

Members of Post 532	Branch	Hometown
Knisley, Jesse	Army	Columbus, OH
Lester, Quinten	Army	Kentucky
Mace, Jacob Andrew	Navy	West Virginia
McCleese, Daniel Scott	Air Force	Columbus, OH
McLane, Paul	Navy	Elmira, NY
Monroe, George	Army	Columbus, OH
Morse, Fred	Army	Columbus, OH
Moore, Keith	Navy	Columbus, OH
Norton, Naldo	Navy	Columbus, OH
Oestreicher, Frank	Air Force	Columbus, OH
Overturf, James	Army	Columbus, OH
Papp, Frank Jr.	Army	Columbus, OH
Papp, John	Army	Columbus, OH
Papp, Joseph	Air Force	Columbus, OH
Pearce, Charles	Army	Radcliff, OH
Perry, John Wm.	Marines	Fredricktown, MO
Ponthier, Ory	Air Force	Bossier City, LA
Pritchard, Joe	Army	Westerville, OH
Rankin, William	Navy	Columbus, OH
Rinehart, Robert	Army	Columbus, OH
Roush, George	Army	Mason City, WV
Russo, Lawrence	Navy	Columbus, OH
Salmons, Anderson	Army	Hamden, OH
Sanders, Ralph	Army	Plain City, OH
Shea, James	Army	Columbus, OH
Sisson, Kenneth	Navy	Columbus, OH
Smith, Sherwood	Army	Rome, NY
Snider, Fred	Army	Columbus, OH
Sottovia, William	Air Force	Brockport, PA
Stein (Gregory)	Army Nurse	West Pittston, PA
Stratton, Jack Harry, Jr.	Navy	Raymond, OH
Sullivan, John	Navy	Elmira, NY
Tarquino, Anthony	Air Force	Columbus, OH
Taylor, Virgil	Army	Columbus, OH
Walls, Henry	Navy	Columbus, OH
Wharton, Paul	Navy	Columbus, OH
Wherry, Eugene	USN/MC	Mauch Chunk, PA
Williams, Paul	Navy	Columbus, OH
Zervis, Roy	Navy	Hamden, OH

Those in attendance at the WWII celebration day not listed above: Bennett, Paul; Dawson, Donald; Griggs, Carl; Landman, William; Pennell, George (Duke); Puchovich, Jordan; Stevens, Harold; Watson, Leland.

VETERANS' DAY

Mr. LAUTENBERG. Mr. President, I rise today to pay tribute and recognize our Nation's veterans. Too often, the sacrifices of our Nation's brave men and women of the Armed Forces go unnoticed and underappreciated. I wish to take a moment now to share a recent experience I had with some of New Jersey's Vietnam Veterans.

On November 11, 2004, I was honored to participate in a Veterans' Day Ceremony hosted by the New Jersey Vietnam Veterans' Memorial in Holmdel, New Jersey. At this ceremony, I was touched by the words of Major Frank M. McDonough, Esq., a retired member of the United States Marine Corps. Major McDonough has written a moving piece about what it means to be a veteran.

Mr. President, in honor of the sacrifice of our Nation's veterans, I ask unanimous consent that Major McDonough's written statement be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

NOVEMBER 11, 2004

(By Frank M. McDonough, Esq. Major, United States Marine Corps, Ret.)

The Marine CH-46 helicopter swept high and wide over the clouds of smoke, shrapnel, and exploding shells.

Mayhem spewed from the burning ammunition dump. It had been struck the night before by a rocket launched by some of the 40,000 enemy troops surrounding the miserably exposed plateau encampment.

As the Crew Chief shouted debarkation instructions over the din of the rotors, the Marines craned around in their canvas benches to see the mile-long, half-mile wide combat base below, through the glassless chopper windows. For most it would be their first combat experience. For the 26-year-old Lieutenant this was neither his first nor his last trip "in-country," but it would be the longest 77 days of his life.

Suddenly the helicopter dropped like a stone toward the airstrip and the Crew Chief was screaming, "Get out! Get out!" as the Marines grabbed packs and seabags and rushed to the lowered ramp in the rear of the rapidly descending bird.

They tumbled out, ass over teakeatle, several feet in the air, as the aircraft started to roll and rise, never actually having touched the ground.

As instructed, the passengers rushed to the waiting drainage ditch at the edge of the metallic runway. Mortars and rockets struck all around; and the din was so great that they never heard the safe departure of the big dirty green bird that had just deposited them in the middle of no man's land.

Nor did they care; for this was run for life.

The Lieutenant streaked across the landing strip as fast as his legs would move, carrying the 80 pound seabag behind him a protection against the flying shards of aluminum runway matting mixed with shrapnel, dirt and other debris . . . but ready to abandon if necessary.

The dense clouds of smoke and loud clanging sounds which deadened his ears and shrouded his movement could not protect him from the flying death around him.

But in seconds he was in the trench, on his face, in the dusty red clay that he would live in, bathe in, eat in, sleep in, and wear for many weeks to come.

The crump, crump, crump of the deadly explosives slowly subsided with the disappearance of the chopper behind the hills.

Soon, there was absolute silence.

Navy Medical Corpsmen from Charlie Med, the makeshift hospital across the road . . . conveniently located next to the equally makeshift mortuary . . . started working their way along the trench . . . backs and shoulders bent . . . bodies crouched to avoid

enemy snipers . . . making sure that every one was okay.

The Lieutenant checked his moving parts. They seemed to be all there. Even his seabag made it unscathed. Then he looked up for the first time since hitting the ground at Khe Sahn.

Directly in front of him was a large sign. In scarlet and gold . . . the Marine Corps' colors . . . a sign which pointed him to his destination.

"1st Battalion, 13th Marines, Turn Right and Run like Hell."

It was combat humor at its best.

According to military records, since 1775, 2 million men and women have given their lives for our country; men and women of all colors, religions, and beliefs. They wore many uniforms over the decades: some blue, some red, some gray . . . some green, white, khaki; and some of the various colors of camouflage.

Some had no uniforms but fought anyway; and some performed their service behind the enemy's lines in the clothing of the day, hopeful that they would be protected by their anonymity.

Some were farmers; some city kids. Some had never seen a pair of boots before they joined; others like me signed up with long hair, motorcycle boots and way too much attitude.

They were young, old, married and single. They were poor; and they were rich. Most were free; some were freed slaves. Some were paid to serve in the place of others. Some volunteered and some were conscripts.

Shanghaied, they would tell you.

There were summer soldiers who left in fall to harvest their crops. Others served for a fixed number of years; and there were many who served their entire lives. There were too many whose entire lives were not very entire.

When they were in, they spent much of their time complaining; but when they got out they spend much of their time bragging . . . about where they went and who they went with . . . although not very often about what they did.

In fact, in the Marine Corps we used to say that a Marine wasn't happy unless he was bitching; and most couldn't wait until they

got out. Yet check out all the proud United States Marine Corps decals on the cars traveling along the Garden State Parkway.

One thing they shared. No matter what their origins or their social status, there was no telling them apart in the trenches of France, the frozen fields of Pennsylvania, the steamy islands of the Pacific, the bloody battlefields of Spotsylvania, the deadly skies over Korea, the tropical scrub of San Juan hill, or the boiling waters of the South China Sea.

They were one.

Some were recognized for their heroism.

In the beginning by receiving an award called the Badge of Military Merit, created by our first Commander-in-Chief.

In 1932, that badge became known as the Purple Heart. It eventually was emblazoned with George's image and restricted to those who shed their blood in the service of their country.

Tens of thousands of Purple Hearts have been awarded for wounds received in battle. Too many thousands never lived to see theirs; and would happily have done without.

And there is another award that goes back to the early years. Presented since the Civil war, it is called the Medal of Honor. There have been 3,459 of those medals presented for 3,454 separate heroic actions.

The earliest Medal of Honor was presented for an action against Native-Americans in 1861. Ironically, since 1861, 22 Native-Americans have received the Medal for their own valorous actions in defense of a country that once seemingly sought to exterminate them.

I have known many who were awarded the first medal, and four who were awarded the second.

Despite their heroism and suffering . . . or perhaps because of it . . . I really don't know . . . they seemed no different than the thousand others I served with, and the many thousands more that we have all heard or read about.

They all served their country . . . in good times and bad . . . in peacetime and in war . . . with valor and distinction.

At Valley Forge, they wrapped rags around their frozen feet then marched to take Trenton; 175 years later they wrapped rags around their frozen feet then fought their way out of the Chosin Reservoir.

In 1805 they marched across 600 miles of burning desert to destroy the Barbary Pirates at Tripoli; 178 years later, not that far from Tripoli, they died in a barracks in Beirut.

Still they would not be deterred. And only a few years later, they freed one European people from a tyrannical butcher; and a Middle Eastern country from a demented invader.

But in Yemen they simply made a goodwill port call and 17 paid the ultimate price.

And in Somalia they tried to help a starving people they didn't even know . . . and had probably never heard of; and they paid yet again.

They jumped out of airplanes into the dead of night at Ste. Mere-Eglise; and a few miles away they scaled the deadly cliffs of Normandy with the bodies of their buddies drifting in the surf below.

At Midway, they brought a thousand year old Empire to the beginning of its end.

In 1865, a woman cut off her hair, donned a soldier's uniform, and fought alongside her compatriots as a man. She was simply following the example of an earlier heroine who joined the battlefield right here in Monmouth County. More than 1.7 million women have served in the military since.

Some nursed our fighters in the jungles, in the freezing cold, and aboard ships under kamikaze attack. And not only do they still serve in tents, bomb craters, and blown out

buildings around the world; but they now command units in Iraq and fly choppers in Afghanistan.

Some military personnel carry no weapons and wear no scrubs, but use a bible, the Torah or the Quran, to minister to their fellow soldiers. One from Staten Island earned the Medal of Honor of his heroic Chaplain's service.

And let's not forget the 6,000 Merchant Marines and their 700 ships lost during World War II.

In five years, my immigrant family from Scotland and Ireland sent seven men and women off to fight for their adopted country. It is something we as a people do. We rarely question why. We just do.

Now, one of my sons is in a place called Fallujah, while his brother launches fighter jets from the Abraham Lincoln somewhere in the Pacific.

I would never ask them to do this. I certainly didn't even encourage them. It is the only thing in my entire life that has ever brought me fear! But is their chosen destiny; and like all others before them, they just do.

In just my lifetime, I can think of a number of heroes who could have avoided serving, or flown a desk in the rear, but chose not to. One was the son of a legendary Marine General who had earned five Navy Crosses in combat. The younger Marine came home a double amputee, his life so shattered that he ultimately died by his own hand.

One was a famous baseball player who left his team not once, but twice, to fight for his country in not one, but two wars. And he came back to his beloved Red Sox to finish his career.

One was the son of the future Chief of Naval Operations, the highest rank in the Navy. He probably could have gotten any job he wanted, but he went into combat anyway; and came back to die of Agent Orange.

Another was the son and grandson of two Naval Heroes, but he spent 8 years in the Hanoi Hilton.

And then, of course, there was the son of the former Ambassador to Great Britain. He didn't have to go either, but he chose to be a PT boat skipper; and spent the rest of his too-short life in excruciating pain.

They all could have found a way out, but didn't. Not even the young Marine Lance Corporal I met in I Corps who had a Columbia medical degree in his resume, but he chose to fight his war, at the front, on the ground, as a grunt.

Like that young Lance Corporal, they had a belief in themselves, in their creed, in their country, and many times . . . more often than not . . . in their cause.

If nothing else, they learned to believe in their fellow soldiers and to serve them . . . to the death if necessary.

Today, we celebrate all veterans, those alive and among us, those who have gone on to their reward, and those still serving.

It matters not whether in peace or in war. If in war, it matters not what the outcome. It is the man and the woman that we honor.

We can do no less than one man . . . not of this country . . . did in honoring that legacy.

He was a 30 year old Vietnamese Squad Leader. A member of the 320th Division of the People's Army of Vietnam during one of the most trying periods in a ten-year war, the hallowed memory of which surrounds us here today in this poignant Vietnam Veteran's Memorial.

He was the enemy!

After the war he went back to farming. But then, in 1996, at the age of 58, he walked into the US Army POW/MIA office in Hanoi to tell his story.

While serving North Vietnam in uniform in 1968, he found the body of a dead American Marine. He buried it in a bomb crater. But he never forgot.

So he lead the MIA team to the remains, which were then recovered and returned to the Marine's home community just two months ago, some 30 years after the fall of Saigon.

Now I can tell you from personal experience that the spring of 1968 was one of worst periods in the war.

Yet this soldier took the time to bury his enemy. And then, almost thirty years later, report the location to his former enemies.

That kind of respect is the kind of respect we see all too little of in this fast-paced, too distracted, self-absorbed, politically-riven society of ours.

But it is the kind of respect we are here today to show our men and women, in or out of uniform, living and dead, still serving or not.

They need no medals. They need no special proclamations. They need no special treatment. For they stand out in their own merit, on their own sacrifices, on their own heroism, and on their own unequalled accomplishments.

But we stand here today anyway. For they are the reason we can do so; the reason that we enjoy the right to do so. The reason we can be proud of our nation; and the reason that, like the Vietnamese soldier-farmer, we can respect who they are.

To paraphrase a well known writer and broadcaster, we are here today because they are the greatest of all our generations!

BUDGET SCOREKEEPING REPORT

Mr. NICKLES. Mr. President, I hereby submit to the Senate the budget scorekeeping report prepared by the Congressional Budget Office under Section 308(b) and in aid of Section 311 of the Congressional Budget Act of 1974, as amended. This report meets the requirements for Senate scorekeeping of Section 5 of S. Con. Res. 32, the First Concurrent Resolution on the Budget for 1986.

This report shows the effects of congressional action on the 2004 budget through September 30, 2004. The estimates of budget authority, outlays, and revenues are consistent with the technical and economic assumptions of the 2004 Concurrent Resolution on the Budget, H. Con. Res. 95, as adjusted.

The estimates show that current level spending is above the budget resolution by \$10.126 billion in budget authority and by \$31 million in outlays in 2004. Current level for revenues is \$3.115 billion above the budget resolution in 2004.

Since my last report dated September 13, 2004, the Congress has cleared and the President has signed the Surface Transportation Extension Act of 2004, Part V (P.L. 108-310), which changed budget authority for 2004.

This is my final report for fiscal 2004.

I ask unanimous consent the report be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

CONGRESSIONAL BUDGET OFFICE,

Washington, DC, October 7, 2004.

Hon. DON NICKLES,
Chairman Committee on the Budget, U.S. Senate, Washington, DC.

DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN: The enclosed tables show the effects of Congressional action on