

HONORING THE BRAVERY OF WORLD WAR II VETERAN BERNARD RADER

HON. JOHN B. LARSON

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 7, 2007

Mr. LARSON of Connecticut. Madam Speaker, I rise to honor Mr. Bernard Rader, a true American hero who valiantly served this country in World War II. Today and everyday, we owe members of our military—soldiers like Bernard Rader and so many of his generation who faced grave danger in order to restore freedom and preserve the dignity of mankind, our sincerest debt of gratitude.

I had the privilege to first meet Mr. Rader in Normandy, France in 2004, on the 60th anniversary of the D-Day invasion. It was then that I first learned of this man's extraordinary story of survival and heroism. A Private First Class with the 301st Regiment of the 94th Infantry Division, his unit was ambushed and forced to surrender to the Nazis in October 1944. As a Jewish soldier, he feared his fate as a prisoner of war. Surviving his imprisonment, Bernard was returned to the Allied forces in one of the few prisoner exchanges to take place between the Germans and Americans during World War II.

For service to his country and in recognition of his combat wounds, Bernard received the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart. On November 6, 2007, Bernard was personally thanked by French President Nicolas Sarkozy and awarded the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his sacrifice for the Liberation of France. I join the many in honoring Bernard Rader—this Nation remains indebted to his service.

Madame Speaker, I would like to offer Bernard Rader's powerful and personal story for the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. I am submitting "The Ambush", an article published in the Hartford Courant, which chronicles Bernard's war experience and faithful return to France with his family 60 years later, as described by his son Robert Rader—who I'm proud to note is from Connecticut's First Congressional District. I urge my colleagues to join me in thanking Mr. Bernard Rader for his service to this nation and for sharing his heroic story with all of America.

[From the Hartford Courant, July 25, 2004]

THE AMBUSH

(By Robert J. Rader)

Dad and the two other veterans strained to pick out their comrades from the pictures of basic training at Fort McCain. "Remember this one? What was his name?" Their eyes, now 60 years older, strained at the fuzzy prints. "Have you heard from Higgins or Schulman or Boyd recently?" We were on a ferry from Lorient, on the western coast of France, to Ile de Groix. During World War II, the port of Lorient remained in Nazi hands till the day after Germany had surrendered. All three men had been imprisoned by the Nazis after being captured in an ambush in October 1944: two of them were held on the Ile de Groix, the third—Dad—on the mainland. The boat glided swiftly across the water. The day was overcast, with mist rising from the sea, but the sun would soon burn the mist off and, as we reached the island, break through. The three veterans—my father, Bernard I. Rader; Kermit Harden; and Bob Moore—sat on benches in the cabin and talked about the men who died. They re-

membered the food the French people sneaked to them at a time when few had much to feed their own families. And they talked about the young American Red Cross officer, Andrew Gerow Hodges, who had braved getting shot by mistake, either by the Germans or the Americans, to arrange one of the few prisoner exchanges on the Western Front in World War II. They dubbed their trip "The Andrew Gerow Hodges Tour."

The ferry nosed past a massive cement building that still contained submarine pens. The low-slung building, several football fields in size, had been built with walls 20 feet thick to withstand heavy Allied bombing. The weather-beaten structure was a monument to the slave labor that had struggled to build it with wartime speed.

This would probably be the last time the three veterans, all over 80, would make this trip to visit the countryside where their young lives had taken such a crucial turn. Many of their buddies who had wanted to come could not. Hodges was not in good enough health to make the trip. They would see the site of the ambush, where their patrol had come under fire and their comrades had been slain, and the places where they had been held prisoner. They would thank the French people for the help they gave them. They would converse again with the people of Ile de Groix, and leave a plaque expressing their thanks on the wall to the entrance of Fort Survillie on the island, where Harden and Moore had been imprisoned for 47 days in 1944. They wanted to pay tribute to their five friends killed in the ambush by visiting the cemetery at St. James, where they rest forever. And they wanted to honor Hodges—without whom, they believe, they would not be alive today. They wanted to tell the story of what happened so many years ago and how he came to get them out. With those goals in mind, the three veterans and their wives and children had come back to Brittany. We family members listened as the men recounted their war experiences, as soldiers have done since long before World War II. Many veterans of that war, who are now dying off at the rate of over 1,000 a day, never talked to their families about what they had gone through. But Dad did not shy from discussing his war experiences. He watched World War II movies with interest (we knew if there was a swastika on the cover of a videotape we'd rented, he'd be interested), and, despite the stroke he suffered in 1999, has spoken at libraries, schools and other sites, telling his story and encouraging other veterans to tell theirs. Mom has been his main support, helping him in every way with these "gigs" and explaining what had happened when Dad could not find the words.

Dad was trained as an infantryman and made private first class by the time he shipped out to England on Aug. 6, 1944. After further training, his unit sailed on a Liberty ship for France, came ashore at Utah Beach on Sept. 3 and marched to Brittany. He served as a sentry there, helping to keep the Germans contained while the Allies pushed through France to Germany following the D-Day invasion. On the October day he and his unit set out on patrol, only to be ambushed and captured, he tasted combat for the first time. Dad began reacquainting himself with old buddies over the past few years, as he became more proficient than we ever thought he would be at email. He got in touch with a number of those who had been in his company and was contacted by others after I wrote up his story and posted it on the 94th Infantry Division's web site. I thought it was important for me to share this one last, great adventure with my parents. Curious about the war, and an amateur historian, I knew I had to tag along.

I expected that this would be an emotional trip. It did not disappoint. The ferry landed

in the harbor at Ile de Groix, about five miles from Lorient. On this beautiful, green island the Germans had set up artillery to protect their position in the port. They had also set up a prison for captured soldiers. It is hard to believe that such a picturesque place would be ideal for a prison. But its remoteness from Allied troops, together with its closeness to the fortified mainland city, made it a perfect location for a prison, with virtually no opportunity for escape. The island had a far different mood on May 26 of this year, when our little tourist group boarded a bus to travel to a lane out in the country. The unpaved road, bordered by fields where flowers grew wild, had been renamed in honor of the 94th Infantry Division when Dad and some other veterans came here four years ago.

Our group of veterans and their families were joined by about 30 town officials, journalists, former members of the French Resistance and others. We walked about 100 yards down the lane and came to an area with ancient, weather-beaten walls on both sides. Ahead was the entrance to Fort Survillie: a narrow archway the prisoners had been marched through 60 years ago. On one wall we noticed an American flag covering something on the wall. Strangely, it had 36 stars. The mayor explained that the flag had been sewn in 1944 by a Frenchwoman, whose daughter now joined us. It was to show support for what she hoped would be the eventual liberation of the island by the Americans. It was kept in the chimney of the house where the woman lived. She had no access to a real American flag, so had guessed at the number of stars. When a German was in her house and asked her what the colorful cloth was doing in the chimney, she said that it was used, like paper, to wrap meats that were being cured. Had the Germans known the truth about what she had done, she would certainly have been punished. The mayor made a speech, the first of many we would hear, extolling the amity between the French and American people. He gave thanks for what these soldiers had done in helping to liberate France. He then reached up and gently pulled the flag down, exposing the plaque the veterans had donated, and warmly presented the flag to the three veterans. They accepted it with some reservation. Their first thought was that it was such a wonderful work by an Ile de Groix citizen that it should stay on the island. But rather than taking a chance of insulting their hosts, they decided to bring it home and exhibit it in the Museum of the 94th Infantry at Fort Devens, Mass.

It was then the turn of the three veterans. They, too, talked about the friendship and love of Americans and the French. And they dedicated the plaque, which they had paid for and which my family designed and had made in France. It was black with gold letters, written in English, French and Breton, the language of the region. It was for those who had helped them by giving them apples, eggs and potatoes surreptitiously while they were held on this island. It read: "To the people of Ile de Groix, who gave us so much, when they themselves had so little. Company K, 301st Regiment, 94th Infantry Division."

The outpouring of love on both sides struck me as being in sharp contrast to what I had been hearing about the French and Americans since the U.S. decided to invade Iraq. We were feted no fewer than six times by representatives of local French governments. While I heard criticism of President Bush, there was no doubt in my mind that there still existed a love for the people who had returned freedom to them in 1944 and 1945. It seemed to me that we in the United States seemed to be quick to answer French policy on Iraq with mockery (remember

"Liberty fries?"'), while the French people I met were gentle in counseling us about Iraq. As citizens of a country that has had its own problems fighting guerrilla wars in Vietnam and Algeria, they made their opinions known with a sense of *deja vu*. While Americans remember that we helped save France in World War II, maybe we forget that it was France that saved George Washington and the American rebels during our Revolution.

The many receptions we attended all featured champagne, some food (from a few crackers and cookies to a three-hour marathon lunch) and many local government officials. I found it great fun, especially trying to use my high school French to converse with the inevitably non-English-speaking people who would sit with us. I joked with my parents about how the French seemed to have such trouble understanding their own native language. We began to joke that certainly there would not be a day without a local reception and a picture in the local French newspaper of the three ancient combatants the next day. And believe me, we kidded the vets about being "ancient combatants" many times.

Dad had been held in the hospital in Lorient because of his wounds. We rose early one morning to visit it. Lorient held a key submarine facility for the Germans and was considered, along with two other ports, so hard to capture that the Allies contained it, instead of attacking it, from 1944 until 1945. The submarine pens were bombed without effect, so the Allies decided to make the city as uninhabitable as possible for the Germans. Their planes dropped 250,000 incendiary bombs on the city, destroying 90 percent of it. A young, pony-tailed French hospital worker gave us a tour of the bunker the Nazis built on the grounds of the facility to protect injured German soldiers and sailors. He then brought us up to the second floor of the hospital, where Dad, who had been hit by a concussion shell, had been nursed back to health. Because the hospital was being modernized, the wing where he had been held was empty of patients. The rooms were bare, but clean and painted in dull, institutional colors. It took awhile for Dad to recognize the room he had been held in so many years ago, but at last he did, and when he looked out the window, his memories flooded back. He remembered, he said, that the Germans were all around and that he couldn't leave the second floor. Outside there were more German soldiers, but there was also a Frenchwoman who saw him looking out the window. She must have known he was a prisoner, because she cupped her left hand and on it, with the fingers of her right, drew the Cross of Lorraine, the symbol of the Free French. It was a sign to my father that he and the handful of prisoners in the hospital were not alone. As he said, when he thanked the Lorient officials for their reception, that woman had given him something as important as food: She had given him hope.

I get chills when I hear that story. I imagine Dad, a wounded 20-year-old, unsure of what the future would bring, lying in a hospital, surrounded by Nazi soldiers. During the ambush, he had taken off his dog tags and his friend, George Boyd, had buried them, since they identified Dad as a Jew. In the hospital, he kept a picture of Jesus above his bed and was careful never to reveal his religion. That afternoon, we drove out to the town of Etel, which sits at the mouth of the Etel River, which back in 1944 was on the front line between the Allies and Germans. It was here that the exchanges of prisoners took place. The veterans again told the story of what had happened. Allied prisoners held by the Germans had gotten word through to U.S. forces that they had nothing to eat. According to a Red Cross account, the 94th In-

fantry's commanding general asked Hodges to see about getting supplies to the POWs. Hodges began making regular trips across German lines. Though he was under the Red Cross flag, he was often at risk of being shot by one side or another. He finally realized a prisoner exchange would make more sense. To his surprise, the Germans agreed. Allied commanders agreed, and on the morning of Nov. 17, the first exchange began. Eventually 147 soldiers were swapped in four exchanges, on a one-to-one basis, with men of equal rank. The Germans refused to turn over one British officer who had escaped several times. They wanted five German soldiers with Iron Cross decorations in return. Hodges then asked the Germans, "If you are such good military men, how could one British officer be worth five of yours?" After banging on the table, the German officer relented. We have photographs of Dad being exchanged and old, yellowed newspaper clippings announcing the event. I had always imagined the exchange in black and white, as in the photos, with the "jollyboat" carrying 10 men at a time going back and forth across the river. But, now, in Etel, where the water was blue and the dock cement-yellow, I imagined my Dad moving from black and white into color. Though his wounds were mostly healed, he was on a stretcher because he had gotten the flu a few days before; he was coming back to the American side, no longer a prisoner. He was overjoyed and his future was again before him, in all the colors you can imagine.

There is no way to repay the debt Dad feels to Hodges. What can you give to a man who has saved you from the very depths of misery and the verge of starvation and found a way to bring you back to the full color of life? Dad believes that the way to repay him in part is to tell the story of Hodges' courage. And he does: to newspaper reporters, to kids at schools, to people interested in what happened during the war and even to some people who made the mistake of sitting next to us at an Indian restaurant that night. The next day we headed out, on a rented bus, to where the ambush happened. We were led by Frank Perammant, a Frenchman who was 14 years old at the time of the ambush and befriended a number of the American soldiers because he wanted to learn English. He remembers them going out on patrol on the cool, crisp morning of Oct. 2, 1944, because they walked right by his home. Our bus first stopped on the side of the road, and Perammant led us over to a plaque mounted on a stone wall marking where an American lookout had been killed a few days before the ambush. As he explained what had happened there, we walked along the side of a house and along a fence, where he said the American soldiers had come from. And then we drove perhaps a quarter-mile down the road to the ambush site, in the tiny hamlet of Kerdudal. As we got off the bus and the veterans looked around, the questions started: "Where were the Germans? Where were their lines? What direction were you coming from?" Back in October 1944, the Americans, who were containing the Germans in the Lorient "pocket," heard there were a number of Germans interested in giving themselves up. They set out, about 50 of them, walking through country crisscrossed by hedgerows—ridges 6 feet high topped by thick, virtually impassable hedges. As they walk forward, disaster strikes: A scout is shot at the beginning of the line and the patrol comes under heavy attack. As the Americans are driven back, Dad bandages the leg of a wounded Free French lieutenant and drags him 500 yards to a road bounded by two high hedgerows, where the Germans cut off their retreat and pin them down with automatic weapons fire. The men fight for six

hours as the Nazis pound them with 88s, mortars, machine guns, grenades and rifle fire. The Americans call in artillery, but the fighting is so close that they are hit by the friendly fire. They find out later they are outnumbered 12 to 1.

About 3 p.m., Dad sees a concussion mortar shell land 50 yards away, right in the center of the road they are in. The next falls 25 yards away, and he knows he will be hit by the third. It throws him like a rag doll to the ground. He's helpless and bleeding from shrapnel wounds in his legs, hands and right arm. He is in shock, not knowing if he'll live or die, and, the fight blasted out of him, spends the next two hours of the battle lying on the side of the road. As I stand by the side of the road, I imagine I am in the scene. I hear myself call out to this 20-year-old kid, numb and wounded and lying on the ground, "Hey, you'll be OK, this will work out, hang in there—you'll make it!" I tell him that he'll live many more years and have a wonderful family and grandchildren. As though I am the father, I shout expressions of love and hope to this helpless boy lying there motionless. By 5 p.m. it's clear reinforcements can't break through, and those who can still fight are out of ammunition. One soldier puts a white bandage over his rifle to signify surrender. He stands up and raises the rifle. A German machine-gunner apparently does not realize that he is trying to give up and he fires. The American is cut in two. Finally, the Germans understand and the Americans surrender. The Germans take the Americans into captivity, with Dad in a wheelbarrow pushed by his friend, George Boyd.

Two months later, Dad would write a detailed account of the battle in a letter to his parents and sister Gloria. He described the aftermath this way: "It doesn't matter much but we caused the enemy nearly four times our number casualties . . . The Germans themselves respected us to the extent of not searching us for weapons (taking our words for it) and not forcing us to hold our hands up, telling us we were too good a bunch of fighters to be shamed in such a way. I don't know for sure if I killed and I don't want to. It's hard to write because I hate to remember but I know you want to know just what happened. . . ." As I return to real life in 2004, the three veterans can't tell exactly where they were during the ambush. Perammant pointed out it was here the first shots were fired. The vets were not so sure. The land has changed. There are no more hedgerows; they were flattened out over 60 years ago by farmers who decided that flat land was easier to farm. Trees had grown where before there were none. A few old houses were still there, maybe the only surviving objects that could bear witness. A French couple, working in their ever-so-peaceful garden, were kind as they listened to the story, and said they thought the dirt road they pointed out was the one on which the men were led away. We walked down this cart path, retracing, the veterans trying to remember. There are no battle markers here; the only other thread to the past is the recollection of the three men. The story they tell about the ambush is what makes it real. A half an hour later, we're sipping hot chocolates and Cokes at a little cafe as if what happened on this land 60 years ago was ancient history. But something in me has been deeply touched by seeing where this pivotal event in Dad's life had happened.

As I sit in my hotel room and think about why I am so touched by this ordinary piece of French countryside, I realize that seeing the ambush site somehow connected me to my father on a new emotional level. I feel I have come face to face with Dad as he was 60 years ago, when he went through the worst experience of his life. In some almost mystical way, seeing him at the ambush site, at

the hospital and at the scene of the exchange remade my view of him and my connection to him more complete than anything I had ever experienced. And it gave me a view of my family history more alive than it had been in the stories I have heard since I was a child. Returning with him to Brittany wasn't about glorifying war; it was more about sharing a part of the most frightening moments in his life in a way that was so real, so close. It was like reliving a part of his life through his eyes. They were now not just heroic tales of days long ago; they were as recent and real as the reports we see on the 6 o'clock news. I've often heard that men fight battles not for their countries or for apple pie. When they are in a foxhole or pinned down in a hedgerow, they fight for themselves and their buddies. When they are gone, buried in a foreign land, who remembers them? Their parents have long since passed away. Their wives or sweethearts have moved on to others. And life has continued.

So the veterans thought it important to say goodbye to their buddies who died in the ambush in Kerdudal. We drove to the Brittany American Cemetery and Memorial in St. James, a beautiful burial ground, smaller than the more famous one overlooking Omaha Beach, but just as well-kept. On a beautiful spring day, we walked among the too-many crosses and stars of David until the veterans found the graves of the five men

to whom they had come to pay their respects. They stopped next to the cross over the grave of the soldier killed when attempting to surrender during the ambush. In the quiet, as we watched, they each stood on one side of the cross and Kermit read a prayer written by the soldier's brother-in-law. The haunting, final sound of Taps was heard across the cemetery as the veterans stood with their hands over their hearts. And tears ran down Dad's face. The veterans remembered this man, as they remembered all the men who had died that day in October. Each buried comrade was a real person with dreams and emotions and, they thought, their whole lives to look forward to. Each was more than just one of the thousands of crosses and stars of David planted in straight rows in the American cemeteries in Europe.

Dad has wondered aloud to me why he lived when his friends did not. Why could he come home and they lie in the cemeteries of France? There's no answer to these questions. Maybe it was luck; maybe fate or God intervened. But surely it was important for him to say goodbye one last time and to remember. I watched him as he stood with his eyes closed and wiping the tears from his face. Maybe it is just an automatic human reaction, but I felt my own chest tightening and the tears welling up in my eyes, too. But it was not only for the men we were honoring that I found myself choking up.

It was also for Dad and what he had done. He had survived the intervening decades and now, at an age when so many of his colleagues won't attempt much more than a trip to the supermarket, he had accomplished the four goals he had when he had set out: he had seen the land again; he had thanked the French people; he had said goodbye to his friends; and he had honored Hodges.

While the trip was not over, for Dad, the journey was complete. Mom and I were so very proud of him. For me, it was a trip of a lifetime. I had relived the worst day of Dad's life, in Kerdudal, and the best, in Etel. I had seen what he had gone through in a way that no book and no movie could ever recreate. I also had learned again from Dad how to thank those who had served at a time of need, to honor those who have fallen for our country and for those who showed tremendous bravery in helping their fellow men.

This journey to the past was a gift from my father. For an instant, he gave me the ability to touch the past and see him and these places as they once were. I could relive with my Dad that time of his life when he was young and strong and thought he was invincible. That is a gift few sons ever get to share with their fathers. I will always be grateful that I had that chance.

SENATE COMMITTEE MEETINGS

Title IV of Senate Resolution 4, agreed to by the Senate on February 4, 1977, calls for establishment of a system for a computerized schedule of all meetings and hearings of Senate committees, subcommittees, joint committees, and committees of conference. This title requires all such committees to notify the Office of the Senate Daily Digest—designated by the Rules Committee—of the time, place, and purpose of the meetings, when scheduled, and any cancellations or changes in the meetings as they occur.

As an additional procedure along with the computerization of this information, the Office of the Senate Daily Digest will prepare this information for printing in the Extensions of Remarks section of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD on Monday and Wednesday of each week.

Meetings scheduled for Thursday, November 8, 2007 may be found in the Daily Digest of today's RECORD.

MEETINGS SCHEDULED

NOVEMBER 9

9 a.m.

Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs

To hold hearings to examine the nominations of Robert D. Jamison, of Virginia, to be Under Secretary for National Protection and Programs, and W. Ross Ashley, III, of Virginia, to be an Assistant Administrator of the Federal Emergency Management Agency, both of the Department of Homeland Security.

SD-342

NOVEMBER 13

9:30 a.m.

Judiciary

To hold hearings to examine the scope of public performance rights.

SD-226

10 a.m.

Environment and Public Works

To continue hearings to examine S. 2191, to direct the Administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency to establish a program to decrease emissions of greenhouse gases.

SD-406

Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs

Oversight of Government Management, the Federal Workforce, and the District of Columbia Subcommittee

To hold hearings to examine the human capital needs of a United States Customs and Boarder Protection initiative, focusing on border security, and progress and weaknesses in traveler inspections at our nation's ports of entry.

SD-342

Small Business and Entrepreneurship

To hold an oversight hearing to examine the Small Business Administration, focusing on preventing loan fraud and improving regulation of lenders.

SR-428A

2:30 p.m.

Energy and Natural Resources

To hold an oversight hearing to examine the Surface Mining Control and Reclamation Act (Public Law 95-87), focusing on policy issues thirty years later.

SD-366

Foreign Relations

To hold hearings to examine international climate change negotiations, focusing on restoring United States leadership.

SD-419

Intelligence

To hold hearings to examine congressional oversight.

SH-216

NOVEMBER 14

9:30 a.m.

Health, Education, Labor, and Pensions

Business meeting to consider S. 1551, to amend the Public Health Service Act with respect to making progress toward the goal of eliminating tuberculosis, S. 1858, to amend the Public Health Service Act to establish grant programs to provide for education and outreach on newborn screening and coordinated followup care once newborn screening has been conducted, to reauthorize programs under part A of title XI of such Act, S. 911, to amend the Public Health Service Act to advance medical research and treatments into pediatric cancers, ensure patients and families have access to the current treatments and information regarding pediatric cancers, establish a population-based national childhood cancer database, and promote public awareness of pediatric cancers, S. 1916, to amend the Public Health Service Act to modify the program for the sanctuary system for surplus chimpanzees by terminating the authority for the removal of chimpanzees from the system for research purposes, S. 1382, to amend the Public Health Service Act to provide the establishment of an Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis Registry, S. 1970, to establish a National Commission on Children and Disasters, a National Resource Center on Children and Disasters, and an original bill entitled, "Health Centers Renewal Act of 2007", and any pending nominations.

SD-430

Veterans' Affairs

Business meeting to markup pending legislation; to be immediately followed by a hearing to examine the nomination of Michael W. Hager, of Virginia, to be an Assistant Secretary of Veterans Affairs (Human Resources and Management).

SD-562

10 a.m.

Commerce, Science, and Transportation

To hold hearings to examine ways to improve the Federal Climate Change Research and Information Program.

SR-253

Energy and Natural Resources

To hold hearings to examine the Global Nuclear Energy Partnership relating to the United States policy on nuclear fuel management.

SD-366

Homeland Security and Governmental Affairs

Business meeting to consider S. 1667, to establish a pilot program for the expedited disposal of Federal real property, S. 1000, to enhance the Federal Telework Program, H.R. 390, to require the establishment of a national database in the National Archives to preserve records of servitude, emancipation, and post-Civil War reconstruction and to provide grants to State and local entities to establish similar local

databases, H.R. 3571, to amend the Congressional Accountability Act of 1995 to permit individuals who have served as employees of the Office of Compliance to serve as Executive Director, Deputy Executive Director, or General Counsel of the Office, and to permit individuals appointed to such positions to serve one additional term, S. 2174, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 175 South Monroe Street in Tiffin, Ohio, as the "Paul E. Gillmor Post Office Building", H.R. 2089, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 701 Loyola Avenue in New Orleans, Louisiana, as the "Louisiana Armed Services Veterans Post Office", S. 2292, to amend the Homeland Security Act of 2002, to establish the Office for Bombing Prevention, to address terrorist explosive threats, H.R. 3297, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 950 West Trenton Avenue in Morrisville, Pennsylvania, as the "Nate DeTemple Post Office Building", H.R. 3308, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 216 East Main Street in Atwood, Indiana, as the "Lance Corporal David K. Fribley Post Office", H.R. 3530, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 1400 Highway 41 North in Inverness, Florida, as the "Chief Warrant Officer Aaron Weaver Post Office Building", H.R. 2276, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 203 North Main Street in Vassar, Michigan, as the "Corporal Christopher E. Esckelson Post Office Building", H.R. 3325, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 235 Mountain Road in Suffield, Connecticut, as the "Corporal Stephen R. Bixler Post Office", S. 2110, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 427 North Street in Taft, California, as the "Larry S. Pierce Post Office", H.R. 3382, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 200 North William Street in Goldsboro, North Carolina, as the "Philip A. Baddour, Sr. Post Office", S. 2290, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 16731 Santa Ana Avenue in Fontana, California, as the "Beatrice E. Watson Post Office Building", S. 2272, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service known as the Southpark Station in Alexandria, Louisiana, as the John "Marty" Thiels Southpark Station, in honor and memory of Thiels, a Louisiana postal worker who was killed in the line of duty on October 4, 2007, H.R. 3446, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 202 East Michigan Avenue in Marshall, Michigan, as the "Michael W. Schrapp Post Office Building", S. 2150 and H.R. 3572, bills to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 4320 Blue Parkway in Kansas City, Missouri, as the "Wallace S. Hartsfield Post Office Building", S. 2107 and H.R. 3307, bills to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 570 Broadway in Bayonne, New Jersey, as the "Dennis P. Collins Post Office Building", H.R. 3518, to designate the facility of the United States Postal Service located at 1430 South Highway 29 in Cantonment, Florida, as the