

the rest of society, who live outside these walls, who do not identify with what you stand for; some who do not agree with it; and even some who scoff at honor codes and mission statements, feeling themselves superior to such things.

Here at Annapolis you learn obedience to orders, the responsibility of command, respect for authority. Here at Annapolis, you have dedicated yourself to high purpose and to noble cause. But in the twilight of this twentieth century, concepts like honor, nobility and manliness not only do not elicit approbation; they often illicit ridicule, scorn, mockery.

It brings to mind C.S. Lewis's book, *The Abolition of Man*. There, Lewis writes that "We make men without chests and expect of them virtue and enterprise. We laugh at honor and are shocked to find traitors in our midst."

America is the greatest nation in the history of the world—the richest, most powerful, most envied, most consequential. And yet America is the same nation that leads the industrialized world in rates of murder; violent crime; juvenile violent crime; imprisonment; divorce; abortion; sexually-transmitted diseases; single-parent households; teen suicide; cocaine consumption; per capita consumption of all drugs; and pornography production and consumption.

America is a place of heroes, honor, achievement and respect. But it is as well a place where far too often heroism is confused with celebrity; honor with fame; true achievement with popularity; individual respect with political correctness. From inside here you look out at a culture that celebrates self-gratification; the crossing of all moral boundaries; and now even the breaking of all social taboos. And on top of it all, too often the sound you hear is whining—the whining of America, what can only be heard as the enormous ingratitude of modern man toward our unprecedented prosperity and good fortune.

Despite our wonders and greatness, we are a society that has experienced so much social regression, so much decadence, in so short a period of time, that in many parts of America we have become the kind of place to which civilized countries used to send missionaries.

Of course this does not change your duty in general, or your duty to this country in particular. It doesn't mean you may not defend this nation, or be willing to give your life for it. Because the ideals of this nation are still the greatest ever struck off by the mind of man. And because we are a free society—with all of its attendant virtue and vice—we expect you to defend the whole nation. Your job, as you know—like it or not—is to defend the worst, as well as the best, of us.

So there is a difference, isn't there, between life here and outside. But let me be very candid and ask a question. There is doubt in Boulder, Birmingham, Boston and Buffalo. Is there also doubt about honor here in Bancroft Hall? Are the Midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy, and your colleagues, ever seized by mission doubt? Does doubt about honor gain any purchase here? Are you sure, in your bones and in your heart, as well as in your head, why honor is worthy of your allegiance?

I ask the question because I am told that among even the military's best and the brightest young men and women—that is, even among some of you here—there is confusion of purpose, attenuation of belief. What is it all about? What matters most? What is life for? What endures? These are the kinds of question young people within and outside the military have always asked. They are worthy of your attention, and ours. And they deserve, from your teachers and others, an answer.

Let me very briefly try to begin to answer these questions by using two contemporary reference points which celebrated major anniversaries in the summer of 1994. The first was the 25th year reunion of Woodstock. Woodstock, you may recall, was a rock festival held in New York in 1969. It was attended by 300,000 young people in the first 24 hours, and it was marked by rowdiness, drinking, drug use, and even death.

The other 1994 reference point was the 50th anniversary of Operation Overload, the Normandy invasion under the command of General Dwight David Eisenhower. This was, as you know, the largest amphibious landing in history. It was attended by about 170,000 young people in the first 24 hours. Let me say a few words about each. Back in the summer of '69, Woodstock was called the "defining event of a generation;" it was undoubtedly the high point of the counterculture movement in America. "If it feels good, do it" was a kind of unofficial banner under which the participants walked. But it is worth noting, I think, that most of those whose attended the 25th year reunion were not even at the original Woodstock rock festival. The reason, one can fairly surmise, is that for many of those who attended in August 1969, the memories were not good ones, not ones they wished to rekindle. Woodstock was not a place to which they wanted to go again. Many people grew up and grew beyond what Woodstock stood for; in adulthood, they consider it to have been childish, utopian, irrelevant, irresponsible, or worse. It was a chapter of their lives many would just as soon close, a memory they hoped would grow dim with the passage of time. And the deaths and sickness there were pointless, mindless, and avoidable. It was a season of drug overdoses and self-inflicted death.

Now compare the Woodstock reunion with the anniversary of D-Day, which took place on another coast, in the same year. What they were celebrating was something far different. Poignancy and dignity surrounded that event, precisely because the stakes involved were so high; the heroism so manifest; the examples so inspiring. Many listened to President Roosevelt's prayer, broadcast on D-Day, as he recognized the horror that awaited the young men who had embarked on "the Great Crusade."

"Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our Nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor . . . They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. For the enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces . . . They will be sore tired, by night and by day . . . The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violence of war."

As at Woodstock, there were deaths there. But they were different, in numbers and in cause. According to military author Paul Fussell, in one 10 minute period on Omaha Beach, a single rifle company of 205 men lost 197, including every officer and sergeant. But they were not pointless or avoidable deaths. The price was very high—but that for which they died was sacred. We remember. And their comrades-in-arms remember. And so those who could, came back.

My point is a simple one: Ephemeral things are the flies of summer. They drift away with the breeze of time. They are as wind and ashes. An event like Woodstock cannot hold the affections of the heart, or command respect, or win allegiance, or make men proud, or make their parents proud. It may be remembered by the media, but it leaves no lasting impression on the souls of men. It is forgotten. It was meant to be forgotten. People do not pilgrimage there, for it can give them nothing of worth.

Plato reminds us that what is real is what endures. Trenton, Midway and Tarawa; those

on the Bonhomme Richard and the crews of "Taffey Three" in Leyte Gulf; the Marines and brave naval officers at "Frozen Chosin"—these things endure.

In the Funeral Oration, Pericles said, "For it is only the love of honor that never grows old; and honor it is, not gain as some would have it, that rejoices the heart of age and helplessness."

Honor never grows old, and honor rejoices the heart of age. It does so because honor is, finally, about defending those noble and worthy things that deserve to be defended, even if it comes at a high cost. In our time, that may mean social disapproval, public scorn, hardship, persecution, or as always even death itself. The questions remain: What is worth defending? What is worth dying for? What is worth living for?

So let me end where I began. Does honor have a future? Like all things human, it is always open to question. As free citizens, we can always fail to live up to those "better angels of our nature." A lady reportedly asked Benjamin Franklin after the conclusion of the Constitutional Convention: "What kind of government have you given us, Dr. Franklin?" The good doctor replied, "A Republic—if you can keep it."

And so honor has a future—if we can keep it, and if you can keep it. We keep it only if we continue to esteem it, uphold it, value those who display it—and refuse to laugh at it.

Earlier in these remarks I suggested a gulf—sometimes even a chasm—between your life here and the rest of America. But there are bridges across the chasm, too—bridges made by hands and words and ideas that reach across generations, across the centuries, from military to civilian, from civilian to military. I am thinking of a small group of men, not soldiers, not naval officers. They were civilians—only civilians. but it was not by accident or luck that our Founders pledged to one another "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." They meant it. In this act of national baptism, we are all bound together.

It is your task, members of the brigade—it has been given to you, especially—to show the way as you and your forbearers, alive and dead, have showed the way before. We outside know you will do it again. And the children will learn by your example what honor means.

Thank you.

TRIBUTE TO OSCAR LOYA

HON. SAM FARR

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 3, 1998

Mr. FARR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor a beloved and remembered man. Oscar Loya the superintendent of Alisal Union School District and community hero died on January 26th, 1998.

Oscar helped foster strong involvement in his home, the Salinas Valley, by being "an inspirational leader and a person who operated from the heart" (Roxanne Regules, principal of Caesar Chavez School). Last year Loya received a recognition of his accomplishments by President Clinton for bringing PeaceBuilders, a violence reduction program, to Salinas schools.

Immigrating to the United States at age 7, Mr. Loya, always concerned for others, gave many years of service toward improving the quality of education for migrant children. "He

was very caring about what happen with his students and what direction they were headed" (Stephanie Lopez, a former student and first grade teacher).

In return, the community was there for Loya. When it was discovered that he needed a bone marrow transplant, hundreds flocked to have their bone marrow tested during six drives in his honor. Although no matching donor was found, Loya helped to raise awareness of the need for bone marrow donors.

In the Salinas Valley a true champion is lost. My thoughts remain with his family.

HONORING THE 5TH ANNUAL
"CALIFORNIA DUCK DAYS"

HON. VIC FAZIO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 3, 1998

Mr. FAZIO of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay special tribute to an event in my district that has become one of the premier wildlife festivals in the United States. In the short span of five years, "California Duck Days" has grown from a small, community-based event to a large, regional festival offering a wide range of activities including field trips, workshops, lectures, family and youth activities, and, for the first time ever, a large Exposition Hall which includes educational displays, vendor booths, and demonstrations about wetlands and wildlife.

This year, "Duck Days" is co-hosted by the California Waterfowl Association, and it coincides with the Sacramento Valley's peak migration period for hundreds of thousands of waterfowl moving south on the Pacific Flyway. "Duck Days" showcases the wonders and diversity of our region's wetlands and it serves both to increase public awareness and to promote education about the importance of wetlands and wildlife.

Last fall, the community, and many of this year's "Duck Days" participants, braved the cold and rain to successfully dedicate the opening of the Yolo Bypass Wildlife Area. We were joined that day by President Clinton who noted that "there is no challenge facing this country that we cannot meet, if we will just do what you have done here." The 3700 acre wetlands area that constitutes the Yolo Bypass Wildlife Area is the largest wetlands area in the western United States and "California Duck Days" is a continuation and expansion of the many partnerships that created the Yolo Bypass Wildlife Area. The president's message, which stressed the power of collaboration, continues to be highlighted by the growing successes of the "Duck Days" celebrations.

With over 60 participating organizations, "Duck Days" is proof that individuals and organizations can work together to give thousands of people, young and old, the opportunity to experience these wild places, learn about them, and share their experiences with others. I commend the successful model of the Yolo Basin Foundation to my colleagues and extend the congratulations of the House of Representatives to the organizers and participants of 1998's "California Duck Days" festival.

HONORING TILLIE ROTHSTEIN

HON. PETER DEUTSCH

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 3, 1998

Mr. DEUTSCH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the lifetime achievements and the memory of a remarkable visionary, activist, and friend, Tillie Rothstein. Tillie was a determined and tireless trailblazer whose contributions to Broward County, and to me personally, have left a permanent impression and a rich legacy.

Tillie is a New York native who made her home and her political career in South Florida. She and her husband retired to Sunrise, Florida in 1977, but Tillie wasted no time launching into the local political arena. She served as a congressional aide and worked in public relations at Broward Federal Savings & Loan. However, she is perhaps best known for her leadership as president of the West Broward Democratic Club which now flourishes as an influential presence, due in large part to her hard work and courageous pioneering. She was unshakably loyal, and her support was one of the most sought after endorsements among those with political aspirations. Always confident and tenacious, Tillie campaigned for her candidates and the causes she championed for over twenty years, thus earning recognition as a stalwart figure in the Broward County community. I am grateful for this opportunity to applaud Tillie for her outstanding efforts and thank her for her innumerable contributions to the community. She will be missed.

TRIBUTE TO ODESSA E. TEVIS

HON. MICHAEL BILIRAKIS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 3, 1998

Mr. BILIRAKIS. Mr. Speaker, I once heard beauty described as "unity in variety." In considering our American people, that definition could easily be expanded to describe the beauty of America—a nation of people gathered from a diversity of backgrounds united in their belief in the freedom of all human beings and their deep love for the country that protects those freedoms.

Mr. Speaker, I rise today to introduce you to an exemplary American, and a good friend, Odessa E. Tevis. Odessa is being honored on Sunday, February 1, 1998 by the Tarpon Springs Historical Society and by the community, for her 25 years of volunteerism in this area.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri on November 27, 1908, Odessa, like so many children during wartime and a troubled economy, moved several times during her childhood. Having moved from Missouri to Chicago to Iowa then back to Chicago, Odessa graduated from High School and then junior college. On the last day of 1931, she married her high school sweetheart, Harry Tevis. Harry worked for the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, and for the next eighteen years, every promotion meant yet another move to another city in Illinois.

There was one interruption—WWII—and Harry had orders to go overseas. But, before he left, he helped Odessa find a job at the

Atlas Educational Film Company in Oak Park, IL where she worked on scripts and even did a little acting when needed.

Having made several trips to this area over the years, when Harry retired in 1973, they decided the Florida Suncoast was where they wanted to live. The two cars and camper were barely unpacked when Odessa began making the community her own. Within a year her beloved Harry had passed away and Odessa filled those open hours by helping others. If someone needed a ride to the doctor or the hospital, or needed medication; or a friend to stay through an extended illness or watch a child—Odessa was there. Even today, at 89 years of age, her days are divided between at least two projects such as volunteering at an eye care clinic and a local museum. When asked why she does so much, she chuckles and matter-of-factly replies, "might as well!"

Her 25 years of involvement in many organizations, including the Women's Club of Tarpon Springs, the New Port Richey Garden Club, the Tarpon Springs Garden Club, the Friends of the Library, the Republican Women's Club of Tarpon Springs, and the Tarpon Springs Historical Society, to name a few, has endeared her to the community. Her involvement in projects for the last quarter century has resulted in countless improvements in the community and benefited many, many residents indeed.

Because of her energy and her example, Odessa has the ability to gather people from diverse backgrounds and unify them by a common goal . . . and has therefore made a beautiful difference in our community. Mr. Speaker, I am very proud to join my community members and the Tarpon Springs Historical Society in honoring our own Odessa E. Tevis as an exemplary American volunteer.

CAMPAIGN FINANCE REFORM

HON. RON KIND

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 3, 1998

Mr. KIND. Mr. Speaker, as we return for the beginning of the 1998 legislative session I want to renew my call for action this year on campaign finance reform. Last year, I submitted a daily statement for the official RECORD calling on you to allow a vote on campaign finance reform. Unfortunately, we were not allowed an opportunity to vote on this important issue. I hope that 1998 will be the year we finally respond to the demands of the public, who overwhelmingly want us to fix the current campaign funding system.

In the U.S. Senate, Senator LOTT has promised a vote on this issue before March 5. I applaud his commitment to allowing a vote. I hope that the leadership in the House will also commit to a date certain. Until then, I will continue my practice of submitting a daily statement to remind the congressional leadership and the public that we have not passed campaign finance reform.

Mr. Speaker, the problem is clear, there is too much money involved in the election campaigns. The influence of money has created the appearance of special interest influence in the democratic process. The voters no longer believe they have a voice in the system. We will not be able to turn around public opinion,