

Toward war's end, with the Russians closing in on Riga, the Germans began to move their Jewish captives around. Ziering believes that the SS in fact connived to keep small groups of Jews alive, so that the need to guard them would keep the Germans from being sent to the front.

The Zierings were moved to a German prison, Fuhlsbüttel, on the outskirts of Hamburg. Prison living conditions were a distinct step up. But every week the Germans would load eight or ten Jews into a truck and transport them to Bergen-Belsen for elimination. "With German precision," says Ziering, the guards went at their job alphabetically—and never got to "Z."

British troops then closed off Bergen-Belsen, and the Germans marched their remaining Jews to a Kiel concentration camp, whose commandant's first words upon seeing them were: "I can't believe that Jews still exist." The camps grisly conditions killed 40 to 50 inmates daily. Another 35 males were murdered when they could not run a kilometer while carrying a heavy piece of wood. Sigi and his brother passed that test.

Then, as the Zierings heard the story, Count Folke Bernadotte of Sweden offered to pay Heinrich Himmler \$5 million for 1,000 Jews. (Whether the Count indeed made this offer or paid the money is not clear.) A German officer told the Ziering boys, who believed it not at all, that they were to be included but were unrepresentable in the striped clothing they wore. Sigi and his brother were taken to a mortuary, where they were directed to strip the clothes from the corpses that lay there and make them their own. And on May 1, 1945, Red Cross workers arrived to take the 1,000 to Sweden. The route lay through Copenhagen, and at its railroad station, the Jews heard excited shouts: "Hitler is dead."

As if he'd suddenly awakened from a nightmare of unimaginable horror, Sigi then entered into a world of near-normalcy for a 17-year-old. His family managed to reunite in London, where the father—"a fantastic businessman," says Sigi—was doing well as a diamond merchant. Sigi, a bare five years of elementary education behind him, entered a tutorial school and then the University of London. He wished to be a doctor but found that almost all medical school spots were reserved for war veterans—the kind who'd worn military insignia, not tattooed numbers.

Hunting opportunity, the Ziering family made it to the U.S. in 1949, settling in Brooklyn. Working part-time, Sigi earned a physics degree at Brooklyn College and then two advanced degrees at Syracuse University. In those college years, he met the woman he soon married, Marilyn Brisman. When they first met, she says, he was "quiet, sweet, introspective," and, with his blond hair, blue eyes, and accent, so resembled the archetype of a young German that she briefly thought him one.

Exiting academe in 1957, Ziering did nuclear-reactor work with Raytheon in Boston and then space projects at Allied Research. The entrepreneurial urge hit, and with a friend he started a company called Space Sciences to carry out cost-plus government contracts.

It was the heyday of avaricious conglomerates, and in 1968 Whittaker Corp. bought Space Sciences for about \$1.8 million. That made Ziering, not yet 25 years removed from the terrifying alphabetical lock step of Fuhlsbüttel prison, well-to-do. But the deal also made him a California-based research executive restless in Whittaker's conglomerate culture.

He left and tried one entrepreneurial venture, the making of fishmeal, that failed. Then, in 1973, he heard by chance of a chem-

ist working out of his Los Angeles kitchen, Robert Ban, who'd developed radioimmunoassay (RIA) diagnostic kits that permitted the measurement of infinitesimally low concentrations of substances—drugs and hormones, for example—in bodily fluids. Ban, a man with big ideas and a corporate name to match them, Diagnostic Products Corp., had been advertising in a professional journal that he had upwards of 30 different RIA kits available. Some of these, says Ziering, "do not exist to this day," but that was not known to the journal's readers, and sacks of orders—though only morsels of money—landed in Ban's kitchen.

Ziering, warmed to the gamble by his longstanding interest in medicine, put \$50,000 into the business and moved the chemist into a small factory that mainly produced one kit of particular commercial value. The business took off. But the partners were not getting along. So Ziering bought the chemist out for \$25,000 and settled back to working with a more compatible partner, his wife, who has throughout the years been a DPC marketing executive.

Today their company, competing with such giants as Abbott Laboratories, has more than 1,400 employees and is a leading manufacturer of both diagnostic kits and the analytical instruments needed to read their findings. The company had 1997 sales of \$186 million and profits of \$18 million. DPC went public in 1982, though Ziering wishes it hadn't—the company has never really needed the money it raised, and he doesn't like the volatility of the market or the second-guessing of analysts—and he, his wife, their two sons (both in the business), and two daughters own about 24% of its stock, currently worth about \$95 million.

Through most of its years, DPC has done well internationally, a fact that has required Ziering and his wife to travel often to Germany. Yes, it bothers him to go back, but he thinks that his encounters with young Germans disturb them more than him. When they get a hint of how he spent the war, he says, "you can feel the static electricity in the air."

In his business, says Marilyn Ziering, her husband is patient and visionary, but also a risk taker when he needs to be. He himself says he's a workaholic and muses as to why. He wonders whether the "training" of the Holocaust—"unless you work, you are destined for the gas chamber"—may not have permanently bent him and many other survivors to work.

The license plate on Ziering's Jaguar reads "K9HORA." That's a rough phonetic rendition of *kayn aynhoreh*, a Yiddish expression meaning "ward off the evil eye." It is customarily tacked to the end of a thought, as a superstitious precaution.

For these five survivors, who picked themselves up from the worst and darkest of beginnings and triumphed in the best tradition of the American dream, we might say, for example: "Since the Holocaust, the lives of these men have been good—*kayn aynhoreh*."

Or we might stitch those words to a larger thought. Of the Holocaust, Jews and the world say, "Never again." In the histories of these five men, there is a ringing, opposite kind of message: "Ever again." Evil weighed down their early lives. But it did not—and cannot—crush the human spirit.

Kayn aynhoreh.

WORKERS MEMORIAL DAY:
COMMUNITY SERVICE AWARD

HON. BOB FILNER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 23, 1998

Mr. FILNER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the National Association of Letter Carriers Branch 70 and the San Diego Construction & Building Trades Council, as they are honored by the San Diego-Imperial Counties Labor Council, AFL-CIO for their contributions to the labor movement and to the community as a whole.

The Labor Council's "Community Service Award" again goes to the National Association of Letter Carriers Branch 70 for its sixth consecutive and most successful food drive in San Diego County. With the cooperation of the Postal Service, they collected 155,000 pounds of food for needy working families.

Also being honored is the San Diego Construction & Building Trades Council, which helped to bring into being a neighborhood computer lab—the International Learning Center—at the National City Park Apartments. The Construction and Building Trades Council took a leadership role in promoting this project and enlisted the help of local unions who gathered donations.

The computer center has a bank of personal computers that is available without cost to the adults and 800 children who live in this apartment complex. Many individuals who could not otherwise gain the computer skills they need to improve their education and job prospects will now be able to do so.

The National Association of Letter Carriers Branch 70 and the San Diego Construction & Building Trade Council are truly deserving of the award which they are receiving. I join in adding my sincere thanks to their members, and I am pleased to highlight their service with these comments in the House of Representatives.

WILLARD'S MOUNTAIN NSDAR
CELEBRATES 100 YEARS OF PATRIOTISM

HON. GERALD B.H. SOLOMON

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 23, 1998

Mr. SOLOMON. Mr. Speaker, this May, the Willard's Mountain Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in my congressional district in upstate New York will celebrate its 100th Anniversary. For the past century, this organization has furthered the important American values of community pride and patriotism through their many civic activities and sponsorships.

I believe that promoting pride in our nation and its rich history is one of the most important endeavors we can undertake for our country and our fellow citizens, both living and deceased. It is especially crucial for our young people to develop these principles at an early age. This is why I have fought so hard to preserve the integrity of our flag through the prohibition of its desecration. Such treatment of the flag is a slap in the faces of all of the brave men and women who have dedicated

and in some cases sacrificed their lives so that we may lead free and prosperous lives we now have in the United States. It also sends a dangerous signal to America's youth that it is appropriate to disrespect and discount devotion to one's community and country. This is simply unacceptable.

Mr. Speaker, the Daughters of the American Revolution have always fostered and preserved the very ideals of basic human freedom and loyalty to family, community, and nation which our flag symbolizes. I ask all members to join me in thanking and commending the Willard's Mountain Chapter of the NSDAR on behalf of all Americans, especially those in our local communities in upstate New York, for their impressive efforts over the years in ensuring that patriotism and pride in our nation will remain alive and well in America for many years to come!

HONORING VARIAN ASSOCIATES,
INC.

HON. ANNA G. ESHOO

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 23, 1998

Ms. ESHOO. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Varian Associates, Inc. upon their 50th anniversary of incorporation.

Varian Associates was formed by brothers Russell and Sigurd Varian, along with a number of associates from Stanford University. The company first opened its doors July 1, 1948, with just six employees and total capital of \$22,000 to conduct general research in the field of physical science. Varian was one of the first companies to recognize the significance and importance of a strong industry-university connection, and encouraged the formation of Stanford Industrial Park, becoming its initial resident. Varian has grown from its modest beginnings into one of Silicon Valley's greatest success stories, winning over 10,000 patents, receiving countless Industrial Research 100 Awards, and continually producing one or more of our nation's 100 most promising new products yearly.

Varian has evolved into a world leader in its current line of business—health care systems, analytical instruments, and semiconductor manufacturing equipment. The company employs over 7,000 individuals at over 100 plants and offices in nine countries, and generates sales well in excess of one billion dollars annually. Since its inception, Varian has had a strong commitment to our community, exemplified by its establishment of our nation's second Minority Small Business Investment Company and its leadership role with the Urban Coalition on fair housing, among others. Varian was recognized by *Industry Week Magazine* as one of the World's 100 Best Managed Companies in 1997.

Over the last 50 years, Varian has become one of our nation's most successful companies. Varian is a jewel in the crown of the 14th Congressional District of California and Silicon Valley.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in celebrating the 50th anniversary of Varian's inception and in commending the company for its extraordinary achievements and its contributions to our nation.

TRIBUTE TO JACK TRAMIEL

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 pay 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. It is significant, Mr. Speaker, that four of these five are residents of my home state of California. Mr. Jack Tramiel of the San Francisco Bay Area, was one of the five that Fortune Magazine selected to highlight in this extraordinary article, and I want to pay tribute to him today.

Jack Tramiel, 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 lived 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 of 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, D.C. 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, Jack Tramiel is one of the five Holocaust survivors and leading American entrepreneurs highlighted in this article. Jack began as a typewriter repairman and moved on to establish his own firm, Commodore, which initially manufactured typewriters and adding machines. In 1976 he moved into the field of computers and took Commodore to \$700 million in sales in 1983. 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 Jack Tramiel from Fortune Magazine be placed in the RECORD.

JACK TRAMIEL—SILICON VALLEY FOUNDER,
COMMODORE INTL.

Only 10 when the Nazis marched into his city of Lodz, Poland, in 1939, Jack Tramiel (then named Idek Tramielski) initially had a kid's thrilled reaction to the sheer spectacle of the scene: weapons glinting in the sun, soldiers goose-stepping, planes overhead. "It was a fantastic thing," he remembers.

Reality crashed down after that. Lodz's Jews—one-third of the city's 600,000 people—were ordered out of their homes and into a crowded ghetto. For nearly five years Jack (an only child) and his parents lived there in one room, scavenged for food, and worked—his father at shoemaking, Jack in a pants factory. The faces that the Tramiels saw in the ghetto changed constantly: Jews left, new Jews came in, often from other countries. Later Tramiel learned that the Jewish leader of the ghetto was parceling out its residents to the Germans, believing that the community would be left in relative peace as long as he periodically delivered up a contingent of its residents for deportation—and no doubt extermination.

In August 1944 the Tramiels themselves were herded into railroad cars, told they were going to Germany to better themselves, and instead shipped to Auschwitz. Jack's most vivid memory of the three-day trip is that each person received a whole loaf of bread as a ration—a feast beyond his imagination. At journey's end, the men were separated from the women (at which point Jack lost track of his mother) and then themselves split into two groups, one permitted for the time being to live, the other sent to Auschwitz's gas chambers. Jack and his father were thumbed into the group that survived.

A few weeks later, Jack and his father were "examined" by the notorious Dr. Josef Mengele and thumbed again into a survivors line. "What do you mean—examine?" Tramiel is asked. "He touched my testicles. He judged whether we were strong enough to work." Having passed, Tramiel and his father were transported to a spot just outside Hanover, Germany, and there set to building a concentration camp into whose barracks they themselves moved. In weather that was often bitter cold, they worked in thin, pajama-like garments, and they grew increasingly emaciated on a deprivation diet: watery "soup" and bread in the morning, and a potato, bread, and more "soup" at night.

By December 1944 the Tramiels were assigned to different work crews and seeing