

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the members of the United States Senate are strongly urged not to consent to any protocol or agreement regarding the Global Climate Change, unless said protocol or agreement is:

(i.) accompanied by an analysis of the detailed explanation of any legislation or regulatory actions that would be required to implement the protocol or agreement; and

(ii.) accompanied by an analysis of the detailed financial costs and other impacts on the economy of the United States that would be incurred by implementation of the protocol or agreement.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that copies of this resolution be forwarded to the President of the United States, the Vice President of the United States, Senator Spencer Abraham, Senator Carl Levin, Oakland County Legislators, the Governor of the State of Michigan, and to Oakland County's Legislative Agents.

Chairperson, we move the adoption of the foregoing resolution.

SHELLEY TAUB,

*District #12.*

DONN L. WOLF,

*District #19.*

Vote on resolution, as amended:

AYES: Huntoon, Johnson, Law, McCulloch, McPherson, Moffin, Obrecht, Palmer, Powers, Schmid, Taub, Wolf, Amos, Dingeldey, Douglas, Garfield. (16)

NAYS: Holbert, Jacobs, Jensen, Kingzett, Coleman. (5)

A sufficient majority having voted therefor, the resolution, as amended, was adopted.

#### RECOGNIZING MS. THELMA SIAS

#### HON. THOMAS M. BARRETT

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, February 3, 1998*

Mr. BARRETT of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, today I would like to recognize Ms. Thelma Sias, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for her outstanding contributions to the community and her life long dedication to serving others.

Ms. Sias is the 1998 recipient of the "Drum Major Award" presented at the annual Martin Luther King, Jr. Breakfast in Milwaukee. This highly distinguished award is presented every year to an individual who has dedicated his or her life to public service and promoting positive change within the African-American community.

Throughout her years in Milwaukee, Ms. Sias has worked to affect positive change. As the Director for Community Programs at Wisconsin Gas Company, she has set out every day with one goal—to make a difference. She has served on countless boards and committees in Milwaukee where she has worked to revitalize neighborhoods, to provide food for the hungry, to advance women's issues, to improve education opportunities, and to make our neighborhoods safe for children. Ms. Sias is a passionate youth mentor and role model for Athletes for Youth, New Concepts Self Development Center, YMCA Black Achievers Program, and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. elementary schools.

Although Thelma is not one to seek praise, her work has not gone unnoticed. She has received a steady stream of accolades including the 1993 Honored Woman Award presented by the Women's Fund, the 1993 Future Milwaukee Community Service Award, the 1991

Milwaukee Times/TV 6 Black Excellence Award, the 1990 YWCA Outstanding Woman of Achievement Award and the 1989 Black Achiever of the Year in Business and Industry Award.

Now, in 1998, Thelma is receiving an award named after the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., a man she calls her "role model." How appropriate it is that someone who modeled her own life after the life of a man who made sacrifice after sacrifice for the benefit of others has become a role model to those who witness her work.

We, in Milwaukee, are lucky. Ms. Sias left Mississippi and adopted Milwaukee as her home and, in time, adopted each of us and shared with us her great love for her fellow man. Her contribution has been remarkable. Her recognition is deserved. I congratulate her on her accomplishment and I know that she will continue to devote her time and energy to making Milwaukee a better place.

#### TRIBUTE TO MISSOURI STATE SENATOR HAROLD L. CASKEY

#### HON. IKE SKELTON

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, February 3, 1998*

Mr. SKELTON. Mr. Speaker, it is a pleasure for me to rise to congratulate a friend and political colleague from Missouri, State Senator Harold L. Caskey, who was recognized recently for his outstanding work in behalf of people who are blind.

Harold was named 1997 State Official of the Year by the General Council of Industries for the Blind. It is a recognition he richly deserves in light of his work in enacting the State Use Law for the State of Missouri. In addition, his leadership and commitment to the Lighthouse for the Blind will open the door for blind people to receive training, and enable them to lead meaningful and independent lives.

My friend, Harold Caskey, is visually impaired, but there is no selfish motivation to his work to improve access to the blind. He stands out as a model civic leader, with a successful career in law and government. His blindness, however, has given him a unique vision and insight most people lack, and he is using that vision to pave the way for inclusion.

Mr. Speaker, I know my colleagues will join me in congratulating Harold Caskey, and join the General Council of Industries for the Blind in commending his good work.

#### A QUESTION OF HONOR

#### HON. JAMES M. TALENT

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, February 3, 1998*

Mr. TALENT. Mr. Speaker, I commend the remarks of William Bennett to my colleagues. His recent speech at the United States Naval Academy is an excellent discussion of what is important in our society.

#### DOES HONOR HAVE A FUTURE

(By William Bennett)

It is a privilege to address you this evening.

As way of background—not by way of boasting, but simply wondering out loud—I

should tell you that lately I have received invitations from all of the military academies looking for guidance and help on ethical issues. I will confess that it is a bit strange to me that a well-known former government employee and sometime philosopher like myself should be asked to address this assemblage on matters of ethics and honor, right and wrong, on the question, "Does Honor Have a Future?" But as Sir Thomas More said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the times."

And what do we make of these times? These are good times and bad times. We all know that there have been troubling, and even terrible, incidents here at the United States Naval Academy, and at other academies as well. While we should be bothered by these incidents, we should also be troubled by the superficial, flawed analyses these events have sometimes received. Most of these bottom on the limp excuse that the Academy simply reflects more general changes in society. It goes something like this: "There are these problems everywhere—so why not here? The Academy is just a reflection of the larger society." To which I would respond: no, it is not. Whether we are talking about Annapolis, West Point or Colorado Springs, you are supposed to be different—and in some important ways, you are supposed to be better. It was a wise man who said that when a man enters military life, he enters a higher form of civilization.

Former assistant secretary of the Army Sara Lister, who called the Marines "extremists," did not sufficiently grasp this point. But thank goodness many other Americans still do.

So yes, the military is—and ought to be—different in some important ways from the world outside its walls. It operates with a different code of conduct; a different set of activities; a different way of life. I have no doubt that most of you—perhaps all of you—will leave this academy changed in many important regards. Perhaps you can see the changes in your own life occurring even now.

Last year, I visited the United States Air Force Academy and spoke with one of the cadets, the son of a friend of my wife and me. He told me about the grueling schedule: drills, training, study, sports, lack of sleep, the constant pressure to perform, officers yelling at him to do better and to be better. I asked him two questions: When you are home on vacation, do your friends understand what it is you are going through? He told me no. I then asked him: do you like it here? And he said, "Mr. Bennett, I love it." And you could tell that he did—as I know many of you love the regimen here, even as you struggle to master it. And in mastering it, it is inevitable that you will draw back from some of the softness of contemporary civilian life.

I want to draw to your attention an extraordinary 1995 article in the Wall Street Journal, written by Thomas E. Ricks, about the transformation that took place in Marine recruits after eleven weeks of boot camp at Parris Island.

A Marine talked about his re-entry into society: "It was horrible—the train [ride home] was filled with smoke, people were drinking and their kids were running around aimlessly." Another private said this: "It was crowded. Trash everywhere. People were drinking, getting into fights. No politeness whatsoever." But he went on to say, "I didn't let it get to me. I just said, 'This is the way civilian life is.'" According to one Sgt. Major, "It is a fact of life that there isn't a lot of teaching in society about the importance of honor, courage, commitment. It's difficult to go back into a society of 'what's in it for me?'"

You know that this is, unfortunately, pretty accurate. There are plenty of people in

the rest of society, who live outside these walls, who do not identify with what you stand for; some who do not agree with it; and even some who scoff at honor codes and mission statements, feeling themselves superior to such things.

Here at Annapolis you learn obedience to orders, the responsibility of command, respect for authority. Here at Annapolis, you have dedicated yourself to high purpose and to noble cause. But in the twilight of this twentieth century, concepts like honor, nobility and manliness not only do not elicit approbation; they often illicit ridicule, scorn, mockery.

It brings to mind C.S. Lewis's book, *The Abolition of Man*. There, Lewis writes that "We make men without chests and expect of them virtue and enterprise. We laugh at honor and are shocked to find traitors in our midst."

America is the greatest nation in the history of the world—the richest, most powerful, most envied, most consequential. And yet America is the same nation that leads the industrialized world in rates of murder; violent crime; juvenile violent crime; imprisonment; divorce; abortion; sexually-transmitted diseases; single-parent households; teen suicide; cocaine consumption; per capita consumption of all drugs; and pornography production and consumption.

America is a place of heroes, honor, achievement and respect. But it is as well a place where far too often heroism is confused with celebrity; honor with fame; true achievement with popularity; individual respect with political correctness. From inside here you look out at a culture that celebrates self-gratification; the crossing of all moral boundaries; and now even the breaking of all social taboos. And on top of it all, too often the sound you hear is whining—the whining of America, what can only be heard as the enormous ingratitude of modern man toward our unprecedented prosperity and good fortune.

Despite our wonders and greatness, we are a society that has experienced so much social regression, so much decadence, in so short a period of time, that in many parts of America we have become the kind of place to which civilized countries used to send missionaries.

Of course this does not change your duty in general, or your duty to this country in particular. It doesn't mean you may not defend this nation, or be willing to give your life for it. Because the ideals of this nation are still the greatest ever struck off by the mind of man. And because we are a free society—with all of its attendant virtue and vice—we expect you to defend the whole nation. Your job, as you know—like it or not—is to defend the worst, as well as the best, of us.

So there is a difference, isn't there, between life here and outside. But let me be very candid and ask a question. There is doubt in Boulder, Birmingham, Boston and Buffalo. Is there also doubt about honor here in Bancroft Hall? Are the Midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy, and your colleagues, ever seized by mission doubt? Does doubt about honor gain any purchase here? Are you sure, in your bones and in your heart, as well as in your head, why honor is worthy of your allegiance?

I ask the question because I am told that among even the military's best and the brightest young men and women—that is, even among some of you here—there is confusion of purpose, attenuation of belief. What is it all about? What matters most? What is life for? What endures? These are the kinds of question young people within and outside the military have always asked. They are worthy of your attention, and ours. And they deserve, from your teachers and others, an answer.

Let me very briefly try to begin to answer these questions by using two contemporary reference points which celebrated major anniversaries in the summer of 1994. The first was the 25th year reunion of Woodstock. Woodstock, you may recall, was a rock festival held in New York in 1969. It was attended by 300,000 young people in the first 24 hours, and it was marked by rowdiness, drinking, drug use, and even death.

The other 1994 reference point was the 50th anniversary of Operation Overload, the Normandy invasion under the command of General Dwight David Eisenhower. This was, as you know, the largest amphibious landing in history. It was attended by about 170,000 young people in the first 24 hours. Let me say a few words about each. Back in the summer of '69, Woodstock was called the "defining event of a generation;" it was undoubtedly the high point of the counterculture movement in America. "If it feels good, do it" was a kind of unofficial banner under which the participants walked. But it is worth noting, I think, that most of those whose attended the 25th year reunion were not even at the original Woodstock rock festival. The reason, one can fairly surmise, is that for many of those who attended in August 1969, the memories were not good ones, not ones they wished to rekindle. Woodstock was not a place to which they wanted to go again. Many people grew up and grew beyond what Woodstock stood for; in adulthood, they consider it to have been childish, utopian, irrelevant, irresponsible, or worse. It was a chapter of their lives many would just as soon close, a memory they hoped would grow dim with the passage of time. And the deaths and sickness there were pointless, mindless, and avoidable. It was a season of drug overdoses and self-inflicted death.

Now compare the Woodstock reunion with the anniversary of D-Day, which took place on another coast, in the same year. What they were celebrating was something far different. Poignancy and dignity surrounded that event, precisely because the stakes involved were so high; the heroism so manifest; the examples so inspiring. Many listened to President Roosevelt's prayer, broadcast on D-Day, as he recognized the horror that awaited the young men who had embarked on "the Great Crusade."

"Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our Nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor . . . They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. For the enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces . . . They will be sore tired, by night and by day . . . The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violence of war."

As at Woodstock, there were deaths there. But they were different, in numbers and in cause. According to military author Paul Fussell, in one 10 minute period on Omaha Beach, a single rifle company of 205 men lost 197, including every officer and sergeant. But they were not pointless or avoidable deaths. The price was very high—but that for which they died was sacred. We remember. And their comrades-in-arms remember. And so those who could, came back.

My point is a simple one: Ephemeral things are the flies of summer. They drift away with the breeze of time. They are as wind and ashes. An event like Woodstock cannot hold the affections of the heart, or command respect, or win allegiance, or make men proud, or make their parents proud. It may be remembered by the media, but it leaves no lasting impression on the souls of men. It is forgotten. It was meant to be forgotten. People do not pilgrimage there, for it can give them nothing of worth.

Plato reminds us that what is real is what endures. Trenton, Midway and Tarawa; those

on the Bonhomme Richard and the crews of "Taffey Three" in Leyte Gulf; the Marines and brave naval officers at "Frozen Chosin"—these things endure.

In the Funeral Oration, Pericles said, "For it is only the love of honor that never grows old; and honor it is, not gain as some would have it, that rejoices the heart of age and helplessness."

Honor never grows old, and honor rejoices the heart of age. It does so because honor is, finally, about defending those noble and worthy things that deserve to be defended, even if it comes at a high cost. In our time, that may mean social disapproval, public scorn, hardship, persecution, or as always even death itself. The questions remain: What is worth defending? What is worth dying for? What is worth living for?

So let me end where I began. Does honor have a future? Like all things human, it is always open to question. As free citizens, we can always fail to live up to those "better angels of our nature." A lady reportedly asked Benjamin Franklin after the conclusion of the Constitutional Convention: "What kind of government have you given us, Dr. Franklin?" The good doctor replied, "A Republic—if you can keep it."

And so honor has a future—if we can keep it, and if you can keep it. We keep it only if we continue to esteem it, uphold it, value those who display it—and refuse to laugh at it.

Earlier in these remarks I suggested a gulf—sometimes even a chasm—between your life here and the rest of America. But there are bridges across the chasm, too—bridges made by hands and words and ideas that reach across generations, across the centuries, from military to civilian, from civilian to military. I am thinking of a small group of men, not soldiers, not naval officers. They were civilians—only civilians. but it was not by accident or luck that our Founders pledged to one another "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." They meant it. In this act of national baptism, we are all bound together.

It is your task, members of the brigade—it has been given to you, especially—to show the way as you and your forbearers, alive and dead, have showed the way before. We outside know you will do it again. And the children will learn by your example what honor means.

Thank you.

## TRIBUTE TO OSCAR LOYA

**HON. SAM FARR**

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, February 3, 1998*

Mr. FARR. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor a beloved and remembered man. Oscar Loya the superintendent of Alisal Union School District and community hero died on January 26th, 1998.

Oscar helped foster strong involvement in his home, the Salinas Valley, by being "an inspirational leader and a person who operated from the heart" (Roxanne Regules, principal of Caesar Chavez School). Last year Loya received a recognition of his accomplishments by President Clinton for bringing PeaceBuilders, a violence reduction program, to Salinas schools.

Immigrating to the United States at age 7, Mr. Loya, always concerned for others, gave many years of service toward improving the quality of education for migrant children. "He