

A TRIBUTE TO WWII VETERAN
WILLIAM HAYWARD REED

HON. RALPH M. HALL

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 24, 1998

Mr. HALL of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to all WWII Veterans by reading a poem that I had the pleasure of hearing while back in my District. One of my constituents, Millie Jean Purgerson, wrote this poem in dedication to her uncle, William Hayward Reed, and his service to this great nation during WWII.

Millie Jean Purgerson, is a 12-year dedicated Dallas Independent School District teacher with a Master's degree in Education. An active member of the Northeast Texas Writer's Group, Millie Jean is also a freelance writer. Five years ago Millie Jean began researching her uncle's death and military service with no more information than that listed on his 1948 tombstone.

Millie Jean's mother's brother, William Hayward Reed, was in the 79th Division, 314th Regiment, 3rd Battalion when killed in action in Rhowiller, France, in a battle known as the Little Bulge. He was only 19 years old at the time of his death. So, Millie Jean felt it her duty to convey her uncle's story to all Americans. This poem, a moving story, applies to tens of thousands of our young men and women who lost their lives so early in life while serving their country in a war a world away from home. As we adjourn today, let us do so in honor of and respect for this Great American—William Hayward Reed. Mr. Speaker, if I may, "Hayward—A Tribute" by Millie Jean Purgerson:

Hayward, a farm boy in the heyday of his youth.
Up before the sun rose to light the aging wood heater.
The wind blew through the cracks in the walls.
The black tar paper stretched to keep out the cold draft.
Oh, the aroma of Mama's country ham frying in the skillet.
Biscuits baking in the cook stove and coffee steaming in the blue granite pot.
Fluffy, country-fresh scrambled eggs with rich red-eye gravy.
Home-preserved muscadine jelly and fresh churned creamy butter.
Hayward had not yet really tasted the adventures of life.
The farm work was hard and demanding.
There had been no time for girls or cars.
Country fairs, Sunday afternoon rides, or church socials.
Then the call came from Uncle Sam's draft.
"We need you! It is your time to serve your country!"
He said good-bye to his loved ones and friends.
He hugged and kissed his mama for the last time.
A lump grew in his throat and tears welled in his eyes.
He tried to explain to his faithful old hound that he would be away for a while.
Little did he know that he would never return.
The train ride to boot camp seemed like an endless journey.
The cropped haircut, strange clothes, fast moving orders and expectations.

Bunking with boys who were forced to become men by a war they had not created.

Anticipating the adventure, yet lonesome for the warmth and smells of home.

Drills and marches, training for a fight beyond their imagination.

Then the final order.

Be ready to board the train for New York by morning.

The destination yet unknown to the men.
France!

Off in the distance the shoreline of a strange new land.

Boats, tanks, movement, strategy.

Orders, gun and tanks exploding.

The noise, the confusion, the panic of the moment.

Heavy boots, wool socks, sore, aching, blistered feet.

The same clothes worn day after day, lost their sophisticated military appeal.

He dug his own bed, a cold, damp fox hole.

When rain filled his haven, he used his helmet to dip it dry.

Penetrating deeper into the war-ravaged countryside.

The destruction his eyes beheld ripped at his gut, making him heave in horror.

Senseless slaughter of innocent people, young children, old women.

Made his heart weep, his eyes fill, and his body tremble.

A land once so beautiful, now lay smothered in total ruin.

A people rich in their culture without a home.

All they ever knew and loved

Crumbled at the mercy of the enemy.

Marching into Rohrwiller, physically exhausted, emotionally drained.

No time for thoughts of tomorrow, every movement on constant guard.

Covering his buddies advancing to the front.
The chill of the darkness like a blanket spread over the city.

Then came the barrage like a blast from hell
From the water factory's many windows!

Mowing down the soldiers like hail in a rain-storm,

Until the new fallen snow reeked with the smell of blood.

Their cries of pain and agony filled the night air

As one by one their breathing stopped.

Hayward lay mortally wounded.

In his dying breath, he whispered his final word, "Mother."

He will never see the brilliant sun rise over the tall pine trees in the pasture.

He will never celebrate another Christmas.
He will never know the joy of holding his firstborn child.

He will never hear his mother call his name,
again.

COMMENDING THE HONORABLE
FRANCIS T. WASIELEWSKI, AND
HIS SERVICE TO THE POLISH
COMMUNITY

HON. GERALD D. KLECZKA

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 24, 1998

Mr. KLECZKA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commend the Honorable Francis T. Wasielewski, a circuit court judge, husband, father, and dedicated servant to the Polish community in the greater Milwaukee area.

Mr. Wasielewski's roots in this community are deep. Judge Wasielewski's father, Thad, ably represented the 4th Congressional district, a district I am now honored to serve. Father and son served as past presidents of the Milwaukee Society, a fraternal Polish-American organization. Fran Wasielewski grew up in Milwaukee, attended Marquette High School and graduated from Marquette University with a degree in mathematics.

After a year of piano study at Indiana University, he followed his father's path in law, enrolling at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. After graduating Fran practiced law with his father for several years before joining the staff of the Milwaukee City Attorney where he worked in ordinance prosecution, public works construction, eminent domain and general real estate. This experience afforded him the opportunity to appear several times before the Wisconsin Supreme Court.

In 1975, he returned to private practice until he was appointed in 1983 to the circuit court by Governor Anthony Earl.

Fran Wasielewski has been active in a number of civic, arts, and professional organizations and is also active in his church, serving as a member of the Parish Council at St. John's Cathedral. He and his wife, Mary, have two adult children, Ann and Justin.

Mr. Speaker, it is with pride and pleasure that I commend Mr. Fran Wasielewski, who will be honored October 10 as Polish American of the Year at the annual Pulaski Day Banquet, presented by the Milwaukee Society.

HR 4619

HON. PATSY T. MINK

OF HAWAII

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 24, 1998

Mrs. MINK of Hawaii. Mr. Speaker, today I have introduced a bill H.R. 4619 to modify requirements under the Immigrant Investor Pilot Program to permit an alien who joins a limited partnership after its original creation to qualify with respect to the establishment of a new commercial enterprise and thus, qualify for a visa under such program.

This legislation is needed due to a ruling of the Immigration Administrative Appeals Office. The court held in Matter of Izumii that if an alien does not establish that they played a participatory role in the establishment of the commercial enterprise, then that alien is not considered an investor under the provisions of the Immigration and Nationality Act. In other words, if an investor joins a project after a limited partnership is formed, as is true in most cases, then the investor does not qualify for a visa under this program.

This has come as a shock to the business community. Never before has the act been interpreted in this manner. This interpretation ignores the reality and normal business practice involved in creating such a partnership. The limited partnership or other entity formed is normally created first and efforts are then made to attract other investors. Documents must first be reviewed and a "due diligence" study completed before any investor will commit substantial capital. It usually takes several months from the time when the investor learns about an investment program before they can sign the contract. It is very unrealistic to require an investor to participate in the formation of the business entity in order to qualify.