

HELEN LUCILE WULFMEYER

• Mr. ROBERTS. Mr. President, I rise to recognize a life-long Kansas native, Lucile Wulfmeyer, who passed away on May 11, 1997. Her memorial service at First Presbyterian Church included the following remembrance of Lucile, written by her elder daughter, Roberta Doerges:

My earliest memories of mother and my family roots seem to materialize in the home she purchased at 316 S. Bluff. Here, I remember a formal dining room converted to a family room; learning to ride my first bicycle; and meeting the man who would later become my father: Lawrence Wulfmeyer. What came before all of that dims in childhood lost, but along with Marian's "I wuv you, Wawrance," and my manipulative acts to prevent my mother's dating, I remember an abundance of motherly patience and forbearance. The nearly four years between my father, Francis Chambers' death, and my mothers' union of 37 years to Lawrence, set the stage for revealing my mother's life of service.

Today's stories might have described a woman with 18-month-old and not-quite-three-year-old daughters as capitulating to welfare, but not so for our mother. A woman wise beyond her decade, she returned to work at Wichita's McConnell AFB and managed to provide her daughters with a live-in housekeeper, as well as financial support. I have always marveled at her courage to do this: a "woman's libber" before her time, working in a predominately male field, and providing two young daughters with love and sustenance.

Knowing that she needed companionship, and a helpmate to raise these little girls, Lucile married again in October of 1959. Lawrence's Brownie camera recorded two little girls, dressed identically, and participating in the celebration of their parents' union and a new father. A new home in East Wichita, and a new family life ensued.

Always a large part of the family picture was First Presbyterian Church: group calling on prospective new members, UPY meetings and youth choir through junior and senior high school years. Even the conception and realization of the Wulfmeyer "Dream Home" in Clearwater did not dim that emphasis. Many a Lucckock Class picnic, or a Brown Sunday School Class open house was held at the home in Clearwater, dubbed "Spring Creek Acres," and the seat of so many collective family memories.

Mother's life of service continued through all of those years. Whether creating musical programs for Marian, Roberta and Lucile to perform, or lovingly constructing costumes to enhance them; whether taxiing busy daughters to endless high school extra-curricular activities, or typing term papers at 7:30 am (at 120 words per minutes proficiency, this was one skill that was too tempting for at least her elder daughter to overlook taking advantage of!) Reading and correcting school papers, assisting with college choices, consoling unrequited crushes—no act was too demeaning for Mother. Her creative juices seemed endless; her power to be supportive was astonishing; her innovation was impressive. (To this day, I owe my own extensive and find vocabulary to her love of literature, and the ingenious idea during our late high school years to put a "new" vocabulary word on the table daily, at breakfast. The challenge was not only to learn its meaning, but, by dinner time, to be able to use it correctly in conversation.)

My mother's ability to teach and instill was amazing. I never remember learning the 23rd Psalm or the Lord's Prayer. These were

repeated to us as babies, following our father's death, and were as much a part of our essence as eating or speaking. The faith which she instilled in us was invaluable: the unswerving foundation of a God who loves us, in spite of any adversity.

Mother's ability to teach also shows through in her three grandchildren: Autumn's love of art; Lauren's organizational skills, service inclinations, and musical interests; Kyle's appreciation of theater . . . all of these are owed in great part to a grandmother who took the time of summer visits to send grandchildren to art classes, or escort them to Wichita Music Theater. That love and those lessons will last a lifetime.

Small wonder that Lucile had already begun a life of service as a young woman. Her father died when she was seventeen. She assisted her mother through years of illnesses, operations at Mayo, bitterness over poor health, and tender care in her elder years. This attitude of service also include care for her elderly father-in-law, Sidney Chambers, and for Lawrence's mother, Clara. Her love and service seemingly knew no bounds.

Those who loved Lucile will remember her devotion to protocol, her gracious way of living, and her love of family. They will remember her acute appreciation of the fine arts; her gifts of writing prose and poetry; her love of reading and of books, her fascination with history (especially through the D.A.R.), and her delight in the unique (how many American "witches" do you know)? She will be remembered for her life of service to her family and her church; and her appreciation of God's divine purpose.

While recent months may have seemingly robbed her of many of the things which she appreciated most, her inability to enjoy those things completely made all of us who visited and loved her, acutely aware of all those finer appreciations which she enjoyed and instilled in others.

She was greatly loved, and will be greatly missed. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."•

GENERAL CLIFTON B. CATES, USMC

• Mr. FRIST. Mr. President, I come to the Senate floor today to ask that my colleagues join with me in paying tribute to the 19th Commandant of the Marine Corps, General Clifton B. Cates. I am confident the Senate will grant approval to express a Sense of the Congress that the next LPD-17 amphibious vessel be named in General Cates' honor.

General Cates was a native of Tennessee, born in Tiptonville, and later educated at the University of Tennessee earning a Bachelor of Laws degree. He was Commissioned a second lieutenant on June 13, 1917. General Cates had a remarkable career that took him to battles defending American interests around the globe. The then-Lieutenant Cates demonstrated his dedication to duty in such legendary battles as Belleau Wood and Verdun where he won the Navy Cross and two Silver Star medals.

During WW II, General Cates commanded the 1st Marine Regiment's landing in Guadalcanal and later was the Commander of the Fourth Marine Division in the Marianas operation. General Cates fought in Tinian and

perhaps the most famous of Marine Corps clashes, the seizure of Iwo Jima. The valor demonstrated by the General in all of these hard fought battles continues to be an example for young Marines deployed around the world today.

General Cates died at age 76 in June of 1970 after an extremely distinguished and long career. It is only appropriate that the Congress express its desire to have the Secretary of the Navy bestow the honor of naming a vessel for General Cates.●

TRIBUTE TO KORTNEY SHERBINE

• Mr. HOLLINGS. Mr. President, I rise today in tribute to one of our nation's fine young students, Ms. Kortney Sherbine of Cheraw, South Carolina. She has been named the South Carolina state winner in The Citizens Flag Alliance Essay Contest. Her essay, "The American Flag Protection Amendment: A Right of the People . . . the Right Thing to Do", is a thoughtful paean to our Nation's banner. I ask that it be printed in the RECORD.

The essay follows:

THE AMERICAN FLAG PROTECTION AMENDMENT: A RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE . . . THE RIGHT THING TO DO

(By Kortney Beth Sherbine)

It is my profound and adamant belief that an American Flag-Protection Amendment must be enacted to unequivocally ensure America's survival as a thriving, democratic nation. The significance of our beloved flag is best immortalized through America's heroic and valorous history. From the moment of our country's inception, the flag has served as an inspiration and motivation during times of exaltation as well as tribulation. All Americans should be moved to tears as they see Old Glory through Francis Scott Key's eyes as he peered anxiously from a British prison ship during the War of 1812 (World Book, 238). As he drifted in the Baltimore Harbor, the sole affirmation of America's surviving liberty waved highly in air. As he witnessed the perseverance of our flag, he realized our nation was destined for greatness.

In addition, our flag's sacredness was poignantly displayed at Libby's Prison where soldiers cut our banner in twenty-two pieces saving it from desecration at the hands of the Confederates (Krythe, 17). Subsequently, the American people will never forget the powerful image of five marines and one corpsman planting the Stars and Bars at Iwo Jima. These aforementioned tributes to Old Glory should touch the very core of our identity as American citizens. The planting of the American flag throughout history has carved our role as the great defender of democracy.

For over two hundred years, the flag has been the most honorable, tangible shrine to freedom the people of the world have witnessed. It is a beacon of hope and light for the oppressed and downtrodden. The American flag is as necessary and integral a part of our patriotism as God and family. It is a symbol of the turmoil our nation conquered to become a superpower today.

No action can be more disheartening and devastating to a true American than seeing one of our own deface and desecrate our most precious symbol of liberty. Throughout the span of time, our fallen heroes have paid the ultimate debt for our freedoms and rights. These great patriots sacrificed their very