

1984

Cassino -- and they'll tell you the belly was anything but soft. Our forces would not be intimidated nor would they be deterred. The Italian campaign was a true turning point in the war and helped set the stage for the massive D-Day invasion. In fact, two days after the crack Canadian-U.S. First Special Service Force entered Rome, allied forces were hitting the sands of Normandy. Therefore, it is singularly appropriate, as the world commemorates D-Day, that we also remember those GI's who by June 6, 1944 had already spent month after month slogging and punching their way up the peninsula. Believe me, the German army knew all about these fighting men. For example, a Nazi intelligence report on the First Special Service Force called it an "elite" unit; that its members were "treacherous, unmerciful and clever." And, history tells us, victorious.

Preserving the Peace

We who took part in the fighting bless the subsequent peace. We hail the friendship that grew out of hostility and we pledge ourselves anew to the cause for which so many gave so much. The man who then occupied the Oval Office was Franklin D. Roosevelt. "We have learned by hard experience," he wrote, "that peace is not to be had for the mere asking; that peace, like other great privileges, can be sustained only by hard and painstaking effort." General Marshall, architect of victory in Europe, put it still more bluntly: "The only way to win a war," he declared, "is to prevent it."

For most of the forty years since the liberation of Italy, the west has followed their advice. Italy and the United States have joined with other nations in patrolling the global landscape and preserving the peace. It has required much of us, in manpower, in money, and above all, in spiritual and national resolve. Yet who among the delegation can look out over Italian fields and see in memory's eye the agony of 1944 -- yet doubt the necessity of our sacrifice?

Memorial Day is a day to pause and pay tribute to men who gave everything they had. No less important, it is also a time to rededicate ourselves to be worthy of what they gave. The fighting ended long ago. Yet the dangers persist. The need for unity is ever present. So let us resolve: so long as human freedom is threatened, then we will keep our watch. We will take to heart the lessons of the Italian campaign. May God give us the strength to do what history tells us is right.

HOW I LIVE WITH A SUPERWOMAN

By Sen. Robert J. Dole

It's 8:15 p.m., and I'm home at last from another hard day at the office. Finally get the water to boil, and it's almost time to drop the frozen vegetables in. Boy, they look good tonight. The Secretary of Transportation doesn't know what she's missing. But since again, it's dinner time, and she's missing. Oh, well, I've learned to accept it. I watch the pot, she watches the potatoes. I wonder when she will be home tonight. I'd call her boss, but he's not too good about returning my calls. . . . You know, there really have changed, and I guess our lifestyle shows it. Sometimes it's hard to be one half of a working couple. But we're not all that unusual anymore, given the fact that millions of American households are also headed by a working husband-and-wife team. I must admit, however, it did take some adjusting on my part after Elizabeth became a Cabinet secretary. At first, I liked the idea, having told her Senate confirmation panel that "I only regret that I have but one wife to give to my country." But then I started to be introduced at my own speeches as the husband of Elizabeth Dole. It got worse. We had lots of pictures taken after her appointment, but I was usually not identified. If I was, the caption would simply say: "The man at right is the husband." Next, *People* magazine came to town eager for a story on the Doles. A couple of journalists followed us around for two days and snapped about 300 pictures, but ended up only using three, and one of the three showed us making the bed. That photo brought a hot letter from someone in California whose wife had read the story, and now he was helping make the bed. He told me: "I don't mind Elizabeth getting the job, but you've got to stop showing off around the house. You're causing men problems all across the country." I wrote back and told him, "Dinner, you don't know the half of it -- the only reason she was even helping was because they were taking the pictures." Soberly, all the attention to Elizabeth, although our jobs can make for some real confusion. One Sunday we were enjoying a quiet morning.

together reading the paper. Suddenly Elizabeth cried out, "I didn't say that!" But there it was in bold headline type: "Dole Says Spouse So." Well, Elizabeth didn't say it, but I sure did. We've

learned to be careful readers. Elizabeth and I are always asked how we maintain a cold marriage given our demanding schedules. It takes work, I'll tell you. The biggest

problem is finding time to spend together. We're getting used to our mismatched schedules, but that doesn't mean we have to like it. When we do catch up with each other --

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SUPERWOMAN

usually in airports going in opposite directions -- we always have plenty to talk about. But one thing I've learned: if

you're a working couple don't bring your jobs home with you. Elizabeth would you believe. Elizabeth kept her Cabinet appointment a secret? It's true. A few hours before

President Reagan introduced his new secretary of transportation to the nation, White House Chief of Staff Jim Baker told me, "Bob, be sure you don't miss the president's news con-

ference tonight." Obviously, Elizabeth was a top contender for Cabinet job, but I didn't know for sure until she walked to the podium. When I was asked to write this article for *Family Weekly*, I was told by the editor that the readers wanted to know what it was like to be the husband of a "superwoman." My wife, Elizabeth, you see, is member of President Reagan Cabinet. She's a Harvard Law School grad, a former Federal Trade Commissioner, and a former senior White House staff member. Some say she's potential future president; I'd say she's a wonderful wife. But superwoman? I'm just not sure what that is. I do know that a woman today has to deal with a society that has historically expected females to stay "in their place." We as far as this Kansan is concerned, his wife is fully capable of deciding just where "her place" is. Make no mistake about it, women are making their presence felt in high level leadership positions all across the country -- and I say it's about time. This development, of course, does not mean that by definition a "superwoman" -- or even a "successful woman" -- must be someone who works in the White House, performs surgery, or totes an attache case. As far as I am concerned, any woman who raises a family these days must be the running for the "super" title. My wife often says that a "quiet revolution" is taking place in America as more and more women move from the workplace. Well, it's been almost nine years since I had the honor of marrying Elizabeth, and I will stand here and now that it was never a threat to my male pride that we would not have to depend solely on me for bread and water. The secret to Elizabeth's success really no secret at all. She gets the old-fashioned way -- she earns it. My wife is a hard worker. I would say "workaholic" but that could get me trouble at home. Suffice it to say, the idea of a relaxing evening is curried up with a thick briefing book on federal shipping regulations. Now I know why she was a Phi Beta Kappa at Du University! Elizabeth's discipline and dedication never cease to amaze me. I hear her practicing her speeches at her desk or sometimes talking on the telephone to a top aide about an upcoming meeting or appearance, and I wonder when she will take some time out for herself. However, she feels that as a woman she not only has to be good but better. And she is, too, everything except boiling water, it is. Speaking of which, my dinner is ready at last. Like I told you, I don't know what she's missing. I