

Since Julia's son, Bill, lost his tragic battle with AIDS in 1991, Julia has dedicated her life to raising money and awareness to combat the disease and also to fight the bigotry. I still have his minibike, a "Lil" Indian, in my collection, and I treasure it very much.

Julia also honored her son by building Williamswood Castle, which is a castle modeled after a Scottish hunting lodge, in Knoxville, Tennessee, Madam Speaker. Bill was a historic preservationist way before his time. People weren't doing things like that, and Bill kind of set the mark for it. Bill was incredibly proud of his family's Scottish heritage, and this castle is a unique way for Julia to preserve her son's memory.

Julia allowed my sweet little girl, Isabelle, to have her birthday party there, and it was magical.

Julia also serves on committees and boards for local organizations. Julia adopts orphan dogs—I guess me being one of them—and fiercely loves her family and friends.

When I was mayor of Knox County, I had the privilege of publicly recognizing Julia's exemplary work in the community, and now I am pleased to stand on the House floor and wish her a happy 90th birthday.

Julia was the first person I knew who had cable TV. She introduced me to Shirley Temples and rare roast beef sandwiches when I was a little boy.

Madam Speaker, I wish Julia a happy birthday. Julia is loved by many people, and especially the Burchetts.

□ 1100

HONORING THE SERVICE OF CORPORAL ROLLEN DELANO BRADSHAW

Mr. BURCHETT. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor Corporal Rollen Delano Bradshaw, an American hero and Korean War veteran, as Tennessee's Second Congressional District's Veteran of the Month.

Corporal Bradshaw was rejected three times from joining the military during the Korean War because of his partial blindness, but he didn't let that get in the way of his patriotism. With just a seventh-grade education and a whole lot of persistence, he memorized the eye chart and was accepted into the United States Army on his fourth attempt.

Corporal Bradshaw served in Korea for 18 months, where he worked as a postal clerk delivering mail to his fellow soldiers. While deployed, Corporal Bradshaw earned the Korean Service Medal with Bronze Star, the United Nations Service Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Meritorious Unit Commendation, and the Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation.

Following his service, Corporal Bradshaw spent 17 years in American Legion leadership roles, serving as commander at Post 120 for 15 years and as Tennessee's national executive committeeman for 20 years.

Corporal Bradshaw remains dedicated to his military fraternity to this day.

Every year, he coordinates Loudon County's Memorial Day and Veteran's Day ceremonies. Our country's heroes are the men and women of our Armed Forces and those that wear our country's badges, like Corporal Rollen D. Bradshaw, who served and sacrificed for our freedom.

Thank you for your service. And, brother, I am truly sorry to hear about the passing of your sweet wife.

HONORING THE SERVICE OF JOHN EADE

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentlewoman from Ohio (Ms. KAPTUR) for 5 minutes.

Ms. KAPTUR. Madam Speaker, as our Nation approaches Memorial Day 2021, I am deeply privileged to enter into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the true story of a great soldier and an agonizing battle during the War in Vietnam.

The story recounts the superhuman valor of a great army soldier named John Eade, heroic son of my hometown of Toledo, Ohio. John is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. He is a faithful friend and a true patriot, a superlatively strong soldier, yet a humble decorated warrior for liberty. Yes, he is a Purple Heart and more. He has been tested beyond human limits his entire life. He has triumphed against overwhelming odds, including lifelong war wounds, time and time again.

In November 1965, Sergeant John Eade, then 21, was deployed in Vietnam, a fire team leader in the 1st Calvary division and its ill-fated 2nd Platoon, Alpha Company. On November 14, 1965, Sergeant Eade and his team were sent to reinforce their sister battalion that was engaged in very heavy fighting at Landing Zone X-Ray in La Drang Valley. Two days later, believing the enemy was destroyed and the worst fighting seemingly over, the 1st and 2nd Platoons Bravo were all choppered out. But John Eade and his team left Landing Zone X-ray the morning of November 17, marching 10 kilometers to nearby Landing Zone Albany. They were the first to arrive.

They established the command post and defense perimeter, and other companies were still coming up the trail. Sergeant Eade, with Alpha's 2nd Platoon, was sent into the trees to the left while the 1st Platoon went right. That is when the two much larger North Vietnamese regiments encamped nearby attacked.

Sergeant Eade's platoon was immediately pinned down in ferocious hand-to-hand combat as the North Vietnamese swarmed down on them through the trees. Sergeant Eade reflected, "it was like a gang fight. It was small groups of us versus small groups of them. It got down to knives. It got down to choking people."

Sergeant Eade and his team, Wilbert Johnson, Barry Burnite, and Oscar Barker, Jr., tried to outflank the at-

tacking Vietnamese but were badly outnumbered. Eade recounts: "Burnite, a machine gunner, was hit in the chest by shrapnel and his gun was disabled. Johnson, his crewman, dragged Burnite 30 meters back to a position of cover in an effort to save him." Eade recounted, "It was the greatest feat of human strength I have ever witnessed. I don't know if Burnite was still alive."

Johnson and Barker holed up amongst some trees and continued to fight. Johnson was killed and Eade was shot in the gut and the right shoulder, forcing him to fire his M-16 left-handed. Under RPC fire, Eade said his legs and boots were sprayed with shrapnel that left a large piece stuck in his foot, leaving him unable to walk.

Barker tended to Eade's wounds. Everyone else was dead. Eade urged Barker to flee 50 meters beyond the woods where the command element was situated. Barker refused. Shortly thereafter, Barker was shot and Eade attended him as he slowly died. Eade later reflected: "I don't think anyone who studies war doesn't get stuck on the Battle of Thermopylae. It is that thing of standing our ground to the last man. If you had your chance to cut out or stay, you would have stayed."

Despite some misgivings, according to official records, the U.S. Command Post called in a napalm strike on Sergeant Eade's position. As a result, Sergeant Eade was set on fire and severely burned because of the air strike. He was further weakened but still alive. He managed to roll in the dirt to put out the flames.

Sergeant Eade recalled that, among his problems, the napalm proved inconsequential. In fact, he said, "the napalm served a purpose by flushing the enemy out and gave me an opportunity to reduce the Vietcong numbers."

Later in the afternoon, still conscious but bleeding, he said he was surprised by the sudden appearance of three enemy soldiers behind him. "There were three North Vietnamese looking at me, one with a pistol." Eade said he shot and killed two, but was shot in the face by the one with the pistol.

The small caliber bullet destroyed his right eye socket and shattered parts of the sinus, making it difficult to breathe. He was knocked unconscious. When he came to, the third Vietnamese was gone.

Small groups of North Vietnamese continued moving through the area until about midnight, Eade said. And he stopped using his rifle after dark so he wouldn't give away his position. He said he managed to crawl around and throw grenades at some parties he assumed were removing their dead after midnight. The enemy activity ended. He recalls it was a struggle to stay awake. He was on his third night without sleep and believed if he fell asleep, he would be found and killed.

Dawn came. He was still alive, though horribly wounded. Around 9 or 10 in the morning, Infantryman Eade

said he heard someone moving toward him. He prepared to shoot but held his fire and then saw the shape of an American helmet.

"I yelled at them, 'Give me some water.' I was really thirsty. He looked at me and said, 'You're shot in the stomach. I can't give you water.' I told him I had been drinking water all night. But the soldier said 'no.' So I asked him for some morphine. I told him I used mine up on the other wounded. It really hurts. The soldier said: 'You are shot in the head. I can't give you morphine.' So I said, 'Well, give me a cigarette.' They gave me that. And he said he never stopped smoking after that."

John Eade was awarded the Purple Heart.

Madam Speaker, I include in the RECORD the entire story of John Eade, a great American soldier.

JOHN EADE: "I AM GOING TO DIE WELL"

[From the Boston Herald, Nov. 15, 2010]

(By Jules Crittenden)

There are people who have the ability to surprise you with the evidence, against long odds, that it is possible to retain a sense of wonder, some ideals and even wistful dreams, when cynicism, demons and nightmares should have won out a long time ago.

John Eade is like that, the kind of person you're always glad to see. You know you'll walk away with a little of that energy he barely manages to conceal behind a quiet facade, still retaining in his 60s—despite severe war wounds—an infantryman's ability to walk 25 miles on short notice.

And you know Eade will always leave you with something to think about—like what he had said about the Spartans at Thermopylae, when the movie "300" came out a few years back.

It came up in one of our late-night phone conversations. Eade said he had been captivated by the story when he was in high school in Toledo, Ohio. Forty-odd years later, he was still.

"I don't think anyone who studies war doesn't get stuck on Thermopylae. It's that thing of standing your ground to the last man," Eade said. "Three days of fighting set up the Persians for their ultimate defeat. It changed history. It has taken on mythic proportions. You want to be one of the 300. If you had your chance to cut out or stay, you'd have stayed."

Eade said it almost casually, like any of us would do that. Most people can only wonder if they would. But Eade knows what he is talking about. He's an authority on the subject.

In November 1965, Sgt. John Eade, then 21, was in Vietnam, among the first American regulars there, a fire-team leader in 2nd Platoon, Alpha Company, 2nd Battalion of the historically ill-fated 7th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division. They had already seen some combat, and as former paratroopers turned Air Cav, were a confident, well-trained and cohesive unit.

Over Nov. 14, 15, and 16, elements of 2/7 Cav were sent in to reinforce its sister battalion, 1/7 Cav, in the heavy fight at Landing Zone X-ray in the la Orang valley, where a reconnaissance in force had encountered a large force of North Vietnamese regulars. On the 16th, with the enemy at X-ray destroyed and the worst seemingly over, 1/7 was choppered out, along with 2/7's Bravo. The rest of 2/7, with a company of 1/5 Cav, left X-ray the morning of Nov. 17, marching 10 kilometers to Landing Zone Albany. Just short of Al-

bany, the lead elements captured a couple of North Vietnamese soldiers. There was debate about whether they were deserters or an outpost.

Still mulling the implications, they moved on, the battalion CO calling his company commanders ahead for a conference. In Albany's clearing of grassland and anthills, surrounded by forest, 2/7's Alpha Company began establishing a command post and a defensive perimeter within which the helicopters could land and take them home. The battalion's Delta, Charlie and Headquarters companies were still coming up the trail behind them, with 1/5's Alpha company bringing up the rear. Eade, with Alpha's 2nd Platoon, was sent into the trees to the left, while 1st Platoon went right. That's when the two North Vietnamese regiments encamped nearby attacked, along the length of the column.

Eade discussed his experience with me five years ago for a Boston Herald article. It was the first time he had done so in a public venue. He recalled that his platoon was immediately pinned down in ferocious fighting as the North Vietnamese swarmed on them through the trees.

"For the first hour and a half, it was intense hand-to-hand," Eade said. "It was like a gang fight. It was small groups of us versus small groups of them. It got down to knives. It got down to choking people."

First and 2nd platoons were taking the brunt of the attack on the landing zone's perimeter. Delta, Charlie, HQ and 1/5 Alpha companies, strung out along the trail, were also under heavy attack, with similar scenes of desperate combat playing out as hundreds of men, American and Vietnamese, engaged among the trees. Meanwhile, the Vietnamese who had cut off the column were directly assaulting the Alpha's command post among some anthills in the middle of the clearing.

Eade said he and his fire team, Wilbert Johnson, Barry Burnite and Oscar Barker Jr., had some freedom of movement along a line of brush and tried to flank the attacking Vietnamese.

"We wanted to hunt them down and give the platoon a chance," Eade said. "We bit off more than we could chew."

Burnite, a machine gunner, was hit in the chest by shrapnel and his gun was disabled. Johnson, his crewman, dragged Burnite 30 meters back to a position of cover in an effort to save him.

"It was the greatest feat of human strength I have ever witnessed," Eade said. "I don't know if Burnite was still alive."

Eade said he, Johnson and Barker holed up among some trees and continued to fight. Johnson was killed, and Eade was shot in the gut and the right shoulder, forcing him to fire his M-16 left-handed. Under RPG and mortar fire, Eade said his legs and boots were sprayed with shrapnel that left a large piece stuck into his foot, so he couldn't walk.

By about 3 p.m., much of the fighting had subsided around the fire team's two survivors, Barker and Eade. Barker tended to Eade's wounds in the lull, stuffing one of Eade's dirty socks into his shoulder wound to stop the bleeding because they were out of bandages.

"I knew and he knew that everyone else was dead," Eade said. He said he urged Barker to try to save himself and run for the command post, which Eade estimates was located about 50 meters of open ground beyond the woods, where the command element and mortars still held a perimeter.

"He refused to go," Eade said. Shortly after that, Barker was shot, and Eade had to watch him die. It was a sucking chest wound, and it took a long time, Eade said.

After Barker died, Eade was alone.

"My whole life, I've missed the people I was with," Eade said at that point in the conversation. "I just miss them a lot."

I asked him what his thoughts and emotions were at this time, as the last surviving man in his position with every expectation that he would be killed as the Vietnamese moved through the trees finishing off the wounded. I was under the impression that Eade had played dead to survive, but he said that wasn't the case.

"Playing dead was a way to die. It made no sense to me. Our job was to hold that position and kill the enemy," Eade said. "I had this thing in my mind, part of the U.S. Army's General Orders and the soldier's code you learn in boot camp: 'I will never forget I am an American fighting man. I will never surrender of my own free will. I will continue to resist to the utmost of my ability. I will not leave my post until properly relieved.'"

Eade said he kept repeating it himself.

"I don't think it was unique to me," Eade said, citing the actions of men like Barker and Johnson. He said his seemingly hopeless position was made easier by his belief, established weeks earlier after several men in the unit were killed in other actions, that he would not leave Vietnam alive. What Eade says about that may sound familiar to other veterans of heavy combat:

"It wasn't a matter of living or dying. It was taking care of each other and doing your duty. The anticipation of a future is what you give up. The question was not, 'Am I going to die?' We all know the answer to that. The question was, 'How am I going to die? I am going to die well.'"

In the command post, Alpha Company's executive officer, Lt. Larry Gwin, reports they saw large groups of the enemy moving through 2nd Platoon's area. The command post remained under assault by waves of Vietnamese, still cut off from what was left of the rest of the battalion.

A couple of 2nd Platoon soldiers who had made it out of the woods and across the open grassland to the command post said they didn't think any Americans were alive in there. Despite some misgivings on the part of some officers, the decision was made to thwart a Vietnamese attack on the command post by calling in a napalm strike on 2nd Platoon's position.

"I think they made the right decision," Eade said. He was on the edge of the A-1 Skyraiders' napalm strike.

"It set me on fire, but I managed to roll in the dirt and put it out," Eade said, adding that among his problems, the napalm proved inconsequential. In fact, he said, the napalm served a purpose. "It flushed them out and gave me an opportunity to reduce the numbers."

Later in the afternoon, Eade said he was surprised by the sudden appearance of three enemy soldiers behind him.

"There were three North Vietnamese looking at me, one with a pistol," Eade said he shot and killed two, but was shot in the face by the one with the pistol. The small-caliber bullet destroyed his right eye socket and shattered parts of his sinuses, making it difficult to breathe. He was knocked unconscious, and when he came to, the third Vietnamese was gone.

"I was angry at myself for being shot in the head. I was angry at myself for being careless. I was really pissed off at the North Vietnamese. It was probably the most maniacal moment of my life," Eade said. He declined to elaborate.

Small groups of North Vietnamese continued moving through the area until about midnight, Eade said. He said he stopped using his rifle after dark so he wouldn't give away his position. He said he managed to crawl around and throw grenades at some

parties he assumes were removing their dead.

"There was no shortage of grenades lying around," Eade said.

After midnight, the enemy activity ended. He recalls that it was a struggle to stay awake. He was on his third night without sleep, and believed that if he fell asleep, he would be found and killed.

Dawn came. He was alive, though severely wounded. Around 9 or 10 in the morning, Eade said he heard someone moving toward him. He prepared to shoot, but held his fire. Then he saw the shape of an American helmet.

"I yelled at them, 'Give me some water!' " Eade said. "I was really thirsty. He looked at me and said, 'You're shot in the stomach. I can't give you water.' I told him I had been drinking water all night, but he said no. So I asked him for some morphine. I told him I had used mine up on the other wounded. 'It really hurts,' I said. He said, 'You're shot in the head. I can't give you morphine.' So I said, 'Well, then give me a cigarette.' They gave me that."

He said he had never smoked before, but hasn't stopped since.

Eade's experience was similar to what hundreds of men up and down the column experienced over the prior afternoon and night, though many did not survive the first few hours after the Vietnamese broke through and enveloped them shortly after 1 p.m. on the 17th.

Gwin, who remembers firing at the oncoming Vietnamese, and firing again to keep them down, has said he is haunted by the memory of the American dead that he saw strewn across the grassland and throughout the trees on the morning of the 18th. He reports that the discovery of Eade alive where 2nd Platoon had been destroyed was a tremendous morale booster for the survivors. When the battle was over, Gwin said, the battalion that had marched to LZ Albany could fit into four deuce and a half trucks. Nearly three-quarters of them had been killed or wounded in a matter of hours. But he said that despite the trauma, morale was high and remained so in following weeks as replacements rotated into nearly empty platoon tents and the battalion prepared to return to the field.

"The survivors rallied and cheered the fact that we had held the ground. We knew that we had killed a lot of them. We had given as good as we had gotten," said Gwin. "The morale was very high in a perverse sort of way, because we had survived it."

Eade objects to the notion that his platoon, while largely destroyed, was overrun. He argues that he stayed alive, kept fighting, and remained in position. His platoon held.

Gwin, noting that 2/7 Cav held its ground in one of the bloodiest days any battalion has experienced in U.S. military history, said, "John's platoon held. If they hadn't done what they did, we would have been overrun."

Eade was medevac'd, and none of his comrades saw him again for decades. Gwin said that years later after they were reunited, he and other la Orang vets tried to get a combat award for Eade. Gwin, who earned a Silver Star for his actions at LZ Albany and completed 45 combat assaults in his year in Vietnam, said he believes Eade's actions merit a Distinguished Service Cross. But because there were no living American witnesses to Eade's actions, Gwin said, the effort was unsuccessful. Eade himself has said, regarding decorations, he is satisfied with the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

Eade spent 1966, the year after the la Drang, in the U.S. Army hospital at Valley Forge. That's where the mother of his fire

team's machine gunner, Barry Burnite, came to see him.

"I don't know how she found me," Eade said. "She asked me, how did her son die? I kind of told her the truth and I kind of didn't. I cleaned it up a bit. The uncontrollable grief of that woman has stayed with me my whole life. Her pain and her grief was more than I could bear to look at. I can never think about it without wanting to cry."

Eade, though battered and disfigured, recovered and went to university in the late 1960s. He became an architect. He pursued a career through what he called "serial jobs," staying only until he became restless or angry, and moving on. He was largely solitary, and to this day closely guards his privacy. Eade became chief of inspection services for the City of Boston in the 1990s, which is where I first met him. A lightly built, soft-spoken man with an eyepatch, an unexpected character in City Hall, a little odd and engaging. Serious about his work, he had a reputation for toughness and honesty. I only learned about his history several years later, and then it was by odd coincidence, through Gwin, our mutual friend, by then the informal head of a small informal group of combat veterans, some Boston lawyers and investment bankers who form a sort of movable VFW down in the business district.

Gwin had seen Eade's name in a local newspaper article and sought him out. Eade had been out of touch with his fellow la Drang vets for nearly 40 years, having made no effort to get in touch.

"You have to understand. All my friends were dead," Eade explained.

It was one of those typical silver-bullet Eade statements. He has a gift, or maybe the curse for it. Unsentimentally, matter-of-factly plumb a terrible depth of human experience in a few words.

These days, Eade seems to have friends everywhere he goes. There is always someone who walks up, glad to see him, when we walk through the city. They say little things about him in brief asides, something he did one time or another. I don't know how many of them know that this quiet, gentle man is still a soldier, prouder of nothing more than to have been an American combat infantryman who held his ground.

THE KLAMATH PROJECT

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from California (Mr. LAMALFA) for 5 minutes.

Mr. LAMALFA. Madam Speaker, I want to speak a little while today on the issue going on with the Klamath Basin, which straddles Northern California and Southern Oregon, and the water supply that has been a long-time issue and dispute up there for many purposes, agriculture, hydroelectric power, and endangered fish species, and how these are going to be shared, adjudicated, et cetera.

Currently, the battle in the basin there is how waters can be delivered to agriculture. Last year, in 2020, the situation was very dire where, initially, 140,000 acre-feet was promised to the growers up there. And then they went ahead and started their planning process. They had their crops in the field based on that number. The Bureau of Reclamation decided they were going to pull that back and not deliver that water.

We were able to work with the Department of the Interior and restore that water so that the crops that are already in the field planted would not die, that massive investment and massive loss to the farmers and to the community would not happen.

This year, we have a similar path. In March, the Bureau estimated they would deliver 130,000 acre-feet of water, 10,000 acre-feet less than last year. This of a water right that belongs in the basin of 390,000 acre-feet when fully delivered.

And that is where we need to really discuss this today, is that we are talking about the elevation of the lake here. We have, at the full mark, 4,143.3 elevation is a maximum lake. The project goes as low as 4,136 right down here. So that represents a heck of a lot of water. The farmer's share of this, the 561 is the 390,000 I had mentioned. Currently, the lake sits at 4,140.4 feet of elevation, so that represents availability of 307,000 acre-feet of water supply.

Now, the species of fish that we are talking about here are the longnose sucker fish that is in the lake. It lives in the lower part, the brown area of the lake there. And that is where it is best-suited. It is a bottom-feeding fish.

So the problem is that the Bureau of Reclamation, taking the cue from U.S. Fish and Wildlife, has decided that the water that belongs to the farmers has been adjudicated over time. The Oregon courts have held that these water rights do belong to agriculture. This is after NEPA and the ESA went into effect in the Endangered Species Act Oregon Water Resources Department began the process of detailing and adjudicating these rights.

So in reviewing the water rights of all the users in the basin, they noted that the Bureau claimed the reserved water rights apply only to the primary purpose of that water right, which is determined by a 1978 case, U.S. vs. New Mexico.

The Ninth Circuit determined in a 1983 case, the U.S. vs. Adair, that this land's reservation was for the purpose of agriculture. So as we apply that to the Klamath Irrigation area, the KID took the Bureau of Reclamation to court over its decisions to increase downstream flows to salmon, as well as the retention of water for the sucker fish.

So they want to retain this portion here for the sucker fish even though this portion of water does not belong to the Bureau or Fish and Wildlife to use for that purpose.

This project was created over 100 years ago for agriculture, to deliver water down this A Canal through a whole entire system there. This dam was completed, the Link River Dam, in 1921, to help regulate that source.

So in the process of Klamath Irrigation District having taken them to court, the State ultimately agreed with KID that the Bureau has the right to store the water and administer the