frank and Lillian are proud that their oldest grandchild, Jennifer, is carrying on the family tradition as a student at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, MD.

Mr. Speaker, the Habers' service to our great country is a shining example of one family's dedication and valor. I ask that you and my other distinguished colleagues join me in honoring this fine family for such patriotic heroism.

WAY TO GO: PACKAGING OUR CENTURY AS A PARTING GIFT TO THE NEXT

HON. BILL BARRETT

OF NEBRASKA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 5, 1996

Mr. BARRETT of Nebraska. Mr. Speaker, I have received the enclosed statement made by Retired Colonel Barney Oldfield, a distinguished Nebraskan, during his address to the Nebraska American Legion Convention. I encourage my colleagues to pay heed to his remarks, which reflect his wisdom and experience.

"WAY TO GO: PACKAGING OUR CENTURY AS A PARTING GIFT TO THE NEXT!"

Nebraska Friends: When Commander Bob Zersen's invitation came to join you for this 78th annual convention of the Nebraska Department of the American Legion here in Grand Island, my first thought was whether I should check to see if the statute of limitations for suspicions of misconduct had run out! Still apprehensive, I came in last night under cover of darkness.

What troubled me was a "paper trail" thing. I've just had a letter from Lori Cox-Paul of the Nebraska State Historical Society in Lincoln which refers to a Grand Island "happening" away back in 1940 . . . asking for an explanation.

That letter said:

"We are assembling an exhibit we are going to call: Believe it or Not: The Lives and Times of Vada and Col. Barney Oldfield! In our researching finds is a photo of Vada discovering a nightgown in your suitcase on the Grand Island Union Pacific station plat-

form! The note on the picture says '. . . they put a nightgown in my suitcase for Vada to find on my return . . .'. Do you remember the circumstances behind it? Can you tell me where you were coming from? Had you been covering a movie premiere?"

How about that for openers?

If their researching is surfacing things like that . . . I thought . . . what other things of surprising nature are apt to be in store for me? It seemed to me that only the White House has to contend with things like that.

My wife Vada's parents lived here then, highly respected pillars in this community. Some of my warmest remembrances I have . . . are holidays and family gatherings here. It was on a Union Pacific train out of here that Vada took to enlist as one of the original WAACs, forerunner of the Women's Army Corps in which she was to serve as a teletype operator in the Communications section of Hq 12th Air Force, crossing North Africa, Sicily and Italy. With two years overseas behind her, here she had come to wait for me at war's end when I returned from Berlin with the 82nd Airborne Division. I'd run the successful campaign to avoid its deactivation and saw it achieve the extra dividend of selection to do the Victory March in New York on January 12, 1946 representing all the 16,000,000 men and women who had served in WW II. It was on that same Union Pacific platform at 3 a.m. one morning that we had our "family reunion." She never said anything about that photo in 1940 which was all right with me.

While I'm not running for office . . . requiring the publishing of my tax returns and other confessions . . . that 1940 escapade started with a telegram which came to me as the Lincoln Journal and Star's movie editor and columnist. It said I was invited to the premiere of the latest Errol Flynn movie, Virginia City. It was about that old mining town perched several thousand feet above Reno, Nevada. It said they were running a special Union Pacific train from the east and would pick me up in Grand Island. That eastern train would meet a special train from Hollywood with movie columnists and Warner Brothers stars on board in Reno for the big promotional hoopla. Vada and I drove over from Lincoln and she was going to visit her parents while I was off "just doing my job", as they say. She would be there to meet me when I returned and we'd drive back to Lincoln.

Do you get the picture?

That 15-car special train . . . loaded with roistering newspaper guys was the locale of endless practical jokes to relieve the boredom of that long train ride. They had seen Vada when I boarded . . . and two days later when we were returning . . . somewhere in Wyoming as I recall . . . they clustered around me asking me if she was going to meet me when we arrived in the middle of the night . . . around 2 a.m. the next morning. Dumb guy that I was . . . I told them she would. Several said they would like to meet her. As that special train roared eastward in the nighttime blackness . . . I noted with some vague relief that most seemed to tire and wander off to their berths and get some sleep.

The train braked and stopped in Grand Island and I jumped off thinking I was alone. Not so. Off with me came a photographer from Cleveland, a New York columnist and a Boston editor. They said this nightgown had fallen out of my bag! It would have taken three of Vada to fill it. The flashbulbs popped in the night. After that they all re-boarded, the train pulled out. As we walked along the platform to our car, Vada said: "I'm glad they had their little joke . . . but even gladder it was in the middle of the night when my parents and all their friends were asleep in their beds!"

That practical joke had worked so well on me as the fall guy, they did it to two others enroute to Chicago with the same nightgown. The cameraman got off in Cleveland, developed the pictures and sent them along with the negatives to the butts of the pranks. But as pranksters will . . . just before he got off the train . . . he stuffed the nightgown in the Warner Brothers souvenir presskit of the New York columnist. When the New Yorker got home . . . was regaling his wife with stories of the trip . . . while unpacking . . . out fell the nightgown! How much better could it be? He told her the truth about it, and she didn't believe him!

Live by the sword—die by the sword, right!

So much for reflection, what I'd like to chat with you about today is projection! Projection of our part of this remarkable 20th Century . . . the most fantastic century of all time. How lucky we were to have lived in it . . . and even luckier to have lived through it! It's now up to us to hand it off to the looming 21st Century and our inheritors . . . the great examples of courage, sacrifice and inspiration as a tribute to our friends who were lost along the way. They, too, were once wheels under the extraordinary country we've come to be.

Since awayback when . . . I've been aware of and applauded the many scholarships . . . large and small . . . provided by individuals and posts of the American Legion. As a young newspaperman I often went to Ed Boschult when old and crusty General John J. Pershing used to come to Lincoln to visit his sister, May. Pershing was a formidable and intimidating presence . . . didn't like newspapermen much . . . but Ed eased me in with the required tolerance for snippets of interviews. I don't know what his name on your scholarship means to those who win it, but he was a right guy to be so memorialized . . . for sure. Young people should be nudged beyond the monetary to be curious about what the name piggy-backed on it did . . . and why he does an outreach in this form for students of today.

While I have no quarrel with those who make money writing on military subjects . . . I have been writing on military subjects all my life . . . but have never felt comfortable pocketing the compensations. When your national American Legion magazine decided to do a three-parter on the 20th anniversary of the Battle of the Ardennes and assigned it to me . . . that check went to the University of Nebraska Foundation as part of the endowment for one of our ROTC scholarships. If one is lucky enough to live through wars others do not . . . that's reward enough.

The scholarship alternative has motivated us for a long time . . . perhaps because Vada and I are both veterans. To us scholarships have been the "best game in town." People often say: "Why are you so interested in scholarships when you have no kids?" Our response always is: "Who says we have no kids . . . you should read our Christmas mail!" It comes from all over the world . . . and in these bits of correspondence are statements about how crucial the scholarships' arrivals were for continuance of studies which led to careers now being pursued.

The US Census Bureau projects that by mid-21st Century . . . we will have grown from our 150,000,000 population of today to a nation of 400,000,000! Imagine the whopper problems which will be on their plates . . . and how much in the way of smarts will be required to cope. Accomplishing a more and better educated resources pool will call for a massive and sustained effort. Perhaps from us they can pick up on the merits of endowment over instant gratification if we have such things in place for them to guide on.

As we hand them our considerable bag of endowments . . . linking our evidences of

courage, adversities conquered, victories of the human spirit . . . with aid to education and do it right . . . we can never be dismissed as ancient history. We be in place . . . as current as the next graduating high school class. Who knows . . . maybe an occasional student who thought all life began when he or she was born . . . will think well of the people who lived in . . . and made this century of ours extraordinary!

This handing off takes surprising forms. On that recent and much written about and talked about 50th anniversary of D-Day, I went to France with a cameraman to make a video, *Normandy Remembered*. It gives the background on the four Nebraskans who were killed in the first hours on June 6, 1944, two from Omaha, Paul Scott Rodstrom, and Marcelino Shata; one from Morrill, Lester John Horn, and from Steinauer, Corporal Herbert Leonard Ulrich. Ulrich's citation says he "greatly aided" the breakout from the withering gunfire which was spraying Omaha Beach. As a young farm kid, he'd made primitive cat's whisker radio sets. When the Army got him, they made him into an artillery spotter with a walkie talkie radio which he used to call in offshore naval barrages which tore great holes in the German fortifications through which his comrades poured.

Standing there at his Omaha Beach marker, talking about him on camera, born nine years after I was, nine miles from where I was born, a Detroit Lakes, Minnesota father and his two kids became curious. They tagged along after us when we went to the time capsule which is at the entrance of the Omaha Beach US military Cemetery. It was placed there by the war correspondent who covered D-Day, and contains some of the stories written at invasion time by them, plus old typewriters, and my book, *Never a Shot in Anger*. I had given rights for it to be reprinted as a *Battle of Normandy* edition—to be used as a fund raiser for the Nebraska Normandy Scholarship Fund. That time capsule is to be opened in the year 2044 on June 6th—the 100th anniversary of D-Day. For the video, I wanted to make the point that when that time capsule is opened because of that re-cycled old book, 200 Nebraska students will have benefitted from scholarships endowed by it, and that's only the beginning as it will go on forever.

That Detroit Lakes father wrote me recently that they have entered into a "family pact", that on that 100th anniversary, he'll be 91 and the kids in their '60s, if still alive, one or all intend to go back to Normandy for the 100th anniversary time capsule opening. They want to tell all present that they knew that guy from Nebraska who wrote that book and wore a red hat and they met him fifty years earlier, and how he turned it into scholarships! Wow! I've been accused of thinking ahead a few times in my life, but it boggles one's mind to think of setting up a story to be retold a half century from now!

The video itself is to insure that those Nebraskans never get reduced or lost in the statistics of being just part of the 90 Nebraskans and 9,386 Americans to be forever there on Omaha Beach. This video is to be given to scholarship winners throughout time to explain to them who these honored soldiers were and why the awards bear their names.

There were more than 6,000 media people in Normandy for the 50th anniversary of D-Day observances, and all of them were doing "looking back" stories. The French were so intrigued, and maybe a little bored, with the endless recountings, that they took pictures of our effort to use the anniversary to launch something not ceremonial but substantial into the future. I'm told they have even placed one copy of *Normandy Remembered* in the reference archives of the invalides in Paris, so it's side by side with Napoleon!

The Nebraska Normandy Scholarship Fund in the University of Nebraska foundation will always give awards to students desiring career directions similar to the interests of the four Nebraskans who died that invasion morning. Morrill, Nebraska's Lester J. Horn was the son of a severely disabled World War I veteran who died when Lester was three. His mother re-married and she died when he was six. His stepfather took his government allowance to buy booze and fed the youngster on garbage dump scraps. He suffered malnutrition and had great learning difficulties in school. He was rescued and reared by an uncle and aunt and his foster mother lived to be more than 100 years old. She received a monthly check for \$90 as long as she lived . . . the result of a government life insurance policy he'd taken out for her . . . a token gesture to her for what she'd meant to him. Just before coming here, I had a letter from a Nebraska student, named Carissa Lindquist who lives in Firth, Nebraska. She is taking Teachers College courses preparing her to instruct those with learning problems, the very kind of thing Lester J. Horn struggled with all his short life. Her letter says:

"I would like to thank you for the Lester John Horn scholarship, and also for the wonderful video, *Normandy Remembered* . . . and the explanatory brochure about the Nebraska Normandy Scholarship fund. It is a valuable resource that I will use all my teaching years to come."

If she teaches until normal retirement time, we have enlisted a surrogate who will be standing before classes telling about Lester Horn all the way to the 100th anniversary of D-Day. A young lady in Firth, Nebraska.

There is a special something about a century ending and a new one beginning. No matter how much has been done in the old one . . . there's always the wonder about whether there is time enough to do the rest. Two things have haunted me particularly. One was what happened here in Grand Island in March of 1944. The intense focus then was on Normandy and one man came here literally un-noticed. He had a crucial mission and had been carefully selected for it. What he started here ended World War II abruptly. After living through the required 25 B-17 missions over Germany, his role here was to lay out the re-training instructions for B-17 bomber pilots who would transfer to the Pacific in longer range B-29s. He was picked to be the unit commander for the atomic bomb drop on Hiroshima.

For many years afterward . . . anti-nuke and peacenik cocktail commandos . . . flayed him as a villain. When they made me a member of the Board of Nominations of the National Aviation Hall of Fame in Dayton, Ohio . . . I began pushing his candidacy for enshrinement there. On July 20, 1996, Brig. Gen. Paul W. Tibbets, Jr. is to be enshrined in the National Aviation Hall of Fame.

The other one remains unfinished.

In 1956 . . . while I was in the Air Force and stationed in Colorado Springs at the Air Defense Command . . . I took leave to cover the Melbourne, Australia Olympic Games for a New York magazine. My book, *Never a Shot in Anger*, was just coming off the presses, and the publisher thought my being in the pressbox could lead to some promotional references in sportswriter columns. As the Games were nearing the finish, there was a cable for me in the pressbox from Hq Pacific Air Forces in Honolulu. It said on my return to the States, they would like me to lay over in Hawaii and be the 15th anniversary speaker for the annual Pearl Harbor observances. It was both easy and emotional to say YES, and I did it.

The USS Arizona Memorial has taunted me ever since. The Air Defense mission where I was serving had been created to prevent any

future sneak attack. But there were 1,177 killed in action there on December 7, 1941 . . . and 1,102 of them are still there trapped below decks . . . 46 of the then 48 states, plus Guam, the Philippines, Hawaii and Canada they came from . . . a silent population reduced to the convenience of a number, an awesome statistic.

But once they were real people, and sixteen of them are from Nebraska!

I have waited over time for some later, grander, more powerful speaker to stand there above them and say:

"On this day . . . I'm going to establish 1,102 scholarships . . . each named in honor and memory . . . of each of those here for all time . . . and remind generations to come through educational assistance . . . what the price was to give us the country we now have . . ."

It hasn't happened.

I asked Daniel Martinez, the historian of the National Park Service USS Arizona there in Pearl Harbor to send me the names of the Nebraskans. Perhaps . . . since there are sixteen . . . we . . . together . . . can at least . . . so honor the ones who came from this Nebraska part of the world's geography. I had never seen their names before . . . and apparently a request like mine is not often made. I have apparently done the historian a service . . . as it shows the only officer among them . . . Navy Ensign Frank S. Lomax . . . as having come from Broken Box, Nebraska. I told he'd better change it to Broken Bow . . . and on the roster he's sent me . . . it has been corrected!

The other fifteen are:

From OMAHA, there are four—Richard Everett Ellis, James Thomas Hasl, Stanley Kula and Tom Savin.

From LINCOLN, there are two—Edward J. Clough and Peter John Harris.

From far western Nebraska, Naaman Chapman of Mitchell, Kenneth Robert Bickel of Potter, and Elmer Ellis Yates of Palisade.

Working eastward, Gerald Arthur Atkins of Gothenburg, Elmer Pershing Schlund of St. Michael, Neal James Redford of Newark, Lloyd Christensen of Alda, and Warren Allan Jones of Kearney.

And from Nebraska's northeast, Lester John Hoelscher of Madison.

Considering the size of some of those towns, it is easy to visualize what a difference a day made—Pearl Harbor so far away on December 6, 1941, and how it came crashing in so close to them a day later with the loss of someone they knew.

For sure . . . they deserve more than dismissal as a statistic and anonymity given them by distance of both mileage and time. For that reason . . . I propose that . . . since they are within our collective reach and capability . . . that with the three and half years between now and "lights out" on this 20th Century that we busy ourselves. And establish within the Nebraska State Historical Society Foundation what we might call the Nebraska Pearl Harbor Remembrance Fund which will link these names to individual scholarships for all of time to come.

When you have contributions to that endowment at the \$5,000 level, on such notification my wife, Vada, and I will add another \$5,000!

Personally . . . when it comes to handing off our huge century to our inheritors in the next one, I think it will testify to the supreme tests of what we were made of . . . and intimidate them a little, perhaps. But more importantly . . . it might inspire them to outdo us . . . which is how the human race progresses!

One of the things worth doing as this century ends is to remind everyone that places in Nebraska as small as Potter, Newark, Alda and St. Michael . . . can produce sons

and daughters . . . who can have roles in the greatest milestones in our country's history. Think about it!

And thanks for giving me one more excuse to come back to Nebraska!

RECLAMATION RECYCLING AND WATER CONSERVATION ACT OF 1996

SPEECH OF

HON. SHEILA JACKSON-LEE

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 4, 1996

Ms. JACKSON-LEE of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to speak in favor of H.R. 3660, the Reclamation Water Recycling and Conservation Act. This project will provide valuable financial assistance to much needed water-recycling projects in States and areas which are sorely in need of the water that will be provided.

My home State of Texas, along with several other Southwestern States, is currently experiencing a severe drought, and the money authorized in this bill will leverage the other 75 percent investment made by those communities. Of all the things we need to survive, water is the most important and an adequate supply of clean water is certainly a high priority for every community.

The projects in this bill will put the taxpayers' money to good use for a good cause, supporting 16 projects in Texas, California, Utah, and New Mexico. The reclamation and reuse of wastewater makes environmental sense and hopefully, as this method of water production takes on greater importance, everyone will understand that it costs less to prevent pollution than to clean it up later.

I strongly urge my colleagues to consider your own communities and vote in favor of this bill, which will help those who need it the most.

HONORING THE CARLOW COLLEGE STUDENTS OF SPIRIT

HON. WILLIAM J. COYNE

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 5, 1996

Mr. COYNE. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor some very special women—the Carlow College Students of Spirit for the year 1995–96. Carlow College is a private Catholic college for women in Pittsburgh. The college has created a "Woman of Spirit" award to call attention to women in the Pittsburgh area who exemplify the college's ideals of competent and compassionate service in both their personal and professional lives. The college presents a Woman of Spirit award every month, and it holds a gala event each year to pay tribute to the previous year's recipients. This year, Carlow College began honoring a "Student of Spirit" each month as well. Each Student of Spirit has an excellent academic record and has been actively involved in her community life.

The first individual to receive the Student of Spirit award from Carlow College was Amy Hryckowian. Amy, a senior in early childhood

education and a 1992 graduate of Ambridge Area High School, is an active participant in Carlow College's student government and in many service projects. An advocate for women's issues, Amy attends college leadership conferences in the Pittsburgh area and in Washington, DC. Amy has contributed her active support to Pittsburgh's Central Blood Bank for 3 years, organizing the annual blood drives at Carlow College, and she was actively involved in the 1995 United Way campaign at Carlow College.

The Student of Spirit for November 1995 is a wife and a mother who has raised three children and provided care for two family members with disabling illnesses. Marian Beth Allen is a junior nursing student who returned to college to pursue a lifelong interest in nursing. Marian holds an undergraduate degree in biology and a master's degree in public health. She has been a teacher, a researcher, and a day care provider. Active in community service, Marian has facilitated activities for children, senior citizens, and young adult families as a member of her temple's Leadership Committee.

Originally from St. Croix in the Virgin Islands, Corinne Francis was honored as Carlow College's Student of Spirit for the month of December. A junior theology major, Corinne has been involved in student outreach projects and campus ministry throughout her college career. She has influenced other students to join her volunteer efforts with Pittsburgh's Sojourner House and Habitat for Humanity. Corinne supports herself at college by working in a nursing home while maintaining her place on the dean's list and in the honor student program at Carlow. Her dream is to develop a volunteer organization to improve community life.

English and writing major Margaret Horvath was selected as January's Student of Spirit. A 1992 graduate of West Mifflin Area High School, Margaret was recently inducted into the Alpha Psi chapter of Delta Epsilon Sigma, a national scholastic honor society. She exercised editorial leadership in the founding of Carlow's student news magazine and has been a contributor to Carlow College's literary anthology.

Ross Township resident and graduate of Winchester Thurston School in Shadyside, Beth Walter was named as the February Student of Spirit by Carlow College. Having entered Carlow College on a half-tuition academic scholarship in 1993, Walter has maintained dean's list standing for the past 3 years. A student of piano and ballet, she has been a dance and piano instructor for the elementary grades at Winchester Thurston School. Committed to the Carlow College ideal of lifelong learning, Walter plans to pursue a doctorate after finishing college.

The Student of Spirit for March 1996 was Patti Higgins, a graduate of Gladstone High School. A student of the Carlow Hill Program, Patti Higgins is also a clerk stenographer for the Allegheny County Health Department in the Division of Public Drinking Water and Waste Management. Believing strongly that children need a solid foundation in education touched with a sense of wonder to develop their minds, she has been active in parent groups and is a volunteer tutor and school librarian for elementary school children. A writing major with an avid interest in science, she is considering the possibility of teaching after graduation.

A lifelong resident of Dormont, Kelley Beeson, was named as the Student of Spirit for April 1996. Kelley is a 1992 graduate of Keystone Oaks High School and has made the dean's list for four semesters at Carlow College. Kelley is senior editor of Carlow College's literary anthology. She has also published poetry in national anthologies of the writings of college students. Last fall, she was officially invited to join the Madwomen in the Attic, Carlow College's program for women writers in the Pittsburgh area.

Amy Semancik was selected as Carlow College Student of Spirit for May 1996. A senior business management major minoring in communications, Amy will assume the presidency of the Student Government Association at Carlow College this fall. Always a trailblazer, Amy was active in the creation of the Student Senate to represent student concerns about issues on the Carlow College campus. For 2 years, Amy was a volunteer at Sojourner House, a drug and alcohol rehabilitation center in Pittsburgh for women and their children. She has served as a volunteer for the Bishop's Annual Dinner for Catholic Charities and the Carlow College Alumnae Association's annual phonathon, and as an organizer for a number of student social events.

The June 1996 Student of Spirit is Fabyonne Williams, a 1990 graduate of Westinghouse High School. An elementary education major, Fabyonne has been active in educational activities for teenagers and new parents. Fabyonne is very involved with the Pentecostal Temple Church, working with young members of the parish. She also served as a vice-president of United Black Students in 1993 and served as the president of that organization in 1994.

July's Student of Spirit was Andrea Molinaro. Andrea was vice president of the Student Athlete Association her senior year and attended the first National Student Athlete Association Conference in Chicago. Andrea was treasurer for the class of 1996 for 2 years, and she interned at the Rangos Research Center exploring chromosome inactivation. She was also active in the Forum to Advance the Awareness of Human Rights, and she participated in the Meager Meals program at Carlow College.

Shannon R. Smith was honored as Carlow College's Student of Spirit for August 1996. Shannon is a biology major with a minor in chemistry. She has been able to maintain a 4.0 GPA while at Carlow College. Shannon views graduation as the beginning of new educational opportunities that she will share with others. She has a deep appreciation for the struggles and triumphs of women in the past and looks forward to the challenges in the future that will be beneficial to all women.

DeLacey Ellis was selected as the Carlow College Student of Spirit for September 1996. A beneficiary of Carlow College's Elizabeth Carol Program, DeLacey has stated that Carlow College has been a very important and positive influence on her life. Fulfilling her roles as both a wife and a mother, DeLacey was still able to attend to her Carlow College course work with consistency and accomplishment. DeLacey salutes Carlow College for its rigorous academic programs and the loving and graceful community the college supports.

Mr. Speaker, all of these women have been blessed with a number of precious gifts—energy, enthusiasm, intelligence, compassion,