

For the past thirty-one years, John has served New Jersey's education community as a UniServe Representative for the New Jersey Education Association. As a vital member of the NJEA's staff, John's career has been characterized by unswerving dedication, professionalism, and enthusiasm for educating both NJEA members and New Jersey's elected leaders. John's resourcefulness, creativity, and integrity mark him a role model for his colleagues and, indeed, for us all.

In recognition of all that John has given, the education community of Bergen County has proclaimed September 29, 2002 as "John Biondi Day." John's justified pride in this proclamation is shared by his wife Marilyn, his three sons, John Jr., Andrew, and Tom, and his grandchildren, Christopher and Joseph.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues in the House of Representatives to join me in congratulating John Biondi on his retirement, and commending him for his tremendous dedication and contribution to the students and education community of New Jersey.

JOHNNIE ROSEBORO, LOS ANGELES DODGERS ALL-STAR CATCHER

HON. DIANE E. WATSON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Ms. WATSON of California. Mr. Speaker, it is with great sadness that I announce the passing of Johnnie Roseboro, an All-Star catcher for the Los Angeles Dodgers. John passed away on August 16 at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles. He was 69.

Johnnie Roseboro played in the major leagues from 1957 to 1970 with the Dodgers, Minnesota Twins, and Washington Senators (now the Texas Rangers). He was named to All-Star teams in 1958, 1961, 1962 and 1969, and won Gold Gloves for his defensive play in 1961 and 1966. Roseboro became the Dodgers' starting catcher in the team's first season in Los Angeles, replacing the legendary Roy Campanella who had been paralyzed in an auto accident.

Roseboro was nicknamed "Gabby" by his teammates because he went about his business quietly and without fanfare. He always carried himself with dignity and class. These attributes are exemplified in the aftermath of the famous bat swinging incident in which San Francisco Giants pitcher Juan Marichal inflicted a two inch gash on Roseboro's forehead. The incident tarnished Marichal's reputation, who was only voted into baseball's Hall of Fame after Roseboro publicly stated that he thought Marichal was being unfairly kept out of the Hall of Fame.

Roseboro's nobility of mind and heart defined him in his life both on and off the baseball diamond. He is survived by his beloved wife, Barbara Fouch-Roseboro and daughter, Morgan Nicole Fouch-Roseboro and his children by a former marriage, daughters Shelley Roseboro, Staci-Roseboro-Shoals, and Jaime Roseboro.

In closing, I would like to enter into the RECORD the following eulogy to Mr. Roseboro, prepared by Oliver Herford.

[From the Eulogy for Johnnie Roseboro]
"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE SILENCE HE KEEPS"

(By Oliver Herford)

Some men walk through life making a big ado. Puffing up their chests when reminiscing on unremarkable past accomplishments and feats. Opening wide their mouths to expel dubious wisdom and conspiracies, tendering words upon words upon words, but no meat.

But other men forgo words and express their abilities in deed. They do so simply, without fuss nor fanfare, dancing nor prancing. They just step up to the plate, eye the ball and swing. Sometimes, the ball grazes the tree tips and is going . . . going . . . gone, or it may foul backward into the stands. Regardless. For these few exceptional men, each gesture—win or lose—is always authentic and with the full weight of their being, forcing witnesses to pause, slack-jawed, in awe-inspired amazement.

There is little wonder into which camp John Roseboro fell. Ask anyone to describe him in two words and they would say succinctly: No Bull. He was unapologetically comfortable in his skin, to the core: you either got him or you didn't. For him, there was little worthy of sweat. He would simply throw up his hands and say, "No big deal," and move on. He left it to the critics to assess the long-term merit of his accomplishments—for him, it was all in a day's work, nothing more. He considered suggestions but, in the end, his instinct would always trump any outside counsel.

In spite of this characteristic, he made it utterly impossible to be angry at him. But, thankfully, the same worked in reverse. If you looked down to discover your feet on the wrong side of his line, a simple apology would always be followed by "That's okay, Babe," and any trace of the dispute would be immediately expunged.

Although his urtle-like mien caused some strangers to hesitate, his inner circle of friends and family knew the hard outer shell merely served as protection for its precious cargo—a tender and easily broken heart. This vulnerability might uncover why it was this particular organ's weakness that sparked his fifteen-year downward health spiral. Although, admittedly, he did nothing to impede the descent.

Even after enduring countless (okay, 54) hospital stays, surgeries and treatments at Cedars Sinai alone, he maintained an unyielding *laissez-faire* attitude toward improving his condition. Yet it is the rare man whose friends and family cannot utter a single negativity after fruitlessly imploring him—for decades—to set down the Coke can, exercise, and consider the fish section of the menu. But he would likely have undergone a thousand colonoscopies of bypasses if it meant any reprieve from the constant barrage of heart-health suggestions, books, pills and tonics he received on a daily basis. His food motto remained intact until the end: "I'll die with a full stomach and that's that."

Replacing words with such mottoes was just his way, each comment whittled down to its essence and punctuated with a saying for good measure. Favorites included "Ain't nothin' shakin' but the leaves," . . . "God willin' and the creek don't rise" . . . and "Is the Pope Catholic?"

Sayings aside, John was definitely a laconic spirit—the irony in his nickname, Gabby, was well-earned. But, as they say, silence is a text easy to misread. Just ask anyone brave enough to venture toward the back of the room and take a seat next to him. His bulbous eyes voyeuristically scanning the crowd, extracting vital bits of data to launch into an anecdote or a unique observation.

Between tales of the Glory Days, life insights and off-colored jokes, they would discover—as we already had—a man of infinite, yet simplistic, wisdom blended with an understated hilarity. He was the anti-thesis of the "dumb jock." A voracious reader, he would complete several books a month. In his later years, he took countless adult education courses, honed his considerable culinary talents and taught himself to use his new computer to surf the internet.

Although John was undeniably great on the ball field, his greatest accomplishments lie in his legacy off the field. He was generous in his purchases for loved ones, but his best gifts were always of the non-monetary persuasion: unparalleled insight, laughs, great stories and lots of love. Any time spent with him was guaranteed to be an unforgettable treat and its own reward.

In short, John Roseboro was one of the best—and easiest—men you'd ever befriend. He was a loving husband, father, brother, son, uncle and friend. His life force beats strongly in the hearts of all who were blessed enough to share their lives with him.

John was born in Ashland, Ohio in 1933 to Cecil Geraldine Lowery Roseboro and John Henry Roseboro. His only sibling was James Alexander Roseboro.

John Roseboro is survived by his beloved wife, Barbara Fouch-Roseboro and daughter, Morgan Nicole Fouch-Roseboro and his children by a former marriage, daughters Shelley Roseboro and Staci Roseboro-Shoals (John), and son Jaime Roseboro (Karen).

Additional family members include grandchildren Ashley Shoals, Amber Shoals, Kaitlyn Roseboro, Sydney Roseboro, April Roseboro,; brothers-in-law James Walker, Kenneth Walker, Jackie Millines; sisters-in-law Ifeoma Kwezi, Annie Roseboro, Michelle Hollie, Andrea Frye and Yolanda Leary; nephews Anthony M. Roseboro (Tia), Pearl Daniel White, Sinclair Saunders; nieces Gayle Mitchell (Charles), Sabrina Phillips, Latrice Westbury; great-nephews Alexander Roseboro, Jermaine Mitchell, Orlando Mitchell, Kenyon Saunders, Ronaldo Walker, Antonio Walker, Rico Walker, Norris Bray; great-nieces Shelbi Roseboro, Crystal Phillips, Summer Rain Phillips; god-daughters Kaiyanna Frye, Alexandra Josephine Richardson Jackson, and a host of other relatives and friends.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. THOMAS M. BARRETT

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Mr. BARRETT of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, because of commitments in my home state of Wisconsin, I was unable to vote on rollcall Nos. 371 through 374. Had I been present, I would have voted:

"No" on rollcall No. 371;
"Aye" on rollcall No. 372;
"Aye" on rollcall No. 373; and
"Aye" on rollcall No. 374.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. BOB CLEMENT

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Mr. CLEMENT. Mr. Speaker, on rollcall Nos. 377, 376, 375, 374, and 373, had I been present, I would have voted "aye."

HONORING CHARLES PALERMO ON
HIS RECEIVING NEW JERSEY
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

HON. FRANK A. LoBIONDO

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Mr. LoBIONDO. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor a South Jerseyman who has been honored for his brave service in World War II. Charles Palermo of Ocean City, New Jersey, a World War II veteran, was presented with the New Jersey Distinguished Service Medal on December 17, 2001 at the Cumberland County College. The New Jersey Distinguished Service Medal is the State's top military award and was given to Mr. Palermo in honor of the sacrifices he made for his country as a combat soldier.

Sergeant Palermo enlisted in the Marine Corps and was shipped out to the Pacific Theater where he spent nearly three years in combat, coming face to face with death several times. In the South Pacific, Sgt. Palermo escaped death more than once, when Japanese bombs hit the amphibious tank he was aboard. He recalled this harrowing escape later saying, "The worst experience was on August 11th and 12th at Guadalcanal. We had 13 men and four tanks. All the lights went out and we were stranded in the ocean. There was a big battle (during which Palermo's tank got hit by a bomb seconds after he and his crew jumped out). The next morning, there were a lot of dead bodies in the water—both Americans and Japanese," he said. Another time, Palermo did not escape the tank before an enemy bomb hit struck the vehicle. This time he was injured, suffering burns from the waist up. "It wasn't that bad," Palermo commented. On the island of Peleliu, he witnessed two of his friends enter a cave to seek out the enemy. But they never came out, he said.

The New Jersey Distinguished Service Medal was authorized by the State of New Jersey to honor all of the returning combat veterans and acknowledge the debt the State owed them for their service. "The New Jersey veterans receiving the Distinguished Service Medal are a credit to our State and our Nation. Their sacrifice and their bravery in combat is truly deserving of New Jersey's highest military award," said Acting Governor Donald DiFrancesco, of the honorees. Mr. Speaker, I concur with that sentiment and extend my thanks and appreciation to Mr. Charles Palermo who, like so many of his fellow World War II veterans, came forward to defend America and freedom.

HONORING AND REMEMBERING
BOSTON CITY COUNCILOR BRIAN
HONAN

HON. MICHAEL E. CAPUANO

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Mr. CAPUANO. Mr. Speaker, I rise to honor and remember Boston City Councilor Brian Honan, an effective, passionate and admired public servant who was taken from us far too soon. I had the privilege of working with Brian and witnessed firsthand his dedication to the

Allston-Brighton neighborhoods he represented.

Whether it was fighting to preserve affordable housing or working to enhance the quality of life for his constituents, Brian approached every issue with a determination to lend a helping hand. His interest was never getting a headline, only that his constituents benefited from his efforts.

Brian loved public service, something quite evident to anyone who watched him perform the duties of a Boston City Councilor. Every person, and every issue, was important and he worked tirelessly to represent the men and women who elected him. No issue was too trivial and no concern was too small.

Brian's devotion to the community extended beyond his official responsibilities. In particular, he was especially interested in creating opportunities for youth. You need look no further than the number of local institutions with which he had a powerful, positive relationship—the West End House Boys and Girls Club, the Oak Square YMCA, St. Columbkille's School, the Gardner School—the list could go on. Each serves young people and each enjoyed Brian's unswerving support.

We lost a bright light and a powerful voice this summer, but Brian's legacy of hard work will live on. The impact he had on the neighborhoods of Allston-Brighton is evident in countless ways and the City of Boston is a better place because of him. My thoughts and prayers are with Brian's family and friends.

I am honored to have known and worked with such a compassionate and effective public servant.

COMMEMORATION OF ARTBA'S
100TH ANNIVERSARY

HON. GARY G. MILLER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Mr. GARY G. MILLER of California. Mr. Speaker, as a Representative of California, I appreciate the importance transportation plays in the daily lives of Americans. Whether it be the movement of goods and services or one's personal utilization of our expansive transportation network, America's transportation infrastructure has continued to thrive and evolve at unprecedented levels. The knowledge and efforts dedicated by groups such as America Road & Transportation Builders Association (ARTBA) have played a vital role in ensuring America's roadways, airports and waterways continue to effectively and efficiently meet our transportation needs.

This country has become the prosperous and efficacious nation that we live in today, due largely to the ingenuity and persistence demonstrated by so many Americans. Horatio Sawyer Earle, one of ARTBA's founding fathers, set out in 1902 to materialize a vision he had of connecting all the states' capitals through a network of highways. What ensued was an organization and set of ideas that has, for 100 years and counting, been at the vanguard of envisioning and implementing improvements to our nation's transportation infrastructure.

In areas of commerce, as well as personal commute, transportation has incorporated

itself as an indispensable aspect of America's growth. America's transportation network enables us to partake in a tremendous \$6 trillion worth of freight. The transportation construction industry itself is worth \$160 billion a year and employs 1.6 million people. America has seen the successful implementation of these transportation endeavors in large part due to ARTBA's fielded expertise and fruitful consultations.

Mr. Speaker, I would like to take this opportunity to personally express both my admiration for ARTBA in reaching this 100-year milestone, and my gratitude for their unparalleled contributions to America's transportation infrastructure.

RECOGNITION OF LARRY T. WILSON,
NEWLY ELECTED DIRECTOR
ON THE BOARD OF THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF
FEDERAL CREDIT UNIONS (NAFCU)

HON. DAVID E. PRICE

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 10, 2002

Mr. PRICE of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, today I rise to recognize Larry Wilson, the President and CEO of Coastal Federal Credit Union, for his recent election to the Board of the National Association of Federal Credit Unions (NAFCU).

Larry has been President and CEO of Coastal Federal Credit Union, located in the Fourth District North Carolina, since 1974. During his tenure, Coastal Federal Credit Union has grown in assets from \$2.7 million to \$1.245 billion; it now serves over 100,000 members from the great State of North Carolina.

Larry Wilson's accomplishments are impressive indeed. He was named NAFCU's Professional of the Year in 1985, and in 1992, Larry was crowned Executive of the Year by the Credit Union Executive Society. His illustrious career further includes leadership in the North Carolina Credit Union League, the North Carolina Credit Union Network, the Eastern North Carolina Better Business Bureau, and the Triangle Chapter of the American Red Cross.

Larry's contributions also shine through in Coastal Federal Credit Union's track record. In 1991, Coastal Federal Credit Union was recognized as Credit Union of the Year by NAFCU. Earlier this year, at NAFCU's Annual Conference, Small Business Administration Administrator Hector Barreto singled out Coastal Federal Credit Union for its significant contribution to improving the lives of the underserved.

Coastal Federal Credit Union participates in and sponsors an array of programs that benefit the local community, as well as communities throughout the State. During the holidays, Coastal Federal Credit Union sponsors and sells a Christmas card designed by a child who is a patient at Duke Children's Hospital, with all proceeds going to the hospital. Coastal Federal Credit Union has also helped to raise more than \$400,000 to establish the bone marrow transplant unit at Duke Children's Hospital.

Coastal Federal Credit Union, in participation with credit unions throughout North Carolina, joined together to raise \$265,000 to purchase and staff a motor home that travels to