

an abortion began in Texas when a pregnant woman, identified in court documents as "Jane Roe," sued Henry for enforcing a state law prohibiting abortion except when necessary to save a woman's life.

These famous cases will be reviewed by attorneys, the courts, and students of history for years to come. The name, "Henry Wade," evokes an image of a quintessential Texas prosecuting attorney—a formidable and compelling advocate in the courtroom—whose folksy, country-boy demeanor disguised his keen intellect. Henry was a 1938 graduate of the University of Texas law school with highest honors, an editor of the law review, and a member of the Order of the Coif and Phi Beta Kappa. Throughout his illustrious career, Henry was a role model for countless young prosecuting attorneys—as well as a nemesis for defense lawyers.

Following law school, Henry practiced law, was an FBI special agent in the United States and abroad, and served in the Navy during World War II. After the war, he joined the district attorney's office in Dallas, becoming chief felony prosecutor before winning election as district attorney. And the rest is history.

During World War II Henry served as a Fighter Director for Navy pilots. At one time he was at the top of the list in "splashes"—the term used for destroyed Japanese planes. Henry and his lifelong friend and fellow Navy officer, Thomas Unis, were inseparable during the War, and they both made a great and successful transition into public civilian life. The late Tom Unis prosecuted with Henry and later was a leading and highly regarded attorney and partner in the Dallas law firm, Strasburger, Price, Kelton, Martin and Unis. I was privileged to litigate with both Henry and Tom and served with them at a couple of bases in the Pacific toward the end of World War II. I dearly respected and loved these two guys—as did all who knew them.

Mr. Speaker, Henry was a great and legendary District Attorney, a super American, and a good friend of mine. He will be missed by his children and their families, Michele Brandenberger and husband, Mike; William Kim Wade and wife, Suzanne; Henry Wade, Jr., and wife, Kristin; Wendy Ballew and husband, David; Bari Henson and husband, Dave; and 15 grandchildren. And he will be remembered. As we adjourn today, let us do so by paying our last respects to "The Chief", as he was known around the Dallas courthouse—Henry Wade.

HONORING UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE CAPTAIN JAMES W. KELLEY, JR. UPON HIS RETIREMENT

HON. GARY G. MILLER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 28, 2001

Mr. GARY G. MILLER of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commend the achievements of United States Naval Reserve Captain James W. Kelley, Jr. and wish him well upon his retirement.

In August of 1970, a time in which military service was socially unfavorable, Captain Kelley enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. He served with the Sixth Marines in

Camp LeJune, North Carolina and the Fourth Marines in the Republic of South Viet Nam.

He graduated from Villanova University with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Political Science in 1975. He also holds a Master of Arts Degree in Criminal Justice from New York University and a Juris Doctorate Degree from Seton Hall School of Law.

In September of 1978, Captain Kelley received his commission as an Ensign in the Judge Advocate Corps. During his active duty military career, Captain Kelley served as a Navy Trial Counsel and a Staff Judge Advocate.

Captain Kelley was released from active duty in January of 1985, and he affiliated with Naval Reserve Intelligence Unit NISRO 2310. As an intelligence officer, he served with VP94, U.S.S. *America*, US CINCLANT, and Commander Naval Reserve Intelligence Command.

In August of 1987, Captain Kelley was selected as a Canvasser Recruiter Officer, and he reported to Naval Reserve Readiness Center in Houston, Texas. He was later reassigned to the Naval Reserve Recruiting Command Detachment THREE, Dallas, where he served as the Department Head for Enlisted Programs. In September of 1994, he reported to the Bureau of Naval Personnel, as the Branch Head for Total Force Recruiting Policy. He was then transferred to the Chief of Naval Operations as an Assistant for Manpower Policy. In May of 1997, Captain Kelley was assigned as the Officer in Charge, Naval Reserve Recruiting Command Detachment FIVE, Washington, DC. Last November, he became the Commanding Officer of Naval Reserve Recruiting Command Area FIVE upon the redesignation of Detachment FIVE to area status.

This distinguished career has been celebrated with numerous awards, including, but not limited to, the Meritorious Service Medal (three awards), Navy Commendation Medal (two awards), Navy Achievement Medal (two awards), Meritorious Unit Commendation Ribbon (two awards), and the National Defense Service Medal (two awards). Additionally, he is considered to be a Navy Expert Rifleman and Navy Expert Pistol Shot.

Mr. Speaker, I ask that this 107th Congress join Captain Kelley's wife Judy, and his children, Ryan, John, Kevin, and Megan, as he retires from the United States Naval Reserves.

CONGRATULATIONS, ALEXANDER CHRISTOFIDES

HON. DONALD M. PAYNE

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 28, 2001

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, I would like to ask my colleagues here in the U.S. House of Representatives to join me in honoring an outstanding public servant, Mr. Alexander Christofides, who was chosen to receive the Commissioner's Citation, the Social Security Administration's highest honor award.

This prestigious award is presented to those select employees who have made exceptional contributions meriting agency-wide recognition. Based on Mr. Christofides' superior accomplishments and exemplary performance, he was chosen for this high honor. Mr. Christofides was selected based on his out-

standing performance as an Operations Supervisor in the Clinton Hill District Office. He won praise for his innovative efforts in regard to service delivery to the customers of his District Office, which resulted in reduced waiting times and speedier claims processing. Furthermore, it was Mr. Christofides' extraordinary leadership and motivational skills which enabled his entire staff to work together for the public good, in a true spirit of teamwork, towards a shared goal.

Mr. Speaker, Alexander Christofides embodies the finest tradition of government service. We are proud of his dedication to his work, his problem-solving ability and the high standards of excellence he has set in the workplace. Let us take this opportunity to extend our appreciation and congratulations to Mr. Christofides and to wish him continued success. We are indeed fortunate to have a man of his caliber serving in the Social Security Administration.

WHITWELL MIDDLE SCHOOL
HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL

HON. BENJAMIN A. GILMAN

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 28, 2001

Mr. GILMAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to discuss a moving article from the Washington Post, which I request to be inserted and printed in the RECORD at the end of my statement.

The article, entitled "Changing the World One Clip at a Time," by Dita Smith, describes a most unusual, uplifting tribute to the 6 million victims of the Holocaust by a class of Tennessee Eighth-graders and their teachers.

In 1998, the students of Whitwell Middle School, together with two dedicated teachers, Mr. David Smith, and Ms. Sandra Roberts, took it upon themselves to collect 6 million paper clips and turn them into a Memorial Sculpture in commemoration of the victims of the Holocaust. What made the ambitious project even more unique was the fact that it was conceived in a very homogeneous white, Christian town of just 1,600.

In fact, the project didn't even originate as a project, but rather, an intimate extra-curricular course to educate the predominantly uninformed students about the tragedy of the holocaust.

This voluntary after-school course had such a profound impact on the small-town students, that they decided to take action. The eighth-graders derived their idea from the Norwegians, who, during World War II, pinned paper clips to their lapels to express solidarity with their fellow Jewish Citizens

Inspired by this gesture, the students set up their own web page asking for donations of paper clips.

Their initiative quickly caught fire, and what began as a local cause, soon became an international phenomenon.

The students were overwhelmed by the outpouring of all sorts of paper clips from all over the world. They even received a donation from President Clinton.

To date, the students have collected 23 million paper clips, well surpassing their 6 million goal.

For the last leg of the project, the students have determined to find the necessary funding

for an authentic German holocaust era railroad car in which to load and display their paper clips and countless letters.

I have worked closely with Nancy Galler-Malta, the Educational Director, and Rabbi Justin Schwarz, the religious advisor of the Rockland County Hebrew High School to help them see this project through to completion.

Their task is a daunting one, but judging by the tenacity exhibited by the students, thus far, I have no doubt that they will succeed.

I invite my colleagues to help the Whitwell Middle School realize their noble goal, and in the process, spread their vital message of tolerance and compassion and to remember this devastating, inhumane chapter of world history.

CHANGING THE WORLD ONE CLIP AT A TIME
(By Dita Smith, Washington Post Staff Writer)

WHITWELL, Tenn.—It is a most unlikely place to build a Holocaust memorial, much less one that would get the attention of the president, that would become the subject of a book, that would become an international cause. Yet it is here that a group of eighth-graders and their teachers decided to honor each of the 6 million Jews killed in the Holocaust by collecting 6 million paper clips and turning them into a sculpture.

This is remarkable because, for one thing, Whitwell, a town of 1,600 tucked away in a Tennessee Valley just west of the Smokies, has no Jews. In fact, Whitwell does not offer much opportunity to practice racial or religious tolerance of any kind. "Our community is white, Christian and very fundamentalist," says Linda Hooper, principal of the middle school, which has 425 students, including six blacks, one Hispanic, zero Asians, zero Catholics, zero Jews.

"During coal-mining days, we were a mixed community," explains the town's unofficial historian, Eulene Hewett Harris. "Now there are only a handful of black families left." Whitwell is a town of two traffic lights, 10 churches and a collection of fast-food joints sprinkled along the main drag. It was a thriving coal town until 1962, when the last mine closed. Some of the cottages built by the mining companies still stand, their paint now chipped and their cluttered porches sagging. Trailers have replaced the houses that collapsed from age and neglect during lean economic times. Only 40 miles up the road is Dayton, where the red-brick Rhea County Courthouse made history during the 1925 Scopes trial, the "monkey trial," in which teacher John T. Scopes was convicted of violating a Tennessee law that made it unlawful "to teach any theory that denies the story of Divine Creation" and to teach Darwinian evolutionary theory instead.

Almost eight decades later, most people in this Sequatchie River Valley hold firmly to those beliefs under the watchful eyes of their church leaders. "Look, we're not that far away from the Ku Klux Klan," founded only 100 miles west, in Pulaski, Tenn., says Hewett Harris. "I mean, in the 1950s they were still active here." Such is the setting for a memorial not only to remember Holocaust victims but, above all, to sound a warning on what intolerance can wreak. The Whitwell students and teachers had no idea how many lives they were about to touch.

The Holocaust project had its genesis in the summer of 1998 when Whitwell Middle's 31-year-old deputy principal and football coach, David Smith, attended a teacher training course in nearby Chattanooga. A seminar on the Holocaust as a teaching tool for tolerance intrigued him because the Holocaust had never been part of the middle school's curriculum and was mentioned only tangentially in the local high school. He came back and proposed an after-school course that would be voluntary. Principal

Hooper, 59, loved the idea. "We just have to give our children a broader view of the world," she says. "We have to crack the shell of their white cocoon, to enable them to survive in the world out there." She was nervous about how parents would react, and held a parent-teacher meeting. But when she asked the assembled adults if they knew anything about the Holocaust, only a few hands went up, hesitatingly. Hooper, who has lived in Whitwell most of her life and had taught some of the parents in elementary school, explained the basics. Just one parent expressed misgivings: Should young teenagers be shown terrifying photos of naked, emaciated prisoners? Hooper admitted she wasn't sure. "Well" the father asked, "would you let your son take the class?" Yes, she replied, and the father was on board. There wasn't a question about who would teach it: Sandra Roberts, 30, the English and social sciences teacher, always a captivating storyteller. In October 1998, Roberts and Smith held the first session. Fifteen students and almost as many parents showed up. Roberts began by reading aloud—history books. "The Diary of Anne Frank," Elie Wiesel's "Night"—mostly because many of the students did not have the money to buy the books; 52 percent of Whitwell's students qualify for free lunch.

What gripped the eighth-graders most as the course progressed, was the sheer number of dead. Six million. The Nazis killed 6 million Jews. Can anyone really imagine 6 million of anything? They did calculations: If 6 million adults and children were to lie head to toe, the line would stretch from Washington to San Francisco and back. One day, Roberts was explaining to the class that there were some good people in 1940s Europe who stood up for the Jews. After the Nazis invaded Norway, many courageous Norwegians expressed solidarity with their Jewish fellow citizens by pinning ordinary paper clips to their lapels. One girl—nobody remembers who it was—said: Let's collect 6 million paper clips and turn them into a sculpture to remember the victims. The idea caught on, and the students began bringing in paper clips, from home, from aunts and uncles and friends. Smith, as the school's computer expert, set up a Web page asking for donations of clips, one or two, or however many people wanted to send.

A few weeks later, the first letter arrived. One Lisa Sparks from Tyler, Tex., sent a handful. Then a letter landed from Colorado. By the end of the school year, the group had assembled 100,000 clips. It occurred to the teachers that collecting 6 million paper clips at that rate would take a lifetime.

HELP FROM AFAR

Unexpected help came in late 1999 when two German journalists living in Washington, D.C., stumbled across the Whitwell Web site. Peter Schroeder, 59, and Dagmar Schroeder-Hildebrand, 58, had been doing research at the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, tracing concentration camp survivors to interview. Schroeder-Hildebrand was author of "I'm Dying of Hunger," a book about a camp survivor who devised imaginary dinners to survive; Peter had written "The Good Fortune of Lena Lieba Gitter," about a Viennese Jew who escaped the Nazis and devoted her life to civil rights.

The Whitwell Web site came up during a routine search under "Holocaust." The idea of American children in a conservative Southern town collecting paper clips intrigued the couple. They called the school, interviewed teachers and students by telephone, then wrote several articles for the nine newspapers they work for in Germany and Austria. Whitwell and the Schroeders were hit with a blizzard of paper clips from the two countries. The couple soon had 46,000, filling several large plastic containers. The thing to do, they decided, was to

drive them to Whitwell, 12 hours away. They received a hero's welcome.

The entire school showed up. None of the eighth-graders had ever met anyone from outside the United States, let alone anyone from Germany, the country of the Holocaust perpetrators. At the end of the four-day visit, the students told their principal. "They are really quite normal."

The Schroeders were so touched they wrote a paperback about Whitwell. "The Paper Clip Project," which has not been translated into English, was published in September 2000, in time for Germany's largest book fair in Frankfurt.

The blizzard of clips became an avalanche. Whitwell eighth-graders came to Washington in March last year to visit the Holocaust Museum. They went home carrying 24,000 more paper clips collected by the Schroeders. Airport security had trouble understanding why a bunch of teenagers and their teachers were transporting boxes and boxes of paper clips to Tennessee.

LINKED TO THE PAST

Just a year later, the Holocaust project has permeated the school. The after-school group is the most favored extracurricular activity—students must compete in an essay contest for its 20 to 25 places. They've become used to being interviewed by local television and national radio. Foreign countries are no longer mysterious, with hundreds of letters bearing witness to them. The group's activities have long spilled over from Roberts's classroom. Across the hall, the students have created a concentration-camp simulation with paper cutouts of themselves pasted on the wall. Chicken wire stretches across the wall to represent electrified fences. Wire mesh is hung with shoes to represent the millions of shoes the victims left behind when they were marched to death chambers. And every year now they reenact the "walk" to give students at least an inkling of what people must have felt when jackbooted Nazi guards marched them off to camps. The students are blindfolded, tied together by the wrists, roughly ordered onto a truck and driven to the woods. "I was truly scared," recalls Monica Hammers, a participant in last year's walk. "It made me think, and it made me realize that I have to put myself into other people's shoes." Meanwhile, the counting goes on. It is daunting. On a late-winter day, as the picturesque valley floor shows the first shimmer of soft green, 22 students gather for their Wednesday meeting. All wear the group's polo shirt, emblazoned: "Changing the World, One Clip at a Time." The neat white shirts conform to the school's dress code: solid-colored shirts devoid of large logos, solid-colored pants, knee-length shorts or skirts, worn with a belt. Many of the girls have attached colored paper clips to their collars. These are no loose-mannered kids—they reply "yes, ma'am" and "yes, sir." Even lunch in the cafeteria is disciplined and relatively quiet. Yet, there is an obvious and warm bond between students and teachers.

The group's first item of business is opening the mail that has accumulated during the past three days. That takes half of the two-to three-hour meeting. A large package has arrived from Germany, two smaller ones from Austria and more than a dozen letters: Laura Jefferies is in charge of the ledger and keeps a neat record of each sender's address, phone number and e-mail address. One group of students responds to the e-mails sent via their Web site, www.Marionschools.org. Roberts opens the packages, which have been examined in the principal's office to make sure

they contain nothing dangerous. "We've had a few negative letters from Holocaust deniers, but we have never received a threat," says the silver-haired Hooper. "But even if we did, we would go on. We cannot live in fear; that would defeat the entire purpose." The large package, from a German school, contains about 40 letters, with paper clips pasted onto each page. Roberts sighs. "This is a huge amount of work," she says. "There are days when I wished we could just stop it. But it has gotten way beyond us. It's no longer about us. There is no way we could stop this now." When the students fall behind, it's Roberts who spends hours sorting and filing. The students crowd around Roberts's desk and receive a letter at a time. They carefully empty all paper clips onto little piles. Drew Shadrick, a strapping tackle on the football team, is the chief counter and stands over a three-foot-high white plastic barrel, about the size of an oil drum. He counts each clip, drops it into the barrel, keeping track on a legal pad. Two other barrels, which once contained Coca-Cola syrup and were donated by the corporation, are filled to the rim and scaled with transparent plastic. "It takes five strong guys to move one of those barrels," says Roberts. Against the wall this day are stacks and stacks of boxes. In early February, an Atlanta synagogue had promised 1 million paper clips, and sure enough, a week later a pickup truck delivered 84 boxes bought from an office supply store. Half are still unopened.

All sorts of clips arrive—silver-tone, bronze-tone, plastic-coated in all colors, small ones, large ones, round ones, triangular clips and artistic ones fashioned from wood. Then there are the designs made of paper clips, neatly pasted onto letter paper. If removing the paper clips would destroy the design, the students count the clips, then replace them in the barrel with an equal number purchased by the group. The art is left intact. Occasionally a check for a few dollars arrives. The money goes toward buying supplies. Both Roberts and Smith won teacher awards last year, and their \$3,000 in prize money also went toward supplies, and helping students pay for what has become an annual trip to Washington and the Holocaust Museum.

The students file all letters, all scraps of paper, even the stamps, in large white ring binders. By now, 5,000 to 8,000 letters fill 14 neat binders. The letters are from 19 countries and 45 states, and include dozens of rainbow pictures, and flowers, peace doves and swastikas crossed out with big red bars—in the shape of paper clips. There are poems, personal stories.

"Today," one letter reads, "I am sending 71 paper clips to commemorate the 71 Jews who were deported from Bueckeburg." One man sent five paper clips to commemorate his mother and four siblings murdered by the Nazis in Lithuania in November 1941. "For my handicapped brother," says another letter. "I'm so glad he didn't live then, the Nazis would have killed him." For my grandmother," says another, "I'm so grateful she survived the camp." "For my son, that he may live in peace," wrote a woman from Germany. Last year, a letter containing eight paper clips came from President Clinton. Another arrived from Vice President Gore, a native of Tennessee, thanking the students for their "tireless efforts to preserve and promote human rights," but including no clips. Every month, Smith writes dozens of celebrities, politicians and sports teams, requesting paper clips. He gets many refusals, form letters indicating that the addressee never saw the request. But clips came in from Tom Bosley (of TVs "Happy Days" fame), Henry Winkler (the Fonz), Tom Hanks, Elie Wiesel, Madeleine Albright. Among the football teams that contributed are the Tennessee Titans, the Tampa Bay

Buccaneers, the Indianapolis Colts and the Dallas Cowboys.

So many clips in memory of specific Holocaust victims have come in that one thing has become clear: Melting them into a statue would be inconceivable. Each paper clip should represent one victim, the students believe, and so a new idea has been hatched. They want to get an authentic German railroad car from the 1940s, one that may have actually transported victims to camps. The car would be turned into a museum that would house all the paper clips, as well as display all the letters.

Dagmar and Peter Schroeder plan to travel to Germany next week to find a suitable railroad car and have it transported to Whitwell. They are determined to find such a car and the necessary funding. Like counting the clips, the task is daunting.

WHITWELL'S LEGACY

Whatever happens, for generations of Whitwell eighth-graders, a paper clip will never again be just a paper clip, but instead carry a message of patience, perseverance, empathy and tolerance. Roberts, asked what she thought she had accomplished with the project so far, said: "Nobody put it better than Laurie Lynn [a student in last year's class]. She said, 'Now, when I see someone. I think before I speak, I think before I act, and I think before I judge.'" And Roberts adds: "That's all I could ever hope to achieve as a teacher." She gives this week's assignment: "Tomorrow, I want you all to go, and sit next to a person at lunch whom you never talk with, a person that nobody wants to sit with at lunch, I want you to stop one of those people in the hall and say: 'Hi! What'd you do last night?' Now, don't make it obvious—they may know that it's just an assignment. That would hurt." Drew pipes up: "Well, I've already tried that, but that kid—that, you know, he just sits there and stares, what can I do?" "Keep at it—don't give up," says Roberts.

INTRODUCTION OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT INITIATIVES FOR RURAL AMERICA

HON. JOHN M. McHUGH

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 28, 2001

Mr. McHUGH. Mr. Speaker, as a life-long resident of Northern New York, I have watched the 24th Congressional District thrive as a bustling arena of agricultural production, aluminum processing, automobile parts fabrication, paper-making, tourism and textile manufacturing.

Regrettably, in the last decade or so, the trends have been altered dramatically and the manufacturing sector—particularly in the Northeast—has diminished considerably. Furthermore, our small family farmers have seen a dramatic decline in the price they receive for their hard-earned production, forcing many of them to abandon their beloved way of life. The statistics, unfortunately, bear this out; earlier this month it was reported that Northern New York continues to have the State's highest unemployment rate. While the unadjusted statewide unemployment rate was 4 percent and the national rate was 4.1 percent, the rate in the ten counties in my rural Northern and Central New York District ranged as high as 9.1 percent.

Mr. Speaker, we are a proud and independent people who have long relied on our ingenuity and integrity to make our way through life. While we have accomplished

much through our resourcefulness, there is more that can, and must, be achieved to return greater prosperity to what we call "God's country." That is why I rise today to introduce a legislative package of rural economic development initiatives that I believe will create at least the initial incentives to bring new business and industry opportunities—and the attendant job creation—to our rural communities.

First, the use of high-speed Internet access is no longer limited to the wealthy or so-called computer techies. It has fast become a mainstay of everyday life, particularly in the business world. Accordingly, the first measure I am introducing, the Rural America Digital Accessibility Act, contains four incentives to help bridge the digital divide in rural America.

The technology bond initiative would provide a new type of tax incentive to help state and local governments invest in a telecommunications structure and partner with the private sector to expand broadband deployment in their communities, especially underserved rural areas. The broadband expansion grant initiative complements these bonds by utilizing grants and loan guarantees in underserved rural communities to accelerate private-sector deployment of high-speed connections so that our residents can access the Internet with a local, rather than a long-distance, phone call. The third initiative targets funding for research to increase rural America's broadband accessibility and make it more cost-effective.

With six four-year universities and colleges and seven two-year colleges within my District's boundaries, it only makes good sense for us to tap the expertise of our nation's educators to assist in our endeavors. Accordingly, the fourth incentive will help small- and medium-sized businesses connect with educational institutions that can provide technological assistance designed to improve the business' productivity, enhance its competitiveness and promote economic growth.

Second, to help our farm community, I am introducing the Agricultural Producers Marketing Assistance Act. This measure would establish Agricultural Innovation Centers on a demonstration basis and provide desperately-needed technical expertise to assist producers in forming producer-owned, value-added endeavors. It would also help level the financial playing field for producers by providing a tax credit for eligible farmers who participate in these activities. In this way, farmers and producer groups can earn more by reaching up the agricultural marketing chain to capture more of the profits their product generates.

Lastly, but certainly not least, I am introducing the Rural America Job Assistance and Creation Act. This a comprehensive measure designed to address a host of issues that have been identified as problematic for residents and businesses in rural America.

Because many small businesses lack the financial capacity to support the training of highskilled workers, this legislation establishes regional skills alliances to help identify needed skills and develop and implement effective training solutions. It also encourages cooperation between educational institutions and entrepreneurs who have innovative ideas but who cannot afford the legal and consultant fees necessary to convert their concepts into reality.