

that crime nationwide has fallen 13 percent since the election, to 46,600 reported crimes in June, from 52,950 in May.

Mr. Duterte's crackdown has been hugely popular. Filipinos, pummeled by years of violent crime and corrupt, ineffective law enforcement, handed him an overwhelming victory in the May presidential election, and have largely embraced his approach.

A national opinion poll conducted after his election and just before he took office found that 84 percent of Filipinos had "much trust" in him.

The model for Mr. Duterte's policies is Davao City, where he was mayor for most of the past 20 years. Draconian laws there, including a strict curfew and a smoking ban as well as a zero-tolerance approach to drug users and sellers, have been credited with turning the city into an oasis of safety in a region plagued by violence.

The dark side of that approach was that more than 1,000 people were killed by government-sanctioned death squads during his administration, according to several independent investigations.

Mr. Duterte has denied having direct knowledge of death squads, but he has long called for addressing crime by killing suspects, whom he calls criminals and has referred to as "a legitimate target of assassination."

He has repeatedly said that those hooked on meth, the most popular drug here, were beyond saving or rehabilitation.

He ran for president largely on the pledge of applying the same policies nationwide, promising to kill 100,000 criminals in his first six months in office. While the number may have been typical Duterte bravado, the threat of mass killing appears to have been real.

On Tuesday, the International Drug Policy Consortium, a network of nongovernmental organizations, issued a letter urging the United Nations drug control agencies "to demand an end to the atrocities currently taking place in the Philippines" and to state unequivocally that extrajudicial killings "do not constitute acceptable drug control measures."

Ramon Casiple, a political analyst at the Institute for Political and Electoral Reform, said that he shared those concerns but that it was too early to decide whether Mr. Duterte's approach is effective. "Let's give him his 100 days," Mr. Casiple said.

Mr. Duterte has recently raised his sights beyond street-level users and dealers, accusing five police generals of protecting drug lords, though he presented no specific evidence.

He also publicly accused a mayor, the mayor's son and a prominent businessman of drug trafficking, threatening their lives if they did not surrender.

But the people killed on the street tend to be more like Mr. Siaron, the rickshaw driver.

Mr. Siaron lived with his wife in a shack above a garbage-strewn creek. Having never finished high school, he survived on odd jobs like house painting and working in fast-food restaurants.

Lately he had been pedaling a rickshaw, earning about \$2 a day ferrying passengers through the warren of alleyways in a rundown part of metropolitan Manila.

On the night he died, he had stopped by his father's fruit stand to ask for an apple.

Then he told his father he would seek one more fare before heading home. As he rode off, gunmen on motorcycles sped by, pumping several bullets into him.

What happened next turned him into a national symbol of the human toll of Mr. Duterte's war.

When she heard he had been shot, Mr. Siaron's wife, Jennilyn Olayres, ran into the

street, burst through police lines and collapsed next to him on the asphalt. The photographer snapped the picture: a distraught woman cradling her lifeless husband under a streetlight, a Pietà of the Manila slums.

The police have not commented publicly about the case and have not accused Mr. Siaron of selling drugs.

"My husband was a simple man," Ms. Olayres said at his wake several days later. "He may have used drugs, but he was not violent and never bothered anyone. His only concern was looking for passengers so we can eat three meals a day."

During his speech to Congress, Mr. Duterte dismissed the photo, which had appeared on the front page of *The Philippine Daily Inquirer* the previous day under the banner headline "Thou shall not kill."

"There you are sprawled on the ground, and you are portrayed in a broadsheet like Mother Mary cradling the dead cadaver of Jesus Christ," he said. "That's just drama."

But if the antidrug campaign has targeted people on the margins of society, Mr. Siaron is an apt symbol.

"We're small people, insignificant," Ms. Olayres said through sobs as she stood next to her husband's coffin. "We may be invisible to you, but we are real. Please stop the killings."

TRIBUTE TO JOHN HOMER CALDWELL

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, I want to briefly call the Senate's attention to a Vermonter who, more than any other individual, has been responsible for the sport of cross-country skiing becoming a winter pastime and passion for countless Americans of all ages. I count myself and my wife, Marcelle, among them.

There have been many articles written about former Olympic combined skier John Caldwell of Putney, VT, who in 1964 wrote the how-to guide to cross-country skiing, and about his sons and daughter and granddaughter Sophie and grandson Patrick, each of them outstanding cross-country skiers in their own right, two of whom, son Tim and Sophie, have represented the United States at the winter Olympics. Chances are they are not going to be the last Vermonters with the Caldwell name to do so.

I will not repeat what those articles have said, but I ask unanimous consent that one of them, published in the *Rutland Herald* on February 23, 2014, entitled "Vt. ski pioneer sustains Olympic spirit," be printed in the *RECORD* at the end of my remarks. It gives you a pretty good idea of the 87-year-old Vermonter I am talking about.

John Caldwell, known to his many friends as Johnny, is a pioneer and legend in every sense of the words. After the 1952 Olympics, he embarked on a lifelong campaign to teach and coach others to enjoy the sport of cross-country skiing as he did, whether as a simple way to get out in wintertime and experience the snow-filled woods and fields of Vermont or to ski competitively. I think it is fair to say that just about every cross-country skier in this country, from the fastest racers to the recreational ski tourists like me and

Marcelle, owes our love of the sport, directly or indirectly, to Johnny. He got us started. He convinced us to not be deterred by up hills or down hills or subfreezing temperatures and to get outside and enjoy a sport that requires nothing more than a pair of narrow skis and poles, a bit of wax, and a love of using your own power to glide silently over the snow.

Johnny has a way with words, and the *Rutland Herald* article captures a bit of it. He is dry wit who doesn't suffer fools easily, a fiercely loyal Vermonter who I think it is fair to assume finds a lot to like in the words of Robert Frost, whose poem "New Hampshire," a long poem that compares the people, geography, and traditions of various States, ends with these lines:

"Well, if I have to choose one or the other, I choose to be a plain New Hampshire farmer With an income in cash of, say, a thousand (From, say, a publisher in New York City). It's restful to arrive at a decision, And restful just to think about New Hampshire."

At present I am living in Vermont."

There is a lot more I could say about John Caldwell, who besides coaching and writing about skiing, among other things taught mathematics for 35 years at the Putney School, has been a longtime gardener and wood splitter and for years was a tireless maker of maple syrup.

But most important are his personal qualities: a devoted husband to his wife, Hester, affectionately known to everyone as "Hep," who he first met at the Putney School 75 years ago; a role model for his children and grandchildren in good times and sad times; an inspiration to everyone who puts on boots and skis and propels themselves forward in all kinds of weather; and an octogenarian who will be out on skis for years to come, even if it is just to cheer on others a fraction his age, who has contributed in exceptional and lasting ways to the sport of skiing, to the Putney community, to Vermont, and to this country.

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

[From the *Rutland Herald*, Feb. 23, 2014]

VT. SKI PIONEER SUSTAINS OLYMPIC SPIRIT
(By Kevin O'Connor)

John Caldwell, the Vermonter who literally wrote the book on cross-country skiing 50 years ago—his trailblazing 1964 how-to guide reaped the Boston *Globe* rave "the bible of the sport"—stopped writing updated editions after the eighth a quarter-century ago. Now 85, he's entitled to sleep in.

But the man considered the father of U.S. Nordic is also the grandfather of 2014 Olympian Sophie Caldwell, 23, of the Green Mountain town of Peru. That's why he has risen the past two weeks before dawn to watch the third generation of his family compete in the Winter Games.

"Despite what the governor says, and he's a Putney boy, we don't have high-speed Internet here," says Caldwell, who has been waking in the town he shares with Peter Shumlin as early as 4 a.m., then driving to his nephew's ski shop down the road to watch live online races from Sochi.

So much has changed since Caldwell himself competed in the 1952 Olympics, where a lack of television coverage required family and friends seeking results to await the newspaper the next day.

"That was back in the dark ages," he says only half-jokingly. "When I was racing, nobody knew much about cross-country, and people hardly knew we were there. Everything is much, much better than it used to be. All this ease of communication has helped."

Caldwell has helped, too—by turning his lowest point of adversity into a lifetime of achievement.

Some Vermonters may remember his Oslo Winter Games as the ones where Rutlander Andrea Mead Lawrence became the only U.S. woman to win two skiing gold medals. But while the late female legend experienced the thrill of victory, Caldwell felt the agony of defeat.

"I was on the combined team—cross-country and ski jumping—but I was poorly prepared."

Born in Detroit in 1928, Caldwell had moved to Putney with his family in 1941. When his high school needed a cross-country racer for the 1946 state championships, he strapped on his sister's wooden alpine skis. Continuing on to Dartmouth College, he borrowed his coach's slats before the school bought him a pair.

Caldwell tried out and made the 1952 Olympic team. But knowing little about proper training, he toured too many Norwegian bakeries beforehand. The onetime 145-pound athlete weighed 170 by the time he dressed for his event. But that wasn't why he needed help buttoning his shirt—his shoulders ached from falling so often in practice.

The rest is history—just not Olympic history.

"That really inspired me to help better prepare athletes so they wouldn't be so flummoxed, overwhelmed and thoroughly thrashed."

Caldwell started by coaching at his alma mater, the Putney School, where he worked with such up-and-coming skiers as Bill Koch, the first U.S. Nordic athlete to win an Olympic medal (silver in 1976). That, in turn, led him to help the American team in a succession of Winter Games.

Off the job, Caldwell befriended Brattleboro publishers Stephen and Janet Greene.

"They said, 'Are there any books on cross-country?' I said no."

Soon there was one—his simply titled "The Cross-Country Ski Book"—which he updated until its eighth and final edition in 1987.

Caldwell also nurtured the sport by helping found the New England Nordic Ski Association and by forging a family with his wife, Hep, and their four children: Tim competed in the Olympics in 1972, 1976, 1980 and 1984. Peter raced undefeated in college. Jennifer made the U.S. ski team. And Sverre coached the Americans in 1988 and fathered the latest generation of family champions, Sophie.

John Caldwell has been waking in the dark the past two weeks to drive to Putney's Caldwell Sport—owned by his nephew Zach, who's assisting U.S. skiers in Russia, and wife, Amy—to watch live Sochi races that, because of the time difference, have started as early as 4:15 a.m.

"I'm a Luddite," he says, "but I emailed Sophie before the sprint and said, 'Go fast.'"

Caldwell then cheered her sixth-place finish (the best U.S. women's Olympic cross-country result ever) before, a week later, she ended up eighth in the team sprint.

Seen the way skiers collapse after a race? "I joke with them, 'Are you suffering?' I spell and say it 's-u-f-f-a-h.' It sounds masochistic, but that's the way it is. When you

do it you hurt, but you feel great afterward—like when you stop hitting your head against the wall. All of us must be nuts, but it's a lifestyle, a culture."

It's the same for the spectator back home. "It takes me a long time to recover from these early mornings," the grandfather says.

Even so, after rising this past Wednesday before dawn, Caldwell still stayed up for his weekly 7 to 10 p.m. bridge game. Then on Saturday, he was set to watch grandson Patrick, a freshman at Dartmouth College, compete in the Eastern Intercollegiate Ski Association championships in Middlebury.

The grandfather of 10 still takes a turn himself. But the cross-country pioneer says he's going downhill fast—as an alpine season pass holder at Stratton.

"A guy who's 88 and I go over together. It's slow getting the strength back. I got a new hip in May and two new knees in October. I have a plastic heart valve and fake shoulder, too."

So goes life. So much "s-u-f-f-a-h-ing." So much satisfaction.

"I'm bionic—and still plugging along."

TRIBUTE TO DR. ROBERT LARNER

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, those who call the Green Mountains home know that Vermonters value hard work and community in equal measure. The two often go hand in hand when individuals give back to the institutions and communities that played roles in their success. Today I am honored to recognize both an outstanding individual and an exceptional institution for their respective roles in supporting the future of medical excellence in Vermont.

Dr. Robert Larner and his wife, Helen, recently donated \$66 million in a bequest to the University of Vermont, UVM, medical school, which has since been renamed in honor of the 1942 alumnus. The Robert Larner, M.D., College of Medicine at the University of Vermont will continue to provide a first-class medical education while encouraging groundbreaking research in the medical field, from cancer to infectious diseases, to neuroscience and beyond.

Born in Burlington's Old North End in 1918, Robert Larner is the youngest of seven children, and the only one among his siblings to go to college. He attended the University of Vermont after receiving a scholarship for winning a Statewide debate competition and finished his undergraduate studies in just 3 years. After completing college in 1939, he pursued his medical degree at the UVM College of Medicine and graduated in 1942. Dr. Larner then served in World War II before settling in southern California to establish his own medical practice.

Though he remained in California for many years, the Vermont native credits his home State's flagship university for providing the education he needed to succeed. To ensure that future generations also receive a similar experience, regardless of personal finances, Dr. Larner and his wife have made a number of generous contributions to his alma mater. For example, the Larner Scholars Program has created a

culture of giving by encouraging alumni to support current and future medical students. In 2012, the Larners contributed \$300,000 for the purchase of five cardiopulmonary simulators for the UVM/Fletcher Allen Clinical Simulation Laboratory. These are just some of the contributions that in 2013 led the university to recognize Dr. Larner with the UVM Lifetime Achievement in Philanthropy Award.

It is through the generosity of Vermonters like Dr. and Mrs. Larner that ensure bright futures for Vermont's students and the patients they ultimately will serve. Combined with the excellent education offered by the University of Vermont, the Larners' contributions create opportunities for first-class physicians and researchers who will undoubtedly go on to transform the medical field.

RECOGNIZING CONCEPT2 OF MORRISVILLE, VERMONT

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, Vermont's business landscape boasts dozens of cutting-edge startups and successful small ventures. True to this entrepreneurial and independent spirit found throughout the Green Mountains, Concept2, based in Morrisville, VT, has once again put our small, rural State on the world stage.

Concept2 is a manufacturer of rowing equipment, founded in 1976 by two brothers, Dick and Pete Dreissigacker, dedicated to the sport of rowing. There, they first designed and started selling composite racing oars. Many years and many innovative models later, these Concept2 products have become an integral presence in the rowing community and have unmistakably changed an international sport.

Propelled by these lightweight, Vermont-crafted Concept2 oars and sculls, 32 Olympic rowing teams recently brought home medals in the summer 2016 Olympic Games regatta in Rio de Janeiro. Bob Beeman of Morrisville was sent to Rio as a representative and on-site technician for Concept2. As a trusted and true employee, Beeman, too, was recognized with a medal and certificate from the International Olympic Committee for Concept2's continuous and fair support of the athletes and their equipment.

With a nod to Vermont's core values of ethical business standards and giving back to our communities, the mission of Concept2 is to support the international rowing community and create equal opportunity for all. Regardless of nation or team flag, the crew has worked with rowing teams from around the world to combine Concept2 technology with human skill and training. Characterized by honesty, fairness, and integrity, these values of Concept2 embody the true Olympic spirit to level the playing field and allow the best team to win. As Vermonters, we are proud to see such a passionate and committed company rise to the global platform and help