

Mrs. Wanda Funderburk, the Chattahoochee Gold Star Wives Club's president, says the other veterans groups help them place 120 flags along this road. They do this twice a year, and sometimes more often.

The Chattahoochee Gold Star Wives became the first chapter in the organization to place a monument in a veterans cemetery when it erected a monument on the Fort Mitchell, Alabama veterans cemetery's Walk of Honor.

Mr. Funderburk has been with the Gold Star Wives since 1985, when her husband, a Korean War veteran died. She is one of 80 fine women who are keeping the spirit of patriotism and the memory of our veterans' sacrifices alive in Columbus, Georgia.

Mr. Speaker, Mrs. Funderburk describes her chapter as: "We have a really nice bunch of ladies and we still believe in honoring what our husbands did, and not only our husbands, but all veterans, regardless of race, creed or color, or religion. We think there is no better way to honor our men than to raise the flag."

"I'm like a child, whenever I drive down Victory Drive and see those flags, I still get tears in my eyes," she said the other day.

That is not being a child, that is being a patriot.

TRIBUTE TO BANGOR DAILY NEWS  
COLUMNIST JOHN DAY

**HON. JOHN ELIAS BALDACCI**

OF MAINE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 7, 2000*

Mr. BALDACCI. Mr. Speaker, earlier this month, the long-time Washington correspondent for the Bangor Daily News retired. John Day worked for my hometown newspaper for nearly 40 years. During a distinguished career in which he filed more than 15,000 news stories, he covered municipal government in Bangor and state government in Maine's capital city of Augusta. Since 1978, John has reported on Federal issues from Washington. In that same year, he was chosen Maine Journalist of the Year by the Maine Press Association—the first time a reporter had been selected.

In addition to reporting on some of the most important national issues of the past two decades—including early, insightful stories about the Iran-Contra matter—John Day has delivered more than 1,700 opinion columns which have provided a unique perspective on the American political scene.

Knowledgeable and aggressive, John Day shared a wealth of information with generations of Bangor Daily News readers. Whether they appreciated John's viewpoint or not, they always knew where he stood. Never shy about saying what was on his mind, John inevitably gave readers something to consider.

As a Member of Congress, I have become better acquainted with John and have enjoyed the experience. John covered my father as a City Councilor in Bangor during the early part of his newspaper career in the 1960's, and concluded it covering myself and the other Members of Maine's congressional delegation at the start of a new century.

As John starts a new chapter in his life, I wish him the very best. My hometown newspaper will certainly be less colorful and it will never be the same.

IN RECOGNITION OF DR. CARMELA  
ASCOLESE KARNOUTSOS

**HON. ROBERT MENENDEZ**

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 7, 2000*

Mr. MENENDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Dr. Carmela Ascolese Karnoutsos for her dedicated service to the community of Bayonne, NJ, and for her exceptional contributions to the field of women's history. Today, Dr. Karnoutsos will be presented with the Volunteer of the Year Award at the Bayonne Historical Society's annual Holiday Dinner Dance.

Dr. Karnoutsos graduated Magna Cum Laude from Jersey City University and received her Master's Degree and Ph.D. at New York University. She is currently Professor of History at New Jersey City University (NJCU), specializing in women's history and new Jersey history. She is the author of *New Jersey Women: A History of their Status, Roles and Images* (1997). At NJCU, Dr. Karnoutsos has served as the Chair of the History Department, as Chair of the Intercollegiate Athletic Council, and as a member of numerous committees, including the General Studies Coordinating Committee.

Dr. Karnoutsos is a charter member of Bayonne Historical Society, Inc., and has been a trustee since its founding in 1990. She has spoken at many of the society's programs and events, edited and contributed articles regarding the city of Bayonne, and recently developed the society's web sight. In addition, she recently became a member of the Bayonne's Historical Preservation Commission, which was formed in 1999.

As an important authority on the history of New Jersey, Dr. Karnoutsos presented the keynote address at the 125th anniversary of Bayonne in 1994; served as the moderator of the city's mayoral debate in 1998; and appeared in the video "What is a Freeholder? An evaluation of the Role of County Government."

Because of her dedication to the history of New Jersey women, Dr. Karnoutsos has made great contributions to the Women's Project of New Jersey, Inc., as associate editor of its publication *Past and Promise: Lives of New Jersey Women* (1990), and as a member of its editorial board.

I ask my colleagues to join me in recognizing Dr. Carmela Ascolese Karnoutsos for her exceptional contributions to the history of women and New Jersey, and for her selfless service to her community and country.

IN COMMEMORATION OF JEROME  
M. MILLER

**HON. PETER DEUTSCH**

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 7, 2000*

Mr. DEUTSCH. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commemorate a dear friend and a loyal and devoted member of the Lauderhill, Florida community, Mr. Jerome "Jerry" M. Miller. Sadly, Jerry Miller passed away on November 1, 2000 and his guiding presence in the Inverrary community will be greatly missed.

After moving to South Florida in 1974, Jerry Miller took an active role in ensuring that the City of Lauderhill, and in particular the Inverrary community, remained a beautiful and harmonious residential area where residents could enjoy their picturesque surroundings. Jerry worked hard to ensure that as South Florida grew, Lauderhill and Inverrary would remain a pleasant and desirable place for people to live. Jerry served on several city boards where he consistently advocated for positive and aesthetically pleasing development. Similarly, as the President of the Inverrary Association, Jerry accepted nothing less than top rate planning which would enhance and improve the beauty and spirit of his community.

In one of his last great projects, Jerry took the lead in the conceptual and physical development of the Inverrary Meditation Park. These serene gardens filled with exotic fauna, chirping birds, and tropical fish ponds have become a centerpiece of the community. Here residents come to reflect on their thoughts, talk with their neighbors and enjoy the tranquility of their tropical surroundings. In this peaceful park, as in the hearts of those who knew him, the spirit of Jerry Miller's care and commitment to his community will forever be remembered.

TRIBUTE TO BETTY ANN  
DITTEMORE

**HON. SCOTT McINNIS**

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, December 7, 2000*

Mr. McINNIS. Mr. Speaker, it is with great sadness that I take this moment to recognize the accomplished life and admirable career of Betty Ann Dittmore. Betty, a former Colorado State representative, recently passed on at age 81. While her friends and family mourn her passing, I would like to take this opportunity to honor a truly amazing lawmaker—a woman who encompassed profound strength in all realms of life.

After campaigning using her initials (B.A.D.) as a slogan, Betty was elected to the Colorado House of Representatives in 1968, becoming the first woman from Arapahoe County to be elected to the state legislature. While serving in office from 1968 to 1978, Betty engaged in one of Colorado's fiercest battles: passing Colorado's first comprehensive planning law, a feat that would not have been possible without her wit and tenacity. Throughout her time in office, she successfully climbed in leadership positions serving as minority whip and later as majority leader.

She was instrumental in creating the Colorado Housing and Finance Authority, an authority that has become eminently successful in assisting the state's poor and elderly in finding reasonably priced homes. In 1980, she became an Arapahoe County Commissioner, where she was able to bring the same experience and expertise to the Board of County Commissioners that she brought to the legislature.

Mr. Speaker, there are few people in Colorado's proud history who have served as zealously and wholeheartedly as Betty. Her career was a model that every official in elected office, including myself, should seek to emulate. I know I speak for the state of Colorado when

I say she will be greatly missed. However, the mark that she left will not be soon forgotten.

GEN. JUSKOWIAK'S REMARKS  
BEAR REPEATING

HON. MAC COLLINS

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 7, 2000

Mr. COLLINS. Mr. Speaker, I was privileged recently to hear Major General Terry Juskowiak speak about the role of the soldier in the United States. I was impressed by what he had to say, and would like to submit his remarks in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD:

It is truly an honor for me to be here today and to participate in this luncheon honoring Veterans—past and present.

Do we have any Jeff Foxworthy fans here? Let me do a take off on Jeff and say . . .

You might be a veteran if:

Your spouse responds to "hooah" and understands what it means regardless of the context you present it in.

You might be a veteran if . . . when you go camping, you ridicule other campers for setting up their tent down wind and down slope of the latrine.

You might be a veteran if . . . you still have an urge to line up your shoes under your bed.

Or . . . your two-year old calls everyone in BDUs "daddy." You might be a veteran if . . . when your kids are too noisy, you announce "at ease!"

You might be a veteran if . . . you've seen the movie "Patton" enough times to memorize his speech.

Or . . . cable news is your favorite program. The History channel is your next favorite.

You might be a veteran if . . . you ruin movies for everyone around you by pointing out the unrealistic military scenes.

And the biggest indicator you might be a veteran is

. . . if you understood and related to this list!!!

In a little over a week, our nation will observe Veterans Day. To some Americans, it will be viewed simply as a day off from work; a day to kick back and relax.

We all would be wise to instead recognize it as a significant national holiday . . . a day where we pause and honor all veterans who have served to fight for and protect the freedoms we enjoy—to enjoy our prosperity and our freedom to be able to kick back and relax.

As George Orwell wrote. "We sleep safely in our beds because rough men stand ready in the night to visit violence on those who would do us harm."

If you like your freedoms—thank a veteran.

I would ask the Veterans with us here today to please stand up. Ladies and gentlemen, let's recognize these distinguished individuals.

Let's pause for a moment and seriously reflect on just what is a veteran.

Some veterans bear visible signs of their service; a missing limb, a jagged scar, a certain look in the eye.

Others may carry the evidence inside of them, a pin holding a bone together, a piece of shrapnel in the leg—or perhaps another sort of inner steel. The soul's ally forged in the refinery of adversity.

Except in parades, however, the men and women who have served their country and kept it safe, wear no badge or emblem. You can't tell a vet just by looking.

Most veterans live quietly and anonymously among us. They are our grandparents to some, parents to other's, brothers and sisters to many.

Just who is a veteran? A veteran might be the elderly gentleman at the supermarket—palsied now and aggravatingly slow—who helped liberate a Nazi death camp in WWII and who wishes all day long that his wife were still alive to hold him when the nightmares come.

He is the retiring businessman whose co-workers never guessed that behind his quiet demeanor is the hero of four hours of exquisite bravery against near impossible odds—50 years ago, in the bitter cold, near the 38th parallel of Korea.

She—or he—is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night for a solid year in the heat of Vietnam.

He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day making sure armored personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel.

He is the POW who went away one person and came back another—or didn't come back at all.

He—or she—is the person who served in the garrisons and training fields of our country. Who did not deploy, but served in ways that don't grab headlines. Who kept on doing what we are paid to do—training soldiers. And who played a critical role in caring for the families left behind.

A veteran is the three anonymous heroes in The Tomb of the Unknowns, whose presence at the Arlington National Cemetery must forever preserve the memory of all the anonymous heroes whose valor dies unrecognized with them on the battlefield, or the ocean's sunless depths.

Or close to home, a vet is a 22-year-old sailor named Cherone Gunn, who left his aunt and uncle's house (Mr. and Mrs. Taylor) in Rex, GA to join the Navy, serve his country and get some experience. But instead, while serving aboard the U.S.S. *Cole*, was killed in the prime of his life by a senseless terrorist act.

A veteran is an ordinary and yet extraordinary human being. A person who offered some of his life's most vital years in the service of our country, and who sacrificed his ambitions, and all too often his life, so others would not have to sacrifice theirs.

A veteran is a soldier, sailor, airman or marine. A citizen—a "regular guy or gal" who answered our country's call to service.

A veteran is America's sword against the darkness, the embodiment of the finest, greatest testimony on behalf of the finest, greatest nation ever known.

A veteran is an American citizen who also embodies the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us."

Because a veteran sees service to our country as an affair of the heart.

I'd like to share with you for a minute a short poem whose authorship is unknown. It is entitled "It's the Soldier!" But it speaks to all service members . . . to all service members of this magnificently free country:

It's the Soldier!

When the country has been in need, it has Always Been The Soldier!

It's the soldier, not the newspaper which has given us

the freedom of the press—

It's the soldier not the poet, who has given us the freedom of speech—

It's the soldier, not the campus organizer, who has given us the freedom to demonstrate—

It's the soldier, who salutes the flag, and serves under the flag—

It's the soldier whose coffin is draped with the flag,

Who allows the protester to burn the flag— And, it's the soldier who is called upon to defend our way of life!

Millions of Americans have served this country since the days of the American Revolution. Many have made the ultimate sacrifice. And many are buried at Arlington or a host of other national and private cemeteries at home and abroad.

The road we have traveled to get to where the world is today was made possible by the sacrifices of our veterans, and their families.

So remember, each time you see someone who has served our country, just lean over and say "Thank you." That is all most people need, and in most cases, it will mean more than any medal they could have been awarded.

I keep a poem with me when I am deployed. At home, it also sits on my desk. Its author is a Vietnam veteran, George L. Skypeck.

George's poem reminds me of how proud I am of my profession. I'd like to share it with you. It has special meaning to me—I'm sure it will to our veterans and their families as we pause to honor them on this special occasion:

I was that which others did not want to be. I went where others feared to go, and did what others failed to do.

I asked nothing from those who gave nothing and reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness . . . should I fail.

I have seen the face of terror, felt the stinging cold of fear, and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moment's love.

I have cried, pained and hoped . . . but most of all,

I have lived times others would say were best forgotten.

At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud of what I was . . . A Soldier.

On behalf of a very grateful nation, I thank all veterans and their families for their sacrifices and their service.

Americans can sleep safely at night. And Americans owe you an eternal debt of gratitude.

THE IMMIGRANT'S JOURNAL

HON. EDOLPHUS TOWNS

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 7, 2000

Mr. TOWNS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the publication that has been making a significant contribution to the immigrant community in Brooklyn—The Immigrant's Journal.

The Immigrant's Journal is a widely read and widely distributed newspaper in New York City, dealing with immigration and related issues facing the 2 million immigrants living in New York City. In the pages of the Immigrant's Journal, one will find articles on immigration, family matters, real estate, the criminal justice system and the political system. With the vast array of immigration related legislative proposals before Congress, and the multiple problems facing immigrants in the processing of their visas, it is indisputable that this journal represents an idea whose time has come. Apart from its purely informational mission, the Journal seeks to correct and change the misleading stereotypes which some native-