

Mr. Speaker, it is with great honor that I congratulate Bob Duncan for receiving the Silver Medallion Award. I applaud his leadership and exceptional community involvement. I ask my colleagues to join me in wishing Bob Duncan many more years of success.

RECOGNIZING MOTHER
CHARLOTTE EADES

HON. GLENN POSHARD

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 23, 1998

Mr. POSHARD. Mr. Speaker, it is my great honor to rise today in recognition of an exceptional and inspirational woman, Mother Charlotte Eades, to mark the occasion of her appointment as State Supervisor of Women, 1st Jurisdiction of Illinois-Church of God in Christ. Mother Eades has served for twenty-eight years as the First Assistant to former State Supervisor of Women, Mother Carrie Cantrell. Sadly, Mother Cantrell recently passed away, but there could be no more dedicated, experienced or respected woman to succeed her than Mother Eades.

In addition to being a devoted wife, mother, sister and friend, Mother Eades has served the church in many capacities. She has been a teacher, an evangelist, a missionary, an advisor, and for the past seven years, she has served as Dean of the C.H. Mason/William Roberts Bible College. Mother Eades is a true leader and a role model who gives selflessly and generously of her wisdom, time, experience and talents. She has already touched so many lives, and as State Supervisor of Women she will have the wonderful opportunity to touch so many more.

On May 2, Mother Eades will be honored at a ceremony in Hickory Hills, Illinois, in recognition of her ascendance to the position of State Supervisor of Women. Mr. Speaker, it gives me great pleasure to add my congratulations and to express my deep gratitude for Mother Eades' years of dedicated service and for the excellent example I know she will continue to set for Christian women everywhere. I know my colleagues join me in saluting Mother Eades on this very special occasion.

TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM KONAR

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 23, 1998

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, today representatives of the Congress, the Administration, and the Supreme Court gathered in the Great Rotunda of this historic building for the National Civic Commemoration to remember the victims of the Holocaust. This annual national memorial service pays tribute to the six million Jews who died through senseless and systematic Nazi terror and brutality. At this somber commemoration, we also honored those heroic American and other Allied forces who liberated the Nazi concentration camps over half a century ago.

Mr. Speaker, this past week Fortune Magazine, April 13, 1998, devoted several pages to an article entitled "Everything in History was

Against Them," which profiles five survivors of Nazi savagery who came to the United States penniless and built fortunes here in their adopted homeland. Mr. William Konar of Rochester, New York, was one of the five that Fortune Magazine selected to highlight in this extraordinary article, and I want to pay tribute to him today.

William Konar, like the other four singled out by Fortune Magazine, has a unique story, but there are common threads to these five tales of personal success. The story of the penniless immigrant who succeeds in America is a familiar theme in our nation's lore, but these stories involve a degree of courage and determination unmatched in the most inspiring of Horatio Alger's stories.

These men were, in the words of author Carol J. Loomis, "Holocaust survivors in the most rigorous sense," they "actually experienced the most awful horrors of the Holocaust, enduring a Nazi death camp or a concentration camp or one of the ghettos that were essentially holding pens for those camps."

They picked themselves up "from the very cruelest of circumstances, they traveled to America and prospered as businessmen. They did it, to borrow a phrase from Elie Wiesel, when everything in history was against them." They were teenagers or younger when World War II began. They lost six years of their youth and six years of education. "They were deprived of liberty and shorn of dignity. All lost relatives, and most lost one or both parents. Each . . . was forced to live constantly with the threat of death and the knowledge that next time he might be "thumbed" not into a line of prisoners allowed to live, but into another line headed for the gas chambers." Through luck and the sheer will to survive, these were some of the very fortunate who loved to tell the story of that horror.

The second part of their stories is also similar—a variant of the American dream. These courageous men came to the United States with "little English and less money." Despite their lack of friends and mentors, they found the drive to succeed. As Loomis notes, "many millions who were unencumbered by the heavy, exhausting baggage of the Holocaust had the same opportunities and never reached out to seize them as these men did." Their success in view of the immense obstacles that impeded their path makes their stories all the more remarkable.

One other element that is also common to these five outstanding business leaders—they are "Founders" of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum here in Washington, DC. They have shown a strong commitment to remembering the brutal horrors of the Holocaust, paying honor to its victims, and working to prevent the repetition of this vicious inhumanity.

Mr. Speaker, William Konar is one of the five Holocaust survivors and leading American entrepreneurs highlighted in this article. Mr. Konar was extremely successful in developing a chain of 84 discount drugstores, and he has been active and successful in real estate after selling the drugstore operation. As we here in the Congress mark the annual Days of Remembrance in honor of the victims of Nazi terror, I am inserting the profile of William Konar from Fortune Magazine be placed in the RECORD.

WILLIAM KONAR

ROCHESTER, N.Y.—RACK JOBBING, DRUGSTORES,
REAL ESTATE

In the years since World War II, Bill Konar, now 68, has talked very little of his Holocaust experience, and as he made the effort recently for a visitor, his face gradually tightened, coming to look as if he could barely squeeze out the words. He was the youngest child of four in a family that lived in the central Poland city of Radom. His father, a leather wholesaler, died when he was 4—but not before the father had identified this son, Welwel by name then, as an uncontrollable piece of work, a stealer from the father's cash register even, who would surely someday "end up in Alcatraz" (indeed, infamous even in Radom).

After the Germans marched into Poland, Radom's Jews were first forced into work, then into ghettos, and ultimately into terrible episodes of separation, with the women and small children taken away and the men left in the ghettos. Bill, though only 12 and slight in build, was put with the men. After the time of separation, in July 1942, he never again saw his mother, his sister, her baby, or her husband (who had refused to leave his family).

Throughout these years, Bill's older brothers, Herszek (now Harry) and Moshe (now Morris), both teenagers, worked for the Wehrmacht. Aware, though, that his youth and small size made him look useless and expendable, Bill hid in ghetto attics for long periods. Later he worked, doing food-depot duty that he remembers as grueling.

By the summer of 1944, the Russians were advancing fast on the eastern front, and the Germans in Radom grew apprehensive that their Jews, many by then well-trained war workers, would escape. So the Konars and hundreds of other victims in the area were put into a forced march for more than 100 miles and at its end herded into railroad box-cars said to be headed for work camps in Germany. The stops turned out to include Auschwitz. There, the Jews were ordered out of their cars and subjected to still another weeding out in which the weak, elderly, and sick were shunted off to the gas chambers, and the others were shoved back onto the train. When the cars pulled out again, Bill was aboard, and so were his brothers.

The three ended the war at a work camp near Stuttgart, Germany, where Bill fell under the protection of a German cook, who liked this imp of a kid, let him sneak food to his family, and, in the final days of war, even helped him hide a brother threatened with transport one more time. On liberation day for the Konars, May 7, 1945, Bill was 15—hardened way beyond his years, but still 15.

Right after the war, Bill got into a school run by a relief agency and began to learn English. That gave him a head start when, in 1946, he became part of a boatload of orphans brought to the U.S. and dispersed country-wide to homes that either wanted or would have them. "They picked Rochester for me," he says, and that's where he's been ever since (along with his brothers, who came later). In the city's leading hospital, Strong Memorial, there is a renowned unit called the William and Sheila Konar Center for Digestive and Liver Diseases that would not exist had not Rochester gotten hold of this 16-year-old.

The U.S. government paid \$10 a week to a Mrs. Goldberg to keep him. He somehow passed tests that qualified him to enter the junior class of Benjamin Franklin High School, and in his two years there he played soccer, worked for 25 cents an hour at a supermarket, and otherwise took on the spots—though definitely not the accent—of an American teenager. Once graduated, he

even began taking some classes at the University of Rochester.

But by that time he was working just about every other hour of the day, getting a kick out of paying income taxes, and showing a marked talent for business. He sold canned foods and then kosher pickles to grocers and restaurants. Next, he caught on to a new wholesaling trend: the placing, or "rack jobbing," of health and beauty aids in food stores. He started with goods from Lever Brothers, Pacquin, and Ben-Gay; spread into phonograph records and housewares; and eventually got beyond mom-and-pop stores into the bigger spreads serviced by Independent Grocers Alliance (IGA). But the time he was 23, in 1952, his company, which he owned with a partner, had sales of \$1 million. And in another ten years he was minus the partner and on his own, raking in good profits on sales above \$3 million. From a street in Rochester on which he rented a building, he'd also lit on a Yankee-sounding name for his company, Clinton.

In business he had all the right entrepreneurial instincts and disciplines. "Cash is king" was a motto, meaning that he unequivocally expected his invoices to be paid when due. Big or not, J.C. Penney, to which Konar wholesaled records, got axed as a customer when it proved to be a slow payer. Konar also habitually worked like a demon. He wife, Sheila, whom he married when he was 24, rolls her eyes at the memory: "He was crazy; I didn't have a husband." Once, she says, her house caught on fire and he was too busy to come home, so he sent one of his managers to help instead.

Konar might have stayed at rack jobbing forever had not his biggest customer, IGA, decided in 1962 to go "direct," which meant it would cut out his middleman and his profits and instead itself supply the goods he'd been selling. The move caught Konar at a terrible time—he'd just bulked up in warehouse space—he was too independent and too riled to accept IGA's offer to buy him out. Said Konar to IGA's president: "I've been through the war, and I'm not going to take any crap from anybody."

He and IGA began gradually to phase out their dealings, and within months Konar simply went into an entirely new business: owning and operating discount drugstores (which, of course, could be fed from some of his spare warehouse space). His first two stores were in Muskegon and Traverse City, Mich., and from there, he added on another 80 stores stretching east to Rhode Island. His business formula was simple: very low prices, overseen by store managers who got a cut of the profits. It all worked well enough to get him to \$12 million in sales in 1968 and \$1 million in profits, earned from 64 drugstores and a small but still profitable rack-jobbing business.

And at that point, Konar took Clinton Merchandising public, in a sale that reduced his ownership of the company from 100% to 67% and also brought about \$2 million into the company. On paper, the deal made Konar worth about \$9 million, not bad considering where he'd come from. But he was no happier with public ownership than was Nathan Shapell, and he soon started listening to acquisition propositions. The eventual buyer was Melville Corp., which in 1972 acquired Clinton (by then up to 84 stores) for about \$21.5 million. On paper this deal raised Konar's net worth to more than \$14 million.

Melville combined Clinton's retail operations with its own chain of discount drugstores, CVS, and used many of Konar's merchandising ideas to build the highly successful chain that exists today. Konar himself stayed around, working part-time, for nine years. And then, at age 52, he "retired."

His hair has a retirement look, having long ago turned white. But a life of complete lei-

sure has no charms from him; he has spent the past couple of decades building a real estate business in Rochester, William B. Konar Enterprises. The business owns apartments, townhouses, and warehouses, and is constructing an industrial park on the edge of Rochester.

Konar's own house, on the Erie Canal in suburban Rochester, is very nice but not lavish. Nearby, though, is the large and elegant new home of Konar's daughter, Rachel, her husband (who works for Konar), and their two children. Konar played tour guide through the house recently, clearly enjoying the moment. As he finished up and headed for his car, he looked back at the home with a grin, shook his head in wonder at it all, and said, "What a country!"

RETIREMENT OF STEVE McNEAL

HON. BOB SCHAFFER

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 23, 1998

Mr. BOB SCHAFFER of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commemorate a constituent of mine, Mr. Steve McNeal of Fort Collins, Colorado upon his retirement after 36 years teaching music in the Poudre School District. Hired in 1962, his last year marks the longest term of service to the district of all teachers presently employed. During his long career, he has gained the respect and admiration of generations of students, parents, teachers, and administrators.

For his commitment to excellence, Steve was recently awarded the National School Orchestra Association Director of the Year. Even though the Fort Collins High School auditorium bears his name, Steve's legacy cannot be contained in a place or told in a word. As notable historian Henry Brooks Adam once said, "A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops." Steve McNeal is one such teacher, a person who touched lives through teaching music.

To teach a young person to love music is to give that person a lasting virtue. To teach a person to play music is to give that child the ability to make something beautiful and the confidence to carry through life even when the instrument is put away.

Although I can convey gratitude to match that which sounded forth last Sunday during a musical commemoration for Steve McNeal, I would like to impart to Congress a note of my appreciation for this special Colorado teacher. His devotion to music and his students has brought nearly four decades of song.

HONORING DEAN E. MCHENRY

HON. SAM FARR

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 23, 1998

Mr. FARR of California. Mr. Speaker, today I rise to honor Dean E. McHenry, a visionary who achieved his dreams for public higher education in California and, in so doing, empowered a legion of students to achieve their dreams.

Dean McHenry's leadership in California institutions of high education can be traced from his position as student body president at Uni-

versity of California at Los Angeles. He attended the best schools, both public and private, that our fine state can offer, earning a master's degree from Stanford University and doctorate from University of California at Berkeley. A noted scholar in his field of political science, he authorized many books, was a Carnegie Fellow in New Zealand and Australia, and a Fulbright lecturer at the University of Western Australia.

Dean McHenry held a number of administrative posts at the University of California at Los Angeles. But his life took a significant turn when his former roommate, Clark Kerr, who had just been appointed to the presidency of the University of California system, tapped into his abilities to conceptualize an innovative system of higher education, asking him to serve as the University representative on the team developing California's Master Plan for Higher Education. It was then that Dean McHenry designed a college system accessible to all high school graduates, with standards for the University, the state college system, and community colleges that allowed students to advance from one institution to another.

In 1961, Dean McHenry was appointed founding chancellor of the University of California, Santa Cruz which would become the tangible expression of the philosophies he shared with President Clark Kerr. Together they envisioned a university at which major academic research was done in an intimate small-college environment, a constellation of colleges, each with a specialized academic focus, and attendant dining halls, classrooms and meeting facilities. During the four planning years, eminent scholars were recruited to the faculty. The University of California, Santa Cruz opened to students in 1965. Upon opening not all of the construction had been completed, so the students were housed in mobile home trailers. They were pioneers with a visionary leader.

In the McHenry years, the University of California, Santa Cruz flourished. After his retirement in 1974, Dean McHenry monitored additions such as the arboretum and Long Marine Laboratory, supporting the University as a member of the UC Santa Cruz Foundation.

In his retirement, the nurturing aspect of his nature turned to family, friends and vinticulture, and those too were very good years. He is survived by his loving wife and helpmate, Jane, and four children, Sally MacKenzie, Dean McHenry Jr., Nancy Fletcher, and Henry McHenry, as well as nine grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

Mr. Speaker, the far-sighted concepts of Dean McHenry have set the course for public education in California, with the University system as its crown jewel. His spirit imbues the campuses of the University of California with fairness and lofty standards. The University's students carry with them, throughout life, a bit of Dean McHenry's enthusiasm and passion for learning.

WORKERS MEMORIAL DAY: LEADERSHIP AWARD

HON. BOB FILNER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 23, 1998

Mr. FILNER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Phil Saal, Secretary-Treasurer of