her nine grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren.

Additionally, her gift of writing poetry has been enjoyed and taken up by so many in her family.

As my wife, Kris, and I travel across the 15th District, we meet so many remarkable people. Their stories have truly touched our lives.

The life story of Marguerite Tremaine has touched our hearts.

This concludes my Report from Pennsylvania.

ACHIEVEMENT OF THE GOVERNOR'S SCHOOL AT THE WE THE PEOPLE . . . NATIONAL FINALS

HON. TOM BLILEY

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, May 11, 1999

Mr. BLILEY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commend the outstanding performance of the students at the Governor's School for Governmental and International Studies in Richmond, VA, in the We the People . . . the Citizen and the Constitution national finals held May 1–3, 1999 in Washington, DC.

After successfully competing against other students from Virginia and winning the Virginia State finals, these students went on to win honorable mention as a top ten finalist in the We the People . . . The Citizen and the Constitution. This is the first time a school from Virginia placed in the top ten.

These bright and talented students from the Governor's School competed against 50 other schools comprising more than 1,200 students from across the country. They have worked extremely hard to reach the national finals and demonstrated their superior knowledge and understanding of the U.S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

I commend the students and their teacher Philip Sorrentino on this outstanding achievement.

ADDRESS OF RUTH B. MANDEL AT THE NATIONAL CIVIC COMMEMORATION OF THE DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, May 11, 1999

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, on Tuesday, April 13, Members of Congress joined with representatives of the diplomatic corps, executive and judicial branch officials, and Holocaust survivors and their families to commemorate the National Days of Remembrance in the Rotunda of the United States Capitol.

The ceremony coincided with the 60th anniversary of the voyage of the SS *St. Louis*, which set sail from Germany in April 1939, carrying more than 900 Jews away from Nazi terror. Denied entry to both Cuba and the United States, the *St. Louis* was forced to send its frightened passengers back to Europe just months before the onset of World War II. Many of them were eventually murdered in Auschwitz, Treblinka, and the other death camps of Hitler's Holocaust.

While we cannot rectify the wrongs of generations ago, we can apply the lesson of the *St. Louis* to the crises of today. In the Europe of 1999, innocent civilians are once again being deported, abused, raped and murdered. While the scale of Serbian atrocities in Kosovo does not approach the enormity of the Holocaust, the precedent that would be set by ignoring this ethnic cleansing cannot be tolerated.

Ruth B. Mandel, the Vice Chair of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, thoughtfully communicated the moral meaning of the *St. Louis* voyage at the Days of Remembrance ceremony: "Today, tens of thousands of people in great distress stare at us from the front pages of newspapers and from television screens. Victims of humankind's evil impulses and behavior cry out at the last moment of the twentieth century. Their agonies testify to the continuation of a blind and vicious inhumanity we human beings visit on one another. Today, as we gather here to honor the dead, let us cherish the living."

Ruth B. Mandel fled Nazi Germany with her parents, Mechel and Lea Blumenstock, in 1939 on the SS *St. Louis*. When the ship returned to Europe, the Blumenstock family was accepted by England. They arrived in the United States in 1947. Professor Mandel is now Director of the Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers, The State University of New Jersey. From 1971 to 1994, she served as Director of the Center for the American Woman and Politics at Rutgers, where she remains affiliated as a Senior Scholar. Professor Mandel was appointed to the United States Holocaust Memorial Council in 1991, was named its Vice Chairperson in 1993, and was the founding Chairperson of its Committee on Conscience.

Mr. Speaker, I submit the full text of Professor Mandel's address at the Days of Remembrance ceremony to be placed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE

The occasion for a new exhibition which opened yesterday here in Washington at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum is the 60th anniversary of the voyage of the German ship, the *St. Louis,* into the pages of a shameful history. Many people have heard about this ship carrying over 900 human beings whom no one wanted, or have seen newspaper photographs of the refugees crowding the ship's railings, peering across the short distance between exile on the high seas and rescue on the land. The land, within easy view, was entirely outside of reach. Denied entry by Cuba and shunned by the United States, the ship turned back toward Europe. In a humane and merciful moment, four countries agreed to open their doors. Unfortunately, those passengers who were taken in by Belgium, the Netherlands and France soon found themselves once more trapped under Nazi control. The luckier passengers who were sent to England managed to escape the Nazis and, in some instances, help to wage the war against them.

Several weeks ago, I was taken to a work room behind the scenes at the Museum for an early glimpse of a few of the displays and artifacts being prepared for the new exhibition about this chapter from the Holocaust. I walked around the room looking at photographs of passengers and reading descriptive panels about the plight of over 900 Jewish men, women and children reviled by Germany, repulsed by Cuba, rejected by the United States. I came upon a piece of paper covered with signatures. Apparently this was a "thank you" page to Morris Troper, European director for the Joint Distribution Committee, who had devoted himself to saving the passengers and had negotiated their entry into Great Britain, France, Belgium and the Netherlands. As a gesture of gratitude for his great efforts and his leadership on behalf of their plight, passengers had signed their names on a sheet of paper for him to keep. And there, right there on that page of signatures hanging on a wall in the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, there was my mother's unmistakable handwriting. There was her name, Lea Blumenstock, written in exactly the way she had signed letters and checks, exactly as she signed my report cards from school, our medical insurance forms, her citizenship papers. I stood electrified in front of that name I had seen written hundreds of other times in my life. It was as familiar as her voice or her smile. All the stories about the past transformed themselves in that instant into the living reality of my mother's distinctive signature there among the rest. She was there on that ship, she signed that piece of paper. What was she thinking? What was she feeling? Was I, an infant, nearby in someone's arms while she signed, or being held by my father, or in the little stroller they had with them in the photograph of the three of us on the ship's deck? She signed that paper. My God, we really were there!

Over the years, the St. Louis and its journey to nowhere have taken on qualities of a mythic tale. But for me and bout 100 others still able to bear witness (many here in this awesome room today), this story is especially poignant. Its characters and plot line are no fabled product of someone's heated imagination. WE are the characters, and the plot is the story of what happened to us. The voyage of the *St Louis* is my family's personal life experience. Its outcome determined our fate, shaping my parents' adult lives and my childhood.

A recognition that the Holocaust itself in all its grotesque horror is about real people in real time—about victims and killers, bystanders and heroes, craven and indifferent observers, self deluded participants, every kind of human being we have encountered in life—this realization that the Holocaust is about real human beings in a civilized world is the reality to which the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum bears witness every day. The reality of the event is the Museum's central educational message: what you see here can happen. And it did happen. It is this reality to which the Museum has already, in six short years, exposed twelve million visitors here in Washington and many more in places where exhibits have traveled or educational materials have been distributed.

Like the disrupted, shattered life histories of millions of Europe's Jews, my own large family's experience involved every kind of loss, humiliation and anguish survivors know as well from their Holocaust histories. But our immediate, small family—that is, my father, my mother and myself—we were ultimately much luckier than so many of our relatives.

My childhood was supposed to have played out differently. I was supposed to have grown up as the daughter of a prosperous Viennese family. I was supposed to have had sisters and brothers, aunts, uncles and cousins, grandparents on both sides. It didn't work out that way.

In the aftermath of Kristallnacht in 1938, my father was sent to Dachau, and his 24 year old wife was left with their infant daughter and a mission—to get him out however she could. First, she obtained his release with a single ticket to Shanghai, not

wanting to leave for China without us, he attempted crossing into Belgium only to be caught at the border, finally, she found a way out—tickets to Havana, Cuba for all of us on a ship called the *St. Louis*.

''I am not a traveler'' is how my mother always described herself. No matter what the circumstances, motion disagreed with her. It was a family joke that she became ill on their honeymoon in Venice when she and my father took a romantic gondola ride. It is no surprise, therefore, that my mother spent most of the St. Louis voyage seasick in the cabin. Photographs on deck show my father on babysitting duty with me. Gaunt and strained from his months in Dachau, he manages a smile for the camera, holding me in his arms or on his lap, in one instance with my mother looking on, her sad, small, wan face also attempting a smile.

After Cuba's betrayal and America's rejection, my parents and I were among those passengers blessed with the good fortune of being taken in by England as political refugees. After a brief stay in London, my parents were evacuated to the countryside, to a little town called Spalding, away from the bombing, although I remember well the sounds of sirens warning us of trouble coming, and I remember nights in air raid shelters. Later we moved to Leicester. At first my father worked in the fields—picking potatoes and tulips, I think—but then he was drafted into the British military, and he served throughout the war. He and my mother liked the British and were forever grateful to England for taking them in. Nonetheless, after the war, when my father's quota number came up (he had a longer wait than my mother because he had been born in Poland), we left England for the United States because family was always the central force in my mother's life and she wanted to be reunited with her parents and one of her brothers who had made it here.

For most of my life, I could not have stood at a podium and spoken about the *St. Louis*. It was a subject for the privacy of our family, not material for exposure to public view. For many years, I would have refused an invitation to make a public statement about my family's personal history. It would have felt like a violation of the most sensitive, most private areas of our lives. My family had enough to do dealing with terrifying memories, with the murder of their relatives, the loss of their homes, and their businesses, their way of life, with the wandering to new lands, the relocation and the humiliation that came with boarding in the homes of strangers, the indignities they experienced in depending on the kindness of distant relatives, their struggles to speak, read and write in a new language, earn a living and begin everything all over, reconstruct their lives in foreign places. All of that was the essence of daily life inside my family. It was our struggle, our history, our wounds and adjustments, our lives behind the door of our apartment.

Yet now I do speak in public. I talk to students who call with questions for their class essays and term papers. I answer journalists' queries. I do so because I have come to respect the power and cherish the value of memory, both individual and collective memory. I have come to believe in the importance of preserving memory, bearing witness, educating new generations about the events of history, and trying in whatever ways one can to bring the lessons of the past to enlighten present behavior. I do not know for sure that we learn from the past. I have my doubts that recalling evil can make people good. But at least we have to try. As an act of faith, we have to try.

My own memory of the *St. Louis* is mediated memory, mediated through my parents as they talked for the rest of their lives about those days. The messages and themes I heard repeatedly became my *St. Louis* voyage. The hotel in Hamburg where we stayed before boarding the ship requested that Jewish guests refrain from entering the dining room, stay out of the lobby and hallways, remain in their rooms. The ship's captain treated us with dignity and respect; my parents always said he was a fine, decent man, an example of a good German. People on board were distraught, suicidal. Roosevelt would not let us in; it was incomprehensible, and a ''disgrace.'' England was good to us. And over and over again, etched in my brain was the message that others had not been so lucky, that we had survived and benefitted because chance was on our side.

These days I often think about my mother and father in Vienna in the early years. I strain to imagine what it must have been like for them then, at that moment in their young lives. They had it all—love, strong families, health, economic success, and high hopes for the future. Life seemed to be promising them the best one could imagine, until history's nightmare overwhelmed and blotted out their private dreams. They spent the rest of their lives recovering from that nightmare and coping with its effects. And yet they were the lucky ones. They never forgot that.

My mother had the strong, enduring belief that sheer good luck had saved us. Of course, many people with great power over us had much to do with determining our fate; but we had virtually no ability to influence them. We were a ship of homeless souls wandering the seas at the mercy of forces and powers that had no knowledge of us as individuals and whose interest in us was shaped by their own power dynamics, parochial pressures and prejudices.

The voyage of the *St. Louis* took place after Kristallnacht (the Night of Broken Glass, when thousands of Jewish businesses, homes and synagogues were vandalized as people were terrorized), but before the onset of World War II. Nine hundred and thirty-seven people who thought they had escaped were sent back to encounter the War. Those who went to continental Europe experienced the Holocaust the way the rest of its victims did. For one brief moment they had seen the shores of America and glimpsed freedom. The clarity of hindsight tells us that at that moment people could have been saved, action could have made a difference.

As a human community, how can we develop reliable foresight, the will to act, and the skill to move in the right direction, in the right way, at the right time? Today, tens of thousands of people in great distress stare at us from the front pages of newspapers and from television screens. Victims of humankind's evil impulses and behavior cry out at the last moment of this twentieth century. Their agonies testify to the continuation of a blind and vicious inhumanity we human beings visit on one another. Today, as we gather here to honor the dead, let us cherish the living. As we memorialize the victims of the Holocaust, let us call on the dictates of conscience and morality to find a better way to end this brutal millennium. The great challenge to the civilized world is to remember the past, to learn from it, and *above* all—above all else—to do better.

COMMEMORATING THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORDINATION OF REV. ERWIN E. MOGILKA

HON. GERALD D. KLECZKA

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, May 11, 1999

Mr. KLECZKA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Rev. Erwin E. Mogilka who marks the 50th anniversary of his priestly ordination on May 28th. ''Father Erv's'' history is a lifelong testament to devotion to his religion and his community.

Born at his home on the south side of Milwaukee, Erwin E. Mogilka was baptized April 13, 1924 at St. Josaphat Basilica in Milwaukee. He attended St. Josaphat Basilica elementary school, received his first Holy Communion on June 11, 1933, and was confirmed on May 13, 1936.

After graduating from St. Stanislaus High School, Erwin Mogilka attended the St. Francis Minor Seminary and the St. Francis Major Seminary from 1942 to 1949. He was ordained May 28, 1949 at St. John's Cathedral by the Most Rev. Moses E. Kiley, Archbishop. Fr. Mogilka held his first Mass the next day at St. Josaphat Basilica.

On July 7, 1949 Rev. Mogilka was assigned associate pastor to St. Adalbert parish, Milwaukee, where he assisted with remodeling the school and church. On July 6, 1961 Rev. Mogilka was assigned associate pastor to St. Roman Parish, Milwaukee, to be tutored under the auspices of Rev. Maximilian L. Adamski. Friends note, however, that Fr. Erv's transfer did not become effective until he completed scraping, scaling and painting the hull of the boat belonging to Msgr. Clement J. Zych of St. Adalbert.

At St. Roman's, Rev. Mogilka supervised and coordinated the remodeling of the school, church, rectory, convent and grounds, and, according to friends, became something of a ''con artist'' because of his knack to enlist tradesmen to donate their services through which the parish saved many thousands of dollars. And Fr. Erv worked beside them. It was not uncommon to see him climbing the scaffolding in church to the latest remodeling project.

While overseeing the remodeling of the physical plant at St. Roman's, Fr. Erv also was shepherd to the spiritual well-being of the parishioners, administering to the sick, the elderly, the disabled, the poor and the lonely.

On June 17, 1969, Rev. Mogilka was assigned as pastor of St. Joseph Parish, Racine, Wisconsin, where he served until his retirement in 1992. Among the many awards and recognitions that he has received was the 1997 Priest of the Year Award from the Racine Sienna Club.

Mr. Speaker, it is with pride and humility that I commemorate, on the jubilee anniversary of his ordination, Rev. Erwin E. Mogilka, an honorable and compassionate man, who has done so much good for so many.