

know. I tried several times to get him to talk about those things, but he would not. The comments we made about his disability were deflected ever so graciously.

He was cheerful and inquisitive. As he continually deflected attention away from his condition, he constantly talked to others about what was important to them. Only one other person, in my opinion, was as good as Tom was in this regard, and his name was Sam Walton, a great man, also.

Tom's mind was both like a sponge and a steel trap. He was a person of good humor. As a young boy he came running into the house one day after having heard an orchestra and said to his mother, "Mom, I just heard a parade sitting down."

Tom became a successful investment banker, and in the context of the language of his profession, he once said that in the marriage corporation that he bought into with his lovely wife, Kera, that his 50 percent shares were all issued non-voting. In discussing his investment in the racehorse business, he stated once that what he found out early was that slow horses ate as much as fast ones.

He was smart and he loved children. My four kids came into contact with Tom in the summer days when they were little. A special time for them was when Tom came over to eat. After dinner he would line up pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters, as well as my kids. He would then ask them history question after history question, deciding on the basis of difficulty as against the age of the child what level the rewards for a correct question might be. His knowledge of history was complete and far-ranging, and my children would be riveted on Tom and his command of the facts of history.

Tom built a constituency, which is a good term for politicians to use, with the people who helped him. He was completely paralyzed. Looking back, it was never a factor to us, but he was completely paralyzed. He could not move anything but his head, so he had to depend on people.

A good friend, after his death, started a list of all the people who pushed Tom's wheelchair, drove his van, typed for him, cooked for him, bathed him, combed his hair, placed calls for him, and other things. Seventy-five names went on the first list, each of those people all becoming his friend and admirer. He always left people better off than they were before—it was an incredible skill and gift.

One of his favorites of the pushers, as we called them, was Jim Rosborough, who is now an assistant basketball coach in the fabulously successful University of Arizona basketball program. He loved to see Jim on television, and Tom talked about him constantly. Jim's letter to me and to others after the funeral showed what Jim thought of Tom and how close and sincere that relationship was.

His politics: He seemed to be a Republican, but he was not a fanatic. On a letter 10 years before I entered poli-

tics he taped a dime to a sheet of paper and sent it to me as my first campaign contribution. He was always giving me advice, and reminding me that he had also elected to the House his close boyhood friend, Tom Railsback.

He was a bumper sticker lover, on his wheelchair, no less, first with mine, but after my election he put Representative RICHARD BURR's bumper sticker on top of mine, never getting my permission, of course. RICHARD was then elected, so Tom could say he elected two of his friends to the House.

He could also lay claim to electing the Honorable JIM LEACH of Iowa to the House. He spoke of JIM in the most respectful terms, and in some of the papers they found after his death this sentence was set out. "Had lunch with JIM LEACH, I am impressed. I will stuff ballot boxes for him whenever necessary." They say that only happens in the South.

Talking to Tom about his relationship with God was a little like talking to him about his polio. Not much did he say, but he lived a great deal of it.

As already stated, He had a relationship with God's son, Jesus Christ, and though he would never say so about his own life, a casual observer could readily see this in his actions. His life was led exactly as the Bible lays it out.

Now why are the three of us standing up here, taking floor time to speak of this man?

Maybe it's because we need to let Tom's life encourage more people, not only people who are disabled, but all people. If the United States—no, the world—could be inhabited by people like Tom Rogers, we would have less problems, we would have a world full of people who would want to work hard to prepare themselves, no matter what the obstacle, to be better each day. We would have more love, we would have more respect for good manners, and just plain decency. We would have more humor and laughter—much needed qualities in a much too serious world.

There's no way a person could know Tom Rogers and not love him and receive love from him.

Here's what he had to say about his life: "My life is close to perfection." "I would not have changed my life for anything."

Reminiscent of Lou Gherig when he stood at Yankee Stadium, his body dying from disease and said, "I consider myself the luckiest guy on the face of the earth!"

On August 24, 1994, my son Ted and I left a contested campaign to go to Tom's funeral, having been to that same church two years earlier, also in the midst of a campaign for his wedding. We went to share the joy the first time and to show respect the second time. The people at his funeral were wonderful folks—laughing, telling stories about Tom and sharing the grief. What a tribute—but what was really significant was that inside the church right up front an orchestra was playing—a parade sitting down—only fitting.

A lot of the same people of Moline will gather in their city tomorrow to have a groundbreaking for the Thomas W. Rogers Visitor's Center on Sylvan Island, an island in the waters of the Mississippi. We hope today to add a little to their tribute and maybe bring a little to the expression of love for Tom that is wrapped up in this event.

Such pleasure in preparing this little talk; it has done me good just to reflect on his life.

The summers will never be the same for me and my family, for we will no longer see Tom on earth, but soon I will see him in Heaven, and he'll look like that strapping 19-year-old that I remember and he will probably say to me, "Dickey—that's the way they talk to people in the North—come on we got things to get done, don't think for a minute we sit still up here."

To join me in their remarks are Tom's good friend Representative JIM LEACH of Iowa and Representative RICHARD BURR of North Carolina.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The time of the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. DICKEY] has expired.

Mr. DICKEY. I ask unanimous consent for additional time.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair cannot entertain that request during the 5-minute period, so the gentleman's time has expired.

ORDER OF BUSINESS

Mr. BONIOR. Mr. Speaker, if the three gentlemen present are going to speak about the same gentleman during special orders, I do not have any objection that they can finish their remarks, and then we can come back. I ask unanimous consent that they be allowed to proceed.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, the gentlemen speaking on the same subject may speak consecutively.

There was no objection.

TRIBUTE TO TOM ROGERS

Mr. BURR of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I think what the gentleman from Arkansas, Mr. DICKEY, was about to say, the reason that himself, the gentleman from Iowa, Mr. JIM LEACH, and myself, the gentleman from North Carolina, Mr. RICHARD BURR, are here is to talk about a dear friend, to talk about somebody that touched the lives of not only the three of us, but who touched the lives of every person he met.

Mr. Speaker, I did not grow up with Tom Rogers and I was not a peer of Tom Rogers. I was a friend of Tom Rogers. Tom Rogers never met a person, though, that was not a friend. Tom was a unique individual. Tom had a love for life, but he also became friends with every individual he met. Tom loved children. He was fascinated by children and the time they would spend with him as an individual confined to a wheelchair, but that was what was so great about Tom Rogers.

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Tom never saw himself confined to a wheelchair. He saw himself as an integral part of everybody's life, an integral part of his community, a family member, somebody who looked at what God had bestowed him with as only another challenge in life and not as a hurdle in life, and Tom was there to overcome that hurdle.

You see, he was a historian. He was not only a successful broker. Tom was one that loved to read. I can imagine every night what Tom must have gone through just to be moved from a wheelchair to a bed. What would be so tiring for most of us was an everyday occurrence for Tom Rogers. Just the thought that with his mouth and with a wand he could operate a computer and run the finances of many people in the community and across this country who he represented is just an amazing feat in itself.

I remember the story that, when Tom first went to the hospital, after polio, went into the ward where the iron lungs were and where many were stricken with polio, the first thing his mother said was that she was not going to let Tom Rogers die. Tom was also committed that he was not going to let polio change his life significantly, that he would be successful, he would win in the end. Tom was known for saying his greatest success was helping others see how lucky we all are, not just him.

In this day and age all too often we hurry through life without stopping to realize the gifts that we have all been given. Well, Tom Rogers knew the gift he had been given and more. He knew how to use these gifts to enjoy his life and to help others see their importance. Though obstacles were in his way, Tom gained more knowledge and love of life than most of us dream about.

Tom was successful in many ways. But he overcame every adversity, everything thrown at him, to truly teach so many so much.

Tom Rogers had the ability to take a stranger and treat him like family. He had the ability to take family and make them think that they were the most special thing in the world. Tom Rogers gave us a vision to take risks and to go out on a limb, encouraged us to test our outer limits. By following Tom's way of life, we learned more about ourselves and we gained more than we ever thought possible. There are few people who are able to accomplish so much while still having an intense love of life. I can truly say that Thomas Wallace Rogers saw life in a hopeful light with sincere friends and true leaders.

Mr. Speaker, it is an honor for me to be here as a tribute to Thomas Wallace Will Rogers, a man that lived life to its fullest with every obstacle in his way and shared so much with so many across this country.

IN HONOR OF TOM ROGERS OF MOLINE, IL

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. HASTINGS of Washington). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. LEACH] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. LEACH. Mr. Speaker, I want to thank my good friends, the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. BURR] and the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr.

DICKEY], for their wonderful accolades and the minority leader for agreeing to let the three of us without request speak in order.

Mr. Speaker, if ever an individual personified the ideal that the human condition can overcome any handicap, it was Tom Rogers. Tom was everybody's all-American boy. An active athlete and budding scholar, Tom left Moline in 1952 to attend Cornell University. At the end of his freshman year at the age of 19, just before the widespread introduction of the Salk vaccine, he was struck so severely with polio that he was paralyzed from the neck down. He came to be able to breathe only through the laborious technique of swallowing air. In a circumstance which would have led most of us to give up, to turn inward in bitterness, to be prone to shriveling up and spiritually dying, Tom took the opposite course. He determined that even though he could not move a finger, he would widen his horizons and become a functioning member of society.

Tom studied to become a stock analyst and broker and soon had as dedicated a following as anyone in his profession in the country. Using methods and machines he designed, he came to be able to read stacks of material and spreadsheets placed on a bookstand or reflected in magnification off the ceiling.

Tom's two principal avocations were bridge and travel. One of the most competitive bridge players I have ever known, he would call on his unsorted cards to be played from a specially made wooden tray placed on the table in front of his wheelchair. My mother, who was a life master many times over, used to tell me Tom was her favorite partner. Now and again during high school summers, I was privileged to be able to play against the two of them.

To watch Tom successfully defeat three no trump doubled was to watch the joyful triumph of an engaged mind. Despite his physical paralysis, he could precipitate action and when he won a hand, his eyes would impishly twinkle, causing his opponents to redouble their effort yet never begrudge being thumped by this remarkable soul.

The one Christmas card friends in the Quad cities waited for every year would be one Tom would send showing a cartoon of himself, his wheelchair and generally a reindeer or two boating the Mississippi, playing bridge, or standing against a vista or symbol of whatever State or city he had visited that year. One of my favorite memories was the trip Tom made to Washington in the van he had converted to indulge his love of travel.

I toured the Capitol with him and then we had lunch together in the Members dining room. Everyone who encountered Tom soon forgot the chair and brace, the interruptions in this conversation as he gulped to breathe, and saw and heard only the image and voice of a vibrant and captivating

human being. Amelia Earhart once wrote, courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace. The soul that knows it not, knows no release from little things.

The little things we take for granted, even being able to breathe unaided, were very big things to Tom Rogers. But no one handled the big or small challenges of life with greater joy. I recently spoke with a former colleague and one of Tom's boyhood chums, Tom Railsback, and his dear friend and dedicated doctor, Lou Sears. Each could only describe in awe the emancipating cheerfulness of an individual who addressed each new day with such boundless optimism.

I am convinced that God gave us Tom Rogers because he wanted to provide a lesson in the preciousness of life and the need for perspective. There is no single person whoever came into contact with Tom who did not walk away murmuring, my troubles are vastly smaller but I pray to God I can learn to handle them with one hundredth of the courage and good nature as this man from Moline.

Tom's peace has finally been granted. His friends honor him this weekend with a groundbreaking of a nature center to be built in his honor on a beautiful island in the Mississippi. No friend could be more missed than Tom Rogers. He remains an inspiration to us all.

JUSTICE BRENNAN

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. BURR). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. BONIOR] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. BONIOR. Mr. Speaker, I rise this afternoon to read an editorial that I think aptly described the life of Justice William Brennan. It is entitled "Justice Brennan's Vision":

William J. Brennan, Jr., who died yesterday at the age of 91 brought to his long and productive career on the U.S. Supreme Court a tenacious commitment to advancing individual rights and the Constitution's promise of fairness and equality. He served for 34 years, a tenure that spanned eight Presidents.

Named to the court in 1956 by Dwight Eisenhower, Justice Brennan saw the law not as an abstraction but as an immensely powerful weapon to improve society and enlarge justice. As such, he was a crucial voice on the Warren Court of the 1960's, a body that boldly expanded the role of the Federal courts and the Constitution itself to protect individual liberties.

Yet even when the Court shifted in a more conservative direction under Chief Justices Warren Burger and, later, William Rehnquist, Justice Brennan was not content to play a marginal role as an eloquent dissenter. Armed with a keen intellect, a forceful personality, and a gift for building coalitions, he had surprising success in mustering