Mr. SIMPSON. Mr. Chairman, I would like to revise my earlier statement during debate on the Hooley amendment to H.R. 1157, the Pacific Salmon Recovery Act. During the debate I erroneously stated the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) had ordered a landowner in my district to fill in an illegally dug stream channel. It was the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers that told my constituent to fill in the stream channel.

TRIBUTE TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS ACADEMY

HON. CHARLES B. RANGEL

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 14, 2001

Mr. RANGEL. Mr. Speaker, I rise before you today to share with you and my colleagues here in the House, an article which appeared in the June 11, 2001 edition of The Washington Times about Frederick Douglass Academy which is located in my 15th Congressional District in central Harlem.

As a graduate of Frederick Douglass Academy, I am most proud of the hard work and commitment of their principal, Gregory Hodge and the teachers who go beyond the call of duty to see that each child leaves there with a good education.

Just recently, I sponsored two Congressional Pages who are students at Frederick Douglass, Charzetta Nixon and Leon Harris, and I am proud to say that they truly represented the best of the Academy and my Congressional District.

I commend this article to my colleagues knowing that with students like those at Frederick Douglass Academy, this nation's future is in good hands.

[From the Washington Times, June 11, 2001]

LOW BUDGET, HIGH ACHIEVERS

STAFF'S COMMITMENT DRIVES A SCHOOL'S SUCCESS IN HARLEM

(By Nate Hentoff)

Most polls indicate that education leads all other concerns among Americans. Parents, whatever they themselves have achieved, or not achieved, want their children to succeed in school and therefore in life. Many parents become desperately disappointed. Yet, in 40 years of writing about schools, I've seen that depression lift as a principal reinvents the wheel and shows how all children can learn.

A current reinventor of the wheel of learning is Gregory Hodge, the principal of the Frederick Douglass Academy in central Harlem, a predominantly black and Hispanic area of New York City.

I was not surprised when I read a story about his school earlier this year in the New York Times because I once wrote a book—''Does Anybody Give a Damn: Nat Hentoff on Education''—about schools in ''disadvantaged'' neighborhoods that also expected all of their students to learn. And they did learn.

Of the 1,100 students at the Frederick Douglass Academy, a public school, 80 percent are black and 19 percent are Hispanic. Some come from homes far below the poverty line. In a few of those homes, one or both parents are drug addicts. Seventy-two percent of the students are eligible for free lunch.

The dropout rate is 0.3 percent. If a student doesn't show up at a tutoring session, his teacher calls his mother, father or other caregiver. Every student is expected to go to college. As the New York Times reported, ''In June of last year, 114 students graduated and 113 attended colleges, some going to Ivy League or comparable schools.'' The 114th student was accepted by the Naval Academy.

During the Great Depression, I went to a similar public school. All of us were expected to go to college. Most of us were poor. At the Boston Latin School, as at the Frederick Douglass Academy, there was firm, but not abusive, discipline. And we had three hours of homework a night. There were no excuses for not turning in the work. At the Frederick Douglass Academy, the students have four hours of homework a night.

The students there take Japanese and Latin in middle school and can switch to French or Spanish in high school. At Boston Latin, we had to take Latin and Greek as well as American history. The kids at Frederick Douglass can take advanced placement courses not only in American history, but also in calculus and physics. I flunked beginning physics.

Moreover, the students at Frederick Douglass mentor elementary-school children at the public school next door. ''The idea,'' Mr. Hodge told the New York Times, ''is to show students that they have responsibilities to the Harlem community. And they are expected to be leaders and help Harlem grow.''

Near Boston Latin Schools, there were elementary school kids who, without mentoring, didn't have much of a chance to believe that they could someday go to college. But our Boston Latin principal didn't send us out to be part of a larger responsibility.

So how come Frederick Douglass Academy does what a public school is supposed to do—lift all boats? The principal, who reads every one of the 1,100 report cards, demands that his teachers expect each child to learn. The school works, he says, because it has committed teachers. ''They come in early and stay late. The teachers go with them to colleges. Some have gone in their own pockets for supplies . . . Teachers here will do everything they can to make sure kids are successful.''

A senior who had been in a high school outside New York City explained the success of the school—and his own success there—succinctly: ''They want you to learn here.''

I have been in schools at which principals are seldom seen because they don't want to take responsibility for problems that arise. And I know teachers who have enabled kids to learn in their classrooms, but worry about sending the students on to teachers who are convinced that children from mean streets and homes without books can learn only so much.

And I remember a president named Bill Clinton who spent a lot of time focusing on affirmative action to get minority kids into college. For the most part, he ignored the students who never get close to going to college because of principals, teachers and school boards who do not expect all kids to learn, and so do not demand that they do.

At a New York City school board meeting years ago, I heard a black parent accuse the silent officials: ''When you fail, when everybody fails my child, what happens? Nothing. Nobody gets fired. Nothing happens to nobody, except my child.''

He was torn between grief and rage. So are many American parents these days. At the Frederick Douglass Academy, parents see their children grow in every way. And it is a public school.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. NEIL ABERCROMBIE

OF HAWAII

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 14, 2001

Mr. ABERCROMBIE. Mr. Speaker, yesterday, June 13, I was unavoidably absent and I was unable to vote on two rollcall votes. Had I been present, I would have voted as follows: Rollcall No. 158, approval of the Journal, ''yea'', Rollcall No. 159, passage of H.R. 1157, ''yea''.

FLAG AND FATHERS' DAY 2000

HON. JOHN L. MICA

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 14, 2001

Mr. MICA. Mr. Speaker, on Flag Day and as we approach Fathers' Day 2000, I thought it would be appropriate to share with my colleagues and include in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD excerpts from the publication ''War Letters: Extraordinary Correspondence from American Wars'', and a subsequent article authored by Andrew Carroll. I do not recall ever having read anything that better captures the joy of fatherhood, the scale of individual sacrifice for our Nation, or that conveys more fitting appreciation of our national insignia—our flag. In an era when nearly a third of our sons and daughters are raised without a father, when the traditional family and patriotism are wavering, it is my hope that these powerful letters may serve as a small inspiration.

Author Andrew Carroll provides a preface introduction and details the circumstances relating to the writing of each letter.

Twenty-six-year-old Capt. George Rarey, stationed in England, was informed of the birth of his first child just moments after coming back from a mission on March 22, 1944. Overwhelmed with joy, Rarey sent a letter to his wife Betty Lou (nicknamed June) in Washington, DC. A talented artist, Rarey drew a sketch to commemorate the event.

Darling, Darling, Junie!

Junie, this happiness is nigh unbearable—Got back from a mission at 4:00 this afternoon and came up to the hut for a quick shave before chow and what did I see the deacon waving at me as I walked up the road to the shack? A small yellow envelope—I thought it was a little early but I quit breathing completely until the wonderful news was unfolded—A son! Darling, Junie! How did you do it?—I'm so proud of you I'm beside myself—Oh you darling.

All of the boys in the squadron went wild. Oh its wonderful! I had saved my tobacco ration for the last two weeks and had obtained a box of good American cigars—Old Doc Finn trotted out two quarts of Black and White from his medicine chest and we all toasted the fine new son and his beautiful Mother . . . .

Junie if this letter makes no sense forget it—I'm sort of delirious—Today everything is special—This iron hut looks like a castle—The low hanging overcast outside is the most beautiful kind of blue I've ever seen—I'm a father—I have a son! My darling Wife has had a fine boy and I'm a king—Junie, Darling, I hope it wasn't too bad—Oh I'm so glad its over—Thank you, Junie—Thank you—thank you . . . .