go to Mr. and Mrs. Leland Haun of Clovis, CA, in my district who lost their dear son, Capt. Timothy Haun, at the young age of 33. May God bless Captain Haun, his family and his memory.

It perhaps goes without saying, that the brave passing of Captain Haun and his Air Force comrades has not been in vain, and that those who viscously perpetrated this outrage epitomize cowardice. Mr. Speaker, the guilty here are hardly deserving of the gift of life they have now so recklessly taken from others so worthy of it. While these terrorists still slither through the cracks and shadows of an unstable region, our quest to uncover them must be relentless because their actions have been a direct affront to the United States, its people, and its overall objective of creating a more secure and lasting peace. They should know that the United States is not intimidated, to the contrary, when brave servicemen die, we are even more resilient.

While our search for justice should be vigilant and our foreign policy unwavering, we should not lose sight of those who have just paid the ultimate sacrifice for their country's ideals. These men have passed in serving a vision tracing back to our Nation's first founding sacrifices at Boston, Concord, and Lexington. They, like their founders before them, have died for the principled tradition of freedom and liberty. They will not be forgotten.

REMEMBERING MOLLIE BEATTIE

HON. GEORGE MILLER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Mr. MILLER of California. Mr. Speaker, I am saddened to note today the passing of Mollie H. Beattie, the recently resigned Director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Ms. Beattie was a dedicated, intelligent, and determined administrator of the Service. During her 3-year tenure, she insisted upon basing her agency's actions on two very sound criteria: scientific knowledge and the law.

For that, she was criticized, second guessed, and vilified by some, but treasured and respected by far more. She had one of the toughest, but most important, jobs in Washington, and we will miss her thoughtful leadership.

I would like to share with my colleagues a moving tribute to Director Beattie written by Ted Gup for the Washington Post. I know that all of my colleagues join with me in expressing our deep condolences to her husband, Rick Schwolsky, and the rest of her family and her friends in Vermont, in Washington, and through the country.

[From the Washington Post, July 1, 1996]

WOMAN OF THE WOODS—MOLLIE BEATTIE, A NATURAL AS FISH & WILDLIFE CHIEF

(By Ted Gup)

Her obituary last week was correct in every particular: Her name was Mollie H. Beattie. She was 49, the first woman to head the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. As reported, she succumbed to a brain tumor, dying Thursday in a hospital in Townshend, Vt.

Hers appeared to be a short and public life, reduced to milestones of schools attended, positions held, survivors left behind. But obituaries, even more than most news accounts, demonstrate to those who know the subject how stark is the distance between mere accuracy and truth. Mollie, as she was known to one and all, was many things, but never a creature of Washington, never a composite of accomplishments and, most certainly, not a public being.

True, she had allowed herself to be thrust into the center of an intensely public debate, selected to hold aloft the tattered banner of conservation and the Endangered Species Act, which she viewed less as an act of civil legislation than divine ordination. But Mollie's brief and quiet sojourn in Washington—less than three years—left a lasting mark on both the physical landscape of the nation and the political terrain of conservation ethics.

I first met Mollie shortly after she arrived in Washington. She had consented to a series of personal interviews for a profile I was writing. I remember her pageboy haircut, her radiant face, utterly devoid of makeup, and her smart blue suit with brass buttons—a visible concession from someone who otherwise lived in jeans. Later I would speak with her about topics as diverse as tropical forests, endangered species and the National Biological Survey.

No sooner had she arrived than she put the agency on notice that change was in the offing. In the long hallway leading to the director's office, there is a portrait gallery of former directors—then black-and-white photos of middle-aged white men in stiff white shirts, dark jackets and Windsor knots. Mollie chose a color photo of herself in hip waders, holding a pair of field glasses and standing at the edge of the water. Just behind her, on the opposite shore, can be seen a Kodiak bear. It was a statement that needed no elaboration.

Conservationists immediately embraced her appointment as the ultimate victory. She was one of their own. But Mollie shunned the notion of being an eco-evangelist, combining hard science (a degree in forestry from the University of Vermont), a master's in public administration from Harvard, and a child's sense of awe. It would prove to be an irresistible combination for political friend and foe alike.

She came by her love of nature honestly. Her grandmother Harriet Hanna was a self-educated botanist and landscape artist who knew every tree by its Latin name and, like all the girls in the family, was richly eccentric. ''Her wackiness intrigued me as a kid,'' Mollie told me. ''She seemed a little freer than everybody else.'' Mollie recalled that her grandmother would be seen outside in her nightgown at 5 a.m., toting her 4–10 shotgun in search of opossums disturbing her garden. Her home was part animal shelter, part clinic—home to lame deer, birds with broken legs and raccoons that had become dependent on her largess. ''I got her ethic that if it moves, feed it,'' and Mollie.

Mollie's mother, Pat also has a fiercely independent streak and devotion to nature. Pat Beattie never told me how old she was, only that she was ''well over 65.'' She lives in a log cabin among eight acres of sagebrush south of Ketchum, Idaho. She rides horses climbs rocks and drives a Ford pickup. ''As I get older, I like the wilds better,'' she told me years ago.

As a young girl, Mollie would catch mice in the winter and make them a home in an aquarium feeding them hamster food. In spring, when food was more plentiful, she would release them. And always she had a gift for persuading even nonbelievers that nature was worth saving. When she was 8 and on a family vacation in California, she came upon a house sparrow with a broken wing. Against her mother's advice, she persuaded a pilot with United Airlines to allow the bird to ride with him in the cockpit from California to New York where she intended to nurse it back to health. The bird sat on the compass of the DC–7 all the way across the country. The pilot then drove the bird to his home in Putnam County but when he showed it to his wife, the bird keeled over dead. Four decades later, Mollis was still in mouring.

Her mother worried how Mollie would fare in Washington, a place where capitulation often passes for compromise. Her fears were unfounded. Mollie could be tough. Just ask Ralph Wright, former Vermont speaker of the house. ''Mollie just didn't take any crap from me,'' Wright once told me. ''She stood up to me when I tried to push her around. She gave it right back. I didn't mess with Mollie anymore.'' Mollie took a certain pride in standing her ground. She bristled when Wright once suggested she was a daughter of privilege. ''I'm as shanty Irish as he is—on both sides!'' she boasted.

Still, she was conciliatory by nature, uncomfortable with confrontation, not out of weakness but out of belief that even the human habitat—perhaps especially—was big enough to accommodate all species and manner of ideas. She had a supremely quiet confidence. ''I've always worked hard never to allow my lifestyle to rise to the level of my income or my expectations of my career to be one of an endlessly accending trajectory,'' she told me shortly after assuming office. ''I've worked very hard on those two things so I'm always free to go, because I know where my lines are. If you have to put it on the line, you have to put it on the line. There's a place past which it isn't worth it.''

Heading the agency was not an easy job for Mollie. She told her sister shortly after arriving that it was a great job—for 10 people. She maintained a dizzying schedule. Once, flying over Iowa, she could not remember if she was flying to the East or West Coast.

A few months after her arrival here I asked her what was the hardest thing about Washington, expecting her to cite the withering assault on conservation issues or the late-night hours in the office. Not Mollie. ''My hardest adjustment?'' She repeated. ''The lack of darkness at night, living in a place that's never quiet. The confinement of it. I'm used to absolutely unadulterated privacy. That's hard. It's a real loss that I can't just wander off into the woods.''

Mollie was neither ideologue nor politician. She held to the same positions in her personal life as her public life. Her mother recalls that Mollie shamed her into avoiding the purchase of any colored tissues, warning that the colors were slower to break down in the soil.

Fifteen years ago she let her guard down and admitted she'd gone to forestry school ''damn well determined to subvert the system.'' And she did just that. She helped to elevate the level of national debate while lowering levels of distrust and enmity that characterized much of the conservation issues in the '90s. During her brief watch at the Fish and Wildlife Service, another 15 wildlife refuges were added, more than 100 conservation habitat plans were agreed on between landowners and the government, and the gray wolf was reintroduced into the Northern Rockies. The wolf was one of her two favorite animals, the other being coyotes. ''There's something so wily and elusive and mysterious—they almost seem magical, the coyotes.''

She knew how to reach out to those with whom she disagreed. A woman—and a non-hunter at that—she presided over an agency long in the sway of the hook-and-bullet crowd. Within days of her arrival she told a gathering, ''My father was seriously wounded in a hunting accident, and my uncle still carries a bullet behind his heart.'' She then

went on to talk about the decline in hunting accidents, praising hunter safety. She was one of the boys. She could talk the talk and walk the walk.

She always took the broad view of nature and of man's relationship to it. ''I believe there's only one conflict,'' she told me, ''and that's between the short-term and the long-term thinking. In the long term, the economy and the environment are the same thing. If it's unenvironmental it is uneconomical. That is a rule of nature.''

Last month legislation was introduced in the House and Senate to name an 8-million-acre wilderness reserve in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge after her. Not a bad way to be remembered.

Toward the end, friends and family began exchanging ''Mollie stories.'' Steve Wright recalled how five years ago he had passed her on a country road and recognized her license plate—''4STR''—for ''forester.'' He chased her down on his new motorcycle, a 1200cc Harley-Davidson, finally catching up with her at a gas station. Mollie took one look at his cycle, hiked up her skirt, threw one leg over the sissy bar and sped off. She turned around to wave goodbye as she barreled at top speed up Vermont's Route 100. Ten minutes later she returned the bike. Vintage Mollie Beattie.

Mollie's last day of consciousness was Tuesday, a time when closest friends and family gathered at her bedside at the Grace Cottage, part of a tiny village hospital. Present too was Dozer, her big brown mutt with crooked ears and graying muzzle. It was said that the nurses spent as much time feeding Dozer as caring for the patients—again Mollie's talent for getting others to provide for nature. Toward the end, in a moment of solemnity, Mollie was asked if there was anything else she needed. After a second's reflection, a mischievous glint came into her eyes. ''Potato chips,'' she said. The room erupted in laughter.

There was always a sense that the world had come to Mollie's door, and not the other way around. Atop her stunningly understated three-page résumé was her address, a box number on Rural Route No. 3, in Grafton, Vt. She lived a mile from the nearest utility pole in a house of wood she and her husband, Rick Schwolsky, built amid 142 acres of beech, birch and maple—red and sugar—on a gentle south-facing slope. There she kept her bees and shared the honey with an occasional black bear, driving him off only when he took too much.

There was no television in her house, and in the living room hung a painting of a woman standing with her hand on an oak tree. The woman is depicted speaking, but instead of words, oak leaves are coming out of her mouth. The picture was titled ''A Woman Who Speaks Trees.'' It was one of the few possessions that Mollie said really meant anything to her. I can think of no more fitting epitaph. Mollie, too, was ''A Woman Who Speaks Trees.''

EXPORTS, JOBS AND GROWTH ACT OF 1996

HON. TOBY ROTH

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Mr. ROTH. Mr. Speaker, today I have introduced the Exports, Jobs and Growth Act of 1996. Joining me as original cosponsors are Mr. GILMAN, Mr. HAMILTON, Mr. GEJDENSON, Mr. LEACH, Mr. BEREUTER, Mrs. MEYERS, Mr. MANZULLO, Mr. GALLEGLY, Mr. MARTINEZ, Mr. JOHNSTON, and Mr. TORRICELLI.

The Exports, Jobs and Growth Act of 1996 extends the authority for three export assistance agencies: the Overseas Private Investment Corporation [OPIC], the Trade Development Agency [TDA], and the export-related programs of the Department of Commerce's International Trade Administration. These authorities will otherwise expire at the end of this fiscal year. The bill also incorporates several recommendations made during hearings conducted by the International Economic Policy and Trade Subcommittee.

This subcommittee, which I chair, during the last year conducted numerous oversight hearings on export competitiveness. Two of these hearings were specifically on the programs reauthorized in this bill. Testimony was received from both the administration and the U.S. exporting community, with all witnesses strongly endorsing continuation of the agencies' programs. The bill is the result of our findings from these hearings, and reflects the strong bipartisan interest on our committee for promoting U.S. export competitiveness.

The bill also reflects the strong support for reauthorization that has been communicated to the subcommittee over the last month from such groups as the Coalition for Employment through Exports, the National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Foreign Trade Council, the Small Business Exporters Association, the American Consulting Engineers Council, and the National Independent Energy Producers.

A more detailed description of the programs and the bill's provisions follows:

THE OVERSEAS PRIVATE INVESTMENT CORPORATION (OPIC)

OPIC began operations in 1971, with start up funds of $106 million. It is a wholly owned U.S. government corporation that provides insurance and financing to U.S. companies investing in overseas markets. OPIC's mandate is to facilitate private sector investment in the developing world, to expand U.S. exports and to advance U.S. foreign and domestic policy goals, within certain statutory parameters and guidelines.

During its 25 years of operations, OPIC has generated $43 billion in U.S. exports to 140 countries, creating 200,000 U.S. jobs.

Significantly, OPIC is financially self-sustaining. Years ago it reimbursed the U.S. Treasury for its initial capitalization. Through its own operations it has built up $2.3 billion in reserves (on deposit at the U.S Treasury) to cover its contingent liabilities.

Each year, OPIC's income from insurance premiums and financing fees covers all its operating costs and any losses, as well as generating funds for the U.S. government. Last year, OPIC generated a net $122 million surplus for the U.S. Treasury.

Testimony from the exporting community was that OPIC's insurance and financing programs are essential to U.S. companies which are seeking to expand into newly emerging markets in Asia, Eastern and Central Europe, Latin America and the Middle East. Private sector risk insurance and financing is largely unavailable for these emerging markets.

The bill reflects recommendations by both the exporting community and the Administration that OPIC continue to expand its level of assistance to U.S. companies. The bill provides that OPIC's programs would gradually rise over the next 4 years.

The bill also corrects a longstanding statutory defect by specifying that OPIC shall operate under U.S. trade policy as well as U.S. foreign policy. In line with this correction, the bill also would remove the statutory requirement that the AID Administrator is Chairman of the OPIC Board.

TRADE AND DEVELOPMENT AGENCY [TDA]

The Trade and Development Agency began operations in 1981. It is an independent agency under the direction of the President that funds engineering and feasibility studies for large capital projects overseas, principally in the energy, transportation, communications, environmental, and industrial sectors.

Over time, TDA has proved that by supporting the initial design studies, the U.S. effectively influences the follow-on procurement decisions toward U.S. companies. As a result, TDA estimates that U.S. companies have obtained $29 in new overseas contracts for every dollar invested in TDA activities since 1981. In FY 1995, TDA funded 430 activities in 72 middle-income and developing nations.

Under the bill, TDA's authority would be extended for two years, specifying that the FY 1997 level would be $40 million, the Administration request.

INTERNATIONAL TRADE ADMINISTRATION EXPORT PROGRAMS

The International Trade Administration's budget for export promotion has been holding steady at just under $240 million. This primarily covers the work of the U.S. and Foreign Commercial Service. The Commercial Service, with a staff of under 1,300 worldwide, states that according to its clients it facilitated an estimated $5.4 billion in 1995 export sales, producing 92,000 new U.S. jobs.

Other programs include the Trade Development office, the International Economic Policy office, and the Secretary's stewardship of the Trade Promotion Coordinating Committee (TPCC). The TPCC, which was created in statute by our committee, has helped bring greater coordination and effectiveness to export promotion.

The bill proposes to reauthorize these activities at the current $240 million level for FY 1997 and ''such sums as are necessary'' for FY 1998. As recommended in our hearings, the bill would add a new provision to the TPCC's strategic plan that emphasizes the importance of improving these programs for small business.

A SALUTE TO EUDORA PETTIGREW

HON. GARY L. ACKERMAN

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Mr. ACKERMAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commend Dr. L. Eudora Pettigrew, who has just completed 10 years of service as president of the State University of New York College of Old Westbury. Dr. Pettigrew has served with distinction as head of the State University of New York's most diverse and multicultural campus. During her long career in higher education, both as a faculty member and as an administrator, Dr. Pettigrew has earned the respect of students, faculty, and alumni. Prior to her stewardship of SUNY College of Old Westbury, President Pettigrew served as associate provost of the University of Delaware. During her outstanding career, she has also been associated with such distinguished institutions as Michigan State University, Southern Illinois University, and the University of Bridgeport.

President Pettigrew received her doctor of philosophy degree and master's degree from Southern Illinois University. She holds a bachelor of arts degree from West Virginia State College.