

to a period of morning business, with Senators permitted to speak for up to 10 minutes each.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

### HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

CORPORAL BENJAMIN K. BROSH

Mr. SALAZAR. Mr. President, I rise today to honor the life of Army Corporal Benjamin Brosh, of the 2nd Battalion, 327th Infantry Regiment, 1st Brigade Combat Team, 101st Airborne Division, out of Fort Campbell, KY. Corporal Brosh was killed last week in Balad, Iraq, when a car packed with explosives detonated near his position at Forward Operating Base Anaconda. He was 22 years old.

Corporal Brosh has roots in Mississippi and Colorado, where his mother still lives and where he loved to ski. Those who knew him remember his energy, sense of humor, his love for his family, and his commitment to the Army and to the soldiers with whom he served.

He entered the Army in 2006, shortly after experiencing and enduring the devastation that Hurricane Katrina wrought on his community. The storm stirred Benjamin to understand his gift for helping others in times of need. Although the storm had badly damaged his own crabbing business, which he had built out of his childhood love for fishing, Benjamin spent the days and weeks after the storm helping his family and friends dig out from the wreckage. "He just worked like a Trojan, and didn't want anything from it," recalls a family friend whose home Benjamin cleared of mud and debris.

He carried his dreams of helping others into the Army and then to Iraq, where, amid the violence of firefighting and roadside bombs, he remained focused on doing what he could to help ordinary Iraqis rebuild their lives. Benjamin's father recalls how much he enjoyed delivering soccer balls to Iraqi children and then challenging them to a pickup game. In a war zone wrought with confusion and tragedy it is hard to imagine a gesture of humanity more powerful than that of an American soldier joining with Iraqi kids in a soccer match.

Corporal Brosh's passion for assisting others was matched only by his commitment to protecting the soldier next to him. He was a pillar of his unit, sustaining his fellow soldiers with his good spirits, optimism, and courage. He dispensed advice and encouragement and, ultimately, offered his life to protect his unit.

The words we offer to honor Corporal Brosh cannot begin to describe the heroism of his daily work or the depth of his character and convictions. From his memory, though, we draw a model for service and duty to which we can all aspire.

At a 1963 gathering remembering the life of the poet Robert Frost, President John F. Kennedy reminded the crowd

that, "A nation reveals itself not only by the men it produces, but also by the men it honors, the men it remembers."

Our Nation tends to recognize those men and women of wide acclaim, with whose accomplishments we are already familiar. This, however, is a time of heroes. Over a million and a half Americans have left their families for deployments to Iraq and Afghanistan. Benjamin Brosh, a young man who learned his power to help others in the wake of Hurricane Katrina, gave even more than most. He lent his character, he lent his optimism, and he lent his life to his country. If a nation, as President Kennedy suggests, reveals itself by the citizens it produces, then Corporal Brosh is America at our finest. He is a patriot and a hero.

To Benjamin Brosh's parents, James and Barbara, and to all his friends and family, our thoughts and prayers are with you. I hope that, in time, your grief will be assuaged by the pride you must feel in Benjamin's service and by the honor he bestowed upon his country. This Nation will never forget him.

SERGEANT DAVID "DJ" STELMAT

Mr. GREGG. Mr. President, I rise today to honor U.S. Army Sergeant David Stelmat of Littleton, NH. On March 22, 2008, Sergeant Stelmat was tragically taken from us, along with two fellow soldiers from the North Carolina Army National Guard's 1132 Military Police Company, when his humvee encountered an improvised explosive device in Baghdad, Iraq. At only 27 years old, SGT David Stelmat, or DJ as he was known to his friends and family, will always be remembered as an adventurous, fun-loving young man who enjoyed the outdoors.

The attacks of September 11, 2001, were the worst our Nation has ever experienced. Terrorists hijacked commercial airplanes, turned them into weapons, and brutally steered them into the World Trade Center Towers in New York, the Pentagon only miles from here, and the last plane lost on a field in Pennsylvania as a result of the heroic stance of the passengers aboard. It has become part of New Hampshire lore that in the wake of this tragedy, when our Nation was looking to heal itself, DJ, a 1998 graduate of Profile High School, along with a friend, climbed to the top of the Old Man of the Mountain and placed an American flag in the iconic profile. Pictures of DJ's action quickly spread and served as a patriotic symbol of our State and our country.

Upon returning home from military service to our Nation as part of the infantry in Afghanistan, DJ attended the New Hampshire Technical Institute in his ardent desire to become an emergency medical technician. I am sure that this patriotic need to help our Nation heal after September 11 came from the same source of motivation which led to his burning desire to achieve his goal of military service as a combat medic.

In January 2006, DJ joined the New Hampshire National Guard's 237th Mili-

tary Police Company. In August of that year he completed training as a health care specialist. After receiving training, he deployed with the 1132nd Military Police Company. As a testament to his service, Sergeant Stelmat's awards include a Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Army Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Iraq Campaign Medal, Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, Armed Forces Reserve Medal with "M" device, Army Service Ribbon, Overseas Service Ribbon, Combat Action Badge, Expert Rifle Weapons Qualification Badge, and an Overseas Service Bar.

My deepest sympathy, condolences and prayers go out to DJ's loved ones, especially his parents. The service and sacrifice of Sergeant Stelmat remind me of the words of another son of New Hampshire, Daniel Webster, who said, "What a man does for others, not what they do for him, gives him immortality." As combat medic, there is no doubt but that DJ put his country and his fellow soldiers before himself. For this selflessness, we are eternally grateful. May God bless U.S. Army Sergeant DJ Stelmat.

### COMMEMORATION OF THE 265TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

Mr. WARNER. Mr. President, on April 13, 2008, America celebrated the 265th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, who first served as Vice President and then subsequently was elected as the Nation's third President in 1801. He deemed his proudest achievement to be the "Father of the University of Virginia."

As part of the national celebration, President and Mrs. Bush invited distinguished scholars and others to pay tribute to the extraordinary achievements of this great American. I was privileged to attend along with John Casteen, current president of the University of Virginia, and many other invited guests from the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Given the importance of this occasion and the respectful tributes delivered by the President, the First Lady, and two eminent scholars, I wish to record this event for the American people.

### TRIBUTE TO BARB HESS

Mr. GRASSLEY. Mr. President, I would like to take a few moments to pay tribute to a remarkable teacher who has touched the lives of countless students in Davenport, IA. Miss Barb Hess is retiring after 46 years teaching various social studies courses at Davenport Central High School.

Many of us can think back to one favorite teacher who stands out amongst all the rest; who because of a unique combination of personality and teaching skills, was able to spark an interest in a certain subject or learning in general. Miss Hess has been such a teacher

for an extraordinary number of students. Her profound impact on her students and on Central High is attested to by her colleagues who wrote me an impassioned letter recounting her impressive career, as well as by a great many of her former students, including a member of my staff.

In the classroom, Miss Hess commands respect and maintains discipline with only a few softly spoken but firm words, making clear that appropriate behavior is expected. She holds high academic expectations for her students, challenging them to achieve their potential. Her courses, many of which she developed herself, push students to think deeply and critically. Her students know that she expects papers to demonstrate clear writing with well reasoned arguments backed by solid research. In a time of much discussion about lack of rigor in high school coursework, Miss Hess's classes stand out as an example of rigorous preparation for higher education and other life-enriching opportunities.

Her high expectations for her students are a natural outgrowth of the high expectations she sets for herself. Although Miss Hess holds both a bachelor's and a master's degree from Drake University, she has never ceased to enhance her own knowledge of the subjects she teaches. She can always spot plagiarism, often because she is intimately familiar with the original source.

Outside the classroom, Miss Hess has been the adviser for the student council starting in 1974 and has advised numerous other student groups and organizations. In fact, she has organized, advised, or assisted with more functions at Davenport Central over the years than can be tallied. Barb Hess has been a loyal "Blue Devil" since her student days, consistently supporting sports teams, fine arts events, and other extracurricular activities over the years.

Barb Hess is a fixture at Davenport Central High School, having achieved near legendary status among those familiar with the school. Her imprint on the institution will continue to be felt very strongly. Her imprint on the lives of her students will be even more enduring. The best teachers combine extensive content knowledge with a certain intangible ability to connect with students and to inspire them to excel in school and life. Miss Hess's ability to care about each student as an individual, and unique talent for bringing out the best in students of all kinds, places her among the best of the best. She will be missed in her classroom at Central High, but her legacy of improving the lives of generations of students will last forever. I thank Barb Hess for her years of service to Iowa's youth and I wish her the very best in her retirement.

#### NORTH KOREA

Mr. BROWNBACK. Mr. President, the guard told the story of a father, a

mother, a son, and a daughter who were stripped naked and led into a room together. The room was made of glass, ten feet wide, nine feet long, and seven feet high. Leading into the glass room where the family stood was a metal injection tube. Outside the room, a group of scientists waited with pens and note pads. The guard recalls that the gas began to flow through the tube into the glass room. At first, the gas collected along the floor. The family stood together in the middle of the room. Then, as the cloud of gas rose from the floor of the chamber, the son and the daughter began to vomit and then to die. The mother and father tried to save them. They stood as high as they could to gasp the last clean breaths of their lives, to breathe that air into the lungs of their children, and to preserve their lives for a few more moments. Soon, the parents, too, began to vomit and die. One by one, all four succumbed and collapsed into the cloud of gas. Eventually, the father, the mother, the son, and the daughter all lay dead on the floor of the gas chamber.

The story I have just told you did not happen decades ago in Nazi Germany. It happened recently, and there is every reason to believe that things just like it may continue to this day, perhaps at this very moment. They happened in a country with which our diplomats are talking about granting full diplomatic relations and all of the mercantile and diplomatic privileges of membership in the civilized world.

This story happened to forgotten people, in a forgotten part of a forgotten country. You have probably never heard of it, yet it is the scene of crimes against humanity whose scale and depravity rival those of Mauthausen, Tuol Sleng, or Srebrenica. The place is called "Camp 22." It lies in the far northeastern corner of North Korea.

Camp 22 is not history than we can condemn from the safe distance of time. Yet too many of us refuse to confront it, perhaps because we are afraid that confronting the crimes of Camp 22 would also require us to confront its moral imperatives. We cannot say that we act according to our values when we invite mass murder into the community of civilization, with all of its diplomatic and mercantile privileges. It is to horrors like these that we must say "never again," and mean it, and act.

It is a massive place, perhaps hundreds of square miles in area. Former guards say that 50,000 men, women, and children are confined there. Camp 22 is a killing field where guards murder children for scavenging garbage to eat, where prisoners are publicly stoned to death and disemboweled, and where entire families are slaughtered for no more reason than to serve as examples for other prisoners. It is a place where torture, starvation, and disease kill 20 percent of the prisoners every year, and where children die because their parents are accused of thought crimes.

Camp 22 is only one of an archipelago of concentration camps in North

Korea. The U.S. Committee for Human Rights in North Korea estimates that 400,000 people have been murdered in these camps. Survivor Kang Chol Hwan describes spending ten years in another camp, Camp 15, where each spring brought a grim new harvest of deaths from starvation and disease.

The only people who have ever seen Camp 22 are its guards, its victims (none of whom has ever escaped), and the thousands of dead whose corpses and bones are strewn in its hills, fields, and ravines. Kim Jong Il's regime still denies that these camps exist. No foreigner has ever been permitted to go near them. Until North Korea allows us to go to the camps to prove or disprove these reports, we cannot know for certain what is happening there. Still, commercially available satellite imagery allows us to look upon Camp 22 for ourselves and verify what the survivors tell us in detail. Google Earth has made witnesses of us all. In these times, anyone with an Internet connection can look down into hell at Camp 22 and witness Holocaust Now.

I would like to thank the Rev. Chun Ki Won, whom many have dubbed the "Schindler of the East." Reverend Chun himself has led hundreds to safety and himself spent nearly nine months in a Chinese prison when he was caught trying to get into Mongolia with a group of refugees. The floor charts of satellite photos I am about to show were vetted by refugees, both victims and guards, he is in touch with in Korea and elsewhere. They identified the details of these gulags and confirmed their existence.

I want to show you Camp 22 today. I want you to see its fence lines, its gates, and moats. I want you to see the huts where its prisoners live, the coal mines where men are worked to death, and the forests and fields where the dead are discarded. I want you to be haunted by these things when you consider how we should deal with Kim Jong Il's regime, and when you are deciding what kind of a country we will be. I ask that you hear what I have to say while there is still time to stop this, and before our government surrenders the last pressure it may have to stop it. In Camp 22, it is forbidden to mourn the dead. Mourning them will not bring them back, but it may save others who still suffer.

Using Google Earth's highest resolution, it is possible to trace the camp's circumference perhaps hundreds of square miles. Unfortunately, only the western half of the camp can be seen in publicly available high-resolution imagery. The alleged gas chamber is outside of this area.

Tracing the camp's boundaries is not difficult. The camp is surrounded by electrified barbed wire fences from which vegetation has been cleared away. The sharp corners in the fence lines make them impossible to confuse with roads. At regular intervals, there are guard towers or distinctive guard posts.