

Friends say Weisberg, a widow for several years, sorely misses her late husband, Bernard, who was her best friend. She has two grown sons, Jacob and Joseph.

But she doesn't lack for interests.

"Would you like to know the things I really love doing?" she asks, "Riding the Broadway and Clark Street buses, just to keep in touch with humanity. And I like to sit up in the front with a bunch of grocery bags." An avid gardener, Weisberg also likes country music and collects egg cups and frogs.

Since she so dislikes rules, what is the last she may have broken?

"I can't tell you," Weisberg jokes. "But I do drink martinis or straight vodka, and that makes me a drinking, smoking, horrible person."

Hardly. There was a time, too, when Weisberg was an antsy housewife who preferred to keep her hands in the arts rather than the dishwasher.

Having always had a yen to direct, she pulled together actors to form the Chicago Drama Quartet.

Weisberg combed books for plays to perform and one day came across George Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*. "I didn't know a thing about Shaw," she says.

The Burgess Meredith dropped in on a performance. Assuming Weisberg was a Shaw scholar, he asked her to speak to a group of fellow actors about the great Irish playwright. She found a book about him and learned Shaw had been born exactly 100 years before.

"I read the first page and never read past that," Weisberg explains. "It said Bernard Shaw was born on July 26, 1856. I had never heard anything about this man, this great writer who was having a 100th anniversary and no one knew it."

So she made sure everyone would know.

Weisberg invited guests from around the world to celebrate Shaw. She made the papers worldwide with stories about the Glencoe housewife who was so good as to remember Shaw when everyone else forgot. The *New York Times* wrote an editorial, and Chicago became the Shaw capital. The Sherman Hotel, at the request of Weisberg, created the Bernard Shaw Room, and his plays were performed there for several years. In it was born the Bernard Shaw Society, then the Shaw newsletter.

Around that time, Weisberg received a call from a friend at the University of Chicago. The campus magazine, *Big Table*, was being censored, and its writers had invited the beat poets of the era to town to raise money for the publication. Would she lend a hand?

Weisberg gave them the Shaw room, where Allen Ginsberg would give the first public reading of "Howl." She advertised that anyone with a beard would get in free. The line of bearded men would around the block. The beats were front-page news for days.

Ginsberg stayed in touch with her.

"Allen would send postcards from all his travels," Weisberg recalls. "I have postcard on the wall somewhere here that says, 'Lois, you have to try this LSD.' I didn't even know what it was."

Then she began an underground newspaper called the *Paper*, in which she interviewed jazz and literary greats. Dizzy Gillespie was one of her great friends.

From there it was on to head the department of public affairs for the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago. Then on to a public interest law firm and later the executive director of the Chicago Council of Lawyers.

Paid political life began in the 1980's when she joined the administration of Mayor Harold Washington and became head of special events. Discouraged to be working with a 'zero budget,' she informed fans of Venetian Night that there would be no fireworks that

summer. "But come out anyway," she urged at a speech, "and enjoy the air. It's free."

So was she until Daley recruited Weisberg as his special assistant. Since then, the city hasn't been quite the same.

Last year, when Illinois poet laureate Gwendolyn Brooks turned 80. Weisberg made sure Brooks' poems were handed out at L stops and passed out by patrol officers on bikes along the lakefront.

Oh, and there's plenty more. Weisberg promises. And the ideas spill and spill. Are you going to stay forever, until you are way up there in your 70's? Weisberg is asked. "I love, love my work," is all she will answer.

THE 23D ANNIVERSARY OF THE FALL OF SOUTH VIETNAM TO COMMUNISM

HON. JOHN M. McHUGH

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, May 6, 1998

Mr. McHUGH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to remind my colleagues of an important anniversary. Last week marked the 23rd anniversary of the fall of South Vietnam to Communism and the end of the Vietnam War. I was reminded of this date by a newspaper column written by the Army's 10th Mountain Division and Fort Drum, New York, Commander, Major General Lawson W. Magruder III. He marked the occasion by sharing his personal reflections on his time and service in Vietnam. I would like to share his column with our colleagues so that we may also remember the brave men and women who served this country in Vietnam.

[From the Fort Drum Sentinel, Apr. 30, 1998]

(By Maj. Gen. Lawson W. Magruder III)

April 30 marks the 23rd anniversary of the fall of South Vietnam to Communism and the end of the Vietnam War. For this reason, April has always been a month of reflection about what the Vietnam War meant to me. It is a time for me to recall the lesson I learned over 27 years ago when I returned from Vietnam. I'd like to share some thoughts with you:

My last day in Vietnam evoked many emotions as I waited for the big "freedom bird" to wing me back to Texas and a reunion with my wife, Gloria, and 15-month old daughter, Shannon. It was a day filled with sadness, anticipation, relief, hope, excitement, and pride. Sadness over the soldiers I had led and grown to love in a special way who were never to return to their families; anticipation over my future and the future of our Army as we both transitioned to a period of peace; relief that my separation from my loved ones had gone without serious injury or illness; hope that our lives would quickly return to normal and that our nation would soon withdraw from the war without major casualties and that South Vietnam would succeed on its own against Communism; excitement about returning to Gloria and Shannon and closing out an important chapter in my young career and returning to the 82d Airborne Division to command a company; and pride in having served my soldiers, my Army, and my country honorably in the toughest environment. With the exception of my feeling of sadness, it was a composite of so many of the same emotions I had felt previously in my life on the day of a major event: the first day at a new school, "season openers," graduation from high school and college, commissioning day, reporting to my

first unit, and my departure one year earlier from Austin Airport for Vietnam.

Aside from the already described feelings, on my last day in Vietnam I took stock of the four most important lessons I learned during the year—lessons that I have carried with me over the past 27 years of my career. First, it magnified for me the words from my oath of commission: ". . . to obey the orders of the President and the officers appointed over me. . . ." and my father's advice (a veteran of three wars) to obey orders no matter how distasteful they may be unless they are illegal or immoral. I learned quickly as an infantry rifle platoon leader in combat that my job was not to question the prosecution of an unpopular war but to obey legal orders and lead my soldiers to the best of my ability in the accomplishment of difficult tasks. The second lesson learned was that a leader should only focus on his "piece of the Army" and make it the most professional team in the organization. I saw to many leaders in combat worry about "higher" at the expense of readiness and caring for their soldiers. Third, the basics that leaders demand in training work in combat and result in winning engagements and the saving of lives. I learned that even with the most dynamic tactics you will fail without adherence to the basics. Leaders must set and demand high standards from their subordinates to win! The last lesson that I took away from Vietnam was the importance of faith and family in one's life. Combat magnified for me the frailty of human life and the absolute importance of having a "true azimuth" in your life. Because I was at peace with the Lord and knew that I was supported on the "homefront" by a loving and supportive wife and family, I never worried about not coming home. Consequently, then and today I am able to devote myself totally to the leadership of America's finest Light Fighters.

We are all "defined" by our past experiences. My experiences in Vietnam is an important part of my makeup and being. It will always be with me, and even though many view the Vietnam War as a "lost cause," I, along with thousands of other vets, am proud of our service many years ago in that sad country in Southeast Asia. May we never forget those brave men and women who fought for democracy in Vietnam. Let me close with this special quote that I've kept under my desk glass for the past 26 years:

"If you are able, save for them a place inside of you. . . and save one backward glance when you are leaving for the places they can no longer go. . . Be not ashamed to say you loved them, though you may or may not have always. . . Take what they have left and what they have taught you with their dying and keep it with your own. . . And in that time when men decide and feel safe to call the war insane, take one moment to embrace those gentle heroes you left behind. . . ."—Maj. Michael Davis O'Donnell, Springfield IL, 1 January 1970.

IN HONOR OF THE CONGREGATION OF SAINT JOSEPH

HON. DENNIS J. KUCINICH

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, May 6, 1998

Mr. KUCINICH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commend the Congregation of Saint Joseph on the 125th anniversary of their service to the Greater Cleveland community. The Saint Joseph Congregation is dedicated to the improvement and education of the community.