

Maria was born in 1935 in Noroto, a very small village, in Michoacan, Mexico. She was the 9th child in a family of 11. As a child her family moved to the town of Tangancicuaro, Michoacan in search of a better life. Because her family was very poor, Maria was forced to work at a very young age and therefore dropped out of school at the age of 8. Through most of her childhood as well as her teen-age years, Maria faced a very harsh life of poverty and hard work. At the age of 16 her mother died leaving all 11 children orphaned.

At the age of 22 Maria married Carlos Andrade. Soon thereafter she became the proud mother of her first son Jorge. Eleven months later she gave birth to Lupita, and eleven months after that she gave birth to her third child Luz Del Carmen. Her life of poverty continued so her husband Carlos immigrated to the United States to work as a migrant farm worker. For the next 17 years Maria would only see her husband one month out of the year when he would return to Michoacan to visit. In the meantime Maria had to raise her children all alone who now included Carlos, Francisco, Guillermo, and Rosa Adriana.

In 1974 Maria and her three oldest children joined her husband Carlos in the United States. She was forced to leave four of her children behind until she had enough money to apply for their permanent residency. In 1976 the entire family reunited and now had a permanent home in the city of Delano.

A year later, her husband Carlos abandoned the family. Maria was devastated. Once again she became a single parent to her 7 children. She was now alone in a strange country, with a new language, and different customs, which made her even more determined to succeed. Although she believed strongly in providing the highest education possible for her children, she was forced to take her three oldest children out of school and take them to work in the fields in order to make ends meet. This enabled the rest of the children to focus on their studies. The family struggled for many years. This created an unbreakable bond and unity in the family. Maria's children grew up and eventually married. Three of the youngest graduated from college. One became a computer programmer and the other two teachers. The rest of her children continued to work in the fields. Although the children had created a life for themselves the family bond which Maria created was so strong that they all remained in Delano living close to her and each other.

Because the family had such a strong bond together they decided to open up a business so that Maria would no longer have to work in the fields. In 1990 the family opened Carniceria Janitzio in McFarland and in 1996 opened Carniceria Janitzio and Janitzio Restaurant in Delano. This fulfilled Maria's lifelong dream of owning her own business.

The family's bond and unity is as strong as ever. Maria is currently the proud grandmother of 17 grandchildren and 1 great granddaughter. This has all been possible because of all the hard work, dedication, perseverance, positive attitude, and above all love that Maria has given to her children.

TRIBUTE TO DORIS KEATING

HON. JOHN JOSEPH MOAKLEY

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 12, 2000

Mr. MOAKLEY. Mr. Speaker, this afternoon I wish to remember my very dear friend, Doris Keating.

Mr. Speaker I wish not so much to say goodbye to a long-time and very dear friend, but to celebrate the life of one of the most wonderful people I've had the pleasure to know.

And I know—as sure as I'm standing here—I know that Doris Keating is looking down upon her family and friends—right now—with that warm and wonderful smile she had for everyone she ever met.

Never one to dwell on sadness—anytime you were feeling down her advice was always the same, “Hey there”, she'd say, “pull up your boot straps! Don't sweat the small stuff! Get out there and move along!”—And that would be her advice to all of us who miss her.

Doris loved South Boston and she loved this the Gate of Heaven Parish where family and friends gathered to comfort one another as Doris passed.

She was born in South Boston. She was Baptized at Gate of Heaven, was Confirmed there, Married there, and true to form—Doris was holding Court there on the day we all said goodbye.

She never missed the Saint Patrick's Day Parade that winds past there. And I can't remember a single year when as I marched by Doris didn't run out in the street to ambush me and other Politicians with a great big kiss.

I'm convinced, Mr. Speaker, that the only ones that didn't get that kiss from Doris were the Clydesdales.

Every St. Patrick's Day, as I drive past Molly and Wacko Hurley's and as I drive past the Gate of Heaven, I'll think of her.

I'll think of Doris and her famous Open House Parties where everyone was always welcome.

I'll think of the washing machine and bathtub filled with beer. And I'll think of the laughs we shared.

Actually, as I watched the *Constitution* sail into Boston Harbor last July, I was reminded of one of Doris' favorite yarns.

It seems Doris and the family were out on Dan Sullivan's trawler one beautiful Fourth of July Morning. They were passing by Castle Island trying to get the best vantage point for the cannon salute from Old Ironsides.

Doris decided that was the time to visit the ladies room.

As luck would have it, the propeller of Dan's boat got caught up in a line, just as the *Constitution* was passing by. And there was poor Doris—firmly situated in the ladies room—when the cannons of the U.S.S. *Constitution* began firing across the bow of Dan Sullivan's boat.

Deafened by the concussion, and covered with soot from the gun powder, looking like a coal miner just finishing the midnight shift, Doris managed to compose herself, exit the ladies room fully coiffed, with the presence of mind to sweep up the soot from the deck, which she always kept on her mantle so she could tell that story over and over.

Doris was never at a loss for a laugh.

But as happy go lucky as Doris was, she was also fiercely loyal to those she loved—her family most of all.

A close second—anyone who knew our friend Doris would tell you—were Sammy and Boots, the two cats to whom the Grand Darm of South Boston dedicated her life.

The family, I understand is convinced that Doris put the cats out, only so that she could torment herself trying to call them back in before Midnight.

There was no limit to Doris' loyalty, and there was nothing she wouldn't do for a friend.

One of those great human beings who never fail to give—whether they've got it or not—Doris personified the old adage. And that was to live for the people upstairs, downstairs, and over the back fence.

More than almost anyone I know, Doris lived that sentiment every single day of her life.

Doris worked in my office ever since my days in the Boston City Council, and one of my strongest supporters ever since I ran for State Representative in 1950. But most importantly, Doris was one of my dearest, most trusted and loyal friends. And there was nothing she couldn't do.

Doris could write a recommendation that could get Atilla the Hun a Merit Badge from the Eagle Scouts. And I know four guys who will tell you that without Doris Keating, they probably never would have made it through law school.

But I'll let them say who they are.

And anyone who knew Doris would tell you, the same loyalty and tough love Doris showed her family and friends was not at all lost on the great sports teams of Boston.

Doris was two when the Red Sox won the World Series, and she waited patiently and enthusiastically for 82 years for the magic to happen again.

Her extended family included Doug Flutie, and Danny Ainge, Drew Bledsoe, and her newest adoptee, Nomar.

And whether she was sitting at home knitting an Irish Afghan, or at one of her old haunts back in the old days, either Zito's, Pie Alley, or the Other Place, Doris was an overtly loyal fan.

And on more than one occasion, either her husband, Red, or one of the boys would have to smooth things over as a result of her loud enthusiasm.

Actually, the first time Red brought Doris to a Bruins game it was to see the Montreal Canadians play at the Boston Garden.

She got so caught up in Fernie Flamin's breakaway, that she nearly beat the poor guy in front of her to death with her program. Needless to say, Red stepped up and straightened things out.

Not that it was necessary. To hear her kids tell it, Doris was lethal with footwear, and could take down any man from fifty yards with one of her slippers.

Doris never, ever lost the spirit that made her so loved by everyone who knew her.

Not all that long ago, during a particularly tough time, Doris was laid up with Spinal Meningitis, and was actually in a catatonic state, when, during the Buffalo Bills/Patriots Play-Off game—Buffalo's coach put Rob Johnson in the game instead of her man, Doug Flutie, Doris snapped out of it, screaming “Oh, for God's sake, why in God's name didn't they put in Flutie!!”

And you know—Doris was right.

That's my friend, Doris.

In the toughest of times, there was never any complaining, but there was humor. She was tough when she got mad, but Doris never, ever held a grudge.

Her children will tell you, once the slipper was thrown, that was it. It was over.

And if one of the kids were angry leaving for school in the morning, Doris would always call them back to say the same thing—“Up, Up!!”

Come back here and give me a kiss. You never know if I'm gonna be here when you get back."

Well, Doris left us all in friendship, in love, and in peace.

She'll be missed, and she was a blessing to all who knew her.

And as the Irish Blessing goes, "Until we meet again, my old friend, may God hold you in the palm of his hand."

TRIBUTE TO FAIRHOPE MAYOR
JIM NIX

HON. SONNY CALLAHAN

OF ALABAMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 12, 2000

Mr. CALLAHAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a fine gentleman, an outstanding public servant and a friend for more years than I can count, Mayor James P. Nix, of the city of Fairhope, Alabama.

As many of my colleagues know, Fairhope is one of the best-kept secrets in America. Situated along scenic Mobile Bay, Fairhope has a captivating charm and beauty that few communities—anywhere—can rival.

Moreover, because of the outstanding leadership provided by Mayor Nix over the past 30-plus years, Fairhope is one of the best managed cities in the entire United States.

This month, Jim's tenure as Mayor comes to an end. Despite pleas from hundreds of townspeople, he decided to not seek reelection in the recent municipal elections. For the first time in more than 32 years, Jim Nix's name was not on the ballot.

However, if anyone has deserved a rest from the call of duty, it is Mayor Nix. First elected to a 4-year term on the city council, Mayor Nix has presided over what is, without question, the 28 most prosperous years in the history of Fairhope.

While it is true that Baldwin County as a whole has experienced a tremendous amount of growth during the past several decades, Fairhope has certainly been a major part of this change. Under Jim Nix's leadership, Fairhope has become an important part of south Alabama's economic and cultural base. In addition, Fairhope draws tens of thousands of tourists each year to numerous festivals and shows. Quite frankly, this exposure has helped put the national spotlight on Fairhope, earning for it a positive reputation. Fairhope is, without question, a shining example of the best Alabama has to offer.

In addition to his numerous official duties, Mayor Nix has been actively involved in several professional and civic organizations and has served as president of both the Alabama League of Municipalities and the Baldwin County Mayor's Association. He is currently serving on the boards for several area banks and is a trustee for the University of South Alabama.

In the midst of his significant professional and civic involvement, Mayor Nix also found time to be a devoted husband, father and grandfather. Married to the former Anne Delorme Peele, Jim and Anne Nix are the proud parents of three, and the proud grandparents of nine. Speaking of Anne, I would be remiss if I did not salute her as well. She leaves behind a gracious, lasting legacy as a

true ambassador for Fairhope in her role as First Lady.

While Mayor Nix has certainly earned his retirement following so many years of dedicated service, he will certainly be missed by the many friends and colleagues he has made during his years in the city government.

On a personal note, while I will no longer have the privilege of working with Jim and Anne professionally, I look forward to the continuation of our friendship in the years to come.

Mr. Speaker, on behalf of the entire First Congressional District, I would like to express my appreciation to Mayor Jim Nix and my congratulations on his retirement.

HONORING BUSINESS TECH-
NOLOGIES AND SOLUTIONS, INC.

HON. DAVID L. HOBSON

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 12, 2000

Mr. HOBSON. Mr. Speaker, I rise to recognize the achievements of Business Technologies and Solutions, Inc.'s (BTAS) of Beavercreek, Ohio, which is being honored at the Annual National Minority Enterprise Development Week in Arlington, Virginia.

As Representative of Ohio's 7th Congressional District, I am pleased to recognize Ms. Angela Vlahos, President of Business Technologies and Solutions, as her company receives the award for the Region V Minority Small Business Firm of the Year. BTAS has demonstrated outstanding success since it was established in 1992. Ms. Vlahos' commitment to providing quality business and enterprise solutions has allowed her company to experience rapid growth and enjoy more extensive contract opportunities with public and private companies, including Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio.

BTAS has trademarked its Right Solution Model which provides a framework for consistent delivery of high performance for each individual contract. This dedication to quality now is officially recognized by the U.S. Small Business Administration and the U.S. Department of Commerce's Minority Business Development Agency.

Additionally, I wish to thank BTAS for its participation in our local community. The firm's contributions to the area, including information technology training for students of the Dayton School System and recreational activities for children at St. Joseph's Treatment Center, serve as a positive model for other local companies.

Mr. Speaker, I join the Small Business Administration and the Department of Commerce's Minority Business Development Agency in recognizing the achievements of Ms. Angela Vlahos and Business Technologies and Solutions, Inc.

REMARKS OF KEVIN GOVER, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

HON. DALE E. KILDEE

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, September 12, 2000

Mr. KILDEE. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commend Department of the Interior Assistant Secretary of Indian Affairs Kevin Gover for extending a formal apology on behalf of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to Native Americans for the historical treatment by that agency. Mr. Gover recently delivered his remarks at the 175th Anniversary of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

In his remarks, Mr. Gover recounted the role of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in implementing the policies of the United States. For many years, the policies of the United States were designed to terminate tribal nations and their culture. Mr. Speaker, we share the responsibility for the historical treatment of Native Americans since the Bureau of Indian Affairs bears the responsibility of implementing the laws and policies of Congress.

While we cannot erase the deplorable history of Indian policy in the United States, I want to acknowledge that today the Bureau of Indian Affairs and its 10,000 employees are striving to be advocates for Indian people. I believe that Assistant Secretary Gover's profound and wise remarks will become an important document in the annals of American history. Mr. Speaker, I wish to share Mr. Gover's remarks with my colleagues.

REMARKS OF KEVIN GOVER, ASSISTANT SECRETARY—INDIAN AFFAIRS, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR AT THE CEREMONY ACKNOWLEDGING THE 175TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS—SEPTEMBER 8, 2000

In March of 1824, President James Monroe established the Office of Indian Affairs in the Department of War. Its mission was to conduct the nation's business with regard to Indian affairs. We have come together today to mark the first 175 years of the institution now known as the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

It is appropriate that we do so in the first year of a new century and a new millennium, a time when our leaders are reflecting on what lies ahead and preparing for those challenges. Before looking ahead, though, this institution must first look back and reflect on what it has wrought and, by doing so, come to know that this is no occasion for celebration; rather it is time for reflection and contemplation, a time for sorrowful truths to be spoken, a time for contrition.

We must first reconcile ourselves to the fact that the works of this agency have at various times profoundly harmed the communities it was meant to serve. From the very beginning, the Office of Indian Affairs was an instrument by which the United States enforced its ambition against the Indian nations and Indian people who stood in its path. And so, the first mission of this institution was to execute the removal of the southeastern tribal nations. By threat, deceit, and force, these great tribal nations were made to march 1,000 miles to the west, leaving thousands of their old, their young and their infirm in hasty graves along the Trail of Tears.

As the nation looked to the West for more land, this agency participated in the ethnic cleansing that befell the western tribes. War