

You see, he was a historian. He was not only a successful broker. Tom was one that loved to read. I can imagine every night what Tom must have gone through just to be moved from a wheelchair to a bed. What would be so tiring for most of us was an everyday occurrence for Tom Rogers. Just the thought that with his mouth and with a wand he could operate a computer and run the finances of many people in the community and across this country who he represented is just an amazing feat in itself.

I remember the story that, when Tom first went to the hospital, after polio, went into the ward where the iron lungs were and where many were stricken with polio, the first thing his mother said was that she was not going to let Tom Rogers die. Tom was also committed that he was not going to let polio change his life significantly, that he would be successful, he would win in the end. Tom was known for saying his greatest success was helping others see how lucky we all are, not just him.

In this day and age all too often we hurry through life without stopping to realize the gifts that we have all been given. Well, Tom Rogers knew the gift he had been given and more. He knew how to use these gifts to enjoy his life and to help others see their importance. Though obstacles were in his way, Tom gained more knowledge and love of life than most of us dream about.

Tom was successful in many ways. But he overcame every adversity, everything thrown at him, to truly teach so many so much.

Tom Rogers had the ability to take a stranger and treat him like family. He had the ability to take family and make them think that they were the most special thing in the world. Tom Rogers gave us a vision to take risks and to go out on a limb, encouraged us to test our outer limits. By following Tom's way of life, we learned more about ourselves and we gained more than we ever thought possible. There are few people who are able to accomplish so much while still having an intense love of life. I can truly say that Thomas Wallace Rogers saw life in a hopeful light with sincere friends and true leaders.

Mr. Speaker, it is an honor for me to be here as a tribute to Thomas Wallace Will Rogers, a man that lived life to its fullest with every obstacle in his way and shared so much with so many across this country.

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IN HONOR OF TOM ROGERS OF  
MOLINE, IL

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. HASTINGS of Washington). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. LEACH] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. LEACH. Mr. Speaker, I want to thank my good friends, the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. BURR] and the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr.

DICKEY], for their wonderful accolades and the minority leader for agreeing to let the three of us without request speak in order.

Mr. Speaker, if ever an individual personified the ideal that the human condition can overcome any handicap, it was Tom Rogers. Tom was everybody's all-American boy. An active athlete and budding scholar, Tom left Moline in 1952 to attend Cornell University. At the end of his freshman year at the age of 19, just before the widespread introduction of the Salk vaccine, he was struck so severely with polio that he was paralyzed from the neck down. He came to be able to breathe only through the laborious technique of swallowing air. In a circumstance which would have led most of us to give up, to turn inward in bitterness, to be prone to shriveling up and spiritually dying, Tom took the opposite course. He determined that even though he could not move a finger, he would widen his horizons and become a functioning member of society.

Tom studied to become a stock analyst and broker and soon had as dedicated a following as anyone in his profession in the country. Using methods and machines he designed, he came to be able to read stacks of material and spreadsheets placed on a bookstand or reflected in magnification off the ceiling.

Tom's two principal avocations were bridge and travel. One of the most competitive bridge players I have ever known, he would call on his unsorted cards to be played from a specially made wooden tray placed on the table in front of his wheelchair. My mother, who was a life master many times over, used to tell me Tom was her favorite partner. Now and again during high school summers, I was privileged to be able to play against the two of them.

To watch Tom successfully defeat three no trump doubled was to watch the joyful triumph of an engaged mind. Despite his physical paralysis, he could precipitate action and when he won a hand, his eyes would impishly twinkle, causing his opponents to redouble their effort yet never begrudge being thumped by this remarkable soul.

The one Christmas card friends in the Quad cities waited for every year would be one Tom would send showing a cartoon of himself, his wheelchair and generally a reindeer or two boating the Mississippi, playing bridge, or standing against a vista or symbol of whatever State or city he had visited that year. One of my favorite memories was the trip Tom made to Washington in the van he had converted to indulge his love of travel.

I toured the Capitol with him and then we had lunch together in the Members dining room. Everyone who encountered Tom soon forgot the chair and brace, the interruptions in this conversation as he gulped to breathe, and saw and heard only the image and voice of a vibrant and captivating

human being. Amelia Earhart once wrote, courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace. The soul that knows it not, knows no release from little things.

The little things we take for granted, even being able to breathe unaided, were very big things to Tom Rogers. But no one handled the big or small challenges of life with greater joy. I recently spoke with a former colleague and one of Tom's boyhood chums, Tom Railsback, and his dear friend and dedicated doctor, Lou Sears. Each could only describe in awe the emancipating cheerfulness of an individual who addressed each new day with such boundless optimism.

I am convinced that God gave us Tom Rogers because he wanted to provide a lesson in the preciousness of life and the need for perspective. There is no single person whoever came into contact with Tom who did not walk away murmuring, my troubles are vastly smaller but I pray to God I can learn to handle them with one hundredth of the courage and good nature as this man from Moline.

Tom's peace has finally been granted. His friends honor him this weekend with a groundbreaking of a nature center to be built in his honor on a beautiful island in the Mississippi. No friend could be more missed than Tom Rogers. He remains an inspiration to us all.

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JUSTICE BRENNAN

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. BURR). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. BONIOR] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. BONIOR. Mr. Speaker, I rise this afternoon to read an editorial that I think aptly described the life of Justice William Brennan. It is entitled "Justice Brennan's Vision":

William J. Brennan, Jr., who died yesterday at the age of 91 brought to his long and productive career on the U.S. Supreme Court a tenacious commitment to advancing individual rights and the Constitution's promise of fairness and equality. He served for 34 years, a tenure that spanned eight Presidents.

Named to the court in 1956 by Dwight Eisenhower, Justice Brennan saw the law not as an abstraction but as an immensely powerful weapon to improve society and enlarge justice. As such, he was a crucial voice on the Warren Court of the 1960's, a body that boldly expanded the role of the Federal courts and the Constitution itself to protect individual liberties.

Yet even when the Court shifted in a more conservative direction under Chief Justices Warren Burger and, later, William Rehnquist, Justice Brennan was not content to play a marginal role as an eloquent dissenter. Armed with a keen intellect, a forceful personality, and a gift for building coalitions, he had surprising success in mustering