

The enemy we face in Afghanistan is as hard and tough as the land they inhabit. They come from a long line of warriors who have prevailed in the face of many armies for centuries. It is their intimate knowledge of every inch of the most rugged terrain on earth that is matched against our skill, cunning, and technology.

They are worthy adversaries and our intelligence confirms that they fear and respect us. They have learned to carefully choose their fights because as SEALs we answer the bell every time.

When you see the endless mountains—the severe cliff—the rivers that generate power that can be felt while standing on the bank—the night sky filled with more stars than you have ever seen—when you feel the silence of the night where no city exists—when the altitude takes your breath away and the cold and heat hit the extreme ends of the spectrum—you cannot help being captured by the raw strength of this place.

This is a great loss. These men were some of the future high-impact leaders of naval special warfare, but I take refuge in the thought that there is no better place a warrior's spirit can be released than the Hindu Kush of the Himalayas.

In their last moments, their only thoughts were coming to the aid of SEAL brothers in deep peril. I can say that any one wearing a trident would gladly have taken the place of these men even with full knowledge of what was to come.

Some of those on the outside may understand that the one man who was recovered would possibly make this loss acceptable. Only those who wear the trident know, if no one had come back, it would all have been worth the cost.

These men are my men. They are good men. The SEAL teams—this path is my religion. This loss will not go unanswered.

I am always humbled in the presence of Warriors.

Mr. President, I would like associate myself with these exceptional remarks by Captain Van Hooser. Our great country will forever owe these courageous SEALs a debt of gratitude for their selfless actions in battle on June 28, 2005. While I am sorry that the families of these men have suffered such an irreplaceable loss, I am proud that America produced such fine gentlemen who valiantly answered the call to defend these United States. Recalling our national anthem, I say, we would not be “the land of the free” were we not also the “home of the brave.”

GENERAL LOUIS HUGH WILSON,  
JR.

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I rise to recognize and pay tribute to GEN Louis Hugh Wilson, Jr., U.S. Marine Corps, 26th Commandant of the Corps. General Wilson was the embodiment of everything the Marine Corps and our Nation stands for. I am honored to read the eloquent eulogy delivered by General Carl Epting Mundy, Jr., U.S. Marine Corps, 30th Commandant of the Corps, delivered in the Old Chapel, Fort Myer, Virginia, 19 July 2005, in General Wilson's memory.

I ask unanimous consent to print this tribute in the RECORD.

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

EULOGY FOR GENERAL LOUIS HUGH WILSON,  
JR.

(By General Carl Epting Mundy, Jr.)

Three years after I graduated from the Basic School at Quantico, I was ordered back to become an instructor. I reported to the adjutant, who informed me that the commanding officer was absent for a few days, but would return the following week. He advised, further, that it was the colonel's policy to address all newly forming companies of lieutenants on the first day of training, which would occur, coincidentally, on the day of his return, and that I should be there.

At 0700 on the prescribed day, I mustered with a half-dozen instructors and couple of hundred new lieutenants in the outdoor classroom just in front of the headquarters building. Precisely at 0715, the front door opened and a tall, rangy, all-business-looking colonel walked out. We were called to attention, then put at ease and given our seats. The colonel spoke for probably no more than 8 to 10 minutes, citing what was to be accomplished and what was expected of the lieutenants in the next 6 months. He concluded by saying: “While you're here, you'll find many things that are wrong . . . that are not to your liking . . . not the way you would do them—and you'll find yourselves talking about how ‘they’ ought to change this or that . . . and how ‘they’ just don't understand the problem. When you have those thoughts or discussions” he went on, “I want you to remember: I . . . am they!”

He stood looking at us for probably no more than 5 seconds, which seemed like minutes. Not a head turned; not an eye blinked, and I'm sure 200 second-lieutenant minds were working in unison to figure out how they could go through 26 weeks of training without ever once uttering the word, “they”!

This was my first association with then-COL Louis Wilson. Like a few others, the “I am they” assertion became pure “Wilsonian” over the years, and like me, I suspect that many here this morning have heard it on more than one occasion. It contained a little humor, but it also characterized the man as the leader he was: “I am ‘they’; I'm in command; I'm responsible; I give the orders.”

Even beyond his years in the Corps, these characteristics continued. His good friend, Bill Schreyer—chairman of the board of Merrill-Lynch when General Wilson served, after retirement, as a director of that company—tells the story of a board meeting at which a particularly difficult issue was being deliberated. After considerable discussion, during which a number of thoughts and ideas emerged, but without definitive resolution of the issue, Director Wilson said, “Mr. Chairman, if Moses had been a member of this board, instead of ‘The Ten Commandments’, we would have wound up with ‘The Ten Suggestions!’”

Louis Hugh Wilson, Jr., was born and grew up in Branson, MS. His father died when he was five, and those family members who knew him then characterized him—even as a small boy—as exhibiting a clear feeling of responsibility for his Mother and sister. He worked at a variety of jobs throughout his school years to help with their support. After graduation from high school, he enrolled at nearby Milsaps College, majored in economics, ran track, played football and joined the “Pikes”—Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

In the summer after his freshman year, he and a buddy took a job laying asphalt over the dirt and gravel roads of Mississippi, and while working one day, a car passed, carrying an attractive local high school graduate named Jane Clark. “I sure would like to get to know that girl,” Louis remarked to

his buddy. “No chance, Lou, she's taken,” his friend answered.

Wrong answer! Within a short time, Lou and Jane were dating, and by the time she followed him a year or so later to Milsaps, they were courting. When he graduated in 1941 and went off to officer candidate training in the Marines, and then into the war in the Pacific, they “had an understanding,” and she waited. They became “Captain and Mrs. Wilson” 3 years later, when he returned from hospitalization after the battle for Guam.

Captain Wilson got a bride, but the Corps got one of its most gracious future first ladies—one beloved by all who have had the privilege of knowing her—but none more so than the Wilson aides-de-camp over the years to whom she became known as “President of the Aides' Protective Society” with an occasional early morning call just after the General departed quarters for the office, wishing them—in her soft, Southern manner—“a wonderful day—even though it may not start that way!”

Throughout their career, and to the present, Jane has been an inspiring role model to all of us in both the good and the hard times. Indeed, a legion of Marines are glad that Lou's friend on the hot asphalt road in Mississippi in 1938 was wrong when he predicted: “No chance, Lou.”

Captain Wilson's action on Guam was the beginning of the many highlights in his career. I was privileged to be on the island with him in 1994 for the 50th anniversary of its liberation, and while there, walked the battleground on Fonte Hill with him where he remembered and described every move as he assembled and maneuvered the remnants of his company and those of the other companies of his battalion to secure the heights. Only then . . . having been wounded three times . . . did he allow treatment of his wounds and medical evacuation.

The following day, I hosted a sad ceremony at Asan Point—near the beach where, 50 years earlier, he had landed. Because of mandated personnel reductions in the Corps—the 9th Marines—the regiment in which he had served on Guam—was being deactivated. As its proud battle color was furled, General Wilson placed the casement over it.

There is, however, a humorous sequel to this event. Enroute back from Guam, we stopped in Hawaii to attend the change of command of Marine Forces, Pacific. The day allowed time for a round of golf before the ceremonies that evening. As General Wilson and I were having breakfast before teeing-off, a retired marine—red baseball cap and all—came over to our table to warmly greet the general. Turned out they had been in the 9th Marines together, and the conversation turned quickly to something like this: “Lou, who's this new Commandant that's doing away with the 9th Marines? What does he think he's doing? You need to get hold of him and straighten him out!”

The breakfast could have undoubtedly been more entertaining for those around us had he done so, but without introducing me, General Wilson graciously responded that he knew it was a tough decision, but that were he still Commandant, he probably would have had to make the same one. He wished his retired friend a good game, and sat back down to breakfast with a wink and big grin for me. I was grateful to have “They” on my team that morning!

Throughout the decades of service that marked his career, Louis Wilson established the reputation of a firm, but fair leader who was devoted to the welfare and readiness of marines and would lay his career on the line for them; who asked straight questions and expected no “off the record” answers or hidden agendas; and who, while he could show understanding, did not easily suffer fools.

During his tenure as Commanding General of Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, as North Vietnamese forces closed in, the evacuation of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon was ordered, using ships of the U.S. Seventh Fleet and embarked marines from Okinawa, including then-COL Al Gray's 4th Marines. As the day wore far longer than had been planned due to the panicky influx of hundreds more evacuees than the embassy had planned for, the operation continued through the night and into the wee hours of the following morning.

About 3 a.m., word came into the command center in Hawaii that the Seventh Fleet Commander had signaled that the helicopter crews which had been flying since early that day had reached their administrative maximum allowed flying hours and that he intended to suspend flight operations to allow crew rest, even though a hundred or more marines still remained in the besieged embassy.

Although he was not in the direct chain of command for the operation, an infuriated General Wilson immediately sent back a message stating that under no circumstances would such an order be given, that Marine helicopters would continue to fly so long as marines remained in Saigon, and that if the Seventh Fleet Commander issued such an order, he, Wilson, would personally prefer court martial charges against him. The order was never issued, the helicopter crews kept flying, and the remaining marines were evacuated.

A year later found the Secretary of Defense looking for a new Commandant, and "Wilson" was a name high on the list. While many important people are involved in the naming of any new Commandant, there are a couple who merit special note in this case.

The Wilsons had become very happy in Hawaii, and nearing the point at which his career might come to an end, he had been extended a lucrative job offer; Janet was a senior in high school; and Jane had found a "Dream House" on the slopes overlooking Waialae Golf Course and the blue Pacific. As the likelihood of his being nominated to become Commandant took shape, the Wilsons sat down for a family conference to discuss the choices. After a brief discussion, Janet brought a decisive end to their deliberations when she said, "Dad, you've talked for a long time about all the things that are wrong in the Marine Corps. This is your chance to fix them." He thought for a moment, and then responded, "OK, we'll do it." And so, perhaps history should record that it was Miss Janet Wilson who, as much as anyone, brought us the 26th Commandant!

But there was another player who should not go without note. When the selection was made, Secretary of Defense Jim Schlesinger directed an assistant to "get General Wilson in Hawaii on the phone." Moments later, the assistant reported, "Sir, he's on the line". Schlesinger picked up the phone and said, "Lou, I'm delighted to inform you that the President has selected you to be the next Commandant of the Marine Corps." There was a pause, and the voice at the other end of the line responded, "Sir, I'm deeply honored by your call. I've always had great admiration for the Marines, but do you really think I'm qualified to become Commandant?" Schlesinger's assistant had dialed the Commander of Pacific Air Forces in Hawaii—also a Lieutenant General named Lou Wilson!

A few minutes later, when the right Wilson was reached, Schlesinger repeated the same congratulatory message, but ended by saying: "However, Lou, you should know that my first call turned me down!" So perhaps—in the spirit of jointness—we also owe the U.S. Air Force a debt of gratitude!

Lou Wilson became Commandant at a time when the Corps needed him. Fewer than 50%

of those who filled our ranks were high school graduates. Illegal drug use was rampant. Lingered Vietnam era recruiting had brought a fair number of criminals into the Corps. Riots and gang intimidation were common. His comment when he assumed command, set the stage for his attack on these problems: "I call on all marines to get in step and do so smartly!"

His tenure as Commandant would be marked by firm initiatives to "get the Corps in step" again. Overweight marines, "high-water" trousers, shaggy haircuts, and moustaches became early points of focus. The word went out: "If I see a fat marine, he's in trouble—and so is his commanding officer!" More than a few commanders got early morning calls from the Commandant that began: "Who's minding the store down there? Seems like you might be looking for a different line of work!" Prompt administrative discharges from the Corps for "those who can't, or don't want to measure up to our standards" were authorized. The Air-Ground Combat Center at 29 Palms came into being to cause marines to prepare for the next war, instead of the last one—and it might be recalled that the "next big one" after Vietnam was in the desert sands of Kuwait, and the Combined Arms Exercises at 29 Palms were the training grounds.

The Wilson years, and those that followed would rehone the Marine Corps into what it remains today—the finest military organization in the history of the world.

But if Fonte Hill on Guam, and the Medal of Honor was the early signature of Lou Wilson, it may be that his enduring mark on the Corps—and our entire joint military establishment—is that which he achieved in his final "Hill" battle near the end of his tenure as Commandant.

A quarter-century earlier, after a period of intense debate as to the role of the Marine Corps in the national defense establishment, the National Security Act had made the Commandant of the Marine Corps a "part-time" member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff only when matters of Marine Corps interest were at issue. This denigration of the Corps to second-class citizenship had long been an insult and irritation. Within the organization of the Joint Chiefs, a policy existed that when the chairman was absent from Washington, the next ranking chief would assume authority as "acting chairman".

In early 1978, the Chairman and all other chiefs of service, except General Wilson, were absent from Washington. A memorandum from the Director of the Joint Staff indicated that in the absence of the chairman, and the Chiefs of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, the vice chief of staff of the Army was appointed "acting chairman". An irritated inquiry from the Marine Corps gained a response from the Director that "the Commandant cannot be appointed acting chairman because he is only a part-time member of the Joint Chiefs."

Like when Miss Jane Clark drove by four decades earlier—already with a "steady" and "no chance"—or when the Seventh Fleet Commander was about to suspend flight operations: Wrong Answer!

General Wilson quietly and without fanfare, took the issue to Capitol Hill, and when the 1979 Defense authorization bill came out, it contained a provision that made the Commandant of the Marine Corps a full-fledged member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Indeed, the legacy achieved by its 26th Commandant for the Corps sits before us today. Without Lou Wilson's personal perseverance and victory, it is not likely that GEN Pete Pace, the chairman designate, or GEN Jim Jones, the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, or GEN Jim Cartwright, the combatant commander, U. S. Strategic

Command, would be in their positions today. Lou Wilson elevated his Corps from a bureaucratic, second-class category to co-equal status with every other branch of the armed services . . . and his country—and the profession of those who bear arms in its defense—will be forever the beneficiaries.

And so, as we assemble today to bid farewell to one of the true giants of our Corps and our Nation, let us do so with gratitude that America produces men the likes of Louis Wilson—and that "they" choose to become Marines. *Semper Fidelis*

Mr. President, I would like to associate myself with these exceptional remarks by General Mundy. I recall my modest service in the Marine Corps during the Korean War and later as Secretary of the Navy, where I witnessed firsthand the impact of General Wilson's efforts in the Corps. His tremendous legacy will forever challenge future Marines to become part of the best fighting force on the Earth. While I am saddened by the General's passing, I am proud that America produced such a fine gentleman who valiantly answered the call to defend these United States. Recalling our national anthem, I say, we would not be "the land of the free" were we not also the "home of the brave."

#### TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN KENNETH J. PANOS, USN

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, I rise to recognize and pay tribute to CAPT Kenneth J. Panos, U.S. Navy. Captain Panos will retire from the Navy on September 1, 2005, having completed an exemplary 26-year career of service to our Nation.

Captain Panos was born in Union, NJ, and is a 1979 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy. He also earned a masters degree in Financial Management from the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, CA.

During his military career, Captain Panos excelled at all facets of his chosen profession. As a naval aviator, he deployed to South America and the Caribbean. While serving aboard USS *Paul* (FF 1096), Captain Panos participated in peacekeeping operations in the waters off Beirut, Lebanon.

In 1986, Captain Panos was redesignated a full-time support officer in the Navy Reserve. He reported aboard Helicopter Anti-Submarine Squadron (Light)-94 as the head of the Maintenance, Training and Administration Departments and achieved 1,000 flight hours in the SH-2F Seasprite while deployed aboard various Navy Reserve Force frigates. His outstanding capacity for leadership was recognized when he was selected as the HSL-94 Junior Officer of the Year in 1988. During Captain Panos' tour as the assistant reserve programs director/reserve service officer and later department head at Naval Air Station Willow Grove, he transitioned to fixed-wing aircraft and achieved an airline transport pilot rating while flying the UC-12B transport.

Captain Panos made good use of his graduate degree in financial management with assignments in the Aviation