

of Lands and Minerals. In that role, he has acquired 15,990 acres worth \$17 million to be preserved for the public's enjoyment.

Through the efforts of Ernest Dierking, the public can now enjoy hundreds of miles of mountain trails, ski resorts, wildlife watching and peak climbing from the Cucamonga Wilderness on the Los Angeles County line to the Santa Rosa Wilderness in Riverside County.

Mr. Speaker, Ernest Dierking retired from the Forest Service on Sept. 1, ending his 42-year career of accomplishment and public service. Please join me in thanking him for creating a mountain paradise on the edge of our nation's largest urban area, and wishing him well in his future plans.

#### EULOGY OF MARTIN T. MEEHAN

#### HON. MARTIN T. MEEHAN

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, October 17, 2000*

Mr. MEEHAN. Mr. Speaker, on behalf of my mother, brothers and sisters, my Aunt Katherine and Uncle John, my cousins, and my entire family, I want to thank all of you for joining us today to help celebrate our father's life. We are all honored by your presence and are grateful for your support and affection over the last few days.

I can imagine my father looking out at the long lines forming outside McCabe's Funeral Home yesterday. He would have said, "Frankie McCabe must be giving something out for free!"

Frank isn't, Dad, believe me.

My father was born in Lowell on July 16, 1927 to Martin H. Meehan and Josephine Ashe Meehan. His father immigrated to the United States from County Claire, Ireland in 1912. His mother, who immigrated from County Kerry the year before, was a cousin of the great Irish patriot Thomas Ashe, who died during one of the first hunger strikes—in Ireland's fight for freedom in Mount Joy Jail in 1916.

Thomas Ashe's picture was hung on the wall of his family home on Batchelder Street in the Acre Section of Lowell. In 1963, a portrait of President Kennedy was added.

The Acre was where the Greek and Irish immigrants settled in Lowell. My father grew up there and he loved it. Swimming in the canals, playing baseball for St. Patrick's and Lowell High School, and building lifetime bonds. It was a neighborhood where the kids were tough and strong, and everyone had a nick name—hence "Buster." The Acre was where thousands of new immigrant families were becoming part of the great American Dream.

In 1946 Dad met my mother at a party her cousin Maureen Gay had. Dad was not invited, he crashed. And my mother was glad he did. They were married three years later.

My father had a saying for everything in life. Some of them really bugged me at times. But they all had a purpose and wisdom for how to lead a good life.

"One God, One Country, One Woman" he used to say. That—one woman—was my mother. He was passionately in love with her through 51 years of marriage. Their love for each other intensified and grew. I believe the love our father and mother shared for one another was extended to every person who was a part of their lives.

I can remember as a very small boy first learning the concept of love. "I love you kids with all my heart", he'd say. "But I love your mother even more". "But Dad", I once replied, "Who am I supposed to love more? You or Ma?" "you kids should love your mother the most", he'd say. "She gave birth to you."

First they lived in a three tenement on Lincoln Street where Colleen and Kathy and I were born. Later they bought an eight room house the next street over at 22 London Street where they raised seven children in a home that was filled with love, laughter, energy . . . action 24 hours a day . . . a strong commitment to the Catholic Church and to family.

It was a great neighborhood—and my father helped us spread our family's love all over it. And there isn't a better testament to that love—than our relationship with the Durkin family who had seven children of their own, just down the street. So many memories, so many stories.

Visiting the ice cream stand with Dad was unforgettable. He would load all of us into the car with as many of our friends as would fit. He would ask us what we wanted. "I'll have a banana split," I'd shout. My sisters would say, "I'll have a hot fudge Sunday." Our friends couldn't believe it—they would order a shake or double ice cream scoop with extra nuts, extra whipped cream!

He'd take everyone's order and then go up to the line. "Don't worry," he'd say, "I'll carry it back". Ten minutes later he'd return with 13 single cups of chocolate ice cream. "That's all they'd had" he shug.

Dad was also a very successful little league coach. On Dad's White Sox team everyone played—at least three innings. I remember how embarrassed I was when Dad's White Sox lost every game. 0-18. Some games we were winning after three innings, 8 to 4 or even 7 to 2. But in the fourth inning Dad put all of the subs in—no matter what. "everyone plays!" he'd say. The other teams kept the best players in for the whole game. Naturally, they would win.

Today I am so proud of the way my Dad coached the kids on that 0 and 18 team. Today, I am so proud of how my father lived his life.

As children, we shared so many happy times together each summer with family and friends at Seabrook Beach. Later as adults, with his grandchildren, we spent weekends at Dad and Mom's beach house. After a few morning hours together on the beach, Mom and Dad would head back to the house to begin the day-long cooking ritual so that we could have dinner together. Many times in the evenings, we would sing songs around a bonfire on the beach. We enjoyed lobster bakes and thankfully Mom and Dad got to enjoy an occasional sunrise together. And many times, after a long day, many of us would sit together and watch the sun go down and our father would say to us all, "it's a great life and it's a great country."

Dad worked at the Lowell Sun Publishing Company for 43 years. He started as a truck driver \* \* \* became a linotype operator \* \* \* then became Assistant Foreman in the Composing Room. He loved the Sun and the newspaper business, and he knew it from soup to nuts. There were a lot of great reporters that came through the Sun over the years, but my father never hesitated to tell them

when he felt they just didn't get it right—especially on a political story.

Frank Phillips, Chris Black, Brian Mooney and others all heard from Dad on more than one occasion. When he was finished he had earned their respect and they appreciated his wisdom and experience. And they all affectionately repeat those stories—even today.

Dad was an active lifetime member of the Typographical Union—serving in a leadership position. He always stressed the importance of workers being able to organize for fair wages and benefits. It's not surprising that my sisters Colleen and Kathy are members of the teachers union and Mark and Paul are active members of their respective unions as well.

But as strong as a Union person as he was—he loved the Lowell Sun and the company's ownership, the Costello family. He followed the Costello kids' lives as if they were his own—always loyal to the company and the Costello family.

Supporting Mom and seven young children was not always easy. For seven years he got a second job working nights as a corrections officer. On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays he would get up at 5:30 to be at the Sun to punch in at 7 o'clock. His shift was over at 3:30. He'd put on his uniform at the Paper, punch in at the jail at 4 o'clock and work until midnight. He got home by 12:30 in the morning, and went to bed for five hours so he could be back at the paper by 7 a.m.

I'm sure it wasn't easy—but he wanted the best for his children and he wanted my mother to be able to be home with us.

My father didn't care what we did for work—but he wanted us to get an education. And we all did. He was especially proud of the fact that my sisters, Colleen, Kathy, and Mary all became school teachers. He thought it was the most important job of all. "Teaching is NOT a job"—Dad would say—"It's a vocation." He loved the idea that his daughters were helping to shape the minds of 25 kids in a classroom each day.

He was so proud of all his children, in a unique and special way. My brother Mark, a master electrician, "has the biggest and best heart of all my kids," he'd say. And Mark gave Dad his newest precious grandchild "Sarah" just two weeks ago. He was so proud that Paul followed him to the Sheriff's Department. Paul is a model for overcoming obstacles and winning. He recently went back to school for his degree, got married, and was promoted to Captain as well.

When I ran for Congress in 1992 my sister Maureen answered the call and put her work—and life—on hold to take the most important job in the campaign—raising the money to win. My Dad just loved the fact that I turned to my sister. And when we won he knew it was Maureen who was the rock behind us. "Politics is a tough business" he'd say—"you need people you can really trust—and that means family." [That's of course why President Kennedy had Bobby.] Of course after the election, I remember Maureen was sick and I asked, "What's wrong with her now?"—Dad's split second response—"Working for you!"

Dad was so well read, a voracious reader \* \* \* A lover of poetry and words, and boy did he love to sing!

So much love in his heart, and this extension of love was felt by his grandchildren and in-laws. The term "in-laws" didn't mean much

to Dad—he welcomed them and loved them like they were his own. And they loved him back.

All 15 of his grandchildren are loved as individuals and each of them realizes the power of love and family through their papa and munama. One of my young nieces asked during the last couple of days, "How did Papa have so much love to give to so many people?" Well, I really don't know the answer to that for sure. I just know that he did. Every time our father gave us a hug—or as he would say a hug-a-deen—he would accompany it with an "I love you." "Aren't they wonderful," Dad would say. "Your mother and I will live in them in the next generation through these beautiful kids \* \* \* and as I've told you," he'd say "that's, the sweet mystery of life."

So happy, so content, there was NOTHING more in life that he wanted—than that which he already had—His Family.

And he thanked God for our happiness every single day.

Joseph P. Kennedy, Sr., once said that the measure of a man's success in life, was not the money he had made, but rather the family he had raised. That quote has been framed in my parent's home over 15 years. My father believed it and devoted himself to family every day of his life for 73 years. He was an immensely successful man.

We love you Dad and will miss you.

#### RECOGNIZING THE CAREER OF JOSEPH J. MONFREDO

#### HON. JAMES P. McGOVERN

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, October 17, 2000*

Mr. McGOVERN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor an outstanding member of the Worcester community, Joseph J. Monfredo, who is retiring this month after 36 years of service in the Worcester Public Schools. Throughout his career in the school system, Mr. Monfredo has been a dedicated and enthusiastic leader.

A graduate of Worcester State College and a veteran of the United States Army, Mr. Monfredo began his teaching career in September of 1963 in Leicester, Massachusetts. His first job with the Worcester Public School System came in September of 1964 when he accepted a position at the Elizabeth Street School. Mr. Monfredo taught at several schools and served as assistant and acting principal of the Thorndyke Road School. In August of 1989, he became principal of the Burncoat Preparatory Elementary School, where he has worked for the past 11 years.

For his service to the schools, Mr. Monfredo has been recognized by the Commonwealth Leadership Academy, the Principals' Institute of the Harvard Graduate School of Education and the Alliance for Education.

A former letterman in varsity baseball at Worcester State College, Mr. Monfredo has also been active in school sports programs. He has coached several varsity and junior varsity teams in football, basketball, and baseball, as well as coaching and managing Babe Ruth League baseball teams. Most recently, Mr. Monfredo coached soccer at Burncoat Elementary.

It is my privilege and honor to recognize Joseph Monfredo for his dedication to the stu-

dents of Worcester, and his 36 years of service to the Worcester Public Schools. While he will no doubt be missed by the many students, teachers, and parents of the Burncoat Preparatory Elementary School, I wish him, his wife, and family continued health and happiness in the future.

#### IN HONOR OF OLGA ALVAREZ, ANCHOR WOMAN AND REPORTER FOR UNIVISION

#### HON. ROBERT MENENDEZ

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, October 17, 2000*

Mr. MENENDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Olga Alvarez, anchorwoman and reporter for Univision (Channel 41 in NYC). Ms. Alvarez has made it a priority to keep Latinos well informed about current events and news that affects their community, empowering them to participate fully in American society. For her contributions to broadcast journalism, the National Association of Cuban Journalists in Exile will pay tribute to Ms. Alvarez at an event on Sunday, October 15, 2000.

Olga Alvarez was born in Havana, Cuba and was raised in Puerto Rico. Her parents were musicians, who regularly performed on live television. As a child, Ms. Alvarez was influenced greatly by her parents' television performances, making television her favorite medium.

Ms. Alvarez began her career as a production assistant and producer, working on projects that included documentaries and video news releases produced in the United States, Mexico, and Puerto Rico. During this time, Ms. Alvarez was a correspondent for Telemundo's "La Buena Vida," a program highlighting the accomplishments of Latinos. In addition, she worked as a segment producer for the daily magazine show "Club Telemundo," developing and writing stories regarding medicine, family relations, and important community issues.

At Univision's WXTV 41, Ms. Alvarez began as a writer and later became a reporter, hosting the station's community service program and reporting tri-state area news on "Despierta America."

In 1997 and 1998, Ms. Alvarez was awarded the "Latin A.C.E." from the New York Latino Entertainment Reporters Association. In 1999, Ms. Alvarez won an Emmy for "La Clave De La Salsa," a series on the history of salsa music. In addition, she was awarded First Plaque in the New Jersey Associated Press Broadcasting Association Awards, and second place in the New Jersey Press Awards. Recently, she received an Honorable Mention from the Associated Press for "Regalo De Vida," a series on the importance of liver donation and transplantation.

Today, I honor Olga Alvarez for her extraordinary career in broadcast journalism, and I ask that my colleagues join me in honoring her.

#### THE NEW SERBIAN LEADERSHIP: WE SHOULD TEMPER REJOICING WITH CAUTION

#### HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, October 17, 2000*

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, the departure of Slobodan Milosevic as President of Yugoslavia was greeted with almost universal rejoicing. More than most other national leaders in recent memory, Mr. Milosevic has come to identified with the excesses and atrocities of nationalism run amuck. Mr. Milosevic encouraged and fostered excessive Serbian nationalism in order to further his own personal political goals, and he bears a heavy responsibility for the barbarities and savagery of the conflicts in Croatia, Bosnia, and Kosova over the past decade. The international community recognized his personal responsibility for events in the former Yugoslavia by indicting him as a war criminal.

Mr. Speaker, in Belgrade general enthusiasm greeted the news that Mr. Milosevic had lost the presidential elections and that the people of Serbia would not tolerate his continued political manipulations to preserve himself in power. The change is a welcome one, and one that I sincerely hope will lead to the restoration of stability in the former Yugoslavia.

While the departure of Mr. Milosevic is most welcome, the arrival of Mr. Kostunica does not mean the resolution of all problems involving Serbia. I think it is important that we temper our rejoicing with a note of caution.

It is important, Mr. Speaker, to place these changes in some perspective. This change is not the result of an upsurge of democratic sentiment, nor is it a rejection of the excesses of Serbian nationalism that have resulted in so much bloodshed and violence over the past decade. To a great extent, Mr. Speaker, it is a rejection not of the bankrupt policies of Mr. Milosevic, but a rejection of the consequences of those policies—the economic hardship created by the international sanctions against Serbia, the destruction in Serbia that resulted from the NATO campaign to halt the depredations against the Kosovars, and international isolation.

Mr. Speaker, Leon Wieseltier published an excellent article in the more recent issue of *The New Republic* (October 23, 2000) which focuses on these critical issues and the significance of the changes in Serbia. I submit excerpts of Mr. Wieseltier's article to be placed in the RECORD, and I urge my colleagues to give his views the thoughtful attention they deserve.

[*The New Republic*, October 23, 2000]

THE TROUBLE WITH EXHILARATION:

KOSTUNICA, THEN

(By Leon Wieseltier)

... The uprising in Belgrade established justice incompletely. The limitations of Kostunica and his revolution are disturbing. He is an unembarrassed Serbian nationalist, who does not see or does not wish to see that the tribal sentiment of his people, their "national question," has been not the solution but the problem. He translated *The Federalist Papers* into Serbo-Croatian, but during the Bosnian war he was sympathetic to the Serb separatism of Radovan Karadzic, and during the buildup to the Kosovo war he was photographed brandishing an automatic