

## BUSINESS AS USUAL

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

Mr. BENTSEN. Mr. Speaker, I took this time today in part as a point of personal privilege. Earlier today, while I was with some students from Craifton Academy, which is in my district in Houston, having taken them to the Senate Chamber and then to the House Chamber and then to Statutory Hall and walking out, our colleague, the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. WALKER], felt the need to take the floor and seek to smear the reputation of eight of the other Members of this body, myself included.

Mr. Speaker, I assume Mr. WALKER was attempting to infer that somehow Democratic freshmen sought to hide links to organized crime and organized labor because of contributions we may have received from members of labor unions or, worse, to try and tie the members themselves to organized crime.

Of course, both are incorrect. But a more troubling problem exists.

This all started last week when the eight Democratic freshmen brought to light a memorandum dated April 23 from Mr. WALKER and the gentleman from Iowa, Mr. NUSSLE, who is part of the Republican leadership, asking committees to use official time to root out information on the Clinton administration on labor union bosses and corruption in order to expose anecdotes that amplify these areas so that these could be used for political purposes.

First, the memo which Mr. WALKER authored, along with Mr. NUSSLE, would appear to constitute a violation of House rules prohibiting the use of taxpayer resources for political purposes. Let me quote from the House ethics manual, which says, under campaign activity by House employees, chapter 5, page 201, "no campaign activities should be performed in a manner that utilizes any official resources."

Of course, all of us agree that our committees should be looking for fraud, waste, and abuse. They should not have to be told to do that. That is a charge of the committees. But it appears that the Republican leadership now wants to use them for political purposes.

I suppose that we can investigate Mr. WALKER's contributions over his long tenure in the House and fabricate all sorts of false accusations and inferences if we wished to do that.

Unfortunately, Mr. Speaker, we see a continuing pattern on the part of the Republican majority, the Republican leadership who so fervently disavowed the business as usual practices of the past 40 years with their so-called Contract With America. Now they seem intent upon engaging in such behavior. Mr. WALKER seeks to evade his potential infraction by engaging in a smear of his detractors.

Our majority leader, the gentleman from Texas [Mr. ARMEY], told the Houston Chronicle that the freshman Democrats who called this behavior into question overreached and simply do not understand how things work up here. Today we read that the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. BOEHNER], chairman of the House Republican Conference, was handing out checks from tobacco PAC's. I do not care what kind of PAC's they are, whether they are tobacco PAC's or labor PAC's, but was handing out checks from tobacco PAC's to Republican Members on the floor of this the people's House. It was reported that one Republican member stated that, "If it is not illegal, it should be." And it should.

Mr. Speaker, The Houston Chronicle summed up this problem correctly in an editorial this week entitled "Politics as Usual" where it stated, "the voters did not hand control of the Congress to the Republicans so they could engage in the sins of their predecessors."

I believe they are right on mark with that.

Mr. Speaker, the other problem that exists today and is underscored by Mr. WALKER's actions is the increasing lack of comity and decorum among Members of the House. History tells us that at one time it was the greatest dishonor to insult another Member on the floor of the House. But today it has become all too commonplace.

Mr. Speaker, I find it hard to believe that Mr. WALKER believes in a society where one is judged not by their ability to work together and get along but, rather, to attack and tear down and smear your rivals where any means justifies the ends.

I came from business, from the private sector, unlike many of my colleagues on both sides of the aisle. I relish competition and a good fight, but I respect my competitors. I am not so sure that this House wants to follow such practices anymore.

Mr. WALKER should review again our letter and the comments that we made to the press. We did not ask for investigation. We just said, stop it. Apologize. Pay back the taxpayers if you used any of their money. But most of all, follow the rules.

We teach our children, do unto others as you would do unto them. That is how I raised my children. That is how I was raised. Perhaps that is how this House ought to operate so we can get back some decorum and comity and get away from the slash and burn politics which is destroying it.

## BABE DAVIS

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

Mr. KINGSTON. Mr. Speaker, one of the true benefits and best parts about serving in public office is getting to know so many people.

The constituents in Georgia's First Congressional district are an outstanding example of great Americans who have made this Nation the wonderful country that it is. One of the examples is Mr. Babe Davis. He's a friend of mine, a Georgia hero, and truly a great American.

In 1940, Woodrow Wilson "Babe" Davis, a resident of Odum, GA, gave up professional baseball, but to this day, baseball fans haven't forgotten about him. In the late 1930's, Davis pitched to Lou Gehrig and Joe DiMaggio, yet in 1996, he still receives up to 5 or 6 autograph requests a week.

Davis says he got his start in baseball by throwing sticks and corn cobs as a small child. When he was in grade school he would always carry his glove and a ball and bat with him wherever he went. One teacher commented that she saw him carrying his gear so much that she was going to start calling him "Babe" after Babe Ruth. She did and the name stuck.

Davis received a baseball scholarship to attend Brewton-Parker Institute before he had completed the 11th grade and following his success pitching at Nicholls High School. He struck out 23 batters in one game at Brewton-Parker.

Davis signed his first professional contract with the Cleveland Indians in 1934, making \$250 per month for their farm team. During his 7-year professional baseball career, the Cincinnati Redlegs and the Toronto Maple Leafs picked up his contract.

Davis' career began to wind down when he injured his arm during a one-hitter he pitched for Toronto against Rochester in 1937. After playing for teams in Jacksonville, FL, and Valdosta, GA, Davis gave up the game for good. While starting another career with the Georgia Department of Revenue, Davis kept his love for the game alive. For the last 25 years, he has been spearheading "Babe's Mighty Mites," a children's baseball instructional program that touches the lives of 320 youngsters in Odum.

Babe Davis epitomizes the love and dedication of the people of the First District of Georgia. We are all proud to have him as a neighbor and a friend. He crossed paths with some of baseball's all-time greats. And while his professional baseball career may have been short-lived, Davis' enthusiasm for the sport has not. Just ask 320 children in Odum, GA.

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

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

## PRESIDENT REAGAN COMMANDS US—REMEMBER OUR HEROES, REMEMBER OUR PAST

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, today is my, one of my brother's birthdays, May 10. He has two sons out of five

sons currently on active duty. One is an intelligence officer with the Fourth Fighter Wing, one of the world's greatest fighter wings flying the F-15E Strike Eagle. He is their intelligence officer, just back from Saudi Arabia for the second time.

The other son is over in the Pentagon, Don, Jr., the other one is Matthew. Another name, MacArthur, after General MacArthur. And the older brother of the two is Don Dornan, Jr., a lieutenant commander over in the Pentagon. Important job over there. Had over 30, 35 missions in the Gulf as an AWACS controller on an E-2 Hawkeye with the Sundowners.

Mr. Speaker, this is the 51st anniversary plus 2 days of the end of the war in Europe, the great crusade, as General, soon-to-be-President, Eisenhower said, that began with some commando raids across the beaches of Hitler's Fortress Europe and then, with the great Normandy invasion, proceeded inland and with amazing speed and great loss of life on all sides brought freedom to Europe. And 99 days later in the mid of August, 1945, the Japanese warlords conceded defeat and we had a cease-fire with a total, unconditional surrender of all of the Axis forces on the deck of the U.S.S. *Missouri*. Clinton had the wrong end of the ship when he talked about it on the anniversary in Hawaii.

□ 1445

But I grew up, as did my older brother, Don, and my younger brother, Dick, who is a high school teacher for 30 years, in what President Reagan called "a very different America than today." In a 1-minute speech a little while ago I said that I was going to pay tribute to a living legend in the United States Navy, 55 years on active duty. He only retired in 1989. I had the honor of spending some wonderful moments with him at Normandy, which I spoke about on this House floor. Adm. John D. Bulkeley told me to go out into the beautiful *Coeur de Vie* Sur Mer Cemetery on the bluffs above bloody Omaha Beach. Those bluffs were themselves drenched in the blood of our young Americans as they fought their way over the edge of the cliffs and across the fields of France into the hedgerows of Normandy. And Admiral Bulkeley, who passed on a few weeks ago, told me, "Go out and find the graves, Congressman, of the Roosevelt brothers, young Quentin, who died at 20 in World War I, when his airplane was shot down, and his older brother, who died 26 years later, winning the Medal of Honor on D-day plus 36, won the Medal of Honor for his courage and intrepidity on D-day itself and a few days following, and he died with his enlisted men in their chow line on D-Day plus 36, Teddy Roosevelt, Jr." Also, two sons on active duty out of five sons, like my older brother, Don.

And, if you are watching, happy birthday, Don.

This gentleman, called the Seawolf, will consume most of my 1-hour special

order today, a tribute to Admiral Bulkeley, Medal of Honor winner, Distinguished Service Cross holder, Navy Cross holder, Purple Hearts and every decoration that a warrior could ever get from not just his own beloved naval service but from the other services, including the then Army Air Corps, Air Force, Air Corps when they only had 6 PT boats in the Philippines and 6 beat-up P-40 fighters.

Now I want to do a prologue to Admiral Bulkeley. Out of the mouth of one of my heroes as a President, modern hero Ronald Reagan, to set this up, I understand with some good fortune, certainly by videotape, Mr. Speaker, that Admiral Bulkeley's older son, John Jr., may be watching, a great organist, played the organ at his father's funeral, that his next son, Peter, may be watching, who is an active-duty Navy captain, also assigned to the Pentagon, like my nephew, Don, and that the three wonderful sisters may be watching: the oldest, Joan, I got to know at Normandy, was with her dad; the other two sisters I got to know at their dad's beautiful funeral and reception a week ago last Friday.

I want to do this tribute to him because President Reagan told me to do this. He did not tell me specifically about Admiral Bulkeley, but he told me to do it specifically about Jimmy Doolittle, another flag officer, three-star general, and I did it, and I did more than one for General Doolittle, and I had the honor of knowing him personally.

As I laid in ambush once in the lobby of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, where General MacArthur lived out his last years, and had the opportunity of approaching him slowly and respectfully so that no Secret Service, whatever protection he had, and I did not see any, would think it was someone making an unkind advance on him or had the honor of shaking his hand. I had the honor of going to his funeral, going down in April of 1964 to the then brandnew Douglas MacArthur Museum down in Norfolk, the old city hall building. It was the only town that that Army brat, son of another Medal of Honor winner, General Arthur MacArthur, could figure out was his hometown.

His father, a Medal of Honor winner, Douglas MacArthur a Medal of Honor winner, Admiral Bulkeley, a Medal of Honor winner. When I went to Admiral Bulkeley's funeral, I sat next to two Medal of Honor winners. I am going to do a tribute to them, tribute to both of them, from the Vietnam war, one Army, one Marine.

Remember that President Harry Truman, served many years in the Senate, said he would rather have the Medal of Honor than be President of the United States.

So here is the prologue, why I am doing this tribute to John Bulkeley, who at one time was called the wild man of the Philippines, and for his family and my family and for another

special person watching who works with us here on the Hill. Mr. Speaker, our colleague from Florida, CLAY SHAW, has working for him as one of his legislative assistants the son of one of the six PT boat skippers that were under Lieutenant John Bulkeley. He was the squadron commander, a reduced squadron of only six PT boats (and most people only know about PT boats from John F. Kennedy's Navy cross incident, where he was hit in the middle of the night by a Japanese destroyer, never even knew what hit him) a crew of 13, an enlarged crew, two men were killed.

Kennedy was never proud of losing his boat on his very first mission, almost his only mission, but he certainly performed heroically as a good swimmer to save one of the men who was unconscious and badly burned.

But that is what most Americans know about PT boats. They do not know about heroes in Manila or off the Normandy coast or along the New Guinea northern coast, or up in the straits at the battle of Leyte Gulf. They know nothing about the PT boat commanders who had hundreds of missions, lost boats and did not have a severe back injury like Kennedy, who were able to come back.

But here on this Hill, which shows how closely connected to history we are, is the son, George Cox Jr., of the commander of the actual PT boat that took MacArthur off Corregidor. For the man who was actually at the helm, it was his boat, Ensign George Cox, not too young an ensign, about 25 or 26 years old. Had George Jr., the third brother like my family, three brothers, late in life, (lucky guy to have a son that young when he passed on a few years ago) but George Cox, Jr. serves on this Hill, and his dad was the skipper of PT-41, with the squadron commander, Admiral Bulkeley, Medal of Honor winner. Of course, George's dad, George Cox Sr., got the Navy Cross. They got and attempted to give him a Medal of Honor, too, along with his squadron commander.

Now, here is how Ronald Reagan told me and all of us to do this type of tribute on the House floor. And I would hope that you are a school child and you are having a bowl of cereal at 3 o'clock, or you are home early, or sick if it is in Chicago or two o'clock, or Denver and one o'clock in the afternoon; in L.A., it is coming up on noon. Some people may be home for lunch, particularly schoolchildren. Stay with me here for a minute. I may even bring tears to your eyes. I know I choke myself up every time I read Reagan's words. If you are out in Hawaii, it is only 10 o'clock in the morning. Be a few minutes late for work. President Reagan would tell you to stay. He would tell me to order you to stay and listen to this tribute.

Here is one of the best speeches I have ever heard in my life by anybody, right up there with John F. Kennedy's stirring January 20, 1961, speech. Reagan's is a winter speech, January 11,

1989; so that is 28 years after Kennedy. It was Reagan's farewell address to the Nation. It is what I call the "Freedom Man" speech because in his opening paragraphs he talked beautifully about American ships rescuing pathetic boat people who we had deserted in this struggle for freedom in Indochina. Talked about a carrier up on the Midway, one of the lower decks, and a man on the choppy seas spying this one sailor on the decks staring down at him. He stood up and pointed to the sailor. In broken English he said, "Hello, American sailor. Hello, freedom man."

So that is why I call it the "Freedom Man" speech.

Reagan says in the early moments of this speech, delivered 9 days before George Bush's inaugural speech, he first talked about the economy a little bit, says that a lot of his ideas were called "radical," and he said that they were sometimes called dangerous, but he feels they were desperately needed, and then I start quoting Reagan directly. He says:

In all of that time I want a nickname.

Over those 8 years, he means.

The great communicator. But I never thought it was my style or the words I used that made a difference. I believe it was the content. I was not a great communicator. But I communicated great things, and they did not spring full-blown from my brow. They came from the heart of a great Nation, from our experience, our wisdom, our belief in the principles that have guided us for over two centuries. They called it the Reagan revolution. Well, I will accept that. But for me it always seemed more like the great discovery, a rediscovery of our values and our common sense.

It just keeps getting better, page after page. I was glued to the TV. You did not have to be Irish on both sides like me to shed tears. And I still, being an Irishman, choke myself up when I read his close, and I learned a lesson a few tragic months ago, back in November, from a little 17-year-old child.

There is a lot of young people in the gallery now, and I will pass on this advice to them, Mr. Speaker, from young Noah, the granddaughter of the assassinated, the martyred, Jacob Yitzhak Rabin of Israel. When I watch her delivering a eulogy in front of many leaders of the world, including Mr. Clinton, on the evening news, and forgot about all the trained politicians and eloquent speakers, and the news focused on young Noah, freckle face, going into the service, wearing the uniform where her dad had been the commander and then the minister of defense, prime minister, president, everything. I watched her at the funeral looking at her grandfather's grave, fighting back tears, breaking down crying. I watched this 17-year-old. I thought of my 10 grandchildren. The oldest is 15, almost 15. I knew that some of them could not do this. I said how is she going to get through this? And she taught this old communicator a trick. Every time she choked herself up, she would stop and take a big, quick, deep breath, and then she was able to go right on.

So I am going to follow that example of young 17-year-old Noah, because this always chokes me up.

President Reagan said in his final message to the American people, those of us who are over 35 or so years of age and who grew up in a different America. We were taught very directly what it means to be an American, and we absorbed, almost in the air, a love of country and an appreciation of its institutions. If you did not get these things from your family, you got them from the neighborhood, or from the father down the street who fought in Korea. And, Mr. Speaker, a week ago this afternoon I was up at the University of Maryland, where they have given a huge piece of their beautiful real estate to the National Archives, the extension of our great Archives Building on Constitution Avenue, and I looked at film for hours of captured young American men, some of them boys, from Korea in 1950 and 1951, a terrible forgotten war with a beautiful memorial down near the Lincoln Memorial, a war where we left thousands of unaccounted-for men and 389 men known alive.

God bless Ronald Reagan in his final words for talking about that father down the street who fought or maybe disappeared or was left behind alive in vicious communist captivity in Korea.

□ 1500

Reagan continues: "Or the family who lost someone at Anzio, where we were trapped in 1944 and could not break out in that rough Italian winter of 1943-1944. Or you could get a sense of patriotism from school, or if all else failed, you could get a sense of patriotism from popular culture. The movies celebrated democratic values and implicitly reinforced the idea that America was special." Early TV was like that, too, up through the mid 1960's, the beginning of the so-called sexual revolution.

More great paragraphs I have to skip over. Young students must get this speech. They must read it slowly in its fulsome patriotic impact.

I jump forward. President Reagan says: "So we've got to teach history based not on what is in fashion, but on what is important: why the pilgrims came here, who Jimmy Doolittle was." There is his order to me to do a tribute to General Jimmy Doolittle. And who knows "30 Seconds Over Tokyo"? How many young people in the gallery tonight, Mr. Speaker, know what "30 Seconds over Tokyo" means, unless they saw Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson on the late show last night or last year?

"You know," Reagan continues, "4 years ago, on the 40th anniversary of D-Day", and we are coming up soon on the 52d anniversary, "I read a letter from a young woman writing to her late father, who had fought on Omaha Beach," bloody Omaha. "Her name was Lisa Zanatta Henn." She said, and this is Reagan quoting Lisa, "We will al-

ways remember Dad. We will never forget what the boys," men, "of Normandy did." That includes John Bulkeley, Commander than. "We will never forget what the men of Normandy did."

"Well," President Reagan continues, "Let's help her keep her word. If we forget what they did, what we did, we won't know who we are. I'm warning of an eradication of the American memory that could result ultimately in an erosion of the American spirit." Hear President Reagan's words, Mr. Speaker, an erosion of the American spirit.

I have before me the remarks of Billy Graham in the Rotunda when this Congress, House and Senate, in joint resolution, gave him the Congressional Gold Medal. In his speech on the second page, and it is in today's RECORD for May 9, yesterday, I put it in the RECORD, read Billy Graham's speech. It should be taught in every school. On page 2 he says, "We are a society poised on the brink of self-destruction." That is the Reverend Billy Graham, who has given half a century to spreading the word of our Savior, the Son of Man.

We are poised on the brink of self-destruction. Mr. Speaker, you and I know he is not talking about the gas tax, whether to repeal it or not, or how many B-2 spirit bombers we are going to build. He is talking about the social issues that we will be discussing on the defense authorization bill next Wednesday. He is talking about what this era is doing to these children up here in the gallery, tearing their innocence away from them. Read Billy Graham's words and weep.

I come back to Reagan: "An erosion of the American spirit. Let's start with some basics: more attention to American history and a greater emphasis on civic ritual. Let me offer lesson No. 1 about our America: All great change in America begins at the dinner table."

Or the luncheon table in Hawaii or California, at this moment. "So tomorrow night in the kitchen, I hope the talking begins. And children, if your parents haven't been teaching you what it means to be an American, let them know, and nail them on it. That would be a very American thing to do."

There are orders from the "Great Communicator" for you young people to tell your parents to teach you about American history and what makes this great nation different than any other Nation extant now or in the history of mankind.

"That is about all I have to say tonight," Reagan says, "except for one thing. The past few days when I have been at that window upstairs, I thought a bit of that shining city upon a hill," the phrase from John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts, his son first Governor of Connecticut.

Winthrop wrote to describe the America he imagined. What he imagined was important because he was an early pilgrim, an early freedom man. He journeyed here on what today we

would call a little wooden boat, kind of like a PT boat. Like the other pilgrims, he was looking for a home that would be free. "I've spoken of the shining city all my political life, but I don't know if I ever quite communicated what I saw when I said it. In my mind, it was a tall, proud city, built on rocks stronger than the oceans, windswept, God-blessed, and teeming with people of all kinds living in harmony and peace, a city with free ports," I wish all our presidential candidates had remembered this, "that hummed with commerce and creativity. And if there have to be city walls, the walls had doors, and the doors were open to anyone with the will and the heart to get here. That is how I saw it, and see it still."

Out of respect to Admiral Bulkeley, I must jump forward to the close, and skip over more powerful, moving words. Ronald Reagan says, "We have done our part. As I walk off into the city streets," to fight a tough disease, he didn't say that, I did, "a final word to the men and women of the Reagan revolution, the men and women across America who for 8 years did the work that brought America back." Admiral Bulkeley told me he heard one of my special orders talking about this. I hope he is watching from heaven.

"My friends," Reagan says, "we did it. We weren't just marking time. We made a difference. We made the city stronger. We made the city freer. We left her in good hands," and he meant Navy carrier attack pilot with 58 combat missions at 20 years of age, George Bush; we left it in good hands. "All in all, not bad. Not bad at all."

Well, you can tell Dutch Reagan, Mr. Speaker, we are blowing it here. We are blowing the Reagan revolution, because we are not listening to Billy Graham. Not everything is the bottom line. I am tired of Republicans turning on one another and forgetting the legacy that we have here in Reagan and Bush, bringing this city back to a city of honor and character, character like Jimmy Doolittle and John Bulkeley.

I said to Admiral Bulkeley on D-day, "Tell me Clinton didn't take that wrath away from you and throw it in the channel, since you were picked to represent all the men who died at sea, trying to put the young men on the beach." I said, "Hilliary was going to be given that honor, and taken away from you. Tell me it didn't happen, Admiral."

He says, "Well, we both held onto it, Mr. Clinton and myself, but I threw it in, and God knows about those things. God can sort that out." Get the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, my friends, my colleagues, people listening across America, yesterday, Billy Graham's words. In there you will see two other Dornan inserts.

remarks in debate must be addressed to the Chair and not to an audience that may be viewing the proceedings on television or in the gallery.

Mr. DORNAN. Mr. Speaker, tell everybody, tell your friends, tell everybody from sea to shining sea, Mr. Speaker, to get yesterday's RECORD. Also, there are two other Dornan inserts in there. One is an interview with Dr. Geoffrey Satinover, a psychiatrist, an M.D., Jewish heritage, convert to Catholic Christianity, at one time head of the Carl Jung Foundation. He talks about the horror, terror of young people having homosexuality glorified to them.

Then there is another article in here about the debauchery at one of our Federal buildings down the street; a pretty good RECORD to have, Mr. Speaker, from the 9th.

Now I come to this incredible American, this Medal of Honor legend, John Bulkeley. If you are looking for those patriotic films that Ronald Reagan spoke about, look for this one with Robert Montgomery and John Wayne. John Wayne was not yet the top billing in the early 1940's; "They Were Expendable," from this book. I had this book and lost it when my family moved in 1943 to New York. It is a 1942 book. I am handling it gently because it is from the treasured collection of George Cox, Jr. "They were expendable." It is an easy-to-read book, double-spaced. I read it all the way through last night and went to bed about 4 a.m. It just brought back all my childhood memories.

At age 9, right after Bataan, Corregidor, fighting in the North African desert, I read this late in that year, and I will get it back to our Hill legislative assistant, Mr. Cox, in good shape for his dad. He told me his dad never spoke of his heroic exploits in the Pacific.

When Admiral Bulkeley was alive and among us, after he had been down in the George Washington crypt area in the bottom floor, Donn Anderson, the wonderful Clerk of the House when the Democrats were in the majority, set up with a lot of hard work and some small support from me, the Medal of Honor tribute, with the original Medal of Honor given to young Jacob Parrott for an amazing behind-the-lines special operations, Seal-type advanced air insert team-type mission today, a real Delta Force Army Ranger mission behind the lines of the confederacy, stealing a train; half of them, all of them were captured, half executed. The leading officer was executed. Five were transferred. In the White House, Lincoln gave them the Medal of Honor and the Jacob Parrott medal held in his family for over a century and a third. He, the family, gives it to us, and it is down there. You can see it right now. I hope, Mr. Speaker, people visiting Capitol Hill will go look at it.

So Admiral Bulkeley was down there as the recipient. He is just an incredible person. I told him I wanted to

bring him over here to lunch to meet the new freshmen. Why do we always keep those promises to ourselves? He is gone now, but not his memory. So the freshmen never had lunch with him. I was having a big PT boat made, a model boat, George Cox's boat, PT-41. It got delayed. I just wanted to have Admiral Bulkeley sign the deck, so I will have George, Junior, sign the deck.

But I have read this chapter from "Devil Boats." George brought this by my office. I do have two of these, one in California, one here, "Devil Boats," the PT war against the Japanese. Just a short mention of all the great PT work Bulkeley did off the Normandy coast. Here is what I read 2 years ago with Admiral Bulkeley watching on C-Span, Mr. Speaker.

"The Wild Man of the Philippines" is chapter 3 of "Devil Boats." When Lt. John Bulkeley reported to his Corregidor headquarters, still designated grandly as 16th Naval District, on January 18, 1942, he was handed a tersely written order by Capt. Herbert Ray, Adm. Rockwell's chief of staff: Army reports four enemy ships in or lying off Port Benonga. Force may include one destroyer, one large transport, filled with soldiers. Send two boats, attack between dusk and dawn. Returning to their base, the PT boat base at Sisiman Cove, Bulkeley began preparing for the night's mission.

By now his daring, his courage, his seemingly unlimited supply of nervous energy, and his swashbuckling exploits had gained him a widely known nickname: "Wild Man of the Philippines." A striking physical appearance strengthened that label. He looked like—and before I read this, his big picture at his funeral of his Annapolis graduation picture the year I was born, 1933, was handsomer than any of these little teenage heartthrobs today, Rob Lowe, Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt. None of them were as handsome as he when he was not commissioned in Annapolis, but told to wait a year, Congress has given us no money, we will pick you up later. He went to pilot training and they ran out of money. He had a few wired-together biplanes. He ended up this hero in the Philippines.

Here is his description, this handsome young man, a few years later, just turned 30 years of age. "A striking physical appearance strengthened the label Wild Man of the Philippines. He looked like a cross between a blood-thirsty buccaneer and a shipwrecked survivor just rescued from months spent marooned on a desolate island. His shirt and trousers were soiled, wrinkled, and torn. He wore a long, black, unruly beard and his green eyes were bloodshot and red-rimmed from endless nights without sleep while out patrolling the coasts in the PT boats. On each hip he carried a menacing pistol, and he clutched a tommygun in a manner that caused others to believe he was itching to locate a Japanese to use it on."

#### ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE SPEAKER PRO TEMPORE

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair must remind all Members that