

Ike's transcending humanity won not only his fellow citizens' respect but also their affection. Indeed, he won the respect and affection of much of the world, and he is celebrated internationally to this very day.

Currently, I am privileged to serve as the chairman of the Eisenhower Memorial Commission. Two giants of the United States Senate brought me to this role: Congressional Medal of Honor winner Danny Inouye and U.S. Army Flying Tiger pilot Ted Stevens, both combat-decorated World War II veterans who decided Ike, both as general and as President, should be nationally memorialized. They decided and convinced the Congress that the general and President Eisenhower should be nationally celebrated. And the day it all began was D-day.

Senator Inouye from Hawaii and Senator Stevens from Alaska knew that Ike represented more than Kansas, more than America, but the entire world as well and that he spoke to the world. His identity was simple, basic, and convincing. In paying homage in 1945 to the British fathers and mothers of the soldiers, sailors, and airmen who had died under his command, he also said, "I am not a native of this land. I come from the very heart of America."

It is a paradox of unfortunate irony that those members of the "greatest generation" who come on Honor Flights from all across our great Nation to the World War II Memorial cannot visit, reflect, and pay homage to a memorial to the general who led them to victory.

Today, in the midst of a much different war and during a time when our Nation is searching for resolve, commitment, and leadership, I suggest and recommend that all of my colleagues reflect upon the unique leadership of America's greatest general when the future of Western democracy was in grave peril. Time is of the essence, and now is the time to complete a lasting memorial and tribute to America's greatest wartime general and President of the United States whose legacy was 8 years of peace and prosperity. The veterans of World War II and their families know this, and their counterparts all over the world know this as well. With the completion of the Eisenhower memorial, their children and grandchildren and generations to come will understand the tremendous commitment undertaken in defense of freedom, then and now.

Now is the time.

I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from North Dakota.

OIL EXPORTS

Ms. HEITKAMP. Mr. President, before I begin what has turned into my weekly discussion about the sacrifices of 198 North Dakotans who lost their lives in Vietnam, I wish to briefly mention and associate myself with the remarks of my great friend and tremen-

dous colleague, LISA MURKOWSKI from Alaska, as she talks about oil exports.

I will tell you this: There are very few issues we confront in the Senate where there is absolutely nothing on the negative equation. What do I mean by that? Changing this policy has hundreds of good ideas and good reasons, and there is absolutely no reason not to do it. As we continue to pursue fairness for the oil-and-gas-producing industry, allowing them to seek their market as we continue to pursue an opportunity for our consumers to experience lower oil and gas prices, as we kind of move forward with oil and gas policy, I think it is critically important that we understand and appreciate that in this arena, the effort is bipartisan, the effort is essential for energy security in our country, energy independence in our country, and energy security across the world.

I applaud Senator MURKOWSKI for taking on this issue. I believe that as she has said, this is the year it must get done. I look forward to our continuing efforts, our bipartisan efforts to move this along.

HONORING VIETNAM VETERANS AND NORTH DAKOTA'S SOLDIERS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN VIETNAM

Ms. HEITKAMP. Mr. President, before I begin to talk about the 198 North Dakotans who died while serving our country in Vietnam, I want to first mention and publicly thank a great Vietnam veteran, Jim Schothorst of Grand Forks. He is a Vietnam veteran. He enlisted in the Army and served in Vietnam from December 1966 to March 1969 as a construction engineer with the 169th Engineer Battalion.

He was raised in McVille. He now lives in Grand Forks. He received his degree from the University of North Dakota and was employed with the Grand Forks Health Department for 25 years.

Jim has been extraordinarily helpful to the North Dakota congressional delegation whenever we have needed to gather input or hear from Grand Forks area veterans.

Thank you, Jim, for your service to our country.

I want to again extend my comments and talk about 14 men who did not make it home from Vietnam.

WESLEY CRAIG BRENNON

The first soldier whom I will talk about is Wesley Craig Brennon. Craig was from Larson. He was born February 18, 1945. He served in the Marine Corps Charlie Company, 1st Battalion, 1st Marines. Craig died on March 28, 1967. He was 22 years old.

He attended school in Columbus and was a star athlete. He was voted most valuable player, and he lettered in baseball, basketball, and football from eighth grade through his senior year of high school.

In 1963, he began his college career at the University of North Dakota on a

baseball scholarship and became an active member and officer of the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. After finishing his junior year of college, Craig enlisted in the Marine Corps. The Acting Secretary of the Navy wrote the following in Craig's citation for the Silver Star Medal.

He unhesitatingly assumed the hazardous point position and while fearlessly advancing at the front of his team, he was severely wounded by an enemy mine. Despite intense pain, he valiantly continued to direct his men, urging them forward to complete their mission.

About a week after sustaining that injury, Craig died from his wounds. Nearly 600 people attended Craig's funeral.

In addition to receiving many medals honoring his sacrifice and service, Craig was also inducted into the North Dakota American Legion Baseball Hall of Fame, and his fraternity named their library after him.

His family cherishes an essay entitled "My Philosophy of Life" Craig wrote in the eighth grade, where he stated:

I believe in a free country. People must have courage and be willing to fight for our freedom.

CHRISTOPHER DAVIS

Christopher Davis was from Belcourt and was born June 1, 1942. He served in the Army's 17th Field Hospital as a medic. Chris was 24 years old when he died on March 18, 1967.

He was one of seven children. Also, his nephew, Gerald, was raised by Chris's parents and the two were as close as brothers. Gerald remembers Chris's fun personality and the little jokes and tricks he played on people, like dressing up and impersonating others. Chris loved to sing and play the guitar, and once won second place in a contest singing Ricky Nelson's "Poor Little Fool."

While serving in Vietnam, Chris mailed his parents a letter describing seeing more blood in 1 day in the hospital in Vietnam than he had seen in his whole lifetime before that.

After Chris died, Gerald served in the Army in Vietnam. Gerald went to visit the hospital where Chris worked but left almost as soon as he entered because of the awful cries and screams that he heard. Chris's family says that Chris's son Marcus has similar looks and mannerisms to Chris. Marcus was just a baby when Chris died.

DEWAYNE SELBY

DeWayne Selby was from Bismarck. He was born July 6, 1948. He served in the Marine Corps' India Company, 3rd Battalion, 3rd Marines. DeWayne died on May 26, 1968. He was 19 years old.

DeWayne was one of four children. His brother, Richard, also served our country in the Navy. DeWayne's sister, Phyllis, and his wife, Evan, remember what a soft heart DeWayne had. When he was 15 years old, he moved in with his grandparents so he could help take care of his aging grandfather. After high school, DeWayne worked as a mechanic, often fixing cars for free for

people who did not have any money. DeWayne taught Phyllis how to play football and baseball with the boys, but if they got too rough, DeWayne protected his little sister.

DeWayne was shot and killed about a month into his tour of duty in Vietnam.

LARRY WARBIS

Larry Warbis was from Haynes. He was born October 15, 1948. He served in the Army's 9th Infantry Division. He died on October 6, 1968. He was 19 years old.

Larry was one of five children and attended Haynes High School, where he played basketball. He then worked at the Haynes elevator, where his brother managed the elevator.

Larry's sister, Vicki, says that she and Larry spent their free time together hunting, catching snakes, and shooting pheasants year-round. Their mother scolded them for shooting pheasants out of season but then cooked the birds for the family to eat anyway.

Vicki remembers Larry as a kind, soft person. Their cousin, Sharon Campbell, remembers having fun babysitting Larry and what a nice young man he grew up to be.

Larry was killed about 2 months into his tour of duty in Vietnam. Larry's body was returned to his family on his 20th birthday.

DENNIS "BUDDY" WOSICK

Dennis "Buddy" Wosick was from Grand Forks and was born September 26, 1947. He served in the Army's 11th Infantry Brigade. Buddy died on June 9, 1969. He was 21 years old.

Although Dennis was his name, he was known to all of his family and friends as Buddy. First, he was his dad's little buddy, and as he grew up, he became a buddy to all who knew him.

He had dreams about becoming an astronaut, and he could fix anything, including HAM radios, TVs, and cars. To this day, Buddy's family still hears from people who knew him and people who have beautiful stories about his character, like when he gave up his lunch at school for another boy who had been bullied and whose sandwich was thrown on the ground.

Buddy died saving the men in his barracks from an explosion that could have killed them if he had not bravely jumped into the ammunition truck to drive it from the targeted barracks as it was being attacked. His sister, Kathy, whom I had the privilege to meet last Sunday in Fargo, believes that Buddy knew he was giving his life by driving that truck away, but that was the kind of guy Buddy was.

ERNEST "ERNIE" BARTOLINA, JR.

Ernest "Ernie" Bartolina, Jr., was a Bismarck native. He was born December 29, 1942. He served as a captain in the Marine Corps flying helicopters. Ernie was 26 years old when he died on February 7, 1969.

He played the French horn in the band while attending Bismarck High

School. He later attended Bismarck Junior College and the University of North Dakota where he received a degree in accounting.

Ernie's sister, Jan, says that he liked to have fun and had a good sense of humor. He and his dad enjoyed hunting and fishing together as often as they could.

Ernie was killed when the helicopter he was flying on an emergency medical evacuation mission was shot down and crashed. The only survivor of the crash spoke with Jan and explained that Ernie's calm and collected manner was the reason that survivor was able to live and that Ernie was highly respected by his fellow Marines.

PAUL CHARNETZKI

Paul Charnetzki was from Valley City and was born May 25, 1936. He served in the Army's Military Assistance Command—Vietnam Advisers. Paul was 31 years old when he died on February 7, 1968.

Paul left behind his wife and five sons. One son, also named Paul, said that his father loved this country and the Army. He was a professional soldier, and he respected and cared for his fellow soldiers.

He spent as much time as he could with his sons, settling their fights and pretending to be tackled in their backyard football games.

Paul was killed when the Vietnamese unit he was advising was ambushed. He was shot while assisting his unit members into the evacuation helicopter.

Paul was awarded the Silver Star Medal for his gallantry in action, and his son Paul believes that he would have been proud of that award, but even more proud of what his friends told Paul's family; that he was the ultimate warrior.

JOSEPH "BILL" CRARY

Joseph "Bill" Crary was from Fargo and was born April 18, 1945. He served in the Army's 196th Infantry Brigade. He was 25 years old when he died on May 27, 1970.

Bill was one of seven children. There were three sets of twins in his family. Bill and his twin sister, Kathy, were the oldest twins in the family. Bill's brother, Mike, also served in Vietnam.

The Crary family honors Mike as a hero for his service and selflessness as well. Mike told Bill that instead of being drafted, Bill should enlist and Mike would offer to sign up for a second tour of duty so Bill would not have to serve in Vietnam, but Bill did not agree.

Bill had earned a degree from St. Louis University and was attending the University of North Dakota Law School when he was drafted.

His siblings believe Bill was special and excelled at everything. They believe he could have held office at the highest level. Bill's cousin, Jim Crary, says Bill always saw the bright side of situations and was determined to do the best at whatever he was doing. Jim wrote a book about Bill titled "War Doesn't Bother Butterflies (But It

Killed Bill)." Jim's book details Bill's life and death and includes letters Bill wrote to friends and family.

In Vietnam, Bill became a medic and died 1 month after arriving in Vietnam. He was killed after running to provide first aid and evacuate a fellow soldier who had been shot. Bill was awarded the Silver Star for his heroism and his devotion to his duty.

ROGER FOREMAN

Roger Foreman was from New Town and was born August 4, 1947. He served in the Army's 101st Airborne Division. Roger died on July 18, 1969. He was 21 years old.

He was the oldest of three children. His father, Earl, was wounded while serving in the Army in World War II.

Roger's brother, Dale, says that Roger was a caring person who loved his family and his country. Roger also loved his mom's home cooking. His mother is still alive today. She is 95 years old.

In his free time, Roger enjoyed hunting, fishing, motorcycles, track, football, and basketball. A highlight of his high school experience was taking second place in the 1963 State Class B Basketball Tournament.

After his death, Roger was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for Valor and the Purple Heart.

JAMES FOWLER

James Fowler was from Bismarck and was born January 7, 1938. He was a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force's 523rd Tactical Fighter Squadron. James was 34 years old when he went missing on June 6, 1972.

In Bismarck, he attended St. Mary's High School. His family says he always loved North Dakota.

In 1960, James earned a degree in architecture from the University of Notre Dame, where there is today a scholarship named after him for his outstanding work called Outstanding ROTC.

In 1972, James and CPT John Seuell were flying an F4D aircraft that was shot down over Vietnam. Their bodies have never been recovered.

In addition to his mother Mildred and his sister Marcene, James left behind his wife Maralyn, daughter Jody, and son Stephen.

In 1989, the sons of the two MIA pilots met by chance. Stephen and Captain John Seuell's son, also named John, met at a banquet, learned that they grew up near each other, and both began attending the Air Force Academy in Florida. Both boys had lifelong dreams to fly and become pilots like their fathers.

ROBERT "BOB" HIMLER

Robert "Bob" Himler was from Williston and was born October 21, 1942. He served as a captain in the Marine Corps. Robert was 25 years old when he died on October 24, 1968.

He was attending the University of North Dakota with plans to become a doctor, but he paused his studies to enlist in the Marines.

In Vietnam, Robert was killed when the helicopter he was flying was struck by hostile fire, crashed, and burned.

In addition to his parents and siblings, he left behind his wife, Doris.

Robert's family says that everyone loved him and that to this day, whenever his classmates see his sister, Patty, they still talk about him.

Robert's mother's husband, Duane, has a diary that Robert kept while he served in Vietnam. Duane notes the interesting fact that Robert stopped writing in the diary about 5 months before he died.

BYRON KULLAND

Byron Kulland was from New Town and was born on November 9, 1947. He served in the Army's 196th Infantry Brigade. Byron was 24 years old when he went missing on April 2, 1972.

His brother, Lee, says that Byron was always smiling and enjoyed life. He loved music, animals, and he loved his wife, Leona.

Byron was musically gifted. His mother taught him to play the piano, and he taught himself to play the guitar and banjo.

Byron and his brother, Lee, sheared sheep to help pay for Byron's college tuition. Byron graduated from North Dakota State University with a degree in agricultural engineering. He also graduated from ROTC as a second lieutenant.

In Vietnam in 1972, Byron and his helicopter crew were flying on a search and rescue mission when their helicopter was shot down. For over a year, Byron was considered missing in action. One of his passengers was taken as a prisoner of war and returned to the United States in 1973.

In 1993, Byron's remains were uncovered, and today he is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

DAVID "DAVIE" DEPRIEST

David "Davie" DePriest was from Rugby and was born September 17, 1946. He served in the Army's 20th Engineer Brigade. David died on March 25, 1968. He was 21 years old.

He was the youngest of six kids. He had four brothers and one sister. All five of the boys served our country in the military. The three youngest boys—David, Lane, and Russ—served in the Army in Vietnam, and Richard and Dennis served in the Air Force. The three youngest boys served in Vietnam at the same time.

While in high school, David joined the National Guard and then later decided to join the Army.

David's brother, Russ, says that David was short but muscular and liked to hunt rabbits to improve the accuracy of his shot.

While in Vietnam, the brothers were less than 100 miles apart, but they didn't see each other until the day of David's funeral.

In addition to his siblings and parents, David left behind his wife, Donna, and their young son, Travis.

JOHN BRINKMEYER

John Brinkmeyer was from New England and was born June 19, 1946. He served in the Army's 101st Airborne Division Artillery. John was 22 years old when he died on November 27, 1968.

John's family says that he loved barefoot waterskiing and flying. John chose to serve so that none of his three brothers would ever have to.

The last letter John mailed to his parents from Vietnam described, with a positive outlook, living and working in less-than-ideal conditions. In his letter, he wrote that he expected to be promoted and receive a better aircraft in about 1 month. But almost 2 weeks after writing the letter, John's aircraft was shot down and John was killed.

His captain wrote John's parents a letter that said:

John was the most outstanding young officer in my battery.

He was hardworking and conscientious in all that he did. His personal courage on combat operations won him not only the respect of all the officers and men in the battery, but also that of Lt. Col. Bartholomew, the battalion commander, who personally chose John as his pilot.

In addition to his parents, brothers, and sister, John left behind his wife Leona, daughter Lori, and son Michael. John's daughter Lori feels that both her dad and mom were heroes—her dad for his service and sacrifice and her mom for dealing with the pain of losing her husband.

I want to take a moment and thank all of the pages who have been so patient as I have read these stories of these incredible men who gave their lives for our country.

I think one of the reasons why we have periods of commemoration and why we do this is so that we remind not only those of us who lived during this time but we remind a younger generation of that sacrifice and that opportunity to serve our country and to honor those people who gave the ultimate sacrifice.

Our Vietnam veterans had a lot of challenges when they returned home right after Vietnam, and their challenges continue—whether it is untreated post-traumatic stress or just simply being part of a war that generated so much controversy in our country—but it can never diminish the sacrifice these men and their families made for our country.

Again, I thank the pages for their attention, and I hope these are voices and names they will remember for a long time along with me. I know it means a lot to their families.

I thank the Presiding Officer, and I yield the floor.

REMEMBERING ELDER L. TOM PERRY

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President, I rise to honor the memory of Elder L. Tom Perry, an exemplary leader whose kindness, compassion, and love were as boundless as his optimism. Elder Perry

quietly passed away on May 30 after a brief battle with thyroid cancer. Serving as an apostle in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for more than 40 years, Elder Perry traveled the world, strengthening congregations, visiting the poor, and ministering to the sick and afflicted. Throughout his ecclesiastical service, his words and actions inspired countless Latter-day Saints and many more outside the church. As millions across the world mourn his passing, we find peace in his teachings and take solace in the memory of a man who consecrated his life to the service of others.

From humble beginnings, Elder Perry developed a strong sense of discipline that would later define his church service. Born to Leslie Thomas and Nora Sonne Perry in 1922, his father was a lawyer and his mother was a teacher by profession. Together, they taught Tom the principles of honest work and self-reliance. Elder Perry was no stranger to hard labor, and some of his earliest memories included long days working the fields, milking the family cow, and cutting hay by hand with an old scythe. From these early experiences, Elder Perry learned that nothing would be handed to him and that he had to work for everything he received. And work he did.

After finishing his first year of college, Elder Perry accepted a call to serve his church in the Northern States Mission. During the 2 years Elder Perry worked as a volunteer missionary, he developed a powerful testimony of Jesus Christ—a testimony that inspired a life of love and selfless service. After serving his church, Elder Perry desired to serve his country. He enlisted in the United States Marine Corps only a month after returning from his church mission.

Elder Perry's marine battalion was deployed to Nagasaki shortly after the Japanese surrender. Observing the devastation and suffering of the Japanese people only softened Elder Perry's already tender heart. In his off-duty hours, he rallied a group of fellow marines to help him rebuild a Protestant chapel. On the same tour, he also helped repair a Catholic orphanage and build another chapel on the island of Saipan. While in Japan, Elder Perry grew especially close to a Protestant congregation. When he was transferred to another city, a group of nearly 200 members of this congregation gathered to bid him farewell. As his train crawled out of the station, each member of the congregation lined up along the track as Elder Perry reached out to touch their hands one by one. He loved these people, and they loved him back, making the goodbye all the more difficult. Last Saturday, thousands of us tasted that same bittersweet emotion when Elder Perry departed this mortal life for the next. Like this small Japanese congregation, we were all moved by his kindness, energized by his enthusiasm, and humbled by his service.