

or turned into fiery coffins. Those who were taken POW had to endure their own planes being shot down or otherwise damaged sufficiently to cause the crews to bail out. Often crewmates—close friends—did not make it out of the burning aircraft. Those lucky enough to see their parachutes open, had to then go through a perilous descent amid flak and gunfire from the ground.

Many crews were then captured by incensed civilians who had seen their property destroyed or had loved ones killed or maimed by Allied bombs. Those civilians at times would beat, spit upon, or even try to lynch the captured crews. And in the case of Stalag Luft IV, once the POW's had arrived at the railroad station near the camp, though exhausted, unfed, and often wounded, many were forced to run the 2 miles to the camp at the points of bayonets. Those who dropped behind were either bayoneted or bitten on the legs by police dogs. And all that was just the prelude to their incarceration where they were underfed, overcrowded, and often maltreated.

In February 1945, the Soviet offensive was rapidly pushing toward Stalag Luft IV. The German High Command determined that it was necessary that the POW's be evacuated and moved into Germany. But by that stage of the war, German materiel was at a premium, and neither sufficient railcars nor trucks were available to move prisoners. Therefore the decision was made to move the Allied prisoners by foot in a forced road march.

The 86-day march was, by all accounts, savage. Men who for months, and in some cases years, had been denied proper nutrition, personal hygiene, and medical care, were forced to do something that would be difficult for well-nourished, healthy, and appropriately trained infantry soldiers to accomplish. The late Doctor [Major] Leslie Caplan, an American flight surgeon who was the chief medical officer for the 2,500-man section C from Stalag Luft IV, summed up the march up this year:

It was a march of great hardship * * * (W)e marched long distances in bitter weather and on starvation rations. We lived in filth and slept in open fields or barns. Cothing, medical facilities and sanitary facilities were utterly inadequate. Hundreds of men suffered from malnutrition, exposure, trench foot, exhaustion, dysentery, tuberculosis, and other diseases.

A number of American POW's on the march did not survive. Others suffered amputations of limbs or appendages while many more endured maladies that remained or will remain with them for the remainder of their lives. For nearly 500 miles and over 86 days, enduring unbelievably inhumane conditions, the men from Stalag Luft IV walked, limped and, in some cases, crawled onward until they reached the end of their march, with their liberation by the American 104th Infantry Division on April 26, 1945.

Unfortunately, the story of the men of Stalag Luft IV, replete with tales of the selfless and often heroic deeds of prisoners looking after other prisoners and helping each other to survive under deplorable conditions, is not well known. I therefore rise today to bring their saga of victory over incredible adversity to the attention of my colleagues. I trust that these comments will serve as a springboard for a wider awareness among the American people of what the prisoners from Stalag Luft IV—and all prisoner of war camps—endured in the pursuit of freedom.

I especially want to honor three Stalag Luft IV veterans who endured and survived the march. Cpl. Bob McVicker, a fellow Virginian from Alexandria, S. Sgt. Ralph Pippens of Alexandria, LA, and Sgt. Arthur Duchesneau of Daytona Beach, FL, brought this important piece of history to my attention and provided me with in-depth information, to include testimony by Dr. Caplan, articles, personal diaries and photographs.

Mr. McVicker, Mr. Pippens, and Mr. Duchesneau, at different points along the march, were each too impaired to walk under their own power. Mr. McVicker suffered frostbite to the extent that Dr. Caplan told him, along the way, that he would likely lose his hands and feet—miraculously, he did not; Mr. Pippens was too weak from malnutrition to walk on his own during the initial stages of the march; and Mr. Duchesneau almost became completely incapacitated from dysentery. By the end of the march, all three men had lost so much weight that their bodies were mere shells of what they had been prior to their capture—Mr. McVicker, for example, at 5 foot, 8 inches, weighed but 80 pounds. Yet they each survived, mostly because of the efforts of the other two—American crewmates compassionately and selflessly helping buddies in need.

Mr. President, I am sure that my colleagues join me in saluting Mr. McVicker, Mr. Pippens, Mr. Duchesneau, the late Dr. Caplan, the other survivors of the Stalag Luft IV march, and all the brave Americans who were prisoners of war in World War II. Their service was twofold: first as fighting men putting their lives on the line, each day, in the cause of freedom and then as prisoners of war, stoically enduring incredible hardships and showing their captors that the American spirit cannot be broken, no matter how terrible the conditions. We owe them a great debt of gratitude and the memory of their service our undying respect.

FRANKLIN, NH, MARKS ITS CENTENNIAL

Mr. GREGG. Mr. President, I ask my Senate colleagues to join me in recognizing the city of Franklin, NH, on the occasion of its centennial and in appreciation of the contributions its citizens have made to our Nation.

Founded at a gathering spot of the Penacook Tribe, where the Pemigewasset and Winnepesaukee Rivers meet to form the Merrimack River, Franklin proudly traces its roots deep into the history of our State and our Nation. It is here, at the original settlement of Lower Falls, where Franklin's most famous native son, Daniel Webster, would commence a career as lawyer and statesman and, eventually, go on to establish both an honored place in this Senate and a prominent role in the shaping of America.

From this settlement, Capt. Ebenezer Webster, Daniel's father, would lead a company of local men to earn distinction in the Revolutionary War and help win the independence of a new nation. Their heroics during the campaign at Saratoga begins an unbroken line of Franklin's sons and daughters serving our Nation and the cause of liberty with honor, loyalty, and valor.

Successful in commerce, Franklin was incorporated as a town in 1828 and as the city of Franklin in 1895. The historic mill town would give rise to the engineering ingenuity of Boston John Clark and the technological innovations of Walter Aiken and make significant economic contributions to our society. Spurring inventions from the deceptively simple hacksaw and the latch needle to the complexity of the circular knitting machine, Franklin would again play a pivotal role in the second industrial revolution, which propelled us forward as a modern nation.

Today, the city of Franklin continues to exhibit the character and enterprise of its distinguished past. Hardworking, first in citizenship, and steadfast in its sense of community, Franklin continues to show the can-do spirit that marked its beginnings and first 100 years as a city. Recently, named one of the 100 best small communities in America, a base for advanced industry, rich in heritage, and energetic in shaping its future, Franklin is truly a "Small City on the Move."

Join me to proudly salute Franklin, NH, the birthplace of Daniel Webster, and the enterprising spirit that has enriched a community, the State of New Hampshire, and our Nation.

V-E DAY 1995

Mr. CRAIG. Mr. President, 50 years ago, U.S. forces, along with those of our valiant and embattled allies, formally ended the victorious struggle to contain a horrific evil that had spread across the European continent. For those Americans who attended the ceremonies that marked the Nazi surrender, it was a solemn moment, for the struggle had been long and bloody, and the price to defend freedom had come at a very high cost. For the world there was joy, renewed hope of lasting peace, and resolve to protect the freedom for which so many had offered up their lives. Today many of those hopes which are held deeply in the hearts of

the veterans who served, their families, and a generation of Americans who lived through the war, have become a reality.

For Americans too young to remember the war and those born into this world in its aftermath, we have a special obligation this day to our parents, our grandparents, and to our children and future generations of Americans; 50 years from today most of those who remember the war will no longer be with us. It is, therefore, our responsibility to learn about what happened, and why it happened. We must ask those who fought in World War II what it was all about. We must remember the sufferings and the sacrifice, lest we become complacent with our freedom and suffer the consequences. We must all, every one of us, learn from our own history. Now, 50 years later, we must redouble our efforts to understand by talking to those who were there, those who remember it.

Americans who lived through this time and made the sacrifices, have one last talk. It is now your duty to pass on to those of us who weren't on the battlefields of Europe, or fighting on the "homefront" what happened during the war, so that we can learn from your experiences and pass along to future generations from the lessons of the power of hatred and the price of protecting freedom for all.

This day I encourage parents and grandparents to take some time to talk to your children and grandchildren about World War II. You heroic veterans, tell them about the terrifying face of battle. Do not try to protect them from the brutal images that you have carried with you for all these years. Those of you who fought on the homefront, tell them about the hardships of home, the fears, the rationing; the friends, loved ones, and neighbors who never came home. Tell them why it all happened. Tell them about the price of acquiescence, isolation, and complacency.

You children and grandchildren, the future of the world, go to your grandparents and parents, call them on the phone, and ask them what it was like. And, take the time to read about it, and understand that they bought you the freedom that we now enjoy. Ask them how they felt when its future was uncertain. They remember, they will be glad to tell you. Listen hard, as if your life depends on it, because it does. And thank them for what they have done for you. Your job is never to forget the stories they have to tell you. Your job is to learn those lessons now so that your children will never again be called upon to smite such evil from the Earth.

This is also a day when all of us should turn, particularly to those veterans who live among us, and offer to them our humble and loving thanks. The great State of Idaho sent thousands of men off to war in Europe. Many, many of them never again laid their eyes on the mountains, deserts,

the forest, of Idaho, and lay buried in foreign graves. The veterans who still walk among us, might have suffered the same fate, if God had not chosen for them a different path. They risked their young lives for us, and suffered unimaginable horrors, so that we might not have to. The people of Idaho, the Nation, and the world, owe them everything.

Once in a while, as we live our busy lives with all of the challenges and trials that accompany them, we get the chance to stop and think about why we are able to live in this, the greatest Nation on Earth, in such freedom. Today is such a day. When envisioning the drama and pain of that conflict become difficult to imagine, draw upon those who lived through it, and learn from them.

And as we pay solemn tribute to the memories of the victims, and the survivors, the brave, and the victorious, let us be mindful of what led to this terrible war and thankful to those who fought it. Let us not forget the cost of freedom. And let us pray that God give us peace.

IN SUPPORT OF OUR NEIGHBORS, FRIENDS, THE FEDERAL EMPLOYEES

Mr. LEAHY. Mr. President, for the last two decades, our Federal employees seem to be handy scapegoats for anything that goes wrong with Government. Whenever anyone on this floor mentions "those Federal bureaucrats," the syntax is generally pejorative and the reference, unflattering. The collective term "bureaucracy" is uttered in the same tone of revulsion reserved for former leaders of the "evil empire."

So it was refreshing to read an editorial in last Saturday's Times-Argus, which serves our State capital of Montpelier, VT.

The editorial simply reminds us that many victims of the Oklahoma City bomb explosion were "our friends, neighbors, brothers, and sisters who work for the Federal Government."

It seems to be a needful reminder in these times to be a little more respectful of the effort we get every day from millions of these men and women who work for us in every capacity, from guarding our national security to protecting our rights as citizens, from fighting crime to enforcing public health and safety standards, from exploring space to cleaning up our air and water here on Earth.

I ask that this editorial be reprinted in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD. I am not suggesting that criticism of Government operations is off limits. I am only asking that it be fair. The hundreds of Federal workers in my State of Vermont, are among the most dedicated and hard working men and women, in public or private life, in our country. Let us stop careless impugning of their professional integrity.

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

[From the Times Argus, May 6, 1995]

NEIGHBORS, FRIENDS

One of the results of the bombing attack on the federal building in Oklahoma City has been to put a human face on the entity known as the "federal government."

The people whose job it was to hand out Social Security checks, to enforce the laws about drugs and firearms, or to recruit people for the military were the neighbors, friends, brothers, sisters of the people of Oklahoma City.

In Vermont the federal government consists of Forest Service rangers and office workers, agriculture specialists, the Marine recruiter, the Social Security workers, the court personnel and others who live every day among us. These are our neighbors, friends, brothers, sisters.

And yet to hear the more virulent strains of attack emanating from anti-government extremists, these people are an exotic combination of Nazi, Communist and Genghis Khan.

A Colorado talk show host, responding to a caller who thought it was a good idea to shoot members of Congress, advocated "armed revolution."

A talk show host in Arizona suggested that Sarah Brady, the gun control advocate and wife of President Reagan's former press secretary, ought to be "put down" the way a veterinarian puts down a lame horse.

And, of course, the advice of Watergate burglar G. Gordon Liddy to shoot for the head when confronted by federal agents has become a famous example of the antigovernment rhetoric that has become so common.

Imagine for a moment that it was the Rev. Jesse Jackson or Ralph Nader or Patricia Ireland who was advising people to shoot government workers. Would conservatives hesitate for a moment in pointing out that such violent language may be less than conducive to the good of the public weal? Yet when President Clinton made the rather tentative suggestion that this language was really not so helpful, media incidiarists whined that they were being unfairly attacked.

Back in the 1960s anti-war dissenters, black power advocates, and other dissatisfied souls said a lot of stupid things that embarrassed even those who opposed the war or supported the civil rights struggle. Talk then of armed revolution was a naive delusion that was taken all too seriously by a few people, who sometimes ended up getting innocent people killed.

A lot of stupid things are being said again about our friends, neighbors, brothers, sisters who work for the federal government. In the West, there are soreheads with a grievance about the way the federal government manages public lands who are preventing federal workers from doing their jobs.

Everybody ought to remember that federal lands in the West do not belong only to the people who live there. They belong to all of us. We have people working for us to manage our lands. And people who don't like the way they are being managed have a democratic process to avail themselves of to change things.

It wasn't true in the 1960s, and it isn't true now: Our government is not a dictatorship, and armed revolution is not justifiable. The government in Oklahoma, in Boise or in Montpelier consists of our friends, neighbors, brothers and sisters, who, like the rest of us, are not always right about everything they do. But that's the great thing about democracy: We have peaceful methods for making