

Tishomingo Refuge. These restrictions will prevent many people from enjoying activities that have occurred since the refuge was created nearly 50 years ago. It is time to manage the refuge system on a nationwide basis and to make compatibility determinations based on clear statutory language and not emotion or individual bias.

Another issue that has caused great concern for many Americans involves the Fish and Wildlife Service's refuge land acquisition policy. When a new refuge is created or additional acreage is added to an existing unit, all traditional activities, including fishing and hunting, are prohibited until a management plan is completed. This can take several years and, in the meantime, millions of Americans are denied the opportunity to enjoy the natural resources that exist on these lands.

Finally, while the number of refuges continues to increase, there is no requirement to complete a conservation plan for each refuge. In my judgment, these plans are essential because they would identify the purposes of the refuge; the fish, wildlife, and plant populations; their habitats; any archaeological values; opportunities for fish- and wildlife-dependent recreation; potential sites for administrative or visitor facilities; and ways to correct or mitigate any problems. The general public would be strongly encouraged to participate in the writing of these plans.

Our Nation's wildlife refuge system must be managed more effectively in the future. This system, which was first envisioned by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1903, needs to have a statutory list of purposes, uniform guidelines to determine what activities are permissible, comprehensive conservation plans, and the enthusiastic support of the American people who finance this system not only with the payment of their tax dollars, but also by purchasing duck stamps and paying excise taxes on fishing and hunting equipment.

These are the goals of the National Wildlife Refuge Improvement Act of 1995. This legislation will build upon and improve current law by: making wildlife-dependent recreation, including fishing and hunting, a purpose of the refuge system; defining the term "compatible use"; allowing historical uses to continue on newly acquired lands unless those uses are determined to be incompatible; requiring conservation plans for each refuge within 15 years; providing that fishing and hunting are permitted unless a finding is made that these activities are inconsistent with either the purpose of the refuge or public safety; and emphasizing a cooperative relationship with the States who have primacy on the management of fish and wildlife.

Mr. Speaker, this legislation will restore the wildlife refuge system to the goals and intent of the National Wildlife Refuge System Administration Act of 1966. It will ensure that this system is alive and well for all our constituents in the 21st century.

This measure has been endorsed by the California Waterfowl Association, the Congressional Sportsmen's Foundation, the National Rifle Association, Safari Club International, and the Wildlife Legislative Fund of America. Furthermore, the views of the International Association of Fish and Wildlife Agencies and the Wildlife Management Institute have been sought and incorporated into this process.

I would urge my colleagues to join with me, JOHN DINGELL, JIM HANSEN, BILL BREWSTER, JOHN DOOLITTLE, BILLY TAUZIN, PETE GEREN,

SOLOMON ORTIZ, ELTON GALLEGLEY, JIMMY HAYES, KEN CALVERT, BLANCHE LAMBERT LINCOLN, J.D. HAYWORTH, FRANK CREMEANS, BARBARA CUBIN, WES COOLEY, JOHN SHADEGG, and J.C. WATTS in this important effort by co-sponsoring the National Wildlife Refuge Improvement Act of 1995.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. POSHARD] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mr. POSHARD addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]

CONTINUATION OF REMARKS ON 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF WORLD WAR II

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of May 12, 1995, the gentleman from California [Mr. DORNAN] is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the majority leader.

Mr. DORNAN. Madam Speaker, a pretty exciting and historical day today. What I wanted to do was to add to this history by keeping a promise I made last month that I would finish my remarks on what was happening 50 years ago this week. The war in Europe had ended, but the struggle for the small series of islands comprising Okinawa and a smaller group of subsidiary islands was one of the bloodiest fights of the Pacific campaign.

Before I move forward to 1945, let me point out the stories of two friends of mine. Today, 30, years ago, in 1965, my best friend in the Air Force, David Hrdlicka, was shot down over Laos. He was only TDY, down from the wing on that island of Okinawa that so many young men had died on just 20 years before, and during the 20th anniversary of that 1945 struggle there we were taking the first small steps back into combat in Asia. David was in what I thought at the time was the world's greatest aircraft. I was desperately asking the Air Force to recall me to active duty so that I could fly Mach II, the world's only Mach II, twice the speed of sound, aircraft, the F-105 Thunderchief, which was eventually nicknamed after Robert Strange, evil, McNamara's no-win war. It was the thud, semi-affectionately given that name because of the number shot down coming into the Red River Valley, into the target area over Hanoi and Haiphong, the sound of the big F-105 hitting the ground, the thuds. More Republic F-105 aircraft were lost in combat, prorated to the number of planes that flew in Southeast Asia, than any other plane in the war. It carried the major burden of bombing up north along with magnificent efforts on the part of the Navy's A-4's, F-8's, and F-4's, and then eventually A-6 Intruders.

□ 1915

But the 105 was a special airplane. I remember sitting with Dave Hrdlicka in the base theater at George Air Force

base when some test pilots came over from Edwards Air Force Base, our Air Force test center, and threw up on the screen big pictures of the F-105. We had only seen pictures of the Mach-2 F-104 Starfighter a few months ago, but unlike the Starfighter, a tiny airplane, with small, 7-foot wings, the F-105 was the biggest fighter aircraft ever made, longer from the pitot boom and its nose to the tip of its vertical stabilizer than was the World War II four-engine B-17 Flying Fortress.

So there was Dave, having completed with his lovely wife Carol and their little babies, a great tour in England, flying another outstanding aircraft, the F-101 Voodoo. David flew at Bentwaters, which had the only fighter version of the F-101, all the rest were interceptors or reconnaissance versions. A unique situation to have only one Air Force wing of three squadrons in the whole world where they, a two-engine fighter, the predecessor to the four-generation, four-decade Phantom, David, I thought, was leading a charmed life from George Air Force Base in the beautiful Mojave Desert to England with all of its culture, defending Europe from the evil empire, and then home for a while and then to this great assignment at Okinawa. And suddenly here he is, flying over a country that only a few years ago became famous because of a young President's accent talking about chaos in Laos. And Dave gets hit from the ground.

Not a damaging hit to him personally, but hit the rear of the airplane, made a radio call calmly that he was going to have to eject. His wing man saw him come down into a clearing. As he was disengaging from his parachute, trying to come up on his radio, they saw men surround him, probably Communist Pathet Lao soldiers. And he was taken off into the woods at the edge of a clearing.

Years later, a photograph appears in Moscow, reprinted in the Long Beach, CA newspaper and sent to Carol where she had gone home to her family to be near a ranch which was her upbringing with young children. And somebody who knew the Hrdlickas from the Air Force said, I think this is David's picture in this Long Beach newspaper. And they sent it to Carol.

She looked. Sure enough. Dave was very distinctive, stocky, typical fighter pilot, handsome face. And Carol called the Air Force at the closest base, which was probably Lowry and said, "Where is the briefing on my husband? Here is his picture."

They were so embarrassed. I remember Carol telling me that they got the highest ranking officer in the entire area, a brigadier general, a man who knew absolutely nothing about the missing in action cause, and they sent him out to Carol Hrdlicka's house to say something, anything. It was embarrassing for her and for him.

Thirty years later to this very day, Carol is still finding out things from

records that are being released that were never told to her, including a rescue operation to free David who at one point in the late 1960's, he was a known prisoner for 5 or 6 years, was held in a cave with Charlie Shelton.

Charlie had been shot down in a reconnaissance aircraft, David being the first fighter aircraft downing in Laos. Charlie had gone down on his 33d birthday, on April 29, 1965.

I meant to come to the well and remember Charlie, too, although I did not know him. He was my vintage, a pilot training graduate. David was a year behind me. I got to know his wife Marian as well as I knew Carol over the years. Marian committed suicide during the 25th year of Charlie's imprisonment. He was kept on record as a POW, the last one, the one and only POW until a few months ago.

I went to his remembrance ceremony at Arlington with his five grown children, children that would have been Charlie's grandchildren. His oldest son is a Franciscan priest. The Hrdlicka family is also Catholic.

These two men were known to be held together in a cave, Charlie and Dave. For years reports coming out through intelligence sources of several escape attempts, a report once that Charlie had been wounded twice, recovered from his wounds, same kind of rumors about David. Then, as I said on Jefferson's birthday last month when I declared for the Presidency, they just sort of disappeared into the mist of Asian history. I will not accept that.

That is why next month, as chairman of the military personnel subcommittee, I am going to have hearings with a focus just on Laos, what happened to Col. Charlie Shelton and what happened to then a young major, now a colonel, when he was declared presumptive finding of death, what happened to David Hrdlicka?

What happened to the other 300 men that all went down somewhere around Laos?

It is interesting that the current Assistant Secretary for Asian Affairs, Winston Lord, a former Ambassador, wrote the memo to Kissinger that Henry Kissinger fed to Nixon that had Nixon go on national television when the fourth and final big C-141 Starlifter brought our men back on those freedom flights from Hanoi in the spring of 1973. The first flight landed appropriately on Lincoln's birthday, February 12.

Six weeks later the fourth and final freedom flight came out, and they all flew nonstop from Hanoi's main Mig base airfield, still shot up from Linebacker II operations. They flew nonstop to Manilla. For men like our own Sam Johnson, who served so brilliantly and loyally on this side of the aisle, who was part of this historic vote today of 238 to 193, Sam had not had a warm shower in 7 years until he hit Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines, let alone a decent, warm meal. Several of the men told me they

congressional five hamburgers and then would go to waffles and bacon and eggs. And the flight surgeons were sitting right there and said, "Go ahead, gorge yourselves." But it was amazing to see so much passage of time, twice as long as World War II at 3½ years, twice as long as World War II was Sam Johnson imprisoned. And there was one Green Beret, Floyd Thompson, who was in exactly a week shy of 9 years.

It brings back memories of mine, made me want to run for Congress, to see if I could change this Government. It was so insufferable that an evil man like McNamara could allow the best and the brightest of our military academies, the best and brightest of our aviation cadets and ROTC graduates to rot in prison for 9 years, 8 years for Ed Alvarez and 7 for men like Sam Johnson, in Laos. Nothing.

Then Winston Lord feeds this memo to Henry Kissinger, by then Secretary of State, and he feeds it to Nixon. And Nixon goes on television and says, all the men who were prisoners in Laos have been accounted for. Well, that absolutely was not true.

The North Vietnamese Communists, in an ugly little effort at the very end on that bright morning in Hanoi, end of March 1973, took 10 men who had been captured in Laos by North Vietnamese troops and all taken into the Hanoi prison system, except for one, a CIA Air America man named Ernie Brace, who had been in a small prison at Dien Bien Phu, where the French had lost their final battle in the spring of 1954. Ernie Brace was held at Dien Bien Phu for 3 weeks. And then he, like the other nine, was immediately moved into the Hanoi prison system. So these were North Vietnamese, Hanoi-held prisoners.

Nixon either deliberately or knowingly announced to the world, all the Laotian-held prisoners are home. And not a one was home. Not Charlie Shelton, not David Hrdlicka, not any of the other roughly 298.

I remember saying at the time, I have been saying it for the last two decades, where was the warning to our men that if your plane is shot up over the target areas over North Vietnam and you are smoking or you are losing power, or your pieces are coming off your airplane, do not try to get across Laos, back to your Thailand bases? Do not try to rendezvous with a helicopter, that rescue, Jolly Green Giant chopper in sight, bend it around, punch out, and parachute into North Vietnam, because there your odds are about 75, 80 percent that you will be coming home someday. But if you bail out over Laos and that chopper does not jerk you out, the penetrator cable does not come down and pull you out of a triple canopy jungle, you will never be heard from again by your fellow citizens. What an ugly shame.

So at the hearings next month, maybe I will have one of the grown Shelton sons or daughters come and tell us what these 30 years and 20 days

have been like for them. I know Carol, Carol Hrdlicka has said she will come to tell us what her struggle has been like, trying to get justice out of her Government for 30 years.

And because Carol is watching on television, I wanted to tell another story involving another hero who passed away a few days ago on May 7. He was a family friend. I only met him once as a young boy. My mother had met him when he was assigned to Palm Springs Army Air Force Base. Basically a P-38 base, and a B-26 wing was coming through, the B-26 Martin Marauder, the 22d bomb wing was on its way to the South Pacific, the first medium bomb wing to go over, the first B-26 Marauders to go into combat.

Walter Krell was a young captain. My mother had on the dresser in her room a picture of herself, my aunt, who is still alive and vigorous, I hope she is watching, Flo Haley, the wife of the tin man in the Wizard of Oz, and some other friends. They were trying to buck up the spirits of these young P-38 and B-26 pilots on their way to the South Pacific.

They would sometimes pool their money and see if they could not get a plane ticket or very rare DC-3 flight to have the wives come and join them in Palm Springs. And my mother used to tell me about this picture. He was handsome, Walter Krell, looking a little bit older than the other young fighter pilots. There was one very young handsome pilot named Pepino. My mom would point to him and say, Pepe, as the men called him, said:

Why are they making us get all of the various shots, going into a jungle area, inoculations, because none of us P-38 pilots are coming back; we are all going to get killed in combat; we are working out how to use this big heavy P-38 against these light superior Japanese zeros, and the young men that come after us, they will whip the Japanese zeros, but we are the guinea pigs.

And she said he pointed over to Walter Krell and said:

Walt over here, he will probably come back because he has got bomber duty.

Well, for the bomber pilots, it is every bit, if not even more hazardous. But Walter Krell, in this photograph with four or five fighter pilots and himself, he was the only one who came back.

I remember meeting him on Waldron Drive in Beverly Hills when he came to see us. He was so old looking and mature. I was 12 years of age. He could not have been more than 26 or 27. And I remember him having dinner with my parents and spending the day with us and telling a few stories about the South Pacific. After I came to this Congress, on my second tour here in the mid-1980's, I got a letter from a Walter Krell, a veterinarian in Yreka, Northern California.

□ 1930

He said "Are you BOB DORNAN, the son of Mickey Dornan," my mother, "who gave me a small St. Christopher

to wear around my neck, which I wore through 120 combat missions in the South Pacific? Is that you? Because your mother wrote me in 1953 and asked for that small St. Christopher back, so that her son could wear it through pilot training."

Madam Speaker, here is that St. Christopher medal, on the back of a larger medal with the face of Christ. This little St. Christopher took Walt Krell, who died Sunday, May 7, took him through 120 combat missions, including flying lead when President-to-be Lyndon Baynes Johnson was getting his one combat ride, for which Sam Rayburn engineered a Silver Star, amazingly. When Lyndon Johnson was in the back of another B-26 it was off Walt Krell's wing, then first lieutenant, soon to be Captain Krell, was leading—he was a captain by then—he was leading this flight when Japan's leading ace, who is still alive, I believe, Saboro Sakai, was rolling in trying to shoot down one of these B-26's, the one with Johnson on it, or the one that was leading the flight with Walter Krell.

When I got in touch with Walter and found out there was a painting out there of his beautiful B-26 in combat, from the point of view of Saboro Sakai rolling in on him, I sent it to Saboro Sakai. He autographed it and last year Walter sent it back to me with his autograph on it.

Here is an article that Walt sent me that I put in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD last year. I would like to read part of it to America here, to the million or so people that watch this, to give a little bit of the flavor of a young Walt Krell in the South Pacific in 1942, the darkest year in American history since the Civil War, and maybe after the hearings next month with Carol Hrdlicka, I will do something from the Shelton children and something from the Hrdlicka children. I have gotten to know Dave, Jr., who flew F-18 hornets in the Navy and is now an American Airlines 727 pilot, I think, domiciled out of Houston.

By the way, today, Madam Speaker, I chaired my first subcommittee ever, the Military Personnel Subcommittee. It was a good chairman's mark in that we have 39 pages of the best legislation I have ever seen, section 563, "Determination of the Whereabouts and Status of Missing Persons."

The gentleman from New York, BEN GILMAN, originated this legislation in the Committee on International Relations, and Senate majority leader BOB DOLE, a World War II veteran over on the Senate side. I am very proud of this. I hope that anybody that is interested in this and wants to see it will write to the Committee on Armed Services and get this legislation. Anything we have missed here we will perfect with this focus on Laos next month.

By the way, when Walter Krell, about 24 or 25 years old, was flying B-26's in 1942 out of New Guinea, BOB DOLE would have been 18 years of age, think-

ing about becoming an Army officer and going either to the Pacific or to Europe.

Here is Walter Krell's article entitled "Incendiary Bombs to Rabaul."

"In early 1942, Army Air Force Ordnance developed an aerial incendiary bomb, a device 4 feet long and 16 inches or so in diameter. It consisted of 36 individual incendiary units, tiny bomblets with fins and detonators all wired together. The entire bundle, or contained unit, was attached to the shackles on our Martin B-26 Marauder bomb bay racks like an ordinary bomb, to be released in the standard way. Each B-26 would carry 30 or more of these incendiary clusters.

There was one simple difference between high explosive bombs and incendiary bombs. When the arming wire was pulled away upon release of these new incendiaries, a shotgun shell would fire a slug that would cut the wires holding together the bundle of bomblets. Then the 36 individual bomblets would break up, releasing each separate incendiary unit to fall on the target. The arming wire was supposed to be of sufficient length to allow the incendiary mother-bomb to clear the aircraft before the arming wire pulled loose and fired the shotgun shell thereby dispersing the cluster. Of course, nobody bothered to tell that to the B-26 aircrew/gunners who helped with bomb loading, so they routinely clipped the wire short as was done with ordinary iron bombs. The result was that upon 'bombs away', the clusters came apart while still within our bomb bays, clattering around and bouncing off the structural members of the aircraft. These incendiary bomblets were magnesium, and had any of them lodged in the many angular recesses of the fuselage, it would have been very exciting indeed.

"When I experienced the first release of incendiaries my B-26 was flying only 15 feet above those powerful little bomblets tumbling away, when many of them began igniting and burning. After that the bomb loading of incendiaries had the undivided attention of our entire crew of 6." In those days they did use two side door gunners.

"Now that we, in the 22d Bomb Group, had interesting new bombs, it was decided they should be delivered all over the docking facilities at Rabaul. The first mission to try to do just that would be a flight of three Marauders. Lt. Chris Herron would lead and Lt. George Kersting would be flying his right wing with me on his left."

For all I know, the family members of one of these two men are hearing their name now on the House floor.

"After an early morning take-off from 7-Mile Airfield near Fort Moresby, New Guinea, our Marauders flew northeast, climbed over the Owen-Stanley Mountains, descended over the north coast of New Britain, and then turned east to Rabaul Harbor. Unhappily, for an undetermined cause, gasoline siphoned from my right wing

tanks for a full 45 minutes after take-off. Because we never returned home from those long Rabaul missions with much fuel to spare, my crew was obviously worried. To turn back, however, would have aborted the raid for the other two crews. We flew on.

Chris Herron was clever the way he took us in to the target. Still heading east, we kept descending and skirted the north side of the Rabaul Harbor at low level, then banked right and pulled into a hard 180-degree turn up and over the rim of the volcanic hills that circled the harbor on the north side."

I might remind people that this was the major Japanese forward staging air base and harbor for capital ships in all of the South Pacific.

"I remember clearly from my left wing position in our very tight turn, looking to my right across Herron's B-26 and seeing George Kersting's propwash mash down the tops of coconut trees. Chris then rolled us right down on the deck and along the wharfs, and headed west.

"There was a Japanese cargo vessel tied up broadside along the first dock with dozens of loading personnel moving about on the freighter's deck, and at dockside. All of them were totally surprised. I vividly remember their reaction of panic. Two Japanese loaders were carrying something up a gangplank that resembled a litter. Suddenly they dropped the litter and while the guy in the back was still looking up, the guy in front wheeled around and charged back right over the top of the litter thing, and slammed into the guy staring up at us."

Madam Speaker, I flew the B-2, the flying wing, the "Spirit," B-2 "Spirit," on the first of this month, 6 days before Walt died. I was going to call him and see if I could come and see him, traveling around the country in this quest. That is a two-engine airplane. He would have gotten a big thrill, and I'm sure he is listening now—if he is not, he was busy in his first—he is in his 12th day up there in that big hangar in the sky.

This is a story that is hard for pilots to realize how things are burned into your brain, little quick shots. Imagine coming across the water at full speed, a full load of bombs, a surprise attack on the biggest Japanese harbor in the South Pacific, and your eye is picking up this scene on the dock of a guy turning around and running into the guy at the back of the litter, staring up at Walt Krell's B-26.

"I could see that Lt. Herron intended to try to take out this ship, which was positioned parallel to our line of flight. This would have forced me to waste my bombs out in the open harbor to my left, so I dropped down and moved ahead of Chris and took the lead, forcing our formation to the right over the docking area with its stacked supplies and many warehouses. "Bombs away." I immediately banked left and headed south towards the Rabaul channel and

away from the exploding docks, thinking Herron and Kersting would hang onto my right wing until we were clear and I could slide back into position.

"Chris apparently went his own way, but in my left turn I could not see where he was. Not wanting to roll back into him, I continued my hard turn, yelling to my co-pilot to try and pick up the formation. I was now heading back around toward the east rim of the harbor with anti-aircraft flak popping all around us, and some of it starting to explode much too close.

"I twisted my Marauder back and forth to foil the anti-aircraft gunners until I was back across the harbor east rim and above an active smoking volcano. In spite of this fast-moving action, I was fascinated by the volcano's shimmering, silvery walls as I pushed over and dipped down inside the crater itself. I banked again changing course back to the right, and then flew up and over the volcano's western lip.

"There below, streaking out through the Rabaul Channel," right on the deck, "were Herron and Kersting, so I winged over and swooped down to join up. We were back in a three ship 'V' formation just as the Japanese Navy Zero fighters jumped us. It was touch and go for about 20 minutes, when straight ahead loomed a sheer wall of thick clouds, black, with torrential rain. We spread out and plunged into the weather, very happy to wipe off the swarming enemy fighters. Tropical fronts were not new to the pilots of our bomb group, but never before had we encountered anything to equal the intensity of this storm.

"Within minutes our 2,000 horsepower radial engines started to run roughly because of the excessive cooling of the heavy rain. The rainwater was also driving into the magnetos, which are mounted up forward on the Pratt and Whitney engines. We closed our oil shutters and cowl flaps, but that did not seem to help much. In most South Pacific rainstorms, we found there was usually a clear gap for your aircraft to fly between the ocean and the bottom layer of the weather front. But not this time. In order to see, so I could stay above the waves, I was aided in flying by opening my side window."

I can hardly imagine this.

"After about 25 intense minutes, I flew out of the extremely turbulent storm clouds and made a climbing turn to see if we could pick up the other two B-26's. The skies were empty, and with no radio response to our many calls, we headed for home.

"My co-pilot was I.B. Against my sense of justice, I withhold his full name."

Actually, Walt Krell had his name in. It was my sense of justice when I helped rewrite this that took out his name.

My co-pilot "had not been overjoyed with my maneuvers in dodging the flak back at Rabaul. He was particularly unhappy when I had to whack him

across the mouth with the back of my hand to get him off the controls during my in-and-out-of-the-volcano caper."

I guess you would not find this in a Hollywood script, Madam Speaker.

"He was sulking as we gained altitude to clear the Owen Stanley Mountains once more. The weather was now clear, with some broken clouds. I told I.B. to take it, and to make sure to clear the mountains by at least 1,000 feet. Then within minutes I fell dead asleep."

It is kind of a thrill to know that the St. Christopher that I have been wearing for 42 years was around his neck at this moment.

"I woke a short time later. We had cleared the mountains and were in a gradual descent, but my co-pilot was definitely not relaxed at the controls. Instead, he was staring straight ahead with a strange look on his face. My cockpit was in shambles, with scattered papers, maps, and manuals strewn everywhere. I turned around to check the guys in the navigator's compartment, and they were ashen-faced. 'What the hell happened?' I asked, quickly figuring out that my co-pilot had skimmed the mountain too low and had gotten into an awful thump of a turbulent downdraft. Suddenly at that moment the right engine quit, starved for that 45 minutes of fuel that had siphoned overboard on our climbout. I quickly feathered the right prop. We were very light by now and had good altitude, so we easily made our 7-Mile Airfield home base. While still on the landing roll, our left engine quit, also out of gas. I was able to coast off far enough to one side to clear the runway and wait for a tow. George Kersting's Marauder made it home shortly after us, but no sign of our lead B-26.

"Within hours we learned that Chris Herron had lost an engine because of the heavy downpour in that tropical storm. Chris' co-pilot, an Australian officer who was a former airline pilot, advised that they fly due south. The Aussie co-pilot knew of a small island with a landing strip. Herron opted to land with their gear down. Tragically, the B-26's nosewheel folded and the aircraft flipped over on them, crushing the cockpit. Chris and his Australian co-pilot were killed. The bombardier and navigator, Lieutenant Barnhill and Lieutenant Wright, survived the crash, as did the two crewchief gunners."

If you are alive out there, Lieutenant Barnhill or Lieutenant Wright, please write Congressman BOB DORNAN.

"Chris Herron was truly one of the great ones, a natural leader who earned the praise and affection of his crew and all of his colleagues in the 22d Bomb Group. A day or two later I flew my B-26 "Kansas Komet," that's right, Walter Krell grew up, just like BOB DOLE, in Kansas, "I flew the 'Kansas Komet' back to Australia. As I chopped our engines on the ramp at Townsville Airfield, my co-pilot, the same I.B., was the first one out and on the ground.

When I hit the ground, he snarled at me 'I will never fly with you again, and I will never fly in that airplane again.'

□ 1945

I told him he was breaking my heart.

And what did our outstanding group leadership do with this disgruntled lieutenant? Why, they let him hang around group operations for several weeks, assisting in the combat briefings for the rest of us who were flying missions while the colonels found somewhere else to transfer him. A General Jimmy Doolittle would have ripped off his wings, stripped him down to his jock strap and had him tethered to a mule harness to start supplies over the Owen Stanleys.

Several weeks after that first incendiary mission, Capt. Al Fletcher, our 22d Group intelligence officer, told me that a Japanese diary had been recovered from a crashed enemy aircraft. In the diary the writer told of an incendiary raid on Rabaul by three Martin B-24 Marauders that had caused many fires, all of which had been contained except for the fires caused by the incendiaries that had fallen into the open hatch of a moored freighter.

Those fires on board the ship could not be controlled. They reignited the dock and then the warehouse area, burned fiercely for hours, and came within a fraction of torching off a large ammo dump.

I am sorry I never saw that captured diary that described the impact of Lt. Chris Herron's final mission for his country. Yes, sir, he was one of the very best.

That is all I know about Chris Herron. And another of America's World War II heroes, Walter Krell, goes to his eternal reward on Sunday, May 7. A few years later on that island of Okinawa, here is what a small press report sounds like for yesterday:

"The 6th Marine Division makes its 11th attack on May 17, 1945," 50 years ago yesterday, "up Sugar Loaf Hill after a pulverizing bombardment by Navy and Marine artillery, fighter bombers and naval gunfire. Once again the Marines take the hill crest but suffer heavy casualties and must withdraw."

Madam Speaker, I want to read that again. What was happening 50 years ago as we began to clear out the German concentration camps on the other side of the world, and try and save people dying by the hundreds if not thousands because they only knew a few days of freedom, they were so malnourished, before God took them.

But here on the other side of the world, on Okinawa, far worse than what I had talked about on the House floor, the casualties at Iwo Jima, but here in this 86-day battle, still not over, that started at the beginning of last month, here on the 11th assault on Sugar Loaf, I walked this terrible ground on Okinawa once, could hardly conceive of the change of real estate, ugly real estate, back and forth. They

must withdraw after winning the ground on the 11th attack.

Nearby the First Marine Division takes Wana Draw and knocks out some of the Japanese big guns that were zeroed in on Sugar Loaf. Then the Army comes in, a surprise dawn attack by the 77th "Statue of Liberty Division." They take a ridge on the Shuri line, eastern end. The 77th also reaches the top of Flat Hill Drive, takes it.

And then the 77th Division is driven off by a counterattack. What would make young American Marines and GI's give up ground that they had just taken? Only one thing: horrible casualties. Wounded and dying men all around you. Seeing in that clear Pacific air hundreds of Japanese infantry forces who were fighting with an incredible spirit, that if we had ever had to invade Japan would have killed a million of them and 300,000 of our men.

Hence the stupidity and arrogance of this argument over at the Smithsonian over how to display the fuselage of the Enola Gay, coming up on the 50th anniversary of the first two atomic bombs on August 6 and 9. It was merciful to the Japanese in this frenzy of combat.

And all this killing is still going on down in the Philippine Islands 50 years ago today. Although the Japanese down there were falling back, here they are fighting with a courageous ferocity. Offshore a kamikaze sends the destroyer Douglas H. Fox back to the States for extensive repairs.

As I recall, the day before this 50 years ago the Enterprise had been hit; the Enterprise, which had not been at Coral Sea but had survived the battle of Midway, all the serious combat around Guadalcanal and all the Solomon Islands. It had been in the battle of the Philippine Sea, in the battle of Leyte Gulf. It had more battle stars than any other carrier, had counted for shooting down, I think, 991 Japanese airplanes. It gets hit by a Japanese kamikaze, loses its forward loading elevator and is on its way back to Puget Sound on this very day 50 years ago.

Then planes from the carrier Ticonderoga further south attacked the Japanese garrisons on Taroa Island and Maloelap Atoll in the central Pacific Marshall Islands.

So we have got combat going on Okinawa, still looking for a last few snipers down in the caves in Iwo Jima, fighting in the Philippines and attacking some of the other Japanese naval bases.

Madam Speaker, here to personalize this, which I would like to do, down to one man. In my Medal of Honor book here is a story about the young Marine major and how tough people would fight to inspire their men. An incredible story.

This one more story about day before yesterday. A battalion of the 6th Marine Division led by Maj. Harry Courtney makes an American banzai charge on Okinawa's Sugar Loaf Hill. This was 2 days before this 11th attack today and yesterday.

The Marines take the hill and then are driven off. Courtney is awarded a posthumous Medal of Honor.

B-29's destroy, meanwhile, up in Japan the Mitsubishi aircraft engine plant and 3.6 square miles of Nagoya. The Japanese sowed the wind and now they were reaping the whirlwind.

Meanwhile U.S. scientists and bomb experts at Los Alamos, NM select Hiroshima, and now comes the lucky names, for target, Kokura spared by God's call, I guess, Kyoto, one of the 5 biggest cities, and Yokohama, second biggest city, all likely targets for atomic bombs.

Hiroshima, which ironically was the most Christian city in Japan, and Nagasaki, where Portuguese Christian missionaries, Jesuits, had landed years before—they were selected. Hiroshima seems especially a good target because the surrounding hills will focus the blast.

Now to Major Courtney. His name is Henry, same as my dad. Same nickname, "Harry." Harry Courtney, 29 years of age, was awarded the Medal of Honor for 2 days of action, the 14th and 15th of this week, 50 years ago, May 1945.

"U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, born 6 January 1916 in Duluth, MN. Appointed from Minnesota. For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty, as the exec. officer of the 2nd Battalion, 22nd Marines, the 6th Marine Division." None of those units exist anymore. "In action against Japanese forces on Okinawa Shime in the Ryukyu Islands. Ordered to hold for the night in static defense behind Sugar Loaf Hill after leading the forward elements of his command in a prolonged fire fight, Major Courtney weighed the effect of a hostile night counterattack against the tactical value of an immediate Marine assault, resolved to initiate the assault, and promptly obtained permission to advance and seize the forward slope of the hill. Quickly explaining the situation to his small, tattered remaining force, he declared his personal intention of leading and moving forward and then proceeded on his way, boldly blasting nearby cave positions and neutralizing enemy guns as he went. Inspired by his courage, every man followed without hesitation, and together the intrepid Marines braved a terrific concentration of Japanese guns to skirt the hill on the right and reach the reverse slope. Harry Courtney sent guides to the rear for more ammunition and possible replacements. Subsequently reinforced by 26 men and an LDT load of grenades"—I guess that is land vehicle tank—"he determined to storm the crest of the hill and crush any planned counterattack before it could gain sufficient momentum by effecting a breakthrough. Leading his men by example rather than by command, he pushed ahead with unremitting aggressiveness hurling grenades into cave openings on the slope with devastating effect. Upon reaching the crest and observing large numbers of

Japanese forming for action to attack less than 100 yards away, he instantly attacked, waged a furious battle and succeeded in killing many of the enemy himself and forcing the remainder to take cover in the caves. Determined to hold, he told his men to dig in, and coolly disregarding the continuous hail of flying enemy shrapnel, he moved to rally his weary troops, tirelessly aiding casualties, and assigned his men to more advantageous positions. He was then instantly killed by a hostile mortar blast while moving among his men. Maj. Harry Courtney by his astute military acumen, indomitable leadership and decisive action in the face of overwhelming odds had contributed essentially to the success of the Okinawa campaign. His great personal valor throughout sustained his men and enhanced the highest traditions of the U.S. Navy. He gallantly gave his life for his country."

Walter Krell, Chris Herron and the fledgling Army Air Force, Maj. Harry Courtney with the Marine Corps, Charley Shelton, and Dave Hrdlicka over Laos. Again the last lines of Mitchner's great story of flying in Korea comes to mind, his fictitious admiral based on a Mark Mitchner or Bull Halsey type, played so beautifully by Frederick March says, "Where do we get such men? Why is America lucky enough to have such men?"

Madam Speaker, when I was on the floor last month about Okinawa, I mentioned that we do have one Member, BOB STUMP, who served on the ships watching the young wounded come aboard. He was barely 18. He had fudged his age to join a couple of years before, trained at Pearl Harbor and was off the coast of Okinawa.

Madam Speaker, I include the following article for the RECORD:

[From the Hill, Apr. 5, 1995]

MEMORIES OF OKINAWA—REPRESENTATIVE BOBBY STUMP RECALLS HIS ROLE IN THE HISTORIC BATTLE ON ITS 50TH ANNIVERSARY

(By David Grann)

Bobby Stump wanted to become a doctor, but when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor in December 1941, he did what all his friends did: He enlisted.

There was only one catch. He was only 16. "I had to boost my age up," the 68-year-old Arizona Republican congressman recalls. "All my friends were seniors in high school, and, technically, I wasn't old enough."

Training as a medical technician for the Navy on Pearl Harbor, he later helped operate at sea on dozens of U.S. servicemen wounded in the bloody battles of Luzon and Iwo Jima. On April 1, 1945, he was on board a "flat top" aircraft carrier steaming toward the 60-mile-long, banana-shaped island of Okinawa.

Fifty-years later, the silver-haired chairman of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee, who believes he is the only member of Congress who fought at Okinawa, recalled in an interview the beautiful clear day that launched the most devastating naval battle of World War II. Over 1,200 ships carrying more than 180,000 marines, sailors and soldiers converged on the rocky Pacific island.

"It was Easter Sunday," he says. "We didn't know exactly what to expect, but we

knew it was going to be bad. We were getting ready to attack the mainland of Japan, and this was a final step."

His aircraft carrier was part of an arsenal of 40 large and small carriers, 18 battleships and nearly 200 destroyers. As they moved through the East China Sea, sailors searched the skies for the dreaded Kamikaze suicide planes.

"They would come straight in, or drop bombs from under their bellies," Stump recalls. "It didn't matter if you were on a big or little ship. They'd try to hit everything."

Although his ship was never hit directly, he watched other ships sinking in flames. His ship rescued sailors from the stormy seas. As the battle dragged into May, there were endless alerts, as planes roared across the night sky.

Stump witnessed first hand what one war correspondent described in Ronald Spector's account of the battle, *Eagle Against the Sun*: "The strain of waiting, the anticipated terror made vivid from past experience, sent some men into hysteria, insanity, breakdown."

Stump, who turned 68 on Tuesday, downplays his personal experience. Instead, he speaks solemnly of his friends who lost more than him, those who never came home after the invasion.

"It was worse than Luzon and Iwo Jima," he says. "Nothing compared."

On June 21, when the guns finally quieted, 7,000 U.S. marines and soldiers were dead. In the protracted sea-air battle offshore, where Stump was, over 5,000 sailors were killed and 5,000 more wounded.

The toll on the Japanese was equally devastating. Over 70,000 Japanese died, along with more than 80,000, mostly civilian Okinawans. "It was the last ditch effort for the Japanese to stop us, and they fought and fought," says Stump.

After the bitter struggle, Stump finally set sail for home. He had been at sea for over two years. As ships with American recruits passed him heading for Japan, President Truman ordered the first atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, followed by a second nuclear weapon on Nagasaki.

It was the only way to stave off an even costlier invasion of the Japanese mainland, Stump says, and a death toll even larger than Okinawa. He was incensed when the Smithsonian Museum recently planned an exhibit of the *Enola Gay*, suggesting America did not have to bomb Hiroshima in order to end the war.

"Anyone who was at Okinawa," he says, "anyone who saw that kind of fighting, knew what an invasion of Japan would really mean and what was at stake."

And he adds: "They would not try to rewrite history."

Mr. DORNAN. This battle that started on Easter Sunday, April 1, had now been raging for 48 days, barely halfway through the battle. It was the last invasion before the assault on Japan's home islands. Okinawa was needed, of course, as a harbor for our U.S. fleet and to build more air bases for the fighters and heavy bombers to get them up closer. The Iwo Jima invasion was necessary as a halfway point. We lost over 6,000 men and saved, 3 to 1, 18,000 air crewmen to come back to Iwo Jima. Now we are moving in closer to finish off the war. The big island would be used as a staging area for the invasion of the southern island of Kyushu and the planned assault later on Honshu, the middle Japanese island where Tokyo is. What a campaign we avoided by all of this brave action.

These Japanese kamikaze or suicide attacks were called "kikusui," floating chrysanthemums. There were flown against the invasion fleet all around the island. Most aircraft were flown by young men with hardly any hours at all as pilots. Almost half of the attacking force were kamikaze. I wonder how you got to not fly a kamikaze and get to have a parachute and enough fuel to get you home?

The attacks also included more traditional methods of attack by fighters and bombers. Most were shot down by ships of the invading forces and U.S. and British naval aircraft. The Americans and the British lost 763 aircraft. That is almost as many as we have in all of our stateside fighter squadrons now. 763. But the Japanese lost 10 times that, 7,700 aircraft. Thirty-four U.S. ships were sunk. Naval forces lost 4,900 sailors, killed or missing, and in naval combat when somebody is missing, they are gone, beneath the waves, no remains to go home, no grave to visit.

□ 2000

From March 17 to May 27, the U.S. Navy suffered its worst losses in the war; at least 90 ships sank or were out of action for 30 to 90 days, all of that during last month, this month and next month 50 years ago.

Because of Clinton's appearance in Moscow, flying over England, which was a grievous insult to the British and the French, all of our allies along the coast, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Danes, because he went to the European ceremonies in Moscow, in a strange way not honoring the fact that we fought together in an allied cause, but unfortunately recalling that Stalin, in his evil, he reigned for 29 years, Hitler for 12.

So Stalin killed millions and millions of more people than even the horrible Adolf Hitler. Stalin caused this conflict in Europe by signing a Hitler-Stalin pact in 1940. Both of them invaded Poland, cutting it in half. Then Stalin began to trade and gave war materials to Hitler so he could further crush and suppress the rest of Europe, and then as with all deals made with the approval of the devil, Hitler, on June 22, 1941, shortly before our being dragged into this by Pearl Harbor at the end of the year, he attacks the other ugly evil force of this century, the Communists in Russia; unbelievable, cataclysmic events.

Madam Speaker, I had intended to come to this floor, but I did not want to distract from our great vote, when McNamara's book first came out last month.

I got to host a radio show for 3 hours that is hosted by Ronald Reagan's son, Michael, and on the show, because McNamara's book was prominent in the news at that time, I had two important guests. One was the best military writer in America today. He has got a great article in today's *Washington Times*, Col. Harry Summers, the senior editor of *Vietnam* magazine.

Summers came on the radio with me, and I read his article from that day, last month, from that day's commentary section of the *Washington Times*, and he said that there were many men culpable for the terrible loss in Vietnam during those early years when we could have achieved a victory by mining Haiphong Harbor, concentrating our energies in I Corps, sealing the Ho Chi Minh trail, giving the Vietnamese the same type of aircraft we were giving the British, the Turks, and the Greeks. We were giving F-4 "Phantoms" to everybody, but in a racist way, we treated our South Vietnamese allies as though they were not worthy of top-line equipment. They might take the war north as Lee took it north to Antietam and Gettysburg. No, bottle them up in the South, teach them to be subservient, and we will handle all the artillery and all the air cover, so we wean them away from fighting the way they should have as a counter-guerrilla conflict.

In those early years he said there were many people culpable. He even takes a shot at honorable General Westmoreland. He said McNamara was different. McNamara was evil. Nobody has used that word on this House floor. I bet it has never been used in the Senate. I said on the air that night on 100 stations, I said, "Colonel Summers, you are correct, Robert Strange McNamara is an evil man. Never in my lifetime, maybe not in this century, maybe not throughout the Civil War, have we had a man personally responsible along with President Johnson for killing so many Vietnamese on both sides, 2 million or more North Vietnamese." All the young soldiers and peasants did not understand dialectical materialism or communism, just sent south against B-52 strikes, all sorts of punishment before they got into combat where they were used on suicide raids like these Kamakazes or Bonzai charges.

After Harry Summers, I had an unusual guest, an excellent American patriot, Tom Moorer, 4-star Navy admiral, who had been commander of the 7th Fleet in the Pacific, and he had been CINCPAC commander for all our Pacific forces, the biggest geographical military command on the planet Earth. He then became chief of naval operations, then chairman of Joint Chiefs of Staff, sending memo after memo to Robert McNamara, begging him to mine Haiphong Harbor.

At this time, McNamara had already made up his mind. He made up his mind before he put the first Marine on the beach March 8, 1965; we could not win, so he was feeding young kids like cannon fodder into this death machine while he is skiing at Snow Mass, and his son is avoiding the draft. I have seen him lie on Larry King and lie on the Tom Snyder Show. I have seen him lying all over, pushing his book, driving it up to No. 1 on the *New York Times* bestseller list.

A caller called in from Montana. I believe his name was Bob. I hope he is watching. Bob says, "Admiral Moorer, Bob Dornan, I think Robert McNamara was a war criminal." There was a pause, and I said "Admiral, those words crossed my mind yesterday at the Vietnam Memorial."

I thought, well, liberals love to come at me for overstating the case, and I rejected ever using those words. "But what do you think, Admiral? Is he a war criminal?" Admiral Tom Moorer, without a blemish on his career, in 1942, he was flying PBY Catalinas, and they were painted black, and they called them "Black Cats." They were actually using it as a patrol bomber, bombing in the Solomon Islands: Distinguished Flying Cross, with Silver Stars, great combat veteran, Admiral Tom Moorer says, "Congressman, yes, I believe Robert McNamara is a war criminal."

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I lost my speaking privileges on this floor the day after the State of the Union for using a term that I will not complete tonight. I do not want to get into problems with our parliamentarian. I talked about aid and comfort to hostile powers with whom we were engaged in combat.

Suffice it to say, when Wolf Blitzer asked Bill Clinton at the White House if he felt McNamara's book vindicated him, Clinton said, "Yes. Yes, I do." And because he is bright, he said, "I know it sounds self-serving, but, yes I do."

Imagine getting vindication from an evil person, a person that honorable men think of as a war criminal. You cannot get vindication there, Mr. Clinton. You just cannot!

And I have found out since then why Mr. Clinton went to Moscow alone on New Year's Eve of 1969, why he woke up in Leningrad and headed to Moscow January 1, 1970, why he was there only 3 days, 27 degrees below zero, 10 inches of snow cover. It was to go to a banquet, a banquet that a former U.S. Senator was at in the National Hotel, the best hotel in town, and he was broke, freezing, and he was only there 3 days, and then off to Prague, the banquet, the peace banquet, and then I found out yesterday from a new book called "Clinton Confidential," by George Carpozzi, I hope George is listening. I would like to help his book to attain a counterbalance to McNamara's book, that Clinton had also another trip to Moscow I never knew about, June 1991, 4 months, less than 4 months before he declared for the Presidency on October 3, 1991. He was in Moscow. The Paula Jones incident was March 8, which, by the way, is V-E Day, and 1 month later, June 8, he has a personal 1½-hour meeting with the head of the KGB. What the heck was that all about, less than 4 months before he declared to be commander in chief?

So, Madam Speaker, I will say what some press people know, that I will be back trying to follow parliamentary

rules, but if I get overruled. I will appeal the ruling of the Chair and I will win by a party-line vote. I polled my party members. I am going to discuss next month what the historical expression in our Constitution means about aid and comfort, what constitutes a hostile power, what constitutes an enemy force, what 58,000 deaths mean, and I will do a full hour on McNamara and why it is an absolute disgrace that he would rip open this unhealed wound of Vietnam and bring the type of agony that I have gone down to the wall and talked to some of these vets that they feel McNamara telling them it was wrong, terribly wrong, that we would try to free South Vietnam, help them stay free, with 44 newspapers in Saigon.

I went over there eight times during that conflict. I knew what the mistakes were, what the corruption was. But none of it was as evil as the human rights violations in Hanoi or what goes on to this day this North Korea, in China, in conquered Vietnam, in Cuba, for that matter.

We have a terrible century of history, and it is going out with a lot of bloodshed and hurt and pain, but we have still got these heroes from our darkest year of 1942. We have got our Walt Krells and David Hrdlickas.

Something has been bothering me lately. I have been thinking about traveling around the country, reaching maybe way beyond my reach, to offer some leadership to this country, and it has to do with something that atheists love. They call it the natural selection. I wonder if it has ever occurred to anybody the worst thing that wars do to any nation, large or small, the best, the very best die off, while the worst hide out and escape and cut corners and they get rewarded during peace, sometimes, while the best are gone, the opposite of natural selection, as atheists see it by the law of the jungle.

How many men would be running for the presidency today who had shown their strength of character in Korea or Vietnam if they had not been put into this Medal of Honor book as posthumous recipients of their Nation's greatest honor? There is only one word on that Medal of Honor: Valor. And sometimes I think it stands for "veterans against lying or revisionism."

Mr. McNamara's book is a sacrilege and an offense from a war criminal, and I will not stop trying to bring out the truth until my last breath, and I might tell my liberal critics that all warriors hate war. Those who were not killed to kill another mother's son in combat, like myself, but were trained to be combat ready and have a small piece of the action of melting down the evil empire, we understand why a nation should honor those that died, or those that had their young bodies ripped apart or those that managed to escape unscathed by the grace only of a merciful God, a Creator.

This Nation must come back to virtue, and our great Nation has to do

something for the veterans, starting with the Korean veterans on July 27, in about 2 months and a week, when a beautiful, uplifting memorial is dedicated.

There are a thousand veterans that are going to turn out to confront Mr. Clinton if he shows up that day because in the letter to Colonel Holmes he also questioned our effort in Korea. I know what people who avoid service think. They think people are fools who go off and lose their lives. Well, they are not fools. They are the very essence of the countries' strength, and they are the salt of the Earth.

And with that, Madam Speaker, I conclude this evenings' remarks with what Douglas MacArthur said, "I shall return."

SENATE BILL REFERRED

A bill of the Senate of the following title was taken from the Speaker's table and, under the rule, referred as follows:

S. 534. An act to amend the Solid Waste Disposal Act to provide authority for States to limit the interstate transportation of municipal solid waste, and for other purposes; to the Committee on Commerce.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE

By unanimous consent, leave of absence was granted to:

Mr. MCNULTY (at the request of Mr. GEPHARDT), for today after 2 p.m., on account of family business.

Mr. BONO (at the request of Mr. ARMEY), until 2:30 p.m. today, on account of recovery from surgery.

SPECIAL ORDERS GRANTED

By unanimous consent, permission to address the House, following the legislative program and any special orders heretofore entered, was granted to:

(The following Members (at the request of Mr. SKAGGS) to revise and extend their remarks and include extraneous material:)

Ms. KAPTUR, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. OWENS, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. DEFAZIO, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. PALLONE, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. SKAGGS, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. POSHARD, for 5 minutes, today.

The following Members (at the request of Mr. DICKEY) to revise and extend their remarks and include extraneous material:

Mr. KIM, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. NORWOOD, for 5 minutes, today.

Mr. YOUNG of Alaska, for 5 minutes, today.

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

By unanimous consent, permission to revise and extend remarks was granted to:

(Mr. OBEY, to include extraneous matter on the conference report on H.R. 1158 in the House today.)