

Overpayments occur for a variety of reasons, including duplicate payments, pricing errors, missed discounts, and fraud. They are payments that should not have been made or that were made for incorrect amounts. They are a serious problem. They waste tax dollars and detract from the efficiency and effectiveness of Federal operations by diverting resources from their intended uses.

Since most agencies do not identify, estimate and report their improper payments, the full extent of the Federal government's overpayment problem is unknown. However the General Accounting Office has reported that each year the Department of Defense alone overpays its contractors by hundreds of millions of dollars.

My bill would require Federal agencies procuring more than \$500,000,000 in goods and services each year to carry out recovery auditing programs. Agencies could either conduct recovery audits in-house, or they could use private contractors, whichever is most efficient. Part of the money recovered would be used to pay for the recovery audits and to credit appropriations accounts from which the erroneous payments were made. Amounts recovered would also be used by agencies to improve management practices and would be refunded to the General Treasury.

In the last Congress, the Congressional Budget Office estimated that the "Erroneous Payments Recovery Act" would save taxpayers \$100 million per year by giving agencies the tools and the incentive to implement recovery auditing programs to detect mistaken payments. The bill passed the House in March of 2000, but it stalled in the Senate and didn't make it to the President's desk for his signature before Congress adjourned.

Recovery auditing is an established private sector business practice with demonstrated financial returns. It has also been successfully used in a few Federal programs. Also, President Bush has identified reducing payment errors as one of a series of management reforms to be pursued by the Office of Management and Budget.

The "Erroneous Payments Recovery Act of 2001" would expand the Federal government's use of recovery auditing to ensure that the hundreds of millions of dollars overpaid each year, that would otherwise remain undetected, are identified and recovered.

I urge my colleagues to cosponsor this legislation.

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IN MEMORY OF BOB PRIDDLE

**HON. JOHN J. LaFALCE**

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, July 18, 2001*

Mr. LaFALCE. Mr. Speaker, I would like to share with you and my colleagues a very special remembrance of a dear personal friend of mine, Robert B. Priddle, who passed away on April 13, 2001. I had known Bob Priddle for nearly 30 years; his wife, Elvi Hirvela Priddle, was my district secretary in Buffalo for nearly

20 years. It is my hope that anyone in this Chamber who has been blessed with the gift of a loyal and devoted friend will appreciate the sentiments expressed in the following eulogy given at the memorial service for Bob by my long-time district aide and close friend of Bob and Elvi Priddle, Becky Muscoreil.

IN MEMORY OF BOB

We are gathered here this morning not to mourn, but to celebrate the life of our friend, husband, father, grandfather, brother, uncle, cousin, nephew, Robert Bruce Priddle. We are here to share wonderful memories with each other that will help sustain us in the days ahead and to hold onto him, each in our own way. I know I can't hold a candle to Bob's oratorical ability to tell great stories, the way he could keep you spellbound and believing every word until, with a perfectly straight face, he would lay it on you and you would realize you'd been totally taken in, bamboozled. But I will try my best to draw a picture of this fine man who we all loved so much because he gave so much of himself to us. Thank you, Elvi, for giving me this honor today.

Bob was born on September, 23, 1931 on Crowley Avenue at his parents', Robert (a salesman) and Genevieve's home. They moved to Grant Street in Lockport, where Bob's Dad passed away in 1935, shortly after Donnalee was born. Then his mother moved Bob and Donnalee to North Buffalo and about 5 years later married Orvard Seeburg when Bob was 9. Bob attended Kensington High School (this is where he met the love of his life, Elvi Hirvela in geometry class) but dropped out to join the Navy in his senior year. He served as an electrician on the communications ship, USS *Mount Olympus* and traveled to the Mediterranean region and Cuba at the

After the Navy, Bob returned home and courted Elvi and they were married at Elvi's mother's home on April 17, 1954, Bob was 22 and Elvi claims she was 12 or so. Karen was born in 1955 and Sue and Sandy in 1958. Bob went back to night school to complete his high school education and began working at Schuele & Co. in their warehouse, but his talents were soon recognized and he was promoted to sales where he remained for about 7 years until he moved on to work for Cook & Dunn and after that as an assistant sales manager at MacDougal & Butler. Later, he joined up with his uncle and became manager of McCormey's Decorating Center in Lockport. Prior to his retirement in 1991, he worked for Ellicott Paint and Wallpaper.

I think we will always remember Bob's captivating charm and when you added that to his uncanny sales ability, he would have made a great politician. But instead, he became involved in politics when he met his match, John LaFalce, through the Jaycees. Bob was a Democrat of the Roosevelt/Truman/Kennedy legacy and he devoted himself to John's campaigns, giving all the time he could to ensuring John's first election to state office and on through the early Congressional campaigns. He drove John to the ends of the district and eventually learned the locations of every bowling alley, bingo hall and fire hall in four counties. He and Jim Pries would be up and out by 5 a.m. or earlier every election day putting up poll signs, checking on voter turnout and crunching numbers after the polls closed. During those early campaigns, Bob was known as

the "General" and Jim as the "Colonel"—one of the first things the young, green campaign workers learned was that you didn't mess with those two. They were the 'body guards' and Big Guy's confidantes. They were to be feared in a respectful way.

Jim remembers the first time he met Bob over the fence that separates their back yards. And within minutes, Bob had him joining the Jaycees and working with him on the campaigns. He was convincing and compelling and it was always difficult to say "no" to him. Jim said that "life was never the same after meeting Bob"—on that, we can all agree.

As you know, Bob was very active locally and nationally in the Jaycees and the Jaycee Senate—there were years when we always had to refer to him as "Senator." He joined

Jim Pries recalled an interesting trip to a Jaycees convention in Atlanta in 1971 to which he and Bob and John LaFalce traveled together. Bob decided to take his camper-trailer to save on their hotel costs, but unfortunately, when they arrived at their destination, the camper blew over and they couldn't get it upright. John said not to worry, he had a friend in the area who was a priest and he would call him to see if he could help find them a place to stay. Lo and behold, the priest welcomed them to stay at a local convent overnight and you can only imagine how much fun Bob had with that story. He told them he couldn't wait to get home and tell his strict, Baptist mother where he had spent the night.

Every person in this room today, in remembering their relationship with Bob, has a story to tell that will make us laugh and shake our heads knowingly, saying, "yep, that was the Bob we knew" with that devilish grin and a sparkle in his eyes that couldn't help but draw us to him. Over the past few days, I've collected a few of these stories that epitomize the character and personality of this wonderful man we will never forget.

Karen remembers when she was about 14 or 15 and babysat for one of Bob's Jaycee friends, David Shenk, on Parkhurst Blvd. She came home about 3 a.m. and went to her room to get ready for bed and as was her habit, shut and locked her door. When she tried to open it to go to the bathroom, the door handle just kept turning around and around and she couldn't get out. She started banging on the door and yelling "Mom, Dad, help, I can't get out" and after a few minutes both Elvi and Bob came to her door and tried and tried to open it from the outside without success. Finally, Bob decided the only thing he could do was to go and get the ladder and either get Karen out through the window or at least get in and try to get the door open from the inside. So here it was, about 4:30 in the morning, Karen opens her window and Bob is climbing up the

ladder and Karen starts shouting out the window "Hurry before my father hears you." In a very low and quiet voice, he said "shut up" trying hard not to break out in laughter so as not to wake up the neighbors. But I seriously doubt he could hold it in. Kind of reminds

In 1985, when Kristen was born, Sandy was in Kenmore Mercy Hospital and at that time, they still had strict visiting hours for maternity. But as we all know, that wouldn't stop Bob from visiting his daughter and granddaughter. He walked up to the front desk and gave Sandy's name and when he was advised visiting hours were over, he announced that he was Mrs. McNerney's pastor and of course, was allowed right in. Only Bob could get away with that, with a straight face, no less.

One of Sue's favorite stories from her Grandmother Seeburg was from Bob's childhood. He was about 6 years old and came home early from school one day. When his mother asked him why he was home so early, he claimed that the store across the street from the school burned down and they let all the kids leave early. Mrs. Priddle's suspicions led her to walk over to the vicinity of the school where, of course, she noticed the store in question was still intact. We probably don't want to know what happened when she returned home. But at least we now have a better understanding of the early development of Bob's storytelling ability.

One of Elvi's favorite stories is about a cold winter morning when Bob was working at McCorney's in Lockport and had to be there early to open up for business. But he went out to start his car and found the battery was dead. He came back in the house and called Triple A and was told it would be at least an hour or more before they could get to him. He told the dispatcher, "Look, you've got to help me out here, I stayed overnight at my girlfriend's house and her husband is going to be home any minute." The poor fellow on the phone was overcome with sympathy for the situation and needless to say, a truck was in the driveway in a matter of minutes. Bob arrived at work with time to spare and probably pretty proud of himself for such a coup.

For those of you who know Kate, one of Bob and Elvi's two lovely granddaughters, you may know she has become somewhat of a connoisseur of French onion soup, thanks to her grandfather. It seems that one evening at dinner at Cameo's when Kate was about 8 years old, Bob had ordered the French onion soup and it had lots of cheese on top. Kate

Donnalee has visited many times since Bob was admitted to McAuley on

March 17, 1998. She remembers the first year he was there and was still pretty mobile and managing to get to the far corners of the building in his wheelchair. He happened upon a new maintenance man and struck up a conversation asking him how long he had been there, where he was from, etc., perfectly normal for Bob. Then he said to the man, "Do you know what my job is here?" And the maintenance man looked at him kind of funny since he was quite sure he was a patient, but was kind enough to go along with him and said, "No, what do you do?" Bob said, "I am the elephant chaser." The man, a bit perplexed, answered, "Oh, really?" and Bob replied, "Well, you don't see any elephants around here, do you?"

All of us who knew and loved Bob realized that patience wasn't exactly one of his primary virtues. When he was in Buffalo General Hospital in January of 1998, he needed a nurse, but when he rang the buzzer a few times, no one came. So he picked up the phone and dialed "911" and told them they had better hurry up and get a nurse in there for him.

One time when Bob and Joe met at Brighton Golf Course, they teed up on the first hole, a par four and Bob hit one heck of a swing but unfortunately, hit the maintenance barn, way too far to the right. He was a little disturbed, but set up another ball and swung and again hit the barn. He started saying some very bad words about the golf balls he was using, but teed up for a third time and this time hit over the barn and into the parking lot. He turned to Joe and said, "I probably should have had that second Manhattan to straighten out my swing."

I think it is safe to say we are all better for having known this loving, kind, funny and loyal man who was so devoted to his family and friends. Eleanor Roosevelt once said, "Many people will walk in and out of your life, but only true friends will leave footprints on your heart." Throughout the rest of our days, may we always have Bob Priddle's footprints on our hearts.

#### HONORING FLORENCE HOFFMAN

### HON. SCOTT MCINNIS

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, July 18, 2001*

Mr. MCINNIS. Mr. Speaker, I am proud to honor Florence Hoffman on receiving the Jackson County Council on Aging 2001 Senior of the Year Award. Florence's giving heart and gentle spirit have been instrumental in the

Council's success. I am encouraged by her determination and willingness to help others and would like to take this moment to honor her.

Florence is a long-time resident of Cowdrey, Colorado. After her husband passed away, Florence came to rely on the community's senior citizens' OATS van, which provides alternative transportation for those who request its aid.

Mr. Speaker, the contributions that Florence has put forth certainly deserve the praise and admiration of this body. Florence has made significant monetary contributions annually to the service and also offers sizable increases to the usual fee for each ride that she takes. Her notable acts of selflessness have bolstered the OATS van and have ensured its consistent availability to the senior citizens of Jackson County.

It is with great pleasure, Mr. Speaker, that I congratulate Florence Hoffman on being named the 2001 Senior of the Year by the Jackson County Council on Aging. I would like to say thank you for the donations made to the service, which the entire elderly population in the area depend so much upon. We are proud of you, Florence!

#### TRIBUTE TO NANCY G. BACA ON THE OCCASION OF HER RETIREMENT

### HON. JOE BACA

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, July 18, 2001*

Mr. BACA. Mr. Speaker, I rise to salute Nancy Baca, of Barstow, on the occasion of her retirement on July 3, 2001. Nancy has had a distinguished career of outstanding service, spanning 34 years at the Marine Corps Logistics Base at Barstow, California, for which she has received 13 awards and promotions. These awards recognize her skill and acumen at accounting, express appreciation of her hard work and extra efforts, and salute her notable achievement of saving money and promoting efficiency at the Base.

Through her overtime, persistence, and relentless pursuit of cost-effectiveness, Nancy has contributed to saving the Base from closure. The Base plays a pivotal role in the community of Barstow, as an employer and a resource, so we should all be grateful to Nancy and others who have worked to strive for excellence.

This is not just about protecting a community, this is about standing up for the vital interests of our nation, for the Marine Corps Logistics Base at Barstow is essential for testing and repairing vehicles for the Marines. Barstow has special equipment, including water immersion facilities, to ensure that when a vehicle leaves the facility, it is in fighting shape