

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

each other only occasionally. At one of their meetings the father told the son that many young people in the camp were managing to smuggle food to their elders—and why hadn't Jack done that for his father? Stung, Jack studied for days how to deal with an electric fence that stood between him and an SS kitchen and finally succeeded in burrowing his thin frame under it to steal food—one potato and some peels. But when he got the food to his father, malnutrition had gripped the older man and grossly swollen his body. He could not eat. Soon after, he died in the camp's infirmary. Later, Jack learned that the death was directly caused by an injection of gasoline into his father's veins.

As the winter stretched into the spring of 1945, Jack Tramiel himself grew increasingly fatalistic. But then a strange end-of-the-war tableau unfolded. First, the Germans vanished from the camp; second, the Red Cross moved in briefly, overfed the prisoners to the point that some died, and then left; third, the Germans returned and then vanished again. On their heels came two American soldiers—"20-foot-tall black men, the first blacks I'd ever seen," says Tramiel—who loomed in a barracks door, peered at the prisoners hiding beneath the straw of their bunks, said something in English that one Jew gleaned as "More Americans will be coming," and left. Next a tank rolled up. In it stood a Jewish chaplain in dress uniform, who declared in Yiddish: "You are free," and told the tank to move on. These were troops of the advancing American Army, the month was April 1945, and Tramiel was 16.

Tramiel, today 69 and a fireplug in build, stayed in Europe for more than two years after his liberation, and many of his recollections of those days concern food: how he tricked his way into a sanitarium to a rich, and shamefully fattening, diet; how he gorged happily while working in an American Army kitchen; how he did other odd jobs for "money or food." But he also learned during this time that his mother was alive and back again in Lodz. He saw her there but then left, resolved by that time to marry a concentration-camp survivor he'd met, Helen Goldgrub, and go with her to the U.S.

The two wed in Germany in July 1947. They got to the U.S. separately, though—he first, in November of that year. His confidence, strengthened by what he'd survived, bordered on hubris: "I figured I could handle just about anything," he says. He started out living at a Jewish agency, HIAS, in New York City; got a job as a handyman at a Fifth Avenue lamp store; learned English from American movies; and at their end pigged out on chocolate instead of eating regular dinners.

Then, in early 1948, he did the improbable, joining the U.S. Army. By the time he left it four years later, he'd been reunited with his wife and fathered a son (the first of three). The Army had also pointed him to a career by putting him in charge of repairing office equipment in the New York City area.

When Tramiel checked back into civilian life, he entered a long period of close encounters with machines that typed words and manipulated numbers. He first worked, at \$50 a week, for a struggling typewriter-repair shop. Using his Army connections, Tramiel got the owner a contract to service several thousand machines. "The guy flipped," says Tramiel, but did not give his enterprising employee a raise. "I have no intention of working for people who have no brains," said Tramiel to the owner, and quit.

Tramiel then bought a typewriter shop in the Bronx. He did repair work for Fordham University and, when he once got a chance to buy scads of used typewriters, rebuilt and resold them. He next prepared to import ma-

chines from Italy, but found he could get the import exclusivity he wanted only by moving to Canada. It was in Toronto, in 1955, that he founded a company he called Commodore, an importer and eventually a manufacturer of both typewriters and adding machines. Why Commodore? Because Tramiel wanted a name with a military ring and because higher ranks, such as General and Admiral, were already taken.

Commodore went public in 1962 at a Canadian bargain-basement price of \$2.50 a share—a deal that raised funds Tramiel needed to pay off big loans he'd gotten from a Canadian financier named C. Powell Morgan, head of Atlantic Acceptance. Deep trouble erupted in the mid-1960s when Atlantic, to which Commodore was almost joined at the hip, went bankrupt, amid charges of fraudulent financial statements, dummy companies, and propped stock prices. Tramiel was never charged with illegalities, but an investigative commission concluded that he was probably not blameless. In any case, the Canadian financial establishment ostracized him. Struggling to keep Commodore itself out of bankruptcy, he was forced in 1966 to give partial control of the company to Canadian investor Irving Gould.

Commodore's line then was still typewriters and adding machines, but the electronics revolution was under way and setting up shop in Silicon Valley. Tramiel himself moved there in the late 1960s and soon, displaying a speed-to-market talent that has characterized his whole life, had Commodore pumping out electronic calculators. In time, one product, a hand-held calculator, grew so popular that it was self-destructive: The company that supplied Commodore with semiconductor chips, Texas Instruments, decided to produce calculators itself—selling them at prices that Commodore couldn't match.

With Commodore again reeling, Tramiel vowed never again to be at the mercy of a vital supplier. In 1976 he made a momentous acquisition: MOS Technology, a Pennsylvania chip manufacturer that also turned out to be extravagantly nurturing about 200 different R&D projects. Tramiel, a slash-and-burn, early-day Al Dunlap in management style, killed most of the projects immediately. But he listened hard when an engineer named Chuck Peddle told him the company had a chip that was effectively a micro-computer. And small computers, said Peddle, "are going to be the future of the world."

Willing to take a limited gamble, Tramiel told Peddle that he and Tramiel's second son, Leonard, then getting a Columbia University astrophysics degree, had six months to come up with a computer Commodore could display at an upcoming Comdex electronics show. They made the deadline. "And everyone loved the product," says Tramiel, relishingly rolling out its name, PET, for Personal Electronic Transactor. Unfortunately, this was potentially an expensive pet, carrying a lot of risk—and demanding, says Tramiel, "a lot of money I still did not have." So he determined to gauge demand by running newspaper ads that offered six-week delivery on a computer priced at \$599, a seductive figure on which Tramiel thought he could still make a profit. The ads appeared, and a hugely encouraging \$3 million in checks came back.

Commodore got to the market with its computer in 1977, in the same year that Apple and Tandy put their micros on sale. In the next few years, Tramiel drove those competitors and others wild by combatively pushing prices down and down, to levels like \$200. He also became famous for rough treatment of suppliers, customers, and executives—and about it all was fiercely unrepentant. "Business is war," he said. "I don't believe in compromising. I believe in winning."

Which is what he did in those early years for computers, leading Commodore to \$700 million in sales in fiscal 1983 and \$88 million in profits. At its peak price in those days, the stock that Tramiel had sold in 1962 at a price of \$2.50 a share was up to \$1,200, and his 6.5% slice of the company was worth \$120 million.

But then, in early 1984, just as annual sales were climbing above \$1 billion, Tramiel clashed with a Commodore stockholder mightier than he, Irving Gould—and when the smoke had cleared, Tramiel was out. The nature of their quarrel was never publicly disclosed. Today, however, Tramiel says he wanted to "grow" the company, and Gould didn't.

Commodore was really Tramiel's last hurrah. True, he surfaced again quickly in the computer industry, agreeing later in 1984 to take over—for a pittance—Warner Communications' foundering Atari operation. But in a business changing convulsively as IBM brought out its PC and the clones marched in, Atari was a loser and ultimately a venture into which Tramiel was unwilling to sink big money. Eventually he folded Atari into a Silicon Valley disk-drive manufacturer, KTS, in which he has a major interest but plays no operational role.

Today Tramiel is basically retired and managing his money. From four residences, he's cut down to one, a palatial house atop a foothill in Monte Sereno, Calif. In its garage are two Rolls-Royces, a type of luxury to which Tramiel has long been addicted.

Naturally, charity fundraisers took Tramiel up. When those for the Holocaust Memorial Museum appeared, he at first thought of it as just one more philanthropic cause to be supported. But his wife, Helen, 69, who spent her concentration camp days at Bergen-Belsen, is intensely aware that both she and her husband survived what millions of other Jews did not. "No," she said adamantly, "for this one we have to go all out."

INTRODUCTION OF POSTAL SERVICE SAFETY AND HEALTH PROMOTION ACT

HON. JAMES C. GREENWOOD

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, April 23, 1998

Mr. GREENWOOD. Mr. Speaker, today I am introducing legislation to treat the U.S. Postal Service the same as any private employer under the Occupational Safety and Health Act.

The fact that the Postal Service has not been covered by the Occupational Safety and Health Act in the same way as private employers—including private employers with whom the Postal Service directly competes for business—is apparently due to the fact that both the Occupational Safety and Health Act and the Postal Reorganization Act were being considered at the same time by Congress, in 1970. In any event, the Postal Service, although it is now "an independent establishment of the Executive Branch of the Government of the United States" is considered a "federal agency" for purposes of the Occupational Safety and Health Act.

As a "federal agency," under Section 19 of the Occupational Safety and Health Act, and Executive Order 12196, the Postal Service is supposed to comply with OSHA standards, but it is not subject to OSHA enforcement as are