

County, California. Described as a moral, caring and generous man by residents in the community of Fortuna and the Northern California County of Humboldt, Mr. McLean is an example of the American Dream.

Mel McLean still greets visitors with a twinkle in his eye and a firm handshake, despite a stroke that limited his speech 11 years ago. That's appropriate for a man who, for many years, sealed important deals with little more than a handshake.

Though he is known locally as a philanthropist, Mel got where he is today by hard work, despite setbacks along the way. He started his career in logging more than 50 years ago with various jobs in the woods. In 1938, he and a partner contracted to run a tie mill just following his marriage in 1937 to Grace, his close friend and companion for over 50 years before her death in 1989.

The young couple struggled through the Depression, even hauling away logs discarded by the loggers. They peeled the bark off by hand and sold it for 35 cents a truckload. Beans and potatoes were their supper most nights.

In 1946, Mel and another partner became involved in the grocery business, a venture that grew to include four stores. Two years later he moved his timber business to Humboldt County and formed a partnership named Lindsey Lumber Company. They bought the East family sawmill and the logging operation at the Bar W Ranch near Bridgeville, hiring 15 men.

In 1950, a fire destroyed the mill, so they moved to McCann. The company grew to own 10 tie and stud mills, and built a planing mill at McCann. The planing mill was destroyed in the 1955 flood, but they rebuilt it and continued operations. In 1958, he and his partner bought another sawmill just north of Rio Dell. This was the beginning of Eel River Sawmills.

To keep an eye on his diverse interests, Mel became a pilot. His wife, Grace, usually accompanied him on these trips. The couple enjoyed visiting other countries, but their hearts were with the people of the Eel River Valley.

Mel McLean believes strongly in seeing that residents of the Eel River Valley have jobs. He has proved that several times by rebuilding instead of just walking away from the disaster. When fire destroyed two-thirds of the mill in 1961, he rebuilt immediately, using the sawmill employees in the reconstruction so that not one man lost his job.

The company incorporated in 1963 and built a new planing mill. It had about 90 employees, up from 33 in 1961. The following year was a good one and saw the addition of a new debarker and a new chipper plant. Then came the Christmas flood of 1964. More than 8 million board feet of logs and 5 million feet of lumber went down the river, along with most of the mill.

This gave them a choice, according to Grace McLean in a 1989 interview. "It was either go down the road with a sack on our back, or hard work and start it over again."

For Mel, the answer was clear. The men of the Eel River Valley deserved jobs, and he would provide them. The company reopened and had men back on the payroll in 3 to 5 months.

By 1979, the company had added mills in Redcrest and Alton. And in early 1987, the company added the Fairhaven power plant on the Samoa peninsula, utilizing waste products from the mills to produce clean energy. In

1989, the McLeans took another step in looking out for their employees when they set up an Employee Stock Ownership Plan. Under the plan, the employees will eventually own the company.

Mel McLean wants to improve the quality of life for all residents of the Eel River Valley. He has made, and continues to make, generous donations to local groups, schools and organizations. He always treats his employees fairly and the respect between him and the workers is evident whenever McLean tours the plant. He always lets each man know he is important and leaves the impression that the entire staff is his extended family.

On February the 12th, 1998, Mel McLean will be honored and named to the Republican Hall of Fame in the Humboldt as a devoted advocate of Conservative causes. The honor is well deserved for his generous and fair spirit. We wish him many years of continued and rewarding accomplishments.

#### HOMAGE TO VARIAN FRY, A REAL AND UNLIKELY HERO

#### HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, February 11, 1998*

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, Varian Fry was one of the greatest, albeit one of the most unrecognized, American heroes of the twentieth century. As a young relief worker in Vichy France during the early years of World War II, he responded to the onslaught of Nazi persecution with a degree of bravery which stands out even when compared to the courage of other noble men and women who resisted German oppression. Fry led a small group of American liberals in creating the Emergency Rescue Committee (ERC), an organization dedicated to using every means at its disposal to help political and intellectual refugees escape from Nazi-dominated France. The ERC operated for two years, from the fall of France in 1940 until its offices were forcibly shut down in 1942, and its work saved the lives of at least 2,000 talented scholars, artists and leaders, including such cultural luminaries as Marc Chagall, Hannah Arendt and Max Ernst. Fry's actions led to the founding of the International Rescue Committee after the war.

Varian Fry's lifesaving efforts are all the more remarkable in light of fierce opposition not only from the pro-Fascist Vichy government, but also from resentful American consular officials. As a result of this antagonism, Fry's heroism went unrecognized in his lifetime. He died in obscurity over thirty years ago.

Varian Fry's contributions have been recognized by Yad Vashem, Israel's memorial to the Holocaust, where he stands as the only American honored as a "Righteous Gentile." Mr. Speaker, it is long past due for the American government and the American people to pay tribute to this heroic champion of human rights. I would like to enter into the record a touching and inspiring review of Fry's autobiography, *Surrender on Demand*, written for "The New Republic" by Alfred Kazin. I would also like to invite my colleagues to attend *Assignment: Rescue, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee*, a moving exhibit which will be featured at The

Jewish Museum in New York through March 29, as well as *The Varian Fry Celebration*, which will be on display at the San Francisco Main Library after March 8.

[From the New Republic, Feb. 9, 1998]

#### A REAL AND UNLIKELY HERO—HOMAGE TO VARIAN FRY

(By Alfred Kazin)

The Armistice with Nazi Germany that France had to sign in June 1940 contained a clause, Article XIX, obliging the French Government to "surrender upon demand all Germans named by the German government in France, as well as in French possessions, colonies, Protectorate Territories, and Mandates." "Germans" originally meant all inhabitants of the greater German Reich—Germans, Austrians, Czechs, and many Poles—but by 1940 it meant every political opponent whom the Nazis wanted to get their hands on. There were American relief organizations in France sponsored by the YMCA, the Unitarians, and the Quakers. But a group of American liberals, outraged by the Nazis' open violation of the right of asylum, formed the Emergency Rescue Committee to bring political and intellectual refugees out of France before the Gestapo and the Italian and Spanish Fascist police caught them in what their rescuer Varian Fry was to call "the most gigantic man-trap in history."

The volunteer (there were not many) whom the Committee chose to direct this effort from Marseille was Varian Fry, a 32-year-old Harvard-trained classicist perfectly at home in Europe. Indeed, on the surface, with his elegant name and his precise manner, he may have seemed just a little too refined. With his classmate Lincoln Kirstein, he had founded the pioneer journal of modernism *The Hound and Horn*. When I met him at *The New Republic* after the war, he liked, on our many walks, a little affectedly, to show off the little dogtricks that he had taught his French poodle Clovis, whom he had named after the ancient king of the Franks. But Varian was at heart so pure and intense a democratic conscience that he could not bear the lingering Popular Front sentimentality about Stalin on *The New Republic*; and he resigned from the magazine in 1945, just before Henry Wallace took it over.

In fact, for thirteen months in France, Varian was our own Scarlet Pimpernel. He was endlessly bold and resourceful in the always correct manner that was natural to him. And he was forced to leave France because his labors on behalf of Jews and political refugees had enraged both Vichy's pro-Fascist bureaucrats and reactionary American consular officials. Varian was one of the great civilian heroes of the war. In the face of the most maddening bureaucratic slights, delays, and hostilities presented by Vichy France, Franco's Spain, and the American consul in Marseille (he finally got the French to expel Varian), my friend organized from a room in the Hotel Splendide the ramshackle yet somehow effective organization that helped to get virtually 2,000 people to safety. Varian is the only American honored as a "Righteous Gentile" at Yad Vashem, Israel's memorial to the Holocaust.

Surrender on Demand, Varian's wonderful account of his noble adventure in France, his "story of an experiment in democratic solidarity . . . of illegal work under the nose of the Gestapo," was first published without much effect in 1945, and it has now been brought back into print in conjunction with the splendid exhibition "Assignment: Rescue, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee" at the Jewish Museum in New York. The museum has also enclosed in its press kit Varian's essay "The Massacre of the Jews," which appeared in

*The New Republic's* issue of December 21, 1942. Unlikely as this seems now, the anguish that Varian brought to the subject did not altogether interest people at the magazine (I had just joined the staff), who were languishing for the New Deal that Roosevelt had discarded in wartime. "That such things could be done by contemporary western Europeans, heirs of the humanist tradition, seems hardly possible": only Varian, hardly innocent but obstinately virtuous, would have written that sentence. He ended his article by demanding "a little thing, but at the same time a big thing"—that the United States "offer asylum now, without delay or red tape, to those few fortunate enough to escape from the Aryan paradise."

In Berlin on July 15, 1935, Varian had seen Hitler's troopers attack Jews in "the first pogrom." On November 9, 1938, Nazi leaders had openly encouraged the burning of synagogues, the pillage of Jewish homes, and the murder of their inhabitants. "Injecting air-bubbles into the bloodstream," Varian observed in his *NEW REPUBLIC* article in 1942, "is cheap, clean, and efficient, producing clots, embolisms, and death within a few hours . . ."

"Even though Hitler may lose this war, he may win it anyway, at least, as far as Europe is concerned. . . . The Christian churches might also help . . . the Pope by threatening with excommunication all Catholics who in any way participate in these frightful crimes. . . . There is a report, which I have not been able to verify, that the Office of War Information has banned mention of the massacres in its shortwave broadcasts. . . . The fact that the Nazis do not commit their massacres in Western Europe, but transport their victims to the East before destroying them, is certain proof that they fear the effect on the local populations of the news of their crimes."

Despite the fact that the urgency of the situation has never been greater, immigration into the United States in the year 1942 will have been less than ten percent of what it has been in 'normal' years before Hitler, when some of the largest quotas were not filled. There have been bureaucratic delays in visa procedure which have literally condemned to death many stalwart democrats."

This was the man who had gone to Marseille two years before with just \$3,000 from patrons of the Emergency Rescue Committee, only to find himself initially frustrated by the delusions of some VIPs whom he had come to rescue. Rudolph Breitscheid, the leader of the Social Democratic bloc in the Reichstag, openly frequented a sidewalk cafe with Rudolph Hilferding, formerly German Minister to France. He boasted that Hitler would "never dare" to arrest him. He was wrong. He was nabbed and never heard from again. Giuseppe Modigliani, the head of the Italian Socialist Party and a Jew (and the brother of the painter), was easy to spot. He insisted on wearing in all weather a fur coat, a gift from the Garment Workers Union in New York, and he adamantly refused to shave his beard. "I've always worn it."

Franz Werfel and his wife Alma were at the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix, in hiding under the name of Mrs. Werfel's former husband Gustav Mahler, who had died in 1911. Werfel looked "exactly like his photographs: large, dumpy, and pallid, like a half-filled sack of flour. His hair was thin on top and too long on the sides. He was wearing a silk dressing gown and soft slippers and was sitting all over a small gilt chair." The Werfels had fled from Paris to Lourdes, where they had sought the protection of the Church. Werfel, a Jew, had begun *The Song of Bernadette*. When they realized that they would never be able to leave France from Lourdes, they came to Marseille to get the American

visas waiting for them at the Consulate. But there was now a general ban on exit visas.

The Werfels insisted on ordering up champagne as they went over their problem with Varian. He had just arrived and he hadn't yet found out what the possibilities were. The Werfels had heard of refugees going down to the Spanish frontier and getting over safely, but they didn't know if those lucky souls had reached Lisbon for passage to America. Most of them had probably been arrested in Spain and handed over to the Gestapo. There was also the risk of being arrested for travelling without permission. It was all very confusing. What were they to do? They finally got away, at first encumbering their saviors with twelve suitcases. But Alma made it into Spain on foot, Mahler, manuscripts in her pack.

The American Federation of Labor had succeeded in persuading the State Department to grant emergency visas to a long list of European labor leaders, and it had dispatched Frank Bohn to help them with the escape. Bohn, a hearty extrovert who talked like "an itinerant revivalist," was one of the two or three Americans in France prepared to help Varian. Through Bohn he met a young German social democrat named Albert Hirschman, a political refugee who was "very intelligent and eternally good-natured and cheerful," who joined his staff. "I began to call him Beamish," Varian wrote, "because of his impish eyes and perennial pout, which would turn into a broad grin in an instant." Staff conferences were held in the bathroom, where Varian turned on the faucets to create a deafening rush of water.

Another invaluable aide was "vivacious and ebullient" Lena Fishman, who had worked in the Paris office of the joint Distribution Committee, was competent in English, French, German, Russian, Polish, and Spanish, and was especially useful in calming the excited. "Il ne faut pas exagérer," she used to say. (Lena had her own way of talking. When I first met her, she asked me who my publisher was. I told her, but the name obviously meant nothing to her. "Je n'ai jamais couché avec," she said.)

Most of the refugees whose names had been given to Varian in New York were still missing. Nobody knew where they were or what had become of them. But refugees started coming to Varian's room at the Splendide as soon as word went out.

"Many of them had been through hell; their nerves were shattered and their courage was gone. Many had been herded into concentration camps at the outbreak of the war, then released, then interned again when the Germans began their great offensive in May. In the concentration camps they had waited fearfully while the Wehrmacht drew nearer and nearer. It was often literally at the last moment that they had had a chance to save themselves. Then they had joined the great exodus to the south, sometimes walking hundreds of miles to get away from the Nazis. . . ."

Nor was it only the refugees from Germany and Austria who were worried. Luis Companys, the Catalan trade-union leader, had been picked up by the Nazis in Belgium or the occupied part of France and sent down to Spain, where he was promptly garroted. And the French police were treating foreigners with a combination of muddle and brutality which left very few of them with any desire to stay in France longer than they had to."

In big cities such as Marseille, the large and constantly changing refugee population kept the police nervous, and occasionally stirred them to mass arrests called raffles. Fortunately for Varian, the first to come to the Splendide were young and vigorous German and Austrian Socialists who were not afraid, once Varian gave them American

money, to go down to the Spanish frontier and cross over on foot. One of them gave Varian a map of the frontier, showing that they planned to cross along a cemetery wall at Cerbère. They knew where to avoid the French border control. You were not to go farther into Spain until you got the Spanish entrada stamp on your passport. The Spaniards were interested only in Spanish transit visas and, above all, in money.

Refugees who hadn't yet received American visas were taking Chinese or Siamese visas and getting Portuguese transit visas on almost any identification they possessed which seemed to promise that the holder would go on from Portugal. The first difficulty was getting into Marseille, that is, past the police control for passengers arriving by train. You could avoid the police only by going into the station restaurant through a service corridor to the Hotel Terminus. There were risks. Foreigners weren't supposed to travel in France without safe conducts issued by the military authorities. Any foreigner caught traveling without such a safe conduct was likely to be sent to a concentration camp, where his future was uncertain, and where the Gestapo could get him if he was wanted.

The Nazis were dreaded, the French were corrupt and brutal, the American consular officials were difficult and nasty. So difficult and nasty, indeed, that they became Varian's particular antagonists. In a short preface to *Surrender on Demand*, ex-Secretary of State Warren Christopher writes of Varian that "regretfully, during his lifetime, his heroic actions never received the support they deserved from the United States government, particularly the State Department." That is putting it mildly. Varian's book is too taken up with the many people he saved (and the many more he couldn't save) to relate how Assistant Secretary of State Breckenridge Long managed to keep immigration quotas unfilled when thousands of refugees were desperate to get into America.

When a member of Varian's staff named Danny was arrested, and Vichy's Ministry of Finance intimated that Danny would be let off with a fine if the American Embassy intervened, Varian had no hope that this would happen. He was aware of the Embassy's hostility to "aliens." To his surprise, he was able "to touch something very deep in the American consul at Marseille, who helped get Danny off." This was astounding. Harry Bingham, son of Hiram Bingham, the former governor of Connecticut and United States senator, had been a humane, helpful figure as head of the visa section at the Marseille Consulate. But he was recalled, and his successor, Varian wrote, "seemed to delight in making autocratic decisions and refusing as many visas as he could."

Varian sought a visa for Largo Caballero, the Socialist prime minister of Republican Spain when Franco launched the Civil War. The Consul had never heard of him, and when he was finally informed who Caballero was, he said: "Oh, one of those Reds." Varian explained that Caballero had resigned the premiership rather than continue to cooperate with the Communists. "Well," the Vice-Consul said, "it doesn't make any difference to me what his politics are. If he has any political views at all, we don't want him. We don't want any agitators in the United States. We've got too many already." The court at Aix had refused to grant Caballero's extradition to Spain. If he could get him an American visa, Varian thought, he might be able to smuggle him to Casablanca and there put him on a boat for America. Caballero remained a prisoner of the Nazis until the end of the war.

Both the Vichy French and the American Embassy now sought to get Varian out of

France. The Gestapo was bringing pressure on the French police to arrest him immediately. A high police official informed him that "you have caused my good friend the Consul-General of the United States much annoyance. . . . Unless you leave France of your own free will, I shall be obliged to arrest you and place you in résidence forcée in some small town far from Marseille, where you can do no harm." As Varian got up to go, he asked the official, "Tell me frankly, why are you so much opposed to me?" "Because you have protected Jews and anti-Nazis."

Varian played for time. He had no assurance of a replacement, and his staff was afraid that their "relief" organization would collapse if he was forced out of France. And finally he was. The Embassy had refused to reissue his passport unless he agreed to leave at once. The organization sent out nearly 300 people between the time he left in August 1941 and the time it was raided and closed by the police, on June 2, 1942.

Varian returned to the States, wrote his book, and quit *The New Republic* in protest against the pro-Soviet sentiments of its editors. His last years were unhappy. His first wife died, and he was separated from his second. He moved to Connecticut, taught Latin at a local school, and died in 1967. During his thirteen months in France, Varian's organization offered assistance to 4,000 people, and between 1,200 to 1,800 of those people made it to safety. Varian's organization saved British soldiers and pilots, Marc Chagall, Jacques Lipchitz, André Breton, Max Ernst, André Masson, Hans Namuth, Hannah Arendt, Wanda Landowska, Marcel Duchamp, Randolph Pacciardi (leader of Italian exiles fighting in the Spanish Civil War), the German poet Hans Sahl, Victor Serge, Max Ascoli, the pianist Heinz Jolles, the Catholic writer Edgar Alexander-Emmerich, the psychiatrist Dr. Bruno Strauss, the German art critic Paul Westheim, the Sicilian novelist Giuseppe Garetto, the Surrealist poet Benjamin Péret, the former liberal Prime Minister of Prussia Otto Klepper, the museum director Charles Stirling, the novelist Jean Malaquais. There were many, many more. Chagall would not leave until he was assured there were cows in America.

Varian rescued also many people who were not famous, not distinguished, not artistic. And how it burned him that there were many, many more he was unable to rescue. This man really cared.

TRIBUTE TO A GREAT LEADER,  
CHITIMACHA CHAIRMAN RALPH  
DARDEN

**HON. W.J. (BILLY) TAUZIN**

OF LOUISIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, February 11, 1998*

Mr. TAUZIN. Mr. Speaker, we have recently lost an important leader who made a significant difference in the lives of many people in southern Louisiana. The Chitimacha Indian tribe Chairman Ralph Darden had his life cut short on January 8th by a car accident.

Chairman Darden took the small and impoverished Chitimacha Indian tribe virtually from rags to riches in the decade he led the tribe. He believed in hard work and in the tribal members gaining self-reliance and not dependency on the federal government. He helped bring about a dramatic economic development for both the Chitimacha tribe and

the surrounding communities to the point that Chitimacha is the biggest employer in the parish—aside from government.

But it was not only jobs and economic growth that Chairman Darden accomplished for the Chitimacha and southern Louisiana. He was committed to seeing that every Chitimacha child got a college education if they so desired and thus he helped underwrite their college scholarship program. He had served as President of the Chitimacha tribal school board and as a board member of the United South and Eastern Tribes. And he realized that the tribe had to diversify its economic interests and invest in land purchases and other industries for long term security. Already the tribe had one of the finest restaurants in south Louisiana named for the tribe's oldest living member, Mr. Lester. Chairman Darden looked out for the long term interests of his people. And he made his tribe one of the most respected "model" tribes in the country.

Chitimacha Chairman Darden had earlier worked for the current Governor Mike Foster and they remained good friends.

That he was widely respected and appreciated by the tribal members and by the surrounding community members was evidenced at his funeral attended by about 1,000 people. His sons gave moving tributes to their father and a young girl sang the "Colors of the Wind" song from the movie *Pocahontas*.

I cannot improve on the tribute poem written by another notable Indian Howard Rainer "To A Dear Friend":

"Who was this leader among Chitimachas?  
Whose visions for his people went beyond the  
eyes of many?

A man who shared his example that others  
might succeed.

A Chitimacha who gave of his time for the  
cause of his tribe.

A man who prayed for goodness to prevail to  
the prevail to the next generation.

A leader whose heart heard the woes of  
many, and extended his hand to go on.  
Who was Ralph Darden?

A mortal who gave that others might re-  
ceive,

A husband cherished by his wife,

A father admired,

A light to those who now shed their tears,

May the Great Creator God Hear my prayer,

I thank Him for my brother,

Who shared his love and friendship, a gift I  
shall cherish, until we meet again!"

Mr. Speaker, I knew Chairman Darden.

I want to extend my personal condolences to Chairman Darden's family and to the Chitimacha and surrounding communities, and pay my personal tribute for his many achievements. His death is a big loss for all of us.

NOTING THE PASSING OF BER-  
NARD 'BEN' KAUFMAN AN OUT-  
STANDING BUSINESSMAN

**HON. LOUIS STOKES**

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, February 11, 1998*

Mr. STOKES. Mr. Speaker, it is with great sadness that I announce the passing of Bernard "Ben" Kaufman, an outstanding member of the Cleveland business community. Mr. Kaufman passed away on February 4, 1998. He was a good friend and an outstanding gentleman whom I respected and admired. In his

honor, I want to share with my colleagues and others throughout the nation some important information concerning the late Mr. Kaufman.

Ben Kaufman was one of the finest printers throughout the Greater Cleveland area. It was a trade that he learned at an early age and devoted his life to perfecting. He was born and reared in Cleveland. Upon his graduation with honors from South High School, and armed with his printer's union card, he began working in various print shops. His employers included the Plain Dealer, the Cleveland News, and the Cleveland Shopping News.

In 1951, Ben Kaufman became a partner in Brothers Printing. Eight years later, he became the sole owner of the business. Those of us who came to know Ben Kaufman learned that although he owned the print shop, he was one of its best workers. He often worked long hours, arriving before sunrise each morning and working late in the evening.

Throughout his career, Mr. Kaufman took pride in the fact that he retained his union membership. Individuals who ran for public office, regardless of party affiliation, utilized his print shop. In fact, I recall that it was not unusual to encounter your political opponent while visiting Brothers Printing. My brother, the late Ambassador Carl B. Stokes, and I could always depend upon Ben Kaufman for printing advice and political advice as well.

Mr. Speaker, Ben Kaufman was also an individual who cared about the community. He was affectionately known as the "Mayor of Euclid Avenue" for his commitment to maintaining the neighborhood. Other merchants and residents of Euclid Avenue looked forward to the American flags which would line the streets on various holidays. We also recall that he would plant trees along Euclid Avenue in order to beautify the neighborhood.

Ben Kaufman was proud of the fact that his sons, Jay and David, followed in his footsteps and continue to operate Brothers Printing. I have enjoyed a close friendship with the Kaufman family and I extend my deepest sympathy to Jay and David upon the loss of a devoted father. I also want to express my sympathy to Ben's wife of 48 years, Dotty; his daughters, Rosean and Laura; his grandchildren and other members of the family. Ben Kaufman will be remembered as an outstanding businessman, a loving husband and father, and a very special friend to all who knew him. He will never be forgotten.

TRIBUTE TO HOSPICE

**HON. ALLEN BOYD**

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, February 11, 1998*

Mr. BOYD. Mr. Speaker, while November was National Hospice Month, I would like to take a moment now that the busy holiday season is over to recognize and thank several of the hospices which serve the communities in my district. Hospice of North Central Florida, Bay Medical Center Home Care and Florida Hospices, Inc., which is based in Tallahassee and serves all of Florida's hospices, make invaluable contributions to North Florida's families, all year round.

Hospice care involves a team of professionals, including physicians, nurses, therapists, home care aides, counselors and volunteers who help terminally ill patients and their