

of the House, the following Members will be recognized for 5 minutes each.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. COLLINS] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mr. COLLINS addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]

AMERICA'S 39TH POET LAUREATE,  
ROBERT PINSKY

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from New Jersey [Mr. PALLONE] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. PALLONE. Mr. Speaker, this fall, the acclaimed poet Robert Pinsky will take his place as America's 39th poet laureate.

I am very proud to point out to my colleagues that Mr. Pinsky was born and raised and graduated from the public high school in my hometown of Long Branch, NJ, a historic seashore community that was the inspiration for many of his poems.

Mr. Pinsky is truly the right poet laureate for our time in history. In announcing his appointment, the Librarian of Congress, James H. Billingham, noted that his accomplishments in translation, his interest in making poetry accessible through digital technology on the Internet, and his own probing poetry promise an exciting year for us in Washington.

He follows in the footsteps of many great poet laureates, including Robert Frost, Gwendolyn Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, and Conrad Aiken.

The duties of the poet laureate have traditionally included promoting poetry in this country through seminars, workshops, and speaking engagements. Judging from Mr. Pinsky's rich imagination and creative use of language in the computer, I am sure we can count on him to make his mark on the poet laureates' role in a significant and lasting way.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. Pinsky is the author of five collections of poetry, including his most recent publication, "The Figured Wheel: New and Collected Poems 1965 to 1995."

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He is the poetry editor of the weekly Internet magazine called Slate. In 1994, Mr. Pinsky translated Dante's "Inferno" from the Italian and won great national acclaim for the deep poetic talent displayed in this formidable task. The students at Boston University where he is a professor are certainly fortunate to have him teaching in their creative writing program.

I know that I reflect the views of my constituents when I express how proud I am that a native son of the Sixth Congressional District of New Jersey will hold the esteemed and historic title of Poet Laureate.

So at this time I would like to share with my colleagues a few of Mr.

Pinsky's poems so that we might welcome him to Washington with a deeper appreciation of his outstanding poetry.

First of all, these are from the Figured Wheel which I mentioned. The first one, if I could read it briefly, Mr. Speaker, is about my home town of Long Branch, which is also Mr. Pinsky's home town, and he talks about the ocean, which we are all so very fond of since Long Branch is along the shore. It is called "A Long Branch Song."

Some days in May, little stars.  
Winked all over the ocean. The blue  
Barely changed all morning and afternoon.  
The chimes of the bank's bronze clock;  
The hoarse voice of Cookie, hawking  
The Daily Record for 35 years.

I have to say, Mr. Speaker, that brings home to me because I remember Cookie who was hawking the Daily Record, our local newspaper, for a long time when I was growing up.

The next poem is also about Long Branch. It is a little longer but not much. I would like to read it, if I could, to my colleagues, Mr. Speaker. It is called "Long Branch, New Jersey."

Everything is regional,  
And this is where I was born, dear,  
And conceived,  
And first moved to tears,  
And last irritated to the same point.  
It is bounded on three sides by similar places  
And on one side by vast, uncouth houses.  
A glum boardwalk and,  
As we say, The Beach.  
I stand here now  
At the corner of Third Avenue and Broad-

way.  
Waiting for you to come by in a car,  
And count the red carlights  
That rush through a fine rain  
To where Broadway's two branches—North  
Broadway and South Broadway—both reach  
To the trite, salt, welcoming ocean.

I like to read that one, Mr. Speaker, because not only is Broadway near where I was born and grew up but it is also where my congressional office is, on Broadway.

The last one I would like to read, I hope there is time in the time I have allotted, is called "To My Father, for Milford S. Pinsky," who I remember was Robert Pinsky's father, a local obstetrician in Long Branch.

The glazed surface of the world, dusk.  
And three mallard that land  
In the dim lake, each  
Scudding in a bright oval . . .  
What chance, man, for the thin  
Halting qualities of the soul?  
Call this, prologue to an explanation,  
Something like the way Uncle Joe Winograd  
With a carpenter's flat silence  
Might act on some given stretch  
Of Uncle Italo Tarantola's lifelong  
Lawyerly expanding monologue.  
What I wanted, was to dwell  
Here in the brain as though  
At my bench, as though in a place  
Like the live ongoing shop—  
Between kitchen and factory—  
Of a worker in wood or in leather.  
Implements ranged in sizes and shapes,  
The stuff itself stacked up  
In the localized purposeful clutter  
Of work, the place itself smelling  
Of the hide, sawdust or whatever.  
I wanted the exact words;

I wanted the way to pronounce  
Evenly the judgment which a man  
Who was quiet holds back as distinct  
But not final in the presence  
Of a good talker. I a good talker  
Ask you a quiet man to recall the inside  
Of a shop, glassdust and lenses  
Everywhere, broken eyeglasses, forms  
And odd pieces of paper, voices  
Like phones ringing, tools  
Broken and whole everywhere, mail  
Unread, the sign—"Milford S." or  
"Robert"—hanging like a straight face . . .  
Surface, tyranny of the world visible,  
Images that spread outward  
From the brain like lines crazing—  
Or like brief silvery ovals  
That glide over the dark,  
Ethereal, yet each wingbeat  
Firm in time, of more  
Substance than this, this mothlike  
Stirring of words, work or affection.

TRIBUTE TO MARTIN STRAUER

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. JENKINS). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. HULSHOF] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. HULSHOF. Mr. Speaker, as you know, this is National Teacher Appreciation Week and today is National Teacher Day. I want to take time out to recognize the hundreds of men and women back home in Missouri's Ninth District whose dedication to educating our youth takes precedence over long hours and meager compensation. There are many who demonstrate such excellence within the classroom.

One shining example is Martin Strauser. For the last 30 years Mr. Strauser has taught at St. Clair High School. Just this past March Mr. Strauser was the proud recipient of the 1996 Educator of the Year Award. He was honored for his years of service, his contributions to the school system, and for helping thousands of young people throughout his lifetime.

According to his nomination letter, Mr. Strauser, quote, "has served as a fine example for high school students throughout his career." Many former students have given testimonials about his positive leadership.

Mr. Strauser, an industrial arts teacher, insists that one of his goals is to teach students not only occupational skills which will help them find future employment, but also to provide opportunities to teach students lessons in life to be successful.

Martin Strauser is known for his honesty, dependability and dedication to his profession and his students.

Mr. Speaker, Martin Strauser not only helps his students build shop projects, but helps young adults build their lives. Congratulations are in order for teachers like Martin Strauser, a lifelong educator and mentor.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. VISCLOSKEY] is recognized for 5 minutes.