

IN HONOR OF BLACKIE HOWLETT

**HON. DENNIS J. KUCINICH**

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, July 23, 2002*

Mr. KUCINICH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in honor and remembrance of Blackie Howlett, United States Veteran, pilot, devoted husband, father and grandfather, and dear friend to many.

Mr. Howlett was born Jack J. Howlett II eighty-two years ago in his parents' home on Cleveland's Westside. After attending John Marshall High School, he attended Baldwin-Wallace College. During the 1930's, Howlett learned to fly open-cockpit planes here in Cleveland, from the Cosby Brothers, who were local stunt pilots.

Mr. Howlett was an expert aviator, and utilized his skills and knowledge for the protection and service of the United States. As a U. S. Marine, Mr. Howlett was part of the military crew that helped to build an airport in Kinston, NC. During that time, renown pilot Charles Lindbergh visited the base to train pilots. Mr. Howlett was one of Lindbergh's students. Toward the end of WWII, he was stationed on Wake Island in the Pacific, as a Commanding Officer of the Marine detachment. Mr. Howlett accepted the surrender of Japanese troops on Wake Island. Later, he remained in the service and was in command of an airport at Osaka, Japan. Several years after WWII, Mr. Howlett left the military, and had achieved the status of Major.

After his military tenure, Mr. Howlett joined Irving Cloud Publishing, where he founded Aviation Equipment and Maintenance Magazine. Later, he founded Howlett and Associates, a consultancy company, for aviation publications located around the globe. Mr. Howlett maintained his involvement and participation in aviation throughout his life. During his senior years, he founded the local chapter of the Silver Wings Fraternity, an organization comprised of senior pilots.

In addition to his passion for flying through the air, Mr. Howlett had a life-long interest in flying across the ice. He was an active speed skater in his youth, and was an original member of the Lake Erie Speed Skating Association. He also helped organize the United States Luge program, and was a team manager for the United States Luge Team in the Olympics. In 1989, Mr. Howlett was inducted into the Cleveland Sports Hall of Fame.

Mr. Howlett's beloved wife, Dorothea, passed away in 2000. He was the beloved father of Jeffrey, Carrie and Jennifer, and one grandchild.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. Blackie Howlett was an extraordinary pilot, accomplished businessman, dedicated citizen, and devoted family man. Mr. Blackie Howlett will be greatly missed by all who knew him well, yet his legacy of living life to its absolute fullest—a man who dared to soar where sunlight settles on the highest cloud, a man whose energy and spark belied a gentle nature—will live on for generations to come.

48 HOURS IN A CHINESE  
DETENTION CENTER**HON. JAMES P. MCGOVERN**

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, July 23, 2002*

Mr. MCGOVERN. Mr. Speaker, today I met with Daniel Pomerleau a student from Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts. Last March, Mr. Pomerleau traveled to China to meet with fellow practitioners of Falun Dafa and to learn more about the Chinese government's persecution of its people. As a result of his interaction with Chinese citizens, Mr. Pomerleau was held in a Chinese Detention Center for nearly 48 hours.

Mr. Pomerleau gave me a copy of Clark University's WheatBread Magazine. The magazine has a detailed description written by Mr. Pomerleau of his experiences in China. I ask unanimous consent to have Mr. Pomerleau's article inserted in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

Mr. Speaker, I am certain that the U.S. House of Representatives join me in thanking Mr. Pomerleau for bringing his story to our attention.

## 48 HOURS IN A CHINESE DETENTION CENTER

(By Daniel Pomerleau)

Three weeks ago, my older brother and I were detained in China for talking to people about Falun Dafa. I would like to share with you my experience in the article below. But before I do, I would like to briefly explain our reasons for going, as well as the current situation in the persecution in China.

We departed from Logan airport on Sunday morning, March 24. We split up in Vancouver, Canada, both of us heading in different directions; my older brother Jason to Hong Kong and myself to Beijing. We planned to meet in Beijing a few days later and travel by train through the Northeast of China.

We were traveling to China for similar reasons. We both wanted to expose the persecution of Falun Dafa to the Chinese people and share with them our personal experiences with the practice. We have experienced many first-hand benefits from practicing Falun Dafa and its principles of truthfulness, compassion, and forbearance. We couldn't understand how people could be tortured and killed for doing something as harmless as meditating and trying to be good people. Good people should not be treated like criminals.

While watching the persecution grind on for the past two and half years, we have been horrified by the accounts of harassment, extortion, torture, rape, and killing of Falun Dafa practitioners in Chinese prisons and labor camps every day. Over 150,000 people have been detained and physically abused, and nearly 400 have been tortured to death. Groundless propaganda is spewed out day after day by the Chinese President through all media outlets to vilify the practice and keep the death cases silent. As a result, the average Chinese person knows nothing about the deaths, and even less about the thousands of honors and proclamations bestowed on Falun Dafa outside of China. Because all the books about the practice are outlawed, they only know what's aired in the media. It's really sad. They are the biggest victims.

The Chinese president, the man responsible for this persecution, claims that Falun Dafa is detrimental to China's social stability and must be crushed at all costs. Why then is it proven to be so beneficial to the social sta-

bility of over 50 countries, where it has been practiced freely and peacefully for the past seven years? Why does the Chinese government say bad things about it while the other 50 countries and their people, with various types of cultures, religions, and governments, support it? What is the real motive behind this persecution? Is what the Chinese people hear everyday true?

My brother and I went to China simply to ask the Chinese people to think about these questions. We had no intentions of holding a protest or getting arrested, and we have no interest in political matters or attacking the Chinese government. We also weren't planning on creating a media hype. I was set on quietly returning home after a week or so of travel, and most of you would never have known I had gone if I hadn't been arrested. I felt that if I could talk to just one person and clarify the truth to them so that this person knew the truth about this persecution and no longer wanted to go along with it, I would have accomplished what I had set out to do.

Unfortunately, however, I didn't make it very far.

I arrived at the Beijing International Airport at approximately 4:00 pm on March 25, and headed to a nearby subway station. I got off at a busy Beijing street with people on Bicycles bustling about. Remembering my purpose of coming to China, I took the opportunity to begin talking to a few people and hand them small pieces of information. Everyone I handed it to looked at it, read a few words, and exclaimed "Oh, Falun Dafa! Thank you!" They seemed very happy to be receiving such information from a westerner.

After talking briefly with about five people, a big ruffian approached me from behind, grabbed my arm and pulled me to the side of the street. I was immediately surrounded by several other men and couldn't move. The men had red bandanas tied around their arms and didn't identify who they were. One of them had the information I had handed out in his hand, so I knew who they were and what they were up to. They were thugs hired by the Chinese government to specifically arrest Falun Dafa practitioners. Most likely, they got an award for each new person they arrested. At that point, having read countless stories of the beatings and tortures that have occurred, I knew what I could be about to face. It was pretty scary.

When I tried to leave and continue on my way, they grabbed my luggage and didn't allow me to move. They seemed very nervous and didn't want the Chinese people on the street to know what was going on. Soon a police van came and about seven uniformed police began forcing me towards the van. At this point, I knew it was probably my last chance to do what I had come to China to do, so I called out as loud as I could to the huge crowd that had gathered around me "Falun Dafa Hao!" (Falun Dafa is Good). They looked stunned.

This was my first encounter with the viciousness of this persecution; for, as soon as I said those words, the police began slapping me in the face and kicking me in the legs to keep me quiet. "Falun Dafa is Good" is the last thing they wanted the Chinese people to hear. As I continued to call it out to the crowd, I was picked up and thrown into the police van. The visors were closed and they continued to kick me to keep me silent.

I was taken to a nearby police substation, where I immediately asked to call the U.S. Embassy. They denied the request and instead took away my passport, airplane tickets, and wallet. Upon finding Falun Dafa information in my bag, they said I had broken the law and must be punished. I told them that they were the ones breaking the law. Their own constitution guarantees the right

to freedom of speech and belief, and the Chinese president was breaking the International Covenant of Human Rights by torturing and killing innocent people. They said that it didn't matter because I was in China and had to do what they said. I didn't agree. They began asking me many questions and kicked, slapped, and shoved me when I refused to answer. After about one and a half hours of interrogation, I was taken to a hidden detention center located in a parking garage.

The detention center had two cells in it. I was put into a cell by myself and my luggage was kept away from me. The cell was very dirty and the bed was covered in stains. Most of the policemen watching me were very young and had no interest in arresting me. They were just doing their jobs. I felt very sorry for them because of this. Upon reading the information about Falun Dafa that I had brought with me, they seemed shocked to see the pictures and read the information about the people who have been killed.

I was locked in the cell by myself for the next 45 hours until about 4:00 p.m., Wednesday the 27th. On different occasions, the guards tried to get me to answer several questions as to where I was from, who I traveled to China with, where I got the information I had brought with me, and if I had been in contact with anyone in China. I refused to answer any questions I thought could be used to distort the truth or used to hurt other people. They also tried to get me to sign a form several times, but I refused. On two occasions, the guards were very violent.

One of these times was in the afternoon on Tuesday the 26th. After being escorted to and from the bathroom, I asked them if I could do my homework (which I had brought with me from school). At this point, one of the guards became very angry and pushed me back into the cell. He punched me in the mouth and stomach, and kicked me down to the bed. I had a bloody lip for about 20 minutes.

The other time was in the morning on Wednesday, the 27th. When the guards were still asleep, I used a coin to write Chinese characters on the wall. The characters read 'Falun Dafa is good', 'truthfulness, compassion, and forbearance is good', and 'Falun Dafa is a righteous practice.' I signed it 'an American college student, March 27th.' I wrote the words because I felt it was the only way left I had to let the people who came into the detention center know why I was there. Upon waking up, the guards were stunned, and stared at the writing over and over again. Two hours later, they came into the cell and washed the words away, demanding that I leave the cell with them so they could take my photo and thumbprints. I refused. Again, I told them I was not a criminal and had done nothing wrong. I shouldn't be here, and they should be out on the street arresting people who commit real crimes and rob people. Two of them dragged me out at that point and began punching me in the head and kicking me in the torso. In the end, they were unsuccessful at taking my thumbprints or photo. Later in the day, one of the mean-spirited guards spit in my face after I told him he shouldn't persecute good people.

It was 24 hours before they asked me if I wanted any food or water. At this point, I went on a hunger strike for the remaining 24 hours of my stay. I told them that my detention was illegal and I would not eat or drink until I was released. I practiced the Falun Dafa exercises frequently to keep my energy up and the guards got very quiet and looked on intently as I went through the slow motion movements. Probably most of them

were very intrigued to watch a westerner perform the exercises. There were always at least two guards on duty at all times, but there were frequently up to five or six at various times.

During the whole time, I tried to remain calm and put the principles of truthfulness, compassion, and forbearance into practice. For some of the guards, the ones that had a little bit of kind heart in them, it had a positive effect. After a while, they could see I was a good person and their consciences began to function. They were more open to what I said and didn't yell back in reply. They didn't want to have anything to do with the beatings.

At around 4:00 pm on March 27, the guards entered my cell and told me that it was time to leave. Upon walking out of the cell, I grabbed my luggage and was escorted into a police van with seven more uniformed police. I was taken to a place where they picked up my new return trip tickets, and then to the airport. At the airport, they drove the police van up to the plane itself so that I was not allowed to come into contact with any other people while in China. They treated me like a highly dangerous criminal. They most likely feared that I would tell the people I came into contact with that Falun Dafa was good and expose the beating I had received while in custody.

Though it was very brutal, what I experienced is nothing compared to what the people in China have been facing everyday for the past two and a half years; and they don't have a safe home to come home to. Hundreds of thousands are languishing in labor camps and detention centers all across the country where they are tortured with electric batons, beatings, sleep deprivation, and mind-altering drugs. If they refuse to sign statements to give up practicing Falun Gong, they are forced into brainwashing classes where they are barraged with hate propaganda designed to break their wills. The physical and mental suffering is unimaginable.

The day I arrived in China, there was a huge police sweep in the northeast city of Changchun. The police sweep came after a state order from the Chinese President two weeks earlier to "kill without pardon" Falun Dafa practitioners who post information or expose the truth of the persecution to other people. The police were given a quota: five practitioners for every one policeman. In one day, over 5,000 people were arrested. Over the course of a single week, dozens have reportedly been executed.

The situation becomes increasingly urgent with each passing day, and is approaching the severity of Nazi Germany. Though I didn't get to talk to many Chinese people directly while in China, I am glad that at least more people here are aware of the situation. I hope that all kind-hearted people can offer any support that they can.

#### IN HONOR OF ALLISON McCORMACK

#### HON. DENNIS J. KUCINICH

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, July 23, 2002*

Mr. KUCINICH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in honor and remembrance of June Allison McCormack, community and political activist, successful businesswoman, beloved mother, grandmother, and trusted friend.

Mrs. McCormack was an extremely kind soul with a generous spirit, who was always

looking for ways to help others. She traveled frequently to points across the globe, looking for ways to improve the environment for children living in impoverished areas.

Mrs. McCormack donated her time and money to several worthy charitable organizations, and encouraged others to do so. Instead of accepting holiday and birthday gifts from families and friends, she requested that they donate to the charity of their choice.

Besides her philanthropic work and commitment to volunteerism, Mrs. McCormack possessed a sharp sense for business, and successfully operated June McCormack Realty for 25 years, before retiring in the mid-eighties.

Mr. Speaker, please join me in honor and remembrance of June Allison McCormack, beloved wife of the late Earl Patrick McCormack, devoted mother of four, and devoted grandmother of ten. Mrs. McCormack leaves behind a legacy of a generous spirit and devotion to helping others, especially children, and she will be greatly missed.

#### FIGHTER PILOTS HONORED

#### HON. GARY G. MILLER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, July 23, 2002*

Mr. MILLER of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a group of individuals who did a great service to our nation. These men are fighter pilots from the Royal Australian Air Force and the New Zealand Royal Air Force who were assigned to US combat units and served as Forward Air Controllers during the Vietnam War. I would like to honor the following individuals:

#### ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE

Wg. Cdr. Col Ackland, Flt. Lt. Ray Butler, Flt. Lt. Garry Cooper, Flt. Lt. Garry Cooper, Flt. Lt. Mac Cottrell, Wg. Cdr. Vance Drummond, Flt. Lt. Huck Ennis, Flt. Lt. Brian Fooks, Flt. Lt. Tony Ford and Flt. Lt. Frank Fry.

Flt. Lt. Dick Gregory, Flt. Lt. Jack Hayden, Flt. Lt. Chris Hudnott, Flt. Lt. Dick Kelloway, Flt. Lt. Chris Langton, Wg. Cdr. Peter Larard, Flt. Lt. Chris Mirow, Flt. Lt. Ken Mitchell, Flt. Lt. Bruce Mouatt, Sqn. Ldr. Graham Neil, Sqn. Ldr. Dave Owens, Wg. Cdr. Tony Powell, Sqn. Ldr. Rex Ramsay and Flt. Lt. Doug Riding.

Flt. Lt. Dave Robson, Flt. Lt. Barry Schultz, Flt. Lt. Bruce Searle, Flt. Lt. Ken Semmler, Flt. Lt. Arthur Sibthorpe, Flt. Lt. Ron Slater, Flt. Lt. Peter Smith, Wg. Cdr. Barry Thomas, Flt. Lt. Gavin Thoms, Sqn. Ldr. Nobby Williams, Flt. Lt. Roger Wilson and Flt. Lt. Bruce Wood.

#### NEW ZEALAND ROYAL AIR FORCE

Flt. Lt. Murray Abel, Flt. Lt. Mike Callanan, Flt. Lt. J.M. Denton, Flt. Lt. B.W. Donnelly, Flt. Lt. Ross Ewing, Flt. Lt. Graeme Goldsmith, Wg. Cdr. R.F. Lawry, Flt. Lt. Bryan Lockie, Flt. Lt. Darryl McEvedy, Flt. Lt. Dick Metcalfe, Sqn. Ldr. John Scrimshaw, Flt. Lt. G.R. Thompson, Wg. Cdr. Wallingford and Flt. Lt. Peter Waller.

I would also like to recognize Lt. Col. Eugene Rossel and Flt. Lt. Garry Copper for actively pursuing decorations for these men who served our country in a time of need.