

□ 1645

So the amendment was agreed to.

The result of the vote was announced as above recorded.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

Mr. GUTIERREZ. Mr. Chairman, I was absent from the House Chamber today, due to a family emergency. Had I been present, I would have voted "aye" on rollcall votes 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, and 38.

Mr. MCGOVERN. Mr. Chairman, I move that the Committee do now rise. The motion was agreed to.

Accordingly, the Committee rose; and the Speaker pro tempore (Mr. BRIGHT) having assumed the chair, Mr. PIERLUISI, Acting Chair of the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, reported that that Committee, having had under consideration the bill (H.R. 4061) to advance cybersecurity research, development, and technical standards, and for other purposes, had come to no resolution thereon.

REPORT ON RESOLUTION PROVIDING FOR CONSIDERATION OF SENATE AMENDMENT TO H.J. RES. 45, INCREASING THE STATUTORY LIMIT ON THE PUBLIC DEBT

Mr. MCGOVERN, from the Committee on Rules, submitted a privileged report (Rept. No. 111-411) on the resolution (H. Res. 1065) providing for consideration of the Senate amendment to the joint resolution (H.J. Res. 45) increasing the statutory limit on the public debt, which was referred to the House Calendar and ordered to be printed.

JIM KOLBE POST OFFICE

(Ms. GIFFORDS asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute.)

Ms. GIFFORDS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to commemorate the legacy of a former Member of Congress, Congressman Jim Kolbe. This body honors him with the passage of H.R. 4495, legislation to rename his hometown post office at 100 North Taylor Lane in Patagonia, Arizona.

Congressman Kolbe's record of service began as a page in this historic place of Congress for Senator Barry Goldwater. This experience would have a lasting impact on his appreciation for the virtue of public service, resulting in a long and distinguished career dedicated to cultivating a better Arizona, and in fact, a better Nation.

He spent his life in service in the United States Navy, the Arizona State legislature, and in the United States Congress for Arizona's Fifth and Eighth Congressional Districts. As our hometown newspaper, the Arizona Daily Star, noted upon his retirement in December of 2006, "He earned a reputation as a moderate in a partisan world, a voice working from the center."

Congressman Kolbe did not work from a predetermined list of party positions. He worked to unite his colleagues in finding solutions to important issues to Arizonans, from increased economic opportunity through trade to environmental conversation.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join with me in honoring this great figure, a man who served our community in Arizona, who served our Nation, Congressman Jim Kolbe, a true statesman and a beloved public figure.

COMMENDING PIUS BANNIS

(Ms. ROS-LEHTINEN asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend her remarks.)

Ms. ROS-LEHTINEN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to applaud the outstanding work and selfless commitment of Mr. Pius Bannis. Mr. Bannis is the Field Office Director in Port-au-Prince for the U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services. He has gone above and beyond the call of duty in the weeks since the horrific earthquake that devastated Haiti on January 12.

Working around the clock, Mr. Bannis has helped to process hundreds of adoption cases, helping to unite American families with their Haitian children in the aftermath of this tragic disaster. Mr. Bannis is a hero. Because of his tireless efforts and compassion, many of the most vulnerable children in Haiti are able to look toward a much brighter future.

I am inspired by the selfless dedication, and again thank Mr. Bannis, as well as all of the employees of the U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services, for their extraordinary service in helping Haitian children.

HONORING ANTONIO MANGLONA BORJA

(Mr. SABLAN asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. SABLAN. Mr. Speaker, they say only the good die young. I don't know if only the good die young, but I do know that Antonio Manglona Borja from the island of Tinian in the Northern Mariana Islands was a very good man, and I do know that Antonia Manglona Borja has died much too young.

Tinian is a small island with a small number of families. Everyone knows everyone. And no one who lives there can fail to touch the lives of others. But some people have an impact on the community that is outsized, that makes their presence—and their absence—of greater significance.

Antonio Borja made his presence felt in so many ways: as an officer of the Department of Public Safety; as someone deeply involved with youth and adult sports; as a public representative on boards and commissions. Most of

all, he was always there to give a hand to friends and neighbors in need.

Antonia Manglona Borja, Mr. Speaker. He was a good man. He died too young. And we all will miss him.

Mr. Speaker, They say only the good die young. I don't know if only the good die young. But I do know that Antonio Manglona Borja from the island of Tinian in the Northern Mariana Islands was a very good man. And I do know that Antonio Manglona Borja has died much too young.

So I rise today to honor him on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives in the hope that knowing that Antonio was recognized in this way will give some comfort to his parents—Elias Manibusan Borja and Rosa Manglona Borja, to his wife—Bernadine Palacios Borja, to their children—Anthony Silvestre, Kristine, and Dennis—and to all Antonio's many friends and family members who miss him.

Mr. Speaker, Tinian is a small island with a small number of families. Everyone knows everyone. And no one who lives there can fail to touch the lives of others.

But, of course, some people have an impact on the community that is outsize, that makes their presence—and their absence—of greater significance.

Antonio Borja made his presence felt in so many lives. As an officer of the Department of Public Safety, he helped to keep the peace on Tinian. He was there in moments of crisis and trauma for his community. He helped others and held them safe, when they were most in danger, most in need.

Mr. Borja learned the job of Public Safety Officer from the ground up, beginning as recruit in 1985 and quickly moving up the ranks to Captain in just nine years time. And Mr. Borja took what he learned as an officer and continued to contribute to the welfare of his community after his retirement nine years ago.

He was deeply involved with youth and adult sports. He served on the board of public corporations. Most of all, he was always there to give a hand to friends and neighbors in need.

Antonio Manglona Borja, Mr. Speaker. He was a good man. He died too young. And we all will miss him.

JUVENILE DIABETES

(Mr. BOCCIERI asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute.)

Mr. BOCCIERI. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in recognition of the 3 million young Americans who courageously fight juvenile diabetes every day. Recently, I had the privilege of meeting three brave children from my northeastern Ohio district, Andrew Butterworth, Meghan Jordan, and Gaetano Cecchini, who suffer from juvenile diabetes, but take their condition with great humility and strength.

Each day 40 children are diagnosed with diabetes in the United States. The price to maintain treatment can cost thousands of dollars per year. While insulin is enough to keep that person alive, it doesn't prevent the potential side effects of kidney failure, blindness, amputations, and heart attacks.

When Meghan came to my office, she gave me a notebook with pictures and descriptions of her enjoying her life to her fullest, in spite of her condition. And she writes, "Having diabetes is physically and emotionally hard. I check my blood sugars at least five times a day and give myself 4 shots a day. My grandpa really helped me with diabetes, but he passed away, and I miss him very much. Promise to remember me and the children who have juvenile diabetes and help us find a cure."

We owe it to them to fight hard to make sure that juvenile diabetes and other debilitating diseases that affect our children are looked at, fought, and make sure that we can end them in a timely fashion.

SPECIAL ORDERS

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 6, 2009, and under a previous order of the House, the following Members will be recognized for 5 minutes each.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentlewoman from California (Ms. WOOLSEY) is recognized for 5 minutes.

(Ms. WOOLSEY addressed the House. Her remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.)

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. DEAL) is recognized for 5 minutes.

(Mr. DEAL of Georgia addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.)

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Oregon (Mr. DEFAZIO) is recognized for 5 minutes.

(Mr. DEFAZIO addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.)

□ 1700

THE LAST DOUGHBOY AND THE WAR TO END ALL WARS

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. BRIGHT). Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Texas (Mr. POE) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. POE of Texas. They called it the "war to end all wars"; 4.7 million Americans went over there to Europe in the great World War I, and 116,000 of them never came home. When they arrived back in the United States in 1918, thousands of them died from the flu that they had contracted in France. They called them "doughboys" because of the look of their uniform. One such person was an individual by the name of Frank Buckles.

Frank Buckles lied to get into the United States Army. He was 16. And he went from recruiter to recruiter to recruiter and finally convinced somebody

he was 21. He got into the United States Army and went over there with the doughboys to end the war to end all wars. He drove an ambulance and rescued other Americans who were fighting that great war. He said, We were typical cocky Americans. No one wanted us around until the French and the British needed some help winning that war. And just 19 months after the first Yanks arrived, the guns fell silent.

Yes, that war ended on November 11, 1918. But that wasn't all for Frank Buckles. After he was discharged from the United States Army in 1918, he found himself in a place called Manila in the Philippines on December 8, 1941, when the Japanese attacked—the day after Pearl Harbor—and Frank Buckles was captured by the Japanese. For the next 39 months he was held as a prisoner of war in a Japanese concentration camp. He was finally freed on February 23, 1945, the day the Japanese had ordered his execution.

Frank Buckles is the last surviving doughboy from World War I. On Monday, he was 109 years old. He lives not far from here. Until he was 101, he drove his tractor on his farm in West Virginia. At this time I would like to insert into the RECORD a letter he wrote to the American people on Memorial Day of last year.

LAST WORLD WAR I VET FRANK BUCKLES' MEMORIAL DAY LETTER TO AMERICANS

(The following is a letter from Frank Buckles to the American Veterans Center and National Memorial Day Parade on Memorial Day, 2009.)

DEAR AMERICANS: Though I am unable to be in our great nation's capitol today to pay honor to the many men and women who have fought and died protecting our freedom, I want you to know the depth of my gratitude to our service members and the deep personal significance Memorial Day has to me.

In 1918, I was sure there would never be another world war. But just 23 years later—the day after Pearl Harbor—I became one of 2,000 civilians who would spend the next 3 and a half years in a Japanese POW camp in the Philippines.

I was born in 1901 during the McKinley Administration in the heartland of America. I was thirteen when World War I broke out in Europe. For me the decision to join the service was an easy one. The hard part was finding someone who'd let me join.

I was just 16 and didn't look a day older. I confess to you that I lied to more than one recruiter. I gave them my solemn word that I was 18, but I'd left my birth certificate back home in the family Bible. They'd take one look at me and laugh and tell me to home before my mother noticed I was gone.

Somehow I got the idea that telling an even bigger whopper was the way to go. So I told the next recruiter that I was 21 and darned if he didn't sign me up on the spot! I enlisted in the Army on the 14th of August 1917. As a 16-year-old boy, you think you're invincible and I wanted to go where the action was.

One of the older sergeants told me the fastest way to get to France was to go into the Ambulance Corps. So that's what I did. There was never a shortage of blown-up bodies that needed to be rushed to the nearest medical care. The British and French troops were in bad shape—even guys about my age looked old and tired.

After three years of living and dying inside a dirt trench, you know the Brits and French

were happy to see us "doughboys." Every last one of us Yanks believed we'd wrap this thing up in a month or two and head back home before harvest. In other words, we were the typical, cocky Americans no one wants around, until they need help winning a war.

But that's what makes America special—as much as we want to avoid war, we're ready to sacrifice everything if that's what it takes to make sure the bad guys don't win. America's entry into the war was decisive. Just 19 months after the first Yanks arrived, the guns fell silent.

The Armistice commenced on the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month and battered troops on both sides crawled out of their trenches for the last time. When the armistice came, I thought the Europeans would be dancing in the streets. After the Armistice, I was assigned to deliver German POWs back to their homeland. Looking at their war-weary faces, I never dreamed that one day I'd find myself in the same position—but in much worse circumstances.

On December 7, 1941, the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. Even before Congress declared war on Japan, young American men were lining up to enlist. At the time, I was working in the Manila office for a shipping firm called the White Star Line.

White Star was the line that had owned the *Titanic*. White Star also owned the *Carpathian*—the ship that had rescued the *Titanic*'s survivors . . . and the *Carpathian* was also the ship that had taken me to the battlefields of France in 1917. You know, looking back I think I should have seen all those White Star connections as an omen of things to come. But I didn't.

The Axis war in Europe and Asia had been going on for the last several years. But General MacArthur had assured us that Manila was the safest city in the Orient. MacArthur was a great general, but this time he guessed wrong.

On December 8th, just one day after Pearl Harbor, a Japanese invasion took control of Manila. The Japanese took thousands of us foreigners to Los Banos, a prison camp 40 miles southeast of Manila. Along with 2,000 other foreign civilians, I was designated a prisoner of war.

For the next 3 and a half years, my fellow POW's and I had only two things on our minds. We wondered when MacArthur was going to return and how we were going to find something to fill our stomachs. The starvation at Los Banos was so bad, it is surprising that any of us survived. When The 11th Airborne finally freed us on February 23, 1945, we all looked pretty much like skeletons with skin on.

America goes to war to free, to liberate, to protect, and to bring justice to bear. I hope this Memorial Day, you take the time to thank the veterans you meet for their service to this country—the sacrifices that they have made to preserve your freedom.

May God bless you and God bless America!
FRANK BUCKLES,
Corporal, World War I,
U.S. Army (Retired).

After World War I was over with, that generation went into the Roaring Twenties, then the Great Depression, and then they were the fathers of the Greatest Generation that went off to the great World War II.

I mention Frank Buckles for several reasons. He's the last surviving doughboy. This is a picture of him that was taken not too long ago in front of the D.C. World War Memorial that's on the Mall. Now Frank Buckles is spending