

elementary and secondary education. When other Senators are doing other things, he is right there at the committee hearings. So he has made a quiet, effective, principled, studious contribution to the Senate, in my experience, these first few months, and I am delighted to have him here.

He has done so well I have invited him to come to Tennessee on Friday to speak to one of the largest gatherings we have annually in the State, and he has agreed to come, and we are grateful for that.

Finally, I would compliment him on one other thing. Sometimes I like to tell stories about the person for whom I came to the Senate to work—Senator Howard Baker. When Senator Baker first came in 1967, I would say to the Senator from South Carolina, the Republican leader was his father-in-law Everett Dirksen. Senator Baker made his maiden speech, probably from a back row about like Senator SCOTT is making his, and his father-in-law was sitting right where Senator MCCONNELL sits, listening to the whole thing. It went on, and it went on, and it went on for nearly an hour. After it was over, Senator Dirksen came over to Senator Baker, and Senator Baker said to his father-in-law: Well, how did I do? Senator Dirksen, the Republican leader, said to the new Senator: Maybe, Howard, you should occasionally try to enjoy the luxury of an unexpressed thought.

So I congratulate Senator SCOTT for his succinct maiden address. He is not only effective, studious, and diligent, he knows how to speak his words clearly and succinctly, and it is wonderful to see him.

Mr. SCOTT. I thank the Senator.

Mr. CORNYN. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. BOOZMAN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

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

The Senator from Arkansas is recognized.

HONORING OUR ARMED FORCES

SPECIALIST ROBERT A. PIERCE

Mr. BOOZMAN. Mr. President, my colleagues and I are often at odds when trying to solve some of our Nation's most pressing and difficult problems. However, one thing we can all agree on is that the men and women who wear our Nation's uniforms are selfless heroes who embody the American spirit of courage and patriotism. We must continue to honor the sacrifice and service of our troops who have fought to protect and defend our freedoms. Today, I am here to pay my respects to Army SPC Robert A. Pierce, an Arkansas soldier who gave his life while in support of Operation Enduring Freedom.

Specialist Pierce graduated from Mansfield High School and spent his free time perfecting his steak cooking abilities at the Bulldog Diner in Greenwood, AK. A former coworker described these as "the best steaks ever."

Specialist Pierce's friends say the money he earned at his part-time job went to fixing his truck. His love of auto mechanics led him to do most of the work himself. Specialist Pierce's family said he joined the military in 2011 to make a difference.

He served in South Korea before his assignment at Fort Campbell. He was a member of A Company, 1st Battalion, 506th Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division, Fort Campbell, KY. SPC Robert Pierce was only 20 when he gave his life for his country last month while on patrol in Afghanistan. Specialist Pierce is a true American hero who made the ultimate sacrifice.

I ask my colleagues to keep his wife Christian and the rest of his family and friends in their thoughts and prayers.

On behalf of a grateful Nation, I humbly offer my sincerest gratitude for his patriotism and selfless sacrifice.

I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. HARKIN. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

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

TRIBUTE TO JOSEPH C. MCQUAID

Mr. HARKIN. Mr. President, on Monday, July 1, 2013, Joseph C. McQuaid was laid to rest, with full military honors, in the Fort Logan National Cemetery in Denver, CO.

A proud World War II veteran, Joseph "Big Joe" McQuaid will rest beside his brother John "Hootcher" McQuaid, also a World War II veteran. Joe was one of the most unique, memorable persons I have known in my lifetime. He was also my brother-in-law.

Joe was born on March 16, 1919 in the family farmhouse near Stuart, IA. A proud Irishman, Joe always noted that his birthday was one day before St. Patrick's Day. Joe, his two brothers, and sister were born and raised in a loving, but very poor, family. His father "Willie" was a self-taught, accomplished musician, playing the fiddle and piano in local bands around Iowa.

From an early age, Joe was known as "Big Joe" because he was a big bear of a man, standing 6 feet 4 inches and tipping the scale around 240 pounds, all muscle and bone. He used to show off his strength by tearing phonebooks and decks of cards in half as if they were pieces of paper. This always impressed a lot of young kids.

Joe also liked to balance heavy, unwieldy objects, such as lawnmowers, on his chin. It wasn't only heavy objects he could balance. He is the only person I have ever seen who could balance a

straw broom on his nose. He could entertain a group of kids for hours by doing his balancing tricks.

When the Great Depression hit the Midwest, Joe's family, like so many others, was in dire economic straits. So Joe, at the age of 16, went to work in the Civilian Conservation Corps, the CCC. The legal age was 18, but because of Joe's size and the poverty at home, Joe said he was 18 and thus joined the CCC. Young men left home, lived in CCC camps, worked on building dams and dikes, cleared roads in winter, cleaned up after floods, and created State parks and recreation areas. CCC camps were run in a semimilitary fashion.

Joe worked at the CCC camps for 3 years and was paid \$36 a month. As Joe remembered, he sent \$30 home and kept \$6 for himself. He often said the CCC was President Roosevelt's best program.

The day after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Joe went right down to the recruiting office and signed up for military duty. He joined the Navy and spent most of the war years as a Boatswain Mate First Class on destroyer escorts, escorting troop ships and cargo ships the United States to Russia, England, and North Africa.

His ship, the USS *Marchand*, sank several German U-boats and rescued survivors of cargo and troopships sunk by enemy torpedoes. Joe was present at Normandy on D-day, again protecting the troopships and big cruisers from enemy submarines.

After the war in Europe ended, Joe was sent to the Pacific as a Boatswain Mate on a troopship headed to the Philippines. During his voyage, Joe's ship was attacked by Japanese kamikaze planes. As the acting Chief Boatswain Mate, Joe got all the anti-aircraft guns manned, taking a 50 caliber mount himself. They brought down all the enemy aircraft, and not one hit the ship. Joe remembered how one crashed in the water so close that ocean spray and parts of the aircraft landed on the ship's deck.

Sometime after that, on their way to the Philippines, Joe ordered—through his boatswain pipe—all hands on deck for an important announcement from the captain. The captain said that after dropping two atom bombs on Japan that wiped out two cities, President Harry S. Truman said the Japanese surrendered and the war was over. There was unrestrained cheering and backslapping among the troops and sailors. Joe asked the captain if he should use his boatswain pipe to call them to order, and the captain said "No, no, let them go." They refueled at sea, and headed back to Honolulu.

After nearly 4 straight years at sea, dodging and sinking U-boats in the North Atlantic, surviving kamikaze attacks in the Pacific, "Big Joe" was back in Iowa with a chest full of medals and his beloved boatswain pipe.

For his life thereafter, Joe could keep you entranced with his war stories and what shipboard life was like in the frigid waters of the North Atlantic.

Joe was so proud of his service and his fellow World War II comrades. He was truly one of the “Greatest Generation” of young Americans.

Joe passed away on January 31, 2013, with his loving wife June by his side. He was just about 2 months shy of his 94th birthday.

Up to his 93rd birthday, Joe always marched every year in the Veteran’s Day parade wearing his original World War II Navy blues, a white sailor’s cap jauntily placed on his head, a chest full of ribbons and medals, and his cherished boatswain’s pipe hung around his neck. At age 88 he participated in one of the honor flights from Denver to Washington, DC, for World War II veterans to see the World War II Memorial.

After my mother died and Joe had married my sister Sylvia, I went to live with them, and Joe became almost a surrogate father to me. I was 13 years old. As we both grew older, we took many trips together and he became more like my older brother. Joe was so unique. He was a gifted observer of human behavior and interactions. He could fix anything. He made beautiful objects out of wood, some of which I still have in my home. He was also the best storyteller I have ever met.

Many years after my sister died of cancer, Joe met and married June, a talented artist in her own right, and they had a wonderful, loving life together.

Joe is survived by his wife June; his sister Mary Ann; his four children, Theresa, Joe Kelly, Danny, and Mary; four grandchildren, Sean, Ryan, Erin, and Ciera; and four step grandchildren, Terry, Kristen, Shauna, and Dawn.

“Big Joe” led a full, challenging, and interesting life. He was truly one of our “Greatest Generation,” a true patriot who loved his country, his family, and his many friends.

He helped to make America a better nation for all.

Mr. President, with that, I yield the floor and note the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The assistant legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. MURPHY. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Ms. HIRONO). Without objection, it is so ordered.

GUN VIOLENCE

Mr. MURPHY. Madam President, we are now deep in the heart of summer vacation for millions of families and students all across this country. It is a wonderful time, something families look forward to—maybe some parents more so than others. But it is a very strange summer in Newtown, CT. It is

the first summer that 20 families are waking up every morning without a 6- or 7-year-old they planned on spending days at the beach or afternoons at the park with or mornings getting ready for what would have been their second-grade year. It is a very different summer, this summer in Newtown, CT.

A lot of people ask me: How is the community recovering? How are they coming back? And while there is some rebound happening, it is still very much a community in crisis. When students go back to school in the fall, they are not going to be going back to Sandy Hook Elementary School. That school is going to be knocked down. There is no way families, teachers, and administrators can return to that place. So once again this fall the students of Sandy Hook Elementary School will be bused one town over to a school that was, up until January of this last year, a place none of them had seen, and they will once again be in a year of transition—once again, for many families, still a year of crisis.

I am not sure any of those families could imagine in the days and weeks after the shooting on December 14 of last year that when they sent their kids back to school—their surviving brothers and sisters—in the fall of 2013, that in that intervening time, in response to the most vicious mass school shooting in this country’s history, the response from the Congress would be nothing, zip, zero.

This is a summer of crisis in Newtown. It will be another difficult fall. But what leaves people in Newtown shaking their heads is that this place has done absolutely nothing; that when their kids return back to school, the laws of this Nation will be no different, will do nothing more to protect their sons and daughters when they and millions of other kids across the country return to school in September.

And it is not as though we have not seen since Newtown more evidence for why we need to change our laws. I have come to the floor virtually every week since this horrific incident to remind people that the tragedy has not ended; that since December 14, 5,893 people have been senselessly killed by guns. Since December 14, 5,893 people have been killed through gun violence.

I think we should continue to talk about who these people are; that we should give voices to these victims, so that it is not just the 20 6-year-old and 7-year-old children we have all heard so much about—about Jack Pinto and Dylan Hockley, and Noah Pozner and Grace McDonnell. We know these kids, and I will continue to talk about who they were and who they could have been, but every single day we lose about 30 more people to gun violence.

Last June we saw a mass shooting that was eerily similar to the one in Newtown—a mass shooting in Santa Monica, CA, in which five people were killed; the father and the brother of the gunman, but also three completely unrelated and innocent bystanders who

just happened to be in and around the school when this young man, 23 years old, deeply disturbed, started firing, almost indiscriminately and randomly, on his way to and at the campus.

It was eerily similar because, once again, it was an assault weapon, an AR-15 model, the weapon of choice for mass assailants in this country these days. And once again he had high-capacity magazines. Reportedly, 1,300 rounds of ammunition were on his person. Every case is unique, but over and over these mass shootings are occurring with the same type of weapons and the same type of high-capacity ammunition. Yet we do nothing to acknowledge this trend.

Let me talk a second about who these people were who were killed that day in California, because they have stories that are not unlike the 5,800-plus stories I could tell on the floor, if we had time, with respect to the people who have died since December 14.

Carlos Navarro Franco was 68 years old. He was the groundskeeper at the college for 22 years. He was dedicated to two things above all—that college and his family. That is what the president of the college said after his death—everything Carlos did was for the college and for his family. He was truly a family man, the president of the college said. He was a dedicated husband, a father, and an integral part of Santa Monica’s college family. He dedicated his work to the campus grounds and was enjoyed by students and visitors for two decades.

He was with his daughter that day. Marcela Franco was 26 years old and pursuing a degree in psychology at California State University. She had registered to take summer classes at the school where her father worked and she was on her way with her father to buy textbooks that day. She initially survived the gunfire but she never regained consciousness after the attack. She was described by her aunt as smart, beautiful, and outgoing. Her aunt said, “She was daddy’s girl.” So the blessing is they went together.

Margarita Gomez was the same age as Carlos Navarro Franco. She lost her life that day. She was fondly referred to on campus as the “recycle lady” because she could be seen almost every weekday walking around campus, rolling her cart, picking up used bottles and cans. She would plop them in her cart and then take them to get recycled. Obviously, most people thought she was homeless and that she was collecting these bottles and cans as a means to be able to survive, but that wasn’t the case. Margarita had actually been diagnosed with diabetes, and it was her doctor’s recommendation that she exercise more. She was also an active member of a senior Latino club that met every Thursday at the Virginia Avenue park and she was very interested in the St. Jude’s Children’s Research Hospital cause—a charity the senior Latino club happened to give money to. So she put these two things