

CONGRATULATING TIM AND LINDA RUPLI ON THE BIRTH OF THEIR SON, TIMOTHY RICHARD RUPLI, JR.

**HON. ROBERT W. NEY**

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Monday, March 6, 2000*

Mr. NEY. Mr. Speaker, Tim and Linda Rupli celebrated the birth of their son, Timothy Rupli, Jr. on February 19th, 2000. Timothy was born at 12:22 AM and weighed 7.1 lbs and was 19.5 inches long.

Mr. Speaker, I ask that my colleagues join me in celebrating the birth of Timothy Richard Rupli, Jr. I am sure that his birth will bring a bundle of love and enjoyment to their lives. I send the three of them my best wishes.

IN RECOGNITION OF EVELYN G. SUMTER

**HON. NYDIA M. VELAZQUEZ**

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Monday, March 6, 2000*

Ms. VELAZQUEZ. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to offer my sincerest congratulations to Missionary Life Member, Evelyn G. Sumter of Bushwick, Brooklyn, who on March 11, 2000, will be Honored at the New York Annual Lay Organization Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," Matthew 28:19 speaks volumes for the work and contributions, Mrs. Sumter has made to her community. As a member of the Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church of Harlem, New York, Mrs. Sumter has also given valuable love and tireless energy as a mother, grandmother, and care giver to 52 foster children in Brooklyn and Harlem.

In dedicating her life to community service work, Mrs. Sumter has served as the Housing Chairperson of the Community Corporation; Director of the Young People and Children's Division of her church; Chairperson of the New York Lay Organization's Social Action Committee; New York HIV/AIDS Program; Operator of her own private day care center; Director of the Bushwick Neighborhood Coordinating Day Care Center; Director of the Bushwick Family Life and Education Project Counseling Services; Parliamentarian of Woodhull Medical and Mental Hospital Advisory Board; Director of the Bushwick Youth Community Support Program; and Family Counselor for the Horace E. Green Day Care Center.

Currently she is the Director of the Palmetto Garden Senior Center; Member of the Together With Love Food For Survival Program; 1st Vice Chairperson of the Bushwick Community Action Association, Inc.; and Board Member of the Bushwick Community Service Society.

Mrs. Sumter holds a Bachelor's degree in Early Childhood Education from Antioch University in Yellow Springs, Ohio and a Master's in Social Work with credits in Special Education from Adelphi University in Garden City, New York.

In 1951, Mrs. Sumter became the first Lay delegate of the New York Conference to the

biennial Convention Tulsa, Oklahoma. And a year later, she became the President of the Rosa B. Williams Women's Missionary; and Dean of the Manhattan Area Institute.

As President John F. Kennedy once said "Leadership and learning are indispensable to each other." I believe Evelyn G. Sumter understands that which is why she has been such an inspirational figure in her community, and has dedicated her time and spirit in enhancing the lives of others. I am proud to offer my congratulations to Evelyn today and to personally thank her for all her contributions to society.

**EULOGY OF GENERAL LEONARD F. CHAPMAN**

**HON. JOHN P. MURTHA**

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Monday, March 6, 2000*

Mr. MURTHA. Mr. Speaker, General Chapman was one of the finest Commandants of the Marine Corps and General Mundy's comments, which follow, are an outstanding tribute to him.

**EULOGY**

(By General Carl Mundy)

The son of a Methodist minister, Leonard Chapman came up from his birthplace in Key West, to Deland, Florida where he grew up. He graduated from the University of Florida, and was commissioned a lieutenant of Marines in 1935, eight days before I was born. Fifty-six years later, he administered the oath that made me the thirtieth Commandant. Leonard Chapman never outgrew his Southern roots. His Grandfather was a young Confederate soldier from Tennessee who lost a leg in the War. In order to maintain his farm, and to get about comfortably, he trained his horses to a gait we know as the Tennessee walking horse. General Chapman never abandoned that family homestead, keeping the 1790 tavern on the Natchez Trace—today a National Historic Landmark—as a farmhouse in the hands of a caretaker. He stayed there a couple of months each year, usually in June and July. A call on the telephone to him would get an answer from Miss Ella, the caretaker's wife. "Yellow!", she would answer, and after you had identified yourself as wanting to speak with "The General", came "Hold on a minute", followed by the sound of a squeaking screen door, and a loud call: "Fielding; there's a fellow wants to talk to you on the telephone over here!". Grass roots.

General Chapman's heroes were Robert E. Lee, and "Lee's Lieutenants". He read voraciously, re-reading several times Douglas Southall Freeman's volumes on the soldier-leaders of the Confederacy. He won the hand of a Southern Belle—Miss Emily Walton Ford, of the Birmingham Fords. Had this grand lady not become a Marine wife, it's likely she would have claimed the role of Scarlet O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind". As it was, she brought the elegance and graciousness of the "Old South" into the Corps with her, and eventually to the Home of the Commandants. Leonard's love affair with Emily was life-long, and his quiet devotion and attentiveness to her during her prolonged illness before death were an inspiration to all of us who knew them. He lost his first son, Len—a Marine—to a tragic accident, and became to his daughter-in-law, Gayle, and his granddaughter, Danielle, the companion and father they lost. I'll never

forget, Danny, when you were small enough that you'll be embarrassed if I talk too much about it, watching your grandfather, in an almost crouched position, teaching you ballroom dancing at an Army-Navy Country Club Friday night dance! His second son, Walton Ford Chapman, was also a Marine, to his father's great pride.

Working their way through Duke in the early sixties enroute to the Corps, as their Officer Selection Officer, I can recall judging whether the Chapman boys had been, or were headed home for a visit, by the length of their hair! In more recent years, how excited, and filled with pride your dad's voice would become when he would announce that he was "... going up to Massachusetts for a few days to help Walt clear a little timber!" His pride in each member of his family, his joy in your accomplishments, and his devotion to, and love for you were palpable and inspirational.

I met General Chapman when I was a first lieutenant, and he, a brand new Brigadier General. We were in the field at Camp Lejeune, and I recall thinking that this was the sharpest Marine officer I had ever seen. My opinion never changed. His early years of sea-duty at the outset of world War II left him with a spit and polish that never left. On the day he retired, he was still the sharpest Marine officer I've ever known. Others must have had the same opinion, like General Lemuel Shepherd, our 20th Commandant, who ordered him to the Marine Barracks in Washington, where among his lasting legacies is the spit and polish precision and the unexcelled spirit and professionalism he created in the Evening Parades at the Barracks, and the Marine Corps War Memorial. Leonard Chapman's manner, his demeanor, and his character matched the perfection of his deportment and appearance. He was a gentleman in all respects. At the outset of his commandancy, a reported called him "The Quiet Man". Those closest to him knew him to have been invariably courteous; never to have raised his voice in anger, never to have indulged in gossip, or never to have badmouthed or criticized even those with whom he might disagree. But they knew him also, to have an analytic mind that missed no detail, and a layer of tungsten steel determination just below the surface. He was tough, but he led by logic, character, and inspiring example.

In his final tours, as Chief of Staff of the Corps, he helped General Wallace Greene build, train, equip, and employ in combat in Vietnam the largest Marine Corps since World War II. He introduced computers to the Corps, and gave us automated management and information systems. When he became Commandant, the war was on a downward spiral, and the United States wasn't going to win. Throughout his tenure, his abiding determination was to bring the Corps home in fighting condition, and to preserve it as a spirited American Institution. He faced obstacles in a society where the profession of arms and answering the call to duty were under fire, and in which morals, accountability, and discipline were decaying. He responded by driving the Corps to maintain standards.

When Sister Services succumbed to societal pressures and relaxed standards and discipline, General Chapman tightened them in the Corps. When others advertised, "We want to join you" to prospective recruits, General Chapman countered with, "Maybe you're good enough to be one of us!". When anti-war activists rallied against war, General Chapman countered with "Nobody likes to fight, but somebody has to know how!" For those in the Corps who weakened under the enormous pressures of the times, General Chapman issued a simple edict: "Marines Don't

Do That"—a leadership thesis used to this day to teach Marines, and leaders of Marines, what is expected of them above and beyond others.

He believed in education. As Commandant, he established Staff NCO Academy, and in retirement, was founder of the Marine Corps Command and Staff College Foundation, with the purpose of enhancing leadership development among the officers and NCOs of the Corps. He led the Foundation as its President for 14 years, leaving yet another legacy to leadership.

But there was a spirited and fun-loving side to this great man. He was an inveterate golfer, playing the game with skill and enthusiasm to the end. Until recent years, he was a seven handicap. He would tell with a chuckle the story of an officer on whom he wrote a glowing fitness report, but ended it with, "... but he can't putt!" He walked the course, carrying his bag, and referred to those in his foursome who chose to ride a cart as "couch potatoes". Even with his spirited humor, however, the courtly, gentlemanliness was ever there. As he and I played golf together one day, after a particularly humiliating tee shot where, with a mighty swing, I topped the ball and dribbled it into the rough about seventy-five yards out, we

walked together in silence for a few moments before he offered, gently, "Carl, that was not among your better shots today!" Classic Chapman. He loved the Washington Redskins, and rarely missed a game, always, of course, making it first to church on a Sunday. He delighted, when the minister asked the congregation to greet and extend "Peace" to those beside them, in saying instead, "War!" if it were a Redskins Sunday! Noting that his team entered the playoffs last weekend, maybe that was one "for the General!"

Commandants have an occasional habit of gathering their "formers" at some point during their tenures to update on what's going on. This usually begets spirited discussions of how it used to be, how it might better be, or how it ought to be. General Chapman, usually the elder at such gatherings, as the tempo of suggestions from around the table increased, would delight in breaking in, good naturedly, but with meaning, to say, "If you junior officers will hold it down, I'll remind you that each of you had the chance to do what you're suggesting on your watch. Let's listen to what the Commandant has to say!"

Linda and I, with Gayle and General Chapman, were guests for dinner at John and Ginny Kinniburg's home a few years back.

As Ginny was busily passing her wonderful dishes, the butter came by. Always concerned for the welfare of "The General", for whom she and John so devotedly never gave up being aides-de-camp for, and closest friends with, Ginny handed General Chapman the butter with the healthful comment, "I don't suppose you'll be having any butter, General, but, please pass it along". With a wry twinkle in his eye, General Chapman took a sizeable slice for his bread, and quipped, "No, Ginny; I'm going down with the ship!"

Leonard Fielding Chapman, Jr.—husband, father, grandfather, friend, gentleman, Marine—did not go down with the ship. He was the helmsman who steered his life, many of ours, and that of our Corps, through sometimes troubled waters, but with a steadiness that brought calm inspiration, personal strength, and legacy to us, and thousands of others. As we remember him, let us be grateful that America produced one among its "few good men and women called Marines", who we were privileged to know and love. Men of the stature of Leonard Chapman do not often pass this way.