

When Lori was appointed Field Mobilization Director in 2008, she supported and encouraged the participation of members from a wide variety of legislative and community programs. Her efforts were aimed at continuing the success of the WSLC's Labor Neighbor Political Program and tackling workforce training and apprenticeship issues. Lori has also been active in WSLC's Washington Industrial Safety and Health Act (WISHA) Monitoring Committee, as well as with several government task forces and councils focused on workforce development policies.

After years of tireless work, Lori announced earlier this year that she would retire in November. Despite her retirement, Lori plans on remaining active in labor causes and will no doubt continue to make a positive impact on our community.

Mr. Speaker, it is with great honor that I recognize and congratulate Lori Province on her retirement and her outstanding work in the labor community.

IN RECOGNITION OF DOUGLAS
GILDNER'S SERVICE AS FIRE
CHIEF OF THE CITY OF
SOUTHGATE

HON. DEBBIE DINGELL

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 4, 2015

Mrs. DINGELL. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the Fire Chief of Southgate, Michigan who is retiring this month after 27 years of service to the Southgate Fire Department, the last six as the City's Fire Chief.

Since he first started with the department in 1988, Doug has been known for being temperate and hard-working. These traits have earned him the credibility to be a consensus builder in the community and enabled him to navigate the department through good times as well as challenging times. Embodying the idea that hard work pays off, Doug has climbed the ranks in the department all the way to the top. Becoming chief in 2009, Doug's ability to build relationships with the other area chiefs has had a profound impact on strengthening morale and improving safety in the Downriver communities.

Doug has always been a member of the community first, and that's not going to change. He will continue to teach young firefighters at Schoolcraft College, preparing new teams of heroes to keep our communities safe. Doug serves as an excellent role model not only for these students, but in his newest and most important position: grandfather.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me today to honor Chief Douglas Gildner for his twenty seven years of service and his lasting impact on the Downriver communities. I thank him for his leadership, and wish him many years of happiness.

HONORING BRAVE MEN AND
WOMEN WHO HAVE SERVED OUR
COUNTRY

HON. DAVID YOUNG

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 4, 2015

Mr. YOUNG of Iowa. Mr. Speaker, I rise today as we approach Veterans Day to honor the brave men and women who have served our country in uniform. Earlier this year I met with a group of young Iowans belonging to the Junior Optimists Club—they found a truly unique way to pay tribute to our Iowa veterans.

The Sidey family owned and published the Free Press in Greenfield, Iowa, for over 125 years. The Free Press would publish letters Iowa servicemen sent home to their families over the years. The Junior Optimists I met went through the Sidey's collection of soldiers' letters from World War II. They picked out the ones they found most interesting or compelling and read them aloud at a Flag Day celebration that I was fortunate to attend.

I want to share them here with my colleagues in the House of Representatives so that we and future generations may always remember the very real and human struggles our men and women face as they leave their loved ones behind to bravely serve our country with dignity, honor, and distinction.

Corporal Russell Smith, serving with the Army in North Africa, wrote the following letter dated May 23, 1943, to his sister:

Will write a few lines tonight to let you know I am getting along ok and hope this find you the same. We haven't been doing much since the war is over down here. Up to now we have been gathering and cleaning up all the German equipment that they left. There is everything from a rifle up to an airplane. Lots of tanks and big guns. They burned about everything though, so it isn't much good for anything except iron. I didn't know they had as much stuff in the whole German army as I've seen here in the last couple of weeks. Right now that is for a week. Believe it nor not, we are on a week's vacation on the beach of the Mediterranean. We have to do a little fishing in the forenoon but in the afternoon we can do anything we like, go boating, swimming, play ball or drink wine or just lay around and sleep. This probably isn't all as good as it sounds but it's sure a good break for after what we've been through. I've had some pretty good experiences or I might say not so good. We had everything from mortar shells to bombs dropped on us and sometimes I thought every Hynie in the German army was firing machine guns and rifles at us. We were pinned down several times, but the longest was one day when we were attacking a hill and pinned down about 6 in the morning and had to lay there all day with only a little bunch of grass in front of some of us, and some didn't even have that. Didn't hardly dare wiggle a finger or they would let go everything that they had, and I mean we didn't move until it got dark. Didn't take a drink of water or smoke a cigarette, and boy it was hot. Les was also in that same battle the day before. That's about all I can tell you about it so will call it enough.

The following are a few extracts from a letter written by Sgt. Ernest L. "Budd" Jenkins dated June 23, 1943 from Camp Shelby, Mississippi to his Aunt and Uncle—Mr. and Mrs. Charley Gillham.

I have a good excuse for not answering your letter sooner as I have been in the field on firing problems and naturally there is no way of writing letters while out in the woods. That's some life, setting our big guns in position and firing in the heat of the day about 102 all day long. Then black-out driving at pitch dark into another position to make a surprise attack on the enemy. When we finally slow up to see if we can get a few hours sleep we battle mosquitoes, insects, lizards and snakes and finally roll up in stubborn sleep, when bang "Fire Mission" and we roll out to produce fire from our guns. We like it and we'll do it until we're tops, so darn good that when we go over there well have Nazis and [Japanese] running in every direction. Look what the artillery did to the Germans over in Africa. I can't tell you how happy I am to do my bit. I'm only one in about 10,000 trying to get do my bit. I hope all of you are well and happy. I'd like awfully well to see you.

Write soon,

BUDD.

Private Floyd Stimen, September 11, 1943, while serving in Italy:

I sure will be glad when this war is over and everything is back to normal. Am pretty sure I am going out of the Navy for I want a normal home and a decent job and few of the things they are promising us now. All I have to say is that they better make those promises good. For these fellows are sure counting on it, and there will be enough of them to make it pretty hot if they don't make good on their promises. I am so damn tired of all this fighting when all you have to look forward to is going to sea again with duty 16 and 18 hours a day.

I guess my stay in the hospital has spoiled me. I know it softened me up a lot for I lost over 20 pounds but have started to gain it back again now. I kinda miss seeing all those good looking nurses around but I guess it's just as well for they had me spoiled. They are really a swell bunch of people. (1 in particular) for she always treated me well. She used to get me special food and ice cream, anything I wanted and the rest of the patients had to take what they got. I can tell you now, I am well and out of there but you about lost your "little boy Floydie" for a couple of times I about bled to death and they had to give me transfusions but that's all in the past and forgotten. I am going to take the nurse that was good to me out to dinner and a show Monday night to show my appreciation.

Well folks, I am about run down so will close for this time. I hope you are all ok. Write me at the new address. Tell everyone hello for me.

All my love,

FLOYD.

This letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beaman of Canby, Iowa from Technical Sergeant Adam C. Wygonik of Chicago, who was brought back to the United States on the SS *Gripsholm*, concerning their son, Sgt. Howard Beaman, a prisoner of war in Germany.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1943.

I am a very good friend of your son, Howard. I've been in the same squadron with him and even flew him in the same ship. We were also in the same camp in Germany, and when I left the camp in August (to be repatriated) Howard was in the best of health and feeling like a million. He is getting your mail and parcels quite regularly now (even though it takes six months to get there) and he sure does enjoy them. All last winter Howard was my bridge partner and all summer long he has been pretty busy managing "Beaman's Demons" baseball team there in camp. I

hope to be seeing Howard again, and I hope you'll see Howard at home very soon.

A letter to Mr. and Mrs. James Kralik of Nevinville from their son Corporal Roy Kralik, then a German prisoner of war:

DEAR FOLKS:

I suppose you are wondering about our Christmas here. It was all real nice under the circumstances. Had the barracks all decorated and a tree for each. Really looked nice and the spirit was high. The Red Cross put out a special Christmas parcel along with the regular parcel, so we were able to have fruit cake, candy, all kinds of spreads and the like, along with our regular meals. Eight of us boys cooked up our meal together and had a nice time along with a good meal. DeWayne and I baked a bunch of cupcakes so along with them we had fruit cake, candy and coffee, mashed potatoes, fried prem, bread, butter, jam, peanut butter and biscuits. Had special church services, a camp show, and all in all, it passed my expectations by far. Here's hoping you all had a nice Christmas and that everyone is well. Had a letter from Colleen and some more from you.

Best wishes,

ROY.

The following are a few extracts from a letter written by PFC Gerald L. Corey while stationed at Nashville Tennessee, to his mother, Mrs. Fred Heuckendorf.

It snowed Monday. We were up at 6:00 and stood guard until the truck came to take us on a truck ride. We waited all day until 5:00 that afternoon. Couldn't have any fires and it was cold as the dickens. We started out on what was supposed to be 100 miles. About midnight our truck slid off into a ditch and we were there about three hours. Everybody was cold, tired, and hungry. We were a sad bunch. We reached Carthage, Tennessee, about noon. They sure have some hills here. The sun was shining and it was warm but muddy. Finally had a meal, not much I had some candy bars, they come in handy. Enemy planes were flying over us all the time, had to keep down, it seemed pretty realistic. We pulled out and started walking about 7:30, Tuesday night until 2 o'clock in the morning. We were warm while hiking but when we laid down it was cold: we rested until 5:30. The enemy were about 5 hours walk from where we were so we started walking again meeting the enemy about eleven o'clock Wednesday morning and drove them back into the hills. We walked again two miles into Hickman, Tennessee. The General stopped us there and said the problem was over, about four o'clock. We were served sandwiches and coffee. We couldn't get to our rest camp until Thursday a.m. We had to wait and our bed rolls hadn't come. It started to rain. We headed for farmer's barns, hog sheds, hen houses, etc. Our bed rolls came Thursday a.m. at 3:00. It continued to pour down. Everybody was soaked. Nobody pitched tents but went back to the barns. We had breakfast at 6:30. Our trucks didn't come and we stayed in the barns till 6 that night, then moved to town and slept in a warehouse, it was cold and damp. Our trucks didn't come when it stopped raining Friday morning so we moved to the top of a big hill and pitched tents for the night, first good night's sleep for nearly a week. We start out on another problem Monday morning. The colonel said it wouldn't be as bad as the last one. The colonel and the general praised us on the way we came through the problem as it was 4 times worse than they had expected. If you want to send me anything just make it anything to eat. A small truck came out from town with cakes, candy bars, and ice

cream. Some scramble to get any of it! This is a wonderful life.

Love,

GARY.

Corporal John Gildemiester, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. J.H. Gildemiester, wrote from Iran.

Everything is still going swell. I have been in a hospital with an attack of appendicitis but recovered without an operation. I have had the pleasure of meeting an American missionary who has been here for twenty years. Have also seen several Biblical monuments which are real interesting.

In some parts of the country [there] are wheat fields, which are cut with a sickle and the bundles hauled home on mule's backs. They have a little machine with pointed wooden wheels which they run over the pile of bundles many times to thrash out the grain.

The bread is flat somewhat similar to rye crisp. I ate some fresh gazelle meat the other day, which was very good, however we do not have it very often. There is no steak to be had here at any price. We are unable to get any American station on the radio over here.

The following letter was received by Miss Elnora Smith of Orient concerning her brother, Sgt. Russell Smith, who was serving in Italy, and whose parents were dead.

MR. SMITH,

FEB. 1, 1943.

I do not know whether this letter will reach you or not as I do not know what your first name is but will try and see what happens. Your son, Sgt. Russell Smith, who is now serving with the armed forces in Italy and my son, Sgt. Ronald Greiman are very good friends so Ronald tells us. Now we have had three letters from Ronald today, saying he has been wounded in action somewhere between Dec. 25 and Jan. 10. He was hit by machine gun fire in his leg below the knee, and he said it was your son that helped rescue him. He said when he was hit in the leg and fell to the ground, he rolled himself down the hill or cliff and when your son, Sgt. Smith saw what happened, he ran to help him and carried him to safety under heavy machine gun fire. Then Sgt. Smith and another sergeant sent for some stretcher bearers and they carried our son 16 miles down the mountains till they came to a road where he could be hauled to some hospital. Sgt. Smith also bandaged his wounds as soon as he carried him to safety.

Now I want to tell you how grateful we are for what Sgt. Smith has done for our son, Sgt. Greiman, and when you write to your son, I wish you would mention this to him also. Ronald writes he has had his leg operated on and is getting along as well as could be expected. He says the doctors tell him that it will take 3 or 4 months to heal the wounds and 3 or 4 more months before he can get around on it. He also said he would be moved to Africa to some hospital there. Says his big worry now is wondering how his buddies are getting along that he left behind.

So we can see how these boys really get attached to one another. When you write to your son, I wish you would tell him how Ronald is doing and tell him that he was taken to Africa, then perhaps they can get in touch with each other. May God be with our sons and all other boys at the fighting fronts.

H.A. GRIEMAN.

Mr. Speaker, these are the words of brave men. And they ring as true today as they did over seventy years ago when they were written. They embody the ideals of this great nation and the ethos of our armed forces that have fought, sacrificed, and died for our country so that we can remain free.

Next week when we recognize these men and women on Veterans Day, look them in the

eye and say "Thank You." They know all too well what the words in these letters mean. And for their bravery and sacrifices, they deserve our unwavering gratitude and respect. May God bless them. And may God bless these United States of America.

IN RECOGNITION OF TIM DURAND'S SERVICE AS MAYOR OF RIVERVIEW

HON. DEBBIE DINGELL

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 4, 2015

Mrs. DINGELL. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Tim Durand for his 20 years of service as mayor of Riverview, Michigan.

First elected to office in 1987, Tim served a total of six years on the city council before being elected mayor in 1995. He has faithfully and honorably represented the citizens of Riverview for over 26 years, and his retirement is a huge loss to many. He has helped build Riverview into a thriving community, spearheading many projects, including the Riverview Municipal Building and the municipal boat launch, tennis courts, baseball diamonds, extensive senior citizen organized activities and 12 public parks. Often seen riding his bicycle, Tim is well-known for engaging citizens all over the city. He inspires participation in community efforts and leads by example, regularly sponsoring charity and booster events in Riverview. His commitment to the community is only matched by his dedication to his wife and two children, who have graciously shared Tim with us for more than two decades.

Tim's positive impact on the community is not limited to the city of Riverview. He has been a pivotal member of the Downriver Community Conference, serving as a past chair of this important regional development organization. The Dean of mayors in downriver communities of Michigan, he served with over 100 mayors and supervisors from area communities during the time he was mayor. He was always supportive, kind, and encouraging. His dedication to regional cooperation has made our downriver communities safer, more efficient, and more prepared to deal with the challenges of the 21st Century.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me today to honor Tim Durand for his 20 years of service as mayor of Riverview. I thank him for his leadership, and wish him many years of success.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE HOWARD COBLE

HON. EDDIE BERNICE JOHNSON

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, November 4, 2015

Ms. EDDIE BERNICE JOHNSON of Texas. Mr. Speaker, it is with great sorrow that I acknowledge the passing of Congressman Howard Coble, but with great joy that I recall his storied career as a public servant, and with even greater joy that I recall our significant friendship.

Mr. Coble represented North Carolina's 6th Congressional District from 1985 until his retirement in 2015, making him the longest-serving Republican House member in the state's