

The legislation being considered today is identical to the provision granting hiring flexibilities for the Securities and Exchange Commission that was considered and approved by the Government Reform Committee on May 7 as part of H.R. 1836, the Civil Service and National Security Personnel Improvement Act. The Government Reform Committee and the Financial Services Committee worked together with the Securities and Exchange Commission to craft this important legislation that should help to resolve some of the staffing shortages facing the Commission at a time when oversight of the financial markets is essential to restoring public confidence in the economy.

One of my goals as chairman of the committee with jurisdiction over federal civil service policy is to reform agency hiring processes government-wide. However, in considering some of the immediate challenges and staff shortages facing the Commission, I felt it was important to address their situation immediately, and then begin to focus on the rest of the federal government.

I urge my colleagues to support this legislation and I look forward to working with them in the future as we move toward comprehensive reform of federal hiring procedures.

REMEMBERING J. ROY MARTIN,  
JR.

HON. JOE WILSON

OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 18, 2003

Mr. WILSON of South Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I want to express my deepest sympathies for the family of J. Roy Martin who passed away May 30, 2003.

Roy was a true South Carolinian and will be greatly missed. He was also a great American, a man who served valiantly in World War II. Roy was a jumpmaster during the invasion of Normandy and fought in most major battle areas in Europe.

I believe the memory of Roy is best told by his son, Allen, who gave the following speech at his father's funeral:

First, my thanks to each of you for coming and being a part of my dad's life. And thanks for your comfort and support to my dad and my family during these last difficult months. The caretakers at Anderson Hospital and Hospice of the Upstate will have our lasting gratitude.

America has lost a brave and courageous patriot. My family has lost a constant and steadfast anchor. Many of you have lost a trusted and faithful friend.

Dad was an original member of 101st Airborne Division of the U. S. Army, better known as the Screaming Eagles. He volunteered for extended active duty and volunteered to be a paratrooper. Parachuting was in its infancy. Dad participated in the first divisional drops and the first night drops, all in preparation for the invasion of Normandy.

His division was shipped to Liverpool, England on a voyage that took 43 days, part of which was on the HMS Strathnauer where 5,800 men were packed on a ship equipped to hold 300.

The months preceding June 6, 1944 were spent in England preparing for the invasion. Dad and the 101st left England at 10:30 PM June 5th, the night before D-Day. Each man was required to take six boxes of food, a gas mask, ammunition, a folding stock, a 30 cal-

iber carbine, knives, a main parachute, and a reserve parachute. Each man was so heavy he could not get in the plane without assistance and once in the plane could not stand up without assistance. It was my privilege a few years ago to help Dad write his memoirs for the New Orleans D-Day reunion and the following are some excerpts.

Dad writes, "After we were in the plane the motor was started and I, as a jumpmaster, was standing in the door. As we taxied up the taxi-way, I saw Gen. Eisenhower, with several of his staff, in an open touring car parked by the runway as we were moving out. It was very encouraging to see that he placed this much interest in our unit and our mission. I learned later that his air advisor, Marshal Lee Mallory, had advised him, that he should not use airborne troops in this operation, that they would suffer 85 percent casualties. It must have been a great burden on Gen. Eisenhower to see us take off and know that most of us would not come back.

Dad was the fifth of hundreds of planes to take off. He writes, "I was able to look and see that navigation lights of the many planes behind us. There were so many lights it looked like a mammoth Christmas tree.

Dad was always a navigator and as he stood in the door, his confidence was shaken because he could see that his plane was off course, as they came over the French Coast. The planes altitude lowered and they could see the Germans running their guns and begin firing with planes crashing, burning and exploding in the fights behind him.

He jumped knowing that he would not land in his designated zone. It seemed to him that almost as soon as his chute opened he was plunging through the tops of an apple orchard. He gathered his men and approached a French farmhouse. Dad had taken French in Boys High School eight years earlier. Much to his surprise he was able to recall enough French to convince the farmer to lead his men in the direction of their mission, which were the gun emplacements that dominated Utah Beach. They soon came upon several battalion and regimental officers who were more senior to Dad. Dad then went to the back of the line. After only another mile or so, the Germans opened fire with machine guns and the French farmer and most of his men were killed. Dad was able to crawl to a depression and meet the first of so many dead Americans that he saw in the war. One, a lieutenant and a recent graduate of West Point named Eberly, had been shot through the head in almost the exact same position he had previously occupied. He made his way through dead bodies to a house on the side of the road completely filled with wounded and dead soldiers. He proceeded across the bridge and saw the ditches on both sides filled with dead soldiers. From this point, to the point where he reached the gun emplacements, he has no memory—not even the tremendous bombardments that preceded the beach landings. It was one of many lapses of memory that I can only conclude was his way of dealing with the horror.

The week after D-Day was another lapse in memory but Dad writes, "... D-Day was only the beginning. My battalion, my division and I participated in every single major battle in the European theater. We were in the airborne operation in Holland and in Bastogne during the time it was surrendered. And during it all I was never wounded and never missed a day of combat. I have always wondered why this happened since it was almost unique and virtually all of my friends were either killed or wounded ..."

He continues, "We were in France for approximately six weeks. I wore the same clothes the entire time we were there." Upon return to England, I pulled off my clothes, "... and when I did so, the floor around me

turned white by the skin I had shed into the clothes. And I took my pants and literally stood them up in the corner of the room."

Dad ends his memoirs with this, "After the initial days following D-Day, I never really expected to live through the war." "... there was no such thing as a safe job in a parachute unit." "The following September when we jumped in Holland, I was a Junior Captain in the battalion, three days later I was the only Captain left. And the entire battalion staff except the battalion commander had been killed or wounded. And the battalion commander was then the regimental commander because most of the regimental staff, including the regimental commander, had been killed or wounded. The only reasons that I am alive today are simply a matter of pure luck and the grace of God."

Throughout my life dad spoke very little about WWII. It is my conclusion that it was too horrific for him to recall. He was also a man who showed almost no emotion. Prior to the last few days, the only time I ever saw him cry, and then only briefly, was when my older brother Jim was killed. I believe that Dad left most of his emotions on the European continent and as a result of his experience there became an individual totally dedicated to the substantive. He did not tolerate small talk, he had little time for recreation, and he was totally involved in the serious not the sublime. He believed it was an honor and a duty to serve his country and that he owed his country, his country did not owe him.

He was amazingly devoted to his family, not only to Mom and to us, but also to his brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, and cousins, which was a challenge in the enormous family to which he belonged. Where his father was one of eleven children and his mother was one of 21 children. And he made no distinctions between laws, stepchildren, and adoption. Once you entered his family, he was totally devoted to you and would never let you down.

Dad felt the greatest obligation of a parent was to raise independent children. He never rewarded us for good grades nor punished us for bad grades. He always told us that the grades we made affected us not him. He instilled in us a desire to strive for the best.

He believed in the worth of every individual. He taught us that we were no better or no worse than anyone else and that everyone was put on this earth for a purpose. He was very much a Baptist believing that one's faith walk was an individual journey, not a corporate journey. He instructed us from an early age that as much as he might wish he could get us to heaven, it was a decision for me to make and no one could make it for me. He was a stern disciplinarian. He definitely believed in the axiom, 'spare the rod, spoil the child,' except when it came to Louis.

He was a great believer in free markets and encouraged people to go into business for themselves. Just as his father before him had encouraged his siblings to form their own business, so too did Dad try to help his siblings in starting their own businesses. He, like our President, was a compassionate conservative.

He believed everyone should contribute to his or her community. He taught Sunday school for years, played in the Anderson Symphony Orchestra, was a life-long member of the Rotary Club, and served for many years in the Chamber of Commerce and the Anderson Memorial Hospital Board.

My father was blunt and plainly spoken. He had not time for small talk. He battled depression for years. But he was a great man. I never stopped learning from him and God should be prepared for some pointed questions from this guy.

I am sure Dad and the Lord are having some serious conversations. A few days ago one of the nurses commented on what a good job the Lord had done with him. He quickly corrected her by saying the Lord and me—don't give the Lord all the credit.

Dad was often difficult and he knew it. He gave Mom a plaque of appreciation on their 55th anniversary to honor her for putting up with him for 55 years. He was resentful for what his cancer had done to him. Many of you, in recent months, tried unsuccessfully to see him. Your attempts were appreciated even when unsuccessful.

We thank each one of you here for being a part of his incredible life. We hope you will find guidance in so many of the things he stood for and we hope you will go from this place loving your family and committed to making this world a better place for future generations.

THE PASSING OF EUGENE A.  
GILMER

HON. JOHN CONYERS, JR.

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, June 18, 2003*

Mr. CONYERS. Mr. Speaker, with great sorrow, I call to the attention of the House, the passing of one of Michigan's great educators, Eugene A. Gilmer. His family has lost a loving, devoted husband, and father; I have lost a dear friend and constant inspiration; Detroit has lost a giant.

Eugene Gilmer left us on June 13, 2003, at the age of 79. He had compiled an outstanding career as an educator and community activist. After serving with great distinction overseas in the Army during World War II, he graduated from Wayne State University. Determined to overcome racial bias in hiring educators, Eugene drove a bus until he won a teaching position. After that, there was no holding back his talent, his dedication and his spirited drive.

In addition to his commitment to educating Detroit's youth, Eugene was equally dedicated to the preservation and appreciation of African American history. While serving as principal at the Sampson Elementary and Fitzgerald Elementary Schools, he played a key role in the founding and funding of the Charles H. Wright Museum of African American History and then served on its Board of Directors. Over the years, the Wright Museum became one of the Nation's leading institutions preserving an appreciation of the tribulations, as well as the contributions of African Americans.

It is now commonplace for public officials to pledge allegiance to slogans like "quality education for all" and "no child left behind." Decades before these principles became popular sound bites, however, they were the cornerstones of Eugene's educational philosophy and his professional goals.

Eugene never lowered his standards of excellence, nor accepted excuses for students who failed to achieve their potential. At the same time, he knew better than most that education was the essential ladder of higher aspirations. He firmly held that ladder and showed generations of students how to climb it.

His wisdom, guidance and leadership enriched the lives not only of thousands of students, but also of countless Michigan teachers

and educational administrators. While Eugene would not compromise the principles that informed his career, he applied them with compassion and gentleness, in equal measure.

Eugene's total commitment to the improvement of education in Metropolitan Detroit flourished against the larger landscape of his social activism, and participation in the political process. He regarded both as the higher calling of a citizen and thought of neither as a nuisance or as simply an avenue for self-promotion. Detroit residents from all walks of life knew this about Eugene, and loved him for it.

Our thoughts are with his family: with Margaret Gilmer, his beloved wife of 56 years; his daughter, Crystal; his son, Eugene; his eight grandchildren, and his three great-grandchildren.

Eugene Gilmer contributed immeasurably to his fellow human beings. He will be sorely missed. I salute his memory.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. GEORGE R. NETHERCUTT, JR.

OF WASHINGTON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, June 18, 2003*

Mr. NETHERCUTT. Mr. Speaker, on Tuesday, June 17, 2003. I missed three votes due to my sons high school graduation. Had I been present I would have voted YES on:

Roll Call Vote #279—H. Res. 276—Ordering the previous question on waiving points of order against the conference report to accompany S. 342 to amend the Child Abuse Prevention and Treatment Act to make improvements to and reauthorize programs under the Act, and for other purposes.

Roll Call Vote #280—H. Res. 171—Commending the University of Minnesota Duluth Bulldogs for winning the NCAA 2003 National Collegiate Women's Ice Hockey Championship.

Roll Call Vote #281—H.R. 658—The Accountant, Compliance, and Enforcement Act.

TRIBUTE TO BRIGADIER GENERAL  
RANDY TIESZEN, USA

HON. TERRY EVERETT

OF ALABAMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, June 18, 2003*

Mr. EVERETT. Mr. Speaker, it's my privilege to pay tribute today to an outstanding Army officer who is retiring this month. Brigadier General Randy Tieszen has served in various positions of responsibility throughout his 31 years of service in the United States military culminating as the Deputy Commanding General of the U.S. Army Aviation Center at Fort Rucker, Alabama, in my congressional district.

Upon his arrival at Fort Rucker on August 7, 2001, Brigadier General Tieszen immediately immersed himself in planning, developing and resourcing Flight School XXI, the keystone of Army Aviation transformation and divestiture of legacy aircraft.

The Flight School XXI program will send more qualified aviators to the field units to form their war-time mission, enhancing the effectiveness of our nation's defense and the

ability of the Army to act as the vanguard of freedom. His actions have ensured that Army Aviation is ready to meet any challenges laid before it.

Brigadier General Tieszen and his wife, Kathy, have been active and highly regarded members of the local community who are leaving a lasting legacy of civic involvement and a wide circle of friends who will miss them both.

I am pleased to count myself as one of Brigadier General Tieszen's friends and, on behalf of the Congress of the United States and the people of Alabama, wish him well in the next stage of life's journey.

IN TRIBUTE TO THE CITY OF  
MOUNT VERNON

HON. ELIOT L. ENGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, June 18, 2003*

Mr. ENGEL. Mr. Speaker, we celebrate the 150th anniversary of Mount Vernon, which officially started as a village in 1853 made up from five farms, but grew into perhaps the most densely populated city in the State of New York.

It started as a fulfillment of that most typical of American dreams: home ownership. John Stevens, a merchant tailor from New York City, formed the Industrial Home Association to become the Village of Mount Vernon. When the IHA membership reached 1,000 dues payers, 1,017 to be exact, they bought the land of five farms consisting of some 369 acres at about \$205 dollars an acre.

Originally a part of the Town of Eastchester, the Village of Mount Vernon grew over the next four decades and in 1892 was chartered under the laws of the State of New York as an incorporated city.

It grew by welcoming Baptists, Methodists, Dutch Reformed, and Catholic groups, as well as any others willing to settle there and contribute to the community. It has become a thriving community growing and flourishing in the shadow of New York City.

John Stevens helped to initiate the dream that Mount Vernon has become and one that will continue to develop and prosper through the industry and vision of the people who inhabit this charming and wonderful city.

RECOGNITION OF WORLD REFUGEE  
DAY

HON. MARK GREEN

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, June 18, 2003*

Mr. GREEN of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, I stand today to recognize World Refugee Day, declared on June 20, 2000 and every year thereafter by a special UN General Assembly Resolution. Whereas it is unquestionable that the new democratically-elected government in Kenya is a positive step forward for Africa, I want to also affirm the generosity of Kenya toward refugees and asylum-seekers. Statistics show that approximately 20,000 new refugees and asylum-seekers fled to Kenya during 2002 from Sudan, Ethiopia, Eritrea, Somalia,