

changed the lives of men and women throughout the world.●

**THE DEATH OF A WORLD WAR II HERO, CAPT. CHARLES ASHLEY AUSTIN, JR.**

● Mr. DODD. Mr. President, before Congress adjourns for recess, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring a young World War II American pilot—Capt. Charles Ashley “C.A.” Austin, Jr.—whose final acts of courage and sacrifice, while legendary in a little village in France, are largely unknown to most Americans. In her quest to reveal her fallen husband’s heroism, Etta Rizzo Austin Lepore, who lives in Connecticut, has sought from the Army the posthumous bestowal of the full range of military honors on Captain Austin.

A choice of incredible valor ended the life of Capt. C.A. Austin, Jr., 50 years ago. On July 4, 1944, following a successful tactical bombing mission of German-occupied France, Captain Austin’s P-47 Thunderbolt airplane was shot down by enemy fire. His disabled aircraft careened directly toward the French village of Limetz-Villet—to the horror of the villagers watching from the ground. Miraculously, it veered off its course of destruction and crashed in a nearby cornfield. Captain Austin was killed in the crash. The villagers of Limetz were convinced that Captain Austin could have bailed out and saved himself. But Austin chose to stay with the plane and, by maneuvering it from its burning trajectory, save the lives of the helpless people of Limetz. Those who witnessed Captain Austin’s final moments have never forgotten the young man who traded his own life for the lives of their families and neighbors. In fact, the people of Limetz-Villet defied their Nazi occupiers when they buried Austin with full honors.

Because Captain Austin’s plane had been separated from the squadron he commanded when it was hit by German anti-aircraft fire, the returning pilots in his squadron did not know their captain’s fate. He was reported missing in action. There were no official recommendations for Captain Austin to be awarded the highest military honors, namely, the Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Flying Cross, or the Bronze Star Medal, because no American serviceman had direct knowledge of the extraordinary circumstances of his death. In a letter from the mayor of Limetz, written in broken English a year after Captain Austin’s death, Mrs. Lepore learned of the details of her husband’s fate. The mayor wrote:

(in a supreme effort the pilot succeed to place his airship in straight line and by wonderful bend . . . avoid the village . . . reaching a small plain far from many. . . .

The people and descendants of those whose lives and homes Captain Austin spared revere him to this day, and his story has been woven into the lore of Limetz. Recently, on the 50th anniversary of Captain Austin’s death, the villagers erected a monument in his memory. A stolen propeller from the wreck-

age of Captain Austin’s plane, the Etta II, serves as the centerpiece of this memorial.

We Americans have spent much of this year commemorating and reflecting upon World War II—its battles and its strategy, its causes and consequences. We have questioned—as only latter generations can—the course it took. We have interpreted its drama in broad conceptualized strokes. Captain Austin’s story brings into focus the reality that World War II—like all wars—consisted of the acts of individuals, either combined in the maelstrom of battling armies or—in the case of Captain Austin, singled out, separated from the confidence of the group, in places of extremity where private conscience provided the only compass.

Captain Austin’s single act of grace stands out in the human consciousness. It fortifies a belief that something worthy of hope in the human spirit survives even the most brutal conflagrations of civilization. His is a story that ought to be told and woven into the American lore. Perhaps of all the characterizations of the American role in World War II, this is the most relevant: Hundreds of thousands of American soldiers sacrificed their lives for strangers—Capt. C.A. Austin not the least among them. And in this truth, Americans may glimpse a noble piece of our national identity.●

**TRIBUTE TO JERRY GARCIA AND REX FOUNDATION**

● Mr. ABRAHAM. Mr. President, I rise to discuss private arts funding in this country as envisioned under my proposal to privatize the Endowments, and at the same time to pay tribute to one of the Nation’s most beloved and most philanthropic artists, Jerry Garcia. Jerry Garcia, acoustic guitarist, artist, and the spirit and soul of the Grateful Dead, died early yesterday morning.

As is well known, especially in light of the outpouring of grief across the country yesterday, Garcia and his band have attracted perhaps the most loyal and dedicated fans of any rock group. What is less well known, and is to the band’s credit, is that Garcia’s band also donated millions of private dollars to charitable causes—particularly to off-beat and undiscovered artists, through the Grateful Dead’s philanthropic arm, the Rex Foundation.

The leader of that band died yesterday and I would like to pay tribute to Jerry Garcia and his spirit of genuine philanthropy by discussing one of his many charitable ventures, the Rex Foundation.

The Rex Foundation is precisely the sort of private philanthropy that opponents of my bill believe cannot exist, or will not exist in sufficient numbers to make up the 2 percent of private funding of the arts that the NEA now provides. Well, this one rock-and-roll band provided a million dollars a year to struggling artists, composers, and other charitable causes. And unlike NEA grants, Rex Foundation grants came with no strings attached.

Rex was established as an independent charity in the early eighties, what some call the decade of greed. The profits from the band’s charity concerts—about \$1 million a year—are funneled into the Rex Foundation, named for road manager Donald Rex Jackson, who died in a car crash in 1976.

The Grateful Dead have played as many as five benefits a year for the Rex Foundation. Half of the royalties from the Ben & Jerry’s ice-cream flavor “Cherry Garcia” go to the Rex Foundation. The rest of the foundation’s money mainly comes from private donations. The band absorbs almost all of the administrative and personnel costs.

Rex money has had perhaps its greatest impact on modern symphonic music. Since its inception, the foundation has spent over \$100,000 commissioning and recording works by avant-garde composers.

Composer Robert Simpson was much acclaimed but poorly remunerated for his work during a long career. At 73 years old, many of his works remained unrecorded. One day, he received a \$10,000 money order from the Rex Foundation, out of the blue. The composer used the grant to help record his ninth symphony.

In addition to supporting obscure composers, the Rex Foundation has assisted saxophonist Pharaoh Sanders, bought uniforms for the financially-strapped Lithuanian Olympic basketball team, set up scholarships that have enabled Salvadoran refugees to go to camp and Sioux women to study medicine, and financed programs to eradicate blindness in Nepal, clean up rivers in Alabama, protect striped bass in California and feed the homeless in Boston.

Rex Foundation money was used to record the prison gospel choir of San Quentin. In 1991, Grateful Dead drummer, Mickey Hart, helped bring the Gyoto Tantric Choir Tibetan monks to America. As the monks passed San Quentin in a van, they said they felt the presence of trapped souls within.

They wanted to go right in, but Hart informed them that that might be a little difficult. When the monks later performed at San Quentin through the Rex Foundation they were able to see the prison’s gospel choir perform. According to Hart, one prison guard began playing the drums and another played the organ. Guards and inmates were mixing and singing sacred songs.

The album, titled “He’s All I Need,” peaked at No. 28 on the Billboard gospel charts. All proceeds went to a fund earmarked for victims of the inmates.

And it’s not just musical events the Rex Foundation has funded. Another recipient of Rex Foundation Funds was the Blue Moon, the historic University District tavern in Seattle which received a grant from the Rex Foundation to support three projects: Words