

President Woodruff has received recognition from the community for her work to increase diversity on campus, including the Award of Merit from Napa County Landmarks for her leadership in establishing the Native American Dedication Garden at the Upper Valley Campus.

Among her innovations, she developed programs in paralegal services, viticulture, computer networking, culinary arts and a Fish and Game Academy. She also developed and implemented a comprehensive technology plan to better serve the students, faculty, and staff, including on-line non-credit classes and live interactive classes between the two Napa Valley campuses.

President Woodruff has also been an active participant in the community with such organizations as Napa Rotary, Leadership Napa Valley, the Culinary Institute of America, the Napa Valley Opera House, Queen of the Valley Hospital, the Napa Chamber of Commerce and the Napa Valley Symphony.

Mr. Speaker, President Diane Carey Woodruff has served her college and her community tremendously well. Therefore, it is appropriate that we honor her today for her many contributions and wish her well in her retirement.

IN HONOR OF SERGEANT WESLEY  
R. CALLOWAY

### HON. ROBERT MENEDEZ

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, November 28, 2001*

Mr. MENEDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Sergeant Wesley R. Calloway of the Jersey City Police Department for his years of distinguished service on behalf of the citizens of Jersey City, NJ. Sergeant Calloway will be honored at a special retirement ceremony on Thursday, November 29, 2001, to commemorate his 28 years as a Jersey City Police Officer. The ceremony will take place at Puccini's Restaurant in Jersey City, NJ.

As an experienced veteran of the Jersey City Police Department, Sergeant Calloway has enjoyed a successful law enforcement career that included numerous awards and acclamations. During his extensive career, he has received a Commendation, two Class D Awards, and four Excellent Police Service Awards.

A graduate of Snyder High School and the Teterboro School of Aeronautics, Sergeant Calloway also served honorably in the Jersey City Army National Guard from 1969 until 1975. While in the National Guard, he was the recipient of the Army Service Ribbon and the New Jersey Good Conduct Medal.

Throughout his career, Sergeant Calloway has successfully balanced his professional responsibilities with his civic duties. He currently serves as a member of the New Jersey Police Honor Legion and is a Boy Scouts of America Troop Leader.

Sergeant Calloway and his wife Vivian are the proud parents of their son Brandon.

Today, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring Sergeant Wesley Calloway for his selfless and committed service on behalf of the residents of New Jersey's 13th Congressional District.

HONORING THE DENVER POST'S  
EDITORIAL WRITER PENELOPE  
PURDY

### HON. MARK UDALL

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, November 28, 2001*

Mr. UDALL of Colorado. Mr. Speaker, I rise to congratulate Penelope Purdy, a member of the editorial board of the Denver Post. Ms. Purdy's columns and editorials on land and natural resource protection issues were recently recognized by The Wilderness Society, which selected her as the 2001 recipient of the Aldo Leopold Award for Editorial Writing.

This award was established by The Wilderness Society in 1998. It is given to an editorial writer "who has produced editorials forcefully making the case for protecting America's remaining wild lands." It is named for Aldo Leopold, a celebrated conservationist and a founder of The Wilderness Society whose book "A Sand County Almanac" has come to be viewed as one of the leading guides for the establishment of an environmental ethic focused on the conservation of landscapes and ecosystems. I can think of no one who is more deserving of this award than Penelope Purdy.

Ms. Purdy's body of work is impressive. She holds a masters degree in international and intercultural communications, and writes on a wide variety of domestic and foreign-policy issues. But her contributions on environmental topics are especially noteworthy. She has come to be seen as an expert on these issues, which run the gamut of Superfund cleanups, forest policies, public land recreational use, growth and open space management, federal land agency budgets and pollution of the atmosphere and water.

Her insights on these issues—so important for all of us in Colorado and the west—have had a very beneficial effect on the shaping of public policy. But it is her work on lands protection—the work that drew the attention of The Wilderness Society—that is especially extensive and distinguished.

Through a number of columns, she has effectively and forcefully promoted the practical virtues of protecting special, vanishing lands in Colorado and throughout the west. She is not simply an automatic proponent of any and all lands protection proposals, but evaluates each one on its individual merits and doesn't hesitate to make suggestions based on on-the-ground realities and real world politics. Her well-reasoned arguments have in fact helped persuade others to join in the efforts to preserve what is left of the stunning and majestic landscapes in Colorado.

I have heard it said that while good poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity, good journalism is more like apathy stung awake in a beehive. In either case, the best writing requires passionate involvement. And the quality of Ms. Purdy's prose is no exception. It obviously arises from her own passion and perspectives as a person who combines intelligence and understanding of complex issues with the personal and emotional values that come from experiencing the outdoors. She has personally visited many of the special places—in Colorado and elsewhere—that have been the subjects of her writings. This personal touch helps inform her views and leads to an enhanced understanding of her subject matter.

To illustrate, I am attaching two of her columns. One is an informative discussion of the complex realities of the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. The other gives a glimpse of Ms. Purdy's mountain-climbing experiences. The first is a matter of great importance to all Coloradans, while the latter has a particular resonance with those of us who have also spent time seeking to reach a summit or two.

In conclusion, I again congratulate Ms. Purdy on her well-earned award, and look forward to many more insightful, well-written contributions from her on important issues facing Colorado and the nation.

[From the Denver Post, Nov. 28, 2000]

ARSENAL'S HARSH REALITY

(By Penelope Purdy)

The Rocky Mountain Arsenal exudes such a warm, fuzzy image as a wildlife refuge that Coloradans sometimes forget it's still one of the most polluted landscapes in America.

In recent weeks, workers at the federal property north of Aurora discovered six bomblets that may contain sarin, a nerve gas so deadly just a drop will kill a person—and each grapefruit-sized mini-bomb could hold 1.3 pounds. Arsenal officials admit more unpleasant surprises might be unearthed as cleanup crews pick through the site's hazardous garbage.

That confession may surprise folks who view the arsenal as a place scout troops and school groups take guided tours to gawk at bald eagles and 300 species of birds, mammals and reptiles that make their home there.

But many of these creatures live on the arsenal simply because its 27 square miles represent some of the last open prairie in the metro area. It's a sad comment on the destructive impacts of urban sprawl that wild animals prefer to live atop chemical waste than amid endless strip malls.

Yet the animals' presence doesn't erase harsh facts about the land they inhabit:

Starting in 1942, the U.S. Army used the place to manufacture hideous weapons including sarin, mustard gas and wheat rust, a biological agent capable of wiping out crops.

From 1952 to 1988, Shell Oil Co. used the same property to make pesticides, some now outlawed as too dangerous.

For 40 years, the feds and Shell dumped deadly liquid and solid wastes into unlined pits.

Some of these pits, or basins, eventually leaked, letting poisons seep into the drinking water of nearby communities.

The government didn't keep proper tabs on where it tossed unused munitions, so sarin bomblets and other explosives may be strewn around several parts of the arsenal.

Worst of all: The 1996 pact between the feds and the state of Colorado really doesn't insist on decontaminating the land. It just calls for the feds and Shell to dig up the worst toxic goo and bury it elsewhere on the property. So the pact is less a cleanup plan than a reburial plot.

Changing the signs at the arsenal from army post to wildlife refuge didn't erase decades of lies, delays and political hardball that the feds used to stop Colorado from getting a more thorough cleansing of the place.

The feds cornered Colorado into this unhappy position despite bipartisan efforts to make the Army do better. In 1987, then-State Attorney General Duane Woodard, a Democrat, sued the federal government to force a cleanup. When Republican Gale Norton succeeded him in 1990, she pursued the case with gusto. Indeed, Colorado won several big federal court decisions.

But the Army maneuvered to stall and complicate the case. Meantime, Congress

grew alarmed at how much a full-blown decontamination of the site would cost—estimates ranged up to a mind-boggling \$20 billion. Congress would never approve such a massive amount.

So by 1995, then-Lt. Gov. Gail Schoettler, another Democrat, tried to bust loose the logjam. She got a deal inked by the state, the Army, Shell, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and U.S. Environmental Protection Agency.

The planned cleanup will cost about \$2 billion, of which more than \$700 million already has been spent.

Now the job of holding the feds' feet to the fire has fallen to Gov. Bill Owens, a Republican who shows the same high level of concern.

And rightly so, for the 1996 deal gave Colorado half-a-loaf. For example, Adams County communities whose drinking water was ruined by the arsenal's runoff had been promised clean water. But they'll get only 4,000 acre-feet annually instead of the 10,000 acre-feet they need.

Yet, without the 1996 pact, toxins might still be oozing into the environment; lawyers certainly would still be arguing; and Congress could still be refusing to fund any real cleanup work.

As it is, some progress has been made. The feds built systems to stop pollution from reaching drinking water supplies. Some chemicals have been incinerated. A vast vat of toxic sludge called Basin F has been dug up, and its materials moved to a more stable containment site. And arsenal workers are investigating suspected problem areas—which is how they found the sarin bomblets.

Much more work lies ahead. In fact, the 1996 plan envisioned the cleanup taking at least 10 years.

Even when the plan is fulfilled, though, the place will still be polluted by substances that require decades, sometimes centuries, to break down into less toxic forms.

So despite the eagles and tour groups, here's the harsh reality about the arsenal: It will harbor deadly wastes for longer than our great-grandchildren will be alive.

[From the Denver Post, Sept. 18, 1994]

#### TRUMPION ON THE SEVENTH TRY

(By Penelope Purdy)

A rainbow had decorated the previous evening. At dawn, the air's chill reminded us that autumn was peeking around the corner of the calendar. Now, in mid-morning, the cobalt September sky turned hot. Dark glasses replaced head lamps.

At about 13,000 feet above sea level, I paused and wondered when tenacity mutates into obsession.

During journeys to this valley near Westcliffe in south-central Colorado, my boots had trod many summits—Kit Carson, Challenger Point, Humboldt Peak, Crestone Needle, all of them over 14,000 feet in elevation. Crestone Peak, however, had eluded me. Six times I had been turned back from its top by lightning, fatigue and route-finding errors.

This commonly climbed mountain should not have stirred such strong emotions. I really had nothing to prove, with a Himalayan ascent, two summits in the Andes, and 52 of Colorado's 54 "14-ers" to my credit. Yet I returned repeatedly to battle this heap of loose rock.

"We've got it now," said the fellow with twinkling eyes who stood by my side. John was his name, and he had already been up this mountain, as he had all Colorado's "14-ers" and most of the state's summits over 13,000 feet. He was here this day because he likes the mountains, and because he knew how important this peak was to me.

For nearly a decade, we had shared a rope, a tent, and many peaks and valleys. The years and the memories had molded a relationship as close as two people can share without physical intimacy.

"Yeah, well, partner, I never say we have it until we really have it. I think it's bad karma," I said.

"I don't believe in karma," he replied. As we trudged up the next 500 vertical feet, we debated the relative merits of karmic Buddhism vs. rational empiricism.

He had saved my hide more times than I could count: grabbing me when I slipped on a slick log bridge so I didn't pitch head-first into a roaring stream with a full pack; carrying me to safety when I had broken a bone in a wilderness fall . . .

I remembered how on Kit Carson Peak, he and I were with another friend who was an inexperienced climber, and who had grown nervous at a certain tough spot. John had said, "Steve, if you don't think you can cut the mustard, I have some right here"—and John whipped out of his coat pocket a deli-sized packet of Grey Poupon. Steve's nervousness evaporated into laughter.

Now, on Crestone, partner John was jesting again, venting his Walter Mitty day dreams, pretending we were grappling with some huge Himalayan summit alongside the great names of mountaineering: Messner, Bonington, Scott. Perhaps they were souls only other climbers revere, but they were real people, real legends, real inspirations to all weekend warriors in all the world's great ranges.

As we clambered up the rubble-strewn gully, John began to move faster and so at one point he pulled ahead.

Looking at his boot soles reminded me of an episode on Mount of the Holy Cross. He and I had finished a splendid early summer ascent of the snow-filled east gully, but during the descent found ourselves traveling over snow so soft it wouldn't support our weight. Underneath this rotten layer hid a hard ice sheet. John slipped, slid, and couldn't stop himself with his ice ax. My choices: step out of the way and let my partner smash into the rocks below, or thrust myself into his path to check his fall. Our chests slammed into each other, and I staggered back, grateful his sharp-pointed crampons had missed my ribs. Friendship is the instinct that overwhelms selfishness.

Crestone Peak is split like a gun sight, so when we topped the gully we peered down the steep other side. Then it was a short scramble to the top, with its grand views of other high summits and the Great Sand Dunes. The raptor who had been feuding with ravens had flown off, but we still could see the big horn sheep far below. No other humans were in view.

With the help of a great soul mate, I'd finally triumphed on the seventh try. Now it was clear which was the most important, the peak or the friendship.

As we descended, I remembered an old climber's saying: you never really conquer a mountain. You stand on its summit for a few moments, then the wind blows your footprints away.

#### PERSONAL EXPLANATION

### HON. RUBÉN HINOJOSA

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 28, 2001

Mr. HINOJOSA. Mr. Speaker, I regret that I was unavoidably detained this morning. Had I been present, I would have voted "yes" on

rollcall 451. In addition I would have voted "yes" on rollcall No. 448, but was also unavoidably detained.

#### PERSONAL EXPLANATION

### HON. BOB CLEMENT

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 28, 2001

Mr. CLEMENT. Mr. Speaker, on rollcall vote No. 450, I was unavoidably detained on official business. Had I been present, I would have voted "yea," and I ask unanimous consent that this statement be placed in the appropriate portion of the RECORD.

Mr. Speaker, on rollcall vote No. 449, I was unavoidably detained on official business. Had I been present, I would have voted "yea."

#### IN HONOR OF DEPUTY POLICE CHIEF THOMAS P. KANE

### HON. ROBERT MENENDEZ

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 28, 2001

Mr. MENENDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor and pay tribute to Deputy Police Chief Thomas Kane of the Jersey City Police Department. On Thursday, November 29, 2001, Thomas Kane will celebrate his retirement with family, friends, and colleagues at Puccini's Restaurant in Jersey City, NJ.

As a 28-year veteran of the Jersey City Police Department, Thomas Kane has enjoyed an extensive and successful career as one of Jersey City's finest. In 1973, Thomas Kane joined the Jersey City Police Department. Quickly earning the respect and admiration of his peers and supervisors, he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant in 1979. In 1985, Thomas Kane was again rewarded for his hard work and commitment, when he was appointed to the rank of Lieutenant. Between 1992 and 1994, Officer Kane served as a Commander in the Records Bureau and North District Divisions. Following his assignment in the Records Bureau and North District, he was promoted to Inspector and headed up the Inspectional Services Unit in the Office of the Chief of Police. In 1997, Mr. Kane assumed the rank of Deputy Chief.

A graduate of St. John's Grammar School and St. Michael's High School, Thomas Kane received his Bachelors of Arts in Economics from New Jersey City University. He later continued his studies at New Jersey City University by acquiring his Master's Degree in Criminal Justice.

An active community leader and role model for Jersey City youths, Thomas Kane serves as a member of the Jersey City Police Emerald Society and the Police Department's We Care Basketball Team. In addition, he serves as Executive Vice President of the Deputy Chiefs of Police Association of the State of New Jersey.

Thomas Kane and his wife Pamela are the proud parents of two daughters, Tara and Erin.

Today, I ask my colleagues to join me in honoring Thomas Kane for his commitment to helping others and for his years of distinguished service in the Jersey City Police Department.