

cooperative relationship between regulators and their supervised institutions.

RECOGNIZING THE LEGACY OF THE HUI PANALAAU COLONISTS

Mr. SCHATZ. Mr. President, I am deeply honored to represent Hawaii—my home State is second to none when it comes to patriotism, public service, and personal sacrifice.

I thank the Senate for so swiftly passing S. Res. 109, a resolution I authored to acknowledge the deeds of 130 brave young men from Hawaii who answered the call to serve our country at a perilous time in our Nation's history.

Passage of this resolution commemorates the 80th anniversary of the landing of the first Native Hawaiian colonists on remote equatorial islands in the Pacific. It also marks the 79th year since President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued an Executive order to proclaim the islands of Jarvis, Howland, and Baker under the jurisdiction of the United States.

This was a 7-year colonization effort from 1935 to 1942 to secure and maintain the islands under the jurisdiction of the United States. The vast majority of the 130 individuals involved in colonization efforts were Native Hawaiian—many recent high school graduates of the Kamehameha Schools. Later colonists included those of Asian ancestry and recent graduates from high schools across Hawaii.

These young men left their homes and families to be transported to barren equatorial islands, and were then largely left to fend for themselves and each other. They caught fish, constructed rudimentary lodgings, and throughout the years demonstrated great courage and self-reliance. What started as a dual purpose commercial and military venture, however, quickly evolved into a wartime strategy to extend American jurisdiction into the equatorial Pacific, establish radio communications and monitoring outposts, and prevent further Japanese encroachment in the region.

Three young men lost their lives and others sustained permanent injuries during their service. Jarvis, Howland, and Baker were distant from each other and located hundreds of miles away from any major landmass. One colonist died due to the lack of access to medical treatment. Two others were killed on December 8, 1941, when the islands came under attack by Japanese submarine and military aircraft.

The islands were targeted by the Japanese military numerous times. The U.S. Navy, consumed by the bombing of Pearl Harbor and official entry into World War II, could not rescue the surviving colonists until 2 months after the initial onslaught of Japanese military attacks.

Upon their arrival home, the colonists shared little about their experiences or the hardships they endured on those remote equatorial islands. They

returned to Hawaii to enlist in the U.S. military, join the civilian workforce, pursue higher education, raise families, serve their communities, and live out their days in relative anonymity. In 1956, participants of the colonization project established an organization in Hawaii called Hui Panalaaui, in part to preserve “the fellowship of the group” and “to honor and esteem those who died as colonists.” Still, few outside of that group were even aware that colonists had served on equatorial islands in the Pacific in the years before and during the advent of World War II.

A chance discovery of first source documents found in the possession of the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, including handwritten journals and logs of colonists, led to an exhibition in 2002 and later the release of a documentary in 2012, based in part on those discoveries and supplemented with the personal recollections of a number of surviving colonists. This film introduced the subject to many in Hawaii. People in our State and across the Nation learned about a significant but previously unknown part of our history.

Last year, President Obama signed an Executive order expanding the Pacific Remote Islands Marine National Monument to include Jarvis, Howland, and Baker, and I worked to ensure that his proclamation cited the “notable bravery and sacrifice by a small number of voluntary Hawaiian colonists, known as Hui Panalaaui, who occupied the islands from 1935 to 1942 to help secure the U.S. territorial claim over the islands.”

And now the Senate has taken the formal action to extend our Nation's deep appreciation to the Hui Panalaaui colonists as well as condolences to the families of the three men that lost their lives in service of their country. It is my hope that the story of the Hui Panalaaui colonists will be shared even more widely in Hawaii. It is also my sincere hope that the sacrifices and valor of the 130 sons of Hawaii will be understood in the context of the broader geopolitical strategy of World War II and that their deeds will be more fully understood and appreciated by Americans across the Nation.

I would like to thank the chairman and ranking member of the Judiciary Committee and the majority and minority leaders of the Senate for their support of this resolution, and their efforts to expedite committee consideration and floor passage.

I also want to thank the entire Hawaii congressional delegation—Senator HIRONO, Representative TAKAI, and Representative GABBARD—for supporting this coordinated effort.

The fact that the Senate chose to recognize the legacy of the Hui Panalaaui colonists today, during the month of May—Asian American and Pacific Islander Heritage Month—holds great significance. May is a time of year we celebrate the vibrant diversity and rich heritage of Asian Americans, Native Hawaiians, and Pacific Island-

ers and reflect on their contributions to our Nation's progress, and their prospective role in America's continuing promise.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

REMEMBERING GEORGE HALEY

• Mr. ALEXANDER. Mr. President, I come to the floor to honor the life of George Haley, a distinguished Tennessean and distinguished American who died at the age of 89 on May 13.

President Clinton appointed George as Ambassador to Gambia, the country from which George's ninth generation grandfather, Kunta Kinte, was captured and brought to Annapolis, MD in the hold of a slave ship. George's brother, Alex, wrote the Pulitzer Prize-winning book, “Roots,” about the Haley family history.

Simon P. Haley, the father of George and Alex, was “wasted” when he was growing up. This meant, as Alex told the story, that Simon was allowed to continue his education, “wasting” the opportunity for him to work in the cotton fields. Alex wrote the story of Simon P. Haley in the Reader's Digest article, “The Man on the Train,” telling how his father had become the first black graduate of Cornell's agriculture college, and then came to Jackson, TN to teach at Lane College.

It was in the small West Tennessee town of Henning where Alex would sit by the front porch steps in the summer listening to his grandmother and great aunts tell the stories of Kunta Kinte that eventually became “Roots.”

George Haley, after serving in the Air Force, entered The University of Arkansas Law School in 1949, where he was required to live and study in a cramped basement to separate him from the white students. “It was reminiscent of a slave in the hold of a ship,” he once said, “I was the Kunta Kinte of the law school.” He stuck it out, graduating as a member of the law review. Alex wrote about him as well in the Reader's Digest, “The Man Who Wouldn't Quit.” George had a remarkable and diverse career serving as a Republican state senator in Kansas and then between 1969 and his death, serving in the administration of Presidents Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan, George H.W. Bush, Clinton and George W. Bush.

I first met George when I was governor of Tennessee during the 1980s. He introduced me to Alex, who became one of our family's closest friends. Few men or women have shown the intelligence, courage and sense of public responsibility during their lifetimes that George Haley demonstrated. He was a kind man and a good friend. Honey and I offer our sympathies to his wife Doris and to other members of the Haley family. When remembering the life of George Haley, it is easy to do what his brother Alex always advised, “Find the Good and Praise It.”

I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the RECORD "The Man on the Train" and "The Man Who Wouldn't Quit," by Alex Haley.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Reader's Digest, Feb. 1991]

THE MAN ON THE TRAIN

(By Alex Haley)

Though some people may attempt to live life from a purely selfish, self-centered perspective, it is in giving of ourselves to others that we find our greatest sense of meaning. And so, as we search for meaning, one of the best places to look is outward—toward others—using the principle of charity.

Too often the meaning of charity is reduced to the act of giving alms or donating sums of money to those who are economically disadvantaged. But charity in its purest forms involves so much more.

It includes the giving of our hearts, our minds, and our talents in ways that enrich the lives of all people—regardless of whether they are poor or rich. Charity is selflessness. It is love in work clothes.

Alex Haley's father, Simon Alexander Haley, worked his way through college and graduate school as a Pullman porter until he met The Man On The Train. Always, Haley seems to be telling us, opportunity awaits those who are prepared.

A poignant example is found in the story of The Man On The Train. Recalled by distinguished and Pulitzer Prize-winning author Alex Haley, it is the true story of a man Alex never met, but one to whom he came to give great honor and credit.

In addition, Haley also shares why he broke down in tears when he first visited the offices of a famous newspaper. As you read his account, resist the temptation to reduce the story to that of a kind man offering a handout.

Whenever my brothers, sister and I get together we inevitably talk about Dad. We all owe our success in life to him—and to a mysterious man he met one night on a train. Our father, Simon Alexander Haley, was born in 1892 and reared in the small farming town of Savannah, Tennessee. He was the eighth child of Alec Haley—a tough-willed former slave and part-time sharecropper—and of a woman named Queen.

Although sensitive and emotional, my grandmother could be tough-willed herself, especially when it came to her children. One of her ambitions was that my father be educated.

Back then in Savannah a boy was considered "wasted" if he remained in school after he was big enough to do farm work. So when my father reached the sixth grade, Queen began massaging grandfather's ego.

"Since we have eight children," she would argue, "wouldn't it be prestigious if we deliberately wasted one and got him educated?" After many arguments, Grandfather let Dad finish the eighth grade. Still, he had to work in the fields after school.

But Queen was not satisfied. As eighth grade ended, she began planting seeds, saying Grandfather's image would reach new heights if their son went to high school.

Her barrage worked. Stern old Alec Haley handed my father five hard-earned ten-dollar bills, told him never to ask for more and sent him off to high school. Traveling first by mule cart and then by train—the first train he had ever seen—Dad finally alighted in Jackson, Tennessee, where he enrolled in the preparatory department of Lane College. The black Methodist school offered courses up through junior college.

Dad's \$50 was soon used up, and to continue in school, he worked as a waiter, a handy-

man and a helper at a school for wayward boys. And when winter came, he'd arise at 4 a.m., go into prosperous white families' homes and make fires so the residents would awaken in comfort. Poor Simon became something of a campus joke with his one pair of pants and shoes, and his droopy eyes. Often he was found asleep with a textbook fallen into his lap.

The constant struggle to earn money took its toll. Dad's grades began to founder. But he pushed onward and completed senior high. Next he enrolled in A & T College in Greensboro, North Carolina, a land-grant school where he struggled through freshman and sophomore years. One bleak afternoon at the close of his second year, Dad was called into a teacher's office and told that he'd failed a course—one that required a textbook he'd been too poor to buy.

A ponderous sense of defeat descended upon him. For years he'd given his utmost, and now he felt he had accomplished nothing. Maybe he should return home to his original destiny of sharecropping.

But days later, a letter came from the Pullman Company saying he was one of 24 black college men selected from hundreds of applicants to be summertime sleeping-car porters. Dad was ecstatic. Here was a chance! He eagerly reported for duty and was assigned a Buffalo-to-Pittsburgh train.

The train was racketing along one morning about 2 a.m. when the porter's buzzer sounded. Dad sprang up, jerked on his white jacket, and made his way to the passenger berths. There, a distinguished-looking man said he and his wife were having trouble sleeping, and they both wanted glasses of warm milk. Dad brought milk and napkins on a silver tray. The man handed one glass through the lower-berth curtains to his wife and, sipping from his own glass, began to engage Dad in conversation.

Pullman Company rules strictly prohibited any conversation beyond "Yes, sir" or "No, ma'am," but this passenger kept asking questions. He even followed Dad back into the porter's cubicle.

"Where are you from?"

"Savannah, Tennessee, sir."

"You speak quite well."

"Thank you, sir."

"What work did you do before this?"

"I'm a student at A & T College in Greensboro, sir." Dad felt no need to add that he was considering returning home to sharecrop.

The man looked at him keenly, finally wished him well and returned to his bunk.

The next morning, the train reached Pittsburgh. At a time when 50 cents was a good tip, the man gave five dollars to Simon Haley, who was profusely grateful. All summer, he had been saving every tip he received, and when the job finally ended, he had accumulated enough to buy his own mule and plow. But he realized his savings could also pay for one full semester at A & T without his having to work a single odd job.

Dad decided he deserved at least one semester free of outside work. Only that way would he know what grades he could truly achieve.

He returned to Greensboro. But no sooner did he arrive on campus than he was summoned by the college president. Dad was full of apprehension as he seated himself before the great man. "I have a letter here, Simon," the president said.

"Yes, sir."

"You were a porter for Pullman this summer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you meet a certain man one night and bring him warm milk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, his name is Mr. R.S.M. Boyce, and he's a retired executive of the Curtis Publishing Company, which publishes The Saturday Evening Post. He has donated \$500 for your board, tuition and books for the entire school year."

My father was astonished.

The surprise grant not only enabled dad to finish A & T, but to graduate first in his class. And the achievement earned him a full scholarship to Cornell University in Ithaca, New York.

In 1920, Dad, then a newlywed, moved to Ithaca with his bride, Bertha. He entered Cornell to pursue his master's degree, and my mother enrolled at the Ithaca Conservatory of Music to study piano. I was born the following year.

One day decades later, editors of The Saturday Evening Post invited me to their editorial offices in New York to discuss the condensation of my first book, The Autobiography of Malcolm X. I was so proud, so happy, to be sitting in those wood-paneled offices on Lexington Avenue. Suddenly I remembered Mr. Boyce, and how it was his generosity that enabled me to be there amid those editors, as a writer. And then I began to cry. I just couldn't help it.

We children of Simon Haley often reflect on Mr. Boyce and his investment in a less fortunate human being. By the ripple effect of his generosity, we also benefited. Instead of being raised on a sharecrop farm, we grew up in a home with educated parents, shelves full of books, and with pride in ourselves. My brother George is chairman of the U.S. Postal Rate Commission; Julius is an architect, Lois a music teacher and I'm a writer.

Mr. R.S.M. Boyce dropped like a blessing into my father's life. What some may see as a chance encounter, I see as the working of a mysterious power for good.

And I believe that each person blessed with success has an obligation to return part of that blessing. We must all live and act like the man on the train.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T QUIT

(By Alex Haley)

In low tones, the dean was explaining to a prospective law student the conduct expected of him. "We have fixed up a room in the basement for you to stay in between classes. You are not to wander about the campus. Books will be sent down to you from the law library. Bring sandwiches and eat lunch in your room. Always enter and leave the university by the back route I have traced on this map."

The dean felt no hostility toward this young man; along with the majority of the faculty and the trustees, he had approved the admission of 24-year-old George Haley to the University of Arkansas School of Law. But it was 1949, and this young Army Air Forces veteran was a Negro. The dean stressed that the key to avoiding violence in this Southern school was maximum isolation.

George was dismayed at the pattern of life laid out for him. He might have entered Harvard Law School, where he would not have had to live the life of a pariah. Yet he had chosen this! A letter from his father had determined him. During his last semester at Morehouse College in Atlanta, he had opened the letter to read: "Segregation won't end until we open beachheads wherever it exists. The governor of Arkansas and educational officials have decided upon a quiet tryout of university integration. You have the needed scholastic record and temperament, and I understand that Arkansas has one of the South's best law schools. I can arrange your admission if you accept this challenge."

George had great love and respect for his father, a college professor and pioneer in Negro education. He accepted the challenge.

The first day of school, he went quickly to his basement room, put his sandwich on the table, and started upstairs for class. He found himself moving through wave upon wave of white faces that all mirrored the same emotions—shock, disbelief, then choking, inarticulate rage. The lecture room was buzzing with conversation, but as he stepped through the door there was silence. He looked for his seat. It was on the side between the other students and the instructor. When the lecture began, he tried desperately to concentrate on what the professor was saying, but the hate in that room seeped into his conscience and obliterated thought.

On the second day, he was greeted with open taunts and threats: “You, nigger, what are you doing here?” “Hey, nigger, go back to Africa.” He tried not to hear; to walk with an even pace, with dignity.

The students devised new ways to harass him. Mornings when he came to his basement room, he found obscene and threatening notes shoved under the door. The trips from the campus back to his rented room in town became a test of nerve. One afternoon, at an intersection, a car full of students slowed down and waved him across. But the moment he stepped in front of the car they gunned the engine, making him scramble back and fall to his hands and knees in the gutter. As the car sped away he heard mocking laughter and the shouted taunt, “Hey, missing link, why don’t you walk on your hind legs?”

His basement room was near the editorial offices of the *Law Review*, a publication written and edited by 12 top honor students of the senior class. He had heard of their bitterness that he had to share their toilet. One afternoon his door flew open, and he whirled around to catch in the face a paper bag of urine. After this incident, he was offered a key to the faculty toilet; he refused it. Instead, he denied himself liquids during the day and used no toilet.

He began to worry that his passive acceptance of degrading treatment might be destroying him, killing something of his manhood. Wouldn’t it be better for him to hate back, to fight back? He took his problems to his father and brother in long, agonized letters. His father answered, “Always remember that they act the way they do out of fear. They are afraid that your presence at the university will somehow hurt it, and thus their own education and chance in life. Be patient with them. Give them a chance to know you and to understand that you are no threat.”

The day after this letter arrived, George found a noose dangling in the basement room.

His brother wrote, “I know it is hard, but try to remember that all our people are with you in thought and prayer.” George read this with a wry smile. He wondered what his brother would say if he knew how the town Negroes uneasily avoided him. They knew he walked the thin edge of violence, and they didn’t want to be near if an explosion occurred. Only a few gave him encouragement. A church deacon proffered a rumpled dollar bill to help with expenses, saying, “I work nights, son. Walkin’ home I see your studyin’ light.”

Despite his “studyin’ light,” George barely passed the first semester exams. His trouble was that in class he couldn’t really think; all his nerve endings were alert to the hate that surrounded him. So the second semester, using a semi-shorthand he had learned in the Army Air Forces, George laboriously recorded every word his professors said. Then at night he blotted out the day’s harassments and studied the lectures until he could almost recite them.

By the end of the year George had lost over 28 pounds, and he went into the examina-

tions exhausted, both physically and emotionally. Somehow he finished them without collapsing, but he had flunked, he thought. He had done his best, and now he could honorably leave. Some other Negro would have to do what he failed to do, some other man stronger and smarter.

The afternoon the marks were due, he went to his basement room, dropped into the chair, and put his head on the table. There was a knock on his door and he called, “Come in!” He could hardly believe what he saw. Into the room filed four of his classmates, smiling at him. One said, “The marks were just posted and you made the highest A. We thought you’d want to know.” Then, embarrassed, they backed out of the room.

For a moment he was stunned, but then a turmoil of emotion flooded through him. Mostly he felt relief that he didn’t have to report failure to his father and friends.

When George Haley returned for his next semester at Arkansas, there was a sharp decrease in the hate mail under his door, and there was grudging respect for his scholastic accomplishments. But still, wherever he went, eyes looked at him as if he were a creature from a zoo.

One day a letter arrived: “We are having a ‘Race-Relations Sunday’ and would enjoy having you join our discussion.” It was signed by the secretary of the Westminster Presbyterian Student Foundation. His first reaction was anger. They wanted to discuss, did they? Where had all these do-gooders been all the time he’d been going through hell? Bitterly he tore up the invitation and threw it in the wastebasket. But that night he tossed restlessly. At last he got out of bed and wrote an acceptance.

At the church, he was met by a group of young men and women. There were the too-hasty handclaps and the too-bright smiles. At last the chairman stood up to introduce George. He said, “We hope that Mr. Haley will tell us what we can do as a Christian body.”

George got to his feet and moved stonily to the podium. Those introductory words released something of a maelstrom of emotions. He forgot his carefully prepared speech. “What can you do?” he blurted out. “You can speak to me!”

Suddenly, all that had been dammed up came pouring out. He told them what it was like to be treated like an enemy in your own country; what it did to the spirit to be hounded for no crime save that of skin color; what it did to the soul to begin to believe that Christ’s teachings had no validity in this world. “I’ve begun to hate,” he confessed. “I’ve drawn on every spiritual resource I have to fight off this hatred, but I’m failing.” His eyes flooded with tears of anger, then of shame. He groped for his chair.

The silence vanished in a roar of applause and cheers. When the chairman’s gavel finally restored order, George was unanimously voted a member of the group. Thereafter he spent a part of each weekend at Westminster House, enjoying the simple pleasure of human companionship.

A slight thaw also began to take place at the university. George’s classmates gingerly began moments of shoptalk with him, discussing cases. One day he overheard a group discussing a legal point, and one of them said, “Let’s go down and ask Haley in the Noose Room.” He knew only a moment of indignation—then he smiled! It was an important change.

Toward the end of his second year a senior asked him, with elaborate casualness, why he didn’t write some articles for the *Law Review*. It was traditional that only the best students received such invitations, and he felt himself flushing with pride.

It was only after he returned to school for the third and final year that he decided to go

to the cafeteria. He didn’t really want to go. In this last year he longed to relax, to let down his guard. But he was in this school for more than an education.

He went and stood in the cafeteria line. The other students moved away from him in both directions so that he moved in his own private air space. His tray was almost loaded when three hulking students ahead shouted, “Want to eat with us, nigger?”

They jostled him, knocking his tray to the floor with a clatter of breaking dishes. As George stooped to retrieve it, his eyes blazed up at his tormentors and for the first time he shouted back. “You’re adults!” he said. “Grow up!” They shrank from him in mock terror.

Shaking, George replaced the dumped food and made his way over to a vacant table. He bent his head over the crockery. Suddenly, a balding student stopped beside him with his tray and drawled, “My name is Miller Williams. Mind if I sit here?” George nodded. Now the two of them were the center of all eyes. Now the taunts were directed at the white student, the words “nigger lover.”

Miller Williams was hardly that. “I was born in Hoxie, Arkansas,” he said, “and I have spent all my life in the South. But what’s happening here just isn’t right, and I’m taking my stand with you.”

Later that day, Williams brought several students to George’s room for a bull session, and they laid it on the line. “Don’t all you niggers carry knives?” George emptied his pockets, no knife. “How often do you bathe?” Every day, George told him. “Don’t most of you lust after white girls?” George showed him snapshots of a pretty Negro girl he was dating in his hometown.

Following this session, he wrote his brother: “Improving race relations is at least 50 percent a matter of simple communication. Now that I’m able to talk to a few whites, I realize what terrible beliefs cause that prejudice. I can see the emotional struggle they are going through just to see me as an equal human being.”

Increasingly the last year became a time of triumph, not only for George but for white students who were able to discard their own preconceptions. When a student sidled up to him and said, “I wrote you a letter I’m sorry for,” George stuck out his hand and the student shook it. When another silently offered him a cigarette, George, who didn’t smoke, puffed away, knowing it was far more than a gesture.

He was named to the *Law Review* staff, and his writing won an award from the Arkansas Law Review Corp. His winning paper represented the university in a national competition. The faculty chose him as a moot-court defense attorney, and his *Law Review* colleagues picked him as comments editor—the man entrusted with the selection of articles to print.

School was drawing to a close, and he felt a deep satisfaction in having accomplished most of his goals. But then the old specter rose again. Each year, distinguished alumni returned for a faculty banquet to salute the *Law Review* staff. With a sinking feeling, George dreaded what would happen. And that evening when George entered the hotel banquet hall, the reaction was just what he feared. The moment the alumni saw him, a pall fell on the room.

George felt sick. The food passed his lips untasted. It came time for speeches. The law school dean, Robert A. Leflar, welcomed the alumni and introduced the student editors, one at a time. There seemed an eternity of names, and George felt a frozen smile on his face.

Dean Leflar said, “The next young man demands, and receives, as much if not more respect than any other person in our law school.”

Eleven chairs scraped back, and 11 men stood up. They were the Law Review editors, and they were looking at George and applauding vigorously. Then the faculty stood up and added cheers to the applause. Finally the old grads got up, the judges, lawyers and politicians from the Deep South, and the ovation became thunderous. "Speech! Speech!" they shouted. George Haley pushed himself to his feet. He could say no word for he was unashamedly crying. But that was kind of a speech too.

Today, ten years later, George is a respected lawyer in Kansas City, Kansas. He has been deputy city attorney since 1955. He is a steward in his church, has helped found a number of Negro business firms, and is vice president of the state Young Republicans.

Dozens of old schoolmates are now George's close friends, but perhaps the most touching acceptance of him as a man came a few years ago when he received a telephone call from Miller Williams, who had sat with him in the cafeteria. Williams, now an instructor of English at Louisiana State University, called to announce the birth of a daughter. "Lucy and I were wondering," he said, "whether you'd care to be her godfather?"

This simple request made forever real the love and respect between two people. George knew that the long struggle and pain had been worthwhile. He knew, too, that his father had been right in saying, "Be patient with them. Give them a chance to know you."

I know it too. For I am George's brother.●

CONGRATULATING SAINT ANSELM COLLEGE ON ITS 125TH ANNIVERSARY

● Ms. AYOTTE. Mr. President, today I honor a great institution of higher education in my home State of New Hampshire. This year Saint Anselm College will celebrate the 125th anniversary of its founding, and I am proud to recognize this historic event.

Founded in 1889 by Abbot Hilary Pfrangle, a member of the order of Saint Benedict, the world's oldest religious order, the college's mission is built on the credo of "faith seeking understanding"—the guiding principle of its namesake, Saint Anselm of Canterbury.

Located in Goffstown, the college's picturesque campus is a perfect showcase for all the natural beauty New Hampshire has to offer. Since its inception, Saint Anselm has continued in the proud tradition of a strong Catholic education, which has prepared nurses, police chiefs, scientists, and politicians for successful careers for over a century. The student body continues to be comprised of highly motivated and gifted learners who are committed to achieving a diverse and challenging liberal arts education and are dedicated and enlightened members of the community.

The college is also home to the New Hampshire Institute of Politics and Political Library. As we prepare to celebrate the 100th anniversary of New Hampshire's first-in-the-Nation presidential primary, it is fitting that we also mark St. Anselm's longstanding tradition of fostering citizenship, engagement, and public service. Through

the work of the institute, students have a front row seat to the political process. New Hampshire's well-deserved reputation as a proving ground for Presidential hopefuls is due in large part to the hard work of institutions like Saint Anselm that encourage students to be active and inquisitive and provide forums for the community at large to participate in government.

Saint Anselm has also fostered a long history of service. Named one of the country's "Colleges with a Conscience" by The Princeton Review, Saint Anselm students, faculty, and staff log more than 16,000 community service hours yearly. The school actively encourages its students to participate in service, both as a way to honor their faith and help those in need. Each year, over 200 students forego traditional spring-break activities to engage in service trips. From Costa Rica to Orlando, ME, Anselmians spend their time and energy building homes, volunteering in schools, and serving at soup kitchens.

For over 100 years, Saint Anselm College's continued success has been driven by its clarity of vision and the hard work and dedication of its students, alumni, parents, and talented faculty and staff who share a sense of family and community.

I congratulate Saint Anselm College on 125 years of excellence in education, and wish the entire college community best of luck on 125 more years of providing high-quality education in the Granite State.●

RECOGNIZING AMARI WILLIAM

● Mr. GRAHAM. Mr. President, I ask my fellow colleagues to join me in recognizing Mr. Amari Williams, a student from Camden Middle School in South Carolina, and his essay titled What Does Freedom Mean to My Family?

I ask that the essay be printed in the RECORD. The essay follows.

WHAT DOES FREEDOM MEAN TO MY FAMILY?

Freedom has many meanings. For my family, freedom is living without fear and restrictions. Being fearless gives courage to make decisions that are not liked by everyone, but will help everyone. With no boundaries, help can be given to the less fortunate, those in bondage, and those in need of some other assistance. Each day, my family practices freedom by living in a neighborhood where we can fellowship with others no matter what they look like, how they sound, or what they believe. My parents work to make a difference in the world for my sister and me. My sister and I are able to go to school and learn so that one day we can help change the world. Freedom allow my family to worship God, be thankful for life, seek medical attention that helped save my life, and to be kind and patient with others.

My family understands that freedom does not come without a cost. Bravery is an important part of freedom. For freedom to be achieved, men and women put their lives and personal freedom at risk each day. Many of my family members have served in the military and fought for this freedom. Facing dangerous situations to help stop those who try to take away the freedom and liberty of others, make the freedom we have more spe-

cial. As I have lived and began to learn more about freedom, I know that no matter what someone does to me, my family, or country, I can still have freedom in my heart. For my family, freedom starts from within and goes outward. No one can take our freedom away. Each day it is important to try and help others get that same freedom.●

REMEMBERING FRED CURLS

● Mrs. McCASKILL. Mr. President, I ask the Senate to join me today in honoring the life and achievements of Fred Curls, who passed away on May 15, 2015. Fred was a dear friend and fought tirelessly to promote political and economic empowerment for African Americans. Fred was one of a kind, and will be remembered as a man committed to improving the lives of others and his community.

Fred was born in Kansas City, KS and grew up in both Kansas City and Norwata, OK. He was a member of the first class of graduates from Lincoln High School in Kansas City. In 1952, Fred began a career in real estate and opened his own business, Curls & Associates in 1954. He became the first African-American licensed real estate appraiser in Kansas City.

Based on his own experiences with discrimination in the workplace, Fred wanted something better for himself and his children. He became a pioneer for civil and political rights and was the last surviving founder of Freedom, Inc., one of the oldest and most active political organizations in the country. In 1962, he and four other influential leaders in Kansas City founded the organization with the belief that the primary way to get equal treatment was through the ballot box and the inception of a political party. The group helped give African Americans in Kansas City and throughout Missouri political power and strength by registering voters, backing civil rights efforts, and elevating candidates to elected office at the local, State and Federal level.

Throughout his life, Fred received numerous awards and commendations. He most recently received the Legacy Award from Jackson County and was inducted into the Missouri Walk of Fame. Several of Fred's own children and grandchildren have been involved in State and local politics including his late son Phil, who was a Missouri State senator, his daughter-in-law Melba who is a councilwoman in Kansas City, and his granddaughter Kiki, who is a Missouri State senator.

Fred had seven children over two marriages to Velma Wagner Curls and Bernice Curls Church. Three of his children preceded him in death. Millicent Curls Sillimon, Garland Michael Curls, and Senator Phillip Burnell Curls. He is survived by his children Janice Curls Parker, Darwin Lenard Curls, Dr. Karen Elaine Curls, Darrell Dwain Curls, 22 grandchildren, 32 great-grandchildren and 4 great-great grandchildren.

To countless residents of my State and across the country, Fred Curls is a