

Mr. DE LA GARZA. I yield to the gentleman from New Mexico.

Mr. RICHARDSON. Mr. Speaker, let me just say that selflessly the gentleman from Texas has talked about somebody else when in effect this may be the last speech that truly one of the giants in the Congress, the gentleman from Texas, will be giving.

Mr. Speaker, I will ask unanimous consent that the gentleman's speech to the Congressional Hispanic Caucus be part of the RECORD of this proceeding, because what we have is truly one of the giants of the Congress in our midst, somebody who will be dearly missed, not just for the Hispanic people of this country but for all Americans, the distinguished chairman of the Committee on Agriculture.

This is truly a historic day in that he comes to the floor to talk about the tragedy of Len Bias, a young man with unlimited potential who succumbed to drugs. Yet he is probably giving the last speech of his career which is historic in that he truly has been one of the giants of this body.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. (Mr. WALKER). Is the gentleman propounding a unanimous-consent request?

Mr. RICHARDSON. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the speech of the gentleman from Texas, [Mr. DE LA GARZA], before the Congressional Hispanic Caucus be made part of the RECORD of this proceeding.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from New Mexico?

There was no objection.

Mr. DE LA GARZA. Mr. Speaker, I thank my distinguished colleague for his kindness and generosity.

Mr. Speaker, this is 32 years for me. I close speaking about the youngsters. If I have improved one youngster's life, my 32 years here would have been very worthwhile, Mr. Speaker.

FURTHER MESSAGE FROM THE SENATE

A further message from the Senate by Ms. McDevitt, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed with an amendment in which the concurrence of the House is requested, a bill of the House of the following title:

H.R. 4194. An act to reauthorize alternative means of dispute resolution in the Federal administrative process, and for other purposes.

BILL CLINTON, SECURITY CLEARANCE AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of May 12, 1995, the gentleman from California [Mr. DORNAN] is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the majority leader.

Mr. DORNAN. Mr. Speaker, good afternoon to my good friend. We are certainly going to miss him here. What a great 20 years he brought to his coun-

try's service following his reserve military service.

Mr. Speaker, I thought that the U.S. Senate might move more swiftly on Friday last and that we might adjourn sine die on Friday, the 27th of September. Then there would have been no special orders. We would have gone out sine die. My high school Latin tells me that means done, no further legislative action, House and Senate are gone, traditional call from the White House to the leader of the Senate, Mr. TRENT LOTT, and the man second in line to the presidency after the vice presidency, the Speaker of the U.S. House. But it did not happen. I thought I had done the last special order on Thursday night. Then on Friday night, since we did not go out sine die, I thought I had done the last special order on Friday night. Saturday, we were in and out, recesses, and I did not get a chance to come to the floor with something that I did not have time for Thursday or Friday that really was the most important thing I wanted to say and the core of how I wanted to personally close out the 104th Congress, as I had closed out the 102d Congress in 1992, with three of the most experienced military men in this Chamber, the only aerial ace from the Signal Corps in World War I, Army Air Corps, Army Air Force, U.S. Air Force, U.S. Navy, the only ace to ever serve in this House, DUKE CUNNINGHAM came to this floor with me for over a week with DUNCAN HUNTER, Army paratrooper, ranger from Vietnam, 2 corps area, and, of course, the greatest hero that we have serving at the current time in this House, SAM JOHNSON of Texas, savagely tortured in Hanoi, Kept in solitary confinement longer than the United States was in World War II.

World War II was a 6-year war for our Allies, nations like conquered France and brave Great Britain hanging on, desperately, before we were bombed at Pearl Harbor. Great Britain was virtually alone with exiled forces of other nations, Belgium, Netherlands and their colonies, now gone their own way around the world. Of course, free Frenchmen that had made it through Dunkirk to England, but Britain was alone but for the United States.

The war was less than 4 years in Europe, 3 years and 5 months it took us to drive Hitler to suicide, less than 3 years and 5 months. SAM JOHNSON of Dallas was in solitary confinement.

The other day I said to him, right here in this Chamber, he was standing right here, I was leaning against this desk. I said, SAM, with all the times they broke you, did you ever go on the air in Hanoi, that is an expression for taking a torture-extracted propaganda statement and running it on the radio, because I know some heroes, one of them former squadron commander of mine that was savagely tortured for months, finally broken, went on the air but you could tell the deliberate awkwardness of their statements, that they were beaten into this.

SAM JOHNSON of Dallas, standing right here, Mr. Speaker, said some incredible words to me: I never did give them what they wanted.

Then he said, you know, because this is typical of his humility, all human beings are different. He slapped me on the back of my hand. He said, some people you do that to them and they caved. We actually had two officers who were full traitors who collaborated with the enemy their entire captivity without ever having been tortured. And we had seven enlisted men. The officers were always held in Hanoi. The enlisted men had survived the medieval brutality of the camps in South Vietnam so they came to Hanoi already utterly demoralized from watching 20 or 30 of their friends shrivel up and die, and they collaborated horribly.

All of them should have been court martialed, but the Secretary of the Army, Bo Callaway, said, and he was very wrong on this, that Army people do not have to recognize the authority of Air Force or Navy commanders in a prison camp. That is totally wrong.

So he said, these Army enlisted men, getting orders from senior Air Force and Navy officers, they did not have to obey them. Once he did that, it put now Senator JOHN WARNER, who was then Secretary of the Navy, in a box. So he had to let this traitor naval commander and this traitorous marine lieutenant colonel go. I am merciful that I do not mention their names. They are burned in the front of my brain.

But from that range of collaborator traitor to psychological torture to a slap on the wrist, there were a handful, like Congressman JOHNSON, who were broken but never broken enough to make them cooperate. They might break them to bow, and some they could not even break to do that. Three men they tortured to death, beat them to death over a long period because they would not bow. But SAM JOHNSON was one of the unique 11 that were put in a small, horrible little camp in downtown Hanoi, tailored for them, called Alcatraz wherever every cell was separated by a big space or another cell so they could only communicate by coughing or the sweep of a broom. One of the men was left behind there, Air Force Captain Stewarts, Ron Stewarts. His goodbye to his Nation, to his friends, and his family was, It has been an honor serving with you, God bless you. And he tapped that out with the sweep of a broom, and his remains were returned two decades later.

Now, I tell that story to give the listeners, the 1,300,000 listeners to C-SPAN, the quality of SAM JOHNSON on this floor, with naval ace DUKE CUNNINGHAM, Army Officer DUNCAN HUNTER, and this post Korean war Air Force fighter pilot. And for 4 days we tried to get a message out to the Nation. And the message was simply that Bill Clinton, I want to say this slowly and deliberately and I defy someone to contradict me, Bill Clinton could never

have gotten the security clearance to serve in the U.S. Army, my father's service, in the U.S. service, the service of five Presidents in my lifetime, the U.S. Air Force, the service of Ronald Reagan when it was the Army Air Force. He could never have been accepted into the FBI, the CIA. He could never have been a Secret Service officer, the ones who will throw their bodies in front of him to catch a bullet. He would never have been accepted in the Customs department. He would never have been accepted in any solitary U.S. Marine Corps, given in any service that requires a security clearance.

How did he get to be Commander in Chief over all of these men, of them putting their lives down for him? Why did the fathers of two Medal of Honor winners, one just died 5 days before I went down to watch the commissioning of a ship named after his hero, Delta Force, Special Forces, master sergeant's son, Gary Gordon, why did Gary Gordon's father refuse to shake Clinton's hand? Why did Herb Shughart say to him, you are not fit to be the Commander in Chief and, refused to shake his hand at the White House at the ceremony where the sons of these two fathers were posthumously being awarded the Medal of Honor? Because they sensed this.

How did he get to be Commander in Chief? You can get a top secret clearance, even if your whole life is clouded by treachery, by getting elected to the U.S. Senate, the U.S. House, being chosen Vice President on a ticket that wins or winning as the President of the United States. Article II, section 2 says, simple words, 16 words: The President of the United States shall be the Commander in Chief of the military forces. There is a comma, and then it says, he is the commander in chief when the militia is called up, militia meaning what we now call the National Guard or reserves.

Now, a hero, a survivor of the Bataan Death March tried to warn the Nation. I have his letter in front of me. He wrote to the Nation. He is the recipient of the medal next one down from the Medal of Honor. If there had been more eyewitnesses to his courage on Bataan and his bravery in the Japanese prison camps, he was in the camps about as long as SAM JOHNSON was in solitary confinement, 3½ years, SAM JOHNSON, of course, served 7. But he wrote a letter to the Nation on September 7, 1992, 4 years and 23 days ago, and he warned the Nation what would happen if Clinton was elected President of the United States. I have his letter before me, and I am going to read it.

But I also have in front of me a letter written years earlier, 1969, 23 years earlier, by Bill Clinton, supposedly at Oxford but had not even signed into his dormitory, no record that he ever went to class the second year, but drawing the \$700 a month, that would be about \$2,000 a month now from the Rhodes scholarship set up by the British Sir Cecil Rhodes. He was drawing the

money, organizing demonstrations against his country in a foreign land.

That immediately disqualifies him from any security clearance. A footnote, one of my pals in pilot training, class 55-H, great pilot, good guy, his parents were born in the Ukraine. They came to him after he was through pilot training. He had finished everything. He had waited 7 months, as I had, as a precadet enlisted man because after the Korean war, different country, there were so many people lined up to fly F-86 Saber jets or Thunderjets or bombers or serve in our Air Force. I had to wait 7 months to start pilot training, after I had passed my test.

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Started my test the day Stalin died, my dad's birthday, March 5, 1953.

So this young man waited all those months, got through pilot training, graduated with me near the top of his class. We are all waiting around buying our rings, and I remember going to the book store for the headquarters building at Bryan Air Force Base, College Station, TX, and he was picking up his ring, and he says, "Well, I am going to wear my ring, but I will never be an officer and I will never get my wings."

Why? He says, "Because my parents were born in the Ukraine. They are good people. They came over here. But the FBI cannot run a thorough background check on them, so I am not going to be—and I was born in America, but I am not going to get my wings or commission."

I see his picture, and I was the editor of our graduation book, pilot training, Mr. Speaker. I look at his picture there, and it says second lieutenant. I will not use his name; maybe he did not want it known; maybe he worked it out years later; I do not know.

But I think about that when I think of Clinton as Commander in Chief, with his background, organizing demonstrations, calling them the fall offensive, and not realizing that the fall offensive title came out of Hanoi.

As a matter of fact, 4 years and 23 days later, guess what I found out this week, Mr. Speaker? That it was not Hanoi who named it the fall offensive, it was the Kremlin, the KGB. I find out in documents now that were classified, they spent more money on the propaganda war, of which Clinton was a part, than they spent funding 98 percent of the war in Vietnam.

So here first is a touch of Clinton's letter, December 3, 1969, to Colonel Holmes. He wrote a letter—he drew his lottery number, 319, on the 1st of December. He wrote to Yale Law School on the 2d of December, that is all in the letter, kissing off being an army lawyer, a JAG, going through ROTC as a graduate in law school with the University of Arkansas, which he told Colonel Holmes he was going to do. That is why he went back to Oxford.

Supposedly he was to finish up being a Rhodes scholar, and come back, and then go through law school, go back to

the undergraduate. It was a brand new program initiated in 1969, and he only had to do 2 years ROTC and 1 summer camp instead of what I was doing in college, 4 years and 2 summer camps.

So he writes to Yale on December 2, 1969, with all the political letters, Fulbright, Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller, all that political mentioning that helped him beat his induction showup date of July 28, 1969.

But he writes to Yale on the 2d, draws that lottery number, 319, on the 1st, and writes them the 2d, and then he has got this little bit of business to clear up to keep Colonel Holmes tamped down and to let him know how he really euchred him and pulled the wool over his eyes.

And he says—now Ted Koppel read this to the Nation on Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1969, with Clinton sitting there, giving him his total, own "Nightline" show. He was plummeting in New Hampshire. He had dropped to third in the polls. He only had 18 percent. And Koppel gives him his own "Nightline" show all by himself.

Why would he do that? Because Charter FOB, who is down at South Carolina, at Hilton Head, at the Renaissance New Year's Day intellectual gathering; Clinton, as President, has been there 4 years in a row, and of course Rick—gosh, why would I forget his last name? It will come to me. The producer of Ted Koppel's "Nightline" show for the first 14 years was now the executive producer of—no longer the producer of "Nightline," he was now the executive producer of Peter Jennings' "Evening News," and he still is.

Rick Kaplan, K-A-P-L-A-N, calls up—he is an adviser to Clinton, FOB, friend of Bill's, and he calls up and leans on Koppel: Do this for Clinton, give him this show.

So while Clinton is sitting there Koppel, does not do what he would do to a Republican, to a Dole or a Reagan or a Bush; he reads the whole letter and says it is a remarkable document, and Clinton had to wince through a few tough periods, but they spun it and gave them the whole day to explain it away, the whole half-hour.

And then they went into overtime as though this candidate, running third in New Hampshire with 18 percent, in free fall, was Margaret Thatcher or Helmut Kohl or Bibi Netanyahu. It is unbelievable.

Here is the way Clinton starts the letter:

We did this 4 years ago. America was not listening, CUNNINGHAM, HUNTER, JOHNSON, and DORNAN. We did it, Tiger flight. I will try again solo here.

The text of the letter Bill Clinton wrote to Col. Eugene Holmes, director of the ROTC program at the University of Arkansas, December 3, 1969:

I am sorry to be so long in writing. I know I promised to let you hear from me at least once a month, and from now on I will—he never wrote again—but I have had some time to think about his first letter—first letter,

never a second—almost daily since my return from England. I have thought about writing about what I want and ought to say—he is still in England; that is inaccurate.

First I want to thank you not just for saving me from the draft. Colonel Holmes feels that is a terrible line, and he will quote later why. He said there are things you do not know. He says I have written and spoken and marched against the war in Vietnam. One of the national organizers of the Vietnam moratorium is a close friend of mine. That is now-prominent homosexual David Mixner who was the one that talked Clinton into his first dust-up in the press, trying to force homosexuals in the face of our Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Colin Powell, and all the 4 CINCs who are now all retired, and the current CINCs I know personally, and they all tell me that it is a fight that is not going to go away if there is a second term.

He goes on to say no government really rooted in limited parliamentary democracy should have the power to make its citizens fight and kill and die in a war they oppose.

Now how would that have worked in World War II?

And he said a war which in any case does not involve the peace and freedom of the Nation—well, what peace and freedom for the United States is involved in Bosnia? in Haiti? in Somalia? and in Iraq? American interests are not just to defend the continental States or Hawaii and Alaska, which, by the way, we do not defend from missile attack, single missile attack, 6 missiles.

I am going to ask to put Clinton's whole letter in the RECORD, Mr. Speaker, and then I am going to quote twice more from it. May I do that?

The letter referred to is as follows:

FOR THE RECORD—TEXT OF BILL CLINTON'S
LETTER TO ROTC COLONEL

The text of the letter Bill Clinton wrote to Col. Eugene Holmes, director of ROTC program at the University of Arkansas, on Dec. 3, 1969:

I am sorry to be so long in writing. I know I promised to let you hear from me at least once a month and from now on I will, but I have had to have some time to think about this first letter. Almost daily since my return from England I have thought about writing, about what I want and ought to say.

First, I want to thank you, not just for saving me from the draft, but for being so kind and decent to me last summer when I was as low as I have ever been. One thing which made the bond we struck in good faith somewhat palatable to me was my high regard for you personally. In retrospect it seems that the admiration might not have been mutual had you known a little more about me, about my political beliefs and activities. At least you might have thought me more fit for the draft than ROTC.

Let me try to explain. As you know, I worked for two years in a very minor position on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. I did it for the experience and the salary but also for the opportunity, however small, of working every day against a war I opposed and despised with a depth of feeling I had reserved solely for racism in America. Before Vietnam, I did not take the matter

lightly, but studied it carefully and there was a time when not many people had more information about Vietnam at hand than I did.

I have written and spoken and marched against the war. One of the national organizers of the Vietnam Moratorium is a close friend of mine. After I left Arkansas last summer, I went to Washington to work in the national headquarters of the Moratorium, then to England to organize the Americans here for demonstrations Oct. 15 and Nov. 16.

Interlocked with the war is the draft issue which I had not begun to consider separately until early 1968. For a law seminar at Georgetown I wrote a paper on the legal arguments for and against allowing the Selective Service System, the classification of selective conscientious objection for those opposed to participation in a particular war, not simply participation in war in any form.

From my work I came to believe that the draft system itself was illegitimate. No government really rooted in limited parliamentary democracy should have the power to make its citizens fight and kill and die in a war they may oppose, a war which even possibly may be wrong, a war which in any case does not involve immediately the peace and freedom of the nation.

The draft was justified in World War II because the life of the people collectively was at stake. Individuals had to fight if the nation was to survive, for the lives of their countrymen and their way of life. Vietnam is no such case. Nor was Korea an example where, in my opinion, certain military action was justified, but the draft was not for the reasons stated above.

Because of my opposition to the draft and the war I am in great sympathy with those who are not willing to fight, kill and maybe die for their country (i.e. the particular policy of a particular government) right or wrong. Two of my friends at Oxford are conscientious objectors. I wrote a letter of recommendation for one of them to his Mississippi draft board, a letter which I am more proud of than anything else I wrote at Oxford last year. One of my roommates is a draft resister who is possibly under indictment and may never be able to go home again. He is one of the bravest, best men I know. His country needs men like him more than they know. That he is considered a criminal is an obscenity.

The decision not to be a resister and the related subsequent decisions were the most difficult of my life. I decided to accept the draft in spite of my beliefs for one reason to maintain my political viability within the system. For years I have worked to prepare myself for a political life characterized by both practical political ability and concern for rapid social progress. It is a life I still feel compelled to try to lead. I do not think our system of government is by definition corrupt, however dangerous and inadequate it has been in recent years. (The society may be corrupt, but that is not the same thing, and if that is true, we are all finished anyway.)

When the draft came, despite political convictions, I was having a hard time facing the prospect of fighting a war I had been fighting against, and that is why I contacted you. ROTC was the one way left in which I could possibly, but not positively, avoid both Vietnam and resistance. Going on with my education, even coming back to England, played no part in my decision to join ROTC. I am back here and would have been at Arkansas law School because there is nothing else I can do. In fact, I would like to have been able to take a year out, perhaps to teach in a small college or work in some community action project and in the process to decide

whether to attend law school or graduate school and how to begin putting what I have learned to use.

But the particulars of my personal life are not nearly as important to me as the principles involved. After I signed the ROTC letter of intent, I began to wonder whether the compromise I had made with myself was not more objectionable than the draft would have been, because I had no interest in the ROTC program in itself and all I seemed to have done was protect myself from physical harm. Also, I began to think I had deceived you, not by lies—there were none—but by failing to tell you all the things I'm writing now. I doubt that I had the mental coherence to articulate then.

At that time, after we had made our agreement and you had sent my ID deferment to my draft board, the anguish and loss of my self-regard really set in. I hardly slept for weeks and kept going by eating compulsively and reading until exhaustion brought sleep. Finally on Sept. 12, I stayed up all night writing a letter to the chairman of my draft board, saying basically what is in the preceding paragraph, thanking him for trying to help in a case where he really couldn't, and stating that I couldn't do the ROTC after all and would he please draft me as soon as possible.

I never mailed the letter, but I did carry it on me every day until I got on the plane to return to England. I didn't mail the letter because I didn't see, in the end, how my going in the Army and maybe going to Vietnam would achieve anything except a feeling that I had punished myself and gotten what I deserved. So I came back to England to try to make something of this second year of my Rhodes scholarship.

And that is where I am now, writing to you because you have been good to me and have a right to know what I think and feel. I am writing too in the hope that my telling this one story will help you to understand more clearly how so many fine people have come to find themselves still loving their country but loathing the military to which you and other good men have devoted years, lifetimes of the best service you could give. To many of us, it is no longer clear what is service and what is disservice or if it is clear the conclusion is likely to be illegal.

Forgive the length of this letter. There was so much to say. There is still a lot to be said, but it can wait. Please say hello to Col. Jones for me.

Merry Christmas.

Sincerely,

BILL CLINTON.

Then Clinton writes, I have no interest in the ROTC program in itself, and all I seem to have done was to protect myself from physical harm.

Yeah, amen, that is right. He called it right there.

Also, I began to think I have deceived you, not by lies; there were none. Wrong. But by failing to tell you all the things I am writing now. I doubt that I had the mental coherence to articulate them then. When he was facing the draft, when he had suppressed his induction day of July 28, 1969.

At that time, after we made our agreement, and you had sent my ID deferment to the draft board, the anguish and loss of my self-regard really set in. I began eating compulsively and reading until exhaustion brought sleep.

While the third high school guy, Mr. Speaker, was in uniform, maybe in Vietnam; only God knows then, maybe dying, maybe wounded, maybe a young

married man who lost his wife to someone else while he was gone, given the mixed up country, the culture that we had then and still do 30 years later from those middle sixties.

But he ate compulsively, and he says, I stayed up all night writing a letter to the chairman of my draft board. I have spoken to him on the phone, saying basically what is in the preceding paragraph, all the demonstrations that he led.

Let me back up. Two of my friends at Oxford are conscientious objectors. I wrote a letter of recommendation for one of them to his Mississippi draft board, a letter which I am more proud of than anything else I wrote at Oxford last year.

He did not write anything at Oxford. He was one of three people in his class of 32, never got his degree. And, by the way, that person from Mississippi is now a homosexual and a waiter in San Francisco, did not want to be interviewed by anybody in 1992.

One of my roommates is a draft resister who is possibly under indictment and may never be able to go home again. That is Frank Aller.

He was not his roommate; they were sleeping on the floor at Strobe Talbot's apartment at 43 Lekner Road near Oxford.

And Frank Aller came home. The FBI said, "We do not want you any more; President Nixon is downgrading the war." And Aller committed suicide, and Clinton says Aller's picture is on his wall of his bedroom upstairs on the second floor of the White House. He says Aller is one of the bravest best men I know. His country needs men like him more than they know. That he is considered a criminal is an obscenity.

Well, is not it too bad that he killed himself like another of Clinton's friends named Vince Foster? Not a hero in my book to throw yourself back in God's face, committing the eighth deadly sin of despair unless you have serious mental problems. That is a tough call when you are riding high.

And Aller was an Oxford—although he ditched classes, like Clinton, I repeat, sleeping on the floor of the number two man in the State Department, Strobe Talbot, he was smarter. He could not have gotten into Oxford, so he had his whole life in front of him. And Vince Foster was a Catholic father of three children, a beautiful wife, at the top of his game. There better have been serious mental problems here, or he had a lot of explaining to do to Saint Peter, or the mystery deepens there.

So here it is. Clinton signs off. To many of us, it is no longer clear what is service and what is disservice, or, if it is clear, the conclusion is likely to be illegal. He was thinking he was illegal.

And this is the infamous letter where he says I wanted to keep my political options open. Forgive the length of this letter, there was so much to say, there

was still a lot to be said, but I can wait. Please say hello to Colonel Jones for me.

Jones is the one who took the letter out of the ROTE file and kept it for two-and-a-half decades. Colonel Holmes did not release this letter to the press. Colonel Jones did for his own reasons.

Merry Christmas. Sincerely, Bill Clinton.

So 23 years later, a colonel sets the record straight, Bataan Death March survivor, and only the Washington Times in this city, about the seventh circulation paper in America, and a solid paper that really seeks the truth, they printed it.

But ABC, of course, after giving Clinton on Lincoln's birthday his own personal "Nightline" show, at Stephanopoulos' behest from the War Room, in the folded newspaper down a block and a half away from the Excelsior Hotel, the Paula Corbin Jones hotel, Stephanopoulos and Carville called ABC and said, "Spike it."

For people who are not familiar with print journalism, spiking a story is when you stick a well written story by one of your reporters on one of those spindles in a newsroom; you spike it. Today they just erase it off the word processor. It was spiked by ABC, of course.

I am going to slow down here now. And it was spiked by CBS. Would not that have made Fred Friendly sick? And Edward R. Murrow?

It was spiked by NBC; it was spiked by PBS. Of course, they get Federal money. And he was running ahead of Bush in the polls. It was spiked by even the—well, the Wall Street Journal did not spike it. It never got to them in time. No; sorry. Jeff Bierbaum spiked it because he lost his exclusive with the Holmes family. So he punished them because they went to ABC with this letter, and ABC spiked it, and so did he because he did not get it first, and he could have had it exclusively. And the New York Times spiked it, and of course, my L.A. Times.

I am running against the L.A. Times for the next 36 days. In my 9 races, you had 10 because, remember, I had that break in service, Mr. WALKER, so I got to finish out my 20 and see if I end up as honorably as you did; as HERNY HYDE always said, leaving this place with a little dignity instead of changing the world. You changed the world more than a little.

But when I think about the L.A. Times, my nine races with lightweight, flaky opponents, I have got another one. They build them up into opponents. That draws money to them. Then I have to raise money.

And several times I found myself in the fight for my life, 51 percent, 50.2, but a couple of 57's, 57 and one-half last year, and a 59. Always in the 50's though, because I represent a Democrat district, 50 percent Democrat; I think it has dropped to about 49 now; 39 percent Republican, and 54 percent Hispanic.

And most Hispanics, like most people of African-American heritage, have not learned yet that you have got to play with both teams. Hispanics know it better than African-Americans, but with two great African-Americans serving on the Republican side in the House and J.C. WATTS with his eloquent oratory, we are making inroads. But people know that a district that is 54 percent Hispanic is generally a slam dunk Democrat district.

So the L.A. Times, no friend of conservatives or me, faced spiked. The Washington Post, of course, did not want to hear this letter, and they are inside the beltway here. They did not print this letter.

So as I read it to America, Mr. Speaker, think of all these papers spiking this letter, and at the same time I implore you to think, if they had a letter like this against Ronald Reagan in 1980 or 1984 or a Navy attack carrier pilot with 58 combat missions named George Bush in 1988 and 1992, if they had it on him in 1992, they would have front paged it across the country. And whatever the New York Times, the L.A. Times, the Washington Post, and the Wall Street Journal do, all the rest of America's newspapers do starting with number four, the Chicago Tribune, a colonel sets the record straight September 7, 1992.

□ 1515

Memorandum for Record: Subject: Bill Clinton and the University of Arkansas ROTC Program. "There have been many unanswered questions as to the circumstances surrounding Bill Clinton's involvement with the ROTC department at the University of Arkansas."

I will not stop again, Mr. Speaker, but I want America to know they are hearing the words of a Bataan Death March survivor. I spent 4½ hours with him on February 24 last year, where the son of the gentleman from Arkansas, JAY DICKEY, is going through law school there at Fayetteville, at the University of Arkansas law school. Colonel Holmes was born in Utah with his brother, Bob. I visited Bob's grave on the last day of last month, at the Cambridge Cemetery in England, bled to death on his B-17 coming back from a raid over Hitler's fortress Europe.

This is a man who had the son of the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. DICKEY] and myself with tears running down our faces. He told us, about a lieutenant, with his beautiful wife of 60 years sitting there, a young lieutenant in nothing but a tattered pair of underpants, smaller than an athletic supporter, skinny, coming back working in the fields all day long, they had moved him down to a camp in Mindanao, or one of the other Philippine Islands, or South Luzon, and he had a cigarette stuck in the side of this little shriveled dirty bikini strap, and they found the cigarette. And an extremely tall Japanese officer, over 6 feet, very unusual, says, raise your

hands, lieutenant. And he says, when your hands come down, you die. One hour goes by, 2 hours go by, 3 hours go by, and his hands slowly start to come down from exhaustion. And the Japanese officer takes out his nambu pistol and shoots this West Pointer between the eyes. That is what Colonel Holmes witnessed.

Then he hold me about his two friends, Larry and Spike. "Do not get on the prison ship. I have got a bad feeling." They said, we have got to get out of here, we will die here. They got on the prison ship. No Red Cross markings. They were bombed by American aircraft; swimming to the beach, our aircraft strafed them. Those that made it to the beach, the Japanese took them off in the jungle and executed them. That is the end of Larry and Spike, real names.

But I remember Colonel Holmes telling those stories. We spent 3 hours on his Bataan Death March and his captivity. Anybody who fell to the side of the road to get a drink of water, bayoneted in the back, run over deliberately by trucks and tanks. One man's body, you could not tell it was a human being after all these Japanese trucks had deliberately run over him.

He saw all of this. That is whose words I am reading to my country that I love. I will see if I can go through this without interrupting myself again, Mr. Speaker. Words of Colonel Holmes, Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star, Purple Hearts:

"Prior to this time, 1992, I have not felt the necessity for discussing the details of Clinton. The reason I have not done so before is that my poor physical health, a consequence of participation in the Bataan Death March, and the subsequent 3½ years of internment in Japanese prison camps, has precluded me from getting into what I felt was unnecessary involvement." He told me he felt intense guilt at all of the Governor's race. He said, "I have never been so relieved in my life as when Clinton lost the governorship in 1980. I thought, 'I will never have to come forward.'"

Then, with each subsequent Governor's race, he said, I never dreamed he would survive a primary system in this country. Then when the letter came out, he could not believe he was surviving it. And Col. Clint Jones, his number two, released the letter, not Col. Holmes.

However, present polls, 1992, they show there is an imminent danger to our country of a draft dodger becoming Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces of the United States. While it is true, as Mr. Clinton has stated, that there were many others who avoided serving their country in the Vietnam war, they are not aspiring to be the President of the United States. The tremendous implications of the possibility of his becoming Commander in Chief of the U.S. Armed Forces compels me now to comment on the facts concerning Mr. Clinton's evasion of the draft.

Mr. Speaker, I must pause to remind people that Clinton was living at the home of a war criminal named Robert McNamara.

ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE SPEAKER PRO TEMPORE

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. WALKER). The Chair must ask the gentleman from California to suspend for a moment at this point.

The Chair would remind all Members that it is not in order to engage in personalities toward the President. Although remarks in debate may include criticism of the President's official actions, it is a breach of the order of the House to question the personal conduct of the President, whether by actual accusation or by mere insinuation.

Mr. DORNAN. Mr. Speaker, this letter I have put in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD maybe 12 times over the years. I have discussed with the parliamentarians whether the term "draft dodger" is a pejorative term or whether it is a historical statement of fact, like drunk driving, or any combination of words in crime.

I will change this Distinguished Service Cross recipient and Bataan Death Marcher's words whenever I see the word "dodger," and I do not think it appears in the letter again, I will change it to "evasion," or "avoidance," which is less harsh on the ears, I guess.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair would remind the gentleman from California that any allegations of evasion of the draft or such things do involve personality, regardless of the origin of the allegation.

Mr. DORNAN. Would the term "student deferment," thousands of people, including leaders in both Chambers, have taken student deferments honorably when it looked like the war was winding down.

I understand in the Second World War, people would spit out the term "draft dodger," but student deferment or some other euphemism, for me to get through this Bataan Death March survivor, I will accommodate the parliamentarians that far. But I will push it beyond that, and ask for a ruling of the Chair and appeal the ruling of the Chair, if I cannot do honor to this man who is suffering down in Arkansas right now.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair simply wishes to remind the gentleman that the rule of the House involves the use of personalities in debate, that the gentleman is entitled to criticize the President's official actions or his policies. But the Chair reminds the gentleman that the breach of order is to question the personal conduct of the President, whether it is an actual accusation or whether it is an insinuation, engaging in personalities on the House floor with regard to the President or any Member of this body, is not within the rules.

Mr. DORNAN. Mr. Speaker, no one has been more of an expert on the rules of the House than the gentleman in the Chair. Out of my respect for him on

one of his 2 last days, I am going to accede to that.

However, I am entitled to tell every Member of Congress and every American watching that this letter is in the RECORD 12 times, and some few other Members have put it in, over the last 4 years, maybe more. I think a lot more. I think I have put it in 15 myself. They can write to their Congressman, and I am saying this, and please, Mr. Speaker, please do not write to my poor office, I do not have any more staffers than anybody else, write to your own Congressman and write for today's CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, and ask your Congressman to call my office and find out other dates this was in the RECORD, and then they can see it in its fulsome detail.

I will do what the CIA and the DIA has done to our POW and missing-in-action families, and that is drive them to mental pain with what is called redacted documents; you know, where they black out whole sections, so you are left with a page, to whom and from whom, and it is about your son or your husband, lost in Laos, Cambodia, or Vietnam.

Then you have to beg for years for documents that are already being given to the Russians in Moscow and their intelligence people to be debunked and destroyed, not debunked, detruthed, or given to Hanoi. We have been given secret documents to Hanoi for a decade now that we would not even give to the parents.

Mr. SOLOMON. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. DORNAN. I yield to the gentleman from New York.

Mr. SOLOMON. Mr. Speaker, I just want to say to my good friend the gentleman from California, BOB DORNAN, I just have great respect for the gentleman.

Many, many years ago after this Congress had passed a resolution saying that there was nothing else that could be done to bring back even not only live missing-in-action, but the remains, you and I, I recall back in 1983 or 1984, I was the chairman, if the gentleman remembers, on POW missing-in-action, and you and I and a number of others went to a place called Hanoi and a place called Vietnam.

I recall you and I sitting across the table from these Communists and begging, almost on our hands and knees, it was so embarrassing to sit there and beg, to try to get somebody by the name of Hon Vick Son, remember him, he was a foreign minister, to release the remains that were being warehoused right there in Hanoi.

Mr. DORNAN. Blocks away.

Mr. SOLOMON. It was such a humiliating experience for me. But everyone should know that that was the very beginning of getting back some of those remains, and over a period of time, more than 200 have come back. It is through nobody's effort but yours that we were able to get them back here. I want to take off my hat to you, sir.

Mr. DORNAN. Mr. Speaker, let me recall two things from this trip, to give the audience a flavor of how this is coming from deep in my heart. I do not want to come out as a blubbering baby, when I already admitted that Colonel Holmes made me cry at his dinner table with myself and with the young law student, the son of the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. DICKEY].

But you recall, when we went to Hawaii, to the central investigative laboratory, where all the remains were identified, that we went into this room that was almost like the nave of a church, it was so quiet. And here on all these white sheets set on tables like cots were the pieced-together remains, like jigsaw puzzles, of our heroes, Marines, Army-Navy pilots, Air Force officers.

Mr. SOLOMON. I will never forget it.

Mr. DORNAN. Then they had a table of ID cards, and you will recall, I picked up one. My air officer number changed later, they changed the letters in the front. It was 3038271. This is before they went to Social Security numbers.

I picked up this card and I look at the Social Security number, I mean his Air Force number, and it says, regular Air Force, 3038260, 11 numbers off mine. I look at the name and it is David Allison, F-105 pilot, good shoot, on the ground, gave a radio call. His remains had never come home. But there is his ID card. His military green serviceman's card was there, the only other redhead in my pilot training class, lined up with me, getting his wings, Allison ahead of Dornan.

You remember, the tears went down my face, I said, JERRY, look at this. This is one of my pals from 15 months of pilot training. Is this all his family is going to get now is an ID card, if, in fact, they ever sent it to him? They had him a prisoner. We do not have his remains back, let alone any word of what happened to him, and we know they took him prisoner.

Then I asked, can we all say a prayer here? And it was like we were in a church, praying for all these men. And some of them, all they had was one tooth, trying to match it up with good military dental records. This has been a tough, tough end to this Vietnam conflict.

Let me see if I can get through Colonel Holmes' letter, redacted. He says, The account would not have been imperative, had Bill Clinton been completely, redacted, with the American public concerning this matter. But as Mr. Clinton replied on a news conference this evening, September 5, 1992, after being asked another particular about his, blank, the draft, almost everyone concerned with these incidents are dead, Clinton said. I have no more comments to make. They were not all dead. I talked to some of them.

"Since I may be the only person living," he is not, "who can give a firsthand account of what actually transpired, I am obligated by my love for

my country and my sense of duty to divulge what actually happened and make it a matter of record. Bill Clinton came to see me in my home in 1969 to discuss his desire to enroll in the ROTC program at the University of Arkansas."

I must stop again, Mr. Speaker. I asked Colonel Holmes February 24 last year at his home, at his dinner table, let me tell you what I would ask you as a hard-bitten newsman. How would you remember this one student? He says, a fair question, Congressman. In 10 or 12 years of working with ROTC programs in my final year of active duty, never in all those 12 years, in California, in San Francisco, at USF, or at Arkansas for 10 years, did any student ever come to my home except Bill Clinton, 23-year-old Bill Clinton.

Then he called me at my Holiday Inn room later that night, at 1:30 that morning. I said, oh, my God, Colonel, I apologize for keeping you up. He said, well, you know, Irene, I said Alice earlier but his wife's name was Irene, Irene told me we might have confused you with something. I want you to know, I never let him in my house. Is that not interesting? He followed me from the backyard to the front yard for 2 hours while I did my gardening, imploring me to help him.

Interesting historical footnote. Most people in America are hearing that for the first time. Because I have never told anybody that. I may have said it on the House floor once.

□ 1530

Clinton came to see me in my home in July 1969, just a few weeks before his introduction show-up date, July 28, 1969, to discuss his desire to enroll in the ROTC at the University of Arkansas. We engaged in an extensive, approximately 2-hour interview. At no time during this long conversation about his desire to join the program did he inform me of his involvement, participation and actually organizing protests against the United States's involvement with our allies in Southeast Asia. He was shrewd enough to realize that had I been aware of his activities, he would not have been accepted into the ROTC program as a potential officer in the U.S. Army.

The next day I began receiving phone calls regarding Bill Clinton's draft status. I was informed by the draft board that it was of interest to Senator Fullbright's office that Bill Clinton, a Rhodes scholar, not going to class, should be admitted to the ROTC program. I received many such calls.

He told me he received one from the Governor's office, Winthrop Rockefeller, liberal Republican.

The general message conveyed by the draft board to me was that Senator Fullbright's office was putting pressure on them and that they needed my help.

The draft board needed this Bataan death march survivor's help.

I then made the necessary arrangements to enroll Mr. Clinton into the

ROTC program. I was not saving him from serving his country, as he erroneously thanked me for in the opening of his letter from England dated December 3, 1969. I was making it possible for what I thought was a Rhodes scholar to serve in the U.S. military as an officer.

In retrospect I see that Mr. Clinton had no intention of following through with his agreement to join the Army ROTC program at the University of Arkansas, or even to attend the University of Arkansas law school. I had explained to him the necessity of enrolling at the University of Arkansas as a student in order to be eligible to take the ROTC program with the undergraduates. He never enrolled at the University of Arkansas, but instead enrolled at Yale University after going back to Oxford.

I believe that he purposely—redacted—me, using the possibility—and the Colonel does not use obscene language, obviously, this is a redaction because it is a tough verb involving honor—he purposely—blanked—me, used the possibility of joining the ROTC as a ploy to work with the draft board to delay his induction—actually destroyed his induction—and get a new draft classification which he got, 1-D.

The December 3 letter written to me by Mr. Clinton, and subsequently taken from the files by Lt. Col. Clint Jones, my executive officer, was placed by me into those files so that a record would be available in case the applicant should ever again petition to enter into an ROTC program. The information in that letter alone would have restricted Bill Clinton from ever qualifying to be an officer in any branch of the U.S. military.

The words of Jimmy Durante come to mind now: What a revolting development this is.

Even more significant was his lack of—redacted—in purposely—redacted—the military by—redacting—me, both in concealing his antimilitary activities overseas and his counterfeit intentions for later military service. These actions cause me to question both his patriotism and his integrity.

When I consider the caliber, the bravery and the patriotism of the fine young soldiers whose death I have witnessed and whose funerals I have attended—many in Arkansas he described to Tim Dickey and myself—when I reflected on not only the willingness but the eagerness that so many displayed in their earnest desire to defend and serve their country, it is untenable and incomprehensible to me that a man who was not merely unwilling to serve his country but actually protested against its military overseas should every be in the position of Commander in Chief of our Armed Forces.

I write this declaration not only for the living but for future generations, and for all those who fought and died for our country. If space and time permitted, I would include the names of the ones I knew personally and fought

with—Bataan, the kids he sent to Vietnam, those young second lieutenants—and along with them I would mention my brother Bob.

I repeat, I stood at Bob's grave at Cambridge. My wife and I thought about Bob's grave as Clinton walked right past it with Hillary on the 50th anniversary, beginning the ceremonies over there on D-Day. On Victory in Europe Day, a few months later, Clinton was in Moscow. AL GORE went to the Cambridge cemetery for our air crews.

My brother Bob, who was killed during World War II and is buried in Cambridge, England. Bob was 23, the age Bill Clinton was when he was over in England protesting against his country.

I have agonized over whether or not to submit this statement to the American people, but I realize that even though I served my country by being in the military for over 32 years, and have just gone through the ordeal of months of combat under the worst conditions followed by years of imprisonment by the Japanese, it is not enough.

That is not enough service, Colonel Holmes says.

I am writing these comments to let everyone know that I love my country more than I love my own personal security and well-being.

Is he frightened, living in Arkansas? Given all the stories we have read over the last 4 or 5 years, the Mena Airport stories?

I am writing these comments to let—I read that—to let everyone know I really love my country. My personal security and well-being are not important. I will go to my grave loving these United States of America and the liberty for which so many men have fought and died.

Because of my poor physical condition—he is tall and handsome, he looks like John Wayne, as a matter of fact, but he has had a very slight stroke, and he is a handsome officer, he does not want to go before the press with this slight tiny little stroke problem—this will be my final statement. Except for his 4 hours with me. I will make no further comments to any of the media regarding this issue.

So he made his beautiful daughter, who came over that night February 24, 1995, and I met her, Colonel Holmes turned this matter over to his daughter and his wife Irene to represent him with the press. I repeat, there are pictures of him in his den where he looks handsomer than John Wayne, so I can understand his reticence to go before the press and be torn up.

You know what the Wall Street Journal did? And ABC, NBC, CBS, PBS, everybody, Washington Post? They said the daughter wrote the letter. After sitting there with that man for 4 hours, I can tell you Colonel Holmes wrote that letter, not his beautiful, educated daughter in her forties or later thirties. No, he wrote the letter.

But the daughter wrote the letter. There is something wrong, he will not

meet with us, so they rejected it. If they had really had a reporter going for a Pulitzer prize and begged to go see him, that would have been something.

Now I think it is fitting that in these last 2 days that this be in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, for the record, as we say.

And I want to point out that after I left Bob Holmes' grave, the American Cemetery at Cambridge, which is not too far from Oxford, both kind of the same angle of distance away from London, Cambridge is northeast, Oxford northwest. I went up to the wall and looked at Joe Kennedy's name on the wall of the missing, thousands of men missing whose planes buried themselves vertically into a forest somewhere in Germany or France coming home, we still find them, lost in the Zuider Zee or out in the deep North Sea or anywhere in the English Channel, body washed out to the Atlantic.

I looked at Joe Kennedy's name, the oldest son of the father, Joe Kennedy, of President John F. Kennedy. Two boys were born third and fourth, two girls ahead of them: Kathleen, who died in a plane crash, Rosemary who is still alive in a home today. But Joe Kennedy was the one they picked out to be President in that family of politically motivated people, and Joe thought that to be President, he had to do something dangerous, something different.

His brother had already had his back broken and suffered with it his whole life, when on his very first mission at night, without even knowing what hit him, a Japanese destroyer cut him in two. And he said to his friend, Lilly, Lillian Thall, I will never run for anything. I guess it is up to my brother Joe, because I lost my ship on my first mission.

But he got the Navy Cross. Two of his 13 men were killed, but he rescued one, keeping him in his teeth, Kennedys are all good swimmers, dragging one of his young enlisted men who was unconscious to Kilimbangara Island, off Rendova in the west side of the Solomons.

And Joe Kennedy said, well, Jack has been wounded, has a Navy Cross. I have got to do something for my country. So he takes off, in what the Air Force called the Liberator and what the Navy called the Privateer, because it had one big single tail instead of two, in a PB-2Y Privateer, loaded with explosives, and they were going to radio control direct it right into submarine pens and bail out over the English Channel and be picked up.

And it disappeared off the rudimentary radar that they had. Senator TED KENNEDY's oldest brother Joe disappeared over the English Channel into a mist as the explosives were triggered by some electrical fault, they assume, in midair. Maybe it was shot down by an enterprising Messerschmitt pilot that was still coming that far. They did not come out over the channel

much in 1944, and he disappeared into the English Channel.

I looked at that name and thought, like me, like HUNTER, like JOHNSON, like DUKE CUNNINGHAM, when I was a kid, I thought, if I am ever going to run for President, I have got to put my life on the line for my country. I do not send three high school kids in my place. I have got to do whatever is the most dangerous thing to do.

And I ended up doing it in peacetime and ejecting from jet aircraft twice, one time ended up 6 miles off the Pacific Coast, off Point Magu, no raft, no Mae West, and God has a helicopter come out, serendipity, looking at thousands of square miles of Pacific Ocean, and sees that precise 2-inch white strip down my helmet and says—two man crew—says to this guy let out of the service 2 weeks later for being overweight—at least he had good eyes, but he would not jump in—he says, keep your eye on that whitecap, now it is going away. And bingo, I am plucked out of the water, February 23, 15th anniversary of flag raising, Iwo Jima. God says in 1960, no, DORNAN, you are at least going to have 36 more years.

That was what I thought I had to do in peacetime to be worthy of ever thinking about being commander in chief, and ordering 19 great men to die in the alleys of Mogadishu and have their bodies chopped apart and dragged through the streets, and all we get back are torsos, burned at that.

Mr. Speaker, where was Clinton when he sent the Delta Force and those heroes and Rangers and the 160th Special Forces Aviation Regiment, the best helicopter pilots in the world. The training they go through, and interviews and interviews and flight checks, is more arduous than getting through West Point, to join that 160th special ops, nighttime Delta Force helicopters up there at Fort Campbell.

He sent those people in to die in the alleys of Mogadishu from a war criminal's home on Martha's Vineyard. Clinton was staying at Robert Strange McNamara's home, and on a pay phone at a golf course, he said send in that Delta Force, whatever it is, and in they went, Operation Ranger, and a few weeks later the fathers of the two Medal of Honor winners refused to shake his hand.

Mr. Speaker, same subject, different field. Infanticide. I know 15 Republicans voted for this, two of them are not coming back, and I will always have this in the back of my mind when I deal with these 13 fellow Republicans that probably will all be reelected. They all have safe races as far as I can see.

But this issue of infanticide, how could 15 Republicans, 4 of them claiming to be Roman Catholics in their biographies, vote for a baby being delivered, 80 percent out of the womb, deliberately breech block, which is stressful to the mother. The mother is not in any danger, or they would not be holding the baby's head in the birth canal.

And with the baby's little arms and legs grasping at life, stab the baby in the back of the head and remove the brains with a suction device, crushing the cranium.

Any doctor who does that is a killer, a murderer and if he does it over and over, he is a serial murderer. A serial murderer. Seven or eight Catholic Senators voted for it, six of them Irish Americans, I am sick to tell you. And over here 33 Catholics on that side of the row, four over here, but a great number of Democrats and a big vote, more than two-thirds over here to stop it; fell nine votes short in the Senate but it was still a big majority, 57 to 40—something.

And here is my pal that I first had on my television show as a young—we both had full heads of red hair then—Dr. James Dobson, founder of Focus on the Family, moved away from this Beltway and from California to be out at Colorado Springs, God's country, here is what he says about the failure to override the Clinton veto of partial birth infanticide.

□ 1545

He dated it from his office here in Washington. In reaction to today's failure, and I have to redact little of this, because we cannot comment, well, I can comment on policy, failure by the U.S. Senate to override Clinton's veto of the partial-birth abortion ban, Dr. James Dobson, President of Focus on the Family, released the following statement, and every word of this speaks for me, and I will bet for you, JERRY SOLOMON, and the Speaker.

This was a dark day in the entire history of this Nation. Forty Senators joined Clinton in turning their backs on the most vulnerable members of the human family, baby boys and girls, who are literally inches from being completely born. Because the Senate abandoned its moral duty to stop such an evil practice, these children will now continue to be murdered in the most despicable way, a procedure Congressman HENRY HYDE so aptly called revolting, even to the most hardened heart.

Dr. Dobson continues: The pro-abortion disinformation campaign, lying campaign actually by the billion dollar killing industry, murdering industry that was launched against this legislation, showed the extremism of the abortion industry in supporting abortion on demand throughout all my months of pregnancy for any reason or no reason.

Defenders of this procedure claimed it was rare, that it was only for the health of the mother, and that the baby did not feel the pain of the scissors; that the anesthesia would kill the baby, terrifying, by the way all the mothers across this country, like my oldest daughter has had three C-sections, cesareans, and had to have anesthesia. The bells went off. A red light spun. When I am waiting as the dad right there by the delivery room, what

is it, the baby's cord is prolapsed, we are into surgery here, we have to take the baby C-section from your daughter, and she had to be anesthetized.

Now women are calling in, does the baby have a chance of dying if it is anesthetized? Because they do not want to admit the baby is alive when it is held in the birth canal.

Back to Dr. Dobson. They claim the baby doesn't feel the pain of the scissors entering the back of its head. But in the last 2 weeks, the media finally acknowledged none of that is true, even the Washington Post. The successful effort to kill the partial birth, partial infanticide abortion ban, shows that there is no abortion that Clinton and his allies will not try to protect.

The Senators who joined Clinton in actually defending the partial birth abortion have the blood of innocent children on their hands. I, as Thomas Jefferson said, tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, and that his justice cannot sleep forever.

Here are the words of Cardinal, and I am going to mispronounce his name, a beautiful Spanish name, Bevilacqua, I believe he is from Senator RICK SANTORUM's State, Pennsylvania, his words speak as eloquently as Dr. Dobson's. He says, if late term abortions are legal, Cardinal Bevilacqua, he speaks, a prince of the church, I truly fear that infanticide, legal infanticide, will not be far behind, said the Archbishop of Philadelphia. No nation, no civilization, that loses its moral life, that murders its children, can possibly survive.

That day from the gallery, after he left the gallery, Dr. James Dobson, a child psychiatrist, who I guested regularly when he was at the University of Southern California on my Emmy award winning show in 1968 and 1969, in between a lot of flights to Vietnam, to see how the conflict against communism was going, he said judgment will come upon this Nation.

We have a morality test and an IQ test on November 5, Mr. Speaker. I hope the Nation passes it.

Mr. Speaker, I include the following for the RECORD.

DR. JAMES DOBSON DENOUNCES SENATE FAILURE TO OVERRIDE CLINTON VETO OF PARTIAL BIRTH ABORTION BAN

WASHINGTON—In reaction to today's failure by the U.S. Senate to override President Clinton's veto of the Partial Birth Abortion Ban, Dr. James Dobson, president of Focus on the Family, released the following statement:

"This was a dark day in the entire history of the Senate and of this nation. 40 Senators joined President Clinton in turning their backs on the most vulnerable members of the human family—baby boys and girls who are literally inches from being completely born.

"Because the Senate abandoned its moral duty to stop such an evil practice, these children will now continue to be murdered in a most despicable way—by a procedure Congressman Henry Hyde so aptly called 'revolting, even to the most hardened heart.'

"The pro-abortion disinformation campaign that was launched against this legisla-

tion showed the extremism of the abortion industry in supporting abortion-on-demand throughout all nine months of pregnancy. Defenders of this procedure claimed it was rare, that it was for the health of women, and that the baby didn't feel the pain of the scissors. But in the last two weeks, the media finally acknowledged that none of this is true. The successful effort to kill the partial birth abortion ban showed that there is no abortion the President and his allies in the Senate would try to stop.

"The Senators who joined President Clinton in actually defending partial birth abortion have the blood of innocent children on their hands. I, as Thomas Jefferson did, 'tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just and that His justice cannot sleep forever.'"

A COLONEL SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Sept. 7, 1992.

Memorandum for Record:

Subject: Bill Clinton and the University of Arkansas ROTC Program:

There have been many unanswered questions as to the circumstances surrounding Bill Clinton's involvement with the ROTC department at the University of Arkansas. Prior to this time I have not felt the necessity for discussing the details. The reason I have not done so before is that my poor physical health (a consequence of participation in the Bataan Death March and the subsequent 3½ years internment in Japanese POW camps) has precluded me from getting into what I felt was unnecessary involvement. However, present polls show that there is the imminent danger to our country of a draft dodger becoming the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of the United States. While it is true, as Mr. Clinton has stated, that there are many others who avoided serving their country in the Vietnam War, they are not aspiring to be the President of the United States.

The tremendous implications of the possibility of his becoming Commander-in-Chief of the United States' Armed Forces compels me now to comment on the facts concerning Mr. Clinton's evasion of the draft.

This account would not have been imperative had Bill Clinton been completely honest with the American public concerning this matter. But as Mr. Clinton replied on a news conference this evening (Sept. 5, 1992) after being asked another particular about his dodging the draft, "Almost everyone concerned with these incidents are dead. I have no more comments to make." Since I may be the only person living who can give a firsthand account of what actually transpired, I am obligated by my love for my country and my sense of duty to divulge what actually happened and make it a matter of record. Bill Clinton came to see me in my home in 1969 to discuss his desire to enroll in the ROTC program at the University of Arkansas. We engaged in an extensive, approximately two (2) hour interview. At no time during this long conversation about his desire to join the program did he inform me of his involvement, participation, and actually organizing protests against the United States involvement in Southeast Asia. He was shrewd enough to realize that had I been aware of his activities, he would not have been accepted into the ROTC program as a potential officer in the United States Army.

The next day I began to receive phone calls regarding Bill Clinton's draft status. I was informed by the draft board that it was of interest to Senator Fullbright's office that Bill Clinton, a Rhodes Scholar, should be admitted to the ROTC program. I received several such calls. The general message conveyed by the draft board to me was that Senator

Fullbright's office was putting pressure on them and that they needed my help. I then made the necessary arrangements to enroll Mr. Clinton into the ROTC program at the University of Arkansas.

I was not "saving" him from serving his country, as he erroneously thanked me for in his letter from England (dated Dec. 3, 1969). I was making it possible for a Rhodes Scholar to serve in the military as an officer.

In retrospect I see that Mr. Clinton had no intention of following through with his agreement to join the ROTC program at University of Arkansas or to attend the University of Arkansas Law School. I had explained to him the necessity of enrolling at the University of Arkansas as a student in order to be eligible to take the ROTC program at the university. He never enrolled at the University of Arkansas, but instead enrolled at Yale University after attending Oxford. I believe that he purposely deceived me, using the possibility of joining the ROTC as a ploy to work with the draft board to delay his induction and get a new draft classification.

The Dec. 3 letter written to me by Mr. Clinton, and subsequently taken from the files by Lt. Col. Clint Jones, my executive officer, was placed into the ROTC files so that a record would be available in case the applicant should again petition to enter into the ROTC program. The information in that letter alone would have restricted Bill Clinton from ever qualifying to be an officer in the United States military. Even more significant was his lack of veracity in purposely defrauding the military by deceiving me, both in concealing his anti-military activities overseas and his counterfeit intentions for later military service. These actions cause me to question both his patriotism and his integrity.

When I consider the caliber, the bravery, and the patriotism of the fine young soldiers whose deaths I have witnessed, and others whose funerals I have attended. . . . When I reflected on not only the willingness, but eagerness that so many of them displayed in their earnest desire to defend and serve their country, it is untenable and incomprehensible to me that a man who was not merely unwilling to serve his country, but actually protested against its military, should ever be in the position of Commander-in-Chief of our Armed Forces.

I write this declaration not only for the living and future generations, but for those who fought and died for our country. If space and time permitted I would include the names of the ones I knew and fought with, and along with them I would mention my brother Bob, who was killed, during World War II and is buried in Cambridge, England (at the age of 23, the age Bill Clinton was when he was over in England protesting the war).

I have agonized over whether or not to submit this statement to the American people. But, I realize that even though I served my country by being in the military for over 32 years, and having gone through the ordeal of months of combat under the worst conditions followed by years of imprisonment by the Japanese, it is not enough. I'm writing these comments to let everyone know that I love my country more than I do my own personal security and well-being. I will go to my grave loving these United States of America and the liberty for which so many men have fought and died.

Because of my poor physical condition, this will be my final statement. I will make no further comments to any of the media regarding this issue.

EUGENE J. HOLMES,
Colonel, U.S.A., Ret.

ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE SPEAKER PRO TEMPORE

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. WALKER). With respect to a possible special order which the gentleman sought for tomorrow for 1 hour, the gentleman should pursue that request with the majority leader through the Cloakroom.

Mr. DORNAN. Again to you, sir, good luck. What an honor serving with you for two decades.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. I thank the gentleman.

FAREWELL FROM THE HONORABLE JOHN T. MYERS, MEMBER OF CONGRESS

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. Mr. Speaker, it is with mixed emotions today that I take this floor. After 30 years of service in the House, if seems like only yesterday, January 5, 1967, that I sat in that chair right there, with two little girls by my side, Carol Ann, 11, and Lori, 6. We took the oath together.

It is not an easy task to say good-bye. So many times we have heard the expression, parting is such sweet sorrow. I never knew exactly what that meant. I guess I have said it myself many times.

Mr. DORNAN. May I destroy the gentleman's rhythm on that sweet sorrow for 1 second?

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. Certainly, my friend from California. It is difficult to follow the order of BOB DORNAN.

Mr. DORNAN. You will like this. You are something else, Mr. MYERS. How old were you when you were the commander as a lieutenant of a prison camp for German prisoners?

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. I spent my 18th birthday there, as a lot of people did.

Mr. Dornan. Second lieutenant at 18. Pretty darn good, commanding a German POW camp.

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. In the Air Force I would have been a captain.

Mr. DORNAN. That is right, but that is because so many guys were shot down in the chain of command. And you came in George Bush's class of '66.

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. We were together, yes.

Mr. DORNAN. With J.P. Hamerschmidt, who beat Clinton at his only other attempt at Federal office in 1974, beat him by 6,600 votes. Thirty years, 1966 to 1996. A whole decade more than BOB WALKER. I have just loved serving with you. And you put the icing on the cake, you honorable man, you, by bringing those grandkids, that look like they were drawn by Norman Rockwell onto this floor, Justin and Austin, John Austin and Justin. What an honor serving with you, JOHN. Let us stay in touch.

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. Thank you for knowing he was a little boy with that long curly hair. Grandpa wishes he has some of that.

Mr. DORNAN. Well, I gave orders that that is not to be cut until another year.

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. His mother will take care of that.

Mr. DORNAN. JOHN, keep coming back a lot. Loved serving with you.

Mr. SOLOMON. If the gentleman will yield, JOHN, I am going to say to you what I said to the honorable Speaker sitting up there, BOB WALKER, the pro tem Speaker who is going to be leaving along with you. But we certainly are going to miss you, my friend, you and JIM QUILLLEN, who is retiring. I know you are the best of friends, and the two of you sat in these two seats right here in front of me.

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. For a good many years.

Mr. SOLOMON. During every vote taken for how many years, JOHN?

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. Thirty. JIMMY served 34.

Mr. SOLOMON. I have been here 18 of those years. I just wanted to tell you, when you would come to the Committee on Rules and testify on the many bills, especially the appropriation bill on energy-water that you would bring before us, you used to do it almost being humble, and I just always admired you for it, because some of us have a tendency to be a little emotional and a little excitable. You always had that reserved presence which we all just admired so much.

So I just want to wish you and your wonderful wife all the best, and hope you do come back and lend us your advice from time to time.

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. Thank you very much.

Mr. BACHUS. If the gentleman will yield, Mr. MYERS, I wanted to say to you, you and Mr. BEVILL, and we said this on the floor of the House earlier this year, that when it came to protecting communities against floods, building levies, I do not think there is a district in the country that have a river that is not thankful to you for your many years of services on the House Appropriations Committee. A lot of people who do not know you, do not know your name, who may be viewing today, do not realize what a difference you have made in their communities. But I want to compliment again you and Mr. BEVILL for your many years of service to the communities of our nation.

Mr. MYERS of Indiana. Thank you very much for the nice remarks.

Sweet sorrow, the sweet side is the fact that the people of the 7th Congressional District, the midwest-central part of Indiana, sent me here for 30 years. I have had the privilege of representing the good folks of Indiana, and it has been a great experience.

But the sorrow is, first, I feel somewhat like I have left the staff, the personal staff we have had through the years, very loyal, I hope I have not forsaken them. But leaving them, when often they worked extra hours to carry out and help a constituent. There always has to be a time when we decide